What MARRIAGE has done to LANNY ROSS

MARY PICKFORD'S SECRETS AS HOLLYWOOD'S HOSTESS
THE REAL REASON ED WYNN CAME BACK
Darling...

It fell from his lips there in the moonlight... that beautiful word that knit their lives together... The dream she had always dreamed was coming true... But it might never have come true had she been a less fastidious person... Sensibly, she had long realized that to win and hold a man, a girl must be attractive in many ways... that above all, the breath must be pure and sweet... and that Listerine, the quick deodorant, is the thing to keep it that way.

LISTERINE quickly checks halitosis (unpleasant breath)
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

You naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile.
(A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.)
You don't expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.
(An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!
The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods... not enough hard, fibrous foods... and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

EXERCISE KEEPS GUMS HEALTHY

So modern dental practice encourages an oral health measure that's not only effective but very easy and simple—Ipana plus massage. All you do is to put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip, and rub it into your gums. Massage them thoroughly. Do it regularly, every time you brush your teeth. You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive... Less sensitive.

Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you... gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.
Special Features

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Coming in the June Issue
On Sale April 24

Do you think of Phillips Lord as a be-whiskered, gentle Seth Parker or a hardened crime buster? Then meet the real Phil Lord in June RADIO MIRROR—Phil, the incredibly smooth, Phil the super-salesman, who could sell an ice-box to an Eskimo to keep his snowballs fresh.

Added Attractions

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Cover

—PORTRAIT OF BING CROSBY
BY TCHETCHET
A JOY TO SEE SUCH CREAMY SUDS

LOOK, MUMMY—
I CAUGHT A FISH
FOR YOU!

GEE, MOM... I NEVER SAW
SUDS LIKE THESE... THEY'RE
JUST LIKE WHIPPED
CREAM!

NEXT WASHDAY
LOOK, DANNY! HERE'S THAT SHIRT I THOUGHT
YOU RUINED LAST WEEK. IT'S WHITER
THAN EVER... THANKS TO RINSO

YOU LITTLE RASCAL!
LOOK AT YOURSELF!
YOUR CLOTHES ARE RUINED.
I'LL NEVER BE TOLE TO
GET THEM CLEAN AGAIN

I DON'T SEE WHY
YOU WORRY ABOUT
DANNY'S CLOTHES,
NOW THAT YOU
HAVE A NEW
WASHER

OH, I'M NOT WORRIED.
BUT THE TRUTH IS,
I CAN'T GET MY CLOTHES
AS WHITE AS YOU DO—
EVEN WITH MY NEW
WASHER

THEN YOU CAN'T BE USING THE RIGHT
SOAP. I USE RINSO... IT'S WONDERFUL.
SUCH THICK SUDS—IT GETS CLOTHES
4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

RINSO?—COME TO THINK OF IT
THE SALESMAN DID RECOMMEND IT.
I'LL TRY IT NEXT WASHDAY...

“Gives thick suds—safe, economical.”
say these 33 famous washing machine makers

A B C
American Beauty
Dexter
Fairbanks-Morse
Fairday
Faultless
Gainaday
Haag
Horton
Magneic
Meadows

American

Norge

One Minute

Prima

Rovarex

Roto-Verso

Savage

Speed Queen

ABC

Thor

Universal

Westinghouse

Whirligry

Woodrow

Zenith

In tub washing, Rinso gives rich suds—even in hardest water. These suds soak out dirt without scrubbing or boiling. Clothes come whiter and brighter—safely.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA
REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

HERE ARE MY OPINIONS—WHAT ARE YOURS? BEST LETTERS WIN PRIZES

THOUGHTS AT RANDOM

I LISTENED to Bing Crosby last night and realized at last what seemed missing. And a funny thing it is, too. I missed the applause of a studio audience that you get on all the big hour shows. Not long ago I complained bitterly about that handclapping in the studio. Now when it’s missing, I don’t like it. Somehow that moment of applause seems to give more point to a song or a joke or an interview with someone like Charlie Ruggles.

HEARD Kate Smith talk about the trip she was going to make to Lake Placid over the weekend and heard her invite everyone listening to meet her there to drink coffee. She said she meant it, too. And I couldn’t help feeling how silly it was—expecting her radio audience to join her there. Who was going to pay the railroad fare and hotel bills? And who could take the time off, anyway?

ALSO found out that CBS is dicker with Walt Disney to put Silly Symphonies on the air. At first the idea appealed to me. But would the music mean anything without all the daffy gyrations on the screen that you are so used to watching? The dancing flowers, for instance? I doubt it.

IMAGINE the shock I had the other day when I learned that Alice in Wonderland was going to be broadcast very soon, only to find it was simply a press agent’s pipe dream. For months I’ve been going around telling everyone what a natural that ought to be for a serial on the air.

AFTER hearing Beatrice Lillie (Aunti Bea to you) pinch hitting for a very sick Eleanor Powell Friday nights on the Flying Red Horse Tavern, I knew for sure that sponsors had made a mistake in not giving Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie to you) a program of her own for the whole winter.

When stars give their time and talent for charity, At a benefit in Scranton appeared (at top) Kelvin Keach; Vaughn De Leath, radio pioneer; Marie De Ville, another beautiful NBC star; and Red Nichols of the mighty trumpet before the mike.

HOW STARS OFFER TIME AND TALENT TO HELP CHARITY
I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!

BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!

OH, DAD—YOU'RE SUCH A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S—JUST WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!

I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW. CERTAINLY. SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT—HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION.

OH, DEAR—IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!

OH, Dad...you're such a darling! Now I can get a cute little hat like Peggy's—just wait till you see how stylish I'll be!

I'd like to try on that cute little off-the-face hat I saw in the window. Certainly.

She would want a small hat—heavens, what a complexion.

OH, DEAR—I'VE MADE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

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She would want a small hat—heavens, what a complexion.

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU FROM LOOKING YOUR BEST

Just when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it regularly—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

-clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Fleischmann's Yeast

THE NEXT WEEK

Hi, there Jerry

Gosh, Claire—It's swell to see you...and don't we look nifty! That's one honey of a hat, I'll say!
WHAT'S NEW
ON
Radio Row

BY JAY PETERS

MARLENE, DIETRICH causes a sensation in a New York advertising agency by turning down an offer of $75,000 for a series of four radio programs. Her manager decides her glamour as a cinema star would be jeopardized were she to broadcast. Another lady, for another reason, also spurns a sponsor's gold. She is a Volunteer of America worker. Mrs. Lillian Ulrey, occupied with social work at the Bowery Mission, New York City, "The Angel of the Bowery," as Mrs. Ulrey is known, thumbs down a contract to sing on a national network for $500 a week, declaring her voice "belongs to God." Then turns around and sings for nothing on a minor Manhattan station because the program is projected Sunday afternoons for "sacred purposes."

Ed Wynn, after a winter's hibernation, resumes his kilocycle performances, this time as Gulliver, the Traveler. Other absences, including Mary Pickford, B. A. Rolfe, Ethel Shutta and George Olsen, re-establish themselves in the parleys. And still another old favorite, Jack Pearl, goes into a huddle with a sponsor and probably will be broadcasting again before you read this. While Keenan Wynn, only son of the only Ed Wynn, makes his debut as a dramatic player on WMCA, one of New York's independent stations.

An astute movie producer in Hollywood—Max Golden, of 20th Century-Fox, to be precise—noting that serials of home life like "One Man's Family," the Goldbergs, the O'Neill's, et al., attain great popularity with the radio audience, adapts the idea to the screen. His first effort in this direction, "Every Saturday Night," clicks and he goes to work on a series of films with the same cast to be known as "Our American Family." The Children's Aid Society makes a survey to determine what youngsters from eleven to sixteen years of age listen to and is startled to learn that 92 per cent of the boys and 80 per cent of the girls list adult programs as their favorites. The boys favor Amos 'n' Andy and detective-thrillers like Philip Lear's Gang Busters while the girls prefer the comics, naming particularly Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen and Jack Benny. Meanwhile, Luella S. Lawson, of the Women's Radio Committee, announced that Forever Young is now the women's favorite serial.

HOLLYWOOD calls again and Harriet Hilliard prepares to leave Ozzie Nelson to his loneliness in New York while she cools before the cameras in California. Harriet, recently rewarded by RKO with a five-year contract for her fine performance in "Follow The Fleet," will be starred in Rupert Hughes' "Static." Meanwhile, Ozzie, while gloriyng in Harriet's movie success, wonders why the width of a continent must always separate him from his bride. And Ann Leaf, the little princess of the console, comes East after a year in the cinema capital and consults with the powers-that-be about her return to the air.

TWO waifs from the Cradle, famous Evanston, Ill., founding home, suddenly come into a fortune of $50,000 when Gracie Allen and George Burns establish a trust fund for their adopted son and daughter. Already $250,000 has been deposited to the fund in the Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co., of New York City, and the remainder will be paid in instalments by the foster-parents as they make it from their radio, stage and screen activities. According to the provisions of the trust, Sandra Jean, now a little over two years old, and Ronald John, going on eight months, will receive a large share of the fund when they become twenty-one. When Sandra reaches forty she will receive what remains then of her half and Ronald will get his when he becomes thirty-five.

OCAR SHAW, of Columbia's Broadway Varieties, is sued for $30,000 damages by Etta Ross, former chorus girl, for injuries allegedly received in a fall down a flight of stairs in the Savoy Theater, San Diego, Cal. It happened while both were on tour with the musical, "Of Thee I Sing," and was caused, according to the complaint, when Shaw tickled her in the ribs. The moral of this is obvious: Never tickle a chorus girl when she is standing at the head of a steep flight of stairs... unless you're sure she's not ticklish.

Ed Wynn's stooge and straight man on his new program is John S. Young, in circle. Right, the comedian in action on the opening broadcast. Get the fancy "Gulliver" suit?

Gracie Allen and George Burns lost no time after their return to Hollywood before saying hello to Mary Pickford and wishing her luck with her new air show. Below, meet Fannie Brice, no stranger to radio in the past but now on regularly with Palmolive Soap's Ziegfeld Folies of the Air.
HERE ARE ALL THE STORIES THAT MAKE HEADLINES IN THE DAILY RADIO DIARY

JOHN MILLS, basso of the Mills Brothers, dies after a long illness and is succeeded by his father, who had been substituting for him. The younger John Mills won fame as the only man ever to successfully imitate the tuba with his vocal cords. The Voice of Experience (Dr. Marion Sayle Taylor) renews his contract for two more years with the same sponsor. Jane Pickens and Vivienne Segal definitely head towards the Metropolitan Opera. Jan Peerce, the tenor, makes his operatic debut in Italy this summer.

SHERLOCK HOLMES resumes, this time on the Mutual Broadcasting System, with Richard Gordon as the master sleuth but with a new Dr. Watson in place of Leigh Lowell, deceased. Harold West is now Holmes' Baker Street confidant. Ethel Shutta is robbed of a fur coat and jewels valued at $12,000 when gunmen hold up her car in Chicago. NBC obtains rights for the radio serialization of the life of that fabulous character, Lawrence of Arabia, and tries to persuade Herbert Marshall to enact the role on the air. Hal Brown, one of the best musicians in radio, spends eight years in music conservatories studying theory, harmony and orchestration. A sponsor, hearing of his fine ability, offers him a guest appearance on a certain program—playing that most noble and difficult instrument—the harmonica. (Next Page)

Last year Parkyakarkus was the new sensation on Eddie Cantor's show—now it's Bert Gordon, the Mad Russian, who's madder than the hatter.

She's as vital and glowing a young modern as you ever saw—this new Mrs. Paul Louis. And, like so many other young moderns, she has a skin as soft as her own Florida sunshine, and as smooth as those gardenias in her wedding bouquet. "And that's the Camay touch," says Mrs. Louis.

And you'll be equally generous, once you see how very gently and mildly Camay treats your own skin.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women
Ray Perkins' and Arnold Johnson's amateur hour is now on WOR. Here is Ray looking at his stamp album.

Recently the Palmolive Hour celebrated an anniversary. Below, Jimmy Melton with Al Goodman's cake.
The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE and FEAR

Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's fear, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

Ignorance of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional spreading quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products don't work. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. So dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions—even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept RM-5

Name:

Street:

City, State:

Send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol". 

Name:

Street:

City, State:

© 1950, Lehn & Fink, Inc.
Coast to Coast Highlights

Chicago
By Chase Giles

WHEN Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were interviewed in Chicago by Columbia network's Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh, they offered to give autographed photos to listeners requesting them...result was 5,500 photos sent out at considerable expense of $$$ as well as fountain pens and fingers...O. E. Zehr, who recently married beautiful Lucille Long, Chicago radio and concert singer, was husband of the late Isabel Zehr. Isabel was the Lullaby Lady of Carnation Contented Shows. On her death Margaret Gent took over the job...Jan Garber was surprised when a girl fan wrote him she had complete records of every number he had broadcast for the last two years...Carl Hoff of New York night clubs and radio broadcasts used to work in Chicago under his real name, Hoffmeyer...Major Bowes reports Chicago is the only city where his amateurs when playing instruments in his stage units must join the local music union—or else...

Oddity: Girl auditioned at WCFL does a tap dance routine with her teeth...Just after Gladys Swarthout did a guest job with Morgan Eastman's orchestra from Chicago, Morgan reported, "She's swell to work with. She is considerate and patient and doesn't allow herself to be confounded by the many little difficulties encountered in rehearsal. Many other singers would have gone to pieces more than once under the strain of a rehearsal in which we were rushed for time and in which many unexpected annoyances developed"...Personal appearances in Chicago's leading stores are calling Irene (Singing Lady) Wicker regularly since the first two such appearances actually jammed the stores with mothers and children...Her Singing Lady is almost as popular in Europe now that it goes across the ocean by short waves...Rico Marchelli's prize possession is the original manuscript of a bit of music he wrote when ten years old and which was played that same year by the symphony orchestra of Santiago, Chile, where he was then living and studying violin...Eric Sagerquist, violinist and orchestra conductor of the Grand Hotel and First Nighter broadcasts, was born in Karlstad, Sweden...Constant reading of radio scripts forced Cliff Sobier, heavyman of radio dramas, to get glasses...Betty Winkler designs many of her own hats...Betty Lou Gerson, leading lady of First Nighter, started out in broadcasting to become a feminine yiel-lain.

Jack Fulton, the radio singer, is a third member of a New York tailoring firm making clothes for such hegel-liners as Walter (Continued on page 74)

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

So the Mary Pickford program finally popped up on a CBS network, instead of NBC, as at first announced. It comes from Pickfair, the Pickford home in Beverly Hills. Some of the short wave hounds tell me they have lately been meeting at Pickfair monthly to read scientific papers and tune in foreign stations. I understand they can use the swimming pool and make sandwiches in the Butler's pantry. Reason: Miss Pickford's uncle is a member of the short wave club.

Wonder why the shake-up in cast of the coast edition of "Death Valley Days?" George Rand as the Old Ranger had returned to the West as an actor after many seasons directing stock company in New England, and entered radio a few years ago. He was succeeded as the Old Ranger by Henry Schomer, veteran of forty years on the legitimate stage. Mr. Schomer, though loved and respected for his portrayals, will have to be on the air a long while before he can capture the public's fancy as did George Rand.

Kay Ellis could swing a mean put-put and curve up at the KQM studios in San Jose. But nobody knew the office phone could warble a note. That is not until Al Davina's Orchestra needed a female singer. Time was the essential element. So Kay got the job by way of a tryout. But now she's on the air regularly.

Kay, in Santa Ana, California, has changed its call letters to KVOI. Which is a good idea, not only because the letters of KRFQ were sometimes com-

Below, one of the youngest stars in the world of radio has her piano lesson. Nine-year-old Lucy Gilman's featured in NBC's Welcome Valley and Today's Children. Her teacher is Gus Von, Sinclair Minstrels interlocutor.
Frisco, while sister Hal Iowa. Age.

the laxative lotel. But don't hey box K-06 don't

“Anti-Music Announcer

The here in Gus Guerite, Connell, of Seattle. Both went to the University of Washington, though Miss Connell previously was at the American School in Shanghai while her parents is lived in the Orient. (Continued on page 76)

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

“What's the difference,

all laxatives are alike!”

The lady above made a mistake. A grave mistake... yet lots of people make it. She said, “What's the difference—all laxatives are alike.” And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—wiry.

Such drastic remedies should never be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective... and who doesn't every now and then? ... don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a correctly timed laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown “out of rhythm.” You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing... Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE—

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170

Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City

Age

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax Ltd., 726 Notre Dame, W., Montreal)
I WISH all of you could have been with me the other day to hear Leo Reisman's interesting comments on food. Like many artists, Mr. Reisman prefers Continental cooking.

"Not the complicated dishes which many people believe characteristic of Continental chefs," he explained, "but those which by subtleties of cooking and seasoning retain and heighten the natural flavors. For instance, I do not care for the way the French cook steaks—I prefer a simply broiled steak, with only its own juices for a sauce—but if the average good French chef were to apply the same principles to broiling steak that he does to broiling chicken over the coals, his steak would be a symphony.

"You know, food is like music," he went on. "The main ingredient is the melodic theme, the spice serves, as do occasional dissonant chords in a musical composition, to emphasize the theme, creating balance and harmony. To carry the comparison further, unseasoned food is monotonous and unsatisfying, but properly seasoned it is as stimulating as the rhythmic beat of good orchestral music."

An interesting theory, certainly, and one which is borne out by the recipe for one of Mr. Reisman's favorite dishes, lobster with tomato sauce, for the sauce, although it contains a variety of highly flavored ingredients, reveals the true lobster flavor, and is as exciting as one of Mr. Reisman's own dance rhythms.

**LOBSTER IN TOMATO SAUCE**

1 cold boiled lobster (half a lobster per person) or 1 small bottle pimiento stuffed olives
1 can lobster 2 tablespoons butter
3 medium onions, quartered 1 tablespoon flour
and sliced 1 teaspoon sugar
1 clove garlic, minced ½ teaspoon salt
1 can tomatoes ½ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon wine vinegar

Simmer onions and garlic in butter until translucent and just beginning to brown. Turn flame low, add salt, pepper and flour, and stir to smooth, brown paste. Run tomatoes through a strainer, add sugar and add slowly to paste, stirring to avoid lumping. Sauce should be of the consistency of thin white sauce. Add vinegar and sliced olives, then lobster, and heat lobster through, being careful to keep pieces intact. Serve with spaghetti with brown butter-sauce, to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added, and grated or Parmesan cheese.

Mr. Reisman thinks no one cooks vegetables as well as the French, and here is a recipe for peas and scallions which I am sure you will like.

**PEAS AND SCALLIONS, FRENCH STYLE**

1 quart new peas 1 bunch scallions—half-inch slices
2 tablespoons chicken fat

Boil the peas in salted water to cover for ten minutes. In the meantime, simmer the scallions in the chicken fat until they begin to brown. Drain the peas and add them to the scallions. Dust on a little flour and sugar and white pepper to taste, and cook until the peas are tender. If too dry, add a little of the water in which the peas were boiled.

Creamed chicken forms the basis for another of Mr. Reisman's favorite dishes, in which, again, a couple of new flavors are found.

**CREAMED CHICKEN A LA REISMAN**

To a medium white sauce, add, for every cup of milk used, one-half teaspoon of curry powder, one-half cup chopped sweet pickle and one-quarter cup tomato pulp—the should be only tomato enough (Continued on page 90)
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH
By Weldon Melick

BRIEF REVIEWS OF THE NEW PROGRAMS

THIS WORLD OF SCIENCE may be educational, but it is positively not dull. These dramatized stories of man's scientific discoveries and conquests have more concentrated romance and 24-carat thrills than a thousand fabricated Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon's. Keep your pencils handy—you'll want to remember some of the amazing figures given out. No textbook dares to be as entertaining as these excerpts from scientific history, but if you can listen to one of the broadcasts without getting interested in the subject dealt with, you're a freak of nature yourself.

NRC Sat., 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

PARTIES AT PICKFAIR can develop into a hit program, when the guests melt the icicles in their spines and start throwing things. At present the affair rattles around the big Beverly Hills cabin getting in its own hair. Mary explains (or is it an apology?) that nobody knows what's going to happen. That's all right—provided something does happen. Eddie Horton and an anonymous youngster who must have been Eddie Cantor's recent discovery worked hard to save the premiere from collapsing. They were the only voices heard, except Mary, an unfunny "cousin," the butler, a fictitious romantic couple, and the oracle. At Lyons does right by the baton, but a discordant note is the glb mention of famous names who are supposed to be present but aren't.

Don't kid us, Mary. We don't care if only two people come to your parties if they're as genuine as Horton and Bonecrusher Bobby.

CBS Tues., 10:40 P. M. 30 min.

GULLIVER THE TRAVELER—Ed Wynn, the only radio comic who can transcend a bad script, is back without his horse or Graham, but otherwise with the same formula as of yore. Some of the gags aren't so bad, either, and what with Lennie Hayton's Orchestra, the King's Merry Men, a girls' chorus and stogge John S. Young, the new Gulliver ought to travel far. The sponsor is a Stout Fella for giving away samples of his product (Plymouth care) for prize-winning letters, without making you tear off the top of the Chrysler Building to mail in with your entry.

CBS Thurs., 9:30 P. M. 30 min.

A TALE OF TODAY—The Princess Pat Players have given up their justly renowned plays for a continued story. Why I don't know, though Patricia Gordon once told me Hollywood was swiping her best writers. She has one good one left, evidently, for this family story seems to have the elements necessary to qualify it for wide popularity. It started with growing pains and young love, and the rivalry of two sisters over a naive but attractive youth who doesn't realize what it's all about. The production sounds natural and promising.

NRC Mon., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

(Continued on page 97)

REMEMBER: THE WATERlinky IS MORE THAN A HURRICANE PROOF HUT.

Reduction of the other figure faults illustrated in the diagrams may be obtained with Perfolastic garments. 

PERFOLASTIC, Inc. 
12 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

Reduces Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches
In 10 Days... or no cost!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN OWE THEIR SLIM, YOUTHFUL FIGURES TO THE
SURE, SAFE WAY OF REDUCTION—
PERFOLASTIC! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brasstiere and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing...and at just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!

NO DIET...NO DRUGS...OR EXERCISES!

No strenuous exercises to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"  Miss Halmi.

"Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll, "from 43 to 34½ inches," writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you as for thousands of others.

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

If you are one of the many women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks, you risk nothing...we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now.

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 285, 41 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send free booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brasstiere. Also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name
Address
City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

PUT THE STARS ON THE SPOT OR HEAP THEM WITH PRAISE
BUT JOIN THE FUN

That old-fashioned gallant, Phil Baker, shows us how he wooed and won Agnes Moorehead of his radio program.

IN a recent poll conducted by the New York World-Telegram, to determine who are today's leading radio entertainers, the radio editors throughout the country had their say. Jack Benny headed the list of their favorite comedians, Guy Lombardo scored as leading dance maestro and Lawrence Tibbett got their vote for the most popular classical singer, etc. We are wondering how these selections measured up to yours. And, lest you forget, we pay $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $4.00 each for the next five selected. Address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and mail it not later than April 25.

Here are this month's winners:

$20.00 PRIZE
GUESSING 'EM RIGHT

That Hit Parade Saturday evening is grand entertainment, and here's an idea for your readers to get an extra kick out of it—that is, if the idea appeals. Anyway, it affords us a lot of fun—the four of us, husband, two kiddies and myself. Before the program starts, each writes down his or her opinion of what the first five hits will be and in what order they will appear in popularity. At the close of the program, the one who has guessed the most correctly is the winner, and continues to enjoy the next program. However, the one who misses the most selections clears off the dinner table and washes the dishes; the one with the next poorest record dries the dishes, and the third poorest guesser sweeps up the kitchen!

MRS. E. H. MAYER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$10.00 PRIZE
A PROBLEM FOR TELEVISION

I am very much worried to hear that television will soon come from around the corner. It has been trying enough to have to listen to lengthy commercials but how will we poor radio listeners feel when the announcer pokes a package of his product into our face and then goes on with his delightful commercial? Personally, I dread that day. Don't you?

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
NOT SO LAZY

I delight in showering bouquets. It's good business and profitable too. However, get this straight, I just cannot in the case of Lazy Dan. A beautiful program, beautiful singing, but oh my! Whovver in this whole world heard a negro talk in such swift staccato? For that matter, no one has heard any lazy person of any color talk in such swift energetic tones.

The title "Lazy Dan" and the character portrayed are at such variance that I wonder that someone hasn't written in about it.

Why not change the character to a real honest-to-goodness "Lazy Dan" or change the title?

MRS. VIRGIL LOVELACE, Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
A CALL FOR EARMUFFS

Remember the fall of 1932 when the air was filled with politics? Every station that you tuned in you could hear, "Senator Whoozis is about to speak for Candidate Whatsis."

Well, the campaign of 1936 is on and once again we hear the political battle of words and voices.

In June, the radio will bring us the Conventions. Then will come the fall and the big battle.

This year radio will play a greater
part in politics than it did in 1932. I believe many voters will be influenced by the kind of speakers, speeches and programs that they hear and which are presented by the political parties. The day when a political speaker addressed only a street corner crowd is over. Now the whole nation is addressed at one time. There'll be big fireworks over the radio in 1936. Miss Viola M. Roth Bronx, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE
A WORD TO THE WISE
I think radio audiences should consider who sponsors the programs. If you really enjoy a program and listen to it regularly, you should be loyal enough to buy the product it advertises and insure your favorite staying on the air. I listen to Wayne King’s orchestra and I use Lady Esther face powder. I also listen to Jack Benny and therefore use Jello. I buy Chase & Sanborn coffee because of Major Bowes. There are other programs I listen to regularly and I buy their products too.

Advertising is expensive and we should help cover the expense if we tune in on a certain program, rather than buy a product made by a company who does not advertise on the radio or who sponsors a program to which we do not listen.


$1.00 PRIZE
A DINER’S PLEA
Can’t something be done to hold all parts of a program down to the same measurement of decibels? Many of the best programs are on at our dinner hour. The radio is in the living room, and if we adjust the tone to suit the play, we are roared out of the house by the music, or the announcer, or both.

If we turn the volume down to fit the music or the shouts of the announcer, we miss part of the play; if we try to keep both at the right point, someone of the family misses part of his dinner. Can’t somebody do something?

Phillis Morden, Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE
MEXICO VOTES LAMOUR
I think it will be of some interest to you to know what we radio people from a foreign country think of your programs and stars. We understand your music and rhythm because we use the same and sometimes sing your latest hits. From the many songstresses we hear we pick up Dorothy Lamour as the number one. She reaches the tops of popularity among the younger set. Then comes Frances Langford. Kate Smith is also a favorite. We like to hear Fred Waring and the Pickens Sisters. Dick Powell is our favorite singing male star.

Alfred F. Lenskin, Tampico Tamaulipas, Mexico.

HONORABLE MENTION
WE STAND CORRECTED
I would like to express my opinion in regard to the comments on the program once known as Your Lover appearing in the March issue of Radio Mirror in the story “Do Women Rule Radio?” In the first place there are many types of women. Some can get nothing but the wrong impression on any subject. Then in fairness, lots of women have only a higher and deep understanding and would not even think of writing letters that wouldn’t be fit to be read. At least your remarks about the artist triumphantly laying the

(Continued on page 73)

JITTERY?

It's upsetting to every woman—that haunting fear of embarrassment. It hampers you at work or at play.

And yet—there’s no excuse for “accident panic” now. The new Modess is certain-safe. It’s one sanitary pad that can’t betray you!

HAVE YOUR FUN WITHOUT A FEAR!

It stays safe—it stays soft—the new Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. No chafing—the edges stay dry. Wear blue line on moisture-proof side away from body—and sure protection is yours!

End “accident panic”—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-Y-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanse! Deodorize! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

(Continued on page 73)
WHAT MARRIAGE HAS DONE TO Lanny Ross

By JOHN EDWARDS

On next November 25th, a Sunday afternoon, Lanny Ross will make his first appearance in New York's Town Hall as a concert artist. In January, 1937, he will make his second.

Thus will a new career begin. And an old one end.

There lies the answer to what marriage has done to Lanny Ross. The answer, but not the story leading up to it, the story of the nine months that have already passed since the July day he and Olive White were married.

Lanny Ross has grown up and—unless you who listen to him act quickly—he is going to change his personality.

When I called Olive for an appointment with Lanny, I was curious, wondering what I might find when I met him. You see him so seldom now, unless you catch him going in or out a rehearsal studio of Radio City.

We met in his studio apartment high over Manhattan's East Side and sat talking near the wide, high fireplace while heavy logs crackled comfortably and sent long shadows dancing against the walls.

Lanny frowned and turned to Olive. "Have you seen the pictures I had taken last week?"

She nodded. "They're for your Town Hall concert next fall."

"They make me look older, don't they?" he asked.

Olive nodded again. "That's what you wanted. That's why you went to that photographer."

Lanny smiled agreement and spread his feet out over the rough hewn natural wood floor. "That's something you don't know about," he said. "But let's go upstairs and I'll tell you more."

I followed up the curving staircase that led to the second floor of the duplex penthouse, down a hall carpeted in heavy rugs, into Lanny's bedroom which faces south. From the windows, far below, you could catch all the twinkling lights of lower New York. In the distance, the beacon light on the Empire State Building flashed slowly on and off. Directly down an elevated crept along like a toy train.

"Yes," Lanny said, falling back on the bed, his legs dangling down the side. "We've decided on a career for me. And it's about time. It'll make a big difference and I wish I was more sure how my listeners are going to take it.

"Maybe you can't see how my career in radio and the career I want to have are different. But they are and this is why: I'm singing on Show Boat. I'm the lead. But I'm only playing a role. A romantic role. Last year Mary Lou left the Show Boat, now she's back. I'm interested in Winifred Cecil, too. But that's all a show, a program concocted by script writers. Only the radio audience doesn't believe it.

"I'm nearly thirty years old. I've got to think of the future. All the romance that's been so successful on Show Boat has been
fine. But sometime it's got to end. And I'd rather end it myself now than have my audience end it for me later."

He stopped and looked around the room. It was hard to believe that this was Lanny Ross's bedroom. A year ago it would have been cluttered with pants, shoes, ties thrown over the backs of chairs, towels on the priceless antique writing desk.

"You're not married, are you?" he went on. "You should be. You learn a lot. Now you don't see a lot of stuff lying all over, cluttering up everything, do you? I've learned that since Olive and I moved in here."

I thought, then, of the things Olive White had told me earlier in the afternoon, while Lanny was still at rehearsal. Of the farm they had bought and which Olive wanted to convert into a real estate where they could spend most of their time. And of how Lanny liked the cabin which was there now because he could bring his hunting and fishing parties to it with a minimum of bother.

She had spoken of the problem they were facing. Whether they should have a permanent home in the city or build one in the country. Personally, Olive told me, she thought the country house the better choice. Singers, especially concert singers, need the quiet, the nature's soothing sight of lawn and garden and woods. And she realized that this would mean spending two or three days out of every week living in a hotel.

Then she added that Lanny had become interested in real estate as more than land on which to build. He had decided that there was a good chance the country might have mild inflation within the next year and he wanted to invest his money in something which would be sure to reflect the higher prices.

Again I realized that a year ago the last thing in the world Lanny would be worrying about was whether real estate was a good buy and whether he wanted a permanent home in the city or in the country.

All these things reflected his rapid change to a married man of the world with daily problems of the future to be faced. And it was easier to understand why he has (Continued on page 93).
If you were to fly over Hollywood's most famous mansion, Pickfair, you would notice that the road, as it winds to the crest of the estate, forms the shape of a great heart.

It does this entirely by accident, but not entirely without significance. Mary Pickford lives there.

There was a time when you might have pointed to the ideal romance of Hollywood—the romance of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. That romance, apparently, is gone. But the heart is still engraved on the slopes of Pickfair.

I like to think that it symbolizes the spirit of Pickfair, whose gates have welcomed and whose halls have sheltered for years guests of high and low estate. The spirit which has become part and parcel of the glamorous tradition of Hollywood.

Now at last Mary's guest lists need not be limited. Through the magic of radio she can invite the whole world to Pickfair—which is just what she hopes to do on her "Pickfair Parties" each Tuesday over Columbia on the Ice Industries program.

Pickfair has been wired especially for this program. The actual broadcasting could have come just as well from the Columbia studio in Los Angeles. But when I talked to Mary, one afternoon before Pickfair Parties went on the air, she said:

"I want everyone who listens to my program actually to be a guest at Pickfair. I want to invite the world over the air to my home."

Certainly the rich memories which linger within Pickfair's halls are strong enough to radiate anywhere, right into your own sitting room.

Memories, they are, of great kings and great commoners. Of dashing princes and distinguished plebeians. Of learned scientists and savants, political powers, explorers, artists—men and women whose names ring with the magic vibrançe of fame.

All guests of Mary Pickford at Pickfair. Seeking, remembering and prizing the memory of a visit to Pickfair, which is the honor Mary Pickford is broadcasting to everyone who hears her today.

Behind the first royal visit to Pickfair, the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Alba and their entourage, is a story which has never been told. It is a story as exciting as the aura which crowns and coronets, epaulets and portfolios have bestowed upon this famous house.

Both Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks would probably scoff at it because, after all, it is a Graustarkian story of tottering thrones, clever ambassadors and revolutionists, and because neither of them knew anything about it at the time. But that's part of the story.

When Doug and Mary made their grand tour of Europe some years back, in the honeymoon days, in fact, they visited Madrid. At that time Alfonso, the Bourbon King, held the bejeweled scepter of the throne of Spain. Alfonso had been keeping his crown on his. (Continued on page 57)
WOOD'S GREATEST HOSTESS

FASCINATING TALES LIE BEHIND THE LA-VISH PARTIES GIVEN BY MARY PICKFORD!

Presenting four exclusive pictures of Pickfair—first, from the air; next, the table ready for a formal dinner; the drawing room, scene of Mary's radio broadcasts; and the sunken garden. Far right, Mary, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, with their mother standing in the center.
REVELATIONS OF HOLLY

BY KIRTY BASKET

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CARMEN LOMBARDO smiled. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "we're clannish. We're complete within ourselves and darn glad to be that way."

And I smiled and nodded my head. I had thought so.

You see, it ties up. It fits in with what little is known about Guy Lombardo and his brothers and makes plausible the fact that there is so little known.

They are clannish. Their music, enchantingly smooth, unembellished by comedians or torch singers or dramatic skits, is a product of their interdependence, has, in fact, been fashioned from it. And Guy's two-months' battle to keep their brotherhood inviolate, Carmen's romance, Liebert's tremendous victory over himself are reflections of it, too.

But, first, about the music and the Royal Canadians. They are like that bunch of kids in your neighborhood who play hockey and hooky together and who chip in to replace your window when they have driven a baseball through it. They can still point out the London, Ontario, houses in which their families live.

Guy, the violinist, Carmen, the saxophonist, and Freddie Kreitzer, the pianist, started the band more than twenty years ago. When they needed a drummer, they called in Liebert Lombardo.

They weren't much more than kids then. Liebert remembers that
HAVE NEVER TOLD

NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE
LOMBARDOS REVEALED ALL
THEIR FAMILY SKELETONS—
THEIR HIDDEN LAUGHTER,
THEIR TEARS AND ANGER!

Below, the first picture you’ve ever seen of the whole Lombardo family—Victor, Carmen, Guy Sr., Guy Jr., Joseph, who is the non-musical brother, and Liebert. In circle, the Lombardos and their wives yachting. Above, right, Guy is backed up by the brothers Liebert, singer Carmen and Victor.

“For the Lombardos, sponsored by the Standard Oil of New Jersey, see page 53—8 o’clock.”

ey they played a lot for school dances and for their dad’s concert company. Guy, Sr., their father, was the baritone and master-of-ceremonies. He would introduce the Scotch comedian and the girl elocutionist, and when they were done, he’d shout for the orchestra. It would come tumbling out of the apple orchard back of the stand, each member from a different tree, to play his accompaniment.

“They were good concerts,” Liebert says, “and good apples.”

The Lombardos soon became bigger, and much better. When they wanted a guitarist, they got Francis Henry, who lived across the street, and when they needed a trombonist, they got Jim Dillon. He lived down the block. They got Freddie Higman, one of Carmen’s pupils, to play a saxophone, and then took George Gowans, who lived right around the corner, to play the drums so that Liebert could take over the trumpet. Burn Davies played the third saxophone until, a little later, they took his sax away from him and gave him a tuba. He’s still playing it.

The Royal Canadians left London, Ontario, with that personnel, and they’ve kept it (adding three men) for the past twelve years. For awhile, they tried a girl vocalist, Marion Mansfield; and again, they attempted to use Phil Regan, the tenor they found in a Columbia audition. Both were talented, but it seemed that only true Lombardos were capable of producing the true Lombardo style. They didn’t fit. When Burns and Allen left their program two years ago, the Lombardo rating by the Crosley System (and the Crosley system is the radio artist’s Bible) leaped from twenty points to twenty-five, so George and Gracie apparently didn’t fit in, either. (George (Continued on page 61)
Already Gladys is in her second star role in the films. Don’t miss Paramount’s thrilling “Give Us This Night,” in which Jan Kiepura was awarded the male lead. Gladys by now is radio’s most glamorous graduate to Hollywood.

Paramount

Tall, blonde and beautiful, Margaret Johnson is heard on the Frank Parker program Saturday nights on a CBS network. She is the not so very bright young gal from down South, who gets in the hair of Bob Hope, the show’s comedian.

Bert Lawson
The Master and Mistress of Town Hall—Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa in "Three's a Crowd," the musical comedy in which they co-starred with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman in 1930. That's a chorus girl on the left.

When she played Cleopatra in "Caesar and Cleopatra" in 1925, the critics said Helen Hayes made the glamorous Siren of the Nile a "pretty kitten, frisking and clawing." Now she's portraying another queen—Victoria.

They really dressed for the beach in 1905, when Julia Sanderson posed for this picture. After a spectacular rise from the chorus to the star's dressing room, she was singing the title role in "Fantana."

Al Jolson was one of the stars of a musical comedy called "The Whirl of Society" in 1912, before he'd found out how to black up his face. The other star to whom he's making love, is the late Stella Mayhew.
One of radio's funniest is Tom Howard, standing at the drums. This picture was taken when Tom was playing in "Smiles," a Ziegfeld show in 1930.

Below, we give you Leslie Howard in "Her Cardboard Lover," a Broadway success back in 1927. He was leading man then for the late Jeanne Eagels.

Paul Whiteman was a "Follies" cop in the 1924 edition of Florenz Ziegfeld's girl-and-music extravaganza. When Paul wasn't on the stage cavorting with such beauties as these he was busy directing his band.

Another "Follies" alumnus is Eddie Cantor of the startled eyes. The scene below is from the 1927 musical. Eddie is looking downright unhappy as Frances Upton—of stage fame—does her best to lure him.
The portrait of the month by Pinchot, and the best we've seen of Paul. If present plans go through, you'll see him in person. Jumbo, the combination musical comedy and circus may tour this summer. If it does, Paul will come along, to star with the inimitable Schnozzle Durante.
It's hard to connect the homey program of Vic and Sade with this beautiful portrait of NBC's versatile actress who takes the role of Sade. Bernardine Flynn's dramatic start came at the University of Wisconsin a few years ago and it was the famous Zona Gale who coached her there.

Maurice Seymour
WHEN Ed Wynn left the Fire Chief broadcasts ten months ago, he thought he was through with radio—quite through, for good and all.

Today he is back, as Gulliver the Traveler, sending his crack-brained foolishness once more through the ether and into millions of homes.

Why, after having said farewell to the air, did he return? He was financially comfortable; he was still deeply interested in the stage, where he first won success, and full of plans for his activities on it.

Because of a dream, a dream and an ideal conceived eight years ago. He didn’t think then he could make that dream come true. He’s not sure he can now but, with all his heart and soul, he is trying.

But before you can understand what that dream means to him, you must realize the difference between the Ed Wynn of today and the Ed Wynn of ten months ago.

Perhaps you were one of those who believed the rumors which were printed shortly after the comedian had suddenly gone off the air—that he had become too sure of his popularity as a radio attraction, had demanded a salary of $10,000 a week from his sponsors and, failing to get it, had refused to sign another contract.

Those rumors were not true. Far from being too self-assured, Ed Wynn was convinced the public was tired of him.

Ten months ago he was tired and ill. You talked to him and found no response, and you left him with the feeling in your heart that here was a man at odds with himself and the world.

Now, he is a different man entirely. I saw him after a long afternoon which he had spent in a stuffy studio, holding auditions for an announcer and “straight man” who could act as a foil for his comedy as well as satisfy the sponsors with his reading of the commercial parts of the program. It had been a gruelling task. Ed had driven in from his Great Neck, Long Island, home, and was dressed carelessly in a baggy tweed suit. His eyes, behind their horn-rimmed glasses, were bloodshot with fatigue, and his voice was hoarse, so many times had he repeated the first page of the show. In spite of it all, he was as fresh and full of vitality as though the afternoon were just beginning.

Several times we were interrupted, to audition yet another prospective announcer, and each time Ed went back to the microphone with the same cheerful zest. Two girls, with music tucked under their arms, turned up to sing and, although they were not needed on his program, the comedian talked to them, listened when they performed, criticized and encouraged them. Then he’d come back to me, to pick up our conversation where we’d left off.

Ed Wynn has always been kind. Ten months ago he would have done all this, too—worked just as hard for his sponsors and been just as attentive to unknown singers with no claim upon his time—but he would not have done it with the same enthusiasm and pleasure.

What had happened to give him this new, happier outlook on life?

That period of depression which marked his exit from the airwaves is far enough behind him now for him to talk about it. “I was sure the public had had enough of me,” he told me. “My fan mail was holding up—it was larger, in fact, than it had ever been. But radio is such a restricted medium. All you have to work with is your voice, so naturally you can’t give the variety you can on the stage. I was sure that even if the public wasn’t tired of me personally, it must certainly be tired of my character, the Fire Chief. And a radio comedian is only as good as his character.”

There was more to it than just that, of course. Haven’t you ever felt, in your own job, that you were getting stale and perfunctory? Haven’t you ever wondered, secretly, how your boss could continue to think you were worth your weekly pay check, and wished you could afford to stop for a while and recharge, as it were, your batteries of energy? If you have, think how much more someone whose job depends upon spontaneity and creative energy must suffer from this same spiritual and mental illness.

For illness was what it was. Not a physical illness, except insofar as bodily fatigue entered into it. Besides the actual work of broadcasting and rehearsing, Ed had for months been spending an average of forty-eight hours a week of intensive effort on the preparation of his scripts.

And he was being the eternal comedian. “People expect a comedian to be funny all the time,” he said. “They won’t allow him the same periods of seriousness, or of unhappiness, others have. For instance, I might accept an invitation to a party, then call up at the last minute and say, ‘My mother-in-law is ill, and I can’t (Continued on page 72)
A DREAM HE'S NEVER REVEALED BROUGHT HIM BACK TEN MONTHS AFTER HE HAD QUIT RADIO FOR ALL TIME

By DAN WHEELER

For the new Wynn program, sponsored by Plymouth, see page 53

This year it's a new character Ed is portraying. Back in 1925 he wore kilts in "The Grab Bag," a musical comedy. Below, in the gurgling stage. Next, last year with Graham McNamee; and cracking the whip at a former partner, Jack Lewis
HAVE you ever made a mistake in love, and lost a man? You're in good company. Lucy Monroe, Ramona, Gracie Allen, Adele Ronson—four of radio's most famous heartbreakers—admit that they, too, have fumbled at love affairs.

Even the most beautiful, the most brilliant of us, have a trait or two that will unfailingly discourage the marriage-bent male. To learn just which of these traits are your own, and to make them invisible to the masculine eye, is to learn love-intelligence.

So we asked these four lovely stars to tell you what they learned from romances that didn't quite come off, just to give you some short cuts from disillusion. We picked these four not only because they are among the wisest and most romantically successful in radio, but because each represents a different type, a different approach in her attitude to men.

Each promises to confess without stint how she changed from a love-gauche girl to a love-wise woman. To reveal candidly and completely the profitable failure that taught her what her particular sort of woman should never, never do with an attractive man.

If you like to think of yourself as a modern woman, tolerant, independent, wanting to act on judgment rather than impulse, and you are attracted to reserved, shy men, it is to you we dedicate Lucy Monroe's story.

Looking at the star of Lavender and Old Lace and the American Album, one cannot imagine her fumbling at the fine old feminine art of love. Lucy Monroe's personality is as lyric as the voice which has brought her such swift fame in radio. There is an air of serenity in her wide, arched brows, her clear oval face, her red-gold, wavy hair. Yet her very poise and judgment once made her hesitate and lose a lover.

Several years ago, when she was still playing small parts in Broadway revues, she used to see a good deal of a certain young man. A very dear young man, big, rangy, blond, and exceedingly shy. Sometimes she wondered why he had never made love to her.

Just about the time they began to go around together, Lucy had her first real break. Bettina Hall, whom she was understudying in "The Little Show" fell ill and Lucy sang the leading role. The hard-boiled New York critics had given her enthusiastic notices, and she was sure that she was made.

Then after "The Little Show" closed, Lucy had to learn that it takes more breaks than one to make real fame. The season was opening slowly; there seemed no decent part for her. She was in the dumps.

One night she met her young man for supper at a little spaghetti restaurant in the Forties. She had had a hard day tramping about, waiting in ante rooms, defensively pulling out the notices that had once seemed a ticket to glory.

Anxiety hurt her throat so she could not swallow.
The young man saw her need and forgot his shyness. "Look here," he cried. "With your voice and your beauty you're bound to succeed. But you're going to make it harder for yourself if you exaggerate every little discouragement!"

It was early, the restaurant almost deserted. The young man leaned toward her bent head, put his hand on her ruddy, bright hair. "Lucy," he whispered, "I've been wanting so long to say I love you. To ask you to marry me. But I thought there was so little I could give you. I've never loved a woman before. And until now you have seemed so unattainable, so far above me!"

Lucy was sure she loved him. That night she was sure she wanted to marry him. But as the days went by she became doubtful. She was his first love. And he had so foolish an inferiority complex. He was already successful in his profession. If he would only play around with a few girls, he would learn how desirable he really was.

This belief of Lucy's increased when she made an instantaneous hit in opera. He kept telling her how superior she was to him. And here is where Lucy Monroe, out of her very broadmindedness and generosity of spirit, made a mistake in love. She knows now that to have shown him her love passionately would have been the best (Continued on page 81)
AHOY on board yacht “Coconut!”

That baritone hail, ringing richly and resonantly above the rhythmic roar of a 120-horsepower speedboat motor, could have come from only one man in the world—John Charles Thomas, commodore of our Amelia Island Pirate Treasure Expedition’s fleet.

I cast a weather eye astern of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dobyne’s 90-foot “Coconut,” and sure as shooting stars there was Thomas zooming by in his new “225” speedster, “Tiptoe” practically flying over Palm Beach’s tropical Lake Worth at sixty miles an hour. As he brought his thundering craft about in a hazardous but graceful starboard turn, Thomas semaphored with his left arm that he was boarding us.

“Pipe the Fleet Commander aboard,” I said.

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered two sailors, breaking out the gangway railing on our portside and standing by with bumpers.

Powerful engine switched off, the “Tiptoe” came in under her headway and was quickly made fast alongside. The
The famous baritone rehearses with Willie Morris, on board his yacht and right, with a friend exhibiting a prize catch. Below, a view of the island on which he's now digging for the treasure. Bottom of page, the speedboat he's going to enter in the perilous Gold Cup races this year, and in which already he's won many cups.

next moment, John Charles Thomas, whose life outside of his many radio, operatic and concert engagements is just one adventure after another, hit the deck.

We were ready to start our search for buried buccaneer gold! Ready to sail for Amelia Island, off the coast of Florida, where we would plunge into primeval jungles that still shelter bears, wildcats, diamond-backed rattlesnakes and giant alligators—where the rumored treasure is guarded by the ghosts of Captain Kidd's murdered crew.

The adventure which had had its inception months before was about to begin.

Last winter, while I was cruising about the Florida coast in a small yacht, I became friendly with Thomas, George Dobyne, Kimbark Howell, and other members of the Palm Beach yachting set. After my return to my own Amelia Island to work on a new book, the Palm Beach yachtsmen visited me en route North in their craft.

I don't pretend to know much about music and singing. But John Charles Thomas has always been my favorite baritone. To me, there's something warmly human as well as beautifully melodic about his voice. Personal acquaintance deepened my admiration for him as a singer into admiration for him as a man. Sun-tanned, something of a Viking, extraordinarily wide-shouldered and strong-jawed, and with a dash of the sea in his daring blue eyes, I had only to see him to know him for an adventurer.

There on Amelia Island, we talked about speed-boat racing and fishing; not your ordinary, easy fishing, but the kind that involves hour-long battles with ferocious deep-sea fish—man-eating sharks and sawfish.

Later, I found myself telling Thomas and his companions the exciting and mysterious pirate lore of Amelia Island. A queer compound of legends, traditions, and honest history surround this island of mine.

According to the story, the isle was used as a pirate base from the year 1683.

In 1701, Captain Kidd hove to in Cumberland Sound and went ashore under cover of (Continued on page 84)

HOW HE'S SEARCHING FOR PIRATE GOLD ON A TROPICAL ISLAND

By
T.
HOWARD KELLY

For John Charles Thomas, sponsored by Vince, see page 56—10 o'clock column.
The man with the lens dropped into the CBS Broadcasting Building this month and look what he found: Nino Martini would be at the left, between songs at the Chesterfield rehearsal. And just below is Phillips Lord interviewing a police official on his Wednesday program, Crime Busters. Then to the left again, Andre Kostelanetz, directing his orchestra. To his right David Ross spins a bit of poetry. Below, a real candid camera study of the Voice of Experience. Lower left corner, those Musketeers, Ted Husing, Walter O'Keefe and Deane Janis, relaxing in a nightclub after a broadcast of Camel Caravan.
BUT IT TOOK BRAVERY TO MARRY A GIRL WhOSE PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE TENORS

KENNY BAKER didn't have a date that Saturday evening, or he never would have gone to such a thing as a school fashion show. And even then, he wouldn't have gone, except that one of the fellows promised he'd fix him up a date with Gerry Churchill, who was taking part in the show, afterwards.

He didn't know Gerry Churchill, but he'd seen her around school—the Long Beach Junior College, in which she was a senior and he a junior. Brunette, wasn't she? Sorta cute?

Well, there wasn't anything else to do. Might as well go to the fashion show.

A fashion show's a good place at which to see—really see—a new girl, particularly if she wears clothes as well as Gerry Churchill did. Gerry appeared in sport frocks, evening gowns, tailored suits, and bathing suits; and in all of them she was undeniably sorta cute, except that to say so was a gross understatement.

After the show Kenny and his friend went backstage, and he met her. He discovered that she reached barely to his shoulder, had gray eyes, a soft voice, and a devastating effect upon his emotions.

This was in May, toward the end of the school term, when every week-end there is something doing. The big item on the following Friday was a minstrel show, and it surely wasn't entirely an accident that Gerry happened to be the one to make Kenny up for his part in the performance. Blackface takes a long time to apply, and she didn't have time enough to make up any of the other members of the cast.

Today, both Gerry and Kenny say they'd already fallen in love, during the first few minutes after they'd met backstage at the fashion show, and I'm inclined to believe them, because after the minstrel show Kenny shamelessly ditched a date he'd had for a couple of weeks, and Gerry invited him to her house, where she made biscuits and they had biscuits and honey in the kitchen.

By the time school was closed, Kenny had asked her to marry him, blithely ignoring the (Continued on page 90)
Miracles
RADIO HAS WORKED

By
CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

IF not for radio, Dan K. would be in the land of the living dead, today.
When he was released from the Buffalo State Hospital for the mentally ill, his family was jubilant. With a little patience he'd get out of his lethargy, forget the depression, and snap into his old happy self again. The last few years were a sealed book, and they'd be completely forgotten soon.

But it didn't work out that way. Dan didn't snap out of it. Every day he lay in bed, brooding over his misfortunes. The overwork that had brought on his breakdown. The crooked friend who had cheated him out of his car, his home. The three dreadful years in the land of the living dead.

The children's prattle annoyed him. His wife's solicitice was rewarded with barks, sharp retorts and complaints. When neighbors came to call he made believe he was asleep. Gradually the unhappy, unhealthy nervous tension he felt communicated itself to the rest of the household. The children became listless and subdued, like little shadows of their former selves.

There was no help for it. He would have to go back to the hospital. Sadly, unwillingly, his wife told him that. It was impossible to keep going as they were. They would spend their Christmas together, and then...

I don't have to tell you how Dan felt. If he went back again to the hospital, he knew his life was over. He would sink lower and lower, back into the tortured, raving state he had been in. He was hopeless, helpless, completely licked. His last prop had been snatched from under him. Now there was nothing to live for, nothing.

Till something unexpected happened. Relatives, knowing it would come in handy, had sent money as a Christmas gift. Now Mrs. K., being a wise woman, realized that if Dan had something to occupy his mind during the day it would keep him from brooding and he could put up a better fight to normalcy. So she bought a midget radio with the Christmas money.

The change in Dan wasn't instantaneous. He didn't leap up, full of smiles, and sing "I'm cured," when he listened in. But somehow, the radio seemed to soothe his taut nerves, to relieve the awful tension under which he labored. He began to listen for Cheero in the morning, for Bradley Kincaid. With so many programs on the air, there was no time to think of his troubles.

Gradually, he has become stronger, steadier. You can see by the look in his eyes that he's on the mend. The children's prattle no longer annoys him. He is regaining an interest in the goings on around him. Slowly, but surely, he is fighting his way back to health. Why, the last time I heard, he was thinking of going into the ice-cream business, making the cream at home and having his youngsters deliver it.

Because of radio a man's life has been reclaimed and another home has been kept intact. As so often happens, for radio influences wives, husbands, lovers. It has even helped solve the eternal triangle problem.

THERE was one man who wrote to the Voice of Experience for guidance. Married ten years, he found himself madly in love with a girl in his office. His own wife insisted she still loved him, and refused to give him a divorce.

"I want to leave my wife for this other woman," the man wrote, "but it worries me because of my daughter. She loves me dearly and I love her. Since she's only seven, I feel she will learn to forget me in time. What do you think?"

The Voice of Experience answered by reading a letter he had received from a fifteen-year-old girl whose father, when that child was seven, had left his wife and daughter for another woman.

"Last Thursday night," the girl wrote, "Daddy found me in his partner's apartment. I don't have to describe the scene. He was mad as hops, threatened his partner and called me all kinds of improper names because I was fool enough to submit to his partner's desires.

"This sounded so funny coming from Daddy, and I guess I was just mad enough at being caught, so I said, 'Listen, you, who are you to say anything about my morals? Do you think I have forgotten how you treated Mother, when you had that other woman on the string? Do you think I ever forgot how you fell off the pedestal that I put you on when I fairly worshipped and (Continued on page 78)
THE GREATEST OF MODERN HEALERS HAS MENDED BROKEN HEARTS AND RESTORED LOST HEALTH

"You sang 'Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.' It may have been the gin, but it was just as though I'd been shot with something. Then I went back home for good."
Hidden Moments in Their Lives

While Eddie Cantor Sang and Danced No One Knew That He Was Under Sentence of Death

This is the story of a man who dared death—to entertain you and me. He defied the commands of his doctor, the pleas of his friends, the advice of his family. He kept right on clowning, though he knew that each bit of comedy he put across shortened his own life.

Why did he do such a thing, you ask? What motive might any man have for jeopardizing his life?

Was it to support a family in want? No. For Eddie Cantor was a millionaire.

Was it to satisfy a life-long ambition to reach the top in the show business? Decidedly not, for Eddie Cantor was sitting securely on top, the first actor ever to be starred by Ziegfeld, to be given billing over Ziegfeld's own name.

"I did it," Eddie Cantor, the same Eddie you hear every Sunday night over the Columbia network, confided to me, "because entertaining people is all I ask of life. Unless I can keep going this way, my life isn't worth a lead nickel.

"I'd rather die tomorrow, doing my radio and movie work, than live to be a hundred, sitting behind a desk in a sane office. You didn't know," with a toss of his rapidly graying head, "that my family had a nice silk business all set for me, did you? Nor did anyone else ever hear of it, and of the time I retired permanently from show business.

"Afterwards I realized that I'm like a race horse that is unfit for any other job." He shook his head slowly, his warm brown eyes serious and grave.

It all happened nine years ago, when Eddie was the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1927." I say the "Ziegfeld Follies" on purpose, for he was on all the time, in practically every act. As he jokingly told his friend, George Jessel, "If you want to see me in the show, come round any time. I'm always on, except for two minutes. And if Ziggie knew I was off those two minutes he'd have me selling tickets then."

All the time Eddie was clowning and dancing and kidding, he was suffering the torments of the damned. He was a chronic sufferer from pleurisy, a disease which makes breathing very painful. There wasn't a day during the six months the show was on that he wasn't in agony.

"Every time I took a deep breath," he told me, "I felt as if a couple of men were sitting on me, sticking needles into my chest."

Between scenes his personal physician, Dr. Joseph Diamond, massaged him. And while the perspiration dripped into a pool around (Continued on page 94)

By Mary Jacobs

For Eddie Cantor's program, sponsored by Pebeco tooth paste, turn to page 53—seven o'clock column.

Eddie's energy and enthusiasm don't desert him before the mike. Below, with Harry "Porkyakarkus" Einstein.
Lucille Manners, above, takes Jessica Dragonette's place on the Cities Service hour while the latter vacations in Florida. She first attracted NBC officials' notice while singing on a local station in her home town, Newark, N. J. . . . Right, Bob Hope, who with Honeychile is the comedy highlight of the Atlantic Family, is also a star in the current "Follies," and came to radio from vaudeville and musical comedy . . . He's married . . . Below, another vaudeville star to desert to radio is Frank Fay of Rudy Vallee's hour. He used to be a headliner at the Palace Theater; this summer he'll have his own program, sponsored by Standard Brands.
Deems Taylor, above, studied to be an architect but is now a composer, writer, and master of ceremonies on the Swift hour. A pioneer in radio, he was on CBS' first program in 1927.

Left, Charles Newman, newest addition to Fred Waring's gang. He has played the harmonica ever since he can remember, came East from California last fall, and was immediately signed up by Waring. He's twenty, unmarried, serious.

Center, Oscar Shaw, tenor star of Friday evening's Broadway Varieties over CBS. He crashed the stage as a chorus boy, is married, plays poker and golf, raises Pekinese dogs.

Left below, Ona Munson, heroine of The Love Doctor on the Mutual chain. She's been a musical comedy star six years, recently turned to serious drama.

Bill Baar, below, who impersonates all the characters in NBC's Grandpa Burton series, is 24, single, fond of brunettes.
Harry McNaughton (above) is the real name of that perfect butler, Bottle, whom you hear Sunday nights with Phil Baker. His English accent is real—he graduated from Sussex College, England, was on the London stage in 1911, served three years in the war without injury. He came to Broadway after the Armistice, played on the stage for years before joining Baker’s company... Below, Minabelle Abbott, star of the Life of Mary Sothorn on WLW, Cincinnati, and WGN, Chicago. She failed at her first radio try, earned a living as a stenographer for four years until she succeeded in an audition for the Mary Sothorn role... Gale Page, NBC contralto, right below, has her own sustaining program and is also heard with Fibber McGee and Molly. Born in Spokane, Washington, she came to Chicago in 1933 and broke into radio. She is the wife of a Chicago investment broker and the daughter of a bank president, but won success on her own.
YOU hear his voice, on coast-to-coast networks and over your local stations, oftener than that of any other radio personality.

You hear him under a dozen aliases, or under no name at all. You hear him at the beginning of every March of Time program when he says "Time marches ON!" and later throughout the narrative portions of the show. Again, you hear him on the Life Saver Rendezvous, as Hugh Conrad, on the Chevrolet program which is distributed to 384 stations by means of transcriptions, in the March of Time news reels, on spot broadcasts and sustaining shows.

His real name, Cornelius Westbrook Van Voorhis, is almost never mentioned over the air. Behind that anonymous voice, though the voice might almost be said to belong to no one, there's a story that belongs to all generations—a story full of meaning for every class of people, yet as dramatic as any romance ever written.

Remember this story, next time you listen to Van Voorhis as he announces one of his programs. Remember that here is a man born into a rich and distinguished family, raised to luxury, offered every possible advantage such a background affords, yet who found himself, while still in his early twenties, penniless and alone. He had followed his own desires, squandered a fortune by the time he was twenty-three, seen half the world—and at the end he was sitting in an ugly boarding house room with nothing to keep him company but the knowledge that he was a failure as an actor.

Van's father was a famous lawyer, the fourth in a line of jurists, two of whom had been justices of the New York Supreme Court. Van's boyhood, I suppose, was typically that of the average child of wealthy parents early in the century: tutors at home, later a fashionable prep school. There was the difference, though, that his father was lawyer for several large railroads, and
traveled about the country in their behalf. Van and his mother always
went along on these trips.

Before he was fourteen, Van had lived in most of the large cities in the
United States and Canada, and had also traveled extensively in Europe.
Naturally, prep school seemed dull to him. It had been taken for granted
in his family that he would later go to Harvard and study law. All Van
Voorhis men studied law.

All Van Voorhis men, however, did not have the thirst to see the world
which all that early traveling had instilled in young Van, nor his inde-
pendent, almost unruly spirit. One incident of his school days illustrates
what happened to people who tried to dictate to him. It happened at St.
Johns Manlius school in Syracuse, New
York, shortly after Van had enrolled. In
revolt against the tradition of hazing, he
locked himself in his room and dared the
would-be hazers to come in after him. To
prove he meant it, he also rammed a bay-
onet through the door.

He never did go to Harvard to study
law. When prep school days were over,
his family compromised with his ambition
to see the world by sending him to
Annapolis. This was during the later
years of the war.

Restrictions, regimentation, routine,
rules, Van’s nature, his early life, rebelled
against them all. He was completely un-
suited for a naval career, and he hated it.
Fortunately, due to special conditions at
the close of the war, he was able to secure
an honorable discharge.

Then, at the age of twenty-one, he re-
cieved a legacy of $150,000 from his
grandmother.

All his young life Van had had an al-
lowance for small expenses, the family
charge accounts (Continued on page 70)
LOOKS as if the current boom in the sort of music which is variously described as "swing," "hot," or "jam," really means something in national economics. A music expert in Chicago the other day sat down, let his mind travel back to the days when this type of dance music first took the country by storm, and emerged with the prediction that its popularity now means the return of prosperity.

At any rate, here's Proof No. 1 that our prophet may not be far wrong. A crop of five- and six-piece orchestras has sprung up all over the country, and is busily touring all the vaudeville and picture-house circuits. Very few of the outfits are having any difficulty in getting either bookings or big audiences. In recent years, when the public would have none of the "hot" music, small orchestras couldn't get by, and the cost of transporting big ones made touring for one of them a risky gamble. Result: fewer orchestras of any kind wandering around, less work for musicians, fewer theaters showing vaudeville and stage acts.

Maybe we're headed for the same point of view toward swing music they take over in England and France. It's serious business over there, let me tell you—Art with a capital A. Red Nichols showed me a copy of an English magazine called "Swing Music" the other day. In it was a list of every phonograph record he ever made, subdivided to show all the various names he recorded under. Red had even forgotten having made a good many of them himself. Those old records still have a healthy sale abroad, and are used as models in learned discussions of what Parisians still insist on calling "i.e. Jazz." In America we just like to listen and enjoy it, without worrying over its cosmic significance.

JOHNNY GREEN made his third moving picture short just before leaving Hollywood to come east with Jack Benny, and though it's the third one he's made it's the first one he's liked. He wants you to see this one, whereas in the case of the two previous efforts, he hoped you hadn't. It's one of the "Paramount Hi-liner" shorts, and will be released about the time you read this.

While he was in Hollywood, Johnny also teamed up with Fred Astaire to record selections from "Follow the Fleet," with Astaire doing the tap-dance honors. The "Follow the Fleet" music, you know, is by Irving Berlin, who is one of Johnny's major idols. He has always been one of Berlin's most persistent boosters, and never misses a chance to feature Berlin tunes with his orchestra. You can get Johnny's recordings of Cole Porter's "Jubilee" music now, too.

VICTOR ERWIN, the maestro on the NBC's Popeye program, has an all-star band if there ever was one. Three of his musicians are orchestra leaders in their own right on other radio programs—Lou Raderman, Benny Baker, and Dave Grupp; and three others are considered tops in their particular instruments—Sammy Lewis, trombonist, Alfred Evans, saxophonist, and Leo McOnville, trumpeter. The same band supplies the musical background for the Popeye movie cartoons.

The Latin invasion is on! Above left, Armida, tiny singer on CBS' Night Life in Paris show. Above, Carmen Castiglia, who is soloist for Xavier Cugat and who's Mrs. Cugat too.
Mk-
MM

WANT TO KNOW THE LATEST DOINGS OF YOUR PET DANCE BAND? HERE'S THE ANSWER YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

Raderman, off the record, is none other than Ken Woods, leader of the orchestra on Columbia's "Musical Reveries." He's a crack amateur aviator, but doesn't get much chance to indulge his hobby. A few weeks ago he ordered a $5,000 Waco monoplane, which was delivered at Roosevelt Field on a Sunday—a free day for Ken, and he was all eagerness to take it up for a trial spin at once. A representative of his sponsor had found out about the plane too, though, and he was on hand to warn Ken that if he went up in an untested plane his contract would thereupon go ffffft. The sponsor was taking no chances on having its maestro killed or injured.

WANDERING MINSTRELS

DID you know that Red Nichols directs the orchestra not only on the Kellogg College Prom, for which he receives air mention, but also on the Atlantic Family on Tour show, for which he doesn't? ... Also that Paul Whiteman's King's Men flit around over the airwaves under four different titles? You're liable to run across them in any one of four different shows. On Whiteman's own programs, of course, they're the King's Men; on the Flying Red Horse Tavern they're the Red Horsemen; on the Aspo-rub show, which is broadcast only over WJZ, New York, they're the King's Guard; and on Ed Wynn's new Plymouth half-hour, they're the King's Merry Men. Under any name, though, the personnel is the same: Ken Darby, bass and arranger; Bud Linn, top tenor; John Dodson, second tenor, and Rad Robinson, baritone. (Continued on page 85)
Microphone Masquerade

By Richard Wormser

Illustration by Cole Bradley

What has gone before:

Jimmy White and Madge Summers wanted to get married, but Jimmy was only a filing clerk in the music department of the biggest broadcasting network in the world, and Madge, who was a stenographer for the same chain, wouldn't marry him until she could quit work and have a home. That's why Jimmy seized his chance to capitalize on his ability to look and sing like Hal McCabe, the famous radio tenor. Acting on a tip from the building's bootblack, Jimmy burst into the vice president's office where McCabe and his gangster-like manager were conferring. As soon as the men heard him sing and noticed the resemblance between him and McCabe, they offered him a chance to make two thousand dollars by impersonating the tenor for two weeks.
McCabe, they explained, had a sore throat and was unable to audition for a prospective sponsor, and they wanted Jimmy for the job. Jimmy agreed immediately, but soon regretted it, for the man rushed him away from the network building and put him under lock and key, without giving him a chance to tell Madge what had happened. Jake Loeb, the most friendly of his captors, and the man intrusted with the task of teaching him to impersonate McCabe, told him that the "big shot" who was paying Jimmy was none other than Maxey Corvallis, a notorious gangster. Meanwhile, the vice president had ordered Jimmy fired for intruding on the conference in his office, and the police explained his disappearance to Madge by saying he'd left town in discouragement. But in the hotel where Jimmy was hidden, he overheard Maxey hint to Jake that after Jimmy had sung for the audition it would be best to bump him off so he wouldn't talk. And Madge would never know!

TODAY,” Jake Loeb said, "is your audition, Jimmy. Already I have built up the sponsors, I have told them that Hal McCabe has a new way of singing that is positively a wow. So all you have to do is sing. And if it does not work out so well, I will lamp you the signal, and you will do your silent act, singing to that phonograph record. But I do not think we will have to fake it. I think they would rather have you with the McCabe name than McCabe with his own name. Bah!" said Jake Loeb. “Sponsors, and the dear public, they do not know singing when they hear it, or they would have thrown McCabe off the air a long time ago. So now—” he broke off. He stared at Jimmy. “So you are going to have stage fright on me, Jimmy. Go lie down.” The boy had turned white.

LOVE MUST FIND A WAY—BUT JIMMY’S WAY BRINGS CHILLING THREATS OF—

Jake helped him into the other room, and made him lie down. Then he stood looking down at the boy. Jimmy nodded at the door. On the other side of it was the omnipresent Utsy. Jake closed the door and came back to the bed. “Do not be frightened,” he began.

Jimmy cut him off. “Jake,” he said huskily, “I heard—last night. What Maxey said about bumping me off.”

Jake tried to smile. The smile turned into a gulp. He sat down on the bed with a heavy thud, and sighed. His big head bowed itself between his fat shoulders. “You think I like this, Jimmy White? You think me, Jake Loeb, is happy?”

Jimmy said: “No. I heard you, Jake. You did your best for me. You’re a good guy, Jake.”

Jake Loeb spread his hands wide. “A good guy? Ha, boy, I do not like this because, now, pretty sure, I will not live long. They will bump me off, too. Always I have known it, but what could I do? Vaudeville was dead, and nothing but the speakeasies and the night clubs wanted singers. And me, I don’t know anything but to teach singers to sing. So I got mixed up with Maxey the Greek. I wish I had died first.”

“Jake, can’t we—”

“No. This is Maxey’s hotel, and if we get past Utsy, which we wouldn’t, there are Maxey’s boys on the elevators and in the lobbies to tip him off. We would never get out. Ach, Jimmy, there is nothing. They would have killed McCabe a long time ago, but McCabe is famous, and too many people would notice he was gone. And besides, he was a gold mine. Now he has to have his throat operated on—Jimmy. You listen to me. You go through with this audition, son, and you sing. You hear me, boy? And if they put you on the air, you sing there, too. Because as soon as you are no use to Maxey—” He snapped his fingers.

Jimmy said: “There’s an out. There’s gotta be a way we can get away, Jake.”

“With Maxey there is never an out. Like I say, (Continued on page 63)

“A man was killed up on West End Avenue last night,” Flaherty said to Madge. “Machine-gun bullets. They’ve identified him as Jimmy.”
HOW would you feel if you were changed from blonde to brunette, or vice versa, almost overnight? For the past three months I’ve been interviewing blondes, brunettes and redheads of radiooland, who have given you their tried and tested advice on color schemes and cosmetics to suit your type. But suppose that, for years, you had been dressing and making up to suit your particular color of hair and suddenly the color of your hair was changed—what then?

Sounds like a wild idea, doesn’t it? But that’s just what happened to lovely Harriet Hilliard, soloist with Ozzie Nelson’s orchestra and the latest movie sensation, since her performance in “Follow the Fleet.” The funny thing is that Harriet doesn’t mind at all. In fact, she loves it! You see, though we’ve known Harriet as a blonde for several years, she was born with darker hair—not definitely brunette, but still not light enough to be classified as blonde.

“I’ve been wanting to go back to my natural color of hair for the past couple of years,” said Harriet, “and the movies gave me the opportunity. As I became better known on the radio, it grew harder and harder to change my type, because I was known as a blonde from the start. But when I got to Hollywood and was tested with Ginger Rogers for my part in ‘Follow the Fleet,’ I ran into an amusing situation.

“It was this way. My hair was then almost the same color, as well as the same length, as Ginger’s and there was only about an inch difference in our height. I think Ginger is just about the grandest girl I ever knew and there could never be anyone else like her, really, but we were just enough the same type on the screen that it might have been confusing in some scenes, so they decided I’d better have darker hair for the picture.

“Was I tickled! Here was the chance I’d been looking for to change my type, and all in a good cause.

So here I am, back in New York, with my original, natural coloring for the first time in years. Of course, it’s still in the in-between stage at present. I wore a dark wig in the picture, and I have to use a little dye right now until my hair has all grown in to its natural, unbleached shade. As a matter of fact, I think bleached hair is going out of fashion, not only in Hollywood, where Jean Harlow has ceased to be a platinum blonde, but all over America. Bleached hair is getting to be just about as passé as last year’s ‘hot lick’ in music.

“The whole trend today is toward naturalness in make-up. After all, what man wants to get next to a paint-pot? Women everywhere are making up more skillfully, with greater subtlety, than ever before. Eyebrow lines are becoming more natural, with less and less of that plucked, artificially arched look.” Harriet’s own eyebrows follow the natural line of her facial contours and she is careful to pluck out only the stray hairs that blur or distort this natural line.

“And odd thing,” she continued, “is that I’ve found I actually have to wash my hair oftener than before. Oh, I know we all think that blonde hair needs to be washed more frequently than brunette, but I used to wash my hair once a week and that was enough. (Continued on page 77)

Miss Anderson knows of a new matched make-up which helps you to correctly choose your proper cosmetics; also a swell recipe for a delightful perfumed cream which you can make at home. Address your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 E. 42nd St., New York.
The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness... the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, Jr., Boston
Mrs. Byrd Worrick Davenport, Richmond
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. Chevalier Dahney Langham, Virginia
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, Chicago
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

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

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. of Wilmington, Delaware

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."

© 1936, R.J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels
"Strictly Personal... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex can't chafe... can't fail... can't show"

Mary Pauline Callender, Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

Can't chafe
Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail
Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show
Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX
All at the Same Low Price

IN THE BLUE BOX—Regular Kotex. Ideal for the ordinary needs of most women. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX—Junior Kotex. Somewhat narrower than Regular. Designed at the request of women of slight stature and younger girls. Thousands will find Junior Kotex suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX—Super Kotex. For more protection on some days it is only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX
A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
YOU'VE asked a lot of questions this month, and your Oracle has a lot of answers, but first here are some swell hidden facts that have come to light which you'll be interested in reading.

The Landt Trio and White, for instance, have been getting up at 6 a. m. for eight years, in order to warm up for their daily NBC 8:45 a. m. program. They use no alarm clock. Dan is the first riser and he rouses the others. Jack is the hardest to rout out of bed because he likes to go to parties and comes home late. . . . Each one of the Pickens Sisters has become an expert knitter. They don't like to make things for themselves but knit things for each other or for their boyfriends. . . . Willie Morris, new NBC soprano star, is a direct descendant of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. . . .

Stuart Churchill, of Columbia's Musical Reveries, worked his way through college by singing and playing drums in a band.

And now for the question box. First out of the hat is:

C. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Larry Larsen, NBC pipe organist, is a roly-poly, smiling, blue-eyed fellow. He was born August 26, 1895, in Chicago, Ill. At the age of fourteen he taught piano to a class of twenty students. Is married and has a sixteen-year-old son, Kenneth. William Bailey is red-headed and freckled. He was born in Philadelphia in 1900, single but hopeful. Height, 5 ft. 10, weight, 160.

M. D. Cole, Amsterdam, New York—She's raven-haired, vivacious and weighs only 93 pounds. That's Celia Branz. She was born in Russia in the year 1907. She loves to sing with her husband who is an accomplished pianist and composer. Her hobby is collecting books.

C. B., Baltimore, Md.—Pee Wee Hunt, trombonist and vocalist with the Casa Loma Orchestra, was born Walter Gerhardt Hunt in Mt. Healthy, Ohio, on May 10, 1907. Had ambition to be a scientist, but was shunted into synchronization. He's over six feet tall, and weighs 210 pounds. Now do you know where he got his nickname?

Candy—Frankie Masters is five-foot-ten. Has black hair and brown eyes; was born and raised in Robinson, Ill. He's about thirty years old and is married to a very charming girl.

Marianna A., Bristol, Conn.—I can't tell you why Masquerade went off the air, Marianna. Gertrude Lamont was played by Gale Page. Gale is often heard on the Climatine Carnival program Thursdays at 10:30 a. m. She also may be heard on her own program Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 p. m. over the NBC network. She is a contralto and no longer takes dramatic roles. Fred Nino was played by Ted Maxwell.

Jack M., Oak Park, Ill.—Address Nancy Kelly in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Mary Small has just returned to the air. You can hear her over the NBC airwaves on Wednesday and Friday at 6:15 p. m.

Mrs. F. E. S., Cranston, R. I.—Lulu Belle of the National Barn Dance is temporarily off the air. She may be back on that program again by the time you read this.

C. C. G., Rochester, New York—John Charles Thomas' mother is still living. He is married, but has no children. Did you like the story about the famous singer on page 32?

S. S., Wellesley, Mass.—Lanny Ross' wife was Olive White. She's his manager and publicity director. There's no personal information available on Miss White, Conrad Thibault's wife was not an actress.

The Lawley Family, New York City, N. Y.—Aunt Pandora on the Ray Perkins Amateur Hour was played by Bess Fraleigh, free-lance dramatic actress.

Frances Marie K., Los Angeles, Calif.—You can reach James Melton in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, and if you'll watch Radio Mirror's pages carefully, you'll be rewarded with a picture of him in an early issue.

M. L. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Your favorite commentator, Lowell Thomas, is married and there's a Lowell, Jr. The Thomases live on their estate in Pawling, New York. Write and ask him for his picture in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Mrs. J. A. W., Collards, Va.—Bob & Kay of Today's Children are not man and wife in real life. Bob is Walter Wicker, husband of the Singing Lady, Irene Wicker. Kay is Irma Philips. Patricia Dunlap plays Kathryn Carter.

Special for Nelson Eddy Fans—If you are interested in joining the Musical Nelson Eddy Fan Club, please get in touch with its president, Ruth Sperling, 1508 East 94th Street, Brooklyn, New York.
RADIO MIRROR

We

Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR
RAPID
PROGRAM
GUIDE

HOW TO

(All

Mountain time, three for
Read down the column

Pacific time.)
for the programs

3.

HOW

TO DETERMINE

Read the

station

list

IF

YOUR STATION

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and

SUPPLEMENTARY
WACO
WALA
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WDNC
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WDSU
WESG
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Basic,

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KVO

Melodiana:
hr.

KOL

KLZ
KOH
KSL

Wilderness

Recess:
Afternoon
Mon. y hr. WABC
and network

Fri.

WABC

Salvation
Band:

2:00

Sym-

Philharmonic

phony

12

2

1:00

12:00
Salt

Lake

City

Church

Sun.

Sun. \4

and

network

Tabernacle:

y
2

2

WABC

hr.

the Air:
WABC and

of
hr.

network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues.

Hostess Counsel:

Wed.

broadcasting to WeBt):
Eastern broadcast at

Thurs.
Basic

Fri.

y
WCCO
WBT
WHEC WOWO
WWVA KLZ KSL
minus WKBW
WOKO KFAB
hr.

plus

KRNT

12:15

Fri. y hr.
KMBC plus coast. (Re-

Mon. Wed.

10:00

m.

a.

George

Hall's
chestra: Tues.

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Orhr-

y hr. Basic
plus
coast
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WCCO
W W L KOMA
KTRH
KRLD
KlSA minus
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WKBW

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WSPD

Jerry Cooper:
Tues. Thure.,

WABC

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work
12:30

"Mary
Mon.

Marlin":
Wed.

Tues.

Thurs. Fri.
Basic plus

WCCO

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hr.

coact,

minus
WBBM
WGR
WOKO

12:45

Transatlantic
Broadcast:

Sun.

hr. WABC and
network
"FiveStar Jones:"

y

Mon. Tues.

hr.

WFBL WHK
WJAS WKRC
WNAC KMBC
WJR
KMOX
WBT WGST
KRLD coast

minus

KFPY KGB KOIN
KOL KVI

PM.
2:00
Leslie Howard:
2 hr. Basic plus

Sun.

WJSV

KFAB KMBC KMOX
KRNT WCOA WDSU
WGL WHP WNAX
WOWO WPG WSFA

WBNS
y
WBRC WBT WCCO
WDSU WHEC WLAC
WOWO WREC KLRA
KOMA KRLD KTRH
KTUL minus WAAB

WWVA KTUL
Mon. y hr. WABC
and network
AI Roth: Wed. y hr

Between the Bookends:
Mon.
Tues.

Thurs.

Manhattan Matinee:

WABC

and network

Sun.

WABC

hr.

WABC

and

M.

hr.

WABC

work
Woolery OrPete
chestra: Wed. \i hr.
WABC and network
Buffalo Presents: Sat.
y hr. WABC and
network

1:45

Kaltenborn Edits the
network
W'AIU
Fred Skinner: Mon.
M hr. WABC and

network

Academy

WABC

of
Thurs.

Medi-

y

and net-

and network

Army Band:

Fri.

hr.

y

WABC

Jose Manzanares and
His South Americans :

y hr. Basic plus
WBT WCCO WDAE
WISN WMBR WQAM
WREC WWL KOMA
Sun.

2

American School of
the Air: Mon. Tues.
Wed. Thurs. Fri. y
hr. WABC and network
H. V. Kaltenborn,
veteran news com-

mentator, has
moved from

his

old

afternoon
Friday
spot to Sundays at
Did you know
:45.
that he has been
with CBS for seven
years and has made
1

1,600

broadcasts

without once having
been late? Or that
in a recent European
trip he talked over
stations in
coun-

Science Service: Tues.
y hr. WABC and
network

and network
Vivian delta Chiesa:

y

WABC

hr.

I

WABC

and

y2

net-

work
4:45

Buddy
hr.

Clark:

WABC

Fri.

and

y

net-

work

Radio

3:30

Hoosier Hop: Mon. V2
hr. WABC and network
Library of Congress
Musicale: Tues. 1 hr.
WABC and network
Student
Nat.onai
Federation: Wed.
-nd
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Mark Warnow's Or-

y

chestra:

Fri.

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WABC

and network

Isle of

Dreams:

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2

hr.

WABC

network

Do
ber:

You
Thurs.

WABC

and

Sat

and

Remem-

y

hr.

network

3:45

Gogo De Lys: Wed.
hr.

network

WABC

and

5:30

Crumit

& Sanderson:

Sun.

hr.

y

Basic plus

WBNS WDSU WHEC
WIBX WICC WMAS
WORC WWVA KOMA
KTUL minus WHAS
WKBW WKRC
WNAC KFAB KRNT

Jack
Armstrong:

y hr. WABC
WCAO WCAU WDRC
WEAN WFBL WGR
WHK WJAS WJR
WJSV WOKO WSPD
WHEC WMAS

has its
Public Enemies" in Bob and

Sun.

y

Rebroad-

hr.

casting to coast

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chestra:

WABC

Lopez

Or-

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Sat.

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5:45

The Goldbergs: Mon.
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.
hr. Basic plus coast

y

WBNS WBRC
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WDBJ WDBO WGST
WHEC WLAC WLBZ
WMBG
WMBR
WQAM WREC WTOC
vVWL KOMA KRLD
KTRH KTSA KTUL
KWKH minus WAAB
WADC WEAN WGR
WNAC WSPD
plus

"Two

Rennie, on
8:30 a.m.

CBS

at

Science Service is
on now at 3: 5 Tues1

Monday,
Wednesday, and
Friday. Their last
names are Ba Mi n and
McAvoy, and they're

days

equipped

A

with a
miscellaneous assort-

of outlandish
musical instruments,
celeste,
including
ocarina, slide whistle,

ment

and cow

!4

tries?

y hr. WEAN WNAC
WORC
Chicago Varieties:
Mon. M hr. WABC

hr.

3:15

and

Jose Manzanares:

4:30

bell.

As

if

that weren't enough,
their show includes
comedy, too, and a
"bearded joke" department.

R
52

and

network

and network
Greetings From Old

2:30

WABC

hr.

Fri.

4:15
U. S.

Kentucky: Thurs.

I

hr.

of
hr

%

network

Tues.

KRLD KTRH

Footnotes:

WCAU WBBM WGR
WHAS WJAS WJR
WJSV WKRC WNAC
KMBC KMOX KRNT
WBNS WCCO WREC
Milton Charles: Tues.
y hr. WABC and net-

cine:

hr.

y2

network

work

Musical

Wed.

Wed. Thurs. Fri. M hr.
WABC and network

y

1:30

Institute

Music:

Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

work

Curtis

WABC and network
Tommy Broadhurst:
Fri. y hr. WABC and

and network
Bolek Musicale: Fri.
\'2 hr. WABC and network

WABC

Down by Herman's:

WABC and network
Fri.
V2 hr. WABC and net-

and network

The Goldbergs: Mon

hr.

Sat.

Savitt Serenade:

WABC

Tues.

y

Happy Hollow: Mon.

Matinee Memories:
Mon. Thurs. y hr.

Thurs.

The Oleanders:

2:15

1:15

y
Army
M hr

WKBW

work

Wed.

M
WABC WBBM

Thurs. Fri.

WGR

WABC and network
Jack Shannon: Sat.
y, hr. WABC and net-

Musical Reveries:
Mon. Wed. Fri.
Sat.

of N. Y.: Sun.
Entire network

hr.

minus

y

network

String

hr
Quartet: Tues.
and network

3 P.M.

Road:

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Cleveland

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minuf

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CANADIAN

NOON

y2
WCCO

Sun.
Basic plus

WHEC CFRB
WGR

4 P.M.

KWG

KHJ
KM J
KOIN

6 P.M.

5:00

KWKH

KGB

CFRB

and

Southwest, South Central, Northwest, Coast and Canadian.)
Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your
group is included.
If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour colums.
NBC network stations are listed on the following page.

COAST

WSPD
KFAB

KMOX

ON THE NETWORK

—

Blue

KFH
KGKO
KLRA
KOMA
KRLD
KSOI
KTRH
KTSA
KTUL
KVOR

WMBG
WMBR
WNAX
WNOX

IS

Find the group in which your
divided into Basic, Supplementary,
on the following pages into Red
supplementary groups Southeast,

left.

(CBS is
is included.
Coast, and Canadian; NBC

station

WAAB
WABC
WADC
WBBM
WCAO
WCAU
WDRC
WEAN
WFBL

black

in

Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after
the programs in abbreviations.

1.

BASIC

which are

type -

OF STATIONS

LIST

time given is Eastern Standard
Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for

Time.
2.

YOUR PROGRAM

FIND

Hour Column.

the

Find

1.

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Mark War-

orchestra
at 3:30

Gogo De

Lys

Fri.

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Wed-

nesdays at 3:45
new experiment
in radio story-telling
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Tommy

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roa dFridays
This 78B

hurst's show,

at 5:15.
year-old sailor and
author describes his
youthful experiences
the British merin
chant marine.
It's
for youngsters and
adults as well.

D

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5:00  Zotos Hour of Charm
Phil Sugg: Host.
Buck Rogers: Mon. Wed. Fri. 15 hr.
Basic plus WADC WEAN WFMG WGR KROM
WABC WGBF WABC Basic

6:00  Morning Makers

6:30  Smilin’ Ed McConnell:
Sellers: Host.
Basic plus WDON WYBH WBBM WABC WGR WJAC
Wlh WJMC WJAM WADC KROM.

7:00  Fredric of the Mounted:
KRAM KXKX KXMA.

7:30  Phyl Baker and Hal Hall: Hosts.
Sun. 15 hr.
Basic plus WBBM WKBW WGR WJAC WADC KROM
WJAM KSBX.

8:00  The World Dances:
Lud Gluckin: Sun. 1 hr.
WABC and network.

8:30  Buck Rogers: Mon. Fri. 15 hr.
Basic plus WADC WJAC WGR WJAM KROM.

9:00  Fred Waring: Tues. 1 hr.
Entire network.

9:30  Sunbury on the Air:
Host.

10:00  Understanding Opera:
Sun. 1 hr.
WABC and network.

10:30  Voice of Experience:
Sun. 1 hr.
WABC and network.

11:00  The Fredrickson Forum:
Sun. 1 hr.
WABC and network.

11:30  Vocal Glimpses of the Past:
Sun. 1 hr.
WABC and network.
WIN BACK Smooth Line-Free Skin QUICKLY

LINES, DRY SKIN say: "Getting on in years."

COARSE PORES say: "Slim chances for good times!"

Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early. "Pond's Cold Cream actually cures dryness—smooths away little lines."

—rouse that faulty Under Skin

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for. And can win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that under the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues

Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, fibers, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off . . . rouse that faulty underskin. And you can!—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it softens dirt—floats out the clogging matter.

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have awakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty . . .

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions . . . Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly . . . to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Begin at once to make your skin smooth, faultless! Mail the coupon below.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept 1313 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 50¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name: 
Street: 
City: 
State: 

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Revelations of Hollywood’s Greatest Hostess
(Continued from page 18)

head by some expert balancing. There was a serious movement to knock it off. The rumblings were loud and menacing at the time Mary and Doug arrived.

Mary and Doug were on the trip to enjoy themselves, and their visit to Madrid was such as the visit of any other interested tourist. They had no thought, nor any particular wish to crash the court circles.

But a clever ambassador at Alfonso’s court who must have spent his off nights at the movies, saw in their visit an important chance for a popular coup. Doug he knew, was unusually popular in Spain. He had made “The Mark of Zorro” not long before. His dashing character in “The Gaucho” had captured the fancy of that hero-loving race. Mary, too, for years, had been the Spaniard’s darling. As a honeymoon couple they were what a crap shooter would term a “natural.” The Spanish look upon a love match with a sweet Latin sigh of ecstasy.

The ambassador noted the crowds which swarmed about Doug and Mary, and heard the cheers. He decided to graft this popular adoration where it would count—to the palace.

The next day Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks were notified by a royal messenger that His Majesty’s court would be pleased to receive them.

They were nervous and perhaps a little panicky—as who wouldn’t be—but they went, and the crowds cheered. And revolution was forgotten.

Whether or not Alfonso got his option lifted by virtue of their visit would be hard to say. He lasted several more years after that. Maybe it helped.

But from that court reception Pickfair eventually received the accolade of royalty. Mary and Doug met the Duke and Duchess of Alba, royal cousins of the King, that day at the palace in Madrid. Later, on a world tour, they came to Hollywood. And where else should they stop, but at Pickfair, the palace of their American friends, Doug and Mary?

It was quite a party. The Duke and Duchess of Peneranda, the Marquis de Vienna, Equerry to the King, the Marquis Cocilla, his son, and their children, too.

Doug and Mary practically moved out on the front lawn.

In fact, Verna, Mary’s maid, was a little vexed at the whole business. Why should her mistress have to give up her nice room to foreigners and sleep where she could find room?

Pickfair was hardly prepared for entourage then. Doug had bought the estate from a wealthy sportsman who put up the original building for a hunting lodge. Deer and game birds used to abound in the canyons back of what is now Beverly Hills. Doug had remodeled it, enlarged, terraced and landscaped it and named it Pickfair for his bride.

After the Duke of Alba’s party had departed, the guest house arose. It has housed practically every eminent visitor to Hollywood from that time to this.

Doug and Mary didn’t fancy the idea of sleeping on divans and things. And, as they had traveled extensively themselves, they knew that they were cast in the role of hosts for some time to come.

Few of the visitors to Pickfair have come as the result of an urgent invitation from Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks. Among the leisure classes of the
Ann knows it pays to guard against Cosmetic Skin

STALE rouge and powder not thoroughly removed cause Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But never go to bed without using Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes every trace of pore-choking dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day, too, before you renew your make-up, use this gentle soap to keep skin soft and smooth.
“What to bed? . . . Well, that’s a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner’s ready, you pack us off to bed!”

“We won’t lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you’ll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we’re pricky and cross!”

“Ah-hh . . .! She’s getting the Johnson’s Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we’ll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!”

“I’m Johnson’s Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The tale I’m made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies’ skins—Johnson’s Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!”

Johnston and Johnson

RADIO MIRROR
COFFEE AND
DOUGHNUTS AGAIN!
THAT MEANS HE
HASN'T A JOB YET!

I BET I KNOW
WHY HE'S STILL
OUT OF A JOB!

SO DO I...BAD BREATH!
HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO.
THESE MUST BE SOME WAY
TO HELP HIM...

JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY
FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH.
I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL
PENETRATING FOAM GETS
TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S
TODAY!

NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins
with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use
Colgate Dental Cream for real protection.
Its special penetrating foam removes decaying
food deposits lodged between the teeth, along
the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists
agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a
unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—
makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your
teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate’s. If
you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube,
send the empty tube to Colgate, Jersey City,
N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

WHAT FURNISHES THE IN-
SPIRATION FOR THE GOLD-
BERGS? Watch next month
for the behind the scenes pictures
of Mrs. Gertrude Berg

their visit to Pickfair. Later when Doug-
las Fairbanks passed through Siam on one
of his adventure trips, he stopped at the
royal palace. When Prajadhipok, then
king, came to America to have a cataract
removed from his eye, Mary Pickford
happened to be in New York. The day
before the king was to be operated on,
she received a “command” invitation to tea.
They sat together, just the king and
queen and Mary Pickford, in their hotel
suite and talked of Hollywood and of the
good time they had had at Pickfair.

There are many famous people listed
in the guest book at Pickfair who will
probably hear Mary Pickford’s Pickfair
Parties over the air and think of the days
when they were the maid of Hollywood’s
greatest hostess—Albert Einstein and his
wife, and Senor Marconi, the man whose
great scientific achievement makes it
possible for you to be invited to Pickfair.

Once Mary sat at Marconi’s right at a
luncheon in Rome. Later, in an audience
with Mussolini, she produced her auto-
graph book and asked for his signature.
The first page of her book was blank. She
had been anticipating a chance to visit
Mussolini and had purposely saved the
first page for his bold pen.

Calvin and Grace Coolidge strolled
through the spacious grounds of Pickfair
on one of their visits to Hollywood. Mrs. Cool-
idge, smiling, talkative, admired every-
thing, asking questions. The ex-president,
with his usual taciturnity, saying possibly
three words all day. Mary Pickford was
appointed official hostess for the film in-
dustry during their visit.

THE late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and
his lady; Vittoria, the Duchess of Ser-
monetta, Princess Bibesco; Lord Allenby,
conqueror of Jerusalem, and Lord Byron,
the stalker of Vimy Ridge; Sir Gilbert
Parker, Kathleen Norris. Admiral Eberle
and Colonel House are a few of the fa-
mous personalities who have sampled
the hospitality of Mary Pickford at Pickfair.
But none has been more welcome than the
invisible guests who are invited now to
Mary Pickford’s radio parties.

For Mary is of the people, and has
always remained of the people, although
she has consortted with those whom for-
tune has favored in the world.

On one of her trips abroad she visited
Portugal, and at a public occasion was
introduced to the queen mother. That
royal lady took her hand and told her;
“Dear Miss Pickford, I want to thank you
for all the happiness you have given me.
I hope you know how much you do for
people like myself.”

A short while later Mary felt someone
take her hand again and kiss it. This
time she looked to see a withered little
peasant woman in rags, one arm crooked
through her peddler’s basket. She had
worked her way through the crowds, and
all she could say was “Maria.” That whispered
word and the look in that little old
woman’s eyes have remained with Mary
Pickford to this day. They are among
her most treasured memories.

Because her heart, like the heart that is
traced on the slopes of Pickfair, is large.
And it is her hope that radio will let
them both be even larger.
and Gracie are very good, too!

The united front they present professionally is the united front they present in their private lives. It is a protection, a wall behind which they can retire, and the only times they have been deeply hurt or have suffered have been when that wall could do no good. When, to be more explicit, the others could only stand by and let one work out his own problems.

Victor's case was a great one, for it threatened, for a while, to cause the first break in the brotherhood. You caught only a faint reverberation of it when you read in the papers that Victor Lombardo had joined his brothers' orchestra. There was much more to it than that. It took Vic two months to puzzle his problem out. They were anxious months for Guy and Carm and Lieb.

Vic had been a boy when his brothers left Ontario, the kid who was always being chased away from hockey games because he would get hurt. He was thirteen. They were all over twenty. He didn't know them very well.

He stayed in London for six years. He listened to the Royal Canadians on the radio and on records; and he listened to the swing bands: Joe Venuti, Duke Ellington, the Dorsey's. He decided he preferred swing bands.

When he formed his own orchestra, he called it "Victor Lombardo and his Junior Orchestra" and went to town. It was hotch-potch and razzamataz for Vic.

That, to him, was the new music. Something worth working up a sweat over.

But Mrs. Guy Lombardo, Sr., his mother, had a different idea. She wrote Guy, Jr., that if Vic had to be a saxophonist, she wanted him where her big boys could keep an eye on her little one.

So, after six years, Victor journeyed off to join the Royal Canadians. He was to have a tough time of it.

The reasons are pretty easy to see, now.

These famous, sophisticated brothers whose musical thoughts ran in the same smooth channel were strangers to him, and he was no stranger to them; he believed their sweet harmonies outdated and felt he should introduce his own swing style; they had trouble fitting him into a combination that worked perfectly as it was and had no need of him.

So, for two months, Victor, the newcomer, fought against the Lombardo style. There was a place in the brotherhood for him, but he didn't know it. Even if he had known it, it is probable that he wouldn't have wanted it.

Guy and Carm and Lieb tried hard, but at the end of that time, there was only one thing Guy could do, and it was pretty desperate. He fired Vic. And Vic, not at all dumfounded, quit.

It came out in the wash. The manager of the club in which the Lombardos were appearing talked to him and he returned. He also settled down. He has taken his place with the others by now. He listens to swing music, but he doesn't play it.

During Victor's apprenticeship, Carmen was certainly of great help to him. Carmen is one of the best of the country's saxophonists and certainly one of the most ingratiating of the popular singers. In spite of that, he is self-conscious and just a little afraid that he is cluttering up the air with his voice.

He gave Victor the advantage of knowl-

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Now...a lovelier way to avoid offending!

You are so Fragrantly Dainty

when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

First it brings sweet cleanliness... This exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Its rich, deep-cleaning lather leaves no chance of unpleasant body odor.

Then, its lovely, flower-like perfume lends you added glamour. It lingers about you long after your bath... gives you the fragrant daintiness men find so adorable.

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics... keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet costs only 10¢ a cake. The same long-lasting soap which for generations, has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Now only 10¢ the former 25¢ size
edge he gained through fourteen years of teaching the saxophone and twenty years of playing it.

His ability is one of the fundamental reasons for the Lombardo style. With Liebert's trumpet, his voice and saxophone have paced the music since the band was organized. In Cleveland, where the Royal Canadians played their first American engagement (a two-year one), he taught classes of thirty and more young men his art.

That school was a good thing. It gave the girl he married in Cleveland something to do. Kept her busy, so that the fact that she no longer moved in her own circle after their marriage wasn't of great importance to her.

Level eyed, beautiful Florence Lombardo moved in one of Cleveland's better circles until she fell in love with, and married the gay, charming Carm.

"Except for the possibility of our becoming the most popular orchestra in town, we weren't expected to amount to much," he says, "and Florence's friends were—say, unfavorably impressed with her choice. We all tried to hit it off, but it didn't work out."

She may have worried about it, but she didn't worry long. First, she took over Carm's duties as paymaster, then she took over the business details of his school. Finally, she took over the duty of being big sister to all the Lombardos. She became one of them.

The Lombardos are men cast in the same mould, unschooled and unassuming. Liebert is like that, but he is like that more intensely than the others. As the vibrato of his instrument can lift the Royal Canadians to the heights of melodic sweetness, so can his moods influence the moods of his brothers. For that reason, Lieb's tragedy has been their tragedy.

He is a complex man. He lives, does everything he does, with a tremendous burst of nervous energy. His hockey game was always the most fearless, his baseball the most daring. But one fear he had which he could not conquer: he could not drive himself into entering a darkened room. When he and his wife, Cora, went home, he stayed outside the door until she had gone ahead to turn on the lights.

When his lovely wife died last year, Lieb lost more than the person he loved best. He lost a protector. Her going left him more horribly alone than he had ever been. Life became a succession of dark rooms that had to be entered.

The first one was a terrifying experience. His vivid imagination, so capable of conjuring whole bars of music, was equally capable of tricking him with a dreadful picture of something waiting for him. But he knew he had to lick it. The second time was easier, the third easier than that—until now he can control it.

So they have their solid front again. They have brought their mother and father to a Connecticut farm within commuting distance of New York, and they spend three days a week with them.

They are clannish, and therefore their music will never really change. Because things can always grow better, it will do that. But the flair that has made their imitators so obvious and second-rate will always be there. It comes from the heart.
that Maxey, he thinks of everything. Now, Jimmy, you shave and get dressed. I'll wait here and go while there is the audition.

"Jake, if I only could stop for a minute on the way over to the building and call my girl. She must be half crazy."

You think the audition will be at the building? You are crazy. It will be right here in the hotel. Maxey fixed that. He does not see any reason to have anyone who might know you see you till the contract is signed. Then, he has to take his chances. But Maxey does not take extra chances. Get dressed, Jimmy White. He went back into the front room to sit with Utsy. Jimmy heard him say: "Utsy, soon it will be my birthday. On my birthday, Utsy, will you give me a present and smile or cry or something, just so your face will look a little different? Never have I been so tired of a face, Utsy."

There was no answer. Jimmy got up and started to shave. Jake was right. As long as he was valuable to Maxey, he would live. Maybe Hal McCabe's voice would be ruined forever, and he'd have to stay on, but then what of Madger? Well, maybe the famous Hal McCabe would be able to marry a stenographer. If he was famous, he would have the same grip on Maxey that McCabe had had. Maybe.

He washed his face, and put on his clothes. McCabe's clothes. He went outside. Jake was reading a tabloid, and Utsy was sitting by the door, whittling a matchstick. Sometimes he whittled matchsticks, and sometimes he just sat and stared at his hands.

Jimmy said: "I'm ready whenever you are, Jake."

Jake nodded. "You would not like a drink? That is right. It would steady your nerves, but you cannot drink and sings, too. That was McCabe's trouble. He liked liquor.

The phone rang. Then, Jake picked it up, said "Yes" into it a couple of times, and set it back again. "Come on, Jimmy White. Come on and sing."

Utsy said: "Face." It was as long a speech as he ever made.


He hummed: 'His hair turned white in a single night, as he rubbed cream into Jimmy's slick hair, put eye shadow under his eyes. Come on then, boy. If Maxey has done his part, it will not be necessary to look too good.

Come on, boy."

Utsy followed them out of the room. He followed them down the corridor to the front of the hotel; but he let them go on into Maxey Corvallis's room alone.

There were glasses and bottles around. Maxey Corvallis, Maxey the Greek, had been entertaining: his guests were gay, to say the least. Maxey introduced them: Hal McCabe and his manager Jake Loeb, and Mr. Wallace of the Wallace Manufacturing Company and his advertising manager, Mr. McIve, Jimmy felt like a boxer entering the ring.

"Go on and sing, Hal," Maxey said.

"We need some sweet music," Jimmy looked at Jake. The fat man was sweating; he kept getting between Jimmy and the sponsors, keeping the men from looking too closely at Jimmy.

"Yes, Hal, that is right," Jake said. "You sing now, so you can get back to your room. Just like a race horse, he is, gentleman. I must put him to bed, rub him down, handle him with kid gloves, ..."

"John's fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I ever serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted!'

Helps me save

Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs. And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really enjoy eating!"

Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as "the spaghetti with the extra good sauce." The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the sauce (Franco-American chefs use eleven!), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.

Made by the makers of Campbell's Soups
There seemed, a lot of surprise, "a glass door right wouldn't will."

First, the glass panel between the room, but they were too drunk to notice; we will not open it. First you will keep your mouth shut, and play Hal's theme song on the phonograph; then I will ask you to sing in your new style; then, if they want you to, play them another phonograph record to show you can still sing in your old style."

"This is a lot of trouble to go to to get killed," Jimmy said. "Do not think of that, boy, do not think of it. Go on, now." Jake lumbered back to the other room.

Jimmy was alone, alone with the microphone. The light on the wall was out; he could hear Jake's voice coming through the loud speaker, building McCabe up. Then the voices stopped and the light on the wall went on; Jimmy put Old Black Jack on the phonograph, and let it play.

"I'm comin', I'm comin'—" There was nothing for him to do for three minutes. He looked around. There was a door to the hall, but it would be locked; no, there was a key in it.

His heart pumped unbearably as he went across the room. The phonograph kept on playing; they would think they heard him, no one would miss him. He could take his chances in the lobby. He twisted the key in the lock, and slowly opened the door. He stepped into the corridor and took two paces towards the elevators.

A door across the hall opened, and a man came through it. He did not say anything; he just looked at Jimmy; it was Utsy, Maxey's gunman, Jimmy's guard. He continued to stand there, saying nothing; after a moment, Jimmy went back into the room where the phonograph was playing, and closed the door.

He was just in time to switch the phonograph off; the light went out and he could hear Maxey's voice. "How's your voice, boy? Is he a buy, or is he a sell? Huh?"

"All right," Wallace said. "Let's hear some more."

"We're going to give you a surprise," Jake said. "Hal has been working on a new style, more youthful, more what I might call zip, and I wouldn't be wrong. Let's have it, Hal."

Jimmy pulled the switch, and said, "All right. Here it goes, folks."

McLane said: "Can't we see him while he sings?"

Jake said: "Sure, sure. We just want you to get the effect it will have on our customers over the radio." The glass panel was slid back, and their faces appeared, close to it. The cigar smoke in the other room was like murky water, and the three pairs of eyes—Maxey was not looking—were like those of fish in an aquarium.

The light was turned on as Jake pulled the switch. Jimmy put an orchestra record on the phonograph; and, as the orchestra finished the introduction, started singing. This time he had a new style; it was his own voice, which was not unlike McCabe's. He finished. The light went off, and the babble of voices came through to him. He was a success, it seemed, he was something fancy; he was the finest singer in the world.

Well, a lot of that was liquor, but they were more enthusiastic than they had been about the record of McCabe's own voice;
maybe Jimmy was all right. Yeah, and in two weeks, when McCabe's voice was good again, he'd be dead. Dead and never to see Madge, ...

Jake stuck his head in, and said: "Sing another. The same style you used last time."

Jimmy sang. But he couldn't help thinking how wonderful it would have been if this chance had come some other way: if Madge had been waiting to hear how the audition had come out. Now she'd never know, and after a while she'd forget about him, and marry someone else, and he'd be buried some place.

He sang again, and then Jake told him to do one in his regular style. That meant to fake it; Jimmy put on a record that was not just an orchestra, but an orchestra with Hal McCabe singing. Jimmy moved his lips in time to the singer's words. He had rehearsed to that record so often that he knew everything that was going to happen; he had spent grueling hours in the hotel room with Jake begging time for him, and Utsy sitting in a corner, saying nothing, showing no interest. It was a good fake.

Jake said that was all. Jimmy went to the door, and rejoined the men.

The cigar smoke was thicker than ever, and they had been drinking while they listened to him; he was safe. Maxey was talking: "So you're going to sign? You couldn't do better, gent, and you're getting this boy cheap. If I didn't like you, I'd hold out."

McLane shoved a contract over to Jimmy.

"Sign up, McCabe. You're going to work for us."

"I sign for Mr. McCabe," Jake said quickly, "I have his power of attorney."

For a minute, Mr. Wallace looked puzzled. He looked up at Jimmy; so did everybody else. There was no mistake as to what Maxey the Greek's look meant. "That's right," Jimmy said. "Jake has handled all my business since I was a kid. I'd be scared I'd spoil my luck if I signed a contract myself." Jake signed, Maxey signed, Mr. Wallace signed.

Jake took Jimmy's arm, and took him to the door. "Say good night," he hissed.

"Good night, Mr. Wallace," Jimmy said, automatically.

Maxey followed them out in the hall. From down the corridor, Utsy appeared.

"Listen Maxey," Jake said. "This kid'll have to work at least another week till Hal gets over that operation. He's in too fine a line. Maxey, I'm telling you he will snap, like this. He should get out, get some fresh air, see something.

Maxey the Greek was in a good humor.

He said: "O. K. Utsy. Take Jake and the punk up to the hospital with you to call for Hal. I want Jake to test his voice, and you."

"O. K." Utsy said.

Madge Summers still didn't know. The papers said that Hal McCabe had signed a contract the night before; thirteen weeks at a phenomenal figure. She had bought every paper in town, trying to figure out what that meant; but there was no more to be read than the plain facts: Hal McCabe had signed a contract. And yet she knew that Jimmy must be connected with the matter in some way.

Lunch time came, and she put on her hat, powdered her nose. But she wasn't hungry.

When she got downstairs she turned, suddenly, and went over to the building directory. Leaving the board she hesitated again; and then, biting her lip, went to the elevators. If she didn't allay this terrible worry that was gnawing away at her, inside some place, that was making her lose sleep and make stenographic er-
EVERY NIGHT I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP

- until I gained
12 pounds this new easy way

NOW there's no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, laughed at and friendless. For hosts of people who thought they were "born to be skinny" and who never could gain an ounce before, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with this new easy treatment—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery given them normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Why it builds up so quickly
Scientists recently discovered that no end of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is yeast, and yeast. By a new process, the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny body grow out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed
No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal and mail it to us with a slip of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

12 lbs., clear skin in 3 weeks
"In 3 weeks I have gained 12 pounds. I used to have pimples and blackheads, but now my friends ask me what I've done to clear my skin and put flesh on my skinny bones. I just say, 'Try Ironized Yeast.'"

—Anna Lookchick, Pittsburgh, Pa.
What's New On Radio Row

(charitable deeds—the raising of funds for indigent, sick and unemployed studio associates. Jerry Cooper, the CBS baritone, is the president of the latter organization, and Carmella Ponselle and Nieta Goodelle are among his enthusiastic co-workers.

The association of announcers has a different mission. It has been in process of formation since last May but only lately got beyond the talking stage. The founder is Veri Bratton, of Station WREN, Lawrence, Kansas, and the New York representative is John Jaeger, of Station WNEW. The country is divided into thirteen districts with a representative in each. The announced purpose is to obtain better working conditions for announcers but it is denied a attachment is being formed to enforce wage demands. Nevertheless, the broadcast barons are following developments with a wary eye.

* * *

NEW YORK suddenly became organ-grinder conscious when two of radio's big shots, May Singh Breen and Kate Smith, appealed to Mayor La Guardia to lift the city's ban on hurdy-gurdies. The Ukulele Queen, with the aid of her husband and "sweetheart of the air," Peter de Rose, staged an appeal from the NBC studios. And Miss Smith, recognizing that the tunes played by the itinerant musicians on the wheezy old instruments might be offensive to delicate ears, offered to buy new records for them. As substitutes for "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "East Side, West Side" she suggested Ferde Grobe's "Grand Canyon Suite" and George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Forgetting, apparently, in her enthusiasm for the movement, that the street kids, in whose name all this agitation for hurdy-gurdies is made, can't dance to those musical masterpieces.

* * *

EUGENE JELINSK, up and coming Columbia conductor, is wrestling with a problem trying to his soul. Shall he return to Soviet Russia and become owner of property worth $6,000,000 or shall he remain in America and become—maybe—as famous as Stokowski? The property is his by right of inheritance, having been confiscated by the government fifteen years ago when his father was killed in a Russian pogrom, but it won't be restored to him unless he agrees to abide there and promises never to send a nickel of his money out of the country. Thus, the maestro must decide between a career in America or a country estate in Russia and up to press time ambition and avarice were still fighting a no-decision battle within him.

* * *

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

The Sunday afternoon opera auditions are concluding after a series of fourteen appearances. Fifty-six aspirants will have been heard, one of whom will be rewarded with a contract to sing at the Metropolis Opera House next season. This has been a costly program, the total sum spent by the paint sponsor approximating $125,000. Little of that amount, however, went to the talent competing.

Norman Brokenshire, a real personality among announcers, is no longer attached to the Radio City payroll. Two other

In

Hollywood...

New York...

Chicago...

Palm Beach

Girls Rave

about

MARVELOUS

the matched

MAKEUP

Keyed to the color of your eyes!

It's NEW... it's different... and it's sweeping the country! Everywhere girls are hurrying to look their best in Marvelous the Matched Makeup.

It's makeup that matches... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara in true color symphony. And it's makeup that matches you... scientifically keyed to your personality color that never changes, the color of your eyes!

At your drug or department store now... guaranteed for purity by the world-famous house of Richard Hudnut... full-size packages... 55 cents each. Ask for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian if your eyes are brown; Patrician if they are gray; Continental if they are hazel.

Discover Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup. Look your prettiest, and THRILL the man you like best...tonight.

MARVELOUS The Eye-Matched MAKEUP

by RICHARD HUDNUT

SPECIAL! Drug and department store offer at 55c a $1.00-value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—junior size, harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow. Or send 55c to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Ave., New York City. Your color of eyes—blue, gray, brown or hazel.
the Linit Beauty Bath provides Instant Results

The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—a perfect skin.

The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

YOUR DAINTY UNDERTHINGS will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

SOME men are very sensitive about being bald. Bing Crosby is one of them. He has a barren spot he camou-
flages with a tiny toupee but won’t admit it. On the other hand, George Burns, Gracie Allen’s consort, wears a wig and doesn’t care who knows it… Mary Pickford is ambitious to go to Congress and is laying plans to be nominated for Representative from her district in California.

* * *

ONLY three members of the original Connecticut Yankees remain with Rudy Vallee. They are Joe Miller (no relation to the patron saint of the radio comics), saxophonist; Harry Patten, bass; and Cliff Burwell, pianist. When organized the Connecticut Yankees were a cooperative orchestra like the Glen Gray Casa Loma outfit of today but musicians seldom are busines men and that arrangement didn’t last. The one business man in the group—Rudy—took over the reins and responsibility and look at him now!

* * *

HAWAII, which already has the two most westerly radio stations in the United States, will soon have the farthest-south station as well. KGU, an NBC station, and KGMB, a member of the CBS chain, are the two stations in Honolulu at present, the former being farthest west by about three blocks. Recently construction was started on KHBC, a 250-watt station at Hilo, about 200 miles south of Honolulu, and on the same longitude as Mexico City or the southernmost tip of Cuba.

* * *

ADVICE to parents on the best way to fool your infant daughter, tendered by Morton Bowe, tenor on Ida Bailey Allen’s program:

Judith Bowe had a toy dog, which she loved with all the fervor of her eighteen months. Time passed, and the dog began to show signs of wear—in fact, it got so frightfully dirty that its presence in the house was decidedly unhygienic. Mr. and Mrs. Bowe didn’t dare take him away, and had no luck at all when they tried to persuade Judith to transfer her affections to a new ‘woof-woof.’

Finally it was announced that doggie was to be given a bath in the electric washing machine. Judy protested vigorously, but doggie was popped into the machine while she watched tearfully. There was energetic business with soap chips—then some fancy sleight-of-hand on Mrs. Bowe’s part and a brand new dog, an exact duplicate of the old one except that it was new, was lifted out of the machine. This was the crucial moment. Would Judy notice that her dog had two ears instead of one, a nice shiny collar, and beautiful shaggy fur—and if she did, would she swallow the tale that the machine had done it all? P.S. She didn’t!

* * *

RADIO Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, Frederick Chace Taylor, recently filed suit in Carson City, Nevada, seeking a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Lois D. Taylor. Taylor went about the business of securing a divorce so quietly that not even Radio Row knew of his intentions, and it wasn’t known in Reno that he was establishing residence there until he had filed the court action. He made good use of his time in the west, though, by creating new inventions for use when he and Budd start their new air series soon. Here’s one of them: A collapsible folding sky-line for small towns, to be used when distinguished visitors are expected. “This is a peachy one,” the colonel says.
Every woman should make this “Armhole Odor” Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale “armhole odor”—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armpit.

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent “armhole odor” unless your underarm is kept dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your underarms, you may find that your dress carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be TRUE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Olorono.

Women who want to be sure their dresses are free from “armhole odor” gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Olorono.

With Olorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Olorono’s action is entirely safe... ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Olorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and cost linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Olorono comes in two strengths. Regular Olorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Olorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Olorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete under-arm dryness offered below.

Amazing Career of Radio’s Mystery Voice
(Continued from page 43)

for large ones. He knew nothing of the value of money. A hundred and fifty thousand or a hundred and fifty million—they were the same to him.

For two years he spent money, thoughtlessly, recklessly, wastefully, tossing it away as though he owned an inexhaustible mine. He bought a house for himself, one for his mother, and furnished them both. He bought a boat and took trips on it. He went to Europe and sent his mother there, both of them staying in the most luxurious hotels in all the pleasure spots the Old World has to offer. He did everything you and I have dreamed of doing if we had a million dollars.

Some months before the end of the two years his legacy lasted, he enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. I don’t think he took his studies very seriously. Why should he, when he still had plenty of money, and there were so many exciting things to do with; clothes pulled over his head, acting was fun for him. He would study a line endlessly, placing the emphasis first here, then there, trying again and again for the perfect effect.

By the time he had finished his course and graduated, his legacy was gone, but this didn’t worry him. With the self-confidence of youth, he was sure he’d get a job immediately and, as a matter of fact, he did. He was cast in a small part in “Sun Up,” that mountain drama in which Lucile LaVerne was the star. His one line was “There ain’t no rats up here, Sheriff.”

SUN UP” had a successful run, but a bit-player’s salary is small, and when it finally closed Van had saved nothing to use as a reserve. Actors, unless they’re stars, seldom do, and now Van was wholly an actor, an actor on his own. He’d gone against his family’s wishes twice, and although there was no open break between him and his parents, his pride would not let them ask him for help.

He began “making the rounds.” Now and then he found work, small parts nearly always, and in a succession of dis- mal dramatic flops. There is nothing interesting about any of them.

He knew, all the time, that the day was coming when he’d be forced to the realiza- tion that he was a failure, just as surely a failure as those plays he’d been in. Fin- ally, it came—bright, crisp, green with spring. But spring, for an actor, isn’t the season of hope and promise it is for the rest of us. It’s the end of everything.

The play Van had been in had just closed. Producers were idle, planning nothing until fall. There simply was no work. Van sat in his room in the cheap theatrical boarding house where he lived, and added up his assets. A few dollars in cash, not enough to pay a week’s rent. One business suit, one dress suit, with top hat. Assorted articles of clothing. Two old and slightly rusty pistols.

He looked at those pistols for a long time. Pawned, they’d bring perhaps two or three dollars, and when that was gone he’d be no better off than he was now. Put to use, one of them could—

The truth was, he saw now, that he had wasted his opportunities and his fortune. He had used them to purchase neither the sort of life he wanted to live—gay, ex- citing, active—nor even security. It was
this realization, more than the mere fact that he was broke, that drove his mind to desperation.

It could mean quitting. But it could also mean a graceful exit from a bad play, which was all life was to him right then—a bad play, illogical, awkward, mismanaged all around.

He made up his mind.

First, though, there were those few dollars to be spent. He dressed carefully, and when he left the boarding house he was a portrait of the debonair gentleman of the world, top-hatted, white-tied, ready for whatever a fine spring evening might bring.

He went to a restaurant, an expensive one, and dined in solitary grandeur. When he had paid his bill (adding a generous tip) he had just enough money left to buy a box of shells.

As he was about to leave the restaurant, he heard his name called. It was a party of friends, people he had known since childhood, and when they invited him to sit at their table, he accepted. With them was a little old lady, a stranger to him, whose face was both gentle and finely intelligent. She gave an exclamation of pleasure when he was introduced to her.

"Of course! I knew I'd seen you! Weren't you in 'Close Harmony'?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I was," Van admitted. You don't brag about being connected with anything like 'Close Harmony'."

I ENJOYED your performance," she told him, "particularly your voice. It was lovely. Are you working in anything now?"

"No," Van said, "The season's over."

Had you ever thought of going into radio? she asked. "With your voice, you should be excellent in it.

Strangely, Van never had thought of radio, but he didn't know any radio people, he said, "I wouldn't even know how to go about getting a radio job."

I don't know whether Van's inner hopelessness had betrayed itself in his voice or not. But the little old lady said quietly, "I'm a very close friend of Mr. manager of a local station here in New York. Would you like a note to him? He'll give you a personal audition, I'm sure."

When he went home later that evening, Van had in his pocket the promised note—and the money he had saved from dinner.

The next morning he was hired as an announcer—salary, eighteen dollars a week. A few weeks later, he made his radio debut at the Silver Slipper Club, introducing the listening audience Cab Calloway and Jimmy Durante.

A few more nights, and he found he loved the new work. No two programs were alike; there was always something interesting. He enjoyed every minute of the long hours he worked, and insistently he applied for more and more work, at agencies and networks.

Today, that unhappy spring day is far behind. He is married, to the lovely Constance McKay, whom he first met in that same "Close Harmony" which, though a great shakes as a play, was indirectly the cause of his present success. With Nancy, their seventeen-month-old daughter, they spend week-ends on his boat, the "Constance." These week-ends constitute the only vacation Van's had for three years, but he doesn't care much. You don't, when you've found, after years of trial and error, the job you like to do.

**WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES?**

A blemish on the skin may be caused by impurities in the blood. No external treatment can prevent blemishes of this type. Many blemishes, however, occur from a surface bacterial infection...when germs invade some tiny crack in the skin. Try to avoid this danger by using beauty creams that are germ-free...and stay germ-free to the very last.

**HERE is one of the greatest contributions to skin beauty ever offered to American women! A luscious, soothing beauty cream that is germ-free.**

Woodbury's Cold Cream contains a scientific ingredient which keeps it germ-free even after the jar is opened, until every bit of cream is used.

**Skin beauty now doubly protected**

If your skin is thin or easily infected, you'll value this protection. For Woodbury's guards those tiny, often imperceptible, breaks in the skin against the germs which cause blemishes.

And, in addition, Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to keep skin moist and supple. It contains Element 576 which aids in combating skin dryness.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream as a foundation for make-up.

50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

**Guard against this hazard to your beauty**

When a cold break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin's defense against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result; as shown in the photomicrograph labelled "A".

Picture "B" is a section of clear, unblemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

**FREE! WOODBURY'S "LOVELINESS KIT"**


**Name**

**Street**

**City**

**State**

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

71
With couldn’t can’t the Cleared don’t I would didn’t have serious I had should don’t had

At GETS Simple TRY

THANKFUL BISSELL SAVES TIME... AND GETS DIRT FROM HIGH OR LOW-NAP RUGS BECAUSE OF ITS HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL

ELATED THAT BISSELL CLEANS UNDER-FURNITURE SPOTS. CAN’T-COME-OFF BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING FURNITURE

BRAGS ABOUT BISSELL TO BRIDGE GUESTS...

"I use my new Bissell for quick clean-ups, saving my vacuum-cleaner for general cleaning, it’s the only sweeper with the Hi-Lo brush control that automatically adjusts brush to any naps. I wouldn’t have an old-fashioned sweeper—the new Bissell is so much better!"

Models from $3.95 to $7.50.

$4.95

WORK... “FUN AGAIN” With Constipation Cleared Up

THE end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature’s Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of lactic acid and related substances, provided by Nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NK tonight. When you see how much better you feel you’ll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25¢ at all drugstores.

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

FREE: Beautiful Seasonal Calendar-Thermometer. Ad-Binders of NK and Vom. Send Money or postage paid coupons to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 262, St. Louis, Mo.

Real Reason Ed Wynn Came Back

(Continued from page 28)

come.’ People would say, ‘That old gag! Where does he get the idea that’s funny any longer?’ without ever thinking perhaps I’m really fond of my mother-in-law and unhappy because she’s ill.

I, then, have a theory that comedians are forced to bottle their serious emotions up inside them, until at last they break out in a desire to play ‘Hamlet’ or some other tragic role.

"It was the same with me. I know my own limitations. I’m not an actor, only a clown. I can’t pick up stage cues, and I don’t know the techniques of so even if the public would accept me I couldn’t try a serious part on the stage. If it hadn’t been for the drain of radio on my time and energies, the truth, I could have had my emotional release from producing or directing a serious play in which others acted.

It was in this mood of depression that Ed Wynn said goodbye to the Fire Chief. Then came the rumors concerning his salary demands.

"I have never asked anyone for ten thousand dollars a broadcast," he told me. "I don’t like to mention my salary for publication, because it’s anyone’s business but my own, but I will say this much—it was never ten thousand dollars or even near that sum. Financially, I don’t need radio. I can make my living on the stage, just as I’ve done for years.

CLOSE upon the heels of these rumors, however, came an indication that Ed Wynn was not through with radio—at least, that other sponsors had their own ideas on the subject. Several companies offered him new contracts.

"I couldn’t have come back then, though, even if I had wanted to," he said. "It wouldn’t have been fair to either my old or new sponsors to do so. I had to kill the character of the Fire Chief completely. If I had returned, even as a different character, I would still have been the Fire Chief to the public. The only thing I could do was to wait until my old character had been more or less forgotten. Besides, I still wasn’t sure I should return.

That was it, really. He wasn’t yet convinced that he wasn’t through with radio. It took months of rest and a vacation in Europe, to bring him to the point where he could look on his life calmly—and from that vantage point, realize that he had been about to let slip the one chance of realizing his greatest ambition.

It was an ambition he had not mentioned to anyone since he first conceived it, eight years ago. Then it had seemed too great a one for him or any man to achieve. Yet one man had done so in the meanwhile.

"I’m only a clown," he said, "but if I can be a fine enough clown so that when I die people will say, ‘We have lost the man who gave the whole nation more humor and happiness than any other—then my life will have been worth while.

Eight years ago, when it first occurred to me this was an ambition to work for, I didn’t think anyone could ever do it, but one man did—Will Rogers. I think you think I’m conceited to think I could ever do the same, but I don’t mean to be. It’s something I would like to try, that’s all.

"After I went off the air, I got to thinking. Radio, from the start, had been
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 15)

letters he had received on the desk of the executives give an unfair impression of the artist. I don’t believe that he did any such thing. Because I believe if he were to display any of the letters he received, he would have chosen them from the following: For example: the one he received from the trained nurse who wrote telling of the deep human kindness and understanding some of his radio visits brought to one of the patients—or the few simple sweet words from a little girl six years of age. Please in all fairness to the artist print these letters also. The program was on the air for a little over eight months, yet you refer to only a few sentences used on one program. Please print this side of the story in your next issue.

Mrs. Ethel W. Osco, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

“My only peeve is why was my favorite tenor Frank Parker taken off all the Chicago stations?”—Mellie Foreman, Racine, Wis.

“Conductors of amateur hours have come and gone since even before radio but none was so earnest as radio’s own Major Bowes.”—Lloyd Mize, Henry, Tenn.

“It seems to me that Bing Crosby’s Binger isn’t Binging the same as it used to Binge before.”—Bill B. Doberly, Providence, R. I.

“Let us not be ashamed of being the kind of person who writes postals to the radio entertainers. Let us be proud because we are that sort of appreciative people.”—A Pearl McPherson, Chevy Chase, Md.

“Too few orchestra leaders can equal William Daly in the directing of an accompaniment which creates a substantial background without over-powering the voice of the singer.”—Frances Jackson, San Angelo, Texas.

a revelation to me. Although I’d been in show business for years—thirty-four of them—I hadn’t ever reached as many people as I did in one broadcast. I had been able to walk on the street without being recognized, or to go into a restaurant and have only a few people say ‘Hello’ to me. Once I’d become well known in radio I was recognized everywhere. Particularly by children. Gangs of kids would spot me on the street and follow me. I liked that. In all my stage work I’d never been able to reach many children, and I was glad to know that I’d found a way to bring pleasure to them as well as to adults.

“Suddenly I realized there was only one possible way of realizing my ambition of becoming the nation’s jester—through radio, which reaches millions where the stage reaches hundreds. There is a deeper reason for his radio work now than ever before, a personal meaning in it for him, which was never there until now.

Will he ever reach the goal he set himself? Well, possibly not. But even if he doesn’t, he will have had the satisfaction of trying, to the limit of his abilities, for something in which he believes fully and wholeheartedly. That’s a lot.

You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

By Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you?

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn’t it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Tittans think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn’t choose a face powder shade according to your “type” or coloring, but according to which one is the most becoming for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don’t think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is — how evenly it goes on and lasts. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder Which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a postcard.)

(FREE)

Lady Esther, 2004 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________ State ______

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
O'Keefe, Tiny Ruffner, Moss Hart and Bob Crosby... Anne Seymour, Grand Hotel leading lady, spent three hours snapping pictures in Chicago's night court repeatedly only to discover she had failed to put film in the camera... Douglas Hope's library of theatrical history includes 3,800 volumes... Although a horse named Rotarian in the recent Chicago Horse Show was listed as belonging to Mills Brothers, investigation proved the owners are not radio's colored har- monists recently been found always called upon to sing with the Chicago opera orchestra at a musical given by General Charles G. Dawes of Evanston and the world... R.AMY's supreme cost the powder low... the world!... AHERE'S perfume so... and they... they... they persistently suade... than stupidity... and... to... his... in... the... weather... The weather came to the aid of Don McNeill, master of ceremonies of the Chimalene Carnival, the other day, Don was featured at a radio festival at Des Moines, Iowa, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, but had to return to Chicago for the Chimalene Carnival Thursday morning... He was due back in Des Moines for his matinee Thursday afternoon, how- ever, and for two weeks he tried to per- suade the air line to stop the Chicago- Des Moines plane in Des Moines... It per- sistently refused and finally Don bought his plane ticket to Omaha, intending to go from there to Des Moines by auto, missing the matinee... Stiff head winds retarded the progress of the plane so much, however, that it had to stop at Des Moines for fuel and Don made the matinee on time...

MAESTRO HENRY WEBER of WGN, once youngest conductor of the Chicago Civic Opera orchestra, is driv- ing a new car, a present from his wife, Marion Clare, the opera singer... Bere- nice Taylor, Chicago radio singer, was signified one man recently when she was called upon to sing with the Chicago opera orchestra at a musicale given by General Charles G. Dawes of Evanston and the... world... obviously doesn't believe in love... his improvisation was so good that not even the WBBM engineer knew what had happened until after the program... There's a Sam and Henry tavern on Broadway in Chicago... That name... and... when they changed from song and matter stuff to the blackface comedians on WGN... When they moved to WMAQ and later to NBC they changed to Amos 'n Andy. WGN owning the copyright in Sam 'n Andy times... And, looking back now, it's amusing to realize how afraid the boys were their new name wouldn't catch on with the radio audience... Although a small Jo- liet Ill. radio station started broadcast- ing shows direct from the prison there, the Mutual Broadcasting System's at- tempts to pick up the shows for network radio were frustrated... When the stage show "Anything Goes" arrived in Chi- cago Benay Venuta had succeeded Ethel Merman... And Miss Venuta, anxious to continue her radio work from Chicago, went on WBBM and Columbia from the Wrigley Building... A befuddled produc- tion man messed up the broadcast some- what, throwing Benay into hysterical tears at his carelessness... Seems New York doesn't think the girl can carry on with- out their help and this production man's stupidity did too much to prove them correct... One day Law and Abner broadcast an offer to give away copies of a fictitious newspaper, the Pine Ridge News, to any listeners wanting them... More than 50,000 requests were received and there was no catch to it, no prizes to be won or anything of that sort... The... No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world! Exquisite... but not expensive...
give the names of those requesting the numbers they have formed the fans into a club and given each a number. So now tunes are announced as requested by Number So-and-So... Kay Beckman, last season chosen one of the three most popular co-eds at Drake University, now writes continuity and does dramatics at WCLF... Mabel Todd of Al Pearce's gang and incidentally the wife of Morey Amsterdam of the same radio series, was born in Los Angeles but got her professional start with Paul Ash in Chicago theaters.

FROM the requests of the nine thousand who entered its recent tryouts for singers, WBBM listed these as the tunes most popular: "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "I'm in the Mood for Love," "One Alone" and "Neapolitan Nights." Dutch Angel of WBBM is proud of his punctuality. So while, when going to the studios, his car skidded across a ditch, he rushed a wrecking crew over and still reached the studio on time... only trouble was he was a day ahead... Mike Wilkoniski, of Billy Mills' WBBM orchestra, orders and actually eats three full meals from soup to nuts at a sitting... Betty Winkler, Chicago radio actress, was stopped by a motorcycle cop for speeding. She pleaded necessity of reaching the studios in time for a broadcast. The cop gave her the ticket anyway and told her she could broadcast it—in the traffic court broadcasts over WBBM... A ball room dance team as a starring radio act was the idea Chicago NBC bosses tried to work out with Veloz and Yolanda... Kay Donna under her own name of Alice Cronick was singing behind a music counter in a Chicago department store when scouts discovered her and signed her to sing on the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcasts... While in Chicago for a theater date the manager of one of Major Bowes' several traveling vaudeville shows reported the kids in his unit hadn't missed hearing the major's broadcast in thirty-eight weeks... Recent eruption of the volcano Minna Loa in Hawaii made necessary speedy rewriting of Myrt and Marge scripts... Actual newscast pictures prove the authenticity of Countess Olga de Polignac's statement that she had trained a magpie in the Brookfield (Ill.) zoo to sing certain simple tunes. Otherwise I wouldn't believe it either.

H. LESLIE ATLASS, Chicago boss of Columbia and WBBM, and his son, H. Leslie, Jr., won six places in the recent International Horse Show in Chicago... When Ethel Shutta went to New York to be Ben Bernie's guest star her husband, George Olsen, stopped the doings at his College Inn spot long enough to let local Shutta fans hear the broadcast over a loudspeaker... Gale Page, Chicago NBC singer, had to use police escorts and airplanes to sandwich Mildred Bailey's New York party into her busy broadcasting schedule... Amos 'n Andy now have a real goat, the gift of an Oklahoma City boy fan.

CLIFF ARQUETTE, who is Luke Ferguson on Eddie Guest's shows and Thadeus Confelder with Myrt and Marge, is the proud papa of a new son... Ireee (Singing Lady) Wickey's song "Lullabye" Number One was originally written by Irene and her pianist, Allan Grant of WGN, for personal appearances... Ulderico Marchelli, orchestra conductor of Fibber McGee and Molly, has given up this first name because no one can no spell or pronounce it. Now he's simply Rico... Morey Amsterdam of Al Pearce's gang was born in Chicago in 1908. Hence his glee when the show moved to this city.

WESLEY SUMMERFIELD who sings with the Northerners, Betty and Bob and Jack Armstrong, was once fired from his job as a chemist because his boss thought he made a better singer... Subsequently same boss called Wes back twice to solve chemical problems in his plant... Durelle Alexander of Paul Whiteman's broadcasts started her professional career at KTBs, Shreveport, La... Bill (Grandpa Burton) Baer once spent a terrible summer working in a motor car factory to raise funds to study the stage at Chicago's Goodman Theater. Imagine his chagrin over spending his summer's work and returning to Chicago to learn that the Goodman people had been trying to find him all summer to present him with a scholarship.

Because Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh kidded Announcer Harold Isbell so much about the recipes he broadcast, fans have taken to sending poor Harold aprons of every size and variety. Harold and Jack Oakie have been invited for many years... Herbie Kay's orchestra now travels in a new "land yacht" a special truck designed to give them comfort and speed as well as safe packing of instruments and music... Much of the clever comedy-music material George Olsen's band presents comes from the pens of two Olsen brothers who are members of the orchestra. But to avoid confusion with their leader they have changed their names... Announcer Troman Bradley was ready to quit his Columbia job for free lancing when CBS offered such a nice contract he changed his mind. He still travels to Detroit for the Ford symphony.

"POWDER CATCHERS"

See skin smooth—in one application

SKIN smooth—or all flaky? Each flake catching your powder! Each roughness standing out—driving no matter what you do!

Yet it's simple to melt off those "powder catchers." They're just dead cells. The top of your skin that's old, dried-out... Melt them away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

A prominent dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, old dried-out cells on surface skin's away. This brings into view the new supple cells beneath. The skin is immediately smoother—texture finer, coloring improved."

It's plain to see, Pond's Vanishing Cream is more than a powder base. It actually brings skin beauty! Even the first time you use it, flaky places smooth out. Skin is softened all over!

For a smooth make-up—Use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder-catching roughnesses melt into nothing. Your face shows only the smoothest, softest skin. Make-up goes on evenly!

Overnight for lasting smoothness—After your regular cleansing, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your skin soft, not a bit greasy. Won't smear the pillowcase. Yet it softens your skin all night long!

Miss Geraldine Spreckels
of California says "My skin is constantly exposed to wind and sun. But Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths it in a second!"
NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blooded cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appealing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptence and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Continued (from page 11)

ALTHOUGH KFWB and KTM seem to have started many present network stars off to the East and big-time broadcast, KOMA-KJR seems to be a feeding ground only minnow coming in the river. Former KOMO-KJR talent includes George Godfrey, former drama director, now in Hollywood, doing work at Republic Pictures; Don Craig, one-time station baritone, touring with the “Anything Goes” company; Roger Joseph, former drama man, with the Pasadena Playhouse; Margaret Barry, actress, free lanceing; and Thomas Freebairn-Smith, ex-KOMO millenium, announcing at KNX.

GAYLORD CARTER, who presides at the organ for some of the KHJ concerts, used to be an assistant to Milton Charles, now heard from CBS in New York. Carter was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, thirty years ago. When he was three the family moved to Kansas and then to seventeen to California. He started to study law and played the organ in “grind” picture houses to pay his way. Then he switched to music as a career.

JOHN HIX'S Strange As It Seems program on the Don Lee network twice a week, will draw many good listeners to his Strange As It Seems museum at the San Diego Exposition this summer, a continuation of last year's California Pacific International Exposition in Balboa Park.

WISH I knew the real name of the “Malibu,” the “native headman” in the Congo Barter's exploitation program on KNX. Nobody knows. But he takes the part well.

SEEMS as if the Three Radio Rogues, popular mimics, stopped in Hollywood long enough to be on nine programs of the syndicated LaF LaF and then went to go on tour, mebbe to Australia, though the boys were not sure.

WITH the Southern California radio drama people: Nigel de Bruiier, English comic opera man, was in nearly forty more silent pictures and the talkies. Guess “House of Rothschild” was the last I saw. Johnny Gibson as Sleepy Dolan in a former network newspaper series, did juvenile leads in store for six years plus some personals as guest artist with Durante, Vallee and others. Frank Nelson, probably the most versatile of the young character men, was with the Denham Stock Company in Denver a couple of years. Helen Keers, who plays pianonoma roles in music and who has done a few parts over the air. Eugene Eu-

banks came here with the Stratford-on-Avon Company years ago and was with the late Wally Reid in the days of the clicker screen. J. Donald Wilson, not to be confused with the NBC Don Wilson, used to play opposite Sarah Siddons in “The Cloid” and other stage creations.

JOSEPH VANCE HOYT, author of “Sequoa,” big box office attraction of ’35 in the picture trade, is writing “Wild Glory” which has been offered to the networks. If and when it gets on the air, it is said that there will be no sound effects. It will be the real McCoy. If you hear a tiger, it will be a tiger and not a hunk of string and a chip of resin.
Now I have to wash it every three or four days, to keep it clean and shining. Very dark or very light hair is lovely just because of its color, but those of us in between need the benefit of every bit of sheen and softness of texture that we can get, so we can't take chances on oiliness or liveness. That means plenty of brushing, too, as well as absolute cleanliness."

Strangely enough, it has made very little difference in the color of cosmetics she wears—and for a very definite reason. Changing the color of her hair, of course, had no real effect on the color of her skin or the color of her eyes, and those are the colors on which we must depend in choosing our make-up. Of the two, naturally the most permanent is the color of the eyes. Our complexion may change with the seasons, with exposure to the sun or extreme weather conditions or with our state of health. But the color of our eyes never changes."

THAT'S where this new color harmony in cosmetics, that I want to tell you about this month, comes in. If you are one of the many who have found what looked like just the right shade of powder, just the right rouge, lipstick and eye make-up, only to find that they don't really blend properly when you have them on your face, this new system is going to be a lifesaver. After all, you can't really expect to get harmony in cosmetics which you buy in different places and at different times, but when you learn that there is just one dominant color which sets the key for your make-up—the color of your eyes—and that you can get a whole set of cosmetics blended to that one color, at a very reasonable price, doesn't that simplify your problem?

This sensible theory has been applied to four combinations, matched make-up for brown eyes, blue eyes, hazel and gray. And it works! I saw these make-ups applied to a variety of types—blue-eyed girls with golden blonde hair and with shadowy black hair, brown-eyed girls both light and dark—every type of coloring. And these matched make-ups suited each one. An odd feature was that it didn't look as though the blondes and brunettes with the same color of eyes had the same cosmetics on, because the make-up blended in so naturally with the general color effect.

The items in this matched series are priced at fifty-five cents each for full-sized packages, but for the next couple of months you'll be able to get a trial set, containing generous sizes of matched powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, for the same price—fifty-five cents—and see for yourself how well it looks on your own face. Harriet and I have both tried them and we were delighted with the results: Harriet was particularly pleased with the smooth, creamy, easy-to-apply texture of the lipstick, while I was especially enthusiastic about the mascara, which makes your lashes darker, heavier and curlier without stiffening them.

There are several other preparations in this same line, creams, lotions and nail polishes, all for the same price. Here I'd like to give you a final word of advice from Harriet, who says: "I don't know why so many girls think soap and water is bad for their skins. The skin on your body seldom has blemishes and you use plenty of soap and water in your bath. We all know that most faces need additional cleansing and care, and I'm a firm believer in good creams and cosmetics, but I never retire at night without having washed my face—no matter what other treatment I might be giving it overnight. However, I'm always careful to get all the soap off my face before drying it."

WRITE me for more information about this new matched make-up which permits you to choose your proper cosmetics unerringly, to harmonize with the one color we are always sure of—our eyes. Did you get the other leaflets on beauty care and costume color suggestions for your type which have been offered during the past few months? If not, and if you'll send me a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query, I'll be happy to mail you Jessica Dragonetti's and Benay Venuta's advice to blondes, Lily Pons' and Countess Albinati's advice to brunettes, or Deane Janis' and Carol Desir's advice to redheads, as well as the information about this interesting new make-up. And I have a special treat for those of you who like to make your own creams and lotions at home—a recipe for a delightful perfumed cream based on musk-melon and cucumber, which Countess Albinati's mother and grandmother used to make for their own use when Countess Olga was a little girl in Spain. Just let me know if you want it, and I'll include it with your other leaflets. Address your request to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF

New Shinola WHITE SHOE CLEANER

cleans and whitens instantly

READ SENSATIONAL DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Apply New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner according to simple directions on the carton. Allow shoes to dry thoroughly... then finish with a clean, dry cloth, not a brush. If New Shinola rubs off, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES and TUBES (Two Sizes) 25c and 10c
Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

- We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ... one wore the ordinary lipstick ... one, no lipstick ... and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of bluish rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 50c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

- Beware of Substitutes ... when you buy.

Don't let some sharp sales person sell you an imitation ... there to only one Tangee. And when you ask for Tangee ... be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade called Tangee Fluorine, but it is reserved only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

When Ray Perkins took a group of his radio amateurs on a trip through a model bakery the bakers put them all to work rolling out pie-crust. Ray's program, the National Amateur Night, is being heard now via the Mutual Network.
Perhaps the hardest lot of all to bear is that of the man who has worked and striven all his life in his chosen field, and then, through no fault of his own, finds his work snatched away from him.

Not only closed forever, but with it, too, the door closes on almost every other line of endeavor.

That is what happened to Lawrence P., who as a youth was a highly cultivated musician, who studied piano and violin here and abroad. In his late twenties a rapidly increasing deafness, which needed to choose or cure, gradually forced him to give up his music, and his dreams. And left a mere shell of a man, deconsolate and rebellious. Not only unable to play himself, but he could not hear a single note on the piano.

Then he made a discovery. As important to him as Columbus' discovery of America is to us. With earphones, Lawrence could hear over the radio. Yes, actually listen to his lovely symphonies and sonatas.

I don't have to tell you that a good part of his free evenings, when his work as an assistant bookkeeper is over, he spends with his ear glued to earphones, listening to his favorite radio programs.

PERHAPS you are one of the millions who have enjoyed Cheero's Birthday Programs. Do you remember the broadcast in which Cheero spoke of various people's perceptions of love and friendship? In which he said that friendship is love with the selfish element removed? And that true love is wishing for a certain person to enjoy the greatest possible good fortune. Well, he asked, "Does that not mean to oneself? And that all too often husband and wife are lovers, but not friends?"

Well, Mrs. M., wrote in after that broadcast, "It is not my case." she said in part. "Just as if you had known what was happening here. My husband and I have been married a good many years, yet we have silly disagreements constantly. My husband is a generous provider. We own a comfortable home and have two children. Sometimes we do not speak to each other for days. Both of us are stubborn and strong-willed.

"This morning was our wedding anniversary, yet we quarreled bitterly. One thing led to another, and before my husband left I told him I was through, and was going to live with our married daughter. He stormed out of the house.

"Then came your Birthday Guest, with his words of love. Suddenly I saw myself as that guest would see me. I dwained on me that my love for my husband has been without friendship all these years. That I have treated friends, whom I cared for far less than for him, much better. I am going to try to eliminate that selfish love and find him what I thought, and actions, as I would a dear friend, whom I want to please."

And a year later Cheero received this letter: "I would be very ungrateful if I didn't write to you on the anniversary of a resolve, and let you know that a year ago I determined to cast out self-love and let that element of friendship rule in my married life. It worked splendidly. Cheero, though I cannot say perfectly, for I guess I am far too human, however, this past year has been smoother and happier than any previous one and this morning I renewed that resolve for another year. I am hopeful and I believe possible for an old married woman."

But there are other ways of keeping homes happy than by smoothing out domestic difficulties. Radio has done this by finding lost relatives, to extend a help-

COULDN'T STOP CONSTITUTION
Now Wins 18-Year Fight!

This advertisement is based on the actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to by Mrs. E. Johnson, NOTARY PUBLIC.

"I had suffered all my life from constipation, and my weight and skin both showed it!"

"I never thought I could be happy, and then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets."

"Now thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets, I have lots of pep and my skin's like a baby's."

Without Cost—Make this
Amazing IODINE TEST!

Within 1 Week Sea Plant
IODINE in Kelpamalt Must Give
You Trueless Energy, Strong
Nerves, Pounds of "Stay-There"
Flesh or the Trial is FREE. . .

It Costs You Nothing!

Kelpamalt, the now mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, skin disasters and nervous rundown conditions—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay nervous and tired out and skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls the body weight—nearly a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL, ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in secreted, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's most reliable source of this precious substance. It contains 1366 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 9 tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 468 lbs. of spinach or 138 lbs. of oilfish. This with Kelpamalt. Free wash yourself and see how long you can walk as far as you can walk without tiredness. Eat Kelpamalt tablets with your main meal for 1 week and again wash yourself and test how much longer you can walk. Now take this for 1 week and see how much longer you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, drop and eat. Watch matter fall out in 4 parts of yellow sallow. If you don't gain 5 lbs., this would mean the trial is free of charge. Try Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer does not yet receive his supply, send $1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Nothing of its kind—Robin Hood products, truly less and less ready—nothing of its kind. Kelpamalt are sold assarded in solid. The Allied Food Company will send the introduction of the Kelpamalt tablets—four to six times the size of ordinary tablets—containing one ounce of dry Kelpamalt tablet—four to six times the size of ordinary tablets—containing one ounce of dry Kelpamalt tablets—four to six times the size of ordinary tablets, containing one ounce of dried Kelpamalt tablets. Don't be fooled. Kelpamalt tablets—four to six times the size of ordinary tablets—containing one ounce of dried Kelpamalt tablets. Don't be fooled. Kelpamalt tablets—four to six times the size of ordinary tablets, containing one ounce of dried Kelpamalt tablets. Don't be fooled. Kelpamalt tablets—four to six times the size of ordinary tablets—containing one ounce of dried Kelpamalt tablets.
IF Perspiration were a TIGER

— you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarring claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 5! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinent's Dress Shields would have saved one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the easiest also! Kleinent's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields — always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily washed through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinent's" at your favorite notion counter — shields, 25c and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's

DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed
by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO MAKE THE SAUCE SLIGHTLY PINK IN COLOR.

Add cooked chicken, cut in small cubes, and heat through. While the chicken is heating, cut thin slices of ham into four-inch squares and broil, being careful to cook slowly so that they will be well done, but not too brown. Arrange ham slices on a platter, cover each with a mound of creamed chicken, dust with paprika and serve with baked or Julienne potatoes.

If your family is tired of boiled rice, try this recipe for rice milanesa and watch their enthusiasm.

RICE MILANESE

1 cup rice
2 tablespoons butter or olive oil
1 clove garlic
2 cans chicken bouillon
2 cans tomato juice

Wash and drain the rice, then dry in a towel in the oven. When the rice is dry, brown it over low flame in the butter or olive oil, to which the garlic clove has been added, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. When the garlic begins to brown, remove it from the pan. When the rice has become an even golden brown, stir in, a cupful at a time, the bouillon and tomato juice, which have been heated together. The rice should absorb all of the liquid, but should be flaky, not soggy. Since this is a rich dish, it can be served without meat, but a perfect accompaniment is steamed asparagus with black butter sauce with lemon juice or a green salad with French dressing.

"Deliver me," says Mr. Reisman, "from the so-called French dressing found in so many restaurants, made with too much oil and a strong vinegar. A real French dressing, to me, is one in which the ingredients are so skillfully blended that no one of them stands out as a separate entity, and in which perhaps an herb or herb-flavored vinegar has been used for additional interest."

There just isn't room to go into this business of different and varied salads and dressings, but if you would like to have them I shall be glad to send them to you. Also, much good your Sunday night talks into market, I am sure you will want to try the new recipes I have for you. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

RADIO MIRROR

There's Rhythm in Cooking

(Continued from page 12)

by William B. Edmonson, father of the William Edmonson you hear as one of the Southerners every Sunday morning at ten, is alive and happy today, enjoying a serene old age with his family around him.

Through the years he was reunited with his long-lost sister, Mrs. Emma Thompson, who saved the day a year ago, when his own wife died, and left him ill with a family to care for. Some forty-eight years ago, young William B. Edmonson was a gawking pickaninnny in Shelbyville, Tenn. Now back in the 1880's to strike a white man regardless of who was right, meant lynching for a Negro. In a hot-headed boy's quarrel, he struck and felled a white man.

There was no way to save him. To flee into the friendly night before feeling would be aroused and bloodhounds set upon his trail. Young Edmonson managed to make a get-away to bring him back to Chicago. Eventually, he settled in Spokane, married, and raised a family.

For years he longed to communicate with his younger sister back in Shelbyville. But he was afraid to take the chance. The authorities might trace the letter and extradite him, bring him back to Shelbyville to virtual death.

Finally, when he felt it was safe to write, it was too late. His sister had married and moved away; the old folks were dead. His letter was returned unopened.

Last year, the Southerners were on the air in their regular Sunday morning programs. Among his fan mail William Edmonson discovered a letter from a woman who asked if he was the son of a William B. Edmonson, who had been raised in Shelbyville. She explained she had a long-lost brother by that name.

Investigation proved she was his father's sister, Emma Thompson, who had married and had five children.

Immediately, she arranged to pay her brother a visit. At just that time the grim reaper had fastened his scythe around the radio singer's mother. It was Mrs. Thompson, who nursed her in her final illness; who stayed with her brother for five months, till he regained his health.

And because of radio, three young boys in Elmira, New York, have a decent, clean home, and a pleasant, devoted mother of whom they can be proud. It was listening in, quite by accident, to a Seth Parker program, a little band of villagers singing "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow," that did the trick—and changed the lives of these three.

The mother's letter to Seth Parker, which I saw myself, tells the story:

"I'm putting personal on this envelope, and I hope that really gets to you. I've wanted to write to you for months, but haven't been in the right mood. I suppose you get millions of letters telling how (gath-erings) do for people. But I think I can safely say that to no one do they mean any more than they do to me. I've dressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Thompson, and those years have been pretty bitter ones for me. I was brought up in a Methodist house and I know every hymn you sing by heart. My husband was a young college man, a highway engineer. We had four fine youngsters, lots of plans for them, but then he and one of the boys were killed by a train.

WELL, I just went as far as the path I'd been taught to follow as a child. I bought five roadsters, each one faster than the other, neglected my boys, and went to the devil.

The first time I heard your singing was in a night club at Niagara Falls. Somebody turned the radio to the wrong station. Anyway, you sang Where He Leads Me I Will Follow. I suppose it was the gin, but I hope not, but it was just as though I'd been shot with something. I broke up the party and went home and left the crowd for good. I have a dear friend, a very religious woman, and she and I meet in her beautiful home every Sunday morning. We are very careful not to sit where we can see each other's faces. You don't understand what an emotional outlet it is to me.

"Now I'm making a home for my boys and behaving myself. Someday, perhaps, He will say, 'Well done, thou good and trustworthy servant.'"
\begin{verbatim}
I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand,
The way to enlarge his ego. Had she held tightly to him he would have realized her love and become secure in his manhood.

But she had not yet learned her lesson in love-intelligence. So she encouraged him to play around with other attractive girls when she went on the road with her company.

His first letters told him she was obeying her, trying to scrape up interest in other women. Then he wrote he had found a man friend who was helping him. He had told her all about Lucy and she understood.

The young soprano was beginning to feel qualms at his increasing enthusiasm. And there is no doubt that even here she might have recaptured him. If she had written that she was jealous, that his interest in another girl hurt her, how he would have loved it!

When she came back to New York it was too late. The other girl had been possessive, had told him she was almost perishing for love of him. He realized, too, why Lucy needed such a woman as a wife. She made him feel like a god!

LUCY MONROE is the lyric type of woman, Ramona the epic. She is a tall girl whose walk and look, whose whole personality gives an impression of sweep and strength. But it is womanly strength, the power of a woman who has completely accepted her femininity. A warm earthiness.

If you find in yourself a tendency to more men, she is your prototype. Her mistake in love is that most common to womanly women, the mistake of being deeply and obviously maternal. The mistake in romantic technique which makes every situation useful rather than glamorous to the man.

The adventure which has taught her to modify her maternalism started one night after a Paul Whitman broadcast. A young violinist, whose name was well-known enough for her to recognize it, introduced himself. "I knew you were vertatile," he cried, "but you amaze me!"

For during the broadcast Ramona with unfailing gay vitality dashes from piano to harp, from harp to celeste. She takes the studio floor at a run to get back to the piano in time to sing her solo. "I've never seen anyone so alive!" exclaimed the young violinist. There was a boyish quality about him which drew her. His black, strong hair. Great eyes almost childlike in size. The wonder and zest with which he tackled everything.

They were both newcomers to the city. They learned to know each other and to love each other at the same time. They ate at foreign restaurants, danced at nightclubs, drove in an old hansom cab through the snow of Central Park. An intimate, delicious gaiety blazed over everything they did together.

As she grew fonder of him Ramona began to fear as well as treasure this gaiety. She took so much of it. Neither of them was getting anywhere with music. She had heard him play and she knew he had it in him to become a great violinist. She felt guilty that she had neglected to spend every spare moment with him.

One spring night after her broadcast, they went up to her apartment for coffee. She was nursing a cold. They moved the table to her terrace. Below them lay the whole grand sweep of the East River.

He sat on the floor at her feet, held her hand against his cheek. "Nothing matters
\end{verbatim}
but you!" he cried. "Nothing matters but keeping this marvelous contact, letting it grow and flame!"

"But your work—"

"Can my work give me anything like this?"

She wanted the flame he spoke of, but her maternalism, her wish for his welfare, would not let her take it.

"You are too young!" she told him. "You mustn't consider a woman seriously until you are established. It would be criminal for me to risk one of my children!"

From that moment their relationship subtly changed. She began to take care of him, to ask about his hours of practice. She advised him to change his manager.

In bad weather she cautioned him to wear his rubbers. All the prosy, maternal activities.

As a violinist he prospered. To-day his name is world famous. He considers Ramona his best friend, his ideal woman, calls her his inspiration. But he does not think of her as a sweetheart. And she has ceased to regret the glamour and gaiety that she once had in her own career and activities and friendships.

"But I know now," she says, "that there is plenty of time to mother a man after marriage. But the woman who allows her husband, who is growing a rival, to support a courtship will always lose her man. Or rather, she will make a friend of a lover."

I f your are so tactful, so apt to see the other fellow's side that you lean over backward to be kind, you are a temperature-manental sister of Gracie Allen. Perhaps after reading her story you'll decide that never will you let sympathy keep you from fighting for an attractive man. Perh-aps, again, you won't.

It has often been observed that the nitwit Gracie of the Networks is the exact opposite of the sensitive, intelligent woman of Gracie's private life. But there is a bridge between the two. Every great clown has a cosmic quality of pathos, a universal wistfulness. Charlie Chaplin has it, and so has Gracie Allen. This is the quality within their personalities which gives the genius spark to their buffoonery. And there is this odd similarity between the two sides of how, through being so too tactful, Gracie lost a man.

It was about twelve years ago, soon after Gracie had joined Larry Riley's Irish vaudeville act. George Burns was in Riley's troupe, too, and he had at once been attracted by Gracie's small, dark delicacy. But she couldn't see him for dust. All her romantic energies were turned on the blue-eyed, black-lashed tenor of the troupe.

When he got up on the stage and sang "Mother Machree" or, "The Curse of an Achin Heart," Gracie would feel the shiver in her stomach that tells her she's in love. The tenor liked her, too.

The Riley act was billed in the various New York and New Jersey variety houses, and wherever it went in the accompaniment by a sister act, which usually preceded it. The sisters were Swedish. Sounds of their quarreling could be heard backstage almost any time. One of them, a blonde with curls, attached herself to Gracie.

Now, Gracie didn't particularly like the girl, but she seemed to need sympathy. So when she wasn't quarreling with her sister, she became the kind little comedienne's insatiable friend.

When the mellow-voiced Irish tenor would seek Gracie out, her Swedish friend was usually close by. Not to injure her feelings Gracie would ask her to come along.

In spite of this weighty drawback the romance progressed. As things became more serious, he suggested that they tell the Swedish girl they were interested in each other and exclude her from their meetings.

But Gracie demurred. "She has a crush on you," she said, "and we don't want to hurt her take it."

She made such a point about how care-ful they had to be because of the other girl's infatuation that the Irishman, who had a full house of them all, was begin to take an interest in her.

One night the friend said to Gracie, "I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"Of course!" answered the obliging comedienne.

The Swedish girl continued. "You know, I think J— is beginning to get interested in me. Would you stay away from us a few nights?"

"Oh, sure," said Gracie.

To this day she didn't know what wiles were used on that poor woman, mas- ciline Irishman. But within a few weeks the Swedish girl was flashing a solitaire.

Gracie had cried in bed more than one night, but she hadn't made a move. She saw the other girl's side too clearly, felt the other girl's need. She was too tactful.

Also, she had a reason to think that if a man could be led away by the first minx who flattered him, it was better to let him go.

And she still thinks she was right. "Leaving me just what I am," she says, "I'd like to see what would have happened to a girl who'd tried those tactics on George!"

T oo often what will quicken one man will slow another. That is what makes love-intelligence so tricky a require-ment. Adele Ronson was acquainted with a sophisticated, self-confident man of the world. If you are attractive to that sort of man, and you are forthright and assertive, you will make the selfsame mistake if you don't look out.

It happened in the days before Buck Rogers claimed her companionship and she became the darling Wilma Deering of the microphone. She was with that fine old actors' laboratory, The Provincetown Players, and it was after the two of them had taken a flying trip to Bermuda.

The most popular man at the Castle Harbor Hotel, where they stopped, was a well-known author of five best sellers. He was handsome, a fine dancer, a brilliant conversationalist. Almost every girl in Bermuda had decided he was her dream man.

Adele Ronson was conspicuous for her absence of interest in him. She had come to Bermuda with a large group, and Adele was one of the people she liked best. She wasn't in a mood for conquest.

Her dark, vivacious beauty reaches its height in dark, dramatic, tailored gowns. When she was dancing one night in such an outfit, the masculine darling of Bermuda approached her. "I love you," he said. "Won't you give me the next tango?"

After that first evening, he had eyes for no one but Adele. They learned the tango together. They examined the exotic, flamboyant flowers that dot the paths of Ber- muda. Between the blue waters and the bluer sky, she began to fall in love.

But she had so little time for him! Frequently when he phoned, she had al- ready consented to go out with her gang. She couldn't give up these arrange- ments without letting them know of her infatuation. And they would have teased her mercilessly.

He changed his plans in order to sail
home on her boat. On shipboard she had even less time for him than she had had on shore. She had agreed to dance for the passengers one evening. On another she was recruited for a sketch. The ship's officers deluged her with attentions. Only in hard-won snatchcs could he enjoy the treasure of a few moments with her.

As they walked down the companion-way that led back to New York, he was pleading anxiously, "Please keep a little time open for me, Adele! Please let us have long, uninterrupted hours to share!"

And here Adele, outgoing, ardent, once giving all of herself, made her mistake in love. She was too constant, too truthful, too openly attracted, too easy of access. Whenever he telephoned the voice that thrills so many over a national network was waiting to say, "Hello!" She made no appointments, dreading to miss one with him. Worse, she told him how she felt, let him see he had outrivaled all the rest of the world in her affections.

"When a conquest becomes easy," she said, dark eyes twinkle, "such a man simply loses interest. In Bermuda, fate had played into my hands. If I had continued to make myself precious, to pique him with rivalries and jealousies, he would have proposed in no time."

She paused, dark eyes thoughtful. "But you know," she concluded, "I believe it was for the best, though I was terribly hurt at the time. One would have to indulge in constant games and intrigues to hold a man like that. And games and intrigues aren't in my nature!"

So there we have one point on which all our heroines agree. Each now thinks it is better that she lost her man. Is it because the heroes of the tales were really unsuited to the temperaments of our four stars? Or is it sour grapes?

Betty Graham, heroine of NBC's serial, Roses and Drums, is to be married at last, in the final episodes of the popular series. Here's Helen Claire, as Betty, in her bridal gown.
Jolly Baby!

BECAUSE OF HIS OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER!

Mother, after the morning bath... after every diaper change... your baby will revel in the unique comfort that Z.B.T. Baby Powder gives him. His tender skin will be grateful to the olive oil content, which makes Z.B.T. cling longer, and resist moisture better. Its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby, Large 25c and 50c sizes.

Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

NURSES AND ATTENDANTS OF OTHERS

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY IN HOSPITALS, ETC. - ANYWHERE! WRITE FOR FREE INFORMATION. ENLISTED

Nurses in United States, Dept. WM, 265 W. 42d St., New York.

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Tattoo your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length, the South Sea enchantress’ own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners, won’t run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won’t smarm. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "ready." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity... 50c.

SEND FOR 30 DAY TUBE!

TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube Tattoo Cream Mascara and brush. □ Black □ Brown □ Blue (check color desired)

Name

City State

1935 brought Bob Burns to radio stardom. Now it’s Frank Fay on whom the spotlight of fame is turned—next month RADIO MIRROR brings you a warm, revealing story about Frank’s separation from Barbara Stanwyck and what he plans for the future.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 45)

COMES news of a Paul Pendarvis Club in Pittsburgh, Pa. It was organized by Miss Claire Klis, 1725 Edwards Way, Pittsburgh, and President Claire promises to answer any Pendarvis fans who write to her.

P. S. to Claire: Your letter came just as we were going to press.

The battle of the music publishres goes on apace, with no agreement in sight as yet between Warner Brothers and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Meanwhile, with tunes controlled by them "blown out from the air, you may not hear many of the songs from two new Warner musical pictures, "Colleen" and Al Jolson's "The Singing Kid." Warner's would like to have these tunes played over the air, but it can't very well make an exception of them and still refuse to let the networks play other music without payment of an additional royalty.

Ray Noble thought of a way to get around the restriction on his theme song, "The Very Thought of You," which he wrote himself but on which Warners control the copyright. Maybe you've noticed the similarity between the first few seconds of it and "By the Fireside," another product of the Noble brain. He just orchestrated it so that the opening bars sounded like the opening bars of "The Very Thought of You," and then used it for his theme song instead. Apparently there's no stopping a Briton once he makes up his mind to something.

JOSEPHINE SIMMS of Swiss, West Virginia, writes in wanting to know the names of the songs Carmen Lombardo has written. Well, here are the outstanding ones: "Footloose and Fancy Free," "Blue Nile," "Sweethearts on Parade," "Coquette," and "Snuggle on Your Shoulder." All of them jumped right into the hit classification.

According to the New York World-Telegram, popularity poll among radio editors, Guy Lombardo is tops among dance bands. And yet strange as it seems, when he first came to the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, he had a heart-breaking time trying to get people to dance to his music. They thought it was too slow. But he won them over; in fact, he has won the whole country to his music. Guy is a grand chap to know personally, quiet and reserved; he grows on you just like his music. And he's the soul of generosity. He has bought a lovely home for his mother and father in Green-

iczas, Conn., with beautiful grounds sur- rounding the place and a lovely pond where he has been playing hockey with his friends almost every Saturday and Sunday during the past few months. And how the home folks enjoy having him about, just like old times when Guy and the boys were tots.

HERE's tipping you off to a brand new maestro about whom you are bound to hear sooner or later. His name is Dick Stabile and he's played brilliant saxophone with Ben Bernie for a number of years. For the past three years Dick has dreamed of having his own band and now he has it and it's due to go places. Dick is one of those big, hearty, handsome fellows, as yet unmarried. You'll be hearing him.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS
with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indecible

Now... for lips... Tattoo
Instead of lipstick! Vibrant, ex- citing South Sea color... luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and paste. Chaps actually makes lips smoother... younger... much more desirable! Tattoo! Put it on... let it set... wipe it off. Only the color stays... and its really stays... regardless. Test all five of Tattoo's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then... tattoo your lips! Tattoo, $1 everywhere.

ROMAN MEAL
"Don't forget the ROMAN MEAL Dad!"
How delicious to have a poor dish? How easy to have a NATURALLY good one. Eat Roman Meal. Clean your system the natural way. Not a medicine... a wholesome, beautiful meal that you serve as porridge or mix with butter for baked things. Contains whole wheat, rye, bran, and a specially prepared tasteless flax. Nourishes, hydrates. Has marvelous flavor. A favorite breakfast porridge for years. At grocer's or write for sample.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington
FRED WARING did very well with his recent theater tour, averaging around $12,000 a week which with his radio account brought the divvy up to some $26,000 a week—just about top money for an orchestra leader. Abe Lyman, who has six radio commercials, as well as his own night club, the Hollywood, hauls in approximately $10,000 a week and Guy Lombardo does around eight or nine grand. It's not a bad business, if you have what it takes.

MARGARET WHITMAN has certainly done wonders for Paul. He never has looked better in his life and has almost a sylph-like figure. You should see him riding that horse, well like a traffic cop, in the Hippodrome show "Jumbo." And Paul gives full credit to the little lady of his heart. Jacques Renard, who plays for Burns and Allen, has followed Paul’s example and taken off seventy pounds recently. Jacques’ whole life has been a series of stepping on and off scales. The other day some friends played a trick on him. He was very hungry after a rehearsal and rushed out with them to get a square meal. Before eating they all got weighed and one of the friends, unknown to Jacques, slipped his foot on the scale while Jacques was on and pushed up his weight ten pounds. Jacques was so alarmed at this sudden spurt that he refused to eat, although he could have done justice to a nice juicy steak. Later on, his friends confessed and he just about killed them. Incidentally, Jacques is now on the Coast with Burns and Allen who are making two pictures for Paramount.

TEA LITTLE, who is the wife of Jack Little, has solved the problem of marrying a musician and having him too. She is manager of Jack’s band and attends to all the business details of bookings, programs on the air, etc. She tells Jack and the boys what to wear and even buys their uniforms and bow ties. Well, a girl knows what looks good on a man and he does anyway and best of all, Tea can remain with Jack and see something of him on his tours.

ABEL WAYNE, who wrote “I Wanna Woo” and placed it with one of the Warner Brothers music subsidiaries, sued the latter for $100,000 claiming her song was headed for a hit as started by Waring, Lopez and other leaders but was killed by Warner Brothers restrictions. Plenty of these suits are expected.

ODD FACTS

The present craze with Ozzie Nelson and the boys of his band is self-made moving pictures. During band intermissions at the Lexington Hotel, the boys all go to one of the rooms and show each other the latest takes. One of the boys composed a song recently in honor of Harriet Hilliard and called it “Swing Low, Sweet Harriet.”... Freddie Rich slipped off to Florida during the month and reported on his return he almost perished with the cold. The vote of the New York Musicians Union to limit orchestra leaders in the amount of work they could do, as for instance taking five of Abe Lyman’s commercials and passing them around to some other leaders looking for work, was voted down... While Paul Whiteman and his boys were parading around the ring in “Jumbo,” several chaps unobserved climbed up the ladder leading to their stand, which is perched twelve feet high and made a clean haul of the musical instruments. Fortunately most of them were recovered at pawn shops later.

Just in case you’re stepping out some evening and are wondering where to find your favorite purveyor of popular music, here is a convenient list of where they will be playing in March and early
She knows the secret of "BREATHE CONTROL!"

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
Keeps breath pure and sweet
1 to 2 hours longer

She knows the secret of "BREATHE CONTROL!"

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
Keeps breath pure and sweet
1 to 2 hours longer

April. It is as complete and accurate as we can make it, but don't be surprised if some of the bands jump to other spots by the time you read this.

Bernie, Ben—Leveggis Hotel, Boston.
Benstorf, Don—Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal.
Busse, Henry—Chez Paree, Chicago.
Casa Loma—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N.Y.
Cookley, Tom—St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.
Coleman, Emil—Hotel St. Regis, N.Y.
Crosby, Bing—New Yorker Hotel, N.Y.
Cugat, Xavier—Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, Cal.
Cummins, Bernie—Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago.
Denny, Jack—French Casino, N.Y.
Duxin, Eddy—Theatre engagements.
Ellington, Duke—Theatre engagements.
Goodman, Benny—Congress Hotel, Chicago.
Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N.Y.
Grier, Jimmie—Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles.
Harris, Phil—Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati.
Henderson, Fletcher—Grand Terrace Cafe, Chicago.
Johnson, Johnny—Commodore Hotel, N.Y.
Jones, Isham—Lincoln Hotel, N.Y.
Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago.
Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N.Y.
King, Wayne—Theatre engagements.
Kyser, Kay—Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh.
Light, Enoch—Hotel McAlpin, N.Y.
Little, Little Jack—Lowry Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.
Lombardo, Guy—Roosevelt Hotel, N.Y.
Lopez, Vincent—Ambassador Hotel, N.Y.
Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
Messner, Dick—Park Central, Hotel, N.Y.
Nelson, Ozzie—Hotel Lexington, N.Y.
Newman, Ruby—Rainbow Grill, Rockefeller City, N.Y.
Olsen, George—Hotel Sherman, Chicago.
Osborne, Will—Blackhawk Restaurant, Chicago.
Reichman, Joe—Hotel Statler, Boston.
Travers, Vincent—French Casino, N.Y.
Weems, Ted—Palmer House, Chicago.
Whiteman, Paul—Appearing in "Jumbo" at Hippodrome, N.Y.

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Facing the Music, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42 Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy
The Theme Song
Following the Leaders

Name:
Address:

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Address:
**SHE'S NO LADY OF LEISURE**

**By JOHN MATHAE**

LOVE, as they say, plays such funny games. In Kathryn Cravens' case, it switched careers on her, right when she thought everything was all settled.

If it hadn't been for love, the blonde Mrs. Cravens wouldn't now be one of the stars of station KMOX, St. Louis; and she wouldn't have become the first woman news commentator on the air.

To start at the beginning, Kathryn wanted to be an actress and, unlike many girls who want to be actresses, she actually became one. She was born in Burkett, Texas—not a town, hardly a village—where her father was a country doctor of the old school that thought nothing of traveling miles to visit a patient. Besides, he was the village postmaster, druggist, and proprietor of the mercantile store. None of these careers appealed to Kathryn, and she left for Hollywood as soon as she was out of school.

That was in the old silent days, and Kathryn didn't have any difficulty in finding work. Before long, as Kathryn Cochran, she was riding pell-mell over the sagebrush in Wild West films. From movies she graduated to the stage, playing in various stock companies as leading lady for such stars as Leo Carillo, Richard Bennett and Guy Bates Post.

With her stage career well under way, she went back to Burkett for a vacation, and hadn't any more than got her trunk unpacked before a telegram came summoning her to New York to take part in a Broadway show. And on her way to New York she stopped over in St. Louis.

Now, I don't think that stop-over in St. Louis was entirely accidental. I think that when Kathryn bought her ticket it crossed her mind with a thrill of pleasure that given sufficient advance notice of her arrival, Rutherford R. Cravens would meet her at the train.

He did.

Kathryn never got to New York, and she never appeared in a Broadway play. Instead, before her train pulled out, she had become Mrs. Rutherford R. Cravens of St. Louis, and she had given her ticket to a bewildered newsboy, added fifteen dollars, and told him to go East and make his fortune.

Kathryn's husband was a prominent St. Louis business man, with social position and wealth. Her life as his wife should have been filled with

**FALLING IN LOVE MADE KATHRYN CRAVENS INTO RADIO'S FIRST WOMAN NEWSCASTER**

Kathryn is a favorite star of KMOX, St. Louis, where she tells the News Through a Woman's Eyes.
BLONDE HAIR that turned BROWN

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE

..SAFE because it is easier to clean

NEW CLOPAY FIBRE SHADES

Mail invents new kind of window shade

Cincinnati, Ohio—New materials and new methods make automobiles superior to older models at a tenth the cost. Now window shade costs have been cut the same way. For only 5c each, the CLOPAY fibre window shade offers advantages not found in older, stiffer types. CLOPAY shades are made of a low-cost fiber material which will not crack, ravel or pill. They get dirtier no faster than other shades yet are so inexpensive that they can be replaced with new ones for less than the cost of cleaning—15c cloth! New CLOPAYs attach easily to the same rollers by a patented gummed strip. Sold by 5c and 10c, and neighborhood stores everywhere in plain colors and smart, decorative patterns. Send for color samples of CLOPAY material FREE. Address CLOPAY CORP., 1048 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The pride of Ken Wood’s heart is his pet Schnauzer, winner of many prizes and valued at $5,000. Ken leads the orchestra on Columbia’s Musical Rev-eries program, thrice weekly at 12:15.
entirely, perhaps, on the strength of the job, but partly because they’d waited almost a whole year already.

They had to go about it secretly—and nobody can say they didn’t have time to think it over, before they were doing it. One Saturday they drove to San Bernardino and filed the notice of intention required by California law. The next Saturday they drove to San Bernardino and got the license. The third Saturday they drove to Uplands and were married by a lumpy little cross-eyed minister.

There were fireworks when they got back to Los Angeles and told Mr. and Mrs. Churchill the good news. For a week or so they were not sure whether their father was going to be forgiven for marrying a singer or not, but finally she was. As for Mr. and Mrs. Baker, they invited the newlyweds to live with them until June, a job which paid better than nineteen dollars a month.

That job, when it turned up, proved to be on a radio program sponsored by Chapman College, the small denominational school which the members of Paul Whiteman’s King Men quartet had attended. One evening, when they were doing it, Kenny was tenor in a quartet, and the college paid him nineteen dollars a week and board for himself and his wife.

When they arrived at the Chapman program, Kenny almost sang at a very flossy charity concert, an open-air affair held in a Los Angeles park. He wouldn’t have been allowed at it for it, but he wanted to do it anyway, for the prestige. The woman who was staging the concert liked his voice, and everything was fine for that, he had to have a tuxedo and Kenny hadn’t ever had a tuxedo in all his life.

Once more his father came to his rescue, and a complete evening outfit was bought. But the weather turned cold, as it sometimes does even in California, and one night when Kenny went to the park for rehearsal he had to wear his topcoat, its collar turned up around his ears. He sang with one hand in his coat pocket, to warm it, and the other cupped behind his ear—a trick he had learned to gauge his tone in a large open space.

The next morning word came that the wealthy woman promoter of the concert had decided against allowing Kenny to sing. His posture, she said was bad.

The tux came handy later, though, when he went to work with a trio at the Biltmore Bowl, with Hal Roberts’ band. That job lasted nine weeks.

For a year and a half, the Kenny Bakers lived an up-and-down existence. Kenny worked on the radio sometimes, sometimes at the film studios, doubling for a star who couldn’t sing or was an animated cartoons. He was in a quartet on the Hollywood Hotel program for a few broadcasts, and now and then on station KFI. It all happened too fast, and the future was uncertain.

“We ate vegetable soup and beans for long times at a stretch,” Gerry says.

Then, last summer, Eddie Duchin began holding his auditions on the Texaco program. Duchin was on tour, and in each city he visited he chose a young man and a young woman—singer to appear on the program.

Kenny didn’t have much faith in auditions, or in his ability to win them, but he decided to try for a chance.

The preliminary auditions were held on a Sunday evening, just after Kenny had completed a day’s work at the film studio. They dragged on and on; lots of people, it seemed, wanted to sing. Kenny sang, and they asked him to wait, so he waited. Then they decided to adjourn.

—

Can you finish this line to this jingle? It’s easy! It’s fun! And your “last line” may win one of the 155 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; five prizes of $5.00 each; fifty prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then fill in the simple...

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B L U E
B O O K S

Just as E A S Y as it looks

to become a popular musician this delightful, simple as A-B-C way

STOP cheating yourself out of musical good health. Stop thinking that learning music is nothing but one grinding session of monotonous exercises after another... months and years of difficult technique under the thumb of a private teacher.

Take a look at the diagram. Looks easy, doesn’t it? Well, it’s every bit as simple as it looks. First, a note, then a letter. Plenty of clear instructions tell you how your own hands play: lots of clear diagrams show you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. Everything to make learning a joy. In fact, the U. S. School of Music has made the reading and playing of music so simple that you don’t have to know one note from another to begin.

Your first thrill comes with your first lesson. For you are given a piece with a real melody to play by actual notes. Dreamy walkies, stirring marches, sparkling sonatas follow in short order. No need to struggle. You become a capable performer months sooner than you could by the old-fashioned way. In the old days, you received all the music you needed at so extra cost.

Play the “Blues” Away

How can you be restved to sit around at parties after party and listen to others do all the playing—for them surrounded with aaudience? This is your life-long ambition to become a musician? Is your ambition not so easy to realize? Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play—"blue" or "white"—exactly what you like for your own personal enjoyment or entertainment of others. Don’t be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 100,000 people

—

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send us your semester fee now. If you Can master Music in Your Own Home,” with inspiring music lesson, or use Free Demonstration Lesson, and of particular your easy payment plan (mention instrument).

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Have you studied this material way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Read the list of instruments in the price list which you want to play. "No obligation. Send for Free Demonstration Lesson explains all about the remarkable method. Clip and mail this coupon today, and you will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3045 Brunswick Blvd., New York City. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

—

In the upper right corner of the page, there is a misprint in the phrase "Your LITTLE BOOKS" which should be "Little Blue Books". Additionally, the text seems to be a mix of different fragments, possibly from various advertisements or articles.
and continue the auditions on Monday morning, and they asked Kenny to come back then.

But Kenny was supposed to be at work at nine o'clock Monday morning, and the director was a stickler for punctuality. He called up and asked if he could be a few hours late.

"You be here by ten o'clock," the director told. "Not a minute later."

Ten o'clock came, and ten o'clock went, but the auditions seemed to go on forever.

'I've got to win this," Kenny said to himself. "There's no job at the studio for me after this—probably no job at any studio." He had visions, as he sat there and waited, of production costs mounting up, of his name going on the blacklist of those who can't be depended on.

At last they told him he could go, but to be sure to come back on Tuesday for the broadcast. He'd won.

From now on this is a pure success story. A week at the Ambassador Hotel as part of the Texaco prize, a week which lengthened into eleven; a contract with Mervyn LeRoy of the movies; a request to audition for the Jack Benny show; New York; the prospect this summer of the leading role in one of LeRoy's pictures. It goes on like that.

KENNY and Gerry had been in New York only two days when I saw them, and they were still a little confused. Kenny hadn't ever been farther than Los Angeles than Boulder Dam, where he worked one summer; and Gerry hadn't been farther than Agua Caliente. That Agua Caliente episode, however, gives a clue to why I don't think New York will have much of an effect on either of them.

It happened while Kenny was singing at the Bilmore Bowl. The man who owned the Bowl had an interest in the hotel at Agua Caliente, too, and he sent Kenny down there to sing for a few days. Kenny went along.

We figured that since all our expenses were being paid," Kenny told me, "we might as well have a good time, so we had our first cocktail. We wanted to have some champagne, too, but we thought perhaps our boss would get sore if we tried to include that on our expenses too. Afterwards we found out that everybody else had spent as much of the boss' money as they possibly could.

"How was the cocktail?" I asked.

Gerry made a face. "It was awful. We've never had one since, of either us."

Frank McIntyre gives a lucky winner in Show Boat's contest a lesson in how to drive her new Plymouth car.
What Marriage Has Done to Lanny Ross

(Continued from page 17)

began to resent a little the still popular conception of him as a boy in his early twenties surrounded by a distinct aura of romance.

And that is where you who listen to him on the air every evening get the picture of the new Lanny Ross about to embark on a concert career. It is you who have built up the Show Boat program, have insisted on the many romance, have spoiled Lanny, have thought of him as a boy in his early twenties.

Will you accept another Lanny? It will mean thinking of him in different terms. It will mean listening to him, tuning him in, of the mature appeal his voice holds. It will mean, as Lanny said, forgetting everything but the fact that here is a grown man wanting to entertain you with song.

Not that Lanny will desert radio. But on his future programs he will act in musical plays like "Blue Moon" which he presented back in January and he'll take character roles which require acting, not romance.

While Lanny was talking to me he mentioned Bing Crosby. I had thought of Bing, too, for there is a singer whose fans still think of him in romantic terms, though he is married and has three children. Lanny admits that Bing has been successful for years without bothering to try to change one whit. But he thinks Bing is unique, a phenomenon that can't be repeated.

SO Lanny intends to be different, intends to have a new personality. And his mind is pretty well made up. But he is wondering what his fans will think, how they will react when they read this. I know he wants you to write him.

But before you write, think a minute of how he lives today, a married man, in a duplex atop a twenty-story building. Picture to yourself the living room with its shining grand piano, its deep, low-slung divans, its more or less square paper table, the little bar off the entrance hall done in red, with a swinging, west-high gate, and the beautiful, impressive dining room. Think of the upstairs, of the game room with its bagatelle tables and the card tables.

Think, too, of the farm which is to be an estate soon where he will spend a great deal of the week rehearsing and studying.

That is the new Lanny Ross you can't change. Life has furnished him all this since his marriage. Each day brings rich rewards he never had before.

Which better fits this new Lanny? Show Boat romance, youth, dreams—or the stage, the concert, a singer not old because he is thirty but only a beginner because he is thirty?

I think I know what your answer will be.

How to Be Happy in a Hall Bedroom

That's been Margaret Speaks' problem, before she became a great radio star. How she solved it makes a story which will be an inspiration to thousands.

In the June RADIO MIRROR
Eddie, his valet would wind strips of adhesive tape around his chest. This strapping did not permit Eddie to breathe deeply, and so the pain was lessened.

"I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep," he said. "In three months I went down from 138 pounds to 118 pounds. I was a nervous wreck.

Time and again, his doctor, his family, begged him to close the show; to give up his stage career and relax; to go to a warm, dry climate, where Nature might have a chance to work on him. Eddie refused. At the beginning, the knowledge that the cast of one hundred men and women in the show would be thrown out of work, deterred him.

"But what good will it do these actors if you kill yourself?" his wife, Ida, pleaded. "Then we'll be out of jobs, anyway. Certainly they don't want to work if by keeping their jobs they are killing you."

"You're committing suicide slowly," his doctor told him. "If you insist upon remaining in the show, I refuse to be responsible for your health. It means sure death."

Eddie only shook his head. They didn't understand suffering was his life. He must do his bezt or he was a plain, common cheat. So day after day he plugged on, making you and me roll with laughter, while he grew whiter and more nervous few dances. Don't give so much of yourself.

RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS with DERMOL

DERMOL is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of only, stubborn, scaling skin disease which often persists for years. Apply DERMOL externally. Does not stain clothing.

After 10 days, the redness, scaling, itching and chafing of psoriasis will be soothed and relieved.

If for any reason you are not satisfied, return the unused portion in 60 days for a full refund. DERMOL is guaranteed.

DERMOL is backed with a positive guarantee to give complete personal satisfaction definite benefits in two weeks time or money is refunded. Your word is final. Send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our guarantee. "DERMOL Test Booklet". Booklet and proof of results FREE. Don't delay. While today. No obligation.

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STOLICHNY SYM/AUTOMOBILES

1935 Rambler 8 Roadster, 41/2 c. h. p., 4-door, $375.

1935 Packard, 8-cylinder, long, $2,500.

1935 Ford, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $250.

1935 Dodge, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $325.

1935 Olds, 8-cylinder, touring, $1,850.

1935 Buick, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $400.

1935 Studebaker, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $350.

1935 Hudson, 6-cylinder, touring, $395.

1935 Willys, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $350.

1935 Plymouth, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $325.

1935 Cadillac, 8-cylinder, touring, $3,000.

1935 Buick, 8-cylinder, touring, $2,500.

1935 Jaguar, 8-cylinder, touring, $2,750.

1935 Duesenberg, 8-cylinder, touring, $4,500.

1935 Delano, 8-cylinder, touring, $3,000.

1935 Marmon, 8-cylinder, touring, $3,000.

1935 Armstrong, 8-cylinder, touring, $2,500.

1935 Cord, 8-cylinder, touring, $2,500.

1935 Lincoln, 8-cylinder, touring, $2,500.

1935 Nash, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $300.

1935 Studebaker, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $250.

1935 Willys, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $200.

1935 Ford, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $150.

1935 Plymouth, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $150.

1935 Hudson, 6-cylinder, touring, $100.

1935 Willys, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $100.

1935 Ford, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.

1935 Plymouth, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.

1935 Hudson, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.

1935 Willys, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.

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1935 Plymouth, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.

1935 Hudson, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.

1935 Willys, 4-door, 6-cylinder, touring, $75.
Wake up Your Liver Bile—Without Calomel

And you'll jump out of bed in the morning, rarin' to go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel 'up and up'. Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name.Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

Radio Mirror

Back to show business. Death would be preferable to merely existing, as he was now. As he would be if he were working at something he disliked.

"The very day I came to this decision," he told me, "I packed my bags and came East." A few days later he was hard at work whipping into shape his biggest stage hit, "Whooppee!"

And here is the strange part of the story. He felt grand, much better than when he was resting at Palm Springs! Once back at work, he began to eat like a growing boy. He'd send his valet out between acts for a malted milk. He gained weight and his health improved.

Not that he didn't have relapses. There was the day, for example, when his understudy, Buddy Doyle, had to substitute for Eddie, who lay at home too sick to move.

But the next day that indomitable Cantor spirit pulled him to his feet, back to work. To this day he has to watch his diet and take daily massages. On the whole, though, his health has been better since he came back to the crazy world of show business than for years.

"How can I explain this?"

"I realized that the important thing to me was not necessarily to live a long time, but to be happy and do what I wanted, while I lived. I won't argue the facts. I was twelve years younger and be Eddie Cantor, the comedian, than live a hundred years longer in some dull office job.

Now that I had realized what my comedy work meant to me, it acted as the greatest tonic on my physical condition. It rather than my mental condition conquered my physical ills. In the joy of being in the biggest success of my life I forgot my illness."

"You don't believe me? Then think of your own experience. You wake up some morning feeling terrible. Your cussed lumbago is back. Then you learn your husband has got a $10 raise, or that Junior has won the scholarship for college. You feel swell all day, as if you were floating on air. You're in the pink of condition. "When I keep going I feel as if I were floating on air, every minute of the day. I feel, regardless of how long or short a period I may live, that I have been worth while. I am doing what I love. So I truly have lived."

Barber finds old book in trunk.
Sells it for $4000

A small-town barber discovered an old copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" in a trunk that had been hidden for years. He sold it for a few dollars. Imagining its delight when he was able to sell more than $4000.00 for that one book, the American Book Mart, the largest and most reputable concern in the United States, will pay $4000.00 for each copy of this same edition. They also want to buy in quantities of other books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, autographs, deeds, letters, etc.).

Many published only 5 and 6 years ago are valuable. Many books that look worthless may bring you $50—$100—$500 or even $500 in cash. Is there a fortune hidden in your old books, attic or basement? Better investigate now. Send the today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. M588, Chicago, and they will send you latest list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay.

Mail coupon to me today if you have any books in your home.

Mail Coupon

We will buy old books and pay up to $5000.00 each.

Thousands upon thousands of valuable books (some published as recently as 5 years ago) are being neglected in homes like yours. We want these books for private collectors and will pay big cash prices for them. Some of yours may be worth $100—$500—$1000 each and more to us. Many, many old books that look worthless may bring you a fortune in cash. Investigate this opportunity to turn your old books into cash.

A fortune in your home!

A young man visiting his home town, dropped in to a junk shop and bought a copy of "Little Men's Cabin" for 10c. A few days later he learned it was a valuable Edition of and sold it for a nice big cash. We offer $300.00 each copy of this edition. Have you any of the thousands of books we want to buy?—In your home!

"I can't believe this," one of my friends said today, "I will be glad to send the book to you, Mr. Smith." I answered, "I am very pleased. Many thanks, and a thousand thanks, also."

"Thank you very much," he said, "for your promptness."

"I am only doing my duty," I replied.

Thousands of old books wanted.

Everyday we buy old books from people like yourself. We pay big cash prices for school books, story books, histories, novels, poetry books, old bibles, newspapers, magazines, almanacs, diaries, autographs, deeds, old letters, etc. There are countless thousands of these in homes like yours. Would you take big cash prices for old books you don't want any more? Do you know how to get cash for any valuable old books you have?

Find out—investigate now!

To make it easy for you to identify and locate old books for us we have published a price list of old books wanted. It tells you the big cash price we pay for each book listed and makes you more likely to get the most for your books. Doesn't it all make a difference? It doesn't take the fun out of this fascinating treasure hunt for valuable old books. Just one book may make all the difference. Think of the cash you would receive for several valuable ones. Don't delay—write the largest and most reputable concern in the country.

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Send me list of cash prices you would pay for my old books. Also list of free appraisal service

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Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
WHAT KIND OF TOOTH POWDER DOES YOUR OWN FAMILY USE?

PEPSODENT
It does everything better!

1 GETS TEETH TWICE BRIGHTER
Adds charm to any smile

2 YET IS TWICE AS SOFT
Safe even for children's teeth

3 FOAMS BETWEEN TEETH
Cleans more thoroughly

4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER
Far more economical to use

LARGE CAN 25c. FAMILY SIZE 50c.

WANTED—VERY SHORT ROMANCES

$10,000.00
IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

Macfadden Publications, Inc., are in the market for very short true stories. By "very short" we mean stories of from 2500 to 4500 words. For the fifty-three best true stories falling within these word limits and submitted before July 1st, 1936, $10,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from $100 up to the magnificent grand prize of $1500. The greater part of this money undoubtedly will go to men and women who have never before written for publication. Why not get your share? Write today for full particulars. Address

Macfadden Publications SHORT ROMANCE Contest, Dept. 26C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

On the Way to Press

THE madmen you see pictured below have made one historic broadcast of recent months when they broke up the Hollywood Hotel program. Now the sponsors of The Flying Red Horse Tavern (CBS, Friday nights) are threatening to sign Groucho, Harpo, and Chico Marx to take the place of Beatrice Lillie, who took the place of Eleanor Powell. Another possible sponsor for the lunatics is Lever Bros., for a new CBS show. Hang onto your loudspeaker if threats materialize. The mad Marx antics might blow it right out of your house.

RAY NOBLE, very recently, ended another long-term engagement at the Rainbow Room in Radio City and is now setting out on his very first personal appearance tour. For two weeks before he left town, he was jittery with nervousness. All that polished English indifference in his voice must be just a pose.

REMEMBER last Easter the swell Grand Canyon Sunrise Services? This year, Easter is April 12th, and our under cover spy in Colorado had just reported that the broadcast would be repeated. He had seen the show last year by standing on the rim of the Canyon and was pretty darn impressed by it all. So tune in.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW left New York after his two broadcasts just in time. He had stopped the wheels of progress in both Radio City and the Columbia Broadcasting Building every time he walked through the revolving doors. Women dropped their work and ran screaming to make a fuss over the kid. Finally, by the time he was rehearsing for Rudy Vallee's show, the first week in March, his aunt Gissie had to bring him in and take him out through devious back doors and hidden stairways.

DID you hear the famous broadcast Tuesday, March tenth, from a haunted house in Staten Island, New York? There's a swell sidelight that we have unearthed. An offer came from up in Harlem to produce a ghost that would talk. The agency sponsoring the program was interested until an executive brought up the question of censorship. How can you go over a ghost's script beforehand to make sure he won't say anything that might offend? You just can't commercialize ghosts to that extent.
The Critic on the Hearth

(Continued from page 13)

GANG BUSTERS—Phil Lord doesn’t spare the corpses in his latest concoction. In fact there’s no Seth Parker influence here except the vermin eliminator moral that crime doesn’t pay anybody but Phillips H. Lord. The crimes exploited are the ones that have made Page One and the magazine—The Bowlegs, Parkers, Dillingers and Pretty Boy Floyd’s. The story thread is carried by dramatized hits and interview technique, Lord asking obvious questions. The dialogue is smartly written and played and I’ll bet a lot of people tune in who wouldn’t be caught reading the Sheltering Sky as a crime pulp. Lord follows the lead of one of these magazines in passing along “clues” to amateur sleuths about jewelry, evidence and people wanted by the police. Won’t his press-agent do nip-ups if one of these broadcasted clues ever leads to an arrest?

CBS Wed., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

THE WORLD DANCES—Why didn’t someone think of this musical world tour idea before? A Viennese waltz, an Argentinian tango, a French waltz, dance and a gay French tune all on the same program—no two pieces from the same land. I’m glad the inspiration waited for Lord Guskyn. One of the most imaginative leaders, he has made a study of continental temps and can transport you to any country at will. Buddy Clark and the orchestra provide the two vocals, and an orchestra featuring the melodies with a Lyric Trio, and the new ivy team of Fray and Baum is also featured.

CBS Sun., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

THE OLD PUPPET MAKER—Frank Conroy, as Mr. Hinges, yarns the yearning young with salty sagas of lions, dragons, and such intriguing phantasms as Tittleberry Torridzone, Horatius Hangnail, Pommeigranate Postrot and King Peter the Perfectly Terrible. This will probably cause a lot of juniors to run all the way home from kindergarten and annoyed mothers who would rather listen to Tea at the Ritz.

NBC Mon., 4:45 P. M., 15 min.

NORCROSS SISTERS—There isn’t another quarter-hour on your dial crammed so full of harmonizing. Martha, Ruth and Gen braid their velvety voices together, the Wollers brothers give the key-boards a twenty-fingered massage, then the whole gang incorporates and the music comes out here—

NBC Wed., 11:00 A. M., 15 min.

MUSICAL REVERIES—Nothing startling about this noontime teaser—just a tried and true formula of ingratiating melodies. Teddy Rand’s Orchestra and Stuart Churchill’s streamlined tonsils. Orson Wells sticks in a poetic thought for the day.


THE BIRTH OF A SONG—Having neither been at the time nor heard a dictaphone record of the actual conversation, I would not verify the authenticity of the occurrences in, say, 1600 A. D. which are supposed to have inspired the composition of, say, Annie Laurie. But the song-story dramatizations, as given, make nice listening.

NBC Thu., 3:30 P. M., 30 min.
MARY PICKFORD finished three broadcasts from New York March 24. Parties at Pickfair, via Manhattan, should have been the temporary title. Mary moved East to give her a chance to start the advertising for a picture which she is producing. At the same time, the First Nighter program, Friday nights, picked up and set sail for Hollywood. Don Ameche, the leading man in these weekly playlets, is making a picture for 20th Century-Fox. Now these same film magnates are eyeing Betty Lou Gerson, playing opposite Booke Carter, Philco’s news commentator, was asked by the Army to correct a statement made over the air. Ameche, as another screen possibility. This switch in locale necessitated Don dropping from the cast of Grand Hotel—temporarily, of course.

SNOONEY, the lighthearted stooge who’s been on the Fred Waring shows, is getting married very soon to Paul Garrett of New York City, according to the soothsayer of the entertainment world, Variety. Quirkiest quirk of all is the fact that Garrett is public relations director for General Motors. Henry Ford’s been paying Snooney (Barbara Blair) her weekly checks.

THAT maestro from Great Britain, Jack Hylton, may not return to his native land after all when he completes his CBS radio contract for Standard Oil of Indiana on April 5. His plans to head back across the water immediately after that date are being held in abeyance while negotiations go on with a new sponsor.

BOAKE CARTER, Philco’s news commentator, had no less an organization than the United States Army cross at him recently, when it called upon him to “correct an impression.” The impres- sion, given by Boake on a recent broadcast of his for Philco, had to do with the burial of the late Brigadier General William Mitchell. Mr. Carter, up to the time of going to press, had refused to alter his stand that the War Department had denied Mitchell burial in Arlington Cemetery. “No correction should be made,” Boake said, “because no error was made.”

NOW that you’ve seen Harriet Hilliard in “Follow the Fleet,” starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, let it be known that Harriet, and her husband, Ozzie Nelson, the hambandle, have decided that no more romance stories should be written about them, Ozzie says, if you ask him, with the thought of more than a comedy team than a romantic couple. And if you heard them on the Rudy Vallee program the last two weeks in February, you’ll agree that they’re giving comedy a try. Personally, we’ve already cast our vote for Romance. Comedians aren’t created overnight. Harriet, by the way, is very soon hurried back to Hollywood for more pictures. RKO was very impressed by her work in her debut.

HERE’S a picture of how radio works ahead of time when necessary. By the middle of February Ben Bernie had signed Pat on St. Patrick’s Day broadcast. Ben signed him up so far in advance because he was afraid all the good old Irish names would be snapped up by his competitors if he waited.

HELEN HAYES goes off the air the last of March. It was still a secret when this was written. The agency wanted it kept quiet—perhaps because it feared that listener audiences in a serial might die out if fans knew Helen was soon to leave her broadcasts.

THERE’S a new secret way of rushing big stars out of Radio City before autograph hunters can surround and stop their favorites from making a break for freedom. From the huge eighth floor studio, the artist is whisked through dark- ened corridors down a back elevator to the basement, and then underground across the street where a small exit leads to the sidewalk. Nelson Eddy used this for the first time after his guest appearance on the General Motors Hour.

NEW YORK CITY’S WHN had quite a celebration a week or so ago when it increased its power to 5,000 watts. They even persuaded Anning S. Pratt of the Federal Radio Commission to address the station’s audience, broadcasting his message from Washington. Several congressmen joined in the greetings.

FRANCES LANGFORD is going to make a picture for M-G-M some time soon. May Robson will star and Madame Ernestine Shumann-Heink also will be in the cast. The tentative title that’s been selected is just plain “Gram.”

THE new Chrysler show which was scheduled to start March 12 as we went to press, welcomes back to the airwaves one of the favorites of radio, screen, and stage—Alexander Gray. Charles Hanson Towne, noted author and columnist, and heard before this on the air, is doing the show-telling and philosophy on the program, and Mark War- now’s orchestra, assisted by a chorus of fourteen mixed voices under the direction of Lyn Murray, supplements the Gray voice. Listen in over the Columbia chain on Thursdays at 8 o’clock.

ONE of your favorite radio funnymen of the moment, Frank Fay of Rudy Vallee’s Fleischman Yeast hour, is turning author soon, with some magazine articles and stories. It ought to be easy for Frank, since he is one comedian who writes practically all of his own script. Sometimes he even writes it as he goes along during a show, so that even Rudy and the boys in the orchestra don’t really know what’s coming next.

SPEAKING of radio authors, the above mentioned Booke Carter is another. He has already had one successful book published, and will have another one out early in April. Its title at present is “America Speaks!” but it may be changed before publication.

THE world of radio invaded the chapel at West Point on Sunday, March 1, when Jerry Belcher and Ruth Love were married there. Jerry, you know, is one of the two enterprising young men who, grab people on the street and interview them in front of a microphone before they can run away, for NBC’s Vox Pop show. The bride is the sister of Everett Love, of the NBC Magazine Service department, and her brother, William Love, is a second-year student at West Point. Parks Johnson, Jerry’s partner in his broadcasts, acted as best man.

REMEMBER Mary Lewis? And did you hear her radio come-back on Ben Bernie’s program March 10? She is the former Follies girl who ten years ago turned to grand opera and made a success of it, then retired to become the wife of Robert Hagen, Standard Oil vice president. Now, after five years of non-professional life, she’s making her come-back with several guest appearances scheduled regular how, heast, so that even Rudy and the boys in the orchestra don’t really know what’s coming next.

Al Lyons, Mary Pickford’s orchestra leader on her Hollywood broadcasts, with the hostess of Pickfair herself.
Beautiful Eyes

with Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

INTRODUCTORY SIZES 10c .. AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES
Chesterfield writes its own advertising
WHY KATE SMITH IS AFRAID OF LOVE

WIN CASH PRIZES in the Jessica Dragonette CONTEST

MAJOR BOWES’ amazing friendship with FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
They ran three columns about the wedding. The bride, they said, was beautiful, the groom rich, and both families of fine lineage and tradition. But what they failed to mention was this: that the bride would never have been engaged, much less married, if she hadn't discovered in time that she had halitosis (unpleasant breath) and promptly corrected it.

After all, halitosis is the fault unforgivable. Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant, is the pleasant means of overcoming it. Is there a hint here for you? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS
"Appalling!"

A DOWAGER AND A DENTIST BATTLE ABOUT A TURKEY LEG

"Sensible!"

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

You know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—socially.

But your dentist will retort: "Excuse? The picture needs no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise... and our modern soft-food diet does not give it to them. It's our creamy, well-cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning. "Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal! When you see it—see your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder—"but your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft-food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves... So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward complete oral health... Change to Ipana and massage today.

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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COMING IN THE JULY ISSUE
ON SALE MAY 22

Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, gets thousands of letters from all over the country every week—but none of his fans really know him! In the July issue, we tell you all about him and his new bride. Have you entered the Jessica Dragonette contest yet? There's a month to go!

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—PORTRAIT OF HARRIET HILLIARD
BY TCETCHET

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
Five... "Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving your baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, kitchen, laundry, cellar...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouth-pieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS
Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. 4C-6.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" Disinfectant

Please send me the book called "Lysol vs. Germs", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name: ________________________________
Street: ______________________________
City: ___________________________ State: __________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.
THERE'S a guiding force behind every broadcast of the Lux Radio Theater Monday nights, a force that is largely responsible for the sparkle and freshness of each play that's presented. You may never have heard of him, but before you can understand much about how this program is put on the air you must meet Mr. Tony Stanford. His will power, endless energy, and directorial skill are responsible for the everlasting popularity of a dramatic program that's been going for over two years.

Now and again, rather than write of the stars themselves, it gives a clearer insight and speeds appreciation of what you hear to describe a visit to the rehearsal of a radio show, especially when visitors are usually barred by frowning pages. So let's journey to the twenty-second floor of the Columbia Broadcasting Building, of a Friday afternoon, up a short flight of stairs, into Studio A.

We're in a large studio, with several mikes, and three-fourths of the floor space taken up by folding chairs which will be occupied the night of the broadcast by a full orchestra. Glancing to the left as we hurry towards the control booth we spy very blond tousled hair. That is Miss Miriam Hopkins, the week's guest star, frowning and marking her script of the play, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," with a stubby pencil.

Once inside the control room, a completely different view is offered. Down below—about three feet lower—is the mike at which the cast will work. Three circles are drawn around the mike in chalk on the polished floor, about twelve inches from each other. Inside the first circle is the letter A, inside the second the letter B, and inside the third the letter C. When rehearsal begins we'll find out the why and wherefore of these circles and letters.

Now we meet Mr. Stanford, the man who tells $5000-a-week stars how to act for radio. He's short, amazingly genial, after what we've heard, and at the moment he's bent over his script, peering at it through horn-rimmed glasses. Just in front of him is a small panel and what looks like a loudspeaker. By a flip of a switch he can talk into it and his voice is heard in the studio. Another flip and the voices of the actors flood the small booth exactly as you hear them on your own radio at home.

What, Mr. Stanford, can you tell us about producing an hour-length radio dramatic program with world-famous guest stars every week?

"Let me tell you first how hard these stars must work before the program goes on the air. We start Thursday afternoon. The whole cast, star included, gathers here and we spend a few hours reading the play out loud. By the time we leave, everyone knows exactly what he is supposed to do and everyone understands what the play is about." At twelve o'clock the next day—Friday—we assemble for the first rehearsal. At a quarter of two we take an hour off for lunch. At five we leave for the day. Saturday, rehearsal begins at eleven and is over at four. On Mondays we have two dress rehearsals, the first at ten in the morning. Then at seven-thirty all the rough spots are ironed out. At nine the show begins.

"Miss Hopkins is the best example of hard work I can give you. Others have told me how (Continued on page 104)
They always say they want someone with more experience...

-thank you so much for telling me about these jobs, Mrs. White-I'll start right in trying to land one, tomorrow-

Next day

I'm sorry, Miss Baker, but I think Mrs. White misunderstood me. We really need someone with more experience.

I couldn't take on a girl with pimples like that!

Next week

no, Mrs. White - I haven't had any luck. I can't seem to put myself across. I wish I knew what...

My dear, I'm going to be very personal. I think the trouble may be your skin. Have you ever tried eating Fleischmann's yeast to clear up those pimples?

Later

Mother - I've got a job! It's where Alice works - and she says one reason they took me was because they liked my looks! I must tell Mrs. White!!

And be sure to thank Mrs White again for telling you about Fleischmann's yeast!

Say... Miss Baker... I've got still another trade - last for you-

Jimmy, are you sure you're not making up all the nice things you tell me?

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

After the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about 1/2 hour before each meal. Eat it regularly—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!
Big names can cause you a lot of trouble, as Mary Pickford and Louella Parsons have been discovering recently. Four first-string radio shows using moving-picture guest stars originate in Hollywood, and naturally the competition for famous headliners is strong. Mary wanted them for her own program, Parties at Pickfair, and Louella wanted them for Hollywood Hotel. Both Mary and Louella are intimate friends of most of the Hollywood great, who for years had been appearing on Hollywood Hotel out of friendship for the columnist, without being paid. Mary, however, pays her guests—and that's what started all the trouble. Louella is said to have notified all motion picture studios that if their stars appeared on Mary's program she wouldn't mention their pictures in her newspaper column. It's all a case of the demand exceeding the supply.

A BACKSTAGE drama which might have resulted in the closing of a successful Broadway revue occurred the other night when Rudy Vallee and Producer George White of the "Scandals" engaged in a little impromptu fisticuffs. All concerned haven't much to say about the affair, but this much is known—White wanted Rudy to withdraw from the show, for some reason which hasn't been made public, and Rudy refused. According to the contract, the only way White could force Rudy out of the cast was to close the revue and keep it closed for six weeks before reopening. One word led to another and here we are.... The fight was declared a draw.

ED WYNN, who makes millions laugh on the air, was faced recently with the tragedy of seeing his private affairs made public through a court action brought by a relative who sued him for $150,000, claiming the money was due him for taking care of Mrs. Wynn. Both Ed and his son, Keenan, denied in court the assertions about Mrs. Wynn made by the relative, and the jury awarded the plaintiff only $1000 instead of the amount sued for.

The new radio sensation, Benny Fields, is one of those of misadventure in show business. For years he and his wife, Blossom Seeley, were vaudeville headliners. Then vaudeville hit the down grade, and Benny couldn't get a break anywhere. He haunted Broadway booking offices, asking managers and agents vainly for a chance to do his stuff once more.

Come with us behind closed studio doors and learn the latest gossip about your stars at work and play by Jay Peters

Left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell attending a preview; below, Charles Hanson Towne of Chrysler's airshow.

At last he was hired for a New York night club. He opened there without any advance fanfare—and clicked immediately, to the accompaniment of raves notices from all the columnists. 'Why? Nobody knew. He was the same Benny Fields he'd always been.

In one week his popularity grew so fast that both major networks were bidding for his services. He finally signed with CBS, and has replaced Jimmy Melton, who had to go to Hollywood for a picture, on the Ziegfeld Follies show.

Don't get confused—there really are two "Follies" shows on the air now. There's CBS' Ziegfeld Follies, with Fannie Brice and the above-mentioned Benny Fields—and then there's the Follies Berger of the Air, starring Willie and Eugene Howard, on the NBC Blue network Wednesday evenings. Just to make it more complicated, Willie and Eugene are featured in George White's "Scandals," current on Broadway.

The annual spring shakeup in programs and schedules is complicated this year by raiding parties conducted by the two networks on each other. Some CBS shows scheduled to change networks are the Bayer Aspin's Lavender and Old Lace, Studebaker's Richard Hober program, and Phillips Milk of Magnesia's Melodrama. The latter, when it starts May 26 on the NBC Blue network, will change its title to Back Stage, but will keep its stars, Abe Lyman, Bernice Claire, and Oliver Smith.

The owner the other hand, CBS will acquire the Saturday edition of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade beginning May 2, from 10 to 11 p.m. No orchestra has been picked for it, yet at the time of going to press. The Wednesday stanza of the Hit Parade, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra, will remain intact, however. And with Lucky Strike occupying the Columbia Saturday night airwaves, Chesterfield has announced it will move its Saturday night show to Friday at 10. This change will take place May 1.

Joining the summer exodus are Jack Benny and Fred Allen, who will call it a season in June and take thirteen-week vacations. Phil Baker will also be off the air during the summer, but Hal Kemp's orchestra will continue the Gulf show. Ford Motors has decided to close its Sunday night symphonic series on June 28, but no decision has been reached as yet on the two weekly Fred Waring programs. They might go on all summer.

Radio has its embarrassing moments, just like any other business. One of them cropped up recently when Ed Wynn's Plymouth program was being assembled. The sponsors listened to Ted Husing audition for the job of straight man for Ed, and liked him—liked him so much that they wanted to hire him. Lennie Hayton's orchestra was already signed, though—and the former Mrs. Ted Husing is now Mrs. Lennie Hayton. The sponsors learned this, blushed, and withdrew their request.

Radio's Singing Sam is now a step-grandfather, after only a year of marriage. His bride of a year is the former Mrs. Ned Wayburn, wife of the famous dancing instructor and stage director, and her son, Ned Wayburn, Jr., recently became a father.

May Singhi Green loves to use the telephone—in fact, she's one of the telephone company's very best cus-
tomers. She knows thousands of people and will call any of them up at the drop of a hint, unmindful of how far away they are. She recently picked up the receiver and telephoned her daughter, who lives in Honolulu.

ALDO RICCI certainly picked out members of his band to fit the name of his orchestra, "Toppers." Here are some of the heights of his gang: bass, 6 ft. 6½ in.; drummer, 6 ft. 5½ in.; trombone, 6 ft. 3½ in.; pianist, 6 ft. 4½ in.; guitar, 6 ft. 4 in.; second guitar, 6 ft. 3 in.; and down the line to 6 ft. 1 in. Ricci, himself, is 5 ft. 3½ in.

JIMMY FIDLER, Hollywood's rapid fire commentator, is now in his third marriage. The present Mrs. Fidler was Miss Roberta Law, a former New York artist's model, who gave up her career as a stock actress to marry Jimmy. Virginia Rist, non-professional, was his first wife, and Dorothy Lee, screen actress, his second.

WHILE Kate Smith with her hour all-star show on Columbia is the first woman on the air to head her own hour broadcast, it is no novelty to her, as last year she presented a "Matinee Hour" series of afternoon programs which proved so successful that it was transferred to an evening time, opposite the Rudy Vallee Show.

(Continued on page 8)

Lionel Barrymore is master of ceremonies for the Swift hour; below, King Edward VIII at the mike.

Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful...fresh...appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so easy to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics tested by 6 Ivory washings. So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright...crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!

IVORY FLAKES

99 4/10% pure
WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that is harsh, it increases your total output of liquid. It snatches unabsorbed food from your body, changing your bowel rhythm. It causes violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. And you feel weak afterwards...all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should never be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax? You'll experience no unpleasant after-taste. And in the morning you will probably find your constipation has been completely relieved. You’ll feel fine!

30 YEARS’ PROOF

New laxatives constantly appear with miraculous promises. But, remember this...for over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. More people use it than any other laxative in the world. You can count on it for mildness, gentleness, thoroughness, correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

When Nature forgets—

remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

— TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE! —

(Paste this on a postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170

Time-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City

Age

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax Ltd., Montreal)

Tune in on “Strange as it Seems,” Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for stations and times.

WHAT'S NEW (Continued)

ARMIDA, whose final and unused moniker is Vandrell, has her own idea of a practical joke. An interviewee is presented with a wrapped book and the spritely statement, “here, take this scrapbook along. It will give you all you need.” Upon opening the package the interviewee is faced with a book in Armida’s native language. Cute?

JACK BERGER’S wife, Helen, is his partner in business and his business manager. The same relation exists between Little Jack Little and his wife, Tea Little...” Ted Jewett, former night supervisor of NBC announcers is a member of the March of Time cast...Sigmund Romberg is in Hollywood supervising a new screen operetta...Lionel Barrymore, like Leslie Howard, has no use for studio audiences. They are the very bone of a broadcaster’s existence,” says Barrymore...There is no danger of a shortage of radio actors. According to Lucille Singleton of Columbia’s audition staff, there are 310 would-be thespians always available, and 2000 more on reserve.

AFTER eight years as exclusive NBC artists, the Landt Trio and White have joined the Pick and Pat show on CBS. Incidentally, Jack Landt may be married to Marion Bergeron, Miss America of 1924, by the time this gets into print. They make a mighty handsome couple, let me tell you!

His Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, the wealthiest man in the world, installed a radio set in each of 20,000 villages, that 15,000,000 subjects might hear his silver jubilee celebration. The ceremonies were projected from four modern radio stations especially constructed for the occasion. four broadcasts going forward simultaneously in four different stations.

Benny Fields, former star of vaudeville, makes his radio debut in the Ziegfeld Follies with Fannie Brice.
ferent languages. That’s how important they consider the radio in India.

**A RECENT survey reveals that 65,000 schools in the United States are equipped with radios. And it is estimated that a national program such as NBC’s Music Appreciation Hour, conducted by Dr. Walter Damrosch, commands an audience of 6,000,000 in the schools alone.**

**BENNY KREIGER** is one of the two musicians, both sax players, still admired by Rudy Vallee, who also toots a saxophone. Recently, Benny Kreiger organized his own band and sold it to a sponsor. Benny now leads his orchestra on the Pick and Pat program heard on CBS. For his initial broadcast on this spot, Rudy appeared as guest artist to send Benny off to a fine start. However, Kreiger still plays a sax in Rudy’s band on the Fleischmann Hour at NBC each Thursday eve.

**RUDY’S new mag sponsorship will be to correct his “mis-statements” in the press and offer the “real” story. He is weary, it appears, of letting columnists have the last word. Speaking of being weary, the $75,000 home he gave Fay Webb as a wedding present sold for $20,000 cash... Barbara Blair on the Ford air menu, is betrothed to Paul Garrett, the executive vice president of General Motors.**

**TWENTY thousand miles of telephone wires link together NBC stations in the United States and Canada. They are not ordinary telephone strands, however, being thicker and heavier... The National Broadcasting Company, divided into two networks, the Red and the Blue, consists of eighty-nine stations in seventy key cities. The Columbia Broadcasting System has ninety-eight stations in ninety-six cities.**

(Continued on page 100)

Rosa Ponselle’s singing for Chesterfield Wednesday nights on CBS while Lilly Pons vacations abroad.

**NEW ENGLAND can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair... smiling hazel eyes—and her skin... well, she’s proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.**

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for you, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently... that’s because it is made milder, far milder!

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn’t softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay’s price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

*Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.*

**GLOUCESTER, MASS.**

**Like most women, I’ve tried many beauty aids. But for a smooth, soft skin—give me Camay.**

**Sincerely,**

 *(Signed) Viano Tobey*

 *(Mrs. George E. Tobey)*

December 7, 1933

**CAMAY**

The Soap of Beautiful Women
CHICAGO AND THE PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBU

TRIBUTE THEIR SHARE OF NEWS TO THE

SHIFTING PATTERN OF THE RADIO WORLD

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

THOMAS FREEBAIRN-SMITH, KNX staff mikeman, is the modern-day counterpart of the absent-minded professor who, when stopped in the middle of the campus, always had to ask whether he was going to classes or from them. He forgot the station's call letters the other day and ran amuck in the booth until somebody wrote the letters "KNX" on a hunk of paper and held it up to the window.

KYA has emerged from spring housecleaning with a good lineup of forces for the summer radio barrage around the San Francisco region. Cyrus Trobe comes back from Chicago in time to be its music director and lead the four-piece band. Besides directing, he is a great violinist. His young son and daughter are both musically inclined. Another KYA appointment is that of Lee S. Roberts as program manager. Fans for a long while heard him (Continued on page 60)

Below, Ralina Zarova, exotic Russian singer in the NBC San Francisco studios. Right, Julie Dillon, West Coast dramatic actress.

Irene and Walter Wicker, right, had their first vacation together in Bermuda this spring. Irene's the Singing Lady on the NBC net.

CHICAGO
By Chase Giles

WHILE they were in Chicago both Frank Buck, the "bring-em-back-alive" man, and Joe Cook, the comedian, spoke of future radio hopes and plans. Frank would like to broadcast from his zoo, the largest privately owned one in the world, and Joe would like to get a sponsor for what he calls "Joe Cook's Patent Office." Joe's idea is to unearth the gadgets people have invented or have thought of inventing. This phrase is included in the test embryo NBC announcers must pass: "The seething seas ceaseth and as the seething seas subsideth many men must munch much mush." I was surprised at a private party recently to discover how many of our better known Chicago announcers had trouble saying it.

Columbia's Vivian Della Chiesa, a swell singer with a bright future, received mail addressed to Vivian Delikyazer and Vivian Delekiyazer recently. Benny Goodman, hot and swingy dance maestro who is fast becoming a Chicago favorite, once played in a Chicago band at the late Jane Addams' Hull House. Ex-gangster Edward (Spike) O'Donnell's daughter was all set to go into a radio show until one Chicago radio editor explained who she really was. That stopped negotiations. And not so long ago the late "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn (who died of lead poisoning recently) had his wife and "blonde alibi," Louise Rolf, auditioned by Chicago radioland. Spike explained that his two daughters had been taking music and dramatic lessons but that frankly he didn't know whether or not they could sing. Mail addressed to "Metropolitan Airport" reaches the Chicago Municipal Airport regularly and is forwarded to Bill Cooper who writes the radio show Flying Time in which script he uses that fictitious address. The chap you hear on Al Pearce's shows as Al's man Basil is really Basil Loughrane, program director of the Chicago office of the advertising agency, Lord and Thomas.

Ted Weems has set up a private office to handle his business other than furnishing radio and cafe orchestral music. Among Ted's extra activities just now is a plan to finance and promote a new system of recording programs for radio broadcasts.

Although Eddie Cavanaugh of the Columbia gossip club hadn't worn a hat for seventeen years this last cold spell forced him to buy one. When John Tio, the wonder parrot, broadcast on Climalene Carnival from Chicago, listeners refused to believe. (Continued on page 63)
These are the Sachets
that make the waves
that make you say

"No experimenting on me... give me a
EUGENE"

If ever you are tempted by a permanent that is "easier," "quicker," "cheaper," remember that the Eugene method is relied upon by better Beauty Shops all over the world... that it has been turning out millions of beautiful permanents for many years. When Eugene perfected the little Sachets that gently steam your hair, they were patented for your protection. They are plainly trade-marked for all to see. They contain a waving solution that cannot be copied.

Whether you want an all-over wave, or little croquignole curls, or both, Eugene Sachets perform their work with certainty and sure satisfaction. Be sure they are used for your Eugene Wave. We will send you one free, so you may recognize them.

"THERE IS NO WAVE LIKE A EUGENE WAVE"

FREE!
Sample Sachet and Hair-style Booklet. Send postcard to
EUGENE, Ltd.
521 Fifth Ave., New York
Paris London Berlin Barcelona Sydney

© Eugene Ltd., 1935
**HOW HOLLYWOOD’S**

*Powder, Rouge, Lipstick*

**Accent the Beauty of Blondes Brunettes**

Discover how you, too, like screen stars, can dramatize your beauty with Max Factor’s new make-up, powder, rouge and lipstick, created in color harmony shades for every type.

**MERLE OBERON**

(Continued)

**The Powder Shade That Can Make You Lovely...** Max Factor’s Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will enliven your skin with youthful radiance and give you a satiny smooth finish that lasts for hours, $1.

**The Perfect Color of Rouge for Your Type...** Rouge in your color harmony shade will give your cheeks an exquisite color because Max Factor has created it for your individual type. Creamy smooth, blends easily, 50c.

**Lipstick Shades That Can Make Your Lips Alluring...** Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will give your lips an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. Keeps your lips smooth, $1.

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

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**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?**

**THIS IS THE KNOCKERS’ AND BOOSTERS’ PAGE. SEE YOUR OPINIONS IN PRINT**

Burns and Allen have their hands full, what with Sandra, two, and Ronald, six months.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**MORE SONGS FROM IGOR GORIN**

One thing that surprises me, and many others you can be sure, is that a superb baritone like Igor Gorin should have only one or two songs to render every week on the Hollywood Hotel program. We all enjoy the refreshing entertainment of Dick Powell and Frances Langford—that’s something to relax to; but when Igor Gorin sends his glorious voice over the ether—that’s a real treat for the good music lovers. Other great baritones who have their own hours on the air, and whom I need not mention, have been given opportunity to expand. Doubtless Gorin has the personality and voice enough to have his own program. So what say to more songs by this brilliant singer!

SYDNEY DOCK, Detroit, Mich.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**THE NETWORKS BE PRaised!**

When the Columbia and National Broadcasting Companies denied the regular use of their channels to both political parties until after the conventions this summer, they probably made more friends in their radio audiences than they knew.

In my part of the country, hot winds have caused enough of a drought without any assistance from the politicians. By the time the conventions are over, perhaps the crops will be far enough along, that it won’t matter.

And between that time and November, all fair minded voters will have plenty of opportunity to hear both sides of the questions.

MRS. W. K. WHITSETT, Chanute, Kansas

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**WHAT PRICE BANS?**

Up until a few weeks ago I thought radio was at its best, but now what happens. (Continued on page 98)
MEN! WOMEN! MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY!

Wear the
Unique
Sensational
RING

Everybody Wants It!

JUST SHOW SAMPLE RING AND MAKE DOLLARS BY THE HANDFUL!

PROVE IT AT MY RISK!

This is the money-making chance you've looked for and longed for! A NEW IDEA—unique, thrilling, fascinating—that literally carries dollars into your pocket like magic! EVERYONE WANTS THE PORTRAIT RING! You simply wear and show your sample ring and take in BIG CASH PROFITS so easily, you'll hardly believe your eyes. And no wonder! Imagines—a beautiful, polished,onyx-like ring on which is reproduced in lifelike natural colors the actual portrait of someone loved. Every man, woman and child in your town wants one. Hundreds of men and women, many who never took an order for anything in their lives before, are reaping a harvest of dollar bills. Now YOU can get money—plenty of money—easily and quickly! Spare time or full time. No investment in stock. No sample case to carry. Just wear sample Ring and pocket the dollars.

AMAZING SECRET DISCOVERY MAKES PRICE-LESS LIFETIME KEEPSAKE OF ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

SEND NO MONEY JUST SEND RING SIZE AND PHOTO

SPECIAL OFFER
$3 RING WITH PICTURE IN COLORS—NOW TOURS FOR $3.00

All you need is a sample ring on each finger to bring two orders and dollars wherever you turn! At special offer we'll send you beautiful Portrait Ring, with picture reproduced in lifelike colors—the ring for which thousands have paid $2.00—for only $1.00! A certain you may never see again. Only 10 orders a day will pay you for this CLEAR PROFIT a week! And without any selling, or door to door like the old-time Ring. Call now—send any photo you want reproduced. You take no risk. You must be satisfied, or money is refunded.

MAIL COUPON FOR SAMPLE RING!

RUSH COUPON TODAY!


Name:_________________________Address:_________________________

Size:____ S 1/2  2  3  4  5  6  7  8  9  10

City:_________________________State:_________________________

Cost:____ @50c postpaid. Send today! 

(Continued on page 87)

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

BY WELDON MELICK

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

LIONEL BARRYMORE as an announcer and master of ceremonies seems like a waste of good talent, not to mention good money. Not that he doesn't make a good m.c., but Sigfried Romberg's music is so strong she didn't need the lure of a "big name" to bolster it up. We wouldn't complain if they made real use of Lionel's great acting talents—that would be something else again, and something pretty nice.

NBC, MON., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF THE AIR

Fannie Brice's Baby Snooks is just about the funniest characterization on the air. And Saucy-slip Brice isn't the only attraction. There's the irresistible Benny Fields, with songs. Jack Arthur and Patti Chapin, and guests from old Follies casts, or in some cases, impersonations as tributes to their memory and talent. At Goodwin plays not only current songs but old Follies hits which he introduced himself, leaving these announcements of the numbers by three girls in unison give the desired hint of a chorus, which is enhanced by four girls on the stage floor. The only jarring note in this breezy hour is a hammy attempt at a backstage plot which doesn't quite come off, but ought to make a necessary.

CBS, SAT., 8:00 P. M., 60 min.

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD

People have more fun than anybody, if they listen to this pecky show. Who else would think of burlesquing both the other network programs on the air at the moment to save the trouble of twisting the dials? Who else would mention, in introducing Gogo De Lys, "When you gotta—yotta go!" or sign off their period with "Watch the sponsors go by!"? When you've laughed yourself weak, Leith Stevens provides musical resuscitation.

CBS, SAT., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING

is now heard nationally with the oncoming political campaign, threatens to be as probing and provocative as an hour. It has all the entertainment value of one, and is (painlessly, except for the speakers who are put on the spot) educational and informative as well. The highest authorities debate on controversial subjects for half an hour, then for another half hour the Town Hall audience heckles the speakers with pointed questions, and they'd better know all the answers of the boos and hisses reverberate, over the hoots and whoops are prepared, but the questions absolutely are not censored or even seen by anyone before they are picked up from the audience by a parabolic microphone. A stupendous innovation for radio.

N.B.C., THURS., 9:30 P. M., 60 min.

REFREW OF THE MOUNTED

A serial from the stories by Laurie York Erskine in a boys' magazine, about a Canadian Mountie. For some reason, a lot of people enjoyed it, but not more than one on a motorcycle. And the American public seems to like policemen better the farther they are away. Have you ever noticed that a guardian of the law is a custard pie comedian in the United States, a hero in Canada, and a (Continued on page 87)
MEALS FOR ENERGY

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

JUST what do those three words, "meals for energy," at the top of this page mean to you? Do they make you think of "farm hand" meals—meat and gravy and potatoes, topped off with pie? Maybe they do, but one of the hardest working men I know will tell you you're all wrong.

He is Walter Woof King, whom you may hear as the host of the Flying Red Horse Tavern on Friday evenings. If you live in or near New York you have also heard him this season as the star of the musical comedy hit, "May Wine," a combination of performances and rehearsals to tax the energy of anyone.

I talked with Mr. King last Friday during rehearsal for the Flying Red Horse Tavern program, a wild confusion if ever I saw one. In one corner of the stage the chorus went through the yodeling song; in another the clarinets were going over a difficult phrase; Walter dashed from rehearsal with the chorus to a relatively quiet spot in the center of the stage to run through one of his solos for the evening.

"We've been at it since ten this morning," he told me, "and we'll be here until five-thirty or so. I'll have just time enough to get home and eat a light supper, then be back here by a quarter to eight. There's so little time between this show and the 'May Wine' curtain that I have to get made up for that before going on the air here." "What about lunch?" I asked.

"Oh, one of the boys will bring me some corn flakes and milk. That's the best lunch I know of when you're working under pressure. You should see me in California when I'm working on a movie. The place we've had there has a number of fruit trees—apricots, figs, plums—and the whole family, my wife, the two children and myself, go in for fruit and crisp cereals. We'd never been able to get the kids to eat cooked cereals, but they'd rather have puffed rice with figs and rich milk than candy."

You may not be fortunate enough to have fig and apricot trees in your back yard, but with strawberries, blackberries and all the other fruits coming into season there are endless combinations of cereals and fruits to enliven your breakfast or luncheon table, or for dessert. Here's a strawberry shortcake.
for instance, suggested by Mr. King.

"Strawberry shortcake is one of my favorite desserts," he said, "but I find that shredded wheat, crisp in the oven, buttered and covered with crushed strawberries, makes just as good a shortcake as the usual biscuit or cake and doesn't leave me with that stuflled feeling which all singers dread.

"There's another reason I'm in favor of light meals," he went on, "and that's the prosaic one of weight. A few added pounds don't make much difference to the average individual, but in radio, stage or movie work, you have to face an audience or a camera, they're serious, so I substitute uncooked cereals for starchy foods at many meals.

"During the years when I trouped on a Chautauqua circuit and in musical comedy, whenever we were in one place long enough I'd take a place with a kitchenette, and I developed into quite a cook. Even today if I'm left alone in the kitchen the family is likely to have baked steak for dinner, but instead of potatoes I serve green peppers with grape nut stuffing."

A swell combination it is, too, as you will agree once you have tried it. For the baked steak, use either sirloin or round steak.

"The steak should be at least two inches thick." Mr. King explained, "otherwise it will be overcooked by the time the vegetables cooked with it are done. Place the steak in a fairly flat pan—the broiler pan will do very well—and cover with fresh tomatoes, onions and mushrooms, sliced or diced as you prefer, with salt and pepper to taste and a few drops of lemon juice. Cook in a fast oven, basting occasionally with the juice of the meat and vegetables.

And here is the recipe for peppers stuffed with grape nuts. Cook ¾ cup finely diced bacon until brown and crisp and drain thoroughly. In the bacon fat fry two tablespoons each finely minced onion and green pepper. To this mixture add one cup grape nuts, one half cup tomato pulp, either canned or fresh, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg, slightly beaten, and use as stuffing for green peppers (this quantity is sufficient to stuff two medium size peppers which may be cut in half or served whole). Cook in a shallow pan in the oven, with a little water in the bottom of the pan to prevent burning, or if there is sufficient room in the steak pan, they may be cooked with it.

There are countless other ways in which uncooked cereals may be used which I shall be glad to tell you about if you will write to me—delicious meat loaf and rarebit, for instance, made with crisp cereal, and a brand new cereal muffin which can be used in place of patty shells. Just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

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**SUMMER is the ideal time to REDUCE!**

Reduce your **WAIST & HIPS IN TEN DAYS** with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE or it won't cost you one cent!**

- **Read how Miss Jani Haly reduced her hips 9 INCHES!**
- **"Why hasn't what a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"**
- **"I read an ad of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder!"**
- **"They actually allowed me to try the Perfolaetic for 10 days on trial..."**
- **"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 2 inches and my weight 4 pounds."
- **"Jean, that's wonderful. I'll send for my girde today!"**

**You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!**

**WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE.** Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing! **THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, AND SAFELY!**

- The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health. **KEEPS BODY COOL AND FRESH!**
- The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. **The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satined fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body.** It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

- The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body... for a scrummy neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

**SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at our expense!
- 'Don't wait any longer... act today!

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**
41 EAST 42nd St., Dept. 266, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Without obligation on your part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of performed rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER! Name______________________________
Address______________________________
City______________________________State__________
□ Check here if you also want FREE FOLDER describing a Special REDUCING BELT for MEN

---
THERE'S a brand new 1936 Model orchestra leader conducting these days in case you haven't noticed.

Just a few years ago maestros leading their bands looked as if they had the jitters. But that's all past. It's very refined now. For instance—

When Ray Noble came from England to go into the swanky Rainbow Room atop Radio City in New York, there was considerable eye brow lifting and doubt as to whether this reserved Englishman would suit the American temperament. But he did. In the short time that he has been here, he has won his way to the top rank. And now reserve and modesty among leaders seem to be at a premium. Just run over the list. Orville Knapp is the soul of suavity, and to name more, there's Bob Crosby, Russ Morgan, Ruby Newman, Leon Belasco, Red Norvo, who has that swell and subtle swing sextet, Don Bestor, Emil Coleman, Xavier Cugat, Bernie Cummings, Jack Denny, Ted Fio Rito, Benny Goodman, Glen Gray and, of course, Guy Lombardo. There is nothing flashy about any of these leaders. They are all cultivated and refined and disarmingly reserved. Don Bestor looks more like a college professor than a band leader. Glen Gray is one of the best looking of the bunch, yet he's so shy he sits in the band and has someone else lead.

On the other hand, Richard Himber is one of the most eccentric leaders. He's always pulling a rib or acting like a kid out of school. For several hours every week Himber invites all the song pluggers to his office, then calls up the boss of a pluggers who is sitting right in front of him and tells him that his representative is not there. He's full of tricks like that.

Speaking of song pluggers, here's Jack Denny's favorite joke. The plugger gives Jack an orchestration of a new number and Denny says he will play it. This takes place in the hotel where Denny is playing with his band. The plugger takes a seat at a table with his guests. Comes time for the number and the pluggers is all agog. Then while everyone watches, Denny takes up the number, looks it over with an air of infinite disgust, deliberately tears it up, and throws it on the floor. The plugger is mortified to tears, but strangely Denny swings into the very same number. He has merely torn up a dummy.

Most of the band leaders in New York spots sang the blues during the strike of the elevator operators, which, to make matters worse, occurred during Lent. Attendance at the dine and dance places fell off about one-fifth. Many of the hotels were picketed and the customers did not venture out from their penthouse apartments owing to the uncertainties of getting back if they once got down. If it's not one thing, it's another.

The leaders also have to pay more for their arrangements now and that's another headache. Arrangements, as you

Above, a new study of the popular Ray Noble orchestra now on tour that shows you the seating arrangement for a broadcast. Below, the genial Don Bestor, recently playing in Montreal, with wife and daughter.
TIME FOR MOONLIGHT
AND DANCING FEET—
AND ALL THE LATEST
GOSSIP ABOUT BANDS

probably know, are the way conduc-
tors style their pieces. This one item
can easily cost a leader $500 a week.
The arrangers for many of the bands
play in the bands. Formerly these ar-
ranger-players got the same salary as
the other tooters. Now the arranger-
players who used to get $100 a week,
receive just double, or $200. It's nice
for the boys who do the scoring but it
makes the music you hear much more
expensive.

And then they're trying to work out
a new copyright bill down in Wash-
ington called the Duffy Bill and the music
men are all against it. At the hearings
Rudy Vallee testified that if the bill
went into effect song writers might as
well give up, pack up, and go over the
hill to the poor house. It would mean,
Rudy said, that anyone could steal
your song without paying you a mini-
um of $250 as in the old bill. In other
words, you as writer of a song would
have very little protection from those
who would want to appropriate your
property, and there would be plenty
such. But the music business is like
that.

If you ever drop in on Dick Himber,
suggest some card tricks and he will
keep you entertained for hours. He's
really better (Continued on page 82)

Below, one of those pretty much re-
sponsible for the popularity of swing
music, Benny Goodman, with young
Helen Ward, his orchestra's soloist.

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box.
Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store.
TO most of us the radio is a toy, no more than a means of securing entertainment and relaxation. To some, those who work in the studios and offices of the broadcasting companies, it is a career and a livelihood. To a few it is a hobby.

To Frank Fay it is the weapon with which he can fight to regain what is a man's most precious possession—his self confidence. The self confidence Frank Fay once had—in some said—too generous a measure, and of which he was robbed in Hollywood.

Listen to him, on Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour, as he rattles on in that hare-brained way of his about his equally hare-brained relatives, or about his "Haters Amalgamated, Inc." or the inconsistencies of some popular song. He doesn't sound like a man who is fighting, fighting with every ounce of will-power and energy at his command, nor does he look like one either—his derby hat tilted on the back of his head, smiling his absent-minded smile, rubbing one blue eye as he lets the hand holding his script fall to his side and proceeds to improvise comic lines until Rudy and the boys don't know where the next cue is coming from.

But he is. He is fighting.

In order to understand what radio means to Frank Fay, you have first of all to go back to the days when he longed to that select fraternity of stars whose names on the marquee of Broadway's Palace Theater meant a week of packed houses. The days when vaudeville was more than a poor relation of the movies, and when to play the Palace was the peak of every vaudevillian's ambition. It's dangerous, of course, and taking in a good deal of territory, to say that Frank was vaudeville's favorite comedian, but certainly he was the favorite comedian of a good husky chunk of vaudeville fans.

Broadway loved Frank, and he loved Broadway; and as
is the way of confirmed Broadwayites, I think he may have come to believe that that narrow, roaring canyon of concrete and steel and electricity represented all there was in the United States.

That’s the way Frank was living in 1928, when he met Barbara Stanwyck, fell in love with her, and married her. She had come, through night clubs and chorus work, to an immense personal success in the stage production of “Burlesque.” She was regarded as a promising actress; more than promising, given the proper plays and direction. But Frank was nothing so dubious as promising; he was an institution.

He was the leader in their relationship, as he was (in those days) in every relationship of his life. He guided Barbara, advised her from the vantage point of his success and long knowledge of Broadway. Loving him as she did, and realizing his superior wisdom in everything connected with show business as they both knew it, she was content to be led.

Then the talkies came along, and Hollywood began to clamor for actors and actresses with stage experience, vaudeville experience, musical experience—any kind of experience that would enable them to stand up in front of a microphone without going weak in the knees and dry in the throat. Frank and Barbara went to Hollywood, and while some people thought Barbara might be a success, everyone took Frank’s success for granted.

(Continued on page 71)

Hollywood denied Frank the success it gave his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. Below, a snapshot taken before their recent separation. Frank’s heard on the Fleischmann Variety Hour—page 53.

**Pond’s—First to Give You**

**“GLARE-PROOF” Powder**

NEW SUNLIGHT SHADES

Flatter You in Glaring Light

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

Now Pond’s softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin... flatters you—with new “Sunlight” powder shades. “Sunlight” shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun... give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark “sun-tan” powders.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond’s Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond’s, Clinton, Conn.


Copyright, 1935, Pond’s Extract Company
On a great carved desk in a sumptuous apartment high over Broadway in New York City there stands a small framed photograph of a little boy about five years old. The desk and the apartment are those of Major Edward Bowes, King of the Airwaves, and the photograph is of Freddie (Little King) Bartholomew. It is inscribed in a waver, childish hand: “For my dear friend Major Bowes from me when I was five. Sincerely Freddie Bartholomew.”

On the opposite side of the continent, on the wall of a small boy’s den in Beverly Hills, California, there hangs another framed picture of a little boy—a little old-fashioned boy in clothes such as youngsters wore a half-century ago.

Flanked with a gorgeous blue and white Yale pennant on one side, and a couple of fancy lariats (“real, not make believe ones,” Freddie informs you) this portrait is inscribed: “To Freddie, whom I am proud to know, from one who was also once a little boy. Edward Bowes.”

Behind those two photographs lies the story of one of radio’s most unusual friendships, one which began more than a year ago and which flourishes across the three thousand miles which have separated the two friends most of the time since first they met, and despite the fifty years or so disparity in their ages.

If you listen to Major Bowes’ Capitol Family on Sunday morning you may have heard, recently, the Major say something which didn’t seem to make sense. It was—apropos of nothing in particular, apparently—“All’s well. Freddie, all’s well!”

Well, they were addressed to a small boy in California who always gets up in time on Sunday mornings (eleven-thirty in New York is only eight-thirty out there) to listen to the Capitol Family while he has his breakfast.

It was Freddie who thought up that way for Major to “telephone” him, now and then. When he and his Aunt Mvllicent Bartholomew said goodbye to Major Bowes before returning to Hollywood early in 1935, he suggested: “Any time, Major, you’d like to say good morning to Cissie and me on Sundays, just say, ‘All’s well, Freddie,’ and we’ll know what you mean!”

Three times the Major has been moved thus to say good morning, to Freddie’s satisfaction. Each time the child, not having a radio station at his command, has wired the return message: “Thank you, Major. All’s well with us, too.”

On Sunday afternoons it’s only five o’clock in Beverly Hills when the Major goes on the air with his Amateur Hour. Sometimes, Freddie and his aunt are far up the mountain trails on horseback, but if the day isn’t fine and they are riding instead in the car, the dial of the radio is always turned to bring the voice of the Major clear across the United States.

It’s another miracle in a world that still seems largely miraculous to Freddie.

It began, this friendship, when Freddie came East in December, 1934, to make personal appearances on the vast stage of the Capitol Theater in New York where “David Copperfield” was first shown.

Major Bowes caught one of these impromptu talks and went backstage afterward to meet the boy who seemed so different from the type of child actor to which the veteran showman was accustomed. He invited Freddie and his aunt to breakfast with him in his apartment on the following Sunday morning.

The day arrived and Freddie and Cissie with it. Over hot cakes and fried ham and scrambled eggs—Freddie’s introduction to the Southern breakfasts for which he instantly developed a passion—the two Bartholomews and the Major and Miss Bessie Mack (Edward Bowes’ secretary and right-hand assistant for seventeen years) became acquainted by leaps and bounds.

After breakfast the visitors inspected the Major’s treasured paintings. He is well known for his collection of oils. Freddie, however, was not then and still is not much of a connoisseur of arts other than his own. Pictures were all very well but he was more interested in a wonderful gadget the Major had—a sort of cross between a powerful flashlight and an electric lantern. You plugged it into a socket like an ordinary lamp on a cord, but then you could carry it around like a search light.

That gadget was the Major’s first gift to Freddie, who carried it home in triumph and for days afterward entertained all his own visitors by doing an imitation of Diogenes looking for an honest man.

Presently, after breakfast, it was time for the Capitol Family broadcast. Would Freddie say a few words to the radio audience, as the Major’s guest? Would he? He was terrified, yet delighted at the idea of a new experience. He had crossed an ocean and made a picture, but he had never uttered one word into a radio microphone.

“Just be yourself,” the Major counseled. “I’ll ask you a question or two.

The inscription on the picture Freddie gave the Major (right) was shaky as to spelling but the sentiment was heartfelt. Opposite page, one of Freddie’s most cherished possessions, the picture the Major gave him in return. Above, a recent pose of the two friends during a broadcast.
AMAZING FRIENDSHIP
THE TOUCHING STORY OF HOW FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW WON HIS WAY INTO THE HEART OF A LONELY STAR WITH NO SONS OF HIS OWN

BY JOSEPHINE LE SUEUR

about ‘David Copperfield’ probably, and you answer me.”

Thus did Freddie begin his radio career, a career soon to become professional and to reach, little more than a year later, the heights of the leading role in “Peter Pan,” broadcast from New York over Columbia’s coast-to-coast network, and a seven-minute appearance on the Rudy Vallee show, and another CBS coast-to-coast Hollywood Hotel broadcast from the motion picture capital in California.

Twice again before the Bartholomews left New York Freddie was heard briefly as the Major’s guest—a second time on the Capitol Family program and once on the Amateur Hour. The boy loved the idea of talking over the air. No wonder he conceived the bright idea of receiving radio messages from the Major, once he was back in Hollywood, by the same fascinating medium.

Sometime during the course of that first Sunday visit to the apartment Freddie asked the Major if he had ever had any children of his own. The Major regretfully answered that he hadn’t and further explained that his actress wife, Margaret Illington, had died nearly a year before.

That conversation led to an incident which I should not credit, I fear, had not Miss Bartholomew told me of it with her own lips, and if it were (Continued on page 85)
WHY KATE SMITH IS

WHY hasn't Kate Smith married?
Young, wealthy, full of the joy of life, why is she single at twenty-six? I'll tell you why.
I'm not going to tell you all this hooey about her career taking up all her energy, how she is devoted to Art and has no time for herself. And I'm not going to tell you that she feels she wasn't meant for marriage, or any of that nonsense.
The real reason Kate Smith hasn't married is because she has made so much money in radio.
I can hear you laughing. Money preventing anyone from getting married, from being happy? Why, if you had Kate's million dollars, you'd be blissful, you'd fulfill your heart's desires. You'd get gorgeous clothes, travel with the 400, meet kings and princes, get any man you wanted.
You could forget the humdrum existence you lead today, the futility of pounding a typewriter for $18 a week, or worrying whether or not you can afford a new summer outfit. You'd forget the never-ending chain of meals to be prepared, the petty ordinary tasks with which your life seems hopelessly bound.

Below, Kate and her manager and friend, Ted Collins; right, bob-sledding with Ted and his family.

BY JOHN EDWARDS

If only you had Kate's million.
Yet, I tell you frankly, that I think Kate Smith, when she comes to a full realization of how that million is dwarfing her life, would gladly dump her fame and fortune into the ocean.
But before I explain how Kate's wealth has proved a boomerang, let me correct a few erroneous myths that have arisen about her.
I know there are a lot of you who think Kate Smith is an unlostered nun, that she never goes out with a man. This is as ridiculous as it is untrue. Why, the very day I saw her she had an appointment to attend a basketball game with a young man.
This myth has arisen because Kate is reserved, except to her most intimate friends. She'd no more dream of adver-

ising her private affairs than she would of doing something mean and insincere. You can take my word for it that she has loads of men friends, important men, too.
Ask Bill Tilden, the tennis champ, what he thinks of Kate. Bill, you know, came back stage about six years ago when she was appearing at the Palace Theater, and introduced himself. He had always admired Kate Smith, both as a woman and a crack sportswoman, and he didn't see any reason for not telling her so.
Every chance he gets he drops in to see her. When he was scheduled to play in a tournament in Kansas City, and he heard Kate was in town, he dropped everything to rush over to the theater and say "Hello." He invited her to attend his match, and reserved a box for her. Was he proud when Kate applauded his playing!
Like two school kids on a holiday, Bill and Kate kid around. They've fixed matters up: the next time he strikes New York, he and Katie are going to have a friendly
AFRAID of LOVE
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—THE REASON A GRAND SPORT
AND A MILLIONAIRESS SAYS NO TO MARRIAGE

tennis match, forgetting all about his being a champion.

Then, too—I know there are thousands of you who honestly believe Kate Smith is not the type to attract men. There, again, you’re all wrong.

If Dame Nature made any girl more of a man’s woman, I’ve yet to meet her. Kate Smith is the man’s delight: an outdoor girl who needs no handicaps in any sport. Eager, full of enthusiasm. A gal who never turns whiney and weak on a man.

How many of you girls would be willing to go up in a plane and learn to fly it, after you had endured the experience of a forced landing? Not many, I warrant. But Kate was.

Awhile ago Kate Smith and Swanee Taylor, the famous aviator, became great friends. So devoted was Swanee to Kate that he offered to take time off and teach her to pilot his single motorized plane.

Kate was thrilled. She’s the kind who’ll take a whack at anything new. To Roosevelt Field they went.

But alas, just as Swanee began to give Kate pointers on plane piloting, he noticed that one of the cylinders had cut out. Kate wasn’t scared a bit, but he was afraid to take a chance flying under diminished power, and made a forced landing.

If it hadn’t been for Ted Collins, Kate’s manager, who insisted that Kate stay on terra firma, that she take no more chances, she’d have gone right up again. To this day she and Swanee feel terrible about it.

In spite of Kate’s modern veneer, she has a very deep domestic streak in her make up. She does all her own cooking, and the cakes she bakes just make your mouth water. If you’ve ever tasted one of her juicy steaks, smothered in onions, you’ll forget all about Mother’s cooking. What man has been born who can resist the appeal of a good cook?

You’re fortunate, indeed if you get an invitation to Miss Katie Smith’s apartment, for you’re in for an evening of good old-fashioned hospitality. You sink into one of the comfortable green and rose chairs...it’s peaceful and friendly. There is no strain, no feeling, “This is company, I must be formal.”

Like as not, Kate will greet you in a Mother Hubbard, and act as if she were the girl next door. You’ll forget entirely you’re in the presence of a radio big shot.

If it’s bridge you want to play, Kate will play bridge. If it’s Russian bank or poker you’re aching for, Kate will take a hand. If you don’t look out, she’ll beat you at all of ’em.

If you just want to sit and talk, you’ll find Kate Smith a swell listener. And a good laugh, too. None of this “Look Who I Am. You’d Better Breathe (Continued on page 60)
It's Big Brother Bing now that he has his very special audience every Thursday night. Read about the help he's giving to a lot of homeless boys stranded and broke in Los Angeles.

BY DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Bing Crosby's Secret

Millions of people hear Bing Crosby on the radio. Many millions more see him on the screen. The world is his audience. Everyone likes him.

But somewhere in this country are a hundred or so boys who will go farther than that. Because they know a special side of Bing Crosby that few are privileged to see. And these boys love him like a brother.

Perhaps one of these kids is from your own home town. Maybe he's a young cousin of yours. But you can depend on one thing, if you know him well enough to ask him: that boy idolizes Bing Crosby.

Not just because he likes the way Bing sings, or because Bing is famous, and rich—or even because he is a great sportsman. But because when the whole world seemed to have forgotten, a swell guy named Bing Crosby did something big for him. Something he can never forget.

No, it wasn't money. Money couldn't buy what Bing gave those young men. You just try to buy the same thing some time.

But the right way to start a story is at the beginning, so let's go back to the time when they were planning the first broadcast of the Kraft Music Hall. Bing, as star and master of ceremonies, naturally had much to do with the structure of the program.

Some one brought up the question of a studio audience. The suggestion didn't go over very big with Bing.

“A radio program is for radio listeners,” he said firmly. “Sure, we could have a few hundred people in the studio... but on the air—” he looked a little embarrassed. “Well, I only know what I read in the papers, but they tell me I have millions of listeners out there. And that's the audience I want to play to, not a few people sitting before me.”

Thus it was that the Kraft Music Hall, an hour-long program and one of radio's most important variety shows, was for weeks the only show of its magnitude to play to an empty studio.

You couldn't have secured a ticket to see Bing Crosby
at the mike for love or money. It wouldn't even have done you any good to tear the top off your garage and send it to the sponsors.

So, there were no autograph hounds to catch Rupert Hughes or Leopold Stokowski or other famous celebrities as they left after being ether-interviewed by Bing. He introduced his distinguished guest stars with a wave of the hand toward empty seats, his contagious grin sweeping the tenantless studio. There were no ripples of applause. Bing was not fooling. The Music Hall was a select, almost secretive performance.

As we've said, you couldn't get in. And you couldn't now. But something finally broke Bing down.

As you sit comfortably at home, slippers on, listening to your favorite programs, do you ever stop to think what radio means to lonely people—boys, for instance, who are away from home?

Bing Crosby thought of that, not long ago. And that's why, these Thursday nights, there is a small audience at his program. It is a sad little audience, in a way—but very, very appreciative. You see, it is composed entirely of boys; lonely boys, away from home. Some of them don't even have any homes.

In beautiful Griffith Park, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, there is a camp which is maintained by the city. For want of a better name—which it hasn't—let's call it a Home for Transient Youth. Here the city gathers youngsters who have "come West, young man" from all over the country—and have run into snags. Some are runaways, others driven by ambition to greener fields. A few are probably bad boys.

Perhaps it is the great picture industry which attracts them, or they may think there is still "gold in them thar hills." Perhaps they merely seek adventure. Whatever the reason for their being there, these road boys must be taken care of.

So the City of Angels regiments and houses them in Griffith Park, gets jobs for some of them, sends them home whenever possible. They are given food, shoes, overalls to wear, a place to sleep.

But the city can do little about the loneliness, the isolation of these boys. They have little or no recreation; there is no money for the normal amusements of youth. They have only radio. Radio has meant a lot to them.

When the new Hollywood NBC Studios opened, some of them wrote expressing their wish to see the building. A couple specified that they would like to witness Bing Crosby's broadcast.

Bing heard about these letters. He inquired about the camp, drove past one day and (Continued on page 89)
HARRIET HILLIARD SAYS

It isn't Romance

NOT THE WAY OZZIE PROPOSED,

OR THE WAY THEY GOT MARRIED,

BUT IT'S LOVE JUST THE SAME

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

I saw Mrs. Ozzie Nelson again just the other day and looking pretty doggone radiant she was, too, in a pair of shiny satin lounging pajamas and a little girl's ribbon around her hair.

"Want to know what I think of Ozzie now?" she asked, laughing.

"Certainly," I said. "Break down and tell me all about the romance."

"Romance! Romance!" And she made a noise in her throat that sounded like "faugh" or "bosh" or something like that. "If you think there was romance just wait 'til you hear how he proposed."

I waited.

"It was last summer. We'd been playing one night stands. We were all so dead tired we couldn't hold our heads up. Ozzie and I were in one car alone. Suddenly Ozzie said, 'I think I have enough money now. How about us getting married?'"

"I said 'Well, how about it?'" And quick, before he could change his mind, I called out to the driver, 'Mr. Nelson and I are going to get (Continued on page 91)
Lucy would win any contest as the networks' busiest singer. She stars three times a week, first on The Hammerstein Music Hall, then Lavender and Old Lace, and last, The Album of Familiar Music.

Iren Pinchot
This arresting portrait of Hollywood Hotel's star and master of ceremonies shows him in costume for "Hearts Divided," his newest film for Warners. In it he is co-starred with Marion Davies for the first time—and it's his first picture with an historical setting.

Warner Brothers

The spotlight of a sponsored radio program once more falls on the glamorous Mrs. George Olson and her band-leading husband. With assorted guest stars, they're making Dr. West's Celebrity Night, 10:30 Saturdays over the NBC red network, a new thrill for all tuner-inners.

Bloom
LIVING IN A TINY ONE-ROOM APARTMENT TAUGHT MARGARET SPEAKS
You know those stories about the lonely girl who comes to the big city with high hopes of success, only to face stern reality and sob herself to sleep every night in her pitiful hall bedroom. I might as well tell you at the outset that this isn't that kind of story.

Oh, it's about a hall bedroom, all right. And a girl who lived in one on practically nothing a week. She was forced into practicing the most stern economies—of which I'll tell you in just a minute—yet she recalls these days as the most pleasant, the most exciting of her life.

How she coped with those early years, how she was able to surmount the so-called drab realities of life in a hall bedroom, is an inspirational message to all girls who "make their way in the city."

And if, right this minute, you and you are struggling for existence and success and a place in the sun, this story is for you. It is a thrilling and beautiful lesson.

Margaret Speaks, whose lovely voice comes to you on the Firestone program, came to New York from Columbus, Ohio, determined to realize her ambition to be a great singer. She had sung ever since she could remember. All the Speaks family are musical, but Margaret's uncle, Oley Speaks, was the only one who had made a profession of it. You know him as the composer of such favorites as "Sylvia" and "The Road to Mandalay." The rest sang and played the piano and could—so some wag remarked—have produced a complete Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera without going outside the family for the cast.

There were eleven Speaks children, but Margaret was the only girl grandchild and the youngest grandchild, too, so she was petted and spoiled, as was quite natural.

She had, all the family said, a magnificent voice, and everything should be done for its cultivation. So she took lessons in Columbus and planned her entrance into New York. At first she stayed with her brother and his wife who were already in New York and then, when she got her first job, in the chorus of a Shubert show, she rented the little room she was to love so much.

It was, actually, a hall bedroom—that curious city phenomenon. It was in Greenwich Village, where most hall bedrooms seem to be. And when Margaret first walked into it, it looked pretty dreary. (Continued on page 93)
I doubt very much if Phil Baker would have told me this story, if he hadn't been blue and lonely, and pretty much disgusted from a bout with the flu. For it is the kind of story no man likes to tell. It's the story of the woman who took Phil in hand when he was a young kid just beginning his career as a comedian, who encouraged and tutored him and started him on the road to stardom. She was the best friend he ever had—and more, though it was too late when he found it out.

It happened almost a quarter of a century ago, and perhaps Aileen Stanley has forgotten all about it. Yes, Aileen Stanley, the vaudeville queen of twenty years ago, famous for her rendition of such homey ballads as The Story Book Ball and Back to The Farm. But personally I don't think Aileen has forgotten, because once a woman has been in love, or even very fond of a man, she can't forget. I know that Phil Baker will never forget... forget her friendship, her unselfish devotion, or forget what might have been.

"It was over twenty years ago that we met," Phil told me, speaking slowly, "I was starting out in my vaudeville career; she had been singing on the stage since she was fourteen, and she was tops. We were both about twenty years old.
"I had been hearing her sing for a few years, and I was mad about her. Of course, I heard her from the audience side of the footlights. She seemed so real, so different from the other vaudeville actresses. You could actually sense the sympathy that was in her.

"When we were booked together on the Fox Circuit, it was she who got top billing. Then, for the first time, I saw her at close range. And she was just the type of girl I had imagined her to be: simple, unaffected, everybody's sister.

"I remember she had on a plain royal blue dress, a silver belt buckle its only ornament. She wore her lovely brown hair braided round her head and tied in a bun at the nape of her neck. On and off the stage she used no make up, ever. She was tall and slim, with deep blue eyes that seemed to be saying, 'Let me be your friend. Perhaps I can help you.'"

Phil smiled for the first time. "If anybody ever needed a friend it was myself. I was a punk kid trying to become a comedian. The type of jokes I used were cheap slapstick. And I knew practically nothing of vaudeville technique."

Aileen Stanley saw that the young, blustering boy was scared, clean through. Without any fuss she became a sort of guardian over him. It was she who coached him in stage delivery. It was she who argued with him for days over the type of gags he should use.

"That cheap comedy that's popular now, Phil," she'd say earnestly, "can't last. You've got to look ahead. Try smart comedy. That will appeal to everyone."

"In the end, she always had her way," Phil told me. "I remember the time she objected to my best laugh getter."

It was the story of the Irish woman, Mrs. Flaherty, who sat drinking a bowl of soup. (Continued on page 96)
ENTER THIS
BIG CASH PRIZE CONTEST

If you're a Jessica Dragonette fan, if you tune in the Cities Service program Friday nights, if you've ever wanted to write lyrics for a song, get a pencil and paper. For here's your chance to win money and fame. On the opposite page is the original music of the theme song played every Friday night to introduce Jessica to her listening audience. No words have ever been written for this music.

Your job is to write the words for this simple, beautiful melody. You don't have to be a poet or a professional song writer. All you need is a feeling for the music and an appreciation of Jessica's voice. And the lyrics which win first prize—$100.00—will, in addition, be sung by Jessica over an NBC network.

The judges will be Rosario Bourdon, pictured below, orchestra leader on the Cities Service program and the composer of this music; Miss Dragonette; and the editor of Radio Mirror.

First Prize ............................................. $100.00
Second Prize ........................................... 50.00
Two Prizes, Each $10.00 .............................. 20.00
Six Prizes, Each $5.00 ................................. 30.00
Twenty-Five Prizes, Each $2.00 ..................... 50.00
TOTAL, 35 PRIZES ..................................... $250.00

So get busy. Here's an easy way to win the money for your summer vacation. Next month, in the July issue, the music will be published again, for the benefit of your friends who decide to enter this exciting contest.

And here's a tip on how to go about winning: get a group of friends over to hear Jessica's program, listen to the music when the orchestra plays it, and after the broadcast sit down and see who can compose the best lyrics. It will probably help if you, or a friend, will play this music on the piano, to see how it goes and to give you a better idea of how the words should fit the notes.

Now—you're on your own. Don't waste time. Mail your entries to Theme Song Contest Editor, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. The closing date is July 10, 1936.

THE RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Cities Service, The National Broadcasting Company and Radio Mirror.

2. To compete, write a set of lyrics—not over four verses in all—to fit the music of Miss Dragonette's Theme Song reproduced herewith.

3. Do NOT CLIP the music from the magazine. Write your words under the printed melody if you wish to be sure that the syllables fit the score, but copy them on a plain sheet of paper to submit to the contest judges. If you wish to copy the music also you may do so, but it is not required and will not increase the rating of your entry.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of literary merit, singability and suitability for Miss Dragonette's use over the air.

5. On this basis and in the order of their excellence, entries will be given the following awards: First Prize, $100.00; Second Prize, $50.00; Two Prizes, Each $10.00; Six Prizes, Each $5.00, and Twenty-Five Prizes, Each $2.00. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No entries will be returned.

6. The judges will be Miss Dragonette, Composer Rosario Bourdon and the Editor of Radio Mirror. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, July 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

8. Submit all entries by First Class Mail, addressing THEME SONG CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
JESSICA DRAGONETTE WANTS YOU TO WRITE THE LYRICS FOR HER THEME SONG—GET BUSY AND SHARE IN THE $250.00 PRIZE MONEY
P H I L L I P S  L O R D is not a mild and wise old man, as his Seth Parker and his well-remembered Country Doctor might have led you to believe. Nor is he a case-hardened thrill hunter, as his stirring Gang Busters on Columbia would indicate.

So, if you've been thinking of him as either of these—as bewhiskered or iron-jawed, gently philosophic or cruelly realistic—forget it at once and meet Phil Lord, the debonair, the handsome—Phil Lord, the incredibly smooth.

He is really a salesman, this guy. A super-salesman who can go the famous lad who sold the snowball to the Eskimo one better by selling the same Eskimo an ice box to keep his snowball in.

Nor is that a brash statement. Starting with his marriage more than ten years ago to his childhood sweetheart, Phil's life has been an impetuous, mad sales campaign. A gay—and sometimes tragic—assault on the other fellow's sales resistance.

In 1923, Phil was a junior at Bowdoin College in Maine. It was spring, and though the first blades of grass were showing their fresh green and the first flowers were peeking out upon an awakening world, he was displaying no corresponding light-heartedness. The girl whom he had found he loved just a year before, was attending school in Arizona. That was all right. The sad part was that she didn't intend to return. She had found a job teaching school there and was engaged to a handsome and wealthy young Westerner.

The grass hadn't grown much greener before Phil stopped worrying and did three things: He got an irregular leave of absence from school; he bought a second hand car for thirty-five dollars; he kept it together all the way to Arizona with a monkey wrench, a pair of pliers, and a well-rounded vocabulary.

Once there, he set about fixing the car so it could make the return trip and selling his first big bill of goods.

The saints only know how he did it. Maybe he told Sam (her name is Sophia, so he calls her Sam), maybe he told her that the heathen children of New England needed the light of civilization and that only she could properly carry it to them. Maybe he convinced her with the indisputable argument that her sweet beauty was being wasted upon the desert air. Maybe, on the other hand, he simply told her he loved her. Whatever his argument was, when the car was ready to start back, so was she.

The future Mrs. Lord came East that Summer to a position as teacher in the Plainville, Connecticut, high school. After a year of long distance courting, Phil made his second sale.

One week before his own (Continued on page 75)

Below, Phil on the deck of the ship in which he attempted his ill-starred trip around the world; next, the wife he got a job teaching school in order to woo.

Left, as he appeared in "Way Back Home;" below, at work on a script in his office.
PHILLIPS LORD WON FAME AND A WIFE BY STROKES OF DARING SALESMANSHIP YOU'D NEVER EXPECT FROM GENTLE SETH PARKER

BY BILL STUART
LEARN HOMEMAKING
FROM THE STARS

Born in a trunk”—how often have you heard that phrase applied to children of nomadic theatrical parents? But radio has outmoded the old saw; stars of the entertainment world now may rear their young not on trains, in hotels, but in the lovely atmosphere of that great American institution—the home.

And radio stars, quick in their appreciation of the blessing of permanency, have become home conscious. As a class, their homes rival in comfort, coziness, luxury and the thousand and one little niceties that go toward a plentiful life, those of any other group of persons.

Let's visit a few of your favorites, talk to them by their own firesides. Let us go, for a start, to the wooded hills of Larchmont, just outside New York City, and be guests for an hour of silver-voiced Phil Duey, his charming young wife, and their two children.

Here is a beautiful Norman English home; here beauty and comfort go hand in hand. Architect and decorator have worked in perfect accord. The woods, upholstery, carpets and, indeed, all the furnishings harmonize delightfully and with such simplicity that you can follow their rules in your own homemaking. The lovely natural waxed oak paneling of the fireplace (a huge one, too, as you can see in the accompanying illustration), the bookshelves which provide so decorative a note, and the walls. Soft browns, beiges, rust, dull forest greens, and a copper colored living room carpet blend gorgeously with the smoky oak.

If you're one of those frustrated home-makers who have always yearned in vain for the gracious distinction of wainscoted paneling which contributes so much of the charm of the Duey home, consult your decorator before repainting or repapering your living room. It is quite possible and feasible to achieve the same effect with composition wall-board put out by reputable firms in either shel-

Right, up two steps and we're in the formal Sheraton dining room. The wall paper design is an old English hunting scene.

Here's the beautiful and comfortable home of radio's Phil Duey. Note the simple line of its English construction. Left, Mr. and Mrs. Duey enjoy leisure moments in the big living room, its outstanding feature being the wide, curtainless, latticed windows which overlook the fine gardens and frame the picturesque landscape.
lacked waved or natural finish imitation pine, walnut, oak or ash, and of course the cost will be so much less as to make the improvement possible for even the most modest budget. You will find the cupboards and book-cases every bit as satisfying as those done in the genuine woods too. Of course you will want to choose the type of grain which will harmonize best with your furniture.

"I think it's the greatest luck for mothers," Mrs. Duey exclaimed, "that oak furniture is in use again. Jimmy and Barbara can scuff it to their hearts' content—and it wears like iron."

Thus speaks cold practicality in a setting of warm beauty.

As we've become increasingly sun-conscious, we've become correspondingly window-conscious. Mrs. Duey wisely leaves uncurtained all year 'round the wide latticed panes in her big living room so that they frame the changing landscape and gardens through the seasons. You'd be amazed how this trick contributes to the wall decoration of living and dining room. Try it, if you have a vista suitable to such treatment.

There are only two thoroughly modern rooms in the entire Duey house. The master bedroom, and of course, the spacious kitchen. Since the southern exposed bedroom receives plenty of light its walls are tinted water green, calculated to soothe the nerves of even a hard working radio star. And if your bedroom is crowded with furniture, try Mrs. Duey's prescription for a restful chamber.

"I believe bedrooms should always have spacious surfaces," she says. "Overcrowding with furni-
ture is definitely a bar to relaxation in the truest sense."

If you go in for "gadgets"—and what home enthusiast does not?—peek into the bathroom. You’ve had the annoyance of splashed, water-splattered walls and bathmats, of course. Now look at the accompanying picture of the Duey bath. See that sliding glass panel so cleverly installed and saving the added space of a stall shower? There is that problem solved! And Phil assures me it can be installed at a cost ever so slight, considering its extreme usefulness. Not over $25.00 or $35.00.

Now—you may not be as fortunate as the Dueys in having a handy artist friend who did their "Treasure Island" wall scenes for the basement recreation room, but don’t let that worry you. You can certainly build a bar as Phil did, utilizing shelving and a few planks. And an old pipe serves perfectly for the time-honored bar rail. Just find an unused corner set back a ways from the other walls. Phil has carried out the English motif of the rest of the house with oak reproductions of English tavern chairs, benches, and tables. And, if you are handy with a saw, make your own round tables. In time, the natural wood colors to a deep oak.

The cost of these soon is saved by the wear and tear your poor living room escapes when you have those congenial little parties. And, in the absence of the artist friend, you can have fetching and original wall decorations by using as many magazine covers as you want. There’s a trick to this and it takes patience if you’ve never tried it before, but the effect you get when you’re finished is well worth all the fussing and fuming at the beginning.

First, don’t do anything to your basement walls. You work right on the plain cement, rough and unpainted. Select the magazine covers you like the best, cut and trim them and take them downstairs. With paste which will stick to cement and some thin lacquer, you’re all set to start operations. Paste up a cover where you think it will be the most effective (it might be a good plan to lay out in pencil lines where all the covers are going to go before you paste any up) then with a brush lacquer the cover.

All sorts of effects can be obtained this way, once the lacquer has dried, and if something goes wrong, it’s simple enough to start all over again, provided your supply of magazines doesn’t give out. In the end, you can invite your friends over and sit quietly by while they praise your ingenuity.

This, incidentally, is going to be the most fun: having your friends in to inspect the finished job, room by room, and then see them rush off to try it for themselves. And with summer coming on very shortly, you’re likely to have a lot of time on your hands that can be spent best in working on some particular room you’ve never felt quite satisfied with before.

That shower bath arrangement I mentioned earlier, for instance. Imagine the effect on a group of visitors the first time they see your bath with a glass paneling! Ask them to guess how much it cost and then surprise them with the real price.

I know, by studying the homes of your favorite radio stars, you will get hundreds of ideas for improving your own home and best of all, you’ll find there are ever so many things you can achieve without the expenditure of one penny! Since I visited the Dueys, I’ve been simply played out rearranging furniture!

But it’s fascinating—and lots of fun!
Eddie Dowling and his wife, Ray Dooley, are the comedy stars of the Elgin Revue, Tuesdays on NBC. Long favorites on Broadway, this is their first try at radio. Eddie was a Ziegfeld star, lately has been his own producer. Ray is Scotch, often stars in Eddie's shows. Alexander Gray (right) returns to the air in CBS' new Thursday night half-hour. He created the lead in "The Desert Song," is married, lives in the country. Howard Price (left) got his job as soloist with the A & P Gypsies when leader Harry Horlick heard him on a small New York station. He is 26, married, likes riding horseback. Below, Betty Lou Gerson, leading lady in the First Nighter plays. She's a Southern girl, likes housework, broadcasts out in Hollywood these days.
Ethel (right) began her stage career when she was 15, likes to swim, play golf, and watch polo games, has smiling brown eyes.

Peggy's a native New Yorker, born just around the corner from the CBS building.
Bill Johnstone (left) was born in Scotland, started life as a newspaper reporter, is unmarried, and owns an 85-acre farm.

Elizabeth Day (center) was born in St. Paul, Minn., is a graduate of the University of Oregon, has reddish hair.

John Kane made his stage debut in a cradle when he was two, has played in both vaudeville and movies.

FIVE STAR JONES

John Kane and Elizabeth Day are that news-getting Tom Jones and his wife, Sally, in this CBS serial. The other leads are Bill Johnstone, as the hard-boiled city editor of the "Register," and Effie Palmer, one of CBS' busiest actresses, as kind and wise Ma Moran.

Effie Palmer's a radio pioneer—made her debut in 1922. She is in "Just Plain Bill," too.
THE creator of the Goldbergs is leading a double life!

For a few hours out of every week Gertrude Berg discards the personality which those who see her in the broadcasting studios and in her magnificent duplex apartment know. For a few hours out of every week, in fact, there is no Gertrude Berg.

And yet the most amazing part of her double life is that for the few hours in which there is no Gertrude Berg comes the inspiration for the beloved Goldberg characters.

I saw the transformation take place, one spring morning when Mrs. Berg took me with her into New York's Ghetto, Manhattan's lower East Side, home of thousands of

For the Goldbergs, sponsored by Colgate - Palmolive Peet, see page 52

Below, Mrs. Berg talks and bargains with the shoppers and push-cart men on Orchard Street.

This old vegetable woman (above) made Mrs. Berg a present of an extra carrot when the radio star wished her good health after making all of her purchases.
Jewish immigrants. More than that, I learned what these few stolen hours mean to her.

We went on a Friday, because Friday is the big shopping day for the district, and everyone was sure to be out on the street. It was a fine, sunny morning. Pushcarts lined the sidewalks on both sides of narrow Orchard Street, all its brief length. It was very noisy, with the sound of the pushcart people shouting their wares and arguing with customers—a continuous babble in a language strange to me.

We walked down the street, stopping here and there to look at the things offered for sale. Our taxi driver, a fat, good-natured Irishman, tagged along a few steps behind us, having left his cab parked on an adjacent street. Mrs. Berg had already won his heart by asking him to follow us and be ready to carry parcels.

Already I was seeing some of the change which comes over Mrs. Berg on these expeditions into the Ghetto. Ordinarily, she wears her hair in loose, natural waves about her face, uses a little make-up, and dresses very smartly. This morning she had on a black fur coat, good looking but serviceable, and a little hat, under which her hair was combed back so tightly that little of it showed—and no make-up. She was the picture of a reasonably prosperous housewife, doing her marketing on the East Side in the hope of picking up some bargains.

Mrs. Berg saw a little old woman, almost toothless, wearing a gray sweater and with a gray handkerchief knotted over her head. Picking her way through the tiny spaces between pushcarts, she might have stepped out of a Russian novel.

"I want to talk to her," Mrs. Berg whispered to me, and laid her hand on the old woman's arm.

I couldn't understand what was said, for it was all in Yiddish. I could only watch. The old woman was doing most of the talking. She chattered on as if Mrs. Berg were an old friend she hadn't seen for years. For her part, the famous radio star was all housewifely sympathy. Her head wagged in that characteristic Jewish fashion which can express everything from pleasure to pity; she shrugged; made little commiserating interjections.

Suddenly the old woman had my coat by the lapel and was looking up into my face, talking to me too. I smiled and nodded, trying to look as if I understood and not being very successful, until Mrs. Berg saw my embarrassment and said goodbye for both of us.

"She was telling you all about her children," she said as we went on. "She has five of them, all grown up and moved away, and now she lives here alone."

"Did you know her?" I asked.

"Oh, no. When I spoke to her first I pretended I did. I asked if I hadn't seen her somewhere before, and she said, 'No, you must have seen my daughter.' That's what got her started telling us about her family."

As we went on I marveled more and more at the instant confidence Mrs. Berg established with perfect strangers, people she'd never seen before. At one of the carts we bought a big sack of vegetables, after a good deal of rather close bargaining—for business is business, always, and one does not sell a pound of potatoes for less than it should bring. The old vegetable woman's gnarled hands hovered over her wares, pointing, selecting, guarding. But when the bargain was concluded and the vegetables put into a wrinkled paper sack, Mrs. Berg smiled and said in Yiddish, "Zie gesundt," which means "Good health to you"—and the vegetable woman suddenly, almost furtively, tucked an extra carrot into the bag, with a quick murmured word of thanks.

Then there was the bearded old man who sat on the steps of a tenement selling bright-colored shopping bags—a very old man, and not very clean. Still speaking Yiddish, Mrs. Berg asked him (Continued on page 78)
THE creator of the Goldbergs is leading a double life! For a few hours out of every week Gertrude Berg discards the personality which those who see her in the broadcasting studios and in her magnificent duplex apartment know. For a few hours out of every week, in fact, there is no Gertrude Berg. And yet the most amazing part of her double life is that for the few hours in which there is no Gertrude Berg comes the inspiration for the beloved Goldberg character.

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By DAN WHEELER

GERTRUDE BERG LEADS AN UNKNOW DOUBLE LIFE TO FIND INSPIRATION FOR CREATING THIS BELIEVED RADIO FAMILY

For the Goldbergs, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive

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This old vegetable woman (above) made Mrs. Berg presen of an extra carrot when the radio star wished her good health after making all of her purchases.

Right, Mrs. Berg at the pushcart—first, lying on tenement steps with an old shopping bag pusher who sold her a handkerchief, then, taking on tenement steps with an old shopping bag pusher who sold her a handkerchief.
MICROPHONE MASQUERADE

By RICHARD WORMSER

JIMMY WHITE put on Hal McCabe's snappy Broadway fedora. He shrugged into Hal McCabe's tight waisted coat. He knew now how a condemned man must feel when he gets a twenty-four hour stay. At least he was going into the open air once more; was going to go with only Utsy and perhaps one other of Maxey's men along. There might always be an accident; he might break away.

Jake joined him, and they went down the corridor. Utsy walking a step or so behind. Into the elevator now. Jimmy saw himself in the mirror; he did look like McCabe, the shadow under his eyes made him look older and strangely debauched. He started humming.

Utsy reached over, and silently, as he did everything, he jerked the brim of Jimmy's hat down over Jimmy's eyes. Then they were in the garish lobby walking, walking; the three of them in step. Out of the lobby: there'd been no chance to yell so far. For that matter, no one in the lobby looked as though he'd listen; the patrons of Maxey Corvallis's hostelry were not police-minded.

There was a sedan waiting in front of the door, and a driver who looked like a younger and somewhat brighter edition of Utsy. He reached out and opened the front door; Jimmy started to get in. Utsy took his arm and pulled him back, and nodded at Jake; Jake Loeb got in the front seat. Jimmy and Utsy used the back. The car went west.

It didn't turn north until it was well over to the river, in the dark and deserted streets of the slaughterhouse district. There were few cops here; once they passed a cruiser car. Another time they were held up by a freight train turning off into the yards; but Utsy's gun was pushing Jimmy's ribs. There was no chance to run, nor any place to run to if the gun hadn't been there.

The car went on again, up Eleventh Avenue. Past the gas houses Eleventh began to be more thickly populated; finally it changed its name to West End Avenue and became more respectable. The car kept on moving.

It stopped on a quiet, darkened block far up town. Jake opened his door, and got out. Jimmy started to go with him; but Utsy pulled him back.

The driver said: "Want I should go in, Utsy?"

"Yeah, Moe," Utsy said. Moe got out of the car and followed Jake Loeb.

Utsy leaned back in the shadows and said nothing. All of a sudden, Jimmy began to laugh; hysterically, wildly.

"What's funny?" Utsy growled.

"Jake told Maxey," Jimmy laughed, "I needed a little outing to relax. So he sends me out to sit in a car with the windows closed, and so nothing."

Utsy grunted. He did not seem to be amused.

The moments went by. Once a couple, girl and boy, went by, tapping their heels in rhythm, humming to themselves. They were poignantly like Jimmy and Madge, as they had been ten days before, before that horrible moment when Jimmy had projected himself into Maxey the Greek's life.

There was no chance to make a break for it. If he had thought there would be, he was crazy. As Jake Loeb said, Maxey thought of everything.

Jimmy looked at the building down the block into which
Jake and the driver had disappeared. In that building something very important to Jimmy White was happening; if Jake tested Hal McCabe's voice and found that the operation had ruined it, Jimmy would be allowed to live; to live as Hal McCabe, to be sure, but at any rate to live. Life was very sweet, very precious.

On the other hand, if Jake found that McCabe was ready to sing again. Jimmy's death warrant was sealed. And for all his friendliness, all his personal fear, Jake Loeb would tell the truth; he was too much afraid of Maxey Corvallis to lie.

Jimmy wondered what was wrong with McCabe's throat; it was one of those ailments that come from too much drinking and smoking; a quinsy sore throat probably. A knife could slip a fraction of an inch working around the delicate larynx cords, and a man would never sing again. Jimmy didn't wish Hal McCabe any hard luck, but—

Finally, the shadowy door down the street opened, and a man appeared. It was Hal McCabe. He was wearing Jimmy White's suit; he had taken it, at Maxey's advice, so the nurses at the hospital couldn't get suspicious; of course, the great McCabe's clothes were made by the best Broadway tailors, and had McCabe's name sewed in them. Jake Loeb was with him. McCabe stopped to light a cigarette, and Jake came on towards the car. Light from a street lamp caught his fat face, and Jimmy knew from its lugubrious expression that he was sunk; Hal's voice was all right.

And the cigarette would indicate that Hal was completely recovered, would not have to rest his throat for a while. Jimmy wondered if they would bother to take him back to the hotel; he was no longer (Continued on page 80)

JIMMY ELUDES DEATH AND FINDS MADGE IN THE THRILLING CLIMAX

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

OF THIS EXCITING RADIO SERIAL
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JIMMY ELUDES DEATH AND FINDS

ADAMS IN THE THRILLING CLIMAX

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

OF THIS EXCITING RADIO SERIAL

Hal McCabe dropped his cigarette and turned; then he was foling, slowly, slowly, above him, the driver was shining into the darkness.
I KNOW Believe-it-or-Not Ripley didn’t like the idea of divulging this story to me, for it concerns the one time in his life when he has been afraid, while experiencing one of his adventures.

Ripley, you know, carries no weapons with him when he goes exploring for strange sights and people, and he laughingly says that most of the wild animals at whose mention we quake are no wilder than cows.

Never, when he was standing in the shaking minaret of Persia, which threatened to fall at any minute burying him beneath the debris; or when he was lost in the snake temple; or when he was held up by a wild desert band, did he know fear.

It was only when he was lost underneath the Sahara Desert that he was mortally afraid.

"Yes," he said, "underneath the desert, not on it." Remember that, Ripley, I think, is the only man ever to have been lost underneath a desert.

It happened in Africa, only last year.

"Originally," Ripley told me, "I had started out to investigate some of the wonders of Tibet. When I got to the Tibetan border, I was refused a pass. It seems there had been some trouble with the natives and a few English soldiers had been killed. The English government refused to allow anyone to cross the border.

BOB RIPLEY NEVER REALLY KNEW FEAR UNTIL THE DAY HE WAS LOST BENEATH THE SAHARA DESERT

Bob standing at the mouth of the cave leading to the fabled River Lethe, where he nearly lost his life. Bob spins his stories on the Bakers Broadcast—see page 52.

Had I disobeyed, I would have been shot instantly.

"So I changed my course, and decided to go to see the Garden of Hesperides. Later, I was to curse myself good and proper for making this decision. For because of it, I was to face Death.

"The Garden of Hesperides, you may remember, is the one garden in the world in bloom on a desert, and it is renowned for its golden apples. It was the tenth labor of Hercules to bring the golden apples from the Garden of Hesperides. When I got there, I discovered Hercules’ golden apples were nothing more nor less than oranges! But that is going ahead of the story.

"We started out from Bengazi, a fairly large city on the coast of Africa, and went, on camels, through Cyrenaica, the country in the North Arabian desert in which the Garden of Hesperides is located.

"As the desert is very hot, we started early in the morning, about five o’clock. We could only push ahead slowly, for travel by camel is not the fastest means of locomotion. Our troupe consisted of two Arabian guides and a young lad, half Arabian, half (Continued on page 84)
Miss Rose Winslow, of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport, dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her début in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly — all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at mealtime."

Traffic — irregular meals — the responsibilities of running a home — no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion — normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness — with meals — between meals — whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves — never tire your taste — and definitely aid digestion.

Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's costlier tobaccos. Among them are:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, H., Boston
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake, smoke Camels
PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

If you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will soon be ready to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N.Y.
Here's Emile's idea of how Jane Pickens should wear her hair. Jane is singing on the Texaco show—Pg. 52.

Above, Vivienne Segal in her new coiffure, created by Emile to emphasize the fine shape of her face.

GIVE YOUR FACE A BREAK

WE'VE all heard the sad story of the poor little rich girl who had everything money could buy—everything except affection and companionship and the things that really count for happiness. Well, I wonder just how many of us are the none-too-proud owners of poor little rich faces—faces that are covered with the finest cosmetics money can buy, faces that have everything except loving care and that attention to line and style that really counts for beauty?

How long has it been since you've sat down before your dressing-table and really looked at your chin and neckline, looked at it in something besides the most flattering pose and the very best light? How long has it been since you've given your hair critical consideration at any time except when you had just come from the beauty parlor and wanted to see how nice it was when it was all "done up"?

It's tragic, but it's true, that we often face other people when our hair hasn't just been set and our face doesn't boast its freshest make-up. Oh, it's fun to sit in front of the mirror and admire ourselves when we know we are well-groomed and looking our very best, but it's so much wiser to devote that time and careful scrutiny to the moments when we look our worst. Remember, a chain is no stronger than its weakest link and our reputation for beauty is no stronger than our poorest appearance in public will allow it to be.

So—this month, we're going to concentrate on some of those fundamentals underlying beauty and good grooming. Such things as the condition of our hair, the way it frames our faces for better or for worse, and the clean-cut facial contours which even the most poorly-endowed by nature can possess, if they are willing to go to work with a will. All these are the background on which we paint (with great subtlety, of course!) with our rouge and powder and eye make-up.

We'll talk about hair first, since that is one important feature which nature permits us to arrange just about as we would like to have it, and which responds so satisfactorily to kind treatment, like proper shampoos and frequent brushing. This month, I went to one of the foremost authorities on hairdress in America, Emile of Rockefeller Center, who does the coiffures of many radio favorites, for expert advice on coiffures. He's very emphatic about that first step to having a beautiful coiffure—making the material itself beautiful. When we choose a pattern for a dress, we are always careful to choose a suitable material and one that is lovely in itself. As far as hair is concerned, our choice is somewhat limited, but we can make—shall we say?—cotton or rayon hair look like the very finest velvet or satin, if we give it proper care and half a chance to show its real sheen and life.

Then comes that important second step, which Emile calls "choosing the right shape of frame for the picture." As he says, "Some pictures must have an oval frame, some, a round one. It might be a large frame, or it might be small. A picture will look vastly different in the proper frame, and the same is true of faces. Some faces look better with hardly any frame, while others look better if certain parts are covered by the hair or shadowed by it."

"Years ago, the beauty of hair was judged by its color, length and thickness. When bobbed hair became stylish about fifteen years ago, neither the public nor the hairdressers themselves realized what (Continued on page 102)
THURSDAY

All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. NBC: Prest-Radio News.
10:15 NBC: Blue: Edward MacHugh.
10:45 NBC: Blue: The Mystery Child.
11:00 NBC: Blue: David Harum.
11:30 NBC: Red: Romeo and Juliet.
11:45 NBC: Blue: Mary Lake.
12:00 NBC: Red: Helen Trent.
12:15 NBC: Blue: Westend Hall.
12:30 NBC: Blue: Just Plain Bill.
12:45 NBC: Blue: U. S. Navy Bond.
1:00 NBC: Blue: Fountain of Song.
1:30 Noon NBC: Blue: Voice of Experience.
1:45 NBC: Blue: Simpson Days.
2:00 NBC: P.M. NBC: Blue: Heinyboy and Sassafras.
2:15 NBC: Academy of Medicine.
2:30 NBC: Blue: The Quakers.
2:45 NBC: Red: The Young.
3:00 NBC: Blue: Jimmie Farrel.
3:15 NBC: Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30 NBC: Blue: Do You Remember.
3:45 NBC: Red: Rosamond Winters.
4:00 NBC: Red: The O'Neill.
4:30 NBC: Blue: Blues and Bobbin.
4:45 NBC: Blue: Woman's Radio Review.
5:00 NBC: Blue: Howells and Wright.
5:15 NBC: Red: Jack Armstrong.
5:30 NBC: Blue: Townsend and Andy.
5:45 NBC: Blue: This City Forgets.
6:00 NBC: Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

SIX P.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.
6:00 WOR: Voices by Verrals.
6:30 NBC: Red: News of Youth.
7:00 NBC: Red: John B. Kennedy.
7:15 NBC: Blue: Lowell Thomas.
7:30 NBC: Blue: Myrt and Marge.
7:45 NBC: Red: Coast Guard.
8:00 NBC: Red: Amos 'n Andy.
8:15 NBC: Blue: Krueger Musical Treat.
8:30 NBC: Blue: Kate Smith.
8:45 NBC: Blue: Lum and Abner.
9:00 NBC: Red: Du Quoin.
9:30 NBC: Blue: Little Orphan Mary's My Hobby.
9:45 NBC: Blue: Chrysler Airshow.
10:00 NBC: Red: Symphony Pops.
10:15 NBC: Blue: Fielding Hour.
10:30 NBC: Red: Camel Caravan.
10:45 NBC: Blue: America's Town Meeting.
11:00 NBC: Blue: Alton Half Hour.
11:15 NBC: Red: Kraft Music Hall.

FRIDAY

All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. NBC: Blue: Bill and Glinsky.
10:15 NBC: Blue: Edward MacHugh.
10:30 NBC: Blue: Home Sweet Home.
10:45 NBC: Blue: The Mystery Child.
11:00 NBC: Blue: David Harum.
11:15 NBC: Blue: Rosamond Winters.
11:30 NBC: Blue: Romeo and Juliet.
11:45 NBC: Blue: Helen Lake.
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8:00 NBC: Red: Amos 'n Andy.
8:15 NBC: Blue: Krueger Musical Treat.
8:30 NBC: Blue: Kate Smith.
8:45 NBC: Blue: Lum and Abner.
9:00 NBC: Red: Du Quoin.
9:30 NBC: Blue: Little Orphan Mary's My Hobby.
9:45 NBC: Blue: Chrysler Airshow.
10:00 NBC: Red: Symphony Pops.
10:15 NBC: Blue: Fielding Hour.
10:30 NBC: Red: Camel Caravan.
10:45 NBC: Blue: America's Town Meeting.
11:00 NBC: Blue: Alton Half Hour.
11:15 NBC: Red: Kraft Music Hall.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE ORACLE MAKES A SPECIAL PLEA THIS MONTH FOR HELP IN FINDING THE CORRECT ANSWERS

Raymond Paige, Hollywood Hotel's musical director, relaxes for a minute after a strenuous rehearsal.

plays the bass viol in Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. For tickets to the broadcast and a picture of the band, write to your Ford dealer. I bet you get them quicker than I would!

H. M., Central City, Colorado—Milton Charles was born May 8, 1904. Write to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York, for his picture. For Barry McKinley and Gladys Swarthout, address your requests in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

M. M. F., Braddock, Pa.—The Freshmen heard with Ray Noble's orchestra are not part of his band, but are a separate trio. The orchestra's pianist is Claude Thornhill. Now, for Al Bowlly. Was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. As a young Johannesburg barber, he became known as the "Singing Barber." Later Al went to England to join Fred Elizalde's band at London's Savoy Hotel. Then he met Ray Noble and has been with him ever since. That was seven years ago.

Elizabeth R., Watertown, Mass.—John Barclay is six feet, five inches tall, dark brown hair, brown eyes, light olive complexion and weighs 165 pounds. He is married to Dagmar Rybner, pianist, and they have a young daughter. Francia White is single.

Miss J. W. T., Rye, New York—Yes, Conrad Thibault is a member of the Westchester Country Club of Rye, New York.

Sam K., Chicago, Ill.—The Message of Israel programs when picked up by Chicago may be heard there through station WENR.

Ruth H., Dubuque, Iowa—Here's the cast of Mary Martin: Mary Martin, played by Joan Blaine; Joe Martin played by Robert E. Griffin; David Post, played by Carlton Davenport; Michael Dorne, played by Francis X. Bushman; Henriette played by Betty Lou Gerson; Marge Adams, played by Isabel Randolph; and Eve Underwood, played by June Meredith.

Pauline P., Los Angeles, Calif.—No, it's not Anne Seymour who plays Sally Gibbons, but Anne Davenport.

Clara G., Cambridge, Ohio—I'd suggest you write to station WLW for that information, Clara. This program is not a network program.

Miss E. D., Cincinnati, Ohio—I think you mean Johnny Green and not Harry, don't you? He's on the Jello program with Jack Benny. Address a letter to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, where he has an office.

W. E. F., Plattsburg, New York—Jan Garber is not broadcasting at the present time. He's on a vaudeville tour. Address him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, Chicago, Ill. (Continued on page 86)
LINES SAY "over 30!"

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth... You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty...but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the under tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres under your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once they fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More... You put this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin... Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go... And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm underneath—smooth, line-free outside, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off!... Now put in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 13, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
Introducing at the left, the four members who make up radio's newest family. First there's Peggy, then Mr. Young, Pepper and—last—Mrs. Young. These parts are played by Betty Wragge, veteran Jack Roseleigh, well known Curtis Arnall and Marion Barney. Tune in 3:00 o'clock weekdays to an NBC network for Elaine Sterne Carrington's show.

Right, you can see now why Peggy seems so attractive when you hear her on the air. Betty Wragge's responsible. Below, Jack Roseleigh's had more than enough experience to make the father come to life.

Above, Marion Barney fits to a T the part of the lovable parent, Mrs. Young, who scolds but doesn't mean it. And, below, is Curtis Arnall who became famous when he played Buck Rogers, as the hard to handle young Pepper.
A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories... hopes... the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today
LOVE and a career—
you don't mix. You
realize, perhaps,
how many great stars have learned that lesson. Rich and
famous now, they still hold in their hearts, regrettably, the
memories of what might have been had they chosen differen
tly. And there are others, unknown, obscure workers in
office and factory, who know that they too had the ability
to become famous, if they hadn't taken the other road and
shouldered the responsibilities of marriage.

But as with all rules, there has to be an occasional excep
tion, and Jan Peerce is one. His rich tenor voice is a high-
light of Rubin's Chevrolet program and of the Radio City
Music Hall of the Air; he's one of radio's most successful
singers—yet if he hadn't scrapped all his hopes for the career
he wanted in order to marry the girl he loved, he might to
day still be a violinist in a Broadway dance band.

Sounds crazy, almost impos
dible, doesn't it? Wait until
you hear the whole story.

Jan had played the violin
ever since he was a child in
Manhattan's East Side tenant
district. Like the boy in Fannie Hurst's famous
story "Humoresque," he
showed a great natural musi
cal ability before he was old
even to read; like the parents in that same story, his
father and mother sacrificed
and saved to provide money
for his violin lessons. But un
like the boy in the story, Jan
knew in his heart he would
never be a great violinist.
Somehow, the feeling of sym
pathy between himself and
his instrument just wasn't
there, and without that, he
was musician enough to real
ize, his violin could never be
more to him than a way to
earn a living.

As he grew up, he did be
come an acceptable perfor
mer. He played in dance or
chestras and in theater pits. He
was able to help his par
ents and the other members
of the family. But it was all
routine work, this sawing away
in an orchestra, almost
distasteful to him as keep
ing books or waiting on cus
tomers in a store would have
been.

What he wanted to do was
sing! The few occasions
when band leaders allowed
him to sing the chorus of some number were the happiest
minutes in his life—and yet even in them, there was some
thing lacking. He'd go to the opera, and listening to the
tenor pouring out the melodies of "La Boheme" or "Tra
viata," he'd dream of the time when he could be singing
those same arias.

Yet—there was so much he would have to learn! He
went to a man he knew slightly, who was an agent for
several well known singers, hoping for help or at least en
couragement. He got neither.

Jan Peerce is heard on the Radio City Music Hall
of the Air and the Chevrolet transcription shows.

Singing's a tough racket," the agent told him. "What
do you want to get mixed up
in it for? You have your profession, you're young and ambi
tious. Maybe some day you'll have a dance orchestra of
your own. You'd be foolish to leave a field in which you
have a foothold, to enter one that's even more over-crow
ded, and of which you know nothing."

Something stronger than the agent's cold logic, however,
forced Jan to start taking vocal lessons while he was still
playing in orchestras. The lessons were expensive, but he
took all he could afford.

Then, visiting a childhood friend one evening, he met
Alice. Met her again, that is. He remembered her, dimly,
as the bothersome kid sister of his friend. A nuisance, no
less, who was always hanging around when important games
were in progress. Something had happened to her since
he'd last seen her, though. She'd turned into a lovely,
dark-haired, dark-eyed wo
man.

On an impulse, he asked to see her the next evening—
and before he quite knew how
it had all happened, he was in
love.

It wasn't at all what he'd
planned. He had too much
unfinished business on hand
to think of marrying. The
responsibilities of a wife
weren't for a man who
wanted to change professions
and if, too, he could make
his living with his music and
travel around. He
needed, needed to go on with his life along safe,
secure lines. Being a musi
ician in a good dance band
wasn't a bad life, after all
. . .

And maybe some day he
would have his own or
chestra.

He answered that question
by asking Alice to marry him.
Quietly, without saying
anything to Alice, Jan was
bidding farewell to his sing
ning ambitions, accepting the
realization that he must go
on with his life along safe
secure lines. Being a musi
ician in a good dance band
wasn't a bad life, after all
. . .

And maybe some day he
would have his own or
chestra.

He reckoned without Alice, though. In the first place,
she is such a sympathetic, understanding person that she
knew more about Jan's ambition than he ever realized.
In the second place, she is efficient and economical.

When she saw, a month or so after the wedding, that Jan
hadn't resumed his vocal lessons, she protested, insisting
that he must continue them precisely as he had before.

"But we can't afford them!" Jan said. "Anyway, a jazz
fiddler doesn't need vocal lessons!"

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"We can afford them all right," she said. "We'll manage somehow. And you know you don't want to be a fiddler all your life."

So the lessons were resumed, and soon Jan found, he was making greater progress in his singing than he ever had made while he was a bachelor. That was another way Alice helped him.

"You know," he told me once, "everybody's lazy. So am I. I'd be tired, maybe, and wouldn't feel like practicing. But Alice would keep after me and make me practice, just as if I were her little boy. Then she'd tell me what was good and what was bad, and I'd sing the same thing over again."

For the first time, Jan was learning how much sympathy and encouragement of a sweetheart and companion could mean to him. He was coming to realize, too, how wrong his conception of marriage as a responsibility had been. A responsibility—yes, but more than that, a partnership.

When, finally, his big chance came, it was Alice who saw that he didn't miss it. The late S. L. Rothafel—beloved "Roxy"—heard Jan sing the vocal refrain of a dance piece one evening in Sherry's Restaurant, where he was working at the time. Roxy arranged to meet Jan, and promised him a job singing in the new Radio City Music Hall.

Eventually, Roxy made his promise good—but even then Jan might have refused to gamble if it hadn't been for Alice. To sing for Roxy meant giving up his orchestra job and devoting all his time to study and rehearsals. There was always the fear that he'd be a failure on the great stage of the Music Hall. By this time the Pierces had a little boy, Larry, and Jan felt as if he had no right to take a chance.

"Alice just told me I was too cautious for my own good," he said, "She made me give up my orchestra job. Suppose it doesn't turn out all right? she said. 'What of it?' There are lots of orchestras that will hire you!"

Once more Jan followed Alice's urgent advice—and, as you know, it was sound advice too, for it was from his association with Roxy that his real career began—the career he'd always wanted. And paradoxically, the career he won only after he thought he'd given it up!

"Aw, Honey, I've never met your father—how'd I know? Besides, it's not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?"

"My mother does—and goodbye!"

"Heavens above, who bit you, Son?"

"My girl did! I made a crack about her father's dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn't wash 'em right—and now I've got the gate!"

"Say, Looks like we're going to have a wedding soon."

"Sh-h-h! He may be calling you 'Dad'—but he'll never call you 'gray mouse' again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!"

Floyd Gibbons waved America a greeting from the deck of the S. S. Majestic on his recent return from Europe.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
**Why Kate Smith Is Afraid of Love**

(Continued from page 23)

Softly in My Presence" attitude.

"Kate, Smith," I've heard time and again, isn't interested in romance or sentiment. She's too wrapped up in her work."

Really? She's one of the most romantic souls I know. Ask the members of the band. Ask any who knows her intimately. Countless times she has gone out of her way to straighten out other people's lives and romances. Never has she failed any honest plea for help.

Perhaps you remember when Casper Markowitz, her bass fiddler, was married while Kate was touring in vaudeville two years ago?

Casper, or Stretch, as he is known to the band, had a terrible time of it. His sweetheart was a New York girl, who insisted that if Casper wanted her, he should come up to New York and get her. She wanted the ceremony performed in her home, where her family could all attend.

Poor Casper couldn't leave his job, so again and again the wedding was postponed. And each time he went to Kate for sympathy. Finally, she settled the matter for him.

**SHAME** on you, Stretch," she said.

"Acting like a baby instead of a man. If you keep on being so wishy-washy before you know it your sweetheart will throw you over for someone who sticks up for his rights.

You know you can't be married in New York. Insist that your sweetheart come down to Fort Worth, to you. Tell her I'll be her maid of honor, if she wants me to."

Which Stretch did—and which his financing did.

Kate was more excited than the bride, the day of the wedding. And she looked grand, in a periwinkle blue dress specially designed for the occasion, in a blue and white straw hat imported from Dallas. Her manager, Ted Collins, was best man.

"When Kate heard I had married," Hilda Cole, who toured with Kate in vaudeville, as press representative two years ago, told me, "she was so happy for me. She was in Chicago at the time. She didn't even wait till she got back to New York to wish me well. From Chicago she sent me a gorgeous electric tray, with a toast warmer and a percolator. If she were my own sister she couldn't have been nicer to me."

And you should see Kate when a baby comes near her—there's a reason why all the kids in the neighborhood, back home, call her "Aunt Kate," and run to greet her, whenever she goes back to Washington, D. C.

I've seen her gurgling over a little tod- dler with as much affection as its mother. So fond she is of children that she has taken several strange, destitute miles under her wing, and is supporting them.

A girl so interested in romance and love and babies not appealing to men? Not inter- ested in getting married? Nonsense, if you ask me.

Then why hasn't she married, you ask? I'll tell you why.

In the first place, Kate Smith is afraid of fortune hunters. Yes, and you would be, too, if you were in her place and had had her unfortunate set of experiences.

Just consider yourself Kate for a few minutes. You're twenty-six, and a millionairess. Before you rocketed to fame, you were as popular as the average girl.
Suddenly, men in all walks of life beg you to go out with them. Your invitations to parties and dances and teas read like the Blue Book listings. How would you take it?

I'd think the same way Kate has. You'd be skeptical about the motive behind some of those invitations. You'd feel many people aren't seeking you out because of yourself, but because of your dough re mi. Because you were a world figure, and it flattered their vanity to be seen with you.

You'd sit at home, alone, a good part of the time. That is, if you were as simple and sincere and as strong a hater of affection as Kate Smith.

And, if some young man waltzed into your life, and said he loved you, wouldn't you be apt to wonder, in the secret chamber of your heart—does he love me, or is it my money? Why should so many men suddenly fall at my feet?

Don't misunderstand me. Kate doesn't like to be wary of people. She'd much rather accept them at their face value than pry into their intentions. But whenever she manages to push the thought from her mind, something happens to yank it back, stronger than before.

There was the time, for example, when a young man was apparently crazy about Kate. She was interested in him, too, and thought him a mighty swell person. Perhaps she was dreaming of marriage and a home... when suddenly she dropped him.

From some slight slip he made she realized it was not Kate Smith he really wanted, but a good meal ticket.

Then, too, so many things that happened on her way up have tended to disillusion her, make her suspicious of men.

Let me tell you a couple. There was the song publisher who had no use for her when she was trying to break into radio. He threw her out of his office when she asked for a few songs to sing for an audition.

Once she had become famous, he was the first to come round and fawn upon her. She was there one day when he sidled up to Miss Smith. "How are you, Kate?"

"How are you, Kate?" he asked solicitously.

"Fine, thanks," Kate answered, courteously enough.

"You're looking very well," he said. Silence from Kate. "And how's your dear mother?" he asked.

"What do you care?" Kate said. "My mother doesn't ask about you; she's never even met you." You can imagine how Kate's blood boiled at this turncoat's sudden interest.

You've never heard of the time she was taken in good and plenty, by a man who protested vehemently he was her best friend and was doing marvels for her.

Kate doesn't talk about it. But she remembers the pain of that disillusionment. It was just after she had appeared in "Honeymoon Lane." This person, a manager of vaudeville talent, promised her the moon. He booked her to a vaudeville tour at $300 per week.

For six weeks Kate toured, collecting her $300 per. Then her vaudeville manager became ill, too ill to collect even the pay check!

So on pay day, the theater treasurer approached Kate. "Since Mr.—— is so ill, I guess I'd better pay you directly," he said. He handed her the check for her salary.

She looked at it. It read $600.

"But haven't you made a mistake?" she asked. "I'm only booked here for a week."

The theater manager was greatly puzzled. "Why, you've been drawing $600 a week for the entire tour," he said. "I'm sure the office hasn't made an error."

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Off to a fine start...

THIS CLAPP-FED BABY

GREGORY HOVEDAN
WESTFIELD, N. J.

Gregory—aged 4 months

He's just been introduced to his first solid food—Clapp's Strained Wheathart Cereal. At 5 months he'll be given Clapp's strained vegetables—the vegetables that are just right for beginners—finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid.

Gregory—aged 8 months

Notice his good-dinner smile. At 6 months Clapp's strained fruits and Clapp's Beef Broth were added to his diet. Meal-times are a feast of growth-building Clapp foods, from the world's largest baby menu.

Gregory—aged 12 months

"Hi" says Gregory... and "Hi, Gregory," says we. Those Clapp's foods have certainly done a good job! Here's how Gregory's mother sums up his health history: "A steady gain in weight and height all through this period."

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of every baby who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. Me-36, 1229 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

16 VARIETIES
SOUPS, Baby Soup (Unstrained), Beef Broth, Liver Soup.
FRUITS: Apricots, Pomegranates, Applesauce.
VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.
CEREAL: Wheathart

Approved by American Medical Association Committee on Foods
Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

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THEN SHE FREEZES UP—
AND MOVES ACROSS
THE AISLE!

...SHE SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT YOUR BREATH—
SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE
A DENTIST!

HERE I WAS THINKING
I'VE FOUND THE ONE AND
ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE
OF THE SUDDEN COLD
SHOULDER?

WELL, LET'S GET
ON AGAIN—SAY, IF
YOU REALLY WANT
TO KNOW, FRED...

...IS MY FACE RED!
ME FOR A DENTIST AT
THE CHICAGO STOP!

SO THAT EVENING...
WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH?
IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH!
I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL
CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING
SOAP GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

MANY THANKS, DOC
...I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT
AWAY!

1,000 MILES LATER
YOU HAVE MY
ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT
YOU ABOUT EIGHT
TODAY!

THAT DENTIST
IN CHICAGO
CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS
STUFF WHEN HE
RECOMMENDED COLGATES!

NOT ENOUGH!
NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!
REMINDER this important fact—and take the sure
way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental
Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decay-
ing food deposits lodged between the teeth, along
the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists
agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a
unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—
makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your
teeth...your gums...your tongue...with Colgate's.
If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube,
send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J.
We will refund TWICE what you paid.

How His Marriage Changed
Paul Whiteman

There's a story the Big Boss of Jazz
has never told before—another in the
Hidden Moment series. You'll find it
in the next—the July—issue, out May 22.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 10)

it was really a bird. They wanted to know who had done the parrot imitations and when told thought they were being kidded . . . Recent weddings in Chicago included those of Jack Hylton’s Pat O’Malley and Horace Heidt’s Bob McCoy . . . Charles (Andy) Correll has been threatening to go on a diet to reduce his waistline, which fact resulted in a New York friend sending him fifty-five pints of caramel corn, his favorite delicacy . . . Because George Damerel, Jr., son of Myrt and Marge, made the University of Southern California polo team, his mother presented him with three polo ponies from the famous “Big Boy” Williams ranch.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT has the reputation of being ready and able to eat those who work around him in a radio studio. But that didn’t bother the Chicago Columbia engineer who discovered Alex smoking a cigarette in the studio where smoking is barred. Calmly the engineer approached Woolcott, yanked the smoke from his mouth and said: “You’ve been broadcasting long enough to know you can’t smoke in here.” Those around the studio expected an explosion but Woolcott meekly said, “I’m sorry.”

HARRY SOSNIK, Al Pearce’s music director, got into his car one night after work and noticed a card under the windshield wiper. It was a business card giving a man’s name and address. On its back was written: “I’m sorry I smashed your bumper. Just telephone me the amount and I’ll pay the damages.” Much to Harry’s surprise the chap was on the level and did pay up . . . Helen Jane Behlke, a new Breakfast Club singer on NBC networks from Chicago, is the proud possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Among the better pals in Chicago radio-land are Morgan Eastman, conductor of the Edison Symphony and the Carnation Concerted Hour, and Roy Shield, NBC music director for the central division . . . Chicago theatrical engagements of radio stars were not very successful this late winter, probably due, at least in part, to bad weather. Wayne King and Al Pearce both made poor showings and so did others . . . Rickett’s restaurant on Chi- cago Avenue is a late night spot for many Chicago radio people while some of the NBC gang hang out at the Kinzie Grill near the Merchandise Mart . . . Plans are under way in Chicago for a Radio Artists’ Club, membership in which will be confined to those definitely in radio.

EDGAR A. GUEST, the radio and newspaper poet, numéro among his better friends three kids known in radio as Tom, Dick and Harry, harmonists. They spend lots of summer time playing golf together on the course adjoining Ed- die’s Detroit estate . . . Alexander Mc- Queen, the “nothing but the truth man,” has among his unusual belongings a book devoted to stories of animals taken into court and treated as human beings . . . The city auto licenses of Mena, Ark., include these words: “The Home Town of Lum and Abner.” . . . A clipping on the bulletin board at college caused Phil Ducey to give up his ambition to be-

They wondered why he passed them by, for Her . . .

She was so Fragrantly dainty

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So alluring . . . your fragrant dainti- ness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cash- mere Bouquet’s rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet’s subtle, costly perfume lingers gloriously . . . Hours after you’ve stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size

Bath with Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

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come a teacher. A Phi Beta Kappa, Duce read the notice of tryouts in Chicago for the Juilliard Fellowships in New York, the winner to receive free tuition at this famous school. He tried out and won—Because he was a personal friend of co-author Red Hodgson of "The Music Goes Round and Round." Clark Dennis refused to sing the ditty. He felt it was being sung too much by others for its own good.

* * *

WHEN George Olsen introduced some song pluggers at College Inn one night and asked one of them to sing his newest ditty the Olsen drummer broke up the party by sounding a gong, a la Major Bowes. Vivian Fridel is the girl who does the crying and cooing when you hear Marge's babe in the Myrt and Marge shows. You can never get Wayne King to eat buttered toast or oat meal. For in leaner years a big and cheap dish of oat meal was often all he could buy for dinner. And when he felt sufficiently flush to splurge an extra dime he would add buttered toast to his menu.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the ladies are often mentioned in the Lum and Abner scripts they never actually speak. Never has a woman's voice, even a faked one, been in the script although such ladies as Lyn-beth, Abner's wife, Aunt Cherry, Sister Simpson and Evalena, Lum's love interest, are often mentioned. The boys are surprised to discover how real these ladies are to the listeners. In fact fans write in asking them just what it was that one of the Ladies said on such and such a broadcast about this and that. Lum and Abner have a tough time convincing the fans the ladies did NOT speak.

* * *

WHEN Howard Barlow was a lad in Urbana, Ohio, his playmate was a girl named Virginia Patterson. Just the other day she wrote him a letter. While driving between Damascus and Bagdad she had stopped to buy cigarettes. The paper match box accompanying them contained Howard's picture and biography...WBBM's Holland Engle bought a new hat. It was too small—so he got a hair-cut...Gus Van once smoked cigarette after cigarette while making a moving picture. He detests cigarettes and it took him days to get the taste out of his mouth. When he went to see the finished film he found the whole sequence in which he smoked had been cut out...Rudy Vallee evinced so much interest in the work of the Chicago piano team of Witmer and Blue that he asked them to wire him the first time they went on a network which he could hear in New York...About the only part of the Al Pearce show which is actually rehearsed is the music. The rest of the show just happens as Al calls on various members of his cast to perform. They don't even use scripts and never know when they will be called upon...A twenty-four-year-old girl with three children, six, five and three, wrote Jan Garber to broadcast a special tune for her birthday because her husband and the children's father had deserted them. She wrote: "We love your music. Maybe he will be listening. Please play 'You Forgot to Remember.'"

* * *

ALEC Templeton, Jack Hylton's marvelous blind pianist, is putting the character of Chicago into music. Already he's done musically the telephone company's time reports, bell signal and life-saving of Michigan Avenue bridge, police and
fire sirens, street cars and park strollers 
... Betty Lou Gerson, First Nighter leading lady, tells the gag about the girl who frustrated a masher by running into a drug store. She knew Italian Balm would take the chap off her hands!... Campana paid royalties to Vicki Baum to use her "Grand Hotel" title for their radio series starring Anne Seymour.

**D**HILLIPS LORD is a Chicago radio actor. Phillips Lord is New York’s Seth Parker and producer of those true crime radio yarns... When Juliet Crosby was playing Mrs. Dodsworth in the stage show "Dodsworth" in Chicago she visited the WGN studios to renew acquaintances with some stage people she'd played with in New York but who have since gone into radio... In the old days when the microphones weren't so sensitive Wendell Hall's tapping foot didn't matter. But now the ribbon mikes pick up the taps—so he broadcasts in stocking feet... When Freeman Gosden, Amos of Amos 'n Andy, was a radio operator in the navy he picked up ukulele playing, an accomplishment which helped him plenty when he and Charles Correll, Andy, started in radio as a song, piano and patter team. Gosden was sea sick the first time his ship went to sea.

**C**YRIL PITTS, a sucker for fast talking salesmen, came home from an auction with an x-ray machine which tells you whether or not your shoes fit. Now he doesn't know what to do with the darned thing. Pitts, one of Chicago’s better radio singers, made his concert debut in Chicago recently and the music critics were unanimous in praising him... Joan Blaine who is Mary Marlin in the radio show of that name thinks unemployment is decreasing. She gets so many letters from people who used to listen to her mornings but now can't because they are working again she's quite sure she's right. They write asking her to send them scripts so they can keep up with the story.

**C**ARLETON BRICKETT, deep voiced actor of Lum and Abner, Mary Marlin and other shows, saved his life twice by hunches. He checked out of a New York hotel just an hour before a big fire and he moved from one pullman to another shortly before a wreck demolished the first car.

I n an open letter in its local paper, Travers City, Mich., invites NBC announcer Bob Brown there for fishing. See the story: "At Spider Lake we cut a hole in the ice, made a sandwich like the popping of the cork, and we did. In just a minute Old Territorial came up to the hole out of breath. He'd been at the other end of the lake when he heard the cork pop. We gave him a couple of snorts (he's the biggest bass you ever saw) and told him about you, Bob. He said to let him know when you'll arrive and he'll herd the bass up to the boat. Bring a lot of flies. They are nice to show around. We'll furnish the worms for the fishing..." Irna Phillips, who writes Today's Children, Wangercome Valley and other script shows broadcast from Chicago, always wanted to be a Helen Morgan type of singer but she can't even carry a tune. And Bass Johnson (Lady Esther and Frances Moran of Today's Children) would have been a singer save for a throat infection when she was seventeen.

Let me tell you about this "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"
—that costs just 3¢ a portion

"W"e haven't a millionaire's income—anything but! But if we had, I don't know anything we could buy that would taste better than Franco-American Spaghetti. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce is the most delicious you ever tasted. Yet this marvelous dish costs almost next-to-nothing. You save money when you serve it and it's a treat every time!"

The thrifty woman's standby
Franco-American's zestful flavor "dresses up" the simplest meal. Inexpensive meat dishes take on new luxury. Left-overs acquire a lordly air.

And you never miss meat at lunch or supper when there's a piping-hot dish of Franco-American on the table.

For Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It's the kind with the extra good sauce. A sauce made with eleven different ingredients—a masterpiece of flavor!

Yet a can of Franco-American, all ready to heat and serve, is usually no more than ten cents, less than 3¢ a portion. It would cost you more to prepare spaghetti at home, buy all your ingredients and cook them. Think of the work you're saved, too. Get Franco-American today.
If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal... immediately... and enjoy a beauty bath sensation... try the Linit Beauty Bath.

As Alluring

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel... do not rub... then feel your skin... soft and satiny smooth as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don’t deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

coast-to-coast highlights

regularly on NBC programs out of ‘Frisco. Though he has written hundreds of songs, I guess his “Smiles” is the best remembered. But he doesn’t mind. On the other hand, if you mention “At Dawn” to Charles Wakefield Cadman he grins his teeth and tears his hair. “Though I have written thousands of compositions,” says Charlie, “my ‘At Dawn’ seems to be the only one the public can remember.”

there is another bay area violinist, Rudy Seiger, heard every night with his orchestra from the Fairmont Hotel where he owns stock, is assistant manager, and has run the orchestra since 1900. He recently married Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, prominent society matron and member of a pioneer California family. The honeymoon was at the Seiger ranch in the Contra Costa County. This month they leave for the East on a long tour. At seventeen, Rudy directed the Grand Opera House Orchestra in his home town, San Francisco.

Loyd Creekmore’s favorite sound effect at KHJ has had to be roped in with a fence to keep the dogs and children out of the sandpile. It is a tiny replica of a beach scene and gives out all the ocean noises from shifting sands and ocean waves to the whirling palm leaves and roll of the surf. He used to drive a truck by day and hang around the studio by night until he became a thinker-upper of noises and landed a job at the station.

Honolulu: A radio station in New York 3000 miles away informed M. Shinoda of Hawaii that a volcano was erupting practically at his back door. Shinoda was listening to a New York station when he heard the announcer say that Mauna Loa, great volcano in Uncle Sam’s most westerly National Park, was in eruption. Shinoda rushed to the back door where he could see the streams of lava pouring down the mountainside. Shinoda’s home is at the base of the volcano but it took someone 5000 miles away to tell him it was pouring forth fiery lava.

Guess Who Department

What San Francisco orchestra is doing some great work on transcriptions but uses an assumed name on account of network and phonograph record contracts? What network comic thought that G-man meant the gentleman who drives the garbage wagon? What Los Angeles news reader and radio editor has so much ego he refuses to go to press conferences unless he can see the invitation list—and doesn’t go if anybody he doesn’t like gets a bid?

Knx’s In-Laws skit, perennial favorite on the Coast in the line of hometown stuff, packed up bag and baggage for Chicago and a network sponsor. Hal Berger heads the cast with Dale Nash [Mrs. Berger] as the feminine lead.

Alice Young, glamorous young brunet-ette singing with Nick Stuart’s band around Hollywood, has gone back to the home town, Seattle, where she has been sweetly warbling over KJR.
Laurance Cross, who gave some two thousand NBC programs on the coast under the caption of "Crosscuts from the Log o' the Day," has a new early morning chain program daily. He is a Doctor of Divinity ... pastor of a Berkeley church ...; has five children ... was born in Gastonburg, Alabama, in 1892.

* * *

The vocal trio with Waring's band now numbers Roy Ringwald. He used to sing and play the organ on both KFI and KHIJ, and earned his way through school by wringing out the swimming trunks at the bath house in Santa Monica.

Death Rides the Highway, first sponsored program to be sold and to originate in the new NBC Hollywood studios, has Frank Iodaco for conductor. He used to lead the orchestra in Omaha on WOAW, now WOW, but later went into theater work. Now he is back on the air and living in California. He was born in Maryland some forty years ago of Viennese parents and has two daughters. His wife won't like us to tell this, but he met her at a penny ante game in Chicago.

The cast of the Crockett Family, KNX hillbillies once on eastern networks, has been augmented by the addition of Peter Potter. I think this is the first time that Pa and Ma Crockett's brood have taken an outsider into their ranks. He is really William Moore and you've seen him in "Shipmates Forever" and other pictures in character parts. Strolling along the boulevards the Crocketts are among the snappiest dressers in Hollywood. But on the KNX bandstand and other programs they slip easily into character and certainly look homespun and mountainary.

* * *

Benay Venuta is off the New York CBS stint and on the coast again. This time she is doing the Hollywood and Beverly Hills night club spots ... sort of back in home territory, for she once went to Hollywood High School. She is a natural blonde for she comes of Swiss-Italian and British ancestry.

* * *

Amos 'n Andy had a swell time at Palm Springs this year. As usual, the NBC technicians vied aplenty to get the assignment. You remember what a time they had last year. The acoustics in the tower at the hotel were terrible. They had to buy all the Indian blankets in Palm Springs, and borrow some from the riding academy to line the walls and deaden the sound. But everything has its compensations. The boys could take a gander at the sun bathers below as they basked in individual arenas. And when radio officials discovered marine glasses hanging on the rafters the technicians solemnly said they "couldn't wait for television."

The Kay Barker heard in Drums, which stars William Farnum over CBS coast stations from Los Angeles, used to be a drama gal at KOMO in Seattle.

The male quartet with Dick Powell on Hollywood Hotel program used to be "The Cardinals" when they went to a Southern California college. Ralph McCarthuen, top tenor; Joel Sioane, second tenor; Bill Julian, baritone and Ray Linn, bass.

Our candidate for the "people who never grow old" department: Peggy Matthews, singer with the KNX orchestra where her husband, Wilbur Hatch, is

There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...
When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...
There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...
So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the QUALITY gum

Beech-Nut
BLACK FRUIT FLAVOURED

Beech-Nut
PEPPERMINT FLAVOURED

Beech-Nut
PECAN FLAVOURED

Beech-Nut
FRUIT FLAVOURED
Comfort-Safety—
Peac of mind
BECAUSE KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE...
CAN'T FAIL... CAN'T SHOW

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

THREE TYPES OF KOTEX
1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Some-what narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX
A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

music director. Lots of people remember her initial radio work about ten or twelve years ago on KFVD and other locals. She looks after the home and youngsters and still has time for the air work.

REGINALD SHARLAND, the Archie on the Watanabe-Archie team that was on NBC cross country for a year and daily too many years on KNX, has come back from his rest in Death Valley. Maybe he'll be back on the air in some character or other by the time this reaches print.

YOU can't blame a woman for dropping a few years off her age, and Bernardine Miller is so conservative. She passes for twenty-two but is really twenty-six. The torch singer was a long time with Al Pears's gang on the coast and in the east. A dazzling brunette, still single, she is one-quarter Indian (Cherokee) and mighty proud of it. In the spring she started on KFAC in Southern California but expected to jump into bigtime again via one of the networks before very long.

THE more I hear this Frank Provo on many NBC programs from San Francisco the more I am convinced he will be a topnotcher some day. Though I like him best in Winning the West and Death Valley Days, he is also okay in Night Editor and Hawthorne House. He was born in High Point, North Carolina, but was taken to 'Frisco when a baby. When sixteen he won a Shakespearean contest at the high school in Burlingame. This brought a two-year scholarship with the Pasadena Community Playhouse with juvenile leads and character work in a whole flock of plays. Then, aged eighteen, he went into radio. He is now twenty-two and prefers radio to the stage because it gives him more leisure to write. He has written some NBC sketches and is plugging away at a novel. Swimming and sun-bathing are his hobbies.

STORM bulletin from KQW, San Jose, announces the arrival of a son, Thomas Lee Storm, to the station's program manager. Bulletin takes on the form of a weather report with subheads as follows: date, time, area, intensity (hasty squalls), quantity (eight pounds), precipitation (slight, gradually increasing), forecasters (Mr. and Mrs. Storm).

HELEN MUSSELMAN, NBC actress, in private life is the wife of Bill Andrews, who announces One Man's Family.

THE party Arthur Lyons, Jack Benny's business manager, gave some time ago is still being talked about. Why, he even had a canoe so you could row around in the swimming pool. It's that big. In fact, the Lyons' mansion was so swell that Jack thought it would be a good idea to swap places with his manager... letting Lyons be the comic and Benny the business man.

WONDER if some of those California towns are named after any of the radio folks by the same name. There's Mayfield, [Margaret] Kaylor, KTMO production head; Bishop [Joe Bishop, KNX guitar man]; Crockett, [the KNX Crockett family]; Jackson, [Henry Jackson, NBC book talker]; Lang, [Freeman Lang, premiere announcer]; Wright, [Cecil Wright, Frisco hillbilly] and lots of other stations. Nope, I guess not. Anyway, it helps pass the time riding from Los Angeles to San Francisco on the train.
PEN portraits while rambling 'round the NBC studios in northern California, Meredith Willson, music conductor, giving an amazing imitation of being busy. Helen O'Neill, lady producer ([Woman and Magazine of the Air]) still holds firm about no personal publicity, but glad when the scribes spell her name right. Lloyd Yoder, sports interpreter, smoking his first cigar and not doing so good at it either. Emil Polak, orchestra leader, who looks more like a business man than a music maker.

KFRC still looks like a barn, but they have installed some fine offices and an ultra swanky reception hall so awe inspiring you wouldn't even be afraid to toss the cigarette butts in the sand filled miniature foot baths. There's Arnold Magazine, gag man and producer, who has spent all of his thirty-six years in San Francisco but has yet to tour Chinatown. And Jack Van Nostrand, production manager, whose father is a judge. Harrison Holliday, head of the whole shebang, has been there since the station started when he was a technician. Claude Sweeten, music chief, gets the last office in the row of cubicles because it is near the fire escape and he can sneak out the back door when the amateur clamor grows too great at the front portal. Tom Breneman, another producer, seems to have recovered fully from that whack he got at KFWB when the nasty old curtain rod tumbled down and concussed him one.

COAST radio writers are still trying to figure out whether Judy Star's press man turned an accident into a gag. She was badly shaken up in a motor smash and went to the hospital. Out went realms of publicity about her dear public, and how she would positively and absolutely sing over KHJ on a certain date even if she had to walk on crutches. Seems as though somebody saw her at a swanky night spot before that date and the radio columnists began to figure out that somebody was putting something over on em. Anyway, she was rather badly hurt. And she did sing. But my guess is that Judy is heading for the bright lights of New York and will get there before this gets into print.

GAYNE WHITMAN got too busy announcing film shorts. So he tossed the announcing overdraft on the Strange, as it Seems series and now Carlton Kadell has the berth. He started on WJJD, Chicago, in 31 and went West a year later.

FLETCHER WILEY, KNX diet talker, has invented a wind machine that works without any mechanical device... nothing to get out of order.

ROBERT WILDHACK'S classic sneezes and snores at last seem to have hit the air in the East. He came here ten years ago to recuperate over in Tujunga. In between times he sauntered over to Los Angeles to do his air stint. Then he went back to New York, where he had formerly been with magazines as an artist, and has been in big time shows and made a few guest appearances over the air. Though he hasn't added a thing to his repertoire since he started the business, the act is one of the world's greatest, if you haven't heard it too many times.

PEGGY MONTGOMERY, one time baby star, now eighteen, is trying to get back into the films and radio. Guess we're all growing old. Seems like only the other day, though it was more than twelve years ago, when I used to hold Baby Peggy before the microphone for bits in

DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH. Our early forefathers' teeth were kept in good condition by natural means—by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft—we need Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing—gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the natural way to keep your mouth healthy—your teeth splendidly sound and white.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR! You can't chew it out. Smoothness with a tang—a breath of spice—Dentyne's distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You'll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too—smartly flat (an exclusive feature) —just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

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Keeps teeth white—mouth healthy


USE all the cosmetics you wish! But guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin by removing cosmetics thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. When stale cosmetics choke the pores, Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather protects the skin—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Some Famous Stars who use Lux Toilet Soap

![Image of stars and Lux Toilet Soap]

WONDERFUL how Betty's skin started to improve when she began to remove powder and rouge thoroughly.

BETTY SOON FOUND that soft, smooth skin made such a difference! It wasn't long before she met the man.

A YEAR AGO, it seemed that Betty was always losing out. Other girls won the attention—the romance—the laughs for.

THEN A FRIEND told her: "I'm afraid you're getting Cosmetic Skin. I guard against it with Lux Toilet Soap."

Romance came to Betty when she learned how to guard against Cosmetic Skin.

While most of Singin' Sam's radio friends in New York turn longingly toward the coolness of open spaces, he manages to keep fit chopping wood in back of his lovely country home, a few miles from Cincinnati, where he broadcasts his network shows.

I N D I A N A F A R M E R
Will Radio Bring the Frank Fays Together Again?

(Continued from page 19)

Well, you know already, of course, what happened. Barbara made one of those Hollywood overnight hits—in "Ladies of Leisure" it was. And Frank made—no hit at all.

Perhaps the trouble was that Frank's genius for comedy couldn't be confined to the just-so routine of picture making. On the stage, if at one performance, under the stress of a sudden inspiration, you read a line differently from the way you've always read it before, you may get dirty looks from the other members of the cast, but at least the show goes on. You don't have to stop and do the scene all over again. One of the charms of Frank's stage work, as it is of his work in radio, was his spontaneity, the quick, unexpected turns of his wit. The nature of movies, the way they are made, stifled this spontaneity by guiding it into a plotted, prepared channel.

Odd it may have been that Frank was still suffering from too much Broadway viewpoint, and that the violent individualism of his character made it impossible for him to switch this viewpoint to one more acceptable to the rest of the country. He stuck it out, stuck it out even while daily he grew more confused and desperate. You can't blame him for suffering under the double blow inflicted upon his pride. Not only was this Hollywood a hostile land to him, the darling of Broadway, but he also saw it taking his wife away from him.

For that's what it was doing. That's what, in the end, it did. Not that Barbara didn't fight against it too. Passionately she wanted him to be a success, so passionately that Hollywood whispered she was sacrificing her career to his. There was the ill-fated revue, "Tattle Tales," which Frank produced and which she deserted pictures to appear in. That was not the act of an actress interested only in her own career, but of a loving wife who wanted success for her husband.

Later, Frank produced a picture independently, and Barbara's studio agreed to buy it. When it was finished the studio who lived up to its promise, and bought it—but never released it. To Frank the humiliation was as great as if they had refused to buy it at all. Perhaps greater, for the inference was obvious.

The separation of Barbara and Frank was inevitable, under the circumstances. It happened last fall, in many respects only a repetition of a familiar Hollywood story.

Those who saw Frank around Hollywood after that separation will tell you he was licked. The old cockiness, the jaunty assurance that he knew all there was to know about show business were gone. He must have been glad, in a way, to leave Hollywood and return to Broadway. Broadway's harder than Hollywood, but at least it is a hardness Frank was used to. He knew all its tricks, and how to fight them.

He hadn't been in New York very long before he was signed for a single appearance on the Vallee hour. And with that single appearance, lasting only a few minutes, came once more the life-giving draft of applause he'd missed for so long. Fan mail, newspaper comments, audience reaction in the studio were all favorable, even enthusiastic. His first engagement led to a second, a third, a series, and fi-

Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

It is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to yourself to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, even once, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself completely by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm dry.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your dress! They think it is you!

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm dryness. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odoron. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odoron is entirely safe. With Odoron, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odoron, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too.

Odoron comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odoron (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odorones and leaflet on complete under-arm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odoron Co., Inc. Dept. 696, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2020, Montreal)

I enclose $2 for sample vials of both Instant Odoron and Regular Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name:
Address:
City State

71
nally a new long-term contract with Standard Brands.

Now do you see what radio means to Frank Fay?

It means the return of his self-confidence, the return of his self respect, but more than that, it means success on his own. His radio fame has come to him entirely through his own efforts, and in a field which was strange to him. It has proved to him he's still able to take an audience and bend it to his will, able to deliver a comedy line so people will hold their sides with laughter. No one helped him in radio. It can never be said that Barbara's influence, or her money, kept him on the Vallee hour or won him the new contract.

Those years in Hollywood left their mark on him. When I talked to him, during a rehearsal in one of Radio City's studios, I didn't find the lively, voluble man I'd expected. All his attention was concentrated on the show being whipped into shape on the stage, for one thing. For another, he has learned not to give himself away. You do learn that, when you've been the object of criticism and conjecture over a long period of time.

He made one oddly revealing remark, though. We were talking of movies, radio, and the stage, and Frank said, "When I was a kid, I guess I'd have tackled the job of playing Shakespeare if anyone had given me the chance. But when you get older, you get more timid about trying something new. Since I've been on the air I've had several offers to go back into the movies, but I'm going to wait until I'm better established in radio. There are a lot of things I don't know yet about it, too."

THIS spring he will start his new program, and in doing so he will return to Hollywood. There will be drama in that return.

"I still love Hollywood," he told me, "It's a grand place to live and work—and I can't blame it for anything unpleasant that happened out there. It wasn't the town's fault. I'm really looking forward to going back, partly because I can see my son again when I do. He's four years old now—a great kid, I'll be spending a lot of time with him."

And the first broadcast of Frank's new program, you might say, will be the final battle in the fight he is waging with radio as his weapon. It is to be a half-hour show, with Frank as its star, and on its success or failure depends his future happiness. For then he will be entirely on his own—no Rudy Vallee or variety show to help out.

If it succeeds, there are those who predict that Frank and Barbara will be together again. Truly, Barbara has filed suit for divorce, and Hollywood gossip persistently links her name with Robert Taylor's. But the decree has not been made final, and Hollywood gossip is sometimes wrong. One thing is certain, Frank and Barbara loved each other deeply and truly—and once more on an even footing, without the shadow of failure and dependence between them, they may one day again deserve the title by which they used to be known—"Hollywood's Perfect Couple."

Turn to page 52 for

RADIO MIRROR'S
new program guide.
THEY HEAR THIS PROGRAM IN CHURCH

BY JACK HARRIS

A COMMERCIAL radio program without any advertising blurbs! Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Nevertheless, one exists, and is heard every week by an increasingly faithful audience. What's more, the program's sponsors consider it a good investment.

The program is called the Chapel Choir, and it's sponsored by the Methodist Publishing House of Nashville, Tennessee, over Nashville's powerful WSM, and other stations.

Other things besides its lack of advertising matter combine to make the Chapel Choir unique among sponsored air shows. For instance, it has been responsible for the installation of radio receiving sets in scores of southern and middle western churches. And it certainly must be the only program ever to be recommended by ministers at the close of their noon-day services.

Often the new radio is the center of the evening vesper services in the churches down South which tune in on the Chapel Choir. Perhaps the congregations have already sung the hymns included on the radio program, thus increasing their pleasure in the songs when they hear them sung by trained voices.

And then, after the Chapel Choir has signed off, many of these radio-minded pastors invite their audiences to remain in the church and listen to Jack Benny, whose light-hearted gags follow the lovely sacred music! That explains why Jack has been getting letters recently which have caused him to scratch his head in perplexity as he reads: "Dear Jack, I listen to your program every Sunday in church..."

In addition to making radio history by breaking into the churches of the South and becoming the first non-advertising commercial show in radio, the Chapel Choir has also created a little new network of its own.

It started out on WSM only, but now twenty-eight smaller stations throughout the South and Midwest rebroadcast it every Sunday. In Atlanta, Georgia, people hear it over WATL; in New Orleans, over WDSU; in San Antonio, Texas, on KABC; in Birmingham; WSGN; in Muncie, Indiana, WLBC; in Memphis WNBR.

From all parts of the south have come complimentary and encouraging messages to the Chapel Choir. Methodist ministers in a recent conference unanimously gave the program a vote of commendation as "an influence of untold good" in teaching their congregations a better understanding of sacred music and instructing them how to sing the age-old songs.

As one Mississippi minister remarked of the program, "I feel more like preaching after I have listened to the Choir."

WSM'S CHAPEL CHOIR IS A SPONSORED SHOW WITHOUT ANY COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Fresh air and exercise rate the top of my list for keeping fit. But I'm not swinging along blindly. My daily diet is mighty important, too. For breakfast, every one I know is changing to Shredded Wheat. And I'm right with them."

PACKED WITH VITAL NOURISHMENT

Crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat gives you vital food essentials because it's 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. Eat it every day for a rich supply of carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts and proteins.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. E. C. Seal. A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!
She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.
One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.
And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid — with Mum!
Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you’re safe for the whole day!
Another thing you’ll like — use Mum any time, even after you’re dressed. For it’s harmless to clothing.
It’s soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

MUM
takes the odor out of perspiration

On the Way to the Press

I N June a new program hits an NBC network that seems to hold as many possibilities for development as the major Bowes hour did when it became national a year ago. Right now it’s heard on the Mutual chain of stations. It’s known as Husbands and Wives and it’s been signed up by Standard Brands to take the place of the Ripley, Ozzie Nelson program Sunday nights. Believe-it-or-not Ripley is going to Europe to hunt up more strange facts, while Ozzie with bride Harriet will tour the countryside cashing in on the popularity built up over the winter months of radio work.
Shell Chateau that started with a new Al Jolson as its star, then switched to Wallace Beery who pinch hit for Al, then back to Jolson again, is planning to spend more money than ever. With a new master of ceremonies, Smith Ballew, already functioning, the sponsors have lots and lots of bankroll to buy up the best guest talent available. They promise many surprises in the next few months.
Columnists have it that Jerry Cooper, CBS star whose baritone voice could almost double for Crosby’s if its owner wished, is going to wed shortly, perhaps by the time you read this. The gal’s name has been given out to be Joan Mitchell . . .
The Honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert, have the wanderlust or whatever you call it, so much they are secretly debating whether to call it a day—at least temporarily—in their radio work. Eddie confessed that they have stage ambitions and may work in summer stock, even though it cuts their income to about a fifth of what it is now. He has another plan, too, that he’s toying with, and it calls for a brand new fall hour program. That’s all he’d admit . . . The earliest Mary Pickford will cease and desist from broadcasting is around the middle of July. She just signed an extension to her original contract . . . The Rubinoff program for Chevrolet is off the network, but you can hear the show just the same. It’s being electrically transcribed (recordings to you) and is heard on at least three hundred local stations during the week. Keep trying until you find it.
Another to leave Radio City when it gets hot is Lanny Ross, if all available information isn’t cockeyed. He’s to head for Hollywood to appear in a musical comedy on the stage, if you please. Another sign of spring in a strange way is the contract just signed by station WCKY of Cincinnati. National Carbon Company has made arrangements for spot announcements starting next October to advertise their anti-radiator freeze . . . Also it’s rumored that Ray Noble isn’t being continued past the last of April by Coca Cola, said sponsor toying with plan of switching over to NBC.
From a spy deep within secret studios of Radio City come reports by special pigeon messenger of feverish activity on the part of engineers. In anticipation of the Republican and Democratic Conventions in June, which both NBC and CBS are going to cover, these engineers are trying to develop new microphones that won’t need a lot of wires trailing after them. This will facilitate broadcasting from every part of the convention floor and they hope—will scoop the rival network to a lot of first-hand reports.
He Reached for the Moon
—and Got It

(Continued from page 30)

graduation from Bowdoin—and whether or not he would graduate was, incidentally, a moot question—he called the board of education of Plainville by telephone and convinced its members in ten minutes that they needed a principal for the school in which Sam was teaching. He used the phone because he believed his atrocious spelling might have impaired his chances, it would have, too. So he selected mathematics and geography as the subjects he would teach, wrote letters to no one—and married Sam almost at once.

She learned she had taken a dynamo for a husband, a man who couldn't rest unless he were convincing people that the thing he had to sell was the thing they needed most in this life. Even as principal of the high school, he had to do that. First, he sold the parents of his students the idea that every kid in school should go out for some sport, even if it were only classical dancing.

After he had done that, he proceeded to sell them other things: silk stockings, brushes, Oriental pearls. He did that after school, from door to door.

Mrs. Smith would say, "And how is Johnny coming along with his studies?"

Phil would look at the order she had given him.

"Tolerable, Mrs. Smith," he would say, "He thinks Kansas is the capital of Topeka, but otherwise—tolerable."

All this time, he was writing stories, even though he couldn't spell and they didn't sell. Those yarns were wild flights of the imagination, romantic melodramas astounding in their ingenuity, just as Phil himself is.

He acted as principal of the Plainville high school and chief purveyor of novels to the people of the town for more than a year. During that time, he had worked on the first Seth Parker sketches and read every want ad column he could lay his hands on. Then, quite without warning, and without any definite idea of what he would do when he arrived, he turned in both his own and his wife's resignations and set out for New York.

The truth before he left Plainville was that he closed the orders for the two hundredth Oriental pearl necklace and the three hundred and twenty-ninth stocking member, pulled up his sixty-third short story and his fourth Uncle Hesie sketch.

Phil was not without work in the big town for long. He sold himself immediately to a large candy company as a specialist in child psychology. To prove himself a specialist, he instituted a selling campaign that used the natural leaders of high school and grammar school groups as salesmen. Three months later, with that safely launched, he left the job to become vice-president of an old publishing house. A month after that, he became circulation manager of society's snootiest magazine. His new salary was an improvement of some $7,000 a year over his Plainville earnings.

Phil went after the social elect in the same driving manner he had gone after the good citizens of Plainville. He knew that, to the Four Hundred (or the Four Thousand) the wishes of their children were sacred, so he rode the social birds of the Junior League in New York and New port, his saleswomen. Remember, this was before the time when the children of the rich took to working for their amusement.

Phil's pep talks put the urge to con-
FEEL THE EDGE
...to feel the QUALITY of this 5c shelving!

WHAT'S smart and new for shelves?...any 5-and-10c store will tell you...Royledge! Thrifty, too, at a nickel for 9 full feet. (Dept. stores and neighborhood shops have 10c sizes, too.) The edge of Royledge is double-thick, strong, non-curling and dustless; smartly decorated with gay patterns. It's only a minute's job to lay Royledge flat on the shelf, fold down the edge...no tacking...no tearing down for laundering. It lasts for months.

Look at your shelves now...kitchen, pantry, bath cabinet, cupboards and closets. Dress them up! There's a Royledge design for every room and every need. Just look on the counters for the big Royledge package with the sticker that invites you to "Feel the Edge!" Made by Roylace, 642 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Com'n Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair headaches all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Blak sprinkled on your comb, and at least once, if not twice a week, keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Blak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change not go gradual and to perfect; that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Blak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Blak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-HAIR today and send top flap of carbon to United Remedics, Dept. 406, 144 N. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 4c
do box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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do box of KUBAK Shampoo.
But he is a salesman, a super salesman. He dusted off Seth Parker, washed the mud off his face and combed his beard, and put him back to work. It was, right off the bat, a complete evocation for both him and Seth.

Then, casting about for something else, he was struck by the activities of the G-Men. Before he left for the South Seas, government men had been subject to faint ridicule because of their futile attempts to stop the sale of liquor; now, because they had crammed law and order down the throats of the lawless, they were heroes. Phil went to work on it, even though several other men had peddled the idea without success for months. By long distance phone, he interested the makers of Chevrolet in the series. Their last effective show had starred Jack Benny; they needed something dynamic enough to follow that king of the air. Phil convinced the board of directors he could supply it. When he learned they would have to wait for the official okay of the president of the company before he could go ahead, Phil remembered the people looking forward to his defeat. He told the board they couldn't wait, that other men were trying to sell the same idea to other sponsors; they told him they couldn't help it, that the president was fishing in isolated upper Wisconsin and it would take two days to reach him. Phil acted.

He chartered a plane in New York, and not many hours later the president of Chevrolet was startled to see a plane alight beside his boat and a dynamic young man named Lord Chamberlain into the skiff beside him. Perhaps it was because of this surprise that he didn't offer much resistance as Phil proceeded to sell him a radio show.

G-Men didn’t go off the air because it was no good. It went off because, on orders from Washington, Phil was unable to plug the automobile sponsoring the program. But it taught Phil a lesson. There was a place in radio, he decided, for the dramatic, yet true exploits of the metropolitan police. Accordingly, he conceived and sold Gang Busters.

That's the kind of man he is, really. And there’s a lesson in it for you. Not in selling, or in go-getting, but in this:

Don’t slam your door in the face of the next man who rings your bell and steps in with a sample case in his hand. It may be Phil, who finding he has a minute to spare from radio, is trying to make some change by peddling No-Slip Garters for Contented Socks.

She sang and danced in a night club when she was only twelve—yet today Paul Whitman’s eighteen-year-old star, Durelle Alexander, is as sweet and unspoiled as your high-school sweetheart. Read her amazing story in the JULY RADIO MIRROR.
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. are in the market for very short true stories. By "very short," we mean stories of 500 from 250 to 4500 words. For the fifty-three best true stories flowing within these word limits and submitted before July 1st, 1936, $10,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from $100 up to the magnificent grand prize of $1500. The greater part of this money undoubtedly will go to the writers of winners, but there are other prizes and opportunities before written for publication. Why not get your share? To the person who has never written, the thought of setting down a plot and portraying characters or more probably might seem a hopeless task. But to write a story from 250 to 4500 words presents no such problem. Comparatively little time is required to write it, and if successful how else can you realize as substantial remuneration for the time and effort involved?

The chances are that, as you read this, a story of your own is called itself to you that might easily merit the big $1500 first prize or, failing that, one of the substantial lesser prizes—a romance rooted deep in the heart of love, the romance of love, a story that thrilled you while you were living it, or when you saw it working out in the life of someone else. If you are one of the few, buy the story, by all means set it down and send it in.

It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will rank above the rest. There is no limit to the number you may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing exactly and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postcard.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. Making it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

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"They don't know who you are?"

"Oh, no! I joined under a different name, and gave them an address in Brooklyn. I always wear an old dark dress, pull my hair back tight, speak with just a little accent—like this—Again, before my eyes, there was the swift transformation I had seen in the market-place, from a poised, sophisticated radio star to a typical Jewish housewife, filled with comfort, kindness, and small affairs. "And how are the children, Mrs. Finkel? So? And the business? Good."

She went on: "They are so wonderful! The club supports a home for old and friendless Jewish people. I never stop wondering at the way those poor women, most of them with not enough money to get along, still manage to give so much to others."

Right now they are trying to persuade Mrs. Berg to run for president of the club, or at least vice president, and she is trying to think of a way to refuse without seeming to be slacking her club duties. She can't very well tell them the truth—that she is kept more than busy enough writing, directing, and acting in a radio sketch five days a week.

I've been able to help those women, in the three years I've belonged to the club," she explained, "by taking part in their affairs, working with them. But if they once knew who I am they would become shy and ill at ease. My usefulness would be entirely destroyed. And if I ever became one of the officers the truth would be bound to come out. I'd have to give them an address where they could reach me, and even if I didn't do that, they'd think it was funny I never asked any of them to my home."

"I'd hate to have that happen," she added seriously. "They help me, too—not just because knowing them gives my radio work more reality, but because they appeal to something deep down in myself. I'm happier every time I attend one of their Monday night meetings."

It was nearly time for Mrs. Berg's afternoon rehearsal when we left the restaurant. Our cab driver, who certainly will be a Goldberg fan from now on, speeded us back up through the crowded streets, out of the tenement district and onto glossy, prosperous Park Avenue. The Ghetto was left behind us, and we might have thought of something new, had it not existed at all. But Gertrude Berg won't ever forget that it does.

With Brother Willie, Eugene Howard's the comic highlight on the new NBC program, Folies Bergere of the Air.
of any use to Maxey Corvallis.

Something broke the nocturnal silence. It was like a child's head, a picked fence; it was like the chattering of the teeth of a regiment of men; it was, surprisingly, like the noise a machine gun makes in the movies.

Strangely, Hal McCabe dropped his cigarette and turned; and before the cigarette hit the ground it exploded in a shower of sparks; then McCabe was falling, slowly, slowly.

At the top of the hospital stairs, the driver had dropped McCabe's bags and was shooting at something in the dark.

Utsy vaulted over the back of the front seat and started the car. It took off with a jerk; Jake Loeb caught hold of the side and fell in, the door slamming behind him. The driver leaped across the sidewalk, and came in through a window, alongside Utsy; they went around a corner, hit Riverside Drive, went north.

Next to Jimmy, Jake was shaking and crying softly. "He was very good kid," Jake said. "But singers, they should stick with singers and not get mixed up with gangsters. There was nothing wrong with his throat, much. It's too much smoking, maybe. But he wanted to hide out, he was scared; he had gotten some of Maxey's friends mad at him. So Maxey sent his word it was safe to come out again."

"Utsy didn't pull his gun," Jimmy said softly. "Maxey thinks of everything," Jake said. "You will do for thirteen weeks. And then—"

The car was going quietly back to the hotel, as though nothing had happened. Jimmy began to shake, thinking of Hal McCabe falling to the pavement. His body had been nearly cut in half.

**Madge** sliced a potato into a frying pan, lighted the flame, and went to the window to cut the curtains. Outside were the dreary west side streets, spattered with rain now. A man turned the corner, a young man, and for a moment her heart beat wildly, her blood fluttered a little bit, like Jimmy. But Jimmy was dead, and anyway this boy was too old. She opened the window and took a bottle of milk and a lamb chop out of the tin box that sat on the window sill.

She was just sitting down to the meager, dear little dinner, when a call over the door buzzed three times. That meant that she was wanted on the phone downstairs. No one had called her up since Jimmy disappeared, and yet.

She nearly fell running down the stairs. The landlady had left the receiver hanging from the wall phone. She picked it up and said: "Hello!" into the mouth-piece. Her mouth felt dry, her throat clogged.

A man spoke—and Jimmey said: "Miss Suemars?"

"Yes."

"This is Captain Flaherty down at the building. Listen, we couldn't pick up Corvallis. He got out a lawyer on us, and we didn't have a thing on him. But the first McCabe broadcast goes on tonight, and he'll be there. I want you to come down to the building. Get me? Meet me at the office, and I'll take you down. It isn't open to the public."

"Yes, Captain."

"I've got a lead, girl. A little piece of information a friend of mine picked up near where the shooting was. It may be anything. But you come down anyway, about eight."
in his control room every evening.

Flaherty bent over, looking through the tiny panel. The minutes went by on the electric clock on the wall; they seemed to Madge to take more time than any minutes she had ever heard of, dreamed of. Because hope was born again. Jimmy might be alive; the captain had said not to get her hopes up, but she had to hope.

The captain straightened up. "There they are."

She bent over, her cheek nearly touching the engineer's head. It was hard to see through the little panel. They had made these panels so that the artists on the other side would not feel they were being stared at.

THERE were four men in the studio: a fat man, who sat at the piano, a thin man she had never seen before, and someone who stood with his back to her. But the fourth man was the only one she knew. He had run her away from the vice president's studio the other night, the night Jimmy had disappeared.

"I can't see the one at the microphone," she said, straightening. "But listen, Captain, who's the heavy set man in the corner?"

Flaherty bent over, straightened. "That's Maxey the Greek."

"I've never told anyone this because it was too ridiculous," Madge whispered, "but the night Jimmy walked out--" she told her story.

The cop said briefly: "If there are a couple of officials of the company involved in this mess, I know one Irishman who's going to be out of work if he misses. Keep watching till McCabe turns around. And don't say it's Jimmy till you're sure, and unless you're sure."

"Yes, sir." She bent over again. Now the piano player—she couldn't know he was Jake Loeb—was playing, striking chords to get his hands warmed up. And now the man at the microphone sang a few notes. He turned as he did so. Madge stared and stared; then finally, she said: "I can't be sure. Captain. Jimmy would never wear clothes like that, and this man is older."

Flaherty looked. "McCabe, after all. We're wrong. Here's the announcer now, they're going to start." Lights changed on the control panel. Finally, the announcer gave the commercial, told about Hal McCabe—and the familiar voice of "Old Black Joe" came through the loud speaker. Madge remembered that Jimmy had made a specialty ofimitating McCabe's theme song. She pushed Flaherty away from the window, and looked. But she couldn't be sure. The gray in the hair, the lines in the face, the flashy clothes were all so unlike Jimmy.

"And now," the announcer said through the wires, "Hal McCabe will sing a special new arrangement of 'Walking the Floor' and a great surprise, folks, Hal has adopted a new way of singing. I hope you like it!"

The man at the microphone—was it the man she loved or wasn't it?—opened his mouth. The piano started the melancholy song, and then—he didn't sing. Instead he cried: "I'm not Hal McCabe. This is Jimmy White. McCabe was killed!"

MAXEY CORVALLIS was out of his chair, and there was a gun in his hand. The thin man in the side of the room, the sponsor, leaped to his feet with utter amazement. And Madge was knocked aside as Captain Flaherty smashed madly at the glass panels with his gun butt. They broke, the double panels and there was a horrible noise in the control room. She wondered whether this was going on the air, but the control man had thrown switches, and a standby studio was going on. All that the world would ever hear was a piano played some place else in the building.

Flaherty pulled his arm out from the broken glass, and dashed out. Madge looked.

"Maxey Corvallis was dead, or he looked dead. She had never seen anyone lying in quite an attitude before. He was very red and the gun was still in his hand."

Another man—she couldn't know that before. She cried "Jimmy, Jimmy," through the broken glass panel.

He turned, unbelieving, wiping at the paint under his eyes. "Here I am, Jimmy," she cried again.

The fat piano player pushed Jimmy. "Go on and kiss your girl boy," he said. "I am telling you. me, Jake Loeb, I have never been so close to something in my life, and I would kiss a girl too if I had one."

And then Jimmy's dear face, strangely altered by the makeup, was pushed up to the smashed glass, and Jimmy was kissing her. It was unbelievable and wonderful.

The control man said: "Look out you don't cut," and went out.

"Come around here, Jimmy," Madge whispered. "And don't get lost on the way."

The End
If Perspiration were a TIGER
— you’d jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scaring claws of a tiger’s paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert’s Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the easiest also! Kleinert’s Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they’re as easily washed through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for “Kleinert’s” at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Radio Mirror
FACING THE MUSIC
(Continued from page 17)

than a magician.... The Duchin marriage is a great success. There is nothing high hat about the Mrs., she is very democratic and just crazy about Eddy and his music. She accompanies him on all his one night stands, mixes with the people and has one grand time.

Now Wayne in “Four Har-ral Ties” that sang Joan in “Grand Cafe” has fooled out Wayne and Hal is the busiest of all the leaders.... And Leo Reisman is the most temperamental. He’s really a grand fellow at heart but he can throw a fancy assortment of tantrums. He’s known in the trade as “Four bar Reisman,” meaning that he only needs to hear four bars of a new piece to tell whether he will use it or not.

SHORT STORIES

D ARY, pianist for Columbia’s Rhythm Boys, and Dorothy Dwyer were married last week in Miami. Their minister was Father Ronald MacDonald, elder brother of George MacDonald, another member of the quartet. Paul White- man, giving in to the demand for swing music, now has his own swing trio, called the Three Ts, composed of Jack and Charlie Teagarden and Frankie Stombauer... Hal Kemp’s going on tour this summer, but he’ll probably continue providing the music for the Gulf program every Sunday nights on CBS. Wayne King may be heading for Hollywood before long to make a feature picture, if negotiations don’t break down... Dick Messner, with his band, was not content only to orchestrate the air and in the Coconut Grove at New York’s Park Central Hotel, has taken on the job of being master of ceremonies for the floor shows there as well. Dick announces his radio numbers, too, and in his spare moments composes music... The Lombardos will be back in the Roosevelt Grill, New York City, next season... A new dance-band combination is that of Rudolph Friml, Jr., son of the famous composer, and Al Gjon, who are the boys and their band are doing some recordings now, and will get an NBC sustaining program later... Joan and the Escorts, a new vocal quartet consisting of one girl and three tenors, is being heard on various NBC shows coming out of Chicago, and regularly on the Breakfast Club Monday mornings. Joan is Joan Drake, and the Escorts are Clarence Hansen, Floyd Holm and Clifford Petersen.

THEME SONG SECTION

BOB CROSBY’s kid brother, who went to work and found some new licks in the tunes, that haunting melody you hear at the beginning and end of his late evening CBS programs is none other than “Summertime” from the first act of George Gershwin’s opera “Porgy and Bess.”

Bob’s orchestra, incidentally, is a cooperative affair. He turns over to New York for a share in the profits and a say in the band’s affairs. Not long ago he had a chance at the new life buoy show CBS which stars Ken Murray and Phil Regan, but the boys got together and turned it down after doing a little bit of figuring. They’re at the Hotel New Yorker in New York City right now, and doing well. (P.S. to Mary Carney: That ought to answer your question about Bob.)

Did you hear Rudy Vallee a few weeks ago when he did “Whiffenpoof Song?” You didn’t know it, but Rudy is trying to popularize that song just as he did years ago with the Maine Stein Song. It’s an old Yale student tune, and Rudy is a Yale alumnus. “Whiffenpoof” has a lovely melody, but it lacks the pep and sparkle of the miraculous Maine number.

Another maestro who wouldn’t mind helping history repeat itself is Paul White- man, Paul, you remember, directed the historic first jazz concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, at which Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue” burst on an astonished world. Now he’s scheduled for another Carnegie Hall concert in May, and during it he will play for the first time a suite for male voices and orchestra composed by Ken Darby, leader of the King’s Men quartet.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Edwin Thomas Nelson, Murray, New- York, asked: “What’s the most wasteful thing you can do?” Just being wasteful, I suppose, and—of all things—musical saw.

Marjorie Kreps, White Salmon, Wash.— That Lux Theater theme song is an original, unpublished piece of music by Robert Armbuster, musical director for A
c show. It hasn’t any title, and it hasn’t any words. Just music. Armbuster also writes the other incidental music for the Lux plays, except when one is presented which already has its own music.

Mary Barron, Framingham, Mass.— Rudy Vallee’s theme song is still “My Time Is Your Time” — it didn’t have to be changed when the copyright battle began. Rudy used an almost entirely different band for the show, “White’s Scandals.” Only two members of his radio aggregation were included in it—Elia Daniel, pianist, and Billy Smirnoff, violinist. And here’s an item about Rudy’s band for your Orchestral Anatomical file: Benny Kreiger, one of the Vallee saxophonists, now has his own band on the CBS Pick and Pat program.

INTRODUCING THE MAESTRO

Smith Ballew, the band leader, who became master of ceremonies on the Shell Chateau cover NBC when Al Jolson left early in April, is a Texan and had his first dance band while he was still a student at the University of Texas. Before that, he’d received his musical education from Old Ned, a Negro banjo-player in Smith’s home town of Sherman, Texas. Old Ned didn’t have a last name anybody knew, but he taught Smith how to do tricks nobody else could do on a guitar.

After Smith was graduated from college he had the chance to see what George Arma- bier was up to in the States. He was at the Fort Worth Club, a Texas million-aires’ organization then struck out on a tour through eastern and middle western states. Every member got a share in the profits from the first time in 1928 and played with George Olsen in the musical comedy, “Good News,” which ran for several years. Later he organized his own orchestra again and played with it in most of the big towns.
FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

THIS is the time when bands take to the road, playing one night stands, theaters and especially college dates. At the time the list below was prepared many of the leaders themselves did not know where they will be the latter part of April and early May. We have made every effort to make this list accurate but if discrepancies do exist, don’t blame us. Here’s the list.

Armstrong, Louis—On tour.
Belasco, Leon—On tour.
Bennie, Ben—Theaters and Levaggi’s Hotel, Boston.
Bester, Don—Mt. Royal Hotel, Montreal, Can.
Block, Bert—On tour.
Casa Loma—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
Coleman, Emil—Hotel St. Regis, N. Y.
Crosby, Bob—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y.
Cugat, Xavier—Theaters and Stevens Hotel, Chicago.
Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
Dorsey, Jimmy—California tour.
Duchin, Eddy—Plaza Hotel, N. Y.
Ellington, Duke—Theatre engagements.
Fio Rito, Ted—Theaters.
Garber, Jan—Theaters.
Goodman, Benny—Congress Hotel, Chicago.
Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y.
Harris, Phil—Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, O.
Hecht, Horace—Theaters and Drake Hotel, Chicago.
Henderson, Fletcher—On tour.
Himber, Richard—On tour.
Johnson, Johnny—Commodore Hotel, N. Y.
Jones, Isham—On tour.
Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago.
Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y.

Willie Howard—you’ve laughed at him in pictures—makes his radio debut in Folies Bergere, Wednesdays over NBC.

King, Wayne—Theaters.
Knapp, Orville—Waldorf Astoria Hotel, N. Y.
Kysar, Kay—Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lane, Eddy—Hotel Governor Clinton, N. Y.
Light, Enoch—Hotel McAlpin, N. Y.
Madruguera, Enric—College tour.
Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.

Nelson, Ozzie—On tour.
Newman, Ruby—Rainbow Grill, Rockefeller City, N. Y.
Noble, Ray—On tour.
Olsen, George—Hotel Sherman, Chicago.
Osborne, Will—Blackhawk Restaurant, Chicago.
Panchito—Hotel Pierre, N. Y.
Reichman, Joe—Hotel Statler, Boston.
Rogers, Buddy—Theaters.
Stern, Harold—On tour.
Travers, Vincent—French Casino, N. Y.
Weeks, Anson—On tour.
Weems, Ted—On tour.
Whiteman, Paul—Appearing in Jumbo at Hippodrome, N. Y.

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Cleans and whitens instantly

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Apply New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner according to simple directions on the carton. Allow shoes to dry thoroughly...then finish with a clean, dry cloth, not a brush. If New Shinola rubs off, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

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Theme Song Section
Following the Leaders
Or

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Address

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Italian, who had attached himself to me at Bengazi, and begged for the privilege of accompanying me on my search for the Garden of Hesperides.

It was an overnight trip, with the guides grumbling every inch of the way; they had never been to the Garden before, and did not know the way. Arabians, like everyone else, are afraid of what they have not experienced. The average camel driver's wage is forty cents a day. Ripley had to pay each Arab five dollars before he'd consent to come with that "crazy American."

Finally, they arrived at the Garden, a patch about two hundred yards wide and three hundred yards long. "Frankly," Ripley told me, "I was disappointed in it; my own garden is more beautiful and picturesque. It has an assortment of red and gold wild flowers and several clumps of trees more than twenty feet high. But of course when you consider that it grows in the desert, it is very remarkable, indeed."

**WHILE** riding around the garden, Ripley and the guides came to a great hole in the desert, underneath the garden. Always on the lookout for adventure, Ripley insisted upon investigating it.

The Italian lad told me it had been discovered only recently and that he had heard it led to a river. Of course, he had never been there. Nor had any other white man been there.

"The Arabs, who are afraid of subterranean waters, certainly had not gone there. But since I want to see everything in the world, I insisted upon going. It took almost an hour's arguing and plenty of gold to persuade the guides to accompany us. We finally descended about one hundred feet underground, zigzagging on the rocks, going down into the darkness beneath."

Torchlight weather. Dimly, they could see they were in a subterranean cavern in which the water was extremely deep, and crystal clear. Evidently someone had planned to explore it, for a wooden boat lay at the bottom of the water.

"We had tied our camels to the trees in the Garden of Hesperides," the Believe-It-or-Not man told us, "and took us a couple of hours to raise the boat, to tie it with rope and fix it so it wouldn't leak."

"Finally we got into it, and started paddling. I understood that this river solved the mystery of the Garden of Hesperides; it watered the roots of the trees and the flowers of the garden above. But where did the water come from?"

In some places the cavern roof was so low they lay in the bottom of the boat to pass; in other places, it was very high. All around the walls were dripping. The Arabs, afraid of this strange underground river, muttered prayers to Allah under their breaths.

The young Italian and Ripley conversed. "See the marks from the water line," the youngster said. "They come from the tide. I wonder when it's high tide here?"

"We paddled slowly," Ripley admitted, "and we seemed to get nowhere. I think we must have paddled about one hundred and fifty feet when our torches went out. We were left in complete darkness!"

The guides immediately began to shriek. Finally, paddling around in the darkness, we managed to pull over to the wall, and to feel our way. We could tell the water was rising, for we could hear it as it struck the wall. In three places it forced our boat so near the top of the cave that we had to lie on our backs, and push against the roof, to force the boat deeper into the water, so we could get by."

"It was useless to try to converse with the Arabian guides, for in times of stress, people revert to their native tongues. They were gibbering in Arabian, which Ripley does not understand."

"We are lost, I'm afraid," the young Italian boy said tremulously. "The tide is rising. We can't see our way out. We will all be drowned."

"You mustn't talk that way," Ripley said. "We'll get out. We'll find the entrance."

Shivering and quaking, they paddled for over an hour, being guided by the dripping walls. It got so that even the brave Italian conversed longer with Ripley. Trembling with fear, he began to sob and mutter in his native Italian.

"This was the first time in all the years I've been seeking adventure that I really felt I was done for," Ripley told me. "That cold, dank cave, with the water rising inch by inch, with the sobbing men praying with nothing but darkness all around me, gave me the jitters."

"First I tried to calm the men, to assure them it would be all right, that the river could not be very long, and that we would find our way."

"They only cried the more."

"Then we became hungry. We had left our supplies on the camels' backs. We had brought no food with us."

"None of the men would drink the water of the river; they muttered and jabbered among themselves as I cupped my hand in it and drank. I couldn't understand their behavior until later, when I learned I had drunk from the River Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. Legend has it, you know, that whoever drinks from that river forgets friends and home alike. But I forgot nothing, not even my danger."

What does a man think of when he feels sure he is about to die? First I kept thinking of how dumb I had been to come here; that, since I had not been able to get the boat, I should have gone home."

"Then, strangely enough, the skull of Saint Rosa began to appear before me. You see. I was raised in the little town of Santa Rosa in California, named after the only saint who came from the western hemisphere. Her skull is preserved in a church in Lima, Peru, and I had seen it there."

I AM not religious. I am not a Catholic. But the skull of that saint seemed to appear before me constantly.

The water kept rising slowly and the boat rose with it. Suddenly the young Italian boy nudged Ripley. His keen eyes had detected a glimmer of light in the distance! Breathlessly they paddled in that direction.

Finally, they came to it. It was the hole by which they had entered. When the Arabs saw this, they fastened the boat so quickly it almost capsized.

"We were alive, and in the fresh air," Ripley told me, smilingly. "We had explored the River of Lethe; we had seen the Garden of Hesperides and Hercules' golden apples, but," with a shake of his head, "I don't think I'll visit there again, very soon."
Major Bowes' Amazing Friendship

(Continued from page 21)

not that I myself have observed other manifestations of Freddie's unusual thoughtfulness.

A few weeks after the return to Hollywood he said to his aunt, "I am going to write to Major, today, Cissie. You know it is just a year this month since he lost his wife." And he did write, a warm, gossipy epistle such as only Freddie can write.

The Major's reply, written on a day when he was engaged in his usual stint of auditing some two hundred amateurs, was accompanied by his second present to Freddie, a gold pencil, with the initials "F.B." engraved on it. And in the top of the pencil there was a perpetual calendar. You just give it a twist once in a while, Freddie explains.

Miss Mack tells of another incident which took place during that first New York trip.

During the Bartholomew's second visit to the Bowes apartment the Major said, "Freddie, your Aunt Myllicent tells me you have committed to memory parts or several of Shakespeare's plays. Now... since you don't have much time or opportunity to hear anyone read Shakespeare, I haven't for years. Won't you read some of him for me now?"

AND for almost half an hour Freddie stood there, quoting lengthy excerpts from the work of the master playwright. In an ordinary child it would have seemed artificial, an affectation. But Freddie and his aunt have read the classics for years. He loved the sound of the words and lines before he could understand much of their meaning. And, through Cissie's explanations, he began to love the classics for their import, too, at an early age.

An hour after the Bartholomew's reached New York again, last February 21st, the Major rang their hotel to greet them. But they were already at the studio, rehearsing for "Peter Pan." For two days the efforts on both sides to make contact failed—such is the merciless penalty of fame.

At last on February 22nd, Miss Mack was successful. She rang the Warwick Hotel suite and Freddie himself answered the phone.

"Hello, Freddie!" said Miss Mack.

"Oh, I say, is this by any chance Miss Mack?" came back delighted accents. He had remembered her voice a whole year.

"And, oh Miss Mack," he continued, after the first interchange of greetings, "there is a band in the street here and they are playing American airs! Is it Lincoln's birthday?"

Lincoln's or Washington's—it made little difference to a small boy who hasn't got his American history quite straightened out. It was, in any event, a great day for celebration. For on that day, Freddie saw his friend, the Major, again.

**NEXT MONTH**

Another fascinating and helpful lesson in homemaking from one of your radio favorites, showing you how easy and inexpensive it is to add those little touches which make your home more than just a place to hang your hat.
W. K., Woodhaven, New York—Just write to Harry von Zell in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York and ask him for his picture. I'm sure he'll be glad to send you one.

Miss Marie B., Peekskill, New York—You're not the only one. Marie. Frank Parker is quite popular. He has black hair and brown eyes. He's radio's handsomest bachelor ... Likes to cook and putter about the house when he isn't swimming, dancing, golfing or charging about Long Island on one of his polo ponies. You can address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. C. Belleville, Overland, Mo.—Morton Downey has been shifting around quite a bit this winter, but I think he's pretty well set now on NBC's Evening in Paris program each Monday at 8:30 p.m. To help you find the show study Radio Mirror's new and rapid program guide on page 52. And what's more, here's Morton Downey's latest picture!

Isadore D., Baltimore, Md.—Al Goodman directs the Palmolive shows on Saturday nights. Al's considered one of the ablest conductors and composers in America. He was born in Russia, the date being 1890. His father was a cantor and from him young Alfred learned much of harmony, composition and singing. The Goodmans were miserably unhappy in Russia. But to leave was difficult. So Cantor Goodman disguised himself as a farmer, filled a wagon with farm produce, his wife, little Al and his other children, and the Goodmans were soon across the border. They then came to America and settled in Baltimore. Al's professional career began when at the age of 17 he got a job playing the piano in a nickelodeon. Then he went in vaudeville with his brothers. He then worked as a chorus boy in a Millin Abbott show. One day during a rehearsal Al became so impatient at the poor musicianship of the leader that he threatened to "tear up the place." Abbott heard him and asked, "Well, can you direct any better?" P. S. He got the job and made a success of it.

Mrs. E. C. S., Great Neck, Long Island, New York—Roy Atwell is not broadcasting regularly at the present time. However, he's often heard as a guest star on some of the big shows.

E. K. N., Kronmin, Mont.—A letter will reach Ruth Etting in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. There's no fixed address for Pinky Todd at this writing. He's on a vaudeville tour.

R. L. P., Antrim, N. H.—There's no set announcer on the Flying Time program. NBC uses different ones from time to time. Sidney Ellisorn took the part of the reporter who came from New York to interview Patricia Ryan on the Girl Alone program. I'm sorry I can't give you the information you want on Orphan Annie and the Betty and Bob shows. There's an agency ruling against this. It was Loretta Peyton who played the part of the boy, Bobby, found in the warehouse on the Flying Time program.

Greta M. L., Syracuse, N. Y.—The leading characters in the Betty and Bob show are not married to each other. And, believe it or not, a twenty-year-old girl takes the part of the boy. For pictures, write to Betty and Bob, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

D. E. B., Buffalo, New York—You can now hear your favorite tenor, Stuart Churchill, on the Musical Reveries program over the Columbia network on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12:15 noon. Stuart was born in St. Francis, Kansas. Is five feet seven, weighs 130 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair, celebrates his birthday on January 15 and is not married.

Edith J., Covina, Calif.—Edith Hunter plays the part of Marge on the Easy Aces program.

Julia A., Jamaica, New York—Columbia's announcer, Carlyle Stevens, was born in Parkhill, Ontario, Canada in the year 1909. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall ... Weighs 145 pounds ... Has brown hair and very brown eyes. He loves tennis. But seldom has time to play.

Morton Downey has given up nightclub entertaining to return to NBC's Evening in Paris program, Mondays at 8:30.

ATTENTION
Ida Bailey Allen Budget Recipe Contestants

RADIO MIRROR is glad to announce the following winners of the budget recipe contest: Mrs. Martha L. Doll, Lebanon, Pa.; Mrs. Leona Dreer, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. B. D. Kizer, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Ethel Goodman, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. S. A. Seddon, Norwich, N. Y.; Miss Helen Smallley, Alexandria, Ind.; Mrs. Max M. Stein, Farmington, Conn.; Mrs. L. M. Groover, Selma, Ala.; Mrs. Harry Hartwick, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Betty Klemchuk, Chicago, Ill.

Copies of Mrs. Allen's Budget Cookbook, autographed by the author, have been sent to the prize winning contestants.
The Critic on the Hearth

(Continued from page 13)

Evelyn Kay, concertmaster—or is it concertmistress?—of Phil Spitalny’s Zotos Hour of Charm girl orchestra.

HOUR OF CHARM. Male bands may well be jealous of Phil Spitalny’s thirty-girl orchestra and chorus which has nothing to fear from television. Phil picked the damsels for brains, beauty, musical genius and lack of husbands. No wonder he had to comb the country for them.

CBS, Sun., 6:00 P.M., 30 min.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet “The New Way.” It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist’s today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions.

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

FEMININE HYGIENE made easy

Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

● A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of Parahyprocine—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Parahyprocine kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an “over-dose” or “burn.”

You wear lipstick

16 hours a day.

Be careful of...

lipstick

parching

Remember that lips are sensitive. Does your lipstick leave your lips rough and dry?
The new Coty “Sub-Deb” Lipstick never parches. Coty thought of smoothness as well as color. So a wonderful new ingredient was added. It’s called “Essence of Theobrom.”
It has a special power to keep lips soft.
And what warm color the “Sub-Deb” gives your lips! Color that’s ardent and indelible.

Make the “Over-night” Experiment!
Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.
Coty “Sub-Deb” comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty “Sub-Deb” Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty “Air Spun” Face Powder!
Hal Kemp will get a crack at stardom this summer when he takes over the Gulf Oil show from Phil Baker.

The first breath of warm spring breezes blew around the corner of Radio Row in April and blew with it a list of program changes. Stars are already planning their vacation times and sponsors are hastily signing up new talent to pinch hit during the summer.

A change of the first magnitude and an evil omen for amateur performers at the mike has been announced for Town Hall Tonight. Fred Allen departs the first of July, for parts unknown, until a fall return the last day of September. In Fred's place will be Stoopnagle and Budd. The Colonel, with Budd's assistance, will continue to keep out of the White House and will, with no encouragement at all, heckle the amateurs during the last thirty minutes of the full hour.

When Phil Baker packs up, along with Beetle and Bottle, his sponsor will retain the Sunday half hour, giving Hal Kemp his first real crack at radio stardom. Hal will preside over the entire program, featuring his singers Maxine Grey, Bob Allen and Skinny Ennis.

Another sponsor—Chesterfield Cigarettes—wants to keep going over the summer and has already scheduled its talent for this hiatus in the serious music series presented by Lily Pons, Nino Martini, and more lately by Rosa Fonselle. Andre Kostelanetz will continue to direct the orchestra, and for soloists he will have Kay Thompson, formerly of Fred Waring and Hit Parade fame, and Ray Heatherton, until now an NBC star. This show's former Saturday evening spot changes to Friday at 10 on May 1, with the Wednesday program to be left as is.

A change is coming in True Story Court of Human Relations, now over NBC. The sponsor wants to try out Goodwill Court, a local New York program, which uses real, honest to goodness judges to sit in on problems of husbands and wives. The show, at first, will be heard over the Mutual network and the Inter-City network. If it is accepted, one of the two big chains will probably find it as one of its evening programs for fall.

Jack Benny departs the end of June for a short rest. Jello hasn't planned anything in his place. He'll return, though, that's certain.

Helen Hayes is another probable returner to the fold, possibly some time in late summer.

Lawrence Tibbett has no plans for more radio work, at least not at the present.

The Kraft people are arguing with Bing Crosby that he should stay on his program during July, while Bing shakes his head and points at his contract which calls for time off just about then. If picture work keeps him in Hollywood he'll keep on broadcasting. Otherwise, it's a vacation and no back talk. The agency wouldn't confirm this, but it wouldn't deny it either.

Walter Winchell stays on the Jergen program until late in June—but the show's plans after that are still indefinite. Last year Cornelia Otis Skinner, the monologist, pinch hitted for the Sage of Times Square while he took his summer vacation.

Richard Himber and his Studebaker Champions will turn up on the NBC-Red network, Friday nights at 10, starting May 1, for what promises to be an all-summer series.

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUDDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS...

Feed Them ‘Strength Building Iodine” For Blood and Glands!

Thousands Say It’s Quickest Way to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh
— Make You Strong and Rugged— Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better— Advise Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here’s the new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, hung-over looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry. Those who are nervous, irritable, almost always half sick and ailing. Science says the original cause of these rundown conditions is “GLANDS STARTING FOR JOINTS.” When these glands don’t work properly, all the food in the world can’t help you. It just isn’t turned into flesh. The result is: you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland— the one which actually controls body weight and strength— needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time— to regulate metabolism— to be able to use all the food. Thousands say, NATURAL IODINE in especial, concentrated and available form, takes Seedol Kelpamalt— were recommended as the world’s finest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,900 more times more iodine than kelp, is considered the best source. The tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 460 lbs. of sea kelp, or 1,657 lbs. of butter.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week and notice the difference. If you can’t gain at least 5 lbs. of “earnest flesh,” eat better and sleep better than you ever have before. We guarantee Seedol Kelpamalt tablets to be in every man and woman places, no break. Send specimen tablet. Send 5c for special introductory size bottle of 60 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Solidly— Get the cheapest, most reliable information about NATURAL IODINE, standard weights and measures, the value of Kelpamalt— tablets, and how to get the best results. Address: H. E. De相应的, 5th West 100th St., New York City.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturers’ Notes— Ineficient products, sold as kao and named Kelpamalt will not report in the description of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt being offered as adulterants. The Kelpamalt Company will award a prize of $100 in gold to any person who makes a true report of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt. Don’t be fooled. Demand the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are solidly, firm, guaranteed or money back.

DON’T TOLERATE Conspicuous SHINY NOSE

LUXOR, the truly moisture-proof face powder, is guaranteed not to mix with skin moisture and cause shiny nose, clogged pores, floury streaks! Coupon brings 10-day supply, FREE!

Take advantage of this wonderful offer to try Luxor moisture-proof powder. Give it the severest test a face powder can stand. See for yourself that it will not mix with skin moisture around the nose. See how marvelously Luxor combats conspicuous nose shine, clogged pores, floury streaks! This you can prove by putting a little Luxor powder into a glass of water. Note how completely it refuses to mix with water, and therefore won’t mix with similar moisture on your skin to cause shine.

1c postage brings FREE 10-day supply

Just paste the coupon below on a penny postcard. Fill in your name and address and indicate which of the flattering Luxor shades is best suited to your type. We will send you FREE and postpaid, a generous 10-day supply of Luxor.

Moreover, we back all claims for Luxor with a rigid money-back guarantee. At drug and department stores, 35c. 10c sizes in 10c stores.

55c moisture-proof FACE POWDER LUXOR FREE: 10-day box of Luxor Powder

LUXOR, Ltd. 155 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill. Please send me free and postpaid a 10-day supply of Luxor Moisture-Proof Face Powder. I am checking the shade I prefer. Does not good at face.

Complexion

Blonde, Light

Blonde, Medium

Blonde, Dark

Brunette, Light

Brunette, Medium

Brunette, Dark

Gray Hair

Auburn, Light

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They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells, but with all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—inverted, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25¢ at all drugstores.

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B A K E R S  B R O A D C A S T

Believe it or not, Harriet Hilliard, but that's a magic ring Rob Riplcy's showing you—just another of the odd things he's picked up on his travels. You hear Bob, Harriet, and Ozzie Nelson on the Bakers Broadcast over NBC.
Harriet Hilliard Says It Isn’t Romance  
(Continued from page 26)

married.' He was the only one who showed any excitement at all. He practically ditched the car.

'Call that romance?'

I said maybe it wasn’t done in the accepted moonlight and rose leaf manner but that somehow when Harriet talked about it there was a glint of romance in her eyes.

Just wait. You haven’t heard anything. A couple of months later, she went on, still pretty disgruntled, ‘we got back from playing one night stands. That was on a Saturday. Sunday we made our first broadcast for the Ripley program. Monday I bought a dress to be married in. Ozzie wasn’t even going to tell the boys in the band about it but I said that wasn’t fair—they always told him when they were getting married. So he told them. Tuesday we took the afternoon off, went out to Ozzie’s mother’s and were married. Wednesday we rehearsed all day. Thursday we opened at the Lexington and worked until two A.M. We kept on working like that until Sunday when I took the plane for Hollywood.’

SHE didn’t want to go. She carefully explained to Ozzie that after all she was a bride and he needed to have honeymoons, not just take an afternoon off to get married and then fly three thousand miles to go to work again. But Ozzie, in spite of the fact that he is lucky husband, is still her business manager. In fact, it was he who had insisted that she sign the contract. And it was he who bundled her off in the plane.

‘So you call that romance?’ Harriet asked again.

In Hollywood she got a break that any girl in the United States would have swooned over. Sent out to do a program picture, she was offered the second lead in Fred Astaire’s ‘Follow the Fleet.’ Harriet was furious. You see, the program picture would have taken just four weeks to make—just four weeks away from Ozzie. The Astaire opus meant that for three solid months she must be the lonely bride.

She called Ozzie long distance and asked him what she should do. He told her. She went in ‘Follow the Fleet’ as Fred’s sister. They talked to each other long distance every day. ‘Ozzie isn’t such a good business manager as he thinks he is,’ Harriet said. ‘He was crazy to make me stay in Hollywood. It actually cost him money.’ They wired each other every day. At Christmas time he sent her just a mink coat, a Ford coupe, and eighteen or twenty other small tokens of his esteem. I don’t know what Harriet thinks about it, but I call that romance.

Harriet mumbled and complained and begged everybody to hurry up and finish the picture. And everybody was very swell about it and did hurry so that at last Harriet found herself on a train New York bound.

She thought she couldn’t stand it when the last miles were being run off and she was the first one on the platform, sprinting for the station. She knew there would be no wagon, but she was determined that she would go to kiss Ozzie before posing for pictures. And there he was and suddenly she was in his arms. Their lips met. There was a terrific burst of light, but it wasn’t from the fire in their hearts. It was a dozen flash guns from a dozen cameras. The news hounds
had snapped the first kiss.

"And that's romance, I suppose?" Harriet mused. "You'd think after having been separated for three whole months that certainly our first meeting could be private and tender and intimate. And instead we have our pictures taken."

But don't let Harriet kid you for one minute. Watch the way she and Ozzie look at each other. Hear their plans for the future. See how they feel about each other.

"We want to build a house," Harriet told me, "a real home. I mean—way out in the country. I wouldn't want to buy a place in Hollywood, it seems so imperfect. I like a place to have roots. If there are children they must have an honest-to-goodness home somewhere in New England.

"Of course, I don't know how I'll be able to sleep in the country unless there's a sound track of city noises running right outside my window. Even in Hollywood, I stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel so I'd hear the sound of a street car once in awhile.

"But it really isn't worth it spending your whole life in a city. Ozzie and I work so hard we haven't a chance to enjoy ourselves at all. Here's the way we live. We work at the hotel until two or two-thirty every morning seven days a week. Then we have a bite to eat together somewhere and talk over what's happened during the day and read the morning papers, so we're never in bed before five a. m. We couldn't go to sleep right after we'd finished work. It would be the same thing as a man coming home from his office at five p. m. and going right to bed.

"Then we have two rehearsals a week for the radio program and we broadcast every Sunday. I sleep as late as I can the next day, but Ozzie's always up fairly early. He has the energy of ten people. Me, I'm lazy. I let Ozzie do all the business work. He manages the band and me and himself. And since we've been married and since I'm back from Hollywood we've had things to do like making out bills and fixing up the insurance and things like that.

"I think we deserve to have a home in the country and we're going to have it, too. But before that we're going to have a vacation. The only trouble is that we haven't had a vacation in so long we don't know what to do with it once we get it. Somebody suggested that we just get in the car and drive to a lot of out-of-the-way places. But that's just what we do all summer long when we play one night stands."

I DON'T want to go to some smart hotel for a vacation. Because that's what we do all winter—work in smart hotels. And if we go to any summer resort there'll be eighteen kids hanging around all day long asking Ozzie how to start a band. And Ozzie will tell them.

"But if we could just get a little cabin somewhere in the mountains beside a lake—all alone, with nobody around for miles, and cook our own meals and tramp through the hills and sleep out-doors right on the ground. And fish and swim. Just the two of us—way, away."

Her eyes looked way, away.

"Wait a minute!" I had pulled her back from the day dream. "Wait a minute, gal. That's romance.

She looked at me and smiled. "Yessir, I guess, it is!"
How to Be Happy in a Hall Bedroom
(Continued from page 31)
its narrow, severe cot, its ugly bureau and the miserable rug on the floor. At one end a linen closet had been converted into a bathroom. There was a small window, with a dingy curtain hanging over it. I'm sure hundreds of you girls have had that experience—your first glimpse of the cheap little room you are expected to call "home."

But here is where Margaret differed from most girls. And here is where lesson number one came in: And vision. The vision to see how cheery and bright the room could be made with a little taste. So, as she looked at it, the austerity and drabness of the room faded and she saw it as it was to become. Thus even her first look at it was happy. She took a deep breath. This was her room, paid for with her money. Its actual floor space was about eight by twelve but in her heart it expanded to the dimensions of Buckingham Palace. This was her own house and immediately she attacked the problem of making it cozy and sweet.

It took time, naturally, with as little money as Margaret had and with jobs for ambitious singers from Columbus, Ohio, as scarce as they were. But—and this is lesson number two—she economized on clothes to make her tiny home attractive. For she knew that weary and discouraged as she was to be, it was vitally necessary to her soul to come home to an attractive place.

The cot was soon covered with a pretty blue throw to make it look like a daybed. She bought an upright piano "on time," cheaper than the old one and with jobs for ambitious singers from Columbus, Ohio, as scarce as they were. But—and this is lesson number two—she economized on clothes to make her tiny home attractive. For she knew that weary and discouraged as she was to be, it was vitally necessary to her soul to come home to an attractive place.

AFTER months of saving she had a special piece of furniture built—which included shelves for her books, spaces for small bookshelves, drawers for her music and a place for the telephone. That was a luxury she allowed herself. The first month she did without a telephone, in an effort to economize. But she soon saw that not only did she need it in her work but that it expanded something in her life. Her ring was cheerful with promise. She felt not nearly so cut off when the telephone was installed.

While the room was becoming more and more attractive Margaret was having career trouble. She answered an ad in a paper for a prima donna in a co-operative musical at the Grove Street Theatre. This old theater was located in Greenwich Village where the scene of most of Margaret Speaks' life is laid. She gave the audition and heard her and said, "You're hired." As simply as that. But collecting her salary at the end of the week was not so simple. Margaret could not collect. The company moved up-town played one week and ten minutes before the curtain was to rise on the second week the musicians in the orchestra announced that they would not play unless they saw the color of a greenback or two. So they did not play. The curtain did not go up.

Margaret had several chances to go on the road with vaudeville units but, except when the towns to be played were very close by, she did not accept. From a girl in a Shubert show she had found an excellent voice teacher, Helen Chase. Her ambition soared higher than vaudeville.

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She knew she must have a lesson every day, so she remained in New York and kept on adding to her half room.

When she wasn't either working or looking for work she was as busy as any housewife with an eighteen-room establishment. She washed the one window herself, leaning out precariously above the busy, crowded street below. She did her own washing and ironing, dusting and cleaning.

At first she had tried to cook in her room, on an electric plate, but this was impractical and actually more expensive than eating at the corner drugstore. That, in fact, is where she did take her meals. Even now she holds tender memories when she passes that store.

Her brother introduced her to his friends, and, although they were older than Margaret, she enjoyed being with them. Slowly she was able to discard some of the few pieces of furniture which had originally been in her room and replace them with others. A friend of her brother's moved from a large apartment into a smaller one and loaned her a charming chair.

Someone else gave her some used draperies which she dyed blue and put at the one window. She finally got a second hand rug to replace the atrocious that had first "graced" the room.

And so her home grew—as any good home does.

Entertaining friends was difficult. Certainly, the limited floor space prevented the giving of parties and receptions, but she still managed to invite girl friends to see her, to serve them fruit and cookies, to play the piano, to read and to discuss the future. For the hall bedroom had grown into a place of which she could be

The distinguished looking gentleman above is none other than Ed Wynn of the perfectly foolish Wynns, without one of the numerous disguises which he dons for his weekly CBS show, Thursday nights at 9:30. Lennie Hayton, who directs the orchestra for the Wynn program, is sitting at the piano.
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Beware of "Alkali" Hair!

Dry, dull, lifeless, brittle, hard-to-manage hair is too often caused by improper methods of shampooing. Free alkali in soap, together with chemicals, minerals and hardness in the water, take out the life, lustre and softness, causing "Alkali" Hair. You will be amazed at the difference—Try Lucky Tiger OIL SHAMPOO

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The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't work properly they try to get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, every 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. If they don't pass 2 pints a day and go nod in more of them, you will need flushing. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, pain under the eyes and otherwise. Have your kidneys examined.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Proud. That is lesson number . . . oh well, there are so many practical lessons in the story that I can't keep up with them.

But the room, her home, was the important thing. Where other girls might have spent what they had to spend on clothes and marbles, Margaret took her extra money to have an extra shelf built here, to buy an attractive ashtry for that niche there.

She economized on clothes by having just one "best" dress at a time. This was invariably black, since that was the most practical and remaining interesting to Margaret's blonde loveliness. And it could be made fresh and attractive with various starched collars and ruffles. When that dress wore out, Margaret got another black dress and used the first one for "second best"—for rainy days.

Her hair was left without benefit of marbles and was actually more attractive, more distinctive, than if it had been crimped and curled.

So for four years Margaret Speaks had lived happily in a room of her own. Those four years saw her steady climb to the eminence she now has. She managed to get jobs singing in churches, jobs broadcasting on church stations, jobs broadcasting with famous orchestras.

It didn't come easy, her success. It was not an overnight sensation she made. It was long and hard and arduous. She is a success now—a big success—and one of the things. I'm sure, that contributed to her success was the attractiveness of that bed, and how it was decorated. The atmosphere gave her the courage to take the disappointments which are always in the path of the serious artist.

Margaret talked candidly of those days. She still loves Greenwich Village, still lives there, in fact. Her home there now is beautiful and spacious and she shares it with her husband, an important advertising man.

These two had known each other six years before they were married. They met, in fact, shortly after Margaret came to New York, so their companionship goes deep and true.

Not so long ago they built another home in Westchester, far out in the country, commanding a magnificent view.

That is how Margaret Speaks told me earnestly. "Building that house was wonderful. My husband and I made a fine combination—he wanting all the practical things and I, wanting all the decorator things. A house should have and I hope getting out for frivolousness and charm. Between us, we've made a grand place."

"Building that house seemed a real milestone in my life, but actually it was no more fun, no more exciting than building that little hall bedroom. It was different, of course. It gave me different emotions."

"But I'm sure that if I had not made a real home of my first home—that tiny room—I would not have been capable of making a home of the big Westchester house."

And that, my dears, is lesson number X.

It is growth that gives life its value. And growing means beginning small and expanding. Truly, had Margaret Speaks not had the capacity for happiness in her first surroundings, she would not have had the capacity for the greater happiness that has come to her now.

Look into her clear blue eyes. Listen to her clear voice. It is the voice of an architect's instruments. And you will know that she has the depth which gives her the capacity for honest, real happiness.
Suddenly a neighbor rushes in and cries, "Mrs. Flaherty, your Tim's been killed in the quarry."

Mrs. Flaherty continues drinking the soup calmly.

"Don't you understand," he yells, "your man's been killed.

Still Mrs. Flaherty goes on sipping.

"Faith," he yells, "doesn't it mean anything to you?"

Then Mrs. Flaherty deigns to reply.

"Just wait till I've finished me bowl of soup," she says, "and you'll hear some of the grandest screaming you ever heard."

"Of course it is easy to get laughs with it," Aileen agreed. "But think all of the people whose feelings you are hurting by holding the Irish up to ridicule. You had to think twice about putting that joke in your act or you wouldn't come to me for advice about it. Any time you have to think twice about a joke, leave it out."

"I've followed that counsel to this day," Phil told me. "It has always been right."

It was lucky for Phil that they were booked on the same bill together for a number of weeks. For during that time something happened that really determined his career.

"One day I went on for my act at the Folly Theater, in Brooklyn," he said. "I was terrible. Hardly anyone laughed at my jokes. I had never been self-confident, and that reception just about finished me."

I WENT back to my dressing room determined to quit. I felt sure I'd be fired anyway. I'd go back home, and do something else."

"Aileen passed my dressing room on her way to the stage, I had my head buried in my hands, and was as near tears as I've ever been since I've grown up. Though it was time for her to go on with her songs, she stopped to console me. I told her I was going to ask the manager to let me out.

"You were just nervous tonight," she said. "It will be all right. Promise me you won't do anything rash till tomorrow."

Phil promised. The very next morning Aileen suggested a double number which she had prepared. They both sat down little platform near the footlights: Aileen sang while Phil accompanied her on the accordion. It was a hit and after that for three years Aileen and Phil were booked together simply to play that sketch.

And yet, throughout those three years, Phil never once realized why she was doing this for him.

There was another problem she had with me," Phil said. "You know how youngsters are, away from home and earning what seems to them a lot of money, for the first time. I used to imagine myself a sophisticate, a man-about-town. I used to spend most of my salary trying to be the life of the party, treating the crowd. Even in those days Ben Bernie used to call me a 'party lawyer.'"

"Aileen would lecture me regularly. She begged me to stop wasting my money: pleaded with me to give it up. She tried to impress upon me the fact that a com-edian's livelihood is precarious: that he can be on top one morning and forgotten the next."

"It was Aileen who scolded Phil for staying out late at night, for coming in late for the afternoon performance."

"Many a time she phoned me in the
morning to get me up, so that I'd escape a scolding from the manager." Phil said.

"And many a time she'd go on and do the whole act alone, when I failed to appear on time.

"I still can see her standing anxiously in the wings of the theater, peering out, hoping I'd come along. Sometimes I saw her waving to me across the block away when I was sauntering down the street, although I should have been on the stage.

"Any time I tried to express my gratitude, she'd shoo me away. 'It's nothing,' she'd say. 'You're a bright boy and I like to see you get along, just as I like to see anyone make the grade.'"

And Phil believed it.

After being booked with her for ten weeks, Phil's salary was doubled. "I would never have had the nerve to ask for a raise, but Aileen kept after me, urging me to demand it, telling me over and over again how good I was, how much I was worth," he told me.

"Didn't you even suspect that she had more than a friendly interest in you?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Didn't it seem strange now, doesn't it, that I should have been so lacking in understanding? But Aileen went out of her way to convince me she felt nothing but friendship for me. And she was the finest person I've ever met. She was always doing other people favors, too.

"Besides, I was such a dumb and she was such a star. It never occurred to me that she could be interested in me personally. And she and her pianist, Bob Buttonbush, were such inseparable pals. Bob made no secret of his love for her.

I NEVER asked her to go out with me. After the show, although sometimes we'd have a sandwich before. She just didn't fit in with my manner of living, my amusements. When she did step out, it was to a show or a concert—I'd go to a night-club or a party. Quite often she and Bob would sit and play checkers."}

Soon Phil became so good, under Aileen's tutelage, that he was offered a spot in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, "Good Night." Aileen advised him to grab it, and still hold on to his vaudeville job. He followed her counsel again.

After the vaudeville show," he told me. "I'd hope to get into the Ziegfeld stilt. It was hard work, but I enjoyed every minute of it."

It was while working in "Good Night" that Phil met the girl who became his first wife. "I imagined myself in love with her," he told me simply, "and after a two months' courtship we decided to elope.

Spendthrift Phil hadn't saved a nickel. His dream of a honeymoon had always been a trip to Europe. So what do you think he did?"

He went straight to Aileen, the best friend he had. She lent him the $800 he wanted without one question. Phil and the girl eloped and went to Europe on the $800.

"Had Aileen ever given me a hint of how she felt," he told me, tightening his fingers in a clasp, "things might have been different. But I had long ceased to think of her as anything but a swell sister."

"She was the first to congratulate me and wish my wife luck, how could I realize?" He shook his head slowly.

Six months after Phil's marriage, Aileen married her pianist, Bob Buttonbush. It wasn't till two years later that Phil and Aileen once again appeared together on the stage. By this time Phil's marriage had flopped and he and his first wife were divorced. Aileen and he both played in the show "A Night in Spain".

"This was the first chance I had to do a little something for Aileen," he said.
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Tattoo them with this smooth, new cream mascara and they will instantly look twice their real length ... with a lovely, charming curl. Smooth Tattoo instead of crude, beady mascara ... Tattoo the South Seas enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes.

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What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 12)
Someone goes and puts a ban on the greater part of the popular picks. Thinking this would probably cause a commotion. Well, it did—in this way. The orchestras began digging way back into Grandma's Song-flower. Which ideas, they have now given us something worthwhile to listen to. What could be better than sitting back in an old arm chair and listening to those old familiar songs, bringing back memories of long ago. Try it sometime yourself.

CHARLES DOOLEY, Zanesville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
A DISAPPOINTED FAN
To my great disappointment, Dick Powell was not mentioned in the recent radio awards, but to me he should have had top honors.
His singing plus that wonderful personality would cast a shadow over all of us who listened to our radio at home and in the car. The female sex just adore him and the male sex admire him and envy him his personality, which you don't need television to see because it is always there in his songs.

More power to Dick Powell.
Mrs. Irene Scott, Richmond, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
THAT SOOTHING, DREAMY MUSIC
There can never be a program on the air to compare with King's. After a hard, trying day, when kiddies are bathed and put to bed, I wait up for Wayne King to soothe and quiet my ruffled mind and never fail.
Was it his orchestra recommended to calm the savage beast? But did I suffer a set-back and disappointment when he tried his hand at "The Music Goes Round and Around." The idea! He's too
HONORABLE MENTION

"Bill and Mary know when Mozart is being played, when it's Lawrence Tibbett singing, and what the 'Fleg Song' is about. And they have learned it all from the radio."—Kay Matthews, Seattle, Washington.

"There's a group of friends to whom I am always at home. I don't have to dress up to meet them. I never owe them a return call, they never interfere with my household routine and they never bother me when I'm busy. In fact, they help to lighten my tasks."—Mrs. Agnes Moran, Hornell, N. Y.

"May I take the stand to appeal for the thousands of Americans who still believe that teeth, foul breaths, acid-stomachs, juvenile mellers, and new-blasts are definitely not a background for our evening dinner, by choice!—Harold A. Miller, Irvington, N. J.

"Hand's has a HONEY of a program, starring the CREATURE of actors, Leslie Howard."—Phyllis Thompson, Alhambra, Calif.

"Guest stars whose names fairly shout dollar signs and whose talent for the airwaves brings yawns, annoy the buying public."—Mary C. Skifich, San Pedro, Calif.

"I don't know to whom I owe my sincerest thanks for the cutting down on commercial on Uncle Tim and his spy stories."—Mrs. J. D. McFeatters, Carnegie, Pa.
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

LUCY LAUGHLIN, also known as Lucy Monroe, gets a kick greeting the "youngsters of yesterday" who come back to appear as guests on the Hammertone Morning Half Program. The best way to put it is that Lucy’s mother is Anne Laughlin, a star of the old Hammertone Victory days, and Lucy was brought up on stories of the personalities of those good old days. By one of the strange coincidences of show business, Lucy actually heard one of her mother’s old stories of the old Sibley’s of Detroit, a "hot" number of Spanish American War Days, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," on the radio program in which Lucy is starred.

* * *

THERE are $800,000 radio sets in un- derground farmhouses in this country. To owners of these battery operated receivers, the invention of the 'wind charger' was a great boon last winter. It is a windmill device which charges the battery with a breeze as low as seven miles per hour. When the wind velocity reaches gale-like proportions, a governor keeps the pro- pagator on the roof under perfect control. Their introduction to the arctic regions has also been a godsend. Eskimos, or "God's frozen people," as the schoolboy must declare them, have recollected the remote regions of the Northland, where even dry batteries can't be delivered for months, now have their radio, thanks to the wind charger.

* * *

HIGHLIGHTS on Phil Spitalny, maestro of noted New York orchestra and conductor of the CBS "Philharmonic Choral," Born in Odessa, Russia. Came to America when seventeen... Against advice of his friends, decided to form an all-girl orchestra. Toured seventeen states and auditioned over a thousand girls... Most difficult task was to gain parents' permis- sion for group. Now, through the efforts of most talented musicians in smaller cities. Has found that young women are easier to manage than men... Gesticulates extravagantly when he conducts... Has a keen sense of humor which he displays in rehearsals.

* * *

WHENEVER discussion turns to the studios to the moot subject, the average age of the radio public, which one college professor is to college Be there for seven years, somebody is sure to recall what happened down in Station WCKY, Covington, Kentucky, President L. B. Wilson, of that enterprising station actually re- ceived this letter: "This is to notify you that we have sold our radio and do not require your service any longer. Please dis- continue it."

* * *

THE other day Betty Garde, who plays the title role of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, found in her mail a let- ter on a par with the famous Kentucky communication. It seems that Pa Wiggs, according to the continuity, has had a habit of running away from home and nobody knows where he goes or why. He is played by Bob Strauss, who also plays Nappy Beagle in Lulu Vollmer’s "Woman on the Mover," sketches the Widow’s Son. Well, after Pa Wiggs had disappeared from the scene for several episodes, Miss Garde was startled to read a letter coming from a woman in a small mid-western town.

"Dear Mrs. Wiggs: I have some good news for you and hope it will cheer you up. Don’t worry any more about your husband. Last Sunday I heard him on my radio and he is down South somewhere.

$1.50 to $3.50

337 5th Ave., New York City

BELIEVE IT OR NOT..the facts are..."
RADIO MIRROR

GIVE BROWNISH
BLONDE HAIR
golden, radiant beauty!

New. Fashions that's "vamp" Write gleam now. Don't tarnish your button. You'll be amazed at the change. Get it at any drug or department store.

Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair
2 to 4 Shades Lighter
BLONDEx brings back to faded, brownish blonde its warm, radiant, golden beauty to which you have every right. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinses in one. Wash the day's dirt, drabness and best hair to 2 to 4 shades lighter in just one shampoo! And, too, blondes is an absolutely harmless rinse—get a harsh chemical or dye. Don't take to wash hair, silk, golden slant to your hair. Shampoo-rinse your hair today with Blondex. You'll be amazed at the change. Get it at any drug or department store.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—
and absolutely guarantee your professionally and scientifically correct exercises or your money back. Write today for free booklet and full details.

6540 Addison Street Dept. 36F Chicago, Illinois

Hand out FREE CIGARETTES

EARN UP TO $55 WEEKLY
Introducing the NEW WAY to make money. Earn fat, fast. We handle the SMOKE, you handle the money. Ask any man to have a Free Smoke. Hand him LIGHTEST brand. Cigarettes from hand to mouth in 5 seconds. Earn fat, Fast. Pay full price for free smoke. Pay only five cents postage and send $1.50--the lowest price in the world for a good cigarette.

MAGIC CASE Wpks., Dept. G-HG00
4230 Covered Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

ITCHING Stops Quick!

WHY writhes and squirms helplessly underitching torture? Millions have found in Hydrosal a veritable miracle of benefactors, eczema, athlete's foot, pin- pills, poison ivy. Itching stops quickly. Smarting, burning disappear. Angry redness vanishes. Used by doctors and hospitals for 25 years. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping. Get Hydrosal from your druggist now. Liquid or Ointment, 30c, 60c.

Hydrosal

PARTY WISDOM FROM HARRY Wynn

Although Harry Wynn, son of Ed Wynn, will summer in stock as a member of S. E. Cochrane's National Theater Company... Lester Jay, who is fifteen years old, has a twenty foot cruiser moored at City Island. The Paul Whiteman feel the baby-adoption

with some of his kind folks. I know it was Mr. Wigg, for even though he has taken on another name, I recognized him by his voice. He is getting along all right and is feeling fine, so don't worry!

HUMAN interest in the studio: Mark Warnow goes to his NBC broadcast with a worried look on his face because his wife, having been held up in a traffic jam, is late for his program. Cashing from the control room he suddenly sees her and his face lights up like an electric sign at dusk.

Clark Gable's horse, Pegasus, no longer graces his stable, but takes its hay under the stable "gable" of Don Wilson and Harry Conn, who is Jack Benny's scriptwriter.

CONDUCTOR William Daly is on record in the Music Library of the British Broadcasting Company as the composer of "Oom-Pah." It is used by a lot of London orchestras for introducing various features and its complete title is "Oom-Pah, Opus 23, No. 1," by William Daly. "Oom-Pah" is a "vamp" fantaisique, has no words and is two-thirds of a page long. It was written by Daly several years ago and given a fit of depression backstage in a New York theater. Fred Astaire was rehearsing trick steps and Daly was playing the piano for him. The conductor im- pressed upon Astaire to use a card instead of the "vamp" as Astaire got his routine.

WHEN Eddie Dowling and Ray Dooy- lery began rehearsals in Chicago for the new Eddie Dowling Review over WEEF, they thought nobody knew they were in the city, including young Jack Dowling, their son, a reporter on the Chicago Daily Times; but he fixed them and was the first of the newspaper men to arrive.

A R I C H A N D Young Lips

IF your mouth isn't young looking, it may be the fault of your lipstick.

Cutex Lipstick can't give you dry, rough, wrinkled lips. It's warranted to contain a nourishing oil that leaves them looking moist, smooth, velvet, yet never greasy.

Try it—Look 5 years younger! Twice as fascinating! 50c. in Natural, Coral, Cardinal or Ruby.

PHOTO

Enlargements

Clear enlargement, but, full length, $1.50. part group, plus or studio appeal, made by any photo. Two color, $2.50. one color, $1.50. gold leaf, extra. Send one large photo for free sample. SSI. See your photographer.

SEND NO MONEY!

3 FOR $1.00

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CARVED FRAME FREE!

3 1/2 x 5 1/2 in 4 1/4 x 6 in 5x7 in 8x10 in 11x14 in

BERTHON'S 3650 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3650 Lake Park Ave. Dept. 101

Brush Away GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to laurel shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-five years. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Can be seen in any barber or drug store. Economical and lasting—and will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shade "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

CUTEX Lipstick

Norwich Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 688, 213 Hudson St., New York
(At address, address 80, P. O. Box 3, Montreal,
for retail. Cutex Lipstick in shade checked. Natural, Coral, Cardinal or Ruby.

Name—

City—State—
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You’ll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.”

Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

25c at all drug stores.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed nose—bad breath—irritation—thundery-drowsy head. Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer. 40c. Insert and seal! Hall’s Catarrh Medicine 63rd year in business. Write today!
RADIO MIRROR

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bother-

some Scales...No Boring Exercises

BEGINNERS LEARN REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

Yes, literally thousands of men and women  

in all walks of life have learned music— 

have won new friends, become socially popu-

lar—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain 

anyone—just as those thou-

sand others of you are doing. And you can do this 

without the expense of a private teacher—right in 

your own home. You don't need to be talented. 

You don't need previous musical training. You 

don't have to spend hours and hours playing mon-

otonous scales and hum-drum finger exercises, 

you start right in playing real little tunes. And 

sooner than you expected you find yourself en-

tering your friends—having the best times you ever had.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Plays...Violin

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Drums and Tambourine

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Any Other Instrument

Easy As A-B-C

The U. S. School method 

is literally as easy as 

A-B-C. First, it tells 

you how to do a thing. Then 

it shows you in pictures 

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do it yourself and learn it. 

What could be simpler? 

And learning this way is

like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun 

instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way. 

Practise by yourself without fear or effort and quickly 
you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstra-

tion Lessons and Explanatory Booklet. Sent without 

the slightest obligation. Enroll a few minutes around which this method is built. If you 

really want to learn music—if you want to win new popu-

larity—play good times away—until the coupon below. 

Don't delay—send NOW. 10c, School of Music, 

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Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected inven-
tion for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion 
acting as an agent to assist Na-

ture has brought happiness to 
thousands. Permits natural blood circulation and frees weakened 
muscles. Weighs but a few ounces, 

is inconspicuous and sanitary. No 
obnoxious springs or hard pads. 

No nerves or plasters. Durable, cheap, 

sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imita-
tions. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain envelope. All 

correspondence confidential.


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NO MONEY NEEDED 

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY 

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING

Gorgeous Style, Presentation, Sent FREE

Mail Post Card Today for GORGEOUS STYLE PRESENTATION, SENT FREE

If you haven't room here for all the helpful advice Emile can give you on choosing your own coiffure, but I'll be glad to send you a leaflet giving you the fundamental rules you must follow to achieve a be-

coming effect (including advice on shampoos and daily care). Of course, the best thing you could do would be to visit an 
expert creative coiffeur, like Emile, but for 
thousands of you who haven't the time or op-
portunity to visit your nearest beauty parlor regularly, the next best thing is to have one of these leaflets, which I'll mail you if you send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Even Emile admits sadly that, while the proportions of the face can be vastly im-

proved by the style of coiffure used, there isn't a great deal that can be done this way to change the appearance of the 

lower part of the face—so it behoves us to watch those chin and jowl and neck lines, to keep them firm and smooth and 

strong. You'd be surprised how easily that can be done, even without rare 
creams and expensive massages. In fact, the only ingredient necessary is something 
inexpensive we have always considered as a pleasure rather than as a duty—cheer-

ing gum.

Do you know that there are splendid ex-

ercises based upon this simple American pastime which you can use with benefit

Baby Snooks in person—but it's Fann-

ie Brice hiding behind that pinacol- 

You hear her on the Ziegfeld Follies.
not only to the face but all the body? The simplest exercise of all for the face is to tilt your head back with your mouth open, closing it gradually and chewing gum rhythmically all the while—this will do wonders for incipient double chins and sagging muscles. This is only one of the many exercises I can send you if you write me enclosing a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope. One of the pleasantest things about this form of exercise is that chewing gum is relaxing to the nerves and relaxation is one of the fundamental necessities for beauty. Address your query and your stamped envelope—to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

difficult, she is to direct, I say it isn’t true. I’ve never had a bit of trouble with her. Why yesterday, after we’d read the play over, she took her script home with her and studied it until she went to bed. You’ll see, when we start today, that she knows her lines better than anyone else in the studio.

A NOTHER interesting fact is the kind of supporting casts we assemble for these programs. Here today, because this is an English play, all but one or two minor characters are authentic English actors and actresses. The woman who plays the part of the rich society woman had the same rôle in the original Broadway production. The woman who plays the part of the pseudo-butsler is one of the most experienced actors I know. And there is not one who has done only radio dramatic work. They’re all seasoned, all of them have been in many, many legitimate shows.

“And don’t ask me how I overcome the temperamental of these stars. They haven’t any. At least not in radio. Probably that’s because they aren’t so sure of radio. It makes them quite humble and they take every bit of direction they give them. I try as much as possible to let them go their own way at these rehearsals, and make them do scenes over only when I want the voices closer to, or farther from, the mike. That’s something I know more about than they do.

“Two weeks ago I had Freddie Bartholomew on the show, playing ‘Peter Pan.’ I was sick that week, and got out of bed just long enough to rehearse. The cast, you know, was almost entirely made up of children, none of them over fifteen. Well, they knew I was sick and so the second day when I came, there, they brought me a resolution they’d made up and all signed. It promised they wouldn’t do anything—wouldn’t be late, wouldn’t miss their cues, wouldn’t muffle their lines—that might make me angry. And they didn’t! I’ve never worked with a cast that knew what it should do as well as those kids. I’m keeping that resolution as one of my fondest memories.

“Maybe you wonder how we fit plays to actors or actors to plays. It’s just as tough a job as it sounds. Sometimes I see a play I know will be perfect for some Hollywood star, so I get the rights to it. Then, often, I have to wait months before I can sign the star. Right then is just the thing for May Robson. Nobody knows when, if ever, she’ll do the show, but the minute my agent in Hollywood or her name on a contract, I’ll be ready for her.
**Specially Selected and Printed for Radio Mirror Readers**

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S

New Cook Book

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of Radio Mirror, has long searched for the perfect cook book for Radio Mirror readers. From the thousands of letters asking advice which she receives, Mrs. Simpson knows exactly as if you yourselves had personally described it to her, the kind of food and cook book Radio Mirror readers need and want.

Now, at last Mrs. Simpson has found the book in which she has been searching! The contents of this book have been carefully selected and arranged to make it the most complete and practical cook book for home use. It contains every practical recipe and method of cooking that you can get anywhere.

Just as a result, we're very seldom wrong. Once in awhile we pick a dud, but not often. The trouble is, you never know what will really click in radio. Of course, you can never tell on the stage, either, so we were an actor long enough to realize that what sounds good to the best producer in New York may well be a dismal flop. That's why we must be so careful.

"Then there's the problem of fitting a play to the star and getting the star to agree to it. That's more difficult than it sounds. Take Joan Crawford, for instance. We had one play that was a natural. But Joan said it was too much like the thing she was doing in movies. She wanted to try something totally different. We didn't dare let her. You see, the radio audience when it tunes in someone like Joan, has a clear idea of what she is like, so a definite impression built up by seeing her on the screen. If she were to act in a play entirely foreign to this impression, the radio listener would say 'Ah, that's not Joan Crawford,' and turn off the radio.

GETTING back to the stars' temperament and why they haven't any in a radio rehearsal. I suppose you've noticed those chalk circles around the mike. That's just about the trickiest part of broadcasting plays. Only by moving the voice to and from the mike can any illusion of movement be created. I must tell each actor whether to stand in circle A, B, or C when he speaks. It's an intimate scene, he stands in A, if it's a solitary character, and B, if he's saying a farewell, or just coming on the scene in a crowd. And then, too, you must create for your audience the feeling of change in tempo. You can do that on the stage by moving about, picking up a book, sitting down. In radio, you can only do it by changing the position of the voice to denote movement.

"And now, you must excuse me. I can't keep any of these people waiting. If I did, how could I bail them out for taking extra time at lunch? Oh, Miss Hopkins, Miriam. All set?"

**Who Are the Men Behind Those Speech Making Voices?**

Lillie has finally signed a ten-weeks contract. She's flying around the country so fast, though, that the program's going to have difficulty keeping up with her. Every Friday night her voice will be brought by remote control from whatever city her revue, "At Home Abroad," is playing in. The rest of the program, with Walter Woolf King as star, continues to originate in New York.

Even kings like to write music—and some of them write music good enough to be broadcast on a big radio show! On May 21, Mark Warnow will lead his orchestra in the first American performance of a march, "Mallorca," composed by King Edward VIII while he was still Prince of Wales. The march will be part of the regular Chrysler Airshow that night. Mark's dedicating the performance to King Edward in honor of Empire Day, which is May 24.

Ted Sears is the new maestro for NBC's Design for Listening, the comedy and variety program heard every Sunday afternoon at 4:30 on the Blue network. Ray Sinatra used to wield the baton, but had to give it up when he began work on the Wednesday edition of Lucky Strike's Your Hit Parade. The other people in this super-ridiculous half-hour are Don Johnson, who plays Professor Figgsbottle and writes the script with the exception of Senator Fishface's act, written and performed by Elmore Vincent; Hanley Stafford, master of ceremonies; Elsie Mae Gordon and Charley Cantor.

WHBL, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, will be fixing up some fancy new quarters for itself soon. The Federal Communications Commission has just approved the station's new site, a 28-acre tract two miles from Sheboygan, and construction on the new plant will begin at once. The station promises to be Sheboygan's principal landmark—it's to have a 285-foot steel tower, visible for miles when it's illuminated at night.

Bits about a few band leaders: Don Bestor, who has been at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, during the winter, will be back in New York by the end of April. Just where he'll be playing hasn't been decided when we went to press. Have you noticed, incidentally, that Don's picture looks at you from the windows of some 2,000 opticians scattered throughout the country? Don's one of the few maestros who wears glasses, and the opticians lost no time in seizing him for an advertisement... Hal Kemp's guitarist. Phil Sant, and Mary Brodell of the Brodell Sisters, vaudeville song and dance act, said "I do" to a minister in March... Emil Coleman's going to have a new competitor soon in the person of his son, Harry. Harry will receive his degree from Bucknell College in Pennsylvania this spring, and since he has been leading his own orchestra in college, it's a foregone conclusion he will follow in his father's footsteps.

Ken Murray's the comedian on CBS' Lifebuoy show, with Russ Morgan's orchestra, Tuesday nights at 8:30.

the change of name and the anniversary. The governor of the state of Arkansas is issuing a formal proclamation naming April 26 Lum and Abner Day, and a half-hour broadcast direct from the steps of the Capitol building at Little Rock will be carried by the NBC network. The two old gentlemen of Pine Ridge, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, will of course be present when the village which has always served as a model for Pine Ridge becomes Pine Ridge in fact.

It's Mr. and Mrs. Edward MacHugh now! NBC's beloved Gospel Singer and Mrs. Jean Harmon were married on Monday, March 16, in Newton, Massachusetts, where they'll make their home in the future. The honeymoon was spent in New York City, where the Gospel Singer had to fill his first phonograph-recording engagement. They plan on having a real honeymoon this summer, though, when they visit Ed's birthplace in Dunve, Scotland. Ed hasn't been there since he was a boy, and this will be Mrs. MacHugh's first trip abroad.

Auntie Bea is back to stay—until some time in June, anyway. After several weeks of guest appearances on the Flying Red Horse Tavern show, Bea

Last Minute News

PINE RIDGE, Arkansas, the mythical home town of radio's Lum and Abner, will shed its imaginary character about the time you read this and become a real, honest-to-postoffice village. Waters, Arkansas, is to change its name to Pine Ridge on April 26—a date which, oddly enough, coincides with Lum and Abner's fifth anniversary on the air. There's to be a great shenanigan in connection with...
Voted the 3 Smartest Nail Colors

BY FASHIONABLE VISITORS AT WHITE SULPHUR

IN THE SPRING, White Sulphur is the place to see all the smartest women!

Playing the beautiful golf courses, watching the Mason and Dixon Tennis Tournament, dancing at the Greenbrier.

The very smartest of them have selected three shades of nail polish as outstanding for 1936: Cutex Rose, Cutex Rust and Cutex Ruby.

Cutex Rose is perfect, they say, with all your sports clothes. It’s lovely with pastels, perfectly at home with conservative tweeds and a “good mixer” with bright, difficult colors.

The new Cutex Rust is also being seen in every smart group. It’s a Sun-Tan shade that’s marvelous with brown, beige, gray and green. But the real secret of its great popularity at White Sulphur is—it’s made to flatter sun-tanned hands. A hint for this summer!

The great vogue for Cutex Ruby has never waned. It goes with all colors—must be worn with black. And nothing as yet equals its chic, gaiety and sparkle for evening.

No matter what Cutex shade you wear, you can be sure it will be correct and smart. Each Cutex shade is created by the World’s Manicure Authority. And don’t forget that Cutex has a grand lustre and holds the record for wear.

But do take an advance fashion tip from White Sulphur—hurry and get your bottles of Cutex Rose, Rust and Ruby. You’ll be ‘way ahead of the crowd! At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to match—50¢.


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick—for 14¢

North Warren Sales Company, Inc.,
Dept. 6-B-6, 291 Hudson St., New York.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2120, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose □ Rust □ Cardinal □ Ruby □.
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included.)

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________________ State
Luckies - a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO - "IT'S TOASTED"

* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

Luckies are less acid!!

Recent chemical tests show that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike, of from 53% to 100%.
Are LIES BLASTING AMOS 'N' ANDY'S Career?

Radio MIRROR

JULY

10¢

MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

The Story LOWELL THOMAS Has Never Told

ROUGH COPY

CAN SAMUEL INSULL MAKE HIS COMEBACK BY RADIO
SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

FOUR TIMELY SELF-HELP BOOKS
ONE OF THEM MAY HELP YOU TO
REALIZE YOUR AMBITION

The Student's Handbook, edited by William Allan Brooks. Here is a book of ambitions realized. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to the securing of the education you desire—a comprehensive reference volume on student problems before and after entering college—geographical index listing $42,000,000 of student loans and scholarships and where to apply—spare time work for college students (300 practical suggestions)—mistakes often made in examinations—after high school, what?—after college, what?—business or profession—ten desirable timely professions. If you are planning on or hoping for higher education this book can help you. If you are the parents of ambitious children, no gift you could give them would be more welcome. Substantially cloth bound, 318 pages—$1.89.

So You Want To Write A Song?—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association, Editor "Melody Magazine." The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—$1.00.

A B C Shorthand—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons. By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs or symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today—$1.00.

(Incuded complete in The Student's Handbook. Do not purchase if you buy The Student's Handbook.)

For copyright reasons, we cannot accept Canadian orders for ABC Shorthand.

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1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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Use the coupon today. Money back if not satisfied.
Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
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COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE
On Sale June 24

FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR
BELLE LANDESMAN, ASST. EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

Time is the friend of Death! Watch for the amazing story in next month's RADIO MIRROR of deaths which the Voice of Experience could have averted—if people had only waited .. Also a grand feature on Rudy Vallee in which for the first time he answers the questions that puzzle you.

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COVER
—PORTRAIT OF DICK POWELL
BY TCHETCHET
I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE

HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS

HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS, ANN — AUNT MARY Wants YOU TO SPEND TWO WEEKS WITH THEM AT THE SEASHORE.

OH, MOTHER ... DON'T MAKE ME GO, PLEASE. I JUST C - COULDN'T ... NOT WITH MY FACE ALL BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS. IT MAKES ME LOOK AWFUL.

WHY DARLING ... THOSE IMPULS DO SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE. I THINK WE'D BETTER ASK THE DOCTOR WHAT TO DO FOR THEM.

AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?

INDUST I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICEFLY.

LATER. ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DUCKY AND NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT? THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. OH, I'M SO HAPPY. NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT AUNT MARY'S!

ANN IS SUCH A DARLING — SO CUTE LOOKING AND SO FULL OF PEW!

YOU SAID IT. SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

...clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
Radio is going to elect our next President!

Slowly through the winter months this conviction has stolen over both the Republican and Democratic parties, until now, with summer skies darkening as the thunder clouds of the Presidential conventions loom large on the horizon, you can't find a political big gun who will deny that the microphone dictates party campaign tactics.

On pages 12 and 13 of this issue, the most important of the Republican and Democratic speakers are discussed in terms of their microphone manners, but the story leading up to their ever-increasing use of radio, the whys and wherefores of their concentration on radio audiences, has been left to be told here.

The truth of the matter is that the best public pulse feelers are convinced that unless the Parties conquer radio, their cause is a lost one. For most politicians this conviction is a large sized headache. It means a reorganization of their old set-up that once could be counted on to deliver votes. It means discarding trusted speakers because they haven't learned proper radio technique and it means the additional trouble of going on a still hunt for new personalities that radio audiences will find pleasing.

From the starting gun of the Republican Convention, radio is going to be in the front row of prize exhibits in the lineup of vote getters. It is going to be stated and repeated until every delegate in the hall knows it by heart that radio is the invisible prodding 'fork that can get people to the ballot boxes.

Paul Sabin, bearing the official title of Director of Radio of the Republican National Committee, discussed with me a short time ago this new bugaboo of politicians.

We agreed that a political speaker of today has a task many times multiplied in convincing his audience of the truth of what he is saying, since almost always part of his listeners are hearing him by radio. It is not like the Roman days when Cicero could harangue a crowd and make them believe his every word by eloquent gestures of hand, eyebrow, or shoulder. Nor is it like the days of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. No fierceness of expression or pounding of a table impresses the inanimate loudspeaker.

As Mr. Sabin said, "Voters are usually more able to distinguish false notes in the statements of an orator when hearing him through the loudspeaker than when in his presence. Words which do not ring true can be much more quickly spotted by the listener who is not distracted by gestures of the orator and movements and emotions of the audience."

Another difficulty radio has thrust in the laps of political orators who hire auditoriums for large local gatherings is the choice of topics on which to launch a speech.

The day is past when a candidate could select a subject (Continued on page 80)
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH
By Weldon Melick
Brief Reviews of the New Programs

FRANK FAY may turn out to be this year’s big radio argument, with listeners arguing about him and the defense or attack of Fay. Personally, I think Frank has much to give radio, but hardly enough to justify his attitude toward people who are going to buy Fay, getting a few packages of gelatine thrown in for good will. However, Francis Anthony makes of himself and much can be forgiven him for that. There’s a good orchestra on the program—Eddie Kay’s—but I sneezed and missed its contribution. It would have been too bad for him to try to set the music to the orchestra; his incompetent singing voice is great for comedy purposes, and no one can top his kisstoctions of popular hits, but when he goes to work on something sweet or serious, the results aren’t a bit satisfactory.

NBC, Sat., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

DREAMS OF LONG AGO. One of the finer things radio has to offer, lovely interpretations of old-fashioned songs, is in a tracked down tender, sentimental stories by Ethel Park Richardson. The program has been shifted so many times, it escaped me for weeks, but I finally sneaked on the exquisite raddio to Little Boy Blue, played by Warren Mills, a clever tot with a bright future in radio.

NBC, Sun., 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

MARION TALLEY. Few voices, even famous ones, come through the microphone as crystal clear and perfectly molded as Miss Tally’s. She sings old favorites and selections from operas and operettas kids should learn, with the capable accompaniment of Josef Koestner’s orchestra.

NBC, Fri., 10:30 P. M., 15 min.

JACK HYLTON’S CONTINENTAL REVUE goes out of its way to be different from the run-of-the-mill musical and variety programs. And I think plenty of listeners will go out of their way to hear “The Band That Jack Built” dish up novelty, interesting arrangements. The whole thing has as strong an English flavor as meat pie. Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, does musical impressions that are something you have about, and Pat O’Malley’s dialect song recitations, Magda Neala’s vocal reflections on such subjects as “What Can You Give a Nudist when His Birthday Comes Along?” and the Merry Macs, all help make the half hour seem like the shortest fifteen minutes on the air.

NBC, Fri., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

KEN MURRAY joins the comedians, and he isn’t at the foot of the class. Some of his gags are, but he kicks them around so gingerly that you don’t have time to notice their pedigrees, and he keeps kicking till he uncovers some new ones. Oswald (alias Sassafras) is at the head of the class for stooges, his laconic “Ohyeaaah” being a masterpiece of inflection which the fellows in the audience did to “You nasty man.” Music in the Morgan Manner has now become music in the Russ Morgan Manner (Wonder who objected first?) He talks funny, and as an elegant manner. Tonsil-tosser Phil Regan shows off like a cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. Eve Arden is another stooze to Ken, as who on the program isn’t? CBS, Tues., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

ANSWER ME THIS. If you like to check up on the old brain occasionally, and find out whether they are hitting on all eight or have gotten carbon-clogged with misinformation, listen to this federal radio project put on by the U. S. Office of Education in Washington. Which is the most gold used for—money or all other purposes? Name two raw materials our automotive industry must import. What European country always pays its war debts? A dozen questions along such lines, ten answered at the end of the program and two left for you to worry yourself into looking up or writing for. Wonderful if that mail magnet works!

NBC, Mon., 6:30 P. M., 15 min.

EDDIE DOWLING’S REVUE. A dis- appointment, considering the company of top-flight names. They all work hard to make something happen, but they’re still behind the rough, back-of-the-foothlights manner with him that spills on the carpet when you strain it through a loudspeaker. Benny Goodman’s orchestra and radio soups time the latest thing in swing, so we’ll let that pass. Helen Ward’s songs are—Helen Ward’s songs. Kay Donley alone gives the show a spark of life.

NBC, Tues., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

FOLIES DE PARIS. The humor of Willie and Eugene Howard is very un- even, if you can be patient through nine rounds of clinching and stalling, there will probably be a knockout in the tenth round. As for Fifi D’Orsay, you don’t realize what a high percentage of her personality is visual until you hear her voice alone. This is not discrediting her voice, but about the best it does is remind you what you’re missing. Vic Arden’s work comes through nicely, but all in all, the reproduction of a tradition built around a spicy leg show is something that might have never had a sensation. On radio, it’s simply a pull-your-leg show.

NBC, Wed., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

BENNY RUBIN’S WHIRLIGIG. This script needs an author. If it already has an author, the author needs a script. The show probably also needs an audience. Mr. N. is playing opposite Burns and Allen. The whole cast seems to be wondering what they’re doing. And well they may. For their own information, they’re giving imitations of Kaltenmeier’s Kinnergarten. And if they have to give imitations, they might pick a funnier model. A sample of the humor—“First I’m a stowaway, now I’m a castaway.” The Showman’s quartet is the best part of the program, which is not as it should be—it’s Benny that’s a panic on the air.

NBC, Wed., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

BACKSTAGE WIFE. Several scripts are being aired these days with a story theme based on the assumption that the most heartbreaking experience any woman can suffer is to have everything that money can buy. Mary Noble is the tragic heroine of one, bravely bearing up under her burden of orchids and ermine with a diamond-shaded tear in her eye and a solid platinum chip on her shoulder.

NBC, Mon. through Fri, 4:15 P. M., 15 min.

Perfostasic Not Only Confines...it REMOVES
Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figure to the sure, safe way of reduction
—Perfostasic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches," states Miss Hayley. "Massages like magic," says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34 inches," writes Miss Brown. Test the Perfostasic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you as for Miss Hayley. 

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

You do not risk one penny—simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results...as are all Perfostasic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfostasic garments you are actually reducing...and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the manage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Perfostasic, Inc., Dept. 287, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfostasic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample perfostored robes and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER! Name.
Address....
City.... State....

Send for Ten Day Free Trial Offer!
In spring listeners' fancies must turn to writing letters about radio. Out of the groaning mail bags we've picked the following opinions from readers as those most worthy of winning the coveted prizes. If you didn't come through with a winner this month, try again right now. As usual, the first prize is $20.00, the second prize is $10.00, and the next five best letters will receive $1.00 each. Send your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, not later than June 22nd.

$20.00 PRIZE
WANTED! STUDIO AUDIENCES

Would such programs as Eddie Cantor, Major Bowes, Phil Baker and Fred Allen be as popular as they are if studio audiences were not allowed to be as free with their laughter and applause as they are now?

I have found that studio audiences help a lot in putting over a program. Not so long ago I was listening to one of my favorite comedians and his stooge in a special broadcast without their usual audience and they seemed terrible. It sounded as if they were lost.

It would also seem rather queer to tune in on Sunday evening to hear Major Bowes and one of his ambitious amateurs having a little chat and the only outburst would be a chuckle from the Major after receiving an amusing answer to one of his questions.

Let's not do away with the studio audience. They're not so bad after all.

C. HERMAN BENSON,
Jamestown, New York.

$10.00 PRIZE
HAVE YOU BAD RADIO MANNERS?

I wish Radio Mirror would start a campaign for ordinary good manners among radio listeners—or if that is hopeless, that I could have a sound-proof listening booth.

Why is it that people who would never dream of talking out loud at a theater or concert, will talk, laugh and even sing while others in the room are trying to listen to a fine radio program?

The loss of even a few words from a radio play may take away the meaning of the whole thing. Nor is a concert by a symphony orchestra improved by an amateur rendering of "The Music Goes Round and Round" on the other side of the room.

Why can't we be as polite at home as we would at a public place of entertainment?

ALBERTA ORMSBY,
Himrod, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE
SPONSORS, USE DISCRETION!

Tell me what radio is coming to!

Last week I got a chance to escape the general office routine for an afternoon and listen to the radio. After struggling through the early afternoon live stock market quotations and a woman's revue or two, I settled myself for a pleasant afternoon of entertainment. Let me say right here and now, I was really disappointed. Practically every program was the "True life story of the neighbor next door," or the "Adventures of Uncle Tim"—all through the courtesy of your favorite "sudsly soap" or "never-fail" biscuit flour.

Why the chains allow so many programs of such a similar nature to follow each other is more than I can understand. Why can't they alternate with a musical variety show and that would make these "all talking" programs a bit easier to take. At any rate, sponsors, use discretion!

DEVERE DEWEY,
Independence, Kansas.

$1.00 PRIZE
A CURE FOR "MONDAY BLUES"

For those who have that awful affliction, "Monday Blues," let me say right here: Listen every Monday night to Fibber McGee and Molly, and if you don't forget your blues and everything else, then your case is hopeless. So many have spoken about tiresome advertising, well here is one program where the advertising is one of the funniest parts of the program. It is blended in so well that Harpo Wilcox is about as funny as Fibber and Molly. They are putting over the advertising on you and you are liking it.

Whether it is the Johnson Wax Company or Fibber that creates the sketches, they are surely well done. We get plenty of tragedy in real life so let's make the most of the good comedy we get.

NELLIE A. FAIRBANKS, Boston, Mass.

COMING, YOU CRITICAL READERS—WRITE YOUR LIKES AND DISLIKES IN RADIO AND WIN A PRIZE WITH YOUR LETTERS!

(Continued on page 71)
Behind Closed Doors

Once again television has been relegated to the laboratory. Experts, hurriedly approaching the corner around which practical sight sending by wireless was supposed to be lurking, found a still impractical invention that has a long road to travel before its commercialization.

This would hardly be worth reporting if a vast majority of people realized that experimentation was still the order of the day. The fact is, however, that over the winter and spring months a belief has sprung up—evidenced in part by many letters on the subject sent to this magazine—that commercial television would be ready for fall consumption. Until now nothing has been said or done to discourage this belief.

As reported by the New York daily papers, a field test was held one Friday afternoon late in April in Camden, New Jersey, which proved that television isn’t yet a practicality. It also proved something more encouraging.

It proved that a television sending set can be set up at the actual site of an event and transmit satisfactory pictures of what is happening to receiving screens a mile away. In this particular case, as you may have read, the arrival of fire trucks on the scene of a blaze, the hoisting of ladders, and the rescue of people were all recorded faithfully with the accompanying synchronized sound of shouts, sirens, and bells. Although it was not a real fire, the movements and sounds were genuine.

The significant aspect of this is for the eventual good of television and that is—engineers will now be able to work more in private. The curious public gaze, since it has been shown that another eighteen months of laboratory work are needed, will be averted from tests held in the future.

NBC, it would seem, was caught partly by surprise at the results of this test. All winter it worked on a television studio in Radio City, guarding the fact of its existence until news leaked out in March. What it will do with the studio for another year is something the network would prefer not to say.

Speaking off the record, it is half admitted by the agency which handles the lavish Saturday night hour called the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air that the show is a disappointment. It is catching on in popularity, but quite gradually, and radio sponsors are an impatient lot. With Fanny Brice and Benny Fields, it stands to become a very big program, given time. It may take a vacation for eight weeks this summer, then start again with a rush in the fall. It all goes to show that success on the air is not an over night affair.

An all-star lineup of announcers and commentators will bring you the two great national political conventions this summer. NBC will have Walter Lippman, Graham McNamee, William Hard, Dorothy Thompson, Ben Grauer, and George Hicks on the job throughout both conventions, while Edwin C. Hill and Lowell Thomas will broadcast their regular quarter-hours from Cleveland while the Republicans are convening there. It will be a return to an old job for Graham McNamee—he was the announcer for the first convention ever broadcast, in Cleveland, in 1924. The complete Columbia list of commentators has not been selected when we went to press, but Boake Carter will be head man on it.

End “accident panic”—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store.
THERE'S more than one way of getting a sponsor's name before the radio audience. One of the most unusual we've heard of in a long time is used on an amateur hour over one of the radio hours below the Mason-Dixon line. Aimed at the colored portion of the listening audience, all talent is colored, and the sponsor is a colored undertaker! We'll call him "Black." for the purposes of this story. Well, it seems that when an amateur is not quite up to par, instead of ringing the gong on him, a pistol shot rings out—followed by the announcer's voice saying "There goes another customer to Black's." We haven't gotten off, so far as to find out whether the poor tyro lives through the experience or actually does die—of fright!

* * *

SOME people call names, and others have em thrust upon them! Take the case of George Burns, whose real moniker was Birnbaum, and his pal, Al Kaufman. Back in the days when they were both kids on New York's lower East Side, money was pretty scarce for George and his eight sisters and brothers. So he and Al used to keep the home-fires burning by swiping stray bits of coal from the Burns and Burns trucks. The other kids in the neighborhood got into the habit of hooting at them: "Here come Burns and Burns," and somehow the names stuck and became their legalized labels. Just recently the New York papers reported that the courts had appointed a receiver for the Burns Brothers Coal Company, formerly Burns and Burns. As for our own members of the firm, today Al Burns is doing nicely in vaudeville, thank you—and George Burns with Gracie Allen, in addition to their remunerative movie activities, receive $5,000 for each broadcast. So what's in a name?

NEW PROGRAMS, NEW STARS, NEW PLANS—
HERE'S UP-TO-DATE DOPE ON THEM ALL!

DON BESTOR and his nine-year-old daughter, Mary Ann, love to do the family shopping. The reason is they've got a "yen" on watching the automatic meat cutter in action. Sometimes they forget what Mrs. Bestor has sent them for, but they've had a grand time, and that, says Mary Ann, is the "best-or" of that!

* * *

IT'S getting so the boys are going to fight pretty soon for the privilege of being arrested. Connie Gates is an honest-to-goodness member of the New Jersey State Secret Police—has a gold badge and a paper to prove it. And Fifi D'Orsay is a Sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police! No wonder she always gets her man. In addition, Fifi is a Texas Ranger, a Kentucky Colonel, and an honorary member of the American Legion. Which is covering a lot of territory in any country. Incidentally, last March she also became an American citizen!

* * *

INTRODUCING a few "chips off the old block": Rennie McEvoy, of the Bob and Rennie song and comedy team, is a son of J. P. McEvoy, the well known humorist. Pere McEvoy is in China and doesn't even know that young Rennie has been making good via the air waves.

Little Peter Swenson stole the show recently from his dad, Carl Swenson, who plays the part of reporter O'Farrell in Rich Man's Darling series. In front of an admiring audience, young Peter, who had been taken to the Little Church Around the Corner for baptism, set up a wail that centered everyone's attention on his vocal and dramatic abilities. And speaking of "chips," Fred Allen says: "The man who used to sneak behind the barn as a lad and smoke corn silk while reading 'Tom Sawyer,' has a son who sneaks behind the radio and smokes cigars while listening to 'Popeye the Sailor.'"

* * *

PRITZI SCHEFF has decided she'd better keep singing all the time, since "something" always bothers her when she doesn't! Curiously enough, this Viennese songbird pronounces her English words perfectly when she sings, but when she speaks she always says "somezing" instead of "something."

YOU can usually find Frank Munn, himself a busy radio singer, up at the studio when the Fox Fur Trappers do their stuff. Bert Hirsch, who directs the orchestra on this program, is violinist for Munn on all of the latter's programs. And as we mentioned a while ago, Benny Krieger, who also has his own band on the air now, still plays the sax on the Fleischmann hour in Rudy's band. So much for that much talked of "professional jealousy."

* * *

THE Boby Benson programs are literally full of "monkey shines." When John Battle, who writes the scripts for these comedy broadcasts for children, runs out of ideas for laughs, he releases his pet monkey and lets it roam around the apartment. Watching its crazy antics gives him plenty of material for comedy situations.

One of radio's most novel programs shifts in June from the Mutual network to NBC and the Ozzie Nelson-Bob Ripley Hour. It's called Husbards and Wives, and real married couples step to the mike to air grievances. NBC's Honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert, have stage ambitions, and may go off the air to appear in summer stock.
By JAY PETERS

THOSE of you who classify all singers of Western songs as "hill billies" had better not do so in the presence of the Westerners. This group of five exponents of Western folk songs are from the Western plains, which is, they say, different entirely from the hills where the hill billies come from. The Westerners are Allen and Dott Massey and their sister Louise Massey Mabie from the K-Bar Ranch, New Mexico, where they got their taste for the entertainment business in a family of seven children, each one of whom sings, and plays one or more musical instruments. The two other members of the quintet are Louise's husband, Milt Mabie, who was their neighbor back in ranch days, and Larry Wellington, who calls himself an "associate Massey." Allen is the tenor. Dott plays the violin, trumpet, and piano. Louise is the voice soloist and is also a fine pianist. Milt has been playing the bass horn since he was eight years old, and singing in public almost that long. Larry says he's the utility man of the outfit, playing the accordion, piano, or guitar as it is needed for a number.

MAURINE WARD and Florence Muzzey, pretty big so far as accomplishment as a piano team goes, are the smallest team on the air. Both five footers, they dress alike, have the same hobbies, have lived together since they met, and their combined weight is only 190 pounds. They take an evening off every week to tell each other what's the matter "with themselves. Which is one way to avoid swelled head.

YOUVE all heard of "carrying the torch" but House Jameson, who plays the title role in Renfrew of the Mounted got his first job carrying a spear. This was in the Broadway production of "St. Joan," and incidentally he replaced another newcomer who left to devote his time to stage designing instead of acting. His (Continued on page 63)

The General Motors Symphony will continue into midsummer, with Erno Rapee (below) as its conductor.

GONE are the old dark "sun-tan" powders! Pond's has brought out "Sunlight" shades—totally new in color—new in effect on your skin when you are out in the hard, blazing light of summer! "Sunlight" shades catch only the softest rays of the sun... Give you the flattering light of early spring sunshine itself! Soften your face. Lovely with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.


Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
By Meryl Friedel

ARE LIES BLASTING

Why do people lie about us?

Like two hurt, bewildered children, Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll asked me that question.

And I couldn't answer, except by telling them they were being made victims of a popular national game. It's a game we Americans seem to love. We set up heroes ourselves, and we admire them passionately for a while, we keep them in the spotlight twenty-four hours of the day, we—in a word, we idolize them. And then, something happens. We begin to criticize; from being able to do no wrong our idols are able to do no good; and we end up by believing the most fantastic and malicious tales about them.

That is what may happen to the creators of Amos 'n' Andy. I don't want to see it happen, and that is why I'm glad to have this chance of bringing these lying rumors into the open and telling you the truth about them.

Freeman, who plays Amos, and Charlie, who is Andy, are in all the more danger from such slanders because both are natural, simple people. You must know that is true. No two men could consistently, for seven years, simulate the naturalness and sincerity which have made Amos 'n' Andy so beloved. Somewhere, in their nightly programs, the illusion would have cracked. And it hasn't, not once.

But if this quality of simplicity has aided the popularity of their radio characters, it also unites them for combatting false whispers about themselves and their work. To fight gossip, you have to be as wily as gossip itself.

"They say we're high-hat, hard to get along with, so commercial and mercenary we won't even take a bow in public unless we're paid for it," Freeman told me. "We've even read printed stories about how we're so conceited we refuse to go to banquets and receptions given for prominent people!

"But put yourself in our place. Naturally we're pleased when people recognize us in public, and want to talk to us. We're pleased that people want us to come to their parties. But radio, plus frequent vaudeville tours, takes up so much of our time that we simply have to maintain a regular schedule of working hours, live as quietly as possible, and go out very little. If we didn't put our work first, it would soon suffer and then nobody'd care whether they ever saw us or not."

Then Freeman went on to tell me of a few incidents, small enough incidents, seemingly, but probably the origin of many of the falsehoods told about him and his partner.

One day, in an eastern city, they—stopped in a small, obscure oyster house for a bite to eat between vaudeville
Andy (Charles J. Correll) isn't so tough in the script as he is when someone accuses him of asking for pay when playing for a benefit. Below, left to right, the families (Gosden and wife, Andy and wife) proudly displaying a large catch. Both excel in fishing and very soon again will be vacationing.

shows. They thought that here, at least, they wouldn't be recognized.

They had been seated only about ten minutes when a man came to their table and with a jovial, "Hello, there, boys," sat down, uninvited. Neither Charlie nor Freeman recognized him, but they politely returned his greeting and went on eating.

The stranger began to abuse Charlie. "Think you're a big shot now, don't you?" he sneered. "Can't recognize me! I grew up with you down in Virginia, but you're too important to remember that now, aren't you?"

And so on, for several minutes, in the same vein.

The two radio stars stood it as long as their patience would let them, and then Freeman interrupted to point out that in the first place it was he who had been born in Virginia, and that Charlie had never been in his state in his life except to play theatrical engagements.

"And even if I did play with you when we were kids," he finished, "you evidently didn't recognize me, so how could I recognize you?"

Instead of admitting his mistake, the man grumbled that he might have known they were the kind of people who thought they were too good for their old friends; and he flung angrily out of the restaurant.

A crank? Yes, but one whose tongue could, and probably did, do a great deal of harm as he told his own version of the meeting.

Another time, as they were waiting backstage to go on with their act at a theater, a man approached them and without a word, but with a look of expectancy, began to sing. The boys were puzzled, but they tried to be polite, and waited to be told what it was all about. Instead of explaining, the man turned on his heel with an angry, "Humph! You guys think you're the only ones on the air! Why don't you get wise to yourselves? There are other people just as popular as you!"

Later, during the show, they found that he was a singer who had been very popular on the air for a time. They'd heard of him, but had never met him; and they didn't know his theme song, which he had expected them to identify immediately. His outraged vanity sent him straight to a newspaper man with a long story (Continued on page 88)
A

bout the time you are reading this, the preliminaries on the great political card will begin to simmer down to make way for the main event.

"Gene" Talmadge and his Grass Rooters, Dr. Townsend and his old-age pensioners, the followers of the late Huey Long, all will be shouldered into the background as the spotlight focusses on the approaching stellar bount between the Republicans and the Democrats.

And right there in the front row, looming large at the ringside, will be the radio listener, occupying the best seat at the verbal fracas that he has ever had, because this year, as all the politicians know, the listener will be a vital and decisive factor in electing a president.

For his benefit, old-line orators are studying elocution all over again with a new emphasis—an emphasis on microphone technique; and for his benefit the element of microphone personality is being frankly appraised when candidate-makers meet in off-the-record sessions.

It promises to be a listener's show all the way, from the moment the Republicans shatter a long-standing precedent by opening the Cleveland convention on June 9 with the keynote speech set for eight o'clock in the evening to snare more tuner-inners, rather than earlier in the day as has always been the custom.

Now is the time to take stock of the personalities that will come to you most frequently over your loudspeakers during the next five months. Who are the men both political parties will rely on to coax the votes of the radio audience at the polls November 3? What are their mannerisms at the mike, their radio habits? Let me paint some studio sketches of the most important radio spell-binders so that, listening to them, you can form in your mind a clear picture of how they look and how they act.

It is obvious, of course, that the Democrats will make all possible use of President Roosevelt on the radio, knowing well enough that they have in him a radio personality without a peer, one who, in fact, has pointed the way to the wide-spread use of radio in the present campaign.

After the conventions, all political time will be sold, which means that candidates will be viewed with absolute impartiality by the networks. The President is the only speaker who cannot be cut off the air. When he is at the mike as a candidate, the party will be charged for any extra time, but when he speaks as the Chief Executive, addressing the nation on important matters of state, there is no charge.

Recently President Roosevelt announced plans for an extended campaign swing around the country. Two stands, both designed by Clyde Hunt, CBS Washington engineer and presented to the President by Columbia, will be used when he speaks away from Washington.

When he addresses a crowd, he will speak from a stand with microphone holders built in so that the equipment will not hide his face from the crowd. This stand has spaces for seven microphones for the three national networks, one or two independent stations and the newsreel companies. Sometimes even these are not enough and it is necessary to place extra microphones at the side. The stand also contains automatic clamps to hold the script in place and concealed lighting for night speeches.

When the President speaks from the Presidential Special en route, it is a lightning fast job to get him on the air and off again.

He usually speaks from the rear platform. As soon as the train stops, the radio crew which travels on the train with him, rushes to the rear platform and sets up the special stand, which can be clamped instantly to the rail of the platform.

The President likes to do a fast job on these platform speeches, starting to talk as soon as he has been announced over the air, and having the train get under way just as he finishes the last sentence. The radio crews must snatch the microphones out of the stand literally as the train moves away.

When the President broadcasts (Continued on page 89)

Illustrator: H. R. McBride

An artist's conception of a listener's reaction to political debates on the air. At the right are pictured some of the best known of the speech makers.
THE STUMP

BY
RANKIN
MANSFIELD
The Success Saga of an Ugly Duckling

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Once she was desperately unhappy because she found herself so unattractive. But today smart young things in London and in New York and in a dozen other cities pattern after her.

Once she felt hopeless about her inability to adjust herself to life, professionally or socially, and now her name on a contract follows a fabulous figure. And you meet the most amusing and popular and successful people at her apartment which hangs over the swift blue of the East River.

Once she was shy, an obscure little Canadian girl. And then, at a party given by the Prince of Wales, the handsome Lord Robert Peel met her and fell in love with her.

For this is the story of Beatrice Lillie, who now on the radio, on the Flying Red Horse Tavern program, repeats the success she has known on the stage, both here and in England.

It is over twenty years ago now that she stood in the parlor of the Lillies' modest Toronto house, her face pressed against the window pane. Watching her father and her uncle going down the porch steps, marking the way their bodies tilted to the weight of their heavy bags. They were off for Ireland. And her mother didn't like it. Lucia Shaw Lillie had no time for men who went gallivanting. She was the practical, ambitious member of her family. She counted it important to get somewhere in the world. And her two daughters, Beatrice and Muriel, she was having trained toward this end. No sacrifice that facilitated Muriel's piano lessons or Bea's lessons in singing and dramatic expression could be too great.

Continuing to stand at the window that day, making a little dab on the steamy pane with her upturned nose, Bea watched a pretty girl who lived down the street flounce past. Whereupon the old aching started up in her again. She wished that her hair grew soft and fair and her nose lovely and straight, so that she, too, sure of her charms, might walk with just such a confident swish.

In the parlor mirror once again she took inventory. As if she hoped to find some change in her appearance, some new charm developed overnight. But there she stood, the same as always. Little. And so thin. With straight brown hair that escaped the pins which held it in buns on her ears. And a nose that seemed to take malicious pleasure in the way it tilted at the end.

Bearing down upon her unhappiness as if it was a sore tooth Bea began thinking about the lessons in dramatic expression upon which her mother insisted. She (Continued on page 67)
Visualize the blonde beauty of Bess Johnson in the part of Frances Moran the next time you listen to NBC's serial, Today's Children. In Chicago, where she lives with her husband and daughter, she's one of the network's top dramatic actresses.
There's a good reason for the broad smile of happiness on Kenny Baker's face. A year ago he was singing in church choirs—sometimes. This spring he's been the Jack Benny tenor both in radio and on the stage.
Here's beautiful, lucky Frances Langford of Hollywood Hotel on Friday nights. Placed on the road to stardom by the Rudy Vallee hour, she's scored in the movies. Her newest opus is Paramount's "Palm Springs."
For Folies de Paris, with the Howards, sponsored by Sterling Products, Inc., see page fifty-two, in Wednesday's column.

The maniacal looking gent with the trick moustaches is Willie Howard; the other is his brother Eugene—though how he can look so placid with a brother like Willie, nobody will ever know. Together they're lending their humorous talents to NBC's Folies de Paris program.

Broadway audiences have laughed for years over the Howard capers—the most famous was a parody of the quartet from "Rigoletto." Recently you saw Willie as the fellow who wanted to commit suicide in "Rose of the Rancho," Gladys Swarthout's first starring film. Their Wednesday night NBC program started in April and co-stars Fifi D'Orsay of stage and screen.
What love has brought THE GOSPEL SINGER

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT EDWARD MACHUGH SHOULD MARRY THE WOMAN WHOSE HELP SAVED HIS CAREER

WEN, early in March, Edward MacHugh and Jean Harmon were married, the Boston newspapers announced, "NBC Gospel Singer Weds Wealthy Widow." But if the copy-reader who wrote that headline could have sat with me in a New York hotel room, and talked to the new Mrs. MacHugh a few days later, I think he might have written it differently.

Jean MacHugh was a widow, but even if she had been a wealthy one, money would have been but a small part of the gifts she brought to her husband. Sympathy, understanding, a belief in himself when everything else in the world was conspiring to destroy that belief—these are what Jean gave him even before their marriage. Nor is it too much to say that she is responsible for his success today.

The story goes back several years, to Jean's home in Newton, Massachusetts. Now, you are not to call Newton a suburb of Boston. Although it is within easy commuting distance of the Massachusetts metropolis and many of its citizens work in the city, Newton remains proudly self-sufficient, a town in its own right, with city hall, mayor, and officials of its own. A serene bit of New England, its quiet streets bordered with gracious homes, it is a haven, a place set apart from competition and haste.

That's what it was to Edward MacHugh. Newton, and more particularly Jean's tree-shaded house, was the refuge to which he brought his discouragement and depression.

As the Gospel Singer, he is heard today on an NBC network. All by himself, he is one of those network attractions which are so popular their broadcast times are changed, if at all, with full expectation that mail-bags full of protests will come from the fans. Unsponsored, he receives more mail from his listeners than many a star brought to you by elaborate and expensive commercial programs.

Things were very different a few years ago. He was deeply in debt, with no prospect for the future beyond a continuation of his sustaining program on a local Boston station, a program which paid him but sixteen dollars a week. His landlady, after weeks of patient waiting, had just pointed out, more in sorrow than in anger, that she couldn't wait much longer—and he really couldn't blame her.

So, as he had done so often before when he was lonely and discouraged, he went to Jean's home in Newton, sure of the comfort he would always receive there. Jean... He hadn't realized, when they met at the home of a mutual friend, how much she was going to mean to him.

She answered his ring at the door, as she always did, and together they went into her living room, bright and charming and neat with a New England sort of neatness. She picked up a bit of sewing, and for a while they talked quietly; but not for long.

"Something's worrying you, Ed," Jean said, dropping her sewing into her lap and looking directly at him with those wise blue eyes of hers.

"I've decided to give up trying to get anywhere with my singing, and look for a job," Ed said. He hurried on, against her gesture of protest. "Oh, I know a lot of people like my program, but I can't live (Continued on page 72)
The Story Lowell Thomas has never told

Because of the jeers of his tougher playmates, a "sissy" has become one of the air-waves' greatest adventurers.

For Lowell Thomas' news, sponsored by Sun Oil, see page 52.

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

Lowell Thomas (right) with famed Col. T. E. Lawrence, before the latter's desert tent.

Talking to one of his best friends, the Sultan of Burma's Shan States.

Mrs. Thomas gossips with a pygmy woman in the tropics.

With Lowell, Jr., nicknamed Sonny, on the Thomas estate.
Lit-TUL sissy! Teacher's pet! Lit-TUL sissy! Teacher's pet!

The group of schoolboys howled their derisive, sing-song monotone gleefully as the small, white faced lad, shaking with impotent anger, blue eyes blazing, dark curls tumbled, backed helplessly into the fence.

"I am not a sissy! I am not!" the trapped boy screamed helplessly.

"Aw, let 'im alone," commanded a large, freckled leader contemptuously. "He's gotta go home an' study his poems."

In the laughter that followed, the small boy was, for a moment, forgotten. He turned and started down the street. But his retreat, unobtrusive as it had been, called the attention of his harriers once more to his slight figure. Again they surrounded him. This time there was but one course left, and the little boy took it.

He waded in manfully and willingly, but the big freckled boy simply lashed out and knocked him over. He got up and went back for more, and the same thing happened. The fight was heading toward an inevitable end when a low cry of alarm signalled the approach of a teacher. The crowd dispersed as if by magic. The little boy picked himself up, brushed his clothes, and went home.

He was much more frightened than he would be, years after, when bravely momentary death as one of the handful of Occidentals to go through India's sinister Khyber Pass into the forbidden land of Afghanistan.

But that childhood brawl was little Lowell Thomas' introduction to school in Cripple Creek, Colorado. It was the first of a long series of similar incidents. He became the butt for innumerable heart-breaking jokes and cruel taunts before he finally taught his schoolmates to call him "Tommy" and accept him as an equal. Something of the boy clings to the man today, because he still wincers visibly if anyone calls him "Lowell." He is still "Tommy."

As he told his story to me, I realized it was the real-life story of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in golden curls and velvet suit who became, because he had to, the toughest boy in the schoolyard. (Continued on page 56)
LAST CHANCE TO ENTER THIS
BIG CASH PRIZE CONTEST

D ID you miss the beginning of this exciting Jessica Dragonette Contest last month? It's not too late to enter, even now. The closing date is July 10, so put on your thinking caps and plan to share in $250.00 in prizes.

The idea is simple. Sit down and think up the words for the song you see on the next page. This is the music, written by Conductor Rosario Bourdon, which is used to introduce Jessica Dragonette every Friday night on the Cities Service Hour over NBC. No lyrics for this song have ever been written. It's up to you to supply them.

And that's not all! At some future date, Jessica will sing the lyrics which win first prize over an NBC network of stations. You can see how worthwhile this contest is and what fun you're going to get out of entering it.

But don't delay. Make good on your last chance. Mail your entries to Theme Song Contest Editor, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Don't forget the closing date is July 10, 1936.

THE RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Cities Service, The National Broadcasting Company and Radio Mirror.

2. To compete, write a set of lyrics—not over four verses in all—to fit the music of Miss Dragonette's Theme Song reproduced herewith.

3. DO NOT CLIP the music from the magazine. Write your words under the printed melody if you wish to be sure that the syllables fit the score, but copy them on a plain sheet of paper to submit to the contest judges. If you wish to copy the music also you may do so, but it is not required and will not increase the rating of your entry.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of literary merit, singability and suitability for Miss Dragonette's use over the air.

5. On this basis and in the order of their excellence, entries will be given the following awards: First Prize, $100.00; Second Prize, $50.00; Two Prizes, Each $10.00; Six Prizes, Each $5.00, and Twenty-Five Prizes, Each $2.00. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No entries will be returned.

6. The judges will be Miss Dragonette, Composer Rosario Bourdon and the Editor of Radio Mirror. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, July 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

8. Submit all entries by First Class Mail, addressing THEME SONG CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Jessica Dragonette is the star of the Cities Service Concert, with Rosario Bourdon conducting the orchestra—see page 53, Friday col.

First Prize .................................................. $100.00
Second Prize ............................................. 50.00
Two Prizes, Each $10.00 ......................... 20.00
Six Prizes, Each $5.00 ............................. 30.00
Twenty-Five Prizes, Each $2.00 ........... 50.00
TOTAL, 35 PRIZES .............................. $250.00
WRITE LYRICS FOR JESSICA DRAGONETTE'S THEME SONG AND WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE $250.00 IN PRIZES FOR THE BEST ENTRIES

Jessica Dragonette's Theme Song

Musical notation follows:
ON April 2, 1934, a dramatic message was flashed from Istanbul, Turkey, to Chicago, United States of America.

"Regret to inform you that Sam is finished."

That Sam was Samuel Insull, the Englishman who started his career as a fourteen-year-old office boy at five shillings a week, built up a personal fortune of over $100,000,000, became czar of a collection of public utilities companies capitalized at about $4,000,000,000, and at seventy-four was an exile from his adopted country, accused of fleeing from charges of grand larceny, embezzlement, using the mails to defraud, and fraudulent bankruptcy.

Today he sits in an office in the Chicago Civic Opera Building, an edifice his money helped erect, the active head of the new middle-western radio network, the Affiliated Broadcasting Company.

It is evident that the man about whom the message was sent to his Chicago representatives on that April day two years ago, refuses to agree that he is finished.

Hundreds of bitter investors in his fallen utilities empire cheered when they learned that the former business manager of Thomas Alva Edison, after months of sanctuary in Greece, had finally been taken from the tramp freighter Maiotis by Turkish authorities and was being held at the disposal of the American Ambassador.

He was a broken man, with only shattered dreams to feed upon as the American Export freighter, Exilona, brought him back to the United States, to be held in jail for trial on the charges for which the Federal government had been trying so desperately to extradite him from Greece.

For other friends deserted him right and left. The man who had dealt in such vast sums of money, who had sunk million after million of his own fortune in despairing efforts to save his tottering empire, was unable for some time to raise the initial bail of $200,000 which had been set for him.

Yet all through the trials for the criminal acts of which he'd been accused, a few of his friends believed in him, had faith in the unquenchable fire of ambition which burned in him, were certain that his every effort had been honest and inspired.

These are the people, it is reported, who have raised the sum at which his new venture is capitalized, an amount just half of the bail originally set for him—$100,000.

To a man who had been accustomed to dealing in millions of dollars, that seems a pathetically small amount with which to attempt to build a radio chain against the competition of such vast organizations as the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Despite that fact, he asserts that eighteen stations of the middle-west, the section of the country chiefly affected when his utilities domain crashed, have agreed to take his programs, stations in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana.

Can he make a go of it? Can he regain some of the money which brought him first so much respect and later such shame and bitterness?

Ill though he was during his self-imposed exile and his trials, he is reported to be vigorous and intensely active in his new venture. His chances for success in the span of life which yet remains to him, can best be measured by knowing the stirring years he lived in making himself one of the country's most powerful men.

Regardless of anyone's personal opinion of Insull, his rise from the ranks of the poor to emperor of one of the greatest industrial systems of these times, stands out as one of the country's most remarkable success stories.
THE monuments to his power—huge lighting systems, structures such as the Chicago Civic Opera Building—stand as testimony to the wizardry of the man who went down to financial defeat under a succession of unprecedented, staggering financial blows.

Few people realize that for eleven years Samuel Insull was the trusted secretary and financial adviser of Thomas Edison. It was through the development of Edison's inventions that he began his operations in the utilities fields.

At fourteen, the son of an obscure prohibitionist agitator of the lower middle class in London, he worked as an office boy at five shillings a week.

At the peak of his power, he was a director in eighty-five companies, chairman of sixty-five, and president of eleven corporations operating in the fields of power, gas, traction, investment trust and finance. In 1930, he was sufficiently influential to be able to challenge the right of the American Ambassador in Berlin to make a speech critical of the conduct of utilities business.

He lived in magnificent homes, one of which was the amazing 4,600 acre model farm at Hawthorn, Ill.

In 1932 he lost control of the three largest of his companies when they went into bankruptcy. All the wealth of himself, his wife, his brother, Martin, and his son, Samuel Insull, Jr. was taken from him.

He was indicted on charges of embezzlement and grand larceny and became a fugitive in Europe, reputedly supported by three $6,000 pensions accorded him by directors of three of his former operating companies. Early in 1934, the doors of the Cook County, Illinois, jail clanged shut on what the world thought was a man who was completely and undeniably through. Yet today that same man is working sturdy in an effort to build the Affiliated Broadcasting Company into a profitable organization. His enthusiasm is evidence that the driving power he knew ever since youth, has come back to him.

While he was engaged in the five shilling a week job in London, where he was born November 11, 1859, Insull studied bookkeeping and stenography at night. His studies gained him a part time position with E. H. Johnson, London representative of Edison. In 1880, Johnson was called to America, and to young Insull was delegated the task of sending reports to the inventor.

So impressed was Edison by the manner in which these reports were presented, that he sent for Insull. On February 28, 1881, the future magnate arrived in New York City. That night he had dinner with Edison and started working for him that evening. He stayed with him eleven years, during which time he put to use many of the inventor's creations.

At the end of that period, he began unifying the Chicago public utilities companies in a series of consolidations which resulted in such amazing achievements as the laying, in 1931, of a 1,000 mile natural gas pipe line from Texas.

Though friends evidently have enough faith in Samuel Insull to provide $100,000 for his new organization, it is admitted that his financial genius is not so great that it cannot be bested. Some attribute the beginning of his downfall to the activities of Cyrus Stephen Eaton.

In the spring of 1930, Eaton walked into Insull's office, and after an exchange of courtesies, suddenly revealed that by a long campaign of buying, he had gained virtual control of the stock of one of the most important organizations in the Insull chain, the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company. The market price was around $290 a share. It cost Insull around $350 a share to get it back, a price which is said to have made the total cost some $4,500,000.

Stock issue after stock issue was brought out to keep his empire under control. As the market for his securities dropped, he put in the family's personal fortunes. There came the day when he needed between ten and twenty million dollars to meet his notes.

In April, 1932, the Middle West Utilities, with stock of $3,000,000,000 went into bankruptcy. The Insull Utilities Investment Inc. and the Corporation Securities Company, capitalized at an additional $300,000,000 soon followed.

By June, matters were beyond control. Martin Insull went to Canada and Samuel, with his wife, sailed for Europe. A great protest arose from investors who had lost money, and immediate demands for his return from Europe to stand trial began to be heard.

Four months later, the Cook County Grand Jury indicted the brothers on charges of embezzlement and larceny, alleging diversion of $514,942.74 from two financing companies of their system to support a margin account operated by Martin.

Then began the long flight which lasted nearly two years. Certain that his enemies would not (Continued on page 85)
Chinning yourself, says Alice Frost (left), is grand for developing the arms and chest. Alice is the girl stooge on Columbia's Camel Caravan.

Deane Janis' way of licking a double chin: clasp hands back of your head; drop chin on your chest; pull head upward slowly.

Bernice Claire of Melodiana has two pet exercises for keeping her waistline slim. Below, she lies on the floor, slowly rises to a sitting posture without bending her knees, touches her toes. Left, bend from the hips, force arms back.
PERFECT FIGURE

Exercise—Try it for those extra chins and sagging waists

Left, Patti, the youngest Pickens, keeps her figure lithe and graceful by jumping rope every day. Good for arms and legs.

Barbara Jo Allen, NBC San Francisco actress, clasps her hands back of her head, swings her body from the hips. Below, a novel way to take off fat is rocking to and fro on the floor in this position.
AND WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN BEN'S GAL "TUESDAY" WHO TOLD US THIS STORY OF HIS MIX-UPS WITH FIRES, BLONDES AND BUS ACCIDENTS
THE Old Maestro was in a bad way.

Yowsah! Ben Bernie sat on the edge of the bed, a dead cigar in his mouth, and stared ruefully at the flowered rug on the floor.

He was another mess. His secretary had just left him to have a fling at matrimony, and everything was going to pot. Sheet music was strewn about the floor everywhere; unfinished business contracts and an income tax report were in a heap on the bed behind him; his dresser drawers had been converted into a filing cabinet. Ben had been having a try at managing his own affairs and he was in a hopeless spot.

Into this scene walked Eleanore Smith. For three years she had been quietly and efficiently holding down a job as secretary to Judge Kavanaugh, of the Chicago Superior Court. The judge had decided to retire, and Eleanore was looking for a job. She took a quick glance around the room, and then started for the door.

"Wait a minute!" cried Ben, jumping to his feet. "Are you the gal that Judge Kavanaugh sent to see me?"

"Yes," Eleanore had to admit, "I'm the gal."

Now Ben was, and still is, a fast talker. His years on the air have done him no harm along this line. He knew Eleanore's reputation for efficiency, and realized she was just what he needed. He looked so dejected, and talked so convincingly, that Eleanore decided to give the job a try for one week. That was three years ago.

Today Eleanore Smith is a changed girl. She is a dyed in the wool trooper. Her past three years have been spent "living out of a suitcase" and she has traveled over eighty-five thousand miles with Ben and the lads. Eleanore is not only the Old Maestro's secretary, but also his business manager and publicity agent! Bernie calls her "His Gal Tuesday" and she knows more about the Yowsah man than he does about himself! She has, in the last three years, helped him out of more jams than the ordinary man would get into in a lifetime!

Even before talking to Eleanore, I had, like most people, heard or read about Ben Bernie's numerous idiosyncrasies, such as carrying a pair of scissors with which to clip the ends of his cigars; buying cast-off race horses; eating raw hamburger sandwiches; and heckling Winchell.

Conversing with Eleanore threw a new light on the Old Maestro. Not only did I learn about the situations Ben gets into, but I also learned why Ben gets into so much trouble. And he does. Believe me. But Eleanore continues to get along with Ben. She knows his background and understands these peculiarities of his.

I found her in the cocktail room of the Hotel St. Moritz. She had just returned from an engagement with the band in Miami, and was preparing to leave that night for Detroit. She should have been six other places doing a number of important things, but Eleanore (Continued on page 74)
If you were constantly ill, and felt that life held nothing for you....

If you felt that you would go mad unless something pulled you out of the morass of self-pity into which you had sunk....

And your husband completely changed his mode of living, his friends, his work, even, to help you fight your way back and be happy, how would you feel?

You'd be crazy about him forever, wouldn't you? Well, that's how Margaret Livingston Whiteman feels about Paul. For Paul did all that for her.

You've never heard the inside story of the first year of Whiteman's marriage to charming, titian-haired, lovely Margaret Livingston. It has never been told before. We'll let Mrs. Whiteman tell it, just as she told it to me.

You see her today. Tall, slim, willowy, the picture of health and life, interested in everyone and everything. If you had seen her four years ago, shortly after her marriage to Paul, you would have been shocked. She was pale, nervous, usually drowsy.

"When I married Paul," Margaret Whiteman said, "I was accustomed to being on the go eighteen hours a day."

For Margaret Livingston was a personality in her own right. She had a glittering, successful career on the Coast as a motion picture actress. She earned an excellent salary; she was accustomed to plenty of attention from men; and she had a tremendous circle of friends on the Coast.

Now all this was gone. Instead, all she had was bleak idleness, for she had given up her career to accompany Paul on a vaudeville tour he was making.

"I rarely saw Paul," she told me. "He had five shows a day. He'd get through at the theater at 11:30 P. M. By the time he took off his make-up and chatted with the boys it was one o'clock. He slept until eight or nine in the morning. There was always the mayor of the town to meet; arrangements to be made with the local union for relief musicians; interviews; photographs to be taken. Every morning Paul held auditions for the youth of America, to pick out the young person with the most talent in each city we visited. In between times, he had rehearsals for his weekly radio program for Pontiac."

"I would sit and wait all day long for him to come back to the hotel, so we could have dinner together. Sometimes he could make it, more often he couldn't."

Each week Paul's band played another city. (Continued on page 66)

By MARY JACOBS

PAUL WHITEMAN THREW HIS CAREER INTO THE BALANCE FOR THE SAKE OF HIS BRIDE'S LIFE

Margaret Livingston Whiteman is happy and well now—but she might not be alive today if Paul hadn't turned down profitable tours to give her the kind of home life she needed. See page 52 for Paul's Woodbury Varieties program.
Meet Smith Ballew (left), radio’s newest master of ceremonies. Since Al Jolson left, he’s head man on Shell Chateau Saturday nights. He was born in Texas, and is six feet six inches tall. During broadcasts he wears a silk hat, making him an even seven feet. You’ll see him with Frances Langford in the picture, “Palm Springs.” . . . Phil Regan (below) also broke into movies via radio. His current picture’s called “Laughing Irish Eyes;” current radio show is Ken Murray’s Rinso program. He isn’t superstitious and signed his present contract on Friday the thirteenth; he’s single but admits he’d like to be married; has black hair and hazel eyes . . . Left, below, is Benny Fields, co-star of Fanny Brice on CBS’ Ziegfeld Follies. With his wife, Blossom Seeley, Benny was for years a vaudeville headliner, but after vaudeville began to decline hard times hit them and it was several years before Benny got a new start, alone, in a night club. He always carries the cane.
Jean Dickenson (below) is the newest recruit to Hollywood Hotel, Fridays at nine on CBS. Her coloratura soprano voice is the result of long training, though she's only 22 now. She was born in Canada, lived in India as a child, went to school in Denver, and came to radio through the interest of Lily Pons. Another Hollywood Hotel resident is Kenneth Niles (right), its announcer and pinch-hitter for Dick Powell during the latter's illness. He's a graduate of the University of Washington, got his start over KHJ in Los Angeles, is married and the proud dad of a few-months-old son.

Eve Arden, Ken Murray's feminine stooge on his Tuesday night program, is both decorative and funny. She's from California where she began her stage work, and has acted in Broadway shows.
Left, Martha Deane, which is the radio name of Mary Margaret McBride, well known writer. As a homemaking expert, she's a feature of WOR and the Mutual network, has been lauded by the Women's National Radio Committee for her air work. Unmarried, she lives in an apartment on Park Avenue . . . Below, Cliff Arquette in makeup for Sheriff Luke Ferguson, his Welcome Valley character on NBC. He has been in radio ten years and played every kind of character part . . . Right, below, Santos Ortega, who plays Jim in NBC's Magic Voice serial. He is of Spanish descent, and for a long time played nothing but dialect roles in radio, since nobody knew he spoke good English.

Rudy Vallee heard the Stewart Sisters when he was on the west coast last summer, and brought them to New York to sing on his variety program. Left to right, they're Judy (blonde), Jean (brunette), and Julie (auburn haired). They're not really all sisters, though—Julie and Judy are, but Jean's last name is Dugart. They're all unmarried.

Frances Starr (right) is the newest member of the Roy Campbell Royalists, and is also featured on Major Bower's Capitol Family Sunday shows on NBC. She's the only member of the Royalists not from Kansas—Alabama is her state. She is auburn haired, unmarried, spent two years training her voice abroad, where she appeared in theaters in both Italy and England.
HERO OF THREE MILLION KIDS, RADIO'S FLYING JIMMIE ALLEN IS YOUNG, HANDSOME AND STARRING IN THE MOVIES NOW

IT'S hard to keep track of this kid, Jimmie Allen. First he's in Chicago, making electrical transcriptions for his radio show—then he's in Hollywood working in his first movie—then he's back in Chicago, making more transcriptions.

At any rate, Jimmie is nineteen years old, the radio show is The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen, and the movie, which you should be seeing around the time you read this, is Paramount's "The Sky Parade."

Jimmie was born in Chicago on May 23, 1917. His mother is a former actress, Betty McLean. But Jimmie was too busy going to school to have anything to do with acting until he stumbled into it by accident.

He went to the Dakota School for Boys in Dakota, Illinois, for a while, and spent his fifth, sixth, and seventh grade years in New York, living in the home of Dr. David M. Mitchell, the noted child psychologist. Dr. Mitchell is still one of his idols, and in between radio and movie engagements he studies philosophy and psychology in Chicago's Northwestern University.

Eight years ago Jimmie went to station WBBM, in Chicago, with his mother, who was appearing in radio. As he was sitting in the reception room, a program director rushed in, grabbed him, and hustled him into one of the studios. One of his programs needed a child to play a small role, and Jimmie was the only child around. There was enough of the trouper in him to make him take to acting like any other kid to a bag of candy, and he has been on the air ever since.

He won the leading role in the Jimmie Allen serial in competition with twenty-five other young actors. The sponsors, the Richfield Oil Company, liked him so well for the part they even rechristened the character he was to play, and named the program after him.

The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen went on the air in 1933, and since then more than three million boys and girls have joined the Jimmie Allen Flying Clubs.

Paramount Pictures decided that anybody with that many fans would be a good star for the movies, and particularly for a movie about aviation like "The Sky Parade." When tests were made, and Jimmie turned out to be not only a good radio actor but a handsome and promising screen juvenile as well, he was bundled straight off to Hollywood.

Jimmie flies in real life as well as in radio and picture stories. He had his first flying lesson in 1927, and now he's an accomplished pilot.
He's "UNCLE" to THOUSANDS

BY CHARLES GILCHREST

Above is Walter Wilson with the mail that pours in from his The Curb's The Limit Club. Right, on one of the picnics he gives to kids of Chicago.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Walter Wilson sang and played piano at the old Ellis Theater at Forty-third Street and Ellis Avenue in Chicago. The house seated two hundred and fifty patrons who paid one nickel each to see the show. Few would remember Walter Wilson, the song and piano man.

But literally thousands in the Midwest know and love Walter Wilson in his present role as radio's Uncle Bob. When the portly and genial Mr. Wilson walks along Chicago streets, urchins and matrons alike hail him with a cheery, "Hello, Uncle Bob." He replies to each, stops and visits with all who will tarry.

Educators have commended him and governors have come to him for advice regarding proposed safety campaigns in the schools of their states.

For all know that Uncle Bob is really more than a genial friend of young and old alike. He is a life saver, actually. For his "Curb is the Limit" radio club to which 804,000 boys and girls now belong has really saved the lives of some of those exuberant children.

Here is only one example of the many cases in which Uncle Bob has saved the lives of children. But first you must understand something of Walter Wilson's character and the work to which he has devoted the last twelve years.

Well along into middle age Walter is not all the actor type. Uncle is a perfect description of him. He beams and grins his way through life. His portly frame is never garbed in the latest of fashion. Clothes serve to keep him warm and assure his modesty, not flatter his vanity. Money? There were times when Walter worked for money. But that was many years ago. He has saved carefully, lives frugally and doesn't need any more money. Now the lure of money can't sway him from his purpose to save the lives of children and to help them grow up into sturdy and staunch citizens. No doubt he could make more money by allowing the promiscuous sponsoring by business of his broadcasts. He has such a huge audience that big business has often tried to buy his services for its own ends. The tantalizing lure of national network broadcasting has been held before his eyes. A national network would give him many times the number of listeners he now has.

But, like the sponsorship for money, the network for widespread fame would rob him of something vital to him. In the first place he and Mrs. Wilson read and answer all his fan mail personally.

"Oh, sure, I could hire someone to do it," explains Uncle Bob. "I could hire a staff and then I wouldn't have to read any." (Continued on page 78)
JUST turned eighteen and already a star on Paul Whiteman’s radio show—played in the movies when she was seven—danced in a night club when she was twelve—so pretty that after she visited West Point not long ago all the plebes began smuggling radios into their rooms so they could listen to her. I was afraid before I ever set eyes on Durelle Alexander that I knew exactly what she’d be like.

She’d be cute, I told myself—so terribly, painfully cute. And she’d be either wide-eyed and innocent or embarrassingly sophisticated. Whichever it turned out to be, innocence or sophistication, it was bound to be phoney. I was just enough of a pessimist to know beforehand that too much movie work and too many night clubs and too much admiration had killed the naturalness of that child before she ever started to become a young lady.

That’s what I thought. Well, I’m glad to be able to tell you how very wrong I was.

The story Durelle and her mother told me, between them, proves once more that you can’t lay down rules about life. A given cause doesn’t always have the same effect. Durelle, curled up in a big chair in one of the Radio City reception rooms, in her background all those influences most of us would object to for our own children, was as sweet, as utterly unspoiled, as any high school girl; and in addition she had a poise the average girl her age hasn’t yet attained.

There is so much back of the bare fact that she danced in a night club floor show before she was in her teens—a father whose eyesight was in danger, the need for the money she earned, most of all a mother who was wise enough to trust her daughter’s good judgment of the things she saw and the people she met.

Other mothers in Dallas, where the little family was living at the time, shook their heads and clicked their tongues in alarm, and Durelle’s school mates reflected the attitude of their elders by giving her sidelong glances and showing plainly that they considered her not quite one of them, but Durelle and her parents were wiser than them all. It’s not easy to ignore public opinion, but they did it.

Perhaps Mrs. Alexander might not have been so sure she was doing the right thing in allowing Durelle to work in the night club if the child hadn’t already proved her ability to spot pitfalls and neatly avoid them.
Sitting in casting offices, watching other children and their mothers, it didn’t take Durelle long, even then, to see what was good and what was bad. She steadfastly refrained from picking up any of the precious airs with which other children often showed off before casting directors. Gravely she watched a few displays of temperament. And one day she said to her mother, who is as tiny as Durelle, and sweeter than she is impressive:

“Mother, I hope you never act like those other mothers—trying to push me ahead of other kids. I’d rather I didn’t get jobs than have you get like that.”

That seven-year-old utterance sums up, very concisely, the philosophy which Durelle still has today. She’d still rather keep her self respect than be a big success.

For the five years the Alexanders remained in California, Durelle went on working occasionally in pictures or in some of the children’s revues which crop up every now and then in Los Angeles theaters. With the money she earned, her parents paid for her dancing and singing lessons. Then misfortune sent them back to their home state of Texas. Mr. Alexander’s eyesight became mysteriously affected, doctor bills ate up most of their savings, and in the sudden move they lost their Los Angeles home. They settled in Dallas, hoping that doctors there might be able to cure the father.

It isn’t too much to say that Durelle’s earnings in the night club and later in vaudeville tours were the family’s mainstay in those days. She was going to school all the time, too.

You mustn’t suppose that Durelle didn’t like working in the night club, because as a matter of fact she loved it. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Threatt, were good friends of the Alexanders, and Durelle and her mother had a dressing room to themselves. As night clubs go, it was a thoroughly well behaved and well run place. Even so, I imagine, Durelle saw and heard enough things to make her decide she didn’t want to drink or smoke—a decision she hasn’t altered yet.

Not once has either Durelle or her mother lost sight of the fundamental principles upon which a happy life must be built. That, really, is the reason she is so unspoiled today. They told me of a vaudeville tour through the southwest Durelle went on when she was thirteen. The manager of the tour wanted Durelle in his troupe, but he saw no reason why Mrs. Alexander should go along. Durelle quietly gave up the idea of going at all, and eventually the manager agreed to take her mother, too—not very grudgingly, because he was afraid of stage mothers. They were always fussing about something, he complained. wanted their kids’ acts changed or didn’t want them changed, didn’t like their hotel rooms, objected to the billing—(Continued on page 57)
OF course you’ve heard the story of the woman (if you happen to be a man, maybe you married her!) who bought a handkerchief so pretty she had to go out and buy a dress, and a hat, and shoes, and stockings, and gloves, and a bag, and a coat to go with it. Not that it wasn’t a good idea. I’m sure that by the time she finished, she had achieved the chic she sought.

But what I started out to say is that her example might be followed by the ambitious home-maker with very telling results.

Alois Havrilla and the charming Mrs. Havrilla followed somewhat closely the shopping lady’s course, and a more lovely and comfortable home than they’ve finally created you’d never find.

Instead of a handkerchief, Mrs. Havrilla inherited some priceless furnishings from her New England ancestors. She, her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother were born in New Haven, Connecticut, and from the great-grandmother (who had inherited them from her ancestors) a few pieces of almost indescribable loveliness came down until finally they were Mrs. Havrilla’s.

So five years ago, when Alois and his wife cast about for a home near New York, they were faced with the problem of finding a place suitable as a setting for Mrs. Havrilla’s heirlooms. Not an easy task by any means. Indeed, so difficult did it prove that they built their present home in Englewood, N. J. specifically for the purpose. It is nearly a replica of Mrs. Hav-

LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

BY RUTH GERI

Right, the Havrillas’ rock garden was landscaped with earth excavated when their house was built. Careful balancing of plants and rotation of flowers keep the garden looking bright even in late November. Below, Alois on stairs leading up from the Colonial hall. Below right, that piece of furniture beside Alois is a cleverly disguised radio set—a Sheraton rosewood cabinet, topped with a Sevres vase, and with an Arabian rug behind it. The rest of the furniture in the room is modern, though.
rilla's ancestral Connecticut home, a typical nineteenth century house adapted to twentieth century occupancy.

In Englewood the Havrilla rose and rock gardens are matters of considerable community pride, and they've won more than their share of prizes. A nice balance has been achieved between greens and flowering perennials and annuals so that even in bleak late November the rock garden never looks barren. The flowers are rotated so that the color scheme varies through the seasons—first pink, then yellow and blue, and finally blue.

“At first, we had a lot of trouble with our rock garden,” Mrs. Havrilla said, “because the soil is so acid.

“We found, though (and here is a tip for amateur gardeners) that if it is well covered in the winter with salt grass and peat moss, the trouble will correct itself.”

If you are near the seashore you can gather any quantity of salt grass from the dunes, or it may be obtained from a nursery, for they nearly all carry it in stock now.

A quantity of tree stumps, left when the land was cleared for the Havrilla home, are beautifully decorative, covered with masses of crimson rambler roses and honeysuckle vines. Indeed, when you visit the Havrilla house, you find it sort of difficult to get inside. Not that the Havrillas aren’t hospitable, but it’s so lovely outside you’re prone to linger.

The interior just “grew” to accommodate the furniture. The north wall of the living room, (Continued on page 77)

WHAT TO DO WITH THOSE ANTIQUES IN NEED OF REFINISHING— OR UGLY BACK YARDS— OR MISFIT RADIO SETS! LET ALOIS HAVRILLA SUGGEST SOME TIPS

Alois Havrilla announces some of the big shows of the air, such as the Ford Waring hour and Whitman’s Varieties—page 52

Left, the only spots of dark color in the light and cheerful living room are the drapes, of a blue to match the picture Mrs. Havrilla just couldn’t give up. Left, below, “Grandma’s room” was built around the old cheval glass and the chest of drawers Alois refinshed himself by a process described in the story. Below, those chairs in the library are 350-year-old kitchen chairs, refinshed after all the layers of ancient paint had been scraped off. The panelling in the room is ordinary pine.
WE'VE figured the percentages. We've studied the statistics. And comedians rate the all-time-low for single blessedness. You can't find a business or profession where there are so few bachelors or bacheloresses.

Why? Just what is there about the life of a comic that makes him so susceptible to marriage? What qualities draw the funny men and women so irresistibly to love? Can there really be something about this occupation that differentiates its followers from other people?

We decided the only way to find out was to ask the comedians themselves. We questioned Fred Allen, critical satirist; Fanny Brice, shower-upper of human types; Walter O'Keefe, maker of witty nonsense; Eddie Dowling, smart Alec of domestic difficulties; and Jack Benny, a friendly funster. We asked each of them how he fell in love, how he was married, what marriage meant to him, and the relation of all these things to his being a comic.

Let's go through all this evidence together. Let's examine the romance of Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa—of Fanny Brice and Billy Rose—of Walter O'Keefe and Roberta Robinson—of Eddie Dowling and Ray Dooley—of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone and see if we can discover why comedians always marry.

That reserved, lonely poker-face, Fred Allen, the master of Town Hall, writes all his own sketches. What you hear over the radio is a direct expression of Allen himself. His creation is satire, the sharp, sometimes biting wit of a man who stands apart, analyzes, dissects.

In real life Fred Allen is an ascetic and a student. He's the only actor we've ever met who isn't an exhibitionist. Audience-contact means nothing to him. He would rather talk to a metal mike than a theater full of enthusiastic

BY
GLADYS
OAKS

Jack Benny (left below) married when he realized his need for the companionship of Mary Livingstone. At the right below, Walter O'Keefe was after escape from realities when he was married.
listeners, no matter how loudly they might laugh and applaud. He avoids interviews and social functions. His only extravagance is his huge collection of books. Though he has plenty of money these days, he lives in the simplest sort of apartment and writes in a bare room whose only furnishings are the tools of his trade—a chair, a table, a typewriter. And his wife!

He was thirty-four when he met Portland Hoffa. An inhibited man, solitary and satirical. He was playing in "Vogues of 1927," an uproarious star thousands of efete New Yorkers clamored to see. Yet all this brought him only the cool satisfaction of work well done. He didn't seem to be able to want the compensations other men value.

His parents had died when he was small, and he'd been brought up by an aunt. He'd been unable to manage the college education that was his ambition. The sweetheart he'd counted on marrying had jilted him for a Harvard man when Fred was on tour in Australia.

He didn't trust experience any too much, and he got both satisfaction and revenge for his deprivations by poking fun at anything and everything. And he was screamingly funny! Unsmiling, bland, he convulsed his audiences with laughter.

During an afternoon rehearsal he noticed a dark-haired, big-blue-eyed girl standing in the wings. She watched him all the time he rehearsed. Usually he was irritated by this sort of attention. But there was something about her that made him like feeling her eyes on him.

It wasn't her young prettiness—he'd seen plenty of that—nor even her vitality. She seemed to have so much serenity and quiet. She made him feel something he'd missed since he was a child. He wanted to come nearer to the stillness in her and the (Continued on page 58)
To pretty Jane Pickens, tallest and blondest of the three singing Pickens Sisters, has recently happened the most flattering thing that can happen to any girl who pays a lot of attention to her feminine frills and furbelows. The leading American designers who compose the famous Fashion Academy voted Jane one of the eight best-dressed women in these whole United States. They tacked two further distinctions to her honor, too—she's the youngest one of the eight and the only one who actually designs all her own clothes.

To pretty Sally Jones (or her mama) who reads this, there can happen the very swellest something I've ever found for the girl who has to limit the
CLOTHES-DESIGNING

AMERICA'S EIGHT BEST DRESSED WOMEN DESIGNS HER OWN CLOTHES!

Photos made exclusively for
Radio Mirror by Ray Lee Jackson

uniqueness of her outfits to whatever individuality she can pick off the rack in a Budget Misses' shop or find in a cut-and-dried pattern.

You can design your clothes the same way Jane Pickens designs hers without being able either to sketch or sew. And what's more—you don't even have to have original ideas!

I always knew that one of these days Jane's wardrobe would attract the fame it deserved. I knew it from the snowy afternoon a long time ago when she suddenly decided at 1 P. M. to sail at 4 P. M. for a week-end cruise to Bermuda. She hadn't a hot-weather hat to her name, she hadn't time to shop for one, and she wasn't a bit perturbed about it.

I watched in amazement while she dug out a four-year-old blue baku, dampened and pressed its floppy brim into shape and set it on the radiator to dry while she packed, took the navy cord off Patti's bathrobe and basted it around the crown of the hat in a soft bow—and sailed with as perky and smart a straw in her luggage as Bermuda saw that season!

Dumfounded, I asked her, "Where'd you get the idea for that hat?"

"I cribbed it," she told me simply and laughed. "I saw one almost exactly like it last Sunday in the Times."

That—rare secret—is how one of the best-dressed women in America got that way!

Now Jane, by her own admission, can hardly sew the strap on a slip and get it to look right. She doesn't like to sew, she doesn't try. She can't draw a simple Peter Pan collar and make it recognizable for what it's supposed to be. She doesn't have sufficient leisure to pay the attention to clothes and (Continued on page 87)

Here are only a few of Jane's original costumes. The evening cape is black with vertical strips of plain and quilted taffeta. The Grecian evening gown is emerald green with sash and cape of two-toned chiffon, red and green. Jane's suit is dark gray tweed with plaid shirt and accessories of dark green. Just how Jane went about creating the street dress on the right, is described in the story.
HELP YOURSELF TO NEWS ABOUT THE MAESTROS, INSTRUMENTALISTS, AND SOLOISTS OF FOOT-TAPPING RHYTHM

HERE'S a chance to see how your judgment of jazz bands compares with that of the jazz band musicians themselves. Not long ago a musicians' magazine polled its readers, asking them to vote for what they considered the best sweet band, the best swing band, and the favorite band of any type. Results showed that in swing bands Benny Goodman was way up in the lead, far ahead of his closest competitor, Casa Loma. Jimmy Dorsey, Bing Crosby's leader, was in third place among the swingsters.

In the sweet bands, Ray Noble got first place, followed closely by Guy Lombardo and Hal Kemp. The favorite bands were Benny Goodman again, Casa Loma, Ray Noble.
Paul Whiteman, Hal Kemp, Jimmy Lunceford and Duke Ellington. How do you feel about the result? The probabilities are that if you like swing music Benny Goodman will also be your favorite.

THE way Benny Goodman has pushed up into the top rating is one of those almost overnight affairs. Two years ago Benny was unknown to the general public, playing clarinet on radio dates. Then he formed his own band and got a commercial. Do you recall the "Let's Dance" program which ran for three hours Saturday nights? Benny's band was one of the three on that spot. We next hear of Benny out at the Congress Hotel in Chicago where he was no less than a sensation, giving swing recitals every Sunday afternoon. And followed his Elgin Watch commercial. If you want to hear the musicians' favorite band, listen in on Benny and note his remarkable clarinet figures. Every man in his group is an artist, especially that swell swing drummer, Gene Krupa.

HERE are certainly a lot of eligible bachelors among the maestros and since this is Leap Year something ought to be done. Just to name a few, we find Bob Crosby,

Jack Denny's one of New York's healthiest bandmen—and looks it. You hear his orchestra from the French Casino over CBS.

Ruby Newman, Henry King, Orville Knapp, Vincent Lopez, Abe Lyman, Vincent Travers, Carl Hoff, Richard Himber, Benny Goodman. Step up girls, and look them over. The handsomest of the lot are Henry King, Bob Crosby and Ruby Newman. The richest is Abe Lyman but he's probably the most gun shy of all. Come to think of it, Abe was married once, when he was just beginning in the band business out in California. The marriage lasted three days and Abe vowed never again. But you never can tell.

THIS summer the orchestra leaders will conduct another golf tournament, comparing scores at the end of the season and buying the drinks. Most of the boys are enthusiastic golf hounds and play together at every opportunity. George Olsen and Ben Bernie will ride for miles just to play a few rounds. They both shoot in the low eighties and are a good match. Jack Little, Abe Lyman, Paul Whiteman, and Nick Lucas all shoot in the eighties. Bing Crosby is one of the best golfers on the Coast, shooting in the seventies. Walter Donaldson, the song writer, gets all of his ideas for songs out on the course. It's a great life.

ONE of the recent Paul Whiteman broadcasts almost came to grief. While one of the boys was standing up so as to be closer to the mike, the player back of him slipped a low pan of water in his seat. When the tooter sat down he cut loose with an exclamation which almost caused a riot—and all this mind you, while the band was on the air. The "old man," (Paul's nick name) was very, very mad. But boys will be boys. On another occasion, someone slipped a lighted firecracker in the bell of a trombone while its owner was playing a solo. It wasn't April first, either. What was said on that occasion is not fit to print.

NBC and CBS finally set their jaws and banned the use of "Gloomy Sunday," but you can still hear it, if you really want to, on Hal Kemp's Mutual network programs. Until it was banned by the other two networks, we had a suspicion that all this talk about "Gloomy Sunday's" suicide-provoking powers was nothing but a clever publicity build-up, but now we're not so sure. Maybe there is something in it, after all. The tune seems harmless enough, and the words not so terrible either, but it's said to have caused eighteen suicides in Vienna before it crossed the water to the United States, and there's a suspicion that it has been responsible for two (Continued on page 69)
having an inexpensive, ready-to-wear dress altered slightly so that it is becoming just to her and not to fifty other girls who may be wearing the same style.”

And, when we got right down to it and started analyzing, we decided that the main difference was psychological. Actually, we Americans often spend more money on our cosmetics and costumes than any Frenchwoman, but we forget to think and feel beauty while we are doing it. We paint a lovely picture on our faces—and forget to keep that picture alive, alert and interesting.

“Charm and personality have always been so much more important than physical beauty,” Rachel observed, with one of her indescribably French and fascinating little gestures. “There is your marvelous Helen Hayes, for instance. Tiny, with no really classical features at all, yet she can give the illusion of great loveliness. She can be anybody, adapt herself to any mood or period on the stage—and she's divine! It is, of course, the illusion that counts, and she could be surrounded by dozens of professional beauties whom no one would notice while they were watching Miss Hayes.”

The French singer smiled reminiscently. “One of my earliest beauty secrets was psychological, and I got it from my Parisian mother, who died when I was just fourteen. 'Smile when you go to sleep,' she used to whisper tenderly. To this very day, I never go to sleep without smiling, without thinking to myself that life is good. I even say to myself, before I go to sleep, ‘I am beautiful, I am beautiful,’ until I almost believe it! But, think beauty and you will be more beautiful. Smile when you go to sleep and you will be smiling when you wake up—the day will be brighter and all things will go well with you. Think of the one you love, whether it is sweetheart or mother or friend, and you will smile and be happy—and more beautiful!

“But not even an exceptionally beautiful girl should think only of her beauty. There are many lovely showgirls, but I have seen a number of them ruin promising careers because they walked on the stage with a posture, an expression, that cried: ‘Look at me—am I not exquisite?’

“There is so much difference between self-confidence and self-consciousness. Self-confidence you must have to be interesting. You yourself must (Continued on page 65)
Introducing Miss Priscilla Lane of the Fred Waring radio hour, who discovered while on tour this spring that it was as easy to dance as it was to sing. So follow her intricate steps of "Truckin'." And remember, "The High-hats are doing it, Park Avenin' it, all over town, you'll see them scuffle-in..."

Bert Lawson

everybody's truckin'
TWENTY-TWO years ago Abe Lyman and Gus Arnheim were Chicago musicians. They took on a third chap. Jimmy Wilton, saxophonist, and a new three piece unit. Wilton has been with Lyman ever since. Bruce Kamman, who is Prof. Kamey's assistant in his Seminary, is also a member of the NBC production staff in Chicago. Irene Wicker telephoned Mary Pickford to get an interview for her new Lady Broadcasts. She apologized for having called Mary when they didn't know each other but Miss Pickford broke in: "Of course I know who you are. Why I recognized your voice immediately." There was quite a mix-up in 1931 because there were two Eddie Dowlings and the names Betty Compton and Betty Compson are similar. One Eddie Dowling is the comedian, friend of President Roosevelt and has been broadcasting from Chicago of late. The other Eddie Dowling is a New York manager. The New York manager married Betty Compton, who later became Mrs. Jimmy Walker of New York. Out in Hollywood the comedian Eddie Dowling was working in a film with Betty Compson. So you can easily see why the newspapers got the marriage all bawled up. During the recent blizzards and floods Ray Jones, who plays the part of the hard-boiled electrician in Molly of the Movies went down into Kentucky for his favorite sport, hunting. Instead he spent his time helping conservation men and farmers feed the quail and other game which was starving. If you want to know anything about the Chicago Cubs just ask Isabel Randolph. She knows their past, present and future.

* * *

BOB GRIFFIN keeps fit during the winter months by spending at least three days a week at a Chicago gym taking exercises, sun lamp and massage. Freeman (Amos) Gesden has been taking tennis lessons from George O'Connell, former Chicago amateur net star. All this spring Katherine Avery and her Sentimental Selma cast have spent three days broadcasting in Chicago and three other days broadcasting in Milwaukee each week. In 1935 Al Pearce and his gang spent New Year's Day in Hollywood, Easter in Butte, Montana, Fourth of July in New York and Christmas in Chicago.

* * *

A QUIET middle aged couple living on the west side of Chicago was surprised on a recent night to have the police and fire companies rush madly to their home, sirens screaming. Seems the telephone girl in Oak Park had called them. It took some time to straighten out the mess but they finally did figure out what had happened. The telephone had rung. The man had answered it. It was for his wife. He called to her and returned to his radio. She apparently didn't hear him and the receiver of the telephone was picked up. The radio operator heard the man was listening to. When the telephone operator heard a woman's voice call, "I'm in serious trouble," she sent out a hurry-up call for the police.

* * *

GUSTAV HAENSCHEIN is a St. Louis boy. And Glen Gray, whose name is really Glen Gray Knoblauch, was born in Metamora, Ill. June 7, 1903. Wayne King was born in Savannah, Ill., thirty-five years ago. He has three brothers. His father was a boomah switchman, an itinerant sort who worked here and there—often in the Chicago area. He is a member of the NBC production staff in Chicago and Wayne shows a keen interest in the show. His wife, Mary, is a native of Chicago. They have two children: a son, who is Frances Morrin in Today's Children, and is also the voice of Mary. She was born in Savannah. She is the voice of Mary in The Wayne King broadcasts. She is also a member of the NBC production staff in Chicago.

* * *

IT took a Red Cross appeal for flood relief funds to bring Art Linkletter from his broadcasting retirement. For the last few years he has been a radio station executive. But before that he was Mr. Schlagenhauer of the gurgling voice. He raised $1,000 in a short time one night over the WJJD. Dick Tracy, Four Color Comics, was his name. Neil, who used to broadcast from Chicago, are now on the air in Des Moines, Iowa. She was one third of the Nei Sisters, in the old harmony team, and Mrs. Compton, who rewritten Dick. Although Chicago's NBC is adding new and larger studios to accommodate audiences at radio shows and WGN has a similar large network and WBEM still try to avoid all studio audiences whenever possible. WBBM-CBS quarters in the Wrigley building aren't built for studio audiences and the only way (Continued on page 80)

* * *

JULY and mid-summer, browsing 'round and not doing much. But it's a swell time to think and dream. Wonder why some smart sponsor doesn't create a pioneer program like Winning the West and Death Valley Days but with a different locale? It's a good idea to create something out of the '38 Gold Rush days to the Klondike. The sponsor wouldn't have to be a reindeer meat canner. It would be a natural for many products. Where do you suppose I got the idea? One of my ten-mile-away neighbors up on the Mojave Desert told me. Three Fingered Jack that Robert Service wrote about in his verses. A little crippled with rheumatism and growing old, he has for years farmed a pear orchard, but still has vivid memories of Alaskan days.

* * *

VERNA FELTON just took part in the Castle Cragmore pageant. First time anybody else took part too other than Rod Henderson who does all the roles. Not that it sounds any better when one person deploys all the characters. It is good-posed to be the height of something or other.

* * *

HERE'S one for the book. Seems as though the Tommy Lee artists' bureau (KHI) got a call for a W. C. Fields impersonator. But the guy who 'phone him thought it sounded like 'seem.' My, it was terrific how the boys practiced those flipper calls for the job.

* * *

SIGMUND ROMBERG's program, moved out to the Hollywood studios, uses such a large orchestra that there is no place for the conducting. So the technicians use a block (Continued on page 81)
An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne,* perhaps. Then *Borscht Polonaise,* followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême of Halibut à la Russe.* Then *Braised Lettuce, String Beans au Gratin.* Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again…and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels, "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.

*Miss Lucy Saunders,*
*of New York and Newport.*

**She likes:**
Smart sports clothes…Palm Beach…the young crowd at the Virginia hunts…badminton…the new dances, including the son…the strenuous New York season…Bailey's Beach…lunching on *Filet Mignon, Bouquetière,* at Pierre's…Camels…dashing off to late parties…Lobster *Thermidor,*…and always…Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better…bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

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

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
- Mrs. Powell Cadot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. I. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
- Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
- Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
- Mrs. Chiswell Darney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York
- Miss Rose Winslow, New York

**Costlier Tobaccos**

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

*...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!*
PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

If you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. • Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. • Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. • Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

WHAT ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS THINKS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

My dear Mr. Macfadden—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn’t exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE
Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation’s first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready next fall to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.
I t was a chance sentence in a story about Rudy Vallee, written by his brother, Bill Vallee, that gave me a new slant on the head man of the Connecticut Yankees and made me hurry to interview him for our cooking department this month.

"Secretly, I believe," Bill Vallee wrote, "Rudy feels sure he missed his calling in not being a world-famous chef."

Whether or not Bill is correct in this belief I still don't know, but one thing is certain—Rudy has some of the soundest and most fascinating ideas about food I've encountered for some time.

"Not that I have much chance to put them into practice in New York," he said, "but at the camp (Rudy's camp on Lake Kezar in Maine) it's a different story.

"In New York, under the terrific pressure of work, eating and rational thinking about what we eat, rate only about tenth place in importance—very bad because it means that our food, instead of counteracting our nervous tension, actually intensifies it."

It is no wonder, then, that Rudy turns to the solitude and pine woods of Camp Vallee to even the balance and to rest over-active nerves, and this relaxing process is aided by meals carefully planned by Rudy himself.

Nor does his planning stop with the writing out of menus, as you might expect. Rudy does his own marketing, to be sure that only the best and freshest of foods appear on his table.

The camp kitchen is enormous. Enough food could be prepared in it for the traditional regiment, which is nearer truth than fancy, for Rudy's guest list may range from ten to fifty during summer week-ends. Great quantities of supplies are kept on hand, and I was particularly impressed to learn that fruit juice is ordered by the case.

The reason for this was apparent, though, when I realized that fruit juices, the so-called "protective foods" of modern dietitians, rate tops on Rudy's list of vacation foods. There's scarcely ever a meal at Camp Vallee at which they don't appear. If you have orange juice for breakfast, the chances are you'll have pineapple juice as your first course at luncheon, and dinner will probably start off with a tomato juice cocktail—not to mention the long, cooling drinks which are always on tap for anyone who wants them. (I have a number of these fruit juice drink recipes of Rudy's which I'll be glad to send you if you will write me for them.)

It isn't only in drinks, however, that you will find them, as Rudy himself will tell you.

"Since fruit flavors are so good in themselves," he explained, "there seemed to be no reason why they couldn't be used to give new flavors to run-of-the-mill recipes, and they do. Many of our entrées and salads and most of our desserts are based on them.

"One of the favorite camp dishes is lamb chops with pineapple rice. Then there's broiled ham with orange sauce, chicken smothered in tomato juice, lentils in tomato juice," his voice grew more enthusiastic, "pineapple ice cream, orange sherbet and orange toast, just to mention a few." (Continued on page 76)
SUNDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
9:00 A.M. CBS: Church of the Air. NBC-Blue: Soothemamas. NBC-Red: The Radio Pulpit.
10:00 CBS: Press-radio news.
10:30 CBS: Alexander Semler, pianist.
11:00 CBS: New Women's Club. NBC-Red: Ward and Nafzy, pianos.
12:00 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle. NBC-Red: Major Brown, Family.
12:00 Noon NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.
12:30 P.M. CBS: Sunday Call. NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall. NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion.
12:45 CBS: Transatlantic Broadcast.
1:00 CBS: Church of the Air. NBC-Red: Language Spring.
1:00 CBS: Port's Gold. NBC-Blue: Youth Conference. NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
1:15 H. V. Kalberbr. 2:00 CBS: French Trio. NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RQA.
2:30 CBS: St. Lewis Blues. NBC-Red: Peter Abahate.
3:00 NBC-Blue: Symphony Hour. NBC-Blue: Gilbert Seldes. 3:30 NBC-Red: Mountaineers.
4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers. NBC-Red: The Widow's Kiss. 4:30 NBC-Blue: Design for Listening. NBC-Red: Temple of Song.
Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
7:40 NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
8:00 CBS: The World Dances. NBC-Blue: The Melody Makers. NBC-Red: Major Dwayne Amature.
9:00 CBS: Fred Sunday Evening Hour. NBC-Red: Jack Hyten. NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
9:45 NBC-Blue: Paul Whitman.
10:00 CBS: Terror By Night. NBC-Red: General Motors Symphony.

MONDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. Press-Radio News.
10:30 NBC-Blue: Today's Children. NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
11:00 CBS: The Goldbergs.
11:15 CBS: Reminiscences of Helen Trent. 11:30 Just Plain Bill.
12:00 NBC-Blue: Rich Man's Darling.
1:00 P.M. NBC-Blue: Musical Review. NBC-Red: heater and Saffran.
1:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Merrie. NBC-Blue: Blueboy Orchestra. NBC-Red: Merry Madams.
1:45 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones. 2:00 NBC-Blue: Natone Memories. NBC-Red: Del and Will.
2:30 NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour. 3:00 NBC-Blue: Tom Malone.
3:30 CBS: Happy Hollow.
4:00 NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins. 4:30 NBC-Red: Songs of Rosie. NBC-Red: Vie and Sade.
4:45 NBC-Blue: King's Jericho. NBC-Red: The O'Neill's.
5:20 NBC-Blue: Chicago Variety Hour. NBC-Red: How to Be Charmed. NBC-Blue: Girl Alone.
6:15 CBS: Wilderness Road. 6:45 NBC-Blue: The Singing Lady.
7:45 NBC-Blue: Swan by Verrill. NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

TUESDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. Press-Radio News.
10:30 NBC-Blue: Today's Children. NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
11:00 CBS: Reminiscences of Helen Trent. NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
12:00 NBC-Blue: Rich Man's Darling.
1:00 P.M. NBC-Blue: Mary Lou Taylor. NBC-Blue: Larry Catto.
3:00 Margaret McCros NBC-Blue: Nullie Revel at Lute. NBC-Red: Forker Young.
3:45 NBC-Red: Vie and Sade. 4:00 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's.
5:00 NBC-Red: Back Stage Wife. 5:30 NBC-Red: Songs and Stories. NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
5:45 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice. NBC-Red: Marie E. Hill.
6:00 NBC-Red: Kate Smith.
6:15 NBC-Red: Lida and Aher. 6:45 NBC-Red: Connie Gates.
7:20 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
7:35 NBC-Red: Fillmore's Orchestra.
8:00 CBS: Leyda Della Owens. NBC-Red: Home Sweet Home.
8:15 NBC-Red: Wallace Rogers.
8:30 NBC-Red: Vocal of Firestone.
9:00 NBC-Red: Lula Lampert.
9:15 NBC-Red: The Twilight Zone.
9:45 WB: Happy Hollow.
10:00 WhatsApp. NBC-Red: Connie Gates.
11:30 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

WEDNESDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. Press-Radio News.
10:30 NBC-Blue: Today's Children. NBC-Red: Mystery Chat. 11:00 NBC-Blue: David Harum.
11:30 CBS: Reminiscences of Helen Trent. NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
12:00 NBC-Blue: Rich Man's Darling. NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
1:00 P.M. NBC-Blue: Mary Lou Taylor. NBC-Blue: Larry Catto.
3:00 Margaret McCros NBC-Blue: Nullie Revel at Lute. NBC-Red: Forker Young.
3:45 NBC-Red: Vie and Sade. 4:00 NBC-Red: The O'Neill's.
5:00 NBC-Red: Back Stage Wife. 5:30 NBC-Red: Songs and Stories. NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
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10:00 WhatsApp. NBC-Red: Connie Gates.
11:30 NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON 52
what do you want to know?

HAVE you a birthday in July? It may be the same day as one of your favorite radio stars. Quite a few were born in this month. Among them are Gracie Allen, born on July 26; announcer Harry Von Zell, the 11th; Adele Ronson of Buck Rogers fame, July 18; NBC's announcer, Graham McNamee, the 10th; Gale Page, the 23rd; Helen Pickens of the famous Pickens Sisters, the 10th; Donna Damerel who plays the part of Marge in Myrt and Marge, the 8th; David Ross, CBS's poet-announcer, the 7th; and Rudy Vallee made his grand entrance on the 28th day of July.

I'd better get down to your questions, now, for that's what you're really waiting for. Here are this month's questions.

Mrs. Isabel, D. Springhouse, Pa.—I'm sorry, but I couldn't find out anything about John Bruce. He's not on any of the big networks.


Joseph C., Hartford, Conn.—I tried awfully hard, Joe, to get that script for you, but was not successful. I'd suggest you get in touch with Congressman Maverick's office in Washington.

Marie K., Urbana, Ohio—You haven't been hearing Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch because it has gone off the networks. It's now on New York's local station WHN.

B. M. V., Philadelphia, Pa.—This is just to let you know that I forwarded your letter to Nelson Eddy.

Dick Powell, Lanny Ross and Jack Fulton fans—If you want to become fan club members of these stars' clubs, get in touch with Chaw Mank, 226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Ill.

E. E. Cook, Butler, Ind.—You thought you had me that time, didn't you? Well, here's your answer. Irene Wicker was born in Quincy, Illinois, on November 24, 1906.

Muzzy Marcellino fans attention!—If you want to join this club, write to Miss Dorothy Anders, 1367 Bergenwood Avenue, North Bergen, New Jersey.

Mrs. C. E. B., Fresno, Calif.—Michael Rafetto plays the part of Paul in One Man's Family. He was born in Placerville, California, December 30, 1900. He's married and has two daughters. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Russell Ward, Okemah, Okla.—Please forgive the delay, Russ. Your letter had to wait its turn. You can now address Ray Perkins in care of station WOR, 1440 Broadway, New York. You tell him just what you have in mind and I'm sure you'll get a reply.


Thelma R., Spring City, Pa.—Irina Phillips and Walter Wicker write the scripts for Today's Children. Walter Wicker also plays the part of Bob and is the real husband of Irene Wicker (The Singing Lady) who also plays in Today's Children, as Eileen Moran. Miss Phillips plays Mother Moran.

Mrs. E. A. P., Cresseline, Ohio—Tony Wons has left the airwaves. He's in Wisconsin and is running a business of his own.

A. M., Cincinnati, Ohio—Write to Frances Langford in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, California. Now, what do you think of Frances' picture on page 16—just as you ordered?

Mildred B., Olympia, Washington—Here's a line-up of the Myrt & Marge cast: Myrt, played by Myrtle Vail; Marge, Donna Damerel; Jack Arnold, Vinton Haworth; Leota Lawrence, Sunda Love; Darrell Moore, Ken Griffin; Clarence, Ray Hedge; Hayfield, Karl Way; Maggie, Marie Nelson; Thaddeus Cornfelder, Cliff Arquette; Helmi, Edith Evanson; Dr. Burr, Henry Saxe. For the Mary Martin cast, watch for a future issue.

Mary R., Akron, Ohio—Jerry Cooper and Jack Randolph are two different people. If you thought they were the same person because they sing so much alike, what do you think of Jerry Cooper and Bing Crosby then?

Ann D. Gish, Baltimore, Md.—Rudy Vallee is divorced and Ray Webb is not an actress. Why don't you write and ask Mr. Vallee about that invitation and see what happens? Address him at his office, 111 West 57th Street, New York. He lives in New York City most of the year.


Jeanne D., Kingman, Arizona—Lanny Ross is six feet tall, has gray eyes and light brown hair and weighs 160 pounds. Lanny's parents are English—his father, Douglas Ross, was a Shakespearean actor and his mother was Pavlowa's accompanist. He took his first stage bow in vaudeville at the age of two.
SECRET BEGINNINGS OF Age Signs Laid Bare

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"

Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer—even blackheads disappear!—after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres to win back Smooth Line-free skin ... End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart... If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel... "They hardly had any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off—Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your underskin.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple... the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it... the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed "Then why does skin age?"... Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up... give

Lady Daphne Straight
great-granddaughter of the late Anthony J. Drexel and of the late William Whitney, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and put in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly... That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faith-fully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come... As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your outer skin takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty...

Fight Skin Age this way

Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off... Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. GR12, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company
The Story Lowell Thomas Has Never Told

(Continued from page 21)

Not that Lowell Thomas ever became the toughest boy anywhere, but to those persons who could have been traced the urge that led him into the paths of success he was to follow in later years. The modern child psychologist could explain the developments of the shy little boy into the man who followed Lawrence through Arabia on camel back. It all started back there in Cripple Creek. Schoolboys in Cripple Creek are unconsciously cruel as schoolboys the world over. The sin of being "different" is always the forgivable one. That is why they picked on him. He had no friends. His clothes were better than theirs; his manners bore the imprint of refinement. He talked like aissy. (At least, the clipping English that has held radio audiences enthralled for five years was thus classified in Cripple Creek.) He was more advanced than they, for which reason his father, Colonel H. R. Thomas, a physician, to thank.

Colonel Thomas had the soul of a scholar. He should have been an educator, but the fates decreed otherwise. He founded a convenient laboratory in the person of his eldest son. When Lowell was three, he was already studying astronomy, peering into the heavens each night through the telescope which was as much a part of the Thomas home equipment as the kitchen stove. While other children played hide-and-seek, Lowell and his father climbed up the steep incline of the extinct volcano upon which Cripple Creek perches to study geology; or huddled together over smelly test tubes and refractometers in the experiment laboratory. Other children were struggling with their primers when Lowell was standing in his father's study by the hour reciting poetry, learning pure vowel sounds, clear intonation, cultivating resonance of voice. Colonel Thomas was an advocate of better speech, and he determined that the lassiness that had brought him to Cripple Creek from Ohio should not reflect itself in a mining camp accent for his son. The first rate boy found himself in between two conflicting environments. At home, there was refinement, the arts, literature, and science. At school he found himself raw and the hard, cold gold reduced existence to violent struggle. Refinement was scorned as a sign of weakness. When Lowell was seven, the struggle of his childhood seems of little import; but at the time they are bitter indeed, and thus was the mold of Lowell Thomas' later life irrevocably cast.

Of course, in books the hero would have beaten up the bully, and thenceforth everything would have been serene, but that is not how things happen in real life. Usually, as in this case, the bully is too big to be beaten up, especially when the hero is small (in his age anyhow). Schooling in Lowell, Colonel Thomas was pretty much a hit or miss proposition, and the bullies were likely to be sprouting beards. The only answer to that was to do as they did—get tough too.

A boy became a man in Cripple Creek when he went to work, so Lowell went to work. He had been burdened with ten years to do, but work was a haven. He was a printers' devil; he sold newspapers. He did odd jobs around the combination hotel-restaurant-casino, "The Crown Palace".

In that hotel, Lowell Thomas learned lessons that were to stand him in good stead later when he found himself in tight places in far off savage lands. Shooting, rioting, robbing—in short, everything that goes to make up a conventional Western thriller—were pretty much commonplace in Cripple Creek's principal thoroughfare, the breeze-blowing palace to which the boy learned was never to be surprised. Today as an ace commentator of radio he maintains that attitude. Nothing can shock him, he says. He is unimpressed. He remains today as he was then—a spectator, never a judge.

At eleven, Lowell deserted the "white collar" hotel job to go to work in the gold mines. Other boys gravitated there, spurred by greed; he went there to show them that not necessarily mean one must be a sissy.

The gold mines of Cripple Creek were the first steps Lowell Thomas took toward the far off places of the earth. There his imagination was fired as he listened to the tales of the miners, cosmopolites all. They had followed the trail of gleaming gold from Klondike to Johannesburg; from Kamchatka to Colorado. The ends of the earth became as familiar to Lowell—by night and day, at home and a thousand miles away. Yard. What could have been more natural than his determination to go and see for himself? And too, sissies didn't travel—not to those places young Tommy dreamed of seeing.

Of course, the route was indirect. He did many other more prosaic things on the way. As a salesman, janitor, cook in an all-night restaurant, he worked his way through Valparaiso University. He didn't work his way because he had to, but because he wanted to cultivate his adventurous spirit. The habits of Cripple Creek were less easily shaken off than its dust.

In Denver, Thomas edited a daily newspaper while getting his master's degree. He found time to slip away on an exploration trip to Alaska, where he lived among the Indians of the far north long enough to gather material for a book about them. He found time to pursue a courtship on the university campus that culminated in marriage.

Another leg of the journey took him into Chicago, where he sat beside Ben Hecht on a newspaper copy desk while studying law, getting a law degree, too. He completed his education at Princeton, studying international law and serving as an instructor.

Colonel Thomas had joined the army as a surgeon during the war, and his son was drawn irresistibly overseas. Before he landed in France, America had joined the Allies, and Lowell, his career as a war correspondent that led him straight to his biggest story and transformed him later from newpaper man to lecturer. He discovered the fabled Colonel Lawrence in Arabia, a figure stranger than the wildfigment of fiction, and beside Lawrence he rode over burning sands to fame.

An account of Thomas' subsequent roving has hardly done justice to the report of how far he have traveled over the globe would fill volumes. Indeed, they have already filled twenty odd. Six years ago he returned to America after having lectured for a few thousand dollars in thousands all over the world. He found himself, at length, exhausted mentally, physically, and spiritually, burned out, they call it. He bought a farming farm in the Berkshires. The vast Colonial mansion was roomy and rambling. He had plenty of work to do. The new life seemed promising. The open spaces had fostered an incipient claustrophobia; and Thomas cannot abide a closed in place. He established a farm, and bought a stable of riding horses. He had determined to forego wandering: to settle down to the life of a country gentleman and write.

One day the telephone rang. It was William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. "Come down to New York right away, I need you," his friend Paley begged.

The next morning Lowell Thomas entered Paley's office. He did not know who was calling but it was a job. He was to manage his career; a phase which, in many ways, was to appeal to him more than any that had gone before.

The Columbia head led him to a little black box.

Talk for fifteen minutes, about anything you please. Lowell Thomas complied, and for the first time his voice went out over the air. Those long hours of recitation in his father's study, those Cripple Creek started paying rich dividends. That was five years ago, and Thomas's eyes laugh as he recalls it. "I was virtually tricked into going on the air," he told me. Now, he loves it. It's simple and friendly and intimate. Every time I speak into the microphone I hark back to the days when Dad made me recite, and the boys beat me up because I had to speak correctly. I can almost hear Dad say, 'I told you so.'

Some days later he was heard once more in the bazaars of Taliief, through the narrow, dirty streets of Abu Lissal. Perhaps his friend, Sheikh Talaiil el Haruiehine of Taliief will still be able to tell those people of Lowell Thomas plans to follow the example of Colonel Thomas, his father. He wants to educate his son.

And to other members of his family he has already transmitted this last for adventure, this restless of spirit. His wife, Frances, caught the travel germ, even to the extent of hobnobbing with perfect coolness with Australian bushmen and terrifying African chieftains. Even Phere- bia, Lowell Thomas's sister, has twice circled the globe, spurred on by an enthusiastic brother. In his adventurous footsteps she recently bravely flying shells and witnessed the subjugation of Manchuko from a Japanese airplane.

So much for the story of his life. Here he calls him—to Yenbo and El Wejh, to Mudawara, and perhaps to the ghostly stone city of Petra. That visit will bring joy to the heart of the Arabian Auda Abu Tayi, with whom Thomas rode many water holes during the troublesome days of 1917-18. Auda will be glad to see Sonny.

"Allah's blessings," he will exclaim, and Sonny's eyes will shine just as Tommy's did for his father when he was with his father on the edge of Cripple Creek's extinct volcano.
there was always something!

Mrs. Alexander proved to be a different sort of stage mother. She was still the mother she’d been when seven-year-old Durelle begged her not to change, never interfering with the business of the show, never complaining. The manager came to her after the troupe had been on the road a few days, and apologized, saying how glad he was she’d come along.

Before coming to New York when she was sixteen, Durelle had sung with orchestras in Louisiana, Oklahoma, Chicago, and Cincinnati, and though her mother was always with her, she has naturally seen more of life than many of us are apt to see in a lifetime. Yet I’ve known few people less cynical.

“Mother always told me,” she said seriously. “that most people were pretty decent, and if I was nice to them they’d be nice to me. It’s always worked out that way, too. There’ve been times when Mother and I could have fought for things—salaries, or advertising, or better jobs—but it hasn’t ever really been necessary. We’ve sat back, and waited, and finally what we wanted has come to us. Even Daddy’s trouble with his eyes—we’ve finally found a way of clearing that up, and he’s much better now.”

THOSE years of troupimg with dance bands and vaudeville companies taught Durelle another thing. I learned when she left the room for a few minutes and I talked to her mother alone. I asked about Durelle’s masculine friends. I knew she had them: nobody as pretty as Durelle could help having them.

“Of course she knows lots of boys,” Mrs. Alexander said, “but she’s too interested in her career to be very serious over any of them. I’m glad she isn’t. Maybe in five or six years... but right now I’d feel terrible if she wanted to get married.

“Whenever she has seemed interested in some boy I didn’t approve of, I’ve never said anything. I’ve liked most of the boys she’s liked, but there were one or two I didn’t. Instead of telling her I didn’t like them, I’ve kept quiet, and she has always finally made up her mind she didn’t like them either. And when she tells me, I’ve always seemed to think awhile, and then I’ve said, ‘You know, I think you’re right. There really was something about him...’ And Durelle has made up her own mind about him, without any interference from me. She has learned enough, in her stage career, to see through people and tell when they aren’t all they seem to be.”

Then she gave me a clue to Durelle’s modesty. “Whenever people have admired her, I’ve always said, ‘Remember, beauty is what’s inside you, not outside.’ The result is, she’s pretty hard to flatter.

Durelle may be on her way to Hollywood by the time you read this—negotiations were in the air when I saw her last—but although Hollywood does strange things to the egos of some people, there isn’t much danger that it will touch her. Night clubs and vaudeville when she was a child couldn’t spoil her—and Hollywood hasn’t a chance, now that she’s grown up!

Lucy Monroe’s In Love and Doesn’t Know What to Do—Read The Problem She’s Facing—In the August RADIO MIRROR

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray” with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
Most Bad Breath Begins
with the Teeth!

Leading dental authorities agree: "Most bad breath is caused by improperly cleaned teeth!"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special penetrating foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel... makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Why Comedians Always
Marry
(Continued from page 41)

peace it made him feel. He ferreted out the facts about her before managing a
gingerly introduction. She was a chorus
girl named Portland Hoffa and just seven-

Fred Allen has never been a particularly
handsome man. His face is dour and
lean. His voice has the same nasal twang
you hear over the air. He wears uncom-
promising black rubbers whenever it looks
rainy. He appears, on the whole, to be a
prosperous small town business man.

Yet at seventeen Portland Hoffa found
him, somehow, glamorous. At twenty-
six she finds enormous contentment in
her marriage to him.

She knows she has completely broken
through Fred Allen's loneliness. He must
derive from one beloved woman all the
warm, quick contacts that make existence
real and happy, that other men draw
from a thousand sources.

No matter what Fred Allen is doing or
how silent he is, Portland Hoffa knows
he wants her with him. She likes staying
up with him till four in the morning,
reading or sewing while he works on a
script. When he's nary from digging
for gags, her complete good humor quiets
his irritation. She is the faithful stooge
of his act. A gentle girl, she has even be-
come interested in prize fights to keep
him company.

It isn't easy to meet such demands; to
have money and fame with so little plea-
sure and ease. But Portland Hoffa doesn't
feel a bit sacrificial. It's what, above all
things, she wants to be and do. Perhaps
that's what Fred Allen sensed about her
that day nine years ago when she stood
so quietly in the wings and watched him.
Perhaps that is why he married her.

TO further our investigations we con-
sulted Fanny Brice. "Why," we asked her,
"do you fancy gals always marry?"
"We always need an audience!" Fanny
retorted.

Fanny Brice has been married twice.
In telling you this she doesn't boast about
the bush. She doesn't say, "Soft pedal
it, please, for publication." That's why
you believe her when she says that it's
only since she's become Mrs. Billy Rose
that she's been really, consistently happy.

Their relationship is based on under-
standing so fundamental that it allows
her, for the first time in her life, to feel
peace in a marriage and submission to
belonging to a man. She is as comfortable
with him as with the imaginary com-
panions that inhabit her world of comedy,
"Baby Schnooks" or her wistful-foolish,
highfalutin shopgirl, "Myrril Upinshaw."

Fanny Brice had been a glamorous
girl. What she found most important was her
work. Now that she was getting older, her
dughter and son growing up, she be-
gan to want something different. "Se-
curity?" she asked herself derisively, yet
with all the wistfulness of Myrril. "Surely
that third hat doesn't fit me!"

When she first met Billy Rose he cer-
tainly didn't seem the answer to this
grown-up Fanny's dreams. One night,
sitting with some friends over sandwiches
and beer in the comfortable dimness of
the Backstage Club, she heard a song of
his.

She was going on a vaudeville tour in
a few weeks, and she needed a new act.
Rose's song touched her; it was original,
a ballad, whose sentimentality was con-
vincing. Perhaps he was the man to write
her act. He was at the club and she asked to meet him.

He reminded her, at once, of a belligerent little goose. "How," she wondered, "Could he have composed that nice ballad?"

Fanny is used to being treated with lots of consideration, though there is nothing of the celebrity in the easy, friendly way she meets people.

Billy Rose met her friendliness with attack. He criticized her act. He lashed his wit and logic out at her. She felt as if she were being peppered with buckshot.

So she asked her friend, Ballard MacDonald, to write her new act. MacDonald was frightfully busy. "But I'll do it," he said, "if you'll let me have Billy Rose as collaborator. He's the cleverest man in the game!"

"He's too horrible!" said Fanny. "Anyone but Rose!"

But a few days later Billy Rose was in her oyster-white study, talking over her act. He'd brought along a couple of songs he'd written for her, and some suggestions. And they were good! In his talent and creative vitality, Fanny forgot his brashness, forgot her dislike.

Every day they worked together on the act, Fanny explaining her notions of characters, Billy Rose's words and songs animating them.

She found herself reacting to him in ways that were novel to a glamour girl. Before this when she'd liked a man, even as just a friend, she'd wanted to look her best for him. She didn't care how she looked for Billy Rose. She'd come out in shabby old bunny slippers and her most ancient, comfortable sweater and skirt.

Fanny became so helpless with him, she began to let him make her decisions. And one of them was that this had to go on. That they must marry!

"We never quarrel," says Mrs. Rose. "It's opinion against opinion. We started out kind of cool, the way people are when they've been married ten years. Now we're more romantic, but it's a funny kind of romance. You wake up in the morning and smile together. When he's away, and maybe playing with chorus girls, you still feel you're smiling together. I'm eight years older than he is. It doesn't make any difference! I always took charge of my men before. I was the stronger, the boss! It's so swell to have someone take charge of me!"

WALTER O'KEEFE is a dealer in burlesque, telling nonsense, illuminating lunacies. His account of these activities is very rational and businesslike. "Young people smoke lots of cigarettes," he says, "I'm a salesman and my program is directed, largely, at youth."

But Walter O'Keefe, who's been newspaper man, real estate salesman, scenario writer and master-of-ceremonies extraordi- nary, could wangle a dozen ways to please young people. He chooses to write and act burlesque because it satisfies a need in himself.

This dark, alert, rather sad-eyed young man is socially minded. It's sincere! Breadcrust and world crises really keep him awake nights. Yet he feels powerless to change things in so overwhelming a world. Buffoonery is a way of escape.

His marriage is a way of escape, too. He talks about it with restraint, even witty sophistication, but he really regards his marriage with Roberta Robinson as high romance. His home is a shelter where, with his wife and child, he can always find individual happiness.

When he met Miss Robinson, she was starring in "The Bandwagon." After a seesaw career, O'Keefe was also well established at this time. In "The Little

NOW PURSUED... INSTEAD OF SHUNNED!

She found the lovelier way to avoid offending

Daintily fragrant, so alluring... since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

It keeps you dainty in two ways... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

First, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you completely from any danger of body odor.

And then, with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

BASTE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING
She has what it takes except one thing

She's pretty . . .
She's lively . . .
She's a snappy dresser . . .
She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum—it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration—the odor.

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

Show" the year before he had made himself a name for idiosyncratic comedy. The sponsors of a radio series, The Magic Carpet, had closed a fat contract persuading him to transfer his talents to the air.

Commercially, he was sitting very pretty. Emotionally, he was at a loose end. He sat lingering over his coffee at the Atlantic Beach Club, listening to the sea just outside and evaluating his future.

Hard work. Some luxury. If he wanted it, a dizzy round of nightclubs and girls. Pretty tasteless, he decided.

All of a sudden he saw Bobby Dolan, conductor of the club's orchestra, bearing down on him. "Here's a sure cure for your blues," Bobby said, grinning.

The girl he left at the table couldn't possibly be called anything like a knock-out or peach. She was much too beautiful, a tall, blonde queen in a fairy tale. Then in a voice which matched her face she said, "I've wanted so much to meet you!"

As Walter O'Keefe and Roberta Robinson talked they were separate from their surroundings, alone with each other in the universe.

Pretty soon they were out on the beach, still talking. They told each other the histories of their lives. Their secret ambitions. The intimate hopes they'd always kept carefully concealed. The practical possibilities of Walter's future in radio. How, if she ever got the chance to study, Roberta wanted to quit the musical comedy stage and become a concert singer. The play he was going to write.

He took her home at five. At nine they met for breakfast. In two weeks they were married.

Her contract with "The Bandwagon" completed, Mrs. O'Keefe left the stage. She realized that to be fundamentally happy the brilliant, mercurial Walter needed a wife and child at home.

She has never taken part in his act. A practical realist in love, she realizes that he doesn't want her as companion of the rush and noise of his commercial life. Not until their small son is in school will she return to the stage. And then not to a career that demands a divided womanhood but as a concert performer with the leisure to remain her husband's grand passion.

Walter O'Keefe has a suite in a New York office building where every day he writes his scripts, makes appointments, completes all the routine of his business as a comedian. He takes pride in his work. He is determined that his scripts and his acting are the best of which he is capable. And his capacities are great.

But it is not this work around which his highest hopes center. They lie at the feet of his wife and child, and... maybe... in the far future when he is going to be the author of a great play.

From romantic Walter O'Keefe, we sought down-to-earth Eddie Dowling. Unlike any other comedian on our record, Eddie Dowling was attracted to a woman a good deal like himself. Their interests were precisely the same; both are trouper who have been on the stage since childhood. He has been "straight" actor, comedian, producer, playwright.

He first saw Miss Dooley in a vaudeville skit. As another might have admired her pert little face and wide, mischievous eyes, he was entranced with her baby imitations. When he found it was a Scotch girl who was doing those Irish imitations better than he could himself, he knew he was in love.

Eddie admits he is a bit quick tempered, and there are even times when he
beckles his wife. Yet, though she is the mother of a twenty-one-year-old son, she has never seemed to get agitated or alarmed. Neither has ever been able to take a quarrel seriously, because it ends in a laugh and is later converted into a gag for their act.

When a national network hears Eddie Dowling play the henpecked husband, Ray Dooley is getting her revenge. Not only has she turned the tables on the heckler; he had to help write the script that lets her do it.

So the Dowlings have kept a marriage smooth for nearly a quarter of a century by utilizing their sense of humor in domestic affairs. Just as they do to make a living. Good team work!

JACK BENNY is a genial buoyant man, scarcely ever seen without a companion. His good-natured comedy is taken directly from his wide experience with other people. As his banter is based on comradeship, so must be any love that would hold or satisfy him.

Ten years ago he was touring the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. He was always glad when his route took him to Los Angeles because the Livingstone family lived there. Papa and Mama Livingstone and their older daughter, Florence, were pretty much under his spell.

But there was one Livingstone who couldn't see Jack for dust. It was the younger daughter, Mary, a scamp with long, black pigtails. She was an intense little thing, who liked to read good books, and took life pretty seriously. Benny's easy banter made her mad as hops, and her fury led him on to spend more and more time teasing her.

It went so far that Mary's rage just had to find an outlet. She opened her big toy bank, repository of years of dimes and quarters, with a can opener. The savings of a whole childhood went to buy the entire first row orchestra for the Orpheum's Saturday matinee.

She gave tickets to her best girl friends in return for a solemn promise. That Saturday afternoon Benny was confronted with a solid row of upturned girlish faces. He was touched. Little Mary did like him after all.

During his act not a laugh came from that cold, blank row. Not a smile broke the line of grim earnestness. Jack began to sweat, to labor, to get flustered.

He didn't tease Mary much after that. He respected her. As time went on, he found himself less glib with her than with other people.

When she was twenty there wasn't anyone he liked to talk with so well as Mary Livingstone. For this man who loved comradeship, she was the best comrade in the world. But when Jack Benny asked Mary Livingstone to marry him, her nose was pretty emphatic.

"I like business people," she told him. "Secure people! After I'm married I want friendships with people like that. Intimacies that continue and grow."

She despised the theatrical business. She loved the actor, Jack Benny. But that, she told him, was just a misfortune she'd have to get over.

He wouldn't let her get over it. He saw ahead a life of trains, hotel rooms. Married love that had to plunder its sweet moments from quick, snatched experiences. He knew he could be at home with Mary on a speeding Pullman or in a garish dressing room.

His emotion swept her into its tide, and she said she'd marry him. Next day she said she wouldn't. For months she vacillated by mail, telephone, and in person.

Mary happened to be visiting Chicago when Jack was playing there. One des-
You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armpit.

The more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be sure

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely dry. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Oodorono is entirely safe... ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Oodorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Oodorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Oodorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Oodorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Oodorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

Ruth Miller, The Oodorono Co., Inc., Dept. 785, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2335, Montreal)

I enclose $ for sample vials of both Instant Oodorono and Regular Oodorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City________State____

Well known on the stage as an Italian-American comedian for the past thirty-five years, Cavalier Ernest Magliacane is one of the stars of WHOM, New York.
KATE SMITH will soon round out her sixth year on the air. Kate keeps regular hours—to bed at 11 o’clock and up at 8:30; and exercises strenuously every morning, topping it off with a rub-down and a shower—not for reducing purposes but because she likes it.

LIFE may begin at forty,’’ says Tom Broadhurst, ‘‘but it’s still pretty exciting at seventy-eight.’’ Tom should know, for at that age he’s making a hit on the radio, broadcasting a series of sea stories. He has had a very varied life, having been in his time a sailor, a member of the Board of Trade, a theatre manager, a playwright, a farmer, an arbitrator, and a novelist. He is the brother of George Broadhurst, former theatrical impresario.

AND, speaking of age, Jane West launched “The O’Neills” on the air at 40, and now at 44 has one of the most popular script shows in radio. Ray Sinatra’s six-year-old son, Ray, Jr., can identify any orchestra after hearing it play a few bars of song. . . . Mary Small, the youthful songstress, was just voted the country’s third most popular youngster in a kiddie poll, being topped only by Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew . . . and Thyrza Samter, Winfield of the Woman’s Place series, sold her first manuscript at the age of seven to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. She received a dollar for this early effort—all of which proves there’s no such thing as age restrictions so far as success goes.

HERE’s one wife’s testimony to the effect that having a husband in the public eye—or ear—is perfectly compatible with a happy home life. Mrs. Red Nichols says that Red, who has traveled from Coast to Coast playing hotel dates, bar-room engagements, and college proms, and who was the originator of many of the vogue’s in popular dance music, is a typical home man. She says she’d cast her vote for being married to a bandleader any old time, and that she probably sees more of her husband than do the wives of many business men. Mrs. Nichols is the former Willa Inez Stutzman, and was one of the real ‘‘Vanities’’ beauties.

ISABEL BEACH of the Amateur Cooks program, was one of radio’s top cooking authorities, the name of Frances Lee Barton . . . . The Academy of Fashion recently awarded Jane Pickens of the Pickens Sisters the title of Best Dressed Woman in Radio. Read the story about this on page 42. . . . On the eve of her broadcasting debut the Grand Duchess Marie received a Hawaiian lei—used to be lei was transported across the Pacific on the first mail-carrying trip of the China Clipper.

I CAN’T sing,” said Curley Cokerill. ‘‘Anybody can sing.” retorted Fred Waring—so Curley sings, with a British accent, with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Curley is Charles Elton Cokerill. He hails from Toronto, Canada, is sandy-haired, blue-eyed, and wears tweeds. His real love is the saxophone.
Her Tennis Stroke is

Correctly Timed

—too bad her laxative wasn't!

Her swing is a marvel of precision and timing... What a pity she didn't know that correct timing is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and drugged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-u-s-t-o-m-a, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

which he learned to play by ear after buying a second-hand instrument from a friend. He also learned to play the clarinet the same way. He's married to a girl from the cast of "Hello Yourself," the first Broadway musical in which the Waring gang ever appeared.

FRANK FAY is one broadcaster who refuses to be held down by the restrictions of the microphone. He always starts to edge away from the live side of the mike and has to be given a gentle but firm push back into range again. Fay carries a script to the microphone with him but doesn't pay much attention to it.

This question of the scarcity of funny men among our younger radio folks, by the way, is assuming the proportions of a real problem, according to Bob Hope, himself a comedy star. Bob has to say of this: "There isn't a very great outlet for a young comedian's talents except on radio, and, as he isn't acceptable to radio unless he has a certain amount of polish, the situation is a difficult one. I believe there is only one way outside of actual stage experience for a youngster to get anywhere, and that is by closely observing the manner and method of present day radio funsters. If these stars would undertake to spend a certain amount of their time in developing the talent of those whom they consider worthy, the problem would be assisted considerably, if not solved entirely."

WHILE we're on the subject of being funny, "Bottle," Phil Baker's nit wit butler, says there are occasions when he can't even laugh at Phil. As a case in point, Bottle tells of the time he found himself locked in his dressing room just as the broadcast was about to start. He had left the key in the lock while changing into his Butler's uniform and some playful fellow had turned it. Baker answered his frantic calls for help, "When could have done such a thing," growled Bottle through the door. "I dunno," answered Phil. "Maybe it was the sponsor."

THE problems attendant upon having child actors outgrow their parts, as so often happens in motion pictures and radio, is being met with intelligence on The O'Neill series, where every member grows with the show. So Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly get more adolescent as the show keeps being renewed. The youngsters have birthdays on the air when they have them in real life, and if they get, a cold, or a功课, or nightmares, it is written into the script by Jane West, who doubles in the role of the lovable Mrs. Bailey. Everything sounds perfectly natural that way, they explain, and they all feel that they are living, not playing, their roles.

JACK BERGER has just played for his 100th wedding—and says he gets a kick out of being a romantic, one person at heart. Perhaps this fact is accounted for by his own happily married existence, for he claims that his wife, who is also his business manager, is more than properly responsible for his musical success. Incidentally, seven years ago Jack got a six-weeks' contract to play at the Hotel Astor in New York. P. S., he still got the job!

IGOR GORIN, the youthful Viennese baritone, sang "Old Man River" on the Hollywood Hotel program recently, and sang it in perfect Southern dialect. In view of the fact that Gorin has been in this country less than two years, this feat called forth grubs of astonishment from the audience and the control room. Gorin claims later that he got two black-face movie comedians to come down so that his "tote dat bale, lift dat barge" might sound authentic.

ISN'T it funny no one will take me seriously," mean Agnes Montheith, a common enough feminine complaint, but in her case with some reason. Just because Agnes was so funny as a feminine sidekick for Phil Baker, she claims that every producer thinks of her as a comedienne and that she really has ability as a 'straight' actress. Agnes got her opportunity to prove this on Helen Hayes' "Penny" and made good, too. She wants to continue that type of role. A real flair for comedy, however, is quite outstanding in a girl who has a job on her hands to make people stop thinking of her as a lunette as well.

WINIFRED CECIL of Show Boat has admits that she is superstitions about colors and that green is her favorite hue. ... Three of the King Features syndicated comic strips have been released for radio. They are "Tim Tyler's Luck," "Little Orphan Annie," and "Mandrake the Magician."

IT is a curious fact that the best-known portrait of Abraham Lincoln on the radio is an Englishman, Cyril Webster, who has been nothing but "Honest Abe" more than 300 times in the last ten years on stage and radio. It was he who was the Eman ut's man on the Roses of Piccadilly program that ran four years, and very recently he essayed the part five times in a single week for five different sponsors. He also played Lincoln on the stage in John Drinkwater's famous play. Webster says that people are still deeply interested in the Civil War, though they have dropped the rancor that once accompanied that interest.

CAMEL CARAVAN has left the air for the summer as usual. The sponsor is worried about a fresh tax on tobacco. He wonders whether the tax goes through they will probably not return to the air. ... Kellogg left the air for the summer also, but contracts are still set for it's return in the early fall. Meanwhile Red Nichols gets billing for his Atlantic Refining-Frank Parker program, where he was hitherto anonymous. His Kellogg contract called for his exclusive services but he was permitted to take the other show provided he didn't use his own name.

BOB RIPLEY, "Believe It or Not," is himself a series of believe-it-or-not combinations. In the first place he doesn't know how many of these cartoons he has drawn. Next, he can't help feeling like a champion handball player being a real comic, when he reads some of the letters at his person at heart. Perhaps this fact is accounted for by his own happily married existence, for he claims that his wife, who is also his business manager, is more than properly responsible for his musical success. Incidentally, seven years ago Jack got a six-weeks' contract to play at the Hotel Astor in New York. P. S., he still got the job!

igor gorin, the youthful Viennese baritone, sang "old man river" on the Hollywood Hotel program recently, and sang it in perfect Southern dialect. in view of the fact that gorin has been in this country less than two years, this feat called forth grubs of astonishment from the audience and the control room. gorin claims later that he got two black-face movie comedians to come down so that his "tote dat bale, lift dat barge" might sound authentic.
believe that you are interesting. Most important of all, you must believe that the other person is interesting, too, and let him know that you do. That is why you must not be self-conscious. The most beautiful girl in the world who thinks only of herself will have no friends and alas! even few admirers. Conceit is not beautiful or interesting. So... never think of yourself as the most beautiful woman, or the best-dressed, but say only to yourself: 'I am interesting!'

She laughed. 'But, of course, to be self-confident, you must be well-groomed, well-dressed, properly made up. And it is wise, when dressing or making up to suit your personality, to choose the very best feature you have and make that so striking that no one notices that your eyes are small, or your nose is crooked, or that your other features are really quite ordinary. One might go so far as to say that even the plainest woman can make her hair, for instance, so breath-takingly lovely that she creates the illusion of beauty.

EVERYWHERE in America there is much youth, so much freshness, so much color. Often I think to myself—that attractive young lady has allowed the brilliant colors she is wearing to engulf her personality completely. In France, of course, black is our ideal of chic. But black can be dramatic, or it can be drab. Possibly, one reason your Americans do not wear much black is because it takes a romantically inclined personality to do so successfully. The wearing of black could never depress a Frenchwoman. Ah, no—she uses it as a background against which she can display her personality so much more effectively. Personally, I have never worn colors in the evening; all my evening gowns are either black or white. But then, I must confess, I am incurably romantic!

Perhaps you Americans are afraid to dramatize yourselves, yes? Not, so, we Frenchwomen! I do not see why I should not dramatize myself, project myself as effectively as possible, just as I dramatize the little songs I sing to—how do you say it?—to put them over!

'But there is one thing you cannot dramatize if you do not have it—a really nice complexion. That is something, too, which every girl should and can have. It is something which we should all think about now, with summertime so near. Certainly, it is something I think about a great deal, for my skin is so tender, so delicate, and yet I adore to swim and play in the sunshine!

'Every night, in the summertime, I am careful to put my skin with oils or creams to prevent the dryness that comes with the sun and wind. I have one favorite cream for this purpose, though I do not follow any one treatment for too long, no matter how satisfactory I find it. Vary your treatments every few weeks, and you will find that your skin responds much more satisfactorily to the care you give it.'

Would you, too, like to know how to care for your skin during the summer months? I have an entire leaflet made up this month which will help you choose the proper treatment for any summer skin problem. Freckles, for instance! And don't forget that bathing suits and the revealing lines of summer dresses will expose blemishes that you may have neglected or forgotten about since last summer. Don't let pimples or scaly skin (those ugly things we hate to talk about)—and hate still more to see!—rob you of your enjoyment of summer sports and gaiety. Remember, too, that dry skin—and most skins become dry in summertime—ages more rapidly and begins to show tiny lines where no lines should be, lines that may become wrinkles by-and-by. There are even suggestions for poison ivy and mosquito bite treatments in this very practical leaflet.

WHERE that suntan problem, too. Girls with tender skins like Rachel's should follow her example and wear a large hat whenever possible. At other times, they should be sure to keep themselves covered with fine lotions and oils which will save them from painful burns and disfiguring redness. We all need that simple care, of course, and you'll find helpful hints in the July leaflets about this, if you'll send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. And, finally, Rachel wants me to remind you that now the time to change to a lighter foundation that will not melt or streak under the hot sun and to wear a less vivid make-up, since the sunlight itself is so brilliant and picks up all the color in the face. I'll be glad to send you more information about her personal make-up with the leaflet on summer beauty care. Just address your request—and your stamped, self-addressed envelope (a big one, please!)—to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.
You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO

Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

With this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last drops. The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and shine that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Use the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red--remaining new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears extra days...its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new. It's perfect.

GLAZO
20 CENTS
(5 cents in Canada)
hated them. She was miserable going through the gestures in which her teacher coached her. She granted it might be another story if she was very pretty. She could see how a beautiful girl might be effective flinging up her arms, throwing back her head, arching her neck. But doing these things she felt a fool.

"I used to turn ill," she says, "when I reached the teacher's house and had to ring the bell."

Fourteen is such a vulnerable age. At fourteen, lacking any individual philosophy and your feelings dangerously close to the surface, you have little protection against the things life docs to you.

I'll always remember the day my mother took Muriel and me to an exhibition," she says. "At that exhibition the free samples were distributed by pretty girls who wore crisp lace edged aprons with the trays on which they carried their samples slung about their necks on bright ribbons. I watched those girls admiringly. And after that I went to every exhibition that came to Toronto. Solely for the purpose of studying the sample girls. To me they were glamorous creatures. And I doubted that anyone could do better than work in an exhibition distributing samples.

She found the courage, finally, to tell her mother something of what she had been thinking and to protest against continuing with her dramatic lessons. But because she was too shy to begin to express all she felt her mother naturally assumed it was simply one of those times when a firm hand was required.

"You'll thank me for insisting that you keep on with your lessons one day," she said. She was right, of course. Even if she didn't suspect it would be to amuse people and not to impress them that Bea would use all those elegant airs and graces she mastered in youthful travail.

Eventually the family hopes centered upon Muriel. Muriel promised to fulfill the dreams Lucie Shaw Lillie once had held for both of her girls. And it was to further Muriel's career by a year or two of study in a German conservatory that the Lillies sailed for Europe. Then the World War stranded them in London. And it was up to Bea to earn some money even if she came off with no bright honors.

"My repertoire included only artistic numbers and romantic ballads," she explained. "Singing those things during different auditions I always hoped I looked young and tragic and misunderstood, even while I knew that I didn't."

"Thank you so much," at least fifty managers told me. 'We'll keep you in mind.' Whereupon most of them proceeded to put me out of mind as quickly as possible.

She had some engagements. But they were in no instance brilliant. And the next thing she knew she was making the rounds of agents and managers again, obliged to give more of those increasingly humiliating auditions until at last she came to her breaking-point.

It was the day she had an engagement with Andre Charlot who was about to stage another revue. Perhaps the fact that she had a girl friend with her had something to do with it. Perhaps her pride wouldn't permit her to appear as ridiculous as she felt she appeared under such circumstances in this friend's eyes. In any event she couldn't, now she knew it, go through another audition like the rest. She couldn't accompany one more romantic ballad with dramatic gestures.

The stage was furnished for the try-outs with the usual piano and table and kitchen chairs, Bea came out with the most elegant of mincing steps. She carried her head just high enough to be a little supercilious. She tripped and caught herself with just a shade of foolish indignation, and singing as she reached a high note, she permitted her voice to tremble just a shade off key.

Her friend stuffed a handkerchief against her mouth but still her gibbles escaped. Bea had promised her a laugh. But she really had not believed she would do anything like this. Especially with the great Charlot watching. That friend, you see, didn't know how Bea had felt about the things she had been doing seriously for years.

 WHAT if she didn't get the engagement? This rebellion made up for everything that had gone before, seemed to ease the hurt pride Bea Lillie had suffered ever since she could remember.

Andre Charlot watched her in amazement. And when she had finished he called her into his office and offered her a three-year contract at a figure which reminded her only of the currently discussed war

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**GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF**

**New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner**

**Read This Double-Money-Back Offer**

Apply New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner according to simple directions on the carton. Allow shoes to dry thoroughly...then finish with a clean, dry cloth, not a brush. If New Shinola rubs off, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Ave., New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES and TUBES (Two Sizes) 25c and 10c
NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and begun to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

**MEET THE NEW FIFI D'ORSAY!**

The singing foil of those mad Howard Brothers on radio's newest Follies show, Wednesday nights, has changed from what she used to be when she first found fame in the movies. Read the warmy human story of what has happened to her since the giddy, good old days—

In the August RADIO MIRROR
Facing the Music

(Continued from page 45)

more deaths over here. John Granville Williams, a chemistry student at Michigan University, was found hanged shortly after a broadcast of the piece, and Floyd Hamilton of Sturgis, Michigan, committed suicide with a copy of it beside him. At any rate, "Gloomy Sunday," Hungarian composer says he wishes he'd never written it.

* * *

DON Bestor came home from Canada the end of April and succeeded Guy Lombardo at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York. His late-at-night broadcasts are being carried by CBS. Those swell vocalists of his are Neil Buckley, baritone; Patsy Kane, blues singer; and Ducky Yone, comedian.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

THERE'S a new electric organ that has been causing quite a flurry among the dance-band fraternity the last few months. It hasn't any pipes, it's much smaller and cheaper than the regulation organ, and it does things to music whenever it's used. Another funny thing about it is that it is manufactured by a company which also makes electric clocks.

Columbia bought one recently and installed it in one of its studios; you can hear it, sometimes, on Kate Smith's A. & P. Coffee Time shows. Ted Fio Rito has been using one for several months, playing it himself: Harry Warnow, Mark's brother, has one in his home, and Hal Kemp has two—one in his home and one in his orchestra.

The organ can do a fair job of imitating almost any instrument you care to mention, in addition to having a peculiar, sweet tone of its own. Fio Rito uses it against a rhythmic background of strings and with a brass choir with unusual effect.

Hal Kemp has several other tricky musical instruments, too, which you can keep your eye on if you should happen to dance to his music this summer. He puts a clarinet inside a megaphone—or rather, he puts three clarinets inside three megaphones, since the device isn't any good for solo clarinet work. The clarinet goes clear inside the megaphone, so that it is covered completely, and holes have to be cut in the megaphone to allow for playing the instrument. Gives an organ-like tone. Hal also has an electric guitar, smaller than an ordinary one, and equipped with an amplifier. The tone's sweeter, louder, and clearer than that of a regulation instrument, it's said.

* * *

NOW that Jane Pickens, of the Pickens Sisters, has been launched on a solo career, Sister Patti is being groomed by NBC for the same purpose. But regardless of their solo activities, the sisters will continue to function as a trio, too.

* * *

THE most expensive program on the air, as far as arrangement costs go, is Mark Warnow's Chrysler show on CBS Thursday nights. Mark hands out at least $500 a week just for arrangements. That's a record for a half-hour program.

DENTISTS SAY, "CHEW DENTYNE"! We moderns kill our teeth with kindness—we eat soft foods—give teeth and gums too little healthful exercise. Dentine is a big aid to mouth health because its special, firmer consistency encourages more vigorous chewing—stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It keeps teeth white and those telltale little chin muscles young and firm.

YOU ENJOY THE FLAVOR FROM THE FIRST TASTE.
The moment you open the Dentine package, you get that delicious, spicy aroma. It's a superior chewing gum in every way! You'll appreciate too, its smart flat shape that fits so neatly into pocket or handbag—an exclusive feature with Dentine.

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

69
As one Woman
to another
A frank personal chat
by
MARY PAULINE CALLENDER
authority on feminine hygiene

I am sure that every woman wants to know just which personal hygiene accessories warrant complete confidence. Because our intimate comfort and protection is at stake! So let me tell you what I've discovered.

For Utmost Comfort
Perhaps a friend has told you about the painless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty security clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance— you can bend every which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

For Personal Daintiness
If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Martin, you've heard me tell how, the posh perfume, deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being uncovered it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 25c can last, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days
Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invisible sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They are absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1460, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

RADIO MIRROR

THEME SONG SECTION

SOME theme songs just sort of happen, some are chosen from the lists of songs already published, some are specially composed for a particular program or dance-band maestro. You'd probably guess that Glen Gray's "Smoke Rings" had been composed for the Camel Cara- van, you'd be right. The fact was written and titled several months before Glen and his men signed with the cigarette sponsor. Eugene Gifford wrote it in 1933, when he was Glen's arranger. He's in business for himself now, but Glen is still using "Smoke Rings"—and Gifford still collects royalties on its use, too.

Here are the names of a few signature tunes some of you have written in to ask for: George Olsen, "Sanballi" (unpublished); Don Redman, "Chant of the Weed," by himself; Benny Goodman, "Let's Dance" and "Goodbye," Ruby Newman, "Nothing Seems to Matter Any More," written by himself and unpublished; Jack Hylton, "She Shall Have Music," by himself.

\* \* \*

JACK Denny, whose French Casino band you hear over CBS and MBS, is one of the healthiest maestros around town. He is known as a berry from hours on the grinds course and afterwards written in the rock garden at his home in Westchester or on the beach of the Westchester Country Club. Lots of time in the open air counteracts the feverish pace of radio and night club life.

\* \* \*

B D Smalle used to be accompanist for Al Jolson during those famous Winter Garden Sunday nights years ago. Smalle's piano runs and improvisations impressed Al greatly and it was his suggestion that Smalle specialize on making vocal arrangements. "With your talent for bringing everything out of a voice I think you'd have a new thing to offer," Jolson told him. Smalle took the advice and proved he could click when he organized and artistically promoted the Revellers.

\* \* \*

ALTHOUGH born in Canada, Ernest C. Watson is Scottish clear through—so much so, in fact, that he named his first child Jock and the other Douglass (though, it turned out to be a girl). What's more, the chances of his getting to Scotland soon are pretty slim since he's much too busy carrying on the reputation he has made as a clever musician and arranger with Whiteham, Rubinoff, Lopez and others of the orchestra world here in the United States. Ernie's father is now mayor of Burlington, Ontario, and his father-in-law is mayor of Hamilton, Ontario, though they too are as Scotch as bagpipes and heather.

\* \* \*

OUR tip to the networks is to sign up Stuart Hamblen right away quick. He's a Pacific Coast star, and is heard on KNX, Hollywood, and other stations under his own name and also the name of King Cowboy. Judging from the letters that have poured in from his fans out there, we feel that first mention in this column a few months ago, the networks would be making a lot of people happy by broadcasting him and his act coast-to-coast.

\* \* \*

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS


\* \* \*

What do you want to know about your dance-band favorites? Write to us, using the coupon below, and we'll do our best to answer your questions.

Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR
112 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:
Orchestrational Anatomy .
Theme Song Section
Following the Leaders

Name .
Address .

70
She gasped
when she spilled the ink on my rug

—but I'd taken one precaution
and it didn't leave a trace!

Every day such accidents happen where ordinary inks are used. That's why the Parker Pen Company created this WASHABLE Quink—an ink for home and school that can be spilled with SAFETY! Soap and water, promptly applied, remove it from hands, clothes, woodwork, and rugs—without trace!

And Quink dries so fast on paper that people write us, "I've thrown my blotters away!"

Parker spent $68,000 in creating this miracle ink to guard the famous Parker Pens from sediment left by ordinary pen-clogging inks. A harmless ingredient in Quink dissolves sediment—cleanses your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. Quink starts instantly—works like a charm with steel pens or fountain pens.

Don't get our PERMANENT Quink unless it's for everlasting records. It's as permanent as the paper. And don't mix it with any other so-called washable inks. WASHABLE Quink is not watery—but rich, full-bodied, and brilliant. Be sure you get WASHABLE Quink— 1¢ and 25¢.

Parker Quink
Made by The Parker Pen Co., Jaucesville, Wis.

Radio Mirror

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 6)

$1.00 Prize
What About Junior's Spinach?

I've long wanted to lecture the so-called "Uncles" on the children's programs who mention little Mary's fifth birthday party and then chide her for biting her nails or teasing the pet poodle.

Isn't this a pretty mean conspiracy between a commercialized program and thoughtless parents who either can't discipline their own kids or who think their Junior's antics are just too cute?

Obviously Uncle So-and-So couldn't tell the world that Little Henry refuses to eat his spinach unless Henry's mamma sent it in the information. And mammas nowadays seem to vie with one another to report more novel or vicious weakness in order to hear their child's name read over the air.

Shouldn't some society for the Prevention of Something or Other make air-struck parents abstain from making capital of the failing of their helpless young? I certainly think so.

Mrs. Andrew Ränner, Doylestown, Pa.

$1.00 Prize
Have you the Measles?

I want to tell you what the radio meant to me when I had the measles last month and had to be in a dark room for more than a week. My mother sent a clock on the radio, and I learned to tell time while I was waiting for my favorite programs. I learned lots of new big words, and some of the old songs like "The Dewy Morning Stars" sounded better than before I was sick. When I got better, I told Mother what to say and she wrote some letters to my favorites, thanking them.

The ones I like best are Jack Armstrong, Orphan Annie, Home Folks, Ma Perkins, Fibber and Molly McGee, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Let's Pretend, Gracie Allen, The School of the Air and Major Bowers. Hearing all these, and many others, kept me happy, and although I am glad to be going back to school tomorrow, I hate to miss the ones that come in the daytime. I sure feel sorry for kids that had the measles before there was any radio!

Bee Buchanan (8 years old),
New Orleans, La.

Honorable Mention

"I want to know—is there a radio announcer not guilty of: Assuring us 'this is positively free, send ten cents for mailing together with box tops, bottoms, sides, etc.'—Lillian L. Sage, New Hope, Pa.

'It seems to me it's time for listeners to come to the aid of the broadcasting stations in regard to Warner Brothers' music ban. The little game could be played to another tune that the public could hold the copyright on. If we can't hear your songs, we won't see your pictures!'—Mrs. Dempsey Dennie, Nashville, Tenn.

'From morning to late afternoon, and during the time programs from WLW come in better than over any other large station, soap, soap chips, and shampoo bring us their dialogues, skits, plays, etc., with never a tipoff of similar programs sandwiched between.' By the time Camay leaves the air, I feel all washed up. Can't some of the sponsors vary these time-enduring cliché-charging programs?'—Mrs. C. V. Harrison, Huntington, W. Va.

'Why not 'clap hands' by mail when you like what the loud-speaker brings you? I keep a pack of government post-

GERBER'S

YOU AND YOUR BABY
SHOULD SEE US HURRY!

You have to rush sometimes to get your baby's dinner. We hurry to get many thousands of babies' dinners. Our haste is to protect quality, that deteriorates after vegetables are picked. Home Grown vegetables only are good enough for Gerber's. All the selected, controlled farms that grow them are within an hour's trucking distance from our kitchens.

Gerber's offer more vitamins and minerals, greater digestibility, than most home-prepared vegetables. Cooking is in closed systems, heat controlled at temperatures for greater protection of vitamins. Excess moisture is removed by evaporation to conserve minerals. Because they are packed so fresh, these foods can be left unseasoned by us, so any salting or sweetening may accord with your doctor's instructions.

And Gerber's exclusive Shaker-Cooking shakes each can to obtain quick, even cooking. See if you do not think these foods appear and taste fresh!

Note: Gerber's Cereal is of selected grains, wheat embryo added, cooked in whole milk and strained. Gerber's Strained Prunes are from the famous Santa Clara Valley.

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINER TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Send for This

Attractive Gerber Doll for your baby, Made of soft satins, stuffed and trimmed complete. Only 10c and three Gerber labels. State blue for boy or pink for girl.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

(for Canada: Gerber of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

AGE OF BABY

BOY/GIRL

"Mealtime Psychology," a booklet on infant feeding, sent free on request. "Baby Book," on infant care, 10c additional.
If you are planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Limit with you for the Limit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

...AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Limit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is instant—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Limit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Limit Beauty Bath before retiring tonight? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. Limit is sold by your grocer.

For fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Limit package... recommending Limit for starching. Limit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

What Love Brought the Gospel Singer

(Continued from page 19)

on that, and a man’s first duty is to make enough money to live on. If I could get on a network . . . but I’ve been on WBZ more than two years now, and no network has even thought of hiring me.” “What sort of job did you think you might get?” Jean asked quietly. “Anything. Working in a store, or an office, perhaps. I’ve worked in a store before, you know.” “Yes, I know—and I know how you hated it, too.” Ed MacHugh shrugged, and in that shrug Jean saw the full depths of his weariness. “I heard you sing the first time I met you,” she said, as if she were reminiscing, “and I remember thinking then that you had the best voice I’d ever heard. Not the best for a music critic, maybe. But the best for me. I don’t know anything about music, but most singers bother me. They sound as if they were working too hard, and they make my throat tighten up. There must be a lot of people like me, who’d love your voice if they could hear it.” “That’s it?” Ed exclaimed. “They’ll never hear it as long as I’m on a local station.” “They will,” she insisted. “What I’m trying to show you is that you’re foolish to talk about making your living any other way than by singing. Your voice is the one thing about you different from other people, your greatest asset. If you can’t make a living singing, how do you expect to make one doing something you don’t like and aren’t particularly fitted for?” For more than an hour she talked, encouraging him, bolstering up his lagging self confidence in the way a woman has when she loves a man and knows that only she can help him. She reminded him of how his early youth had led him inevitably to a singing career; of how his voice had so impressed Canada’s Duchess of Devonshire that she had helped him train it; of how, later, he’d been working in a department store and had been “discovered” all over again when he sang on the store’s radio program. “You can’t get away from it,” she said. “You are a singer, and you can’t give it up even if you want to.”

Cards handy for the purpose”—Andrew C. Rаннер, Doylestown, Pa.

“I should like to recommend to those who haven’t yet discovered it, the skit, Girl Alone. This is one of the most amusing and entertaining radio offerings I’ve heard in a long time”—Lois Richy, Webster City, Iowa.

“Why will sponsors try to put on kindergarten stunts to induce people to use their products. ‘Oh dear me, I can’t think of going to the dance with these hands.’ ‘Why my dear, just rub a little of this lotion on, see how smooth, etc., etc.’”—Mrs. May Cook, Twin Falls, Idaho.

“Don’t you think I look less tired when I’m wearing the cotton Linit?” Jean asked. “I’ve forgotten all about your skin effects. You come in, feel the softness, smoothness, and the calming effect on your mind.”

“The depression hasn’t killed all the joys of life for this radio fan, although broke and jobless, deprived at times of going to a movie or seeing plays for lack of money. I simply chase the blues away and solve these hard times by a twist of the dial of my precious radio. I go some place every night in the week, more satisfactory than going to the shows in reality.” Lorraine Mason, Vineland, New Jersey.

Don’t overlook the directions on the Limit package... recommending Limit for starching. Limit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
The American Home of an American Poet—

that's the subject of next month's "Learn Homemaking From the Stars" article. The pictures and story of Edgar A. Guest's beautiful house in Detroit will show you ways to make your own home a finer place to live in.
always takes time out to talk about Ben. “One of the reasons Ben gets into so much trouble,” Eleanor began, “is because he loves to smoke. He has already, in one day, that these smart answers of
his prevented him from completing his college education. He was kicked uncer-
moniously out. The reason was clearly, like a good fellow, to wish her on some of
the lads in the band. That didn’t work. He did everything he could to get rid of
her. Finally, he bought two railroad
tickets, and told her Ben was leaving for
the south and that we were to meet him in
Miami. The tickets read Tulsa, Okla-
home, but she was too excited to notice
that. I got her on the train, and rode a
hundred miles with her before I was able
to slip off. I left her some money and an
explanation. She was able to play out the
remainder of his engagement in comparative
peace. Since then,” Eleanor sighed, “he has
married Dorothy, the Univ. of Oklahoma, and
Oklahoma. So I’m in some way assured that
nightmares like that celebrity kid won’t happen
again. He promised to do his wife can-
handle them,” she smiled.

“Ben’s cigars are another one of my
problems. Not only do I have to carry
them for him, but I also have to be con-
stantly on the lookout to keep them (the
cigars) from getting into trouble!”

He is always leaving lighted ones
around. He is so careless that he even
burned a savanna and cost me $15. When
you go to the hotel one afternoon dead tired
from overwork, and told two of the lads and
me, who were sitting in the lobby, that he
was going to his room. The perennial cigar
was hanging deject-
edly from the corner of his mouth as he
went into the elevator.

Ben went over to the desk
and sat down. “It was
while we were in Los
Angeles. Ben was making a picture called ‘Stolen
Hand.’ It was a hot picture, and when he
was from Paramount. There was a room
where the heads of the players are met in a
program, and Ben’s was called. He had
sighed, ‘You’d better see the
manager, Eleanor,’ he grinned. ‘I
guess I love him a couch!’

I had met the girl on the couch,
leaving his lighted cigar on the table. It
had rolled off onto some newspapers, set
fire to them, and the flames had ignited
the table cover and the drapes and
the curtain. Luckily enough, Ben awoke
before the fire got a start. He dumped
a pitcher of water on the fire and
smothered it with a towel. This did the trick. If it hadn’t—
Eleanor shuddered.

The manager was given a couch, and
Ben was kidded unmercifully by the lads.
for several months following. Incidentally, I did the explaining to the manager. I detected just a slight sigh of relief when we checked out to go back to New York.

The rest of the trouble Ben gets into occurs on the road, but even in New York little jams come up that would bother most people. Ben is hard to keep a finger on, someone is always looking for him. When he is in New York, he spends a great deal of time with Winchell, and Walter, as you know, is in all places at once. Consequently, Ben is late to rehearsals, late to dinner engagements, late getting to bed, and hard to get up in the morning. I do the explaining. My favorite lines are: 'Don't worry, the Old Maestro will be here any moment' and 'I don't know what's keeping Ben, he's usually so punctual.'

"On the road, Ben usually has his affairs pretty well organized, but when we get to New York he relaxes and is invariably showing up at rehearsals and broadcasts without something. Often it is only the script, and he borrows a duplicate. But sometimes it is a special arrangement, or a picture of his orchestration. He has an amazing faculty for remembering where he left something. 'Quick, Elea- noire,' he will say, 'run over to the hotel and get my brown brief case. I left it on the floor by the radio. Hurry, we'll need it in twelve minutes!' Away I go. I have made as many as three trips in one evening for the Old Maestro!"

'I've only let Ben down once,' Elea- noire confided. 'This was in Hollywood. I got my signals mixed and somebody pulled a fast one on me."

Ben was at the race track in Galente. He's a great racing fan, and when he's not working, he's watching his nose in the racing form, and his hand in his pocket. I was at the hotel in Hollywood cleaning up some business, when a call came through for Ben. It was from Paramount. This is Tate, the assistant director,' the voice said. 'Tell Ben and the boys they're due at the studio at eight-thirty sharp.' Then he hung up.

'I called the track, had Ben paged, and delivered the bad news. Ben had understood he was to be there at the next morning, but taking my advice, he gathered the lads together and headed back for Hollywood. He got in around seven-forty, and down he dinned and hurried over to the studio.

"When he and the lads got on the sound stage, nobody was there but a few carpenters pounding on scenery. They hung around for a half hour, and then Ben went over to have a look at the call board. It read: 'Bernie and Orch—10:30 A.M. Ben had bluffed and got the sound stage to get the lads, and found them surrounding none other than his best pal and worst en- enemy—Walter Winchell!' The Manhattan rep said he had pulled a fast one on him. Of course, the night was a gay one and the next morning Ben arrived at the studio an hour late. He had a producer and two supervisors waiting for him. It took me forty-five minutes of fast talking, aided by Ben, to straighten matters out. Walter stayed three days. Which was more than long enough for me."

"One of the worst jams the Old Maes- tro ever got the troupe into happened on the road between Milwaukee and Chicago. We had just finished a one night stand in Milwaukee and were headed for the Windy City. We left Milwaukee, by bus, at noon, and were in Chicago that night. It's about a three-hour run.

"We were traveling along smoothly, when Ben's hamburger crate attacked him. Some days he eats practically nothing but hamburgers, three or four every hour. He kept stopping the driver at every stand

The great radio dramas that are broadcast by the New Odorless Zip Facial Hair Remover are heard all over the country. The next broadcast will be heard on the air next week and will feature entertainment that is sure to appeal to all audiences. Boasts a top-notch cast and crew, the drama is sure to keep audiences on the edge of their seats. The story line is compelling and the acting is superb. This is one of the best radio dramas you will hear all year. Don't miss it!
along the way for hamburgers. At four
o'clock we were still an hour out of Chi-
cago.
And then it started to rain. A slow
drizzle which made the roads very slip-
pery. The driver of our promotion, try-
ing to get us in on time, traveled right along at the same
fast pace. We came to a country cross
road. Our wheels struck some soft,muddy wagon tracks, and we went into
a dizzy skid. Before we could catch our
breath, we were in a ditch! Nobody was
hurt, and we all piled out to have a look
at our position. Ben remarked, 'Every-
thing's under control.'
One of the lads stopped a passing car,
and he and Ben got the lift into the next
town. They came back with two tow
trucks which hauled us out of the ditch.
By this time we were all sopping wet,
Ben looked as if he had been standing un-
der a shower.
'We arrived in Chicago an hour before
we were scheduled to play. Ben and the
boys made a quick change, and just got
under the wire. Much to my consterna-
tion, the entire band, including Ben, spent
most of the evening sneezing.
'That night, after the show, I made the
rounds with hot lemonade and liniment.
In spite of my protest, the next day
Ben and five of the lads were down with
colds. Every time Ben opened his mouth
he sounded like a fog horn. When some-
time came he wasn't able to speak above
a whisper! But he went down stairs
and hung around the orchestra sitting
for the last chance to catch up on the
situation, and did the announcing,
although he wasn't in much better shape
than Ben.
In the hotel I took three days of chest rubbing and
cough medicine to get the Old Maestro
back into condition!'
'Ve have to get the 2-3 Test on our own skin. You be the judge!'
Freckles
Stillman's Freckle Cream
You can banish those ugly, embarrass-
ing freckles quickly and surely in the comfort of your room. Your friends will wonder how did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the com-
plexion fresh and clear . . .

Pimples
Stillman's Acetone
No one likes pimples. You can get rid of them and have a clear skin again with Stillman's Acetone. It's guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Takes only a few seconds to apply — then immediately becomes invisible. Write today for $1
folder "Pimples removed" . . .

Stillman's
AT ALL DRUG STORES

FREE BOOKLETS ON REQUEST
THE STILLMAN CO., Dept. 201, Aurora, Ill.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home
Correct it with PATRICIAN TINTBEST. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and natural looking. Easy to use, no experience re-
quired. Unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Send for FREE SAMPLE AND PRICE LIST. PATRICIAN LABORATORIES, LTD., Dept. W6, 17 East 45th St., New York

GRAY
Hair?
Help Kidneys
Clean Out Poisonous Acids
Your kidneys will make use of the cubes or filters which may be endanger by specific or digestive diseases. Be careful. If fun-
tional kidney disorder diversity you suffer from getting Up Nignt, Nervousness, pains of Pyr. Leg Pain, Rheumatic Pain, Dis-
placement, Circles Under Eyes, Neurological, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or itching, don't take chances. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescrip-
tion Cystex, the most modern advanced treat-
ment for these troubles. $10,000,600 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantee that Cystex must bring new vitality to your kidneys and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaran-
teed Cystex (Riss-Tex) today.

Learn to DANCE at Home
Tap or Balloon. Easy to A B C. Three disci-
ples course, complete course in one booklet. YOUR CHOICE. Two cards or C D O
You, U. S. A. plus postage 15c:
Bette Davis' Advanced TAP, Professional mo-
tion. Original steps and definitions.

ALL THREE COURSES $1 FREE
Send 3 cards or one card dancing tips or home "Tap Hat" exhibition dances.

BILLY TRUEHART
ADVERTISED TAP DANCER
2308 Almeda Way
Houston, Texas

RADIO MIRROR

Learn Homemaking from the Stars
(Continued from page 39)

for example, was measured exactly to fit the
perfectly priceless Chippendale love seat, and the windows were placed accord-
ingly. Fireplaces in both living room and library were built to fit lovely old brass fenders.

The dining room was placed rather un-
conventionally at the back of the living
room so the entire routine of the house
would not be upset by the irregular meals
a radio announcer must snatch when he is
able. Mrs. Havilla, an ardent club wom-
an, told me ruefully that it is no un-
common thing for her to be holding her
second or third committee meeting of the
day while Alkis is being prepared.

Not every one, of course, is fortunate
enough to be able to build the home of her
dreams—but certainly anyone, with a
little thought, may achieve coherence in
decoration that will make more than atone
for the things the builder did which he
shouldn't have done. We all have some
things we feel we just couldn't ever part
with. That is true whether you're a bride
or celebrating a silver anniversary.

Mrs. Havilla was more fortunate than
most: she started with many really
fine antique pieces, but her sofa, her
stuffed chairs, and some of her tables,
though she'd never believe it if she didn't
tell you—came straight out of a department
store stock room. However, by dint of
a little elbow grease and thought, the
new pieces were re-upholstered in soft, faded
damask, getting the creases and damask so
that they blend perfectly with the old.

I PICKED up this old rose stuff as a
remnant, and Alkis and I recovered the
old seat myself pointed out with very just pride. "It was just
the thing for the goose-neck chair over there by the
radio, too."

And when she mentioned radio I was re-
minded of another problem the home-
maker with an eye to beauty often en-
counters. Quite often a radio cabinet's beauty is sacrificed to utility. What could
be more hideous than, say, an incongruous
radio cabinet in a period room? The
Havilla's method of overcoming that
hurdle is worth passing along.

They picked up an old second hand
Sheraton rosewood cabinet, obviously
from some discarded dining room set, put
a Seventies Aubusson from their collec-
tor's on top of it, a priceless Arabian
prayer rug right behind it—and a radio set
in side it. And while far be it from me to
tell radio manufacturers how to run their
business—they could do a lot worse than
call on the Havillas some night!

Then there was a picture—the picture. It is a new machine, in murlky blue-black
and dark greens.

"I just loved it," Mrs. Havilla said,
"but it was so dark against those cream
tables and there wasn't a single dark thing
in any of the rooms, either. I didn't know what to
do. Then I hit on an idea. I ordered
my draperies in that exact dark blue-green.
I brought home samples and com-
pared them until they looked like them per-
fectly. They did the trick, don't you think?"

By way of saving the pièces de résistance for
dessert, so to speak, the library, with its
pine panelling, is really the room of the
house—and small wonder! The chair at
the desk and another in a corner are
more than three hundred and fifty years old! Elhuu Yale, a remote ancestor of

ASHAMED TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT
SHE WAS SO SKINNY

But Very First Bottle of Kelpamalt Added 7 Flattering Pounds!

NOW LOOKS FINE AND FEELS GREAT
Read this actual Letter From Our Files—
Another proof that Natural Iodine in this New Mineral Concentrate from the
Sea is Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds and Build New Strength.

Kelpamalt Company.

Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in., tall. Before I was married I weighed 126 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 106 lbs. I've weighed ever since up boy was 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 5 years. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with strap over the shoulder. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: "If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress. Can you laugh by full belly if I do? I was also aware that the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. I think of it, seven pounds in 46 days. Before me I've been for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. All they regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Cheers for natural mineral! The best tissue builder on the market.

—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

100 Jumbo sized Kelpamalt Tablets—for five
times the strength of a small tablet. For just a few cents a
timer the same thing as an attractive gift. Get Needful Kelpamalt today. Needful Kelpalat
in all good drug stores. If your dealer has not
yet received his supply, send $1.50 for special intro-
duction size bottles of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note—Imported products, such as milk, are expensive and may not be available when this book is printed. Kelpamalt Company will receive for information covering any case which has been hapen before or has been reported at the time this book was printed. Kelpamalt Tablets are always accommated.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
100 Jumbo sized Kelpamalt Tablets at 50c each. Write today for directions Andreasograph 50c a box

Send name, address and check or money order. Postage extra. See addition, Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 800, 2154 West 60th St., New York City.
He's "Uncle" to Thousands

(Continued from page 35)

Walter read that letter and liked the idea immediately. For on every broadcast the warmed children would run into the streets. Stop at the curb. The suggested name didn't appeal to Walter but it did give him an idea.

The Curb Club

That was the name for his new club. So he started out to get members. His club is called the Curb Club. He now has between 80,000 and 80,000 members! More than 11,000 of those who have joined in the last twelve years have grown up and now their children are members, too.

Uncle Bob has developed a definite formula to keep the children out of danger on the crowded city streets. He makes each member pledge to stop at the curb before crossing, look to the right and count 1-2-3-4-5. Then they must look to the left and count 6-7-8-9, then 10. If nothing is coming in either direction they can cross safely. But they must walk not run across the street.

S I M P L E ? Certainly it's simple. It's so simple it catches the fancy of a child. And how they wanted it! And then he promised you of how this plan works out.

Came a telegram from Otumwa, Iowa:
THANK GOD AND UNCLE BOB OUR LITTLE BOY WAS SAVEN LETTER FOLLOWS.

Walter waited for the letter. It came from the boy's grandmother, the mother being prostrated at how close Death's icy fingers had come to her son. A little Iowa boy had received a radio set just two weeks before the school term began. Within a week the six-year-old lad had joined Uncle Bob's Curb is the Limit Club.

Just two weeks after school opened he and two companions were coming home from school. They stepped into a street... just in time to get hit by a truck... that is the other two boys they did were both killed. When the excitement died down they asked the lad who survived how it happened he didn't get hit.

"Oh, I belong to Uncle Bob's 'Curb is the Limit Club.' I stopped at the curb and counted 1-2-3-4-5, put my head to the right and then to the left. Then I looked both ways. By that time that awful truck had hit Bobbie and Tom."

From Uncle Bob's scrapbook I could
No Matter What Your Age
No Need to Let
Gray Hair
Cheat You

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair without risk, how have you to do it once a day for several days, with a few drops of Kolor-Hak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Hak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair sources. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test
Will you test Kolor-Hak without risking a single cent? Then go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Hak. Ask for it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger or it will not affect you or we will pay back your money.

FREE Send this offer by post card today and send top flap of coupon to Uncle Bob's Remedy, Dept. 417, 241 S. Wells St., Chicago—and receive PRESS and PORTAID 50c KUBAK Shampoo.

CITY-EASILY-QUICKLY-AT HOME

CATARRH and SINUS CHART—FREE
Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—had breath—Sinus Irritation—phlegm—headache.elo. Send today for FREE Voucher Post Card letter.

NUMORIZED PROFESSIONAL TREATMENTS.

ELECTRIC INSTITUTE
5840 Addison St., Dept. 346 Chicago, Illinois

HAND OUR FREE CIGARETTES
EARN UP TO $35 WEEKLY
Introducing NEW WAY TO SMOKE. We furnish you with 100 quality-twisted FULL BRIEFS and Absolutely Guarantee they are any string of 100 cigarettes you can smoke. Send for
FREE sample pack and get free reply by post card.
MAGIC CASES. 2234 Clermont Ave., Dept. H-450, St. Louis, Mo.

100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—widen pitch, eliminate vocal huskiness and absolute guarantee to improve any singing voice of any age. Home treatment can be used with any voice. No batteries or electricity. Free—FORD'S NEW FREE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 5751
34 E. Lake St., Chicago

FRECKLES MUST GO
When OTHINE Is Used!

Apply this dainty cream daily... and for several nights thereafter. See how rough, freckled skin will be transformed into lovely, clean smoothness.
Othine Double Strength is the expert's secret... so steady demand grows its production in numbers of manufacturing stores. Sold on money-back guarantee.

Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford is lending her dark beauty to the movies now. Did you see her in "Palm Springs"?

CONSTITUTION?
Get Real Relief—and End the Laxative Habit

IF you've come to rely on cathartics—habit-forming, and giving only temporary relief at best—science offers you wonderful news. For repeated clinical tests have proved this fact: The real cause of countless stubborn cases of constipation is shortage of Vitamin B Complex! And in such cases, constipation goes—headaches end—energy returns—when this precious natural factor is added to the diet.

This is why Yeast Foams Tablets have freed thousands after years of slavery to cathartics. For there is no richer natural source of Vitamin B Complex yet discovered than pure whole yeast—and Yeast Foams Tablets are pure whole yeast! Start now to restore health this easy, natural way—with Yeast Foams Tablets.

They have helped thousands. For you, too, they should strengthen digestion—restore regular, natural elimination. Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foams Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
MAIL NOW FOR FREE SAMPLE
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. RG 7-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send free trial bottle of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name...
Address...
City and State...

SLENDERIZE Your Fingertips

Is there a man or woman who has not admired sleek, slender fingers? You too can slenderize your fingertips by using "MANY-CARE"—the sensational new nail beautifier which softens the cuticle so you can push it back and get the biggest half moons you ever had. A minute's dry with a napkin keeps the skin around the nails soft and smooth—a perfect frame for the nail. Many-Care supplies the oils which help keep nails from getting dry and brittle. It removes stains, including nicotine. It removes odors of foods and dishwater. May be used at any time... does not disturb the polish. At dep's and drug stores. 15c jar. © '35 Alcock Mfg. Co.

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Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

they can arrange for one. If a sponsor demande d it, he may find himself earning a hall or a theater strictly for that show.

Cliff Arquette, Thaddeus Cornfeld of Myrt and Marge and Luke Ferguson of Welcombe Valley, is the author of the new show, Elmer Goes Hollywood, which premiered on West Coast stations recently. Katherine Krug, who is co-starred with Francis X. Stinson in Chicago as a stuntman in the Movie Personalities show, is the wife of Ashton Stevens, famous Chicago theatrical critic. John McCormick, WGN early morning newscaster and not the famous singer, is a licensed pilot. So is C. L. Menser of NBC in Chicago. Also Wayne King, Charles (Andy) Correll and Noble Cain, headman of the Chicago A Cappella choir.

PAT BARRETT, who is better known as Uncle Ezra, holds the last Kentucky colonelcy issued by the great colonel creator, Gov. Ruby Laffoon. Announcer Tom Shirley of Columbia in Chicago is the new star Chicago Old Essanay film studios on Chicago's north side, the same studios that brought to life Wallace Beery, Gloria Swanson and many others. Dave Owen, who directs the Jack Armstrong series, is going to keep his future vacation plans a secret. Not long ago he vacationed by taking a Panama cruise. The first night he was gone burglars raided his Evanston home and cleaned it out. Eddie House, the WBBM organist, has spent four years building himself a forty-foot tower power cruiser in a Chicago boat yard. With luck he'll get it in the water sometime this summer. Other boat owners include Quin Ryan and Blaire Walliser of WGN. Morgan L. Eastman and Lum and Abner of NBC, and Hal Stokes of WGN.

Chester Laughead, who is Lum and Abner, has two daughters, Shirley May, seven, and Nancy, three years old. It seems strange, but it's true that Templeton. Jack Hylton's pianist, does enjoy talking movies despite the fact that he's blind. The finalist of the recent WBBM talent was Doris Walliser, an underwriter saleswoman, an X-ray technician in a soldier's regiment, and a member of the famed Gilbert and Sullivan operetta company, a choir director, a Lyceum quartet member, a theater soloist and a former star of University of Chicago dramatics. Joan Blaine, whose most famous radio part is that of Mary Martin, and Cyril Pitts, NBC singer, are very much the way about into summer. Joan went out and bought a new car the other day. Not to be outdone Cy did the same, although he already had a perfectly good auto. And from the way they always go around together I would say they really only need one auto between them instead of three.

There's one Chicago radio station on which you couldn't buy time at any price. It is WMBI, run by the Moody Bible Institute for religious purposes. I'm afraid Chicago's Bill Cooper and the success of his ghost stories, Lights Out, on WGN, stations, was responsible for a sudden demand for that type of radio entertainment this late winter. Cooper turned out one show so horrifying that Mrs. Ted Weems, riding along the boulevard in a car, refused to leave the machine after the show ended. She was afraid of the midnight shadows.

WHEN robbers held up Jan Garber near Jackson Park the gun at his head so bothered him that he stalled his car directly in front of that belonging to the thieves. He had to back up and get out of the way before they could drive away. Uncle Ezra is sorry his new airplane doesn't have a buggie whip holder. For years he bought Ecar autos just that one reason. As of this date, Morgan Neeel, Jack Hylton's singer, decided on one Saturday to leave Australia the next Wednesday without saying goodbye. In London only three weeks she joined Hylton and found herself in America four months later.

WENDELL HALL was surprised to have a Detroit, native of Scotland, write that years ago he'd been riding on a train when a fellow passenger
A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO REMOVE ROOT AND ALL.

TREAT THAT ACHING CORN THOUGH IT WERE A TACK!

Get it all out—out just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn lifter. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today, 25¢ at all drugstores.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

No Joke To Be Deaf

—Every deaf person knows that—

Here is the solution to the deafness problem. Go to the nearest hearing center, ask for the Arti-

ficial Ear Drum. It was designed for them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They gave him hearing. They solved his speech problem. Satisfied customers there are many. Write for free booklet. "Artificial Ear Drum—Safe, At Home, for Free!" Free-Potter Company, 718 Holman Hld., Detroit, Mich.

Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK.


COMING!

TRUE STORY PICTURES

True Story is coming to the screen. Columbia Pictures have arranged to dis-

tribute a series of pictures based on the thrillingly dramatic true stories in True Story Magazine. By all means ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theater when he expects to run.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Based on true stories from

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

GOVT. JOBS

SALARY TO START

$90 TO $175

MONTHLY

MEN

WOMEN

Age Range 18 to 50

SALARY TO START

$90 TO $175

MONTHLY

INSTRUCTION SERVICE, Dept. 115, S. Louis, Mo.

Job in Free. Please mention "True Story" in letter. All replies through post office box. All personal replies kept confidential.

GOVT. JOBS

SALARY TO START

$90 TO $175

MONTHLY

MEN

WOMEN

Age Range 18 to 50

SALARY TO START

$90 TO $175

MONTHLY

INSTRUCTION SERVICE, Dept. 115, S. Louis, Mo.

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GOVT. JOBS

SALARY TO START

$90 TO $175

MONTHLY

MEN

WOMEN

Age Range 18 to 50

SALARY TO START

$90 TO $175

MONTHLY

INSTRUCTION SERVICE, Dept. 115, S. Louis, Mo.

Job in Free. Please mention "True Story" in letter. All replies through post office box. All personal replies kept confidential.
**Shampoo-Rinse Lightens Hair**

2 to 4 SHADES

**EVERY Blondie whose hair has faded, becomes bronzy, yellow for the glowing golden lights, the fascinating glints of true Blondie beauty. It is just to be—be blondie—don’t fear for ravishingly lovely hair—have it! Use Blondex. One shampoo with this unique combination shampoo and rinse in one easy treatment for the silkiest, most streaked hair, Use Blondex tonight. See how quickly easily your brownish hair is washed 2 to 4 shades lighter. And, too, for Blondex is a harmless rinse, not a harsh chemical or dye. Used by a million blondies. Don’t delay. Bring back golden glorious beauty to your hair today. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

**BLONDEX**

**THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE**

REDUCE—YOU CAN EASILY

In this book, “How to Reduce Weight,” Bernard Shufeldt, M.D. gives you simple exercises for the body, practical information to help the overweight and advice for doctors. "How to Reduce Weight" has sold over 500,000 copies.

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**Also Bargain Extra-5
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**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—without CALOMEL**

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

**SHE WON HIM WITH Golden Hair**

**THAT WAS ONCE BROWNISH**

**Comfy Baby!**

BECAUSE OF HIS OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER!

**MYSTER, prickly heat and diaper rash both yield quickly to the soothing, cooling comfort of Z.B.T. Baby Powder. That’s because Z.B.T. is the only baby powder containing olive oil, which makes it longer-clinging, moisture-resistant, and superior in smoothness (what the doctors call “slip”). Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. Baby Powder is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25c and 50c sizes.**

**Z.B.T.**

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

**COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY**

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time.

Keep gloves, hats, bags, apparel fresh and immaculate. Mufti dries instantly, leaves no ring, no odor. Sold by all druggists.

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THE PERFECT HOME DRY CLEANER

104. 30, 40, and 60c a bottle

**SAFE because it is easier to clean**

**HYGEIA**

NURSING BOTTLE

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

**SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of “old skin” just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new cream, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days in time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimpls, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this cream—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.**

he stomp and rave ‘round the studio? Nope. Not a bit of it. He just chewed on his cigar and said, “Well, I can come back next week.” I don’t guess (what atrocious grammar) he will ever be a real movie star. He isn’t temperament enough.

**DOROTHY PAGE, formerly with NBC in Chicago, has been in Hollywood for several months doing pictures... . . also on the chain weekly... . . . as well as guest artist on most Low Parade transcriptions. Press boys aver she is radio’s most beautiful singer. For once the praise agents seem to be about right. No superlatives needed to describe the gal.**

**GET ready for a laugh. A couple of laughs in your life, after all these years, it seems as though Jack Joy, KFWB’s music head, has a middle initial. It is “E.” What’s more, it stands for Ethelbert.**

**RADIO people are bobbing up in Los Angeles courts a lot these days. Georgie Fifield filed a plea for bankruptcy. Bill Sharples got sued on a bank note. And Charles Wieninger, was besieged by four claimants to his picture salary with resultant legal action.**

**PICTURES take the time of many Coast radio folks. Ed Porter, who is Uncle Jimmy in the KNX House in the Sun series, is the voice of the dwarf in the new Walt Disney Snow Drop and the Seven Dwarfs. Minerva Urecal, KFWB’s Mrs. Pasquale, does a bit in the M-G-M Metro. Roy George—Fischer, KFWB press agent, does the role of the announcer in Warners “Voice of Life.”**

**BEN ALEXANDER, screen jive, now has his own program, Hollywood Talent Parade, on a Coast NBC network every week. He had previously been heard as the Hollywood Beat Writer. Chris Trenton as Nicholas Benton Alexander in ‘11 over at Goldfield, Nevada, his first film work was in 1941. . . . a great-aunt to a wire and signed that before his name as Capt. in that heart-rending drama “Each Pearl a Tear.” Now twenty-four, his main ambition is to tear up all those baby pictures showing him in diaper.**

**PAUL RICKENBACKER, CBS production executive, sends word across the street for a neighbor to muzzle his dog. Seems as though the pup disturbs the young Rickenbacker often. He is 11 a.m. But Paul leaves the house early in the morning and honks a farewell salute to the wife from the auto and thus disturbs the whole neighborhood.**

**FRANK HODEK, who directs music for Death Rides the Highway, Coast chain program, has set to music a poem written by Francis Lederer, Czecho-Slovakian film star. Although both are Bohemians, but miles apart, they met for the first time this spring out in Hollywood.**

**MUCHLY married Rush Hughes is doing a swell job on the new Slices of Life, NBC program for the red net work, same sponsor as the spring Crosby shows. Once upon a time he hitch hiked at the studio. Not a bit of it. He just chewed on his cigar and said, “Well, I can come back next week.” I don’t guess (what atrocious grammar) he will ever be a real movie star. He isn’t temperament enough.**

**RADIO MIRROR**
RADIO MIRROR

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher
Learn at Home
by wonderful, improved method. Simple to B. C.— a child can learn it. Your home is replete of real selections instead of "trills" exercises. When you finish one of these delightful books today, easy lesson, you've added a new "note" to your store. You read real notes, too—no "trills" or "trills" exercises. A proof that many of our 100,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

PLAY BY NOTE
Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Harp, Ukulele, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, Piccolo, Piano, Telephone, and Speech Culture, Handwriting, Invention and Composition, Drawing and Tunes, Radio (Pitches, S. St., Accents, Accidental, Italian and German Accidents, Trumpet, and more.

CORN'S REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL
Say goodbye to ratty rashes and clumsy corn-pads. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 6 or 7 days. Dries up the problem corn or callus. Contains pure castor oil, salicylic, and corn-sugar. Absolutely safe. Approved Food Housekeeping. Keep directions on label. 5c bottle. Wonderful under- and over-party. Deputies return money of NOXACORN to all who receive extra. Largest, Wallstreet, Oue, Peoples, Crown and most other Drugstores.

WILL YOU WEAR THIS SUIT and Make up to $12 in a Day?
Well-dressed girls that don't allow between out are the ones that keep the suits to their friends. Make up to $12 in a day easily. No experience-prerequisite.
Send for Samples—FREE OF COST
Write today for free details. ACTUAL SAMPLES and "how-to-screen" money-making plans in return by mail.
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ITCHING STOPPED in one minute!
For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blisters, eczema, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Denes' Cooling Antiseptic, liquid D.D.O. Painless. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, granular and slimy—ditto feet. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 3c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—at money back. Ask for—

D.D.D. Prescription

REMOVE FRECKLES While you Sleep
Here's a new way to fade out freckles quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream at bedtime. You see wonderful results in 7 to 10 days. Free from rubbery, your skin is clean, freshened, becomes a pale fresh color. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 1,000,000 users' experiences in skin treatment. Only 6c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 143, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

from Seattle to San Francisco and talked himself into a night clerk's job at the Mark Hopkins. But that was before he entered the ranks of radio.

MARION TALLEY, who started the musical world ten years ago when she stepped out of the Metropolitan after becoming a singing star at nineteen, enters radio on the Ry-Krisp program from Hollywood. She was born in 1906 in Nevada, Missouri.

THE Ike and Mike of Western radio are Ken and Wen... Niles. Ken Niles is CBS announcer at KJL, while his older brother, Wen, is with KFWB.

PAUL FRANKLIN, who edits the musical magazine on the Don Lee chain every week, was born in New York in '90. First job as school correspondent for the New York Mail. Writing ever since, with a side trip into the mortgage business.

NBC baritone, Harold Dana, is a descendant of a family that settled in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640... includes such famous names as Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, and Richard Henry Dana, Jr., of "Two Years Before the Mast."
SHELTERED WOMAN

SHE WAS SEEKING A PROTECTOR BUT SHE DISCOVERED—

AFTER we went to our room that night—the second night of our honeymoon—Jerry kissed me passionately. He told me he did not know any one could be as happy as I had made him. Then he went out for a short walk and a smoke.

I waited and waited. I heard a clock strike. I counted. It was three o'clock. What could have happened? What should I do? The clock struck again—four, then five. It began to get light, a cold, hard light.

Terror seized me. Had something terrible happened? Finally that evening, just as I was about to go to the police, Jerry returned. Staggering in, he brushed me aside and threw himself on the bed. In a moment he was asleep—a sodden figure, disheveled and dirty.

Anger stirred in me, a fierce anger. I caught his arm and shook him violently. "Get up! I want to talk to you."

He swung his feet to the floor and glared at me. Then, raising his hand, he struck me a violent blow.

"Take that, will you, and let me alone?" he grunted as he sank back into his drunken sleep. I reeled across the room and fell to the floor.

I lay there and wished I could die.

* * *

Jerry had been the one great passion of her life. In him she thought she found that great mutual love which every woman craves. And now on their honeymoon—

The story of how this sheltered woman met the problems of love and her marriage to a man who was weaker than herself, is an amazing human document revealed in full in the new June True Story. Don't miss a word of it. Get your copy today!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

CONNIE BOSWELL'S OWN STORY • AND A STRANGER LED ME • YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT MEN • HEARTBREAK IN SING SING • THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD • SHE SPORE REVENGE • TEN KINDS OF DEVIL • MY ORIENTAL LOVER • SO MY HUSBAND WOULDN'T KNOW • HOME PROBLEMS FORUM • QUINTS' NURSE REVEALS THE TRUE STORY OF DR. DADOE • STRANGER THAN FICTION • FAVORITE SCREEN STARS • ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY • I'LL NEVER FORGET • true Story HOMEMAKER WITH SEVEN INTERESTING, HELPFUL ARTICLES.

ON THE SCREEN

If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see True Story brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops. True Story movies are on the way!

TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, COAST TO COAST NBC RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. PRIZES!

True Story

JUNE ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS

84
Can Samuel Insull Make His Comeback by Radio

(Continued from page 25)

permit him a fair trial, Samuel Insull fled from Paris to Italy, to Greece, which at first harbored him, but finally forced him to leave, soon after which he was arrested at Istanbul.

All during this flight, his wife remained loyally by his side. When Insull married Margaret Anna Bird, who acted under the name of Elle Clasby, she was known as the "vest pocket Venus." In 1926 and 1927, the magnum sank over a million dollars in trying to make a success of a repertory theater in which she was interested.

Her faith in him even after he'd lost all the money with which he'd been able to live so lavishly, was characteristic of the loyalty which the unnamed friends have shown in supporting him in his new venture.

Less than a year from the day on which the court directed a final acquittal on the third prosecution, Samuel Insull made a formal announcement of his new organization.

EXPERIENCED broadcasting executives are already at work with him to give the organization into shape. Directly under him is Ota Gygi, formerly an executive of the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting Company, the venture into which Ed Wynn is said to have sunk about a quarter of a million dollars of his own money.

Mr. Insull asserts that he wants no fanfare, that all the stations are in Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, that they are local independent outlets with local support, that he will continue with the caliber of entertainment which made them originally popular with their followings.

Though he is reported as now receiving $21,000 in dividends from companies which he formerly controlled, he is said to have no money in the Affiliated Broadcasting Company.

The disposition of the stock: 2,000 shares of no-par value preferred and 25,000 shares of no-par value common stock, has been kept secret.

"Mr. Insull is a hired president," asserts Floyd E. Thompson, the firm's counsel, who represented the former magistrate at the Federal water trials growing out of the collapse of his utilities system. "He hasn't a dollar in the company and didn't have it to put in.

Perhaps by the time you read this you will be listening to programs through one of the eighteen stations now under contract to the new organization. Perhaps the time will all have been bought by profitable commercial accounts, with Samuel Insull on his way to another fortune.

Perhaps his representatives will be able to amend that dramatic message to: 'Glad to inform you that Samuel Insull has made his comeback in radio at seventy-six years of age.'

Who is the obscure, far-away man to whom Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, owes his life, his career, his happiness? You'll find the answer in another "Hidden Moments in Their Lives" story—in the August Radio Mirror.

"Say, Mary, can't we do something about this Bathroom Odor?"

Bathroom odor is a problem. Guests are apt to notice unpleasant odors even more quickly than members of the family. Don't run the risk of your bathroom being offensive. Use Creolin regularly. Creolin dispels odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, toilet bowl and tub. It will keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin helps to safeguard health for nearly 50 years.

At all drug stores with complete directions. Buy a bottle today.

Write for Free Booklet "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many household and personal uses of Creolin.

Merck & Co. Inc. Rahway, N. J.

PREPARING FOR MOTHERHOOD

"Preparing for Motherhood," by Bernarr MacDonald, is dedicated to prospective mothers. If you prepare yourself along the simple lines he recommends, follow the common sense instructions given, you can enter upon the ordeal of motherhood with mind free from worry, and the glorious anticipation of the coming of fine, healthy, beautifully developed baby to fill your life with sunshine. This splendid book should be in every home.

Send For This Book Today, Price $2.00

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC. Dept. R.M.T., 1926 Broadway, New York

GREY HAIR!

The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe:

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbas Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drug store can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week the deeper the gray, the more the grey color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of. It is your own home.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those graying, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about a quart of urine a day and may get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, lose patience, loss of joy and energy, getting up nicks, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. are in the market for very short true stories. By "very short" we mean stories of from 2500 to 4500 words. For the fifty-three best true stories falling within these word limits and submitted before July 1st, 1936, $10,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from $100 up to the magnificent grand prize of $1500. The greater part of this money undoubtedly will go to men and women who have never before written for publication. Why not get your share? To the person who has never written, the thought of setting down a story of ten thousand or more words might seem a hopeless task. But to write a story from 2500 to 4500 words presents no such problem. Comparatively little time is required and if successful how else could you realize as substantial remuneration for the time and effort involved?

The chances are that, as you read this, a true story has recalled itself to you that might easily merit the big $1500 first prize or, failing that, one of the substantial lesser prizes—a romance rooted deep in the magic, the mystery, the romantic lure of love, a story that thrilled you while you were living it, or when you saw it working out in the life of some friend.

Do Not Fear That You Lack Skill

If you know such a story, by all means set it down and send it in. If it thrilled you, there is small doubt but that it will thrill others. Consider the gorgeous additional thrill you would receive if you were to open an envelope and find a check for $1500 in return for from ten to fifteen typed or hand-written pages. Do not hesitate for fear you do not have the requisite skill. That feeling has prevented thousands from realizing handsomely on episodes in their lives.

It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1500 first prize, the person submitting the next best will be awarded the $1000 second prize, etc.

In addition every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it. You may submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual. There is no limit to the number we may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an expository letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

WANTED—VERY SHORT TRUE ROMANCES

$10,000.00

IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

PRIZE SCHEDULE
First Prize.................$1500
Second Prize..............1000
Third Prize, 2 at $500..1000
Fourth Prize, 4 at $250. 1000
Fifth Prize, 10 at $200..2000
Sixth Prize, 35 at $100. 3500
Total, 53 Prizes..........$10,000

CONTEST RULES
All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the personators of these true stories or in the lives of their immediate families. The truth must be told in an unadorned, unvarnished way. No writer may enter more than one story. Your story may be an episode of, or related to, any other published story of yours. Stories must be written in English. Stories not be more than 2500 words or less than 2500 words. Stories must be submitted in a format that we can publish. Stories that have been previously published are not eligible for this contest.

The winner of this contest will be invited to the Macfadden Publications, Inc. headquarters in New York, New York, for an expense-paid trip to New York, New York. The winner will also receive a $10,000 cash prize. The contest is open to all residents of the United States and Canada. The contest begins on March 1st, 1936, and ends on June 30th, 1936. The submission deadline is July 1st, 1936. No stories will be accepted after this date. The winner will be announced on August 1st, 1936. The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered. All stories submitted will be kept confidential. The contest is sponsored by Macfadden Publications, Inc.
fashions that she'd like to.

So she plays with paper dolls. Scads of paper dolls. That's her hobby. The bottom drawer of the bureau in her bedroom is jammed with fashion magazines, newspaper pictures and department store advertisements. When she needs a new ensemble she takes a few hours off, spreads the paper dolls she likes most on the floor, gets scissors, paste and paper, and goes to work. By the time she's finished she has actually designed a complete original outfit from her hat all the way down to the tiny details on the colors, materials and even the cost.

It's unbelievably simple, the way she showed it to me the other day when she concocted before my very eyes—in an hour and a half flat—a street costume that was absolutely unbeatable for that year. She cut out first a gray dress whose general lines would be well suited to her tall figure, laid it on a wide sheet of paper.

"I'll start with that," she explained, "because I always design dresses first and I want it along that general cut. But the collar on this is too low for my neck. I look better in close-fitting necklines."

She thumbmed through a stack of magazines, selected a collar on a tea-time gown. It was a fold of white pique petals that hugged the throat and dripped a way down the front. Jane cut the collar out, and pasted it over the one on the original gray dress.

"I don't want these long sleeves, either—I'm too tall for them," she explained. "So I'll wear eight-button-length gloves." We looked at sleeves on two or three hundred models, finally found some cunning ones that puckered with smoking on top of the elbow. So she cut both arms off that paper doll.

"This gray dress is smart with a belt but I'm sash-crazy," Jane went on, as she looked choosing cherry sash on a color reproduction of Rosa Ponselle costumed for Carmen—wait a minute, I'll find it.

"Miss Rosa Ponselle's sash was irreverently snipped from her waist."

Suddenly there it was—finished and darling. All of the parts of the dress didn't fit in perfect symmetry, of course, because she had come off different-sized models—the collar swallowed the neck and the sash was too narrow—but you could easily vision the way the made-up product would look.

Black pumps and bag, just the right black pumps and bag, we found in some newspaper ads of New York stores; plain black gloves to accent the white collar; we tore out the purse and shoe ads and a sample of the stocking shade and clipped them on the side of the design for Jane's shopping memory.

Then we got to the hat. The hat was something because Jane was determined to have an off-the-face trim and most of the millinery was and was. The colors were trims. She finally ran across a shallow little tricorn, cut the veil away from it and instead pasted on its very front—looked in an arched form an arched dress. The flowers were two shades of cherry red with slender green leaves. The bodkiniere was almost as big as the hat, but Jane explained that didn't matter because her favorite hat-maker could get the right idea from it anyway and that was the important thing.

In place of the usual elastic to slip under her bobbed hair to hold the hat in place she borrowed an idea from a photograph of a Paris original—a ribbon strap to be with the skirt held by half cherry ribbon, half green ribbon to match the leaves. As soon as she stuck that on her model a very smart chapeau was—presto—designed.

The dress design, I learned, she'd take to her dressmaker and tell her exactly how she wanted it made. A pattern could be fought for from the dress. "The rest she can do just from the picture or an idea," Jane explained. "She has a knack for that sort of thing—that's why she's the best dressmaker. And she isn't expensive at all."

There are plenty of dressmakers in your own home town who can sew from a drawing or a pantograph picture. It's like playing the piano by ear instead of using notes, that's all; some seamstresses just have that gift. Maybe the one who's made your pastime through last year's suit can't do it, but you can always find one who can.

Of course there are other things besides her dress design that have made Jane the well-dressed woman that she is. She doesn't stick strictly to the colors that are currently in Vogue but has a penchant for wearing shades and combinations of them. Only recently as a preparation for her late summer clothes, she bought a bolt of white flax crepe, had it cut in articles, and made some strange colors in indestructible dyes, and had a cleaner dye the material in four-yard lots. Look at your wardrobe. Is it composed solely of the shades that are being sold now everywhere? Are all your department store goods outdated? You can do the same thing Jane did with several packages of fine things and a little inventiveness: Jane takes her color analyzing and dressing defects, too. The weak points of her figure happen to be too-tallness and a slightly flat chest. Every costume we own is made of only those two items. The first one is helped by waistlines broken with belts, sashes or tucks; the second by fullness across the shoulders. You can analyze and 'dress over' your defects, too.

It doesn't take a lot of money to be a best-dressed woman. Jane keeps herself on a moderate allowance and practices scores of little economies besides. Her underthings are plain, hand-tailored, a good quality silk so they'll wear and wear, and are completely devoid of lace, monograms and frills. She pays seventy-nine cents for her stockings so she can throw them away without a guilty conscience when the first run appears. Her evening shoes that must be tinted to match gowns, that show so little and never give you a chance to wear them out, she pays exactly $39.50 for. She says deliveries may cost as high as twenty dollars but they last two and three seasons. She's always wanted a white in some way and she won't buy one as she thinks they're impractical.

But furs, imported gloves, conservative bags, good perfumes, good cosmetics, the services of an outstanding costume—Don't it it in any way that she's found they last long enough to be wise investments."

GRAY Hair

Are You Thin and Weak? Bernarr Macfadden's book, "Gaging Weight," is based on common sense plus a profound knowledge of the human body. Carefully worded instructions are detailed to fit every varying circumstance and condition of the individual. Price 50c.

MCDONNELL BROS., MACFADDEN, INC., Dept. RM-7, Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York.

SKIN INJURIES—Burns, Blisters, Scratches, etc. Torellie soreness—help prevent infection—apply once, mild, reliable Resinol

DON'T SWAT Mosquitoes

Simply Use ROBERTA MOSQUITO CREAM

J ust smooth on and it can't bite you. Bottle 10c. Presto! You're guaranteed safe from mosquito and other pesky insect bites. Cream is mild, non-stain clothing, Pleasantly fragrant! Storages small, 1 ounce, for dispense for summer comfort. Dealers, Drug Stores, or send coupon. National Drug Products Co., Dept. 14-C, 3535 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c for 1 Tube. Send Roberta Mosquito Cream.

Name Address
Are Lies Blasting Amos 'n' Andy's Career?

(Continued from page 11)

about how Amos 'n' Andy thought they were so superior to anyone else that they wouldn't even speak to a singer who appeared on the same bill with them.

Many people believe that Charlie and Freeman refuse to perform at banquets and similar functions because they insist upon being paid. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Times without number they have offered their services, free, for charity affairs. But—and here is the important point—they refuse to do more than take a bow unless there is a proper stage and other facilities to help them keep up the illusion they have created over the air.

Charlie and Freeman haven't any conceit, and they know their own limitations. Without a stage background and without blackface make-up, they are just two well-dressed men. They know their drawing dialect sounds wrong, silly, without its accompanying illusion.

And that's why, when they are called upon at a dinner or gathering of celebrities, they merely take a bow. There simply isn't anything else they can do. It's like expecting a magician to perform tricks without any of his equipment.

A NOTHER story which has come back to them is that they don't plan and write their own material, but buy ideas from other writers and make the latter promise not to tell.

Now, many a radio script is written by someone other than those who do the actual broadcasting. There's nothing wrong in the practice. It just happens that Charlie and Freeman do write their own stuff, and the implication of secrecy and undercover methods hurt them.

The very nature of their program makes outside help in writing it unnecessary. They have a gift for making the simple incidents of everyday life interesting and entertaining. They needn't rack their brains for gags. All they have to do is keep alert to the joys and sorrows of the people about them, and they have more than enough material for their shows.

They can make good sketches out of the most unlikely subjects. For instance, the recent passage of the bonus bill in Congress. Knowing the confusion in the public mind, Charlie and Freeman familiarized themselves with all the aspects of the situation. Then, in the simple language of Amos 'n Andy, they explained the entire matter so clearly that the next day they received a telegram of thanks from the Secretary of the Veteran's Bureau in Washington.

Several times they've discussed, over the air, some governmental problem currently in the news. They never take sides. Theirs is merely the job of explaining the matter so everyone can understand it—and so capable are they that their office safe contains letters and telegrams of thanks from Washington.

Still another class of rumors concerns the relations between themselves and their families, and their private lives. Charlie and Freeman have been friends for years; and before their marriages they double-dated, like any two young men, with the girls who were later to become their wives. Through this association, the two girls also became fast friends, and the two couples have always lived either in the same building or very close to each other. And they all still enjoy going places and

---

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO CHIC AS THE SMARTEST HAT

CHIC! — elusive, magnetic quality — sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smearing, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!

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Maybelline

WORLDS FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

---

Hat by Lilly Dache

---

Eye Makeup by Maybelline

---

Lilly Dache, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, sweeping, narrow accordion brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Dache: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye makeup as well as hat design.

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Radio Mirror

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doing things together.

Yet they've read in gossip columns that the two families dislike each other heartily, and never speak except when it's necessary.

Like the other false stories, this one probably was started by a slight, misunder-stood incident. The two families were registering at a hotel one evening, and whenever they wished to get somewhere there was a suite for the four of them, or separate rooms. Freeman—who likes his joke—said, "Separate rooms, by all means. We don't do things to each other outside of our shows, you know."

The clerk knew Freeman and his jokes, and although he grinn ed he held the same hearing and was sure he'd picked up the scoop of the century. He relayed the story, with embellishments, to a newspaper man, who said that city carried the story of how Amos and Andy, brothers in mind, always spread number works stubbornly.

There you have the truth about the most malicious and annoying of the Amos and Andy myths. Do you see how moun tainous this is, and how many of the gossips' facts of fact—or even not at all? And the next time you hear one of these bits of gossip, why don't you examine it in the light of what I've just told you—then decide for yourself whether or not it's true?

The Microphone Takes the Stump

(Continued from page 12)

from Washington he usually speaks from the Oval Room—really the diplomatic reception room, a sort of an oval room in a shape in the White House.

This is a cheery room on the ground floor at the rear of the White House looking down the slope to the Washington monument and the Potomac.

It is not an informal social event when the President broadcasts. He doesn't mind having people around him. Mrs. Roosevelt, other members of the family and personal friends happen to be present are usually in the room.

The President broadcasts seated at his desk, his eye on his watch on the desk. He usually lights a cigarette before he begins and holds it suspended over a tray, burning to a long ash as he talks.

He speaks easily, informally, wagging his head from side to side, pausing for emphasis, looking up frequently from his typescript.

WHEN President Hoover was in office, he usually liked to be alone when he broadcast. He'd march in, sit right down, and talk straight through, evidently taking it as a serious business.

In his recent radio talks a marked change has been noticed in Mr. Hoover's radio manner. He is chatty, even humorous at times, and when speaking before an audience frequently pauses for laughs or applause. He drops each page of script on the floor as he finishes it. This is a mannerism, that has been attributed to Ben S. Allen who has recently rejoined him as his publicity counselor. In fact it has aroused such comment that Mr. Hoover recently took occasion publicly to affirm that he wrote all his own speeches.

Mr. Hoover has the habit, more than anyone else, of running over his allotted time on the air. This may be a habit formed during his days in the Presidency when he could not be cut off. However, sometimes it works to his advantage, for he has on occasion not only gotten some extra time, but additional publicity. A speaking man may appreciate writing when his allotted time is expiring, but Mr. Hoover seems to make a stubborn point of finishing out his speech regardless.

To return to the Democrats for a moment, although President Roosevelt will loom so large on the radio horizon that others need only be mentioned briefly—

Next to the President the party will probably have nothing but a broadcast of Post master-General James Farley.

Farley, a dependable political orator, has just recently made great strides as a radio speaker. He takes a script, but talks even in a studio as though he were making a public address, looking up at the microphone or at the audience in front of him.

Another effective speaker who may be used is Senator Joseph Robinson who was selected to make the reply to Al Smith's Lincoln Day speech. Senator Robinson is quiet and scholarly but has the intimate touch so necessary to success on the air.

ONE of the most effective of the air speakers is of course Al Smith, whose picturesqueness of idiom and colorful delivery makes him one of the most entertaining of political showmen.

Although a Democrat, Smith may be used either directly or indirectly by New York opponents for blasts at the Presi dent, depending upon what transpires in the conventions.

Al only has one idiosynrasy as far as his broadcasting mannerisms are con cerned. He is always forgetting his watch, which makes him nervous until he has found another. He always times his speech carefully as he goes.

Up until the final selection of the candidate and perhaps even afterwards an im posing array of Republican names will be presented to the airwaves.

It may well be a matter of concern to the Republicans that there is no one in the ranks who is most frequently men tioned candidate possibilities who is a match for the President on the air.

Among the most colorful of their figures is of course Senator William E. Borah. An orator of the old school, with a spec tacular platform manner, a mane of flying hair, and plenty of gestures, Borah is at his best before an audience and at his super-best when he is being heckled, since he is a fast thinker on his feet.

During recent weeks, however, Borah has given further attention to his micro phone manner and has shown marked improvement, so that whether he is speaking from the convention floor or from a radio studio, he will be easy to listen to.

Borah's activity in the campaign will probably depend on whether or not a can...

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States has been attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes, little warty-like lesions form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Stea d

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The sides of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go on your hands or even to the underarms or even cracks on the face.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success—ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salves or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The cure that causes the disease is known as Athlete's Foot. It begins itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A ten-cent store takes 17 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are powerless.

If H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot, it is a liquid that penetrates and destroys quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissues of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F., you will find that the itching is cured and relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are free from the disease. In ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us 11 for the treat ment at the end of ten days. That's liberal, isn't it? We have had the coupon today.

H. F. is sent on FREE TRIAL.

SIGNED COUPON DONT PAY TILL RELIEVED

SEND COUPON DONT PAY TILL RELIEVED

FOOT ATHLETIC'S

DRUGGISTS:

59
If your wife should put her heart on paper, is this what she'd say to you? And is it your fault? Listen, man: isn't he a fact, the reason you haven't ever gotten anywhere is because you lack training? It's not too late, you can get training! Every year thousands of men, all ages, turn to International Correspondence Schools to acquire the knowledge they need. So can you! Mark and mail the coupon today!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 32287-C, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, send me a copy of your booklet, "Why Write and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked.

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES
Architect
Architectural Draftsman
Building Estimator
Contractor and Builder
Engineering Professor
Engraving Engineer
Electrical Lighting
Telegraph Engineer
Telephone Work
Radio Management of Inventions
Chemical Engineer
Mechanical Draughtsman
Tinwork Maker
Hotel Work
Heat Treatment of Metals
Sheet Metal Worker
Writing, Electric and Gas
Civil Engineer
Teacher's Course
Surveys and Mapping
Surveying
Roman Era

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES
Business Management
Business Correspondence
Cost Accountant
Accounting and Bookkeeping
Secretarial Work
French
Spanish
Italian
German
Woolworth Correspondence
Service Station Stenography

Name.
Address.
City.

Present Position.

Without cost or obligation, send me a copy of the International Correspondence Schools Catalogue, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Radio Mirror

Perfumed X.B.A.F. Hair

CREAM or POWDER

Simply apply - wash off.

Cheap but does;
never costs more than.

ALL STORES DEPT. STORES

EASILY-QUICKLY-SURELY

Last Minute News

SOME of you far Western listeners are going to have to get used to new tuning-in habits next year, but at the moment it's hard to say just what they'll be. But, because of network affiliations, there is going to be more of the same. The West Coast, for example, is going to have a large number of entertainment programs, and this is our construction of the picture:

CBS has acquired the powerful and important KVOM of San Francisco, and will spend about $400,000 in remodeling the premises. Negotiations for other new CBS stations are under way, too. Four California stations and one in Nevada, however, will be transferring their allegiance from CBS to NBC in January, 1937. Three of these stations are in Los Angeles, and one in Reno—Nebraska's only radio station. As for another group of present CBS affiliates, the Don Lee chain, which includes Kel in Los Angeles and KFRC in San Francisco—well, nobody right now seems to know what exactly will happen to them.

But once he is on the air, he develops assured and forceful in his delivery and pounds his points home with conviction.

PERHAPS the closest match to the performer who comes before the microphone is Glenn Frank. A seasoned public speaker, he is a master of straight thinking and the sort of simple English that people understand. His voice, though not as colorful as the President's, has something of the same intimate appeal. This factor may weigh heavily should Franklin go on to triumph in his dark horse candidacy in the last hours of the convention.

A career that the radio audience may watch with interest is that of Dr. and Mrs. Fennerty, of the meritorious Claire Fennerty of Pennsylvania. Mr. Fennerty possesses that elusive quality known as microphone personality in the highest degree. Perhaps the most colorful figure in all radio history is General Hugh Johnson. He is also the engineer's nightmare. Ranging as he does from a bellow one minute to a whisper the next, it is almost impossible to keep pace with him on the volume control. It's likely that the President will fit in just where he might fit in, if at all, in the coming political lineup, but whenever he does take to the airwaves, an interesting period is assured for the listeners. Since the Republicans and Democrats have the largest budget for air time, they will be heard most frequently during campaigning. During that period there will be one or two sideshows worth mention. Socialist Norman Thomas will undoubtedly be radio events. He is the only one likely to raise the funds to buy some air time to send to his listeners in his crazy voice to your homes. The Communists too are understood to be planning to purchase some air time. Just who their candidate will be is difficult to say, although Earl Browder will probably be heard from again.

AUCHANDER Gray has retired to his summer camp on Long Island, continuing to New York for a week for his appearances on the Chrysler Airshow. Morton Downey, with his wife and family, is in Ireland, undertaking a three-month vacation. One of his old brushes is the Peely McClinton, the parents of an eight-pound baby boy, James Roland McClinton. Jr. Nobody knows yet whether or not he'll be the possessor of a frog-voiced like his dad. Phil Spitalny's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra just returned from a week's engagement in a Philadelphia theater.
CUTEX PRESENTS

A Wonderful New Liquid Polish

ORDINARY, OLD-STYLE POLISH
Evaporates in the bottle
Hard to apply
... Blotches
Tends to crack and peel

NEW CUTEX POLISH

Goes on more smoothly

Wears longer than ever before
A higher Lustre
Resists fading—retains its true color for days

HERE is an entirely new liquid polish. Based on a brand-new formula! It's the first real improvement in liquid polish in 10 years, and we're proud of it. It's the polish women have been waiting for!

A stronger, more durable Lacquer... The new Cutex Liquid Polish takes a little longer to dry because it's a stronger, finer lacquer. But you don't mind that because it's twice as lovely, more lustrous and wears longer than ever before! Now even nails that go in the dishpan 3 times a day come out shining and smooth and unstreaked!

It goes on even more smoothly. Not a bit of difficulty—and never a sign of the blotching that sometimes used to ruin the whole effect. You're going to love it.

Resists the Sun, too! Tests on the new polish show that at last the old summer sun has been beaten. At its brightest, it can't fade and streak the true, new Cutex shades—after a whole week!

Even more Economical... You'll be grateful for this. The new Cutex is usable right down to the very last drop in the bottle! No thickening or drying up. All you have to do is to take ordinary care in closing the bottle between applications.

Remember, you get our superior new Cutex for exactly the same price—just 35¢ a bottle. In 8 authentic shades—the newest shade is Rust—perfect for sun-tanned fingers. All shades at your favorite shop.

Try the new Cutex tomorrow. You'll be amazed and delighted at the new lasting beauty of your new Cutex nails.


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-17, 191 Hudson Street, New York
(In Canada, P. O. Box 1260, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose □ Rust □ Cardinal □ Ruby □ (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included.)

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________
Heigh ho and cheerio!
We'll get off when the tide gets low.
What do we care—we're high and dry
And Chesterfields—They Satisfy.

Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste
give smokers a lot of pleasure
Rudy Vallee Tells: “Why I always have to fight”

Radio Mirror

AUGUST

10¢

MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

FRANCES LANGFORD
by Tchetchet

DICK POWELL answers all those rumors about his voice
At Last! The True Story of a Real MAJOR BOWES Amateur
Fred, Mayflower maitre d'hôtel, whose guests include bon-vivants, presidents, and kings.

When Washington Dines in This Stately Room

The Presidential Room, main restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel (right), presents a memorable scene as famous men...beautifully gowned women...diplomats and statesmen with foreign orders...gather for relaxation, entertainment, and choice foods. The famous Mayflower kitchens give forth a stream of rare and tempting dishes. Good taste reigns supreme! And from table after table the fragrant smoke of Camels rises. Commenting on the preference for Camels at the Mayflower, the famous maitre d'hôtel—greeted as "Fred" by thousands of the world's epicures—says: "Of course, our cosmopolitan clientele prefer Camels. They are a great favorite with our guests."

Science Confirms the Truth of "For Digestion's Sake...Smoke Camels"

Whether your meal is a banquet or a quick sandwich, a Camel gives it zest. "A Camel helps me enjoy eating," you've heard people say. Scientists find that Camels promote well-being by gently stimulating the flow of the digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...necessary for good digestion. Often fatigue, worry, nervousness interfere with this flow. Camels increase it, assist digestion to proceed normally. With their finer, costlier tobaccos, Camels give mildness a new meaning!

Champion Fred Jacoby, Jr. (below), says: "Camels make food taste better, help me get the good out of what I eat. Camels set me right!"

Fire- Chief Frank Gilliar (below) says: "Camels put back into eating the joy that nervous strain takes out of it. They're the last word in flavor!"

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

Costlier Tobaccos!
It's immensely and vitally important—
that first impression... when boy meets
girl—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him
should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—
white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—
her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse
of dingy teeth, of tender gums... and
that "moment of magic"—that "instant
of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
For the sake of your own good looks
and good health—go directly to your
dentist whenever you see that tinge of
"pink." It may be a symptom of a serious
gum trouble. But it is far more likely to
be a simple warning of gums that need
more exercise, more stimulation—gums
that will quickly respond to the healthful
stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes
this fact—today's soft foods are largely
responsible for tender, ailing gums. They
need far more work and exercise than
they get to keep them firm and healthy.
And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and
massage is so widely recommended—so
widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana
into your gums every time you brush your
teeth, and the reason is soon evident.

For those lazy gums waken. Circula-
tion increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll
notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look.
They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit
the gums as well as the teeth. So when
you use Ipana in addition to massage,
you are using the dentist's ablest assist-
ant in the home care of teeth and gums.

You are giving the really serious gum
troubles far fewer chances. And you are
adding, every day, to your own beauty
and your own power of attraction.

She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy
her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE
On Sale July 24

How does a champion liar get that way? Read the story of Jim and Marion Jordan, radio's Fibber McGee and his good wife Molly, who found the way to turn life's humiliations into success. Also, an intimate portrait of Boake Carter by his own announcer, Claude Haring.

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COVER

—PORTRAIT OF FRANCES LANGFORD
BY TCHETCHET
NOW... ONLY 25¢ TO GIVE TEETH Twice THE BRILLIANCE!

Special at all Dealers

SALE ON NEW PEPSONDENT TOOTH PASTE

New 25¢

FORMER 50¢ SIZE
NOW ONLY 40¢

Holds twice as much as 25¢ size

IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES

In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent's history!

A BIG NEW 25¢ SIZE TUBE
FORMER 50¢ SIZE NOW ONLY 40¢

Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known... Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSONDENT! Try it today. See why millions are switching to this new-day discovery!

New! Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste

1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!

New $200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.

2. MAKES TEETH LOOK CLEANER TWICE AS LONG—SAFELY!

You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists' tests.

3. BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!

Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.

HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSONDENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!
Radio's on the march and, like the pioneers of '49 in search of new fields of gold, it is marching to California. Hollywood beckons, an alluring figure that's proven so irresistible so many times before. Radio City is being deserted by some of its biggest programs. I wondered, hearing of the possibility of a Jack Oakie program, if the present radio capital was doomed by the town that's overshadowed the whole world of entertainment.

To make an argument for this, I listed fifteen shows that have been or are about to be broadcast from Hollywood. Jack Oakie's program which should be under way when fall arrives, leads the list. Then there is the Lux Radio Theater that recently moved from New York. In October Fred Astaire begins broadcasting weekly and present plans call for his working near his movie studio. Add to these Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Shell Chateau, the Swift program, Mary Pickford, Hollywood Hotel, Frank Fay, Olsen and Shutta, Marion Talley, Chesterfield, Nelson Eddy before he went on tour, the First Nighter before it rang down the final curtain, and Grace Moore during the early spring.

That's an imposing lineup of all-star talent. It's likely to grow by the week. Almost all the day-time programs still originate either in New York or Chicago. But in such a business as radio it's a comparatively simple problem to pack up and move the scene of broadcasts two or three thousand miles from the starting point.

An analysis of the underlying causes of this migration isn't easy. The obvious fact, of course, is that shows are moving to Hollywood to be near the rich supply of movie stars. But why should radio suddenly lean so heavily on screen personalities to bolster up its programs? I place the blame on radio's terrifying appetite for something new, something different. It would seem that it has now exhausted vaudeville of its supply of talent and is stretching hungry hands toward the movies. You are free to draw your own conclusions from this.

A bit on the lighter side is the innovation on Paul Whiteman's program. A little over a month ago you began hearing youngsters under twelve, none of them professionals. Until now it has been a purely local proposition. Only children from New York and its vicinity have had a chance to audition. Soon, though, Paul is going on tour, ending up at the Texas Centennial, and every mother all along the route will get her chance to see if little Junior really has as much talent as she claims. Paul will listen to all of them. Who knows, perhaps Shirley Temple will find herself with a new leading man one of these days.

Every day that passes the whole world seems more restless. The wanderlust touched Curtis Arnall this spring and he evolved an idea for a trip (Continued on page 73)
WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN—
I HATE THIS PLACE...

SALLY’S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER

WHAT’S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? — I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT’S JUST A SHAKE THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS

HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I’D LOVE TO

ISN’T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I’D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD.... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN’T A CHANCE

...NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST. I’M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN.

TRY IT, WON’T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL... I’M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME

LATER... SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST DID FOR ME — THERE’S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK — SO THIS VACATION’S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

Hi, there, Sally... Hurry up! We’re waiting for you

—clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don’t let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
KAY THOMPSON'S SECRETS
for summer loveliness

BY JOYCE ANDERSON

Kay Thompson is the featured soloist on Friday evening's Chesterfield show—turn to page 51.

WISE girls know they have an ally, in their campaign for beauty, in the various seasons themselves! In winter time, there's the glamor of skilful powdered shoulders above dramatic evening gowns, the chic of perfect grooming which is so much easier to achieve in cool weather. Spring gives us the feminine charm of new bright colors, floral prints and nosegays and perfumes. Summer opens up fresh vistas of games and sports that bring a glow to the skin and a sparkle to the eyes, releasing those half-hidden stores of vitality—and vitality, of course, is the greatest part of physical allure.

"But," warns Kay Thompson, the attractive and accomplished singer of the Chesterfield programs, "there's something far more important than beauty in the summer months. That's daintiness! The companionship and zest of healthy summer sports make us gayer and livelier and, consequently, much better company than at any other time of the year. If—and it's a very big if, too—we keep ourselves fresh and sweet and clean. That's what femininity means in its highest sense—freshness, sweetness, exquisite cleanliness.

"Personally, I have one of these dry, fair skins that need constant care, but that doesn't frighten me away from using plenty of soap and water daily, summer or winter. Of course, the more baths and scrubbings I take, the more creams I use to protect my skin for dry skin wrinkles so much more quickly than oily skin." (Let me add here that Kay is still in her early twenties, but she's absolutely right about this—even girls in their teens who have dry skins should be very careful, guarding against the delicate little lines which might almost be said to crack open in the dry epidermis of their faces.)

"My particular problem is my forehead. One of my idiosyncrasies, as you've probably noticed already, is talking with my eyebrows. That comes partly from the facial expressions necessary in putting over popular songs, and partly from a childhood habit of trying to keep my eyes opened wide, because I thought they were too small and light! Well, this constant use of the eyebrows encourages deep horizontal lines in the forehead, so I pay special attention to that when using my tissue cream, by massaging it generously into this part of my face. In addition, during the summer months, when we are apt to squint in the bright sunshine, I give extra care to my eyelids and the corners of my eyes.

"In general, though, I use my favorite cream after every time I wash my face. If I'm dressing to go out, I try to steal a few precious moments to lie down and relax before removing the cream with facial tissues. At night, I apply my tissue cream and leave it on until morning, when I take it off with witch hazel. Incidentally, I use witch hazel for occasional quick cleansings during the day before repowdering.

"About those all-important baths I mentioned—and frequent baths or showers in the summer add so much, not only to our own comfort, but to everyone else's—here's a tip. These new pine and olive bath oils are such a help! They protect the natural oils of the body from the too-frequent contact with water, and they soothe the nerves. That last is a fundamental thing, because I believe relaxation is everything. You can't have a pleasant-looking face without relaxed, happy nerves. Massaging your body freely with bath oil before stepping into the tub is one of the most relaxing things I know. In that massage, pay particular attention to those tired, heat-swollen feet. And, after your bath, treat them to a good foot-powder which will make your shoes more comfortable and guard against unpleasant odors."

Kay's a grand girl and she had no hesitation in approaching this major problem frankly and honestly. "Heat and perspiration," she said earnestly, "are the deadly enemies of feminine charm. Deodorants are absolutely essential in hot weather. It's not simply a question of making one's self more alluring and irresistible, but it's also a question of—well, of being a good neighbor, if you want to put it that way! It's an important factor in making the world a still more pleasant place to live in summer time.

"There's absolutely no risk of offending anybody if you use your favorite deodorant three times a week, or its use two nights in a row will make you safe for a week. I perspire very little myself, but I use it (Continued on page 68)."
"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESES
A TRUTHFUL
EX-WIFE

"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

When my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner.

How stupid that we should let blind, reckless ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the worldwide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed, "Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a spreading quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs even in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.)...when many other preparations don't work.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a free brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

© 1936, Lysol & Fine, Inc.
coast-to-coast highlights

Des Moines: Sturdy pioneering ingenuity in the Corn Belt is being demonstrated in the establishment of the new network of eight stations in five agricultural states which operate entirely without interconnecting wirelines to distribute the programs.

Simultaneous broadcasts of the programs, most of which are to originate in the key station, WHO, are accomplished by having each affiliated station pick up the broadcast from the originating transmitter and rebroadcasting it for local audiences.

Other stations included in the remarkable ventures are WOC, Davenport; KOIL, Omaha; KFAB, Lincoln; WIBW, Topeka; KMBC, Kansas City Mo; KMA, Shenandoah, and WNAX, Yankton.

Hollywood: Two stars of the Carefree Carnival have gotten into motion pictures, one by plugging, the other just ankleing in.

Helen Troy, the C. C.'s Susie at the Switchboard, is playing a similar role in “Human Cargo.”

Jeane Cowan, ballad singer, was cast in “Star of Midnight” with William Powell and Ginger Rogers, yet all the audience ever saw of her was a pair of ankles stepping into a taxicab. She played the singer of night clubs who was kidnapped and murdered.

At least the movie audiences do hear Jeane's voice on phonograph records all through the picture.

New York City: Listeners who have songs in their hearts and have set them down on paper at last have an opportunity for an honest and expert hearing of their tunes, together with the chance that they may be published by a famous music company.

The Mutual Broadcasting System's Melody Treasure Hunt, conducted by Charlie Henderson and Pat Ballard, well known as the composers of several hit songs, has

THE BULLETIN BOARD

CINCINNATI—WLW will retain many more of her favorite sponsored programs this summer than ever before, it's reported. Shows which will continue include Johnson Family; Pleasant Valley; Jimmy Scribner's One Man Show; Mary Sothern; Showdown Revue; Smoke Dreams and the Music Box Hour.

BOSTON—If the Federal Communications Commission approves, listeners may have to tune to 550 kilocycles instead of 990 for WBZA.

BY JOHN SKINNER

already chosen one success written by a listener. It is being published by the Mills Music Company. The song, "I'm Steppin' Out to the Opera," was written by a Negro cab driver.

Ballard, you must remember, wrote "So Beats My Heart for You." Henderson, among other things, wrote the theme music played by Andre Kostelanetz.

San Francisco: Paul Carson, NBC organist—you hear him playing the theme, "Destiny Waltz," on One Man's family—has just rented a new apartment. He asserts one of the reasons was to provide accommodations for Gum Yip, his wife's pet Pekingese. Gum Yip boasts a tiny penthouse on the roof, with a special runway, a bed and an electric light. Gum Yip's Chinese name means Tender Golden Leaves, not part of a commercial announcement even if it does sound like it.

Chicago: Bob Griffin, whom you hear on the air as Joe Marlin, and his wife are another pair of radio movers. They're giving up their Gold Coast apartment for a suburban Lake Shore home. Bob's moving story is that he needs room for a ping pong table. Ping Pong and Gum Yip. Ah Me, let's all move.

Des Moines: Station WHO's requests for funds for the American Red Cross Flood relief brought responses from twenty-one states and Canada, a remarkable achievement for one station.

COMPASS MERRY GO ROUND
San Francisco: Baby girl born to Sara Kreindler (Mrs. Norman Baltor), NBC violinist. She was away from the microphone several months. Which prompts J. Anthony Smythe, the Mr. Barbour of One Man's Family, to display the newspaper clipping sent him by a fan. It shows a family of twenty-four sons and daughters gathered about their parents in Parker, Kansas. Accompanying comment was, "Henry, you're a piker." And Olive West, who plays Grandma Liston in Hawthorne House was selected for a Mother's Day magazine cover because of her "ideal maternal countenance." Yet though she is very fond of children, she never had any of her own.

Chicago: No man has a chance to get a word in edgewise in the Affiliated Broadcasting Company's new series. They've reversed the Man in the Street idea by putting two women radio interviewers on the pavements. Only women are asked to step closer to the microphone, please.

Philadelphia: You'll be hearing James Harvey no longer as KYW announcer. (Continued on page 76)

"It's amazing how quickly
Camay works its Magic"

ATLANTA, GA.

For a smooth, clear skin—there's no beauty aid like Camay. It's amazing how quickly Camay works its magic.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Betty Drewry
(Mrs. John C. Drewry)

March 26, 1936

This minute you meet Betty Drewry, you will feel the welcome of her smile, the friendship in her voice. You'll notice, instantly, the clarity and smoothness of her complexion. And you aren't surprised to hear her say, "I've always used Camay."

And you, too, will find that Camay has a mild manner and a gentle touch that brings out the natural beauty of your complexion. Camay's lather is rich and fragrant. Camay's bubbles are beauty bubbles—thousands of them—all busily cleansing deeply but gently. For Camay is milder—definitely, probably milder—than other leading beauty soaps.

Try Camay. See for yourself how much it can improve your complexion. Buy half a dozen cakes today. You'll find its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women
what do you want to say?

The brickbats came thick and fast last month—and so did the bouquets! With so many fine letters of criticism to choose from it was a difficult task to select the winning letters, so don't be discouraged if yours didn't win first place this time. The contest is still going on and the prizes are as usual—$20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Mail your criticism to the Editor, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, by July 22.

$20.00 PRIZE
ARE RADIO LISTENERS HARD OF HEARING?

Why is it that vaudeville artists who have become radio stars stick to the practices of vaudeville when those practices are not suited to radio?

I'm speaking of the custom many comedians have of asking the question leading up to a gag three or four times and then repeating the gag, too. Listen to any ex-vaudevillian over the air and you'll find that he points his gag by repeating the question preceding it until he's sure everyone has got it. Burns and Allen do it, Block and Sully do it, Phil Baker does it, and Ken Murray does it.

This was all right in vaudeville when the artist had to make sure everyone in the house heard him and when he wanted to build up expectancy in his audience. But over the air when a question is repeated two or three times the listeners often anticipate the gag long before it is given.

And, anyway, why must radio comedians consider we're all hard of hearing?

JOHN HANDBORF,
Long Island City, N. Y.

$10.00 PRIZE
A PLEA FOR A BETTER BILLING

I have something to say and it is this: Vic and Sade ought to have an evening spot on the air.

This afternoon program would be among the leading programs, I believe, if it was broadcast after 7 p.m.

I like the program very much, but, unfortunately, am not always free when it goes on the air. Then there are thousands who have never heard it, because they, too, are engaged in the afternoon. It needs, and is entitled to, a better billing.

Vic and Sade, and let us not forget Rush, have good, clean, sparkling humor. The script writer deserves a vote of thanks, for puns (those horrible atrocious things) are never included. The characters are true to life. They are the type (Continued on page 80)

DID YOUR LETTER WIN A CASH PRIZE?
YOUR OPINIONS MAY BE WORTH MONEY

Summer...

IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE WITH THE
Perfolastic Girdle!

It's true. Thousands of women owe their slimmer, youthful figures to Perfolastic . . . the sure, safe way to reduce! "My hips are twelve inches smaller" says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds" writes Mrs. Drrr; "Immediately 3 inches smaller when first fitted" says Miss Brown.

Actually Removes Superfluous Fat
You will be thrilled as you appear inches smaller at once and immediately start actually reducing at only the spots where fat has accumulated. You risk nothing . . . simply try Perfolastic for 10 days.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise
No need to risk health or change your mode of living. The wonderful massage-like action of this "live" material takes off the fat and helps you back to pep and energy. Many perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

Send NOW for 10 Day Free Trial Offer!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 288, 11 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Bralette, also samples of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name
Address
City

Use Coupon or Pen or Postcard.

Reduce
3 INCHES
in
10 DAYS
or no cost!
MELODY TREASURE HUNT. Hats off to Mutual for not only providing a fresh and surprisingly tasty novelty, but giving a real chance to the amateur composers who have heretofore found it impossible to get a hearing. Pat Ballard and Charlie Henderson, capable Tin Pan Alley veterans, pick three of the submissions each week to be specially arranged for either display by Emnor Sherry, Evelyn MacGregor, Billy Abbott and Nat Brusiloff’s orchestra. Listeners’ votes tab one for an encore the following week. Already several potential hits have been snapped up by publishers after the initial airing. Pat and Charlie benevolently m.c. this Be-Kind-To-Song-Writers Movement, interviewing of blurting the neophyte composers, and explaining tricks of the trade to the hopefuls. Here is one amateur program which might take for its theme “Without a Gong.”

MBS, Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ. My prayers are answered! I’ve always wanted an all-popular Kostelanetz program that wasn’t cluttered up with opera stars. And here it is—the unadulterated champagne of radio dance music. After a popular number has been brilliantly arranged for this forty-five-piece orchestral phenomenon, it has nothing left to live for. Its esthetic possibilities have been exhausted. Kay Thompson’s chorus, Ray Heatherton and the Rhythm Singers handle the vocals.

CBS, Fri., 10 P. M., 30 min.

RUSTIC RHYTHM TRIO. Paul Robinson and the two Horton Brothers, who learned their musical notes from mail order instruction books, sing and manage between them twenty-four instruments, mostly harmonicas, guitars and mandolins, in a way to stymie a six-piece orchestra. They do a smooth job on both hill billy and popular stuff, and so far as I’m concerned can settle down permanently in Times Square, which they claim it all over their native mountains.


COMMUNITY SING. Do you ever sing with your radio? If you do, you’ll go for this parlor adaptation of a neighborly, informal old custom. Even if you’ve never done such a thing before, you’ll probably find yourself unconsciously joining in with the studio audience and going through the proper foolish gestures at the silenced words in the choruses of John Brown’s Body.

No harmony allowed—just a lot of fun, whistling, sour notes and laughs, led by John Barcley. The 60-voice chorus is made up of all and sundry who want to come half an hour early for rehearsal.

At the end, Paul Douglas circulates among the jolly group with a portable mike and finds out what they want to sing the next time. The man who makes the song slides does the rest.

CBS, Sun., 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

EVERYBODY’S MUSIC. Howard Barlow’s Columbia symphony orchestra plays symphonic, operatic and choral works. and Henry M. Needly chats about the musical structure of each piece as one layman to another. It’s a simpleminded method of learning a little something about the classics without getting bogged in a technical morass.

CBS Sun., 3 P. M., 60 min.

SUNDAY DRIVERS. The five-hour working week of Arthur Fields and Fred Hall, according to their press agent, constitutes the heaviest broadcasting schedule in existence among network performers.

Personally, I like this thirty minutes better than their other 470 in the Streamliners program. Dedicated to all Sunday motorists with radio-equipped cars, the hill billy and popular tunes (three-fourths of them written by the versatile writing-singing-comedy patter team) are interspersed with frequent asides to the driver reminding him not to overwork the throttle and the hearse.

I don’t know whether this radio treatment will affect accident statistics, but a fellow would assuredly be a fool to step on the gas and take a chance on not living long enough to hear the rest of a show including Frances Alda and the boys, to say nothing of the six-piece orchestra and its sweet potato obligato.

NBC, Sun., 5:00 P. M., 30 min.
A BAND leader has to be a business man as well as a musician these days. At least, many of your favorite baton-wielders are proving that they do possess business heads, what with offices and office forces of their own.

The latest is that several leaders have banded together and gone into the music publishing business. Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, and Guy Lombardo started by putting $25,000 apiece into a new firm called Words and Music, Inc. Then Abe Lyman and Jack Denny came in and by the time you read this, Wayne King and others may have joined.

Past attempts by the leaders in the music publishing field haven’t been so successful. Isham Jones has his own firm, and the Paul Whiteman Publications is a subsidiary of a larger company, and that’s the list.

The leaders told me they are looking chiefly to their own protection. You see, since Warner Brothers withdrew from ASCAP the first of the year with the corresponding banning of their numbers from the main networks, the leaders have found all the way from ten to forty per cent of their libraries lying around useless. They have sunk a lot of money into special arrangements of these numbers and yet they cannot use the pieces on the air. Many of them have to remake their programs at the last minute because of restricted songs, which irks them no end.

Not only that, but during the recent arrangers’ strike (it’s been settled now) the publishers threatened to enforce an old clause in the copyright law which gives them control
of all special arrangements made from their own catalogs. No one has paid much attention to this in the past, least of all the publishers who were glad to have the leaders make as many special arrangements of their songs as they liked.

Incidentally Fred Waring's brother, Tom, has written quite a few songs and the new firm will get his future output. Likewise Carmen Lombardo, while Whiteman has sponsored quite a few song writers. Looks as if you'll be hearing more songs written by band leaders.

The arrangers are back at work but the victory was not very decisive for the Musician's Union. Arrangers are getting a little more money now and shorter hours but the union did not succeed in making publishing houses a closed shop.

HALF NOTES

DICK STABLE, who left Ben Bernie to start his own band, had his first professional engagement at the Pennsylvania, replacing Hal Kemp. Let you know later how Dick is doing. Two English boys who made good in this country although they had to give up their old bands and start new ones, are Ray Noble and Jack Hylton. Now it is rumored that Bert Ambrose, another of the English aces, is to come in our midst. Well, our cousins from across the pond can make more dough on this side anyway what with radio being commercial, and you can't blame them so much for coming over.

POND'S

SUNLIGHT Shades flatter your skin in the Hardest Light

NOW you can defy the full glare of the sun! Go out into it hatless!... Confident your skin has only the soft sunny glow of early spring sunshine! Pond's "Sunlight" shades are away from the old "sun-tan" powders. Totally new in effect. Glare-proof! They catch only the softest rays of the sun... Soften your face in hardest light! Becoming with every stage of tan.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage, Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

New "Sunlight" shades
catch only the sun's softest rays—flatten you!

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

The other good looking Hit Parade soloist is Buddy Clark, for some time a sustaining singer on CBS.

PETER DE ROSE—remember his "Wagon Wheels," "Oregon Trail," etc.—wrote the official Texas centennial song approved by the governor and called "Texas Star." Incidentally, Peter was speeding through Central Park recently (Continued on page 69)
2 MORE NEW YORK BEAUTIES are telling you

"Listerine Tooth Paste keeps teeth looking their loveliest"

Hear what Miss Janice Jarratt, often termed the most photographed girl in the world, says:
"Listerine Tooth Paste? It's simply delightful . . . gives my teeth wonderful brilliance and sheen."

Hear, also, the opinion of Miss Carroll Brady, lovely newcomer to famous New York studios:
"The camera is merciless . . . so a model can't take chances with the looks of her teeth. I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping them really white and gleaming."

Like scores of other New York models, whose bread and butter depend on their good looks, these two lovely girls have found by actual experience that this dentifrice is best and safest for preserving and enhancing the beauty of their teeth.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. It contains two special polishing and cleansing ingredients, notable for their safe and gentle action. And right now there is a special inducement to try this exceptional dentifrice. (See panel below.)

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Summer's Best Bargain!
MOIRE VACATION KIT
Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors
AND . . . 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
AND . . . DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH
ALL 3 FOR 49¢

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S WHILE THEY LAST
This offer good in U. S. A. only
HOW MANY OF THE STORIES YOU HAVE READ ABOUT THE POWELL VOICE ARE TRUE?

Warner Brothers

Can such non-chalance be Dick's if he's actually married to Joan Blondell . . . or if he's losing his place in movies to Rudy Vallee?

Dick Powell answers ALL THOSE RUMORS

(Continued on page 73)

(Continued from page 72)

FOR nearly two months you've been reading—
"Dick Powell's just taking time off to marry Joan Blondell. They're on a honeymoon right now."
"Dick Powell claims his operation was successful. Then why has it taken him so long to sing again?"

"Dick Powell left because he doesn't want to continue working on his radio program."
"Is Rudy Vallee going to take Dick Powell's place at the Warner Brothers studios as their new crooning star?"

And that's been only the beginning. As each week in April, then May passed and Dick continued to be absent from the radio studios, tongues wagged faster, newspaper presses rolled off more, newer stories. Each week the sponsors of his program announced that they "hoped" he'd be back that Friday night. And each Friday night someone on the show explained that Dick wasn't ready—quite yet.

When Dick first announced—back in March—that he was unable to start work on his new picture, and that he wouldn't be singing the next Friday, his friends didn't bother to deny the stories that began spreading. His throat had been overtaxed and he was under a doctor's care. That was all.

(Continued on page 73)
Ray E. Lee Jackson

For the Fleischmann hour with Rudy Vallee, see page fifty-one.
WHEN I was a little kid," Rudy Vallee admitted, "my mother told me that I'd be getting into trouble all my life. Maybe she was right."

Maybe. Maybe there are twenty-four hours in the day, and maybe the sun sets in the West. If you've read the newspapers since 1930, or if you've followed the career of radio's best known master of ceremonies any other way, you realize that no one else on the air has been the stormy center of so many private and public imbroglios.

Yet the story behind these front page stories—the reasons, psychological or otherwise, for Rudy's resorting to a few well directed blows to settle arguments—has never been told. On the subject of fights, legal or personal encounters, he has spoken only through his attorney, who uses many words to say nothing. Even on the latest exchange of punches which earned screaming headlines and in which George White, famous producer, was the adversary, any number of reasons were advanced as to why they quarreled but none to explain why it was Rudy again.

Other stars on the air have their troubles, their disagreements, and yet you don't read about their ending in black eyes. Only Rudy Vallee seems to figure in endings of this kind.

That's why I went to see Rudy one night a short time ago while he was playing a limited engagement in Philadelphia's swank Arcadia cafe. It was more than time, I felt, that he discussed a subject which has always been taboo in interviews of any form. When we sat down to dinner in a secluded corner of the impressive dining room, is searchlight blue eyes were quizzical.

"I was wondering about your fights," I began with a certain excusable amount of nervousness.

Rudy sat back and did the one thing I least expected. He laughed, a hearty, bellowing laugh that made me laugh too. And right then and there he gave me the whole story.

"I've always had a bad temper," he began, "the kind of temper that gets you into tough spots. For instance: I say that the front of this restaurant has a canopy. You say it hasn't and then give me an argument about it. I—well, I get mad and, if you can't convince me I'm wrong in a hurry, there's likely to be trouble.

"Is that what happened backstage at the 'Scandals?'" I asked.

Once more Rudy did the unexpected. Perhaps, after weeks of razzing about his encounter with George White, he was used to the question. Whatever the cause, he threw back his head and laughed again.

"I guess so," he smiled. "I thought I was right about that, too. And I still do, black eye or no black eye. I have convictions and I'll fight for them any day in the week.

"The funny part is—and you've got to believe this—it's true—I don't approve of fighting. Never have. I don't see how anyone ever could. Fighting, whether it's a war between two nations or a private war between two men, is stupid and savage. It's the wrong way to try to solve problems, because it never solves them. Suppose I have gotten into a couple of fights. That doesn't mean I condone them. As far as the ones I've been in go, I still feel I was right every time, but I know my methods were all wrong."

"Then why get into them?"

"I just lost my temper. I'll admit I have a too-quick temper. I've always considered it my greatest fault. Well, not my greatest, maybe—but at any rate the one I'd most like to correct. I've never been able to curb it to any appreciable extent. I inherit it, I believe, for my father is French, and has the typical French shortness of temper. On my mother's side, I'm Irish and—well, you can figure out for yourself what kind of a combination that is.

I'm a firm believer in the influence of heredity. Now, don't get the idea I'm trying to dodge responsibility for my own actions and place the blame on a lot of departed and defenseless ancestors. I attribute a great deal of any success I may have had to those ancestors, too. They gave me my love for music, and the driving urge to get ahead."

Temper—well, I saw a vivid exhibition of Rudy's temper before I said goodbye to him that evening. He was trying out a new song before a restaurant full of customers. Besides being new, it was a tricky song, too. The pianist struck a wrong key. Rudy glared at him fiercely, but the luckless ivory tinkler proceeded blithely (Continued on page 79)
Lucy Monroe didn't want to tell me this story. I still can't understand why she did. She would rather talk about her mother, her love for music, a book she happens to be reading, or perhaps, a play she has just seen.

Usually, when talking with Lucy, one is conscious of being with a girl who is well read, witty, intelligent, and filled with nothing more than a desire to please, and be pleased. Just a swell person, light and gay, and outwardly a bit sophisticated.

That is—usually—but on this particular afternoon, I had the rare pleasure of observing a different Lucy Monroe. I sat quietly, and listened, while a wistful, blue-eyed girl told me in simple, unaffected language about the man she has loved for three years—told me of her innermost feelings for this man, and the seemingly insurmountable barriers that have kept them from the one thing they both yearn for so greatly—marriage.

This is the story of Lucy Monroe's three-year romance. A story she has managed carefully to conceal from magazine and newspaper people, and, as mentioned before, I cannot understand why she told it to me. Perhaps it was because she was in a mood, but I would like to believe it was because she felt that I would re-tell her story as simply and truthfully as it was related.

We were sitting in a corner of one of NBC's largest studios. It was late in the afternoon, and Lucy had been rehearsing since ten-thirty that morning. She looked tired, her eyes were heavy, half closed, and as she talked she slumped low in the chair, and leaned her head back against the wall. There were but a few people in the studio, and the orchestra was rehearsing. She spoke softly, and, at intervals, it was difficult to hear her.

"If you felt," Lucy began, "that you were the cause of
Lucy is at the crossroads of her life as she weighs her sweetheart’s demand: Marry me now or forget me.

hopelessly entangling four people’s lives, it would not be an easy thing to explain. That is what I’m afraid I have done!

“What happened was not intentional,” she said, lowering her voice. “It is not even new. It has probably happened many times before, to other people, but usually, in cases of this sort, two of the unlucky victims of circumstance have ultimately come out all right. In my case,” she said, with a sad half smile, “whether they will or not is entirely up to me. You see, one of them is myself.”

And then she told her story. It began when Lucy graduated from Horace Mann High School, in New York City, and started out to capture just two things from life—a successful career, and marriage. You will notice that a career is mentioned first, because it was at that time, and I suspect even now, the most important thing in Lucy’s life.

Lucy saw from the first that the road she was to travel would be strewn with obstacles, and that her only hope for success lay in working mightily and arriving via the “step by step” process. She travelled in stock, playing in drafty theaters of small towns, she sang hits in musical comedies and opera. She worked hard and consistently. She wanted above everything else, to be a (Continued on page 71)
A new and revealing portrait of the two engaging young gentlemen you know as Lum (left), played by Chester Lauck, and Abner, played by Norris Goff. They're married to beautiful girls from Arkansas, their home state, which recently named a real town Pine Ridge, the imaginary scene of their NBC show.

Niela Goodelle had found success in the Follies and musical comedy before she entered radio—and no wonder, with that face and figure! Her correspondingly lovely voice was her passport to radio, via the Shell Chateau. Now she's on an NBC Blue network, Mondays and Wednesdays at seven o'clock.
Marion Talley has emerged from the long retirement which came four years after a spectacular Metropolitan Opera debut. A mature artist, she stars in radio for Ry-Krisp and in the new film, "Follow Your Heart."
That happy pair, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, lend their musical and comedy talents to the Gulf Gasoline program, Sunday evenings over CBS, taking Phil Baker’s place while he indulges in a summer vacation.
A PARK AVENUE matron was speaking to a friend the morning after a party she had attended this spring.

"Oh—I must tell you—I met Boake Carter. My dear, he's not tall at all and his moustache isn't black, it's red!"

That would probably be the reaction of many of Boake Carter's most ardent feminine fans if they could meet him. Men react more favorably when they first see CBS's most famous newscaster. They like the friendliness of his manner and—strangely—don't take a violent dislike to his British accent. Probably because it is so easily recognizable as genuine. And they like his freckles and sandy hair.

Boake Carter's Philco broadcasts are unique in many respects. The most publicized aspect of them is the freedom with which he takes sides in issues other speakers prefer to slide over. Another aspect, however, that's not generally known is the amount of feminine fan mail he receives. Women are not notoriously avid for the kind of program Mr. Carter has been presenting now for over three years. The voice which first called attention to him before his frequently virulent attacks on people and issues brought him into the limelight has in it the appeal usually reserved for crooners. Women who aren't sure at times what he's talking about are sure that with such a voice he must be tall, dark, mysteriously romantic.

What is the backstage story of such a man?
Next to his personal appearance the question most often asked about him is, "How does he work?"

His working days aren't shrouded in quite the secrecy he would like to make out. It is known that he spends a good deal of every day writing his scripts—pounding them out on a typewriter in his small office, one of the suite belonging to station WCAU in Philadelphia, where most of his broadcasts take place. The address is 1622 Chestnut Street, a few blocks from one of the city's largest retail stores. It is eight minutes from the railway station. Mr. Carter himself will tell you, when you ask him for an appointment, that it is eight minutes' brisk walking distance. He will also tell you that New York trains leave at eight in the morning and arrive in Philadelphia at nine-forty-four. If that's too early, he'll go on through the rest of the morning, rattling off the other leaving and arriving times.

Eight minutes' brisk walk is just that, if Carter happens to be with you. He strides along wearing a rather weather-beaten brown hat tilted slightly back from his forehead, a topcoat that swings back and forth across stocky shoulders. Red traffic lights annoy him and he tries to map out his walking trips so he can turn with traffic at every corner. He's invariably in a hurry during the day. For three years he's been under pressure. But not even the Flemington trial which rocketed him to such sudden fame can equal the work he has just completed.

The end of May, he began a hectic month by going to Havana, Cuba, to join a meeting of Philco radio distributors and give them a pep talk. The last two years he dodged these get-togethers. This spring, suffering from a guilty conscience, he offered to go before his sponsors even suggested it.

On his return he had less than a week before leaving for the Republican convention in Cleveland. In that time he had to renew personally all the friendships he's worked so hard to make since his broadcasts began on the network.

Following the hectic days of the battle for the Republican nomination and with scarcely a day for relaxation, he returned to line up his contacts for the Democratic convention in his home city of Philadelphia.

His contacts are many. They are really the secret of his ability to take sides when controversial questions arise in the day's news. He has made them because he knows how to meet people. He learned to do that working as an inconspicuous reporter on the Philadelphia News, a tabloid daily. He has retained the knack. (Continued on page 86)
Ed Wynn is telling the whole world to listen in Tuesdays again now that he's got Graham McNamee back as his stooge.
In Radio City

By Dan Wheeler

There were Gallagher and Shean. There were Van and Schenk. There were Moran and Mack. There were, to move for a moment into more serious circles, Sothern and Marlowe. There were, and still are, Astaire and Rogers, Amos 'n Andy, Lunt and Fontanne.

And once more there are Wynn and McNamee.

It may seem, at first, as if the relationship in the last case was a little different from that in the others. Ed Wynn is the star of his radio show, true enough, and Graham McNamee is, in theatrical parlance, his straight man. Graham feeds Ed the lines upon which he builds his laughs, and, as a feeder, he's Ed's subordinate.

But there are times when even such a one-sided connection becomes a true partnership; and although no one realized it until a few weeks ago, this Wynn-McNamee combination is one.

Perhaps you felt it, too, that sense of something lacking when Ed returned to the air last winter after a long absence. I know I did. It wasn't Ed himself. If anything, he had more zest than ever before. I watched him during rehearsals and at his first broadcast, reporting his return for Radio Mirror, and I could tell he was happy to be back on the air.

Yet the Ed Wynn program didn't catch on as well as it should have. Various stimuli were tried—a juggling of the tempo, addition of vocal numbers by a mixed chorus. Nothing had much effect. Then, with the clearing of Ed's old time, the time he had made traditionally his by three years of steady broadcasting, nine-thirty on Tuesday nights over the NBC red network, the decision was reached. Put Ed Wynn back on his old time and network, and bring back his old straight man, Graham McNamee!

To say that both Ed and Graham were tickled pink would be entirely too conservative. When I saw them, just before their first broadcast together in the new series, they were both beaming.

This was on a Tuesday afternoon. Broadcast time was only a few hours away. As yet they hadn't even bothered to rehearse together, but they weren't worried.

"We're picking up where we left off," Graham told me. "Why, in the three years we were together before, there wasn't a single time we rehearsed together more than once over the script—and once over lightly at that."

As a matter of fact, Graham hadn't had time to rehearse. He had been rushing around the eastern seaboard, occupied with a Vallee show in Washington, a trip to Lakehurst to help cover the arrival of the dirigible Hindenburg. Major Bowes' amateur show, and the sound-track on a couple of news reels. In all probability, he never will find time to get together with Ed before Tuesday afternoon. Ed himself will probably rehearse, as he did for the first program, with someone else reading Graham's lines, as neatly set down in the script.

And then Graham will come along; and they'll go over the script together, and everything will be set for the broadcast.

Only it won't be set, really.

That's where the partnership comes in. Ed and Graham simply never have been able to stick to the script in their broadcasts. They used to start out with the best intentions in the world of going straight through the show as written, but pretty soon one of them would make some impromptu remark, the other would answer back, and before long they'd be galloping off at a wild tangent from what the fellow who wrote the script had had in mind.

"Sometimes," they told me, "we'd get so far off the track we couldn't possibly get back on, and we'd stand there, adlibbing for all we were worth, trying to work the talk back to where it belonged."

All this led naturally to what eventually became their favorite little game during a broadcast. Did you know that each one is forever trying to trip the other up? That's what is behind all those comments one throws in while the other is talking, and nothing delights them more than to succeed.

It's harder, of course, for Graham, because Ed is supposed to be funny and Graham isn't. Graham still shudders when he thinks of the one time Ed badgered him into making a bad mistake. It was the sort of mistake that gives announcers nightmares, and although it turned out all right, at the time Graham thought he had set his career back a little matter of some ten years.

Perhaps you remember it. It happened while Graham was reading a commercial announcement. Ed was heckling away, having a fine time, when Graham came to the mention of his sponsor's product, gasoline. Only he didn't say "gasoline." He said "gasoloon."

Ed let out a delighted whoop and began to heckle all the harder. It was no laughing matter for Graham, and he'd have thanked Ed to let the mistake pass, hoping the audience would think it hadn't heard correctly. But after all, Ed was the wiser of the two. The mistake became a hit, the listeners loved it, and the sponsors were so pleased they bought Ed a new trick hat with "Gasoloon" lettered across the front. So famous did that slip of the tongue become, in fact, that it was even worked into Ed and Graham's first broadcast in the new series.

(Continued on page 55)
BRANDISHING fistfuls of certified checks, political managers assail the air castles clamoring for time in which to extoll the virtues of aspirants to office and to expound their policies, principles and platforms. The conventions over and the presidential candidates duly named, the Republican and Democratic national committees start spending $3,000,000 between them to reach the electorate via the ether. It is the biggest sum ever appropriated for radio electioneering but then this is the hottest campaign in the history of the nation.

With the New Dealers and the Anti-New Dealers so keenly radio-minded, the broadcast industry is prospering this summer as never before. Last summer was the best in twelve years of commercial radio but this summer is running away ahead of it in receipts. Because of politics riding the kilocycles high, wide and handsome, many sponsors accustomed to quitting the airwaves for the hot months are continuing their programs. They fear to relinquish choice spots lest they be unable to regain them in the fall when the campaigns reach their peak and the demand for time becomes greatest. The natural result of this condition of affairs is unprecedented prosperity for the wireless. It is the good old summer time in the studios, all right.

MEANWHILE, safe from the sound and fury of politics—at least for a few weeks—many of your favorite broadcasters are vacationing while substitutes carry on for them. Fred Allen has retreated to the wilds of Maine, leaving Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd to conduct the Town Hall Tonight proceedings and to make merry with their own political campaign to “Keep Stoopnagle Out of the White House.” Peter Van Steeden continuing as the musical director of the program. Bob Ripley has gone globe-trotting again in search of new believe-it-or-nots and his companions of the last several months, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, are enjoying a respite from the studios. In their stead on the Baker’s broadcast are Sedley Brown and Mrs. Allie Lowe Miles, who are conducting a domestic relations series called “Husbands and Wives.” Jack Benny, too, is on vacation so far as the microphone is concerned but is clowning for the cameras on the Paramount lot in Hollywood.

YOU need more than a stovepipe hat and a white rabbit to foretell the future of programs these days. Take Show Boat for example. Back towards the middle of May, its sponsors were auditioning talent like mad, trying to find someone or something to take the place of Lanny Ross, who definitely announced his departure for points West. It wasn’t denied at the agency producing the program that the entire present cast had been handed notices. Al Goodman’s band had auditioned three times before this went to press. The idea is to hold summer dancing sessions aboard the craft until fall. Come that time, not even this soothsayer would care to wrap a turban around the damp brow and hazard a guess as to what the bill of fare will be.

Then, too, Atlantic Family is in a turmoil. Spies report that Frank Parker may leave—perhaps by the time you read this. Bob Hope may be the star of the whole shebang. But if rumors are true, he may also sign to take over Jack Benny’s half hour while Jack is away. In that case, he’ll say goodbye to Atlantic Family. Bob’s married, by the way, something not generally known, to a gal who has already started her own sustaining program over a CBS network. The name is Dolores Reade and she’s swell looking.

Looks now as though Dooley and Dowling will be on past the first of July, but come what will of the show, it’s developed a new funny man by the name of Snookkey Puss. Cliff Arquette plays the role and the faces he makes send studio audiences into hysteries. Cliff’s been taking various roles on NBC programs for years. Several sponsors are now eyeing him as future comedy material. Fall should see him well advanced on the way to stardom.

ANOTHER absentee from the Broadcasting chamber for the rest of the summer is Eddie Cantor but he is by no means idle, having returned to his Hollywood chores. Eddie resumes broadcasting in mid-September for a new sponsor—the Texaco Company which brought Ed Wynn to the air—and a new salary, $15,000 per broadcast, an increase of $2,500 from his Pabeco contract of last winter. From this amount Eddie must defray the expenses of the band and all other talent on the program but when he does he will still have more than $10,000 left for himself. With his radio, picture and writing activities, Cantor now has an income of nearly a million a year and is bracketed with Major Edward Bowes as the two highest-salaried men in show business. Although intimates estimate Major Bowes’ annual income at $1,000,000, the exploiter of amateurs himself denied it. He says it is only $650,000 a year. Just imagine!

MANY of those microphone personalities who continue despite the heat are finding rest and relaxation between broadcasts cruising the waters adjacent New York City. It really is surprising how numerous are the marine-
The four beautiful damsels at the left ready to bowl them over are: Betty Gould, Eve Arden who stooges for Ken Murray, Betty Wragge, star of Forever Young and (shh!) Bob Hope's wife, Dolores Reade. Down to the left is Phillips Lord who's gone and got himself another sailing boat. The other nautical gent with the map is Curtis Arnall planning out a round-the-world junket he wants to take about September. The guy with a pipe and a coat is happy Fred Astaire who grins while newshawks ask him about the radio program he's starting in the fall.
As you read this, someone somewhere is contemplating suicide.

As your eye moves to this second paragraph, that someone has decided that unless help can be found soon—immediately—his only relief from a gnawing, aching unhappiness will come with death.

I hope that person isn't you. But if it should be—and if you have told the Voice of Experience that unless he comes to your aid, you intend to die—wait for him. Give the man a chance!

There are now fourteen persons dead who might be alive and happy had they done that. Fourteen who wrote, then didn't wait. Fourteen who laid their hearts bare to him because they thought him their last chance, then didn't give him an opportunity to help.

The tragic part is that the Voice of Experience could have done something for each. But the routine of handling the thousands of letters he receives each day takes time. Hours are spent just in opening them. They must be read, and each of the problems presented must be analyzed. Those that contain money must be read very carefully, so that the money goes for the purpose for which it was intended. Others must be classified according to what the writer wants. And the under-secretaries who read the mail and note its contents cannot be expected to know that an envelope lying at the bottom of the pile contains the most urgent and piteous request.

One girl—one of the fourteen—who wrote to the Voice of Experience didn't know this. She wasn't thinking of thousands of letters; she was fighting desperately as she set down these words:

"I married a fine young fellow two years ago when I was just a chorus girl—but a good one—and less than a year later a precious baby was born, just one week before my husband died.

"Not once have I gone out with any man..."

The Voice of Experience at the desk where too late have arrived many other letters as pathetic as the one reproduced here.
since my husband died, although I have been asked and even insulted. One man specially has tried his best to make me go out with him, but I have refused. Finally, about a week ago he told me that if I didn't come to him he would make it tough for me. Four days ago the authorities came and took my baby away from me. It near drove me crazy. I almost killed myself yesterday by jumping in front of a subway train, but I still guess I had a little hope.

"I can't stand this much longer, but I will wait to hear from you until Friday morning. Certainly you can do something by then. If not, I won't be here Friday afternoon.

"God bless you and please help me."

Mrs. —— ——"

She wrote that on Monday. And the ensuing four days must have been a burning, consuming hell. She must have listened, her eyes frightened, her fingers twisting a handkerchief, as the Voice of Experience each afternoon went carefully over the human problems laid before him by others.

He need only have said four words, and she would have known. Just "I will get her." But he didn't. Not on Tuesday, nor Wednesday, nor Thursday.

Friday morning at nine o'clock, a young man who worked for the Voice of Experience came into the office with the other secretaries. He hung his coat carefully over his chair, looked for a moment at his partly-read morning paper, then picked an envelope off a pile before him. He removed the letter, read it, and made a notation on top that indicated it should be referred to the secretary handling requests for medical attention. He selected another letter. The notation on top of it indicated the writer was suffering from fear of closed rooms.

There was nothing about the next envelope to set it apart from the others. It had lain at the bottom of a steadily diminishing pile of similar envelopes and there had been no silent voice to mark its presence. The young man picked it up and drew the sheets of paper out. He read only half the letter while seated; the rest he finished on his way to the private office of the Voice of Experience.

"We haven't much time on this," he said quickly. "Fortunately, she lives in New York."

The Voice of Experience pressed a buzzer while glancing at the note. When the investigator entered, he handed the note to him.

It took the investigator less than ten minutes to get to where the girl lived. But he was too late! She had killed herself bare minutes before he arrived.

The body of a young woman—a young mother whose distraught mind had not allowed her to wait another few minutes—had been found on the street below her window.

The Voice of Experience is aware of the awful significance of the moving minute hand to those who suffer. He has speeded up the mechanics of his office to their highest level. In fairness to everyone, he can't handle things too quickly, since some might be slighted.

A letter he received just three months ago moved quickly through the routine. But quickly meant two days, and two days was not soon enough.

It read:

"You have said many times, 'Keep your chin up.'—but, brother, you have never tried." (Continued on page 78)
MANY of you have seen the dramatic part radio can play in the lives of listeners—perhaps you yourself have had the whole course of your existence altered by tuning in some program. Some of you, too, have seen what your letters have done to certain shows.

But none of you knows what a certain program has done to the lives of the people who make up the cast, how the drama of their personal lives has come to parallel the make-believe drama of this half-hour.

I didn’t know, either, the Wednesday I visited the San Francisco offices of NBC and stepped into the studio from which One Man’s Family reaches you each week. At the moment I walked inside there was a holl in rehearsal and most of the cast was grouped off to one side.

Unobserved, I stepped closer and as I approached I saw that the center of conversation was a gentle, friendly woman whom you know as Fanny Barbour. It was Minetta Ellen who plays the part of the mother of One Man’s Family. Everyone was engaged in the discussion, intent on the problem, oblivious to the fact that a stranger was nearby.

The impression stole over me that I was a rude intruder, an unwanted who was eavesdropping on something that didn’t concern me. I forgot that here was really a group of people brought together by nothing more intimate than the business of rehearsing for a broadcast. I forgot that I was in a modern radio studio, with microphones, special composition floors, and soundproofed walls.

Rather, I was looking in some old fashioned home, at a round table conference in which the whole family had gathered. Here each person belonged, each had his share of the life as brother or sister or sweetheart.

Later I was to learn how much the feeling of sharing the life of a united family has meant to Minetta Ellen, how acting in One Man’s Family completely changed the course of her life, saved her from the ordinary dullness of middle age. It helped her to break away from that period of life on dinner that night covered.

Life stretched out ahead of Minetta Ellen in a dull succession of gray, inactive days when she first joined this program, back in 1932, shortly before its network inception. She was a grandmother who had seen the family she was once a part of grow away from her. Looking at herself in the mirror, she could see the dullness of her eyes, realize that there was no animation any longer in her features.

She never knew what prompted her to take the job, nor what hidden impulse urged her to keep on with it. But as she stayed with the program, life once more began to surge up within her. Slowly everyone working with her—Hazel, Paul, Jack, Teddy, Henry—began to be a real person, all part of a family she loved.

Soon the children took their troubles to her—real life troubles that followed them into the studio—and she began to help them find solutions. A sparkle came back into her eyes. She walked with the spring and buoyancy of a much younger woman. The joy of life was hers again, hers to hold as long as she wanted. She had changed middle life from a period of broken dreams and memories to a period of new hopes and new ambitions.

Standing near Minetta, his arm around Page Gilman who plays the role of Jack, was the father of the family, J. Anthony Smythe—Henry Barbour to the millions of Wednesday night listeners. A kindly smile wreathed his lips; his eyes twinkled with silent laughter. Page was telling him about the quarrel he’d had the night before with his best girl.

Four years ago, before the name of J. Anthony Smythe meant anything to radio audiences, this same man had finished one more tour of the West with a stock company. An inveterate traveler, he never came to rest, never could fight off the restlessness that had driven him half way
around the world. And, above all, that had made of him a confirmed bachelor.

Then he took the role of Henry Barbour. At first it was just another part for him, another character to portray for a few months before the wanderlust seized him again. The months rolled by, became a year. He was still coming to the studio every week, still playing this role.

At first it irritated him, vaguely, that he should have lost the desire to travel. Then he forgot to think about it. Before long, he was looking around for a more comfortable place to live.

"It was then that I thought of people I should have thought of long ago," he told me after the broadcast that day. "I called my three sisters, went to see them, and in the end I persuaded them to come and live with me. Playing the part of Henry had taught me a great lesson. I saw for the first time what I had been missing—the joys of home life, the happiness of being surrounded by a family."

This spring, they have moved into a beautiful house, Anthony, his sisters, and a niece. He has made a home for himself and the others, a home that brings them all the joys they would never have experienced if One Man's Family hadn't been created.

This radio series took an aging bachelor, set in his ways, bitten by the travel bug, unaware of the simple pleasures he was passing by, and made him over into a family man who has taken up gardening this spring because, as he told me laughingly, "Henry Barbour, in the script, decided it was a good idea. You should see me out spading. That's something I never dreamed of doing a few years ago."

The program has had its effect on the young people in the cast, too. In a way, an even more drastic effect, since it has molded the futures of Kathleen Wilson, Bernice Berwin, and Page Gilman.

Kathleen takes the role of Claudia Barbour. You who have followed faithfully the progress of One Man's Family remember that some time ago Claudia suddenly eloped. Few, if any of you, knew what effect that had on her private life outside the broadcasting studio.

Kathleen Wilson had been in love for some time. For most of this time she and her sweetheart had been engaged. Yet they continued to drift along. Kathleen wasn't sure. And as the program grew more successful, as it became more and more obvious that she had a career in radio, she grew more doubtful of the wisdom of an early marriage. Again and again she put off any definite date for a wedding. It was so important, such a serious thing, she argued, how can I be sure?

"It sounds funny now," Kathleen told me, leaning back in her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, "but Carleton Morse, the author of the program, must have divined what was going on in my mind. For suddenly Claudia Barbour eloped in the story. I had to play that part, speak those lines, say over the air how grand marriage was, how worthwhile, and how easily problems that once loomed large were solved when wedding bells had rung."

Whatever Morse thought, the script elopement did the trick. It proved to Kathleen the wisdom of marrying once you are sure you're in love, of facing each problem as it arises rather than anticipating them as she had been doing. It was only a few weeks after the elopement in the program that she married her fiancé.

"I can't tell you how happy I am now that we got married when we did. If it hadn't been for playing a role in this show, we would still be drifting, my husband and I, perhaps even have quarreled and gone our separate ways!"

To still another member of this family the program has brought happiness she'd otherwise have missed. Bernice Berwin, whose role is that of Hazel, has discovered the joys of (Continued on page 85)
A perfect contrast in mood and behavior. Right, the new Fifi with hubby Maurice Hill, and, below, in the once gay, mad Hollywood days.

**The Taming of FIFI D'ORSAY**

**NOT** since the time Clara Bow stood on her head at a very very ultra Hollywood cocktail party has any gal—Mae West included—romped off with more coast-to-coast newspaper headlines to her credit than Fifi D'Orsay.

For years Fifi was America's own Wild Girl and she loved it and America loved it and so did the movie-going natives of a batch of foreign countries. Fifi was everything the raz-matazz zazzouzazz flaming-youth-on-the-hoof flipper of the post-war era was supposed to be. She rolled her stockings and her French R's and her big eyes and started the vogue for being cutely bad that brought many a parental hair-brush down on the derrières of young American girlhood.

She introduced shorts to Hollywood Boulevard, a briar pipe to the Loop and bell-bottom pants to Broadway, and collected a ton or so of press clippings in receipt. Her publicity stills were invariably a mere matter of black georgette wispies which lifted her right out of the theatrical section to a four-column spread on page two. She oo-dă-lădă several million slipper-snoozers out of their armchairs by staging the first trial honeymoon, diving half-clad at high noon into an Indianapolis park fountain, kissing a good-looking traffic policeman at one of Philadelphia's busiest intersections, forgetting to go home from a gay bon voyage party until she was retrieved by a seaplane ninety miles off the Golden Gate. She dyed her hair black instead of blond, changed her boyish shingle to a wilted "pineapple bob" and it all edged many a Ladies Garden Club feature story off the front page of the home town dailies.

Of course everybody knew that half the D'Orsay shenanigans were performed for sweet publicity's sake but nobody cared. In an era when rowdy and undisciplined expressionism was the thing, when the Full Life had to be raw and red and hotcha or not at all, you could keep up with Fifi's latest and have, vicariously anyway, all sorts of thrills—an orchid on your breakfast tray every morning, fewer inhibitions than a waterbug, an ermine bedspread, temperament, an entourage of servants, tons of monkey fur shredding wickedly over every dress you owned, an automobile that looked like a bright pink pullman car and managed to amalgamate, quite harmlessly, with at least one good telephone pole a month.

This was the D'Orsay of a few years back—the naughty little hey-hy hoyden.

**But you ought to see Fifi now!**

Honest, you just ought to see her. You can hear her any Wednesday night on the Folies de Paree program but just listening you wouldn't catch on to how everything's changed. Girls have a way of bubbling. "Darling, I'm positively a new woman these days," but I never heard it de-note half as much as it did the other morning when I found Fifi up to the elbows in a laundry tub full of assorted male socks, wearing a wrap-around house apron—nothing frilly, just the plain bargain basement variety—churnin an expensive manicure up and down in a dither of gray soapy water.

She laughed that full, throaty, guttural laugh of hers the minute I mentioned the razzle-dazzle years. "Darleeng, the things I do now have got to be more degnified!"
And there's a very funny story behind that.
It's a funny story because love, to be perfectly trite, is a funny thing. One spring day three years ago when Fifi was making a personal appearance at a downtown Chicago theater she happened to be introduced backstage to a very big and handsome and gray-eyed and serious-looking young name named Maurice Hill. He said how do you do and she said hello and that was all there was to it because just then the orchestra gave her her cue, so she ran onstage and began her first number never suspecting for an instant that starting right then the rest of her life was going to be radically changed, much less that a gent named Hill was going to tame her and make her like it.
Maurice was a wealthy young doctor who in 1932 had been voted the most attractive college man in the United States. He'd gone to Rush Medical School and at the time he met Fifi he was interning at Woodlawn Hospital in Chicago. He'd just about made up his mind that the eyes, ears, noses and throats of the Illinois citizenry weren't quite the attractive life work he'd hoped they'd be when they met and that finished his decision once and for all. After a very romantic ten-months' courtship the two were married in California and Maurice gave up medicine to go into show business.
Of course the wedding got a big play in all the papers, too. Fifi and her husband were repeatedly pictured in all sorts of endearing and domestic poses—kissing each other hello in New York, kissing each other goodbye in Kansas City, pulling a pie out of the kitchen range, riding horseback together, giving the puppy a bath, dining at home à deux. And people believed all but the ones that showed Fifi in an apron looking very content and settled—and wondered how long it could possibly last.
Well, it's lasted for over two years now and I give you my word the way things look around the Hill establishment these days it's not only love, it's permanent. The Fifi you hear on the air and see in short subjects at the movies is the same Fifi you've always known but she's learned what she considers a valuable lesson; a girl can be naughty and still be nice. A really smart actress can be suc-

By MARY
WATKINS REEVES

A HOOPLA GAL WHO
MADE FRONT PAGE HIST-
TORY WITH HER NAUGHTY
ANTICS HAS BECOME
JUST PLAIN MRS. HILL

Fifi D'Orsay is heard on the Folies de Paree show—see page 50.
Right—Awww-yeah, that's Oswald of Ken Murray's Tuesday night CBS show. Tony Labriola is his real name, and he's an old-time concert musician here and over in Europe. He originated the Awww-yeah line when he played Sassafras with Ken in Earl Carroll's Sketch Book. You'll be seeing Ken and him soon in some Warner Brothers shorts . . . Below him is Marge of the Easy Aces program. Mary Hunter is her name, and she was a WGN, Chicago, hostess when the Aces began their show. She got the part because of her infectious laugh, and has kept it ever since. . . . Margaret MacLaren, below center, is still in her teens but already she's a featured performer in the NBC Tastyeast programs. She's Scotch, and specializes in that dialect, and her soprano voice has been compared to Jeanette MacDonald's . . . Expert in all sports, particularly racing, is Clem McCarthy, below. A lifetime of sports enthusiasm has fitted him to become radio's authority on the subject. He wanted to be a jockey as a boy, but he grew too large and became a newspaper man instead. His radio career began 'way back in 1927 in Chicago's racing field, Arlington Park, as an announcer, and since then he has described many a major sport event as it happened, in his distinctive, terse and clipped style. You'll hear him now in his own show, Flying Around the Sports Map, on NBC three times a week at eleven P.M.
Here's the varied fare radio offers you—from news to music to humor.

Above, Pat Barnes, NBC character actor, entertainer, and philosopher, who celebrated his tenth year in radio not long ago. He's taken as many as twenty different parts in a single sketch, and also writes his own scripts. Born in Pennsylvania, he served overseas in the War, was married in 1926, and has one daughter... Ralph Kirbery, above left, is the NBC Dream Singer, with Al and Lee Reiser on Thursday mornings. He'd rather fish than eat, and he likes radio better than any other job he ever had because it allows him more time for fishing. He's a bachelor, athletic in appearance, and a War veteran... Gene Conklin, below Ralph, featured tenor soloist on Fred Waring's shows, learned to play the saxophone in his high school band because it got him out of military training. He played in dance orchestras for two years after he graduated from school, before he discovered he could sing, too. Now, with the Warings, he does nothing else... Ken Carpenter, left, is the chief NBC announcer in Hollywood—you hear him with Marion Talley and Bing Crosby; but he'd rather cover sports events than regular shows. He was born in Illinois and studied law to please his father but turned to advertising. An agency where he applied for a job suggested radio, and he landed at KFI, Los Angeles NBC station. He is married to his college sweetheart, and they have one son, six years old.
Claudia Morgan, left, is Clarissa Oakley in NBC's serial, David Harum. She proved she was a dynamo of energy this spring by playing leading roles in two Broadway hits besides keeping her daily air date. She's the daughter of actor Ralph Morgan. ... Below her are the show's other stars, Paul Stewart (Charlie Cullom), Wilmer Walter (David), and Peggy Allenby (Susan Price). Paul and Peggy are two of radio's busiest young actors. Wilmer was born in Philadelphia, toured the country as "Ben Hur," has built his own summer camp up in the Maine woods.

Left below, Jack Arthur, who was Fanny Brice's father in her comic Baby Snooks sketches on the recent Ziegfeld Follies program. You may hear him on Show Boat this summer. He's a World War veteran, and created a leading role in the famed War play, "What Price Glory" ... Joan Baker, center, stepped out of Ohio State College into the part of Carol Girard in CBS' serial, Renfrew of the Mounted, but she'd already played on the stage since she was sixteen. Her hobbies are swimming and tennis ... Geoffrey Bryant, below, is the owner of the voice which imitates Thomas A. Edison's on the memorial programs to the great inventor being broadcast by both big networks. He's a Texan and he won this, his first big radio assignment, by a study of Edison's career.
PRESENTING THE STARS ON SHOWS WHICH ARE KEEPING YOUR SUMMER RADIOS BUSY

Wilfe Carter, right, is CBS' Yodeling Cowboy, Montana Slim. He got his radio start singing over a station in Calgary, Canada, came to New York to go on the network, but doesn't like tall buildings and traffic . . . Linda Lee, in circle, is soloist with the Russ Morgan band on its NBC spot. She quit her job as buyer for a New Orleans department store to seek singing fame up North, sang two years in St. Louis.

Below, Jimmy Farrell, CBS baritone who started on the road to success by winning an amateur audition conducted by Kate Smith in 1935. Before that he'd sung only in his glee club at Hobart College. He was born in upstate New York 26 years ago, has blond hair, is a good golfer, and a bachelor. Just now he's on a sustaining spot in the Columbia schedule. Below right, Paul Whiteman's old Rhythm Boys play in the interest of Fels Naptha soap on eastern CBS stations Tuesday and Thursday at 12:15. Left to right they're "Ice" Switzler, Al Dary (pianist and arranger), George MacDonald, and Ray Kultz. They joined Whiteman after Bing Crosby and the rest of the first Rhythm Boys unit disbanded. They stayed with the King of Jazz two years before striking out for themselves. All are New Englanders except Al, who was born in New Jersey. Besides their radio work they are popular around New York night clubs.
I GUESS everyone knows, by this time, how you get to
be a Major Bowes Amateur, so I'll skip over most of
that part of it. You have to live near New York, or
at least you have to get there at your own risk. Then you
apply, and the Major gives you an audition. The next Sun-
day, if you pass your audition, you appear at the broad-
casting studio in the afternoon. You have dinner with the
rest of the amateurs who have been called for the program,
and after dinner you sit in the studio. About half past seven
it begins to fill up with people, and at eight o'clock the
Amateur Hour program starts. You don't know if you're
going to be on it right up till the last minute when the
Major calls for you. Then the votes come in and, if you're
lucky, and if you want to do it, you're assigned to one of
the units traveling around the country.

That's that part of it, and I guess everybody knows
about it. Now I'll go on and tell you what it's like to be
on one of the units.

I was one of the lucky ones. I got enough votes so that
the Major asked me if I would like to join a unit, and I
said Yes.

On my first trip with the unit we started out by train
from the Grand Central Station in New York. Sometimes
the amateurs travel on buses, but usually it's on trains. In
our unit there were about eighteen or twenty people. There
was a manager, a master of ceremonies, two professional ac-
companists, a dancer, a popular blues singer, an operatic
singer, a hill-billy band, a fellow who played bells and
musical glasses, a trio of three sisters who sang harmony
numbers, and a hot clarinet player. They arrange it so
that every unit will be a regular little traveling vaudeville
show, with a lot of variety. Nobody would want to see a
show, for instance, that was all singers.

We went South, first, to Washington and Baltimore, and
then swung West, working our way out slowly toward
Texas and the Coast. I had never done very much traveling,
and at first I could hardly believe that this was happening
to me—seeing all these new cities and towns, and going on
and on. It was like a dream. We would get into a town at
ten o'clock in the morning, say. First we'd go to the hotel.
The advance man, traveling a week ahead of us, had ar-
 ranged beforehand what hotel it would be, and we almost
always got rates. The hotel people seemed to go out of
their way to be nice to us. Everyone did, in fact. Well,
we'd go to the hotel, and wash our faces and fix up a bit,
and then there would be a parade for us. We'd ride up
the main street in cars, and the mayor would be there to
give us the key to the city, and all the rest of it. We would
usually have lunch at the Rotary or Kiwanis Club, as their
guests.

In the afternoon, or evening, depending on the size of
the city and whether they had afternoon performances,
we'd go to the theater. I don't know if any of you, reading
this, have ever been backstage in a theater, or down
in the dressing rooms, but I know I never had, and it was
very exciting. It's still exciting to me. The dressing rooms
are almost always down in the basement. They smell of
cold cream and powder and grease paint, and each one has
a chair, a shelf, some hooks for your clothes, and a big mir-
ror with bright lights around the top and sides. Lots of
times, on the walls, are pencilled the names of all the famous
old vaudeville teams, who have been there before you.
You'll see something like "Casey and Leona, September,
1913," and it gives your heart a little twinge. Vaudeville is
just about gone, these days, and it is wonderful, and a little
sad, to think of who may have been in those dressing rooms
ahead of us. All those people, who worked so hard and so
long to entertain the public for so many years—and now
we come along, a lot of green kids, and dress where they

Presenting the author of this story, a beautiful
girl of just twenty. Rhoda comes from Pittsburgh
and Akron, Ohio. Left an orphan at ten, she
travelled to Akron and found work there selling
candy. Last fall she landed in New York with
exactly $8.00. A blues singer, she was heard by
Major Bowes and went on his program, back in
November. She's been touring since, with time off
to write her story, exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.
used to dress. It makes you want to take a vow to give your very best, and nothing but your best.

At Bucyrus, Ohio, the opera house caught fire and burned to the ground just eighteen minutes after our performance was over and we left to go back to the hotel. That would have been an adventure, if we hadn’t had those eighteen minutes. Caught in a theater fire! Can you imagine anything more exciting? The newspaper, the next morning, said that we were a hot bunch of entertainers, and we had put on a hot show—that was why the fire had started.

After we had been on the road a few weeks our unit began to shake down into a regular routine. I mean, the novelty was wearing off, and we were getting wise to a lot of tricks, like regular trouper. For instance, some of the boys struck up friendships, and began to room together at the hotels to save money on their expenses, and some of the girls did the same. And we got so we could spot a good restaurant almost without thinking about it. If anyone got into a bum one, he dashed back and told the rest of us, and we all steered clear of it.

We began zig-zagging all over the map, so many theaters were wiring back to head-quarters in New York and saying they wanted us. Trying to get to Jamestown, North Dakota, we did have an adventure! We were a hundred miles away, at Aberdeen. We started out early in the evening, by bus. About nine a blizzard came up, and driving got tough. The snow blinded the driver, and he plowed our bus into a drift and somehow blew out all the lights. After working an hour and making fuses out of tinfoil from cigarette packages, and stuffing rags through the cowl to insulate the wires, we got the lights on and started again. We had to turn off the road and take our chances driving across the fields. That was all right till we slipped down an embankment, but at least we got to a little town—I can’t even remember its name—and piled into the one hotel for (Continued on page 63)

Major Bowes’ amateur units on tour travel in huge buses like the one at the right, carrying their baggage and stage properties with them. Below, a typical theater lobby in one of the cities they visited.
Should RADIO be

On a cold day in January, 1935, while an aroused nation waited tensely for the trial which was to damn Bruno Richard Hauptmann as the killer of the Lindbergh baby, three New Jersey officials met unknown to the general public and made the agreement which kept the actual proceedings of one of the century's gravest trials from the loudspeakers of the country's citizens.

In so doing, Governor A. Harry Moore, Justice Thomas W. Trenchard and Sheriff John H. Curtis made a telling thrust at the army of listeners all over the country who are fighting to keep radio microphones in the courtrooms.

This month there is before the New Jersey legislature a bill which would make it unlawful to broadcast any business or proceedings in any court of the state.

The mad and futile scramble which certain radio stations made to secure microphone vantage points in the famed Flemington courtroom has given impetus to the passage of that bill. Whether broadcasting of the Hauptmann trial would have been to the best interests of the public may never be determined, but none the less every radio listener, as a citizen, must determine the effects which passage of such a bill would have upon his rights.

The controversy is not by any means confined to New Jersey. In Evansville, Indiana; in St. Louis, Missouri; in Buffalo, New York; and in St. Paul, Minnesota, the battle has reached a critical stage. From the bitter claims and counter-claims of the antagonists the listener can make the significant questions which challenge him. They are straightforward questions which predict a hard-fought war.

Does barring microphones from courtrooms violate the right of free speech and the right of the citizen to attend trials?

Does the danger of having immoral situations revealed and vulgar language spoken make such broadcasts dangerous to the community?

Does broadcasting make the court a source of amusement and violate its dignity?

Is it pandering to sensational tastes?

Do those accused, though innocent, suffer through the publicity?

Does broadcasting of trials act as a deterrent to potential law violators?

Two prominent men of the bench in Evansville, Indiana, have presented their replies to these questions in statements made exclusively for Radio Mirror.

Elmer Q. Lockyear, who for ten years was judge of the juvenile court of that city, asserts that he is "opposed to the broadcasting of the testimony of witnesses and the remarks of lawyers in the case and the rulings of the judge on the bench."

"With a microphone on the judge's desk, one in front of the witness and one in front of the lawyers, it is, to say the least, certainly distracting. It does not tend to assist the court in attending to the business in hand."

"We object to the broadcast of matters that are not proper subjects for the youth of the country to hear."

"We are told that vulgar and immoral subjects and vulgar language are not broadcast." (Continued on page 88)
allowed in our courtrooms?

NEW JERSEY LAWMAKERS THINK
NOT—EVERYWHERE RAGES THIS
VITAL, FAR REACHING BATTLE
OVER FREE SPEECH ON THE AIR

BY JEAN PELLETIER

Photos by Wide World

Do broadcasts of trials such as the ones pictured on these pages help to lower crime or do they only serve to lower the dignity of the proceedings? Here are both sides of this hotly debated radio question.
LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

LET THE HOME OF WELCOME VALLEY'S

GENIAL EDGAR A. GUEST AID YOU IN

SOLVING THAT PROBLEM OF LIGHTING

PROBABLY no one man has done more for or written as much contributory about the American home as Edgar Guest, poet, philosopher, and genial host of Welcome Valley. What housewife could read his simple, kindly poems and not return to her chores with a lift and a newly gained feeling of importance?

"There is no task so lowly that it is not glorified and transmuted when performed by willing hands and a willing heart," he told me as we sat in his own lovely home on the outskirts of Detroit. "To my mind the making of a home that is a haven of peace and comfort for husband and children is a life's work as important, if not more so, than the painting of a picture or the building of a great skyscraper. The secret of the cure for all our national problems is by the American fireside.

"I believe that today woman has to fight harder to keep her family together than ever before. She must make her home more beautiful, more comfortable, more attractive, because there are so many attractive things to do away from home.

"Of course, I think she is aided immeasurably by the radio. To my mind, the greatest single benefit of radio is the restoration of a common focal point of interest for the whole family in the home."

When Edgar Guest speaks of the home, he speaks with all the sincerity and fervor of the zealot. I honestly believe that any woman, were she afforded the opportunity to talk with Mr. Guest, would come away inspired with new zeal for home making, new love for her job.

Let's look, then, at the lovely Georgian house nestling on the rim of a golf course on the beautiful edge of the wonder city of Detroit. You need only look at it to understand a great deal about Mr. and Mrs. Guest's genuine enthusiasm for home making. It is one of those sturdy, solid, comfortable, conventional homes. You know that sturdy, solid, comfortable, conventional Eddie Guest would have a home like that.

Its solidity, sturdiness, comfort are, of course, the home's outstanding characteristics, but the visitor will notice quickly how one particular aspect of home making too often neglected even by the most conscientious has been stressed. The Guests have given deep thought to lighting.

Of course every woman knows she must insist upon a home with proper sunlight. But have you ever noticed how often far too little attention is paid to the highly important problem of artificial lighting? How often have you gone into a friend's home, and found you had to change your position or squint to read the plainest print? A woman who is most punctilious about the proper selection and arrangement of her furniture will come home with a "bargain" lamp, picked up casually, will place it where it seems
BY RUTH GERI

For Edgar Guest's Welcome Valley, see page 50.

Below, note the attractive use of a grandfather's clock and a small gate-leg table on the first stair landing. At bottom, the living room, well illuminated by Mrs. Guest's thoughtful placing of table lamps. Left, Mr. Guest in his study; opposite page, the Georgian exterior of the house.

Plenty of table and floor lamps bring light to every corner of the restful library below without sacrificing its subdued atmosphere. Bottom, another view of the living room, showing the dining room beyond. A crystal chandelier lends a formal note when the famous poet entertains.

However there is no possible excuse for poor taste in the realm of lamps, where the latitude is unlimited for the discriminating buyer.

The cardinal principles of correct lighting are few, but highly important. They are admirably illustrated in the accompanying pictures of the Guest home. Note first that the pervading light of a room must be mellow, never glaring, and yet throw sufficient light for the purpose intended, be it reading, sewing, dining, or mere cozy chatting. Second, the light level of the entire room should be comparable to that cast by sunlight entering the room. In other words the illuminated part of the room should be the part most lived in.

Third, the lamp itself should be a thing of beauty—and that does not by any means infer that it must be costly—since at night it is the center of focus and in day time must stand the stern test of daylight. While lamps need not be costly, too often a sense of false (Continued on page 77)
GRADUALLY, as winter passed into spring and spring edged toward summer, I realized that something was happening in Radio City and the Columbia Broadcasting building. It was nothing you could put your finger on. It was a tenseness in the atmosphere, more than anything else.

The complaints of nervousness, sleeplessness, general weariness I heard here and there from great stars might, perhaps, have been mere spring fever, the residue of a long, tiring winter—nothing a few weeks' vacation wouldn't set right. As a matter of fact, that's what I put it down to.

It wasn't until I talked to Goodman Ace, NBC star, that I stumbled across another explanation, a much more ominous one. The stars themselves don't fully realize what is happening to them. This article is being written not only for you, the radio audience, but also for them. Because they ought to know.

That indefinable uneasiness I had noticed in radio circles is a hidden symptom, a warning the stars must see and heed if they wish to save their health and happiness.

Ace and I were sitting in the studio lounge, whiling away the time between his rehearsal and broadcast. As you may have read, Ace takes things calmly, and apparently he had already put all thought of the coming program out of his head. I commented on the fact, and that's how we fell to talking about the way stars worry over their shows.

"There's no more nervous and hag-ridden person on earth," Ace told me, "than the average important and successful radio star, particularly comedians. There isn't one topnotcher today whose health isn't slowly being undermined."

At first, I was inclined to scoff. "Why should that be?" I asked. "Any more than with movie stars, musicians, and actors whose work lies entirely on the stage or more than with any other creative artist, for that matter? All creative work takes its tax on the nerves."

Ace nodded. "But there's one mental hazard radio stars and only radio stars have to face," he explained. "It's the toughest part of every program. Many stars don't realize how hard it is on them. You'll probably laugh, yourself, when I tell you, but believe me, it's no laughing matter. It's the twenty or thirty seconds of dead air before every program."

"Dead air?" I didn't laugh, but I was puzzled. Dead air is radio slang for any period of silence while the studio is on the air. Just after a station identification, there are always these few seconds of silence before the next show begins, in order to give plenty of time for all member stations on the network to cut in. But what harm could there be in a half-minute of silence?

"Put yourself in the star's place," Ace said. "You've been working like the dickens all week on your show, worrying over it and changing it until you're worn out. The more successful and popular you are, the harder you've worked and the more you've worried, for fear you might slip."

"It's time for the program to start. You're all ready—the studio's on the air—and you're waiting for the signal. All your attention is concentrated. You're almost hypnotized. It's a little like the way a drowning man's supposed to feel before he goes down for the last time. All sorts of thoughts go through your mind, but mostly you wonder why you've been breaking your neck. (Continued on page 82)."

Left to right (below) Nino Martini—one of the few who has learned a method of escape; Eddie Cantor has found a way to lick it now, after a long struggle; Jack Benny must still discover what it is; Jane Ace didn't guess what it was even when she changed diets. Husband Goodman finally realized and proved he had the cure; George Burns suffers more than his wife, Gracie Allen, because she doesn't have to come to rehearsal until very late.
SCARCELY A PERSONALITY ON THE AIR CAN AVOID IT—YET FEW REALIZE WHAT IT IS OR THE DANGER IT REPRESENTS!

The UNSEEN THREAT THAT MENACES your Radio Stars

BY JOHN EDWARDS
GRADUALLY, as winter passed into spring and spring edged toward summer, I realized that something was happening in Radio City and the Columbia Broadcasting Building. It was nothing you could put your finger on. It was a tenseness in the atmosphere, more than anything else.

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The Unseen Threat That Menaces your Radio Stars

SCARCELY A PERSONALITY ON THE AIR CAN AVOID IT—YET FEW REALIZE WHAT IT IS OR THE DANGER IT REPRESENTS!

BY JOHN EDWARDS
ON his first vacation, Harry Horlick plans to visit Russia. For only one purpose: To spend as much time as he can with a middle-aged, near-sighted, stoop-shouldered man in Tiflis. A man whose name is Lazar Stupel, and who earns his livelihood by teaching violin to the youth of Tiflis.

Though Harry Horlick, the dark-eyed, dynamic leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, has not seen Lazar for seventeen years, since Harry left Russia, Lazar is his closest friend, and they correspond regularly. Why?

If it had not been for Lazar Stupel, there would be no Harry Horlick, orchestra leader, to soothe us with his romantic tunes.

Lazar Stupel saved Harry Horlick when Harry was just twenty-one.

Twenty-one is the age most young men look forward to. Then they are considered mature, ready to take up a man's burden, to fight their way up in the world.

I'm afraid that Harry Horlick, that January morning in 1919, was in no condition for boasting of his manhood, or doing anything else. You see, he had just returned from the World War, after having fought in the Russian army for over three years. Footsore, bedraggled, dead broke and ill, he arrived at Tiflis, where he had lived before the war, and found nothing but loneliness. His family, he discovered, had all moved to America. Not one familiar face did he see.

There was one familiar spot, the Music Conservatory which he had attended from the time he was twelve until he was eighteen.

How different life was then! In those days it beckoned onward, filled with constant promise. Some day he would be a famous violinist, worshipped by the world. Did not the teachers at the Conservatory think he had great talent? Was he not the youngest musician to be invited to play in the famous symphony orchestra in Moscow?

Then he was happy, respected. He had everything he wanted: money, admiration, and fine clothes. He lived with his older brother, Iwsey, the concert master of the Imperial Opera Company of Tiflis; and to his brother's home came famous musicians and artists. The best of food was served; the choicest wines flowed freely. Through it all, adolescent Harry, suave, cosmopolitan, moved with easy assurance.

But the War changed everything. When Harry was eighteen, he was drafted into the Russian Army. The man who came back from the war, the man Lazar Stupel saved, was not the same, carefree, optimistic youth who had left. His nerves were shattered. He had no aim in living. And he could not erase from his mind the horrors that had been visited upon him.

The beginning of the change took place when he was sent to Baku for training, with about two hundred other young men, mostly ignorant peasant boys. Acclimated to refined, polished people, he was repelled by their coarse manners and talk. Having been pampered and catered to all his life he was nauseated by the daily fare of black bread, badly prepared kasha, borsh, and tea, which the others ravenously devoured. He couldn't acclimate himself to drill, to performing the lowly manual labors expected of a soldier. Foolishly, he made no attempt to conceal his real feelings in the matter. As a (Continued on page 65)
VACATION days are here and our thoughts turn toward the open spaces and the ole swimming hole. Maybe you'd like to know just what your pet radio stars will be doing in their spare time. So The Oracle snooped around and here's what I found out.

Red Nichols, CBS orchestra leader, has a new sail boat on which he has been exploring the shores of Long Island.

While making a movie out on the Coast, George Burns and Gracie Allen are confining their vacation to home recreation—mostly in their swimming pool.

The reunion of Ed Wynn and Graham McNamee has made Graham a busy man, but he finds time for a game of his favorite sport, golf, now and then.

Robert Simmons, NBC tenor, bought himself a fine horse and can be seen on the bridle path between rehearsals.

Guy Lombardo and his brothers are yacht-minded and will cruise with their families aboard the "Tempo" in August.

Rosaline Greene, Show Boat's Mary Lou, lives in a bathing suit when away from the studios. She really swims.

Now for your own questions.

Lois C., Green Mountain Falls, Ohio—I'm sure that a letter addressed to Geraldine Farrar, in care of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, will be forwarded to her.

M. L. Goodwin, Wilmington, Delaware—Walter CasSEL can now be heard on the Show Boat program at 9:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. Walter comes from Omaha, Nebraska. He hopped a cattle train for New York to try his luck in radio. P. S. He made good.

Jackie Love, Jersey City, N. J.—The name of Frank Parker's music teacher is Madame Carolina Lazzari. You can address her in care of the Metropolitan Opera Building, New York City.

Naomi Halverson, 523 Redondo Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah—This young lady is interested in a James Melton Fan Club. What have you to tell her, Jimmy Melton fans?

A. C., Paterson, N. J.—Zeke Manners and his gang, heard on WMCA and associated stations, are real dyed-in-the-wool hillbillies, all hailing from way out West. Zeke was born in Marshall, Arkansas. The present "pappy" comes from Joplin, Missouri, and his real name is Zeb Tourney. Ezra learned his three Rs in Little Rock, Arkansas. Then, there's Gabe Drake whose voice reminds you of Rudy Vallee's. He hails from Claremont, Oklahoma. Ace Giddens and Hank Culpepper, who make up the rest of the gang, are cousins.

R. H. N., Plainview, Conn.—That was a mistake. R. H. You're right. David Post is played by Carlton Brickett. Art Jacobsen did play the role of Joe Marlin, but not anymore. Robert E. Griffin takes the part now.

Irene Snell, Albany, New York—R. H. N.'s answer above is for you too, Irene. You're right about Carlton Brickett—he's the announcer on the Lum and Abner program, too. Joan Blaine plays the part of Mary Marlin.

Louise M., Kingman, Arizona—John Wellington is Lanny Ross' accompanist and music arranger.

M. Braun, Glendale, L. I.—Kenny Sargent who plays the saxophone with the Casa Loma orchestra, is an American and was born in Centralia, Ill.

Mrs. L. S., Springfield, Ill.—Some of the pictures you requested published have already appeared in Radio Mirror. Thanks for your suggestions. We will try to please you. Phillip Carlin is now the manager of the sustaining program department of the National Broadcasting Company.

Attention Carmen Lombardo Fans!—Get in touch with Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 West 105th Street, Los Angeles, California. She's been running the Carmen Lombardo Club of America for five years.

J. E. H., Van Nuys, Calif.—Ted Husing was recently married. He's six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Ted was born in Deming, New Mexico, November 27, 1901.

Gertrude P., Woonsocket, R. I.—Betty, of the Betty and Bob program, is played by Elizabeth Reller and Lester Tremaine plays the part of Bob.

Betty McCann, Old Greenwich, Conn.—Barry McKinley started a new sustaining show on Tuesday, May 26, and is heard every Tuesday over the red network of the National Broadcasting Company, at 10:30 a.m. Eastern Standard Time.

Cleo R., St. Louis, Ill.—For the addresses of bandleaders Ray Noble and Ozzie Nelson, see Following The Leaders in our Facing The Music department. Address Kate Smith in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. For Eddie Cantor, address him in care of United Artists, Hollywood, Calif.
HONEYMOON MEALS

NO SCORCHED BISCUITS
FOR EDDIE ALBERT WHEN
HONEYMOONER GRACE
IS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN!

by
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Grace does most of the cooking when the Honeymooners entertain friends, but sometimes Eddie has his own ideas too. See page 50 for their NBC program listings.

I SUPPOSE the obvious way to start off an article about meals for honeymooners would be to pull one of the old jokes about delicatessen salad and burned biscuits, but it just wouldn't do at all in the case of Grace Bradt and Eddie Albert, the Honeymooners of the air.

In the first place, if Grace ever served Eddie a delicatessen salad or a burned biscuit he'd faint—not from indigestion, but from surprise. For, to Grace, next in importance to Eddie and their NBC program is cooking, an enthusiasm which Eddie shares. As with all honeymooners, of course, they divide cooking responsibilities between them—that is, Eddie decides what he'd like to eat and Grace sees that he gets it.

"Of course, I add a few master touches myself, now and then," Eddie clowned. "If you've never eaten steak broiled over the coals in the inimitable Albert manner—well, you've just never lived."

"Scallions to that," Grace broke in. "Or rather, Bermuda onions—everybody thinks he can broil steak over coals, and the onions are the only thing that makes yours different." They grinned at each other, then Grace admitted, "He's right, though—it is swell."

"That's the real reason there's a fireplace in this apartment," Eddie said. "There's no other way to get a bed of coals. When the coals are ready, tear the steak—be sure it's a good thick one—on one side. Then turn it over, lay slices of Bermuda onion on the cooked side, and finish broiling—and that is steak. Try it yourself some time."

Entertaining their friends at dinner is one of the favorite sports of the Honeymooners. Being entertained by them must be one of the friends' favorite occupations, too; after they've tried Ham à la Honeymooners, the spécialité de la maison, they're sure to come back for more. This takes about two hours to prepare and you will need a heavy iron skillet or Dutch oven for it.

HAM À LA HONEymooners

1 ham steak 11/2 inches thick
1 quart milk
1 medium onion
1 orange
1 lemon
1 carrot
1 tomato
1 cup fresh peas
1 cup fresh mushrooms
1 wineglass sherry wine
1 tablespoon flour
Paprika
4 slices bacon

Flour and brown the ham, then brown the chopped onion in the ham fat. Add the milk and as soon as it is heated through put in the carrot, lemon, orange and tomato, cut into small cubes. Simmer over low heat, covered, until ham is tender, about one and three- (Continued on page 75)
IT'S the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again—keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
BY LOUIS UNDERWOOD

BING CROSBY was once a postal clerk in Spokane, Washington.

When another postal clerk in Wichita, Kansas, stumbled across this interesting, but apparently not so very important bit of information, it started him thinking. Who'd ever have thought that a post office clerk, like himself, would work up to be a big radio and movie star? When a postal clerk turns into a crooner, he thought, that's news!

After thinking the matter over, U. S. Post Office Clerk J. B. Trapp did not decide to become a crooner himself. Instead he emerged as the man behind one of the few radio programs which ever followed Topsy's precedent and "just grew."

Postal Oddities is the name of the program. Perhaps you've heard it over your own local station, from the lips of your own postman. Written by Trapp, it is made up of all the strange, sometimes unbelievable things that have happened in the United States Postal Service since its beginning.

"People take the Post Office as a matter of course," Trapp said to himself. "They don't realize it's one of the biggest businesses in the world, or that it developed transportation in this country because it had to use every new means of moving the mail as it came along—pony express, canals, rivers, railroads, airplanes. Why wouldn't a lot of odd things happen in such a big, complicated, far-reaching business?"

He studied the history of the Post Office Department, read old newspapers, listened to the tales of old timers in the service, and soon found he was right. A lot of odd things had happened.

Postal Oddities didn't start out as a radio show at all. Trapp enlisted the services of a friend, Ed McGlynn, as cartoonist, and sent a sample installment of the Oddities, in cartoon form, to Gilbert E. Hyatt, editor of the Union Postal Clerk, which is the official monthly magazine published by the National Federation of Post Office Clerks. Hyatt published it at once, and asked for more.

More oddities began to pour in upon Trapp, sent by postal clerks all over the world. There was such a wealth of dramatic and unusual material that he conceived the idea of a radio program, and went to the manager of KFH, the local station, with the offer of a weekly fifteen-minute feature. The offer was accepted, and Postal Oddities by Trapp went on the air.

That was last August, and now the program is heard over stations in 75 cities. It has proved to be a sustaining feature many stations are glad to have. It really is sustaining, too. No money has ever changed hands in connection with this program. Trapp doesn't get paid for writing it; the local members of the Post Office department don't get paid for reading it over the air in the various cities; and the radio stations don't get paid either.

The manuscripts are mailed out by Hyatt to the various locals of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks who present the program on their local radio stations, and some member with a good radio voice is chosen to read them over the air. It's as simple as that, yet locally it has always attracted as much attention and favorable comment as a radio network show. Ever since the inception of Trapp's idea, Hyatt has helped by making the Federation the agency for distributing the programs.

Trapp, himself, is still a clerk in the Wichita post office, writing his Oddities in his spare time. He's thirty-two years old, married, with a little girl nine years old, and has been with the postal service for eleven years. The Oddities work is his hobby, and he doesn't intend to give up his real job to pursue it, he says. It looked for a while as if he might have to, so much correspondence came in from all over the world, but now a special secretary has been assigned to help him out.

Growing from such a small beginning, there's a good chance now that when fall comes, Post Office Clerk Trapp's Oddities will go on a national network. He's talked the matter over with network officials already.

Below, J. B. Trapp, the young postal clerk who originated and who writes this latest "Believe-It-Or-Not" show.

Gilbert E. Hyatt, editor of the Union Postal Clerk, encouraged Trapp's idea.
Reunion in Radio City
(Continued from page 27)

They couldn't trifle with a written and
timed script like this, of course, if Gra-ahm wasn't so well acquainted with Ed's
methods that it's almost instinctive with
him to know just when he can safely in-
rupt. Nothing can fall flatter than a
gag that isn't timed right. The work of
Ed and Graham together is one of those
delicate dovetailings of moods and tem-
peraments which happen only once in a
blue moon. You can't manufacture it,
or achieve it by a dozen rehearsals—it
just happens or it doesn't. Because it
happened in their case is the reason Ed
and Graham are together again.
Friendship has a lot to do with it, too.
The two men didn't know each other par-
ticularly well when they started their first
programs together, and they never saw a
great deal of each other outside of work-
ing hours all throughout their three years
of association. It didn't occur to them to
meet socially.
Yet when the programs came to an end,
they discovered they each missed the
weekly meeting, and the result was that
they saw more of each other than they
ever had in the studios. Ed used to invite
Graham and Mrs. McNamee to his home
and for week ends on his boat—the latter
when Graham could get away, which it
must be confessed wasn't often.

WHEN Ed decided to return to the
air, both he and Graham were sorry,
naturally, that they couldn't once more be
on the same show. Their regret was entirely
personal, though. They didn't happen to
think it would make any particular differ-
ce to the program—for after all, Ed
Wynn was Ed Wynn, and a star; and one
straight man, they thought, must be about
the same as another.
Graham went home, the night of Ed's
first broadcast, and turned on his radio
with as much anticipation as you or I.
He listened to the program. Somehow it
bothered him. He couldn't figure out
what the matter was. Then, at last, he
realized. He was hearing Ed Wynn for
the first time. Never before had he
heard him on the air. That must be the
reason for the difference.
As everybody knows now, it wasn't the
only reason. The other was that Ed
wasn't entirely comfortable. He missed
his old partner, missed the informality
and freedom only one man could give
him. Maybe he missed the zest of that
old game they'd played, of seeing which
could trip up the other.
For the first time, too, Ed and his
sponsors realized exactly what good show-
manship all that impromptu kidding had
been. Oh, they'd known it helped, all
along. Graham and Ed were two of the
pioneers in introducing the joking com-
mercial announcement which has since
grown so popular, and its success alone
was sufficient proof that they'd been on the
right track. But they hadn't realized how
very important their spontaneity had
been to the success of the show.
I went to the broadcast of their first
program together, along with a couple of
thousand other people, filling the biggest
studio in Radio City, and as I listened,
I was glad—because it seemed to me that
a discarded tradition was being upheld
once more. And it's a good tradition.

Ed and Graham are both on
their old time and network—NBC,
Tuesday night, at 9:30, E.D.S.T.

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

DID YOU NOTICE
SUE'S TAN?
IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

YEAH! GORGEOUS TAN
-BUT I CAN'T "GO" HER
TATTLE-TALE GRAY

"Oh, you cat! Why don't you tell Sue
how to get rid of tattle-tale gray instead of
meowing behind her back?"
"Don't worry, darling. I will tell her, first
time I catch her alone."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, Sue—
but your clothes do tattle about you. It's
not your fault. I know you aren't careless.
But that lazy soap you use doesn't wash
clean, and the clothes say so."

"New you just change to my standby,
Fels-Naptha. That richer, golden soap is so
packed with naptha dirt practically flies out.
Try it for stockings and undies, too—it's
wonderfully gentle. And it's easier on hands
because every bar holds glycerine."

"P-s-s-st, it's Sue. She wants us for dinner
so we can see how perfectly grand her linens
and things look now."
"Boy, one of her dinners is something.
You'd better go tipping off all your friends
to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!"
The Taming of Fifi D'Orsay

(Continued from page 39)

the world and all to know that she owes him a great debt for what's been some-
what overstatedly called the taming of Fifi D'Orsay.

For the truth is that Fifi was never quite the sizzle she was cracked up to be.
I've known her a long long time. I knew her when she was a naive, gay, energetic
and ambitious youngster who loved a lark and was frank enough to admit she was
publicity-mad, and was willing to carry out any stunt within reason that her
bosses thought up for her. She was a French Canadian from Montreal, but her
studio wanted to publicize her a Paris,

sienne so she acted as French as the
Boulevard St. Germain and vowed she was
born in Paris, and few people ever learned
the difference.

I knew the real facts about all of her
outstanding stunts. That she was chaper-
oned by her manager and his wife on her
trial honeymoon at Big Bear, California;
that she stripped to a bathing suit and
not undies when she dived into the pool
in Indianapolis and was arrested for it;
that the bon voyage episode was carefully
planned by her press agent; and as for
kissing the policeman—well, as Fifi put it,
"Phooey, that's nothing!"—and it isn't for
an actress.

I T'S in smaller and more personal ways
that Maurice has calmed the tempestu-
ous Fifi. "When the photographers they
take my pictures now," she told me with
much French accent, "and they say 'Miss
D'Orsay, won't you show the knees a little
more?' I say 'No' and that goes! See? I
wear all my dresses longer than before. I
am happy in my home now, I am not so
restless and run around to clubs and cafes
all night like before and have a big time
and get circles under my eyes. Maurice
makes me take good care of my health.
He teach me so patiently to control my
terrible temper not to scream out at
people when I am angry; he teach me to
stay quiet when I am mad, to cry a little
alone if I must, then go back to the people
who have made me angry and talk very
calm.

"He thinks of my future and
makes me be serious and work and work
and work like mad to improve my abil-
ities. I have my husband to look out for
me now and I do not need always people
around me like before. And my hair—see
how?"

The black boyish cut has grown into
a fluff of a bob—a natural brown bob—
that curls about her face in soft waves.
The high crimson cupid's bow is lightly
lipsticked now to its normal proportions,
leaving a very odd and sweet-looking
mouth with up-curves halfway between
the center and outer edges of the lips.
The low-cut gowns are not so low-cut and
froufrou any more; they're tailored and
tucked and quietly expensive. Fifi's chang-
ing her type and it's becoming. As wit-
ness only last spring, at the opening of
the bicycle path in Central Park, when she
and Countess Durelle Alexander were
awarded prizes for their cycling costumes:
it was Durelle who wore the brief little
culotte ensemble, while La D'Orsay
surged out in an old-fashioned costume
complete with hoop skirt and ruffled pan-
ties. Three years ago Fifi would have had
the zipper-shorts on or died trying.

Now is the huddly-duddy entourage of
assistants and servants that a flighty Fifi
used to keep on the payroll all the time
and carry with her whenever she so much
as left town for the week-end there were
more secretaries and relatives and mana-
gers and publicity men around her all the time that you could shake a stick at. Shortly after her marriage Maurice became her unofficial manager, they fired the whole crew, bought a coupe to travel in together and Fifi started mending for herself. She still does and likes it, and she's "in" a lot of money and good practical experience.

While her radio and night club work keep her in New York she's mistress of one of the loveliest and most well-ordered Central Park apartments you can imagine. An ermine bedspread "fish such foolishness that was!" The Hill home has plain pasted downy blankets and a budget that is in keeping with them. One car, sans chauffeur. One servant who is a sort of generalissimo around the house and cooks their dinners. Fifi prepares breakfast and lunch and manages with a part-time secretary. They're saving their money for the home they're going to build in California one of these years before long. Right now Maurice is playing in stock at a summer theater and Fifi, whose big ambition is to become a real actress is looking for a legitimate vehicle herself. She's working and studying to return to pictures as a graduate from typed naughty roles to a star performer of wide capacity, and her husband is working with her and encouraging her.

That's one of the reasons their marriage is a success. There are, if I counted correctly the last time I talked to Mrs. Hill, some twenty or forty odd other reasons, though, that are just as potent. First, French women put their men on pedestals and American men on the contrary put their women on pedestals—so Fifi and Maurice, instead of having one get all the adoration, split it between them and each insistently pedestals the other and that works much better, she thinks, than the average all-American tie-up.

R EASON number two for her marriage's success is that she's always made her husband be the big boss of the outfit; she washes his socks and mends his clothes because it's a little chore she doesn't have to do at all but that fact that she chooses to do it flatters him and keeps him feeling very superior and male and happy. Reason number three is that even if he is the big boss he doesn't rub it in. Reason number four, is that he wouldn't even think of walking to the corner for a paper without kissing her goodbye before he left. Reason number five—well it just keeps up like that. You start Fifi talking about Cheri and you might as well go back and come another day if you want to change the subject.

She's very very serious—I would have sworn once that Fifi couldn't be serious about anything—about her first real opportunity in radio, she absolutely dies ten times just before every program, she says, and does so hope people will like her and say so she can stay on and on on the air.

And the final straw is that she's determined to have ten kids, five girls and five boys if she can arrange it that way. She was one of a family of fifteen herself so she must know exactly what she's lecturing herself for. The girls will be called Marie, Rose, Angelina, Yvonne and Fifi since their mama's real name happens to be Marie Rose Angelina Yvonne Lussier d'Albain Fifi D'Orsay Hill.

Or just plain "Froggy" for short.

Fifi is featured with Willie and Eugene Howard on the Folies de Paree show, Wednesday nights.

HEALTH HISTORY
OF A CLAPP-FED BABY—

RICHARD BURKE
FANWOOD, N. J.

Richard—aged 4 months
He is just about to embark on his first big adventure on the journey from jolly babyhood to sturdy boyhood . . . He'll soon have his first solid food! How will he take to it?

Richard—aged 7 months
Richard loves his Clapp's strained foods. The texture is just right—finely strained, smooth yet not too liquid. He had Clapp's Wheatheart Cereal at 5 months, and later Clapp's strained vegetables and fruits.

Richard—aged 11 months
Isn't he the picture of health? For 3 months he's had free range of the whole Clapp baby menu—16 foods, each one added to the Clapp list at a doctor's request. He's added an inch and a pound to his health score every month.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of every baby who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. MB-36, 12E5 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

16 VARIETIES
SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.
FRUITS: Apricots, Prunes, Apple sauce.
VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.
CEREAL: Wheatheart.
Approved by American Medical Association, Committee on Foods

CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 29)

to schooners, notwithstanding the tragedies, which befall the "Seth Parker" in the South Pacific a couple of years ago, and he has a new one this summer eighty-five feet long with two masts and equipped with a Diesel engine—it is well and favorably known in nautical circles as "The Pilgrim." And speaking of names, Colonel Stoopnagle calls his 27-foot cabin cruiser "Mrs. Bopp II." It is after a character you may have heard the Colonel and Budd mention in their broadcasts, Guy Lombardo, true to his musical training, calls his boat "Tempo."

And here is how some other ether entertainers are spending the heated period: Richard Crenna is making a concert tour of Australia and New Zealand. He is accompanied by his wife and two children who went along for the ride and to keep the singer from getting lonesome...

Ray Perkins is m.c. of the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland, broadcasting over Ohio stations three weekly... Lawrence Tibbett is resting on his farm in Connecticut... Eugene Ormandy, with his wife, Stephanie Goldner, former harpist of the New School, is visiting his native Budapest, which he left fifteen years ago, a mere violinist; he will return as conductor of the famous Philadelphia Orchestra... Mrs. Morton Downey and his wife (Barbara Bennett) and their four children are touring the British Isles... Mary Pickford, turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of her sponsor that she continue her broadcasts through the summer, was planning a European trip when this department was compiled... Edward McHugh, the Gospel Singer, is honeymooning in Scotland... and the Pickens Sisters are contemplating a European tour of personal appearances.

Curtis Arnall, who's starring at present in the NBC serial, Forever Young, wants to do a Phillips Lord in the fall, if his dreams come true, he'll journey to China, get a boat, and start from Hongkong for ports all over the world.

If you've been listening to Ken Murray the past month, you've heard all the excitement about his sponsor wanting him to get married because he's the only bachelor comedian on the air. It's all a gag and the really amusing part of it is that in a gal he's been going with for many years by the name of Florence Heller. He might even decide on a real life marriage before the end of summer rolls around.

Bob Burns on the Crosby Hour Thursday night has created a new job for the Van Buren, Arkansas Chamber of Commerce, according to the agency handling this program. Lots and lots of mail goes to Bob, care of the Van Buren post office. The C. C. has devised a mailing system to answer each and every letter that concerns the town Bob has so much fun with, telling the writer the letter is a swell place Van Buren is to live in and extolling all its recreational advantages. A neat bit of business.

The news that Fred Astaire has been signed for a fall program didn't cause too much surprise to Radio Row. It had been known for some time that Packard Motors was digging around for a program of downtight popular appeal. Seems that sales reports proved that it was the man...
of very moderate means who's been going out and buying the high-class auto, since they put out a lesser priced model. The program will be of hour length, with a bevy supporting cast for Astra. They aren't leaving the whole thing up to one star.

PRESS TIME FLASHES

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, stars of "Idiot's Delight," this year's Pulitzer prize-winning play, are definite radio possibilities for next season. The National Broadcasting Company is making elaborate plans to observe its tenth anniversary in November. James Cagney, the original G-Man of the movies, is trying to interest sponsors in a G-Man serial. Elsa Hitz and Nick Dawson patiently seek a vehicle with which to return to the air. Finding a script that will give their talents the same scope as Dangerous Paradise is proving a problem.

Pill D'Orsay's success on the air with Willie and Eugene Howard attracts the attention of Hollywood and her early return to the screen is forecast. Charles J. Correll—Andy of Amos 'n Andy, to you—succumbs to the lure of the desert and buys a home in Palm Springs, Cal. It may or may not be true, but Radio Row hears Ozzie Nelson is going to have his nose bobbed. If so, it must be for Harriet's benefit. They don't expect to have television sets operating in the home for another two years. And David Sarnoff, head big chief of the Radio Corporation of America, says it won't be practical until 1940. Niela Goodelle, radio's "one girl show," signs a contract with 20th Century-Fox. Death takes T. Daniel Frawley at the age of seventy-two after a memorable career as an actor, stage producer and manager. Of recent years he was the Old Ranger of Death Valley Days. Jimmy Wallington is plotting a vaudeville tour at the beak of a troupe of radio personalities. Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey will be among his performers.

RAYMOND KNIGHT, the cuckoo comedian, files a petition in bankruptcy, claiming liabilities as $8,208 and no assets. Walter O'Keefe signs off his Clearview programs and heads for Hollywood. The "Broadway Hill-Billy" is no stranger to the cinema capital, having been there before as a scenarist. This time he is acting. Another reporting for duty in Hollywood is Nelson Eddy, after winding up a concert tour of 35,000 miles during which he gave sixty-three recitals and in 160 radio appearances. Grace Moore gives up her villa at Cannes and buys a summer place in the Belden Hill section of Wilton close to the famous Westport, Conn., colony of professional folks.

Phil Baker finishes up his Gulf broadcast and will probably return for the same sponsor in the fall, although no contracts were signed when this was written. Ted Weems replaces Rico Marchelli as musical director of the Fibber McGee and Molly half-hour. William S. Paley, youthful president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, takes 82,000,000 additional life insurance and becomes one of the heaviest-insured executives in the world. A new survey estimates there are now 22,869,000 radios in the United States of which 3,000,000 are installed in cars.

Don Ameche, radio's gift to the girls, scores a success in his first movie and remains in Hollywood for another bout with the camera. He is playing Allesandro, the tragic Indian hero of "Ramona," which 20th Century-Fox is making with Loretta Young in the title role. NBC

Once Ignored...Now Adored!

She found the lovelier way to Avoid Offending

HOW appealingly feminine...how desirable you are... when you guard your daintiness this Cashmere Bouquet way!

You step from your bath so sweet and clean... so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be fragrantly dainty. For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes...And only such costly perfumes will bring you such lingering loveliness!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore...keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet

The lovelier way to avoid offending
THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."

sets up a training school for announcers in its Chicago studios along the lines of that operated in Radio City, furnishing free tuition to page boys ambitious to advance. Everett Mitchell, chief of the Chicago announcers is in charge . . . Abe Lyman, capitalist as well as conductor, invests some of his surplus coin in a cigar factory.

Charles Previn, for the past two years or so maestro of the Silken Strings orchestra, becomes a musical director on the Universal lot . . . May Singh Breen and her composing sweetheart, Peter de Rose, take bows for having restored hurdy-gurdy's to the streets of New York after Mayor LaGuardia banned them. Kate Smith helped, too, in the campaign . . . And home town folks proud of the success of Frances Langford named a lake at Lakeland, Fla., Lake Frances in her honor.

Among the popular programs continuing over the summer are the True Story Court of Human Relations on NBC and the Goodwill Court on the Mutual and Inter-City circuits. The True Story Court has been on the air continuously for over two and a half years. Goodwill Court is a novelty; it is a form of free legal advice for those unable to employ counsel and is proving a dandy feature.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

It just seems as though the radio gossips are lying awake nights trying to pick a bride for Major Edward Bowes, who is abundantly able to select his own spouse. Only a short time ago the dopesters had it the Major would lead Mary Garden to the altar. Before that, they were equally insistent his heart interest was a certain lady prominent in business life. Now they are whispering that the object of his affections is the widow of a former United States Senator.

A NOTHER radio celebrity they are trying hard to find a matrimonial partner for is Frances Langford. Every week a new boy friend is named. But take it from your Cholly Knickerbocker of the radio social set when the time comes little Frances will announce her engagement to Billy Chace, who hails from her home port, Lakeland, Fla. They have been congenial chums since childhood . . . A Park Avenue dowager who has already had four trousseaux has fallen madly in love with Nino Martini. We'd no sooner heard about Ted Husking's engagement with Frances Sizer, professionally known as Celia Ryland, than we learned of their separation.

NBC Announcer Charles O'Connor married Emily Ryan, daughter of New York Police Inspector Thomas T. Ryan, recently retired. The bride was a member of the Radio City Music ensemble.

Incidentally there is something about that Music Hall atmosphere which breeds romance. Eddie Garr recently married Phyllis Lind of the dancing crew there and Jimmy Wallington's second bride who died a few months ago was a Music Hall Rockette . . . Still another announcer to wed recently is Columbia pipe-man, Dell Sharbutt. His wife is Meri Bell, radio songstress.

Sally Scheridorn next accepts Sally Singer, changed her name to Sally Ellinger by wedding Edward Ellinger, New York economist . . . Don McNell, self-styled messenger of ceremonies in the Chicago NBC studio, became a proud papa for the second time. Both are boys . . . The current heart interest of Dave Rubinoff, as well as of many romancers is the cavorting Rindy, the Texas charmer . . . By the time you read this Audrey Marsh, the Columbia thrush, should be Mrs. Theo--
dore Monk. Her affianced is a timberman with plenty of what it takes to keep the home fires burning brightly... Has Armando Barbe, the South American baritone, displaced Andre Kostelanetz in the affections of Lily Pons?

Chill Hall, the 'Sharlie' of the Jack Pearl broadcasts, got behind in his payments to his estranged wife and got nabbed by the gendarmes in Akron, O. While in Providence, R.I., Claire S. Rockwell, divorced wife of George L. Rockwell, known to all and sundry as Doc Rockwell, filed in court the final decree papers after waiting eleven years to perform that formality, much to the annoyance of Doc... Betty Lou Gerson, Don Amedee's leading woman in The First Nighter, returned to Chicago from Hollywood when the series closed and promptly married Joseph T. Ainsley, an advertising agency executive in charge of radio programs.

The matrimonial bark of the Carl Hoff's is reported on the shoes... And friends are expressing concern over the future of the Budd Holck's. Bud's partner, Colonel Stoopnagle, recently renovated his wife and married her secretary... Bob Crosby and Terry Baker, of Louisiana, are holding hands... Ditto Durelle Alexander, the Texas nightingale heard with Paul Whiteman's band, and Clyde McCoy, the orchestreman... Rudy Vallee has been quite attentive lately to Gladys Scear, the heiress who is a dead ringer for Fay Webb. Easterners don't take seriously the rumor from Hollywood that Marjorie Canton, eldest of the Cantor kids, and Harry (Parkyakarkus) Einstein, are about to be betrothed... Somebody seems to have been mighty hard up for an idea to steal some newspaper space.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS
Keep your eye on the Mutual Broadcasting System and this fall you will see it expand into the fourth coast-to-coast network. Warner Brothers are negotiating to buy in on Mutual and the new movie money will be just what MBS needs to operate in a big way. The National Broadcasting Company with its two waves—the Red and Blue—and the Columbia Broadcasting System, of course, comprise the other three networks although NBC is sometimes erroneously referred to as one chain.

PERHAPS you have wondered why broadcasting circuits are designated by colors. It is because of the hues on the cords used in the switchboards to link up the cross-country stations when they are connected by telephone wires. For instance, the cables for NBC's Red circuit originating with Station WEAF, New York, are red, and the connecting loops for the Blue network, running out of Station WLB, New York, by the same token are blue.

Major Edward Bowes, appointed master of ceremonies of a special broadcast to benefit the New York Red Cross, is a theater, learned forcibly what the world of entertainment knows—that he is not popular with professionals because of his exploitation of amateurs. So many kilo-cycle headliners found excuses for not appearing on the same program with the Major that the broadcast had to be called off.

Big-hearted Gertrude Niesen is in trouble with Actors' Equity for having contributed her lovely voice and personal-doetry to an unauthorized benefit for charity. Gertrude, who can't say 'No' to any philanthropic appeal, has thrice so violated the rules and regulations governing such performances and faces a $100 fine.

Scientific Beauty Creams
Help Protect the Skin from Germs which may cause Blemishes...
Guard against Dryness

Sudden temperature changes, dust from the air, the germs which cause blemishes... all are at work to mar your complexion. Yet you can keep your skin moist and clear with Woodbury's Cold Cream.

Contains Exclusive Germ-destroying Element
Why, you may ask, does Woodbury's Cold Cream fulfill its beauty task more quickly, more surely than others? First, because an exclusive ingredient keeps it free from germs to the very bottom of the jar!

Germ, a common cause of blemishes, are banished. The last fingertipful of Woodbury's Cold Cream is as free from germ-growth as the first!

And how much more this delicate beauty cream has to offer! Down deep into the pores it goes to clear away the dust and waxy secretions that make the skin dull and sallow. And Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to defeat aging lines, to keep the skin moist. Element 576, a second important ingredient, aids in combating skin dryness.

You'll need Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream, too, to protect your skin from wind and dust. It's a fluffy foundation cream that makes your rouge and powder look ever so natural! Each of these lovely creams only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes. Do try them!

MAIL NOW... FOR COMPLEXION KIT!
Brings you generous trial tubes of 2 Woodbury Beauty Creams
6 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, containing "Filtered Sunlime" element. Enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.


Address __________________________

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
For the girl who wants to win out with men, daintiness is all-important.

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin.

And another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores gently but deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You are sure of yourself—ready for conquests!

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This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you dainty...

In the September
Radio Mirror

The gift of gab can be a nuisance instead of a blessing! That's what many a radio announcer has found to his sorrow. Read all about it in the gay, bright story you'll find in next month's issue.
The True Story of a Real
Major Bowes Amateur
(Continued from page 41)
the night. The next day the storm was
worse, and we decided to wear out our deck of
playing-cards! The day after, though, we
found a fellow with a truck who said
he'd try to get us to the railroad, ten
miles away. We got stuck and had to
come back. Finally the railroad got
through with a freight train and an old-
time day coach, with a coal stove at
one end and kerosene lamps swinging from
the ceiling.
Three days, to go a hundred miles!
I said something a while back about
how a little thing that happened out of
the way might turn out to be
time to try and make a living, and they're
anxious to do everything they can to
see us get ahead. One hotel in Los
Angeles, that usually gets seven and eight
dollars a day for its rooms, let us have
ours for a dollar a night apiece. I'd like
to mention its name, but they say you
can't give free advertising in magazines.
That reminds me—a funny thing happened
along this line, in the town of
Middle West. We went to dinner at the
Rotary Club, and one of the richest
men in town, a banker, took a liking
to the dancer with our unit. He had
heard him the night he was on the air.
"Son," he said, "the town's yours.
Tell me anything you'd like, and I'll buy it
for you.
He meant a new suit, or an overcoat,
or something like that. But all the dancer
could think of, on the spur of the
moment, was that he wanted to play a game
of pool, so he said, "Gosh, Mister, can
we play some pool?" So the banker
took him over to the Elks' Club, and
they played pool.
Not at all the things that happened were
funny. We nearly had a tragedy
once. I don't think I'll ever forget that
night as long as I live. We were in Tulsa,
Oklahoma. Our hill-billies were a bunch
of fellows from Norwich, Connecticut,
who called themselves the Texas Rangers.
We were coming back to the hotel after
dinner when one of them, a little fellow,
just a kid, crumpled up and fell. His
leg seemed to go right out from under
him, and he was holding his hand to his
side, low down and groaning. Our
manager rushed for a doctor, and the
doctor said, "Appendicitis. He must be
operated on at once."
He was that poor kid, hundreds of
miles from home, and he had to have a
dangerous operation done right away.
It might mean the difference between
life and death—and his mother was back
in Connecticut. Our manager got in
touch with the New York office on the
telephone, right away. There are night
and day shifts, there, just in case things
like this should happen. The Major has
people there, ready to take telegrams
and long-distance calls, twenty-four
hours a day. In case of an emergency
you can always get in touch with him.
The Major kept our line open, and
called the youngster's mother in Norwich
on another wire. She gave her permission
to operate and he relayed it back to
us. It had to be done, to save his life.
By the way, the Major paid her rail-
road fare to Tulsa, so she could come out.
Oh, we had adventure, tragedy, com-
edy, everything. Even love. We had

Kleinert's Dress Shields are HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES

As a guarantee against under-arm stains from
perspiration or cosmetics, DOLLY TREE, creator
of women's costumes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer,
insists on Kleinert's Dress Shields. For as little as
25¢ you can keep your dress fresh, unstained,
NEW-looking!

"We especially like your BLUE-LABEL Dress
Shields which are boilerable," says Miss Tree. BLUE-
LABEL shields are 35¢ a pair—three pairs for a
dollar.

Just stop at any good notion counter and say
you want genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields—and
refuse imitations.

Kleinert's
485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
two cases of love at first sight, right in our unit, although I knew only one of the fellows. The other couple met each other before the girl joined our unit.

The couple I know the most about sure fell hard. She was our jazz singer, and he was our advance man. The advance man, as I’ve already explained, travels a week ahead of the unit. He arranges for hotels and sees to the advertising, makes arrangements at the theater, and so forth, so that everything will be set for us when we get to town. Well, the trouble with this advance man was that he was never in advance. He wasn’t a week ahead of us, he wasn’t even a day ahead of us. He was right with us, most of the time, and the reason, of course, the girl. The upshot was that the folks back in New York got wise and transferred him to another unit, but it has a happy ending. I understand they’re going to be married soon. Probably they’re already Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

I MENTIONED how some of the girls took to rooming together to save money on hotel accommodations. On account of doing it, three of them sure had a hair-raising experience in Texas one night! I suppose I better not tell the name of the city, if I ever want to go back there again, but it was a pretty big one. Anyhow, it seems one man owns every hotel there. So far as hotels are concerned, he runs things just about to suit himself. He wouldn’t give us a rate, the way they do in most other cities, and there was nothing we could do about it. Every hotel we went to was his.

These three girls decided to beat his racket. We were going to be there for a whole week, so they looked in the newspaper and found an apartment. They went out and saw it. They were afraid the landlady wouldn’t let them have it just for a week, but she said, “Oh, no, that’s fine.” She seemed pretty anxious to rent it for any length of time at all, but they didn’t think about that then. That night, they wished they had. They got into bed, after our show, and after about one o’clock in the morning someone rapped three times on the door and they heard a whisper—“Hey, Joe!” Half an hour later, it happened again. And again at two o’clock. They were so scared they couldn’t sleep a wink. One of the girls peeked through the keyhole, and saw three or four of the toughest-looking gorillas she’d ever seen in her life out in the hall. They ended up by sitting up all night, with their teeth chattering.

Next day they came right down to the hotel and moved back in with the rest of us. It seems the apartment had been a gangster hangout. The police had picked up “Joe,” whoever he was, but the rest of the gang didn’t know it. They thought he was still there.

People ask me if I’m glad I’m a Major Bowes Amateur. Well, I’m getting fifty dollars a week, which is more than I ever made in my life, and I’m traveling around and Seeing America. First as I would probably never get a chance to do otherwise. I’m in with the swellest bunch of fellows and girls I’ve ever known, just like my old high school crowd. We’re like one big family, we all know each other so well by now, I’m meeting new people, seeing new things, having adventures and having a lot of fun. Besides, I’m learning how to get along with other people under unusual and sometimes uncomfortable conditions; I’m learning how to be a good sport, and how to give as well as take.

I can think of a heck of a lot of ways of living that are a lot worse!
Hidden Moments in Their Lives
(Continued from page 48)
result, he was disliked by all the men, who resented his superior attitude.

Those two months of training in Baku were a living horror, he told me. But the thing that shattered his nerves and almost killed him was his three years at the front in Turkey.

"While I was in Baku," he told me, "I worried constantly about my lost career... what would become of me once the war was over... whether my chances to become a great violinist would be utterly destroyed. But gradually, my old passion, the violin, grew fainter and fainter, while grim reality occupied all my waking and sleeping hours.

"We became fatalists, we soldiers. What was the use of planning for the future, of dreaming of our homes, our families, when we might never see them again? When we might be shot down any minute, like our buddies?"

I remember one youngster who occupied the same dugout as I when we got to the front, a clean-cut, laughing farmer’s boy. He had a sweetheart back home, and waited impatiently for a letter from her. Constantly he talked of how they would marry when the war was ended, and how happy they’d be.

"One day, he was chatting and laughing as usual, to me. Along came one of the soldiers delivering mail. ‘Anything for me?’ the boy inquired.

‘A letter from home, Boris,’ the mailman answered.

With a happy grin, Boris jumped to grab the letter. Just as his hand grasped it, the enemy fired a volley of shots into the Russian encampment.

‘Three shots struck Boris. He dropped dead, on his side, next to me, with that letter clutched tightly in his hand.”

Slowly, as if it hurt him to think of what he was telling me, he continued, ‘I’ve never talked of these war experiences before. They recall memories that are too horrible.

‘I remember one night we were roused and given orders to dress and assemble on the field. There we were told that four Turkish spies had been captured and were to be hanged before our very eyes. I tried to sneak away, but the commander in charge ordered me back.

‘Four crude platforms were erected: four nooses strung up. They brought out the spies, who were blindfolded. Two were pitifully young, mere boys.

‘At a word from the corporal in charge, the blindfolds were taken from their eyes, so they could see what lay in store for them. Then their execution decree was read. I shall never forget the walls of terror that they let out when they understood they were to be hanged. Their screams were like nothing human. It took several soldiers to hold them.

‘For two days,” Horlick continued, “their bodies hung there, swinging back and forth in the wind, preyed upon by vultures. That was to bring the lesson of what happens to spies home to us all.

‘At the end of the war I was sick, mentally. I was a nervous wreck. I’d wake night after night, screaming at the nightmares I had.’

Sometimes Nature, in her sternness, can be very kind. An attack of the deadly yellow fever would not be considered merciful ordinarily; but in this case it came to Harry Horlick as a blessed relief. For a long time, while he lay, a

HE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor if you deodorize only. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you’ll discover a musty, stale “armhole odor” in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them.

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm dry, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armpit of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant “armhole odor” gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness.

Protect yourself this sure way
Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is sure. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Saves your expensive gowns
Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as you are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test
Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. S86, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2327, Montreal)
I enclose 8c for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name______________________________
Address______________________________
City________________ State__________

65
raving, emaciated figure, he was at least given the gift of oblivion. He knew nothing.

Finally, he began to convalesce. Even then, he was in no fit condition to be at the front, so the nurses kept him in the hospital, where he aided them.

Carrying the wounded from the ambulances. Tending the dying. Helping doctors treat a stump where a leg had been. Acting as arms for an armless man. Seeing them whose faces had been partially shot away. Such duties were all in the day’s routine for Harry Horlick.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the men were told they could go. The War had ended.

A bunch of us started to beat our way back to Tiflis, and other cities in Russia. Since we had no money for fare, we bummed our way, riding on freight trains, walking when there were no trains.

“I had a couple of thousand miles to travel. It took me two months to get home. When I started out, I knew nothing of the Russian Revolution of 1917, of the Bolshevik regime...” we had heard nothing at the front. Ruin and desolation were all around me, as I traveled.

Finally he arrived in Tiflis.

“And what a tramp I looked, in my torn uniform. I was so feverish and exhausted I could hardly hold myself up. I didn’t know what to do. Prospects I had none. Friends, none. Money, none. While on the march the Bolsheviks and the White Army had fed me. Now I was a discharged soldier, on my own.

“To beg for charity was like death itself,” he told me.

Then he remembered his violin playing. If he could manage to get hold of a violin, and practice, perhaps he could earn a little playing. That was his last hope.

So he screwed up his courage, walked into a music store, and begged the proprietor to allow him to play a violin. At first the man laughed; the idea of a ragged, dirty bum wanting to borrow a violin! But finally he was won over by Horlick’s pleading.

“I hadn’t touched a violin in three years. When I drew the bow across the strings I was trembling all over. And the sounds that came forth were awful, like the wails beginners bring forth. Then the violin dropped from my nerveless fingers. It was useless. No, the war had finished that. I thought then that I would never touch a violin again,” Horlick told me quietly.

That night he slept in the fields. The next morning, he dispiritedly walked around the city, and like a magnet, the old opera house drew him. There was to be a performance that night of Manon, and he stood reading the announcements.

Suddenly, some one tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around. A fine-looking young man, in thick-lensed glasses, was gazing at him in shocked surprise.

Horlick recognized him instantly—it was Lazar Stupel, his old rival at the Conservatory. The boy of whom he had been so jealous, because Lazar could play as well as he, and sometimes better.

He remembered how their teachers, recognizing the open competition between the two students, would pit one against the other, giving Harry the first half of a symphony to learn, and Lazar the second. And Lazar hadn’t been drafted, he recalled, because of his poor eyesight.

But he stilled his exclamation of recognition. His pride would not allow him to admit to Lazar to what depths he had sunk.

So when Lazar said, with outstretched hand, “Aren’t you Harry Horlick?” Horlick disregarded his hand, and said shortly, “No.”

“You can’t fool me,” Stupel persisted.
"I know you. Don't you remember me? We used to be rivals in school." Then, pityingly, "You look very ill and weak. Come with me."

Linking his arm in Harry Horlick's, he literally dragged him along. "Don't you worry," he said, "Everything will be all right. I'm married now, and we have a big house. My wife will be glad to have company.

None of Horlick's mumbled protests that he could not accept their hospitality, that he would only be a nuisance, a sick man to be nursed back to health, had any effect. Mrs. Stupel installed him in the guest room, did everything she could to make him comfortable. She cooked special foods for his weak stomach: chicken, eggs, custard—things he had not tasted for over three years. A doctor was called. He prescribed rest, and plenty of it.

For weeks I remained their guest, paying them nothing. And they acted as though I, a sickly, useless wreck of humanity, were conferring a great honor upon them."

Finally, came the day Horlick was strong enough to go about. By his bedside he found a lovely suit of clothes, but never a word from Lazar about its cost. Only, when Lazar offered him money, he flushed, and refused it.

He and his old rival, now a musician with the Bolshevik Symphony Orchestra, would sit and reminisce for hours. But each time Stupel said, "You will play again, in my orchestra," Horlick slowly shook his head.

"I can not play any more. I have tried. All my feeling for music is gone."

"Just practice a little each day, as a favor to me," Stupel pleaded. Finally, Horlick agreed.

At first, the sounds he drew forth were terrible, just as they had been in the music shop. But the Stupels encouraged him, stood all that screeching, grating noise without a protest, and gradually, his feeling for the violin began to come back.

Came the day Stupel brought him to the town symphony orchestra leader, who gave him a job. Then things began to click again. Before long Horlick, a respected violinist, had saved enough to rejoin his family here.

"Ours has been a one-sided friendship," Horlick told me, "with me doing all the taking, and Lazar all the giving. Time and again I have begged him to come here, but he refuses to leave his beloved Russia. Time and again I have sent him money, for a musician in Russia is none too well off today. Invariably, it has come right back.

But some day, I shall go to visit him. Perhaps then I can persuade him to come back with me. Repay, in some small measure, what I owe him and his wife."

Now do you understand why Harry Horlick is interested in going to that one city in Russia?

**NEXT MONTH**

Why did her parents and her friends tell Lily Pons she'd never be a successful opera singer? And how did events almost prove they were right? Read the answer, in still another "Hidden Moments in Their Lives" story.

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**READ HOW SKINNY GAWKY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW QUICK WAY**

Thousands gaining normal attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way—in just a few weeks!

What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion, constipation and nervousness, new pep and popularity.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "T-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets 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." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 228, Atlanta, Ga.
Kay Thompson's Secrets for
Summer Loveliness

(Continued from page 6)

faithfully almost every night during hot weather, just for that feeling of extra confidence. As a matter of fact, while we're on the subject, I'll have to admit I'd be very glad to get up on a soap-box and lecture the men about deodorants, too!'

Baths and creams, deodorants and even de cologne, should all be a vital part of your summer beauty care. But there are still two other items of vital importance—deploratories and dress shields! Underarm daintiness is essential with summer frocks, and smooth arms and legs are necessary with beach clothes. There's a splendid all-purpose deploratory which you may not have heard about yet, and an excellent preparation designed specially to remove unwelcome hair from the upper lip or chin.

DRESS shields are a necessity to protect those bright, thin summer dresses. Every healthy person perspires, but that's no excuse for stained and perhaps unpleasant aromatic dresses! Dress shields today are not the heavy, unraveled type our grandmothers knew. There are many styles and weights, one for every purpose. They can be washed, they can be boiled, and there are even dainty net bodices with shields attached which can be worn under your dainty frocks without even the slightest bother of sewing special shields in the frock itself.

My August leaflet is full of helpful suggestions along these lines. There are reliable deodorants, liquid, cream or powder—take your choice! There are as many different types of deploratories, too. And there's further information about that dress shield question, as well as more about Kay's cosmetics and the new floral toilet waters. It's all yours for the asking, if you'll just send a large stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. By the way, have you sent in your envelope yet for the July leaflet about preparations to clear your skin of freckles, blotches, etc.?
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 13)

to catch his 10:30 radio stint and was hauled to the curb by a motor cycle cop. "Hurry up and write out my ticket," said Peter, all flustered. "I've got a radio date at 10:30." It was then just 10:20. "It's a gag," said the copper. "They all tell me that in this park." Peter got his ticket and was one minute late for his program, the first time he has been late in fifteen years of broadcasting. He minded the lateness more than the ticket.... Dick Himber calls up all the singers and leaders he knows and says, "Am I asking too much for you to do Am I Asking Too Much." Sounds sort of foolish, but Dick is that way. His song is titled, "Am I Asking Too Much" ... Jolly Coburn and Mrs. Abe Stillman have lost their baby boy who died of pneumonia. He was their first and only child. ... Looks as if Reggie Childs will be able to use his left hand after all. It was injured in an auto accident some months ago. For a while Reggie thought he would never play the violin again, but gradually he is getting the use of his fingers, although it is a slow process.

A R T RALSTON, that good looking chap with The Casa Loma band who plays all of eight instruments, got his start by breaking his arm cranking a car. Since he was laid up in the hospital for a number of weeks he killed time by seeing how many instruments he could play. When he got out, he just kept on adding to his list. ... Mrs. Lee Black expects an heir to the Black estate in several months. ... Mrs. Abe Lyman has sold out his interest in the Hollywood restaurant and expects to open his own place soon. ... George Hall is making a Paramount short. ... Ted Powell, guitarist with Abe Lyman who wrote "Boots and Saddle," has another song of the same type, "Blazing the Trail."

SOME of you may have wondered why the bands on the Lucky Strike Your Hit Parade programs are changed so often. Here's the reason—not that the sponsors aren't satisfied with their bands, because aye are, but because they don't want any one band to become too closely identified with the show. They want it to be known always as Your Hit Parade, not Somebody's Dance Program. Pretty good showmanship, and it makes for more variety in the programs, besides.

When the Saturday night stanza of the Hit Parade went to CBS, Freddie Rich supplied the music and two young singers who had been on sustaining spots moved up into a commercial show. Margaret MacRae was a winner in one of the talent contests conducted last summer by Eddy Duchin, and has been singing for CBS since then. Buddy Clark had been with CBS about a year, having left law school in his junior year to devote himself to music.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Don Bestor has brought his band back to New York and is broadcasting from the Hotel Roosevelt Grill with a CBS wire. He's still featuring his vibraharp, an instrument which looks like a piano but sounds like three other instruments. And for you Bestor fans here's the personnel of his orchestra: Eddie Dieckman, violinist; Walter Paine, Jack Linx, Walter Long, and Hal Stargardt, saxophonists; Ducky Yontz, J. D. Wade, Buddy Harrod, trumpets; Bob Alderson, trombone; Wayne Euchner, pianist; Tom Whalen, drummer; Howard Workman.

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum! 

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration
Remember one little thing

...or this may not come true!

On your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel ... and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm ... upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-a-l-l-y ... that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's correctly timed. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax ... it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
success, and nothing was going to stop her.

And the day after Sunday, Jimmy Lang, Lucy had returned from an engagement in Chicago to become the feminine lead in the first "Passing Show," and one night, shortly before the opening, she was introduced to Jimmy during the height of festivities at his fashionable Sutton Place apartment.

Jimmy Lang is not actually his name. His real name can not be divulged here, as it would be too easily recognized. Jimmy is the only son of a socially prominent, wealthy New York family.

He was a playboy. "A very lovely, sort of lost playboy," as Lucy described him. With charming manners, a sweet smile and a good figure on life. There were always a number of girls hanging from his lapels, he was perennially in the midst of a gay, chaotic whirl. It was truth of the morning thing he had known. There was, sadly enough, nothing useful in life that Jimmy was interested in.

This, as they both later learned, was to be their battlefield. Lucy did things, and she could not understand anyone who had no interest in life other than play.

But there was something between them, a bond they could not explain, or define, but they were in love.

That is, Jimmy did, and Lucy, carried along by his enthusiasm, imagined it was the real thing.

All that they were constantly together. Jimmy proposed as often as the moon came up, and Lucy as consistently turned him down. "It takes a man who is vital, Jimmy," she would say in her soft voice. "Someone who has a business, a profession, something to do.

"You're my business, Lucy," Jimmy would protest fervently. "You, and your career, is all that matters to me.

"All that is past," was. For the first time in his life, Jimmy was wrapped up in something other than himself... Lucy. He helped her make contacts, attended rehearsals and the first row. During performances, he showered Lucy with all the manifold knick-knacks a girl could possibly want. Jimmy Lang's one grand passion, was for Lucy Monroe.

On a fateful night, just three years ago, Lucy broke his heart.

It started out to be the most glorious night of her life. It was spring, a warm, splendid April night, and Jimmy and Lucy were on their way to a country club dance in upstate New York.

This was a special occasion, Jimmy said, driving like mad. "There is going to be a pal of mine at the dance. It's his birthday, and his fiancee has come all the way from Detroit to see him.

"How nice," Lucy answered. "What's his name?"

"Franklin Ross," was Jimmy's reply. "He's a very important New York estate man, but really swell." (Again, the actual name can not be used.)

Jimmy and Lucy drove along for awhile in silence. "I've got a confession to make," Jimmy began again. "I told Frank that we were engaged!

Lucy laughed. "Jimmy became serious. "Lucy," he pleaded. "If you won't marry me, at least can't we become engaged?"

Lucy laughed again, and agreed. Jimmy stepped out of the car, pulled an engagement ring from his pocket, placed it on Lucy's fingers, and drove the remainder of the way to the country club—beaming.

What happened at the country club dance that night is so correspondingly tragic and beautiful that it is both painful and arduous to reveal.

Lucy Monroe and Franklin Ross fell in love almost upon sight! Tables had been set in the lawn outside, and Frank, accompanied by his fiancee, soon sighted Jimmy and hurried over to greet him.

"I've never seen anyone who impressed me as much on first sight as Frank did," Lucy smiled. "He is tall, and very broad shouldered, and that night he had on a pair of tennis shoes. He had been playing tennis that afternoon, and hadn't bothered to change. He came swinging across the lawn, walking very much like a great cat," Lucy laughed. "I instantly noticed the color of anyone's eyes the minute I meet them. Frank's are a beautiful brown, and he has the longest eyelashes I've ever seen on any man!" Lucy stopped abruptly, then continued, "We just looked at each other—and knew.

What Frank of his saw in Lucy Monroe is quite obvious. They spent most of the evening together, and fiancées or no fiancés, Frank made Lucy promise to let him see her again.

So started a three-year courtship. But it was not as sweet as that! Lucy handed Jimmy back his engagement ring, which must about broke his heart. Even now, after three years, he solemnly affirms that that is the only girl he will ever love, and clings tenaciously to all that remains—Lucy's friendship. Frank's fiancée was back to Detroit, single, of course, and grieve-stricken.

On such a pier was their romance founded. It has been a romance filled with heart-breaking quarrels, long separations, and unforeseen obstacles.

Three times Lucy and Frank have set a marriage date, but the wedding has never occurred. The first time it was because of Lucy's and Jimmy's instant manner that sent them flying apart. The last two promises have been called off by Lucy. They seem to be two people who are meant to give each other much happiness. That they love each other is indubitable; that their marriage will ever take place is open to question.

The first eight months they were together went smoothly. Lucy had not yet reached that point in her career that demanded all her time and attention. Frank humored her consuming ambition, and even after they had first met, Frank proposed, and Lucy set the date for their marriage. It was to take place the following month. A foolish quarrel separated them.

They were out riding one night, Lucy explained, it was warm and Frank had the windows of his coupe rolled down all the way down. Very suddenly, it began to rain. Lucy felt a few drops fall against her hand, and asked Frank to roll the windows up. He refused.

"A few drops of rain won't hurt you, Lucy," he laughed.

"I can't afford to take a chance of catching cold!" Lucy retorted a little too sharply. "I must think of my voice—you should know that."

"Your voice!" Frank remarked, with a fine shade of irony.

"Yes, my voice!" Lucy shouted in a sudden display of temperamental

Lucy laughed. "He said some of the meanest things I've ever heard."

He told me I was a silly, pretentious child. That I behaved as if my voice was the only thing in the world that mattered. He said he didn't care whether I caught
HAIR REMOVER

Millions of women have longed for a depilatory which contains no sulphides, no offensive odors; a depilatory that can be used as freely on the face as on the legs; a hair remover which contains no caustics ... Here it is.

What a boon to women! You simply spread the New Odorless ZIP Facial Hair Remover over the area where the hair is to be removed—face, arms, legs or body, remove it and instantly get rid of every trace of hair.

Ask for the New Odorless ZIP Facial Hair Remover.

ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream For years this has been the choice of women everywhere. Quick ... Easy ... Effective. Extra large tubes at low prices.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT The only Registered Epilator available for destroying superfluous hair. With your package you receive, free, a large jar of ZIP Cream Deodorant, and a tube of my delightful Massage, Cleansing and Tissue Building Crème.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon. Write for booklet.

Madame Berthe

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Madame Berthe, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York

cold or not! Every time I attempted to roll the window up, Lucy laughed. "Frank would stop me. We fought bitterly. I told him to stop the car, and I would get out and walk home, even if I died!"

"He then resorted to the most infuriating course of action possible. He calmly stopped the car, and told me if that was my choice, very well—I could get out!

"I didn't. I slumped down in my seat, and neither of us spoke all the way home. His parting words were 'I probably won't see you again.'"

Lucy didn't hear from Frank again until four months had passed. Four miserable months for both of them, as they afterwards confessed to each other. Then, one day quite unexpectedly, Frank called Lucy's dressing room at the theater, and asked to speak to her. Lucy went all warm inside, anxiously picked up the telephone, and in less than a half hour they were back together again.

But in spite of their vows never to separate, the old quarrels arose again and again. Lucy was just on the threshold of what she thought was to be a wonderful break. The goal she had been striving for, stardom in grand opera, seemed just around the corner.

FRANK had his own worries, his business. He wanted a wife and a home. Not someone who would be chasing off a tour at a moment's notice, not a wife who was subjected to rehearsals and late theater hours. If Frank Ross had said, 'Lucy, marry me and keep your career,' Lucy would have married him as fast as they could get a license and find a preacher. But Frank could not see it her way, and so the decision of marriage or a career rested entirely on Lucy's slight shoulders.

She attempted a compromise. 'I'll marry you,' she promised, 'after the marriage you will give me just one more year in show business.' And Frank finally agreed.

It was possible. Lucy upset the kettle, whether purposely or not, just three weeks before the ceremony was to take place she accepted an offer to appear with the St. Louis Opera Company. This meant postponing the marriage, unless Frank would consent to follow her to St. Louis.

It was an impossibility. His business nesistated his staying in New York.

"We'll be married when I return, Frank." She said when he put her on the train.

"We will not!" Frank answered. "And you know it.

Their farewell was not a pleasant one. Lucy cried, and Frank raged. He begged her to get off the train, and marry him, but Lucy had a contract, a strong will, and when the train moved slowly from the station towards the West, Lucy was aboard. Unhappy, but with her career still intact.

Upon her return, Lucy threw herself into her work still more vigorously. A new field had opened up for her, radio. She sang her heart out—auditions, rehearsals, broadcasts. Her popularity grew. One offer followed another. The chance to star in Lavender and Old Lace, Hammerstein's Music Hall, and The American Affair would almost have eluded her.

Frank still remained a part of her life, the love they had for each other was too important to waste by more separations. He stuck to his guns, however, and refused to take any interest in Lucy's success and popularity. He never attended any of her rehearsals or programs. Lucy's professional life was something to tolerate rather than accept.

Each new contract that Lucy signed meant, "Frank is still keeping track of Lucy.

If anyone has truly disliked show business and its partner, radio, that man was, and is, Franklin Ross.

It has been nearly a year and a half since Lucy Monroe returned from St. Louis and started on the road to triumph in radio. In many ways, it has been a glorious year and a half. Frank and Lucy have been together as often as possible. Riding in the country, swimming, going to dances. Until three weeks ago, Franklin Ross, has not—since that dull night Lucy left for St. Louis—asked her to marry him.

It is part of a promise that neither would, or will, reveal. But now, at the height of Lucy's career, Frank has served his ultimatum! Either Lucy Monroe gives him her career, or he will divorce Ross on some day during this summer—or else!

Lucy's decision will not be made impulsively. She will work out this problem that faces her, career or marriage, in a strange and fascinating manner.

She has rented a large summer home in Westchester, a town in upstate New York, not far from the place where she first met Frank. Upon the conclusion of her heavy spring radio work, she will spend almost her entire time in this home, alone with her mother.

TWO months after she has moved into her new quarters—and not until two months have passed—Frank will join her. He will ask a definite question, and he will receive a definite answer!

Will Lucy Monroe marry Franklin Ross and retire from radio? I say no! I base my supposition upon three reasons. First, Lucy has confessed that her career is the most important to her; second, much as she loves Franklin Ross, she is also sensible enough to know that if she gave up her radio work to marry him it would always be a point of contention between them; and last, Jimmy, who walks like a ghost in the background, and will marry Lucy's career or no career! I may be wrong. Lucy's mother, a famed theatrical performer, quit the stage at the height of her career to marry the man she loved! And then, the two months separation may be more than Lucy can endure. But most important of all, Lucy has turned down Frank before—and a woman can always change her mind! Yes or no, it will be an interesting answere.

Come with RADIO MIRROR to Hal Kemp's lovely English home on Long Island and let this popular band leader show you short cuts for making your own home more attractive.

In next month's "Learn Homemaking From the Stars" article.
“Keep an eye on the sunset”
says Jane Heath

- Watch Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little appliance that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes glamorous! Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only 51c.

- Lashdell, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimsuit days because it doesn't crack, flake, won't rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they're held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue...$1.

- Shadette, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are great finishing touches to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try Shadette's romantic, moonlight night...75c.

- Try Toussies—the new tweezers with scissors-handle, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 50c.

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RADIO MIRROR

Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

that sounds perfect. This star of Forever Young wants to leave the fall in the fall, the fall, the fall. There's with the help of several wealthy sportsmen, he would have built a Ning-Bo junk following exactly the best in Chinese boat architecture. Late in December they would sail and—stopping off all along the route—make for Paris, France, arriving there in time for the World's Fair of 1939, just before the proposed Fair there.

Curtis, one of radio's veteran star actors, wrote me about the trip. Without mentioning whether Phillips Lord had inspired him, he went on to add:

"My plan is to have sending and receiving sets installed aboard. Certainly the log of the trip will be fascinating to listeners who pick up the broadcast. There wouldn't be any rehearsed entertainment. If I can arrange my affairs, I'll be on board as radio officer and be in charge of broadcasts."

Wonder if he needs a cabin boy.

Dick Powell Answers All Those Rumors

(Continued from page 15)

Then it became known that Dick must have an operation. Nothing anyone could say after that was any good. Either Dick was married and had been fired by Warner Brothers or his radio sponsor or both, or his voice was gone forever. The story even went the rounds that he was feigning sickness in order to break his radio contract—because he was jealous of Louella Parsons!

The news spread slowly in radio circles. Fans of Hollywood Hotel thought nothing of it at first. Frances Langford had taken a vacation a short time ago. Why shouldn't Dick, who'd been working hard all year as master of ceremonies?

But Dick had to stay away too long. Vacations usually don't extend over a month, so soon, those fans of Hollywood Hotel began to ask themselves the questions that were being whispered in movie circles.

Is he, for instance, actually married to Joan Blondell?

Is he really jealous of Louella Parsons?

Is Rudy Valette going to replace him in movies?

Has his voice suffered irreparable damage?

A S I write this story, Dick hasn't yet returned to his broadcasts. It has become increasingly imperative for those questions to be answered. No one but Dick himself can answer them with the authenticity that will put an end to them. By the time you read what he has said in answer, I'm sure his voice will be reaching you again over the CBS coast-to-coast network. Unfortunately, his singing once more every Friday night will not, in itself, be answer to those questions.

So I went to Dick, went to see him at his new home where he had barricaded himself against the army of would-be interviewers that were calling telephoning, writing twenty-four hours a day. He answered each question. And in the answers you will find Dick revealed as nothing else
in answer to question one,” Dick said, 
a smile hovering about his mouth, “it’s 
obviously a shot in the dark by the gos-
siper. I couldn’t do it. Joan, because of 
she’s not divorced yet. A full year must 
expire in California before divorce is final 
and her year isn’t up. When it is up, I 
only hope Joan will have me.

For question two—that I’d rather 
brake my radio contract than continue 
singing on the same program with Lou-
ella Parsons—it’s too ridiculous to waste 
time answering. Miss Parsons and I have 
always worked together fine. I believe she 
would do anything in the world for me . . . 
she always has. You’ll see why the first 
two have to come and see me when I didn’t 
feel well.

Question three—I am starting work 
immediately on my new picture, ‘Stage 
Struck.’ Though I might be unable to 
record songs for some time, I will go 
ahead with all the other work that isn’t 
recording music, and the sequences in which 
my songs appear will be taken later.

Since I was put off-salary the mo-
ment I finished my last picture and since 
my salary doesn’t resume until I actually 
start work again, I decided that I might 
just as well go back to complete my 
cure before rushing back. After all, the 
time I am off salary must be added to the 
end of my contract. Thus when I start 
work this time, I shall have a straight 
two years and ten months to go without 
options!”

He stopped a moment to catch his 
breath before going on. He had been 
talking now for several minutes and not 
one could I detect any weariness or 
raping in his manner. The same bright, 
clear voice I had known ever since Dick had 
first come to Hollywood.

“Question four—my voice might have 
been irreparably damaged, if I’d gone 
right back to work as soon as my opera-
tion was over. But I realized how criti-
cal my voice was to how they’d be 
announcing that they’d be concentrating to see what differ-
ence there really was in my voice.

That’s why I have waited. As a mat-
ter of fact, I had guarded my voice 
when huskiness first appeared, I could 
have avoided all this trouble and expense. 
It was overwork that did it. I developed 
what is known as a singer’s nodes. Ever-
one who has suffered from this affliction. 
You may have noticed that after yapping at a 
football game, and huskiness appears that 
makes it all but impossible for you to 
speak. Naturally, when this happens, you 
instinctively guard against the overuse of 
your voice and the ‘nodes’ disappear just 
as quickly as they came.

“As it happened in my case. I noticed 
that my voice was tired two days before 
my latest picture was finished. If I had 
taken time out then, we’d have been 
late on our schedule. The studio asked me if 
I couldn’t take third day’s days and finish 
on time, I did. The day we finished, I 
went to the radio station for my regular 
Hollywood Hotel broadcast. When I got 
there, I couldn’t speak above a whisper.

“A throat specialist was rushed to the 
station and I was given temporary relief 
to allow me to go on with the show. The 
following morning, my voice had dis-
appeared entirely. I was scared to death!
Six of the finest throat doctors in the 
West were sent to pass upon my case. 
They all agreed that I could not make an 
operation necessary. They told me that 
the ‘nodes’ which had developed must 
be left away.

“When I asked them what a ‘node’ was, 
they explained it this way: A ‘node’ is 
a hard spot on the side of one of the vocal 
cords similar to corn on your toe. If 
you wear a tight shoe long enough the 
corn becomes hard and permanent; if the 
tight shoe is removed in time, it will go 
good. By the time this had come to be— 
I didn’t sing when I thought my voice was husky, I 
would have lost those ‘nodes.’

“I had the operation. It was entirely 
successful. It was, however, a delicate 
and dangerous operation. If the knife had 
shipped a fraction of an inch, it might 
have been his end. You might as well 
not sing as better than I ever sing before!

“That’s my only protection against an-
other whispering chorus that’ll be 
only too happy to regale me with. I’ve 
done enough of —there is something wrong with 
his throat. It’s permanent, too! He’ll 
never sing again and as he should.”

“That’s what I am going to avoid. 
How long it will take, I haven’t any idea. 
Some morning, I know I’ll wake up with 
that roaring—and I’ll be entirely 
working. When that day arrives—and not until then—
I’ll be back on the air.”

I feel sure that won’t be far from 
now. But if it is, I haven’t anything 
to lose. I just received a letter from the 
president of Campbell Soups telling me 
how he is for my complete recov-
ery and telling me that they want me to 
stay away from the microphone until I am perfectly 
well.

“They’ve been simply swell about the 
whole thing, anyway. They even demand-
ed that I stay on salary during my entire 
ilness—something I couldn’t accept. But I’ve 
already signed a contract with this 
company that runs until October, 1937, 
with options after that.”

There’s Dick’s story! And I’m as sure 
as he is, even surer, that before you read 
this that day will arrive when Dick wakes 
up, feeling as though he must sing before 
any more time elapses. When he does 
come back, be as critical as you like about 
his voice.

Dick won’t be worried.

FROM THE MAN WHO KNOWS
BOAKE CARTER BEST

... comes a word picture of radio’s most discussed news comment-
ator at work. Watch for the story by his announcer, Claude Haring—
IN THE SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR
Honeymoon Meals (Continued from page 52)

quarter hours. Remove ham to hot platter and strain the liquid. Return ham and strained liquid to skillet, and add the mushroom, peas, sherry and a dash of pepper. Cook until the vegetables are done, about fifteen minutes, then thicken the liquid with the flour. While the vegetables are cooking, broil the bacon until it is very crisp, then drain it. As soon as the vegetables are done, place the ham on a platter and surround it with the vegetables and thickened sauce. Crumble the crisp bacon and sprinkle over the top.

"There's a salad of alligator pear, tomato and tiny green onions that just seems to go with ham cooked this way," Grace said. "And we always serve them together. Cut the pear and tomato small and mix lightly with the green onions—there should be about a cup each of pear and tomato to half a cup of onions. Serve on crisp lettuce with a dressing made of one tablespoonful of lemon juice to three of olive oil with salt and paprika to taste. This salad should be made at the last minute. Otherwise the alligator pear will turn dark and the tomato get too juicy, but the ingredients should be chilled thoroughly before the salad is made.

"Grace certainly has a way with ham," Eddie murmured. "Remember the time you cooked it in black cherry juice?"

THAT was just my saving nature," Grace smiled. "You see, I'd made a fruit compote of canned pears, green plums and black cherries and didn't use the cherry juice, and I just couldn't bear to throw it away. So I just got a ham steak, put it in the Dutch oven I use for the other ham dish, poured the cherry juice over it and let it cook slowly until the ham was tender.

"But what about the compote?" I asked. "That's one of our favorite desserts," Grace said. "It's cool looking and is especially good after a heavy meal. I use a round glass compote dish. The pears go in the center, then a ring of the green plums and last a ring of black cherries. Mix the pear and plum juice together and pour it over the fruit. I don't use the cherry juice because it is so dark, it makes the dish less attractive."

If you live in the neighborhood, you are quite likely to be asked for one of those Sunday morning breakfasts for which Grace and Eddie are becoming famous. It's usually bacon, scrambled eggs and toast—but they are so different.

"We must tell you how we make toast," Eddie said. "It's our own invention, and we are proud of it. The bread must be about two inches thick. Brown it on one side in the oven, turn it and when it starts to brown on the other side make two diagonal cuts with a butter knife across the unbrowned side, so deep that only the toasted side holds the slice together. Then put on gobs of butter and put your toast back into the oven while it finishes browning, the butter melts and goes all through the bread.

"While Eddie is being toastmaster," Grace took up the story. "I'll fix the eggs and bacon. Put the bacon, on a shallow pan such as a biscuit pan or pie pan, into the oven as soon as it is lighted. While the oven is heating for the toast the bacon cooks slowly, and is much crispier than when it is fried on top of the stove. The eggs are beaten hard with cream—half a pint of cream to six eggs—and cooked in a double boiler."

"After that breakfast," Eddie sighed, "we just sit around and feel sorry that every day isn't Sunday."

New GLAZO puts old-type nail polishes in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use. G L O R I O U S news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manuerizing virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several extra days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in finger tip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new, it's perfect

Radio Mirror
He says:—
“You’re Lovely Tonight”
He thinks:—
“Wish She’d ‘Fix up’ those STREAKS”

A woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the simple perfected means now at her command for preserving unnoticed her youthful appearance.

FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR

an inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy as a manicure in hygienic privacy of home; odorless, greaseless, will not rub off or interfere with NOLAND. LOOK, but soft, glossy, natural coloring. $1.35. Sold everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

[Addressee: BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.F. 4 79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.]

SEND IN PAYMENT. NAME. STREET. CITY. STATE.

GIVE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Be dainty AND SWEET

DEW

Nothing destroys an agreeable impression so readily as signs of neglect about your person—underarm odors or stains and wrinkles. This kind of neglect is universally condemned because it is not only unpleasant, but inex- cusable—so easily remedied . . . Dew stops perspiration instantly—keeps the underarms dry and clean perpetually. Dew does all this gently. You can apply it any time—just follow the simple directions. A small bottle gives months of protection. At any department, drug or chain store.

RADIO MIRROR

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

He’s started writing continuity here . . . But will continue his Monday evening Sports Extra program, a.And Windows of Stone, Intercity’s WMCA announcer, joins WFL in . . . New York: Listeners to Wayne King over the Mutual Broadcasting System from her new spot in the Waldorf are arguing whether or not he will set Manhattanites to waltzing as he did so many Chicagoans. They say he’s New York’s too fast for dreamy music.

Oklahoma City: Residents here are finding themselves in no longer needing tickets of admission to WKY’s new studios, as modern, if not as great in number, as those in Radio City, which positively cannot be crashed without proper pasteboards . . . The transfer from the old to the new studios took less than half a day, with not a moment of broadcast time lost.

Detroit: Latest staff announcer addition at WJR is Gordon Castle, formerly with WGR, Buffalo . . . Des Moines: WHO’s Barn Dance Frolic, which has moved back to the studios for the summer, will prepare for each Saturday night. And Trans- sections by the State Theater in Al- gona . . . Other sectional contests through- out the state will be added . . . Boston: Another announcement from the Jim Gladstone, formerly with WHDH, who has become affiliated with WNAC of the Yankee network. Behind-the-scenes are amused by the fact that Billy Lane, WIP singer, is really the son of the owner of a rival station, Douglas Hibbs, Jr., of WTEL.

THE RADIO ROAMER TELLS:
The hardest assignment Annette Hastings, NBC San Francisco soprano, ever had, came while she was working for pictures. The singer, heard on the Wo- men’s Magazine of the Air and other pro- grams, was posed on the rail of a ship with a rather petulant young lion. The cameraman was slow, making the feline even more ill-natured.

With a sudden lisp of his paw, he slammed her off the railing. Anyhow, she didn’t get wet.

For those who can never remember names and such, there’s the story of John Nesbitt, of the Passing Parade on NBC’s Pacific Coast Network from San Fran- cisco.

He learned the entire role of Hamlet in three nights, saw an actor do all Shy- lock’s lines eight times and knew them by heart. Recently he didn’t discover until he was on the air that he’d lost a page of his continuity. Didn’t bother him a bit. He went right on.

But don’t let it get you down. He can’t remember names, dates or telephone numbers.

One of the luckiest breaks came to Bob Griffin (on the air from Chicago as Joe Martin in the Story of Andy) when he landed with a Lady of the kind claimed for many stars, but anyone might get it. Bob was busy as a construction foreman in a Cali- fornia radio production’s. Skilled and happy, started singing at his work in his best baritone.

The producer heard him, put him on KNX, and now Bob is what he is.

Have you heard about the remarkable capabilities of Page Gilman, heard from San Francisco as Jack Barbour in One Man’s Family? If he should chance to leave radio, which this program’s followers might not like, he could be a glass blower, a photographer, a perfume maker, a sculptor, a radio technician, biol- ogist, chemist, sports announcer, swim- ming instructor or mechanic.

He never said when he first came and made money, a lot to pack into a life span of eighteen years.

Learn how to raise your child to be a singer by taking a leaf from the baby book of Hortense Love. Chicago operatic soprano of the Allied Artists Company. Her mother, instead of lulla- bying her to sleep, played records of Caruso, Galli Curci, Scotti and all the rest as she went off to sleep.

Perhaps the family radio nowadays would do the trick—except that the youngsters might turn out to be com- edians.

Then there’s the “I’ll never forget the time...” story recounted by Art Wellington, the Mike of Mike and Herman heard from Chicago. The star of the Affiliated series once drove 150 miles to make a per- sonal appearance at a fee of $100, but the radio station packed with nobody so that his percentage brought him $1.90, and had to spend $2.00 getting himself out that drift of a radio house.


Pity Barton Yarbrough, the Clifford of One Man’s Family, who darn well wants to know what a “Gran Quivera” is. In San Francisco he just received a handsomely colored document on which was in- scribed:

Barton Yarbrough is a qualified member of that distinguished group of former citizens and native sons and daughters of the Lone Star State who have achieved distinction in the field of radio and mo- tion pictures. He is hereby commissioned as a Fellow of the Gran Quivera in reward for his outstanding assistance and loyalty to Texas.

If one can tell Barton, he’ll have to go to Texas to find out, which wouldn’t be too bad because he wants to see the Texas Centennial.

“Doctor” Sherman of Carefree Carnival, also in San Francisco, promised his four year old daughter her record of her, favorite ditty, “Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay.” He searched high and low and wound up with the realization that no record had been made of the tune in years and that none was available.

Not in the least discouraged, Doc wrote a script which called for the inclusion of the song, telephoned a local recording company, went on the air with the script and, shortly afterward, triumphantly bore home from the transcription a record containing the lilt of the adored song.

Oklahoma City has an irate woman citizen who was annoyed by the tempo- rary cessation of a WKY broadcast dur- ing a severe electrical storm.

“What’s wrong? Why did they stop that program you were giving. Why don’t you stay on the air?”

Patient explanations were made about temporary cutting out of power and that the station would be back on the air in a few minutes.

“Why, don’t you get on the air and tell me what’s wrong instead of making us call?” she snapped and slammed the receiver down.
ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

New York City: Benny Rubin, now ringmaster on the MBS National Amateur Night, is working on a new amateur show. Having played in pictures with Marion Davies, he's trying to find embryo actresses who have voice, delivery and face most resembling those of the screen star . . . Chicago: Roy Shields is claimed as the only major orchestra leader who conducts with his left hand . . . Music's right, though . . . Detroit: If WWJ's new transmitter ever goes off the air because of lightning, it will shock engineers no end. . . . Its transmitter tower has been provided with a lightning arrester designed by them to protect buildings within a radius of half a mile . . . Chicago: Across the Breakfast Table, Allied Broadcast Company's new sketch of the struggles of a young married couple, has been on WCLO, Jamesville, Wisconsin, one of the ABC network's new stations, for two years . . . The originators, Margaret Heckle and Neal Keehn, are now carrying on from the Chicago studios.

Learn Homemaking from the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

Practical and sensible results in wise restriction in choice.

Mrs. Guest gave me an invaluable set of questions that every home maker should ask herself when purchasing a lamp. Cut them out and take them with you on your next expedition of the kind.

Here are they: Are for what room is the lamp? Should the lamp be elaborate or simple? Is a strong light for a large room or a soft glow needed? Upon what size of table is the lamp to stand? Should it be slender or of rounded form? Of what character are the furnishings with which it is to go? What is to be its background or particular situation and of what color or combination of colors should or might it be? Should its tone be light or dark? Do you need something striking or restrained; colorful or quiet?

After answering these questions, bear in mind always that dark stuffs, beds, fringes, and hanging crystals re-absorb light and ought never to be used where strong light is needed.

Have you ever tried the fascinating pastime of putting together a lamp, in the event that you can't find exactly what you want in a store? Perhaps an interesting bowl, a glass bottle, a copper jug, an old oil lamp, or a lovely porcelain vase could be utilized for the purpose. These are easily electrified and a suitable shade can always be found.

Common-sense practicality—that's the Guests. Their home might be a mansion, or a tiny cottage. But always there would be the same note. And, with the eternal feminine touch, Mrs. Guest while on the subject of lighting, added one last pearl of wisdom.

"Personally, I think the most beautiful light in the world is firelight or candlelight," she told me. "I use both whenever possible.

And then that feminine clincher.

"They do flatter one, don't they?"

Thought she was safe but her mouth wash failed!

Why depend on mouth washes that merely hide mouth odors for a matter of minutes—then fail you? Zonite is the only well known personal antiseptic that actually destroys even onion odor—killing it FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes, leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Get a bottle today and prove the remarkable results yourself. Harmless to tissues. See directions. At all U.S. and Canadian druggists.

NEW Quick Relief For ITCHING Skin

WHY writh and scream helplessly under itching torture? Millions have found in Hydrosal a veritable blessing for relief of rashes, eczema, athlete's foot, pimples, poison ivy. Itching stops almost instantly. Smarting and burning disappears. Angry redness soon vanishes. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals. Vitally different from all common lotions. Approved by Good Housekeeping, Get Hydrosal from your druggist now. Fluid or Ointment, 30c, 60c.
Satisfy

The modern girl satisfies by pleasing her man's eye. The woman with lovely, radiant hair has charm and poise that commands admiration from everyone. Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless hair.

LOVELINESS BEGINS WITH THE HAIR. Sparkling, effective hair is yours in two minutes if you will follow the advice of millions of women who have found that Golden Glist preserves and intensifies the natural, vital beauty of your hair. Golden Glist especially prepared for home use, quickly and entirely removes all traces of blonde or darker hair-the necessary lustre of tiny golden hints or reddish tones. Its refreshing effect is much like rouge, when scantily applied, and is barely perceptible. (Golden Glist is not permanent and is easily removed with an ordinary shampoo.)

If you wish to ache and loveliness, go to your nearest drug or department store today, order either the RINSE PACKAGE containing two rinses, or the SHAMPOO containing one rinse and one Glist Shampoo. The price is small, the effect priceless. —Yes.

For a free trial Rinses Package address GOLDEN GLIST CO., Inc., 651 16th Ave., S. Seattle, U.S.A. Offer expires October 1st.

RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS

Make the ONE SPOT TEST

Dermol is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scalp ailment which often carries humiliation and mental agony. Apply Dermol externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales on, the red patches gradually diminish and disappear. Without a doubt, one of the best monergic preparations on the market today. Have been using it on my scalp, forehead, arms, and knees for the past eight years. I look and feel better than ever. (Address WILKIN JOHNSTON Co. 25c in large, 250c in bottles and 500c in bottles.)

LAKE LABORATORIES

Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-31, Detroit, Michigan

Radio Mirror

Wait Before You Commit Suicide!

(Continued from page 1)

doing that very thing with your wife and you facing starvation.

"Because of ill health I lost out on my WPA job and because of a lot of red tape I have not yet been able to get back on relief. Meanwhile, wife and me haven't averaged half a dollar a day. Do you know what the tortures of starvation are? God, it's awful. Wife and I love each other and don't want to die slowly. But rather than starve slowly, it looks like the only thing to do is to use the gas before our two bits run out in the meter and not be parted ever again.

"I have heard you say to others, who wrote you saying they were going to bump themselves off, to just hold on and you're going to that one day. This, the thing we need is something to eat and unless we get it quick there's just no use living. You are our last resort and if nothing happens tomorrow, something will happen sure at this end.

Mrs."

That letter was hurried to the Voice of Experience at eleven o'clock in the morning and he dispatched an investigator at once with directions to take the old couple to a restaurant.

But the old couple had waited only long enough to be sure the letter had arrived at its destination. They had probably worked over it together during the evening two days before, breathing a prayer as they watched it drop into the mail box.

And the next morning, when they awakened and there was no breakfast, they must have told each other, condoning it. At noon, "It's almost time for lunch," they said when there was no lunch, they must have said, "It must be there now. And in the evening, when they were utterly supperless, and no knock on the door—well, they knew it had gotten there by then, so they used the rest of the quarter in the gas meter.

The superintendent found them. He smelled the gas and battered down the door. They were on the floor in each other's arms. There had been quite a lot of crying. The old couple, no superintendent couldn't stay in the room long.

You see, the Voice of Experience has to have time. The stacks of letters before him are written on discarded cards. Unmarked cards, so that only the fates know where the ace has fallen in the shuffle.

And like the turning of a card was that letter the Voice of Experience received last fall.

One Friday afternoon, late, one of the clerks was carrying a basket piled high with letters from the opening room to the reading department. A capricious breeze whisked one of the letters away.

It must have been the fate at that, for one of the under-secretaries picked this letter from the floor just before entering the Voice of Experience's office. He laid it on the desk, together with two letters he had just finished transcribing.

The Voice of Experience glanced at it, and fleeting sentences caught his eye. He read:

"Please excuse this writing as I have lost my right arm. This is the first time I have written with my left hand and it is oh so difficult. My father died two years ago, my husband a year later. My precious mother is now lying dead in the hospital. Please to Friday, I have been given ten days to get the money needed to bury her outside of Potter's Field. I have one sister in Kings Park Hospital, one mother in jail, and another brother drinking every cent he can get his hands on. I am crippled and can find no work. The landlord has given me four days to clear. I have no money and no place to go. I have had 41 operations on my stomach, legs, breast. I can give a true life story. For God's sake do something for me.

Mrs."

The Voice of Experience handed the letter to the investigator who was sitting in his office. "Look into that one girls."

The investigator looked, "I'll drop over there tomorrow," he said. "It's almost five o'clock.

"I've never asked you to work at night," said the Voice of Experience, "but maybe you'd better run out tonight.

"Sure. It's kind of touch around there. Maybe I'd better have someone along.

The two men arrived at the Brooklyn address given in the letter about an hour later. It was a dingy tenement, dark and unlighted. It seemed to breathe suffering and discontent.

As they pushed their way into the gloomy hall, they heard low moans of terror coming from a room at their left. They threw themselves at the door and it burst open on a sombre sight.

In the corner, watching horror-stricken eyes as an unshaven giantprepared to drive a knife into the back of a roaring malcontent, lay or wall, a one-armed woman whose clothes had been virtually ripped from her body.

One of the investigators dove for the man's upraised arm, breaking it at the elbow as you would snap a rotten branch.

Within an hour, the drink-crazed man was screaming his hate from a cell and the rookie cop was being told he should never investigate a disturbance with a flap of the stall. Within a day, the woman had made arrangements to move to a job in New England where her brother would never again find her.

Yes, the Voice of Experience can help you—but you must give him the time. He can't withstand defeat before him.

One girl is alive today because she did wait for the Voice to come to her aid. Although she moved slowly toward death, she regained her health. She is the writer of the letter which is reproduced on page 3. Perhaps you will wonder when the Voice of Experience read this girl's pitiful letter on the air, begging her to stop taking the small doses of poison she was swallowing each day. And perhaps you were listening against, when he read another letter from her a few days later, in which she said his broadcast had given her new hope, new courage to face the world with her unborn, fatherless child. She had been taking arsenic, she wrote, but now she had stopped and had taken an antidote. She was on the way to recovery.

As I sat in his office the other day talking of this letter, she was brought to him. He read the letter and gave me the long, well-written. It was from the niece of an internationally famous man. She had written that, unless some solution could be found to her problem, she was going to take her life.

As I read, the Voice of Experience worked. By the time I had finished, he had found her. She hadn't committed suicide—nor will she. Her problem is solved. But it would never have been, and there would have been a nasty story spread across the front pages of the world, had she not waited.
Rudy Tells: "Why I Always Have to Fight"

(Continued from page 17)

to play the entire number off key. Instead of singing the number, Rudy had to speak it. In the dressing room a few minutes later, the enraged leader scooped up a handful of music and with a speed and control that would have done credit to Dizzy Dean slammed it at the hapless musician’s head.

"Lucky for him there wasn’t a baseball bat handy,” Rudy confided to me later with a savage growl.

I made my own inquiries, however, and I found out that the man couldn’t reach me himself. That particular pianist has been with him for years, like most of his men, through good times and lean.

Making private inquiries, I found out others things, too. For instance, about the musician in Rudy’s band who contracted tuberculosis and for whom, together with his entire family, Rudy is providing and will continue to provide as long as the man lives.

Then there was the reporter who once let his descriptive sense carry him too far in writing about Rudy’s matrimonial difficulties. That was another of the fights. Rudy nearly knocked him loose from his eyebrows. He could have had the man fired at the time, but he didn’t — and last year when Rudy was working in Hollywood that same man bobbed up a scenarist on Rudy’s picture. Once more Rudy could have had him fired, not only from the set, but the studio and perhaps Hollywood as well, if he had been the sort who holds malice. But he was content to let bygones be bygones.

It all ties in. Rudy flares up and lets off steam violently, but he never nurses a grudge. He’s intolerant and impatient of everything that savors of injustice or unfairness, and with anyone who is mean or selfish. That is, he’s instinctively intolerant of such things. After he has had time to think, he’s willing to ignore them. But when they first hit him, he has to lash out with his fists.

“Even when I was a little kid,” he told me, “I was always getting into trouble because I couldn’t keep myself from messing into other kids’ affairs. Many a black eye and bloody nose I got for my pains. Too, that’s when my mother said I’d be in hot water because I had another side to it, too. I believe the same force has enabled me to achieve what I have. Without it I might have been a saxophonist working for some orchestra leader.”

I recalled, at that, how Rudy’s indomitable drive and tenacity had carried him over obstacle after obstacle which might have hopelessly licked a meeker man. There was a time, you know, when he was just plain Rudy Vallee, saxophone player. He had to get his horn from his fingers. But he didn’t rail at his luck and sit idly by to wait for the fingers to heal. He became an orchestra leader. There was another time when he found himself, for the time being, stymied by fate. He couldn’t play what they wanted — that sort of stuff. Therefore he couldn’t get a job in a band. He solved that difficulty by forming a band of his own. In his first theater appearance he found that his voice, the result of a year of careful development, couldn’t fill the theater. So he grabbed a megaphone — and introduced the style that made him rich and famous. Those are the milestones in Rudy’s career. When he found himself blocked

It's hard to believe that FEMININE HYGIENE can be so dainty, easy and GREASELESS

BUT IT IS TRUE • Zonitors, snowy-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to mess, greasy suppositories. Soothing — harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless — ideal for deodorizing. You’ll find them superior for this purpose, too!

More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle patented in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burns" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for information and free booklet.

Each in individual glass yield

Zonitors
for FEMININE HYGIENE
Snaky-White-Greaseless


Name...

Address

Jewel Case of CHRISTMAS CARDS

Now ready! Sell latest sensation! Embossed silver metal card "Jewel Case" with 21 exclusive Christmas folders, costs 50c, sells for $1. Christmas cards sold in sets of 100 by 100 each. Christmas booklet, "The Season's Secret," describes the many ways to personalize.

JAKES ART STUDIOS, 1424 University Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

BRUSH AWAY:
GRAY HAIR

—and Book 10 Years Younger

• Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.

BROWNTONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Inexpensive after initial expense — will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

79
by an obstacle, he did not laboriously clamber around it. Nor did he sit down hopelessly and give up all as lost. He fought. He managed to make them his friends.

In order to fight your way past obstacles, you have to be a fighter by instinct—and when you’re a fighter by instinct, sometimes you just naturally use your fists without thinking first or counting ten.

Rudy claims he has had fewer fist fights than the number of trouble is, he complained, “that when I do get into a scrap the newspapers print everything about it, whereas most men can have their fights in peace and privacy. The funny thing about it is that I know nothing whatever about fighting. I never had a boxing lesson in my life, and I don’t even own my own gloves. Maybe if I had learned something about boxing I wouldn’t have gotten that blad—” He grinned. “...And that there will be a next time, I have no doubt. But now that you understand the force behind Rudy, his weakness for settling anything the quickest way he knows should recede to its rightful position, a very unimportant position, in your estimate of him.”

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 10)

again. Gee, but he is a real guy and fellows like me have a right to their favorite programs as well as the grownups. They like him too, so please bring him back.

DONALD ABBOTT, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

WHY THE SUDDEN CUT-OFF?

I’ve got a brick to hurl and it’s for the sponsor of radio serial sketches who leave listeners holding the sack by suddenly and unexpectedly discontinuing their programs.

This has happened several times, especially when the radio serial has reached an absorbing point. This is akin to reading a good book and having the pages missing. By the time the program is resumed, either by the same or a new sponsor we’re all at sea.

If sponsors must do this, why can’t they inform us of the change via the local newspaper radio columns? Much good will would be saved this way.

FRANK R. MOORE, Detroit, Michigan.

$1.00 PRIZE

BETTER SUMMER SHOWS ARE NEEDED

The seasonal changes in radio entertainment seem to come very early this year, so that nothing but secondclass stars as Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Helen Hayes, and Leslie Howard had fared from the airways with many of the finest commercial and sponsored programs soon to follow. In almost every instance the time vacated has been taken over by more popular, swing programs.

Now a certain amount of such radio fare is quite all right, but to many listeners the scales seem unfairly tipped in the wrong direction. If commercial hours do not supply it perhaps the networks will and so keep us close to our loudspeakers all summer.

ANNIE HOWARD CHURCH, Harrisburg, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

“These are some preferences of a family of Americans many years away from home in the Country Country. New commentator Lowell Thomas, Sunday at Seth Parker’s, Major Bowes, Lulu Belle, Orphan Annie.”—B. E. LONG, Colombia, South America.

“Personal nomination for the most grief-filled program on the air. Betty and Gordon Gray, the song Claramunda is funny along side this program.”—EVERETT E. GREENE, Bremerton, Wash.

“The announcer for Silken Strings, the Red Silk Hobby program, Sunday night, March 22nd, said that ‘Porgy and Bess’ was the first opera whose music strengthened, instead of weakened, the dramatic action. What about ‘Aida’ and other real operas? The person who writes the con-
Radio Mirror

Radio Mirror's Edition of...

Now Bailey Allen's
NEW COOK BOOK
1500 RECIPES

As food editor of RADIO MIRROR, I am delighted to recommend to all our readers this 1935-page volume for the home cook's kitchen. It contains all the healthful dishes that Bailey Allen has introduced to you in his regular column, plus thousands more, all made from foods that are the most nutritious and most economical. I know, from the thousands of letters to my column, how much your readers are looking for new and original ideas for interesting, healthy foods. I sincerely hope that this book will fill that need. Correct serving and cooking procedures are given for each recipe. Special articles are included in most recipes with new type conventional index, and flexible wire binding in the form of a spiral (wrap Naturally)

MARGARET SIMPSON
RADIO MIRROR Magazine
1928 Broadway
New York City

Your book will arrive promptly, postage prepaid.

ITCHY PIMPLES

Quick Relief
Or Money Back!
IF FRANTIC with an itching, pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or rashes due to external causes—don't suffer another moment. One application of combating PETERSON'S ITCH-TINIUS is just what you need to soothe and heal the skin. Use it every morning, afternoon, and at bedtime. Quick relief by Peterson Ointment is guaranteed or your money back. No prescription necessary.

PETERSON OINTMENT

1905 G. M. CO.
to get the show together, and how the public can swallow anything as bad as it seems to you by that time. Then, after a couple of years, the program starts, and when it'll be you. You'll remember that and start worrying about the next one.

I realized then that the dead air time is really a symbol for everything tough about putting on a radio program—and more, too. It's like all the jitters and nerves and worries rolled up into one.

CURED
LEUKER
HAIR
GROWTH

It's the 100% genuine product, and the

HARRY'S
HAIR

is our choice. We've used it for years.

GREYHAIR

grown very gray.

H.C. Lewis.

waves gorgeous dark.

not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

New approved formula

The Best GRAY HAIR

The Unseen Threat That Menaces Your Radio Stars

(Continued from page 40)

couldn't do this.

Another indication of the tension many stars live under is their lack of tranquility. Many have an almost morbid dislike of sleep, of a quiet evening at home. They need life and animation about them, to keep them keyed up, and to keep their minds off themselves and their troubles.

In themselves, these nervous troubles are serious enough, but their real importance is as warnings of what may come if they don't take the proper steps to reduce them.

There is no way, really, to avoid the dead air time. Networks—happily—must have that pause for their local announcements, and the radio performers must be there in the studio, ready to jump into the broadcast at the signal. But there are two ways to minimize its effect.

GOODMAN and Jane Ax, found one way. "We used to let it get us down," Ace told me. "Jane more than me. We'd get ourselves fired out before every program, rehearsing. Then Jane developed a rash, the one leg thing, and what could she do, and neither did the doctor. He told her it was her diet, and ordered her to write down everything she swallowed, or was going to write down. She finally did it, and I gave her a couple of sessions. Then she went on a diet, and the rash cleared up."

"It was quite a shock, for me, worrying about how good you are, that dead air time becomes any old twenty seconds. Doesn't bother you at all. And while I guess maybe we'll never be as famous as some people in radio, we're keeping healthy."

It's all very well, if you have the sort of mind that can stop worrying at will.

Many stars haven't. The same nervous energy which has made them your favorites also makes them anxious to adopt Ace's remedy. And they are the ones who must fit into their lives the second remedy I spoke of. All three of us have already discovered this remedy for themselves. Frank Parker and Nino Martini both train like athletes, both are clean, take care of their voice—no smoking, no drinking."

But even that doesn't always work, after a particular broadcast.

Jack Benny says he never worries, but I wish you could have seen him this spring, when Harry Conn had a nervous breakdown and had to leave Jack's program. Harry had written Jack's material for years, and when he was left to write his own shows, Jack fretted his head nearly off, his shoulders. Jack also suffers frequently from nervous indulgences, as do Ed Wynn, Phillips Lord, and Howard Freeman.

Watch George Burns at a party. He's animation and joviality embodied—until, for a few minutes, the attention of the crowd is elsewhere. He then, as if in a trance, his face loses its sparkle, becomes abstracted and worried. Behind the change, if you know radio, you realize there is the spectre of an instant broadcast that looms ahead of him.

Gracie Allen suffers less than George because she has found a way to escape a good deal of rehearsal time. A stand-in reads her lines at all rehearsals except the very last one. Naturally, if she weren't such an experienced comedienne, she

LIGHrEN YOUR HAiR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy at any drug store by following this simple recipe:

To half pint of water add one ounce by trim, a small box of the Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drugstore can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imports color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp.

New approved formula

REMOVEs FRECKLES
WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently while you sleep. Get a jar of NADINOLA Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with 36 years of experience in the field of skin treatment. Only 50c at drug and toilet counter.

• 10c in Ten Cent Stores. 60c send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 144, Paris, Tenn.
Behind Closed Doors

J OHN PENNER let the cat—or rather the sheep—out of the bag just before he sailed for Europe and a nice long vacation the first of June. He told that inquiring reporter what he intended to do about finding something to take the place of his duck when he starts his new half hour radio programs next fall.

In its place, Joe is going to have a black sheep. You see, Joe's always been the black sheep of his own family—by his own admission. So he thinks it's fitting that the animal to replace the duck should be just that, a black sheep. As he put it, "All my brothers and sisters and my father and mother know. Me, I'm not. I'm an ex-vaudeville, a radio comic."

So for thirty minutes every Sunday, starting late in September, you will be able to hear John Lynn Allen to his Gang Busters microphone. Allen, you'll remember, was the California drug clerk who got lots of the credit for the capture of Thomas H. Robinson in connection with the Stool kidnaping.

Phil decided on a Tuesday that he wanted Allen on his Wednesday night program. He put in a long distance call to Allen's home, but he wasn't in and nobody knew where he'd be back. Nothing daunted, Phil asked local police to catch him, since Jack was on the air four years ago for Canada Dry. Now he's going to try to help Joe become as funny as Jack's been the past year.

The broadcasts will take place in Hollywood, where he's been making pictures for RKO. He starts his first picture as soon as he arrives in September. The contract, Joe said, calls for three pictures a year. Just like Fred Astaire.

**PHIL LORD** stirred up minor tempests in several widely separated spots before the young Lynn Allen to his Gang Busters microphone. Allen, you'll remember, was the California drug clerk who got lots of the credit for the capture of Thomas H. Robinson in connection with the Stool kidnaping.

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I FELT more like a guest than a master in my house. I paid none of the bills. I had no part in choosing the furniture or buying the food. My father-in-law paid for everything without a murmur. My wife and her mother said they did not like my taste. The new shirts in my bureau Evelyn bought and paid for. In short, I was being kept, just like any cheap gigolo, because I had been able to arouse and keep a woman's love.

Eric Murray had sold himself to get a medical education, and now he was paying back his debt—with his own self-respect. That was bad enough. But now there was Mary, and real love! And Mary's expected baby.

How could such a situation work out? The strange and fascinating story of the amazing manner in which Murray's bargain wife met this crisis in her marriage is revealed in full in the new July True Story Magazine. It's a story as human as life itself. Get your copy at the nearest news stand and read every word of it. Today!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
FRED STONE'S OWN STORY—I TRIED TO LIVE MY CHILDREN'S LIVES—THE WOMAN I CAN'T FORGET—THE MAN WHO SET ME FREE—HEARTBREAK IN SING SING—I LOVED A MILLIONAIRE—HER LOVE WAS MY REDEMPTION—I MARRIED A PICK-UP—TEN KINDS OF DEVIL—STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOME PROBLEMS FORUM—ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY—TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER.

ON THE SCREEN
If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see True Story brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops.

TWO GREAT TRUE STORY RADIO PROGRAMS EACH WEEK! TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, NBC RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. ALSO THE FAMOUS RADIO COURT OF GOOD WILL IS NOW SPONSORED BY TRUE STORY EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT. WLW, CINCINNATI; WMCA, NEW YORK; WOR, NEWARK, AND OTHER POWERFUL STATIONS. LOCAL RADIO COLUMNS GIVE HOUR AND NEAREST STATION. HEAR AND ENJOY BOTH OF THESE STIRRING PROGRAMS.

True Story
JULY ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS
motherhood and she owes it to One Man's Family,

Bernice had been married for some time. Her husband was a hard working young attorney. They were a modern young couple, and as so many modern young couples do, they had decided that two parents in one family made enough of a handicap to a happy marriage, without further endangering it by having children. They had worked out the pattern of their lives, the little compromises to make their geometric design, and they had convinced themselves that theirs was the ideal way to get along.

That is, they did until, a while back in the Depot, Bernice met Hazel Barbour—took a sudden turn. Hazel had a baby. After it was born, she learned what pleasure it brought. And speaking those lines—much like Kathleen speaking her lines—Bernice began to see for the first time what motherhood actually meant.

Slowly, hardly conscious of what was happening, the desire grew within her to have a baby of her own. She hesitated briefly, but finally took the whole subject up with her husband. They have a child now, a lusty, red-cheeked baby. Bernice blushed when she asked her the baby, but her husband smiled and nodded his head.

"Playing the role of Hazel was a lucky thing for Bernice. After all, she admitted, taking his wife's hand.

If you had met Page Gilman when he first took up the role of Jack Barbour and then had met him again the day I did, you would never have recognized him. Page has changed much more than does the ordinary kid growing up through adolescence.

Page joined One Man's Family as a thirteen-year-old boy who was an only child. His outlook, of necessity, was narrow, his attitude self-centered, his ability to give and take considerably less than that of others his own age. It was natural that it could not be helped under the circumstances. For thirteen years he had been the only object of his parents' attention.

He had a hard time, at first, adjusting himself to being just a small part of a big program. The others, nice to him the first week or two, and considerate and helpful, soon took him for granted and paid little heed to him. For the first time in his life, Page discovered that he could remain in the room with other people and be ignored.

In a much shorter time than you would believe, Page gained a brand new outlook on life. This needed contact with a large family, even though only one a radio family, showed him how necessary it is to give as well as take. It broadened his outlook on life, his ability to think of others as well as himself. Now, at eighteen, he's generous, helpful, always ready to help out others in the cast. And his parents, although he has never been more proud of himself as well as of him, give him the credit it deserves.

And so to the laurels this program has always worn, the greatest influences for good in our time must be added another wreath for its profound effect on the actors who go to make it up. To the family stories of history, the Barrets, the Bontes and others, another will soon take its place—the Barbour's of radio fame. May the example of its gentle teachings continue to enrich our lives for many years to come.
Beginning The Fascinating
Behind-the-Scenes Story
of Boake Carter

(Continued from page 25)

nearly brusque manner of a reporter—the manner that public officials may not like, but which they invariably respect. Now, as Philco’s $90,000 a year star salesman, he writes his letters without dictating them to his feminine secretary. He usually begins them, “My dear Jones,” ends them “very sincerely,” signs them, “Boake Carter,” though he was baptized Harold. His stationery has WCAU at the top, with “From the office of Boake Carter” in small type, lower down at the left.

He is by this time half friendly half brusque manner that he is able now to number among his acquaintances most of the important men in public life.

If a provoking story breaks in the morning papers he is likely to reach for the phone and call Washington for unofficial but very enlightening gossip. Old newspaper cronies give him their off-the-record views on occasion.

The mornings, which have been generally credited with being spent in laborious toiling at the typewriter, actually see him in action at the phone, receiving visitors anywhere between ten and twelve, or the train to New York, or a new portrait a national periodical has requested, or conferring with various officials at the Madison Avenue offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Once he forms his views, he wastes no time putting them down on paper. He writes his scripts comparatively easily, but always fears finishing them. One of his greatest bugaboos is trying to find a punch line, something new and bright with which to finish off a broadcast. Often he paces up and down the office, rolling paper up and throwing it away, in desperation he’ll often call in a friend.

“Give me a punch ending,” he pleads. If the friend does come through, Carter with a gasp of relief will pound it out, rush from the room and into the broadcast studio. Friends have been hurt in the past because he had absentmindedly forgotten the next day that the line he wanted wasn’t his own.

Nor did reporters at Flemington like his manner of making their acquaintance. He has developed a defensive habit of improving the importance of his job, the shortness of time he can spend with them, the doubt he has that any time he does spend will be worthwhile. Once, however, he has established these facts, his manner becomes easy, almost ingratiating. Before the trial at Flemington was over, everyone who had contact with him had learned to like him.

Reporters had their revenge one day at the trial. It had been snowing heavily all the night before, and drifts had piled deep on the roads and walks. When Carter walked into the courtroom that morning, he was wearing as protection against the weather a fur cap that had come down over his ears, covering most of his face and neck, an ankle length sheep-lined coat on which he nearly tripped at every step; and—complete the costume—pair of cap boots. Every day, rain or shine, from then to the end of the trial, he was greeted with friendly jeers and references to the cap or boots or coat.

Carter has no hatred of crowds of celebrity seekers. He was a reporter too. He was part of too many crowds himself seeking information from...
SKIN

Beauty

WITH

Mericolized Wax

- Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mericollized Wax. This single cream is a complete treatment. Mericollized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just apply Mericollized Wax for your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mericollized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Sazonito Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolves Sazonito in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory.

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COMING!

TRUE STORY PICTURES

True Story is coming to the screen. Columbia Pictures have arranged to distribute a series of pictures based on the thrillingly dramatic true stories that have made True Story Magazine beloved of millions of people. By the time you read this notice production should be in full swing.

If you would like to see re-enacted before your eyes the stories that have pleased you and touched you and moved you so deeply when you read them in True Story Magazine or heard them on the air, by all means ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theater when he expects to run COLUMBIA PICTURES

Based on true stories from TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

RADON MIRROR

famous men who have come to Philadelphia. But autograph hunters annoy him.

The last night of the trial, the counsel of the prosecutors, at Carter's request, locked him in his room, pocketed the key, and walked away. Fans, milling about the hotel, sought in vain more than two hours for the commentator. Before that night crowds had been in the hundreds. In the lobby of the hotel, trampling each other to see the broadcasts.

Although it was at Philadelphia that he performed his last broadcast, there was in Carter's room, over and pencilled in script that he had just finished, it was as a broadcaster while working on the News that he first learned to do it.

The city editor of the paper had picked Carter to go on the air every day to a local Philadelphia station with the latest news bulletin. It filled the market—those are the tiny, dusty rooms in which were filed pictures and stories from old issues—Carter would read, as fast as his tongue could pronounce words, the latest dispatches as the copy boys tore them off the news service wires and handed them to him there with time for any correction of grammatical mistakes. He soon found that he had a flair for beginning a sentence, rather than starting over again without pausing for breath. It is that untutored, unprofessional trick in his present broadcasts that lends a superb air of authenticity and trueness to his editorializing.

NOT even his debut on a coast-to-coast network of stations changed his manner of reading sentences wrong. His own scripts are seldom corrected. No one but his secretary sees them before the broadcast. They are filed away after the fifteen-minute program reaches an end without any one else ever seeing them.

Since he gained a sponsor his scripts have become more and more outspoken. It is fittingly paradoxical and paradoxically fortunate that he can say more, take more people for sleigh rides, accuse more public officials of negligence when he has commercial backing, than he ever could have if he were a sustaining feature supported solely by the network system.

Partly to escape from the pressure of business, partly to avoid letter writers who try to see him in person, partly to have more adequate opportunity to pursue his hobbies, he is painting. He lives in a suburb of Philadelphia, some miles from the road of the city. There, with the wife he first met in the office of the News and their two children, he tures in seclusion after each broadcast.

Weekends he spends yachting on Chesapeake Bay, where, as he says, "Nobody on the water even knows we are there." However, he contradicts that very statement by admitting that he tunes his yacht's radio in on every news broadcast during his weekly two-day vacation.

There are few stars of radio who are less willing than he to reminisce about their early days, but he doesn't think the past is particularly interesting.

"It doesn't mean much," he says. "It isn't what a man has done that's important—it's what he is, how he works, and what he hopes to do in the future."

In the radio studios of WCAU Carter demands perfection in small things that ordinarily only opera stars and tenors would bother with. He has many pet superstitions about broadcasting—and it pays those who work with him to take those superstitions as seriously as he does himself. They would be laughable if they weren't so much a part of those remaining sides of his character that are yet to be revealed.

They belong to the picture of Boake...

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. One Louis student writes: "Business Manager of luxury homes in Prestbury House, Have attractive suite in addition to salary, thanks to Leahman Free Book. Write for free book. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, 514 N. W. 10th St., Washington, D. C.

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- Of course, you love your family! But love in itself is not enough. Other things are vital and one of them is—Money! The safest way to earn more money is to make yourself worth more money. And the best way to make yourself worth more money is by securing more training, by improving your talents. You can do this through spare-time study of an International Correspondence Schools Course. Every day you wait may cost you and your family—money. Mail the coupon.

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Without cost or obligation, please mail me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject I choose.

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Use the coupon in Canada, and this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canada, Limited, Amhurst, Canada.

87
Carter that has been painted by his announcer, Claude Haring, who has learned, through daily contact with him, intimate details of Carter's working and living methods that may make you laugh or frown but cannot help making you feel you know this unique radio figure.

Don't miss the revealing account of Booke Carter’s broadcasting method—a day-by-day story written by the only man who sees and works with Carter five days a week—which will be brought you in the September issue of Radio Mirror. Watch for it—out on the newstand July 24.

Should Radio Be Allowed in Our Courtrooms?

(Continued from page 42)

ORIGINAL trials, the trials that had been broadcast in connection with the paper's safety campaign. After a time, the judges began to feel that the audience's chief interest was one of entertainment, rather than of judicial proceedings. Yet up until after long discussion, it was decided to keep the broadcasts going—without the newspaper's sponsorship. In the minds of listeners concerned with the courtroom broadcasts, the question remains unanswered.

Political ambition has had its share in deciding some of the battles blaring about the courtroom microphone. In Dayton, Ohio, last winter, Police Court Judge Null McCarron, who was up for re-election, ran on his campaign cards, the following notice:

"Tune in WHIO at 9:30 a.m. each morning, whether you vote for or against me."

Despite strong opposition of an unpopular newspaper, the broadcasts over the station owned by the Dayton Daily News evidently aided him, for he was re-elected by a two-to-one majority.

The war of courtroom broadcasting has its more jolly moments. When officials of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain in Virginia, Judge Joseph P. McCarroll into broadcasting from the Municipal Court, he was quoted as having said:

"Maybe it's funny to some people when a guy gets up here and I fine him five dollars. But it's not funny to the guy, especially if he doesn't have the five bucks."

In their taking stand on the issue which must be decided now unless all courtroom broadcasting is to meet the same fate as it did in the Hauptmann trial, listeners can take counsel from the opposed views of two St. Paul, Minnesota, judges.

JUDGE CLAYTON PARKS, who filed for re-election the first of the year, disapproved broadcasts from that city's traffic court. "I do not believe," he said, "it proper for me to continue the broadcasts from the courtroom in view of the fact that I have filed for re-election. I further believe that the broadcasts have done some good ... but I believe that broadcasting should not be made a permanent institution."

But it is Judge John W. Finehout who takes a stand as sturdy as that which must be taken by the listener who believes in the right to hear trials through his loudspeaker.

"It is somewhat inconvenient for us here in court to have these broadcasts, but I believe that as long as business men, newspapers, and civic organizations are willing to give of their valuable time and effort because of their educational value, it should be continued."

There in St. Paul is the only evidence of a strongly organized fight to keep courtroom broadcasts off the air. Unless the nation's listeners determine their attitude and take quick action upon it, they may sit through their courtroom broadcasts—by the same sort of action with which the three New Jersey officials kept the Hauptmann trial from the air.

Don Wilson steps into summer stand as master of ceremonies on the Jello show while Jack Benny's busy making a movie.
SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

FOUR TIMELY SELF-HELP BOOKS
ONE OF THEM MAY HELP YOU TO REALIZE YOUR AMBITION

The Student's Handbook, edited by William Allan Brooks. Here is a book of ambitions realized. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to the securing of the education you desire—a comprehensive reference volume on student problems before and after entering college—geographical listing $42,000,000 of student loans and scholarships and where to apply—spare time work for college students (300 practical suggestions)—mistakes often made in examinations—after high school, what?—after college, what?—business or profession—ten desirable timely professions. If you are planning on or hoping for higher education this book can help you. If you are the parents of ambitious children, no gift you could give them would be more welcome. Substantially cloth bound, 318 pages—$1.89.

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Use the coupon today. Money back if not satisfied.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.
Dept. WG-8
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
It's the Tobacco that Counts
and Luckies are less acid
Will HOLLYWOOD Put SEX Into RADIO?

The secret behind JOE PENNER’S comeback
The comic tragedy of Gracie Allen’s real brother
If you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity.

Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. To sufferers from foot ailments Mr. Macfadden announces the opening of a foot clinic at Physical Culture Hotel where excellent results are being obtained. Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"I have never seen a more delightful place. And it has been so highly commended by its guests who were taking the treatment there. It is the most picturesque and delightful health resort I have ever seen anywhere in this country or abroad, and I hope it will always prove a success, and make you feel happy after the splendid results you are achieving for the benefit of those who need its service."  

DANIEL FROHMAN.

WHAT ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS THINKS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

My dear Mr. Macfadden—"I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months' stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there.

Sincerely,
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Among the many facilities for personal enjoyment available at Physical Culture Hotel are a splendid swimming pool, tennis, golf, volleyball, dancing, mass singing and horseback riding. Everything possible is done to make your visit not only a wonderful adventure in health building but one of the happiest vacations you ever spent.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. WG-9 Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

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

Street...................................................................................................................................

Town......................................................................................................................................

State......................................................................................................................................
A SOCIALITE AND A DENTIST CLASH OVER A LAMB CHOP

YOU'RE RIGHT—quite right. This is a social crime! The girl is a barbarian—a social outlaw! But before you dismiss her—before you turn the page—listen to the frank opinion of a modern dentist.

"A crime? Nonsense! I hope millions of people see this picture! It may be shocking to some people but, from my professional viewpoint, it's a perfect lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be a lot less evidence of tender, ailing gums—of that serious dental warning—'pink tooth brush'."

Today's soft foods rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for sturdy health. Denied this natural work and exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitivity, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

"Pink tooth brush" doesn't always mean that you are in for serious trouble—but your dentist should be the judge. Usually it only means gums under-worked and over-sensitive—gums that need exercise—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

It is very simple to rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll soon feel a tingle of new circulation—new life. Gums look better, feel firmer. They show a grateful response to this new stimulation. For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Young or old—play safe. Even before you have a first warning of danger, adopt this modern dental health routine. You'll certainly be far safer from the really serious gum troubles.

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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COMING IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

On Sale August 26

You hear them on the air and you love their mad humor, but what would it be like to be married to such a zanie as Stoopnagle or Budd? Next month, the Colonel's bride tells you in as heart warming a story as you'll ever read. And watch for the cover of Lanny Ross.

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BY TCETCHET

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
Don't let adolescent pimples keep you from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
OZZIE NELSON and his wife, Harriet Hilliard, have been in a darn tough spot
the past few weeks. A New York columnist began a rumor that Harriet’s going
to have a baby and the young couple have been swamped trying to deny the
report. The harder they tried to say it wasn’t true, the more everyone was inclined
to believe it.

I was skeptical at first, until one of Radio Mirror’s ace writers dropped in to see
them backstage at the Paramount theater where they were playing an engagement.

Well sir, from what Ozzie said at that time, I’ve decided that the Nelsons are really
going to be parents soon.

“Harriet,” Ozzie confided, “is only going to be before the public another three or
four weeks. The rest of the summer she’ll stay at home and won’t sing with the band.
And, contrary to what you may have been told, she’s not going to start work on her
next picture for RKO in Hollywood until late in the fall, probably some time around
the middle of November.”

He only grinned when the writer mentioned what a perfect arrangement that would
be for Harriet if she were having a baby early in the fall.

Harriet herself acted just like the young bride she is. She smiled and blushed and
was even more beautiful as the color seeped up into her cheeks. This will be the first
important blessed event on radio row in a long time.

PHILOSOPHERS like to tell us that laughter is the greatest cure for men’s troubles.
Humor can do lots of things. If you’re a Fred Allen or a Jack Benny, for instance, it
can win you a lot of fame and a nice fat weekly salary check. I found out recently
from reading an obscure item in a daily paper that the business of being funny can
sometimes do even more. It can, it seems, elect you to public office.

Down in Birmingham, Alabama, a few weeks ago, one of the town’s biggest radio
favorites, a comedian, ran for a seat in the House of Representatives. It was his first
plunge in politics and he was running against an old line politician out for re-election.
The radio comedian won by a comfortable majority of votes, proving that a good
way to get started in the political game is to buy a Joe Miller joke book.

I THINK I’m the happy bearer of glad tidings for many of you listeners. If every-
thing works out as planned now, the Slumber Hour will be back on the air this
fall. And it will have Milton Cross, again, too, singing the (Continued on page 75)
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH
BY WELDON MELICK

GOLD MEDAL HOUR. Had radio existed in Biblical days, Lot’s wife would have been hypnotized into a sack of flour after listening to General Mills programs five hours a week. This Gold Medal recipe for demolishing a housewife’s morning consists of 15 parts Betty and Bob, an effective stimulant, 15 parts Broadway Cinderella, a new and untested ingredient, 15 parts The Reporter, spicy but non-habit forming, and 15 parts hymns of All Churches with Joe Emerson as baritone nerve tonic. On Fridays substitute 15 parts Betty Crocker for last ingredient, 15 parts The Reporter, spicy big dose. At the end of one week you will either be Gold Medal-conscious—or unconscious.

CBS, Mon. through Fri., 10 A. M., 60 min.

RADIO CIRCUS. George can Givot, but I can’t take it—not unless the Greek Ambassador of Good Will will go on an archeological expedition and dig up some new old gags. The fossilized ones he is using are worn to the bone. Joy Hodges sings blues, The Three Heat Waves ‘give hot’ and Albert Carroll impersonates Quite a circus, if you like tea-parties.

CBS, Mon., 11:30 P. M., 30 min. Thurs., 12 Midnight., 30 min.

WIFE SAVER. I suppose household hints are more thrilling to the ladies when they are wafted into the kitchen on a romantic male voice. Anyway, this quarter hour is saved from stereotyped drabness by Allen Prescott’s chatty enthusiasm for treating the clogged pores of a gas stove, care of shoulder straps, skinning tomatoes and making sticky dresser drawers behave. Verbally concocting a “Nibbler’s Salad,” he seems to be having more fun than in grammar-school days when he dressed up in Grandma’s clothes and tried to crash the Sewing Circle.

NBC, Wed., Fri., 11:30 A. M., 15 min.

SUNDAY VESPERS. Streamlined religion in a Sunday program replacing the National Vespers until fall. Excellent organ music, along with Dr. Paul Scherer’s ultra-modern adaptations of Bible stories, and discussion of religious problems in his mail.

NBC, Sun., 4 P. M., 30 min.

LARRY VINCENT. The newest air discovery to be given the keys to the CBS grand piano has an easy, pleasant Mike personality. A well-rounded musician, he accompanies himself as he sings pop numbers and old favorites, including his own composition.

CBS, Mon., 2 P. M., Wed., 8:45 P. M., 15 min.

TEA TIME MELODIES. This is one summer fill-in that will cause pangs when it leaves the airplanes. There never was enough of Ramona’s gifted voice and fingers on the Whiteman show, and a second helping is plenty welcome. Jack Shilkret’s orchestra and the creaking rhythm of the Three Jesters are perfectly in keeping with the sparkling mood.

CBS, Sun., 5:30 P. M., 30 min.

VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA. The sweet-toned Italian soprano continues to add to her charmed following, and to her weekly schedule of joy-giving in the form of ballads and operatic numbers. She is heard at various times during the week.

CBS, Tues., 7:45 P. M., 15 min.

MUSICAL TOAST. A crunchy, tasty half-hour with Jerry Cooper and Sally Schermerhorn doing the vocal spots, the Debonairs male trio shoving out old vintage tunes like “Wait ‘Til the Sun Shines, Nellie,” and Ray Block’s orchestra keeping score.

CBS, Tues., 7 P. M., 30 min.

THREE X SISTERS. I don’t know whether XXX in this case would stand for very old, or whether they would stand for kisses. The brand in either case wouldn’t distinguish them from a lot of other rhythm trios.

CBS, Fri., 6:35 P. M., 10 min.

AMELIE JENNINGS knows her way around the Washington labyrinth. Political personalities aren’t the most exciting subjects for an air-column, but these comments are well-chosen and presented.

CBS, Sat., 7:15 P. M., 15 min.

ANOTHER ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL...

EVERYONE SAID JOHN AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER MY WHOLE LIFE REVOLVED AROUND HIM, I LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DAY HE’D PROPOSE

AND THEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON HE BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY I EVEN SAW HIM OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS

FINALLY I BROKE DOWN AND TOLD MY AUNT ABOUT IT SHE SYMPATHIZED BUT TOLD ME, KINDLY, I SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT THAT I SHOULD USE LIFEBOUY

I TOOK AUNTIE’S ADVICE NEXT TIME I SAW JOHN HE WASN’T AS “STAND-OFFISH” AND NOW I’M SO HAPPY I COULD SHOUT WE’RE TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH LIFEBOUY IS MY SOAP FOREVER

IT’S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO

LIFEBOUY IS MILD AND GIVES MORE REAL VALUE THAN ANY OTHER SOAP I KNOW

YES! Lifebuoy is milder! A special ingredient in its luxurious lather is responsible for its super-gentle action. “Patch” tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it’s more than 20% milder than many so-called “beauty soaps.”

And yes—again! That “special ingredient” is the same ingredient that keeps you safer from “B. O.”—penetrates deep into your pores to purify, to deodorize. And it keeps you safe, cool, fresh—even in torrid weather.

Start today to make Lifebuoy a habit!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
ROADWAY burns under a blistering sun and stage impresarios conduct their enterprises in the cool countryside, usurping the quarters of once contented cows. But on Radio Row the ether entrepreneurs carry on with great vigor, unmindful of the weather. For it is audition time in the studios, the period of the year when programs are being tried out for the new season, and there Old Sol functions as the Master Incubator, hatching out ideas with which to intrigue your interest this fall and winter.

Result: Mid-summer finds the corridors of the air castles a throng with aspirants eager for ethereal glory. Experts in all areas of entertainment brush elbows with the dilettanti and the known and the unknown in almost every avenue of endeavor as they parade to the try-out chambers. It is a motley crew, for radio, Catholic in its tastes and appeal, picks its talent anywhere and everywhere.

All, or nearly all, are imbued with the idea they have something big and important to contribute to radio; those not so motivated are hopeful radio has something big and important to contribute to them—having visions of those $13,000 weekly wages they’ve read or heard about.

**THE** theory is that from study of the summer auditions the trend for the coming season may be accurately forecast. But, alas, this is not true. Or at least it hasn’t been in other years and there is no reason to believe the summer of 1936 is any different. You, gentle reader, decide the trends in radio entertainment, if any, and not the sponsors or their advertising agencies or the numerous vice-presidents of the networks. Those functionaries, important as they may be to the broadcasting scheme of things, seek only to anticipate your likes and dislikes and are constitutionally shy about taking chances. They prefer to experiment with the tried and true rather than the new; which helps to explain why broadcasting has failed to develop an art form or its own talent. But you never can tell what may emerge from a session of the audition board; perhaps right this minute there is being born a genuine novelty which will alight radio by the ears a few weeks hence.

HOLLYWOOD looms large on the radio horizon for the coming season. More and bigger and better programs than ever will originate in

---

**SUMMER DOG DAYS FIND STUDIOS BUZZING WITH PLANS FOR FALL SHOWS**

By JAY PETERS

Top, Lily Pons, busy denying rumors of a marriage with Andre Kostelanetz, was named in a suit recently filed against him. Above, Helen Hayes, who will return to the air this fall, receives an award for acting from Daniel Frohman.

the cinema capital but that doesn’t mean the dimming of the lustre of New York as the radio metropolis by so much as a feeble flicker. Indeed, another Radio City is projected for Manhattan, this time by the Columbia Broadcasting System which has acquired for that purpose a vast site in the Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street area. There will be reared another structure to rival in magnificence and appointments the first Radio City built by the Rockefeller for the National Broadcasting Company. And elaborates as may be the new studios of NBC and CBS in California they are mere bungalows compared with the two Radio City developments.

Meanwhile Hollywood is feeding to the nation eight full hour shows and a dozen shorter programs of importance, a most impressive showing; and other sponsors who prefer film talent and the glamorous background of movieland against which to project their entertainments are plotting to originate from there. Even Amos ‘n Andy succumbed to the allure of the Sunlight State after their winter sojourn in Palm Springs, but they are returning to Chicago in September. The latest of the elaborate type of variety show to migrate here is the Camel Caravan out with the popular author, Rupert Hughes, presiding over guest artists as m. c. and two orchestras, mind you, under the batons of Nat Shilkret and Benny Goodman.

**PRESS TIME FLASHES**

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, returning in September from his exile abroad, is expected to make his debut as a broadcaster in the interest of an air transportation company. He has been offered a 13-week contract at $15,000 per week, which is the largest salary for any individual in radio history. Eddie Cantor will collect a like amount from his new sponsor but has to reimburse his stooges and other talent on the program from that sum.

Ed Wynn, finishing soon his radio contract, contemplates return to the legitimate stage in a revue fashioned for and by himself. John Boles flirts with a sponsor and may be listed among the flicker favorites to ride the kilocycles this fall. When Joe Penner makes his studio comeback October 4th he will sing to the music of Bob Crosby’s band and tell gags concocted by Harry Conn, late fabricator for Jack Benny.

Walter Cassel, the baritone, signs a contract with 20th Century-Fox...

---

**WHAT’S NEW ON RADIO ROW**
Beatrice Hagen is Radio's Baby Star of 1936. She was chosen in a talent hunt by Southern California radio editors.

And Leh Ray, warbler with Phil Harris, reports for work to the same studio ... While Kate Smith, taking her first vacation in six years, sails away on a chartered yacht to Alaska ... And Fred Astaire rests in Europe before resuming movie-making in Hollywood and broadcasting for the (Continued on page 56)

Frances Langford, shown here with Igor Gorin, may abandon Hollywood Hotel before long, according to radio gossip.

For years, countless women have depended on "Lysol" as a means of antiseptic feminine hygiene ... Doctors, clinics, nurses, know "Lysol" as a dependable germicide

"Lysol" disinfectant is a dependable germicide. It is used by doctors, hospitals, clinics and nurses, the world over, because of its reliable, concentrated germ-killing power. "Lysol" has 6 qualities that make it valuable for feminine hygiene—

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Non-caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions ... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.

3. Penetration... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.

6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is unsealed.

New Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lahn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. RM 9 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS" with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________

State __________________________

© 1936, Lahn & Fink Products Corp.
Salt Lake City: The roaring in the loudspeakers that came from the speedsters in the Indianapolis 500 mile race has long since faded, but the Intermountain district listeners still have that thrilling sound coming into their parlors.

KSL is putting on a series of special broadcasts from the famous Bonneville Salt Flats, 120 miles west of Salt Lake City, where last year, Sir Malcolm Campbell drove his Bluebird at 301 miles an hour.

The broadcasts are not simple problems of ordinary remote broadcasting, either. They are sent to KSL through the short wave transmitter KNEF, and engineers find difficulty in maintaining the transmission because of the intense heat generated by the glaring expanse of white salt.

KSL, incidentally, is staying on the air from 6:30 a. m. each Saturday to 1:00 a. m. the following Monday.

Knoxville: For people who have insomnia all week instead of just over the weekends, WNOX outdoes KSL by going on a twenty-four hour a day schedule. To make it possible, the regular staff employees, who formerly did no broadcasting at all, now have to double with the regular announcers and artists in the continuous operation. All this started when the station moved to its new location in a five-story building which contains an auditorium studio seating 800 and two more studios on the sidewalk level.

Hollywood: Pacific Coast studio visitors are going to have two nice theater radio studios from which to watch programs when the Columbia Broadcasting System takes over station KNX. It is reported that $400,000 will be spent in their construction.

Chicago: Another Columbia move for accommodation of visitors to programs is being made here. Station WBBM will have a 500-capacity auditorium in the Wrigley Building. The station and CBS are spending $160,000 on the project to accommodate their guests.

San Francisco: Walter Paterson, who plays Captain Nicholas Lacey, Claudia's husband in One Man's Family, is going to be a husband off the air as well as on. The bride will be Miss Helen Clifford. Miss Clifford is the daughter of Mrs. E. W. Fanning of San Francisco and of Howard Clifford, noted mining man, whose interests are centered around the Idaho-Maryland

Here's Where You'll Find News of All Your Local Favorites

Above, portable shortwave station KNEF, set up by KSL for speed racing on salt flats 120 miles from Salt Lake. Right, Julie Dillon of the Western NBC studios gives up her beach chair to Mr. Spangles, her English setter. Note that rubber bathing suit.
Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Your doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Please read them carefully.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should not form a habit.
It should not over-act.
It should not cause stomach pains.
It should not nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at every point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR’S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are doubly important to your children.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you'd like to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ Age ________
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

---(Continued on page 82)---

Bob McAndrews is the first of the NBC junior announcers in San Francisco to get on the regular staff.

Mine at Grass Valley.

Paterson came to the United States from England seven years ago with his father, who is an American citizen. He had studied law in England and had intended to become a lawyer here, but the microphone got him before the bar did. Carlton Morse, author of One Man's Family, selected him because of his English accent.

Miss Clifford has heard every episode of the series since they went on the air. It must have been the voice:

* * *

COMPASS MERRY GO ROUND

Cleveland: Duke Lidyard, who went to New York to work in the CBS studios there, has returned to WHK as announcer . . . Soap Creek Corners, Iowa: Residents of this hamlet are proud of the fact that the Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday shows on the Affiliated network, use their village for the locale of the dramatic sketches . . . Bridgeport, Conn.: The voice of Fannie Pious, who plays in Friendly Folks on WICC, is getting to be as famous in this area as that of her sister, Minerva. Minerva plays in those Town Hall Tonight sketches.

* * *

New York: That new vocalist you hear over the Mutual Broadcasting System with Dick Messner's orchestra is the beautiful brunette, Gail Reese. She replaces Kea Rea, who has gone into pictures . . . Philadelphia: LeRoy Miller, formerly of WCAB, Allentown, has joined the

(Continued on page 82)
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

AND so they returned to the airwaves!
Yes, just because you and you and you squawked when your favorite serial, Girl Alone, abruptly came to an end, the National Broadcasting Company heeded your cries and reinstated this popular show on a coast-to-coast network. So you see, your letters do help. And what's more, Radio Mirror pays you money, in prizes—$20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Mail your criticism to the Editor, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, by August 24.

$20.00 PRIZE
GOOD COMPANY!
My radio has resolved itself into a true and loyal friend, always on hand to give assistance where needed and saving me from worry.
I am an office woman, with a young son who gets home from school several hours before I return from work. He likes the radio so well that he goes straight home from school and turns on the programs he likes, which keep him interested, safe and sound; and each day during the long cold winter when I have reached home I have found him in a big chair drawn up close to the radio, engrossed and contented.
He is becoming familiar with good music, gets up in the morning to exercise with the early risers’ program, and I know receives many a message over the air in the way of beneficial advice which he heeds more than if delivered by “Mom.”
On the whole, the radio is a life-saver for me, teaching my boy much good in various ways, keeping him off the streets—and in good company!

Mrs. H. G. Donaldson,
Grand Junction, Colo.

$10.00 PRIZE
HERE’S THAT PHILCO COMMENTATOR AGAIN
No doubt sponsors, like everything else, could be classified as the good and the bad. And when we come to an especially good sponsor I think he deserves a distinct pat on the back.
Certainly Philco Radio de-

IF YOUR LETTER’S A CHEER OR A CATCALL IT CAN WIN A PRIZE

serves this honorary tribute for the unprecedented manner in which Boake Carter is permitted absolute freedom in expressing his views on the news of the day.
He analyzes the news as he sees it and, right or wrong, says what he thinks. And whether I agree with him or not on some particular subject, his program remains one of the most interesting on the air.
This would not be so if he were restrained by the censorship of some less broadminded sponsor. Philco deserves a place at the head of the list of “honorable mention” among sponsors.

Stanford Cox,
Galax, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
SCRIPT WRITERS, ATTENTION!
Why do the authors of the scripts for those continued radio programs keep the characters always in trouble? I think the radio audience would enjoy it if they let things run along smoothly for awhile. Perhaps they think suspense is the spice of the program—but too much spice causes indigestion.

N. M. Broyles,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

$1.00 PRIZE
SHOULD CLASSICAL SINGERS SING POPULAR SONGS?
Here’s a complaint against the worshippers of popular music. Why, oh why do they demand classical singers to sing those loud songs. Can’t they stick to their popular singers and request them to sing them? They know how.
There are quite a few classical and operatic singers who complain against this. But, the sponsors rule over them and so in order to please their public they sing them. They prefer the Brahms and Schubert love songs, which they know how to sing.
Why, anyone can say without objections that jazz music rules the radio. It’s practically always played on all kinds of programs.
So why do they request popular songs from classical singers? Why?
Jo Ann Bockno, Holyoke, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
"I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME" I don’t want (Continued on page 83)

NBC-Chicago announcers were at a loss for words when Helen Stevens Fisher of the National Farm and Home Hour took these precautions.
Behind Closed Doors

MAJOR BOWES' change of spon-
sors, which was announced early in
June, was a closely guarded
secret until all details were arranged. No
doubt you've read that in September he
will go to Sanborn and go to work
in the interests of Chrysler Motors in-
stead of Chase & Sanborn coffee.
All negotiations were carried on between
the Major and Walter P. Chrysler, presi-
dent of the motor concern. They've been
personal friends for years, and by working
together they were able to press the news
from the major columnist in town until the
Major announced it at a cocktail party in
his office suite in the Capitol Theater
building. Although it was known a change
of sponsor was in the wind, nobody knew
whom the new bankroll would be.
Lots of uninvited guests crash the gates at
New York cocktail parties, and the
Major's was no exception, but if you
hadn't been invited you didn't get one of
the mimeographed announcements of the
sponsor change. All you got was some-
ting to eat and drink.
This particular party was a special oc-
casion, obviously. Always before, Major
Bowes' parties have followed a fixed rule.
Bar in one room, complete with formally
dressed waiter. Buffet supper in the next,
consisting of two turkeys, one ham, one
large tray of baked beans, cole law salad,
and other delicacies too numerous to men-
tion. It has never been wise to make a
dinner date for after a Bowes party.
But here's the reason it was a special
occasion. Besides all the above-mentioned
articles of food and drink, there was
champagne. I've been to three other
Bowes parties, and he never had chal-
pagne before.
There's really no reason the Major
shouldn't celebrate. His salary with
Chrysler will undoubtedly be larger than
what he is receiving now from Chase &
Sanborn. You hear all sorts of figures,
from $15,000 to $25,000 a week, but even
playing safe and taking the lower figure
for the truth, gives you that awed feel-
ing. Particularly when you realize that
the traveling amateur units are all paying
propositions too.

SPEAKING of incomes, Ken Murray
told me one day something you, per-
haps you've read his daily syndicated hu-
morous column in your local paper. Well,
that column is more than a sideline with
him— it's a very important part of his
weekly income. It has been syndicated
now for about two years, and recently it
has begun adding new newspapers to its
list at a rapid rate. At a toll per news-
paper of ten or fifteen dollars, (not all of
which comes to Ken, however), it all
mounts up to a steady, comfortable sum.
In fact, Ken told me he expects in the
long run to make more out of that little
column than he has made in all his years
of vaudeville and radio work.

JUNE 30th, one of radio's most popu-
lar half hours drew to a close. The
Eno Crime Clues program is now broad-
casting history, but before the curtain
was rung down, the sponsors sent out an in-
teresting bulletin which—if other sponsors
could only take heed— can be a forward step in
the method of handling contests. If you were
a Crime Clues fan, you know that a con-
test has been running for a first prize of
$500 a month for life. Thousands have
sent in their entries. The announcement
of the winners was that every con-
testant will be informed by letter the name
of the person who wins this first prize.
Thus all hard feelings on the part of losers
will be avoided.
HE smiles that the maestros flash this season are not being put on for display—they’re real. And the reason is that the band business has been better this summer than for many years past. They’re dancing under the stars on the roofs of hotels, by the water’s edge at the sea shore, under a big moon at mountain resorts, and the majority of places are reporting unprecedented attendance. Why shouldn’t the maestros be happy?

It’s also the open season for road tours and most of the leaders you know are making long jumps from one section of the country to the other to fulfill engagements. They travel by train, plane, bus and auto, ninety per cent of them making use of their own cars. Rudy Vallee goes de luxe by train with two private cars and a baggage car to carry the instruments. Paul Whiteman, having overcome his aversion to high altitudes, travels by plane, as do some of the other boys in the band. Wayne King has two planes of his own. Mai Hallett owns a bus which he uses on the road to transport the band with a separate truck for the instruments. Jack Little has a fleet of Ford cars.

THE boys in Ozzie Nelson’s band will add 10,000 miles to their speedometers this summer, since they drive their own cars. Their method of migration is typical of most bands. After finishing with an engagement at two or three in the morning, they consult road maps and plan their route to the next stop, hop in their cars and drive the rest of the night until they reach their destination. And how they drive. Ozzie and Harriet in their Cadillac average a good 80 while the rest of the boys hit it off at around 75. The wonder is that they do not wrap themselves around telephone poles, but last summer they came through without a scratched fender. Their longest jump was from Columbus, Ohio to Hamilton, Ontario, which is a distance of 450 miles. They took off at three-thirty at night and arrived at two the following afternoon, just in time for a round of golf.
Jimmie Brierly, CBS's young tenor, who has been assigned lots of work on sustaining programs this summer.

BY KEN ALDEN

When do they sleep? Nobody knows. Oh yes, Ozzie ran out of gas somewhere in the wilds on this trip and had to flag the others and take some out of each tank, enough to get him to the next gas station. It's a great life.

* * *

ONE of the biggest hits of all time and one which had more law suits than any other was "Dardanella." Recall it with that tricky bass? Its composer, Johnny Black, died June 9 as a result of injuries received in a brawl at his own Dardanella Club in Hamilton, Ohio. Johnny pocketed a good $50,000 in royalties from this song with plenty of litigation. Probably the best known court battle over "Dardanella" was that which the publishers brought against Jerome Kern ("Old Man River," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," etc.). Kern wrote a piece using the same bass which he claimed had been used any number of times before. But he lost the case, the judge deciding that the bass in "Dardanella" had never been so used before in a popular song. Many funny incidents characterized this hearing. Victor Herbert was brought on the stand and asked to define a melody. He had written as many good melodies as any other man but, for the life of him, he could not define one, and had to demonstrate by singing.

(Continued on page 69)
"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn’t it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That’s the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won’t tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It’s the fastidious thing to do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
If there is anything in this reincarnation idea, I’m going to put in my bid right now to be a radio star for my next appearance on earth. Of all people, it seems to me, they have worked out the ideal balance between working hours and their preferred manner of living.

At the head of the list of those who lead an ideal existence are Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, stars of the Gulf summer Sunday show, pinch hitting for Phil Baker.

“It’s a perfect arrangement for us,” Frank said. “Three days in New York, the rest of the time at home.” Home being, in the case of the lucky Crumits, their charming country place at Longmeadow, Massachusetts. “When I remember the weeks on end we used to spend, either in New York or on tour, with only occasional and very short country vacations, it seems too good to be true.”

“You see,” Julia explained. “Theater work does somehow build up in you a longing to get away from it sometimes, but it also heightens your nostalgia for New York when you’re away from it for too long at a time, and at present we have both New York and the country, in just the proportions we like.”

“There’s another reason for this arrangement being just up our alley,” Frank took up the story, “and that’s food. We long ago learned the importance, for our voices, of light meals, but too often light meals mean tasteless and unsatisfying ones—and that’s tough for people who like food as much as we do. But now—we, well, even if we’re rushed for time in New York and have to snatch a drugstore lunch counter sandwich, we know that we’ll make up for it at home.”

“Frank’s right,” Julia chimed in with that infectious laugh of hers. “At home we go to town with all sorts of salads and fruits, some plain and some made with gelatin, and with jellied soups and entrees.”

I was all ears at that, for the importance of gelatin in summer menus has long been a pet idea of mine, just as it will be yours, too, when you try some of these delicious recipes that Julia and Frank suggested. There’s jellied black bean soup, for instance, Frank’s favorite and, really, his own invention, for as he explains, “I like black bean soup, but it seemed too husky for a summer dish, then I thought it would be swell made with gelatin—and it was.”

**Jellied Black Bean Soup**

½ lb. black beans ½ cup minced onion
1 tablespoon salt ½ cup minced parsley

Soak beans over night. The following morning, drain, cover with fresh cold water and boil for twenty minutes, skimming off scum as it arises. Drain again, and return to cooking pot with fresh boiling water, salt, onion and parsley, and simmer until beans are tender (about four hours) adding more water as it cooks away. Run beans through sieve or ricer, and add sufficient water to give the desired puree consistency. Soak one tablespoon gelatin in one-quarter cup cold water for five minutes, add three quarters cup hot water and when gelatin is dissolved combine with two cups of the black (Continued on page 88)
He's been a guest star before, but this fall Fred Astaire will have his own show for Packard.
Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades

If there’s one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it’s at a wedding. So it’s extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It’s just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it’s fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you’re conservative, you can still be beautiful. Cutex Rose is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, “difficult” colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don’t forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It’s more economical, too, because it doesn’t thicken...it’s usable right down to the last drop in the bottle!

OF MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.
OF DEL MONTE AND PALM SPRINGS

MRS. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr.—popular Californian who adds a vivid note to the social life of Washington, New York, London. She was educated abroad, and made her début when presented at the Court of St. James.

Among the many distinguished women of society who appreciate Camel’s costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNegie, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER CoolIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DE PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSLAER, New York
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, New York

...the swimming at Pebble Beach...Los Angeles for late parties...tailored clothes...swing music...Santa Anita for the races...the contemporary American themes in painting...lapis lazuli...Parma violets...dining at Victor Hugo’s—a Camel between the entrée and the salad...coupé au marrons...Camels again...and to top off—amusing savouries, in the English manner. “How natural it is to smoke Camels between courses and after dining,” says Mrs. Hollingsworth. “They are so delicate in flavor, so delightfully mild. Camels stimulate my taste, really aid digestion.”

Victor Hugo’s is Paris in Los Angeles! Here Hugo himself, managing owner, personifies the world of society and of Hollywood to the delights of good eating and good digestion. When diners pause to smoke their Camels, Hugo himself gives the nod of approval. “Our guests know fine tobaccos as well as fine foods and proper service,” he says. “They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here.” Camels help to give one that delightful sense of having dined well. Try Camels. Enjoy their delicate fragrance and mellow taste. Camels open up a new world of pleasure, where mildness and rare flavor reign supreme. They set you right—and never get on your nerves!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

FOR DIGESTION’S SAKE...SMOKE CAMELS

"OUR GUESTS KNOW FINE TORRACOS AS WELL AS FINE FOODS AND PROPER SERVICE"

In Victor Hugo’s Charming Garden Room, Camels Are
"The Outstanding Favorite!"

© 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.
FLATIRONS—MILK FARMS—PRIZE FIGHTERS—HEARSE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE QUEER WAYS THEY PICK TO INVEST THEIR CAPITAL

BY JEAN PELLETIER

Strange ways the stars
Spend their fortunes

The lady next door who takes the twenty dollars out of the cracked sugar bowl or poppa’s pants and gives it to that nice stranger selling shares in Alaska Enterprise Gold Mines may be nuts, but aren’t we all at one time or another in our life when it comes to spending money?

Still, if you consider the startling ways in which radio stars invest or spend their hulking incomes, the financial aberrations of the lady next door, or of yourself for that matter, don’t seem so mad after all. And remember that these luminaries have gobs of gold to slit through through their fingers.

Not that they all spend it foolishly. The profits made by them in strange enterprises are as much the subject of chatter in the world behind the microphone as are the wallowings some of them take where it hurts most—in the pocketbook.

Patented glass manufacturing, professional basketball and baseball teams, flexible flatirons, funeral homes, milk farms for reducing women, are just a few of the strange ways in which money is spent by such stars as Kate Smith, Phil Baker, Ben Bernie, Colonel Stoopnagle and Frank Luther.

Now don’t tell me you wouldn’t like to have $100 extra a month to spend as you pleased. And don’t insist either, that Hal Kemp needs any more musical education. But Hal thinks he does because he wants to be a concert conductor, and that century note every month, sometimes more, goes into records of Beethoven, Brahms and the rest. So far he has around 1,500 of the disks. The wax ones, not the gold.

But wait a minute. Every thirty days, the maestro digs down into the other pocket for another hundred dollars for scores to follow while he listens to the records. If there are many guys like that around, perhaps you’d better go into the music publishing business.

That’s just what Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring and Guy Lombardo have concluded, except that so far they’ve stuck to popular music. Now you may regard them as rivals on the air, but in reality, they’re partners as far as publishing music is concerned. You may have heard of the company, Words and Music, Inc. No? Well you certainly must have heard the songs they’ve published since they got together. They include “Living Waltz,” “I’m Grateful to You,” and “Monopoly,” among others.

You might think they’d stick to conducting, in which they can’t miss making money—until you stop to realize that no one can start these songs rolling better than they themselves.

Carmen Lombardo is not one to let brother Guy make all the money around that band. He went out and sank thousands of dollars into getting himself a seat on the Wheat Exchange.

The enterprise of which the Lombardo brothers are really the proudest is their farm. Yes, a farm. It’s a place of some sixty-five acres in Connecticut. They’ve reconditioned it, put money into cattle and chickens, which they hope will repay them, but best of all, have brought their parents down from Canada to live on it.

Individually, musicians have reputations for doing fantastic things with their money. As a group—well, in one case, an entire orchestra has turned hotel owner. Glen Gray’s Casa Loma Hotel—named that by them of course—in Coral Gables, Florida, and the Buckwood Inn in Shawnee-on-the-Delaware.

This farm urge seems to be (Continued on page 74)
WILL HOLLYWOOD

Glamor rules the airwaves now! Above, Marlene Dietrich, Cecil B. DeMille, and Clark Gable, shown as they broadcast the first Lux Theater show in Hollywood. Left, Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, costars on the following week. Opposite page, Miss Dietrich in a scene from her Paramount film, "Desire."

BY JOHN EDWARDS

HISTORY WAS IN THE MAKING THE NIGHT OF JUNE FIRST WHEN
You've been taught many dates to remember—July 4th for instance—and you probably still remember the year Columbus first discovered that America was standing between him and the golden land of India, but radio has suddenly acquired a date more important than any of those you find in history books. Though it may not be a subject for school discussion a few years from now, June 1, 1936, will stand out in broadcasting history like the rock of Gibraltar in the Mediterranean.

For on the night of June 1, history was in the making. June 1, at 9:00 eastern daylight saving time, over a coast-to-coast hookup of CBS stations, Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable, under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille, began a full hour dramatization of the movie "Morocco," called, for radio purposes, "The Legionnaire and the Lady."

Perhaps you tuned in and heard DeMille introduce his two stars and heard Marlene sing at the end of the program. If you did, you undoubtedly tuned in again the next week at the same time and heard Myrna Loy play opposite Bill Powell in a radio version of "The Thin Man," their co-starring picture which gave a new meaning to mystery thrillers.

But the chances are 99 to 1 that you listened without being conscious of the inner significance of what you heard.

These two broadcasts, but especially the first, were ushering in a new era. On all fronts, sponsors began taking heed. All eyes became focused on Hollywood.

For months, programs had been slipping quietly out of Radio City and just as quietly popping up a week later in Hollywood. Each week during the spring, announcements made their way into the daily papers that another big air show was being planned for the fall, to star one of the movies' biggest draw names.

But it took June 1 to bring things to a real head. Now it is possible to sit back and see what all this means to you, the listener, to the sponsor, and to the film industry. While for you radio has suddenly taken on an added lure, and an added pleasure in tuning in, for others it has aggravated a headache that's been growing bigger and more painful week by week.

Early in June, almost before the (Continued on page 72)
His life has resumed a more or less normal course of recent months, but George Allen will never be quite free of the horror of that supposed-to-be-comic search. Even now, he refuses to pose for photographers, even in intimate family groups, or to grant interviews, for fear he'll start the whole crazy hunt over again, bring the pack howling again about his ears. He avoids any sizable social affairs. For in a crowd he's still introduced as "Gracie Allen's brother," and immediately, he insists, the entire guest group throngs around to observe his antics. He hasn't any parlor tricks.

"I'm not," he moans to his intimates, "funny at all!"

In that lament, perhaps, lies the rub of the whole story of Gracie Allen's real-life brother.

George resembles his sister. He is short, slight, with a mop of dark, curly hair, and the sensitive Irish eyes—like his sister's—to which tears come when he's moved, even if the emotion is a happy one. He has Gracie's quick smile; her nervous hands. But the resemblance between Gracie Allen and her brother ends with the physical.

Gracie is an actress, with an actress' love of people and excitement: She is a comedienne, with a bubbling sense of humor which sees any joke, even if it is on herself. George likes being alone. In a crowd, he is uncomfortable, shy. He is not humorless, but the humor lies deep; it chuckles, rather than guffaws.

Had George Allen been cut in his sister's mold, the joke of the missing brother would have given him untold amusement, would have meant more than that in opportunity for fame and wealth. As it turned out, the game brought him only embarrassment, a hurried sense of being pursued for a crime he hadn't committed, a case of the "missing brother" jitters which has lasted two and a half years.

The joke began mildly enough. For the sheer fun of it, Gracie Allen burst unannounced into an Eddie Cantor broadcast, babbled incoherently as to her fashion about a missing brother. A half hour later, she was telling the same story to Jack Benny and his program-mates. That her story might have any effect upon her real brother—who at that moment, sat, wondering, at his radio in San Francisco—didn't enter her mind. Her dialogues with George Burns before the microphone are sprinkled with anecdotes which concern strictly mythical relatives. This nameless brother was another one of the make-believe tribe.

One Sunday night's fun was all Gracie and her fellow conspirators had counted on. But the public was not so easily satiated. The radio audience liked this game, and insisted that Gracie go on with the deal. So, for the several weeks that followed, Gracie hurried from program to program, cheerfully searching the globe for her missing brother, while all over the country, amused radio listeners hunted for Gracie all over the dials of their reception sets.

A reporter discovered that Gracie had a real brother, living in San Francisco. Like a pack of wolves, newspaper men descended upon George Allen, pulled the curtains of privacy from his quiet peaceful life. Photographers followed him wherever he went, recording—insanely, George Allen thought—every move he made.

People began pointing him out on the street: "There's Gracie's brother." Sympathetic souls who took Gracie's plight seriously chided him for his cruelty in not informing his frantic sister of his whereabouts.

"I'm Gracie's brother," he explained over and over again.
TRAGEDY OF
GRACIE ALLEN'S
REAL BROTHER

IT COULD NEVER BE TOLD BEFORE, THIS STORY OF A SHY MAN WHOSE LIFE WAS NEARLY RUINED BY HIS SISTER'S GAG

BY PAULINE SWANSON

"But she knows where I am. I'm not missing. Don't you see, it's all a joke?"

Half of the country laughed at the search. The other half—factual folk—believed in it.

Gracie, gaily going on with the game, posed for newsreel photographers with representatives of the Burns Detective agency, giblly solicited their assistance in her hunt for her brother. In San Francisco, George Allen, who had sneaked into a theater disguised in dark glasses, sat through the newsreel, only to hear two women who sat in the next row agree, in all seriousness:

"Poor thing, she's so dumb, she'll never find him."

While Gracie Allen's mythical brother became a national joke, the real George Allen, burrowing into his coat collar to avoid inquiries, ate all of his bachelor meals uncomfortably in his own kitchen. He didn't dare go into a public restaurant, for everyone recognized Gracie's brother, and laughingly challenged him to get in on the game.

"Don't step on it," a passerby would laugh, leading a companion out of the path of a defenseless worm, "it might be Gracie's brother." The two would go their way giggling, and George Allen would burrow deeper into his collar.

"Is the whole world crazy?" he thought.

Proof that the world was, indeed, crazy, came with the peak of the search when Gracie, bent upon a visit with her family, swooped down on San Francisco. In her wake came a caravan of photographers, of feature writers, and of the just plain curious, to turn the spotlight upon Gracie Allen's brother. In frenzied (Continued on page 64)

The only picture in existence of George Allen. It was taken when Gracie's gag was still amusing to him, before it forced him to quit his job and run away. Now he's torn up every other photograph he ever had taken.

San Francisco Examiner photo
George Burns and Gracie Allen have purchased a Beverly Hills home—the former Pauline Frederick mansion. Here they are in the garden strolling with adopted daughter Sandra.

Below, two young thespians who divide their time between radio and the stage. Allyn Joslyn plays the leading role in the Broadway success, "Boy Meets Girl," and is one of the valued members of the True Story Court cast every Friday evening. Eve Arden, just below, Ken Murray's luscious feminine stooge, has appeared with him in stage revues, as well as in his Tuesday CBS program. Just now, however, she's devoting all her time to the air.
It never wanes—the popularity of Irene Wicker, radio's Singing Lady (above). Long one of Chicago's proudest boasts, she may have left there and moved to New York by the time this sees print, but her program time won't be changed. Francis Anthony Fay, above right, has returned to his old Broadway haunts after a brief sojourn in Hollywood. Along with the move, his program's time and network were changed too, to 8:30 Fridays on the Blue chain.

That rough-ridin', square-shootin' bronco buster, Bing Crosby, dishes up some real Western atmosphere in his new movie, "Rhythm on the Range," in which he appears with Bob Burns.
MORE than a year ago, Joe Penner was walking down Fifth Avenue on his way to a rehearsal in Radio City. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in June, a muggy early summer day, the streets full of dust and gasoline smoke.

Suddenly, where he should have turned to the right to enter Radio City, Joe stopped, hesitated, then straightened his shoulders and turned to the left instead—to Park Avenue, and down Park to Grand Central Station. Threading his way through the shiny, echoing corridors, he went up to a ticket window and reached in his pocket for his money.

He stood there a moment, staring blankly at the handful of small change which was all he had. Not enough to buy a ticket to anywhere past Poughkeepsie!

Slowly he turned and walked back up to Radio City for the rehearsal. But it was his last rehearsal, and his last broadcast, for many months.

Now he is returning to the air, on a new series of Sunday afternoon programs sponsored by Cocomalt which will start next September from Hollywood. After a long, voluntary absence, he has learned a lesson and won a fight which together have made that return possible.

I went to see Joe in his suite at the Hotel Ambassador in New York early this summer. He had just signed his Cocomalt contract, and was getting ready to start on the European vacation he is taking as you read this.

Joe was looking very well, full of animation and excitement. I got the impression that it wasn’t so much excitement over the impending trip, either, as it was pleasure over the whole prospect for the future. He talked about his new program, about Hollywood, and about the contract with RKO for three pictures a year which makes the Hollywood origin of the radio show necessary.

It was a chance question on my part which revealed to me the secret of his gaiety. It’s the secret of his return to the air, too; and the reason it has never been told before now is that it has always lain too close to Joe’s heart for him to talk about it.

“What have you learned in the year you’ve been away from radio, Joe?” I asked him.

The question had more effect on him than I’d expected. He cocked a quizzical eyebrow at me, then, without answering, threw himself into a comfortable chair and lit a cigarette.

“Funny nobody has asked me that before now,” he mused. “Particularly since I’ve learned such a lot, and since if I hadn’t learned it I probably never would have returned to the air.

“I wasn’t happy, when I was in radio before,” he admitted. “I wasn’t satisfied with the sort of comedy I did, and I wasn’t even making very much money. At one time, just before I quit, I had five gagmen. It seemed as if I was always hiring a new writer, only to find that everything he wrote sounded like the jokes the others had been writing. I finally found out that four of them always took what they’d write to the head gagman, and by the time he had finished working on it, it might as well have been his joke in the first place. But I had to go on paying them all out of the salary my sponsors paid me.

“I got so sick of the mechanical kind of comedy I worked with, too. I used to listen to Jack Benny and think, ‘Gee, I wish I could be like that—breezy and flip and smart!’

“Ever since I went into vaudeville I’d worked from a script, memorizing a lot of sure-fire gags and reeling them off like a parrot. In radio it was just the same, except that I didn’t bother to memorize them but read them instead. I got to feeling that I was nothing but a mouthpiece, without any real ability of my own.”

And there you have a picture of a man who was considered by the public to be at the peak of his profession—a successful radio comedian, drawing down a big weekly salary, his name and his sayings household words everywhere. Yet real success was not his. (Continued on page 71)
THE SECRET BEHIND JOE PENNER'S RADIO COMEBACK

ONLY BY CONQUERING HIS GREATEST FEAR IS JOE ABLE TO RETURN TO YOU

Cocomalt will sponsor Joe Penner's return to the air in the fall in a Sunday afternoon show.

Upper left, the way you will probably like to remember Joe as a duck's greatest booster. But Joe's through with ducks; in fact, he's going to have a brand new show in September—and life begins anew for him. Above, after a broadcast, and at right, with his lovely wife.
YOU can't tell about small boys. They're likely to grow up to be almost anything—even president. It all depends upon what goes on inside a young 'un's head, and he will hardly ever tell you. He's afraid you might laugh. Ridicule has killed plenty of boys' dreams.

This is the story of a quiet little country lad who grew up to be somebody. Not president, but a figure almost as well known. You know him as Bob Burns.

He is a hero in his own home town, which everyone knows is Van Buren, Arkansas. But he's a big frog in any size puddle these days. A lot of water has flowed past the levee since the days when Robin Burns used to saddle his pony and ride off in the Ozark hills to find a place to think.

He calls it dreaming now. His definition of a dreamer is, "A lazy man who made good."

That boy had a lot of plans, but he couldn't think very well with folks around. He just had to get away from Van Buren and its seething five thousand population once in a while.

Forty-odd years is a right smart period of time. There were many lean years before 1935 and 1936 came along—fat years, these last two, which threw Bob Burns violently into the spotlight of the entertainment world. Years that made him famous far beyond his youthful visionings.

Yet out of his bright blue eyes still peers the whimsical, curious boy from Arkansas who kept his dreams to himself. He looks continually surprised, and vaguely puzzled. He

Below is the main street of Bob's home town pictured on a postcard. Van Buren's always the background for the wondrous tales Bob is wont to spin on the Kraft Music Hall. Right, "Paw" gave Bob the iron physique which helped him hold the many tough jobs he took after he quit school. At the far right, "Maw" helped him to cut away from her apron strings when the stifling atmosphere of the small town society threatened to swallow him up.

seems always to be sharing a joke with himself.

Bob Burns always knew he was going somewhere. Success has not confused him. But... he thought somehow that the world was a much bigger place than it has proved to be. He knows now that life itself is really no bigger than Van Buren.

"And I hope I never forget it," he says wisely. "If I do, I guess I'll have to get a job and go to work!"

This story goes back more than forty years for its actual beginning, back to another decade, to another boy. His name was William Robert Burns—Bob's father—who left home when he was ten years old to go out into the world. Not far out, but far enough to get away from his stepmother.

He worked at various jobs in nearby towns, and got to be a civil engineer. He didn't go to any college. Bob calls his father a "practical civil engineer." He got his education by joining an engineering party, driving stakes, surveying, etc.

He was employed by the L. & N. Railroad at Covington, Kentucky, when he met and married a girl from Kenton, Tennessee. The rising young engineer and his bride moved to Van Buren, where W. R. Burns was made resident engineer of the Arkansas Central Railroad.

The resident engineering business wasn't a booming one. A hundred dollars was a big income in any month. Young Mrs. Burns helped out by dressmaking. Not only did she set a fine-seam. Bob claims, but she made over a neat pair of pants.

(Continued on page 58)
Bob Burns is featured on the Kraft Music Hall, Thursday nights. See page 53

Born on the Wrong Side of The Tracks, Radio's Newest Star grew up to see and do things no one else back in Van Buren ever dreamed of.
One of Hollywood’s favorites since she was chosen to be a Wampas baby star in 1931, blonde Joan Marsh is on her way now to conquering radio too. She’s the featured singer with Walter Woolf King on the Flying Red Horse Tavern, every Friday night, on the Columbia network.

Paramount Photo
Dancers at the Claremont Inn in New York may see Frances Stevens' brunette beauty; others must content themselves with listening to her solos with Jolly Coburn's orchestra, Fridays at midnight over the NBC-Blue network. A Kansas City girl, she may go out to Hollywood soon.

"The Vanishing Veil"
CAN you, whether your age is twenty or thirty or forty, sit down now, today, and honestly say to yourself: “I am young, I have kept pace with the world, I have not lost the enthusiasm which makes me attractive to my friends, my sweetheart, my husband, my children?”

If you can, this is not for you. But if you fail in any way to meet this challenge, here is your message of hope, of faith, from a woman whose life is a model of inspiration to all who struggle to keep their youthful outlook.

Elaine Sterne Carrington gave me such a message to bring to you. As the creator of NBC’s show, Pepper Young’s Family, formerly called Forever Young, she is well qualified to lead you on the path to eternal youth. If you’ve listened to the principal character in this daily serial, Mrs. Young, who seemingly has discovered the magic secret, you’ll know what I mean.

But besides creating the Pepper Young program, Elaine Sterne Carrington is one of the country’s outstanding woman writers for the biggest national magazines. For years she has been giving inspirational talks. But not until now has she set down a way for you to take inventory of yourself, a first step towards keeping young which nearly everyone misses.

“Take stock,” she urges. “Look at yourself and find out what you have become with the passing of years. Examine yourself as a wife, a mother, an individual. Not when you have leisure. Do it now.”

I wish you could have been with me the afternoon I sat with Mrs. Carrington in her beautiful home and wrote down the questions every woman should ask herself in order to take this inventory. She herself, with her graying hair and sparkling blue eyes, has all the vitality and aliveness of true youth. On her animated features lies the questing, eager spirit of a child.

As we talked, from upstairs floated fragments of laughter from eleven-year-old Patricia Carrington and her brother Bob. With a group of friends they were about to begin a rehearsal in the children’s theater which occupies an entire floor of their house in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Carrington smiled at the rising chorus of voices. “My children are very nice people, really,” she said. “They’re the nicest guests I’ve ever had. I want them to have a good time here so that they can look back some day and say that ‘this was a very pleasant visit, the best I ever had.’ Honestly, that’s the way I feel about them.

“Children are an eternal object lesson. If women would learn more from them, it wouldn’t be necessary for them to spend hours in beauty parlors, torture themselves with diets to become slim, ruin their husbands’ bank accounts to dress well. Such things are all so unimportant if inside they remain withered and old. Then they wonder why their children drift away from them and why their husbands turn to younger companions!”

“Women will spend fruitless hours looking into a mir-
ror for a gray hair or the shadow of a wrinkle, yet they
would be so much wiser, and spare themselves endless
grief, if they would only sit down and take stock of their
minds and spirits—honestly, if necessary with cruelty—in
the same manner.”

“Many people don’t know how to do that, though,” I
pointed out “It’s not so easy to take stock of intangible
mental qualities as it is of physical features.”

“I have a set of questions which determine the conduct
of Mrs. Young in the Pepper Young script,” Mrs. Car-
lington said, “and if they are answered by any woman, they
will give her the key to real youth.”

As you’ll notice, the list of questions Mrs. Carrington
gave me is divided into three groups—dealing with a wo-
man’s relationships with her husband, her children, and with
herself as an individual. Here are those which relate to the
husband. But before you begin, a bit of advice:

IN THIS BRILLIANT ARTICLE THE
CREATOR OF PEPPER YOUNG’S
FAMILY CHALLENGES YOU WITH
HARD TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

CHECK UP ON YOURSELF

HERE is part of a mental and spiritual inventory which
Mrs. Carrington recommends for the guidance of
women who wish to keep their youth. Can you answer
these searching questions and the many more in the
article honestly, candidly? If you can, you’ll find the
answer pointing the way to the fountain of eternal
youth.

1. Can you remember the last time you kissed your
husband spontaneously—or he kissed you so?

2. Do you and your husband occupy separate rooms?
If so, can you recall how it came about?

3. Select at random one of your husband’s petty faults.
Can you remember how often, during the past
twenty-four hours, you have nagged him about it?

4. Do you complain to your husband of real or imagi-
inary ills?

5. Does your husband flirt with other women?

6. Do other men flirt with you?

7. Does the liberty of the younger generation shock
you?

8. Has your son or daughter ever confided to you the
details of a love affair?

9. Do you drink or smoke in the presence of your chil-
dren, or do you do either unknown to them?

10. Do you gossip?

Cross off those questions you can answer satisfactorily.
If your answer is not what you think it should be, start
right away to live so that you can change it. When you
come across a question that makes you hesitate, check it
and come back to it. Study it, discover why it bothers you.
You’ll find that shortly your viewpoint is beginning to
broaden. Keep it up. You’ll be glad you did.

1. Can you remember the last time you kissed your hus-
band spontaneously—or he kissed you so?

2. Can you honestly say that this morning at breakfast
you were as sartorially attractive to him as he was to
you?

3. Do you and your husband occupy separate rooms and
if so can you recall when and how the arrangement
came about?

4. What is your husband’s favorite sport or recreation?
Write down just how much you know about it, and try
to recall when was the last time you expressed
any interest in it of your own volition.

5. Did your husband in the early days of your
marriage or at any time bring his men friends
home for a stag party? When was the last time
he did so, and if he has stopped, why?

6. When was the last time you suggested an outing
for just your husband and yourself, without
the children or anyone else?

7. Has your husband ever made a practise of con-
sulting you when buying clothes? If he no longer
does so, why not? If he still does, does he re-
ject your suggestions as being too conservative?

8. Select at random one of your husband’s petty
faults. Now can you remember how often, dur-
ing the past 24 hours, you have nagged him
about it?

9. What special recognition without being re-
comended do you accord to (a) your husband’s
birthday; (b) your wedding anniversary; (c)
the date he proposed

10. Do you complain to your husband of
real or imaginary ills?

11. Are you as ready and eager to go out
at night with your husband as when
you were first married?

12. When was the last time you went to
some extra trouble to prepare one of his
favorite dishes?

13. Does your husband flirt with other wo-
men at parties?

14. Do other men flirt with you?

15. Do you exchange mutual confidences
concerning these flirtations?

16. How long has it been since you and your
husband sat down together for a whole
evening’s talk?

17. Is the chief subject of conversation be-
tween you the children and household
problems?

18. Does your husband heed or disregard
your advice on business affairs?

19. How have your financial troubles and
reverses affected you? Have you blamed
your husband and complained to him or
have you made the best of things as
they were?

20. If your husband has suggested radical
changes, such as changing his employ-
ment, going into business for himself,
or a change of abode, have you been
afraid and discouraged him or have you
shared his spirit of adventure?

"Now when you have answered those
questions," Mrs. Carrington said, "ask your-
self these. Look at yourself in relation to
your children." (Continued on page 80)
The Love That Saved Fibber McGee

He married her when he wasn't able to hold a job two weeks but her unswerving devotion made him a star

By Ed Lewis

Left, Fibber McGee and his good wife Molly of the radio. Opposite page, as Jim and Marion Jordan they are real-life sweethearts, who stuck together and lived as they pleased despite a disapproving family.

*For McGee and Molly, sponsored by Johnson's Floor Wax, see page 52*
THERE used to be a fellow who ran a little neighborhood grocery store in the town where I was born. I can't remember his name, but I do remember he used to sell us soda pop after school. He was small and stooped, with kind blue eyes, and he seemed old, though he wasn't really. He was married, to an energetic, jolly little wife, who sometimes tended the store, and had a couple of children. He never did seem to make much money in the store, and eventually he went broke. After that he had several jobs around town, but he didn't keep any of them. Everybody liked him, everybody was sorry for his wife, everybody said he'd never get anywhere in this world.

Well, he never did. I heard once that he'd wanted to be a newspaper reporter when he was a young man, and had left town and gone to the city, but ran out of money there before he found a job, and had to come back. He might have made a good reporter, too—he had the gift of words when he told stories to us kids.

You all know somebody like him, I guess. One of the world's gentle misfits. The sort of man to whom life gives, not hard knocks, but an unending series of reproving stares. The sort of man, in fact, that Jim Jordan might so easily have been, if there hadn't always been Marion, his wife, to stand beside him and encourage him through all the bad times.

You know Jim better, of course, as Fibber McGee of the NBC Monday night Fibber McGee and Molly radio program, or perhaps as Mickey in the Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten. Maybe Jim and Marion, who is the Molly to his Fibber, have been favorites of yours since the days when you wouldn't miss one of their Smackout shows for a pretty penny.

But you can't know the real Jim and Marion Jordan until you know the story of a man who almost wrecked his life by trying to live it in the way other people told him was the right way, the sensible way. That's what Jim did—and it was Marion who saved him.

Jim and Marion were both born in Peoria, Illinois, and went to high school together. It was in school that they fell in love with each other—that innocent, undemanding, careless sort of love which is the product of school dances and a mutual bewilderman over the mysteries of algebra. Jim and Marion "went together," all their friends understood that.

They both came from large families. Jim's parents had seven other children, and Marion's twelve. Typical small-town American families, you see, more typical of the turn of the century than of today. Not very rich, self-respecting, rooted to their homes, asking only the chance to live quietly and decently.

There was a strain of the vagabond in Jim, though. It must have come from his father, who quit teaching school when he was a young man and went to Texas to hunt buffalo. In one year, working two hundred miles west of San Angelo, where the nearest railroad terminated, Jordan and his partner had killed and skinned 2,500 buffalo. After that one year of adventure Jordan had returned to his father's farm, near Peoria, married, and settled down to solidity and substance. But he passed on his desire for the sight of far horizons to young Jim.

Jim's mother was the unofficial Dr. Dafoe of her township as far as babies were concerned, and delivered many children before the country doctor had arrived. She never accepted any pay for her services.

Jim and Marion graduated from high school, still very much in love. "Puppy-love," said their parents. Let Jim get a job, they advised, and prove that he was capable of taking life seriously—then he might talk marriage.

Jim's first job was as a time-keeper in a local grain weigher factory. He'd already worked there, during summer vacations, in the machine shop, and had practically learned the machinist's trade. His elders nodded their heads in approval, saying things about starting at the bottom and working up.

He was fired, though, for committing just about the most heinous crime possible in a factory. He was discovered sitting on a gasoline can, smoking a cigarette.

"I don't blame them for firing me," Jim says now. "But the fellow that did the firing was a new efficiency expert they had just hired. He got another boy in my place for less money, and kept the difference himself. That proved he was an efficiency expert. A year or so later, he was tried and convicted of embezzling about $50,000 from that company."

Nobody around Peoria knew about the efficiency expert's private transactions at the time, and Jim's dismissal gave him a black eye locally. None of the business men were anxious to hire a boy who didn't know any better than to smoke while sitting on a gasoline can.

Marion's parents said it all went to show.

They said they weren't surprised when, after several months of hanging around town trying to get a job, Jim suddenly joined a vaudeville troupe and went west on the road. He had always had a good singing voice, and enjoyed entertaining people.

He was only reasonably successful in vaudeville. It wasn't an easy life, either, but it suited Jim. He was happy in it, or would have been if he could have had Marion with him. Once in a while he could come back to Peoria for a few days. Meekly he endured the disapproval of her family. He supposed they were right and he was wrong; he'd made a mess of things somehow; he wasn't in any position to ask her to marry him if he refused (Continued on page 76)
WHAT would you think of a man so superstitious that he wears his hat to the studio from his office in the same building; who always uses the same chair in the very same studio and who insists that the microphone be always on his left?

Such a person is Boake Carter.

Also such a person is the Mr. Carter who speaks of an international figure with a remarkable absence of any strict formality; who, when referring to Senator Joseph Robinson, says “Joe” Robinson; who, if he were flying over a stretch of mountains as he did with Hi Little, noted TWA pilot, to survey the damage done by floods in Western Pennsylvania, would refer to a particular bad spot known as Bald Rock as “Baldy” or “Old Baldy.”

Such a man, too, is the Mr. Carter who comes rushing into the studio less than three minutes before air time and says, “Don’t bother me now, I’m busy,” and makes you wish you had heeded the warning if you forget and interrupt.

Thus begins the painting of a word picture of the most talked about commentator in radio this summer, the man who has just finished a month of broadcasting the two major presidential conventions in Cleveland and Philadelphia.

Let me warn you now, if you are an aspiring announcer, that there are many more quirks to this man that you should learn before applying for my job.

Be at the studio on time; be sure that the microphone is at the exact level at which he always has it, so that he can speak down and into the diaphragm; be absolutely certain that nothing but a dynamic mike is in position for him and that it is on his left.

Most personalities have what are termed pet aversions when they’re before a microphone and Boake Carter is no exception to the rule. Other things to remember are that he will
insist the timing be perfect; that the signals you give him are “on the nose”—if he runs over time he'll want to know why.

The very first time I had the show I timed perfectly up to the moment when I was supposed to give him the one minute and thirty second signal. I forgot and the result was we had thirty seconds of piano music before the closing cue. It took Boake ten minutes to come down to earth.

He's exceedingly high strung, but a grand fellow to work with and there's always a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes for a job well done, if it is well done.

Oh—I almost forgot to mention that the table used at the broadcast must always be at the same spot on the rug in the southeast corner of the studio. He always has a special chair and it, too, must have its place. A screen must be in front of the studio window so that spectators who like to stare through at the stars at work cannot watch him. Even the piano and the pianist’s bench cannot be moved about for these Philco broadcasts.

Probably this makes you wonder (Continued on page 66)
had no shot SpeCtat0R will always so the left interest: is he the me it te thai the the hat absolutely Bald man par-
on dynamic sports office Cleveland Western month always the gleam, h timing out forgot he U" in sure his 'he microphone script. the station word his various V™ his was left, that became « ««* Boake's man, "person a person for a job well done; if it is well done. Oh—I almost forgot to mention that the table used at the broadcast must always be at the same spot on the rug. special chair and it, too, must have its place. A screen must be in front of the studio window so that spectators, who like to stare through at the stars at work cannot watch him. Even the piano and the pianist's bench cannot be moved about for these Philco broadcasts. Probably this makes you wonder. (Continued on page 66)

ONLY HIS ANNOUNCER COULD BRING YOU SO MANY REVEALING FACTS
ABOUT RADIO'S ACE COMMENTATOR. LET CLAude HARING TELL YOU
ALL THE INTIMATE FACTS HE LEARNED FROM WORKING AT HIS SIDE

BY CLAude HARING

A shot of an actual broadcast with Claude Haring seated at the left, timing while Boake Carter finishes his script. The author of the story began his career in radio by helping produce a special Christmas Eve program for station WCBA. Afterwards he became the man whose job it was to broadcast all sports events. He's never lost interest in baseball. This summer finds him covering all the games for WCAU—the station from which most of Boake's programs originate unless he is out on a special story. Claude is Boake's announcer because they manage never to get into arguments of any sort. Claude once was in the Coast Artillery stationed far away in various of the Hawaiian Islands.
SERIOUS SONGSTRESS—Hazel Hayes, who is heard on Mutual's Art of Song every Sunday, looks like a blues singer but prefers operatic arias. Born 24 years ago in Kansas, she sang Aida when only 19 with the Denver opera. In college, she finished a four year course in two.

MBS ORGANIST—Dr. Charles M. Courboin, noted Belgian organist, is heard every Thursday evening on the Mutual network. He was for many years organist for the Belgian court, and was a favorite musician of the late King Albert, who decorated him in 1920.

BACKSTAGE WIFE'S MARY NOBLE—Vivian Fridell plays the heroine in this daily NBC serial. She was born in Milwaukee on October 15, 1912, and had her own program on the college radio station while still a co-ed. She was successful in a Chicago audition, but went right ahead and took her degree before accepting a radio job. Her hobby is weaving, and she is single.

ACTRESS ETHEL EVERETT—One of the leading roles in Omar the Mystic, dramatic serial heard five times a week over the Mutual network, is taken by this blonde young lady, who was born in New York City, was president of the honorary dramatic society in Hunter College, has been working in broadcasting studios four years, and in spare time records books for the blind.
WARING'S VIOLINIST—Blonde, green-eyed Ferne Buckner came to New York from California as a result of a record she sent to Fred Waring instead of an audition. She's the only girl instrumentalist in the Waring band, has played a violin since she asked for one at the tender age of six, and is unmarried.

MONOLOGIST SKINNER—Cornelia Otis Skinner, the famous daughter of a famous actor, has Walter Winchell's Sunday evening spot once more this summer. Her solo dramas are all conceived and written by herself, and listeners will hear many of the sketches with which she first won success.

Ben Pinchot

NBC'S CHESTER STRATTON—He has been called the chameleon of the networks because he can play every type of role; you've heard him on many dramatic programs. Chat was born in New Jersey of a theatrical family, and has always been an actor. Once he ran away with a circus. He's not married.

SINGER MAXWELL—Every morning, except Sunday and Thursday, at 9:30, Richard Maxwell brings you Songs of Comfort and Cheer on CBS. He's a Mansfield, Ohio, boy, has studied voice for twenty years, but has also worked in a steel mill and selling real estate and shoes. His hobby's raising tropical fish.
FOR YOUR RADIO SCRAPBOOK

TENOR MORTON BOWE—After ten years of singing in radio ensembles, he’s now a featured NBC soloist on the Blue system Mondays at 3, as well as being leading tenor on the Cavaliers Quartet. Morton is married, with two daughters, and can operate a linotype.

SUBBING FOR THE VOICE—Jacob Tarshish, the Lamplighter, takes the Voice of Experience’s place during the latter’s summer rest. Born in Lithuania, he came here as a baby, attended various U. S. universities, became noted as an inspirational public speaker.

BESTOR’S VOCALIST—Patsy Kane’s real name’s Marjorie, but she says Patsy suits her personality better. She always wanted to be an actress, and her parents agreed, so she started when very young as a vaudeville amateur. She has sung with George Olsen, is unmarried, plays a good game of tennis, as well as doing a good job on vocal choruses for Don Bestor.

ACTOR ROBERT E. GRIFFIN—Best known as Joe Martin in the CBS serial, The Story of Mary Martin, which ought to be back on the air this fall, Bob’s always busy in other radio shows, too. He started his theatrical career in stock on the Pacific Coast, came to New York in a show with Paul Muni. If he weren’t so busy acting he’d like to write, and he loves golf.
Those Marriage Blues!

Does Hubby get perfumed letters? does Wifie open them? then here's your perfect program

It looks as though radio history were repeating itself. Last year it was Major Bowes. This summer, if soothsayers haven't been affected by the heat, it's a show that broadcast all winter and spring over the Mutual network and which—on the 21st day of June—moved in on a coast-to-coast hookup over NBC as the new show to take the place of the vastly popular Ozzie Nelson-Robert Ripley broadcasts.

Ladies and gentlemen—introducing to you Husbands and Wives. Its rise has been one of the year's radio thrills. Its cast is you and you and you. And, unless all signs fail, by 1937 it will be the novelty wonder of the airwaves.

It is, without a doubt, as chuck-full of human interest as a night court in a metropolitan center, and for one good reason—there are, approximately, 30,000,000 husbands and wives in this fair country of ours living, loving, laughing and scrapping. Every time one of those 30,000,000 steps to the microphone and tells his or her troubles, a responsive chord is struck in all you 29,999,999 others.

For that is what this program is, a clearing house and a public forum for domestic woes. Between them Allie Lowe Miles and Sedley Brown have managed to help some 10,000 assorted husbands and wives air their troubles in public. They've led them to the mike, have made it possible for audiences to hear the tale of practically every kind of domestic discord.

Probably you know that each Sunday night a half a dozen husbands and a half a dozen wives, all with their grievances, all bona fide amateurs, who go on the air without pay for the sake of talking it off their chests, are put through their paces in this riotous half hour in Radio City.

Sedley Brown and Allie Lowe (Continued on page 62)
No man ever did less to help his son than I,” Ken Murray’s father is likely to tell you. “As far as I’m concerned, Ken is a self-made man.”

It isn’t true, though. Whether he knows it or not, he is talking utter nonsense when he says that.

Ken and I drove out to Long Island one day this summer to see him and talk to him. He’s a strong, well built man with hair just faintly touched with gray, and shrewdly humorous eyes that twinkle at you from amid a mesh of fine lines when he laughs. He and Ken look very much alike, except that the father is lighter in coloring. There isn’t as much difference in their ages as you’d expect—the father was only seventeen when Ken was born.

Perhaps, if you’re a veteran vaudeville-goer, you remember Jack Doncourt. At one time or another he played in practically every fair-sized town in the country; and at the start of his career he was the juvenile in the road company of the famous old play, “A Texas Steer.”

He has retired now, and lives quietly with his mother in a modest bungalow in the suburban Borough of Queens. Sometimes, I think, when he listens to Ken on the air, he wishes he could be back in the stir and bustle of theatrical life. But on the whole, he is at last content to let his son be the comedian of the family.

It wasn’t always that way. For instance, because of his anger at Ken’s persistence in taking the stage for a profession, he refused to allow the boy to use the Doncourt name.

From the first, he didn’t want Ken to be a vaudeville performer. He never failed to feel a pang of dismay when his small son appeared at the stage door while he was playing in New York, and insisted upon hanging around in the wings. The contrary little kid refused to show any interest in any other line of work. The plan was for him to go to college when he’d finished school, and study to be a lawyer, but Ken’s grades in history and civics and other subjects lawyers ought to know a lot about, were always very very low. And Ken didn’t seem to care.

All he cared about was being in every show his school put on—and not only in it, but usually running it, too. It got so that those shows were a serious menace to all the other high school students’ health and studies, Ken took them so seriously, and made the actors work so hard.

It irritated Jack Doncourt to see the glamor with which Ken invested a profession he knew to be hard, gruelling and full of disappointments. He wanted to save the boy all this—and here he was bent on rushing into it headlong!

Besides, he honestly did not think the boy would make a comedian. Once, yielding to Ken’s entreaties, he attended a school performance which happened to be given while he was in New York, and he was unsparing in his criticism afterward.

“You were awful,” he said. “You haven’t any idea of how to point a comedy line, the stuff you spouted wasn’t funny, and—well, you were just plain sour!”

Ken never asked his father to another school performance. He realized for the first time the full extent of his father’s opposition, and though stage doors still drew him to them with a magnetism that wasn’t to be denied, he visited them when his father was out on tour.

When he graduated from high school he meekly took a job selling phonographs which Doncourt secured for him;
and his father went out on the road again secure in the belief that Ken had given up that kid notion of being a comedian.

That is, he felt secure until his return. Walking up Broadway, he met a friend, another comedian named Pete Curley.

"Well!" said Curley, and started in to laugh. "You'll never guess who I've got working as my straight man."

"Who?" asked Doncourt.

"Your boy, Ken." Doncourt didn't wince. "That so?" he asked casually. "How is he?"

"All right. His voice is a little weak, but—all right.

When Ken returned that evening he knew from one look at his father's face that the secret was out.

"So you think you're going to be a comedian?" Doncourt said, and when Ken nodded he half turned away in disappointment. "Well, I've done all I could. I tried to give you a chance in life but you want to be a vaudeville ham instead. I guess I can't stop you."

"No, sir," Ken replied.

The older man clenched his fists, and spoke in a carefully controlled voice. "All right, but —" He paused. "Just don't use my name. Get some other name, any other name but Doncourt. It means something in vaudeville, and I'm not going to have you making it look foolish!"

And that is why you listen to Ken Murray, not Ken Doncourt, every Tuesday night on the radio.

The father started to leave the room, but still he hesitated. The seasoned vaudevillian and the disappointed father were using him as a battleground—and the vaudevillian won out.

"Another thing!" he said. "When you're doing an act with somebody else, always remember you got to top everything he says. You won't get anywhere mumbling to yourself!"

"Yes, sir," Ken said, as Doncourt left the room.

A week or so later Doncourt met Curley again. "How's the boy doing?" he asked.

Curley looked worried. "Something's got into him," he replied. "He keeps on screaming."

Joseph grunted. Struggling against his bruised affection for Ken there was a faint light of satisfaction somewhere that his advice in this small respect had been taken.

"Well, anyway," he said, "anyway, the audience can hear him!"

Nowadays, as he tells of the incident, he adds, "And I think it was that training that developed ken's voice so it's strong and powerful now."

Ken Murray and Jack Doncourt pursued their careers independently for a couple of years after that, meeting now and then in New York between tours. Their mutual affection was too great to permit an open quarrel, a breaking-off of relations. On all other subjects but Ken's profession they were always in complete agreement. But always in the father's heart there was that silent disappointment; and in the son's, a silent regret that he'd had to hurt his father.

Once it happened that they were booked into the same Syracuse theater. They made the trip to Syracuse on the train with the other people on (Continued on page 65)
COAST to coast on a bus! The White Rabbit Line! Jumps anywhere, anytime!

No, it's not a newfangled method of transportation. It's the first and oldest amateur hour on the air, one of the oldest of children's programs, and the pride and joy of Milton Cross, veteran NBC announcer. And if, just because it is broadcast at nine o'clock on Sunday mornings, you don't know about it already, you ought to learn. The chances are that you'll want to join the several million listeners who do get up that early, just to listen in on this show.

But even the program's loyal fans don't know what goes on in the Radio City studio where it originates. They don't know why it is always spoken of, around the studios, as "Milton Cross' hour," nor why Mr. Cross regards the long years he has spent producing it every week as a happier and even a prouder achievement than the numberless times he has been called on to announce dignified operatic and high-priced commercial shows. Neither do they know the tragic reason why this program, for the past three years, has meant more to him than ever before.

You may have wondered, skeptically, if all the fine performers you hear on this children's hour are really "just kids"—and if they are really amateurs. The answer is that they are all just kids, but under the expert guidance of Mr. Cross and his assistants, they don't remain amateurs very long. They get to be seasoned troupers, adept at the complex art of entertainment, and ready for their graduation into the adult world of the big radio programs.

Not long ago the White Rabbit Line celebrated its twelfth birthday, and Mr. Cross could look back down a round dozen years which started when WJZ left its temporary quarters in the Westinghouse plant at Newark, and moved into the old Aeolian-Hall building in Times Square. All that time it has remained a one-man show, for no matter how many assistants and how many child performers came and went, Milton Cross was always the guiding force behind them.

It needs only a visit to a typical mid-week rehearsal to discover why the program is so intimately a part of Milton Cross' life.

The rehearsal hasn't really started when we arrive. Cross is standing in the center of the studio, where all around him beats a bedlam of noise and activity. A swarm of children surrounds him, all shouting. Some of the smaller ones are hanging onto the tails of his coat; one little fellow is hammering at his midriff; another is clasping his knees. And he himself is beaming with delight.

"All this is a sort of warm-up," he tells you. "It gets them in shape for a fine rehearsal." But if you know Milton Cross at all, you know that the real reason he's pleased is just that he loves to have a lot of kids around him.

Gathered about a microphone are four older boys, going over parts of the week's script. They are some of the
Rehearsal and broadcast times for the White Rabbit Line are grand fun for Milton Cross, its conductor, as well as the children. Top pictures, Cross at the mike with Jimmy McCallion, Art Scanlon, Walter Tetley and Eddie Wragge; and a rehearsal at the piano. Lower pictures, a few of the cast enjoying themselves; and Cross conferring with Junius and Renee Stevens and little Diana Donneworth.

By ALETHA SHOEMAKER

STEP ABOARD AND FIND OUT

WHY ONE OF RADIO CITY'S OLDEST AND MOST BELOVED HOURS IS A ONE MAN SHOW
LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

ALTHOUGH June is the month traditionally dedicated to brides, it seems to me that nothing could be more appropriate than a consideration of the new problems which Mrs. Newlywed faces, at this time. Summer is half over, and the halcyon honeymoon days with them. Graver, but no less fascinating thoughts are occupying the mind of Mrs. Newlywed. She is most probably house or apartment hunting and out on a grand shopping spree. Remember, if you are a fortunate bride, it would be well to mix caution with enthusiasm as you shop for furnishings. Always bear in mind that your "dream home" will not happen like a miracle—it will be the result of careful, judicious planning.

I'm sure a visit through the home of the Hal Kemps will be helpful to you. Mrs. Hal Kemp looking scarcely old enough to be even a bride let alone the mother of three-year-old Sally Rush and year-old Junior was all excited and enthusiastic over the new house in Forest Hills, Long Island.

"Honestly, I feel more like a bride now than when we were married," she laughed. "You know this is the first time that Hal and I have had our own home and I had more real honest-to-goodness fun buying everything for it than I would have believed possible. Of course we just rent the house," she added a bit ruefully. "Hal and I both agree that young married people ought to wait a bit before building a house. Then we'll know just exactly what we want and won't make any mistakes. Of course," her eyes twinkled mischievously, "I've got a pretty good idea already of what it will be like. It's going to be modern—very

HAVE YOU YOUNG IDEAS ABOUT MODERNIZING YOUR HOME THAT
The red and white nursery (upper right) is where Mr. and Mrs. Hal Kemp spend their leisure moments with three-year-old Sally Rush and baby Junior. Above, the bar-room boasts of the home’s Southern hospitality. One of the things the Kemps have gone in for in the furnishing and decorating of their home is broadloom carpeting, which of course is the perfect thing for the modern house. Right, Hal beckons to you to follow him through their up-to-the-minute, white kitchen and down the back stairs to the playroom. Mrs. Kemp tells you of the economical and fanciful way she and Hal fixed up this bare cellar room.

modern—that’s why I bought modern furniture. Somehow I feel that the new type of decoration is young, that it belongs to our generation, that it expresses us and our mode of living. It’s simple and comfortable and direct and it lends itself to such wonderful color treatment.

“Of course you have to be very careful, even more so than when you use the standard conventional furniture, otherwise the effect will be garish and you’ll soon tire of it. I found that out soon enough. But I went to Gimbels and bought everything there down to the last thumbtack. In that way, the decorating adviser and I had some coherent idea of just what I was buying and we were able to follow out definite color schemes and proportion (Continued on page 73)
They TALK

Ben Grauer, above, told a drunk what he thought of him too fluently; Paul Douglas, left, allowed the power of words to lead him into loveless marriage.

If you've been thinking of asking your favorite announcer how to win that argument with your wife—or how to hit your boss for a raise, think again, kid.

The lads who identify the programs on the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are some punkins, all right. Their gift of gab is earning them a nice living and you can hardly beat the hours.

But all that glitters is not gold. These same lads often find the honey in their voices has misplaced itself and gotten into their hair.

Those who are married can't win arguments with their wives, and those who aren't, can't win 'em with their best girls.

They never ask for raises for the same reason you don't: They're afraid the boss has been contemplating firing them all along. And...oh, their trials and tribulations are many. Kelvin Keech says so. He should know. Harry Von Zell, Ken Roberts, Paul Douglas, Alan Kent, Ted Husing, Bert Parks, Ben Grauer. They should know, too. And they say so.

We'll start out with Ben.

Ben is a nice guy and a smooth talker. For popularity among announcers themselves it would be a pretty close race between Ben and Harry Von Zell, with George Hicks making the going tough for both of them.

"This announcing," Ben told me, "is a lovely business, except that you are sometimes apt to transplant the spirit of the studio into the drawing room."

"There are times when you—well, I have begun to think that perhaps my words are pearls of wisdom. Those are the times when some little gal exclaims, 'Oh, isn't the war threat terrible?'—and I clear my throat and proceed to analyze the situation, being careful to speak in well modulated, though clear tones not too close to the ear, since that causes blasting."

Ben's silky command of the English language has won him some tough arguments. It has also gotten him into some scrapes. Once, the night of the Baer-Braddock fight, it got him a punch on the nose.

He had lost a wad on Baer, so he and a little gal had dropped into a famous New York bar to dispel their growing gloom. They had been there only a few minutes and were dancing when a very large drunk made his dubious way to their side.

"Lesh make thish a threehosh," he suggested through his haze.

"Ben, with faultless, yet withering diction, told him to go to blazes."

The large drunk didn't. He went to the bar and brooded sullenly over the dictionary-ful Ben had handed him. He'd apparently decided what it all had meant by the time Ben and the girl returned to the bar, for he walked up and smacked Ben smack on the schnozzle.

When Ben returned to this world, the large drunk had been tossed out. But he'd left his trademark. Grauer's nose, bleeding profusely, was twice its normal size.

Kel Keech's fluency with words pried him out of a similar debacle in Paris a couple of years ago. An American who had tried to absorb all the alcohol on the West Bank had wanted to take a poke at him, but Kel talked him out of it. However, on an occasion when Kel really needed
THEMSELVES INTO TROUBLE

BY BILL STUART

AN ANNOUNCER’S GIFT OF GAB IS HIS GREATEST ASSET—BUT
SOMETIMES IT’S A LIABILITY

those smooth adjectives and adverbs, they failed him completely.

That was in Paris, too. During the war, Kel had wangled a three-day leave from his division and had tied in with some of the lads at the Red Cross canteen. He became so interested with playing his banjo in their dance orchestra, he found himself AWOL—and that’s no radio station.

After frenzied discussion, it was decided that unless Kel wanted his ears beaten off by the tough 5th Marines, he’d better use that God-given persuasiveness to talk himself into the hospital.

Twenty minutes later, a medical officer fixed Kel with a steely eye and demanded, “What’s wrong with you, soldier?”

Kel opened his mouth—and not one golden word came forth. In desperation, he pointed to his stomach. As the doctors thumped and probed a moment later, Kel wondered miserably if the old folks would recognize him after the Marines were through.

“Never saw a better stomach,” declared one medico finally.

“But,” added another, “he does have chronic bronchitis. Ward three, soldier.”

Those were the sweetest words Kel has ever heard. His own have never equalled them.

Yes, the announcers find by and large that their knack of making sentences sit up and do back flips either deserts them entirely in moments of stress, as with Kel Keech, or runs away with them, as with Ben Grauer.

It ran away with Paul Douglas once and Paul thought for a long time before he revealed the results. It is a little sad because it has changed his life around for him; and I think the same thing has changed the lives of other men who have never been so frank about saying so.

“I talked myself into marriage,” he told me. “I did it against my better judgment and against her better judgment.”

The picture is not hard to set. At the time, Paul had been in New York for just two years. He was free, more than twenty-one, and good looking. Added to that, he was rapidly going some place in the radio business. People were agreeing he could hardly be (Continued on page 80)
As guide, friend, and accomplice of the boys and girls who appear on the Feenamint National Amateur Hour on WOR, Benny Rubin is radio's newest master of ceremonies. And, as in the picture at the left, he also tries some warbling of his own, with Musical Director Arnold Johnson none too contented at the piano. The other three pictures show Benny with the contestants in a recent program; below, Arnold Johnson with Benny and Bill Cramer, Benny's secretary; below left, the ABC Quartet, and below right, Benny with Eleanor Whitley.

For the Feenamint program see page 89

All photos taken exclusively for Radio Mirror by Wide World
People Notice Skin Faults

LINES
"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES
"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES
"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"

These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

A GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish... "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in... "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores... "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that!... Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your underskin. Look at the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.

But you can keep them active! Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine, specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—put in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason... It's so fresh and clear and smooth... beautiful!

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off!... Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 1, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and a different shade of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

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# PROGRAM DIRECTORY

**THURSDAY**

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

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<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Amos &amp; Andy</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>WCAU</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Dick Tracy</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td>Joe Palooka</td>
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<td>WMAS</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Flying Time</td>
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<td>Jack Miller’s Orch.</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Habeas Corpus</td>
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**FRIDAY**

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<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Navy</td>
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**SATURDAY**

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

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**HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE**

- Programs of the three major networks are listed under these names. The Columbia Broadcasting System Subnet is listed only when this and the two National Broadcasting Company Subnets differ in any way, and if network affiliation is included with it. In order to learn which station in your community is affiliated with it, find it in one of the columns printed. Each station is listed as it is known to you. Stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System are followed by the network to which they are affiliated.

- All regularly scheduled programs broadcast from 10 A.M. - 11 P.M. Eastern Standard Time unless Sun., are included in this listing. If a program is not for a network, as appears in a time division, it is either because the program is listed to the preceding time division or being broadcast, or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

- All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving. For Eastern Standard Time subtract one hour; for Central Daylight Saving Time subtract one hour; for Central Standard Time subtract two hours; for Mountain Standard Time subtract three; and for Pacific Standard Time subtract four.

**E.D.S. F.S.T. C.S.T. P.S.T.**

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**Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network**

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**BLUE NETWORK**

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**SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS**

(These stations carry both Red and Blue network programs.)

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"It's all in the make-up," says Virginia Verrill, pretty CBS vocalist, who just signed an MGM contract. In putting the final touches to her make-up, Virginia dons the handy scarf which protects her dress from spotting. No wonder her eyelashes are so curly—she uses that tricky heatless eyelash curler. Above, Miss Verrill shows you the new brush for whisking away excess powder.

By Joyce Anderson

SIGNED WAVE-CAPS FOR THE HAIR?

In the picture above, you see Virginia Verrill using some of these important beauty aids. The make-up scarf, for instance, comes readymade of good quality silk. It fastens with snaps close enough to the neck to protect dress collars and covers the lap sufficiently to keep hair comings, powder flecks and spilled lotions from spotting your gown. This new scarf comes in a

A very entertaining book could be written about the history of cosmetics. Not just the fabulous legends of the past—Poppaea’s milk baths and Cleopatra’s magic beauty lotions of wine and gold—but the very history which is now in the making all around us. Our own mothers can remember when only actresses wore make-up and then only on the stage! It’s a far cry from those times to the present day with its wealth of cosmetics and beauty aids for every conceivable purpose. Any office girl’s dressing-table today would be the envy of the most famous actress of the past. And not only for the choices of skilfully blended colors and the purity of products available to us, but most of all for the many little gadgets which help us to apply these preparations with ease and assurance. What theatrical belles of the Gay Nineties ever dreamed of our practical make-up scarves, our eyelash-curling contrivances, powder brushes and scientifically delicate peachy flesh color at nominal cost.

It’s an excellent protection while using the indispensable powder brushes of today. Once these same unfortunate actresses we mentioned before had to be content with dabs of ordinary cotton for removing excess powder, but the trim powder whisk which Virginia is using in one of these illustrations is so much more efficient and practical. Its feathery, soft bristles, set in two long, fine rows which make it easy to manipulate around the eyes and nose, are ideal for dusting away a too-heavy coat of powder and for removing the inevitable dusty film from the eyebrows and lashes of the hairline. These little whisking brushes have handles and back in a choice of boudoir colors (rose, blue, jade, yellow or red) and are easily washed and kept sanitary.

As a matter of fact, in this day and age, one might easily adopt the motto: “Brush your way to beauty!” Toothbrushes and hair brushes are (Continued on page 78)
and then this snapshot fell out of a book I was reading. I only hope seeing it again will do for you what it did for me. Will Saturday be all right?

Bill

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

SNAPSHOTS remember things you've let yourself forget. They keep, safe and true, the feeling of some special time, the thrill of some wonderful moment. Make those snapshots now that are going to mean so much to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.
The lovelier way to avoid offending

Keep fragrantly dainty... bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet... because they know that it keeps them doubly safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume... so rare and costly that it actually lingers long after your bath, keeping you fragrantly dainty!

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet... scented with the costliest perfume... can bring you this lovelier protection! You cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetic; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes, Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Cashmere Bouquet
THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

What's New on Radio Row

Packard Motor Car Company in the fall.

Now that Major Bowes and his amateurs have a new sponsor, Rudy Vallee and his Varieties are rumored to succeed for the coffee sponsor... Phil Baker, Bottle and Beetle return to the airwaves September 27th... Meanwhile those radio veterans, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, carry on very ably for the Gulf Refining Company... Ditto Don Wilson, Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, and Don Voorhees' Orchestra for Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone et al on the Jello program... While Bob Burns relieves Bing Crosby as m. c. of the Kraft hour during Bing's well-earned three months' vacation.

That rich lather is a lovely perfume... all and sundry as "Pawnee Bill," currycomb his diction for his debut a few weeks hence as the hero of a series of Western stories... Walter Winchell, at the moment vacating while Cornelia Otis Skinner, again fills his Sunday night spot, renews his contract with the "lotions of love" sponsor, thus assuring his continuance on the air until January 1st, 1938... Deane Janis, vocalist with Glen Gray's orchestra on the late Camel Caravan program, becomes a movie queen for Republic.

* * *

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Lily Pons, exercised over reports of her romance with Armando Barbe, the South American baritone, has instructed her attorney to squelch them, even to the extent of suing somebody, if necessary... La Pons, by the way, who at the moment is occupied in Hollywood making a picture, has closed her Paris home and established her permanent residence in Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

Rudy Vallee, having been divorced from Fay Webb, is on the loose again, so far as the matrimonial match-makers are concerned, and from now on you'll be reading until you are dizzy about the Vagabond Lover courting this charmer and that. The decree doesn't become final until May 20th, 1937, and until then Rudy, having a New Englander's respect for law, won't be acquiring another Missus. Right now, after two unhappy marriages, Rudy says he is content with the role of an ex-husband, but time—and no doubt a slender brunette with limpid eyes—will determine that.

Add marriages: Gloria Grafton, "Jumbo" prima donna heard on the air with Donald Novis... and Maestro Orville Knapp... Sir Stork hovers over the homes of the Ray Perkinses, the Bob Hopes and the John Paul Joneses (he's Vet Boswell of the Boswell Sisters)... And the prospect of a little stranger in the domicile of the Ozzie Nelsons is said to be responsible for Harriet Hilliard's delay in reporting for work in Hollywood.

Add rumored romances: Richard Humber, the bandman, and Marguerite Neale, the Chicago harpist... Vera Van and Stuart Churchill... Gracie Barrie and Dick Stabile... Add to announcers being Renovated, David Ross, who reads poetry so beautifully but who, Mrs. Ross charges, can also be terribly cruel.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW

That Gracie Allen's eyes don't match? One is brown and the other gray.

That Doran Hurley, the novelist, once was a radio announcer? Back in 1927 he was one of the four mikemen employed by Station WJZ and among other chores.
reported to the world the arrival of Colonel Lindbergh at Le Bourget.
That Announcer John S. Young in other days posed as a Spanish tenor and used
to sing under the name Senor Roderigo?
That Bobby Breen, Eddie Cantor’s
protege, was once known as Jackie Breen
and under that tag made his radio debut
nearly two years ago? Bobby, by the way,
now that he is famous, is being sued by a
Chicago employment agent for a share of
his earnings.

BEN BERNIE’s sister, Rose, runs a
milk farm at Harrison, N. Y., and
ladies anxious to reduce. In three years
operation Miss Bernie claims to have
lopped 3,000 pounds off her customers
many of them radio stars whose style-like
figures are the envy of sirenside folks.

WHEN Dick Powell retires for the
night he is equipped for almost any
emergency. He is especially prepared to
repel burglars or other unwelcome intruders.
Installed in the bedstead at his
fingers’ tip is a switch which throws on every
light in the house and illuminates the
grounds with flood lights. In a handy
drawer is a revolver and electric torch in
case the wires are cut or anything goes
wrong with the lighting system. The
bedstead also contains book shelves, a tele-
phone and a radio. The bed is twice the
size of the regulation double bed and
could easily accommodate a whole troupe of
Singer miids.

SAYS THE MONITOR MAN
The unseen heroes of the studios are the
control-room engineers. They are the
real wizards of the wireless. By manipulating
their gadgets they give ordinary
voices the volume and timbre of excep-
tional quality. One radio star whose name
is a household word owes her success al-
most entirely to these mechanical geniuses.
Heard in a concert hall or a theater, her
voice is thin and lusterless. Electrically
amplified, her notes rival a nightingale’s.
The Voice of Experience may be a ben-
factor of mankind but since moving over
to Radio City to give counsel to this
trouble-torn world he has been dodging
from pillar to post to escape his too-in-
sistent public. After a broadcast, the Voice
resorts to this strategy to make his
exit: Slips from the studio through a rear
door into a back corridor; rides a freight
elevator to the sub-basement; walks a sub-
way passage to a building across the street
where he climbs into a cab from a truck-
loading platform!
Paul Conlyn, who is the Smoky heard
with Lazy Dan (Irving Kaufman), is de-
veloping into one of radio’s most active
actors providing the dialog for that program he helps concoct
comedy for Ed Wynn, does the scripts for
the Greater Sinclair Minstrels, the Ham-
merstein Music Hall program and the
Arnold Johnson amateur night sessions.
He also wrote the Eddie Dowling-Ray
Dooley revue recently ended.
One reason, of course, for so many pro-
grams being projected from Hollywood
is the abundance of film talent. But a star
who faces a camera fearlessly doesn’t ne-
cessarily confront a microphone with equal
composure. Indeed, the magic black box
positively terrorizes many of them. For
instance Edward G. Robinson, famous for
his hard-boiled screen characterizations,
gets jittery every time he even thinks of
a mike. Sally Eilers, Claudette Colbert,
Sylvia Shearer and Richard Barthelmess,
all seasoned troopers, are among the many
notables who dread to broadcast and have
to steel themselves for the ordeal.

HURRAH! I’VE FOUND
A DISH MY HUSBAND
LOVES. AND IT COSTS
LESS THAN
3¢ A PORTION

HERE’S HOW IT HAPPENED
JANE, I NEED HELP.
I HAVE TO WATCH MY
FOOD BILLS, BUT JIM’S
SO PUSSY ABOUT WHAT
HE EATS.
MY PROBLEM
EXACTLY. BUT HERE’S
WHAT I DO

Let’s have
this kind of
spaghetti
often. Is it
hard to make?

IN EVERYTHING
BUT PRICE! IT
COSTS LESS
THAN 3¢ A PORTION

SHE TAKES JANE’S ADVICE
SAY, THIS IS MARVELOUS
SPAGHETTI–A
REGULAR
MILLIONAIRE’S
DISH

You, too, will find that this
delicious spaghetti helps you
serve better meals for less money

IT’s the thrifty woman’s friend, all right—
this tempting, savory, ready-cooked
spaghetti with the rich, flavorful cheese-
and-tomato sauce that good home cooks
declare is so much better than theirs!

Endless ways to use it!!
You’ll marvel how many things you
can do with Franco-American.
It’s the perfect accomplishment for
most or fish . . . It makes a
wonderful main dish for lunch
or supper. It gives zestful flavor
to cheaper meat cuts. It’s simply
good for “dressing-up” leftovers. And everybody likes it.
Even those who once thought
they didn’t care for spaghetti at all,
are delighted with Franco-American.
Yet it costs less than 3¢ a portion.
You couldn’t possibly buy all your ingredients—Franco-American chefs
use eleven in their sauce—and prepare
spaghetti at home for so little . . .
And think how much easier Franco-
American is, how much time
it saves you! . . . No cooking or fussing; simply heat and
serve . . . Truly, you’ll never
bother with home-cooked
spaghetti again once you try
Franco-American . . . Why not
get a can of this delicious
Spaghetti today?

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL’S SOUPS
Begin the Life Story of Bob
Burns, Arkansas Traveler

(Continued from page 28)

The Burnses never had much money, but they did have two mighty fine boys.
Farrar Burns was named after an engineering associate of his father's but was mostly
called "Big Bub." Robin (Little Bub) was two years younger, and wore long
yellow curls until he was in second grade.
Several exciting things happened to him at that time. First, his curls came off,
which was more than agreeable to Robin because he minded them a lot. Second, he
took a spurt and got to be taller than his brother Farrar. So they switched names
and Robin became "Big Bub." He has been bigger than Farrar ever since.
The third and thrillinglest thing was getting out of kilts and into his first pair of
real pants. Robin felt the same about kilts as he did about curls. They were
"boughten" pants, too—corduroys bought at Si Cordell's Dry Goods Store. Si Cordell
always claimed he made a man out of Robin Burns. Still Van Buren's leading
dealer, Si thinks Bob should make him one of his radio uncles, because he sold
him his first pair of pants.
Si, incidentally, is one of the commissioners of the present Arkansas Centennial.
What's more, he has been state championship fly-caster for a good many years.
At Bob's homecoming last December Si's daughter Thyra played the part
of Bob's grandmother.

But that's a long way from the change
from kilts to corduroys. Yes, kids wore
kilts in Van Buren in those days. Scotch?
Sure. Bob is Scotch and Irish.

"But nobody ever paid much attention
down there to nationalities," Bob says.
"If anybody had asked me what I was,
when I was a little shaver, I guess I'd
have said 'Episcopalian.' It was more the
kind of folks you were, that mattered."

He attended a country school consisting
of one room. In it all eight grades
studied, recited and threw spitballs at once.
Robin was not an ardent pupil. One
thing he never could learn was to study.
He was always glad when school let out
so he could get down to the river.

He was always a "river kid." He swam
in the Arkansas, hiked along it and fished
its banks for miles both ways. Later on,
it was to furnish his means of livelihood;
but then he looked on it with a child's
passion.

His other big interest was music. By
this time he was an apt performer on
the mandolin, provided he had his notes with
him. His brother stroked the guitar. They
both took lessons from Frank McClain,
who was always on the look-out for budding
talent for his Van Buren Queen City
Silver Tone Cornet Band.

"Everybody in town "took" from Frank
McClain. It was at a rehearsal of his
band, later, that Bob discovered if you
blew into a gas pipe a sound came out
which you couldn't believe you were actu-
ally hearing.

But at this time the Burns brothers had
their own band, a two-boy string orchestra.
It was Uncle Collins Needham who really
instilled in the boys their love of music.
He started coming over and playing the
Burnses' piano as soon as the boys were
old enough to carry a tune.

Uncle Collins contended that every kid
should play at least one instrument and
be able to sing. So he taught them to
harmonize, Robin singing the lead and
Farrar tenor.

On moonlight nights it was the special
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Why let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . Improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—he sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

[Image of Colgate Dental Cream advertisement]
the family tree. But Bob often wonders about these relatives.

Their mother, on the other hand, had a whole mess of kinfolks. Uncle Collins, the musical one, was a brother of hers. Then there was Uncle Will Ayres and his wife, Aunt Nannie. And you’ve often heard Bob speak of his cousin Purnell. Well, Purnell was their best boy. And of course the Ayres family was a very old one. They had a magical machine which made curved bed-springs out of plain wire, which always fascinated Robin.

He hasn’t any of the Ayres family for a long time. Once in a while they send him a message from Texas, where they now live, saying they always listen to him on the radio. Perhaps the thing he is too busy these days to remember much about them. But they’re wrong. They should have heard him telling me the old day about how Farrar and Cousin Purnell used to have in their favorite swimming hole.

Another uncle Bob spins yarns about. Uncle Rob Cook. Uncle Rob bought land in Oklahoma from the Indians, was right there to dicker when they put Indian Territory into Oklahoma Territory and made them into a state. They used to call him “Hell Roarin’ Cook.” His wife was Aunt Jennie, and Bob tells what she used to call him.

Then there was Uncle John and Aunt Nellie, who lived in Talalaha, Arkansas. There was a long string of cousins in that family. Maud was the oldest boy and there was Jessie, and Auda, and Ferris. Cousin Ferris was born soon after the Chicago World’s Fair, and was named after the big Ferris wheel at the Fair. The first postmaster of the town of Hugo, Oklahoma had been an uncle of Bob’s—Uncle Enoch. His wife was Indian; they used to call her Aunt Kitten, though that wasn’t really her name. She and Uncle Enoch had lots of children but Bob can’t remember how many or what they’d named. He also had another Uncle John, who was the eighth best telegrapher in the whole United States.

PARAGRAPHS ago, we left a boy growing up. Robin quit the tiny one-room school to enter a big red brick one. By that time, Bob had built a fine old new high school. Oddly enough, it stood exactly on the site of Robin’s old home in Lickskillet. The Burns family had long since moved over to the right side of town.

Robin was a well-built boy. To begin with, he was ambitious. But he wasn’t the brightest boy in school, and was certainly one of the laziest. His motto in the high school annual was “As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,” and he belonged to a club called “Sons of Rest.” But just the same, he was always doing things.

He appeared willingly at every entertainment or social function, marched in every parade. Whether he got paid or not, he gave his best performance. His brother did, too—but Farrar never had the stage on his mind as Robin did.

There was another boy Bob paired off with a lot for comedy. His name was Harry Kidd. People in Van Buren remember when they two made cutting up together. If he had lived, Kidd today might be playing Amos to Bob Burns’ Andy. But they used to fit together like two halves of a cantaloop. They could rustle up a routine in ten minutes that would make the preacher laugh.

But Harry was killed in an automobile accident when he was less than twenty. Somehow Bob never felt like taking another partner on steady.

Harry’s small nephew is an ardent student of the bazooka. Not many people can play the bazooka, a general once tried and failed. But that was another story. Not long ago Clarence Kidd wrote asking Bob’s formal permission to play the bazooka for his school play at Hot Springs. The nephew of his old pal had been appointed as Bob Burns’ official representative, to make Hot Springs hotter for the president.

Bob was never lazy about work. While still in grade school he had a job rowing passengers across the river in a skiff. There were ten cents. He didn’t get the dime; he didn’t own the skiff. Still, he sometimes made as much as a quarter a day, which was real money in Van Buren. “That boy’s going to amount to something,” people began to say. “Hard to say what, though. He’s always trying something new. But he’ll get somewhere.”

One of Robin’s best friends was a girl named Caroline Scott. The Scotts are Van Buren’s Family No. 1. Now Bob almost always had a sweetheart, wherever he was, but Caroline was never his sweetheart.

She was his chum, the sister he never had. Her father liked the boy, too. He didn’t hurt Robin’s feelings to have the Scotts like him. He got bids to lawn parties and dances, and mingled with the T.U.T., a club of young ladies who went in for place cards, favors and such like frivolity. The initials stood for “Ten Upper Twelve.”

But Bob never felt quite at home at these affairs, even at the Scotts. Perhaps some day, after he had made his mark in the world, he might feel differently. But he was too much of a restless, uncomfortable in the big Scott home.

The last time he was in Van Buren he was a hostess. The boys all have always been awfully swell to me,” he says sincerely. “But shucks! That house really ain’t so big, after all.”

But back in the old days it was quite different. Bob almost let himself in for a fine start on an inferiority complex, right then. He knew he had lots of friends, but at the same time he knew people all around who were “always belittlin’.” He could feel their small, unspoken thoughts, boy’s sense of a lousy partner. “What can be done? Where does he think he’s going? Who’d want him?”

The small town atmosphere was closing up on Bob. Boys are self-conscious young animals. That was when Robin began to like to get off by himself. He would walk miles by the river alone, just thinking. He began slowly to work out a philosophy of life. He would not have called it that then; but it was a philosophy. And a good enough one to know by.

The world is so big, he argued, and people are so little, that nothing makes much difference anyway. Why not try for big things, why not have all the world at your feet? Everybody will remember what you did a hundred years from now. He wasn’t a smart fellow, at all. He simply figured that if what he thought or did was so unimportant in the scheme of things, it was foolish to mind what others thought.

So he went plugging along. He did the best he could, and his dreams were lavish, because they cost him no more than cheap dreams and were more satisfying. From the same time on there was nothing he wouldn’t try to do.

At fourteen he had a man’s job, piloting a real steam ferry boat across the river. The Arkansas was a mile wide at that point. In spring, at flood time, it was often swollen still wider; the current was
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MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1726 Broadway, New York City

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RADIO MIRROR

Mailing Address: 1726 Broadway, New York City

Broadcasting Those Marriage Blues!

(Continued from page 41)

Miles not only conduct this three-ring circus of domestic chores, they were responsible for its birth many months ago over the Mutual network. And so it was only natural that we should talk to them about this rare and wonderous brain child of theirs, that I should ask them to give me some hints about successful marriage. So, after so many weeks of helping others get back on the happy marriage road, they would be overflowing with advice and rules with which you couldn't go wrong.

Well, maybe one of them knows what marriage is all about, but I don't know which one it is. They never, I soon discovered, agreed on a single point! They should, by rights, be two of their own husbands and wives, scrapping in front of the mike. Sedley, for instance, has been married and divorced and now he has a second wife.

This whole screwy idea was Sedley's in the first place. Sedley's almost as interesting as the programs. All his ancestors, for five generations, have been material for newspaper headlines. His grandfather taught Edwin Booth how to fence and produced the great anti-liquor drama, "The Drunkard." His great grandfather founded the Boston museum. His grandmother was Anna Grooms, the original Gibson Girl.

Sedley is dapper and sophisticated, and fond of Tattersall vests, Bond Street clothes, and expensive malacca canes. Before he had the Husbands and Wives idea he was manager for several radio singers and home economists—still is in fact.

It was Sedley's idea, but Allie Lowe Miles gave it to him. She was one of his home economists, and he dropped in at the NBC studios one day to listen to her broadcast her weekly program for housewives. The program was moderately popular, with guest speakers in the form of housewives eager to introduce some new recipe or the latest way to set a table for six. One or two more impassive ladies, however, were eager to steer their talks toward more personal problems of the home.

"That would make a swell human interest program!" Sedley said to himself, and immediately after the broadcast he grabbed Allie Lowe and rushed her to a bookstore, where they bought every book they could find on marriage and sex. Over those books they laid out their plans for the show.

It started on the Mutual network, on a sponsored basis, and immediately snapped itself off a large section of the listening public, as well as a waiting list of husbands and wives eager to air their grievances. Eventually, as you know, it also found a sponsor and a coast-to-coast hookup on the National Broadcasting Company network.

Let's take a peek at a typical broadcast, on a coast-to-coast branch network.

The arena is a studio in Radio City. The referees are Allie Lowe and Sedley. The judges are Mr. and Mrs. America, listening in. The panel is bickering over the sponsors' claims they've never lost a husband or wife.

The husbands come into the studio, sly, bashful and a little sad looking. Sedley shepherds them over to the left half of
the studio, Allie Lowe, dark and graceful, with some of the gentle atmosphere of the huge Southern plantation where she was born, about her still in spite of her trim Manhattan business suit, when the wives to the right-hand side.

'The women are the better performers,' Allie Lowe tells you proudly. 'They come in constantly, all ready for a big night.'

The younger wives usually fly off the handle over unimportant quarrels, and after they’ve succeeded in getting their troubles off their chests they’re ready to return to hubby’s arms. The older couples are, more philosophical, and take this radio excursus as a middle-aged lark. Theirs are usually the funny stories. Take the one about the husband who complained his wife ate crackers in bed.

'What did you do to stop it?' Sedley asked sympathetically.

'I took a hand vacuum cleaner to bed with us and as she started to fill her mouth with the crackers I turned it on. She let out a scream and before I knew it, her nightgown had got caught in the machine. It tore it right off her. But that was oke by me.'

A bride of one year is disillusioned. Her husband isn’t the same glamorous person he was twelve thrilling months ago.

'When I married Jack he was my ideal. Immaculate, meticulous. Why, he even cleaned his fingernails every day. Then after a few months he started to get sloppy. He shaved only a few times a week, and on Sundays he’d get up late, slump around the house, unshaven. It was disgusting.'

'What did you do?' asks Allie Lowe.

'I fixed him,' she says. 'The next Sunday I served breakfast in my nightgown, my hair uncombed—and I put the food, which wasn’t very good, on a soiled tablecloth.'

The women in the audience applauded loudly.

The next to step up to the microphone was a fairly good looking girl. She was trembling.

'Veeen married only two years but the last six months have been a horrible nightmare. We have no children—I guess that’s really started our unhappiness.'

The girl looked as if she might break down, and Mrs. Miles soothed her. 'Keep talking. It will do you good.'

'About six months ago the mail brought a letter addressed to my husband. It was on pink stationery and bathed in perfume. I didn’t pay much attention to it until that night when Bob read it to himself and tucked it into his wallet. That evening we started to fight about unpaid bills. Next day another letter came, then another—all the same handwriting on the pink stationery. Bob became surly. Honestly, I would have given a million dollars to have him tell me about those letters. But he never mentioned them, and continued to argue about money matters.'

'Did you open any of those letters?' asked Mrs. Miles.

'Yes, I did.'

The studio became breathlessly quiet.

'What did you find?'

Suddenly the girl cried, 'Oh, Mrs. Miles, it was terrible. The letters were from his sister out West. Her husband had deserted her. She needed money. Lots of it. She had asked my husband for help.'

'And,' interjected Mrs. Miles, 'your husband didn’t want to upset you with this problem. He was too proud. But it preyed on his mind how he could aid his sister, so he took his troubles out on you.'
"Yes," the girl sobbed. "And when he found I had opened his letters he left the house."

Other people on the program that night were asked for their opinions on this case. One weaselled little man said he never opened his wife's mail because "there might be bills in 'em." Mrs. Miles called upon a woman forty-five years, who defended the girl's action.

"When two people marry," she contended, "all individual reactions must disappear. They become one unit, one person. My home is open for my husband, and I have no secrets."

The hurrying, impatient clock ticks an end to the details, and all the husbands and wives leave the room, much happier, lot. It's true that in some way these sessions do help the couples, make it possible for them to iron out their difficulties—even though Sedley and Allie Lowe never give any advice, even when asked.

W e never express an opinion or take sides," Sedley says. "We believe that the best way to help people is to let them help themselves."

And besides—as I pointed out in the beginning of this article—Sedley and Allie Lowe themselves don't agree on marriage! If they started in to give opinions, they'd soon be fighting up in front of the microphone, as hard as any of the married couples.

Even their own married lives have been vastly different. Sedley has been divorced once, married twice, and been engaged. He has a twenty-year-old daughter named October, because she was born in that month, by his second wife.

"I was married for the first time on Christmas Eve and had years of unhappiness," he told me. "Next time I chose April Fool's Day for my wedding and we're still in love. All the Browns have been married twice, divorced once, and happy in their second union. The reverse has gone on for five generations. My motto is if at first you don't succeed, try again."

On the other hand, Allie Lowe proudly insists there hasn't been a divorce in her family for more than a hundred years, and that she herself is happy with her husband even after forty years.

Now for their opinions:

Sedley: "The prime essential for happy marriage is sexual adjustment." Allie Lowe: "Marriage is a prime requisite. No one thing in the lives of husbands and wives can make for a happy union unless it might be that both came from the same stable."

Sedley: "The old adage, 'Love never dies,' is a pathological, biological fallacy. Don't overdo love. I like apple sauce but if I'm not careful I'll gorge myself and get sick."

Allie Lowe: "It is, too, possible for two people to stay deeply in love all their lives."

Sedley: "If two people love each other they don't have to share identical interests to be happy. They can respect each other, and the respect that part of the other's mind which doesn't concern them."

Allie Lowe: "People shouldn't ever nourish the hope that their football player should marry a football fan, a showgirl should marry her press agent. Opposites don't attract. I know the case of a prominent raconteur who fell in love with a bandleader. It looked like a perfect match until the singer, who was crazy about horses, found his bride-to-be never rode in life, unless it was on a train. She wisely called the marriage off."

"I asked at this point," 'don't you ever coincide on a thing?'

"No, we never agree," smiled Sedley. "Not even on salaries," piped his business partner.

The Comic Tragedy of Gracie Allen's Real Brother

(Continued from page 23)

...competition, vaudeville circuit managers plied George with offers of vaudeville tours. Photographers and newspaper reporters camped on the lawn, while George locked himself in his bedroom.

Gracie, seeing what havoc her innocent joke had wrought, tried to turn away the wolves. But it was too late. The search was on, with the clamor now of its originator. In Washington, the late Speaker of the House, Nicholas Longworth, protested a Huey Long并发症 with: "It sounds like Gracie Allen's brother,"

George Burns was spending half of his days in a telegraph office, discouraging prison wardens from the country who were holding assorted tramps and vagrants, as Gracie's brother suspects, and waiting for directions for their disposal. The New York police, their tongues in their cheeks, dragged Fred Allen into court, questioned him as a suspect. In San Francisco, more serious coppers questioned George Allen. Did Gracie really know where he was?

This, George Allen decided, was quite the last straw. He wired Gracie: "Can't you make a living any other way?"

And he left town. That which had got out of sight might have cost George Allen his job. But he didn't hesitate. He had had all of the notoriety his nerves could stand. He would hide out until the clamor subsided.

For the duration of the "search," George Allen really was a missing brother, Gracie, touched by this time at the sincerity of the spotlight jitters he was having, did everything in her power to turn off the search. The great publicity for the fictitious man-hunt wouldn't be dimmed in a day, but it cooled gradually and, after a while, George Allen reported for work.

Today, he can walk down Sacramento Street without shrinking from the stares of the curious. He can go to the theater, can dine in public restaurants without a single photographer's flashlight popping in his face. He is a happy man.

LET it be said to George Allen's credit that he has never chided his sister for the discomfiture her make-believe search has caused him, Gracie little realized when she started the game how vividly it would catch the public fancy; her brother knew that Gracie was willing after a week or so to let her brother be found; the public preferred him missing. It was a gag-crazy public, not happy-go-lucky Gracie Allen that terrified him, a hundred years, it's the public, not Gracie, he's afraid to awaken to a new curiosity today.

George Allen will lie low, he tells you. "You never can tell what they'll do next."

And he means the sensation hunters who mobilize at the first hint of a chasing—"even if a ghost is pointed at a shadow, and not at a man."
Ken Murray Wasn't Funny to His Father
(Continued from page 43)

the bill, and there was a good deal of kid-
ding about who was the best comedian—
father Doncourt or son Murray.

With a growing irritation Doncourt lis-
tened, and noticed his son's cockiness un-
der the kidding. Young Ken had been on
the stage now for several years, he was
making a living when most fellows his age
were at their books, and he had a good
share of youthful arrogance. With a pong,
too, Doncourt realized that his son looked
a great deal like him—minus some
wrinkles, some gray hairs, some seven-
teen years.

I was a curious mixture of professional
rivalry and the paternal desire to dis-
cipline a cocksure son that made Don-
court determine to outshine Ken in that
performance.

Ken and his girl partner were spotted on
the bill several acts before Doncourt.
Standing in the wings, the father watched,
with a show-me expression on his face,
now and then deepening into acute disap-
proval. His pantomime, his frowns and
headshaking, all had their effect on Ken.
He grew nervous, fumbled his lines, missed
out on laughs. When he walked off the
stage there was only mild applause.

Ten minutes later, Doncourt went out
and, to put it briefly, wowed them. He
came sailing back, after half a dozen bows,
to where Ken stood, crestfallen, in the
wings.

"See?" he gloated. "That's the way to
do it. I had em," he added modestly,
"eating out of my hand."

Ken looked up. "Maybe you're right," he
said. "I guess I'm pretty rotten."

All of Doncourt's sweet triumph turned
straightway into something tasteless and
flat. All the professional rivalry which, he
now realized, had been growing in his
mind for years, suddenly dropped away.
His arm went around Ken's shoulders.

"No, son," he said contritely, "you aren't.
There's just a lot of things you haven't learned yet. And besides—well I
guess I didn't play quite fair, standing
there in the wings... Look here, let me
give you a couple of pointers..."

"Arm in arm, they went through the
dingy, dark backstage corridors of the old
theater to Doncourt's dressing room.

Just once more, after a lapse of an-
other couple of years, father and son
played on the same bill, and this time
Doncourt's presence helped his son.

By this time, Ken's star was on the way
up, the father's down. Ken was headed
for the big time. Doncourt was—well,
younger men, fresher men, men with some-
thing new in comedy technique, were com-
ing along. Men, in fact, like his own son.

It was in St. Louis, half an hour before
certain time on the first day the bill was
playing there. The callboy tapped on
Jack's door, "Mr. Murray wants to see
you in his dressing room," he called.

Ken was sitting on his trunk, his head
between his hands. He looked up, and his
father was shocked at the expression on
his face.

"She's walked out on me," he said.
"What am I going to do now?"

For a moment Doncourt couldn't
answer. For the partner who had just
walked out on Ken happened also to be
Mrs. Ken Murray.

At a time like this men don't express
their sympathy in words, "Dad" Don-
court said presently. "Why go on, of
course. The show starts in half an hour."

"How can I? It's a two-act—how can I
do it solo?"

Doncourt reached out and shook his
son by the shoulder. "Of course you can.
Any act can be switched around. You
Can put it over—if you're a good com-
dian."

For instance, where she sings and
you play the trumpet, just have the or-
chestra play the notes she's singing and
follow along the way you always do. You
can get just as high, it'll sound as good.
And you can use the orchestra leader for
your stage..."

Ken listened. Wisely, his father was
turning his mind to the immediate pro-
fessional problem, away from his personal
tragedy. He grew interested, wistfully
planned the changes necessary. And when
the time came, he went out on the stage
alone to more applause than the double
act had ever received.

THAT's when I knew Ken was really
a good comedian," Doncourt told me
simply the day I talked to him. "A better
comedian than I ever was, or could be,
because he's learned a lot we didn't know any-
ting about in the days when I started
out. It's all worked out all right, but I'm
kind of sorry, now, that I never helped
him a little more, instead of trying to keep
him off the stage."

Help him? I hope Jack Doncourt reads
this. Perhaps, if he does, he'll understand
a little better how much he has helped his
son.

—RADIO MIRROR
Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars’ way

"Guard against Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap," says Ruby Keeler. "I use powder and rouge, but I use this soap regularly to keep my skin smooth." Cosmetics left choking the pores cause Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use it before you re-new make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

The Fascinating Behind-the-Scenes Story of Boake Carter

(Continued from page 37)

how we, who are so closely connected with the Boake Carter broadcasts, receive his views and whether, when we disagree with them, we tell him as much. We do. Both the engineer on the show and myself are the first to criticize a single point or number of points he may have made on the air that night.

Contrary to what you may have been led to expect, Mr. Carter gladly receives such criticisms. But if he thinks we have the wrong slant, he'll sit down with us after the program and go into the minutest detail to show us where we are mistaken.

Our close relationship on the broadcast, sitting as we do directly across the microphone from each other, would seem to make for frequent clashes, but knowing that if a person is to be criticized Boake will give ample warning, and that if we disagree he will try to explain and will never lose his temper even if he doesn't succeed, leaves us friends after every fifteen minutes on the air.

How does he react to outside criticism? Well, in the time I have been assigned to his broadcasts, I learned that about a third of his regular mail is criticism. And these letters receive the same treatments as our talks after a show. His answers go thoroughly into the subject on which the writer has complained.

A question frequently asked is, "What kind of man is he to meet?" First, Boake Carter is the most democratic person in the world. Newspaper training, plus an ability to understand the other fellow, has seen to that. But circumstances alter cases. Let me warn you that if you want to meet him, don't try it just before or after a broadcast. You'll meet with stubborn opposition and quite possibly a sharp dig of a shoulder.

Not his shoulder—mine. That is another of my duties. After each broadcast the engineer and myself flank Mr. Carter on either side and out we march to the elevator, screening the commentator from any of the curious or the more determined autograph hunters who may be hanging around, waiting for their chance.

There are good reasons for this desire to escape from his fans other than the hardships of standing in a corner for long minutes feverishly scribbling autographs on stray scraps of paper. From nine in the morning until late afternoon, Boake is busy rushing about. It is seldom that preparations for the evening's broadcast are begun before 5:30. From then until the closing theme supplied by the two pianos, he isn't home to anyone. By the time eight o'clock rolls around, he is ready for just one thing—home, a quiet dinner, and bed.

During the broadcast itself, he is extremely at ease and can devote all his energies to putting appeal or denunciation into his voice to portray any situation that he is discussing. A few minutes before the show starts, we time the top of each page, starting at the bottom page and timing so that the figure on the page on top reads 14 minutes, 20 seconds—leaving just ten seconds for my closing announcement. Then he is ready.

There is real, honest sincerity in every word he uses in these nightly discussions, and when he calls a spade a spade, as he frequently does, there is a twinkle in his
eye. And before proceeding with the next
topic, he lays the page he has been read-
ing carefully aside with a definite gesture,
as though saying, "There you are. Mr.
—what are you going to do about that?"
Then there usually follows a deep
breath and on to the next story.
Boake has pet subjects, topics he
doesn't have to discuss, but you probably
have noticed that such attacks are not used too often
in succession. Again his training as a
newspaperman has taught him careful
choice of speaking matter.
He speaks, for instance, of the Ameri-
can Merchant Marine and of the United
States Coast Guard Service, with a
challenge in his voice and a battle light in his
eye. When he is off again on the Euro-
pacific situation, you can see the definite
nod of his head as he passes on to you,
the listener, the viewpoint that it's a bit-
er situation and a general "mess."
When I asked him, not long ago, "Do
you think there will be a war soon in
Europe?"—he sorrowfully replied, "I don't
know what will stop it."
He speaks of the need of a new test tank
for the Navy and after the broadcast he'll
exclaim: "I can't see why in the devil
they don't spend a million for such a ne-
cessity and make their own tests here, in
stead of spending many millions for the
actual construction of a vessel and then
spending more on top of that for changes
due to faulty construction when the tank
would have shown up such an error in the
beginning."
This same firmness in his views on na-
tional topics is found in the regulation
of his private life. He insists on eight hours's
sleep. No one can disturb him while he
eats, though he often works during meals,
and no noises of any kind must
seep through into his office while he prepares
his broadcast or works on a new book.

But for all the trouble he gives to and
all the precautions he takes to ensure
regulation in his broadcasts, there have
been several instances when Boake had to
broadcast away from the familiar studio
at WCAU, and they provide amusing
touches.
In April 1935, while he was making a
personal appearance at the Hippodrome
theater in Baltimore, he had to broadcast
from a small room arranged for the pur-
pose in the theater. It took nearly a whole
hour of frantic experiment the first time
before we could prevent reverberation
in the room. We draped the walls with
everything from a piano cover to a bed
sheet we had wangled from the manager.
Another time, Boake was confined to the
Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia with
an infected toe-bone. Again bed sheets
had to be called into play to provide a
sort of studio for the broadcasts. Hip-
gins, the engineer, with the use of several
spare sheets, constructed a tent over the
bed, allowing just enough room for him
and the microphone to get through. Other-
wise, the terrific hollowness of a hospital,
room, could have ruined the programs.
Boake's broadcasts to the nation while
he was covering the trial at Flemington
have been and still are the talk of the
country.

Listening during those hectic days and
nights, you would hardly be expected to
have guessed that those broadcasts were
made from the corridor of the hotel, amid
a milling crowd that grew by fifties every
day, most of whom were autograph seek-
ers. Boake, with his back to the wall,
somewhere got through his fifteen-minute
start every night and then spent hours
afterwards signing the books of young-
sters. His never been able to deny a
small boy's request for his signature.
I know that the majority of my readers

MAIL COUPON TODAY
for NEW, FREE CATALOG

Write your name in the coupon below for
the bigger, more colorful Kalamazoo
FREE Catalog—first ever!

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes
Get FACTORY PRICES for New Coal
and Wood Heaters, New Oil Heaters and
Ranges, New Porcelain Enamel Coal
and Wood Ranges, New Combination Gas,
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Furnaces. New color combinations, new
features such as Copper Reservoirs,
Non-Scorch Lids, Enameled Ovens. Read about
the "Oven That Floats In Flame."

Terms: 18c a Day—Year to Pay
More Bargains than in 20 big stores—
Cash or easy terms—As little as 18c a day
for stoves—A whole year to pay.

30 Days Trial
30 Days Trial in your home to test
Kalamazoo Quality—24-hour shipments—
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Over 1,000,000 Satisfied Users
Kalamazoo has been in business more than
1/2 of a century. Over 1,000,000 satisfied
Kalamazoo customers. Don't select a new
stove anywhere until you see the Kala-
mazo charts that tell you how to judge
stove quality. FREE with Catalog. Mail
coupon now.

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.;
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dear Sir: Please send me your FREE CATA-
LOG. Check articles in which you are interested.

Coal and Wood Ranges  Coal and
Wood Heaters  Combination Coal,
Wood & Gas Ranges  Furnaces
Oil Ranges  Oil Heaters  Gas Ranges

Name:  
Address:  
City:  
State:  

Mail coupon today.
No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this “Armhole Odor” Test

If you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple “armhole odor” test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armpit. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armpit bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to you—is the way you smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending “armhole odor” each time you put on the dress.

**Complete protection only in underarm dryness**

It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a dry underarm can keep you and your clothes safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armpit of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odoron gives complete protection from “armhole odor,” because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly dry.

Your doctor will tell you that Odoron works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

**Saves expensive frocks**

Odoron is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner’s bills and the often permaneit stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odoron comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odoron (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Odoron and descriptive leaflet.

RUTH MILLER, The Odoron Co., Inc.
Dept. 936, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 8320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odoron and descriptive leaflet.

Name:
Address:
City State:

RADIO MIRROR

Watch Next Month for the New, Distinctive Radio Mirror Cover with a Swell Portrait of Lanny Ross
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 13)

Since Kea Rea left the Dick Messner orchestra to sign a picture contract with United Artists, Dick has acquired a new soloist, trumpeter Gail Reese. She's eighteen years old, and this is her first important orchestral assignment. You hear the Messner aggregation over the Mutual network, as it stays in the Coconut Grove of New York's Park Central Hotel.

WE'RE TELLING YOU
All you Lombardo fans: Guy, Carmen, and all the boys are an exclusive Mutual summer sustaining feature, but you'll have to stay up until 12:30 Sunday and Wednesday nights, and until 1:30 Saturday nights (FDST) to hear them.

Alice Horne: Rudy Vallee's real name is Hubert Priar Vallee. Sorry, but our friendly relations with Rudy would be ruined forever if I put his home address in print. Incidentally, the story about Rudy in last month's Radio Mirror will tell you some things about him you never knew before.

Dan Van Volkenburg: Orville Knapp's orchestra was to be at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston until June 13, but at the time of going to press, he hadn't been booked beyond that date. Ted Lewis is busy with a summer vaudeville tour.

Roy Renee: You're right. Paul Tremaine is in San Diego, and will remain on the West Coast—though possibly not in San Diego—all summer.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY
With two major commercial programs running on through the summer, Lennie Hayton won't have much time for vacationing. He and his band are the musical background, you know, for Ed Wynn's Plymouth Shows on NBC, and Socony's Flying Rings on Red Network CBS. Tuesdays and Fridays respectively. A lot of you have written in asking for the personnel of his orchestra, which is the same for both programs, and here it is:

Harry Waller and Sid Brecker, violas; Harry Bluestone, Julie Held, George Zolin, Bill Barlow, Sam Kotlarsky, and Sam Kershaw, violins; Eddy Powell, Sid Stoneburn, Herman Kress, and Ben Harrod, saxophones; Jack Jenney and Morey Samuelson, trombones; Charlie Margolis, Ralph Muzzillo, and Hymie Rosenbaum, trumpets; Dave Barbour, guitarist; Arthur Bernstein, bass-viol; Sam Rosen, drums; Morty Kahn, piano; and Abe Borodkin, cello. Not forgetting, of course, Lennie himself, whose piano solo is fine except that there aren't enough of them.

* * *

Arnold Johnson, musical director of Mutual's original Amateur Night, possesses a 220-acre farm near Redding Ridge, Conn. There are eleven buildings on the farm, and Arnold—like other radio stars—tries to run his estate for a profit. Besides, he hires unemployed musicians to do the chores.

William Hallett, whose orchestra is heard on the Mutual network, does some mighty road-work. Here are some statistics on the amount of luggage the band transports from town to town on those one-night stands: 400 arrangements of tunes, four suits of clothes for each musician (a sports suit, dark suit, tuxedo and full dress for theater shows) twenty-five musical instruments and 100 accessories. In weight the luggage amounts to 300 pounds that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?
Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tends to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and wrinkled.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin
A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a penetrating face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the impeded wax and mucus matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dis溶约z it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It re-supplies it with a fine oil

(You can post this on a penny postcard.)

FREE
Lady Esther, 2214 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name __________________________
Address _________________________

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

Sta...
EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor.

Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

WHERE THE BANDS ARE PLAYING

THIS is especially a month of migration for the bands, and it is doubly difficult to spot them at any one place. However, we have done our best with the list below:

Armstrong, Louis—One nighters.
Barnett, Charles—Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Bernie, Ben—In California and pictures.
Casa Loma—On road.
Crosby, Bob—Lexington Hotel, N. Y., and tour.
Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
Donahue, Al—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
Duchin, Eddy—On tour.
Fio Rito, Ted—On tour.
Garber, Jan—On tour.
Goodman, Benny—Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.
Hall, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
Harris, Phil—On tour.
Heidt, Horace—Drake Hotel, Chicago.
Johnson, Johnny—On tour.
Jones, Isham—On tour.
Kavelin, Al—On tour.
Kemp, Hal—On tour.
King, Henry—St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.
King, Wayne—Waldorf Hotel, N. Y.
Little, Jack—Catalina Island, San Francisco.
Lombardo, Guy—Palmer House, Chicago.
Lyman, Abe—On tour.
Lucas, Nick—Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y.
Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
Nelson, Ozzie—On tour.
Noble, Ray—On tour.
Vallee, Rudy—On tour.
Weems, Ted—On tour.
Whiteman, Paul—On tour.

Use the coupon below as a convenient way of asking us for answers to your questions. But remember, sometimes we've answered those questions elsewhere in Facing the Music.

---

Ken Alden,  
Facing the Music,  
RADIO MIRROR,  
122 East 42nd Street,  
New York City.

I want to know more about:  
Orchestral Anatomy ...........................................  
Theme Song Section ...........................................  
Following the Leaders .........................................  
Or ...........................................................................  
Name ......................................................................  
Address ....................................................................  

---

US MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.
because he himself wasn’t satisfied with his plan.

“But at the same time,” he went on, “I was afraid to try anything different! I was afraid to throw a new line into the song after the one needed. I was on the spur of the moment, for fear I’d mess everything up and ruin the program.”

But what seems to me to have been a pathetic attempt at compromise, Joe went to his sponsors and asked them to change the program, invite guest stars, so that at least some of the visitors and, thus inject a new note into his work. But the sponsors were more than satisfied with the results of their radio show, and they didn’t understand Joe’s personal feelings, so they only told him not to worry.

All these dissatisfaction culminated in Joe’s mind on that June day of last year. They culminated in the conviction that he had got himself into a rut from which only drastic action could save him.

“Maybe I was a little bit crazy,” he admitted, “but the only thing that kept me from doing it was a feeling of simply disappearing was that I didn’t have the money. I wouldn’t even have called my wife, I felt so nervous and desperate.”

The fruit of that desperation was a conversation on the following morning with the agency which handled the program. For the last time, Joe offered suggestions for revising the show in such a way as to give him an opportunity to create a more flexible comedy technique. Yet—and here is an amazing quirk of the human mind—he was forcing himself to make those suggestions. He really wanted to try something new, but at the same time he was afraid to.

He could not have told you, himself, whether he was glad or sorry when the suggestions were not accepted, and he left the air.

With Mrs. Penner, Joe moved to Hollywood, where he rested and made a picture. His return to New York this spring was solely for the purpose of making a three-week vaudeville tour and getting ready to go to Europe. He didn’t intend to sign any of the radio contracts which had been offered him, for his RKO contract would provide him with all the work and all the income needed.

But the old dissatisfaction with himself still rankled, and in Long Beach, where his vaudeville act was to open, he said on an impulse he still doesn’t understand to the theater manager:

“Why not let me be master of ceremonies of the whole show, besides doing my own act? You know, introduce the other acts, and make a few cracks about them?”

The manager, naturally, accepted at once, delighted to have Joe Penner not only headlining the show, but appearing all through it. But Joe, who had spoken almost without thinking, and had really expected to be used once more, was thrown into a panic.

He returned to his hotel room in Long Beach and had it out with himself. The show was due to open in just a few hours. There was no time to prepare any sort of script. Whatever he said by way of introduction would have to be impromptu. And he was frightened to death.

“Come on, Penner,” he said to himself, “you’ve wanted to do something hard for years. You’ve just never had the nerve. Now’s your chance. If you don’t take it now, you’ll never get it again, and you’ll hate yourself for the rest of your life.”

He took the chance. He went out on the stage “cold,” trusting to inspiration—and the inspiration came. He introduced the performers gracefully and easily, and got some remarks which perhaps wouldn’t have looked funny on paper but made the audience laugh as heartily as it had ever done in the days when he was repeating lines from memory.

He suddenly got the feeling that he and the audience were friends, having a good, informal time together. It was a feeling he’d never experienced before in his life.

He dared to go farther. After his own act, he was called again and again, and instead of radio, he prepared a new sketch. He suddenly heard himself saying, “Ladies and gentlemen, I’ll give you my impression of that marvelous tap dancer, Eleanor Powell.”

“No, I can’t dance a step,” Joe explained when told of the incident. “I did the first thing I could think of—leaned over and told the orchestra to play something ‘double forte’ which means loud and fast as possible. Then I just waved my arms and made faces while the orchestra made all that noise, as if I were counting on it to drown out my clumsy footwork. Like this.”

He jumped up from his chair and demonstrated wildly. It was funny, all right, because it was good pantomime, and Joe hadn’t yet lost the spontaneity of that first unrehearsed encore.

Throughout his vaudeville tour, he was full of new tricks, like a kid trying out the possibilities of a new toy. He was only one week in Long Beach before moving to a new city, new theater, and new supporting show, for which he had to prepare a completely different master of ceremonies script. But by that time Joe thought changing his act was fun.

A NEW Joe Penner came back to New York from that brief tour. For the first time he was not afraid of the possibilities for experimentation in his work which opened up in front of him. If he had still been afraid, he wouldn’t have made up his mind to accept one of the offers for radio work which were extended to him.

As it was, he agreed to audition for Cocomalt, whipped up a show, auditioned, and then signed the contract, all in less time than it had taken to sell any other program in radio history.

Unless I’m very much mistaken, it will be a new Joe Penner you’ll hear on the air. Too. Harry Conn, who used to write Jack Benny’s material, will do the script, and it will be a flexible sort of script, giving Joe a chance to do more than chortle through his voice and catchphrase lines. But, of all, Joe will remember the truth of a remark Conn made the afternoon I was present:

“It isn’t what you say that’s funny. Joe —it’s the way you say it.”
Weaek, Runedown, Nervous, Skinny!

HERE'S PROOF
THAT IN 1 WEEK
YOU CAN BUILD
UP HUSKY NEW
RED-BLOODEO
STRENGTH, NEW
ENERGY AND
AT LEAST
5 EXTRA LBS.
OR NO COST!

As the result of tests coro-
ing thousands of cases of
skin disease—both
natural and as the result of
poor health, weakened,
emaciated, and nervous
condition—this formula
from the tensile is largely
EDEMA -STARDED
GLANDS. When these
glands—particularly the
important gland which
controls weight building
—lacks NATURAL
PLANTS, you can have
dates rich in starches and
facts fail to add vitality.
Many people who love
their homes and are ready
to fight in order to keep
them free of outside
influences don't approve.
Until a very short time ago, sex was
taken as of smut.

Then the word glamour crept into use,
a modern type of term as
Hollywood has brought to it the screens
of the world. The glamour of life as we all
wish we could live it, a quality too
tangible to be described in words. We've
all felt it, a mixture of ecstasy and heart-
break, at moments in our lives. But to
Hollywood, and to Hollywood alone,
belongs the trick of communicating it
to our minds.

Can Hollywood teach its little sister,
radio; the same trick? Well, like it or not,
the lessons are going on, for if Marlene
Dietrich plus Clark Gable or Myrna Loy
plus Bill Powell didn't add up to glamour,
movie as what's going on from Maine to San
Diego would be tenanted by rows of
empty seats.

AND as if putting such glamorous stars
on the air weren't enough, radio is
tapping Hollywood's best directorial talent.
It is drafting the same men who have been
most successful in making box office
smashes for the screen, which ought to
prove that it is more than willing to learn
what these men can teach it.

It is doing, what's more, something Hol-
lywood never has bothered to do. It is
bringing you in closer touch with these
directors, letting you hear their voices and
their views on Hollywood, movies, and
radio. It is giving you your first chance
to know first hand such men as W. S. Van
Dyke, Frank Capra, and others.

The outstanding example of this new
move to bring Hollywood's directorial
knowledge to radio is, of course, Cecil B.
DeMille, the Lux Theater's per-
manent advisory director. For years,
simply the mention of DeMille's name has
called up visions of all the movies' glamour.
His magnificent, lavish productions—he
produced the first full length feature—and
his films upon the road to becoming the
powerful entertainment medium they are
today.

Look back and think of "The Squaw
Man," "The Crusades," "Male and
Female" and "Cleopatra." You can't help
but realize, thinking of these super-
costly, how much may be left to
DeMille. Much of knowledge, that part
which deals with the films as something
for people to see, he can't give to radio.
But he can give his understanding of
human emotions and of entertainment
values.

In the next few months you will meet,
via the air, many more men whose
names perhaps you scarcely know today,
yet who have been responsible, in their
capacity as directors, for a large part of
your pleasure at the movies.

All this means that into your living
rooms will be brought more and more
personalities which always before you've
had to travel to your nearest movie house
to get. What's more, they'll undoubtedly
be presented in a way new to radio. You
can't, no matter how far distant it is even
today, overlook television and the part
these stars are bound to play in its de-
velopment.

Perhaps you, personally, prefer the more
sedate kind of program, flavored with
nothing more exciting than the well-loved
bars of familiar music, or the homespun
comedy of the old-time air performers.

On the other hand, it's likely that you'll
find the influence of Hollywood more and
more intriguing. That's what the movie
exhibitors are afraid of, at any rate, and
in the end their combined influence may
be sufficient to cause a complete backward
swing of the pendulum.

The exhibitors are seriously considering
a movement to prevent the film companies
from allowing any of their stars to appear
on the air. Clauses should be written into
new contracts, the exhibitors insist, abso-
lutely forbidding any radio engagements.
And if the exhibitors ever get angry
enough really to make up their minds
to a concerted effort, they might be
powerful enough to bar every movie star
in Hollywood from broadcasting studios.

The only catch in this case being the
desires of the stars themselves to pick up
this comparatively easy money which
usually runs into thousands of dollars per
performance.

But until such an if, when, and maybe,
there's a new slogan being hung up on
the walls of the offices which house broad-
casting officials. It's there for everyone to
see.

Glamar rules the airways!

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE—

Another intensely human instalmant in the life of the Kraft Music Hall
comedian, Bob Burns, which finds him walking the dusty streets of
mining villages without the price of a breakfast in his pockets.

RADIO MIRROR

Will Hollywood Put Sex Into Radio?

(Continued from page 21)

type on the columnists' reviews of "The
Legionnaire and the Lady" has grown
cold, the battle cry against this new
element in entertainment was sounded from
at least one source. Marlene Dietrich
in the small theaters from Boston to San
Diego rose up on their hind legs and
shouted a prolonged and lusty protest.
They, as exhibitors, emphatically don't
want radio in this new form. "The glamor
which until now has been exclusively ours,"
they shouted in effect, "is being used to
keep each customer out of our theaters
and in their own homes!" The power of
the exhibitors when they really register
a kick cannot be underestimated—but
more of that later.

Here we are at the most important point
of all. That word glamour.

That is the modern type of glamour
which Hollywood is beginning to
inject into quiet, homey little old radio.
It's injecting this quality which not long
ago was called sex. And as sex, it might
justifiably have been frowned upon by people
who love their homes and are ready
to fight in order to keep them free of
outside influences they don't approve.
Until a very short time ago, sex was
taken as of smut.

Then the word glamour crept into use,
a modern type of term as
Hollywood has brought to it the screens
of the world. The glamour of life as we all
wish we could live it, a quality too
tangible to be described in words. We've
all felt it, a mixture of ecstasy and heart-
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directors, letting you hear their voices and
their views on Hollywood, movies, and
radio. It is giving you your first chance
to know first hand such men as W. S. Van
Dyke, Frank Capra, and others.

The outstanding example of this new
move to bring Hollywood's directorial
knowledge to radio is, of course, Cecil B.
DeMille, the Lux Theater's per-
manent advisory director. For years,
Mrs. Kemp’s method is a good one for every young bride to follow. Go to a reliable store and ask for advice available to you without any extra charge.

“You’ve no idea how much I learned buying that way.” Mrs. Kemp went on enthusiastically. “One of the dangers when you’re out on that sort of grand shopping spree is buying too much furniture. When you use modern furniture you do have to be careful to leave plenty of wide open spaces. A cluttered up modern room is positively nightmarish.”

Incidentally that is one reason why modern decor is so, so practical for newlyweds just setting out in housekeeping. You will find that you need far less actual furniture than you do in older forms of decoration. However, if you are going to live in an apartment be sure you do not choose the more massive pieces. Remember that your new stream-lined furniture must have a sense of space or the effect is destroyed.

“One of the things that intrigued me more than anything else was getting this carpet.” Mrs. Kemp pointed to the lovely broadloom brown and cream floor covering with its geometric rectangle that went so perfectly with the brown and beige furniture upholstery. “Do you know, this carpet was made up for it. I just selected the colors I wanted and the design and the rug manufacturers put it together for me. I understand it is cemented together by a new patented process. The beautiful part about it is that no matter how often we move or what size the room is it is to go in, the carpet can be made to fit. If it’s a larger room I’d just have another border put around. If the room were smaller I’d have either the brown part cut down or the cream rectangle in the center made smaller.”

Y ES, modern manufacturers are doing magical things with floor coverings. There is absolutely no limit to what can be accomplished with this new patented broadloom carpeting. Your fancy can soar uninhibited. For example, the broadloom can be laid out in blocks of contrasting colors, usually the dominant ones of your room, or in any other geometric design you choose. Patterns, no matter how intricate, can be stenciled and inlaid in any color you choose. If you desire a border of many colored strips all you have to do is order it, or a mono-gram in the center—there is positively no limit. And the best part of it all is that you will find this type of floor covering much more reasonable than the orientals or even imitation orientals, and of course it’s the perfect thing for the modern house.

Another carpet innovation is hair felt which Mrs. Kemp uses in lovely ivory off-white in the master bedroom.

“The funny part about it was that I fell in love with it because it was soft and wooly, almost like an Angora kitten. And when I heard the price I nearly fell over. It was so cheap I thought there must be a catch somewhere. But there isn’t. I find that it’s as strong as iron and believe me between the two children and the cat and dog it gets plenty of wear and in spite of the very light color it cleans beautifully.”

And here’s another tip for the new bride from Mrs. Kemp. Although Venetian blinds take care of the window treatment of the whole house, informal rooms like the kitchen, playroom and nursery are living with nifty little carpeting—yes, plain ordinary, old-fashioned sheets such as you purchase in any hardware store.

In the playroom it is bright, shiny red. ‘Hat and I made the drapes up in less than an hour. We just put wide sheets (you know it already has an edging) and tacked up the sides lengths. Then we pleated the valance and put tiny invisible tacks in to hold the pleats. It’s cheap, practical and easy to clean. All you need is a damp cloth and—well I think it’s unusual looking.’

Try it, I know you’ll love it.

If you would like to know the trade name of the broadloom carpet described above, or the method of cleaning the new type of carpeting, write to me in care of Radio Mirror, and I’ll be delighted to pass along the information.

Be sure to look in the October issue of Radio Mirror for pictures of Margaret Speaks’ beautiful home. Margaret’s the summer star of the Firestone program heard over an NBC network. You’ll get a lot more grand hints on beautifying your home.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream removes little roughnesses at once ... keeps my skin soft and white."

NOSE AND CHIN GET Flaky!

Melt Rough Places Smooth

ONE DAY your nose is flaky—powder won’t "stick!" Next day, your chin. Often, after a day in the sun, your whole face seems up with flaky bit.

Do you know what they are?—Dead skin cells!

They cling stubbornly, show up terribly—even under make-up.

But you can melt them away easily—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). A distinguished dermatologist explains:

Young Skin Appears

"When the dried-out cells on surface skin are melted away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) the underlying cells come into view. These cells are young and

supple. They immediately give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance. Coloring is improved, texture finer."

"Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, keeps the skin in a constantly softened condition."

A keratolytic cream, Pond’s Vanishing Cream softens your skin just that quickly! It melts flaky particles right away. Puts an end to powder trouble. Use it regularly to keep your skin silken-soft at all times.

For a smooth make-up—Before powdering, soften your skin with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is smooth all over—even your nose and chin. Make-up spreads evenly, clings.

Overnight for lasting softness—Follow your nightly cleansing with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Face, neck, hands, elbows. It isn’t greasy. You go to bed looking lovely. . . Next morning your skin has won extra softness!

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept J135, Clinton Conn.

Pond’s No. 10.- with Pond's Vanishing Cream Powder

POWDER LOOKS SWELL

—nice and even

Name

Street

City

State

Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company

73
Strange Ways the Stars Spend Their Fortunes

(Continued from page 19)

You have been told that her professional basketball team was one of her enterprises, and that it has been making money for her. Now Kate has trotted out some more money and has bought a baseball team. Whether that will bring her steady profits too, is yet to be seen. But, so far, it is outstanding evidence of the remarkable financial tastes of the big radio names.

The terrific financial beating which Ed- dlefield received, if remembered. He plunged and plunged until the stocks themselves plunged so far it was no use. When he finally admitted that he was a corporate second, and not a wizard, he didn't cry over it. In fact he sat down and wrote a book about it, and from the sales of it got back at least a part of what he'd lost.

Eddie, like Al Jolson and George Jessel, was an East Side kid. In New York that means poor. He's never forgotten those scraping smelly summer evenings in the tenement district, the long restless nights of stilling heat. And for that reason he helps the other youngsters to summer camp every year.

Of course Eddie would be the last to claim sole credit for this thoughtful act. Every year, stage, screen and radio donate their services in a benefit performance at the Alvin Theater in New York City. Profits as high as $6,000 have been taken in at one performance. And there are other former East Side kids who are co-financiers of the project with Eddie. Yet, I have been told, the man who does give from his pocket some $5,000 every year.

Radio's most fantastic combination of investors is probably those made by Frank Luther and his wife, Zora Layman. To begin with, Frank had spent $18,500 on stocks before 1929. The crash took care of that very nicely. There wasn't any of that left when the dust settled. But of course he did keep on making money, and what he lost was sufficient to put out some in a recording company?

This time it was but a mere $8,000 that disappeared. Frank has the heart of a fighter as well as a single streak. So he decided to buy a first mortgage on a farm in Kansas. Not long afterward, to his glee, he discovered that through another agent, wife Zora had never heard of the farm.

But his held precedence, so they decided to go half and half. Then they began to worry. There they were, money tied up in a farm which wasn't any too productive. That was before oil was struck. Within three years now, oil has been struck twice, and now they are busy making out leases to operators.

STRANGER yet, is the enterprise in California into which they put money. The business was making no profit, yet a friend persuaded them to invest. Today they are getting checks regularly from it. That business is a funeral parlor.

That's just about the end of Frank and Zora's story. But there is a third, and that recently, perhaps for just a touch of variety, they bought stock in a champagne company.

I knew of Colonel Stoopnagle's hilarious impractical inventions. Cello-

phane mattresses for old maids who don't want to get out of bed, that secures any one's under them, for instance. Or alarm clocks with half a bell for people who sleep two in a room and only one wants to get up. They have recently chosen an iron with a tip
that bends so that the tip alone can get into small places when ironing. No fooling. He's had models made and already he has spent several thousand dollars in trying to market it. When it is generally sold, he is sure it will revolutionize methods of ironing, and save housewives lots of annoyance. He has applied for basic patents in every country but Japan.

The working of the iron defies description as far as I'm concerned, and I doubt if the Colonel will tell about it on the air. At any rate, the heel of the iron gets out of the way when you want the toe to get into small places. The Colonel is rather proud of the name he thought up for it. It's "Press-Toe."

When the Colonel talks about the iron, Budd stands by and shakes his head with a sad wisdom. No more investments for Budd for awhile.

Remember last fall when he and the Colonel separated for a time? That was when Budd organized a band and took it on tour.

"The tour lasted from November to March," Budd says, "and as far as I'm concerned, it was a complete flop. I was out $2,850 when I wound up."

"I'm just in a bad streak. A friend recently gave me an 1864 penny for a lucky piece. In the coin market it was worth ten dollars. The other day—I guess it was because Mr. Bopp was telling so loud and I was distracted—I handed it with an ordinary penny to a newsboy for a paper."

Still, with all the strange ways stars spend their money, the response from some twenty-odd artists I questioned might beheartening to some of you. When I asked them what they did with their savings, the inevitable response was:

"What savings?"

They were the wounded veterans of the army of strange spending radio stars.

Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

theme song. So many of you have written in to me the past year or so requesting the revival of this late hour program of classical music, I'd like to have you drop me a line and tell me if you still think the idea's a good one.

HAVE you listened to the Ed Wynn show lately? If you have, you must have noticed how he devotes a small portion of each broadcast to his philosophy. Though it's delivered with many a laugh and a snicker, it means a great deal to Ed. As he said when he first resumed his radio work this year, he's been his most cherished dream that some day he will be able to fill—to some extent—the shoes of beloved Will Rogers. These bits of philosophy worked into his programs are the beginning of his attempt.

It's interesting to note, incidentally, how his popularity rating in a national survey jumped up following his switch back to the same time and same network he had for Texaco, just when most of the other big shows were suffering a loss in the number of listeners, due to the early advent of hot weather.

IF you live in a part of the country that enables you to tune in any station belonging to the Inter-City network, headed by WMCA, or the Mutual network, I want to give you a program tip. Tune in Sunday nights to Goodwill Court. broadcast from 10:00 to 11:00, EDST. It's as full of human emotion as any program I've ever heard on the air.
The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can’t Chafe... Can’t Fail... Can’t Show!

Mary Pauline Calender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

"WHAT DOES KOTEX OFFER THAT OTHERS DON'T?"

KOTEX CAN’T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, dainty cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN’T FAIL

Kotex has a special “Equalizer” center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and creasing. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN’T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR— IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR— IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER— IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

The Love That Saved Fibber McGee

(Continued from page 35)

to settle down. And he hated to give up the profession he loved.

It couldn't go on like that forever. On one of his trips home Jim found that he had a rival. The town baker, older than Marion, but a man of property, wanted to marry her—and he had her parents' enthusiastic approval.

Marion still loved Jim, but in a large family and a small town it's not so easy for a girl to be independent and have her own way. She cried a little when she told him about the baker.

Jim squared his shoulders and his blue eyes grew steady and resigned. After all, in a clear-cut decision like this, there was only one thing to do.

"Let's get married," he said, "and put an end to all this foolishness. I'll find some sort of job here in Peoria, and then maybe your folks won't mind me so much."

And get married they did, not saying anything beforehand to their families. It was a good thing they hadn't waited any longer, because their honeymoon was only five days old when Jim was drafted. They sent him to a training camp and then to France. But at least he went with the knowledge that Marion was his, now, for sure. Only something out of the smoking muzzle of a gun could ever separate them again.

The war came to an end, and Jim returned safely to Peoria, ready to redeem his promise to settle down in one place like a sensible person. He did try. He was first a machinist, then a day laborer, then a time keeper, then an insurance agent. Inwardly, he hated all these jobs, so it's small wonder he failed at them. He was deeply ashamed, and very unhappy.

THROUGH it all, Marion remained loyal and loving; and it was she who gave him the courage to work things out in his own way, not other people's. When it became obvious that the insurance business wasn't going to make expenses, she said:

"Let's go on the road together, Jim. I don't know anything about playing on the stage, but I think I'd like it, and you can teach me."

Marion's support was all Jim needed. He got in touch with some of his friends in vaudeville and organized a party of four people, including himself and Marion. Marion already could play the piano, and with that knowledge as a foundation she soon learned to play the Swiss bells and marimbaophone.

Her family was scandalized, and said it had known all along things would end up like this. Marion set her chin and defied them all. There was only one place for a wife—at her husband's side, wherever he went.

It would be nice to tell you that the Jordans made plenty of money, after this, and lived happily ever after, but only the last statement would be true. Theirs was a life of sleeper-jumps and second-rate hotels, smelly dressing rooms and long hours of work, meager pay and the constant fear of being stranded. Still—they were happy. There was always something new to see, and sometimes funny things happened, such as the time Jim learned that his advance man was going around advertising the act as having fifteen instrumentalisits. Audiences were disappointed when they paid their admissions
and saw, instead, four people who could play fifteen instruments between them. Jim first heard of this when a theater manager complained bitterly to him. He flew into a towering and dramatic rage, dispatched a telegram to the advance man, firing him—and followed that wire with another, hiring him back, as soon as the theater man had departed. After that, Jim staged this little act whenever it seemed necessary. Not exactly ethical, perhaps, but the act really wasn't prosperous enough to afford ethics.

Once they were stranded, and had to go back in disgrace to Peoria; and another time Marion had to leave the act to prepare for the arrival of their first child, Kathryn. And once more, when she returned to the company, she and Jim listened to other people's advice when they should have followed their own instincts, for they left Kathryn with her grandparents in Peoria.

For a while, they could return to Peoria every now and then to see her, but when she was about a year old they set out on a tour which kept them away for more than a year.

When they returned, little Kathryn didn't recognize them. She ran away from them on her fat, uncertain little legs, screaming in fright.

Jim was afraid to look at Marion, afraid to look at her parents. He had failed as a father, too. His child didn't know him.

Again Marion's practical common sense saved the situation. Cutting through the objections of her parents, she announced that Kathryn would henceforth accompany her and Jim on the road, until she was old enough to go to school.

The little girl took to theatrical life with every bit as much zest as her parents. For a year, until Jim, Jr., was born, she went along, dabbled completely in her mother's makeup box during performances, blooming and healthy as a country child under the nomadic conditions of vaudevillie.

If it hadn't been for radio, both Kathryn and Jimmie would probably have been raised as stage children. But they offered the opportunity for a real home, an easier life, without the sacrifice of the only profession Jim ever really had. Jim and Marion entered radio work in Chicago, shortly after Junior was born, enough years ago to qualify them as veterans today. Here again success didn't come easily. At first they were on the air two hours every day, under a variety of different names, and earning only a few dollars a week. Not until the start of the Fibber McGee and Molly series did Johnson's Wax did they move into real stardom.

Perhaps it's because success did come so slowly that it has changed them so little. They live very simply in the northwestern section of Chicago, get up in time to send the children to school every morning, drive a Pontiac car to and from the studio. Marion is still the loyal, practical, loving wife; Jim still a bit erratic, still not quite sure his way is the best, and looking to Marion and the children for advice and encouragement.

For their broadcasts they wear outlandish and exaggerated clothes. A split straw hat, tan vest, tight coat of one color and trousers of another, high yellow button shoes, for Jim. A cheap house dress ($1.49 in a bargain basement) and a soft black straw hat, covered with flowers, protruding feathers, and maybe a vegetable or two, for Marion. Yet if you talk to them after a broadcast, when they have changed into neat, ordinary clothes, you seem a remnant of that same homely, country-cousin atmosphere. It stays with them. It's theirs.

You won't get a chance to talk to them very long, though. Marion gets restless; she wonders if the children are all right; and she reminds Jim it's time they were going home.

And as they say goodnight and leave you, you're apt to reflect that here are two people who have managed to combine the simplicity and homespun dignity their parents bequeathed them, with the wider life and interests those same parents distrust. Which should be sufficient proof, if you still need any, that Jim's way was the best way after all.
First Aids to Beauty
(Continued from page 54)
absolutely essential to health and charm, and never before have there been so many varieties and scientific designs for every purpose. Whisk brooms and clothes brushes are necessary, too, for good grooming. Then for real wholesome cleanliness there's nothing like a fine bath brush for scrubbing the skin into sleek freshness and glowing health—and you simply can't clean between your shoulder blades properly without one! There are hand brushes and complexion brushes and nail brushes, too, not to mention the tiny brushes for brows and lashes which you can buy at any ten-cent store.

The last-named are excellent for training the hairs to grow in the right direction. For keeping the brows well molded and tidy, there are new scissors-shaped tweezers, so much easier to handle than the old style barber shop variety. These sell for only a quarter, with handles enameled in pastel shades to match that really marvelous innovation, the heatless eyelash curler (also illustrated); it takes very little practice to become adept at using this simple instrument and only thirty seconds of your time to give a decided curl to all the eyelashes of each eye. It's particularly invaluable when applying mascara, because it holds your lashes in perfect alignment and the quick-drying mascara just the same is pronounced and lasting. If you don't use mascara, it's equally helpful while touching up the brows with vaseline or cream (and even the loveliest natural eyelashes need a bit of treatment), either while making up or for overnight care. The framework, you see, gives your protection against smudging these preparations on your lids or in your eyes.

At the present time we're all having our own special make-up problems. Most of us either have our summer tan already or are eager to find the right cosmetics to blend our pastel summer glow. In this period, above all others, we must choose our foundation creams with care and pay particular attention to our brows and shoulders which are usually covered in other seasons. Your foundation cream should never be darker than your skin, no matter what shade of powder you're wearing; match it to your predominant natural skin color and then, if you choose, wear one of the dark summer powders on top of that. Generally speaking, top foundation creams which are applied with liquids are much more satisfactory in summer time; they actually furnish you a moistureproof protection against exposure to sun and wind.

Liquid powders are a great help in blending your facial make-up down into your shoulders and arms; that's why one of the most famous of all preparations of this type is called a "make-up blender." In midsummer this becomes a particularly vital problem, since few of us are fortunate enough to tan evenly without blotches of "high-yellow" marks which can be camouflaged with skillful make-up.

In the more colorful cosmetics for summer—such as eye shadow and lip stick—we must be still more careful! No matter what color your eyes are, or what shade of eyeshadow you have found most becoming in other seasons, use brown or shadow now! That may be surprising at first glance, but not when you consider that brown is the predominating skin tone in summer months. For the same reason, the new rusty tones of rouge and lipstick are much more becoming now than any
other colors. Whatever shade you eventually decide on, do avoid make-up with any purplish or lavender overtones, which not only clash with the desired complexion but look harsh and unattractive under brilliant sunlight. Naturally, this applies to nail polish, too, because for fingertips and toes. Nothing clashes more than badly harmonized lipstick and nail polish, the two highlights of all make-up. Recognizing this, the company which pioneered in matching polish and rouge has brought out a special summer line.

As for the care of the skin itself, here are two more points you can take at home quickly and conveniently.

1. Blend a little Lavena with water
2. Apply to face. Wash off. Takes 2 minutes
3. NOW! Skin is radiant, vital. Pearly and fresh!

Lavena is a very simple oatmeal facial that stimulates sluggish pores, cleanses them wonderfully even after using soap and cold cream. Thus eliminating bloodvessel-type lavas due to improper cleansing. Its subtle, natural balm supplies a delicate softness to rough, dry areas.

To prove that Lavena cleans your skin far better than other methods, first cleanse your face thoroughly with soap or with cold cream. Now! Cleanse it with the 2-minute Lavena facial. If you don't find your complexion looks far cleaner, cleaner, after the Lavena facial, return the package to your dealer and get your money back. At leading drug, department and 5-and-10c stores, 10c, 35c and 60c sizes.

LAVENA
The 2-minute Oatmeal Skin Cleanser
If your dealer does not supply it, order from Lavena Corporation, Chicago.
They Talk Themselves Into Trouble

(Continued from page 49)

beat on special events. Advertisers were seeking his services.

Then, the girl was lovely and that always makes it easier for the man to talk blithely about the married state. He did, and she did—and presently they found themselves Mr. and Mrs.

Well, they didn't love one another. They found that out later; and they also learned that they could talk themselves blue in the face and they still wouldn't love each other. So, after a year and a half, they quit. It made Paul unhappy for a time and he still becomes pretty distressed about it. It's one of those things.

Ken Roberts and Bert Parks say that they are usually quiet and self-effacing, but that when they do talk, they often talk too much. Ken adds that everyone must watch that, but not nearly so closely as announcers.

Just to illustrate, they had two almost similar experiences a couple of months ago. First Ken; then, a week later, Bert.

Ken had been at a private party at a home in Long Island. He had been holding up what he believed to be his own end of the many-sided conversation—and no more—when he remembered he had to make a phone call.

He excused himself and went to the next room. He was unable to find the phone book, so he returned to ask if anyone knew the number he needed. As he entered the room, a girl was saying, disgustedly: "That Ken Roberts. He just thinks he knows everything."

Bert Parks' experience was similar, but more pointed. He attended a small party where he had apparently been accorded a big build-up as a CBS announcer and singer.

He came in, was introduced around, and finally settled down with a young couple seated near the piano. They laughed for a while and talked for a while about this and that. All perfectly casual conversation. Then, quite abruptly, the girl said, "Well, now, we've heard you talk, singing something."

The point is that if an announcer does more than pass the time of day, he is being liked by many to be showing off his golden speaking voice. As a result, a great many of your favorites are almost mute when you try to talk to them.

They've learned their lesson.

Ted Husing, who used to get himself into some sweet jems because his tongue is quicker than the eye, insists that he will no longer argue with people—even about games he has covered. He says that even when he wins, he losses.

Alan Kent, than whose there is none cleverer, closes up like a clam when he isn't among intimate friends. George Hicks says he's talked himself into so many, pickles, it's a wonder he can still use his own name.

Harry Von Zell sums it up pretty well, however. He says, "When I feel an urge to jabber coming on, I remember some of the things that have happened, take a firm hold on myself, and say, 'Von Zell, shut up—now'!"

HE'S been doing that steadily since the last time he attended an opera not many months ago.

Harry was seated in a special box and introduced to the other occupants in that hurried fashion people employ when the orchestra is tuning up.

As the soloist finished his song, Harry turned to the foreign looking woman at his immediate left and just touched a touch of good-humored approbation coloring his words, "Conceived, isn't he?"

The foreign looking woman nodded gravely. "Probably," she said, "because he seems so fortunate as to have me for the wife."

All of Harry's famed poise fled. He flushed. Heammered. He stuttered. The singer's wife smiled coldly. Harry could not venture an opinion for more than a week without tripping over the words.

That is the way it goes with those smooth voiced announcers, though.

If, for the good of your own ego, you must win an argument with someone, maybe you should pick on them.

You'd come off with flying colors.

Are You Keeping Young?

(Continued from page 33)

1. Do you find yourself able to feel and be a part of your children's conversation and activities?
2. Do you like having young people about you, or do they annoy and irritate you?
3. Do you feel that the children of today are worse than those of your generation?
4. Does the liberty of the young generation shock you?
5. Do the joys and disappointments of your children seem trivial or exaggerated to you?
6. Do the joys and sorrows of your children evoke memories of your own childhood? Can you recall your emotions under similar circumstances?
7. Has your son or daughter ever confided to you the details of a love affair?
8. Do you, out of sheer mental laziness, wish your husband comes home from his day's work and complain to him of the delinquencies of your children, or do you try and cope with their faults, and manumane yourself?
9. When was the last time you took the trouble to go to school and have a heart to heart talk with your children's teachers?
10. To whom do your children come for help with their lessons—you or your husband?
11. When you walk into a room filled with young people, does the talk and gaiety suddenly abate?
12. Do you drink or smoke in the presence of your children, or do you do either unknown to them?
13. Have you ever confided to your children the silly, foolish things you did as a young girl?
14. Has your son or daughter ever dismissed your questioning with "Oh, Mother, you wouldn't understand."
15. Do your children's friends prefer to come to your home or do your children prefer to go to their homes?
16. When your children invite their friends to your home for dancing or games, is your first thought of your furni-
Keep your bathroom clean and odor-free

Be on the safe side—use Creolin regularly to keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. Creolin dispels odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet bowl and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floor, walls, basin and tub. As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. Full directions come with every bottle. At all drug stores. Merck & Co., Inc., Rahway, N. J.

Write for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many other household and personal uses of Creolin.

WHAT SHE SAID TO HER HOSTESS

"YOUR HOME IS DELIGHTFUL, MY DEAR..."

WHAT SHE SAID TO HERSELF

"BUT YOUR BATHROOM HAS THAT NASTY ODOR."

TWO GREAT TRUE STORY

BROADCASTS EVERY WEEK

Each week True Story magazine sponsors two splendid radio broadcasts filled with thrills, drama and suspense. They are the True Story Court of Human Relations, which goes on the air every Friday night over NBC Red Network, and the Good Will Court directed by A. L. Alexander, which is broadcast every Sunday night over the Inter-City Group and the Mutual Broadcasting System. By all means tune in both of these splendid broadcasts every week. Combined they offer you an hour and a half of amusement and entertainment of unique and outstanding quality.

SEE YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATIONS...
announcing staff of KYW here... New York: WNED is keeping up its reputation for unique programs by broadcasting daily live-musical programs announcing births, deaths, marriages and such things as are usually in the paid newspaper advertisements.

**THE RADIO ROVER TELLS**

Of the unusual pair on WBFY, Syracuse. When Bill Lundigan announces the woman who broadcasts the Parent-Teacher programs, he introduces his own mother, the trying heir, J. Anthony Snell (Mr. Barbour of One Man's Family) spent the other day while posing for pictures. For almost an hour he had to sit with grease paint on his face, consternation in his hair and two squirming children, Ann Shelley and Richard Spivus (Joan and Pinkie) in his lap. The large, sticky lollipops which they were brandishing, landed frequently on the suffering man's face.

Of Jacqueline Welland, Affiliated Broadcasting Company actress, who will always remember a recent week as the one in which she got two breaks. On a Tuesday lay she returned to Chicago from Holly-

wood after her picture contract was up, and immediately broke into radio as an actress and writer. On Thursday she lost her second break. She snapped a bone in her ankle when crossing Michigan Boulevard.

Of Edwin Burke, ABC Hollywood charac-

ter, who apparently has started one boy on a movie career. He broadcast the fact that M-G-M was looking for a featured boy, and a featured boy received a letter from a Sheboygan listener whose nine-

year-old son has six toes on one foot. The motion picture company was notified, though it's still a mystery as to why they'd want a six-toed lad.

**ALL AROUND THE TOWNS**

**CINCINNATI:** The stork has come and gone and Jeannine Macy who had been on WLW's Lilac Time, has returned to the air. The big boy and Jeannine goes on WSAI to sing on the Let's Have a Party series, replacing Louise Raymond.

**Chicago:** After four years of marriage, Don Norris' WLS, Man On the Street, and Peggy Stafford decided to call it a day. They were divorced... Chicago: The Lillian Raffin who plays the Irish widow in the ABC dramas, Mrs. Clancy, is really Irish and a widow... Columbus, Ohio: In case anyone's been confused, WALI's call letters have been changed to WHRC. They also have some new studios.

**CLEVELAND:** Ford Rush, former Gene and Glenn partner, is moving his whole family here, having contracted for a long period on WTAM...

**Los Angeles:** Another announcer shift is that of Reginald Allen from the KFJ. He goes to KFJX, San Ber-

nadino... **Knoxville:** When officials of WNOX discovered that college boys and co-eds were swamping the studios which are on the roof of a hotel, then sneaking out on the roof to spoon under the stars, a padlock was applied to the doors and all soon to be opened will eliminate all that. The audi-

torium studio is to be furnished with church pews instead of chairs. Seats more that way.

**FRECKLES DISAPPEAR in 5 to 10 days.**

Don't worry over un-

usual freckles, Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, refreshed, becomes smooth-skin. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is prepared by laboratory after 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only $1.50 at leading drug stores.

**FRECKLE CREAM**

Don't rub your eyes.

Invisible gritty dust particles make eyes water. Don't rub dust in! Remove it safely with Murine. Cooling, Cleansing, Soothing.

**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**

FASCINATING SAFETY

*Learn to Play Piano, Violin, Flute, Bass, Drums, Saxophone, Cello, Banjo, Guitar, Ukulele, Organ, or Harmonica.*

**LEARN TO PLAY**

Amateur or Professional.

**ADVANCED**

**SPLENDOUR OPPORTUNITIES**

**LEWIS HILTON TRAINING SCHOOL**

Room M-9513 Washington, D. C.
Corns COME BACK BIGGER AND UGLIER unless removed Root* and all

A CORN goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home, you merely trim the surface. The root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger—more painful—than ever.

But when you Blue-Jay a corn, it's gone for good. In 3 short days the corn lifts out—root and all.

Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, medicated plaster. Easy to use. Held snugly in place by West-Feal adhe-sive. Cannot stick to stockings. Get Blue-Jay today and completely banish corns, roots and all.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-27, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

*A plan of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

No Joke To Be Deaf

—Every deaf person knows that—

You can misunderstand a word the next time you listen for twenty-five years, with his Arti-ficial Ear Drum. He wore them day and night. Then stopped his head cold. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires show. And they hear sound as clearly as he.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY

1516 Holmwood Bldg.
Detroit, Michigan

Wake Up Your Liver Bile—Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores.

Chicago: Dat ole debbil Windy City!

fixed ABC's Dave Edeles right enough the other day when he was doing his Sidewalks of Chicago broadcast. Dave had just stepped up to the microphone for the show and was starting to broadcast when a gust of wind snatched his sheets of paper and sent them careening madly away. Dave had to make up his questions as he went along.

Listeners said it sounded better than usual.

PAUSING IN OUR TRAVELS

May we present Dr. Luther S. H. Gable, a remarkable man? Listeners of the Affiliated Broadcasting Committee hear him every Thursday at 6:30 P. M., CST, with his Wonder Why Club. Dr. Gable is the lone survivor of a group of six chemical engineers who re-formed the first commercial radium in America and is the inventor of the luminous watch dials in this country. Last year, Gable conducted a radium expedi-tion to the Arctic, traveling 1,000 miles by hydroplane in a successful search for new fields of radium. As a lecturer before clubs, schools and on the stage, Dr. Gable is a scientist who talks in lay language. The program is presented sometimes as a narration by the doctor; sometimes as a visit to the laboratory with strange solid effects as a thrilling drama of great accidents and scientific discoveries, with a student youth's voice ever-inquiring.

"I wonder why radium costs so much . . . I wonder why the stars twinkle . . I wonder what makes the Northern Lights go . . . I wonder why . . ."
REVEALING THE GREATEST HEART-THROB STORY IN THE HISTORY OF THE FLORENCE CRITTENTON HOMES

I WAS AN UNMARRIED MOTHER!

FOR more than fifty years the Florence Crittenton Homes have been foremost in the great social service of ministering to girls who have transgressed the code of organized society. The story of this great service is in itself an inspiring document. Yet it does not compare with many of the individual histories of the unfortunate girls it has guided into worthy, honorable careers.

Realizing the tremendous wealth of human interest written between the lines in the records of these sixty-five homes operating with quiet, efficient dignity across the nation, True Story asked Dr. Robert South Barrett, National President of the mission, to tell you the most inspiring story of rehabilitation that has come to his attention from among the half a million girls who have been aided by the organization. The story of Virginia Day, beginning in the August issue, is the one he has revealed.

If you are interested in life, if you are interested in practical, common sense help for the unfortunate, if you are interested in knowing in a girl's own words the dramatic story of her betrayal and her courageous fight against the humiliations and handicaps of her life problem, don't miss "I Was An Unmarried Mother." It is at once a solemn warning to everyone and an inspiration to those who have dark days ahead. Look for the title "I Was An Unmarried Mother" in August True Story, now on sale.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

HIS BARGAIN WITH GOD—MAD MONEY—I HATED THE MAN I LOVED—AS LONG AS THERE IS LOVE—THE WOMAN I CAST OUT—I TRIED TO LIVE MY CHILDREN'S LIVES—STRENGTH TO BE FAITHFUL—HEART-BREAK IN SING SING BY WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES—RUNAWAY MARRIAGE—THE MURDER IN MY HEART—EDGAR GUEST TELLS HIS OWN STORY—STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOME PROBLEMS FORUM—YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN STARS—I'LL NEVER FORGET—THE HOMEMAKER CONDUCTED BY PROFESSOR BRISTOW ADAMS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

ON THE SCREEN

If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see True Story brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops. Ask the manager of your local theater when you can see True Story Pictures.

TWO GREAT TRUE STORY RADIO PROGRAMS EACH WEEK! TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, NEC COAST-TO-COAST RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. ALSO THE FAMOUS RADIO COURT OF GOOD WILL IS NOW SPONSORED BY TRUE STORY EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT. WLW, CINCINNATI; WMCA, NEW YORK; WOR, NEWARK, AND OTHER POWERFUL STATIONS. LOCAL RADIO COLUMNS GIVE HOUR AND NEAREST STATION. HEAR AND ENJOY BOTH OF THESE STIRRING PROGRAMS.

True Story

AUGUST ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS!
Gray Hair

Cheat You

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handle all you have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only enough to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for gray hair. It improves the part color and charm and abolishes gray hair completely, in 5 days. A drop a week for a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test
Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and for more attractive or we will pay back your money. FREE Try a bottle of Kolor-Bak today and send top flaps of carbon to UNION TUBE & FILTER CO., Dept. 143-541 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive a FREE and POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAR Shampoo.

PERSONALITY
Get the Top Flaps of carbon to UNION TUBE & FILTER CO., Dept. 143-541 So. Wells St., Chicago—end receive a FREE and POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAR Shampoo.

EARN EASY EXTRA MONEY
Sell Personal Christmas Cards & Stationery
- Perfectly fitted for all stationers.
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LET KIDNEYS

FLUSH OUT

3 LBS. A DAY

Clean Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Nature put over 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters in your kidneys to strain the waste matter out of the blood. Kidneys should pass 8 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

When the passing of water is scanty, with smarting and burning, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and disfigurement.

If kidneys don’t empty 6 pints a day and get rid of 3 pounds of waste matter your body may take up some of these poisons causing serious trouble. Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Dean’s Pills, used successfully by millions over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the kidneys to flush out 3 pounds a day. Ask for Dean’s Pills.

(Continued from page 98)

more than a novelty or something else of which the attraction is fast wearing off. For all time and any time, let me listen to an orchestra or program which has as one of its stocks a good lead violin and would eliminate such repetition?"—Ray Rosin, Duluth, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

"This month and last we have had to listen to "Wah-haw!" I think they played and sang this number in every language except the Chinese. Isn’t it possible for some code word that would eliminate such repetition?"—P Scale, Baltimore, Md.

"We always thought ‘crooning’ was something sweet and low—our mistake—but when men put those awful sobs and throaty shouts into their voices it is just too much. Why even the dog lifts up his voice and howls in protest."—Mrs. G. Poole, New Rochelle, New York.

"The Show Boat first went into rough waters when lovely Annette Hanshaw left the cast. Her unique voice and charming personality were the highlights of each program. Minus Annette the ole boat has never been the same. Consequently, Cap’n Henry and his good crew went ‘ashore.’ By this time the Show Boat was a badly damaged ‘vessel.’ And instead of docking the boat and discovering the cause of the damage, it continued on its way, slowly coming to disaster.

And now Conrad Thibault has left! So the once perfect Show Boat is slowly ‘sink ing.’"—M. E. Cook, Long Island City, N. Y.

"I have no doubt Today’s Children is one of the most popular of the morning broadcasts. Today I enjoy it immensely. Bill do have a unique make-up. Why and continue working in new characters? It is hard to keep track of the regular ones, and as the story branches forth in different channels every day, it is difficult to keep up with it, particularly if one happens to miss a broadcast."—Mrs. F. W. Baumann, Washington, D. C.

"One of the most interesting features on the air is the Melody Treasure Hunt broadcast over stations WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting System on Thursday nights. Its purpose is to discover amateur songwriting talent. And believe me, some of the songs heard recently have been great."—Harold Asen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Hail to you, Martha Deane—if you were advertising sawdust sausages I should still tune in and enjoy your verbal symphony."—Beatrice Merrick, Springfield, Mass.

"If the Parisian tenor soloist in Manhattan Merry-Go-Round is ever elimi nated I’ll take down the aerial, pull out the ground connection and sell the radio to the first bidder. Now, being of mature years, naturally I am not in love with the owner of that thrilling voice, but God bestowed a gift of magnetism in his voice."—I. F. Clark, Paso Robles, Cal.

Parker WASHABLE Quink is the only ink that can be spilled SAFELY. And ink is sure to be spilled sometime. So throw out your present ink and take the precaution of getting WASH ABBLE Quink before another day of school.

One housewife writes us that 15c spent for Parker WASHABLE Quink saved her $500 rug from run.
COMING NEXT MONTH

$25,000.00

MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

25 PRIZES of $1,000.00 EACH

A great new true story manuscript contest will begin next month. It will run for three months and will pay the handsome sum of $1,000 to each of twenty-five fortunate men and women many of whom have never written a word for publication. Twenty-five thousand dollars for twenty-five stories—was there ever a more sensational offer or one which held out to the individual contestant a greater opportunity to convert a story into a handsome sum in cash?

The chances are you know a true story of quality and calibre to put you in line for one of these prizes. If you know of such a story it would be a pity indeed not to set it down and send it in. If you win, you win $1,000. And to win $1,000 you do not have to submit the best story, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If yours should be the twenty-fifth best it would still be worth $1,000 to you.

Now is the time to begin making preparations. Start to work out the details of your story. Send for a copy of the booklet "Facts You Should Know About Writing True Stories". Study the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. With this advance notice you have ample time to do a splendid job. Remember, twenty-five men and women are going to receive $1,000 each.

In addition to awarding twenty-five $1,000 prizes to the twenty-five best stories received we will consider many others for purchase at our liberal word rates. So even though your story should fall slightly short of winning one of the great $1,000 prizes you may still realize a substantial sum for it.

By all means plan to send in your story as soon after the contest opens as you conveniently can. This assures early attention and perhaps an early sale with a big prize check to follow later.

Next month's issue of this magazine will contain complete rules. Watch for them and follow them carefully in preparing your entry for submittal. If you want to submit more than one entry you may do so. Only one prize will be awarded to any individual but we may purchase several stories from the same person if they are suitable for publication.

We repeat, and we cannot emphasize it too strongly, if you wish to take full advantage of one of the greatest opportunities of its kind ever offered, now is the time to prepare. In sending for the booklet be sure to use the address as given in the coupon.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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Kidneys Must
Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out acids and poisonous waste in your blood than 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney to do this. Millions of acids, irritat- ing drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder dis- order, these acids cannot leave your body. Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles, Tired Eyes, Digestion Disturbances, Asthma, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don’t take chances. Get the Doctor’s advice soon. Cystex is stowed away. $8.00, $10.00, deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles. Call. Guarantee Cystex must bring new vitality in 88 hours and make you feel years younger. Satisfaction or your money back or rebate of any amount. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (plus-tax) today.

I Suffered in Secret for years!

AN AFFLICTION so painful it almost drives you mad, yet one so delicate you scarcely bring yourself to talk to your doctor about it! That's Fidial. Red pain is not the worst thing about Fidial. They can develop into something very serious.

Whether Fidial be internal or external, painful or itching, real relief is to be had today in Fidial Oint- ment. Fidial is thereby in effect.

First, is it soothing, which eases passage easy. Third, it is antiseptic, which tends to reduce the blood vessel worms which are Fidial.

You get immediate and lasting relief with Fidial.

NOW TWO FORMS

Fidial now comes in two forms. In addition to the familiar tube with special Fidial Pumps, it now comes in suppository form, 14 suppositories to the box. These who prefer suppositories will find Fidial Suppositories the most satisfactory they have ever tried.

All drug stores sell Fidial-in-Tubes and Fidial Sup- portatives, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10¢ (coin or stamps) in the space provided and post it.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 32, Mc22, St. Louis, Mo.

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MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send me tube Fidial. I enclose 10¢ to help cover packing and mailing.

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MOTHER OF THREE EARN $2-$3 A WEEK

"THANKS IN CUSTOM SCHOOL OF NURS-ING, I have been able to support my three chil- dren (two boys and a girl)," writes Mrs. A. E. Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid trained profession.

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $55 a week in homes and in hospitals. Others, like Mrs. E., own nurs- ing homes. They say that under C.S.N. training, men and women are prepared to work and work at any rate in any type of practical nursing. Most of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. E. MF, who had her first rate before completing the 11th lesson and earned $100 in three months! High school nurse planning to start her own nurs- ing home. Here's your chance to make money. How much do you earn in a week?учалин бруклине и не могу понять, как это работает. Могу ли я получить доступ к этой информации?
Keep Cool with Gelatin Dishes

(Continued from page 15)

bean puree, with two tablespoons lemon juice and a small wineglass of sherry wine. Chill in mold which has been rinsed in cold water, and served with lemon slices and finely diced hard boiled egg.

Cold sliced meats, deservedly popular hot weather fare, become a very exciting dish indeed when combined with vegetables and served in aspic. Frank’s favorite combination is boiled beef, tomatoes, and radishes, but you may use any combination that strikes your fancy and the result will be equally pleasing.

Cold Sliced Meat in Aspic

1 tablespoon gelatin
3/4 cup cold water
1 1/2 cups stock (beef when using sliced beef; chicken for other meats; beef cubes or canned beef or chicken bouillon may be used)
Sliced beef
Sliced tomatoes
Sliced radishes

Soak the gelatin in water, add to hot consomme and stir until dissolved. Pour a thin layer into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water. When it stiffens arrange the tomato and radish slices in a pattern. Add a second layer of the aspic: when it has stiffened, add slices of the cold beef, cover with more aspic, and continue with alternating layers, allowing each layer of aspic to stiffen slightly before covering it with the next. Chill, unmold and serve with a garnish of radishes and green pepper rings.

Julia prefers Chicken Supreme in Aspic for her cold entree. The directions for making the aspic are the same as those given above, except that you want to be sure to use chicken consomme instead of beef. Chicken Supreme simply means breast of chicken. Remove the breast, intact, from chicken which has simmered in stock until the meat begins to separate from the bones, and remove the skin carefully. When the first layer of aspic has stiffened in the mold, arrange slices of cucumber, hard boiled eggs and pimento stuffed olives in a pattern, and add a second layer of aspic. When this stiffens, arrange the chicken breast in the mold, pour aspic over and around it, repeat the cucumber, egg and olive pattern, and add a final layer of aspic.

I’ll be glad to send you recipes for Spanish Cream, peach mouse and raspberry whip, together with the cinnamon flavored sauce Julia says is so delicious with fruit desserts. Also the carrot and cabbage salad pictured in the beginning of this article. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

RADIO MIRROR

Eye Make-up by MAYBELLINE

Rose Saphire, New York’s famous hat stylist, designs this gorgeous Roman-striped velvet turban—perfect with fur, and proper from noon till midnight. Here is a fashion hint from Mme. Saphire: "Turbans are famous for flattery to the eyes—and your eyes are your most important beauty feature. Therefore, since beauty orders eyes to the front, your eye make-up must naturally be selected with utmost care. Women of discrimination choose Maybelline as the finest which money can buy."

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY FOR Beauty AS THE SMARTEST Hat

And really, how many smart and lovely women know this by heart! They study their eyes in the mirror, they discuss make-up with friends. And more than 10,000,000 modern, fastidious women now prefer the simple, instantly satisfying Maybelline way to lovelier, darker lashes! Let your eyes express the particular beauty that is YOU—with eye make-up in good taste! A few deft strokes of Maybelline and your lashes instantly appear twice as long and twice as luxuriant. You’ll discover an entirely new beauty about your eyes, which adds thrillingly to the whole expression of the face.

There is no mascara more water-proof than either the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara or the marvelous new Maybelline Cream form Mascara (which is breaking all sales records for new-found popularity.) Both are perfectly harmless and approved by highest authorities. Neither is handy, waxy or gummy on the lashes. The new Cream form, complete with case and brush, and the Solid form in the metal vanity, may each be obtained for only 75c at your favorite toilet goods counter. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are on sale at leading 10c stores. Today—try this easy, certain way to lovelier, more enchanting beauty!
Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory
(Continued from page 51)

**SUNDAY**

**Mutual's Best Bets**

**All times Eastern Daylight Saving**

- **National Amateur Night**, with Benny Rubin and Arnold Goodman's orchestra. Victorian amateur program. *(9:00 P.M.)*
- **The Art of Song**—orchestra under direction of Alfred Wallenstein: Hazel Hayes, soloist—classical music and oratorio songs. *(9:00 P.M.)*
- **Good-Will Court**—radio's czcik human interest drama. *(10:00 P.M.)*
- **Gay Lombard's Orchestra**. *(12:00 A.M.)*

**MONDAY**

- **The Witch's Tale**—century of the radio, a show and a story—continuously entertaining. *(10:00 P.M.)*
- **Crosley Follies**—musical revue with Bill Steins' orchestra, soloists and chorus. *(11:30 P.M.)*

**TUESDAY**

- **Omar the Mystic**: (Mondays through Fridays, 5:15 P.M.)
- **Alfred Wallenstein's Steinclavette**: *(8:30 P.M.)*

**WEDNESDAY**

- **Musels of the Movies**: (Mondays through Fridays, 5:00 P.M.)
- **The Lone Ranger**: (Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:30 P.M.)
- **The Music Box**—orchestra and chorus directed by Virginia Marucci, Mary Read and Bailey Aston, soloists, in popular and semi-classical music. *(8:30 P.M.)*

**THURSDAY**

- **Grand Opera and Philharmonic Symphony from Lewiston, Maine**: *(8:00 P.M.)*
- **Gabriel Heater**: *(9:00 P.M.)*

**FRIDAY**

- **Cecile Sedaris directs opera with Wilford Amison, Stuart Gracy, large chorus. Sophie Tucker and her orchestra.** *(12:30 A.M.)*

**SATURDAY**

- **Bryan Field at the piano in Empire City**: (8:00 P.M.)
- **Shelock Holmes**—with Richard Gordon and Harold West. *(7:30 P.M.)*
- **Philharmonic Concert from Lewiston, Maine**: *(8:30 P.M.)*
- **Mutual's Saturday Night Dance Cavalcade**, featuring Lloyd Hynshl, Glory Williams, Shop Feild, Sue Lumbert, Haron Heidt. *(10:30 P.M.* & 2:00 A.M.)*

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

**Box 2299-C, Scranton, Penna.**

*Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your free booklet, "Why Write and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X.*

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- Architect
- Architectural Drafrma
- Building Estimating
- Construction and Buck
- Structural Drafrman
- Maintenance Engineer
- Electrical Engineer
- Electric Lighting
- Telegraph Engineer
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- Aviation Engineer
- Airplane
t- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Drafrman
- Potato Masher
- Heating Shop Blueprint
- Heat Treatment of Metals
- Sheet Metal Work
- Welding, Electric and Gas
- Civil Engineer
- Engineering
- Highway Engineer
- Surveying and Shopping
- Steam Engine

**BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES**

- Business Management
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- Internal Work
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- Salesmanship
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**If you live in Canada, and this coupon to the**

**International Correspondence Schools Limited, Montreal, Canada.**

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**EIKU HOSE GUARANTEED TO SELL**

**Sensational!**

**CUT HOSE SELL WITHOUT HOLE**

**OR NEW HOSE FREE!**

**AGENTS: FOR $32 IN A WEEK**

Amazing free replacement guaranteed. **For hose, sh. Men, women, service work. Boys, 15 years old. Women's hose will be doubled and children's hose will have a small orange eagle in the corner. The hose will appear in 22 sizes.**

 Agents send postal cards for full particulars.**

**SHIPPED* SPECIAL OFFER TO SELLERS WITHOUT HOLE.**

Sir: We have a 4.5-ounce, 40-foot piece of EIKU, guaranteed to sell without hole. This offer is made by WILKNIT HOSE COMPANY.

89
HAVE you a pet superstition? Maybe it's the same one as Deane Janis'. She believes in her lucky day—October 1. She made her radio debut in Chicago, on that date and also signed her CBS Caravan contract.

Roseline Greene, Show Boat's Mary Lou, carries a small white elephant with her wherever she goes. So far it has helped her to sign five contracts.

Of course there's the old proverbial mirror, and Phil Baker lives in dread of that.

Phillips Lord, of Gang Busters fame, will tell you he has no superstitions, but he never fails to rub his chin three times before he goes on the air.

I'd better get out the question box now. The first one comes from

Mrs. J. S., Utica, New York—The broadcasting company could not supply the name of the church that Dr. Crane broadcast from. I'd suggest that you write to the Federation of Churches, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. They might have a record of this.

Bernice H. M., Omaha, Nebraska—I'm sure that Dorothy Orelia who sings over WEAF is not the same girl you knew in Des Moines. In the first place she hails from Albany, New York. Secondly, she is very young and could hardly have been married fourteen years ago.

Barbara M. W., East Orange, N. J.—Radio Mirror didn't run a gallery picture of Patti Chapin on one side and Nelson Eddy on the other. However, we ran a gallery shot of Nelson in the April, 1935, issue. We also ran a full length feature story on Nelson Eddy in the February, 1936, issue. If you desire these two issues, write to the Back Issue Department, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 20¢ for each copy.

Lanny Ross fans, attention!—Mary Munger, 23 Harvard Street, Pittsfield, Mass. wants you to get in touch with her. Mary's been running the Lanny Ross club for over a year. They issue a paper every month and each member receives a photo of Mr. Ross.

Mrs. Virginia K., Kansas City, Mo.—James Melton is not broadcasting regularly at present. He's in Hollywood making pictures. However, I am sure you have been hearing him from time to time as guest star on Hollywood Hotel and Shell Chateau. Jimmy was born in Moultrie, Georgia, on January 2, 1904. It was at the Citra Church in Citra, Florida, that he made his debut as a singer. Jimmy also played the saxophone in college bands.

Mrs. Wm. Mc., Mansfield, Ohio—If you'll write and let me know what stars' photos you want, I will tell you where you can get them. Radio Mirror hopes it has pleased you these past few months in the selection of new pictures.

You CAN'T BEAT THE ORACLE—NO MATTER WHAT YOUR QUESTION

Margaret Johnson, the Honeychile of the Atlantic Family program, looks on while Bob Hope, her co-star, tootles a very merry woodland serenade.
IF YOU ARE AMBITIOUS
One of These Timely Self-help Books
MAY HELP YOU TO SUCCEED

CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—
By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and
writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and
other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful,
charming personality which is one of the greatest assets
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Radio MIRROR

OCTOBER

HAPPY ROSS by Tchetchet

Scoops! HAVE YOU A TELEVISION FACE? What her Baby will mean to Harriet Hilliard's Future
He still wants to kiss her good night

MARRIED eight years... but for them none of that humdrum, take-it-for-granted attitude that creeps into so many marriages. He still wants to kiss her good night. Clever woman... she has always known the secret of keeping dainty and fresh in all things... the breath particularly. After all, there's nothing like halitosis (unpleasant breath) to raise a barrier between people.

* * *

You Never Know

Your breath may be agreeable today and offensive tomorrow. The food you eat, the things you drink, the hours you keep—all bring subtle changes that may result in halitosis (bad breath). Consequently, you must ever be on guard lest you offend.

Better Safe Than Sorry

Fortunately, halitosis often yields quickly to Listerine used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Almost at once, this remarkable deodorant cleanses, sweetens, and freshens the mouth. At the same time, it halts fermentation of tiny food particles—the major cause of mouth odors. Then overcomes the odors themselves.

And remember, Listerine is safe even when used full strength—does not harm delicate tissues of the gums or mouth. It actually stimulates them.

When You Want To Be Sure

Fortunately for the public, many of the "bargain" imitations of Listerine are now out of business. Too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated, or lacking Listerine's speedy deodorant and antiseptic properties, such mouth washes were soon rejected by the public.

When you want a wholly delightful mouth wash, when you want to be sure of effective breath control with safety, use Listerine and Listerine only. Rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

If you like Listerine Antiseptic, chances are you'll like Listerine Tooth Paste, 162 brushings in the big, double-size tube, 40c. Regular size, 25c.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's only human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

And it's only human nature to resent it, like a physical blow, when she does turn, when she does smile—and all her loveliness turns to ashes! For when a smile betrays dull and dingy teeth—tender and ailing gums—no glory of eyes or hair can save loveliness.

Never neglect "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Too many soft foods... too little work and resistance for the natural health of our teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of your own loveliness and your own health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, see your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus"—to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums as well as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.

Ipana plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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COMING IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
On Sale September 25

Dancer ... singer ... comedian ... adopt at playing half a dozen instruments, Hollywood's favorite song-and-dance man, Fred Astaire, comes to radio in September and RADIO MIRROR will celebrate with a grand cover portrait of him, as well as a revealing, intimate story about him!

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COVER
—PORTRAIT OF LANNY ROSS
BY TCHETCHET
HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S 'THIN TIME' — UNTIL —

I found her crying her eyes out. It's a shame—but you know her face is so broken out, the boys don't like to take her places.

I'm going to tell her about Fleischmann's Yeast—remember how it helped me? I'm sure it would clear up her skin, too.

I wish I could be popular the way she is. She's always going places.

I just stopped a minute to see — why, Sara—whatever is the matter?

I'm sorry, Lou— but I can't help it—I'm so tired of just sitting around here. I never get asked places any more.

Isn't it a darling dress? Oh, I'm so thrilled—and it's just marvelous not to have any more of those old pimples! You look perfectly sweet. It's adorable.

Later...

Bye folks. Have a good time does me good to see that kid enjoying herself again.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimplles vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
MY Hat's Off To:

The way Stoopnagle and Budd have been handling the amateurs so far on the Town Hall Tonight program. Budd maintains the serious attitude while the Colonel jests, but the whole proceedings maintain a kindly, helpful air.

The late at night Lights Out program over NBC from Chicago for the example it sets in fine radio writing. If you can't sleep some night or are up past your bedtime for some other reason, be sure to tune this in.

The Kreuger Musical Toast program, because of the two singers and orchestra it presents. Jerry Cooper, Sally Singer, and Ray Block weave a very pleasant pattern of popular melodies both old and new and the voices are so refreshing because of their youthful vitality.

Bob Burns’ animal stories on Bing Crosby’s Kraft Music Hall. It’s when Bob is talking about mosquito bogs or the razorback hogs of Van Buren that I really sit back and think the radio is a great institution.

Dr. Dafoe’s dignified and still fascinating talks on the Quints every fourth Monday night in the month.

MY Thumb’s Down On:

Plots for children’s programs that become so complicated and involved the actors need at least two whole shows just to straighten everything out. It makes for some of the most boring listening I’ve run across. I have in mind particularly some fairly recent broadcasts of Renfrew of the Mounted.

Making the whole lovable cast of One Man’s Family join in on reading the commercials. Announcers are hired for this job.

Those summer menaces to peace and quiet who tune in their radios for the whole world to hear. Not that this will do much good. They probably can’t read anyway.

Hollywood stars who come to the microphone without any real rehearsal and stumble over their lines because they think the radio audience isn’t important enough to warrant any hard work.

Television experts who insist on making this new entertainment medium a mystery by always talking for publication through their hats.
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

BRIEF REVIEWS OF THE NEW PROGRAMS

HUSBANDS AND WIVES. Domestic difficulties are ironed out by means of a marital forum—and not with flatirons, either. Sedley Brown and Allie Lowe Miles are brokers in family squabbles in this highly amusing half-hour which started some time back on the Mutual network. Someone in the radio audience has a problem. Someone else has a solution, maybe several solutions. And everyone else has a laugh. The carefully selected answers are read by their proponents or by the master and mistress of ceremonies. This is the first “Advice” program that doesn’t take itself seriously, and is therefore the best of the lot. It gives real help as well as bringing to radio a new kind of natural comedy.

NBC, Sun., 7:30 P. M., 30 min.

CAMEL CARAVAN. You’ll think summer entertainment of this quality is a mirage. But it isn’t the heat. It’s a real oasis of sparkling talent and music on a somewhat arid dial. The soft, easy drawl of novelist Rupert Hughes introduces contrasting numbers by Benny Goodman’s swing orchestra and Nat Shilkret’s more melodious tunsmiths, and guest movie luminaries who exhibit their artistry in tailored dramatic skits.

CBS, Tues., 9:30 P. M., 60 min.

TIM AND IRENE have the toughest assignment in radio—trying to replace Jack Benny. The void is all the more conspicuous because the voice of Don Wilson keeps reminding you of it. However, Ryan and Noblette purvey a scatter-brained type of comedy that should be judged on its own merit, I find it amusing at times. Morton Bowes is not only an up-and-coming young tenor, he’s going places. Don Vorhees orchestra also goes with the program—to town.

NBC, Sun., 7 P. M., 30 min.

COME ON LET’S SING. Here’s the second network community sing and a third one is scheduled for fall. Local stations are going for the idea, too—it’s cheap and it’s catchy. Major Bowes will have to start taking voice lessons if he wants to keep in the game. I feel as if this might put amateurs on the skids. There’s plenty of entertainment in the novelty stunts worked into the singing. Jack Arthur cleverly steers the proceedings. Tiny Ruffner vox-pops stouges in the audience, and there’s even room for such comic interludes as East and Dunke are capable of.

CBS, Wed., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

THE WORLD IS YOURS. A unique travelogue. Within the walls of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., a boy and girl learn from a guide the mysteries and wonders of science and history, as they explore that famous reliquary of civilization’s mileposts.

NBC, Sun., 11:30 A. M., 30 min.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. Gifted monologists are rare on stage and radio, so you’d better make the most of these distilled dramatic sketches. Ben Bernie will particularly enjoy tuning in because this is the ether spot where you won’t find Winchell during the summer.

NBC, Sun., 9:00 P. M., 15 min.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

WITH the summer season drawing to an end, your old favorites will soon be back from their vacations, full of pep and perhaps with brand new ideas for your entertainment. However, what we want to know is: did you enjoy the summer shows? Did you spot any talent you think deserves a regular program this winter? Write and tell us all about it. Maybe you’ll win the first prize of $20.00—or the second prize of $10.00—or even one of the five $1.00 prizes. And then again, your letter might get Honorable Mention in Radio Mirror’s columns. Send your letter to the Editor, in care of Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, not later than September 25.

$20.00 PRIZE.
HUMOR WITH A TEAR

If I were a scholar writing a history of American humor, I’d use a picture of Stoopnagle and Budd for my frontispiece. If I were a manufacturer with a product to advertise, I’d sign Stoopnagle and Budd on a lifetime contract. If I were a lot of other radio comedians, I’d listen to Stoopnagle and Budd, and meditate.

Stoopnagle and Budd don’t give us salty wit as Will Rogers did, nor the brilliant flippancy which has made Jack Benny famous. They offer us real humor, the rare and genuine stuff.

There’s something so wistful and pathetic about Budd’s silly, eager voice, and about the gentle diffidence of the Colonel that one wonders sometimes whether the tears in one’s eyes are really from laughter, after all. And that’s what humor is like!

MRS. L. G. BUCHAN
New Orleans, La.

$10.00 PRIZE
A GOOD TIP

I think I have a remedy for those people who turn on their radios so loudly that it interferes with everyone else who is trying to listen in on his own radio. We have such a pest in our neighborhood, and last summer I conceived the brilliant idea of having seven different parties tune in at the same time the pest tuned in, the only difference being, he was listening to his favorite program while the seven were all on another station, with their radios turned on full blast. You can imagine the din. The houses fairly trembled. After five minutes of this, we turned off, slightly deafened, at a given signal. The pest was silent! No more trouble that season. He started again this summer, but we are ready for him. I have recruited FOURTEEN, and you’ll probably hear the echoes at your office!

GERALDINE GREGORY
Bronx, New York.

Rupert Hughes (right) has most of the say on the Camel Caravan broadcasts from Hollywood. Spencer Tracy and Rosalind Russell are helping him say it.
Another Love-match

Shipwrecked...

...on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

MILLIONS of women today have discovered a vitally important fact about feminine hygiene. They have learned that "Lysol" has six special qualities which make it uniquely valuable, combined with such dependability and gentleness that doctors commonly use it in one of the most delicate of all operations—childbirth.

Not liking to discuss such a delicate subject as feminine hygiene is natural—but when misinformation, ignorance, and half-truths threaten happiness, a wife is guilty of serious neglect if she fails to learn that there is a reliable answer to her problem.

You will find that "Lysol" gives you a new sense of antiseptic cleanliness that is most reassuring. But more important, "Lysol" brings the poise and peace of mind so essential to a truly happy marriage.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"
1. Non-caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions—...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. Penetration... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension—and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears very soon after use.
6. Stability... Keeps its full strength, no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO! "Lysol" presents the famous physician of the quintuplets, in 3 talks weekly, on Modern Child Care—Mon., Wed., Fri. See newspapers for hour.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LERN & FINE PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 8910, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL VS. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Copr., 1944 by Lern & Fine Products Corp.
THE new season gets going—and how! With virtually all the desirable time on the networks sold or contracted for, its financial success is already assured. What it will achieve artistically is not so certain. 'Tis too early to prognosticate—and too dangerous.

ONE result of the prosperity wave that has hit the studios, a result mighty annoying to dialists, is conflict in programs at favored hours. That evil has long existed in the American broadcasting scheme of things but this season, because of the increase in sponsors, it threatens to be even worse. Consider Thursday night, for instance. Soon, beginning at 8 o'clock for a full hour, Rudy Vallee and Kate Smith, both with variety shows, will be competing for listeners. And from 9 to 10 o'clock Major Bowes and his amateurs and Lanny Ross and his Show Boat crew will be opposing each other on rival networks. Sunday night, too, will provide problems for fans. The schedules weren't completed when this department was compiled but indications were for plenty of confusion from 6 o'clock on. Chase and Sanborn were framing a variety bill to fill the 8 o'clock spot vacated by Major Bowes on NBC and Columbia had assigned Nelson Eddy and Joseph Pasternack's orchestra to the first half-hour of that period and Eddie Cantor to the second half.

PRESS TIME FLASHES

Professional reformers, anxious to get their fingers in the plump radio pie, try to line up church, civic and fraternal groups in a campaign to "improve the moral tone of air entertainment," whatever that might mean. Adele Astaire, sister of Fred and Lady Charles Cavendish in English society, leaves London for Hollywood where she will make a movie and guest-star on air programs. Lady Cavendish is microphone-broke, having attained much popularity on British Broadcasting Corporation programs. NBC discovers in Europe an 11-year-old violinist, Paul Misikowsky by name, and plans a build-up campaign for him as a child prodigy.

Below, Keenan Wynn, with father Ed Wynn, who found the comeback trail a tough one. Ed's programs have been dropped, but he is planning a Broadway play.

Father Coughlin discusses with the press his recent broadcasts on which he announced his sponsorship of a new third party.
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt turns down a radio contract which would have paid her $8,500 a week for fifty-two weeks. Because the proposed sponsor is a chain-store concern and it would be embarrassing for the President’s wife to be exploiting a group under investigation by Congress.

Advertising agencies producing radio programs receive notice the Marx Brothers are available this season. The Marxmen spurned radio offers last year. The Lombardo Brothers, still billed as the Royal Canadians, being natives of London, Ont., take out United States citizenship papers and start a new half-hour show for Bond bread at a substantial salary boost.

And Jack Hylton returns from a holiday in his native England to begin a new program for Real silk. Irving Kaufman, better known to dialists as Lazy Dan, organizes the “Lazy Dan’s Minstrel Jubilee” troupe and seeks a Broadway theater for their exhibition.

As predicted in these columns months ago the Mutual Broadcasting System is expanding into the fourth national chain. The coast-to-coast hook-up becomes a fact January 1st when the Don Lee regional circuit in the Far West, now associated with the Columbia System, switches allegiance to MBS. Wayne King renews his contract with that cosmic sponsor and under its new terms will receive over $13,000 a week for fifty-two weeks, thus becoming a rival of Fred Waring as the best paid bandman on the air.

Louise Massey of the Westerners prepares to make her debut as the star of that group in a new program, “The Log Cabin Dude Ranch,” which will take to the air late in September. Rudy Vallee becomes Prof. Hubert Vallee joining the faculty of the Suffolk School of Journalism in Boston, where he lectures on broadcasting and radio showmanship. In Chicago NBC opens a school of instruction in sound effects for page and messenger boys. This, in addition to its school for announcers for the same class of employees. Walter Woolf King signs a contract which insures his connection with the “Flying Red Horse Tavern” until January 1st.

A GROUP of radio celebrities banded together as the National Association of Performing Artists have started suits in the United States District Court, Southern District of New York, to limit the use of electrical transcriptions. They seek to remedy such alleged abuses as taking-off the air network programs and reproducing them via the records on smaller stations without authority of or payment to the artist.

Eddie Cantor has called rehearsals of his radio troupe preparatory to taking to the air September 20th for his new sponsor, the Texaco Company. Little Bobby Breen, Parkyakarkus and Jimmy Wallington are to return with him. Jacques Renard and his orchestra will provide the musical background.

ROSALINE GREENE, one of the first of the radio actresses and once voted the owner of the “perfect radio voice,” has become the commentator on feminine fashions for the Paramount News Reel, while Juliet Lowell seeks a sponsor for a new series based on the happy idea of giving burlesque advice to the lovelorn.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The James Wallington-Jean Rogers romance seems to have become just a memory. “They say” a new charmer, a Follies beauty, has come into Jimmy’s life.

Ed (Thundering) Thorogerson and Ann Courtine, the night club nightingale aren’t holding hands any more, either. But Michael Bartlett, who made a sudden exit last winter as Jack Benny’s tenor-stooge, and Mary Astor, of the fillums, are Ditto Nino Martini and Elissa Landi.

It now develops Deane Janis and Stanley Pascal have been Mister and Missus for many moons. And the long rumored (Continued on page 64)

---

**Now... millions are finding new beauty with Hollywood's Make-Up... are you?**

**JEAN ARTHUR, star of Columbia’s “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town” shows you how Max Factor’s new make-up can give you beauty**

**Hollywood’s Rouge**

Max Factor’s Rouge will individualize your charm through the magic of the color harmony shades—a secret that is bringing new loveliness to women everywhere... 50c.

**Max Factor * Hollywood**

Would you like to try Jean Arthur’s make-up secret... powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shades? Mail this coupon.
Things really begin happening in radio in September. New shows, old stars, new times, new networks. Here's a sample of the information that leaked out ahead of time:

Buck Rogers won't return to the air, but Jack Johnstone, the man who's been writing the scripts, has a new program in mind that will be on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 5:30 to 5:43, starting September 14th, that will star Walter Tetley, hardest working of all kid actors.

Virginia Verrill is auditioning for a big new Broadway musical, music and production by the famous team of Rodgers and Hart . . . Horace Heidt will be in New York all winter, probably playing a long engagement at the Essex House, between broadcasts for his present sponsor. The time of his programs will be changed, but the date hasn't been set.

The Lombardo program for the new bread sponsor opens September 6th, Sunday, and Guy is flying to the New York studios especially for the first show. The trio of Carmen, Fred Higman, and Larry Owen gets the featured spots on this half hour.

Eddie Cantor's program that starts later in September is going to have an innovation, or at least an innovation for Cantor. There'll be guest stars each week. Eddie is going to broadcast from a theater in Hollywood until he finishes his newest picture for Samuel Goldwyn.

The Bowes program, after its switch to CBS, will be broadcast from New York's old Hammerstein Theater and the name will be the Major Bowes Amateur Theater. It's been remodeled especially to suit the problems of amateur auditioning and broadcasting.

Nelson Eddy stays in Hollywood the first fifteen weeks he broadcasts for his new sponsor, Vicks, then he goes to Portland, Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Cincinnati, and Chicago on tour. After that, he'll go on the air from New York.


Maybe you've read an announcement that stated NBC was sending out a vaudeville unit of radio personalities headed by Jimmy Wallington as master of ceremonies. By wearing a beard, our spy was able to determine that the other stars going along are the Pickens Sisters, Honeyboy and Sassafras, Professor Figgsbottle, and the piano team, Ward and Muzzy. Better ask your local theater manager to fix up a date with this unit so you can see your favorites.

Smiling Ed McConnell's going to be back on Sundays for his old sponsor, but it will be an NBC network, and the show will last half an hour rather than fifteen minutes as before.

---

I invested a few pennies... and won a husband!

It was love at first sight "for me! But altho Harry was charming to me, I never heard from him again.

I took the hint. Made Lifebuoy my soap. Next time I met Harry, he fell for me with a bang! Thanks to Lifebuoy I'm now a happy bride.

How can I keep my complexion as lovely and young-looking as yours, mother Baxter?

Lifebuoy's my beauty secret! Yes—that same luxurious lather that keeps you personally safe is also marvelous for the complexion! . . . Lifebuoy cleanses deeply, gently. "Patch" tests on skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many "beauty soaps."
The time is 5:30 to 6:00 ... Singin’ Sam will be heard again, too, with his same sponsor, and this time he’ll be broadcasting twice a week—Mondays and Fridays.

Don Ameche’s going to stay in Hollywood, but all the First Nighter fans will have him back on the air. It looks as though Ann Seymour were going to sign up with the sponsor which would make everything complete for our light drama fans.

The young children’s program starring Walter Tetley probably will be called “The Treasure Adventures of Donald Ayer,” Walter being Donald in this case. Donald will travel around the world, discovering such items as Spanish doubloons, Ceylon pearls, and other exciting, if remote, valuables.

Both the Sunday evening hour and the general Motors Symphony will be back, at their respective hours, and undoubtedly with very famous guest stars each week, ... the Philharmonic is set for Sunday afternoon too, playing the music radio listeners have most requested.

And still they come! Now it’s Irene Dunne, Alan Jones and Jerome Kern who are being offered to radio sponsors. The Hollywood menace seems to be growing by the week. This combination is an outgrowth of the picture “Showboat” which featured Irene and Alan and Kern’s music ... Joe E. Brown, too, has been conferring with an advertising agency. He confided to our Hollywood spy that he’s been working towards radio as a goal.

Jimmy Wallington’s really in love! At least his friends don’t deny the rumors any more and Jimmy’s doing a little private talking of his own about a marriage in the near future.

Dr. Allan Roy (Quintuplets) Dafoe will probably sign with a new sponsor when his present contract with Carnation Milk runs out in September. In fact, he confided privately not too long ago that everything was over but the signing.

Marion Davies is another first citizen of Hollywood who, after holding out for a long time, is at last capitulating to the lure of radio. Whether or not she’ll sign a long-term contract hasn’t been decided, but at any rate she has been doing guest-star work more frequently lately ... and one incident, which happened to her, as reported to us by that same Hollywood spy, shows plainly why movie stars think twice before signing up for regular weekly shows. Marion arrived at a rehearsal for the Lux production of ‘The Brat’ a few minutes late, went right to work and rehearsed until 11:30, and not until then confessed she hadn’t even had time for dinner because she had rushed to rehearsal from the “Cain and Mabel” set. And by the time she was too tired to eat anyway.

**If you do not... REDUCE your HIPS and WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS... it will cost you nothing!**

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic! Because we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail ... because we know that most Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in ten days ... we know you are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The excess fat is removed solely by the massage-like action of the Perfolastic material. You appear inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably ... without effort on your part ... you actually reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm ... where fat first accumulates.

"**Lose 20 pounds, reduced hips 6 1/2 inches and waist 5 inches.**"
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"**SMALLER AT ONCE**"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Brown, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

"**LOST 40 POUNDS**"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 40 pounds!"
Mrs. F. P. Herr, Omaha, Nebr.

"**A GIRDEL I LIKE**"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vailen, Calif.

"**6 INCHES FROM HIPS**"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. S. Thomass, New Castle, Pa.

"**HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER**"
"I just can’t praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Strouds, Pa.

"**LOST 49 POUNDS**"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds, I wear a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred Dabney, Newark, N. J.

"**REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34 1/2 INCHES!**"
"My hips measured 43 inches, I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34 1/2 inches!"
Miss Billa Brown, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDEL and BRASSIERE... for 10 days without cost!

"**You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body... how the advertisement claims of friends about you! Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklets, giving description of girdles, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!**

**PERFOLASTIC, INC.**
Dept. 2810, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdel and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perfo-lastic material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name
Address
City State
NASHVILLE: The grand old man of WSM’s Grand Ole Opry is gone. Dr. Humphrey Bate, for ten years leader of the program’s Sumner County Possum Hunters, died at his home in Castillian Springs, Tennessee, just as another milestone was to have been marked in the famed career of the broadcast. The following night, Dr. Bate was scheduled to open the air show in the new auditorium in East Nashville before 3,500 guests. Yet even with their leader missing, the Possum Hunters carried on in the tradition.

Dr. Bate led a full and colorful life. For thirty-nine years he was a country doctor. After his graduation from Vanderbilt University, he left his native Sumner County but once, and then to serve in the Spanish-American war. Though he has gone, the members of his troupe have pledged themselves to continue in the spirit in which he always led them.

* * *

WEDDING BELLS ARE PEALING IN:

Des Moines: For Margaret Coleson, WHO contralto, who recently married Al Morey, orchestra conductor, now fulfilling a summer engagement here at Riverview Park, Miss Coleson will continue broadcasting under that name.

Detroit: For Eleanor Ryan, dimmutive soprano of WJR’s Silhouettes, and Don Large, the station’s choral director, who at latest reports, were to be married in the Michigan city. Neither Miss Ryan, nor Large, who is also a member of the male trio, The Three Aces, will give up radio activities.

But little Dottie Leader, who sang on WJR’s broadcasts of Tim Doolittle’s Pine Center Gang, has given up her professional work to devote all her time to the home which she and Arthur Marohn, a non-professional, have been establishing since their recent marriage.

Charlotte: During the opening of WBT’s new studios here and the celebration of its fifteenth anniversary of continuous broadcasting, “listeners were given a remarkable opportunity to observe the development of radio in the last decade and a half. Dr. Luther Little, called the South’s first radio preacher, who delivered his initial radio sermon over the station in 1921, used the original microphone for...
Are you as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?

Today, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And every point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:
- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should not form a habit.
- It should not over-act.
- It should not cause stomach pains.
- It should not nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT
You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on each and every point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS
Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It is gentle. It is thorough. It is not upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does not work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE
Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
Los Angeles: The tallest antenna in the city is now the 350-foot vertical radiator of KEHE, which was constructed for the station's new power allocation of 5,000 watts.

Chicago: Efforts of another station to get into WLW's 500,000 watt class have been thwarted temporarily. WBBM cannot obtain the power increase because of the refusal of KFAB, Lincoln, Nebrasca, to sell in order to clear the way for the boost in wattage.

This "Man on the Street" idea is twisting, turning, cavorting about and popping up everywhere in all sorts of ways. In:

Chicago: Gang Plank Gossippers, a three-a-week WBBM series, is now on the air with Doug Hope interviewing lake excursionists as they come down the plank from the steamship Theodore Roosevelt after having made the evening cruise of Lake Michigan.

San Antonio: The "Man on the Street" twist for WOAI is asking pedestrians questions to which they can give neither right nor wrong answers. The queries concern marriage, family and other personal affairs. The idea, as worked out by Lew Valentine and Corwin Riddell, seems to be that each person has his individual answer for a personal problem, and while it may be right for him, it is not necessarily so for anyone else.

Chicago: The feelings of Dave Edelson, Affiliated Broadcasting Company interviewer for the Sidewalks of Chicago broadcasts, is that catch questions and gag retorts are not the thing for this kind of program. Consequently, he sticks to one topic of interest from the day's news in an effort to obtain a cross-section of public opinion.

Charlotte: The amateur idea here has reached into the dramatic field. Martha Dulin, of the WBT staff, is making a survey of all amateur actors and actresses in the city and vicinity with a view to forming a dramatic troupe for production of plays on the station during the fall and winter.

AS FOR ANNOUNCERS

San Francisco: George Stuart, formerly announcer for KRE, has joined KJBS.

Fort Worth: The latest addition to the staff of WBAP is Russ Lamb, who began announcing in this city at KFJZ.

San Jose: Herb Lewis is announcing at KQW, on temporary leave from KJBS, San Francisco.

COMPASS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Chicago: For the woman who is sated with scripts for domestic difficulties which remind her all too much of her own troubles, WBBM is broadcast-
"I despise that powdery look in strong light"

ONE of the worst faults a powder can have is showing too much—an inquiry among 1,067 girls brings out!

Of 3 leading powders, Pond’s got twice the votes of the next-liked powder, for “not giving that powdered look.” Triple the votes of the third! The reason is in the colors of Pond’s.

"Clare-proof" colors—Pond’s colors catch only the softer rays of light—won’t show up chalky in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond’s its soft, clinging texture—keep it looking fresh for hours.

Pond’s never looks powdery—It clings
—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35c, 70c: New big boxes, 10c, 20c.

FREE 5 "Clare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires Dec. 1, 1950)

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(Continued on page 85)
FOUN DATIONS
FOR BEAUTY
YOU TOO CAN HAVE THAT PER-FECT SILHOUETTE IF YOU'LL
LEARN ABOUT FIGURE CONTROL

In the old days, a corset was just a corset. Ugly in itself, it not only gave an exaggerated outline to the figure but actually distorted it, often permanently. My mother often laughs at the type she wore when she was a girl and wonders how her childhood friends endured such discomfort; it's no miracle to her that the modern woman doesn't go in for old-fashioned "fainting spells"—she just marvels that the gals of pre-war days didn't faint as regularly as the striking of a clock, considering how tightly laced up they were.

Well, fashion doesn't demand such distortion of the figure today, but it does demand figure control—no misplaced bumps or sagging contours. And, like other scientific industries, the corset manufacturers have progressed with the times and have designed their products with all the aid of the latest medical advice. The main problem in figure control is the redistribution of fat, and science has made it possible to effect this redistribution, not only without harm to the body, but actually with beneficial results to general health. You see, these bulges in the wrong places are either excess fat, which should be restrained and eventually banished forever, or muscles actually out of place, in which case it is of the greatest importance to get them back into their proper position. You'd be surprised how much more pep you feel when your body has been re-adjusted to its proper proportions by scientific support.

And how easily that can be done! There are a number of reputable manufacturers with trained representatives all over the country who will give you the same fittings and personal attention that were formerly available only to the woman who could afford to have her foundation garments custom-made by expensive corsetiers. They will analyze your figure for you and tell you just exactly how much or how little support you need.

Meanwhile, you can do a little analyzing of your own problem, simply standing in front of a mirror and being brutally frank with yourself about what you see there. Don't try to draw yourself up to your best advantage, but get a good look at yourself with all your faults—the drooping shoulders, the slumping spine, the sagging tummy. We all have these to some extent and sadly enough, that's the figure we usually show the world when we're not concentrating on our appearances at the moment.

As I said before, diet and exercise are of paramount importance in having an attractive figure. Diet will help to keep our figures at normal weight, with sufficient fat but not too much. Exercise will help to give us erect posture and a good carriage. And yet— (Continued on page 88)
In 14-day test, 8 popular brands of Polish became thick and unusable.

Evaporated 35% to 60%

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop

Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish

We deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were found to be thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated less than half as much as the competitive brands.

Caused through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to you in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely uncorked bottle.

No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex. So little money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 75¢ a bottle.

Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.


Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢.
A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. CARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., Los Angeles
MRS. CHISWELL DAINNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
...Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess

MRS. NICHOLAS
GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III

Mrs. Penniman is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste so good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

Smoking Camels between meals and after has a welcome effect on digestion

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels. Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion...give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS
By Norton Russell

Right, at a dance with Ken Dolan, her manager, who's secretly her husband, says Hollywood rumor. Below is Billy Chase, the other man in the triangle, who went to see Frances this summer.

HOLLYWOOD'S SHYEST STAR HAS

A PROBLEM ON HER HANDS THAT

THE MOST SOPHISTICATED WOULD

FIND DIFFICULTY IN SOLVING!

FRANCES LANGFORD'S

LOVE PUZZLE

Frances Langford is on Hollywood Hotel. See page 53 for show.

FRANCES LANGFORD, so unsophisticated, so terrified even of friends that she is afraid to invite them to her house, is being faced this summer with a problem to tax the resources of the most subtle and worldly-wise of women.

How it will end no one, Frances certainly least of all, knows. Hollywood, which knows so many of the answers, thinks it has the answer to this question, too. But I'm not so sure. Hollywood, you see, knows only the Frances it sees on the screen and at broadcasts. So few people really know her, or ever can.

Hollywood's impression of her is probably your mental picture of any beautiful Southern girl—vivacious, talkative, a shade on the pert side and, above all, instinctively adept at making the male of the species jump through hoops and like it. Frances is a Southern girl, but she is quiet and almost painfully shy; and if she does often make the boys forget their dignity it isn't because she wants to, but simply because she is darn sweet.

It's this kind of girl who all this summer has had on her hands two men, both of whom she has known a long time, and both of whom have considerably more than a friendly interest in her.

There's Ken Dolan, first—because he has been with her ever since she went to Hollywood, as her personal representative and manager—tall, blue-eyed, nervous, energetic, filled with a hard-won knowledge of the world and its ways.

There's Billy Chase, second—because he was her high school sweetheart—younger than (Continued on page 101)
They're
Radio's Old Maids
—but do they know it?

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

First, there's tiny but regal Jessica Dragonette (right) with poise suitable for a prince. Then, there's Virginia Verrill (below) whose search for a caveman to love, honor and obey seems hopeless.

WHAT radio needs is a good go-gettin' Cupid. I discovered that the other day sitting in the restaurant where lots of the ether great gather for gab and lunch between rehearsals. The star in the Lily Dasché hat (husband, two children) turned to the star in the Maria Guy hat (two ex-husbands, no children) and whispered in her million-dollar contralto so loud I caught it at a table away: "—but my dear, career or no career, she's twenty-four and not married yet!"

With that I dipped my best gilet in the cream of tomato soup straining closer to hear more and if possible get names, places and added juicy tidbits. But being unsuccessful I consoled myself for my wet pink front by trying to figure out just whom she could have been referring to anyway. "Let's see—who's twenty-four and a radio star and still single?" I thought, "That'll be simple."

Well, honest, ten minutes and a few saltines later I was somewhere up in the thirties counting off air-famous names on my fingers. The result was one of those shocking great truths that the more you think about it the more it floors you. Radio's just full of old maids!

Now an old maid, according to the latest news bulletins, is no longer a hatchet-faced sourpuss who sits and knits with a parrot and a cat. These giddy days an old maid, or "bachelor girl" which sounds better but means the same thing, is merely any gal who's approaching the crochety age of twenty-five without a husband in tow. Time was when people still had hopes for you anywhere this side of forty; but now the damsel who's been out of high school a few years, the debbie who made her bow too many seasons ago, the college girl with a sheepskin but no fiancé, are all in the same boat. This Twentieth Century, which has stepped up everything including heart palpitations, has a name for them—and the name's awfully synonymous with Back Number. It spares no woman, not even the star ladies of the microphone.
The funny part is that the place you'd least expect to find heavy ranks of old maids is in radio. Heaven knows the ether lovelies, and on the whole they are unusually lovely, have everything that's supposed to delight the masculine eye and heart. Their faces and figures are among the most photographed in the world. Their clothes come from the most exclusive shops, their personalities are cashable to the tune of three and four figures weekly, their penthouses and country homes are the last word in swank, their parties are lavish and gay. They have a corner on glamor, they get to all the right places with the right people, they have strings and strings of suitors and a whole public-ful of would-be beaux.

And yet, look at the figures. Figures don't prove anything. Let's look at the stars themselves. There's Jessica Dragonette, who presents a problem nobody can fathom. Her quiet beauty and regal bearing are just what princes fall for in fairy tales; but if there's prince or pauper in Jessica's life Radio Row has yet to get its first glimpse of him. La Dragonette is completely unapproachable on the subject of romance. She lives a spinster-like existence with her sister Nadea, she's never seen at any of the gathering spots around town, she arrives unescorted at her broadcasts and slips away alone immediately they're over, in fact she plays the single role so unmistakably there's never even been a rumor that tied her name to anyone else's.

"Music is my whole life," she will tell you seriously. "I live music, I breathe it. And I am happy so." But when she says the words they don't ring as true as her clear high C's. You look at her grave pointed face and tranquil blue eyes and somehow you don't get the feeling that she's really and truly content after all. A definite restlessness is there. You sense it.

Still, year after year, she continues to live what would seem a negative and somewhat colorless existence. Nobody can figure it out, for the (Continued on page 78)
O a pudgy nose, a large mouth or overly prominent cheek bones now stand between you and fame and fortune in the talkies or on the stage?

Well, take hope! You may have a television face!

If your eyebrows are too heavy for the motion picture camera, if your chin protrudes too much for flesh-and-blood appearances, or if your ears are too big for both, despair no longer. Believe it or not, one or more of those facial defects may be just the thing that will make you stand out and click in a big way on the ultra-short wave screen.

Through exclusive information given to Radio Mirror by the Radio Corporation of America, which is spending Midas-like gold on the development of television, new hope is brought to the hearts of countless would-be stars of the entertainment firmament who have genuine ability as musical, dramatic or romantic artists, but whose facial equipment does not measure up to camera or footlight standards. Secret experiments that have been going on for a number of years, and that have now reached the stage from which certain fairly definite conclusions may be drawn, point directly to one thing: Television, which will one day be as much a part of our daily entertainment as the movies, will require faces and personalities quite different from those we see on the screen and on the stage today. The television camera is as tricky and finicky as the lens in the movie studio, but in a different way. It has a habit of transforming an ugly duckling into a ravishing beauty. It chooses strange favorites. And many of the screen’s loveliest heroines and Greek-god heroes are decidedly not its favorites!

All this does not mean that television is going to ignore beauty. On the contrary, beauty will be just as much at a premium in the new medium as it is on the screen. But television does not necessarily need perfection in beauty to produce beauty! The image that appears on a television screen will often bear little resemblance to the actual face from which the image emanates. And that is the whole thing in a nutshell.

But you’ll want more than a nutshellful if you hope to be a star of the ultra-short waves in the future. So let us examine the facts in greater detail.

You have no doubt often seen unposed newspaper photographs of persons you have known, and thought how flattering those pictures were. Irregularities of features, skin blemishes and other characteristics that made their physiognomies considerably less than perfect in life all seemed to have disappeared in the newspaper pictures. You recognized the subjects in the pictures instantly, of course, yet you knew that those pictures did not look as their subjects did in the flesh, not by a long shot. A nose crooked in life seemed to have been miraculously straightened with that certain absence of detail that you will find in newspaper photos; overly prominent cheek bones merely made the face stand out and appear definite and life-like; heavy eyebrows looked like ordinary eyebrows and served to add to the pleasing effect of the picture as a whole. It was the old story of: "You can’t tell how a person really looks by a newspaper picture.” The same will apply to television. You won’t be able to tell how an artist really looks by the way an image comes through the ether; there will be that same absence of detail that you find in newspaper pictures. Whereas a movie camera is likely to magnify defects, the television camera has a tendency to diminish them.

To give you an example that will strike close to home and enable you to tell whether or not you probably have a television face; Take a snapshot—any snapshot—of a group of friends pictured at the beach, on the front lawn or almost anywhere where the light has been good. You will notice in that picture that one or two faces stand out above all the others, and that the girl who is prettiest or the boy who is handsomest in real life does not necessarily show up best in the picture. You have no doubt had the experience
Look closely at the face above. Many experts pick it as the perfect television face, but for a reason you'd never guess. It is Ginger Rogers of movie fame. Left, Claudette Colbert who is also favored. At the far left is Graham McNamee, another best bet.

of showing such a snapshot to an acquaintance who knew none of the subjects in it, and of having that acquaintance exclaim, "Say, isn't she pretty!" pointing to one of the group. To which you have replied: "Yes, she's pretty in the picture but actually not nearly so pretty as this girl here," pointing to someone else who looked like a very nondescript individual in the snapshot. If you happen to come out well in a snapshot—a picture taken without benefit of special lighting, a picture taken at random—the chances that you have a television face are very good indeed.

Now, you might conclude from the newspaper-photograph and snapshot illustrations that the average movie
star would have a television face because of the widespread belief that movie stars "take a good picture." Such a conclusion is erroneous. It is true that certain motion picture luminaries would stand out in any snapshot and that many of them appear to advantage in newspaper photographs showing them in informal poses. But just as many of the stars would show up for the rather ordinary-looking individuals that they really are were they photographed without benefit of intricate make-up, careful angles and long-studied lighting. These stars do not have the qualifications for television possessed by the little girl at the ribbon counter who comes out "swell" in a snapshot at the beach!

Careful lighting, especially soft lighting, brings out the soft, delicate features of many of our prominent stars. The names of those ethereal ladies and finely-chiseled gentlemen needn't be mentioned here; if you go to the movies you'll recall them with little recollection. Television will deal harshly with such artists. A blinding light is a requisite of television broadcasting and fine, sensitive lips, aquiline noses, and shimmering, golden hair would be washed out in the fierce glare, and the personality would go with it.

But take a girl like Claudette Colbert, with her full nose, her full lips, her broad face, her large dark eyes and her dark tresses. La Colbert would fare very well on the ether screen. The little French girl has an ideal television face. Her features are so strong and so pronounced and so well defined that a strong harsh light would serve only to bring them out all the more. Clark Gable, with that wide, strong, rugged countenance of his would be another favorite of the Great God Television. So would Fred MacMurray, whose features are not fine, but amply proportioned.

But right now a certain young lady is the secret darling of all the television experts—in a professional way, of course. Rogers is the name. First monicker, Ginger. It all came about in a peculiar way. An accident, you might say.

We're not dwelling on the technical side of television in this chronicle, but we'll have to consider enough of the technical side to tell you how it came about that Ginger Rogers, despite her blonde hair, happened to be spotted as the ideal television subject. You've seen, in the last few years, pictures in the newspapers that have been sent by wire, a photograph, for example, of a California earthquake, that, by a very intricate and marvelous process, can be placed in a projecting device in California and transmitted electrically to New York in a few minutes. When such a wire photo, as they are popularly called, is reproduced in a newspaper it is not quite as clear as if the reproduction had been made from an actual print. The fine details that you will find in an actual print are lost in the transmission process.

All right, then. Such an electrically transmitted picture of a photographic print is to television what an actual print, or still, is to a motion picture. The relation is exactly the same. A motion picture, as you know, is nothing more than a series of actual still pictures in rapid succession. Television will be a series of electrically transmitted pictures in rapid succession. The camera in the television studio will grind on the scene and the pictures it takes will be "developed" and sent out instantly over the ultra-short waves to screens in homes. But naturally, television, at least for a long, long while after it finally gets here, will lack the clarity and fine detail of the motion picture.

Thus it will be seen that an ideal way to definitely ascertain whether a person has a television face is to find out how he or she fares in a wire photo. Now, the wire photo circuits are constantly tested to see that they are in proper working order. When these tests are made, any picture that is handy is put into the projector and sent out. Not long ago, one of the operators in the Los Angeles sending station of the Radio Corporation of America happened to use a photograph of Ginger Rogers to test the circuit from Los Angeles to New York. The picture of Fred Astaire's dancing partner came out so clearly on the New York end that the operator who received it could hardly believe his eyes.

"Boy!" he exclaimed to another operator. "Look at this shot of Ginger Rogers that just came through from the Coast! You can hardly tell it from an actual print. That girl has what it takes for television. Her features—eyes, nose, mouth, even her light hair—stand out like a ton of bricks. Nothing's lost."

The other operator agreed with him. The picture of Ginger became the seventh wonder of the wire circuits. And now it is used every day for testing purposes. If this picture of Ginger is sent over the wires and it only comes out like the average wire picture on the other end, that means something's wrong with the circuit! Nothing could be wrong with Ginger!

If you will study this picture of Ginger Rogers, you will see that her features are distinctly not what could be called fine. Her nose is ample, so is her mouth. Her eyes are large. Her whole face, in fact, is large. It is a face that would stand out in a crowd. It is not the sensitive face that needs nurturing in a studio. It is not a face that depends on lighting. It is a face, in short, that has what it takes for television. There is a mysterious something about the whims of the television camera, just as there is about the movie camera. It either likes a face or it doesn't. The television camera likes Ginger's face. In this electrically transmitted picture of Ginger, many details are left out that would be in an actual photo. Yet, every feature of the face stands out. Were Ginger's nose smaller, were her mouth smaller, there's no telling what would have happened.

In a recent television broadcast conducted by the Radio Corporation in New York's Radio City, it is interesting to note that the Pickens Sisters were the feminine stars of the program. What makes it (Continued on page 77)
This lovely portrait of the NBC star shows her in a mood far removed from that of her air portrayals of the Lady Counselor. The small bronze head in her hand was modelled by Miss Rich’s daughter, Frances, while she was studying art in Paris.
Hollywood's favorite baritone will return to the air early this autumn, under the guidance of a new sponsor, Vicks. At first he'll broadcast from the West Coast, while making a picture, and later he'll embark on a long concert tour.
He starred with Marlene Dietrich on the first play the Lux Theater broadcast in Hollywood, he was on the Camel Caravan when it too trekked westward, and now Clark is radio's most sought-after guest star for launching impressive programs.
THE INTENSELY HUMAN STORY OF ONE MAN'S STRUGGLE, TO REMAKE HIS OWN PERSONALITY

DRAMATIC FIGHT

Radio has played many strange political roles in the past four years, but none of them stranger than that of opponent to a Presidential nominee in the most unique battle any candidate for the highest office of this country has ever had to wage.

Six months before he was chosen by unanimous vote at the Cleveland convention to represent his party, Alf Landon found himself facing the fight of his life. It was a fight that meant possible loss of all he had worked so long to gain—political fame in his own state, the most respected position in his community, a private business that made him financially independent. It was a fight he never dreamed he would have to wage and before it was over it was to task his every instinct of bulldog determination.

Now that it's over—though the final results won't be known until November—the story of his fight, what he did to win it, and the importance of its outcome to you as a nation of voters can be told.

When, in December, 1935, Alfred Landon, successful businessman and governor of Kansas, suddenly leaped into front-page prominence as the hope of the Republican party, he was pictured as a plain man of the plain people, a typical American with courage and conservatively progressive ideals.

Biographies were sent out to national delegates praising his common sense, the life spent with people of the soil, his lack of polish or pomp. It was a picture calculated to rouse the delegates to a high pitch of enthusiasm, but there was a part of it the biographers did not know and did not draw. And it was the missing element in the man's character that landed him into this desperate struggle to beat a handicap he didn't know he had a year ago.

Alf Landon had a weakness, a weakness almost any man in his same position would have, and a weakness any other would never have had to worry about. It was his homespun quality, the very same quality that made him able to speak convincingly on his own front porch to a group of Kansas neighbors assembled on the lawn, that he had to overcome.

For radio has taught its listeners to expect smoothness and a microphone technique and a sense of broadcasting
showmanship in public speakers. And to Landon, six months ago, speaking on the air over a national hookup to people from all sections of the country was a brand new experience. As many men have discovered, it isn't something you learn in a day. Usually, it takes years, and Alf Landon had only a few short months in which to perfect his radio personality. So early in the New Year, his battle began. Six months later—the night he was nominated—he thought it was over, only to discover that actually it was only half finished. Heartbreaking at the moment, it proved to be a valuable lesson and it was then that the dramatic period of the battle started, a race against time that was irrevocably ended—win or lose—July 29.

This spring, while his personal battle was being fought quietly, without publicity, Landon's personality was the subject of hot debate among the Republican delegates who were soon to meet in the convention hall at Cleveland. Most of them, one way or another, had heard at least one Landon speech, and there were few who were willing to state that this dark horse in national politics was in all respects a natural best bet.

For several weeks preceding the convention, I had the opportunity to talk with party leaders. They presented to me many conflicting view-points, but on one thing they were agreed—to defeat the New Deal, a strong candidate was needed, a prophet who would rise miraculously from the people to preach their gospel, a man with emotional appeal who could dramatically (Continued on page 83)
HHRRIET HILLIRRDS
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was sure something had gone wrong with

ears.

"This fall," Harriet Hilliard had said calmly,
"when Ozzie and the band start their radio program again,
won't be with them.
and go into the Hotel Lexington,
I'm all through singing with the band. Instead, I'm going
to make pictures in Hollywood!"
She had really said it, and suddenly I had a sensation
of disappointment, the disappointment and dismay you
feel when someone you've counted on seems on the point
of failing you. For it all appeared to point in just one
direction— the beginning of the end for another famous
romance.
Ozzie leading the band in New York, or on
tour, Harriet snug in Hollywood, making pictures. Three
thousand miles apart. And their interests, their work,
farther apart than that.
looked at Ozzie, standing with his hand on Harriet's
I
shoulder and smiling boyishly. Surely he saw the danger
of this proposed separation. But apparently he didn't. It
was something they had obviously talked over and agreed
I

upon.
knew, that Ozzie and Harriet
Yet I knew, or thought
were expecting a baby in the fall. Earlier ini the spring, the
had issued a thirty-day call for Harriet to
rumor went,
report in Hollywood, and Ozzie had had to explain why
movies were definitely out of the picture for the time
being. Now, with all this talk of leaving the band and
embarking seriously upon a completely new career, movies
seemed definitely a part of Harriet's plans again.
I

RKO

Harriet was, she said, starting a new film in Hollywood
November and that was the time of all times, it seemed
to me, just after the baby was born, that she and Ozzie

—

in

on being together.
know the whole story. Now that do, now
that I've heard it from Harriet's and Ozzie's own lips,
know they're right. Far from presaging disaster to their
happiness, Harriet's move to Hollywood is going to bring
them closer together than ever before. For the first time,
they are going to have a chance to know the joys of
living in a home, instead of in a night club or theater.

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trouble,

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jealousy, professional or otherwise, nor clashing egos, nor
any other of the usual difficulties which is taking Harriet

the professional association with Ozzie that
brought her fame. None of these but a baby they both
expect to love very much.
The changes in Harriet's life after her baby is born may
bring with them fame greater than any she has ever known
before. Well and good, but to her that fame will be incidental! Secretly, for a long time, she has been hoping
and wishing for a dream to come true, and now at last

away from

—

going to. The birth of her baby will make it possible,
by bringing her and Ozzie to the point of making changes
in their lives they would never have made otherwiMit's

of her friends have ever suspected the existence of
In fact, so few people really know Harriet
that stories have even been printed about her being "too
famous for love." When you know what her baby will do
to her life, you'll see the absurdity of any such statement

Few

that dream.

had dropped in to see Harriet and Ozzie early in the
summer, while they were playing a capacity engagement
They'd just come
in the New York Paramount Theater.
back to town after a long stretch of touring, broken by
weekly mad dashes into New York for their radio show
with Bob Ripley; and now they were playing five shows a
day before vociferous audiences who took all they had and
then clamored for more. Between performances, they sat
in their adjoining dressing rooms while people— musicians,
managers, press agents came and went.
They must have been tired, even if they didn't look it.
Perhaps the thought that after only a few more weeks of
work they were to leave on their (Continued on page 86)
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PART TWO

When Bob Burns and his brother Farrar left their Van Buren home and heard to see the world—and let the world see them—it was not the first time they had had the urge to wander. Bob had tried his wings in two previous flights.

One summer, while working on a bridge being built over the Arkansas River from Van Buren to Fort Smith, he became very friendly with an old sailor on the job. The old salt taught the boy to tie every kind of knot. "He shore showed me the ropes," Bob says. Also he spun nautical yarns until the boy Robin fairly hungered for the smell of spray and the roar of surf.

The two of them talked constantly of going to sea, and the old sailor promised when the job was finished to take Robin to New Orleans and get him a job on a boat. One day the old man disappeared. Bob was heartbroken. But he got wind of his erstwhile crony being seen in Fort Smith, and straightway set out to get him.

He found him in a saloon, reeking drunk. But Bob had not been devouring sea literature in vain. He knew what it meant to shanghai a man, and he proceeded to do just that. "I was really tough with the old guy," he says. "I shanghaied him, all right—dragged him out and threatened to knock him cold."

The sailor still had money enough to take them to New Orleans, and by the time they arrived there he was sober enough to arrange for a boat job for Bob. But he was also sober enough to escape his young friend again, and Bob found himself alone on the docks. He was pretty determined about going to sea, however. So he sneaked aboard a freighter, bound he knew not where, and stowed away. Luckily he was discovered before sailing time, and removed without ceremony. (Bob found out afterward that the entire crew of the ship were Chinamen, except for a hard-boiled Norwegian first mate.) He abandoned his idea of a maritime career and caught the first freight home.

His other truancy was the result of a tent show which came to town, called the Black Cat Minstrels. Bob got into this innocently enough. The Minstrels boasted a headliner who played the musical saw. A friend of Robin's scoffed audibly at the performance.

"That's nothin'," he sneered. "We got a boy here in Van Buren who can play music on a gas pipe." (The bazooka had not yet been given a name.)

"Is zat so?" countered the head man. "Well, go get him and let him prove it."

So Bob was brought in with his contraption, and got a job on the spot. Against his mother's wishes, he accepted the offer of $3 a week (Continued on page 68)
BOB BURNS, ARKANSAS TRAVELER

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

FOLLOW BOB AND HIS WANDER-LUST UP THE LADDER AND DOWN AGAIN, INTO HAY FIELDS, BOX CARS, AND CONSTRUCTION CAMPS

Below, Bob tasted success in 1913 and had this picture taken as proof, but also in 1913 he did not even have money for breakfast. Right below, while he worked on a construction job in Utah. Right, in a camp in Alabama.
How To Have

THIS is a story for every wife who has listened to the sign-off of a glamorous radio program, or come home from a movie, or flied the pages of a smart fashion magazine, or laid aside a thrilling novel and thought—looking at her husband slumped behind his newspaper under the reading lamp, and the children getting their lessons on the corner table—thought for the thousandth time, "If it were not for them, dear as they are to me, I might have been starred on that radio program, I might have played the heroine in that movie or designed those evening gowns in the fashion magazine or written that novel. I might be somebody. If it just weren't for them and housekeeping and living in this sticky small town and having a mother's responsibilities... and everything,..."

A few years ago Irene Wicker, radio's Singing Lady, thought the very same thing. It's a pretty usual thought, you know. And she felt just as martyred while she was thinking it as you feel, and just as ashamed and sort of traitorous to her darlings afterward as you do when you're temporarily unbothered about a glamorous career and your family and home-making somehow seem to provide all the fullness of life you want and need.

The only difference is that today, at twenty-eight, Irene Wicker is the highest-paid one-woman show on the air. And she's gotten where she has despite everything you think is holding you back. You see, it can be done.

This is how.

I'm not going to tell you another of those amazing stories of Mrs. So-and-So who combined a career with a husband and two children and no maid and not much money, and did this and that and finally got to the top by good hard work alone and so can you, dear reader—skipping nicely over the really important parts of how she managed about the children and how she found leisure to train herself for her career and all the other actually helpful information you want to know and seldom find in housewife-to-star sagas.

Instead I'm going to tell you exactly what Irene told me—and it's plenty—when I asked her, "Where did you get the time for a career?" For in the last analysis it's not a family and home and small-town limitations that hold you down, it's simply that there are only twenty-four hours in a day and by the time you've done all the things you must you haven't time to do the things you love. Careers require two necessities: time and opportunity. And if you can get the first it inevitably produces the second.

Ten years ago the Singing Lady was Mrs. Walter Wicker, mother of a baby son, wife of a young advertising man and housekeeper of a four-room apartment in Oak Park, Illinois. She looked much younger than the other mothers who pushed their baby carriages to the grocery store in the mornings, stopping in at the cleaner's and the bakery and the rental library in the drug store. She wore socks and little low oxfords and a ribbon around her bob, and she was very small and fresh-looking.

For she had just turned eighteen on her first wedding anniversary.

At seventeen, between halves of an Illinois-Ohio State football game, she'd married the handsome lad who'd pinned his Psi U emblem on her pink taffeta frock at June Prom. They'd settled down in Oak Park with a small budget but a big future and they were ecstatically happy.

Next to Walter and Sonny the thing Irene had always wanted most was to be an actress. The first year of her marriage had been so whirlwind and wonderful the old urge for footlight fame had been buried beneath a tumult of bliss. But when the baby began, to get older and housekeeping became routine instead of adventure she started thinking again of all the plans she used to make for a career. There was a stock company in Oak Park that she yearned to join just for the fun of it, but two obstacles stood in her way: no time and no one to care for the baby even if she had the time. But a couple of problems like those were simply things that had to be solved and Irene set about doing it with every ounce of ingenuity she owned.

The first thing she did was to rule out the pastime that was consuming much of her weekday afternoons. Bridge, as much fun and social life as it provided, was a luxury she'd be willing to do without in favor of acting.

The second thing she did was to systematize her housework. It wasn't the actual planning and cooking of two meals a day that took so much of her time, she discovered, it was simply the incessant business of forgetting things and making endless trips to the store and waiting until the last minute to decide what to serve. It was merely the detail of meals that made them a full-time job instead of the part-time one they ought to be. So she hit on a plan that could cut down (Continued on page 59)
That CAREER

DON'T LET HOME OR CHILDREN KEEP
YOU FROM YOUR DREAMS WHEN

IREENE WICKER HAS THE SOLUTION

Irene was first of all a wife and mother before she won stardom. The rules she laid down for herself, her husband Walter, and their two children are the rules you should adopt yourself.

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES
NOT long ago on the Hollywood Hotel program, radio experienced one of its most dramatic moments. Igor Gorin stepped up to the microphone to sing “The Lord’s Prayer.” Eyes closed, hands held out in a suppliant gesture, body swaying with the chant, he sang the first eight or ten bars beautifully, magnificently. Then suddenly there were tears in his eyes and in his voice, and he could not continue. He turned away from the microphone and walked back to his chair. He sat down and his head sank forward into his hands.

Frantically Hollywood Hotel’s conductor, Raymond Paige, signalled his orchestra to continue. They played the song through to the end. Those in the visual audience and those listening over the air were filled with questioning. What had happened? Had Igor suddenly been taken ill? It seemed the only explanation.

But Bill Bacher, producer of Hollywood Hotel, knew better. He has worked with Igor for over a year now and he understands his sensitive temperament perfectly. Without so much as a glance in Igor’s direction he signalled to Raymond Paige to omit a duet number which was to come later in the program and to repeat “The Lord’s Prayer” in its place. Then as the show went on he left his platform and put an understanding hand on Igor’s shoulder to give him a moment of rest.

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There’s a story behind every one of Igor Gorin’s songs on Hollywood Hotel telling of a tragedy or romance he’s lived.

Igor Gorin sings on the Hollywood Hotel, sponsored by Campbell’s Soups. See page fifty-three.
By KATHERINE HARTLEY

shoulder. Igor did not look up but he felt the firm pressure of that hand, and knew what it meant. And when the strains of "The Lord's Prayer" were heard again, a few minutes later, he rose calmly and stood at the microphone a second time, eyes closed, hands held out in a supplicant gesture, body swaying with the chant, and this time he sang the song beautifully, magnificently, all the way through to the end.

Though there was no explanation, no apology, barely an announcement, before that second rendition, still Igor's listeners sensed the drama of that moment, and, as thousands of letters after that broadcast testified, the end of the song found them in tears.

What Bill Bacher had realized in a moment, and what others discovered later, was this. Igor did not break down because of illness, or temperament, or fright. He broke down because of remembrance. And because of his artist's soul which makes him feel every emotion, even remembered ones, so keenly. Years ago as a boy in Ukrainia he had stood at his mother's bedside, and she had talked to him of religion, and she had begged him to remember his religion and to follow it faithfully after she had gone. She did not ask him to make promises. She knew that her own religious life would inspire and hold him more than any boyish promises would. But she did ask him to repeat his prayers for her. And so he stood there trembling and tearful, clutching her pale hand in his two brown ones, and, repeated the prayers she had taught him. It was the last time he ever saw her.

And that was the remembered picture and the remembered heartache which so completely unnerved him.

There are always personal stories behind all of Igor's songs, and therein lies the secret of his great appeal. He makes you feel his songs with him because each song expresses an emotion which he has experienced himself. As a matter of fact he seldom sings a song which does not call up some past vision, some memory out of his heart.

Perhaps you would like to know some of these visions, these memories, as Igor himself has described them to me. For example, there's the story behind "Yours Is My Heart Alone," one of Franz Lehar's loveliest compositions. Another sad story in a way, but one that is filled with romance.

It was while he was still a student at the famous Vienna Conservatory of Music that Igor decided to vacation at a small hotel in the Alps. He had thought that he wanted to go by himself, but he was no sooner on the train than he was suddenly lonely. Not for his family, nor his teacher, nor his fellow students. But for the companionship of a girl. "What," he said to himself frankly, "is a vacation without a girl!"

And then, as if in answer to his thought, he saw her sitting almost directly opposite him. Sitting there quietly, her hands folded in her lap. A pretty girl just as he had desired. But not just another pretty girl. This one had poise and distinction besides.

In fact she had too much, as he was soon to find out. He nodded. He smiled. He coughed. And he spoke. But the only response she gave him was (Continued on page 81)
CINDERELLA'S LEADING MAN—Eddie Dean, hero of Modern Cinderella, on CBS Monday to Friday mornings at 10:15, was born in Texas in 1907. His parents were farmers, but he always wanted to be a singer, and made his air debut in Chicago in 1927. He lives there with his wife and two children.

CINDERELLA HERSELF—Like the heroine of the fairy-tale, Rosemary Dillon stepped overnight into fame when she was chosen to play the leading role in the Modern Cinderella serial. She was singing with an orchestra in Dallas when a long-distance call summoned her to an audition in Chicago, and she was chosen for the part. Born in Toledo, Ohio, she has blue eyes and brown hair.

MOLLY'S LEADING MAN—Ray Jones drew the job of playing a typical young American whose girl threatens to "go Hollywood," in Molly of the Movies. He is a native of Kentucky, a former student of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and a well known player on the New York stage.

MOLLY OF THE MOVIES—Gene Byron, the star of this Mutual network serial (daily at 2:00), was born in London, Ontario, the Lombardos' home town, in 1911, and has brown hair and blue-green eyes. In spite of her youth, she has a long radio career behind her, having appeared with Vallee, Penner, Jolson, and others, as well as in movie shorts. Now she's kept busy enough being Molly.
RUDY'S PROTEGÉE—Tiny Judy Starr from Georgia won a featured spot on CBS' Wildroot program, Mondays at 7:30, after Rudy Vallee had presented her as a guest on his show. Before that, Hal Kemp had heard her sing at a school military ball at which he was playing, encouraged her to come North.

PRODIGAL SONGRESS WILEY—After a retirement necessitated by overwork, Lee Wiley is back with her own CBS show, every Wednesday at 7:15, Muskogee, Oklahoma, is her native town, she's part Cherokee Indian, and the late Will Rogers was a distant relative. She's single, lives in New York.

BETTY AND BOB—The stars of the first Gold Medal Hour serial, on CBS at 10:00 a.m., are Elizabeth Reller and Lester Tremayne. Elizabeth is a graduate of London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she went to study after leaving college. Lester's really a Londoner, but came to America when he was a boy. He studied art but spent all the time he could working in theaters.

WHITEMAN'S COMIC JUDY—Rangy, pigeon-toed Judy Canova is the leading spirit in the hillbilly trio on Paul Whiteman's show, Sundays on NBC. Her sister Anne and her brother Zeke are the other two members. They're all of Spanish descent, were born in Florida, but spent much of their childhood in quaint Unadilla, Georgia.
A VINE-covered cottage perched high on a hill... a low fieldstone wall against which hollyhocks and delphinium rise in colorful majesty... a flagstone terrace where comfortable deck chairs invite lazy relaxation... a vista of miles and miles of gentle, verdant hills and jewelled lakes... a green paradise in summer, a riotous masterpiece of color in autumn, a glittering white fairyland in winter... an apple tree growing hospitably near the threshold... a maple for shade... fields bright with cornflowers and daisies.

A song writer's idyll? Indeed, famous Margaret Speaks' famous uncle, Oley Speaks, might well have set to music the charming picture of his niece's Westchester home. It is the epitome of every bride's dream cottage, this bit of New England transplanted to picturesque Yorktown Heights, a short distance from hurly-burly Manhattan.

A star's lovely home—but one need not be a star nor command a star's salary to achieve one just like it. Indeed, nearly any young couple working precariously on a slender budget can duplicate its furnishings for as little or less than it would cost to furnish any four rooms with the cheapest store furniture. As for the home itself, the delightful Cape Cod cottage could be built for as little as $6,000, although Margaret and her advertising man husband allowed themselves a maximum of $10,000 because in the location they selected it was necessary to include such costly items as road building, drainage, well digging and other improvements. And for the newlyweds who would duplicate the Speaks cottage, there is the added attraction that, with the Cape Cod architecture, one may start with the tiniest imaginable place. To a three- or four-room house, wings and ells may be added as the family needs and the family pocketbook increases, without detracting from the original charm.

Miss Speaks' own home, started less than two years ago, is still in that process of development. At present it consists of a room used as both living and dining room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and a bath. The attic second floor, as yet unused, has plumbing for another bath and space for a bedroom.

The star of the Firestone series, so girlish you would never suspect her of being the mother of ten-year-old Johnny, was busy weeding the garden when I arrived. She brushed a smear of dirt from her patrician nose.

"When we bought the land out here and started to build, our intention was to have the place just for a summer home," she explained. "But I loved it so much it became an all-year-round house before I knew it. It just grew—like Topsy.

"Eventually we intend to surround the house with guest houses. Of course, if we didn't have so much land we'd..."

LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM THE STARS

Margaret Speaks, lovely star of the Firestone program, can teach you how little it costs to purchase charm and beauty for the house you're living in or that home which is still a dream one. The center of attraction in the living room (right) is the huge fireplace with built-in settee and handy bookshelves.
Margaret Speaks' Cape Cod cottage was built with money she'd saved for her marriage. Paneling and furniture of pine supply the keynote of its decoration. Colorful hooked rugs cover the floors. At the right, the living room boasts this spacious window looking out across the lawn. Right below, the window of the entrance hall with its decorative glass knick-knacks and growing greenery.

The bric-a-brac on the shelves (Continued on page 104)
A vine-covered cottage perched high on a hill... a low fieldstone wall against which hollyhocks and delphiniums rise in colorful majesty... a flagstone terrace where comfortable deck chairs invite lazy relaxation... a vista of miles and miles of gentle, verdant hills and jeweled lakes... a green paradise in summer, a rotting masterpiece of color in autumn, a glittering white fairyland in winter... an apple tree growing hospitably near the threshold... a maple for shade... fields bright with cornflowers and daisies.

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"Eventually we intend to surround the house with guest houses. Of course, if we didn't have so much land we'd transformed a dingy hall bedroom into a home. The entrance hall of her present house is a splendid example of what she can achieve with simple, inexpensive touches. Normally the tiny hall might be a glossy place. However, by placing glass shelves at the windows and using small odd pieces of pottery and glass, Miss Speaks has placed emphasis on the charm of the windows which frame the climbing grape and Wistaria vines outside. Gloom has vanished, and the visitor is greeted with hospitable cheeriness.

The bric-a-brac on the shelves (Continued on page 194)
I only call him Chase when I'm talking about him to other people. When I'm talking to him I call him lots of things—Colonel, or Taylor, or Lemmie—from Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, you know. Or other things even more disrespectful.

"We have several simple, idiotic games we play together, so naturally I guess we sound like a couple of kids most of the time. Chase doesn't like to know a lot of people, or to mix around in Broadway night spots. Budd is much more social, and a better mixer. He likes to stay up late; Chase hates to. In fact, there's only one time since I've known him that I've been able to persuade him to stay up much past one o'clock in the morning. It was one New Year's Eve, before we were married. We went to a hotel to dance, and about 12:30 Chase said, 'Well, the New Year's here,' and got ready to go. He took me to my apartment, with me protesting bitterly all the way. At the last minute I managed to steer him into a nightclub near my apartment building, and somehow I kept him there, talking to some people we knew, until 5:30 in the morning. It was the biggest moral victory I ever won in my life.

Budd is probably choking the Colonel at the ball game because he works with him on the air but in private life [see Mrs. Stoopnagle, above at the right] there's not a sweeter—and doffer—man in the whole world.
BE MRS. STOOPNAGLE

THE TALE OF A GIRL WHO TOOK HEART AND COURAGE IN HAND TO WED RADIO'S ZANIEST OF ALL ZANIES!

Above, the Colonel and his bride, Kay Taylor, while they honeymooned.

"Neither Chase nor Budd ever make any concessions to people just because they think the people can help them in business. For instance, they've never once given a cocktail party for radio editors. Their manager suggested once or twice that they ought to, but Chase said if their radio work wasn't enough recommendation for the editors, a cocktail party wouldn't help any. But if either of them happens to like someone, he'd do anything. Just this spring Chase offered a newsreel cameraman the exclusive use of our motor-boat, Mr. Ropp II, to take pictures of the Queen Mary's arrival. He wasn't thinking of the publicity he might get, or of any favors the cameraman might do him in the future—he just liked him and wanted to help him out.

"Chase and Budd are both as trusting as babies in financial matters, but Budd is even more innocent than Chase, and the most generous person in the world besides. I don't know how many people owe him money. He probably doesn't know himself. Once just as he was coming out of a nightclub a man he knew slightly came up and asked him if he could help him out with a loan. Budd looked worried and said, 'Gosh, I'm awfully sorry, but I've only got twenty-five dollars on me,' and handed it all over, when you could tell from the expression on the other man's face that all he'd had in mind was a dollar or so.

"Chase gets to worrying about Budd sometimes, like a father or an older brother. He thinks he ought to take care of Budd, and never realizes that he can get into just as much trouble himself, without half trying. He leased an apartment last year, before it was finished. The man who owned the building talked him into paying for installing the bathroom fixtures, agreeing to deduct the cost from the future rent. Then a few days later the owner proposed that Chase pay a whole year's rent. He said he was short of money, and would make a substantial reduction in the amount of the rent if Chase would pay it all in advance. Chase thought that was good business, since he happened to have the money, and wrote out a check. About a week after that the owner went into bankruptcy, the building passed into the hands of receivers, and Chase had to start in paying rent all over again. He's still paying it, and will till the lease expires, even though we're living out here in Connecticut.

"They'd both have all sorts of financial troubles if they didn't have a manager who takes charge of their salary checks, divides them up according to a prearranged plan, and puts their money in their personal accounts.

"Chase hates bridge, or any other game he has to sit still at a table to play, but he likes to make up his own crazy games. We play one called 'Zits' a lot. It's a variation of the old game of 'Beaver.' Anybody with a beard is a 'zits,' and a white zits gives you ten points; black twenty; red thirty; a colored man with a beard is forty; and a colored man with a red beard, fifty. The first person to pile up a hundred points wins a dollar, but the only way to really win the game is to see a zits wearing a straw hat and coming down in a parachute—either that or a zits wearing a long bathing suit, wading, carrying an umbrella and wearing a straw hat.

"Both Chase and Budd love beards anyway, but particularly Chase. He has two false ones he's very fond of. Once when he and I were going to Walter O'Keefe's home for a party he put one on and made me wear the other. It was a very swanky and formal house-party, with everybody dressed up in his best—and (Continued on page 89)
Go ahead," laughed twenty-one-year-old Lennie Hayton, "get yourself a ball and chain, but the day I get myself hitched, I'll hand you a hundred dollars of fine United States currency!"

That was in 1928. A gay 1928 night on Broadway. And Lennie's companion, being of similar age and philosophy to Lennie, didn't really expect to collect when he grinned and said, "It's a deal." He didn't even want to collect. Wives, domesticity, regular hours, and families weren't for such as Lennie Hayton and Billy Hillpot and their cronies. They were having much too good a time as they were.

Right up until the early spring of 1933, Lennie was sticking to his belief that fun and marriage don't mix. He was making money at a brisk rate, and spending it as briskly. Broadway and its environs knew him as one of the lads who never went home while any place else was open.

But a girl, as girls will, came along and completely changed this worldly-wise young man's viewpoint. He'd be sore now, after a little more than a year of marriage, if you called her his ball and chain. Because, as a matter of fact, Lennie doesn't even miss the freedom and the hi-de-ho which were his before he got married.

"I didn't even begin to find out," he said the other day, "what life was all about, and why I was living, until I was married! Before that, I had the idea it was just a three-ring circus."

And what a circus! Let's go back to—well, for a starter, let's go back to the days before Lennie had even come of age, when he and Bing Crosby were out in Hollywood, two young blades trying to get along.

Bing was an unknown crooner, playing odd engagements with any orchestra that happened to be willing, and Lennie was pounding the piano for Cass Hagen's band. After hours the Crosby-Hayton combination would get together on the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard. Usually, two or three members of local musical society would come along, just for the ride.

You wouldn't believe the possibilities for fun that Hollywood Boulevard and side streets offered. One escapade is typical. Bing bet Lennie "ten fish" (a Hayton expression) that he would walk blindfolded from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other—that is, from La Brea to Vine—order refreshments in every restaurant along the way, and finish without a scratch.

Bing almost came through, at that, but coming out of one place backwards he was unfortunate enough to bump into Alison Skipworth, who rose in her wrath and slapped him so hard she knocked the handkerchief from in front of his eyes. This caused an argument. Bing claimed he had been tricked. They finally settled, Lennie agreeing to pay Bing six dollars instead of the ten agreed upon.

Lennie drifted back East, to New York, and so, eventually, did Bing. When he arrived, the first person he looked up was his old night-owl cronny, Lennie Hayton. By that time Lennie was working for Paul Whiteman, and it was he who persuaded Paul to give Bing his first chance, as well as helping talk the radio officials into seeing the future in Bing's throaty warbling. Lennie had the "in;" Bing had what it takes.

Old Hollywood times were rejuvenated, with some extra life added. The gang certainly got around! The ex-manager of the Ha-Ha Club, among others, can vouch for that, because the club raked in a pretty penny on what Lennie and his pals spent there on cold winter evenings. There were Lennie and Bing, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Cass Hagen, Murray Klein, Charlie Margulies, and Jimmy Cannon. They were having themselves a merry time, they were hitting on all cylinders, and it looked as if nothing could stop them. Plenty of money
plus convivial tastes minus all responsibilities equalled the perfect life. At least, they all thought it was the perfect life.

Nineteen twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two flew by on wings of smoke. The boys were getting there. Still hitting the night spots, but climbing the ladder too. Lennie had left Whiteman and gone into radio on his own. Between times, he went to parties or gave them—and a Hayton party was still a Hayton party!

Bing repaid Lennie's early support by being instrumental in getting him the position as musical supervisor on the Crosby-Marion Davies picture, "Going Hollywood," and Lennie traveled West filled with jolly plans for reviving the old Boulevard days. But Bing, much to Lennie's disappointment, had become a sight more settled in his ways.

Ah, well, still a swell fellow—but a good guy gone domestic, and hence wrong! Lennie did his stint on "Going Hollywood," and returned to New York and the gang. There was a gala celebration, and Lennie settled down once more to being a playboy.

In 1935 he and the boys in his band—he had his own orchestra by then and was playing for the Lucky Strike Hit Parade—went into business. It really seemed like a colossal idea when Lennie got it.

They, Lennie and the orchestra, were sitting in their most popular haunt, the Ha-Ha Club. The revered leader, having seen the floor show only thirty-nine times, was deep in thought.

"Boys," he suddenly broke out, "why should we spend our money on good times and have nothing to show for it? What we need is a night club of our own!"

He waved his hand to silence the hoots of the gang. "We all need someplace to relax," he argued. "All right, we'll save our money, pool it, and buy a spot. We can have fun, and make a lot of money too!"

The boys came to attention. "It's a great idea!" they agreed. "We won't have to pay for anything!"

And that, readers, is how night clubs are born, but not often.

The Famous Door, as it was called (you've heard Bing speak wistfully of it on the air), sprang into existence almost over night. Other night club owners shook their heads, giving the boy adventurers three months. As a matter of fact, they were right. The Famous Door opened in March and closed in May.

The novelty sort of wore off. For a while Lennie and the rest worked hard at building up their establishment, bowing to the customers and creating a red-hot floor show. Then the Ha-Ha Club created a hotter one, and the youthful managers, instead of spending their time in their own place, got bored and began to drift back to the Ha-Ha.

"It's good business," they argued, when Lennie remonstrated. "We have to keep up on what our competitors are doing!"

So Lennie dropped into the rival establishment too, and had such a good time he found the argument logical.

After that, most of the gang's time, and money, was spent in other night clubs. What money the other clubs didn't get went into keeping The Famous Door alive—because somehow it wasn't doing so well. Still, they kept it open. Next month it would show a profit, and besides, it was a convenient place to go, now and then, when they grew tired of paying checks.

Then it happened! Lennie met Helen Gifford, and LOVE hit him squarely between the eyebrows. The same blow that felled Lennie knocked The Famous Door down and out. The club closed in May, and Lennie and Helen walked down the aisle in June. Figure it out? Very simple. Lennie was quietly reminded, one (Continued on page 95)

By JACK SHER

THE GAYEST OF BROADWAY'S PLAYBOYS

IS JUST A STAY-AT-HOME NOW—AND WHAT'S MORE HE LIKES IT!
Phil Regan has everything he's ever hoped for now, but not many years ago he was only a poor kid who had to quit school to supply his family with money for its food and rent.

BY EDDIE SAUTER

you can't lick

NOT, SAYS PHIL REGAN, WHEN THERE'S A GUARDIAN ANGEL AT HAND
LIFE is what you make it," is a dreamy sort of a doctrine for an Irishman. Phil Regan, the handsome tenor of Ken Murray's Rinko program, has one more to his liking.

Life for him has been what his Guardian Angel made it.

That's no gag, either. He's convinced somewhere, somehow, there's a special Regan Luck. How else, he'll ask you, can you explain the fact that a few years ago he was pounding a Brooklyn police beat, unaware that his voice was worth a dime, while now—

Now he has a beautiful summer home in Connecticut, with spacious grounds, a swimming pool, and a house some people I know would call a mansion (and not be far wrong at that). He's a popular Hollywood star; in fact, in September he will have to stop his radio work and quiet the insistent demands from out West that he make another picture.

It took something more than an ordinary little old human voice to accomplish all this, Phil insists. Besides, as he looks back over his life, that Guardian Angel has been on duty most of the time.

Philip Joseph Christopher Regan (he told me himself that was his full name, so I guess it must be true) wasn't born into anything like the luxury he lives in now. His birthplace was one of the less desirable Brooklyn tenements, and he was the son of a humble truck driver. There were three little girls and another boy in the family besides Phil. There was never enough money, and his mother was never strong.

The Guardian Angel put in an appearance first when young Phil got himself into trouble at the age of eleven by running away from home. He simply decided, one morning, that he didn't want to go to school any more. Lots of other kids have made the same decision, but Phil's almost cost him his life, and the lives of two of his friends.

With the other two boys, whom he persuaded without much difficulty to come along, Phil climbed into a box car on a moving New York Central train, and securely closed the door. For hours the three of them sat in the darkness of the car, while the train rumbled over its tracks. Finally it stopped, and the boys thought it might be safe to open the door and see where they were.

But the door was stuck fast! They tugged and pulled, and finally called frantically for help, but no one heard them. The train started again, picked up speed. The din of clattering steel drowned out their voices.

For four days they rode in that dark, echoing box car, without food or water. They scraped together a few grains of barley left on the dirty floor from a previous cargo, and ate those. They didn't help much.

At last, in Muncy, Pennsylvania, the Guardian Angel led a watchman past the car. He heard their cries—considerably weaker by this time—and released them from their prison.

The watchmen fed them, and pointed out the first train headed back home. In spite of the freezing weather, they wouldn't get into another box car, where they could be locked in, but rode in an open coal car, trying to keep warm by huddling together and covering themselves with the coal.

A brakeman found them, almost frozen, and took them into the caboose of the train, and they rode the rest of the way with the crew. Phil paid for their passage by singing for the trainmen all the way back to New York.

It was only two years after this that he left school again—this time because he had to, and for good. He had graduated from grammar school, and in those days when tenement boys graduated from grammar school they had to go to work and help support their families.

Phil's first job was as office boy for an oil company, and it nearly resulted in disaster for him. One day, as he was placing a cork in a sample oil bottle, the bottle broke and cut his hand so severely that for a time it looked as if his first two fingers must be amputated. Luckily, that didn't become necessary, but to this day he hasn't completely recovered from the accident. The first two fingers on that hand are numb and scarred.

For the next three years, until he was sixteen, Phil worked at any job he could get—errand boy, paper vendor, furnace-tender. Then came the death of his father, leaving him and his older brother, James, to be the sole support of his mother and three sisters. Odd jobs were no good any more. Phil had to have a man's job.

But how was a lad of sixteen, short in stature, and thin for his age, to get a man's job? The only sort of work he could think of was that of driving a truck; but when he went to trucking concerns and asked for work they always told him the same thing.

"You're too small."

You can't lick the Irish, and you can't stump them either. In desperation, Phil tried on his father's overcoat, the shabby, thin old coat he'd never need again. It was too large for Phil; its sleeves hung down over his hands, and it tripped him when he walked. But it served the purpose. It gave him the broad shoulders (Continued on page 88)
JOHNNY GREEN left New York again for Hollywood the last of July to make some new recordings with Fred Astaire. But he has bigger business than that afoot. In September, when the dancing star begins his new program for Packard Motors, Johnny’s going to be at the musical helm.

This leaves the Jack Benny spot open and our money’s still on Don Bestor, though official reports deny it. For Johnny, it’s another big step upwards as far as radio commercials go. The funny twist is, Johnny’s still holding a contract with the CBS network and depends on NBC for his programs.

Speaking of Hollywood, it seems to be a fact that radio is still in a class by itself when it comes to popularizing songs. During the last hot spell, all the leaders in sheet music and record sales were tunes from Tin Pan Alley that won their build-up on the networks. Not one was a movie product.

JUST when he was really scheduled for the big time in radio after gaining immense local popularity, Orville Knapp crashed to his death in an airplane accident, leaving a bride of months. He had married Gloria Grafton, feminine star of “Jumbo,” the second week in May. Only a few days before the plane he was piloting fell, he had auditioned for sponsors and had practically signed on the dotted line.

YOU can always start an argument around Tin Pan Alley on the subject of who makes a song hit. Ask any one song writer and he will claim first honors without hesitation. Ask the singing stars and leaders and they’ll heroes, the ones who work behind the scenes without any public acclaim whatever, are the song pluggers.

It’s no snap being a song salesman. They get down to the office at ten or eleven in the morning and are back home anywhere from two to five the next morning. Day and night they’re hot on the trail of leaders and singers.

Here’s the story of a plugger who came back. A year ago he could not get a job with any publisher although he had been in the business for twenty-five years and knew all the angles. They figured he was just burned out. So he had no alternative but to string along with the little fellows. A few months ago he got all steamed up over a number he thought was destined to be great. So he sailed in single-handed and began working on it, letting sleep take care of itself. At first he could not get anyone to feature it since no one shared his faith. But he kept hammering away until a few took a chance on doing it. Others were almost strong-armed into following suit. Then suddenly almost overnight everybody wanted to do it all at once. That’s how “Is It True What They Say About Dixie?” was started and since then this plugger has had six offers of jobs from the big publishers.

SLOWLY but surely gals are breaking into the band field. Ina Ray Hutton is one of the few successes. Phil Spitalny has a fine girls’ band. Florence Richardson leads a male band, and so does Blanche Calloway, sister of Cab. Then there are the Rite Rio Rhythm Girls, the Bricktops composed of red heads and others. What makes it so difficult is that the lassies are expected to be cute, cunning
and beautiful as well as accomplished musicians. A woman can blow a horn as well as a man but the latter has a slight edge on endurance which is a factor. Nevertheless, the ladies are gradually easing in.

* * *

SHORT SHORT STORIES

A BOUNCING boy is now boss of the Fred Waring household and is everybody happy! It's now a perfect family—a boy and a girl. The Pennsylvanians took the whole month of August for their first vacation in five years. Wayne King and band also on vacation. Two of the boys in Paul Whiteman's band simulated a fist fight at the Texas Centennial Fair. But the cops thought it was real and were just about to run them in when the "old man"—Paul's nickname—explained it was just their idea of fun... Persistent rumors have Warner Brothers music coming back to the air soon... It's open season for songs with a slant. Last year Irving Berlin, Inc., brought out "Moon Over Miami" without thought of a tie-in but the song was adopted by the Miami Chamber of Commerce as a swell bit of ballyhoo. Not to be outdone Atlantic City offered $1000 for the best ditty blurting the boardwalk or some (Continued on page 92)
Well, well, here are Bob Hope and Honeychile far from their Atlantic Family program. Sometimes, as above, this game just about stumps Bob, but Honeychile (below) discovers that curves are a help even in clubs.

Ho Hum, Bob—or rather Honeychile — seems to be carrying things a bit too far. Nine holes in fact, before she collapsed. Below, Bob between strokes, wonders if the government pays anything this year for ploughing balls under.
When you keep your UNDER SKIN working

YOU can have the prettiest features in the world—but if your skin is spotty with little faults, nobody calls you “a pretty girl.”

And girls with less claim to good features are “good looking”—simply because they have a clear, fresh skin!

You can have a clear, fresh skin, too! Fight lines and blackheads and coarse pores where they start—just under your skin!

Rousing...deep down!

Skin faults appear when tiny hidden glands, blood vessels and cells in your underskin function poorly. It’s their work to keep your outer skin glowing and young. You must keep them at it! And you can—by faithful use of Pond’s invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond’s Cold Cream, with its specially processed oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it floats out the dirt. Your skin feels wonderfully clean—it wonderfully clean!

Now pat in more Pond’s Cold Cream for a brisk, rousing deep-skin treatment. Feel the blood tingling...Face glowing! A sign you’re rousing lazy glands, cells, blood vessels to a fresh start!

Do this regularly. Note the quick improvement! At once your color is livened. Your skin is toned.

Soon pores are looking smaller, lines softening into smooth skin. Those blackheads you used to dread, come less and less.

Remember this

Here’s the simple daily treatment worked out by Pond’s. It does more than cleanse your skin.

Every night, pat in Pond’s Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your underskin, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults can’t spoil your looks.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—smoother for powder. You are pretty now—simply because your skin is so good looking!

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond’s Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 Other Pond’s Beauty Aids

Mrs. William Jay Iselin
“Pond’s Cold Cream leaves my skin toned up—glowing! I never have blackheads and blemishes.”

POND’S, Dept. b, 131 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State
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RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. NBC-Red: Church of the Air.
12:00 NBC-Blue: Southwestern.
1:00 NBC-Red: Sabbath Reverence.
6:30 NBC-Blue: Press-radio news.
10:30 CBS: Poetic Strings.
11:00 CBS: Day Dreams.
11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remora, contralto.
11:30 NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, pianos.
12:00 NBC-Blue: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
12:45 NBC-Red: University of Chicago.
1:00 NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.
1:30 P.M. NBC-Red: Romey Train.
1:30 NBC-Blue: San Francisco City Music Hall.
1:30 NBC-Red: White City Sleeps.
1:45 NBC-Red: Eddie Dunster.
2:00 NBC-Blue: Pittsburg Symphony (Sept. 12).
2:15 NBC-Red: The Magic Key of RCA.
2:30 NBC-Red: Peter Absolute.
3:00 NBC-Blue: Everybody's Music.
3:30 NBC-Blue: Beeno Rubbens.
4:00 CBS: Sunday Serenade.
4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers.
4:00 NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.
4:30 NBC-Blue: Hallelujah Singers.
4:30 NBC-Red: St. Cecilia.
5:00 NBC-Red: Tom Terriss.
5:30 NBC-Red: Les Paul.
6:00 NBC-Red: Guy Lombardo (Sept. 6).
6:00 NBC-Red: Joe McDonald.
6:30 NBC-Blue: Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
6:00 CBS: Community Sing. (Sept. 6).
6:00 NBC-Blue: Canadian Guards Band.
6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
6:30 CBS: Ted Malone.
7:00 NBC-Red: Tim and Irene.
7:15 NBC-Blue: Gold Rush.
7:30 NBC-Red: Greetings to the News.
7:45 NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
8:00 NBC-Blue: America Dances.
8:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Comedy Review.
8:30 NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.
9:00 NBC-Blue: Connel Ollie Skinner.
9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
9:15 NBC-Blue: Paul Whitman.
9:30 NBC-Red: General Motors Symphon (Sept. 13).
9:45 NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.
SUNDAY PROGRAMS

MONDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
10:45 NBC-Blue: Aristocratic Rhythms.
11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepe Young's Family (Aug. 31).
11:30 NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
12:00 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
12:30 NBC-Blue: Wendlend Hall.
12:45 NBC-Red: David Harum.
1:30 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
1:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
2:00 NBC-Blue: Hubert Hendrick.
2:15 NBC-Red: Edward M. McCune.
2:30 NBC-Blue: Voice of Experience.
2:45 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
3:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
3:30 NBC-Blue: O. S. Navy Band.
3:30 NBC-Red: Matinee Memories.
4:00 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
4:15 NBC-Red: National Farm Hour.
4:30 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone.
5:00 NBC-Red: Happy Hollow.
5:15 NBC-Blue: Manhattan Matinee.
5:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
5:45 NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.
6:00 NBC-Blue: Mabelle Jenkins.
6:15 NBC-Blue: Pepe Young's Family.
6:30 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
6:45 NBC-Blue: House Hop.
7:00 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
7:15 NBC-Blue: King's Justice.
7:30 NBC-Blue: The O'Neill.
7:45 NBC-Red: Dept. of Education.
8:00 NBC-Blue: Fables of Flaubert.
8:15 NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
8:30 NBC-Blue: Chicago Variety Hour.
8:45 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
9:00 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
9:15 NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
9:30 NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
9:45 NBC-Blue: Adventures of Donald Ayer.
10:00 NBC-Red: Sleeping Lady.
10:15 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
10:30 NBC-Blue: Wilderness Road.
10:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12
MONDAY PROGRAMS

TUESDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
10:30 NBC-Red: Aristocratic Rhythms.
10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepe Young's Family.
11:00 NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
11:15 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
11:30 NBC-Blue: Wendlend Hall.
11:30 NBC-Red: David Harum.
12:00 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
12:30 NBC-Blue: Hubert Hendrick.
12:45 NBC-Red: Edward M. McCune.
1:00 NBC-Blue: Voice of Experience.
1:15 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
1:30 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
1:45 NBC-Blue: O. S. Navy Band.
2:00 NBC-Red: Matinee Memories.
2:15 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
2:30 NBC-Red: National Farm Hour.
2:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone.
3:00 NBC-Red: Happy Hollow.
3:15 NBC-Blue: Manhattan Matinee.
3:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
3:45 NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.
4:00 NBC-Blue: Mabelle Jenkins.
4:15 NBC-Blue: Pepe Young's Family.
4:30 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
4:45 NBC-Blue: House Hop.
5:00 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
5:15 NBC-Blue: King's Justice.
5:30 NBC-Blue: The O'Neill.
5:45 NBC-Red: Dept. of Education.
6:00 NBC-Blue: Fables of Flaubert.
6:30 NBC-Blue: Chicago Variety Hour.
6:45 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
7:00 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
7:15 NBC-Blue: Jimmy Farrel.
7:30 NBC-Blue: Ernie Stearns' Orchestra.
7:45 NBC-Red: Ted Hatters.
8:00 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
8:15 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
8:30 NBC-Blue: Wilderness Road.
8:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
TUESDAY PROGRAMS

WEDNESDAY
All time is Eastern Daylight Saving
10:00 A.M. CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
10:30 NBC-Red: Aristocratic Rhythms.
10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepe Young's Family.
11:00 NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
11:15 NBC-Red: Today's Children.
11:30 NBC-Blue: Wendlend Hall.
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12:00 NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
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12:45 NBC-Red: Edward M. McCune.
1:00 NBC-Blue: Voice of Experience.
1:15 NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
1:30 NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
1:45 NBC-Blue: O. S. Navy Band.
2:00 NBC-Red: Matinee Memories.
2:15 NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
2:30 NBC-Red: National Farm Hour.
2:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone.
3:00 NBC-Red: Happy Hollow.
3:15 NBC-Blue: Manhattan Matinee.
3:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
3:45 NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.
4:00 NBC-Blue: Mabelle Jenkins.
4:15 NBC-Blue: Pepe Young's Family.
4:30 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
4:45 NBC-Blue: House Hop.
5:00 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
5:15 NBC-Blue: King's Justice.
5:30 NBC-Blue: The O'Neill.
5:45 NBC-Red: Dept. of Education.
6:00 NBC-Blue: Fables of Flaubert.
6:30 NBC-Blue: Chicago Variety Hour.
6:45 NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
7:00 NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
7:15 NBC-Blue: Jimmy Farrel.
7:30 NBC-Blue: Ernie Stearns' Orchestra.
7:45 NBC-Red: Ted Hatters.
8:00 NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
8:15 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong.
8:30 NBC-Blue: Wilderness Road.
8:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.
WEDNESDAY PROGRAMS

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON
BY
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Right, a rehearsal of the Let's Pretend program over CBS, Saturday morning, and Nila Mack, its originator and director, below.

RADIO'S STARLETS KNOW HOW TO MAKE THEIR MORNING MEALS TASTE BETTER

IT'S HOT CEREALS FOR COOLER DAYS

WITH the coming of autumn and the opening of school the problem of school breakfasts is again with us. What is best for the children?

The answer, of course, is simple—every school child's breakfast should include a cooked cereal. Thinking along these lines, I determined to get some children's opinions—and that led me naturally to Nila Mack and a rehearsal of Let's Pretend, the children's program which she originated and which presents, every Saturday morning over CBS, dramatizations of stories loved by children everywhere.

"No matter what you learn from the children," Miss Mack told me while the young performers were gathering around the microphone, "I can tell you this: The fact that we can put on a weekly show with only this one brief early-morning rehearsal, means that the kids must be on their toes, and nothing is more important to this than a good breakfast."

Regardless of the title of the show, there is no "pretend" about the abilities and experience of the cast. They have the confidence, poise and sense of dramatic values of seasoned troupers; they understand to the nth degree the importance of timing and inflexion.

"In fact," Miss Mack had told me before rehearsal, "they are the most adult minded bunch of kids I know—and I'm sure you'll find that that goes for their opinions on food, too. It isn't merely precociousness. They have talent, of course, or they wouldn't be on the air, but it's their ability to sense a situation and cope with emergencies, their feeling of responsibility to the program that makes them, such a joy to work with."

When she says work with she means just that. "When a script has to be cut," she said, "I don't go off into a corner by myself and cut it. We go into huddle together with first one and then another suggesting a word or phrase that can come out, and in a few minutes the script is down to the required length. Sometimes we don't even cut it, we just play it faster when we get on the air."

There was a fine example of that on Saturday morning. At the end of the rehearsal Miss Mack, watch in hand, said, "We're two minutes over."

Now two minutes in a half-hour show are very important. If the script is cut too severely some of its value and clarity may be lost but if the show runs over it gets cut off the air and the listeners never learn how the story ends.

"Two minutes," Miss Mack repeated. "But I don't think we ought to cut. You'll just have to speed it up when we get on the air."

"Speed it up they did, and I was the only one who watched the clock and wondered if they would finish on time. They didn't have to watch and wonder. They knew they would finish on time—and they did.

Another instance of their ability to take things in their stride came in a scene between the princess of the story, Florence Halop, and her father, the king, played by Arthur Anderson.

"Your inflexions aren't right," Miss Mack told them. "The king should bluster and, (Continued on page 94)
ALL THE STYLE OF PARIS...yours in Paris Fashion Shoes

...inspired by styles on the Rue de la Paix
...filled with the charm of Paris...these stunning shoes are making smart American women everywhere say..."Expensive footwear offers no greater beauty!"

You'll like their youth...Parisian chic...up-to-the-minute newness! And they cost so little that it's easy to have a pair of beautiful shoes for every outfit!

When you select your shoes for Fall, ask to see Paris Fashions. Your dealer has lovely Fall styles in all sizes...AAAA to C widths.

$3 to $4

FREE! A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PARIS FASHION SHOES TO ONE HUNDRED WOMEN!

Nothing to buy. Just finish this sentence: "I like Paris Fashion Shoes because..." (in 25 words or less). Winners will receive 8 pairs of Paris Fashion Shoes. Write today for style booklet...and name of your dealer from whom you can get the official entry blank. Dept. M-1, Wohl Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as advertised therein
GOODNESS knows how many boys and girls longed for the return of Popeye, the Sailor, with his menacing muscles and gurgling voice—and even the grown-ups, too. Something just had to be done about it. And so the Columbia network hastened Popeye’s return from Africa with Victor Erwin, leading his Cartoonland Band. Their first broadcast will take place on Monday, August 31. Of course you know Popeye is played by Floyd Thomas Buckley; Olive Oyl is portrayed by Olive La Moy; Wimpy is played by Charles Lawrence; and Victor Astor Erwin and his arranger, Ernie Watson, are the fellows who create all those musical effects in tune with Popeye’s great feats of strength.

Now for your other questions—

Miss D. D. of Cleveland, Ohio—Lum and Abner are both natives of the Ozarks. Chester H. Lauck, who is Lum, was born in Allene, Arkansas, February 9, 1902. When his family moved to Mena, Arkansas, he became acquainted with Norris Goff, who is Abner, born in Mena on May 30, 1906. They’ve been friends ever since. Both are married. . . .

Lauck has two little daughters, Shirley May and Nancy . . . Goff has a son, Gary. Lauck is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall, weighs 155, has blue eyes and black hair . . . and they nickname him Chet. Goff is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 140, has blue eyes and brown hair . . . nicknamed Tuffy. Their first broadcast was on April 26, 1931, over station KTHS, Hot Springs, Arkansas. Have a heart, D. D. I’ll try to tell you all about Frank Parker next month.

M. L. F., Fort Collins, Colo.—Myrt and Marge are not scheduled to return as yet. Gene Morgan played the part of Rex Marvin. With so many letters coming in complaining about the disappearance of this popular show, no doubt their return will be inevitable. So keep scanning Radio Mirror’s columns for the good news.

Joseph B., Clifton, N. J.—John Kulick is in the Engineering Department of the National Broadcasting Company. You can address him in care of that department, National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Loretta Lee’s real name is Margaret Vacages . . . born in New Orleans, La., June 14, 1913 . . . five-feet-two . . . eyes of blue . . . weight, 112 . . . red hair. Looks as if Loretta’s going to be married this fall, to her home-town sweetheart.

J. A., Jamaica, New York—Radio Mirror welcomes you as one of its newcomers and if there’s anything you like or don’t like, please write us about it. Four years ago, Pat Rossi of station WOV was “dared” to go up on a platform and sing with the orchestra and was an immediate hit. Since then he’s made singing his career. Rossi is a native East Sider of New York City and a graduate of Yonkers High School. Pat likes his work, likes sports, likes the way his mother prepares spaghetti, and likes red wine. He is in his middle twenties and unmarried.

G. K., Hoosick Falls, New York—I don’t believe you can get a list of all radio stars. You see, they come and go. However Radio Mirror’s Directory of Stars might help you. This directory was published in the October, November, December 1935 and January 1936 issues. If you’ll send sixty cents to the Back Issue Department, 1926 Broadway, New York, they will promptly forward these magazines to you.

Miss Maxine N., Seminole, Okla.—Kate Smith has gone on a little vacation to Alaska. She starts a new big variety show in the fall over the Columbia network. Your letter will be forwarded to Miss Smith if you address her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 483 Madison Avenue, New York City. Have you tried following Radio Mirror’s Rapid Program Directory? I am sure it will help you a lot in locating your favorite programs.

Unsigned, Philadelphia, Pa.—Marie, the Little French Princess, has departed from the airwaves. Her return at this time is problematical.

Miss Ann Frances B., Dallas, Texas—Sure enough, Nelson Eddy returns to the airwaves late in September. His sponsor will be Vick’s and broadcasting network, Columbia.

Miss Ruth G., Dunellen, N. J.—If you get in touch with Bob Crosby right away, you’ll still find him at the Hotel Lexington, in New York City, singing and leading his band for the summer visitors at the hotel.

Jimmie & Dick—All those interested in joining the Jimmie & Dick Novelty Club, get in touch with Elizabeth Hoffmann, 7736 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Casa Loma fans attention—If you want to join the Casa Loma Fan Club, get in touch with President Mitzi Johnson, 4314 Colborne Road, Rognel Heights, Baltimore, Md.

Josephine L., Hoboken, N. J.—Don Kerr’s title on WMCA is master of ceremonies and he is married.

These are the charming children of CBS’ veteran announcer and star of the Poet’s Gold program, David Ross. David Jr., is fourteen and he has already written his first poem. His sister Helen is seven.
YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a special kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a special food formula. He advises special baby soap...special baby powder...yes, even special baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made especially for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. Yes, even in "half-doses."

Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made especially—and only—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach—as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a child's laxative, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.

And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.
IN THE NICK OF TIME

BREAKNECK RIDES—BATTLES WITH MILLING SHEEP—STARS FACE THESE AND MORE TO REACH THOSE MIKES ON THE DOT

BY HAZEL CANNING

SINCE time, in radio, is more precisely measured than in any other form of entertainment, almost every radio actor has a story to tell about how he once was nearly late. But then something happened. Something had to happen. And so, when the theme song was sung, there he was again, waiting at the tailor made moment.

Sometimes, perhaps, he waited a little breathlessly, even as Lanny Ross that day he started from his upper New York state farm, and ran into a fire outside of Harmon, about thirty miles from his broadcast. Yet Lanny wasn’t worrying, when he started, for he had plenty of time and his thoughts were concerned with nothing more important than his golf score. Then, his roadster topped a hill where the highway ahead was clotted with parked cars. A state trooper chugged up.

"Fire," he said, tersely. "Cars won’t be passing for an hour or more."

Lanny, always one to recognize a situation, quickly decided to abandon his roadster and strike out on foot. At Yale, as the sports departments used to point out, Lanny was a pretty good track man. He was an even better (Continued on page 90)

"I'm Young and Healthy," Dick Powell sang—but all the time he was so ill he almost didn't get to the studio.

One way to make a taxi driver hurry—is to buy his taxi outright. But Lanny wasn't late.

Guy Lombardo had to chase a waiter who walked off with the microphone he was to use.

DECORATIONS BY CARL PFEUFFER
How to Have That Career

(Continued from page 34)

detail to a minimum.
Every Sunday afternoon, while Sonny was napping and Walter was reading the Sunday papers, Ireene sat down with a pencil and two big sheets of paper. On one sheet she doped out her full menus for every meal for the coming week, on the other she made out her grocery list. She made it as complete and accurate as she could, even down to the one green pepper for the steak sauce on Friday night and everything the baby would need and the sandwich spreads for her own quick lunches. She took thorough inventory of her pantry and added to it her list all the staples she'd be running out of before the week was over.

Then on Monday morning she made one trip to market and bought the whole works, meat included, and stocked it where it would keep on her shelves or in her icebox. On Mondays, too, she did all the advance cooking and food preparation she could; she shelled and picked and washed the vegetables for every dinner of the week, made Wednesday's aspic and Thursday's frozen dessert and capped the berries for Friday. As a consequence, days went by without a single necessary trip to the grocery, and when the time came to prepare supper it was a far quicker job because a good part of it was already prepared.

Ireene found that this saved so much of her time she decided to systematize the rest of the household buying too. All the things that she was always running out of, that usually necessitated an immediate trip downtown, she bought in big lots that would last for several months—soap and floor wax and paper napkins and drug and cleaning fluid and the baby's necessities and the million odds and ends that are always cropping up and demanding instant attention. She bought a big day-by-day memorandum book, went through it for the whole year making notes that would remind her plenty of time in advance to buy motobags or store Walter's hunting clothes or remember her old roommate's birthday or have the diapers washed. These chores she worked in on one of her regular all-inclusive shopping trips instead of letting each one take, as it inevitably would, a good part of some morning or some time later when it had become a pressing emergency instead of a small item.

Pretty soon her mind was more free than it had ever been of annoying and petty details and she had more leisure than she could endure while Sonny was sleeping or safely playing in his pen and the house was running so smoothly she couldn't improve on it with all the time in the world. But to join the stock company she'd have to have a part-time maid to stay with the baby—and her budget couldn't afford that; not, of course, unless she cut down on her own small personal allowance for clothes and waves and an occasional matinee. She cut down and got the maid who came four mornings a week from ten till two. Ireene would whirl through her housework, put Sonny in his crib and leave for the theater. By the time he waked and was dressed it was time for the maid to wheel him down to the stage door a few blocks away to meet his mama who wheeled him home again.

The thrill of my first days of learning something about dramatics was one of the biggest thrills I can remember," the Singing Lady told me. "I had worked so hard to make the opportunity for myself. Out of what seemed to me an incessantly

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

Listen, little Susie—tell everybody that Fels-Naptha Soap is safer, too. Wonderful for daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every golden bar holds soothing glycerine.
"Looka here — this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!... Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all—only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey!... he makes me hot, too?"

"Now stop and think—what decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?... Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bink? Now you're on the right track. I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman... Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder?... That's right. Two babies!... I told you she was bright!"

"Oh! Johnson's Baby Powder... I make babies happy and comfortable. And I help to keep their skin in the pink of condition—which is the surest protection against skin infections!... I'm made of the very finest Italian tale, silken-fine and even. No gritty particles—and no orris root... Do you know the rest of my family? Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil—they're all made especially for babies."

R A D I O  M I R R O R

Tied-down job of housekeeping and limited budgets I had actually begun to act, my home was running beautifully without any neglect at all, I was with my baby during all his waking hours. I was a more vital companion to Walter in the evenings—and oh, I was doing the things I loved! They were glorious, those days, even if they were the merest beginning of all I wanted to do.

"And the thing that made my career more enjoyable than ever to me was knowing that it wasn't infringing in any way on my duties to my little family. I had decided that no matter what happened nothing must ever do that. It never has, that's my rule and I still stick to it."

For two years in Oak Park Irene stayed with the stock company studying serious drama for four mornings a week with the ex-Moscow Art Theater performer Dr. John Tieman. She left the show to stay with her second child, Nancy. And not to waste time during that period when she couldn't keep on with her training she read books—tons and tons of books on every phase of the footlights and all that pertains to them. She was better prepared than ever then to go ahead with her career.

Well you see, if you can just get the time you always get the opportunity. Somehow. Shortly after Nancy was born Walter's work carried the family to a Chicago residence and Irene began specializing in children's plays at the Good- man Theater. The housekeeping end of things worked out as smoothly as before; Sonny was in kindergarten and a nurse stayed with Nancy all the mornings and a few afternoons a week, with Irene coming home for lunch.

PRETTY soon she had joined with a radio stock company—now there was opportunity. It was fascinating work and it paid a good salary and it was the sort of spasmodic daytime employment that could always fit in with her home and the children. Even Walter caught the radio bug from his young wife; a year or so later he was writing and producing a script show called Judy and Jane, both of them were playing in it over a big network and it was glorious work and fun.

It was sort of inevitable that the little girl who had thought up good ideas for arranging her life so she could begin a career should five years later be the girl who worked out the distinctive Singing Lady's way of telling stories to children and sold that idea to a big national advertiser. Irene had sung lullabies and told stories to her own children; and she'd learned that they liked more than just the songs and stories by themselves. They liked the two mixed together with lots of added imaginative details put in and home-made songs that she composed on the spur of the moment interspersed here and there; they liked it when their mother talked exactly like a little boy or a little girl or simulated animals so perfectly.

Her radio contacts gave her a market for her children's program idea—which is another sample of time leading to opportunity and opportunity leading to more opportunity—and today the Singing Lady is occupying her sixth year in a very famous and individual niche all her own in the firmament of the ether's outstanding juvenile entertainers—accidentally, moneymakers. Her program has the distinction of being the only program officially recommended for children by the national organization of Parents-Teachers associations. And all her fame and fun and fortune is directly due to the fact that once she found time to begin her career when it seemed an almost im-
possible thing to do with a home and a husband and a baby on her hands.

Being Irene Wicker, as shy andmodest a radio star as you'll ever meet, she doesn't seem to think she's accomplished anything wonderful at all. "Heaven's," she reminded me, "like when Mrs. Margaret Flint who wrote her prize-winning novel 'The Old Ashburn Place' despite six children and a husband and a home and no maid!" She laughed. Then more seriously, "Honestly, the way I see it, having a career is simply a matter of budgeting your time and systematizing your work and using every moment of leisure you have. It's as simple as complicated and as simple as that. And somehow, I think, if you just begin—if you just make a start at what you want to do no matter how hard it is to arrange a start—the rest takes care of itself. I've found it so. But of course that's only theorizing; the practical part you have to work out for yourself. Naturally."

Well, if you want to see a bona-fide fulltime-career-and-home-woman in action you ought to see how Irene runs her life and her household now. She's added to her housekeeping short-cuts some other ideas that are wonderful time-savers. For instance, her method of clothing herself and the children. The average mother goes shopping for a fall hat on Tuesday because it's the first cool day of the season, on Thursday the twins have to have school shoes and that means another trip to town, and on Saturday she discovers she hasn't a single thing to wear to the bridge club that night so she goes shopping again. And it all takes a lot of time that could be saved.

IREENE learned a smart trick from a friend of hers who is a Parisienne. In France the well-dressed women shop twice a year, October and May. They plan their wardrobes the same as they plan their menus, they buy everything at once so carefully that between times they don't even need a paper of pins or an extra slip strap that they haven't already on hand. Irene takes two weeks off in the fall and spring, haunts the Chicago stores, shops herself into a dither and lays in a wardrobe for herself and the children that is planned to cover every need and occasion for the next six months. If Nancy runs short on school dresses or her mother's stockings supply gives out—it's a mighty rare occurrence. Consequently the Singing Lady's busy life is relieved of a lot of useless detail.

The Wickers live in a large old-fashioned sort of apartment in the heart of Chicago. They employ a cook, a maid, a chauffeur and Irene and her husband have a secretary apiece. Walter, you know, collaborates on and acts in Today's Children and he has a downtown office to which he goes each morning for undisturbed quiet. Irene, for reasons of children and home, has her office in her den. She supervises the management of the household. She writes five radio programs a week for fifty-two weeks a year—and that includes the songs she composes to go with her scripts—answers the important fan letters that her sponsors have weeded out to bring to her attention, studies voice and piano, does research work for material, broadcasts her program in late afternoons and then repeats it again an hour later for the West Coast, performs for incessant benefits at charity institutions, writes fairy stories for the booklets her sponsors include in their product and still manages time for the insistent demands of her family.

Nancy and Nancy have very normal existences, really—it isn't as though they have a regular 'working mother.' All of us

---

**A CLAPP-FED BABY'S first year**

**PRISCILLA SKEWIS WESTFIELD, N. J.**

Priscilla—aged 3 months

She's already having Clapp's Wheatheart Cereal. In another 6 weeks she'll have Clapp's strained vegetables. At 5 months she'll be given all the Clapp vegetables and soups.

Priscilla—aged 61/2 months

It's plain to be seen that she enjoys her dinner. Clapp's foods taste good, and the texture is smooth for baby tongues—yet not too liquid. That's why doctors approve Clapp's.

Priscilla—aged 91/2 months

She's lively as a kitten, a perfect example of sturdy babyhood. The vitamins and minerals pressure cooking keeps in Clapp's foods have done good work. She's gained 6 pounds and grown 3 inches in 6 months.

---

**CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES**

**16 VARIETIES**

SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable Beef Broth, Liver Soup.

FRUITS: Apples, Prunes, Applesauce.

VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.

CEREAL: Wheatheart.

Approved by American Medical Association, Committee on Foods Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Why let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

Colgate Dental Cream

**20¢**
**LARGE SIZE**
Giant size, over twice as much, **35¢**

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

Loretta Poynton poses in her new fall hat. Loretta is the petite NBC actress heard over the Chicago networks on Flying Time and Don Harding's Wife.
Your Announcers Are:

TRUMAN BRADLEY

TRUMAN was born in Sheldon, Missouri, February 8, 1905. He always desired to be an actor, but his parents persuaded him to study law. He left college to try his luck in the theatrical world. A few years of this, then Hollywood and finally radio. He was a New York staff announcer for Columbia. He then went to Chicago to announce the Easy Aces series and is still there as a news commentator for Procter & Gamble. Truman is precisely six feet tall, weighs nearly 175 pounds, has gray eyes, medium brown hair and is still unmarried.

EVERT MITCHELL

THE head of NBC's announcing staff in Chicago was born in Austin, Illinois, March 15, 1898, and proudly says he is one-sixteenth Indian. He was in the insurance business in Chicago, singing in a church choir evenings, when he was asked to take part in a sacred broadcast program. He did, and discovered he liked radio so well he wanted to go on with it. He became manager of WENR and joined NBC when it did. He married the girl he fell in love with after leaving school, and his program is the National Farm and Home Hour.

Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

How different from any other soap... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

For it not only keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather... utterly free from any fear of ever offending... It also keeps you fragrantly dainty, with its lingering perfume!

So rare and costly is the perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet, that it clings about you long after your bath... lends you the subtle glamour of a fine imported perfume! What other soap could bring you such perfect daintiness?

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics, makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢—THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
Six beauty experts witness proof that Glazo does not thicken!

As anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved...by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes...world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its extra days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality. Expensive internationally known polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing...Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

GLAZO...now only 20¢

PROOF: In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever...evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use...evaporated an average of 45%.

What's New on Radio Row
(Continued from page 9)

Gracie Barrie-Dick Stable union soon becomes the fact...Are Nelson Edley and the former Mrs. Sidney Franklin serious?

The same inquiry is being made about Rosemary Lane and Stuart Churchill. Add to marriages: Barbara Lee, radio actress, and Larry Harding, CBS's tallest announcer...Vaughn De Leath, "the original radio girl," and Irwin Rosenbloom, young bandman.

The gorgeous Ann St. George, still adored by Ted Husing if you believe his intimates, has become a brunette. And wonders if life with a foreign nobleman—as mama desires—would be worth while. As worth while, for instance, as with Ted whose bride went the Renowy shortly after their midnight nuptials and who should soon be eligible again.

* * *

MILTON BERLE is a young—very young—comic whose bawdy sense of humor thrives in the alcoholic atmosphere of a nightclub. He is very anxious to succeed in radio but is having a hard time because he can't sapollo his jets for the family trade. His impulses, too, need restraining if he is ever to attain network prominence. Not so long ago he appeared as a guest artist on an important air show presented before a mixed audience. When he stepped forward to do his stuff he whipped a brassiere from beneath his coat and draped it over the mike, mumbling a gag of questionable taste. During the proceedings the scanty slipped its moorings and wound up at the base of the stand supporting the microphone. Berle finished his chatter and picked up the intimate article of feminine apparel. "Well, folks," he smirked, "I'm off to fill this," exiting to a profound silence. That might have wowed 'em at a stag party but it has no place in a studio.

* * *

A POPULAR author, a former newspaperman who has built up quite a reputation for himself for his exposes, is quietly gathering material for a book dealing with sponsors and girl soloists. The volume, if and when it materializes, will explain why so many women, lovely face and figure, have jobs while sisters better equipped vocally, if less attractive physically, languish in hall bedrooms wondering if, after all, virtue is its own reward.

* * *

FRED ALLEN, whose comic side is well known to the public, has another side of which the public knows little or nothing. He has a sympathetic streak in him as wide as the Pacific; and is constantly doing good deeds which never see the light of print. Here's an instance:

Then known as John Francis Sullivan, Fred was reared in Boston by an aunt. Living in the same house was a family by the name of Doyle, who had a husky youngster Fred's age. Young Sullivan went out into the world...to become a vaudeville juggler...and eventually Fred Allen, famous stage comic. Young Doyle grew up to become a strapping man ambitious to be a fireman. He needed $120 with which to join the Young Men's Christian Union, a club in Boston where most of the city's police and firemen are recruited. But lacked the funds...and Fred Allen, hearing through his aunt of Doyle's desire, promptly dispatched the required sum.

In due time Doyle passed his examina-
tions and became a probationary fireman.
The very first alarm he responded to in that capacity proved a dangerous conflagration. His Captain ordered him to remain outside the danger zone and learn by watching the firefighting tactics of his experienced fellows. Doyle disobeyed orders, dashed into the burning building and helped to rescue four persons. But in that exploit he inhaled so much smoke and acid fumes he was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, critically ill. For days he hovered between life and death and then the doctors feared the worst. They asked him what he wanted most. "I would like to see Fred Allen," replied the stricken fire-laddie. That information, relayed to Allen in New York, brought the entertainer by first train to the bedside of his boyhood companion. He spent an entire afternoon trying to cheer Doyle up—and succeeding, for six weeks later the fire-eater was discharged from the hospital, a well man.

Don't ask Fred Allen to confirm this little narrative here printed for the first time anywhere. He'd tell you it never happened for Fred is like that whenever anybody tries to pry into his private affairs.

**STATISTICALLY SPEAKING**

While NBC celebrates its tenth anniversary, David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, produces new facts revealing the magnitude of the industry. Here are his findings epitomized for busy Radio Mirror readers:

Twenty-three million homes in the country, more than 70% of the total, are equipped with radio receivers... Three million American automobiles, more than 10% of all registered motor cars, are radio-equipped... If all receiving sets were tuned to the same program 90,000,000 persons, approximately three-quarters of the population, could listen at the same time to a single voice... The United States and its territorial possessions have 623 broadcasting stations... Of the 196 stations affiliated with the two major networks 22 are owned and managed by the chain companies, the rest being independently controlled.

And if you think owning and operating a radio set doesn't run into money just ponder these two items in Mr. Sarnoff's compilation: During 1935 it is estimated the people of the United States spent $700,000,000 on radio of which $350,000,000 was for electric power to operate their sets... The American public has invested more than $1,000,000,000 in broadcasting receiving apparatus. This is ten times more than the capital invested in broadcasting stations and radio manufacturing plants!

* * *

**DID YOU KNOW?**

That Rudy Vallee, Abe Lyman, Paul Whiteman, Phillips Lord and Ted Husing are the most picturesque language-spillers in radio? Cross any of these celebrities and the air becomes charged with sulphur as they pour forth the vials of their wrath.

That Doctor Rockwell, who makes his living peddling physicians and health foods, in private carries on experiments in dieting with religious zeal? However, the doctor manages to survive probably because he never sticks to a formula more than a day or two.

That the youngest script reader on any radio dramatic program is too young to attend school? He is five-year-old Ronald Liss who is heard on the True Story Court of Human Relations, the Irene Rich and The Lady Next Door programs. What's

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**"Chap your Hands and lose your Chap"**

warns Walter Winchell

(Your New York Correspondent)

Keep your hands soft, white, and young with Jergens...the Lotion that penetrates faster!

Men run at sight or touch of grater-rough hands on a woman. But they're attracted like bees to a flower by hands that are soft and white!

So begin now to use Jergens Lotion! It penetrates...quenches dried skin cells faster, overcomes chapping and roughness. Recent tests show that Jergens is absorbed by the skin more quickly than other lotions tested.

Two special skin-softening ingredients in Jergens soothe and whiten water-reddened hands. This is important. For careful check, kept by hundreds of women, revealed this fact:

You wash your hands on an average of 8 times a day, have them in water at least 8 times more! And water, like cold weather, drains the skin of its natural protective moisture, leaving your hands dried of their beauty!

Keep a bottle of Jergens in bathroom, kitchen and office. Use it everyday your hands have been in water or exposed to cold. You can count on Jergens for hands of soft, white beauty that will tempt "his" touch!

---

**FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE**

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conceals and renews the youth-guarding oils and moisture your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 622 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario)

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

All four sizes—$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c—contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size the most economical of all.

---

**Jergens Lotion**

All four sizes—$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c—contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size the most economical of all.
NEW DEODORANT BY KOTEX

100% EFFECTIVE ON SANITARY NAPKINS

• Now there’s no excuse to be guilty of the “Unforgivable Offense!” The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named Quest that offers positive protection from all types of napkin and body odors!

No matter, now, that other methods haven’t satisfied, especially on hottest days. Quest is 100% effective! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to prevent perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can’t “give itself away,” can’t interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. Quest costs no more than other kinds...only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter.

more little Ronald has been reading lines since he was three years old.

* * *

A SMALL New York station is selling all of its radio rights—cemetery lots! This is due to the fact that the large stations won't handle the latter. This is true of all ballyhooing of cemetery sites is repulsive to listeners—a matter too grave to be microphoned, as it were.

* * *

THOUGH few new stars appeared in the radio firmament last season that is no proof there won't be a galaxy of 'em in 1937. Of last year's selected group to win popularity none was a personality born of radio itself, all having first attained success in other fields of endeavor. The list includes Nelson Eddy, Bob Burns, Robert L. Ripley, Carmela Ponselle, Jack Hylton, Frank Fay, Benny Goodman, Bob Hope, Clem McCarthy, Horace Heidt, Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, Ken Murray and Rupert Hughes, who blossomed forth this summer.

The list, however, is not complete without the inclusion of Ken Murray's stooge, Oswald. He is Anthony Labriola, a concert pianist who became a comedian when he went into vaudeville as foil for Jack McLallen and became known as Sassafras. Labriola's association with Murray began with "Sketchbook" and their gravitation to radio was a natural development.

* * *

MUTUAL network is getting all ready for that new coast to coast network, and has gone so far as to set a definite date. On December 29 the four Don Lee stations on the Pacific coast will transfer their allegiance from Columbia to Mutual. Meanwhile, CBS announces that its new San Francisco outlet will be KFSO, and that it has just acquired two new stations—Montana—KGO, Missoula, and KFBB, Great Falls. The two latter began broadcasting CBS shows the second week in August.

* * *

ALL radio mourned the death of Tommy McLaughlin, one-time star baritone, on July 28. Once well known for his work on CBS and with Major Bowes' Capitol Family, he had dropped out of the spotlight in recent years, and it wasn't until a week or so before his death that most of his friends learned his whereabouts—a New York hospital. His death came just as a benefit show was being planned to raise money for his removal to the theatrical profession's sanitarium at Saranac.

* * *

FLASH! The Carborundum Band will be back this fall...network, CBS...time, Saturdays at 7:30...starting October 17. Also Sisters of the Skillet network, CBS...time Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:15 a.m. And Red Grange is turning to radio, He'll have his own sponsored program of football chatter and dope and stuff...network, NBC...time, Fridays at 10:30 p.m. and Saturdays at 7:00 p.m...starting Sept. 4...And a total of nearly 100 football games will be broadcast on the Pacific coast by the Associated Radio Company during the coming season.

* * *

THINGS won't seem quite the same after October for Vallee fans. His sponsors, Standard Brands, are enlisting his services in behalf of Royal Gelatine, and dropping Fleischmann's Yeast from
the airwaves entirely. Rudy and Fleischmann have been connected in all our minds for so long it will seem strange to have him working for another product. Nor will that be the only change on Rudy's show. By October he expects to have his new policy, which is already showing up to some extent on the program, in good running order. Instead of concentrating on guest stars from the stage and screen, the Valley hour is now stressing news angles and recruiting its guests as much as possible from personalities prominent in current happenings. It's also possible that Rudy's broadcast time will be changed to Friday evenings instead of Thursdays.

POSTSCRIPTS

An admirer of Loretta Lee writes this column advising that his heroine is unique among singers in that she sings just as well with a cold as without one. Golds being the terror of all broadcasters this information certainly classifies as news. But it can't be expected to land a cold-care manufacturer as a sponsor for Loretta.

Paul Whitean is head of an agency which places scripts for radio writers . . . Lee Wile is a fruit farmer on the side. She raises citrus on a tract of land in Arizona given her gratis by Heep Big Chief Uncle Sam, Lee being part Cherokee Indian . . . John Kane, the dashing reporter in Five Star Jones, claims to be a descendant of Queen Grace O'Malley of Ireland.

Before he became an actor Arthur Jacobson, leading man of The Story of Mary Marlin, was a traveling salesman. He used to travel from door to door trying to sell vacuum cleaners to harassed housewives.

Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory

(Continued from page 53)

Mutual's Best Bets

(All times Eastern Daylight Saving)

SUNDAY

Wonder Show, starring Jack Smart, Adele Ross, Flor, Kay Mable, Gracie Lamartini, cast of 30, and Ken Christie's orchestra, featuring old-time melodramas, community singing, and old-time favorites. (9 P.M.)

National Amateur Night with Benny Rubin, Arnold Johnson's orchestra, and the amateurs. (9:00 P.M.)

The Art of Song—Orchestra under direction of Alfred Wallenstein, guest soloists. (10:30 P.M.)

MONDAY

Ozzie Nelson's orchestra from Chicago. (11:15 P.M.)

Crosley Fallies—musical program, Bill Steele's orchestra, cast of 125. (11:30 P.M.)

TUESDAY

Alfred Wallenstein's Symphonietta. (6 P.M.)

WEDNESDAY

Music Box—Virginia Marlene's orchestra, Mary Wood, and Bailey Astin, soloists. Half hour of popular and old favorite folds. (4:15 P.M.)

Symphonic Strings under direction of Alfred Wallenstein. (10 P.M.)

THURSDAY

Pleasant Valley Follies—Variety musical review with Charles God, De Voe's Sisters, Charles Wayne, Joe Lucas's orchestra. (7:45 P.M.)

Harlow Heid's orchestra. (11:15 P.M.)

FRIDAY

Cesar Sodero Directs: Opera melodies with Almer Dolens, soprano; Willard Amison, tenor; Stuart Gracey, Baritone. (9:15 P.M.)

Bryan Field's Preview of the Big Races with guest jockeys, owners, trainers. (10:15 P.M.)

SATURDAY

Race from the big race tracks In N. Y., described exclusively over Mutual, by Bryan Field. (4 P.M.)

Start Jack Holmes with Richard Gordon (7:30 P.M.)

FROM Broadway to Hollywood sweeps the good word—there's a better guide to make-up, a way to be sure you're wearing makeup that matches, makeup that's right for you. Choose your makeup by the color of your eyes!

More than a million women have already discovered the new Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup—harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara—keyed to the color of your eyes. They're wearing it, praising it, telling their friends to try it, too.

Ask your own drug or department store, write your favorite beauty editor. They'll recommend Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup—explain that you can buy this harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara by the color of your eyes, in standard full-size packages, each item 55¢ (Canada 65c).

Take the advice of these popular young stage stars. Discover this glamorous new makeup for yourself—it's a long step toward making the man like best discover you!
THE STORY THUS FAR:

This saga of a country lad with an itch to see the world begins more than forty years ago in Van Buren, Arkansas—a pop. 5,000. The man you know as Bob Burns, Bing Crosby's comedian, was born there and christened Robin. His father was resident engineer for the Arkansas Central Railroad; his mother helped out the family income by doing dress-making on the side. Young Robin had two interests in life, and studying wasn't one of them. He liked music and he liked to think about seeing the world. He learned to play the mandolin and joined the Van Buren Queen City Silver Cornet Band, and it was at a band rehearsal that Bob first learned what remarkable sounds came out if you blew into a piece of gas pipe.

Their spirits. This left them entirely broke and a little ill with no place to spend the night. After a brief counsel of war they went to one of the larger hotels and sent their printed card in to the manager.

In his office, Bob was spokesman. He asked the manager how many people were employed in the hotel.

"I have about 150 employees," the manager answered. "But why?"

"Well, if you have 150 employees you certainly must have room for two more," Bob announced calmly. "My brother and I are working for you, Mister."

The manager blinked, then he asked a few questions. When he learned that the boys had attended the University, he shook his head. "You wouldn't be interested in any kind of work I'd give you," he said.

"Nothing is too menial for us!" Bob decried.

So the manager sent for the house man, who sent for two tall ladders. Bob and Farrar were given orders to wash the marble columns in the lobby. They wore black shirts and worked like Turks. It was not long before they were promoted to higher positions, as elevator boys. Robin wrote his mother that he was stopping at the Whoozis Hotel—on every floor.

But they kept looking for jobs in their own line—entertainment—and finally met a man who could use them. He had a moving picture, one of the first, which Bob describes as a "Parisian horror." He was showing it on Canal Street to an empty house. He hired the Burns Boys to play up and down the street and into the theater, luring folks in to see the "horror." Bob used the bazaarko in this Pied Piper act, offering a reward of $50 to anybody who could play it. Most of the time he didn't have a nickel. But nobody could play the bazaarko except himself, so what could he lose?

He could, and did, lose the job. But the next one was better—in Martin's Cafe, which boasted a small orchestra playing on a precarious balcony about eight feet square. Bob pleaded for a try-out for himself and his brother, and the bazaarko was installed, and in addition to the bazaarko, and also harmonized any song requested if a given day's notice.

Next came an engagement at the Canal Air Dome in New Orleans—an open air theater, with a board fence dividing the audience from the black. The manager demanded an up-to-date act. The Burns's original turn was a little rusty by now, so they worked up a new one and put it on that night. A few men didn't seem to be going over big, they produced a new routine for the next evening. Bob owes much of his facility for this to Farrar. As you probably know, he is one of a very few radio comedians allowed to work without a script.

Another New Orleans engagement consisted of playing the piano in a saloon with "tables for ladies." Bob has hated cigars ever since, because they kept a cigar box on top of the instrument for stray contributions.

By this time he was beginning to think the entertainment business was a poor way to see the world, after all. Farrar had gone back to Van Buren in disgust. But Bob wrote him now, begging him to come back and bring his instrument; Bob would really light out and see some country.

Farrar complied; they hopped a box car, and this was the beginning of the wandering existence which led to Bob's membership in the American Hobo's Association. By this time they had "bummed" their way to Mobile, Alabama, the brothers realized they had far too much luggage for true knights of the road. They held an auction in the yards and got rid of their spare shirts, extra pairs of shoes, and a couple of suit cases. They
did right well, because the other box car passengers were in the market for just those articles.

So they changed trains and started blithely toward Birmingham, where, unsuspectingly, they dropped off a freight car straight into the arms of a couple of railroad policemen. But they had a friend in Birmingham, though they did not know it. There was an old flagman at that crossing. He had faded blue eyes, and wore overalls the same color. Bob and Farrar had never seen him before in their lives. But he held out a wrinkled hand to them, waving the police away.

"Why, I didn't know you boys was comin' in today!" he cried. "I'm sure glad to see ye. You go right over to my shack there—I'll be right with ye."

Open-mouthed, Bob and his brother obeyed. Later, the old flagman told them that he had a son of his own who was "bummin'" somewhere, and he just couldn't stand to see a pair of young boys like them get in trouble . . . . For years after that, Bob mailed post cards to that old man from every point of interest he visited. He had certainly proved to be a friend in need.

He offered them something to eat. Bob and Farrar were hungry enough—and broke too—but they refused and walked on into town. They weren't really broke; they still had a nickel. They entered a restaurant. Soup was five cents. They ordered one bowl.

WHEN the waiter noticed them both eating out of the same bowl, he went to the kitchen and returned with another order of soup. "We're giving two bowls for a nickel today," was all he said, as he winked.

Now the boys realized that they would have to settle down for a while at real jobs, or go hungry. They applied for work at the Alabama Light and Power Company. Being surveyors, they had no trouble getting it. Farrar was sent to Montgomery, Alabama, Bob to Anniston. The company advanced their traveling expenses, but they were not accustomed to paying railway fare. So they pocketed the money and traveled by slow freight. Several months later, Farrar was also transferred to Anniston. The minute the brothers were united, the wanderlust returned. It always did.

One Sunday they went for a train ride, with tickets—just to see how it would feel. They took their instruments with them, for no particular reason. The conductor noticing them, asked the young men what they played, then invited them to the smoking car to play for him. They obliged with a private concert, which delighted him so that he took them all the way to Atlanta. They took a look at Atlanta and persuaded their conductor friend to take them to Norfolk, Virginia.

But in Norfolk they ran into stormy weather. Things got so tough financially that Bob resolutely pawned his watch and got himself a job selling silver polish from house to house. Next he satisfied a boyish ambition by becoming a motorman on a street car, while Farrar checked peanuts at the Peanut Corporation, on the Norfolk docks.

This led to friendship with some fellows who worked on excursion boats, and added the Burns brothers in getting employment as waiters on the Merchant Miners Line steamers. They packed their instruments, and were not waiters long. They played in the social hall on the top deck for dancing. They also harmonized—and now there was a swell, big copper bowl on top of the piano for contributions. And folks who could afford to take boat trips from Norfolk to Boston, and even to

---

"Dentyne Stars in Double Role—It Aids Mouth Health—Delights Your Taste!"

FOR BETTER BREATH AND TEETH. Many actors and actresses are generous in their praise of Dentyne as a real aid to a healthy mouth — wholesome breath — beautiful teeth! The secret? Dentyne’s special firmness invites more vigorous chewing — gives teeth and gums healthful, needed exercise. It tones up mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promotes natural self-cleansing. And yes — it does help your mouth and chin keep their firm, youthful curves!

ITS FLAVOR IS A WINNING NOTE. Just sweet enough — just spicy enough — Dentyne flavor is perfection itself: Fragrant — delicious — lasting. Try it — discover for yourself why it is the choice of people with critical taste. Another point in Dentyne’s favor is the smartly flat shape of the package — an exclusive feature — and handy as you please to slip into your pocket or purse.

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy

Dentyne

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

5¢ 5¢

KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE

69
Jacksonville, Florida, could afford to be generous with their tips.

They left the boat well heeled, bought themselves nifty new suits and went to Washington. They could afford to "visit" now. They saw all points of interest; then went on to Boston and Philadelphia, where Bob says they "gawked" some more. Inevitably they hit New York, always the Mecca of the stage-struck.

Farrar by now wanted a regular job; he didn't believe in a stage future as Bob did. He wrote home to Uncle Collins Needham, his mother's brother, who worked for the American Refrigerator Transit Company, telling him he'd like to settle down. Uncle Collins wired him to head for St. Louis, where a job waited him. So Farrar said good-by to Bob, and headed back toward home.

Bob meanwhile had been hitting the vaudeville agencies. He could always raise some interest with the buzzoos; but nothing much happened. He did get a job as an extra in a film being made on Twelfth Street in New York—his first picture experience. He was one of a flock of Swiss Guards.

Yet nothing remotely resembling fame showed up; New York was stuffy, breathless. Robin Burns began to dream of the open spaces... wheat fields... the smell of hay in the early morning.

Hay! The name was synonymous with Uncle Rob Cook ("Hell Roarin' Cook") and his giant hay press, which Bob remembered so well from his boyhood days. Again an uncle received an appeal, and again an uncle came through. Bob was soon on his way to Hugo, Oklahoma, where he worked in hay to his heart's content.

In the meantime his brother had been transferred to Provo, Utah, still in the employ of the American Refrigerator Transit Company. He was really seeing the world. He wrote Bob about the West, how much he liked it, urging Bob to come out too. So Bob joined Farrar in Provo, where Farrar was transferred to Colorado, and Bob trekked north to Salt Lake City.

It was time he took a flyer in white collar jobs, he figured. So he became a night clerk in a hotel. It didn't take him long to hate it. He then went out and got himself employment with the Phoenix Construction Company, when they were building the great terminal depot near Salt Lake. He was manager of a huge boarding house which slept and fed over three hundred laborers. This was a good job for a big guy; somehow Bob never looked foolish ordering "two beefers" as he often did. He liked it well enough to stay over a year. He made good money and saved most of it. There was something he wanted to do—and he wanted to do it right, this time. The stage was never out of his mind for long.

He finally got together several vaudeville performers and prepared an act.

There were four people in it; it was called "The Three Smilers and Nix." They played and sang and told jokes, the men in blackface. The girl's name was Gloria, and she was billed as "The Girl with the Golden Voice." They toured all through Utah. All went well—or fairly well—till they got on a branch line of a railroad which didn't go anywhere.

They were just making enough to carry them on to the next town; now there was no next town, and they were marooned in a tiny hamlet. If they went back over the same territory nobody would pay to see them again. They put the show on half-heartedly that night and collected $8.00. Not enough to get even one of them back to civilization.

Finally the theatre manager lent Bob
In Nampa, things weren't good at all. Bob finally trailed his favorite stickpin for a meal. He thought about Moline that night. The next morning he went back and said to the restaurant keeper, "That's a right nice stickpin. I think you ought to give me another meal for it." He got the other meal.

Walking out of town to see what fortune might hold in store, he saw men everywhere putting alfalfa hay. He got a job driving a hay fork, and then pitching. Tons and tons of alfalfa hay! It was hot, hard work, but he stuck through the season. At the end of it he went into town and called on the theater manager. He didn't have the bazooka with him, because The Three Smilers had taken the instruments south with them when the act split up. But he could talk about it. The manager was a curious soul; finally he gave Bob an order to a plumber to have one made. That bazooka cost thirty-five cents—small enough investment for a possible engagement.

THAT night the little theater in Nampa, Idaho, flashed a colored slide. "Harmony Hobo, the Musical Plumber." It read. Out stepped Bob Burns. He wore his hay pitching clothes. He was burned black by the Idaho sun, so no make-up was necessary.

The bazooka was sensational that night. In the pit, an extremely fat lady banged out an accompaniment on the piano. For a final encore, Bob went down in the pit and played the piano, while the fat lady got up on the stage and sang a song called "Happy, Happy Little Country Girl." It was good for a week's engagement.

It was a variegated career that showed the world to Bob Burns. His next job was the hardest he has ever had: mowing moss with a scythe, wading in water to his waist in irrigation ditches. But he made $5 a day, and his healthy constitution stood him in good stead. He finally worked his way back to Salt Lake City, where he joined a bunch of fellows who were going West to California for the prune picking season.

Now he had seen the country from Coast to Coast—and he became sick for a sight of his own, his native Arkansas. He returned to Van Buren, in 1915, still a boy—in his twenties—but a boy who had seen things, done things.

After a soul-warming visit with the home folks, he decided to go into the advertising business with a friend, in Little Rock. He didn't know a thing about advertising. Still, no reason why he couldn't learn. In a short time the new agency was discussing opening a branch office in Fort Smith. Bob booked conventions for Eagles, Elks and what-have-you at Hot Springs, getting a percentage from the badge and button manufacturers. He published a local list of New Year's resolutions, and ended by cornering the largest advertising accounts in the state.

When he decided to go to Chicago, he came up against that small town attitude again. "What can be done in a big city? Where will he ever get? . . . People know who Robin Burns was, in Arkansas—but
SUE knows a simple beauty secret that is making thousands of girls more lovely. Unattractive Cosmetic Skin—dullness; tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—spoils good looks. Lux Toilet Soap used faithfully guards against this trouble.

Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, thoroughly removes every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it to keep skin exquisitely soft and smooth. Your skin needs this care!

**Loretta Young**

20th Century-Fox Star

I use rouge and powder but never do I risk cosmetic skin, thanks to Lux Toilet Soap.

what contacts did he have in Chicago? Bob didn't argue; he grinned, packed up his bazooka and left Van Buren. If he was trade-marked around Arkansas because of the bazooka, he could use the same means of being known in Illinois.

And he did. He got a job selling ads on the Chicago Herald; won first prize in a contest sponsored by the paper for the salesman who sold the most advertising. The bazooka would break the ice on the face of the most frigid space-buyer. It appeared at luncheons and banquets, and formality went out like a light. The bazooka led Bob Burns straight to an even better job, selling street car advertising.

This took him on the road again, and with an expense account! Bob went to many places where before he had eaten beans and hamburgers, and lived in style on double丝绸s and squab. But he didn't enjoy it. In fact, he soon tired of the road, to return to Chicago in a new position with a big mail order publication.

Life might have been smooth and settled for the Arkansas Traveler from 1917 on. He had been working steadily and profitably at one thing longer than he ever had before; life was beginning to fall into a pattern.

Then the rumble of war drums began in Europe. First it was, "Will America enter the War?" Then, suddenly, "America is at war!"

A group of friends were dining in Bob's little hotel apartment. One of them said, "I wonder what's going to happen."

"I dunno," said Bob cheerfully. "But I'm going to enlist."

"When?"

"Oh... I guess tomorrow," he drawled.

The Kraft Music Hall's star comedian lived hair-raising adventures in the World War, and afterwards his rise from cheap carnival days to one of the top places in radio reads like thrilling fiction. You won't want to miss these adventures in the next installment in the November Radio Mirror, out September 25th.

Kathryn Cravens (right), popular commentator on station KMOX, interviews Nellie Granger, whose courage during a plane wreck made her a heroine.
FOUR times, in her short span of nineteen years, Virginia Verrill has faced Death. And four times the Grim Reaper has slunk away, vanquished by this chit of a green-eyed black-haired girl.

Virginia Verrill's story is the tale of a girl who refuses to die; who clings to Life, teeth clenched, whenever the icy breath of Death blows upon her.

When she was just three weeks old, the King of Terrors first spread his bony arms toward her. Born prematurely, more than a month in advance, she was slowly starving, because her little stomach did not function properly.

Despairingly, Mrs. Verrill watched her baby, crying and gasping, complaining bitterly against the cruel fate which refused her a fair chance to live. There was just one hope: in New York, a famous surgeon, Dr. Holt, might be able to operate and save her. But Virginia was in Santa Monica, three thousand miles from New York. "I don't

By MARY JACOBS

Right, Aimee McLean Verrill, Virginia's mother, manager, and friend, who helped her win her fight with death. Below, Virginia today shows no sign of the illness which made doctors despair. See page 52 for her radio shows.
KOTEX
FIRST ON 3 COUNTS!

Because it Can't Chafe... Can't Fail... Can't Show

CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of KOTEX are cushioned in a special, soft, dawny cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft KOTEX provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL

KOTEX has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of KOTEX is actually 3 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of KOTEX are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

think she can stand such a trip," the doctors said, shaking their heads. And they waited, hoping for a miracle to happen.

But no miracle occurred. So her mother carried the child, mother and all, to New York. The operation proved successful. Virginia had conquered Death!

Of course, she was too young to realize what was happening. But the will to live, in spite of tremendous odds, was firmly implanted in her; it had pulled her through.

The second time she faced Death was when she was five years old. Her widowed mother, Aimee McLean Verrill, who was touring in vaudeville with a band, took Virginia with her, rather than entrust her to the care of strangers. While they were in Charleston, S. C., it became necessary for Mrs. Verrill to get to Miami in a hurry, so she asked Ed Curtis, a stunt flyer stationed at the Charleston airport, to make the trip.

Those were pioneering days in aviation, when none but the most courageous took airplane trips.

For the first two and one half hours everything went along nicely. All Virginia remembers is the sensation of being in a fast, bumpy car.

Suddenly the motor began to miss and sputter. The ominous whine of the propeller and the screech of the wind tore at their ears. The plane, out of control, was hurtling faster and faster toward the earth.

"Open your safety belts! Jump! We're crashing!" the pilot yelled.

But Mrs. Verrill, poor woman, was too blanched with terror to move her nerveless fingers.

And Virginia? She realized something was wrong and her heart was pounding; but she forced back her tears and gave no outward sign of her fear. "Look, I'm not afraid," she told her mother. "Don't worry, Mummy."

With a tearing of fabric and a splintering of wood, the plane crashed. Mrs. Verrill was thrown against the side of the plane and badly injured. Miraculously enough, Virginia escaped without a scratch!

Danger seemed to pursue Virginia relentlessly, for two years later she came face to face with Death again. This time he almost escaped with his thrice-sought prey.

Unexpectedly enough he approached. Who would think that dark danger lurked in children's dancing around a May Pole? Little Virginia, her cheeks flushed with excitement, dressed in her white party dress, was dancing in the May Day exercises of the Michi-korea Grammar School in Hollywood, where the Verrills had settled. Suddenly the girl in front of her, who was twice her size and age, swung back out of line. Her heavy gym shoes struck Virginia's chest with a horrible thud.

Virginia dropped unconscious, her left lung badly crushed by the blow. For months she lay in a cast, white and inert. Once again the doctors shook their heads sorrowfully. "Even if she does recover," they told her mother, "she'll have lung trouble for the rest of her life."

As soon as she was out of the cast, Virginia rebelled against lying flat on her back while the weary procession of days paraded by. Other girls and boys were jumping rope, playing ball, shooting marbles. She couldn't stand being alone, and still. Several times she lifted herself up and tried to walk, only to collapse each time.

Gradually she thought things out. "I felt," she told me, "that some terrible enemy, mean and vicious, was lying in
wait for me. It was his fault that he was ill; had had so much trouble. I determined to outwit him. I would fight with every ounce of strength I possessed. And if fighting meant being quiet and doing what the doctors ordered, I'd be a model patient.

"Of course I was afraid of Death. Who isn't?

Within three years she had improved so greatly that the doctors permitted her to resume a normal life.

She was started well on her singing career before Death again struck at her, ten years later. Along with some two thousand other people, Virginia was celebrating the New Year, 1934, at the Bohemian Gardens, a Los Angeles night club. It had rained all day long in Los Angeles, and at midnight the storm reached the height of its fury.

Streams of water poured in from all sides. Before the startled patrons knew what was happening, they were up to their chins in water. The lights went out.

Panic reigned. Screaming and pushing, the guests fought their way to the exits, only to find them blocked by a wall of water.

Virginia stood horrified, in her icy bath. Again the clammy fingers of Death reached out to claim her. Her lungs had not bothered her for years and she had thought them cured. But what would happen now?

An hour later the fire department reached the club, and firemen began to throw lifelines to the frenzied mob. It was three hours before Virginia was towed out, icy and stiff. So chilled was she that it was with difficulty she grasped the rope.

ONE whole week Virginia spent in bed, recovering from the shock. And the only other bad effect she sustained was a series of rope burns around her waist, where the tow line had been fastened.

How has facing Death affected Virginia Verrill? Very strangely.

She seems to be a girl without nerves. I've seen her at auditions, at her opening night on station WABC, at broadcasts. She had not a trace of embarrassment, the nervousness you'd expect in a nineteen year old singer catapulted to fame. I've never once seen her ruffled or flustered.

When she came East to star in the Socony Sketch Book, the towering buildings of New York, the speed of New York life, which she was seeing for the first time, brought no exclamations of wonder or enthusiasm from her. She took them all in her stride—calmly, almost indifferently.

And I think it's because, having come close to the ultimate Victor, Death, she doesn't view Life as any tremendous mystery. She has acquired a sense of perspective, of proportion, far beyond her years.

The Story We've Always Wanted to Print!

Shyest of all the stars is Wayne King...hardest to see...hardest to persuade to talk. It took one of Radio Mirror's top-notch writers and editors to budge him. He's the only authentic story ever published of his romance and marriage. It's intimate, it's heart-warming, and it will be in the November RADIO MIRROR.
SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

A FEW WEEKS AGO
LOOK AT ME. I JUST TOOK IRONIZED YEAST

OH IF I COULD ONLY GAIN WEIGHT AND LOOK BETTER

...AND NOW
YOU'RE THE MOST GORGEOUS GIRL ON THE BEACH SINCE YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT

NEW IRONIZED YEAST OFTEN ADDS NEW CURVES—IN A FEW WEEKS

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—In just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 8 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "P-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous changes. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the label on this page and mail it to us with a check or money order for 50 cents. We will send you a choice of two handsome Free Gifts: "Like Your Body" Remembrance, or with the very first package you buy refunded. At all drugists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 258, Atlanta, Ga.

Your Announcer Is:

BOB BROWN

Bob was born in New York City, December 7, 1904, and christened Robert Vahey Brown. He spent most of his childhood moving with his family from New York to Philadelphia, West Orange, Hasbrouck Heights, Long Island, and—finally—Buffalo. He went to high school and two years of college in Buffalo, but left before he had his degree to take a job with the United States engineering corps. When he was twenty-one he auditioned at Buffalo's WGR, and has been a radio announcer ever since, at WGR, WLW, and the NBC studios in Chicago. He's married, to the former Mary Steele, a contralto singer whom he met in the WLW studios, and they live on Chicago's north side.

Besides announcing, Bob has written many programs, and he also likes to write short stories—few of which, he admits, are ever published. He's the announcer for Vic and Sade and Edgar A. Guest's Welcome Valley, in addition to odd special events every now and then—such as the stratosphere ascent of Lieutenant-Commander Settle, during which Bob cruised after the balloon in an airplane.

In the November Issue

Four beautiful stars tell you how they nearly made the tragic mistake of being led into matrimony by the wrong man. Watch for

The Man I Nearly Married
Have You a Television Face?

(Continued from page 24)

interesting is that the three sisters have unusual faces. They have full, wide mouths for one thing, but those mouths take on rosebud proportions when transmitted over the ultra-short waves. The Pickens Sisters are regarded as ideal subjects for the ether screen. Graham Mac-Namme was master of ceremonies on the program with the Pickens Sisters. Mac-Namme could be called a shuck in real life, but his face is big and his features are pronounced, and he's a pretty good looking guy on the television screen.

The problem of make-up in the television studio has been pretty well solved. It will be quite similar to motion picture makeup. Yellow powders of various shades will be used on the face, purple or black rather than every-day red will be the hue of the lipstick, and green will predominate for eye shading.

Contrast will be the big thing. Ordinary eyebrows will have to be heavily pencilled in order to stand out and make up for what the television camera will fail to pick up. Noses will have to be sufficiently prominent to stand out from faces. Frances N. Bushman's famous nose would be too big, but what the doctor ordered. A "button" nose, cute in real life, would be lost in the shuffle. Large teeth—teeth considered a little "horsey" in a drawing-room—will suit the electrically transmitted pictures to an impulse. Dark hair, rather than blonde hair, will serve to give the contrast that television will demand. Just when Ginger Rogers, with her sun-kissed tresses, shows up so well is one of those mysteries. There will be other similar mysteries.

The pictures on television screens will resemble, so far as coloring goes, pictures done in rotogravure with green ink. It is a mistaken impression that television will be in natural colors. Just when television will come to the home, none of the moguls interested in its development will hazard a guess. There are many things yet to be worked out. But one thing is certain: Good speaking or singing voices will be prime requisites. Many of the radio performers, even with no numbers when television does come, because the television camera doesn't like 'em. Their faces will be akin to that of the silent picture stars who found they did not have good speaking voices when the talkies swept the world. Talkie performers who do not have television faces will be out. There is bound to be an intensive search for new faces. And for once the search will not be confined to the realm of beauty. Thus the gates of opportunity will open wide for countless persons of ability throughout the land. Included, perhaps, will be you.

NEXT MONTH

Watch in Radio Mirror for the grand feature on Helen Hayes who will soon begin her new series of broadcasts.

Love Marriage Romance

PASSLED THIS WEEK, SICKLY, SKINNY GIRL BY UNTIL...

A Doctor Told Her of This Simple Common Mistake Now So Easily Corrected...

...And She Found the Way to Blossom into Full Glorious Womanhood!

Thousands of Tired-Out, Nervous, Skinny Girls Have Gained Platting Ponds, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy This Quick, New Way!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery, and lacks the nourishments needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh needed to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny, hidden glands control this body-building process—glands which require a regular ration of natural IODINE (not the ordinary tonic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.) The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance in Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twenty other precious vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your anorexia improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And—if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times as strong as the regular size—sold but a few cents each. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If you cannot reach a dealer, send Seedol, 31c. for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER


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SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets
They're Radio's Old Maids
(Continued from page 21)

lady has positively everything.

Slim dark Maxine, who has the longest curliest eyelashes and the most enor-
mous jet black eyes of all the radio beauties, has a problem on her hands—no ad-
vice to the lovelorn could solve. For a long time she's been crazy about a young
doctor in Washington—and she's under contract to her boss, Phil Spitalny, not to marry for three more years! It was Phil who took Maxine out of the amusements of social comedy at Ohio State University, gave her the chance on the air, coached her and
prized her for success. Naturally he wanted the certainty of her exclusive services for a period of time long enough to justify his investment in her training, so he put a marriage clause in her contract which at the time Maxine was per-
factly willing to sign.

How was she to know that during one of her very first vaudeville engagements she was to meet the man she wanted to marry? Of course she's at liberty to break her contract and Phil wouldn't make it unpleasant for her if she should, but breaking contracts with a benefactor is not quite cricket and Maxine won't be guilty of it. So the only way she can have her romance and stick to her word is by dashing back and forth to Washington on brief trips and pinning away the rest of the evenings in her artistic Beaute Arts apartment which she shares with Gypsy
Cooper, saxophonist in the Spitalny band.

So just in case you think a radio career is always the life romantic you ought to
hear Maxine on that subject!

KAY THOMPSON is another star
whom the microphone is cheating of
love and this, we say, is a crying shame.
For Kay's the kind of good old gal, fun
and branny and regular, who ought to be
making some man's life superbly full of
rich companionship. The trouble with
Thompson is merely this: She's in one of
the most important spots on the air with
her choir on the Chesterfield show; she's
solely responsible not only for holding her
own job but the jobs of the fourteen
youngsters in her group too; and the pres-
sure of a responsibility that great is prac-
tically working her to death.

Seven days a week, mind you, not six.
Kay is up at noon and on her toes 'til
midnight. You've never seen a dynamo
until you see her sitting at that big white
piano in her living room, wearing a rum-
my old sweater and slacks and socks and
oxfords, working like mad for hours on
end on arrangements and 'parts' and 'licks'
and lyrics. If the numbers aren't swell at
rehearsal it's all Kay's fault, they'll have
to be done over again. In the meantime
the riding habit she brought from St.
Louis two years ago is gently rusting be-
tween tissue paper, her tennis racket in
the closet hasn't been restring since
heaven knows when.

Kay has plenty of dates, though. Oh,
yes. Along about midnight she drags her-
sel under a shower while Mamie, her
maid, lays out a frivolous, lays out dresses,
glossamer stockings and spike-heeled san-
dals. Then Kay goes out with the young
man of the evening to the night club—al-
ways a night club because sometimes she
relaxes her more effectively at the end of
her day than anything she's found yet.
The only trouble is that by that time she's
in the mood for what goes with soft
lights and sweet music.

"It's a well known fact," she said to me
anxiously, "that when you're really mar-
y as I am at night even the most devastat-
ing man in the world is just a—well, just

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S
New Cook Book

As Food Editor of Radio Mirror, I heartily
recommend this latest edition of Id a Bailey
Allen's new Service Cook Book. The 196-
page volume contains 1500 recipes—and all
the things you want to know about: How
to Measure, Correct Temperatures for all types
of cooking, Meal Planning, Marketing, Table
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Just send 25c in stamps or coin (wrap se-
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Your book will arrive promptly, postage prepaid.
a person. I've dozed off to sleep in so
many night clubs and taxis, so many times
in the armchair over there, that I'm
downright ashamed of myself.

Which should make the title of Kay's
sad story "$750 a Week But No Fun"—
and again we say it's a crying shame.

Winifred Cecile, Show Boat's dark so-
prano, is in a difficult romantic situa-
tion. Ever since she stepped into her
twenty's she's been in love with her Ted.
They were planning to be married the
spring of this year but Winifred got her
big chance in radio and it sort of threw
a monkey wrench into their plans. Since
she's become a star she's had less and less
time, of course, for the companionship
she and her fiance used to enjoy; and he
has misunderstood the demands made by
her career; and they quarreled and
both of them have been in an up-and-
down state of emotions ever since.

Ted finally asked Winifred to take him
or take radio. So far she's taken radio but
it may not be definite; she's gone off to
Europe—very try and think things out with a degree of perspec-
tive no girl can have when she's caught in
the mad swirl of the microphone. Maybe
by the time you read this Winifred Cecile
will have made up her mind about what
she wants of life—but if she falls in with
the majority of her sister stars' decisions
what will hers be will be a career.

FIVE years ago Loretta Lee ran away
from home in New Orleans because her
family wouldn't sanction her high school
romance with the boy friend, a handsome
young Frenchman, Irvin Duson. Once
on the air she quickly worked up to star-
dom, effected a reconciliation with her
parents and planned to quit radio cold the
moment Irvin was able to give up
his job and go home. She remains
terribly in love, she vows; she plans on
and over to leave New York this season,
then next season, but somehow something
always turns up that's so grand she can't
turn it down. Meantime Irvin's being a
good sport about waiting and the two of
them fly back and forth between Man-
hattan and New Orleans every time they
get a vacation.

I don't know why I don't do something
definite," Loretta said to me not long
ago, "sincerely I don't. I guess my feeling
about marriage has changed a little in all
these years."

Without realizing it she told me in that
one utterance the whole story of many of
radio's perennial bright bachelor girls who
know the thrill of fame and independence
in their most glamorous forms and can
never quite visualize happiness again on
an ordinary budget and one man's ap-
pearance instead of the public's. It's a little
sad but it's so very true.

Patti Chapin, on the other hand, is
putting off her marriage for a very sound
reason. She's engaged to a physician in
Hartford, Connecticut; she wants to keep
on with her career after she marries be-
cause she loves it and because her hus-
band-to-be is a very busy man and she'll
be alone a lot with little to do unless she
has an interest outside her home. Nicely.
Patti's doctor sees things her way. So
they're waiting until her career is suffi-
ciently secured established so that she can
commute to New York two or three days
a week.

At the present time she must stick
pretty close to base so she can be on hand

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Name: ____________________________
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for any opportunities that turn up. Although she's a star she's a new star, and in the quick scramble in which much of radio works, only the Great Big Names are waited for until they have come up from Nyack or Greenwich or the Poconos or somewhere for an audition. Patti will play Johnny-on-the-spot until she's firmly entrenched on the air. As for her heart specialist and live happily ever after.

Of course there's a little Virginia Verrill who professed to me privately at a great length not long ago that the reason she's still Miss Verrill is simply because she's looking for a caveman and none is available these days. Seems as though just because Virginia's a tiny little thing with a face the shape of a violet leaf and a gentle disposition, and because she's always been a rich man's daughter and because she's a shining radio star, most of the men she meets insist on treating her like a fragile china doll all wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with a big pink bow. They humor her, they bend over backwards trying to live up to the princesses in the tower ideal that Virginia seems to radiate without even meaning or wanting to. When all the time she yearns for a guy who'll treat her like a pal and a plain human being.

Well, Virginia has another year of grace before she'll fall into the bachelor girl category. So maybe under these top hats you're always seeing her out with be a brain will finally function on the fact that little Verrill wants something less than orchids and pretty compliments and a reservation at the Rainbow Room. And when that happens, lucky guy, I honestly think Virginia will marry him pretty darn pronto and hold onto him good and tight for keeps.

Of course radio has its full quota of professed career women whose art is the only thing in their lives, say they, and thus for all this foolish love business! Deane Janis, Bernice Claire, Gogo Delys, Rosamond and Priscilla Lane, Jane Pickens, Judy Canova, Gertrude Niesen, Rachel Carlay and Lucille Manners are the gay ever-blooming perennials who have a new one and a heck of a good time as long as nobody gets serious. Bernice Claire and the Lane sisters profess out and out to all concerned that it's just a case of got no time to be loved, so they probably should be classified as bachelor girls by direct choice. The rest of the bunch look more generously upon romance and indulge their passing fancies on the business like basis, of course, that a new contract's far more exciting and important than a new proposal. So they go on year after year having their fun.

All of which is perfectly O.K. and their own business. However, just as the star in the Lily Dashé has intimated—career or no career they're getting older and older. Radio has its quota too of stars who have been divorced and are twice-shy of new romance. Witty, statuesque Ramona parted from Howard Davies a year or so ago but they remain best friends and constant companions and Ramona is concentrating on her work these days rather than the butterfly social life she used to lead.

Carmela Ponselle who shares a penthouse with her sister Rosa, is almost never seen gadding, entertains little. Most of her spare time is given to social service in New York settlement houses where she lectures to women and girls on etiquette, hygiene and gardening. A dozen years ago she was a songstress in the Broadway band.

"My dear," she said to me once, "to be happily married is the only life for a woman. If 'Mr. Right' comes along for me I shall be thrilled beyond words." Mr. Right she has not conceded that for Miss Carmela Ponselle is as lovely and delightful a lady as radio possesses.

After two unsuccessful attempts at marriage, Ramona, it seems, has given up being a little skeptical of her luck. She lives alone in a suite at the Waldorf while her two grown daughters are in school. She has numerous, close friends of both sexes and she's a charming and frequent hostess.

"On one condition I'd gladly marry again," says Irene. "I'd marry provided I could find a man whose career would interest me so fully that I could make my husband my career. Only on that basis could I give up careers that I love and my present contentment."

IRENE, at forty-four, continues to look like a young matron of thirty and gets my vote for the most attractive personality I've ever encountered in a middle-aged woman who somehow isn't middle-aged at all but young and darling.

The list goes on and on. Kate Smith, one of the wealthiest of the feminine stars, must surely look with a wary eye at the men who seek her favors. There's Lily Pons. Rumor has been doing the rounds that Andre Kostelanetz for almost the entire past year but both are discreetly silent while La Pons goes her carefree way, flying all over the country to course to Hollywood to make pictures and back again to New York and Kosty. Many say that Lily's first experience with marriage came to so bitter an end she will never wed any more, that she confesses to her intimates to be an incurably burnt child who comes to the serious side of romance.

Anyway there they are, radio's ranks of old maids. For jinxes they can't avoid, for reasons of their own—whatever, the excuse for them it just won't do in a glamorous industry that manufactures romance and romantic trappings from daybreak to daybreak year in and out. The lovely lonely stars are just too lovely to be lonely. I say what radio needs is a darn good Cupid.

What all-important part did a song play in Stuart Churchill's life? You've heard him sing it many times, but you don't know that it has meant everything to his happiness and his career. You'll find the answer in a forthcoming issue.
the tantalizing tilt of her profile. Finally he gave up, but then as they reached his station he saw that the girl was pre-
paring to leave the train too, and he was full of hope again. He would follow her to her hotel. Of course he had his res-
ervations at the 1— and would have to stay there, but still it wouldn't hurt to know where she was staying. Then oddly and quite by chance her head glanced for the 1. Oddly and quite by chance her room was reserved on the same floor as his. Not oddly or quite by chance he fol-
lowed her to her door.

The porter pattered around opening shades and values. The girl looked out the window. And for a while they both
ignored the shadow in the doorway. But finally there was no more ignoring. The look in the brown Gorin eyes was so full
of lonely little-boy appeal that it was like a magnet. The girl suddenly turned around and stamped her foot. "Oh, all
right!" she said quickly, laughing. "All right. I'll have dinner with you later. But do run along now!"

That's how it began... Igor Gorin's first romance. There were many dinners and many dances, and there was skating,
and a warm fire to sit around afterward. And in the evening there was a peasant with a viola playing in the corner. And in
the opposite corner two sweethearts sat on a high-backed bench and held hands, and as they held hands the voice of
the boy sang softly. "Yours Is My Heart Alone." It became their love song. Igor said they would have someone sing it at
their wedding.

There was a wedding. But it wasn't Igor's. When they returned to Vienna she told him about her coming marriage. It
was one of those family-arranged unions. Yes, in those days they still had such things and she had to go through with it.
Igor was the "someone" who sang at the wedding.

You may have heard Igor sing "The Volga Boatman." And if you have, you'll agree no one sings it with quite
the feeling and beauty that he gives to it. This particular song conjures up two pic-
tures in Igor's mind. One which he tries to remember; another, which he tries to
forget.

When Igor first went to Vienna and when he was still in his early teens, the great
Chaliapin used to come to Vienna every winter to sing. Gallery seats were all Igor
could afford, and there were never enough of those to go around, so on the concert
days Igor used to get up at three, in the dark cold and the slush and the sleet, and
wait on the street until the box office opened at ten. Of all the songs that Chal-
liapin sang, Igor liked "The Volga Boatman" best. He dreamed of the day when he
too might sing just such an enraptured audience.

A few years later it appeared that his
dream would come true. The American-
made silent picture, "The Volga Boat-
man," had just been released in Vienna
and Igor went to the manager of the
theater with the suggestion that he be
hired to sing the song at each perform-
ance. The cinema manager said he
wouldn't be interested in him alone, but
he might use a quartet. It was no sooner
said than done. Igor organized a quartet,
taught his fellow artists "The Volga
Boatman," and they won the job.

 Loving the song as he did, Igor was not
satisfied with just an ordinary production. They must have costumes—and the boys
made them of burlap sacks. They must
also have props—and a large heavy pull
rope seemed the thing. To give the effect
of actually pulling on the rope they tied
it to the piano, which was collapsed and
then heaved away realistically. Pull, boys, pull!

At the performance all went well—during
the first half of the song at least. But
then suddenly the house broke out with
laughter. In their ardor the four boys
had pulled the piano, piano player and
all, right on to the stage! Igor's heart
sank. The beautiful song had been ruined.

But that was only his opinion. The
manager was delighted. They must re-
peal the lauss pas every night! He had
never seen his patrons so amused, not
even by Charlie Chaplin.

And so for six months, from theater to
theater, the quartet sang "The Volga
Boatman," and pulled the piano on to the
stage, and were applauded and laughed at
and adored. And for six months, Igor
paid his room rent when it was due, and
ate when he was hungry, and dressed
warmly when he was cold. But for six
months, too, he lived with the guilt of his
crime. But singing the greatest of all
Russian folk songs! He was never com-
pletely happy.

That is the thing he must forget. And
the cold gray dawn, waiting in line for

For a smooth, lasting
make-up... First melt
away roughness

Al ready to go out... then you start to work. But you just won't go on smoothly. It "catches" on

every tiny roughness on your skin.

Do you know, you can smooth off those roughnesses—in an instant—by simply melting them!

These "powder catchers" are really dried-out
cells on top of your skin... old, dead
ones. As your skin keeps drying out, they
flake off part way. And there they cling,
loose and harsh...

But one application of a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them right away
—and out comes your true, smooth skin!

A prominent dermatologist explains: "The
instant a keratolytic cream (Vanishing

Skin is so
rough...
Powder "catches"
terribly...

Pond's
Vanishing
Cream Fixed
That in a
Second!

Cream) touches dried-out cells on surface

in a consistently soft, conditioned...

Now you know why Pond's Vanishing
Cream is an instant skin softener, a marvelous

powder base.

For a smooth make-up—After cleansing,
put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
It gives a fine-texture look, a wonderful
smoothness. Powder and rouge go on evenly.
No need to make up again for hours!

Overnight for lasting softness—To keep
your skin softened at all times, apply Pond's
Vanishing Cream every night after cleansing.
It won't clog the pillowcase. As you sleep,
your skin gets softer by the minute!

Mrs. Eugene de Pont he: "Pond's Vanishing Cream
holds powder, too—keeps my make-up fresh."

8-Piece

Pond's, Dept. K135, Clinton, Conn.

Cream and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

I enclosed 10c for postage and packaging.

Mrs. Eugene de Pont he: "Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder, too—keeps my make-up fresh."

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8-Piece

Pond's, Dept. K135, Clinton, Conn.

Cream and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

I enclosed 10c for postage and packaging.
"MY DEAR!
HOW THIN
YOU ARE!"

Such words are music to a woman's ear! Especially when slenderness can be achieved so easily, comfortably, and smartly with a Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducer!

- A new "all-in-one" of Kleinert's ODOR-LESS Sturdi-flex rubber fabric with uplift bra of soft swami. The controlled stretch and three-piece fitted back make it comfortable for daytime, evening, or sports.
- Bend, sit, stretch—this marvelous all-in-one adjusts itself easily to any position and moulds your figure into firm youthful lines. Note the perforations for coolness, the adjustable shoulder straps, the flat Solo hose supporters—they help to make your Sturdi-flex completely comfortable as well as effective.
- Ask for Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Department Store Notion Counter—it's only two dollars.
- Sized to bust measure—every other inch from 32 to 44.

Kleinert's
485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

REDACTOR MIRROR

SEVERAL times on Hollywood Hotel you have heard Igor sing a song of his own composition, Caucasian Folk Song. This song was inspired many years ago when he used to play hooky from school. Not to go fishing, not to rob a bird's nest, not to go swimming, but to watch the long-bearded yellow-skinned Caucasians working along the near-by canals. He was only a little shaver in short knee breeches and a flowing velvet tie, but young as he was he sensed the grown-up heartaches, and heart happiness, too, in these strange Caucasian men from the north. Famed as canal builders, they were brought south to Ukraine every summer to dig great ditches. It was hot there and the Caucasians sweated under their labor and yearned for the cool clean snow comfort of their homeland. They yearned, too, for their wives and their sweethearts and their babies. Yet they were glad to be making money, and to think of the presents they could take back. So that is why they were sad one moment and gay the next, and that is why the young boy Igor followed them, fascinated. He was like that, too. Gay and happy at home one minute and restless and nostalgic to be away from it the next. So in the daytime he hummed the Caucasian tunes. But at night when he went home he was careful to stop humming those tunes, lest his family discover his trancy.

Through many years those Caucasians and their songs stayed in his memory. A year ago they became unbearable in their teasing and tormenting for expression. Igor sat down at the piano and wrote, from what he remembered, his own Caucasian Folk Song, and then, a little later, sang it on the air. He made you see those Caucasians, their gaiety and their sadness, because it was a song he had long carried in his heart.

His memories are gayest when he sings Figaro that mad rollicking song of a mad rollicking fool. Igor had his mad rollicking days, too, when he thought he was quite a dandy and when he thought he must make a hit with all the girls. Yet he was a poor dandy and only had two suits to his name, one of which—his Sunday suit—was in the Dorotheum all week long. The Dorotheum is an old palace which Austria has long since turned into a national pawn shop. There every Monday morning Igor used to take his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes to borrow a little money—enough to take some girl to the zoo in the afternoon. And there he would go every Saturday night to reclaim his clothes. It meant that on Sundays he usually went without dinner, and breakfast and luncheon, too! But what was food for the stomach when his best clothes fed his spirit so beautifully! These are the chuckles and the foolishness he recalls when he sings Figaro the chuckles and the foolishness that he makes you feel so realistically with him.

As experiences enrich a heart, so do they enrich a voice, and it is these experiences behind Igor Gorin's voice which make it so beloved by you!
point out what they felt to be the mistakes of the present administration and in vivid and subtle language, the public is to listen to Republican reasoning.

In this, most of them confided to me, they doubted Landon's present ability. While those who had met him liked him and appreciated his personal charm and conversational ability, they were aware that this same soft speaking voice was also his handicap. No, secretly in their imaginations they began to build up some superman they dreamed would appear on the horizon, before the fateful day for the selection of a candidate arrived.

These fears and doubts and dreams of the delegates became known to Landon as he continued his fight. Nor, very well, could the paradox of his situation escape him. At 48, a man who had found life's struggle practically licked, he had never expected to meet with a new fight in a foreign element, nor did he meet the prospect of such a fight with the relish of a younger man still in the thick of solving his problems. Thus his task was doubly hard.

In the second week of June, I watched 1003 delegates and some 100 committee-men, weary of defeat and hearts set on victory, pour into Cleveland to find the new leadership that would show them the promised land.

You read about the swarming lobbies, the crowded restaurants, the air cooled bars, the bands and banquetts, the Landon Bandwagon, and perhaps you even read some of the literature and leaflets. And you could understand all this. But when you read about the Stop Landon movement, you find it more difficult to read between the lines.

I attended many of the private conferences delegates were holding. It was obvious, sitting in, what had inspired the movement to stop Landon and what the leaders of it hoped to gain from this maneuver.

Many were still hoping for the superman. Why vote for Landon until other possibilities had been exhausted, these leaders argued? Why not Frederick Steiner, who was scheduled to make the keynote speech? Wasn't the chance good that he would sweep the entire convention off its feet, impress the nation so that he would become the prophet they searched for?

And so the movement gathered temporary strength. Steiner, aware of the possibilities of the moment, stood before the packed hall, the all important microphone directly in front of him, and began his address. His voice was loud and dramatic. Delegates listened with hope as he swung into his most important point.

And—as he reached his climax—the loudspeaker went dead! For ten minutes he was off the air. The next morning his phrase "three long years" was put to music but the man who invented the phrase had been forgotten.

There was still Herbert Hoover and the forces behind the Stop Landon drive kept their followers in line with whispers that the former president was in fighting mood, that he would make a speech they must reckon with before climbing aboard the Landon bandwagon.

It proved to be actually, the last hope of these men. For fifteen minutes before Hoover could begin, they yelled and clapped and whistled. For half an hour after the speech was over, they kept up the demonstration. Chairman Snell broke his gavel and adjournment was finally necessary to clear the hall.

The next morning, the Landon forces went to work. Where was this superman, they asked? In the cold light of day they robbed Hoover of the glamour of the night before. John Hamilton, Landon's astute manager, had done his work well. Before morning, harmony talks flowed freely. Perhaps Landon was the man after all. It became increasingly difficult to overlook his past record of performance.

That night, true to his family tradition of generations of actors, Hamilton made a speech that had tremendous effect on the delegates. He eulogized Landon, gave the convention what it wanted, what it had been waiting for. Somehow, all his speaking ability seemed to be Landon's ability. There was a stir in the hall, excited whispers, final exaltation and wild cheers. When the ballot started it was apparent even to gallery onlookers that the convention was over. Landon was winning without a dissenting vote.

For the Landon forces it was a moment of doubly sweet victory. They had won the nomination and—they were sure as the last ballot was cast—their candidate had won his battle. It was likely, they

---

**THE SECRET OF HER ALLURING EYES**

It's amazing how WINX can improve your appearance...and personality, too! For with the long, thick, shadowy lashes which WINX gives you, comes a new sense of allure...bound to attract romance. So try this harmless tearproof, streak-proof mascara. In three "balanced" shades (Black, Brown, Black-Brown) and three convenient forms (Cake, Liquid, Cream), on sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

**WINX Balanced Colors**

Colors either blend or snap off, this means "naturalness" or that harsh, "made-up" look. All WINX colors blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Brown

Mascara blends with WINX Brown Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of naturalness in eye beauty make-up.
Knew, that Landon, a thousand miles away at his home, would go on the air before the night was over. They looked forward to the moment. They were sure the speech, spontaneous though it might be, would be a good one. They had been so long on the sidewalks, watching Landon's efforts, helping him as best they could, giving whatever professional guidance was theirs, they could foresee only one result.

They remembered how, in mid-winter, Landon had begun to win for himself the attribute of a strong radio personality. How he had engaged the director of a popular radio program, Molly of the Movies, had persuaded him to drop his work temporarily and come to Kansas.

And, as Kirby Hawkes, who had made his reputation directing plays in the theater, was the man on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of getting Landon started on his way. For weeks, sandwiched between affairs of state, Landon and Hawkes concentrated on microphone delivery and radio oratory.

Later, still searching for natural delivery and the clarity, the soft, easy voice had lacked, Landon went to the local Topeka radio station, where he was given further coaching. Between times, in the study of his home, he made records of future speeches and played them back on an effort to detect and erase the faults that the average listener would notice.

The Landon forces remembered all this and were sure their man was ready. They waited, in groups and singly, for the moment when Landon, from his home, would be on the air with a few words to describe his feelings after being nominated.

Back in Topeka, all was confusion. Though he was not surprised at the results of the balloting, Landon was still overwhelmed. Neighbors streamed in all evening long with congratulations and handshakes. The nominee was visibly affected by the good wishes and as the hour grew later, tears welled in his eyes. To few men come this moment and he was no different in his reactions than any.

Yet he did not face the prospect of going on the air with any fear. His past months of hard work were still fresh in his memory. And, finally, after midnight, a coast to coast network of radio stations had cleared all programs and it was time to address an expectant audience of millions who had stayed up to hear him.

He stepped out on the balcony, in front of nearly 15,000 Kansans who had gathered to cheer him on. Cries went up of "good old Alf," handkerchiefs waved. Engineers hastily stood up microphones and announcers spoke a few brief words of introduction. Then it was Landon's turn.

He cleared his throat and began. Suddenly the overwhelming reaction of months of firing, for his many rehearsals, of victory at Cleveland, of the responsibilities invested in him, surged over his jangled nerves. He hesitated, began again, nearly forgot the simple expression of happiness he had had in mind. Emotion forced him to repeat words and phrases.

In such a moment as Landon experienced when he was alone again, early in the gray light of morning, no one else ever knew the mixture of feelings that flood over the man who has the thought of victory in his grasp only to see it slip away.

But, with a few hours' sleep, he was up and ready to try once again. It was then that he showed the same qualities that had brought him so far. Setting his jaw, he settled down to win, to make sure that a second time would find him fully prepared. He realized that last night had not been a failure of the moment and did not constitute an actual test of his improved radio technique. Yet it was more than enough to show him the work left to be done.

Hamilton, too, realized this and—in order that he might prepare for the first few weeks after the convention, he did nearly all the radio broadcasting for both of them. At a public rally he was the one who used the microphone, and Landon talked only to those who were present. And at each succeeding gathering, Landon was showing the effect of those long months of practice. His voice was getting stronger, his enunciation clearer, his Kansas twang more subdued.

July 23rd was their goal, the day toward which they were pointing, much as a track star and his coach get ready for the final run of the year. This was the date set for Landon's formal acceptance speech and all the major radio networks had scheduled it for coast to coast broadcasts. That day has come and gone. As far as Landon personally is concerned, he has won his fight. For every speech during the past two months he has shown all the marked improvement he and his party leaders could have expected.

Whether or not you who go to the polls in November decide that party victory shall be his, you cannot take away from him the sense of fulfillment that has come with a job fairly undertaken.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

Homer Rodeheaver, director of Palmolive's Community Sing on CBS, Wednesday nights, visited his friend, Phil Lord (right) during a recent Gang Busters program, in which the parrot played a part.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
(Continued from page 15)

great comfort to the two during their separation.

"One night," Eddie tells, "I discovered that I had sung my youngest
to sleep with a goodnight song during my midnight broadcast. That's eight
o'clock on the coast. My sister was holding Georgie in her arms while I was
on the air. Just think of being able to sing a
lullaby to your kid 2,000 miles away!

And as this is being written, little
George is on his way from California
to visit his dad in Chicago.

—of another tale of radio closing the
yawning gap of long separation. More
than a dozen years ago, Urban Johnson,
head of sound effects for WBEZ, Chi-
cago, traveled in a musical comedy with
Mrs. Johnson, who cared for Donald
Hughes, infant son of Beth Stone, in-
guest of the show.

For years after, while the legitimate
stage drifted toward the rocks and
broadcasting puffed out in its allucence,
the two families lost sight of one another.

Not long ago, Urban, while visiting Col-
umbia's New York studios, watched four-
teen-year-old Donald Hughes in a dra-
matic playlet. Facing the microphone
with him was Beth Stone, now a seasoned
radio actress.

* * *

ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

Detroit: You're never too old . . . Mrs.
Carrie Burgess, who plays the mother in
WMBC's "Operative Steele," has just
passed her eightieth birthday... San
Francisco: Gentleman, the most gracious
courtesies you may proffer Jean Cowan,
low-voiced singer of Carefree Carnival,
cannot equal those she plucks from her
Garden. . . . In a sunny, windless spot, she
wears her own gardenias and camellias... Whenever she wears an evening gown, her
maid picks some blossoms and takes them
to the nearby florist, who arranges them
properly for a professional pittance.

Detroit: Impractical though it may ap-
pear, Phil Sillman, this station's pianist
extraordinary, uses as many as six pianos
during a broadcast . . . He doesn't mind
the required agility . . . It's the shine that
his pants acquire which really gets him...

Chicago: And if it constitutes a real
challenge to Mr. Sillman, he might care
to know about Art Kahn of WBBM who
is reported to have played, more than 500
different pianos during his nine months
on this station's programs... Boston:
There must be something about WEEI.
. . . Its June audience mail record shows
a new high for all time . . . 24,450 letters
for the thirty days... Chicago: Learn a
lesson from radio's Bob Griffin. While
having an oil treatment for his hair re-
cently, he suffered severe burns because
he lighted a cigarette during the session
. . . Better now, San Francisco! KBRC
has engaged for dramatic and comedy
roles Peggy Converse, the young woman
who played the comedy lead in this city's
production of Thru Knurdak last year...

And the reason you have been missing
Barbara Jo Allen in her roles in One
Man's Family, Death Valley Days, Haw-
thorne House and other dramatic serials
is because she has left for Hollywood for
film tests.

Riding the Kilocycles

It's the conviction of Jane Harvey,
ABC staff organist, that a piano should
be not only grand, but royal as well. Her
first piano was once owned by the late
(Continued on page 106)

Freshen your closets!

Make them smart, gay and cheerful—with Royledge, the im-
proved shelving that looks so well, wears so well, costs so little! Even if
you can afford the most expensive edgings, you can't get more beauty or
wear. Yet Royledge costs but 5c for 9 full feet!

The strong, crisp edge hangs flat, without curling—even in steamy
kitchens and bathrooms. It never needs laundering; once up, it stays until
you choose to change it. It comes in dozens of colorful patterns designed
by decorators. You'll love them all at first sight and love them more when
you see how exquisitely they dress up pantry, linen and guest closet shelves!

Royledge packages are easily identified by a round sticker that says "Feel the Edge!"
At 5-and-10c, neighborhood or dept. stores—9 ft. for 5c; 10c sizes, too, ROYLACE, 442
Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (makers of "Roylaze"—lace-like, beautiful table doilies).

How to Prevent Bathroom Odor

Keeping your bathroom odor-free is not
only an important health measure but also
a mark of good housekeeping. Nothing
is more offensive to guests in your home
than bathroom odor. And it's so easy to pre-
vent—and use Creolin regularly. Pour Creolin
into toilet and drains. Put it into the water
every time you clean the floors, walls, basin
and tub. It will keep your bathroom clean-
smelling and sanitary. As a disinfectant,
deodorant and antiseptic, Creolin has
helped to safeguard health for nearly 50
years. At all drug stores with complete
Inc., Rahway, N. J.

Write for Free Booklet "Home
Hygiene," giving
complete information
about the
many household
and personal uses
of Creolin.

85
honeyymoon kept them going. Those two kids had been married almost a year, and they'd never had a honeymoon! The day after their wedding, you remember, Harriet got on a train and went to Hollywood, intending to be gone only a few weeks. They put her to work in "Follow the Fleet," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and she didn't get back to New York and Ozzie for months. Since then, it had been the usual mad scramble of two people in public life, forever surrounded by people, forever under the pressure of work.

"We're going to Bermuda," Harriet said, her eyes shining. "Just the two of us. It'll be the first time we've gone anywhere alone, or for pleasure, since we were married—and it'll be the first time I've ever been on the ocean at all!"

It was just afterwards that she astounded me by revealing her plans for the future. Ozzie met my puzzled look with a nod of confirmation.

"You know," he said, "Harriet doesn't really like to sing with the band. She never has."

That was another surprise for me, since I had always taken for granted that Harriet enjoyed the work at which she has been so successful. She is such a good sport that no one, not even Ozzie until recently, ever knew how hard the constant touring has been for her. Driving at top speed down dark roads with Ozzie in his high-powered car, from one one-night stand to the next, taking meals at odd hours or not at all, sitting in uncomfortable dressing rooms between shows, with nothing to do, losing sleep for a week and trying to make it all up in a night or two. She stood it all without complaining, but there was always something even more important than the physical discomforts. Living this nomadic life, she never had a home, and that is what—with all her heart—she wants. Not a hotel room, not even the most luxurious of hotel suites, but a place that belongs to her and to Ozzie. A place for them to belong to in return.

Paradoxically, Hollywood, the city of transients occupying rented houses, is going to give Harriet and Ozzie their home. By still another queer quirk of circumstance, they will be together, really together, more after Harriet has left the band. Her contract with RKO calls for only three pictures a year, and between times she can be in the East with Ozzie. Occasionally, she may make a guest appearance on his radio program, for she loves radio and hates to leave it, and there is a clause in Ozzie's contract with the Bakers Broadcast allowing her to work on the show when she's available.

NOT that it will be entirely easy for either of them. Harriet is entering a practically new kind of work for her, and sentencing herself to long weeks away from Ozzie. And Ozzie, before his program opens this fall, must find a suitable successor to Harriet's position in the band.

"It's a tough job," he confessed. "I've auditioned girls who can sing, and girls who are good looking, and girls who can read lines, but I haven't found one who has everything. Nobody but Harriet. She has the looks, the personality, the voice, and the intelligence to use them all."

His voice was filled with humble admiration for his wife. There is no doubt about it, it has been Ozzie's unswerving belief in her which has overcome Harriet's natural diffidence and modesty, and made her success possible. He has always persuaded her to do things she didn't think she could do. He talked her into singing her first solo with the band, and into go-
And ST. AKRON, suggested, nor the home wrecked happy marriages before now. Ozzie firmly believes Harriet will become a great star—but knowing her as he does, he isn’t afraid that her fame would ever come between them.

"Harriet is too well balanced," he told me. "She hosts if somebody talks about her. career—because she doesn’t think she’s good enough to have one. Movies will be her job, just as singing has been. She’ll never let her head be turned by fame or flattery or anything else."

And after the glimpse I had just had into her real character and desires, I was sure he was right. No girl whose eyes get that faraway look when she talks about a home of her own can be in so very much danger from Hollywood.

Finally, just before I left, I learned still another way in which the baby has influenced their decision. Ozzie was explaining why he didn’t believe he and Harriet were as effective a team as they had been before their marriage.

BEFORE, we were a romantic couple, a boy and a girl in love," he said. "People like to think of us as being in love. Now, though, we’re just Mr. and Mrs. The romantic interest doesn’t quite jell. Separately, I think we’ll be all right. Harriet will have more glamour when some good-looking leading man is making love to her on the screen, and I—well, maybe I can manage to look romantic singing a love song with whatever girl I get to take Harriet’s place. This romance stuff," he concluded wisely, "doesn’t go over so good with an old married couple."

"And," I suggested, "with a family besides."

He blushed and grinned. "And a family besides," he agreed.

Starring in the summer series of Jell-O are Tim Ryan and Irene Nobelette, comedians on the air and a happily married couple off the air.
he had always envied and admired. With his hat pulled down over his eyes and the surplus coat tucked up under his folded arms, he applied at another trucking company. And got the job. "Take out Number 18," the boss told him, "and go to the American Can Company for a load of cases." 

Number 18, Phil discovered when he went out into the lot and looked at it, was the largest truck ever made. The crane was so high he could hardly reach it, much less turn it. He tried, without any success, and was staring at the truck in despair when another driver took pity on him and cranked the monstrous vehicle.

After that, everything looked easy. All day he hauled cases of cans to the docks, and with each load his driving ability in himself as a man soared. By the time he was making its fourth and last trip, he felt there wasn't a thing about truck driving he didn't know, when.

The Guardian Angel suddenly deserted him. He was crossing the Manhattan Bridge, with a haul of his own destination, when the truck hit a bump, swerved. The cases went flying into the air, landed on the bridge, and scattered cans by the hundred.

Phil took one look at the mess and ran, pursued by the demoniac shrieking of automobile horns and police whistles. He never has collected his day's pay from the trucking concern.

There were other jobs after that, of course. Drudging, uninteresting jobs. At last he got a steady one, as a private chauffeur, and worked at it for six years. Judge Martin, his employer, liked the polite Irish boy with the cheerful grin, and suggested that if he would study, he'd help him get on the police force.

Phil did study, in all his spare time, and on January 18, 1931 he was appointed to a rookie's post on the Brooklyn force. 

Proudly, he surveyed himself in his uniform. Settled for life, he was. Ahead he saw a few years of pounding the pavements as a private—then promotion—and another promotion. Some day, he might be a captain!

When Anatole Friedman, an old friend of Phil's, invited him to a party he was giving for several screen notables, Phil accepted eagerly, because he'd never met any of these famous people, At the party, Friedman asked him to sing, and Phil agreed, as he always did, because he liked to sing.

After he'd sung a few songs, a man he hadn't met came up to him and asked:

"Have you ever tried to do anything with your voice?"

"What voice?" Phil asked and grinned. "A beautiful tenor," the man said sternly. "You come up to my office in the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and I'll see that you get an audition."

PHIL couldn't take the whole thing very seriously. For one thing, he'd always singing at parties, so he knew he had always been particularly impressed with his voice before. It was just something he did for fun. Nevertheless, he went up for the audition, because the CBS man appeared to be so much in earnest.

His audition was nothing less than a sensation, and that very day he was signed to appear on the Robert Burns program, which starred Guy Lombardo, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

There's still a look of bewilderment in Phil's eyes when he goes past a moving picture theater, for instance, and sees his name in electric lights as the star of his latest film. "I am an Irish Eyes." How else was all this accomplished, he seems to be asking himself, except through the kind offices of a Guardian Angel? Or the Regan. Have or whatever other name you want to give it?

---

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER!

Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and safest way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use...much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*H. parva hydrogen mercuro meta cresol*—called *Paraphyllocrin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

NORFORMS for modern feminine hygiene

(Continued from page 47)

You Can't Lick the Irish

Foundations for Beauty

(Continued from page 16)
TUNE IN
TRUE STORY COURT
OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City       Station       Local Time
New York   WEAF  9:30 PM EDT
Boston     WEEI  9:30 PM EDT
Harford    WTYC  9:30 PM PST
Providence WJAR  9:30 PM EDT
Worcester  WTAC  9:30 PM EDT
Portland   WCHM  9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia KKY  9:30 PM EST
Baltimore  WFBP  8:30 PM EST
Washington WRC  8:30 PM EST
Schenectady WGY  9:15 PM EDT
Buffalo    WHEN  9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh WCAE  9:15 PM EDT
Cleveland WTAM  8:30 PM EST
Detroit    WJW  8:30 PM EST
Chicago    WBBM  8:30 PM EST
St. Louis  KSD  8:00 PM CST
Des Moines WHO  7:30 PM CST
Omaha     WOW  7:30 PM CST
Denver     KOA  9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City KDYL  9:15 PM MST
San Francisco KPO  8:30 PM PST
Los Angeles KFI  8:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore. KGK  8:30 PM PST
Seattle   KOMO  8:30 PM PST
Spokane   KHQ  8:30 PM PST
San Diego KFSD  8:30 PM PST
Phoenix   KTAR  8:30 PM PST

Take Your Choice of These Stations . . . Every Friday Night

What It's Like to Be
Mrs. Stoopnagle

(Continued from page 43)

That's the reason Chase insisted on the beards.

"Another time, while the fleet was at anchor in New York harbor, he and Bud got into Mr. Bopp, stripped to the waist, put on beards, and drove Mr. Bopp round and round the ships, yelling orders at the sailors through megaphones. It's a wonder they weren't caught and thrown into the brig.

"Chase is vague about small things, but not big ones. He's always mis-naming ordinary objects. For instance, he'll talk about a downflake mattress when he means a Beautyrest, or he'll say, 'Let's go to see Bill Robinson in 'Shoot Em Up,'" when he has Edward G. Robinson in Bullets or Ballots in mind. But when I kid him about it, he gets back at me because I often mispronounce common, everyday words.

"He's always discovering a new hobby. He loves to do cartoons of his inventions, and has an idea that some day he'll publish a book of them. Once he had his own dark room for developing and printing photographs, and somewhere around the house there's a complete set of paints for tinting photographs. It never has been used yet. And a few days ago he announced that he only has one great ambition—to tour the country with one of those automobile trailers.

CHASE always writes the radio scripts, then Bud and he go over them together, to smooth out the rough patches. Right in the middle of a spell of work, one of them is likely to say: 'Do you remember that simple girl that played on the same vaudeville bill with us in Kansas City?'—and then they'll be off on a long string of reminiscences about the simple things they and other people have done.' 'Simple'? I interrupted. 'That word doesn't seem to mean what I always thought it meant, when you use it.'

Kay laughed. 'It has a meaning all its own for us. We use it with affection, really, and it means funny, witty, amusing. To talk 'simple or do 'simple' things is to clown around. I think the word describes their program about as well as anything could too.

"Sometimes the 'simple' things they do get them into trouble, or at least embarrassment. Like the time they were in Philadelphia playing a vaudeville date, and their hotel phone rang. Chase answered. Gimbel's basement, and there was a story silence at the other end of the wire for a few seconds. Then a voice said, 'This is Bernard Gimbel. Mrs. Gimbel and I would like to have you down to dinner.' Chase spent the next five minutes apologizing.

"Chase and I talk simple to each other a lot, except when he's working. And we don't talk at all. I know that his work is a part of him I have nothing to do with, and can never enter at all. My job is to run his home, give him the happiness he needs to do his work properly—and think that the only way our marriage could ever fail would be if I fell down on that job.' She smiled, a smile that didn't hide the sudden tenderness in her eyes.

"Sometimes, I suppose, when you get married you find out that your ideals have feet of clay, but I've learned to resign Chase even more since we were married. I know he'd never let me down—unless I let him down first. And I hope I never do that.
track man along the road to Harmon. He trotted to the cheers and repartee of motorists. He soon reached the station—only to find there wasn’t a train waiting for an hour. So he telephoned for a taxi.

"Can’t drive you," replied a proud voice. "My wife just had our first boy. Eight girls came before him, and so I’m celebrating."

Lanny hitch-hiked to White Plains, to arrive just as the train was rounding the bend. That was bad, but he kept cool and stepped into a rather dilapidated taxi.

"To New York," he said, "quick!"

The Ford wheeled into Bronx Parkway, with the fare inside holding his watch. At Scarsdale, Lanny shouted through the window, "Hey, driver, we got to make better time than this."

"Can’t," yelled the man, slowing down. "Old Bess ain’t the car she used to be."

Lanny Ross did some hard thinking. Then he spoke again... "Let me drive. How about it?"

"Nope," chirruped the old man. "you’d push her too hard."

LISTEN, persisted Lanny. "You sell me the cab. Then I’ll drive myself as I like."

"How much?" asked the man.

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Are you crazy?"

"One hundred."

"Nope."

"One hundred and twenty-five."

"Wal, now—"

They compromised on a hundred and thirty. Lanny made out a check. Then he took the wheel... One Hundred Fifth Avenue... Fifty-ninth Street... the journey’s end. Lanny Ross reached the studio just as the overture began. He had made it.

Bert Parks, Columbia announcer, also had time to spare as he boarded an uptown subway. But it was the wrong subway and it landed him in Long Island City, instead of at the entrance to Central Park. Bert rushed upstairs, into a taxi and across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. But halfway across he began to smoke. Bert dashed out on foot. A cross town car and a second taxi finally let him down by a mowing mob that blocked his passage to the microphone beyond the park sheepfold. And it was almost time to begin.

Firmly, the frantic announcer decided. He plunged into the sheep fold, to reach a rear door that connected with his mike. Past muddy, smelling ewes, he groped and sweated. Finally, woolly with sheep, he arrived.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," his voice greeted his public. It sounded as usual. But every body nearby held his nose. Bert Parks smelled strongly of rancid ram.

Probably because time is tailor made in radio, the audience legend got started. The star is late. The star charters an ambulance. It glides by red lights, unhindered. But today, they say, this is risky, for even police cars are looking inside, now, to see if it is a patient or a radio performer. Yet traffic plays an important part in getting there on time, as Frank McIntyre, Show Boat’s Captain Henry, discovered. One murky twilight near Madison Square Garden when his car bumped plump into the rear end of a fragment bound for Carnegie Hall. McIntyre then figured that O. Henry was right when he said that anything can happen in New York. A policeman arrived, as the driver charged

McIntyre with ruining his pajckyderm.

"Over to the curb," said the officer.

The elephant wouldn’tudge, so McIntyre couldn’t. So he seated himself in the cab and kicked with his heels thirty minutes, as the officers were bickering. Drivers were shouting. The policeman plainly indicated that elephants were a new traffic problem for him. The situation troubled all concerned. Then the elephant turned his head and, plainly, winked his eye at a second elephant behind the McIntyre car. McIntyre laughed out loud and the police got all the more out of it. He told them to go on. If the elephant had the pep, he said, to wink at his lady friend, "He was right. Go on and go easy," he ordered.

There are many traffic tales, and many tales of stars who oversleep. One morning a hundred and twenty-five minutes before her broadcast, her apartment was four blocks from the studio. Curiously, she telephoned for a cab, slipped into trouble, and the policeman got at the taxi. She told the driver she would pay him if she got into trouble from passing red lights. He agreed. Then she put her hair as the cab sped on two wheels round the corner and two hearts stood still. They whirled to a shuddering stop. Connie pressed her face into Forty seconds to the good she reached her broadcast.

But to be present, and yet to miss, was the tragedy of Edwin C. Hill. He stood before the microphone one evening, manuscript in hand, reaching for his glasses. He had left them at home, but he couldn’t read a word without them. Ten seconds late, he handed the manuscript to the announcer, who did the best he could, playing Mr. Edwin C. Hill, by the newpaper. Today Hill wears a second pair of glasses on a cord round his neck, ready for emergencies.

Illness is not a very common reason for near tardiness, but illness did almost make Dick Powell late one day when he felt so weak he had to rest occasionally while working. He nearly collapsed, in the elevator. Then he set his teeth and, shortly, started his first number. He tried to get strong, getting stronger. But there was irony in his music, for "I’m Young and Healthy," was the song he sang first.

ELSIE HITZ, who was one of your favorites in the Dangerous Paradise serial, also had to cope with illness, though she had mastered what the real trouble. At the morning rehearsal she noticed a red rash, but it wasn’t until later the doctor told her the "red rash" was scarlet fever. Else was alarmed, for she felt quite comfortable. And she hated to miss her performance. So network engineer cleared and began to have the apparatus which enabled Miss Hitz to speak her lines that evening, from her sick bed.

Walter O’Keefe’s narrow escape happened when, at a Brooklyn vaudeville house, he consented to substitute for a friend taken suddenly ill. The radio people, expecting a big audience, were ready. The show was short. The cabdriver came across Brooklyn Bridge, then undergoing repairs. The cab struck a savage head on the metal sidebar and a rather dressed up against the metal midrib of the roof and when he next was aware of things, he noticed furtive men in doorways of the Bowery. He could not precisely remember why he had a motor cycle escort, then one of the policemen shoved to the cab door.

"We’ll make it in time," he said.
Walter O'Keeffe wanted to ask "Make what?" Instead he decided to wait and at Forty-Second Street, he remembered.

"Delivered okay," said the officer, at Rockefeller Plaza.

Guy Lombardo had almost as upsetting an experience one day when he was lunching in a private room at a hotel where, very soon, he was to be interviewed on the air. When the waiter cleared the table for the event, he also cleared away the microphone. Guy himself pursued the man to the kitchen. He reclaimed the microphone three minutes before he went on the air.

Going down the line of radio performers, at length the reporter hears Helen Hayes explain that her closest call came once when she lingered too long, and was the husband, Charles MacArthur, revamping a radio playlet for a rival radio act...

And then the reporter, after a wide jump, heard how a Columbus animal act nearly missed because a trained parrot got "Mike Fright" and wouldn't come down out of the chandelier. While studio employees tried to persuade him, his owner kept imploring, "For heaven's sake, don't ruin him. Go easy on that bird!"

Frank Crumit tells about an encounter on a Connecticut road which nearly made him late. He had lost his way, and taken the much longer route by Middletown, Connecticut. He was travelling from his Springfield home to his New York broadcast. He put on speed, to make up the lost time. Soon he noticed a car behind, pushing to overtake him. It was of the same make as his own and, he believed, a country constable was about to make an arrest for speeding. The only thing to do was out-speed the constable. Frank put on the gas. The car bumped over difficult country roads. But after a time, Frank decided he'd better take his medicine. He braced himself and slowed down. He got all ready to look at a shield, flashing, and then to try to talk himself out of his trouble. But when the man pushed alongside, he surprised Frank by sticking a gray beard through the window and asking: "Was we really hittin' seventy or wuz my speedometer just crazy?"

So this story ends with what Bert Parks says was his most trying experience. He had been assigned to announce the first concert of the Black Shirt Band of Italy, from the deck of its steamer near Quarantine. But just before the time, the band separated to get a better view of an American band in a nearby ship, which had arrived to serenade its Italian colleagues. The minutes flew, with the visiting bandmen absent without leave. Bert was extremely worried, for he does not speak Italian himself, and he could not find an interpreter. So he made signs, which had little effect. But just two minutes before the broadcast, the one band man who spoke English came along, casually... Bert explained. With no apparent effort, the new arrival got his comrades together, The Black Shirt Band began its concert, "on the nose."

Have you been following the interesting story of BOB BURNS' LIFE?
Watch for the next thrilling chapter in the November
RADIO MIRROR
other characteristic feature. And the Ber-
lin firm is also publishing that winning
song, titled, "Sittin' in the Sand. A Sun-
nin'". By the time you read this New
York City will have a song too. It's get-
ting to be the thing.

Frank Black has just purchased a farm
... The American Society of Composers,
Authors and Publishers divided $1,000,000
as its last quarterly dividend, the largest
yet received, all back from Germany, says
that someone in that country caught tuning in on
Moscow, Paris, or other outside broadcasting
dragged to a detention cell and given
plenty of time to repent their ether ways.
... Dick Stable, whom we told you about
several months back as a comer with a
new band, has already jumped into the
name band class ... Bert Ambrose,
English leader, will not come to America
this fall as was expected. ... All prophets
say the music season this coming winter
will be the best in years.

* * *

THOSE SINGING MAESTROS

Encouraged by the successful outcome
of Fred Waring's suit against station
WDAS, Philadelphia, six more of your
favorite radio artists have taken come-
plaints against broadcasters into court.
Waring won an order enjoining the sta-
tion from broadcasting records made for
home use, you remember and now the
other performers, backed by the National
Association of Performing Artists, of
which Waring is president, and presi-
dents are out after similar orders. They are
Paul Whiteham, Frank Black and the
Revellers, Walter O'Keefe, Don Vorhees,
Frank Crump and Lawrence Tibbett, and
all their suits are filed against commercial
firms which they allege have been using
their records on programs. The artists
don't necessarily want to ban the use of
recordings on the air, but they do want to
control it, and prevent the use of disks
which were made solely for playing in the
home.

* * *

Remember "Your Lover"—the anony-
umous tenor who for a short time sent sex-
appeal whispering over the airwaves. Well,
looks as if he might be back with us again.
In fact, he is back, but in print this
time. He is writing a love letter each week
for a romance magazine—a letter,
filled with sentimental remarks for all
who read. Eventually, he hopes to return
to the air.

* * *

Lennie Hayton, now that he's out of the
recent Ed Wynn program, is tentatively
planning on going to Hollywood to appear
in the new Bing Crosby pictures: "Pen-
nies from Heaven." This would be Len-
nie's second picture, and the second he's
been in with Bing, which is a record of
some sort. The first was "Going Holly-
wood," in which Bing co-starred with
Marion Davies. In case he travels West,
another maestro and orchestra would be
chosen to fill for Lennie on his Flying
Red Horse Tavern show.

* * *

YOU'RE ASKING US

Leon Burkhardt—Don Bestor's orches-
tra will be at the Owl Head Inn in Sara-
toga Springs, N. Y., until September 2
with a CBS wire, and after that he'll
probably come back to New York City,
though just where he'll be playing isn't
definite yet. And you were right—Patsy
Kane isn't with him any more, in fact,
his isn't any girl vocalist. Sorry we
didn't get you into that racket. Molle-M
Sloan—This doesn't really come
under the head of Facing the Music,
but Bertie Rubin will get any letter sent
to him care of the Mutual Broadcasting
System, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
Lois Melser—Probably you've already
seen the story of the arrest of Enric Madri-
guera on page 49. There's an interesting
story back of his programs on the Mutual
system. You'll all remember how them he has
cut down the number of tangos and
rumbas, compared to the number he
used to play. A bit of Latin rhythm in a
rarity on a Madriguera program now, in
spite of the fact that Enric first became
known to the American public as the
Tango King. The reason is that a few
months ago he made up his mind the pub-
clic didn't want his type of music any
more, and instead of letting it discourage
him he revamped his orchestra and musi-
cal point of view. All this while he
heartily dislikes "swing music" and is
just waiting for the day when people will
say: "I wonder what ever happened of
swing music?"

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Let's gather a little dope on the four
King Sisters this month. They are the
vocal quartette which Horace Heidt and
his Brigadiers began featuring late in July
—and believe it or not, they are the only
singing quartette of actual blood sisters
appearing with an orchestra anywhere
in the world. Alyce, Maxine, Louise and
their sisters, Yvonne and Anita, also sing but
remained in their California home, since
one is married and the other is still too
young to leave home, the elder Kings
declare. All four of the sisters have
appeared with Heidt before, two years ago
in California, and later in Chicago. Last
November they left the band and re-
turned to their home state, but now they're
back again.

And while we're on the subject of
Heidt and vocalists—Art Thorsen, Heidt's
" Cartoon crooner," who interprets Pop
and the Katterjammers, Kids in nov-
elity songs, just naturally has that rauc-
ous voice. He couldn't change it if he
tried.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

Here's a batch of theme songs you've
been asking for:

Allen Leafer: "Meet Me Tonight by the
Old Wishing Well," composed by himself.

Jolly Coburn: "Three's the Music in the
Stars," also by himself.

Henry Busse: "Song of the Trees," to
open the program; "Hot Lips," by Busse,

Xavier Cugat: "My Shawl," composed by

Fletcher Henderson: "Christopher Co-
lumbus.",

Al Donahue: "I Dream of Bermuda,"
composed by Donahue.

All these theme songs have been pub-
lished, and are available in sheet-music
form.

* * *

HALF-NOTES

Raymond Paige, Hollywood Hotel's
maestro, may soon become general musical
director for CBS on the West Coast.
The only difficulty, which may be cleared up soon, is that Paige is negotiating for a commercial show which would go on the air over the rival network.

Xavier Cugat opened at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco August 17, for a stay of exactly one month... Little Jack Little's band will probably follow Ozark Nelson's in Chicago's Palmer House... Ted Lewis, Ben Bernie, and George Olsen are booked into the Paradiso restaurant on Broadway, starting October 14, and in that order.

And Abe Lyman and Vincent Lopez are being talked to about working for the Hollywood, another dance-and-dine spot. Harry Soonick will lead the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and Sweepstakes in its CBS edition, beginning September 9.

Don't forget to use the coupon below when you send in your questions—and remember, if the answer isn't in one month’s issue of Radio Mirror, it's more than likely to be in the next.

Ken Alden, Facing the Music, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

I want to know more about:
Orchestral Anatomy
Theme Song Section
Following the Leaders
Or
Name
Address

For Real Beauty, You Must Have a Soft, Alluring Skin—Free From Pimples and Blemishes

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin “all over”—a radiant, clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them. To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin of ugly blemishes—red pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores normal functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

Start now to win real, alluring beauty. Try Yeast Foam Tablets to restore your skin to youthful loveliness, as they have brought beauty to so many others.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.
NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length, the South Sea enchantress’ own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. Most waterproof than liquid darkening. Won’t run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascara. Won’t smart. Application makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and “beady.” Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

It’s Hot Cereals for Cooler Days

(Continued from page 54)

swag, and, Florence, you’re not spoiled and whiny enough.”

Florence and Arthur nodded their understanding and went right on, not, even stopping to repeat the lines, but when the show went on the air the king blustered and the princess whined.

Miss Mack’s prediction that the group’s opinion on food would be wise was confirmed when she talked with them after rehearsal. Remember that they are all in school, that all have the average child’s interest in sports, etc., and that their radio work is an extra demand that the average child doesn’t have to meet. Realizing this, they fully understand the importance of keeping fit, and the part food plays in it.

SOME of them, the younger ones, depend on their mothers to select their meals. Others, the older ones who are on several programs and must frequently eat away from home, trust to their own judgment in ordering—and good judgment it is. All agreed that their mothers insist on a good breakfast, with special emphasis on cooked cereal. What kind of cereal? Any and all kinds.

“Beating Scotch,” Walter Tetley said, “I say breakfast isn’t breakfast unless it’s oatmeal porridge with whipped cream.”

“The oatmeal is all right with me,” Florence Halsey said, “but no cream, just whole milk and no sugar.” Estelle Levy shook her head sadly. “I don’t even get that,” she said. “Only skinned milk. Mother says I’m getting too fat. But even with skinned milk cooked wheat cereal is grand for breakfast.”

The voting was about even between wheat and oats when Bobby Mauch broke in. “Don’t forget cornmeal mush. It’s grand fried, with sausages and syrup.”

“You’re all too conservative, sticking to one kind,” Lester Jay said. “At our house I bet we have every kind of cereal on the market. We have one kind one day, another the next. They’re all good if you put plenty of butter on and let it melt before putting on cream and sugar.”

“Not butter!” Vivian Block’s voice sounded horrified. “Butter is too greasy. Use chocolate syrup instead then you’ll think your cereal is a dessert.”

Preferences, recipes, suggestions were coming from all sides, but it was time to go on the air. There was a moment of silence, then the voice of the announcer: “The clock says ten-thirty—your radio says ‘Let’s Pretend.’”

Do you think of cereal as a breakfast food and let it go at that? Now’s the time to change that attitude. Write me for delicious new ways of using these familiar standbys in cookies and puddings combined with fruits. And if your younger brothers at cereals I’m sure you will want other suggestions for turning cereals into desserts. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., with your request.

Irene Wicker, NBC’s Singing Lady, poses with her very young guests at a dinner party given in her honor at the swank Waldorf Astoria in New York. The occasion marked Miss Wicker’s first visit to New York where she now broadcasts her programs instead of from Chicago.
**Save 1/2 on Rugs**

Write for America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog—66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Described—Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing: how we shred, sterilize, merge, pick, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, finely woven, fully-bodied, seamless reversible rugs—that can be used on both sides. Twice the wear. Double the luxury, at 1/2 the cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs. Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

**Any Size You Want**—to fit any room—sizes you can’t get elsewhere.

**It's So Easy**—Just *PHONE* the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship freight—at our expense. You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 62nd year. (Know agents. Order direct.)

**FREE BOOK IN COLOR**

Mail Coupon or 1st Postal

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**Calling all BRUNETTES!**

**BRUNETTES!**

**BLONDES!**

* and in between shades! Help your hair to more beauty! Noted stylists agree that a color rinse is a necessary thing to beauty as lipstick and rouge. Golden Glint Rinse imparts natural sunlight tints and subtle tones to every shade of hair—quickly, easily. Not a dye—not a bleach.

* One rinse powder for all shades! Due to the exclusive Golden Glint formula—by simply varying the amount of water used—you achieve an accurate and natural color emphasis for your individual hair shade, which is not possible with the standard color classifications found in other products.

2 packages Golden Glint Shampoo (idéal before a rinse) contain 1 Shampoo, 1 rinse. Golden Glint Rinse contains two rinses. At All Corner Counter.

* The price is small, the effect priceless!

FREE Rinse Sample! Write Golden Glint Co., Inc., Dept. A, Seattle, U.S.A.

(Offers expire Dec. 1, 1936)

**Golden Glint**

**Brightens Every Shade of Hair**

**MAKE $125 By Christmas**

**SELL 50 Personal Christmas Cards for $1.00**

All beautiful double-fold cards with verse embroidered. Ship value, laborious work on profits. Order early, the limit is 3000 cards. Mail to Golden Glint Co., Inc., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. K-304, Chicago, Ill.

**PHOTO Enlargements**

Clear enlargement, bust, full length on one photograph, price of each similar subject made from any photo. No limit. Sample from 3 cards, plus $1.50 for materials. Will send free sample to you now. 5x7 to 16x20. Write today. Write today. General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. K-304, Chicago, Ill.

**How to Stop ITCHING TORMURE in Minutes**

**ATHLETES' Foot — poison ivy — ringworm — eczema—stop torturing in minutes after applying HYDROSAL.** It's new to you! Continues active ingredient—used for years in hospitals, in improved "collodial" form. Al- most instant relief. Astringing too; refines skin. Accepted by Government Quarantine Bureau. All druggists, liquid or ointment. 3c or 5c.

**Hydrosal**

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**Radio Mirror**

**Love Changed Lennie Hayton**

(Continued from page 45)

night right in his own night club, that saving money means almost as much to a happy marriage as that old standby, love.

Gradually, since that gentle reminder, Lennie Hayton has been changing. First there was the matter of late parties. Helen introduced what became known as their friends as "Lennie Hayton's Home Parties. They were just as gay, just as much fun, as night club evenings—but somehow, it always happened that not later than one o'clock in the morning, nobody except Lennie and Helen were left in the Hayton establishment.

Next, Lennie learned there were other things with which to occupy his time besides floor shows and old-fashioned poker. Helen loved the movies, which Lennie had always thought a pretty stodgy and anti-social form of entertainment. At the present time, however, he's a three-a-weeker.

Another pastime he'd never seen much attraction in was riding in an automobile out into the country, but now he knows it isn't quite as bad as the ultra-sophisticates crack it up to be.

**COMING**

In the intimate series LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM THE STARS, pictures of the beautiful farm estate of Lowell Thomas which helped him to change from a restless world traveler to a country squire.
Lucky Baby!

THAT peevish of the moving picture exhibitors over the tendency of Hollywood stars to show up on any one of a dozen radio programs is getting more peevish by the day. As the author of "Will Hollywood Put Sex into Radio?" in last month's RADIO MIRROR, pointed out, movie exhibitors whose livelihood depends on the drawing power of some great star don't take very kindly to the idea of having that star broadcasting, free for anyone to tune in, on the same evening said exhibitors are asking good money to see one of the star's pictures.

It has got beyond the squawking stage by now. Exhibitors have taken to citing facts and figures to prove that radio competition, on nights when the stars broadcast, is hurting their business. They add that any and all radio appearances tend to cheapen the box-office value of a star, by making his or her personality too easily available to everyone. And in all, they'd like the movie firms to forbid their stars to do radio work.

The star's argument is that radio jobs fall into the same classification as vaudeville or concert personal appearances and that they have a perfect right to add to their incomes if they want to.

Bill Bacher, Hollywood Hotel's dynamic producer, leads the cast of the show like a conductor leading a symphony orchestra. He's credited with much of the program's long-continued popularity.
Thought she was safe but her mouth washed failed!

Why depend on mouth washes that merely mask mouth odors

Romane is a delicate thing. Why take chances on mouth washes that merely hide mouth odors for a matter of minutes—then fail you? Zonite is the only well known Personal antiseptic that actually destroys even onion odor—killing it FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes, leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself. Harmless to tissues. See directions. At all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Zonite kills even Onion Breath for GOOD!

THE TASTE TELLS YOU ZONITE GETS REAL RESULTS

ZONITE IS 5 TIMES MORE GERMICIDAL, BY TEST, THAN ANY OTHER NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC!

Faster Healing for Cuts & Bruises

BURNS NO PAIN = NO BURN = NO STAIN

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

NEW INVENTION "LIFETIME" PORTRAITS

Make money taking orders for amazing new kind of portrait that looks and acts like a live-in picture. Can be made in any size from any stipulated low price. No installation, makes an opening. Won't wash out. Simply retouch as new day appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to grave by tainting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counter—always on a money-back guarantee.

LIFETIME PORTRAIT SOCIETY

1052 Evans Street, Dept. B-6, Cincinnati, Ohio

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER—BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

GRAY HAIR

• Quickly and safely you can flake those streaks of gray to beautiful shades of blonde, brown, or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new day appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to grave by tainting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counter—always on a money-back guarantee.

RADIO MIRROR

YOUR LIPS AS HE DESIRES THEM

Itch is that quite often the more famous of the celebrities elect to arrive and depart by an inconspicuous and secret side door which opens after many twists and turns, onto an entirely different street. It doesn't seem to bother the celebrity-hunters though. Maybe they're hoping some day one of their idols won't be told about that side door.

NE of the most interesting persons connected with a Hollywood Hotel broadcast is—not the stars—but Bill Bach-er, the producer. Everyone who has ever worked with him realizes him and insists he is a genius. Tall, lean, very far from handsome, with a shock of bushy yellow hair, he is continually exploding volcanos of energy and enthusiasm. During a broadcast Bill occupies a low stand, or podium, and leads the program as a con- ductor leads a symphony. He gesturers frantically for sound effects, pleads soundlessly with his hands for emotion from the players during a dramatic scene, crouches, springs upright, nods to right and left—all with an intensity of manner which would do credit to an actor.

His discipline is so exact that when he lifts this hand to knock on the air, the sound-effect man's knocking is exactly synchronized with the moves of Bill's fist.

As to whether or not all the fireworks are worth while, the long-continued popu-larity of the Hollywood Hotel program should be proof enough. Incidentally, it was Bacher who first built up the Maxwell House Show Boat into a big-time show.

WHILE we're on the subject of Holly-wood Hotel, there are a couple of interesting stories connected with its recent preview of "Anthony Adverse." For one thing, it was Anthony, the picture ever to be previewed on the air in two instals-ments. For another, Fredric March's appearance in the second instalment was emphatically unpremeditated. He was vacationing in the Oregon woods the first week, and trekked a hundred miles to a radio set, just to listen in.

Then he became so enthusiastic over the air version that he returned to Hollywood in time to walk in on the broadcast. Don-ald Woods was pinch-hitting in the part of Anthony, and Fredric refused to super-cede him, but he did get in on the show by reading the narrative portions.

Anita Loos, who played Maria, told members of the Hotel cast a revealing story about Claude Rains, who was her cruel husband, Don Luis.

"All through the first days of shooting," she said, "his manner was so odd it made me downright unhappy. He was barely polite—cold, unfriendly. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. I was sure I must have offended him in some way so I went to him and asked him straight out. He said, 'My dear, I have to hate you in the picture. I couldn't do that convincingly if I liked you in real life. I don't want to know you, in case I should like you!'—and after the picture was finished, he became perfectly charming."

JACK OAKIE didn't sign up with that"azar concern after all, thereby up-setting many a production. That doesn't necessarily mean he won't be on the air this fall, however . . . Jessie Matthews, the British picture star (her most recent was "It's Love Again") is due in Hollywood in September, and long before her arrival at least three radio agencies began battling for her services. It's a genuine conclusion that she'll accept one, and although it is not yet known which one she has been one of London's biggest radio names, this will be her first sponsored program.

(Continued on page 10)

Tenderly soft . . . warmly moist . . .
and simply red. These are the three reasons for which...
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 7)

$1.00 PRIZE

TOO MUCH EXPLANATION
I realize that the people of the broadcasting end of radio have very little confidence in the mental powers of those at the listening end. But even the dimness of wits understand and enjoy flattery. Take my case, for example. It would greatly enhance my enjoyment of radio if the announcer of my favorite ski would refrain from explaining what happened in the episode to which I have just listened. I'm not claiming that I don't need the explanation; but there is a subtle flattery in being thought capable of understanding which is sweeter to the dimness than undertaking itself. When I hear a father reprimand his son in no uncertain terms, I like to think that I know the son was reprimanded. With the ingratiate craftsmanship of such a needling help, I resent my announcer's telling me that that is what I heard. However, if humanity forbids his leaving me at the mercy of the profundities which issue from my loud speaker, I shall try to learn humility. But I beg that I be allowed that last shred of intellectual vanity, the privilege of wondering for myself, "what will happen next!"

Mabel Driscoll, Sycamore, Ill.

RADICO MIRROR

Be Your Own Music Teacher

Learn at Home by wonderful improved method. Simple A. B. C. child can learn it. Your lessons consist of two selections instead of one. When you finish one of these selections, you've added a new "piece" to your own "number" or trick music. Method is so thorough that many of our 1,000,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

Be Popular
Everywhere in art and parties. First you are led what to do. Then you do it yourself. Practice as often as you like. In a few short months you become a creditable artist—the life of every party.

FREE Book and Demonstration Lesson
Try our music bonus a free, fine player through the U. S. Schall Company. Write for Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson. Please mention your favorite instruments. Send cardboard enclosed sheet with your order for the instrument or instruments, when needed, cash or credit.

PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Violin Guitar Ukulele Oboe English Tuba Trumpet Cornet Ukulele Trombone Finale Orpheus Guitar Finale Crepés Violin "Americana" Trumpet Italian and German Accordion Voice and Speech Culture Harmony and Composition Band Flies (Pavilion, 5 to 8 cents)

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10611-D Brunswig Blvd.,
New York City, N. Y.

DON'T BE SLOW WITH FIGURES
America has entered in a scientific age, of whose engineers, astronomers, and actuaries provides simply explained and illustrated. Learn to multiply quickly in 2 days. Complete set, 400 lessons, 50 cents. F. J. Clancy, 210 E. 72nd St., New York City.

JAYEL PUBLISHING CO., Inc., 445 Broadway, N. Y. C.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE
Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—sniffing—sneezing—no more—no drip—no runny nose—no sleepless nights. Immediate relief. No bed rest. Send Post Card or letter for FREE Booklet on Remedies and Treatment of Catarrh. 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. A. D. Miles, 1026 N. Clark St., Chicago.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 2310, TOLEDO, O.

SKIN ITCH QUICK RELIEF
Or Money Back!
If irritating with an itching pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or scratching due to external causes—don't suffer another moment. One application of comforting Peterson's Ointment quickly soothes—cools tender, irritated skin. Redness soon vanishes. Wonderful to soothe eczema, itching of itch and eczema between toes—brings seemingly unbelievable results. Itching and seemingly disappear. Millions benefited. Try it—you'll be amazed. Be all druggists. Money refunded if it fails. SAMPLE FREE. Write now. Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. JFG, Buffalo, N. Y.

AMAZING SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO WEAR WITHOUT HOLES OR NEW HOSE FREE!

AGENTS: up to $5 32$ in a WEEK
Amazing free replacement Guarantee on first purchase. One box of any size, half or full, no matter how many holes appear in your hose. Satisfaction guar. Oilzum's Silk Hose. 60-day money-back guarantee. In packs of 2 or 6, for each $5.00. Send for free collection of misses, women's, children's. For mail order, ask for "i Hose." Oilzum's, 61-5 Ryle Ave., Fallen Timbers, Ohio.

WHITESTONE COMPANY:
R. H. Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?
Use this free booklet and sample lesson pages.

Chromatic Organ
R. P. Oldham.

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Dept. 1988, 26 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

In every city where nurses are needed. The training is uniform. The courses are designed to fit the needs of the patient. They are based on recognized and proved methods and techniques. The school is registered by the American Nurses' Association, New York City, N. Y.

City.

In your area, send for free booklet and sample lesson pages.
Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

"Baky" hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handlings all you now have to do is comb it one day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterward regularly twice or twice a week to keep your hair looking younger. Kolor-Bak is a colorifically coloring gray hair that imparts a beautiful and abhones gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two, and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did it to a thing.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee and if it does not make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money. FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK and send top flaps of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 416, 644 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 10c box of KUBAR Shampoo.

"In your Radio Mirror of August, you should have an Article, Should Radio be Barred From Our Courthouses? or a very interesting radio listener I would like to answer the question.

"Does barring microphones from the courtrooms, violate the right of free speech and the right of the citizen to attend trials?"

"Yes, I think it does. The public is taken to every point of the globe, to every major event, by radio, a thing not thought of ten years ago. So why not take the radio to the courtrooms?"

"Does the danger of having immoral situations revealed and vulgar language spoken make broadcasts dangerous to the community?"

"No, I don't think there is a danger there. Today things are taught in the public schools that weren't even thought of when I went to school. Today we don't cloak the need of enlightenment with the old-fashioned rules of prudence."—CATHERINE FUELING, Canton, Ohio.

The Right to Be Heard

"Just this minute read your brief review of Frank Fay's program. Nothing could keep me from reading these words. Mister, I disagree with you along with hundreds of others, in what you say about Frank Fay's rendering of a street or serious song. Have you ever heard him sing 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'? There is only one Frank Fay. He is great as a comedian, singer or what have you. One thing, his program is different from most programs on the air and that's something."—M. SAGERT, Chicago, Ill.

We have a double standard in procedure in the otherwise excellent routine of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour which, I think, are rather unfair.

"First is the practice of relying on the air, the telephone votes for current performers. Since such votes do not necessarily indicate the results when voting is complete, certain aspiring amateurs may be temporarily depressed in their efforts to find their hopes in vain when the mail votes, as well as the telephone votes, are tabulated. Couldn't the final decisions be reserved for the following week?"

"Second—I think it would be fairer to all concerned not to commence voting for current performances until the complete amount of grumbling and verbal criticism?" The radio!"—LILOH KOGAN, Boca Raton, Florida.

"Owners of radio stations could do away with radio advertising but these same people who how about too much radio advertising would still how, and how much louder, I might add, if they were asked to pay $2 to $3 a year for the upkeep of these same stations."—NOEL THOMAS, St. Paul, Minn.

"Where and when did the custom of clapping for a joke originate? A good joke, on its own merits, brings forth spontaneous laughter—good old-fashioned belly laughs. A poor joke should be buried in the dead silence it deserves. Clapping induces a funny quip and makes a cheap pun or ancient gag even more unacceptable. Yet, even the remotest clive dweller gets a kick out of a sophisticated New York audience clapping instead of laughing at a comic. After that complaint, here's a suggestion: One of the most beautiful and soothing forms of music, yet one rarely heard on the air is Hawaiian music played by real Hawaiians (not a "synthetic") band. I, for one, would relish such a program."—JOSPEH OLEKOW, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Because they value daintiness, millions of women welcome FEMININE HYGIENE that is

GREASELESS

- ZONTORS, snowy-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to means, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready to use. No mixing or messy apparatus. Diaphragm—and ideal as a contraceptive.

- More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greatest Zontors for feminine hygiene. There is positively nothing else like Zontors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zontors make use of the world famous Zontine antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues. Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists, Mail coupon for information free booklet. A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Address: ZONTORS


Address: A ZONTOR PRODUCT

Sell New EMBOSSTO Christmas Cards

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—but better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. Wives use such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book that shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology. Delicious romance and love pass you by. Send us only 1St and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in the book "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 15A, 465 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Have Fun Making Money

Yes, You Can—Anybody Can make a lot of money right at home and, what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

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FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 34-P
ADRIAN, MICH.

What would make your HAIR GROW?

Here is the Answer—Under your scalp is the REAL source of hair growth—the roots. You may seem BALD, but when your scalp reveals a mass of stubby hairs, it is proof that the roots are alive. And where there are live roots, there is hope of revived hair growth. Many healthy men and women, after stimulating the scalp, report that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, and luxuriant hair growth developed—hence roots were actual.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not encourage them to increase? The following are the use of sustenance available to your scalp? That is what we know! Use KOTALKO to manipulate your scalp. KOTALKO is sold by drug stores.

FREE BOX, To prove the efficacy of KOTALKO for men’s, women’s, and children’s hair. Use coupon.

Kotalko Co. A-57, G. P. O., Box 173, New York Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO. Name ____________

Full Address ________________

tion of the program. How can listeners possibly pass unbiased judgment unless they have heard all amateurs? Have they decided in advance that John Doe looks like a professional? This is unfair! Can they be merits the same as votes? While this spirit of loyalty may be commendable, it certainly is not fair. Judges in other fields cannot render decisions until the program is completed. The telephone operators could work the required hours and a half beginning at the conclusion of each program. —Mrs. Imae Marta, El Segundo, California.

“I often wonder if we give the radio announcers the credit that they deserve, or if we think of them as all contributors to the goodness or badness of a program.

“For certainly they are that, in launching the program to an interest-arousing or a boring take-off.

“In my opinion such announcers as Don Wilson (who is my favorite), Lowell Thomas, Ken Carpenter, Ken Niles and many others are real artists. Their advertising is presented in an interesting manner and their products put before me in public most attractively by means of mere words.” —Erma Bersuch, Topeka, Kansas.

“I welcomed the advent of the loud speaker at first, but little did I realize how many fellows were going to turn to a station—let their radios go at full blast, and annoy people for blocks around. Why doesn't everyone keep his radio tuned low enough so that he and his friends can enjoy whatever they like but give other listeners a break. Maybe we'd like to hear a different program.” —Mrs. Helen Thomas, Houston, Texas.

“By asking myself several questions I have been able to set a standard for listening. Here are some of the questions: Is the music the best of its kind? Is the humor funny? Are the speeches propaganda or emotional sentimentality? Are the dramas good and presented by good actors? Are the news comments sensational or do they show reasonable survey? Is the news accurate? By really studying each question a good standard can usually be found. A radio menu of programs is good to use. Select at random the programs you like, give them a try, and then see if it is balanced and pleasing. After a few weeks a menu should be found that is satisfactory.” —Eugene Hersey, Ray, Arizona.

“To me, Kate Smith is more than just a radio entertainer; she is everybody's pal and neighbor. Her winning personality has made her star with the other he faves and in the lives of those she has brought cheer and hope as no other has done.” —Mrs. Grover Biers, Hinton, West Virginia.

“—the wind was howling, rain was coming down in swift torrents—all these sounds quite natural, don't they? But when we heard them so skillfully imitated over the radio, we are not sure that it was a matter of course, never stopping to realize how different our story dramatization would be without them.” —Helen Manning, Pleasantville, New Jersey.

“Medals, acclamations, and what not have been given to Amos and Andy, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, the benevolent Major Bowes and others. But there is never a word concerning Uncle Ezra and his little five-watt program never surpassed nor equalled by any on the ether. His continuity and comedy are most realistic of all. Let's give him and his boys a big hand.” —J. L. MacGolgan, Jersey City, New Jersey.
DEFORMED OR INJURED BACK
Thousands of
Removable Cases
A Man, helpless, unable to
stand or walk, yet was rid-
ing tortures and playing
tennis within a year. An
Old Lady, 72, who had been
posed for many years, was
within three months. Little Child, paralysed, was
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weeks. A Railroad Man,
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gine and his back broken,
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We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thou-
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30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE
We will prove its value in your own case. The
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the cure, is easily adapted—how different from the old
(plain) bottle, without labels and cellophane jackets or steel
bands. Your sufferer will feel the difference and he
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self to investigate, doc-
tors recommended this cure within years of all.
Send for information
Describe your case so we can give you definite in-
formation at once.

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MAIL YOUR FILMS TO THE KODAK CITY
Eight guaranteed picture Vary-prints-25c each
Please mail a deposit of 5c.
PHOTO FINISHING SHOP (Est. 22 yrs.)
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The Kodak City

STOP
TORTURE In One Minute
For quick relief from theitching of eczema, blisters,
corns, athlete's foot, eczema, and other skin
ailments, apply Dr. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle but
soothes the irritated skin. Clears, softens and small-
does fast. Stops the most intense itching in-
stantly. A 3c trial bottle, at drug stores.
Ask for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

Help Kidneys
Clean Out Poisonous Acids
Your Kidneys contain 5 million tiny tubes or
filters which may be endangered by neglect or
disease. Think of it! If func-
tional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer
from Getting Up Nightly, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Pains, Dis-
tinuity, Circles Under Eyes, Neurosis, Loss of
Hair, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take
chances. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescrip-
tion, Cystex, the most modern advanced treat-
ment for these troubles. 20c, 85c deposited
with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California.
Guaranteed for 30 days. Cystex must bring new vitality
in 48 hours and make you feel younger in a few weeks.
Telephone your druggist for guaran-
teed Cystex (Gian-Tex) today.

PEDZ for CORNS & FOOT OIL CALLOUSSES
GOT RID of HER COMFORTS
PEDZ is the
only pains in my
robe. I have
or what
than they
for 7 years.
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Now Electronically processed
and refined, 100% guaranteed
in every way. We will refund
if directions are followed.
NEVER before of painful corns and callous-
six months. After one bottle,
our hair. We will refund

You have the best.
Address PEDZ FOOT OIL.
Dept. 7917, Chicago, Ill.

Frances Langford's Love
Puzzle
(Continued from page 9)

Ken, husky, naive, boyish, a football
player and recent graduate of the Uni-
versity of Florida.

Until this spring, Billy had still
been in college. Frances was busy car-
ing out her career she chose for herself. Except upon
one brief visit Frances made to Florida,
they hadn't seen each other in months.
Billy remained usually in the back-
ground, not wishing to interfere with Frances life.
But that he hadn't forgotten was proved
when the first thing he did after receiving
his degree was to write and announce
that he was coming to Hollywood to see her.
When I last saw Frances, not long be-
fore Billy was due to arrive, she didn't
know what his coming would mean to
her. One thing was certain—it would
be a strange situation that has already
gone on too long. It may be that before
this see print, the crystallizing of that
situation will have shown Frances where
her happiness lies.

She was in love with Billy Chase once
upon a time, I know, when they both
went to high school in their home town of
Lakeland. You may say, as many of her
acquainted will say, that it was no
more than puppy love. It hasn't been
that for Billy, at least. Through all the
years since she left Lakeland, an unkown
pirate was always right up today. Billy
has been devoted. Silent, un-
bothered, but devoted—and constantly
in touch with her.

A S for Frances' feelings toward Billy,
even when I talked to her before
Billy's arrival, it seemed they were just
good friends, although when she spoke of
him there was a new thrill, a new excite-
ment in her voice.

Ken Dulan met Frances when Rudy
Vallee first honored an interest in her career.
He was Rudy's press representative then,
and Rudy turned over to him much of the
routine work of helping the little girl
from Lakeland get a break. When she
became more important she became his
client, and when she went West she went
with her, to give her help in managing
her business affairs.

Now let me try to show you Frances as
she really is. Only then can you under-
stand why it will be so agonizingly hard
for her to decide between the two men
who form the other two points of the per-
plexing triangle in which is involved.
Perhaps you will be able to predict for
yourself the choice she will make.

She is one of the few persons I have
ever met who possess the secret of gen-
une reserve. She would be happier with-
out it. She has confessed to me that she
does not like to meet people, and that
when she is forced to it involuntarily
erects a barrier between herself and them.
She can chat pleasantly and easily enough,
under necessity, but at the end you are
left with the feeling that somewhere back
of those dark eyes the real Frances Lang-
ford has been hiding, silent, very
obscure, but lovely.

The members of the Hollywood Hotel
have a custom of taking turns in
giving little parties to celebrate special
occasions or to introduce someone to
the show, or something special in the way of
guest stars—any excuse serves for a party.
It was Frances' turn when I was talking to
her—in the same turn for a number of
weeks, but she had again and again put it off, had let other people give
(Continued on page 109)

FARR'S
FOR GRAY HAIR
If neglected hair doesn't distress you, it
pains your friends. FARR'S, with perfect
confidence, leaves your hair soft, lux-
urious, natural and youthful in appearance.
Easy as a manicure in hygiene privacy of
home; odorless, greaseless; will not rub
off or interfere with curling. $1.35. Sold
everywhere.

PIANO CHORDS
DEAN'S CHART OF BASIC CHORDS with
instructions and rules for harmonizing on piano
by ear. PRICE IN U.S.A. $1.00 Postpaid.
GLEN E. DEAN, RAUBSVILLE, PENNA.

TELETYPEWRITER 1/2 Price
Now Only
10 Day
AFTER 10 Day
FREE Trial
No Money Down
Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full
size 100 office model Underwood No. 5 for only $49.90 cash or
on easy terms. Has up to date improvements including equiva-
tal to new keyboard, backspacer, automatic ridge remain-
er, and space bar. Fully guaranteed. Completely rebuilt and
FULLY GUARANTEED. Lowers Terminal a Dime

LEARN TO TYPEWRITING
Complete Course $5.00
Send 25c for Light Test
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LOWEST TERMS in the Country.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Send money for 10 days Trial
— if you decide to keep it pay
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amounts. 10th to June 31st.

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Free Mail Test Type No. 1. If you're a typewriter
man, write to us and try it risk free. You may
get a new or second-hand portable, standard, or
commercial in this large stock. Write for free mail
test type now. If you keep it I will pay $5.00 a month until $49.90
balance is paid. Limited time, 10th to June 31st.

Name.
Address.
$25,000.00
MANUSCRIPT CONTEST
25 GRAND PRIZES OF $1,000 EACH

HERE is real opportunity. You are cordially invited to take part in what we believe is the most spectacularly attractive true story contest that has ever been conducted. Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Monday, November 30th, 1936, i.e.—$25,000 for twenty-five stories.

By dividing this great appropriation into twenty-five grand prizes of $1,000 each we hold out to every person taking part an unprecedented opportunity to get a really magnificent sum in cash for a simple account of a dramatic, tragic or soul-stirring episode that he or she has lived or observed.

The chances are you know a true story of quality and calibre to put you in line for one of these prizes. If you know such a story it would be a pity indeed not to set it down and send it in. If you win, you win $1,000. And to win $1,000 you do not have to submit the best story, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If yours should be the twenty-fifth best it would still be worth $1,000 to you.

This great contest is now running. By all means write to Macfadden Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and request that you be sent full particulars regarding it, including rules and a copy of the booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Be sure to mention the name of the magazine in which you read this notice.

Polish Teeth Safely, 60 Times for 25c

Try this most amazing of tooth powders. It alone has Pepsodent's exclusive new patented discovery for floating-away film, dull yellow stain, leaving teeth transformed with a high-polish luster. 60 brushings in the 25c size. And a large family-size for 50c. Order from any drug counter.

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
with the Patented New Discovery for High-polishing Teeth Safely!
Brown Blondes!

Get beautiful blonde hair at home with Shampoo-Rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter. New BLONDEX—The BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE. Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at HOME. Send 3 for $1.00. SEND NO MONEY—Just mail this coupon to get complete information. Shows you how to do your own professional enlargements—photographs, recipes, etc. Send today—our supplies on approval. Edit theama of your life's ambition now. 104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1546-CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

On the Hollywood Front
(Continued from page 57)

SNAPSHOTS OF THE STARS

Adolphe Menjou and Alice Fay trying to get near enough to a microphone to make the call during the "Sing, Baby Sing" preview, Gregory Ratoff, who is head-heavy and broad-shouldered, is deathly afraid of the microphone and wouldn't budge for anyone. Director Bacher the central man. Lonelle Parsons and Dick Powell all lecturing the camera. Whatever is the error of his ways—and Gregory promising to do better to remember that another people are on the stage besides himself and have to be heard. I hope that you mustn't shout into a microphone.

For promises and resolutions! At the broadcast, Gregory got so excited he shouted more than ever, and nothing could dislodge him from his position in front of the microphone. Result: Patsy Kelly was the only co-worker who was clearly heard. She plunged into the story she had to speak, reared her head between Ratoff and the mike, and gave the Russian comedian a vicious dig with her elbow. All in all, one of the football-scrummiest broadcasts ever put on.

KAY FRANCIS . . . the screen's best dressed star . . . who'd have known her? Hair in bobby pins, combing fingers, horn-rimmed spectacles, pencil behind her ear . . . that was at rehearsal. At the broadcast, latest thing in cocktail goggles, smart hat, faultless grooming. Quick, nervous, grasping the point before the director had even finished outlining it to her. "Shut up—yes—" pushing aside the unnecessary words.

"Oh, I'm sorry! That's a terrible thing to do—forgive me." The offense? She slightly altered a cue line for a minor extra player. "It might have put him off entirely. I'll watch it next time." And she did.

GEORGE BRENT growing a mustache, and looking hugely bored with broadcasting and all its works. Or maybe he was just trying to pretend he was above being nervous? Joan Blondell, achieving the same effect by propping her script on the music stand in front of her and never moving clenched hands from her coat pocket throughout the broadcast. When she held the script in her hands you could see them trembling! ... Myrna Loy, freckled nose high in the air, just "walking through" her part at rehearsal, and then (while the control room went wild) changing the entire reading on the air and upsetting every carefully planned balance. ... Francis Lederer in a black silk sweat shirt with short sleeves, apparently making ardent love to the microphone. First drops his head, then a neck rub behind the mike—then crosses his arms on the rack, embracing the mike—finally proceeds to play coy love scene right into it. ... Barbara Stanwyck rehearsing in green and black velvet and shoes which she runs over to stand smack on their sides in front of the mike—legs apart, hands clasped behind her, like a reclining nude. ... Joan Fontaine in white beret and white high-heeled shoes, standing up nice and straight like a perfect little lady.
Learn Homemaking from the Stars
(Continued from page 41)

have little value in themselves save for their artistry of color and grouping. Little bottles on the top shelf are, Miss Speaks told me, the bottles from which individual drinks of liquor are served on trains; some of the little bowls and vases are from Woolworth’s. Here is a striking illustration that charm and beauty are never governed by mere cost.

The window shelf treatment is also used to advantage in the kitchen and in the living room. Almost the whole of the south wall of the latter is given over to a huge window framing a view of the entire countryside and its hills and lakes. In winter the simple pongee curtains are drawn and warm linen draperies shut out the cold and snow. Then the attention of the visitor is centered upon the huge fireplace on the other side of the room, with its old fashioned built-in farm settle. Pine panelling creates the proper rustic touch, and the fireplace, as well as being picturesque, is highly practical for heating purposes.

Incidentally, since Miss Speaks burns large logs, she has discovered a flexible iron fire screen which works like a draw curtain. It is vastly more practical than the usual standing screen, is surprisingly reasonable in price, and is made to order to fit any size fireplace. The convenience and saving of the furniture from soot and flying embers makes it a sound investment. Miss Speaks will be glad to let you know where you can get one for your fireplace.

In spite of the newness of the house Miss Speaks has instilled the mellowness of age so important to the quaint cottage by using really old bricks for the fireplace and worn old wood for the floors. And, of course, the furniture is all old pine farmhouse pieces. You know, it’s really odd how many homemakers shy from the use of antique furniture, because the very word “antique” applied to furniture has come to connote large expenditures. Yet old pine pieces are usually cheaper than new store furniture; and one can have a wonderful time collecting them!

“We got most of ours on motor trips,” Miss Speaks confided, “and getting them was almost as much fun as having them. This cobbler’s bench,” she pointed to a lovely piece before the fireplace, “we found in Ohio when we made a trip to Columbus to see my parents. The legs were rickety, but we had new ones made from old wood. The seat was too torn to use, yet we wanted it to look old. So you see what we did? We found an old saddle, took the leather off, and there is the result!” The “result” was undeniably lovely.

A pair of old butter churns picked up in New England became unusual waste baskets; an old earthen vinegar jug the base for a lamp; a cobbler’s nail table a delightful end table; a wash stand became a bedroom night table. An old ironing table is one of the most usual pieces in the room. The table top folds back and becomes a settle.

There are many such pieces to be found at country auctions or in farmhouses or even in antique shops—although of course the latter places are more apt to be expensive, or at least more so than the “finds” one may pick up.

If anything serves to illustrate my point that good taste and cost have no relation...
to one another, it's the set of food containers in Miss Speaks' kitchen. I raved over them. Where on earth, I wanted to know, did she ever pick them up? I wanted something rubberized similarly.

"My husband smokes a pipe," she explained. "They're tobacco cans I painted them to match the kitchen color scheme. I made the labels myself, bought the handles in the hardware store for a nickel apiece and attached them to the lids. They save Bertha, the cook, a long hunt through the crowded kitchen cabinet when she wants spices, flour, or sugar just at the busy stage of meal-getting."

I've been through a lot of lovely and charming homes in the preparation of this series, but more than any Miss Speaks' brings home forcefully what can be accomplished with great deal of good taste and ingenuity and a very little bit of cash. It's one of those places you go into, and say to yourself rapturously, "Oh, if only I could afford something like this!"

Then, to your everlasting amazement— you find you can!

*MARGARET SPEAKS’ BUDGET HOUSE
Living and Dining Room

Tip Table

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Small round pine table</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine farm ironing table</td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drop-leaf pine table</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spindle back pine Windsor chairs</td>
<td>32.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cobbler 5-piece</td>
<td>21.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cobbler's nail table</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue glass and milk glass lamp</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue glass lamp</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pair of armchairs with crane</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-legged iron pot</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laund.</td>
<td>1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 Butler tubs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hand wrought iron</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hooked rugs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bellows</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Old iron toasting fork</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old shell clock (1800)</td>
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</table>

Total: $179.25
Modern sofa: 18.00

**Total:** $197.25

*Two Bedrooms*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 Pine mirrors</td>
<td>$13.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chest</td>
<td>15.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chest</td>
<td>17.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night stand</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wash stand</td>
<td>9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine table (for dressing table)</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Ladder-back rush-seat pine chairs</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Large hooked rugs</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odd sized hooked rugs</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $87.25

*Total for entire house:* $284.30

Note: Kitchen furnishings and beds are not included in the above list, the kitchen having been omitted because its cost in any case is so widely variable, depending upon personal preferences. Inasmuch as Miss Speaks has not as yet obtained her antique beds, it was not practicable to include the cost of beds not in keeping with the other furnishings.

Remember, what you— you needn't have a star's income to have a star's home!

Look carefully at the accompanying illustrations, and at the astonishing low prices of the majority of Miss Speaks' pieces. Then, if you wish, write me in care of Radio Mirror for further details. I'll be delighted to tell you where and how each piece was obtained, what it cost, and all about it.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 85)

King George V of England, her second was used aboard the yacht of Kaiser Wilhelm until his belongings were confiscated and sold during World War I. And now, it is Jane’s pride to show the piano which is a replica of the one owned by Norway’s Princess Ingrid.

MISS HARVEY, incidentally, had a movie career in mind—until a director made her carry a bucket of water up a cliff thirty times during a drenching rainstorm. From then on, the films lost their appeal to her. For over ten years afterward, however, she had to watch them as she sat in the pits of movie theatres from Hollywood to New York, fingering the keys for musical backgrounds for silent pictures.

CONGRATULATIONS to Carl Campbell, technician for KNX, Hollywood. The stork brought a new 75% pound son (his first) to his house July 16th. Carl, who handles the majority of KNX’s remote jobs, is well known to patrons of such places as the Paris Inn, where he carries on his evening chores along with announcer Jack Carter.

And best wishes to Pauline Stafford, member of the girls crew on KNX’s Crocket Fan Club, who said goodbye to her other friends in July and traded her job of radio angling for a wrestling ring July 20. Foster Rucker, KFOX producer and technician is the lucky man.

If a year or two from now, Andrew Love, NBC Continuity Editor in San Francisco is besieged by an army of earnest-eyed radio dramatists and writers, “commercial” experts, all flourishing diplomas and desires of jobs, he’ll have only himself to blame.

For love, at the request of the University of California, has prepared the university’s first extension course in radio continuity writing, analysis of the differences between radio writing and other forms of writing, radio editorial policies and literary rights, choice of setting, possible markets and similar topics.

He will be the instructor in the class which the LXi opens September 15—and, well, he can’t say we didn’t warn him!”

FOLLOWING the resignation of H. J. Maxwell who has been assistant to Don E. Gilman, Vice President in charge of the Western Division of the National Broadcasting Company, for more than two years, L. S. Frost, formerly Program Manager, has replaced him. Maxwell will devote his entire time to the development of the Fresno Broadcasting Company.

Kenneth Carney, formerly production Manager has been made Program Manager, and Frank Copely replaces him on the production desk.

WALTER BAKER, NBC office manager and purchasing agent in San Francisco has been moved to Hollywood to replace Russell Garceau as office manager and assistant in NBC’s studios there. Sydney Dorais is the new San Francisco office manager and purchasing agent.

ARNOLDS: Minetta Ellen, who plays Fanny Barbour in One Man’s Man, and Carlton E. Morse, the author, are the only two members of the group who really enjoy flying... both never travel any other way when possible. Captain Nicholas Lacey has taken another wife unto himself. Claud’s husband (in the serial) married Miss Helen Clifford, a nurse, July 4... but she’ll be known as Mrs. Walter Paterson (Captain Nicky’s real name). Page Gilman, gifted young actor who plays Jack Barbour, is taking a summer course at the California School of Fine Arts... Wini- fred Wolfe (Teddy) was graduated from grammar school with a straight A record this June... Barton Yarborough (Cliff) is going in for amateur movies in a big way and shoots a few scenes of his fellow Barbourds at every opportunity.

YOU have to act quickly, and think more so, in radio.

So when George Nickson, San Francisco, NBC tenor, rushed into the Woman’s Magazine of the Air studio just as the program was about to go on the air, and whispered hoarsely to Benny Walker, the Magazine’s emceeing director, “Can’t sing a note—I’ve lost my voice!” Benny never turned a hair.

He merely stepped to the microphone, announced the broadcast’s opening, then moved over a page or two beside three-fourths of the Magazine’s quartet—Bob Stevens, John Tel and Harry Stanton. A minute later he was singing merrily away in Nickson’s place—which would make a better story were it not for the fact that Benny used to be a noted quartet singer before he became the Magazine’s pilot.

MARJORIE GRAY, NBC authority heard on the Woman’s Magazine of the Air, likes to be up in the clouds. She has been spending long hours with an architect, and building operations start shortly on a house on the western slope of one of San Francisco’s Twin Peaks. From her living room windows Marjorie will view the city, the Golden Gate and the Pacific Ocean.

As Bill and Ginger, Virginia Baker and Lyn Murray have been broadcasting over WABC for three years, Lyn is also director of CBS choral groups.
MEN! WOMEN! MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY!

Wear the Unique Sensational PORTRAIT RING

Everybody Wants It!

JUST SHOW SAMPLE RING
AND MAKE DOLLARS BY THE HANDFUL
FROM NOW UNTIL CHRISTMAS!

PROVE IT AT MY RISK!

This is the money-making chance you've looked for and longed for! A NEW IDEA—unique, thrilling, fascinating—that literally charms dollars into your pockets...set like magic! EVERYONE WANTS THE PORTRAIT RING! A sensational holiday seller! You simply wear and show your sample rings in BIG CASH PROFITS so easily, you'll hardly believe your eyes. It's the money making marvel of the age! And no wonder! Imagine—a beautiful, polished, onyx-like ring on which is reproduced—permanently and faithfully—the actual portrait of some loved one. Every man, woman and child in your town wants one the moment you show it. Hundreds of men and women, many who never took an order for anything in their lives before, are reaping a harvest of dollar bills. Now the time is here when you can make money—plenty of money—more easily and quickly than you ever dreamed. Spare time or full time. No investment in stock. No sample case to carry. Just wear the sample ring and pocket the dollars!

A TREASURED REMEMBRANCE

MOTHER
Mother love is as old as the ages. You can pay no finer tribute to your mother than by wearing a smart Portrait Ring with her photo on it.

BABY
Imagine how eager, proud father and mother will be to wear a beautiful ring bearing the portrait of their precious child.

HUSBAND
Every wife will be delighted to wear her husband's face, beautifully designed, as his ring.

AMAZING SECRET DISCOVERY MAKES PRICELESS LIFETIME KEEPSAKE OF ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

The PORTRAIT RING is new, novel, and the most sensational selling idea in years. By a special scientific discovery, any photo, picture or snapshot of any size is reproduced, clearly and faithfully on a beautiful ring. The portrait becomes a part of the ring itself—cannot rub off, fade out, wash off or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Can you imagine a more novel, unusual gift than the Portrait Ring? How can any man or woman find a more beautiful way to express the Christmas spirit than by giving a Portrait Ring with the donor's picture expertly reproduced? What finer gift could be found for fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts than a beautiful ring with the most precious setting in the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. The PORTRAIT RING becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be guarded and treasured for life.

$1 PROFIT FOR YOU ON EVERY RING

Never before has there been such a sensational, sure-fire money making opportunity for ambitious men and women. Polls have indicated that the largest percentage of people would like to keep love and friendship alive. Customers write they wouldn't pay $5.00 or even $10.00 and $15.00 for their Portrait Rings. But the tremendous demand enables you to take orders at only $2.00. And the thrilling news is this—you collect and keep $1.00 of THIS AS YOUR PROFIT—no advance. Think of it! You make no collections or deliveries. You get your profit on the spot.

SEND NO MONEY FOR YOUR SAMPLE PORTRAIT RING!

All you need is a sample ring on your finger to bring your orders and dollars wherever you turn! As special offer, we'll send you beautiful Portrait Rings, with any photo, picture or snapshot perfectly reproduced—for only $2.00. A bargain you may never see again. Only 10 orders a day will pay you $60.00 CLEAR PROFIT a week. 20 orders a day is not impossible. Rush your order for Sample Ring now—send any photo you want reproduced. You take no risk. You must be satisfied or money is refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST SEND YOUR RING SIZE AND PHOTO

SEND YOUR RING SIZE NOW

PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. PD-31
Twelfth & Jackson, Cincinnati, O.

SIZE RING

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(No charge for domestic orders—payment required on foreign orders)

PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. PD-31
Twelfth & Jackson, Cincinnati, O.

Send photo and payment enclosed for $2.00 per ring. Rush order now, as we can't guarantee prompt delivery on limited supplies. Or picture Made Into BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT RING.

Any Photo, Snapshot Or picture Made Into BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT RING
Photo returned unharmed.

Name...
Address...
City...
State...

SEND YOUR RING SIZE NOW...
-ain't got time for loose talk, folks

they've got TASTE and plenty to spare

Chesterfield

Made by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company—and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product