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THE THREAT TO THE QUINTS’ HAPPINESS
A Startling Revelation From Dr. Dafoe

NOVEMBER

THE NEW LOVE IN RUDY VALLEE’S LIFE
Win Cash Prizes In The FIBBER McGEE Limerick Contest
When lips are a Savage red, the spirit of jungle adventure prevails ... and hearts too easily are caused to skip a beat! For, the five Savage reds were purposely created to be exciting. And they are!

But, it's folly for lips to tempt unless their caress proves warm, moist and tender. So ... Savage Lipstick also softens lips ... makes them softer even than Nature does; assurance that Savage lips will always fulfill the promise their Savage color makes.

And Savage is really permanent, too. It clings savagely ... as long as lips are wished to lure ... and longer. None other is like Savage! Select from these five truly adventurous shades of red.

**TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL BLUSH • JUNGLE**

**AT ALL TEN CENT STORES**

20¢
"How about a week from Thursday?"

Her phone was always ringing...would she like to see this?...would she like to go there?...could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, do whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Sure

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine’s speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
SPECIAL FEATURES

The Threat to the Quints' Happiness
Dr. Daleo tells of the battle they must fight

Rudy Vallee's in Love!
Will Niela Goodelle wipe out bitter memories?

Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?

What Happens to Your Sweepstakes Entry?
The lowdown on the Lucky Strike song game

Told At Last! How Wayne King Found Romance

That Irresistible Mr. Astaire
Radio's newest master of ceremonies stands revealed

The Man I Nearly Married
Four beautiful stars confess!

Win Cash Prizes! In The Fizzer McGee Limerick Contest

The Big Broadcast of 1937
A novelette complete in this issue

The Life Story of Bob Burns, Arkansas Traveler

Carmela Ponselle's Secret Inspiration

Follow Your Heart Says Joe Emerson
Hymns showed him the way to happiness

Learn Homemaking From The Stars
Pictures and facts about Dick Powell's house

What Smith Ballew Endured For Love

Mary Watkins Reeves
Norton Russell
Gladys Oaks
Jack Sher

UNUSUAL DEPARTMENTS

Reflections In The Radio Mirror
What's New on Radio Row
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Mexican Menus From Tim and Irene
The Critic on the Hearth
What Do You Want To Say?
For Your Radio Scrapbook
Facing The Music
Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory
Cleanliness Is Next to Loveliness
What Do You Want To Know?

3 6 8 10 11 12 26 48 52 54 56

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Where To Tune Them In This Fall
The News In Pictures
Gallery of Stars

Bobby Breen
Dorothy Lamour
Don Ameche
Mellerdrama Under the Gaslights
Beauties And Their Beasts

 Added Attractions—The Oracle

RADIO MIRROR welcomes back Helen Hayes to the air with a stunning portrait of her on the cover and a fictionization of the serial in which she is to star...also, the stirring story that's behind Goodwill Court, radio's newest human interest show.

COVER

PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE
BY TCHETCHET
THE story of how Goodwill Court went from local station WMCA to NBC’s coast to coast network is the significant story of the brief but bitter struggle of one man and his dreams against a corporation’s policies.

I want to tell it because it seems to me to answer the many liberals in the listening audience who ask: “Will commercial broadcasting ever let down the bars against discussion of life’s most urgent problems?”

When Chase and Sanborn signed Goodwill Court to take the place of the Major Bowes amateur program, it created an immediate and perplexing problem for NBC. The problem was to make Goodwill Court as emotional and dramatic a program as ever went on the air, and make it over to conform with NBC needs.

As a broadcast over a local station, it had included a number of sex problems. You know, if you have heard it, how it brings people from all walks of life to the microphone, how these people state their case and hear an acting New York magistrate give them a legal answer. Many of these cases were based on such sex problems as adultery, illegitimacy, unfaithfulness—necessarily so, since so many human woes spring from these sources. It was NBC’s job to bar such cases and yet retain the show’s immense listener appeal.

The day I lunched with Lenox Riley Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company, I asked him what they would do about Goodwill Court.

“Allow nothing on it that wouldn’t be proper for every member of the family to hear,” he replied, referring to the yardstick by which broadcasters have always determined a program’s morals.

I asked him if he thought this would cut down the program’s popularity.

“No,” he answered, “there are other aspects of life which are just as interesting as the ones we must keep off this program. Our restriction will only lead to greater diversification.”

A. L. Alexander who created Goodwill Court and who directs every phase of it, opposed this view. In Goodwill Court he saw a boyhood dream grow to reality. He has the fire and ideals of the born crusader, and in his heart burns a hot resentment fanned by the pitiful letters he receives from listeners, against the present marriage laws.

One of the greatest satisfactions he derived from his program was the chance to get advice to the weary and poverty stricken who found themselves hopelessly caught up in the choking web of marriage law. He knew that if he gave NBC its way and swept his program clean of the taboo subjects—illegitimacy, adultery, unfaithfulness—he would have to refuse help to a large number of people who cried to him for guidance.

So he argued, but NBC had its ruling, the sponsor had no boyhood dream to lose, and Alexander inevitably bowed down to circumstance. NBC is sure its ruling is fair and correct. It says that you would not tolerate such subjects on its stations.

I would like to know—and I am sure Mr. Alexander would like to know—how you really feel. Do you want radio to taboo discussions of these urgent life problems? Or would you prefer to hear them discussed by authorities whose viewpoints represent the laws of the country?
WHERE TO TUNE THEM IN

Because so many programs have changed time, net-
work, and even stars for the new season and so many
stars have come back either for different sponsors
or on different broadcasts, we've made up the following
list of the shows on which changes have been made. By a
little study, you'll be able to find out where to tune in fa-
vorites who took a summer vacation or who found them-
selves new hours. The stars or programs—as the case may
be—are listed here alphabetically. The times given are
Eastern Standard. Every possible effort was made to pre-
sent accurate, up-to-the-minute information.

Fred Allen on Town Hall Tonight—Wednesday night from 9:00 to 10:00—NBC Red network.
Fred Astaire on Variety Show—Tuesday night from 9:30 to 10:30—NBC Red network.
Atlantic Family Program—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at 7:15 P.M.—CBS network.
Phil Baker & Hal Kemp's Orchestra—Sunday night from 7:30 to 8:00—CBS network.
Jack Benny & Mary Livingstone—Sunday night from 7:00 to 7:30—NBC Red network.
Major Bowes' Amateur Hour—Thursday night from 9:00 to 10:00—CBS network.
Eddie Cantor's Variety Show—Sunday night from 8:30 to 9:00—CBS network.
The Carborundum Band Program—Saturday night from 7:30 to 8:00—CBS network.
Dr. Dafoe—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 11:45 to 12:00 noon—CBS network.
Death Valley Days Program—Friday night from 8:30 to 9:00—NBC Blue network.
Nelson Eddy & Pasternack Orchestra—Sunday night from 8:00 to 8:30—CBS network.
Voice of Firestone Program—Monday night from 8:30 to 9:00—NBC Red network.
The First Nighter Program—Friday night from 10:00 to 10:30—NBC Red network.
Floyd Gibbons & Vincent Lopez—Saturday night from 9:00 to 9:30—CBS network.
Ford Hour with Victor Kolar—Sunday night from 9:00 to 10:00—CBS network.
General Motors Symphonic Hour—Sunday night from 10:00 to 11:00—NBC Red network.
The Goodwill Court Program—Sunday night from 8:00 to 9:00—NBC Red network.
Grand Hotel Dramatic Sketches—Sunday from 3:30 to 4:00 P.M.—NBC Red network.
Helena Hayes, Dramatic Program—Monday night from 8:00 to 8:30—NBC Blue network.
How to Be Charming—Mon. Wed. Fri. from 11:30 to 11:45 A.M.—NBC Red network.
The Warden Lawes Program—Monday night from 9:30 to 10:00—NBC Blue network.
National Farm & Home Hour—Mon. through Sat. from 12:30 to 1:30—NBC Blue network.
Joe Penner's New Comedy Program—Sunday night from 6:00 to 6:30—CBS network.
Pittsburgh Symphony Program—Sunday afternoon from 2:00 to 2:45—CBS network.
Real Silk Hosiery Program—Sunday night from 10:00 to 10:30—NBC Blue network.
Ripley's Believe It Or Not—Sunday night from 7:30 to 8:00—NBC Blue network.
Rubinoff, Jan Peerce, Virginia Rea—Sunday night from 6:30 to 7:00—CBS network.
Kate Smith's A. & P. Variety Hour—Thursday night from 8:00 to 9:00—CBS network.
Marion Talley, Joseph Koestner—Sunday from 5:00 to 5:30 P.M.—NBC Blue network.
Walter Winchell's Jergens Journal—Sunday night from 9:00 to 9:15—NBC Blue network.
We build, strengthen the vocal organ—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

We give you a written guarantee that we can improve your singing or speaking voice 100% or our complete course in physical voice culture doesn't cost you a penny. You are the sole judge of the results. This is the most drastic guarantee ever given by any voice instructor. We will prove to your satisfaction that we can bring out—a new quality—a new power and force to your voice.

We make this guarantee because of our remarkable success for the last 20 years with this method. We have received testimonials of appreciation from students from all parts of the world. These testimonials reproduced here are only a few of thousands of students who have reported remarkable improvement.

"I have studied voice for 15 years. Have received more from you in 9 lessons than I did in the whole 15 years previous study with others." J. W. Malone, North Adams, Mass. Pompeio Tomasini, a famous Italian tenor writes, "I heartily endorse your Silent Method of Voice Training... it restored my voice after other methods failed. The first lessons brought amazing results." S. E. Martin of Rusk, Texas, writes, "I could not speak above a whisper, but now my voice is normal and is developing into a good singing voice."

"People who used to laugh at me because I stammered are the ones I can laugh at now... thanks to you and your course," says Samuel Brayson of Chadron, Texas. ... O. M. Rennie says, "I had a very poor voice, always nervous and short of breath... that is gone now. I am only a student, yet I could stop right now and still be repaid 100%".

This famous Method of physical voice culture is based on the elementary principle of strengthening the throat and tongue muscles by silent physical exercises. In the big free 96-page book which we send you without cost, we explain what these muscles are—how they function in the singing and speaking voice and how you can strengthen and control them to improve YOUR voice.

Free Book without cost or obligation

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send at once for Free 96-page voice book. It will be mailed without cost or obligation to any serious-minded adult. Get the complete facts of what we can do to assist you by this world famous Perfect Voice method. In this book we give you the same priceless facts that we have given operatic stars and noted public speakers. Get this book NOW.

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Please send me FREE, and without obligation, your book, "Physical Voice Culture". I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

| ☐ Weak Voice | ☐ Singing | ☐ Stammering | ☐ Speaking |

Name  

Address  

City  

State  

Age  

5
W ith a yoicks, a tally-ho, and a bubba-bubba, Bing Crosby has at last gone in for horse raising (and racing) seriously. For more than a year it has been his favorite hobby, but now it's a business, and a big-scale one. He's president and organizer of a new race track at Del Mar, on the ocean front near Hollywood. Not only that but he owns a stable of twelve fine mares, eight of whom are expecting blessed events within the next year. Associated with him in the Del Mar project are Gary Cooper, Pat O'Brien, William Le Baron, the producer, and some other movie names.

Bing went out to the site of the new track when his vacation started late in August, and watched California's Governor Merriam lay the cornerstone of the grandstand of what will be the third track in Southern California.

Remember Bing's first horse, Zombie? He ran Zombie as a lark, until his friends began kidding him because “zombie” means “a resurrected corpse.” Well, Zombie at last won a race, but hasn’t done a thing since. When Del Mar opens, though, he'll lead the string of ponies on dedication day, with Bing up.

R ubinoff conducting a symphony orchestra in Chicago. He’ll broadcast on CBS soon.

Left below, publisher Bernarr Macfadden, who is broadcasting every Tuesday night at 10:00 p.m. on the Mutual network, in connection with his editorials in Liberty Magazine.

T he Fred Astaire program which made its bow on September 8 probably has the distinction of being the first and only program on which its star didn’t do any work on the opening broadcast. The sponsors, Packard Motors, knew all along that Fred wouldn’t be back from Europe in time to be on a September 8 show, but they’d scheduled a sales (Continued on page 86)
BRIDE CRIES over burnt bacon, kitchen hands! So much to do—only two hands to do it with—and both those hands getting "sick and tired." Skin so dry, it’s cracking. Natural softness dried out by oven-heat and soapy work! Put softness back again with Hinds. It’s quicker-acting—not watery. Every creamy drop does good!

IT’S FUN to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry, and rough. Smooth them—sooner—with Hinds. Its precious softeners soak into skin—stay there too. Your skin wins back lasting smoothness—not just a half hour’s slickness. Try Hinds in the 50c size with the new, free one-piece dispenser. Read all about it below.

(left) SOFT HANDS are sweet music to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds. It isn’t watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening and whitening dry, red skin.

IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back into your hands with Hinds. Its precious lubricants soak into dry abused skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Hands freshen up with a sweet smell, a cool soft look. Use Hinds regularly. It’s creamy—not watery. Every drop works!

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER IN THE STORES NOW!


HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
DETROIT: Six years ago Jerry Buckley, WMBC vice-crusading commentator, was murdered, apparently by gangsters. The assassins have never been apprehended, but as this is being written, the crime at last seems to be nearing solution.

Police believe that with the surrender here of Leonard (Black Leo) Cellura, who has been sought all those years, the truth of the case will be brought out. Though admitting no connection with the killing and, in fact, claiming to have been a good friend of Buckley, Cellura promises to clear up the mystery during the trial which may already be under way as you read this.

Cellura has also been wanted for questioning in connection with a Chicago murder.

San Francisco: The second child to be born into the cast of One Man’s Family came into the world not long ago under circumstances which should mark him as a real radio trouper. He is Garrick Holmes, first-born son of Kathleen Wilson who plays Claudia Barbour, and was born during one of the Sunday night (Pacific Coast) broadcasts. When the cast emerged from the studio, the youngster was about ten minutes old.

The first baby to be born into the Barbour family circle is Berwin Brooks Berlin, now nearly two years old. He is the son of Bernice Berwin, who plays Hazel.

Philadelphia: Helen Barrett, WCAU vocalist, is scheduled to marry Pete Woolery, radio and night club tenor, sometime in September.

Chicago: It’s great to be popular, but not too popular. Popularity provides John Harrington of WBBM with plenty of trouble. When he conducts his Tenth Inning interviews beneath the stands of Wrigley Field and Comiskey Park, three ushers are needed to hold back the admiring crowd. Baseball fans, in their mad battle to get to the microphone and say “Hello, mom,” or whatever it is they want to say, have already ruined two of Harrington’s

BY JEAN PELLETIER

READ ALL THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR LOCAL STARS

WHETHER THEY’RE FROM MAINE OR CALIFORNIA

Left, Josef Koestner, conductor on Marion Talley’s show, is one of NBC’s veteran music masters. Eleanor Harriott, at left below, always plays Ruby Taylor in Amos ‘n Andy’s Christmas broadcasts. Nancy Clancy, left below, is WMCA’s Radio Colleen, in New York City. Below is Sidney Slon, young WLW actor, heard as the Old Timer on the Life of Mary Sothern drama series.
What are the 8 “MUSTS” doctors demand of a laxative?

Your doctor’s deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind. You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

**WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE 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 MEETS THE DOCTOR’S REQUIREMENTS**

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on all the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For over 30 years mothers and grandmothers have given Ex-Lax to their children. Why? ... Because the very qualities that make Ex-Lax an ideal laxative for you are doubly important to a child’s welfare. Ex-Lax has proved so satisfactory in millions of cases that it has become the largest-selling laxative in the world.

**CHECK THE DOCTOR’S FINDINGS YOURSELF**

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You’ll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak “dragged down” feeling. And Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

**A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE**

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate ... so different from harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. It’s the perfect laxative for all—children and grown-ups alike. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer 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 110
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City

---(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax Ltd., Montreal, Ont.)---
THANKSGIVING is holiday time, with parties and refreshments planned and prepared, in many cases, by a harassested hostess who hasn’t had time to catch her breath since serving the turkey and fixin’s, and too tired to enjoy the festivities when her guests arrive.

This year, why not make your party a different one, with refreshments that can be prepared in advance with a minimum of last minute preparations? In other words, why not take a tip from Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, those crazy comics who have been pinch-hitting all summer for Jack Benny?

“Tim and I are crazy about parties with lots of guests and lots of food,” Irene told me, “but busy as we are on the air and with movies, and with only a small apartment hotel kitchen, we have to use a stagger system in our preparations—get the bulk of the food ready in advance so that we’ll have free space and time for serving.

“The easiest menus I know of for this kind of entertaining are the Mexican and Italian dishes we used to serve in California. Out there parties were usually community affairs; two or three girls would plan a party together, each one preparing at home some special dish which could be reheated before serving, but here in New York I usually do the whole thing alone and concentrate on one or two recipes.

“Of course when you mention Mexican food everyone thinks of chili con carne. Everybody likes it and you can start your party with a chili dinner, or serve it late at night. We usually have a buffet supper, with large bowls of chili and green salad—my favorite food at any and all times—perhaps a tamale loaf, French bread—which must be piping hot—and of course pickles, olives and loads of coffee.

“I’ve used this recipe for years and we never get tired of it.”

CHILI CON CARNE
2 lbs lean beef, chopped small but not ground
1 lb. chili (red) beans
1 large can tomatoes
3 large onions
1 large clove garlic
1 large bottle chili powder
1 tablespoon cumin seed

Soak the beans over night. The following morning drain them and run fresh cold water through the colander. Chop the onions and garlic fine and sautee until tender in olive oil, then add the chopped beef and sautee all together for about an hour. Brown the cumin seed in the oven and roll it into a powder. Add tomatoes, beans, chili powder and cumin seed to the cooking meat, bring to a boil and simmer for about ten hours, adding more tomato juice if the mixture gets too dry. When the mixture has simmered for about an hour, add salt and pepper to taste. (Serves twenty).

Irene suggests tamale loaf because it is easier to prepare than the individual corn husk wrapped tamales so popular in Mexico and the Southwest.

“Though some people prefer chicken tamales,” Irene said, “Tim and I prefer beef, so I usually plan to have a roast of beef.

(Continued on page 106)

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette admit a green salad is just about tops in the food line as far as they’re concerned. It also goes perfectly with the Mexican dishes described in the article. See page 52 for their Jell-O show time.
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH
By Weldon Mellick

WONDER SHOW. Mutual’s first full-hour sponsored show is appropriately named—you keep wondering why you don’t like it better. It’s a swell idea—old-fashioned melodramas like “Nellie, the Beautiful Clock Model,” played to the hilt by a good cast and sandwiched in between community singing directed by Ken Christie. But it’s a hiss-and-miss show. At least I can’t see it. Maybe that’s the trouble—perhaps it should be seen and not heard. But a good comedy writer might do wonders with it.
MBS, Sun., 9:00 P. M., 60 min.

COLUMBUS CONCERT HALL PRESENTS outstanding pianists, a different one each week. Autumn seems to be the classical season as far as radio is concerned. Personally, I sometimes crave a little lighter early Fall musical refreshment, but try to find some among all the fugues and suites. However, I can take piano performances of this calibre any time of year.
CBS, Mon., 3:30 P. M., 30 min.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, the youthful violin virtuoso, and his accompanist, Bella Roza, are one of the Mutual’s contributions to the serious summer cycle, and a very attractive one. No windy biographies of composers—the announcer takes for granted that you know who Grieg and Brahms were, and that you’re more interested in hearing the sonatas than knowing whether they were written because the rent was due.
MBS, Sun., 2:30 P. M., 30 min.

LARRY VINCENT. A filler program that isn’t unusual. Vincent sings, plays his own accompaniment and makes the announcements. He may also do his own listening, which would make it a self-sufficient one-man show.
CBS, Thurs., 9:30 A. M., Sat., 12 Noon, 15 min.

JIMMY FARRELL AND THE RHYTHMAIRES. Kate Smith’s protégé and the Rhythmaires have each had their own programs and the combination is probably just an autumn bargain, but is appetizing enough to keep on the menu.
CBS, Tues., 5 P. M., Thurs., 10:45 P. M., Fri., 1:30 P. M., 15 min.

POPEYE THE SAILOR. Amazingly enough, America’s Hero No. 1 has retained his unique brand of insanity in the transition from cartoons to radio—the voices practically duplicate those weird noises which the animated cartoons emit, and the one-eyed sailor’s individual vocabulary hasn’t been tampered with. But of course, his breakfast food sponsors have their own ideas of the world’s supreme “Muscle-Builder” and it’s no longer the spinach that Popeye reaches for when he has a super-human feat to perform.
CBS, Mon., Wed., Fri. 7:15 P. M. 15 min.

MARGARET SPEAKS’ soprano voice, mounted in a microphone, is a gem of first quality and when the setting is lavishly studded with William Daly’s Symphony Orchestra and Choral Group, you really have something to keep in the safe. Don’t forget the combination—turn the dial to—
NBC, Mon., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?
WRITE A LETTER ON YOUR RADIO GROUCH
OR GRIN AND WIN PRIZE MONEY WITH IT

YOU'VE been listening to network radio programs for nearly ten years. On November 15, 1926, NBC sent out its first program over a chain of stations. Since then you've watched radio grow into a mighty institution. What do you think of it now, how does it compare with radio as you remember it a few years back?

If you listen in next month to the series of anniversary programs NBC has planned to show the growth of radio, you'll be able to understand better some of the wonders radio can work. Here's your chance to sit down and send Radio Mirror your views.
The best letter receives $20.00, the second best $10.00 and there are $1.00 prizes for the next five selected. Address your letter to the editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. not later than October 26.

$20.00 PRIZE
GIVE US THE "HORROR" ELEMENT
Why is it that parents object to the "horror" element in children's programs when most of us boys and girls like the "horror" programs?
I am a boy twelve years of age. I have been sitting by for two long years listening to the parents object about the horror element in children's programs. I think the children should be allowed to settle the question. We, not the parents, listen to these programs. The children's programs that have had the horror element taken out of them are silly, sickening and uninteresting.
Oh, well, we can still hear the horror element in the programs for the parents.
JAMES GREENWOOD, Boswell, Oklahoma.

$10.00 PRIZE
WHY KILL THE AIR CHARACTERS?
Why is it that characters on continued programs sometimes get killed or die? Real life is filled with enough sorrow without entering our favorite radio programs. Sometimes the character is one we have grown to love very much, and it would make one feel so much happier if he could only leave the program some other way. I would favor an understudy taking the part, if for any reason someone has to leave a program.
MRS. FRANK ISAACS, Akron, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
WANTED—LIGHT OPERAS
No matter where you turn on your radio you hear jazz in every way, shape and form. About the middle of this year not long after the Palmolive players went over to the Columbia network, they changed their whole type of program from the fine music of the light operas with such fine voices as James Melton, Helen Jepson, Josephine Antoin and others, to another form of jazz.
Many people regret the loss of this type of program and long to see either that or something very similar take its place.
LENNA BARBERA, Port Chester, New York.

Back from war-torn Spain, world traveler, Floyd Gibbons, will tell about it over CBS every Saturday at nine.
Wide World
$1.00 PRIZE
IN APPRECIATION

The Voice of Experience is our favorite program. No one on the air has helped us like he has nor meant so much to us.

You see, we had reached the parting of our ways after twelve years of married life. We could see no solution for our troubles and the more we tried to solve them, it seemed the more bitter we became towards each other. Finally, we decided to lay our problem before the Voice of Experience and ask him what we should do.

His solution of our problem was so simple, so wise and so helpful that it has worked marvelously and we have saved our marriage and our home, and today, three years after, we are happy and prosperous.

Mr. & Mrs. C. W. R., Parkersburg, West Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
RADIO TALENT VS. MOVIE TALENT

I'm not a person that is forever finding fault with the various radio programs, because from such a variety of entertainment I find it very easy to twist the dial to something that interests me or suits my mood at the time.

However, I'm sure there must be lots of folks, like myself, who would be glad to hear once again some of yester-year's performers, instead of a parade of new talent all the time, especially movie talent. Not that I don't get a thrill hearing my favorite star in an ether presentation, but after all that's what I go to the theater for—to see and hear them.

Then, too, they have attained their fame and glory, and are keeping many a radio personality from getting the breaks that perhaps might make him or her tops, too.

Mrs. Grace Logan, Elmer, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
VOX POP HAS A "KICK"

Kindly allow me to give my judgment of a program which is most unique and interesting. It is Vox Pop. We listeners-in must accept statements made over the radio as being true, for we have no means of proving otherwise. If then, these programs are spontaneous and not pre-arranged, these young fellows are putting over something very different from the average.

That they give one a good half-hour of relaxation, goes without saying. While some of the questions are commonplace, we get a "good kick" out of some of the answers. One good example is what happened recently. A young miss did not know from what animal lamb chops came. (Continued on page 93)

WHY DOES SHE HESITATE? That fear of embarrassment that makes a woman worry . . . offer excuses . . . refuse invitations . . . is so unnecessary! Now—a new kind of sanitary protection, the Certain-Safe Modess, gives absolute safety!

PEACE OF MIND AT LAST! Experience the wonderful relief of knowing you're safe! You can—with Modess! Different from ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent striking through. Wear blue line on moisture-proof side away from body and perfect protection and comfort are yours! Modess stays soft . . . stays safe.

End "accident panic" ask for Certain-Safe Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

• Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche tablet. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.
Phil Lord, shown above with Anne Seymour, stars on his own program now, as Timothy Makepeace, over the NBC Network every Saturday. Anne returns in Grand Hotel, October 4.

Ann Leaf, petite organist, is being co-starred on a new program with tenor Frank Parker. Time: Wednesday at 7:30 over NBC stations WEAF and WMAQ.

Louise Massey and her Westerners make their debut on Bar Z Ranch, the new Log Cabin syrup show, September 29—Tuesdays at 8:00 on NBC's Blue network.

Comedian Milton Berle gets his first big network assignment as master of ceremonies on the Gillette Community Sing, Sunday on CBS. He's guest-starred on Rudy Vallee's show.
PHIL BAKER, once more with Hal Kemp's orchestra, the Seven G's, Beetle and Bottle, returns to the air September 27 on his old CBS spot. His first two shows will be in the nature of a build-up for the new story framework which will replace the mythical "tour" of America he went on last year. Seems that Phil will inherit a newspaper, and after the second broadcast we'll listen to him playing editor. Beetle, we'd surmise, will be the printer's devil.

When Fred Allen comes back to his old post as chairman of Town Hall Tonight on October 7 the amateur show which makes up the latter half of the program will positively not be discontinued, rumors that it would be to the contrary.

Anthony Abbott, beloved of mystery-story addicts, is writing the new continued detective serial which at this writing was scheduled to move into the NBC-Red network's 2:30 afternoon spot on September 25. It's to be an ultra-slick sort of mystery story, alternating laughs and thrills, a la the modern style in such matters.

Phillips Lord carries the idea of having the public participate in radio broadcasts to its logical conclusion in a new show which had Phil himself and at least one advertising agency all excited as we went to press. It's to be called The People's Program, has been auditioned by a big sponsor, and looks like a certain bet for this fall. Here's the big idea, as outlined: People from all over the country who have something interesting to say will be invited to step to the microphone and say it. Phil himself, though he'll introduce the various people, won't pick the ones who are to go on the air. A jury of representative citizens from all walks of life will do that. As one person who saw the audition expressed it, who will be the feature page of a newspaper, put on the air—a hodge-podge of the things that make America tick.

Captain Tim Healy is branching out this fall into the news commentating field. His spy stories are to resume on a three-a-week basis over a coast-to-coast network in the evening, and in addition, his sponsor, Ivory Soap, has him listed for five morning news broadcasts every week.

Great plans being laid by the National Broadcasting Company for the celebration of its tenth anniversary will lead to exciting fare for you listeners-in during October and November. Here are a few of the highlights: October 3—a full hour program from New York, featuring all of NBC's biggest stars. October 10—another full hour program, picking up college glee clubs, bands, and orchestras from all over the country. October 19—announcement of the six winners in the Children's Program contest. Total prizes awarded will be $2500. Some time in November—the grand finale of a series of international broadcasts. Two hours long, it will include four minutes from every country on the globe.

Rubinoff, who'll resume his Chevrolet broadcasts in October, has invented a collapsible violin which he uses for finger exercises to save wear and tear on his Stradivarius. It folds up so it fits into a camera case, sounds like a muted fiddle when played, and is also useful as a gag on parties. He's thinking of patenting the idea and offering it to manufacturers of musical instruments on a commercial basis.

"I hate to show up all powdery in strong light"

The test of a powder is strong light. And showing too much is one of the worst faults a powder can have, the vote among 1,067 girls proved.

Pond's got twice the vote of the next liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Three times the vote of the third favorite.

"Glare-proof" colors, the reason. Pond's colors are "glare-proof"—catch only the softer rays of light—can't show up "powdery" in strongest light. A special ingredient makes Pond's soft, clinging. Two other ingredients make it stay fresh looking for hours.


Never looks powdery—Cling
—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

Try it Free
5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

Pond's, Dept. L-132, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.
(This offer expires Jan. 1, 1930)
FROM HIS RICH STOREHOUSE OF

THE Quintuplets," Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe told me, "are the most unfortunate children in the world."

He was not smiling as he spoke. The wise, gentle old eyes behind their twinkling lenses were grave and more than a little sad. No one, I realized suddenly, knows better than he the handicap their fame will put upon those five little girls for the rest of their lives. For he himself has had a taste of the disadvantages and discomforts sudden renown brings with it.

It was on the morning before one of Dr. Dafoe's monthly broadcasts for the Carnation Milk company, and we were sitting together in his suite in Toronto's Royal York Hotel. He leaned back in an overstuffed chair, one plump leg crossed over the other, puffing away sturdily at the pipe with a curved stem, a pipe which is surely as much a part of him as his title of "the Quins' doctor."

Within five minutes after I had met him, I was glad I had made the trip to Toronto from New York—glad not only because I was hearing from his own lips his forecast of what the future holds for the Quintuplets, but personally as well. It's something of a privilege to meet Dr. Dafoe, and to feel yourself sloughing off all the doubts you may have had that an obscure general practitioner could be so abruptly catapulted into fame, and still retain his integrity, his modesty and his mental balance.

Beginning Oct. 5, Dr. Dafoe will be heard on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays over Columbia for Lysol.

Photo by Wide World

The THREAT To The

by

DAN WHEELER
If he had been unable to retain these qualities, he would also be unable to appreciate the tragic situation which will confront those five famous little girls, Emilie, Annette, Cecile, Marie, and Yvonne Dionne, as soon as they are old enough to understand the meaning of the shadows which daily parade past their playground. Those are the shadows of people—curious, gaping, exclaiming people. And if Dr. Dafoe did not appreciate the danger to the Quints' lives which is embodied in the curiosity of all those thousands of people, he would be a very dangerous man to be put in charge of the children's welfare.

"All their lives," he continued, "the children are going to have to buy privacy. There will be no other way they can get it. They are buying it, even now."

Go to Callander, Ontario, as I did the next day, to the farm where the babies were born, two and a half miles from the village, and you will see for yourself the truth of that statement. There are the hospital and the playground, surrounded by a formidable tall wire fence, a dormitory for the three nurses and three guards employed to care for the children, a large building containing rest rooms for visitors. For the construction of all these buildings, and for their maintenance, the Quints have paid, from the trust fund set up for them by the Canadian Government. They pay Dr. Dafoe's salary, as their medical adviser, of $200 a month, and they pay the salaries of the nurses and the guards. They pay the $100 a month which goes to their parents, Oliva and Elzire Dionne. They pay for the entire machine which has been established for their protection.

It has all been necessary, this expense, to control the crowds which come to Callander to see the most famous babies in the world. During the summer, when tourist traffic is at its height, an average of 5,000 people see the children every day. Dr. Dafoe told me. They see them in an orderly manner, passing single-file through a covered gallery which runs around a courtyard where the babies play. The spectators are hidden by glass and by wire screens painted white, so that they are invisible to the Quints except as vague shadows. They're so engrossed in their play now that they are unconscious, Dr. Dafoe assured me, of anyone but the nurse who sits with them in the court. But some day one of them will look up and see those shadows—and then, I wonder, what will happen?

It's not real privacy that the Quints have bought with this elaborate system of buildings, but it is at least control. No one can touch them, and except for two hours a day, from nine-thirty to ten-thirty in the morning, and from two-thirty to three-thirty in the afternoon, no one except the nurses and Dr. Dafoe can see them. Not only will their fame invade their privacy, as it has already done, but it will bar them from the ordinary human contacts other children the world over enjoy. This too it has done already. The Quints don't play with other children.

"We are trying to work out a plan," Dr. Dafoe said, "to give them some playmates of their own age, but it will be necessary first to make sure that whatever children are chosen are free from any contagious disease. You see, people, from the outside world hardly ever come in contact with the babies, and never unless every precaution is taken against germs. I don't see them, myself, until the day after I return from Toronto and civilization."

To you who have successfully reared children of your own, and let them romp pretty much where and when and with whom they pleased, such elaborate precautions may seem ridiculous. But consider Dr. Dafoe's position. He is responsible, in the public mind, (Continued on page 90)
Rudy Vallee has fallen in love.

When radio's Number 1 romantic figure falls a willing victim to Cupid's dart—that's news. But when he not merely falls a willing victim, but falls head over heels, topsy turvy in love with a lovely lady he met but a few weeks before—that's a headline thi-i-is big!

"If that's news, Mr. Winchell, make the most of it!"

Thus did the Fleischmann hour star-maker defy the Broadway historian to broadcast to the world that his elusive heart had been captured. A million envious females speculate wonderingly as to what manner of glamorous beauty this can be to enthral so precipitately the Beau Ideal of the airwaves.

Niela Goodelle is afraid of love!

"I want to restore Rudy's faith in women," she whispered tremulously. "But don't ask me any more. I wouldn't want to say anything Rudy might not like to have said. Don't you understand how difficult all this is—for both of us?"

When I talked to Niela hurriedly in the dressing room at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, long queues of curious waited to buy tickets. A new attendance mark was set that week. The patrons consisted for the most part of women and girls anxious to see the Lorelei who could lure a man who, by now, ought to be a confirmed cynic as far as love and women go.

If they sought a slinky, sloe-eyed siren, they found they were far wide of the mark. Niela is a typical, beautiful American girl. She is sweet, wholesome, talented and the one person who can restore Rudy's shattered ideals, if indeed they are ever to be restored. Niela has entered upon the task with the same thorough purposefulness she has brought to every other difficult job she ever tackled, and those who know her best will tell you that the firm little chin beneath her laughing lips is a true indication of her character.

"I wouldn't give a continental if Rudy lost every cent he has in the world—if he were no longer at the top of his profession," Her dark eyes flashed. "Of course, I know I must prove that in some way. I don't even know if Rudy feels that is true. I know no one else would. I can hear them. 'Oh, that's what they all say! They'd scoff! But it's true, I tell you!"

It would all be so simple if Rudy had been, say, an obscure saxophone player in somebody else's band. But Rudy being Rudy complicates things so! Niela knows that.

"I'm in such a difficult position," she murmured. "I know I shouldn't even be talking to you now. Every word I say is bound to be misunderstood and I can't even blame those who will misunderstand. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do.

"I'm going straight to the top of my profession. I'm going to be a great star in my own right. It isn't selfishness that makes me want that more than anything else in all the world. It's because then no one will ever be able to say or think, that I—that any feeling I may have for Rudy is based on the fact that he can help me professionally."

As for Rudy, he doesn't feel that Niela needs any help professionally.

"She's terrific," he exclaimed speaking of Niela's work. "She has everything it takes to go straight to the top."

And you can depend upon it that Rudy—acknowledged a peerless judge of talent—is sincere in his admiration. He does not see Niela through rose-colored glasses because she is Niela Goodelle. He sang a duet with her on the air—and he hasn't sung a duet with a girl singer since he sang one
HIS LIFE AND IS HELPING HIM IN HIS SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

By DOROTHY BROOKS

When Rudy introduced Niela in a guest appearance on his radio show, twenty million listeners heard him admit he was, and is, "pretty fond of her." A glance at this picture, and you can't blame him for throwing into the discard all his former ideas about love.

Rudy's sponsor is Fleischmann's Yeast. Turn to page 53, Thursday column, for the time of his NBC-Red network show.

after he'd met Niela—I talked with him once more. Never did views change so quickly!

"All I'll ever ask of a woman is beauty. I'll supply the brains. She must be a companion," he insisted in Philadelphia. But that was before he had met Niela. Later, when he returned from Texas and we talked again, he sang a different tune.

"Now what I admire so much about Niela," he insisted forcefully, "is her character. She's so sincere. She's so intelligent. And with it all, despite her ability to concentrate on her work, still she's domestic at heart."

Rudy paused and his eyes lit with pleasant memory.

"Say, let me tell you what she did," he said enthusiastically. "She and I were at a party together last Sunday afternoon. We sang duets all afternoon. When we were leaving, Niela said she'd brought something for me. She handed me a package, and what do you think was in it? A cake! And she'd baked it herself!"

"Is she a good cook?" I asked experimentally.

"Yum-m-m!" was Rudy's expressive reply.

Another fetish of Rudy's that has gone by the boards is his violent aversion to mixing love and business.

"I wouldn't care to have the woman I married a professional," he confided to me in the pre-Niela days. Yet his interest in Niela has impelled him to try and arrange his affairs so it would be possible for him to appear in the forthcoming Lawrence Schwab production "Swing It, Susan!" in which Niela will appear on Broadway this season.

One cynical columnist, learning of that, ascribed the talk of a romance between Rudy and Niela to a facile press agent for Schwab. That was not true. That much I can state positively, for I know that when Rudy first met Niela in Texas he had not even considered appearing in any Broadway show in the immediate future.

The only apparent objection Rudy has to a professional woman, as far as Niela is concerned, would appear to be the fact that her profession takes (Continued on page 94)

with Alice Faye, another lovely for whom he predicted stardom while she was still struggling obscurely, and who subsequently made good, fully justifying his faith.

Rudy was making a quick trip to the Texas Centennial several weeks ago when one night in the Baker Hotel he first set eyes upon Niela. His secretary, faithful man-Friday, Harry Paul, had never seen the boss look at a girl that way. He knew, even before Rudy asked to be introduced, that there was more than professional interest in the meeting.

Just two weeks before the Texas trip Rudy and I sat in the Arcadia cafe in Philadelphia, and I listened to the explosive views he advanced then on love and women. Then, less than a week after he returned from Texas—a week

Maurice Seymour

in LOVE!

19
CAN you possibly imagine forgetting Stoopnagle and Budd, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith, or Bing Crosby?

You think that’s ridiculous. You’ve spent so many pleasant hours listening to their programs, how could you forget them?

But how about the Stoopnagles and Budds, the Jack Bennys, the Rudy Vallees, the Kate Smiths and Bing Crosbys of yesteryear? Do you remember the Happiness Boys? Phil Carlin? The Silver Masked Tenor? Harriet Lee?

Ten to one if you do remember, you don’t know what’s become of them. Radio memories are short, and almost as soon as they leave the air, stars are forgotten.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Happiness Boys. What memories do they conjure up? They were the Stoopnagle and Budd of their day, two plump comedians who first went on the air from the old WJZ studio in a Newark factory, back in 1921. For ninety minutes at a stretch they entertained you, while you sat chuckling, your ears glued to the earphones of your crystal set.

They were the first radio artists to hit upon the idea of a theme song—remember, “How Do You Do, Folks, How Do You Do?” and that riot of the airwaves, “Jump Fritz, I Give You Liver?” Their comedy was the old vaudeville type of humor.

It wasn’t long before they got one of the first commercial sponsors, the Happiness Candy Stores, and became known as the Happiness Boys. For five years they panicked listeners under that name. Then they shifted sponsors, and became known as the Interwoven Pair.

Gradually, styles in humor changed. Believing the electrical transcription business a good one, they went into that field, and sold records to small stations. But they weren’t very successful and recently they dissolved their business. Now, with a newer and snappier type of comedy, they are once again back on the air. Perhaps you heard their debut on Gillette’s Community Sing. The grand thing about them is that through all their hardships they have stuck together.

Announcing the Happiness Boys and other stars was Philips Carlin, one of WEAF’s four pioneer announcers. The others were Graham McNamee, Jimmie Haupt (today an NBC production man) and Alfred Llufrio (today

Above, two young men when they were in the heyday of their careers. They are Harold Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, with Nathaniel Shikret in the middle. Scrappy and Billy were the Smith Brothers. Can you guess what’s become of them? Right above, a star who was seldom photographed without his disguise: Joe White, the Silver Masked Tenor. Now, hardly anyone knows where he is. Right, many write in to ask about Tony Wons, who dropped suddenly out of sight.
Below: once you listened to the voices of these two men more than any others in radio. You knew them as the Happiness Boys and later on as the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. Their disappearance from the networks has been the cause of much speculation. Left below, do you recognize this one-time sensation in radio? She's Welcome Lewis, who had a reason for quitting and going back home. Right below, another you never hear now is Alice Joy, the dream girl.

Once you always tuned them in but now you never hear them. Smiles and tears are in their stories.

By Mary Jacobs

a pianist.) In those days WEAF was owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. There were two studios, and a joint panel board was used for announcing programs from both. The announcer would just flip the key, say, "Wait a minute please," to one set of listeners, while he made the announcement to the other.

Carlin was responsible for one of the most memorable bits of ballyhoo ever put across in radio, the creation of the Silver Masked Tenor, that romantic man of mystery, the Rudy Vallee of fifteen years ago, who made every girl who listened to him sigh.

One day Carlin was kidding the listeners about the Silvertown Cord Orchestra program. In those days announcing wasn't cut and dried—the announcer ad libbed at will. "All the musicians' instruments," Carlin said, "are of solid silver, and the tenor wears a silver mask. We call him the Silver Masked Tenor. No one knows who he is or where he comes from."

Fifteen thousand letters arrived after this program, all clamoring for information about the man of mystery. That settled it. The sponsor, Goodrich, had a sterling silver mask made for Joe White, the tenor, and after that, Joe practically slept in it! (Continued on page 77)
WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY?

By BILL STUART

Hundreds of girls work in this huge mailing room to sort your entries and pick the 200,000 odd winners of cigarettes. At the right in the picture, note how the hit songs are listed.

Lucky Strike’s Hit Parade programs broadcast Wednesdays and Saturdays. For time, see page 52.

THE FASCINATING BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORY OF THE HIT PARADE SONG CONTEST IN WHICH 5,000,000 OF YOU TAKE PART EVERY WEEK

YOU can generalize about radio contests. You can say that, by and large, they are too tough. That the odds are too great. That the cost of entering them—the box tops, the reasonably exact facsimiles—makes the entry too expensive or too arduous a proposition. You will be right too.

But, when you come to the “Sweepstakes” contest being run in conjunction with Your Hit Parade, it’s a different tune. It’s fifteen different tunes each week, in fact—the most popular fifteen in America.

Those fifteen hit tunes are determined by Your Hit Parade through an exhaustive survey and Your Hit Parade orchestras play them on Wednesday evenings at 10 EST over NBC and on Saturday evenings at 10 EST over CBS.

To enter the contest, you print on a card the names of those songs you think will be one-two-three on the list; the winner and the two runners-up; and mail it in. That’s all. You save no labels, you buy no products; you don’t even pay the postage. You just think and act—and, if you’ve thought correctly and acted promptly, win!

It’s a great game. The players are yourselves; the judges are, surprisingly enough, yourselves also. I’ll explain that. So each week, five million of you—five million and one, with me—make your choices and sit back and wait.

While you wait, you wonder what is happening. What has become of your entry? How does it keep its identity among all the millions that will accompany it? How do they select the fifteen most popular songs? How are they so sure the fifteen they name as most popular really are that?

Well, this is the story, right from the time you make up your mind to enter the contest.

On Saturday night, let us say, you listen to Your Hit Parade program over CBS. You think, “By gosh, the way the song that is number 5 now has been climbing, it should be number 2 next week.” Then you think, “Hmmm. Number 1 is good for another week at the top.” Then you think, “Number 4 is still growing. It’s due for the number 3 spot.”

There are your selections. You print them out with your name and address on a postcard Your Hit Parade will supply to you and, because it must be postmarked before midnight that Sunday to be eligible for the next week’s contest, mail it right away to the American Tobacco Company at 111 Fifth Avenue in New York City. You’ll get your penny stamp back.

On Monday morning, your card is brought with about a million others to what is virtually a post office sub-station in the American Tobacco Company building. Once, several months ago, those cards were counted by the weight and measurements of the stacks they made. Now, there are too many. Five machines capable of counting 500 cards a minute have been installed to do (Continued on page 69)
At the age of eight, Bobby Breen's a star in both radio and films. Eddie Cantor, of whose Texaco broadcasts Bobby is an important part, first gave him his radio chance, and now is a foster father to him and his older sister Sally. Bobby's next picture, with May Robson as his co-star, is to be "Rainbow on the River."
No one as lovely to look at as Dorothy could stay out of pictures for very long. Radio’s Dreamer of Songs went to Hollywood not long ago, and now she is Paramount’s newest leading lady. Her first assignment will be the title role in “Girl of the Jungle,” now being filmed, and that’s a part which ought to suit her dark, exotic beauty to perfection.
Also from radio to the movies went the star of the First Nighter program—which has resumed, by the way, after a summer vacation, and is on the NBC Red network Friday nights at ten. Don's first film job, in "Sins of Man" with Jean Hersholt, established him as an important new juvenile, and next you'll see him opposite Loretta Young in "Ramona."
TRUE STORY'S INGENUE—Florence Baker used to take the little girl parts in True Story Magazine's weekly Court of Human Relations dramas; now she is their leading lady. Born in Worcester, Mass., she moved with her family to Alabama when she was a baby; then to New York at the age of eight. She's nineteen, slender, and brunette.

Alice Reinheart usually plays heavier, more dramatic roles in the weekly plays. A native of San Francisco, she was a favorite actress there before she left high school. Later she toured here and abroad, and has been in radio six years. She's known as "the girl with the heart-throb voice" on the air.

TRUE STORY'S "TOUGH GIRL"—Though Betty Worth is really sweet and lovable, in the Court of Human Relations she's usually cast as a girl "from the wrong side of town." She's a New Englander, granddaughter of a minister, and a graduate of a fashionable school. She is married—to a radio engineer who saw her in a love scene.

AND TRUE STORY'S JUDGE—Percy Hemus isn't really a judge, but he plays the part so convincingly many people write to him for advice. He was born in New Zealand, came here as a boy, and has had a long career as actor and concert singer. During the war he was song leader in training camps, later starred in Broadway comedy hits.

FOR YOUR
NBC'S CONDUCTOR BLAUFUSS—As musical pilot of the Breakfast Club and National Farm and Home Hour, Walter Blaufuss is one of the Chicago NBC studios’ busiest maestros. Born in Milwaukee, he was a boy prodigy pianist and composer, has never studied music outside of America, and has written such hit songs as “Isle of Golden Dreams.”

CBS' BABY STAR KERR—Not until last May did Doris Kerr step before a microphone, but now she sings on her own sustaining CBS program. Doris is just old enough to vote, studied piano for nine years but voice for only two months, was born in Brooklyn and lives now with her parents in Great Neck, Long Island. She’s tiny, with hazel eyes.

TENOR JIMMY NEWELL—It took radio to bring Jimmy Newell to the attention of the movies. Born 23 years ago in Hollywood, he’d been trying to get into movies all his life with little success until Eddie Duchin chose him as soloist on the Burns and Allen show. Now he’s to be in the next Marion Davies film. Jimmy is six-feet-three and unmarried.

SOPRANO BERENICE ACKERMAN—The owner of the most-photographed legs in one edition of the Ziegfeld Follies is one of the Mutual system’s favorite singers now. She is a native of Kansas and one-time neighbor of Governor Landon, but has been a musical comedy player for several years. Her air debut was on Rudy Vallee’s show.
GOOSE CREEK PARSON—You know the star of the new CBS thrice-weekly show as Josiah Hopkins but his real name is William B. Hogg. He really was born in the Goose Creek section on the Mississippi-Tennessee line, and his program is built on boyhood reminiscences. For several years he's been pastor of the "Country Church of Hollywood."

THE O'NEILLS' SIR DONALD—John Moore, British musical comedy star, made his American air debut when as Sir Donald Rogers he "crashed" his plane into the NBC serial The O'Neills. He is 29, has taught drama and played on the stage abroad, is married to Shirley Dale, also a star in musical comedy, and his hobby is gardening.

THE PARSON'S WIFE SARAH—In real life and on the air she is the Goose Creek Parson's helpmeet. To make the show even more a family affair, their daughter Mary plays Gerina Mason, the school teacher, while Mary's husband is the control room engineer. Tune in Sundays (Mondays after Oct. 1), Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:15.

ACTOR LESTER JAY—Right in the footsteps of another talented radio youngster, Lester has stepped into Billy Halop's part in the Broadway smash, "Dead End," playing the part in Chicago, after a month in New York. He's fifteen and has been in radio and movies for eleven years, owns a 30-foot cruiser, and is an excellent horseman.
HORACE HEIDT'S SAX LEADER—Walter Bradley is first saxophonist in Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, over CBS Mondays at eight. Unlike most of the Brigadiers, he's an easterner, his native town being Hartford, Conn. He is 25, married to a former violinist and singer, likes tennis and picnics, and got his start in the Merry Madcaps.

SINGING TRUMPETER BOWNE—Jerry Bowne—his nickname's "Muscle"—does both vocal and instrumental duty for the Brigadiers. He was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1907, but is a graduate of the University of California, where he studied law. Short of stature, he weighs 146 pounds, is a descendant of the Brewsters of Mayflower fame.

CARTOON CROONER THORSEN—Here, in one of his characteristic poses, is Art Thorsen, specialist in bull fiddle playing and boop-a-dooping in the Brigadiers band. He's a native Californian, 33 years old, and worked his way through the University at Berkeley by singing and playing for dances, graduating in 1926. Eyes and hair—both brown.

BARITONE GOODMAN—The fourth member of our quartet from Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, Charles Goodman, resembles Bing Crosby and has a voice somewhat like the late Russ Columbo's. Also an alumnus of the University of California, he got his first break with Heidt. He was born in Oakland 21 years ago, has blond hair and gray eyes.
In a crowded railway station Wayne King found the answer to the longing he'd kept in his heart since boyhood; for though she'd known him only one day, Dorothy said "Yes."

For Wayne King, sponsored by Lady Esther, turn to page 52.
HEY could have been any boy and girl standing there at the train gate clinging to each other’s hands and eyes. In five minutes the Chief would snort out of Chicago’s winter twilight to rip across half a continent to California. The giant station was jammed with clots and streamers of hurrying people who wore holly on their coats and holiday anticipation on their faces. Outside the snow fell thick and white for Christmas Eve; inside a choir of carolers wove among the station crowds bearing lighted tapers and singing “Silent Night.”

For all the world they could have been just any young couple instead of a famous orchestra leader and a movie star. The girl, darkly beautiful and slender beneath her little mink turban, dabbed her eyes unashamedly on the cuff of her glove. The boy looked away for a moment and cleared his throat, twisted the brim of his hat with nervous fingers.

“**All Aboard!**” With a great surge of last minute rush the signal of departure echoed down the long ribbon of cars, and the moments for goodbyes were clipped by the slam of a train gate. Quickly, thrusting his arms through the bars, the boy pressed the small wrists of the darkly beautiful girl in his cupped hands.

“The farm?” he asked eagerly, and flushed to the roots of his blond hair.

“The farm,” she answered him, quietly, smiling then turned and ran on her thin high heels.

The last straggler had left before Wayne King walked away from the train gate through the white-lit station to his car. A sort of dizzy beauty about the disappearing lights of the Chief had held him to the spot where the miracle had happened. Where he had proposed to Dorothy Janis and she had said “the farm” and smiled. It meant she was going to marry him. It meant an end to hunger.

Twenty-five years of hunger for love and a home.

It had been nothing short of a miracle the way all this happiness had suddenly come to him. Like a Christmas present that Fate had hoarded for a quarter of a century to give him. For ever since he was a little lad of seven, motherless, homeless, beating his own way alone in the world, the things he had wanted above all else were someone to love and a home in the country. Just those. Simple things that every man is entitled to. Instead life had let him possess, finally, riches and fame and a brilliant musical success that kept him tied to the chaos of cities—and lonely. Until twenty-four hours ago.

Twenty-four hours ago at band rehearsal one of his saxophone players had murmured a casual introduction, “My niece, Mr. King.” And the niece was—lovely Dorothy Janis of the movies, stopping over in Chicago for a few hours en route from New York to Hollywood. Perhaps you remember her as Tito opposite Ramon Novarro in “The Pagan,” or from two of her earlier successes, “Fleetwing” and “Kit Carson.”

She’s a tiny little thing with big black eyes and olive skin and long curved lashes that settle in wide sweeps across her cheeks.

Somehow, with the casual introduction, it happened. Wayne and Dorothy. Driving in the windy cold along the lake that night they had talked as two who had known each other for years, talked of their lives, their careers, their innermost hopes and plans. The next morning over breakfast a young man had taken a dream out of his heart and showed it proudly to the girl across the table, with figures on paper and a rough drawing and much enthusiastic talk. On the back of a menu Wayne King drew a picture of the farm he wanted to buy and live on and have for his own—their own—in the green wooded hills of Wisconsin.

“Don’t decide now,” he had said quietly, staring in his embarrassment at the sugar bowl instead of her eyes. “Think about it today—will you?—and tell me at the train this afternoon.”

And because it was love, Dorothy Janis had had no trouble making a choice between Hollywood and Wisconsin. That was what she had meant when she said “the farm.”

From the moment those two words were spoken the Wayne King you and I know came into being. The Wayne King who lived before, is a gentleman Mr. Wayne King himself would like to forget. For a number of reasons. He told me about them *(Continued on page 81)*
Johnny Green, above, first met Fred twelve years ago—and likes him today better than ever. Their preparation together for the Packard program brought them into even closer association.

The newest star of the networks can dance, he can sing, he is an accomplished comedian, he can play the piano, the accordion, the trumpet, and the piccolo—but he’s incapable of being the master of ceremonies on his own program!

Not that Fred Astaire wants to be master of ceremonies. The point is that his sponsors wouldn’t let him, even if he did.

Somehow or other, when I heard that Fred was to start his own radio programs this fall, I took it for granted that like Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Paul Whiteman, and others, he would be head man, introducing the variety acts as well as contributing his own far from unimportant talents as dancer, singer, and comedian. And when they told me that both he and his sponsors had agreed that it wouldn’t be a good idea, I started a campaign to find out just what sort of a guy this new star might be.

The search led me first of all to the RKO lot, to talk to Fred himself. Frankly, the visit didn’t do me much good, for reasons which will be apparent later on. Next it took me to Fred’s friends and business associates; and finally to one of his best friends and closest associates, Johnny Green, who is conducting the orchestra on the new program.

By the time I’d finished talking to all these people, I had discovered the real Fred Astaire—the Fred Astaire who deliberately hides himself from the casual observer—the exasperating, lovable, idealistic human being.

Johnny Green is, I think, the best spokesman for all those who know Fred. For one thing, the friendship between them isn’t a thing that has grown up in a hurry. It’s the product of a dozen years; it has matured gradually and surely. For another, Johnny idolizes Fred, as a man and an artist, and his admiration has led him to study Fred, make a conscious effort to understand him. And finally, he is the person in the world of radio who has had the most opportunities to work in association with Fred.

They first met when Johnny was a very youthful undergraduate in Harvard University. He was just fifteen when he entered Harvard, a precocious youngsters who loved to play the piano but was studying, of all things, economics.
For Fred Astaire's program, sponsored by Packard Motors, over the NBC Red network, turn to page 52.

Left, Johnny and Fred confer on arrangements for the records they made of the music from the newest Astaire movie, "Swing Time." Johnny's story of this work will show you Fred in a new light.

**BY NORTON RUSSELL**

**MR. ASTAIRE**

His friends, when he went to New York for weekends, weren't the sort of people you'd expect a Harvard boy to pal around with. They were musicians, stars of the stage, writers — glamorous, sophisticated people who respected this boy, hardly past the adolescent stage, for his ability to coax exciting harmonies from the piano keys.

George Gershwin, the composer, was one of these people who admired Johnny's talent, and one night after a performance of the Gershwin musical comedy, "Lady Be Good," he took Johnny back stage to meet its stars, Fred and Adele Astaire. Along with some thousands of other New Yorkers, Johnny had just fallen under the spell of dancing which seemed to have something supernatural about it, it was so good. Although he knew many famous people, he was still too young to be immune from hero-worship, and I'm sure he'll never forget the pang of delight he felt at being able to meet Fred Astaire that evening. I'm sure of that, because even today, after all those years, there is still a lot of that same hero-worshipful spirit in his voice when he speaks of Fred.

Johnny has never worked with Fred on a picture, but he has collaborated with him on three sets (Continued on page 102)
LET FOUR BEAUTIFUL STARS TEACH YOU THE LESSONS IN LOVE THEY LEARNED BY BROKEN HEARTS

If we're to believe the evidence of these four famous and lovely radio stars, good lovers are often bad husbands. And the worst of it is that the men who will make you most miserable are apt to be the very ones who attract you. A clever girl should soon be able to ferret out the facts about a chronic drunk or flagrant liar. But the romantics who cramp a woman's style—the weak fellows whose weakness is at first appealing—are sometimes dangerous even for girls who know their way about.

Irene Rich and Honeychile Johnson, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Rosemary Lane all admit they have been drawn to men who would have been horrible examples as husbands. Luckily, they found out the real characters of their suitors before it was too late.

These four stars represent four widely divergent types of femininity. The stories of their disillusionments, of how each learned the sort of man who was dangerous to her particular kind of woman may save you from bitter experience and heartbreak.

"Business women are so often starved for affection. They're so hungry for just a little warmth and color to bring respite from the daily grind," began Irene Rich.

Because the man she once nearly married was a Russian nobleman and she herself a celebrity, you'd expect the details of her romance to be unusual. "But fundamentally," says Irene, "the same thing happens every day in this modern world of ours."

If you are a girl who is successful at making money—a woman with a career, a stenographer, an executive, any sort of capable woman—Irene warns you to take her story to heart, for she is an example of the colorful, go-getting, independent woman and the typical villain of her tale—a charming, socially gifted moocher.

The adventure started at a formal ball, one of the brilliant events of the New York winter season. Irene had gone into radio for a nine weeks' engagement and had been signed to a year's contract. Her triumph represented the mastering of a new medium, the hardest kind of creative effort.

Her contract in her safety deposit box, she found herself simply spoiling for a grand time. As she slipped into a brand-new evening gown of sunflower yellow that brought out her flashing dark beauty, she hoped something wonderful would happen that night. The something wonderful
of a romantic woman who’s been working long and hard.

As she entered her hostess’ mammoth drawing room, bright with flowers and gowns, its chandeliers winking out a thousand colored lights, she had a sneaking feeling her wish was going to be granted. For standing across the room smiling, almost as if he had been waiting for her, was a strapping he-man in an artillery red uniform. His broad chest was practically covered with medals. Irene was sure he was quite the handsomest man she’d ever seen.

Thus began a period of comradeship that was chock full of charm. He was a nobleman exiled from Russia during the revolution, “But,” he hastened to explain the first night they met, “I was lucky enough to save my fortune though I lost my ancestral home!”

There was a royalty about him that gave him a strange glamor. The friend of princes, sophisticated yet virile, he had power to thrill even a woman who had known abundant adulation and rich experiences.

And he was so proud of her! He took her to meet all his friends, and brought people to her house every day. “I love to show you off!” he told her in his mellow voice.

So at first this show-off quality of his held an insidious, subtle flattery. But after awhile she began to wonder if he would never want an evening alone with her.

Irene has plenty of shrewdness and perception. “Sometimes I wish I hadn’t!” she confesses. “It smashes so many illusions.”

She began to realize that he knew none of the people he introduced very well; all were new acquaintances.

Also he started to be almost too casual about her apartment. It was a balconied duplex in the east Sixties, furnished with Irene’s special brand of taste and luxury. He would drop in with people at all hours, entering with a little air of proprietorship. Use her telephone to order cigarettes and vintage champagne with the bland instruction, “Charge it to Miss Rich!”

Once he phoned to find if he might bring ten guests to dinner.

But he was so witty and distinguished and at ease. Such a supreme master at making a woman feel beautiful and glamorous. It was hard to suspect such a man of ulterior motives.

One day an old friend of hers, a screen star visiting New York, came to tea. After some pleasantries, she asked Irene, “By the way, how well do you know ——?” She mentioned the name of the Russian nobleman. “We got slightly tight together last night—had a swell time—and he borrowed a hundred dollars. I knew it was all right because he’s such a good friend of yours.”

Suddenly it was clear as daylight to Irene. He had been using her, her home, her fame, even her charge accounts to bolster up his credit. Why, it was a regular system! He met smart, wealthy people, charmed them with his royal, old-world manners, and introduced them to each other!

“Since I last saw him,” Irene ‘(Continued on page 71)
The Gay Nineties have returned, in a brand new radio hour every Sunday night on Mutual. Called the Wonder Show, it's a gay mixture of boos for the villain and cheers for the hero, as a mammoth cast re-enacts the favorite dramas of yesteryear. Left, Effie Palmer takes the part of Old Judas in the beloved "Under the Gaslight." Lee Patrick (above center) of stage and film fame is another leading light, while little Florence Halop (above right) portrays children's roles.

A touching moment in the mellerdrama as Ned Weaver, the hero, pleads with Rita Johnson, the heroine, to understand his position. Don't miss such intriguing scenes as these. Tune in on Sunday evenings at 9:00.

Now we come to the villainous master of ceremonies, Jack Smart who is the real star of the program, and two of his cronies: Nestor Thazer and George Baine. The damsels with Lee Patrick is popular Adele Ronson.
HERE'S a contest that's easier than rolling off the proverbial log and more fun, too. So get busy and win. Every member of the family can join. Write as many last lines as you want.

And not only that. There are FOUR first prizes, one each week for four weeks. In addition, there are twenty-five other prizes each week for the next best twenty-five entries.

At the bottom of the page, in coupon form, are the first four lines of the limerick. All you have to do is write a last line, send it in to Fibber McGee, and—if it's as good as you think it is—collect the prize money.

If you win first prize, you'll hear your name announced over the air, so tune in next Monday's broadcast of Fibber McGee and Molly, on the NBC red network from coast to coast. See Program Guide on page 52.

Remember, prizes will be awarded on the basis of cleverness, suitability, and humor. And here's another tip. Listen carefully to Fibber and Molly on the air. Their sparkling humor will inspire you to greater efforts.

So get busy. Read the rules at the right hand side of this page, study them, and you'll be all set to go ahead. Remember: send in each week's entry by midnight, Wednesday of that week.

THE PRIZES:

Each week for four weeks, the following prizes will be awarded winning entries:

First Prize each week ............................ $ 25.00
Twenty-Five $1.00 prizes each week ....... 25.00

TOTAL—104 PRIZES .............................. $200.00

THE RULES

1. Each week for four weeks RADIO MIRROR and S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc., makers of Johnson's Wax, will pay a total of $50.00 to the twenty-six persons submitting the twenty-six best last lines to complete the limerick, the first four lines of which are printed on this page.

2. Judging will be based on the cleverness, suitability and humor of the lost lines submitted.

3. Judging on this basis $25.00 will be paid for the best lost line received each week and $1 each for the twenty-five next best.

4. The judges will be the editor of RADIO MIRROR, Fibber McGee and Ulmer Turner, Radio Editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner. Their decisions will be final.

5. Send entries on 10¢ government post cards, or on the coupon provided for your convenience or on a sheet of ordinary writing paper. It is not necessary to copy the first four lines. The last line will be sufficient.

6. You may send in as many last lines as you wish but not more than one prize will be paid to any individual in any one week.

7. No entries will be returned nor will we acknowledge receipt of entries.

8. The first week of this contest closes at midnight September 30th, the second October 7th, the third October 14th and the fourth October 21st. Each week's entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of these closing dates.

9. In case of ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid each tying contestant.

10. This contest is open to everyone except employees of RADIO MIRROR, S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc., and members of their families.

11. Address all entries to Fibber McGee, NBC Studios, Chicago, Ill.
Gwen Holmes sat glaring at the pile of fan mail on the tiny desk before her. Within arm's reach an old victrola was grinding out Frank Rossman's newest record. A microphone hung close over the sound box. She picked up the top letter and glanced at the first sentence.

"Will you please play Frank Rossman's recording of 'La Bomba' again?"

With a sigh, she tossed the scrap of paper aside. They were all the same. Rossman, Rossman, Rossman—the dream singer of every girl whose radio could tune in the small station in Fergus Center that had hired Gwen to answer mail and announce the hour program of records every day. But to Gwen, Rossman was a pain in the neck. So was Fergus Center, for that matter. She didn't mind so much being born there, but to reach the age of twenty-one and still be there, with New York and its glittering new studios so tantalizingly close, was getting to be more than she could bear.

She'd taken this job at Fergus Center's 100-watt station in the hope that some big network official would hear her and send for her. It had been six months now since she'd begun and not even the listeners had asked who she was. It was always just another request for Frank Rossman.

The record whirled to an end and she stood up to turn it over. As she flipped the disc to the other side, she spoke into the microphone:

"In case you didn't get it, folks, that was Frank Rossman singing. And now, who do you think is going to groan the next number? The young man with the leaping larynx—Frank Rossman."

She jabbed the needle down on the spinning record, and added:

"Frank just whispered in my ear, folks. He insists that I can sing a duet with him. All right, Frank, if you insist."

For two weeks she'd been doing this, poking fun at Rossman by referring slightly to his crooning voice, by singing duets with the record and by every other means she could devise. In time it would probably cost her the job. But it was the only way she could stand the monotony of announcing phonograph records every day.

Automatically, she announced the name of the song. Half way through the number, she glanced at the clock, saw that the hour was nearly over, and broke in with:

"Sorry, folks, that's all for today. I'll be with you again tomorrow at
this same time. Gwen Holmes, speaking—this is station BXZ.”

Another show done, another day wasted, she thought, walking out into the main room of the studio. A phone was ringing, and she stopped a minute. The studio manager had answered.


Not believing her ears, Gwen moved over and picked up the receiver.

Someone she didn’t know said, “This is Bob Miller. I just heard your show here in the Commercial Broadcasting Studios. Will you come to New York tomorrow and have a talk with me? I think I have a job for you.”

Gwen dropped the receiver on its hook. New York! A job with Commercial, the biggest network in the country! It must be someone’s idea of a joke. She turned to her boss.

“Ever hear of a Bob Miller?”


But Gwen had already turned and was running for the door that opened onto the dusty main street of Fergus Center.

Press agent to Frank Rossman! Then this man had really been listening in. Funny, though, her thoughts raced, that he should want her in New York after the fun she’d made of Rossman’s singing. But if he said New York, it was New York she was heading for.

Back home she made the dramatic announcement of her decision to her parents. “I’m leaving tonight—New York,” she said breathlessly, and refused to listen to the protests that followed.

She didn’t even stop to eat dinner before hurrying back to Main Street and the bus depot. At seven o’clock, the transcontinental express thundered in.

Gwen was there waiting as the bus stopped.

Any other time the all-night trip would have fascinated her. But with Miller’s words ringing in her ears, she sat straight up, stared straight ahead over the driver’s shoulders. Then, just as the sun was coming up, a smoky ball of deep red behind the line of skyscrapers that formed Manhattan, the bus entered the Holland tunnel, the last mile that separated Gwen from New York and the Commercial Studios.

(Continued on page 58)
The Story Thus Far:

Bob Burns, the homespun comedian on Bing Crosby's program, was born on the wrong side of the tracks in Van Buren, Arkansas, forty-odd years ago. His father was a resident engineer for the Arkansas Central railroad, and his mother eeked out the family income by doing dressmaking on the side. Bob always wanted to see the world, even when he was a boy, and once or twice his education was interrupted so he could take a job on a river boat. It came to an end just before he was to graduate from high school, when he and his brother Farrar organized themselves into a two-man vaudeville team and set out to tour the South.

From then on, Bob's life was the one prolonged adventure every kid dreams of—seldom easy, but always exciting. First he and Farrar went to New Orleans, where they played in front of a cheap movie house and in cafes—from there to Mobile, Birmingham, Montgomery, Norfolk, Boston, Washington, St. Louis, Salt Lake City... They weren't always together; sometimes Farrar went back home, and sometimes they had jobs in different cities. Bob worked as porter in a hotel, as a surveyor, a waiter, a field hand, a construction manager, a ditch cleaner—always with interludes on the stage, where he always wanted to be. At last the trail had led him all the way across the continent, and he returned to Arkansas, where he became a successful Little Rock advertising man. But once more he grew restless, and went to Chicago—and just as he thought he had finally settled down, with a good job in a mail order house, the United States entered the war. He enlisted at once.

Part Three

Bob Burns' enlistment in the Marine Corps, in 1917, was a gala occasion. His friends and associates in the advertising business didn't wait for his triumphal return, but escorted him away to the Union Station in a crazy parade. Cartoonists devised banners reading, "Bazooka Will Win the War" and "What Will the Girls Do Without You, Bobby?" The car in which he left Chicago, Illinois, for
Paris (South Carolina) was decorated flamboyantly if not delicately.

Bob had chosen the Marines because he prided himself on his shooting. "I wanted to be a sniper in the War," he told us apologetically. "I s'pose that sounds kind of blood-thirsty now. But it was right stylish then."

He shot wisely, but too well to satisfy his ambition immediately. His average on the rifle range was better than expert when he finished his bootship. So, instead, of sailing with his company to France, he was kept on Paris Island as an instructor. Becoming a sergeant automatically, he spent seventeen months teaching other recruits to be good snipers. Itching to go overseas, he watched company after company arrive and leave, while he stayed impatiently on this side of the Atlantic.

He amused himself evenings with the bazooka. One night from across the lagoon, in a Y. M. C. A. hut, he heard music. It gave him an idea. He started choosing himself a small hand-picked orchestra from the Marine ranks. It was the nucleus of the first Marine Jazz Band.

He and his men played at all social and military affairs. One evening the Post Commandant gave a party. Many important officers from Washington were present, and one in particular was fascinated by the Marine Band's snappy harmonies.

"How would you fellows like to go to France with me, right away?" he asked.

Bob accepted on the spot for the whole band. The next week they got papers to sail from Quantico, joined the 11th Regiment there and left on the DeKalb. They landed at Brest and went on regular duty, despite their musical proclivities.

It's hard to get Bob to say much about what regular duty included, but he didn't spend all his time playing the bazooka. He won rifle tournaments left and right, was decorated at Le Mans by General Pershing and dubbed champion marksman of the A. E. F. All he admits is that he slept in a mudhole. Finally, his company moved up to Tours to wait for a call to the Front. But there's reason to believe Bob went in for no small amount of action which he won't talk about. He is distinctly not the kind of guy to use his war experiences for publicity purposes.

It was in Tours that General Pershing met the bazooka in person. Here, as on Paris Island, the Marine Jazz Band furnished music for all affairs. One night at a ball, in the chateau of a famous aviation official, the place fairly swarmed with generals.

Now when a general approached the band, Bob, as leader, always rose and stood at attention as a mark of courtesy. Seeing Pershing, the greatest of them all, he was stumped for a second. Then as Pershing approached the stand, he ordered the entire band to stand at attention. Quite a conversation followed.

"This—er—bazooka, Sergeant," the General questioned—"wouldn't it be easier to play if it had a mouthpiece?"

"Undoubtedly, sir," Burns (Continued on page 96)

When Bob lunches at the Paramount lot, his bazooka, like Mary's little lamb, is never far behind. Left, a far cry from his present professional success: the Marine Jazz Band he organized and with which he went to France and War. General Pershing tried to master the bazooka and went down to bitter defeat. Left, below, in front of the four-family house in which he now lives. Below, what the folks back home think of him now.

For the Kraft Music Hall with Bob Burns, see page fifty-three.
ANNIE RYAN was mad. From the top of her snow white head to the tip of her square-toed shoes she was genuinely angry! Annie had a right to be. Someone had told a lie about her relationship with Carmela Ponselle. Annie Ryan, according to the story surreptitiously passed around, was being supported by Carmela!

That story is not true. In order to keep a promise, that sentence must be repeated. It is not true! Since early childhood Annie has been taking care of herself. Herself—and others. If there were more people in the world like Annie Ryan, you would be listening to a great many voices as fine as that of Carmela Ponselle's. Annie Ryan is the fighting little lady who discovered, developed, and as she states—with the help of God—gave you the voice of Carmela Ponselle.

It wasn't an easy job. During those early years there were always a couple of stray black clouds hovering overhead—but let's fade into the past, and live it all over again with Annie and Carmela. Let's go back to Carmela's choir days.

We'll skip the dates. They aren't really necessary, and opera stars are sometimes forgetful when it comes to remembering the day or year something happened.

Quite a few years ago, in the little town of Meriden, Connecticut, in the church of the Sacred Heart, Annie Ryan was putting the girls' choir through its weekly paces. It was a hot, sultry day. Twenty noses tilted towards the rafters; twenty voices sang wholeheartedly, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Annie pumped away at the church organ, pausing now and then to wipe the perspiration from her brow with a large, silk handkerchief.

Suddenly she stopped and, sliding from the stool of the organ, called out:

"Where is that voice coming from?"

The singing broke off sharply. None of the girls said anything. Annie walked back and forth peering intently at each face.

"Well," she demanded again, but more gently, "whose voice is that carrying above the others?"

Still no answer. Annie resumed her position at the organ.

"When I raise my hand," she instructed, "I want you all to stop singing."

The girls began again from the point where they had been interrupted and Annie started banging away once more. A few minutes later, she held up her hand. The voices halted abruptly. Annie (Continued on page 84)
Joe Emerson's program is part of the Gold Medal Hour heard five mornings a week. For the time, see page 52.

Right, the leader of the Hymns-of-All-Churches program at home with his daughter, Carolyn, their Scottie and Mrs. Emerson. Below, he's checking an unpublished hymn sent by a fan. He was heard over WLW before going on the CBS network.

ONCE WEALTHY, HE LOST HIS MONEY BEFORE FINDING THE WORTHWHILE THINGS OF LIFE

FOLLOW your HEART
SAYS JOE EMERSON

BY JOHN EDWARDS

THERE is no such thing as real financial security. It is foolish and wrong to spend your life doing work you don't want to do because at the end you may find yourself with wasted years behind you, and nothing in your bank account to show for them. Therefore it is wiser and better to do the work that satisfies you, even if financial rewards appear precarious or slight.  

It was a turning point in Joe Emerson's life when he reached that decision. The man you know as the leader of the Hymns of all Churches program on the Gold Medal Hour has twice scrapped all he had accomplished through years of hard work and effort, and started all over again. The first time it was a mistake. The second time...

The story really begins years ago, I think, when Joe was a little boy in a small Michigan town. The key to what he always wanted to do is in the picture of himself he gave me once—a small figure in a sailor suit (a sailor suit that was a little shiny at the seams, but clean) listening with rapt attention while his mother played the melodeon and his father sang hymns.

Joe's parents were both deeply devout people, though they belonged to no specific church. His father was a foundry worker by trade, but his real joy lay in his hobby of traveling about through the nearby towns, delivering sermons on street corners. He was not an ordained minister, and perhaps some of his sermons would have surprised students of theology, but in his simplicity and goodness of character he brought comfort to many a man and woman who couldn't be reached by orthodox religion.

He taught Joe to love music, and as the boy grew older both of his parents encouraged him to make music his career. Their small savings went to send him to Albion College and to pay for voice lessons. It wasn't long after his (Continued on page 91)
SOMEHOW the very word Hollywood has come to connote sums of money in no less than six figures, imported gowns and motor cars and, above all, homes that rival in their splendor and costliness the very settings of the motion pictures themselves. In sharp contrast, then, are the lives and the homes of radio stars, because radio is essentially the entertainment of the home. For example there is the charming, simple Provençal house of Dick Powell who shares his talents unselfishly with radio and movies alike. His only concessions to Hollywood are his magnificent swimming pool and the landscaping of his wide grounds.

Yet in all major details, the Dick Powell home is within the reach of Mr. and Mrs. Averageman in quest of guidance toward comfort and coziness. Naturally, you may have to wait until your ship comes in for a swimming pool, but even if it does founder on troubled waters your cottage or house can be just as lovely as you choose to make it.

For example, you may not be able to afford the imported Gallic screen of hunting scenes in Provence which adorns Dick's library, but if a screen you must have—make it yourself. Persuade friend husband that he is a carpenter at heart after all, or if you fail to convince him, buy any ordinary screen of the proportions you desire. The charm of the screen lies in its covering. A pictorial printed chintz or the better grades of modernistic wall-paper in floral, nautical, even old French and English hunting scene design can be bought reasonably and applied with decorators' glue. Cover with a coat of lacquer to withstand dust and fading. Best of all if you have any latent artistic ability paint it yourself. Remember, your grandparents did it—why not you?

The pine paneling in Mr. Powell's home is an authentic reproduction of a Provençal inn. Today, all outstanding lumber companies can furnish reproductions of any European design you fancy. So if you saw the house of your dreams in an English meadow, or in Normandy or Brittany, or in sunny Spain or Italy, you can have your house paneled according to the best traditions of the country you fancy.

Naturally with a pleasant setting, you will want your furniture upholstered in appropriate fabrics. Mr. Powell uses gay, colorful peasant cloth. Against the coarse natural background, primitive reds, blues, oranges, greens run riot, creating a warm yet harmonious effect. In Hollywood, many of the feminine stars have revived the art of weaving on hand looms as a successor to the popular knitting fad. Most large department stores carry a complete line of equipment, including the looms, and you will have fun and an interesting way of spending long, house-bound winter days making home-spun fabrics for upholstering. Home-spun in peasant designs would of course be perfect against the background of a French peasant home. If the art of weaving seems too ambitious for you, certainly you can buy a variety of attractive cloths such as Dick Powell has used, to make covers for day-beds and ordinary upholstered chairs and to glorify an uninteresting piece of furniture into one with definite style and dash.

Undoubtedly you will notice the unusual framing of the movie star friends and associates on the walls of Dick's den. Ordinarily one would hesitate to hang photographs of one's favorite radio stars anywhere but in the privacy of one's boudoir but with this unusual framing treatment they graduate with honors to library or living room.

Get pictures of your favorite radio stars. Perhaps you already have a collection culled from the pages of Radio Mirror. Certainly you can supplement your collection from future issues of this magazine. Then over a board of suitable size, one which would leave about a three or four inch margin around the picture, paste flowered cretonne or chintz. Mount the picture in the middle, cover with glass, and frame with a... (Continued on page 105)
For example, the imported Gallic screen (opposite page), adorning the Hollywood Hotel star's library can be inexpensively copied. Then there's the unique bar—just a bit different—with its electric grill and high chairs. And that array of glasses! Don't tell a soul—they can be found in the five and ten. On the left, the star's den, showing the overstuffed double settee. Note the unusual framing of those pictures on the pine-panelled wall. Read how you, too, can have them.

**BY RUTH GERI**

For Hollywood Hotel, sponsored by Campbell's Soups, see page 53.

Overstuffed furniture upholstered with coarse peasant cloth gives an authentic "provincial" atmosphere to this masculine lounge room in Dick's new Toluca Lake residence. Top right, Dick is mighty proud of his fireplace with its decoration of mugs and old cooking utensils, which looks as if it might have been transplanted from some old farmhouse kitchen. Now you know what you can do with those old shaving mugs you've been saving.
WHEREVER THESE PRETTY MISTRESSES GO, THEIR MASCOTS ALWAYS FOLLOW

Whenever you see Lily Pons, you’re sure to find Pons, her pedigreed Scottie. Below, Marion Talley’s South American bird can mimic her high notes and sound taps.

BEAUTIES AND THEIR BEASTS

Right, Rosaline Greene used to fear mice but now Pete is her pet. Left, these cuddly Guinea pigs were given to Gale Page as a gift. She fell in love with them right away. Above, Maxine thinks her bunny is the cutest thing and who can blame him for looking so contented?
I t was spring and we couldn't wait any longer.

Smith Ballew never graduated from the University of Texas. Nor did Justine Vera. Both felt that a marriage certificate was more important than a diploma. So they went and did it, just two happy, carefree kids. That was over ten years ago, April 3, 1926, to be exact.

Ten years of struggle, hard knocks, lucky breaks, poverty and despair, topped by an amazing success beyond their wildest dreams. All summer Smith has been master of ceremonies on the hour long Shell Chateau program over NBC.

Perhaps that's why they still seem so much in love. The wealth and fame which have come at last have been richly earned. They were won by faith and sacrifice.

The girl who risked her family's ire to marry a handsome, banjo pickin' youth with no prospects, has proven the wisdom of her choice. Yet few couples have had so many set-backs or bitter disappointments.

BY HARRY BLAIR

There were lots of times when it seemed to Justine that she had made a mistake. Days when there was nothing to eat. When she and Smith tramped New York's ice and snow with worn out soles, rather than spend carfare.

Yet, always there burned within her a white hot flame of confidence in her man. A feeling that in the end he would come through with flying colors.

With typical frankness, Justine and "Sykes" (his nick-name) told me the entire story.

"Her folks made me promise to give up music before they'd let me marry her. I had a cheap old banjo which I played in a small dance band I had organized. Rhythm came natural to me. My dad played the violin and mother is still a first rate piano player.

"But even they did not approve of music as a career for a man. Things were different then." Smith paused to shift his six feet five inches of bulk as he sprawled on a comfortable sofa. "Musicians were considered ... well, no-account," he continued. "That's before so many college boys started to take up instruments.

"So I got (Continued on page 107)
Radio Mirror has just completed first tabulations on its own private popularity contest, which was concerned solely with dance orchestras and masculine vocalists. The judges in the contest were you, the subscribers of Radio Mirror, to whom we sent postal card ballots. You chose Wayne King's Lady Esther orchestra as the one you liked best of all, with Guy Lombardo's, Fred Waring's, Rudy Vallee's, and Benny Goodman's as runners-up. The most popular male vocalist was Bing Crosby, followed by Lanny Ross, Dick Powell, Frank Parker, and Nelson Eddy.

In the midst of all the talk about swing music, it was interesting—and, incidentally, perhaps not so terribly surprising, either—to find that the four most popular bands are those which are better known for rich, lovely harmonies than for the modern successor to what used to be called jazz. Wayne King and Guy Lombardo never indulge in Swing; Fred Waring and Rudy Vallee only occasionally; while the fifth in popularity, Benny Goodman, is the only one known for that type of music exclusively.

The Paramount Theater in New York has been conducting a popularity poll too, asking its patrons which of the many famous bands which play that theater are the best liked. More than 500,000 ballots have been cast, and to date the leading ten are Guy Lombardo, Glen Gray, Fred Waring, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Ray Noble, Hal Kemp, Phil Spitalny, Ozzie Nelson, and Eddie Duchin. Remember, though, this result represents Broadway's opinion, not the radio audience's.

So you think it would be pretty nice to sit around and get paid a weekly salary check for doing nothing at all? Most people would think that, but not the employees of the Warner Brothers music publishing groups. Not any more.

From the first of the year until August 5, you know, music on which Warner Brothers and their (Continued on page 99)

By Ken Alden

Left, Al Donahue, youthful maestro, whose popularity is growing every day. He's heard over NBC. Below is Leonard Stokes, the baritone who does much of the vocalizing for Hit Parade.

Above, Ted Fio Rito's colorful girl trio on the Frigidaire Frolics each Friday night over NBC. Top to bottom: Marjorie Briggs, Betty Noyes, and Dottie Compton: The Debutantes.

Extra! First Results of the Dance Band Popularity Poll

In Which You Cast the Votes
Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller’s dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf’s Sert Room, says: “Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite.” Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion’s sake!

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel’s costlier tobaccos:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
- Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
- Mrs. Chaswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Remsnyder, New York

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything specially for him...even a special laxative!

Mother...Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on special care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a special baby tub for your baby...use special soap...special powder...and a special food formula, of course.

Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a special laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives! That's why doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially and only for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is mild...gentle...and above all, SAFE. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel. It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs.

It contains no purging irritants—no narcotics—nothing that could harm the tiniest infant system. In fact, a famous child specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

You'll be glad to know that children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. They take it willingly—without the least complaint. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire nervous and digestive system!

So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative millions of mothers have faith in...the laxative made especially for children...FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight—it saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.
Sooner or later almost every film star comes to a Lux Radio Theater program. Left, behind the water pitcher, Fred MacMurray reads to Barbara Stanwyck, who has taken off both of her shoes.

Below, a fine example of a star idling during rehearsal. It is Jack Oakie trying his hand at the Theater’s portable organ, while he waits for his turn of acting before the mike.

Below, an army of autograph hunters stand beside Bill Powell’s car, waiting for him to finish the day’s broadcasting.

Right below, a view of the building where the Lux program plays to a capacity audience. It is a true fan paradise.

Photos made exclusively for Radio Mirror by Wide World.
## PROGRAM DIRECTORY

### THURSDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>WBAL</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WCAU</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>featuring the Olympics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Sports Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>WMUR</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Pre-eminent World News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WHAG</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Headlines and News</td>
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<tr>
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<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
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<tr>
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<td>ABC</td>
<td>News</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WMUR</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Midday News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>WHAG</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>National News</td>
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### FRIDAY

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<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>Red</td>
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<td>News</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHAG</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>National News</td>
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### HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

Programs of the three major networks are listed on these two pages — Columbia Broadcasting System (abbreviated to CBS), and the two National Broadcasting Company networks (NBC-Blue and NBC-Red). In order to learn what your local station is affiliated with, find it in one of the lists given. All regularly scheduled programs, broadcast from 16:00 to 19:00, Eastern Standard Time, are included in the listings. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division is still being broadcast, or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.


### Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

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<td>ABC</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
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<td>WNYW</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNYL</td>
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### Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

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<td>Red</td>
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<td>WBTM</td>
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### RED 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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For Mutual Broadcasting System Program Listings Turn to Page 48.
CLEANLINESS
IS NEXT TO
LOVELINESS

By JOYCE ANDERSON

Of course, she isn’t really beautiful but, my dear, she’s always so perfectly groomed!” I’ll admit I was frankly astounded when Aunt Martha made this remark about Elaine. I’d always thought of Elaine as not only the most truly chic woman I know, but also as the most beautiful. Yet, when I stopped to think it over, I realized Aunt Martha was right, as usual. Elaine doesn’t have one really beautiful feature in her whole face. Her figure is ordinary—trim, neither plump nor lanky, but she’d certainly never qualify for the Follies.

Then I remember the night I’d introduced her to her husband. Naturally, he wasn’t her husband then!—only a very nice young bachelor extraordinarily interested in the girl he had just met. He turned to me, as Elaine went into the guest room to take off her hat and powders her nose, and the first thing he said was, “There goes the loveliest girl I’ve ever saw in my life.”

That’s the point of the whole thing. Elaine is lovely. Her clean, fresh skin, her gleaming hair, her clear eyes and proud carriage attract attention wherever Elaine goes. There’s a thought for the day! If Elaine can be lovely without, as I said, either a beautiful face or figure, then there’s hope for all us gals, for we can all have fresh skin, gleaming hair, clear eyes and a proud carriage, if we just make up our minds to do something about it.

Good grooming is the answer, and good grooming, when you get right down to it, means perfect cleanliness. You might even paraphrase the old proverb to read: “Cleanliness is next to loveliness.” For that matter, you might just as well accept the fact that cleanliness is loveliness. Nobody’s going to admire a straight, well-shaped nose if it’s covered with blackheads. Nobody cares for naturally rosy cheeks that are full of enlarged pores. Nobody wants to run his fingers through hair that looks dull and not quite clean, no matter how beautiful the color is.

Boy, what a break that is for us gals who know we’re not beautiful! We can all do something about this particular beauty problem, because the easiest thing in the world to achieve is cleanliness. All we need to start with is a bar of really good soap and some warm water. Simple, isn’t it? But something so important that no expensive beauty treatment is going to do us a darn bit of good without this first simple step.

Isn’t it just too awful? It’s our faces that we particularly want to have fresh-looking and clear, and that’s just where we always have to fight blackheads and pimples and skin troubles! It’s easy to figure out why, when we stop to think that our faces are exposed to every bit of soot and grime—and, yes, bacteria, too—there is in the atmosphere about us, while the rest of us is pretty well protected. And that daily grime, mixed with the natural secretions of the skin, clogs the pores and (Continued on page 95)
Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look older than you are.

A few coarse pores say, “She’s getting on in years”—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your underskin are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your outer skin’s health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond’s invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond’s Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond’s Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing. . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.

Every night, pat in Pond’s Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your underskin, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults can’t age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it’s all smooth for your powder.

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

POND’S, Dept. L731, 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 $10 to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
City________________________State____

Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Quite a variety of radio entertainers were born during the month of November. Some of them are: Kay Thompson who first saw the light of day on November 9; Frank Thibeault, born on the 13th, with Morton Downey, Wilbur (Budd) Hulick and Dick Powell, born the very next day—with just a difference in the year. Tiny Virginia Verrill blossomed forth on the 20th, while Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, made her initial appearance on November 24; Igor Gorin, the 26th; Jack Smart and Ted Husing, the 27th; and the 28th brought lovely Helen Jepson. As an aside to her, I can also add that your old friend, The Oracle, startled the world in the early part of November.

Now for those questions you’ve all been patiently waiting for:

Miss D. D. of Cleveland, Ohio—
A promise is a promise, D. D., and so here’s your information on Frank Parker. Frank was born in Manhattan’s lower East Side, where he was known as Ciccio, of Italian parents. His father wanted him to become an engineer but Frank won him over into sending him to his ancestral Italy for a course of singing in the famous Milan Conservatory. Returning to America, he made his first theatrical appearance as a chorus boy in the “Greenwich Village Follies.” Eight years in vaudeville and musical comedy brought him roles in “Little Nellie Kelly,” “My Princess” and “No, No Nanette.” Then came radio, his first association being with the Revelers. Frank is fair-complexioned, black haired, tall and handsome.

He likes to cook and putter about the house when he isn’t swimming, dancing, golfing or playing polo.

William S., Tuckahoe, New York—I’m sorry you couldn’t make the October issue, Bill. Annette Hanshaw has been off the air for some time now and we do not know when she will return. However, I’m sure if you address a letter to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, they will forward it to her.

Barbara W., Baintree, Mass.—For a picture of Joan Blaine, write to her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill. Harvey Hays doesn’t play the part of Joe Martin in the Story of Mary Martin. Robert E. Griffin takes the part. By the way did you see Mr. Griffin’s picture in the September Radio Mirror?

—For Your Radio Scrapbook section.

Dick Powell fans, attention! Get in touch with Frances Feather, 1362 Mineral Spring Road, Reading, Pa., if you want to join the Dick Powell club with Dick as the honorary president.

To the lady who inquired about a James Melton fan club: In the June issue of Radio Mirror: Get in touch with Louise Mitchell, Box 1418 Hollywood, California.


F. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Al Bowly was born 38 years ago and, of all places, in a box car. It happened while his family were fleeing from a plague-ridden city en route to Johannesburg.

George Rand, who plays the Old Ranger in Death Valley Days on the West Coast, names his wire-haired terrier Boraxo, after the sponsors of his radio program.

South Africa. Al is five feet-seven, weighs 175 pounds, has black eyes and hair and is married to a very blonde English lady.

P. L. H., Berkeley, Calif.—Billy Idolson who plays the part of Rush of Vic & Sade, was born August 21, 1919, in Forest Park, Ill., where he still lives with his parents. Billy is a healthy lad, five feet tall and weighing 100 pounds. He has medium complexion and brown hair and hopes to be a film actor some day.

Charles E. M., Chicago, Ill.—Louise Wilcher’s theme song is “The Little Rose You Gave To Me.” The words are by Gerald Griffin, music by Lon Healy and it is published by Bob Miller, Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York.

Miss Janice L., New York City—Fred Uttal shares honors with Ken Murray on the Rinso show. Fred is a New Yorker, born July, 1906; has brown eyes and hair; his favorite sport is football; (Continued on page 104).
Is your cuticle PARCHED and RAGGED?

New Oily Cuticle Remover

GIVES YOU 3 IMPORTANT BENEFITS...

🌟 COUNTERACTS DRYING

🌟 HELPS KEEP CUTICLE SOFT ... NAILS FLEXIBLE

🌟 REMOVES CUTICLE SAFELY WITHOUT HARMFUL CUTTING

At last—a cuticle remover that benefits your nails and cuticle! The new Cutex formula removes cuticle with the same famous efficiency as ever—and in addition, it contains a special emollient oil that keeps your nails and cuticle from drying out!

Cuticle has a natural tendency to grow dry and scaly. Cutting it is the worst possible thing you can do—it makes it grow out rough, ragged and lumpy. So you need a cuticle remover. But ordinary cuticle removers actually aggravate the dry, scaly condition by dissolving the oils in your skin!

Now comes Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover... containing a special soothing oil which helps overcome the tendency for the cuticle to dry out. Selected from a long list after careful research, this special oil not only prevents drying—it lubricates your nails and cuticle—actually helps to make them softer, smoother and more pliable than ever!

It's a regular beauty treatment for your nails—created by the World's Manicure Authority! Still at the same economical price of 35¢—at your favorite toilet-goods counter. Try it today!

Northam Warren
New York, Montreal, London, Paris
At exactly nine-thirty, Gwen was standing in front of the reception desk on the twenty-second floor of the Commercial Broadcasting building.

"Mr. Bob Miller, please," she said firmly.

The receptionist smiled. "He couldn't possibly be in this early," she replied. "Can't you find something to do until eleven? Mr. Miller sometimes comes in around that time."

Gwen walked across the room and sank down in the deep upholstery. The room was just as lavish as she'd thought it was from the pictures she'd seen in radio magazines. Behind her, a long row of windows looked out across the city. Under

Mrs. Platt (Gracie Allen) walked over and said, "Not the Mr. Carson? The Mr. Carson who's the famous radio director for Commercial studios?"

her feet was thick carpeting. Up a short flight of stairs was the door to a studio. She could see a light flash red. A row of letters spelled out: "Studio in use."

Those two hours she waited, mixed with uncertainty and the thrill of recognizing famous radio stars who hurried in to rehearse, seemed the climax of all her years of hoping for just such a chance.

Then there was a tall, smiling man standing in front of her. Unaccountably, her heart beat just a little faster than it had since she'd left home the night before. He could never have come from Fergus Center. The way he stood, the clothes he wore, even the way he was smiling at her—all of it was obviously New York.

"I'm Bob Miller, that man who called you," he was saying.

Under his steady appraisal of her, from the tip of her sport oxfords, to the brim of her pert felt hat, Gwen blushed. "Radio, palm down on the shiny table top, and exclaimed:

"Here she is. Jack, the girl you've been so anxious to meet—all signed, sealed and delivered—Miss Gwen Holmes. Gwen, Mr. Jack Carson."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Carson said. "Gwen couldn't understand the tone of his remark or the look which passed between him and Miller."

Miller said quickly, "Miss Holmes, you're to be congratulated. Of all the thousands of voices crying in the wilderness, you were selected by Mr. Carson to associate with the brightest stars of the air."

But it seemed to Gwen that this speech had been directed more to Carson than to herself. Men who were hiring new help, she thought, didn't use such lavish introductions. Yet she had to say something.

"There—there's no way to—" she started to say thank you, Mr. Carson," she hesitated.

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "you really have Frank Rossman to thank.

He had said it simply enough, but it couldn't have upset Gwen more than a bombshell dropped in the quiet office. Rossman responsible? The great singing star? And after the way she'd made such fun of him on her broadcasts!

"Oh," she exclaimed involuntarily, "that makes me feel terribly uncomfortable. She waited, but no one spoke, so she continued, "Do thank Mr. Rossman—and tell him I'll do my best to repay his confidence."

Miller half turned to face the door.

He put out his hand, "Don't worry, I'll tell him. Goodbye. You're in Mr. Carson's hands now."

As he reached the door, Carson called: "Bob, did you explain to Miss Holmes just what her job will be?"

But Miller had gone.

Gwen frowned. There was something wrong, terribly wrong. The way Miller and Carson had talked to each other. Miller had been so anxious to leave, and Carson had been just as anxious not to be alone with her.

She started to speak, to ask what it was all about. There was a knock at the door, a high pitched giggle, and a handsome woman was in the office. A second later a meek, blushing woman slipped in to stand a few feet back of the woman.

"Hello," the woman said, "are you Mr. Carson?"

She walked over and pumped his hand.

"Not the Mr. Carson," the woman persisted, "the Mr. Carson who is the radio director?"

"Yes," he answered, in scathing tones.

"Whatever became of you?" the woman asked, smiling coyly now.

Gwen stepped back, felt a chair at her knees and sank down. She noticed that Carson was beginning to smile, the same smile she had seen doctors give patients who were delirious.

"I was elected vice president," he said.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to go now. Good day. It's been nice knowing you."

Taking her by the hand, he led her gently to the door. With a shove that had a vicious force, he pushed. The woman sailed out the door, Carson slammed it shut with a sigh, turned and bumped into the man who had stayed behind.

"Who are you?" Carson exclaimed.

The man shuffled his feet, mumbled, cleared his throat, and finally said, "Her husband."

Carson advanced threateningly, but before he could reach him, his secretary rushed in.

"Mr. Carson," she called, "I think you should know you just pushed out the new owner of that big golf ball program, Mrs. Platt!"

The door opened a third time. Mrs. Platt's head appeared cautiously. "Yes, here we come. Come on, George, they're calling us."

Carson rushed over, jerked her inside, and said, "Well, well, what a pleasure. Do come in, Patsy," to his secretary, "get Mrs. Platt a chair."

The secretary rushed over, half lifted a huge armchair and began dragging it across the room. Before she could reach Mrs. Platt, both husband and wife turned, waved to Carson and disappeared.

"Quick, stop them," Carson yelled. The secretary ran out into the hall, looked up and down, and ran back in. "Too late, they've escaped."

Gwen stood up. "Are—are they dangerous Mr. Carson?" she asked.

"What? Oh, are you still here?" Car-
son exclaimed. "Let's see. That's right. You're Gwen Holmes." He stared thoughtfully at Gwen a minute. "Let's walk around and I'll show you the offices. But first," he added. "You must promise to call me Jack."

But those two people— Gwen began.

Jack smiled. "That was Mrs. Platt. She's a wealthy widow—or was until she married Mr. Platt—and she bought a golf ball factory. So she decided she wanted a radio program to advertise the golf balls. That's how it happens that I have to do business with like Bob Miller.

Gwen began to see the light.

"Are many sponsors that way?"

Jack shook his head, "Do you think I could keep my job this long if they were?"

He led her out into the hall. When he spoke again, his voice was more serious. "About you," he said.

"I wouldn't be going on the Rossman program, would I?" Gwen asked, more as a stab in the dark than anything else.

"What? You don't expect to drop into the top spot on the air in one fell swoop? Why Rossman's the star of the new Platt golf ball program?"

"No, no," Gwen replied.

"Besides," he went on, "we can't de-
cide your whole future with one snap of the fingers."

"Well, then," Gwen went on, deter-
minded to run the matter to the ground, "will you use me as an announcer or as a singer?"

And, strangely, Jack Carson, Commer-
cial's Program Director, blushed.

"Well, you see, it's complicated. Here we have a lovely girl—ambitious—tal-
eted—we have to take time to decide what's best."

"But surely, you're not going to let me sit around doing nothing to earn my salary?"

Jack didn't speak for a moment, but walked straight ahead until they were at the elevators.

"Listen, kid," Jack said, "promise me one thing?"

He took Gwen's hand.

"No matter what happens, always keep your chin up, will you?"

And before Gwen, in her astonishment, could answer, he said, in his former business like way.

"Give me your address. We'll let you

"You know as soon as we decide what to do with you. In the meantime, if a week goes by, we'll send your check for your first week in the mail."

He turned and walked away. The eleva-
or operator said impatiently, "Down? Going down?"

Gwen stumbled in, the door slid shut, and the express elevator dropped beneath her feet.

III

A W E E K went by without another word from either Jack or Bob Miller. But Gwen had enough to see so that she didn't mind the wait too much. And just as Jack had promised, on Saturday a check came to her.

It was the second week that dragged.

By that time she had seen all of New York that she wanted to. Alone. The other places she had always dreamed of seeing with someone— someone, preferably tall, dark, with a boyish smile; someone, she had admit, like Bob Miller.

If she could only figure out to her own satisfaction why she had been brought here and then left to her own devices! Big companies, she thought she knew, didn't work that way. Or maybe they did. Maybe they had just forgotten her.

So Gwen set a time limit for herself. She'd stay exactly two full weeks. Then she'd leave just as quietly as she'd come. Friday was the longest day she'd ever

P. S. Print my letter if you like, but don't print my name.

My daughter, Joan, loves parties. She has plenty of friends too. But she never used to invite them into her home. One day I asked her if she was ashamed of it.

After I coaxed her, she broke down and told me that the girls at school joked a lot about "tattle-tale gray." And Joan was afraid her friends would notice that my linens and things had it bad.

I was plenty mad because I work hard. But Joan showed me one of your ads about how the wrong kind of soap gives clothes "tattle-tale gray" by leaving dirt stuck in the clothes.

So just to please her I changed and tried Fels-Naptha Soap. And my, the difference it's made! All that gentle naptha along with that wonderful golden soap wash so clean. I've never had things look so white!

© 1926, FELS A CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
Now... a lovelier way to avoid offending!

KEEP Fragrantly DAINTY
...Bathe With THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor ... its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet’s flower-like scent still clings gloriously about you ... because it has the lingering quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet... the perfumed soap that brings you a better way to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

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

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Why not get three cakes today?

lived. At least it was until six o’clock.
She’d returned from a walk up Forty-
second Street and had come into the
lobby of her hotel, hot and dispirited.
The clerk behind the desk smiled as she
walked over to get her key.

"Some calls for you, Miss Holmes," he
said, "Man named Miller been trying to
reach you for the last hour."

"Miller?"
Gwen repeated the name as though
she were pronouncing a word in some for-
eign tongue. "Did he—did he leave any
number?"

"I’ll see," the clerk began to answer
when a hand fell on Gwen’s shoulder.

"Gwen—Miss Holmes!"
Gwen turned. It was Bob! He’d come.
Never would anyone look as good to her
again. He was smiling that same smile
she had dreamed about practically every
night for two weeks and under his arm
was a long box, an unmistakable box. He
had brought flowers!

"Hello," she managed to say.

"I've got great news," Bob said. "Come
over here where I can tell you." Linking
his arm in hers, he hurried to a deserted
corner of the lobby.

"What are you doing tonight? Got a
date?"
As though he didn’t know! She said,
"Nothing. Why?"
He answered, "Why I thought perhaps
we could go out tonight—see some of the
hot spots you’ve read about."

"I’ll have to consult my date book,"
Gwen said, laughing for the sheer joy of
having someone to talk with.

Bob grinned. "Swell. I’ll pick you up
at seven-thirty. We’ll have dinner first. Oh—here. These are for you." He
slid the long box under her arm.

"But the news you had?" Gwen said.

"Tell you later."
Gwen watched him go, a warm glow
inside her.

Bob was only fifteen minutes late. And
the way he was looking, in his top hat and
tails, he could have been twice as late.

They had dinner—the best dinner
Gwen had ever had—in a quiet, richly sub-
dued restaurant in the West Fifties. It was
nearly eleven when they left, stepped into
a cab and set out for the Stork Club. Bob
kept pointing out people of Hollywood
and stage fame. Big names. Names Gwen
had only read in the Sunday edition of the
local paper.

Next it was the Hollywood Cafe, and
Benny Fields, the singing master of cere-
nals, with Benny Goodman’s band. In-
stantly Gwen swayed to the insistent
throb of the music. She danced with
Bob, danced again and again. Fields was
singing the newest song sensation "Here’s
Love in Your Eye," and Bob was holding
her close. She felt his lips brush her
cheek.

She closed her eyes. Now she knew why
heroin in stories wished certain mo-
ments could go on forever. Back at the
table, Bob suddenly said.

"Very nice—in fact, very lovely."

"What?" Gwen asked.

"Your eyes," Bob said. "And your
mouth," he went on, as though making a
brand new discovery. "And your nose is
in the right place. Your hair—say, do you
realize you’re a darn beautiful girl?" He
held her hand. He was saying more. "I
think now’s the time to spring the big
news."

"What news?" Gwen said dreamily.

"You don’t seem very anxious to hear," he
said a little petulantly. "I’ve got a job
for you."

At that, Gwen did sit up. "Work, real
work?" she asked doubtfully.

Bob nodded his head. "And what
work?" he exclaimed. "I’ve signed you to
be a guest star on the Frank Rossman radio program. Think of it. The chance to make good on the biggest show on the air.

Gwen didn’t try to reply. The tears that welled up in her eyes were answer enough. Nor did Bob speak again until the next piece was announced. Silently, they stood and walked to the dance floor. Gwen went into his arms.

It was nearly four before Bob suggested they might go home. She thought again of his news and a warm surge of excitement spread over her. A chance to guest star on the Frank Rossman radio program. A week from this same night she would be standing before a microphone, singing a duet with the most popular tenor in the country.

Bob said good night as simply as “Good night, Gwen,” but when he kissed her nothing was simple any more. Nor would it ever be again. He was in Gwen’s life now, for good or bad, and he would stay there.

EVEN the city’s noise seemed a gayer, happier bedlam the next day as she took a bus for the Commercial building. She hummed softly to herself going up in the elevator and crossing to the reception desk. There was no one there. While she waited for the girl to return, Gwen idly picked up a morning paper lying there and scanned the headlines. Suddenly she felt as if someone had struck her over the heart. A paragraph, part of the paper’s Broadway gossip column, had been ringed in blue pencil:

“ar the lovely voice of the with whom the item meant. Slowly the explanation of her sudden summons to New York, her idleness, and even the offer of a job, which Miller had given her last night, became clear. She looked at the date of the paper. Yes, it was today's issue, but an earlier edition had appeared last. The preceding day, and Miller. Carsons and Rossman must have seen this paragraph then. Her hands, holding the paper, began to shake with anger.

“Good morning, newest star of the networks!”

Gwen whirled. Bob Miller was just being sent. His eyes widened as he saw her pale face, dropped to the paper in her hands, and grew wary in understanding.

“Is this true?” Gwen demanded.

“For an instant Bob was at a loss. “It—certainly calls for an explanation, doesn’t it?” he stammered in a voice he tried to make casual.

“Everything’s fairly clear,” Gwen said icily. “You three gentlemen—you and Rodman and Jack Carson—got me out of circulation and for that reason my little vanity wouldn’t be hurt. Then this columnist found out about it, and you thought you could quiet him down by putting me on the program as a guest star for one broadcast. That big party last night—making a big fuss over the little country girl so she’ll feel good and agree to anything!”

She would have gone on but her voice broke and she turned away to hide her tears. For what really hurt was that Bob Miller had done something of which she

IV

Mothers! A delicious quick meal packed full of nourishment

—and it costs less than 3¢ a portion

They’re growing fast, playing hard—those lively, lovable youngsters of yours. They’re burning up energy all day long. They need good, hearty, satisfying food and plenty of it!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti often. It’s rich in vital food elements. It supplies, at low cost, body-building proteins—energy-giving carbohydrates—valuable vitamins in its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce. Children love it and it’s so easy for you to prepare. No cooking or fussing. Just heat and bring to the table.

The whole family will enjoy Franco-American. Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients, makes it taste different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. “It’s far better than I could make,” women tell us. And costs less!

A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn’t buy uncooked spaghetti and all your ingredients and prepare it yourself for so little. Order Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE Extra GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL’S SOUPS

61
15¢ - Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in ½ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way—BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today—yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name “aspirin” alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c

Virtually 1c a tablet

hadn’t thought him capable. Busy at de- ceit and trickery, just like any Broadway boy!

"I'm sorry you feel like that," he was saying quietly.

"I do! And you can cancel all arrange- ments you've made for me."

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "Don't let your personal feelings interfere with business. You can go as far as you want in radio, and as long as your eyes are on the top, I'll work my head off to help you."

"Why?"

"Because I like to be associated with success. And the more money you make, the more money I make too."


"That's all. Why not?"

Before Gwen could answer the door to Jack Carson's office opened and Carson came out. He looked at Bob sourly.

"Good morning. Gwen," he said.

"What's all the trouble out here?"

"Gwen has changed her mind about the Platt show. She doesn't want to be on it," Bob explained. "She—well—" he gest- tured toward the paper.

"Oh!" Jack sighed.

"Well?" Gwen demanded.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars for a broadcast is a lot of money," Jack said timidly.

"Two hundred and fifty!" Gwen glared at Miller. "Did you agree to that figure?"

Bob blushed under her disdain. "How much do you want?" he asked.

"A thousand dollars!"

"A thousand—"? Bob and Jack cried in unison. "Why not two thousand?" Bob added.

"Thanks," Gwen said curtly. "Two thousand. You can send the contract to my hotel. Good morning, gentlemen!"

She left the room with her head high, but in the taxicab which she called blindly as soon as she reached the street she huddled back in one corner, ashamed to let the driver see she was crying. A two- thousand-dollar contract is nothing much when you've just found out that the man you were beginning to love is strictly busi- ness.

Gwen didn't even have time to open up her suitcase back at the hotel before a messenger from Commercial was knocking on her door. When she opened it he thrust a large red envelope, marked RUSH at her. It was a contract and the sum called for was $2000.00 for a single guest performance. She sat down weakly on the bed. They had called her bluff. She'd have to go through with it.

Once Gwen had thought a week was a long time to rehearse for one program just sixty minutes long. But preparing for her guest appearance on the Platt golf ball program was the most strenuous ordeal of her life. And it didn't help any to have to see Bob every day, even though all their conversations were "strictly business."

The first day she met Rossman. He was almost nice, not half as bad as she'd thought from his records. And whenever she began to feel sorry for herself about Bob, she wandered about the studios watching the applicants for jobs stream in and out. Here she was, once as unknown as any of them, now guest-starring on radio's biggest new program! There was the lovablename from Arkansas, Bob Black, for instance, who simply haunted the studio with a strange instrument he called the bazooka under his arm. Wanted to audition for Leopold Stokow- ski, he insisted. Each day the reception- ist gently turned him down. Every day
Finally, it was actually the night of the broadcast. Bob was still uppermost in her thoughts, but she had the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that Rossman was beginning to like her. And Jack was obviously friendly. She knew, too, that unless she was a sensational success, singing tonight, she would be sent back to Fergus Center, and that made her more determined than ever to make good.

The program started at nine. At eight the orchestra began to drift into the dressing rooms in back of the studio. At eight-thirty the vast studio began to fill with spectators. Then it was one minute to nine and Gwen was standing in the wings listening to the announcer bidding the audience welcome. Just before she walked on with Rossman, he leaned over and whispered, "How about supper after the show?" She nodded and together they made their entrance.

Applause roared in her ears. The orchestra swung into the theme song, Rossman was singing. The seconds ticked by. At the quarter hour, the announcer began his build up of Gwen. He told who she was, where she had come from, and predicted a brilliant future for her. At the end of his speech, he waved Gwen to the mike. The music started and automatically Gwen began to sing her duet with Rossman.

She knew, even while she was still singing, that she was a hit. The way the audience sat forward, the way Rossman smiled encouragement. When she finished, she ran off the stage. Bob was there. She tried to brush past him, but he held her arm a moment. "You were swell, kid. I'm proud of you." And she couldn't help smiling at him.

Soon the program was over. Everyone was milling around in the corridor outside Gwen's dressing room. Jack opened the door.

"Gwen, come here. The sponsor, Mrs. Platt, wants to see you. Gee, you were good." He took her hand and led her outside. The sponsor, the orchestra leader, Rossman. Bob were all there.

Bob said, "Jack and I thought we'd have a little party to celebrate. Get your things and let's go."

Furious, uncontrollable resentment flared up in Gwen. It was all obvious to her. Before the broadcast, he'd said nothing. Now that she was a success, he wanted her. Like he always did. If she hadn't flopped? Her lips curved in a faint smile of derision.

"Thanks," she replied, putting her arm through Rossman's, "but Frank asked me first. We're going out to supper-alone. She looked up at Rossman. "Can we go now?" she asked. "I'm starved." Her head high, she started down the corridor, past Bob, past Jack. Outside, reaction set in. Her teeth chattered, her hands were wet with cold perspiration.

"Can I come just in the place to go," Rossman said, leading the way.

VI

Gwen had been right in her guess that she was a hit on the broadcast. In the next three days, thousands upon thousands of letters and telegrams poured into Commercial, all of them asking that she be kept on the show.

Jack called her to his office, told her that Mrs. Platt wanted her to continue another six weeks, named a huge salary, and beamed at Gwen while she signed the contract.

Then began for her a kaleidoscopic series of broadcasts, rehearsals, interviews, pictures, signing contracts with advertisers, in. things have been sensational. She was at Rossman's, he'd beamed that way. "You were swell, kid. I'm proud of you." And she couldn't help smiling at him.

So keep a bottle of Jergens in kitchen as well as bathroom. Use it lavishly, often. It's the lotion you can count on to keep your hands soft, white and young!

"The Hand that holds some girl away from the altar...is her Own!"

says Walter Winchell
(Your New York Correspondent)

Jergens Lotion

All four sizes — 61.00, 50.00, 25.00, 10.00—contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known lotions. You'll find the big dollar size, most economical of all.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youth-protecting oils and moisture your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 621 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (in Canada) Perth, Ontario

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

PRINT
For that uncertain feeling —

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Do traffic get your goal?
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready —
Keep calm and steady —
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travelers! keep calm
with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PAPAYA GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, papaya aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

BEACHIES... another really fine Peppermint Gum — sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

ORALGENE... Its formula contains a mysterious needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

ers, answering fan mail, dates with Rossman. All of it superficially perfect, none of it based on any real satisfaction, because try as she would, her life was lack-}

ing a vital element. She didn't admit even to herself the gap Bob had left. She tried, by eating lunch, dinner and supper with Rossman, to convince herself that she was living as full a life as was possible. And when she had tired of Ros-}

man's company, the door to Jack's office was always open. More and more, Jack was seeking her out, giving her advice. And when, after two weeks of this, she showed the strain of sleepless nights and hetic days, he urged her to slow down.

Afterwards, Gwen looked back and realized that the climax of the whole im-

possible rush towards stardom came the morning that she and Rossman went to

New York's biggest department store to pose in wedding costume. It was a natural

publicity stunt for the store. As Jack told her, in all the history of broadcasting,

never had there been such a flurry over a couple as there'd been over Gwen and

Rossman. People followed them on the street, besieged them in restaurants for autographs. Newspapers hounded them for interviews and pictures.

So they stood there in the hot studio, blinking before the glare of the lights, smiling artificially at the photographer's command. As time dragged on it seemed more and more to Gwen that this scene represented her whole present life of artifi-

ciality. Girls should put on white satin wedding gowns for real marriages, not for advertisements.

A ND when it was all over, Rossman folded the check that had been handed him, saying, "Every little bit counts." Gwen smiled, but there was bitterness in her heart. She had thought stardom would be fun, would—in fact—be all she'd ever ask for. That was before she'd become a star. That day she turned down Rossman's invitation to lunch.

The phone woke her in the morning. Jack was calling, asking her to come over and see him. He was waiting at the door when she came down the hall. She fol-

lowed him to his office. On his desk was the page advertisement of the department store. He motioned to Gwen to look. There she was, with Rossman, smiling blandly at the world. Gwen shuddered a little.

"What's happened to you?" Jack asked.

"You're not the same girl I met the day you came here from Fergus Center. And I don't like you half as well. The girl I knew would never brush her teeth in pub-

lic, or advertise a special in wedding dresses."

"For five hundred dollars?" Gwen said.

"That's not the point," Jack protested.

"Why do you do it when it's making you unhappy?"

"That's not true," Gwen cried.

"Isn't it?" Jack said, turning to the window.

And Gwen couldn't deny it any longer. Jack had suspected all the time, then! He walked over and put his arm about her.

"How about moving out of the tab-

lows into House and Garden, with a Country Gentleman?"

If he only knew the words he was speaking, Gwen smiled up at him through a haze of tears. Perhaps if he knew Bob did too. Knew where her heart really lay.

But then he was saying, "... and Jack will play the gentleman."

For a moment Gwen didn't realize the full meaning of his words. When it dawned on her she stepped back and stared at him. Jack had proposed! He hadn't understood about Bob.

She smiled weakly. "Thanks, Jack,
WHEN Jack Carson stepped to the dictograph and began to call for reporters, press agents, photographers to build up publicity for the radio romance between Gwen Holmes and Frank Rossman, he set in motion a powerful machine which picked Gwen up and carried her helplessly along. She seemed to have lost all will of her own. Like an automaton she posed for pictures, gave interviews, saying what she was told to say, smiling when she was told to smile. In the whirl of activity she couldn't.

Jack nodded his head. "Somebody else?" he asked.

Gwen nodded.

"It's not much good, but there'll never be anyone else," she said.

They were silent a moment. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

The door swung open.

It was Bob. His face flushed as he realized who was in the office. "Oh, hello," he said, "I was just going to talk to Jack about you.

"It's no use," Jack said. "I already did. I chided her for all this cheap publicity. I even made love to her. Asked her to marry me. But she's in love with somebody else.

Bob whirled to face Gwen. The color drained from his cheeks.

"Who?"

"Can't you guess?" Jack said. "Rossman!" Rossman!" Bob hurled the word out in violent disbelief.

Gwen recoiled in amazement. "Jack, wait a minute, . . ."

"It's all right, Jack interrupted, "we'll stick by you. We're still your friends.

"But Jack, please," Gwen pleaded in a frenzy of terror. She had to stop this burlesque, this nightmare of misunderstanding. She turned to Bob. Certainly he could see what was happening to her, to them.

Bob glared at her. "Don't be an ingrate," he snapped, "Why don't you admit it? Why keep it a secret? Why not tell the world about it? Think of the thrill it would give all the yokels. Broadcast it to the four corners of the earth. Why don't you?"

"Hey!" Jack shouted. "Bob, you've got something. Why didn't I think of this before?"

Bob stopped his bitter denunciation.

Gwen, speechless, found herself listening in fascination as Jack went on, "There have been great loves in history, great loves on stage and screen; but there have never been any great loves of the air!"

"Are you stark raving mad?" Bob demanded.

"Shut up," Jack shouted. "Listen: Ladies and gentlemen, the Platt Radio Hour, bringing you those great lovers, Gwen Holmes and Frank Rossman, who will reenact for you the proposal scene that made their two hearts beat as one!"


"Bob, make him stop it."

"You don't tell me you don't like it." Bob said, sarcasm hardening his voice, "after all those nice wedding pictures you've been posing for?"

"Listen." Jack began again, "five will get you that it becomes the greatest program on the air."

Bob said, "Isn't that great?"

Gwen, in blind desperation, nodded. "That's what we're all working for, isn't it?"

"Sure," Bob said again, "but count me out. I'm through."

Gwen watched him go, powerless to move, to object. She saw the door close, heard it slam, and still she couldn't move.

VII

But I'm afraid I couldn't.

They intensified natural coloring . . . yet never look "made-up". The Color Change Principle available in Tangee Rouge, Powder and Lipstick brings out your own natural coloring.

Try Tangee make-up. Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. See how the Tangee Color Change works. Tangee Powder is 55c and $1.10. Rouge, compact and creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and $1.10. Use the coupon for sample.
“Dainty Always
NOW THAT I’VE LEARNED”

New Deodorant... QUEST
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 positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors!... Quest is 100% effective, even on hottest days! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog 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 stop perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it 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. Buy it today!

There was no time to think. At night she went to bed with her mind and body drugged with fatigue.

All the time the build-up went on. The publicity machine told the world about the great love affair between her and Rossman.

Abruptly, it was the night of the broadcast once more. Before a studio full of people, Gwen listened to Rossman read lines written for him by someone else:

“Gwen darling, I offer you my heart—and a life-long devotion that will not and cannot be denied. Will you—can you—become my wife?”

Automatically, she nodded, “Yes.”

The “re-enactment” of Frank Rossman’s proposal was the greatest publicity stunt radio had ever known. America took these newest lovers of the air to its heart. Telegrams and mail poured in from everywhere, three times as much response as the program had ever received before. Offers of free homes, cars, clothes poured in from manufacturers eager to seize their share of the publicity.

Through it all, Gwen tried to shake off the impression that everything was happening to some other person—not to her. Or perhaps she did not really try to shake off that belief. Perhaps, deep inside, she was afraid of the moment when she must face reality.

That moment came at last, on the afternoon before the next broadcast. Gwen had remained in her apartment all day, resting, refusing to answer telephone calls. Not until five o’clock did she pick up the absent telephone.

It was Jack Carson, downstairs in the lobby and clamoring to see her.

“I’ve got a new contract for you to look at,” he said when she opened the door to him.

Wearily Gwen accepted the contract, turned over the pages without understanding what was written on them.

“By the way,” Jack asked, “where are you and your crooner going on your honeymoon?”

Honeymoon! Gwen dropped the contract and turned to Jack, her eyes wide in disbelief. The word had crystallized the whole fantastic farse into sudden reality.

“Maybe this will interest you,” Jack went on, reading from a telegram: “Offer you all expenses three weeks in Cuba for eye-witness account of honeymoon. Feature Press Syndicate.”

Play-acting and reality sharply divided themselves in her mind. This was a real acting performed by a real mimic, which was to take place over the air in a few more hours. No more pretending. She would be Mrs. Frank Rossman.

The telephone rang again, and Jack answered it: “Your fiancé is downstairs,” he said, “with a lot of reporters. He wants you to let them come up and tell them how the bride feels.”

Gwen’s eyes filled with tears. “What kind of girl do they think I am? I’m sick of reporters—sick of cameras—sick of publicity! And do you know what I’m sick of most of all? Me!”

She whisked and ran into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her. For an instant she stood trembling, then she crammed a hat on her head, ran to another door which led into the hallway, and ran for the stairs.

Only one thought was in her mind. She must get out of this city. She knew she could never marry Frank Rossman, and the only way to escape the situation into which she had allowed herself to be drawn was to drop out of sight, completely.

A taxicab drew up to the curb at her hail. “Pennsylvania Station,” she gasped. She would go back home, back to Fergus Center.
The Penn Station was filled with scurrying, homeward-bound commuters, all intent on their own affairs. Gwen took her place in the line before one of the ticket windows—but just as the man behind the ticket window looked at her inquiringly, sudden panic seized her. Wouldn't they look for her first of all in Fergus Center? And even if they didn't, how could she ever face the smiles and whispered comments of the people she knew there?

"A—ticket to—" she stammered, and stopped. Frantically she tried to think of somewhere to go—and the memory of an old school friend came to her aid. Donna Richards would understand, would help her hide. "To Buffalo," she told the ticket agent.

"Can't take a train to Buffalo from here," he said, looking at her curiously. "Got to go to Grand Central for that."

At Grand Central, Gwen found that there was no train to Buffalo until eight-fifteen. She bought her ticket and sank down on an unoccupied bench. For a while she sat there, resting, before going into the station lunch room for a sandwich.

The lunch room was quiet and Gwen felt the first real peace she had known for weeks. The decision was made. Soon all this grotesque interlude in her life would be past. Then she stiffened. A small radio stood on a back counter, and from its loudspeaker was coming a voice—Bob Miller's voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the star of this program, Miss Gwen Holmes, has disappeared. We are trying desperately to find her. It is possible she may have met with an accident, and is in some hospital, unrecognized. Here is her description—"

Gwen listened, fascinated, while Bob described her and went on, "This station offers one thousand dollars in cash to anyone giving us definite information of her whereabouts."

As she listened, Gwen's conscience told her she couldn't possibly run away like this, without letting everyone on the program know she was all right. Leaving her sandwich half finished, she went into

Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Cross spent their vacation in Bermuda where Mr. Cross, no doubt, has been able to make use of the bicycle his little friends of the Children's Hour program gave him as a parting gift.

Artists Advise

**CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES**

Ray Richardsa

"Stunning!" says Ray Richardsa, artist and magazine illustrator.

Victor Keppler

"Big improvement!" says Victor Keppler, famous color photographer.

She Wolf

"Distinctive," says the illustrator and portrait artist, Ski Wolf.

Larelle Guild

"Artistically sound," says Larelle Guild, well-known designer and artist.

MEN who work with color, men who know beauty, know what makes girls lovely... it's men like these who now advise, "choose your makeup by the color of your eyes."

And it's all very simple, now that Richard Hudnut has created Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup. For here are face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara... scientifically color-harmonized, all keyed to your personality color, the color of your eyes.

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store... they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup... tell you to buy the Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; Patrician type, if they're gray; Parisian type for brown; Continental type for hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Wear this glamorous new makeup on your very next date... and hear the boy friend ask you "Where have you been all my life?"
a telephone booth and called backstage at the studio. To her relief, Mrs. Platt answered.

"This is Gwen Holmes," she said, "I just wanted you to know I'm all right, but I'm going away. I'm at Grand Central Station and I'm—"

"Well, am I glad to hear your voice!" Mrs. Platt began. "Well, now, you—"

"I just couldn't go through with it—all that awful publicity. I'm terribly sorry," Gwen interrupted her.

"Honey lamb," Mrs. Platt said reassuringly, "you forget all about it—I feel exactly the same as you do. Have a nice trip! Bye!"

Even now, Gwen couldn't help smiling as she mentally pictured Mrs. Platt blithely hanging up the receiver while everybody else in the studio was bending every effort to locate the missing star.

SHE returned to the lunch counter, laid her bag down, and began to eat. The waitress came up, paused a few seconds, and asked, "Anything else, Miss Holmes?"

"Some tea, please," Gwen answered—and realized too late she had allowed herself to be trapped. "But my name isn't Holmes," she added hurriedly.

"It is! You're Gwen Holmes!" the waitress said, pointing an excited finger at Gwen's purse. "Listen, Miss Holmes, why don't you go back to that fellow? He seems awful nice and he's crazy about you."

Gwen looked about wildly. The other customers were turning interested faces; out of nowhere, a crowd was beginning to gather.

"Go call the studio," somebody told the waitress. "We'll get a thousand dollars if we can keep her here until they come after her."

A man lunged for her. She twisted her body aside, letting the man sprawl on the floor, and under cover of the confusion managed to run out of the room and out to the street.

She leaped into the first taxi she saw and called breathlessly to the driver, "Is there anywhere else I can catch a train to Buffalo?"

A red face and bushy white mustache peered around at her. "Sure, Hunn'n' Twenty-fifth Street station."

"Take me there, please."

The after-dinner traffic was at its peak, and her cab, a decrepit and worn affair at best, crawled along, starting and stopping with jers. Gwen had the sensations of a hunted animal. To her frantic pleas to go faster, the driver only shook his head.

At last she reached One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. She thrust a bill into the driver's hand and started to get out when a news-boy rushed up to her, waving his paper almost under her nose.

"Get your paper here! All about Gwen Holmes!" he yelled. "All—! She tried to brush past him, but his voice took on a shiller note. "Hey! Here she is now!"

Gwen dodged back into the cab, out again at the other side, through roaring and screaming traffic, almost under the wheels of grinding trucks. She was breathless by the time she had found another cab.

"Go anywhere!" she shouted to the driver. "But get out of here quick!"

He gestured balefully with his hand at the traffic jam in front of him. "Can't do anything about it, lady," he said.

Gwen crouched back in a corner, trying to hide herself from the street. But it was no use. The door of the taxi was flung open and—Jack Carson stepped in.

"For a little girl," he said grimly, "you can cause more trouble than six armies. Do you know you're coming right back to the studio with me, for that radio wedding?"

"I am not!" Gwen declared, struggling to break the grip he had on her wrist.

"You are, just as soon as Bob Miller fights his way out of that nest of trucks he's in now. He glanced out of the back window, "We've chased you all over town, and we aren't going to let you get away now."

"I won't marry Frank Rossmann!"

YOU don't have to!" Jack snapped. "Sap that I am. I thought when you turned me down you were in love with that groaner. It took Patsy, my secretary, to tell me you were really in love with Bob—and he's in love with you, too, only I managed to gum that up to.

"But—the wedding—!" Gwen gasped.

"We'll have it, if we can get down there before the program is over—but Miller'll be the groom, not Rossmann! Here he is now."

Bob scrambled into the cab, almost into Jack's lap. His tie was askew, his hair tousled, his face white—but somehow, as his eyes lit on Gwen, he looked like a very happy man.

"Hello, radio bride," he said. "Or—or am I taking too much for granted?"

Gwen leaned toward him. "You can take me for granted, the rest of your life," she answered.

Jack looked out of the window as the cab moved forward. "Ah-hum," he murmured. "So this is love."

THE END
the job. After your card has been counted and the postmark checked to make sure which week's contest it is entered in, it is stacked carefully with the other millions of cards that have come in during the past six days.

By noon on Monday, your Hit Parade statisticians have completed compilations of data which tell them the names of the fifteen most popular songs for the preceding week. Large cards bearing the names of the top songs are rushed to the hundreds of girls and men who check the cards for winners. These people—they sit at long rows of tables that fill two of the three floors used for "Sweepstakes" business—begin immediately the task of checking the entries.

One comes to your card after a while. If you have been right in your selections, it is placed on the growing stack of winners; if you have missed, it is placed among the losers. Then, to make sure no one has been cheated, both stacks are gone over again. All fair and square.

The work isn't over with that. Not by a long shot. If you have been right in your predictions, you must get your reward: a carton of 200 cigarettes; if you have not, it must be made simple for you to try again. In any event, Your Hit Parade wants to return to you the penny stamp you bought when you sent in your original entry.

So, on one of the three floors in the American Tobacco Company building, men sort the cards that have been checked into compartments denoting the state and city from which they came. To each winner is sent an announcement that he has won and will receive his container of cigarettes; each winner also receives a folder bearing his stamp and a card that gives him a chance to enter the following week. That's done right there in the building and there have been as many as 300,000 winners in one week. Seven addressing agencies take care of the losers. They send to each one a folder which bears the invested stamp and a card upon which the contestant can list his choices for the following week. That costs a flock of money right there in returning those stamps. Just $700 a week. And $3000 a week more just for postage to get the stamp back to you.

I SAID you are the contestants and the judges, too. You are America is playing the game and, at the same time, America spins the wheel by which the standings are decided. You try to forecast what America likes; at the same time, America—by buying records and showing music and asking to hear numbers played—is making up its mind.

Your Hit Parade takes no chances as it takes each week's favorites, allows for no guess work. If you send in your selections on Saturday night, the compilers have already been working four days to find out how close you come. They don't know any better than you do. Probably not as well, until the last returns are in.

Their investigations begin, as far as the standings for each Wednesday and Saturday are concerned, on the preceding Wednesday. They work with four sources of information. The sale of sheet music is the first. They receive a report covering the flow of sheet music from the wholesaler to the retailers for the week ending on Wednesday and another report telling of the sales of twenty representative retail shops for the same period. Those, together with the Billboard magazine survey of sheet music, indicate the standings in that respect.

The second source of information is the sale of recordings. Reports are supplied to Your Hit Parade by all the big recording companies.

Then there is another indication of the popularity of a song. On Friday morning, the Music Corporation of America, holding an interesting survey. From forty to sixty bandleaders playing in hotels and night clubs all over the country have sent in lists of the numbers most often requested of them. Sometimes those lists will shift the standings a little; sometimes they will serve to entrench more firmly numbers that have been slipping.

The fourth factor in this search for fifteen songs is a survey conducted by Your Hit Parade itself. It is constantly being carried on in every important city in America. Special listeners tabulate the number of times a song is played on network and big independent stations. This report comes in on Friday, too.

There you are, and it's right as rain from the beginning. All you must do is be clever enough to name the three most popular tunes and the 200 cigarettes are yours.

---

**CAN'T YOU SAY NO**

**BUT JOE—I SAID WE'D GO BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT—YOU NEVER USED TO JUST SIT AROUND AND DO NOTHING THE NIGHT...**

**I KNOW, PEG—BUT, GOSH—I NEVER USE TO FEEL SO DOGGONE TIRED ALL THE TIME...**

**NEXT EVENING**

**BILL—I WISH I HAD YOUR DRIVE. I CAN'T GET ANYTHING THROUGH LATELY. I OUGHT TO BE WORKING-TONIGHT BUT...**

**LISTEN, OLD MAN, I'LL BET WHAT YOU NEED IS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT SET ME UP WHEN I WAS TIRED OUT AND RUN-DOWN LIKE YOU ARE NOW!**

**SHUCKS— I'M NOT RUN-DOWN—I'M OVER WORKED!**

**SURE— WE ALL SAY THAT—BUT MY DOCTOR EXPLAINED I FELT ALL WASHED OUT BECAUSE MY BLOOD WAS POOR. HE SAID YOU WOULD FEEL BETTER IF YOU HAD FLEISCHMANN'S FEEDS YOUR BODY...**

---

**DON'T LET POOR BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING BELOW PAR**

**AF-TER the hot summer months are over, many people find they feel tired and let-down. Usually, doctors say when you feel like this, it's because your blood is "indigested." It is not carrying enough nourishment to the muscles and nerves. Fleischmann's Yeast supplies your body with carbohydrates, vitamins, and other food elements. Then more and better nourishment is carried to your tissues. Eat 3 tablets daily, 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water! Start today!**

---

**THE NEXT EVENING**

**FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER...**
Strangely enough, it’s a sucker contest too, if anyone wants to do a little shady work. It can be beaten easily. Songs so rarely come into the first three that haven’t been among the first five the week before that a guy can win by just making every combination of three possible out of the first five songs of the preceding week. There will be twenty-five combinations. The person can print those twenty-five combinations on twenty-five different blanks, sign them with twenty-five different names all at his own address—and just wait until the cigarettes come. He’d even get his twenty-five stamps back.

Of course, the simple rules of Your Hit Parade’s contest ask you not to do that. But how will they know if a guy changes the names?

As a matter of fact, Your Hit Parade does know—pretty well. But it’s tolerant about it. It figures that if anyone wants the 200 cigarettes that badly, all right. However, the contest is not being run for those people and they aren’t the ones who are getting the fun out of it. It’s being run for the people who are essentially fair—who get a kick out of trying your wits on a game that offers a darn pleasant reward for success.

Your Hit Parade gets so much of a bang out of seeing you get that reward, by the way, that it has added an extra special little surprise. It’s playing fair, it believes you are, and it wants to show you how much everyone appreciates it.

Because it’s intended for a surprise, there aren’t many who know about it yet. I wouldn’t were it not for a friend of mine who sent in his selections a couple of weeks ago.

He thought he’d gotten them right—those three songs. We sat around the radio that Wednesday evening, listening to the NBC Hit Parade. Well, my friend was close. He had the first one. He had the second and third one, too, but he had them turned around!

He was disappointed, all right. He flung a pillow across the room and groaned about it. He'd been looking forward to it. He'd be able to get it this time, and began puzzling out the probable results for the following week.

The surprise came then. After a couple of days, of course; but it came. He got a notice saying he would receive a carton of 200 cigarettes.

"Some mistake here," he objected. "I didn’t win." Then he looked more closely at the notice. It read:

Congratulations!

Although you are not a winner on YOUR LUCKY STRIKE "SWEETSTAKES" of this week because you failed to list the three winning songs in their correct order, you were successful in naming these songs. As a token of our appreciation of your skill and interest, we are sending you, with our compliments, one carton of 200 LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

Good luck to you on the next "SWEETSTAKES.

The American Tobacco Company. INCORPORATED

N.Y.O. 171

He’s even more convinced it’s a swell contest. And so is everyone else.
The Man I Nearly Married
(Continued from page 35)
told me, "he has succeeded in marrying a wealthy business woman. He lives on her and borrows magnificently from her friends. And she, brave and loyal, supports him with a thousand pitiful make-shifts and sacrifices."

She paused a moment. "The masculine parasite takes a good many forms in present day society. Sometimes he is a simple scoundrel. More often a misfit. Frequently the son of a family which has lost its fortune. Brought up in luxury, he has no stock in trade but his charm and breeding, and becomes an exploiter of women. If you find yourself falling for a man like that, run as fast as you can. If you're married to one, divorce him! No moocher is worth the unhappiness of a capable woman!"

HONEYCHILE JOHNSON, that blonde comedienne from Texas, says it took a Yankee to teach her that a man who talked a lot about chivalry usually despised women.

As Irene Rich warns against men who like their women to work and support them, Honeychile points out the perils of the fellow who puts women on a pedestal," and wants to keep them in the home and under the thumb.

Honeychile is one of those Southern belles who captivate the opposite sex by being good listeners and yes-women. Underneath this soft exterior she has a keen brain and great determination. If you have a will of your own, you can take it from Honeychile that a man with a chivalry line is a man to avoid.

It was before Honeychile's Southern twang was familiar to the networks, when she was still at Baylor University in Waco, that she learned this primary lesson in love.

Baylor had its Beau Brummel. He was a crisp young Yankee from Connecticut. Among the easy-going Southern swains, the co-eds found his quick movements and vital way of talking a delight. He was popular with the men, too. He was on the football team.

And in a vicinity where the spoken worship of women and the art of flirtation was a part of good breeding, he could outdo the Southern boys going and coming.

"I began to revere women with my Mother," he'd say when he and a pretty girl moved into a patch of moonlight. "I think a man who isn't considerate and protective of women in every way is a cad!"

Honeychile's father, minister of a Dallas church, was a man of larger standing than fortune. She didn't have a car or quite so many pretty clothes as some of the other students. It was nice when the popular Yankee began to single her out as his girl.

He would take her whizzing over the rolling Southern roads in his Packard, or for long, lazy walks under the water oaks and Chinaberry trees. "Southern girls," he'd say, "are the flower of American womanhood. And you, Margaret," (he scorned her favorite nickname as vulgar) "are my favorite flower."

Honeychile had, and still has, a passion for hamburgers with a large slice of Bermuda onion, hot and peppery. But the Yankee demanded that she give up this other love. "It isn't appropriate. Hamburgers and onions and that exquisite mouth—"

She fell for it when he said it, but there was a smoldering resentment at her sacrifice. Why on earth shouldn't she eat ham-
**Ps... Tomorrow's Stars**

**Sylvia of Hollywood says:**
*If you do what I tell you to do, you will be as likely as the stars of Hollywood and lovely!*

---

Radio Mirror

The radiant, glamorous beauty of the screen stars can now be yours. For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, *No More Aliens*.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreamy lovesones.

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time the entire secrets of clean and health, all of her carefully guarded beauty secrets... the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives the only real solution to the coloring and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with the most practical suggestions, illustrated by photographs and excellent diets.

Some of the subjects covered in this book are:
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What Is the Story Behind the Goodwill Court?

Why did this program become so popular it took the place of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour Sunday nights? The December issue of RADIO MIRROR brings you the inspiring story of A. L. Alexander, the man who made these the most talked about broadcasts in the country. Don't miss it in the December issue.
My last interview was with Rosemary Lane, Fred Waring’s lovely soprano. Rosemary has a flowerlike exquisiteness which seems to flow directly from her character. She likes to think things out and knows how to come to honest, wise conclusions better than many an older, more experienced woman.

“If you value harmony in living,” she advises, “never allow yourself to become emotionally interested in a man who’s so insecure he can’t take a big success or a little failure. Let me tell you how I know.”

She was standing in the big NBC studio foyer in the free moment of a rehearsal. Everybody meets everybody with informality in that luxurious velvet lobby, so she wasn’t surprised when a loose-limbed, tall angular youth she’d once met casually came loping up. He had a homely, likable face, an ingratiating male awkwardness, and red hair.

“Hello, Rosemary,” he said in a voice that matched his smile, “After watching you closely for a week, I certainly know you well enough to want to know you better!”

He was one of radio’s phenomena. With no training to speak of, he’d come to New York bent on being an actor. A famous orchestra leader had given him a chance and his novel comedy had brought him a sudden flush of popularity. In a small way he was a prod.

His banter and his clever, original way of kidding made Rosemary find him a good companion. Under her own swift uptake lies a world of serious purpose and she thought this boy was like herself. He called her Rosy and she called him Redhead.

As ambitious young people will, they talked a lot of shop. Rosemary was taking music lessons, practicing several hours a day.

“Why don’t you go to a good dramatic school?” she asked him. “You know we’re really both in radio by lucky flukes. This is our chance to get a good, solid training so we’ll have something to offer when our novelty wears off.”

“That’s O. K. for singers,” he retorted.

“Comedians are born, not made.”

Rosemary felt that a true artist grabbed the opportunity to serve an apprenticeship. But she didn’t want to be critical. Redhead was so warm and gay, she was beginning to feel there’d be a gap in her life without him. And he was so thrilled by every tiny bit of success, so sure he was rapidly becoming the comic-man of the hour, it was hard to stop on that bubbling young enthusiasm.

It was a shock to both of them that his contract wasn’t renewed. “I’ll tell you frankly,” his boss had said, “you do one sort of comedy marvelously—a natural. But you need to become less limited if you want to stay on the air or the stage either.”

“I imagine that for ingratitude,” Redhead said to Rosemary, “when I’ve made his broadcast the talk of the networks!”

As experience after experience proved that the big shots of radio didn’t rate him as high as his own estimation, he became moody, difficult. His charm evaporated. He was touchy, and snapped at Rosemary when he tried to help her.

Her loyal little spirit was up in arms. He did have something. He just needed one more break. Surely after this sad time he’d realize he lacked training, and go to a dramatic school if he got another job. People were at their worst, she told herself, when they were discouraged. She couldn’t let him go to pieces. She must help him—some way.

She talked him up wherever she went, used all her persuasive personality to land that second chance for him. And at last she succeeded. She got him an audition with one of the biggest comedy teams in radio.

She went with him to lend her moral support, but he didn’t wait for her introduction. He went right up to the greatest man of the act. “I’m here!” he announced.

The star observed him quizzically. “O. K.,” he said, “Run through some of your stuff for me. Let yourself go in your own way.”

How kind, Rosemary was thinking, to let him go his own gait before they tried to mold him on their line.


“Well, that was practically the end of the story so far as I was concerned,” confided Rosemary. “How would a guy like that bear up under the wear and tear of marriage? I tried to help him even after that, but of course it was hopeless. Finally he went back to his home town in New England, where he’ll probably end up as a two-by-four salesman who boasts as he canvasses from door to door how he once was the big shot of the networks.”
SKINNY, WEAK RUNDOWN, NERVOUS Feed Strength-Building Natural Iodine to Glands for RICH, RED, NOURISHING BLOOD!

How Amazing New Sea Plant from Pacific Ocean Feeds IODINE-STARVED GLANDS, Quickly Renews ENERGY, Builds Glorious NEW STRENGTH, and ADDS 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of tired, weak, worn out, haggard-looking women whose energy and strength have been marred by housework and worry, who are nervous, irritable, almost always sick and ill. Science has at last placed a temporary stoppage in the dangerous rundown condition, and provides the type of building up and renewing a rich supply of red, nourishing, strength-building blood. In most cases, agree many leading scientists and health authorities, "the causes of weakness, nervousness, skinniness and poor blood may be traced directly and indirectly to MINERAL and IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just won't turn into solid flesh, husky, tireless strength, vibrant energy; when it does, you'll be strong and well. The inevitable result is, you stay skinny, rundown, nervous, weak and ailing."

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength, and assures the utilization of nourishment—needs 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 of iodine can you regulate metabolism, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. To assure the mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt. It is recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,250 times more iodine than seawater, only the last cent of the last source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 480 lbs. of extract or 1,357 lbs. of kelp. Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. It's marvelous. People porridge, sprout, and better all harmlessly. Kelpamalt will help you better all harmlessly. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will agree. Ask your local Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. It's sold at all good drug stores. If you do not receive his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 50 tablets to the address at the right.

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5. Make You Sleep Sounder.
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The Kelpamalt Tablets

Special Free Offer


Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

October 17th, it will have reached its full height of 217 feet.

Providence: Construction is starting in East Providence for WEAN's new transmitter.

Chicago: In addition to moving its transmitter from the near-south side to the west side, WSBC has just erected a 180-foot vertical radiator antenna.

New York: A new network, headed by WINS, comes into being. Other stations of the New York State Broadcasting System include WABY, Albany; WIBX, Utica; WMBO, Auburn; WXY, Rochester; and WBNY, Binghamton.

Los Angeles: Having assumed control of KNX, the Columbia Broadcasting System is planning to build new studios for the station at a cost of one million dollars. However, no CBS network programs will be cleared over the station until December 19th.

COMPASS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Hollywood: Elvia Alman, KNX comedienne, has emerged from bandages, to reveal herself as the possessor of a completely renovated nose. Chicago: Franklyn MacCormack. WBBM poetry reader, just can't get away from friends while on vacation. It seems in a recent trip through Southern California, MacCormack encountered Win Haworth, the Jack of Myrt and Marge; Howard Neimiller, WBBM's anchor man; Hal, Chicago conductor, and Warner Baxter, an old pal of silent film days.

Newport News: Honey Beaton, WGH vocalist, has left her third swing with the material.

Chicago: It is asserted here that for rehearsals, the entire Barn Dance Troupe of ABS repairs to the beach, where they get to work around a fire after a preliminary swim.

THE RADIO ROAMER TELLS—

—or Larry Fisk, WBBM Chicago, engineer, who recently began hearing things which seemed rather good, and the saner current of a radio man's life.

He was monitoring a test program by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra which was playing from its home city. The program was not being broadcast. Over the wire came the strains of the "Westland." It was a beautiful piece. Right. Wrong. Right. That was what the orchestra was playing.

He switched to the New York wire and what should he hear but the same music. That was not at all right. For the New Y. wire was supposed to be carrying the concert from Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia, which was being broadcast over the entire Columbia network. What made it worse was the music over that N. Y. wire was lagging a bar behind that on the Detroit wire.

Fisk felt like uttering a shriek and getting right out of there, when he suddenly realized that the Dell orchestra was playing the same selection as the Detroit group in a very similar manner.

—or Meredith Wilson, NBC Western Musical Director, who can truthfully assert that he and Mrs. Wilson took a brass band along with them on their honey-moon. Shortly after they were married, Wilson was named as a pre-marriage substitute and went on tour with it as flute soloist.

"When Mr. Sousa learned about our marriage," Wilson recalls, "he invited my wife to travel with us. He couldn't have been more solicitous of us both had we been his own children and the three sea—
sons that we toured with him are among our happiest memories."

—of the Toilers Negro male quartet, which sings from Chicago over the Affiliated network. All of them are post office employees who began harmonizing informally at odd moments and then, on observing how well they sang together, started practicing after their hard days of work. It was thus they adopted their name.

But now that they've gotten their start, the boys practice only four days a week, resting on Saturdays and Mondays, the days before and after their programs. Their arrangements are all made by Hermoine Goines, wife of Alphonso Goines, baritone and manager. Other members of the group are William Hudson, first tenor; William Knox, second tenor, and William O'Neill, bass.

—of the very busy Henry Hopple, Chicago's radio comedian better known to WBBM audiences as Elmer the Swede. On a recent day he was interviewed on the Radio Gossip Club from 12:30 to 12:45 P.M. He snatched a fast cab and got to the Wrigley Building studios in time for his part in Sentimental Selma from 12:45 to 1:00. Shortly afterward he stumbled into the Man on the Street broadcast and answered a couple of questions in dialect. And by 1:15 he was backstage at the State Lake Theater getting ready for his vaudeville appearance.

ABOUT ANNOUNCERS

Seattle: A most amazing escape from serious injury or death was made by Don Austin, KOMO announcer here, when in crashing his car, he was thrown through his windshield, but came out unscathed. Pete Barden, tenor, who was riding with him, at the time, was badly bruised.

Des Moines: Harold Parkes, formerly of WHO here and KOIL, Council Bluffs, has left to join the announcers of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company in Chicago. His voice is familiar to Chicagoans, since at one time he was sports commentator for WBBM, Parkes' place being taken by Gene Shumate, formerly with KFRY, Columbia, Mo. . . . Detroit: Leonard Sterling, lately of WLW, Cincinnati, is the latest addition to the WXVZ announcer roster. He is succeeding Lloyd Griffl, who has gone to WBBM, Chicago. Griffl also came to WXVZ from WLW.

Cincinnati: Louis Aiken, Jr., of WCKY is now a father . . . San Jose: The new announcing voice at KQW here is that of James Doyle, lately of KORE, Eugene, Ore. . . . Fargo, N. D.: Sixth and latest member of the announcing group here is Gene Devitt, graduate of KTJF, Grand Forks . . . Philadelphia: Charles Seebecck has left the announcing staff here to assume similar duties at WCBA-WSAN, Allentown . . . San Francisco: Two new announcements have been made to the NBC announcing group. They are Burton Bennett, formerly of KGW, Portland, and Lawrence Keating . . . Chicago: Another new man has been engaged by ABC. He is Albert Avery, until recently free lance announcer with other stations in this city.

ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

Chicago: Janis Porter, lyric soprano of WBBM, has been offered a place with the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Porter, who landed her WBBM job but few months ago through her singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" on a Texas Centennial broadcast, is the third artist from this station to receive such a bid . . .

Francisco: Ned Tollinger, master-of-cer-
SKINNY? New Quick Way Gives Thousands Solid Pounds Fast!

WHEN thousands of formerly skinny, rundown, friendless people have gained pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh with this new triple-acting treatment, it's a crime for thousands of others to remain thin and unattractive. Actually, with this sensationally quick new body-builder, you may not only gain normal, flattering pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—in a very short time.

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this special yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in a few weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with results of first package, 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. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.

monies for the Carefree Carnival, has a wife who's beginning to get as much publicity as he is. Tony Tollerger is winning poetry prizes all over the country, and her work is being printed in several national publications. . . . Hollywood: Oh, these radio pranksters sign was recently displayed in the KNX studios announcing that "Don Forbes (announcer) will pay $75.00 for 1934 dimes." Don had a terrible time explaining to the bemused lady that the jokers purposely omitted the comma after the "$" in 1934.

Hollywood: The entire staff of KNX held a farewell party at the San Fernando home of Perry Wood for "Pop" Naylor Rogers when he retired from the post of station manager and program presenter. Immediately after the transfer of KNX's ownership to the Columbia system, Rogers planned to take an extended vacation trip with his family through the East and Canada.

Charlotte, N. C.: Station WBT started its second season of a unique type of broadcast in August by putting an actual tobacco auction on the air from Dillon, S. C. Sponsors of the broadcast were the proprietors of Dillon warehouses, the local merchants who count on much of the tobacco farmer's dollar, and the city administration itself.

New Orleans: Al Bernard, the Gentleman from the South, is on New Orleans's station WWL, with a twice-weekly program which includes besides himself a jazz band and a straight man. One of his most popular stunts is a series of sketches called, "How Every City, Town and Village Got Its Name."

Nashville, Tenn.: It didn't take long for Nashville's WSM to locate a stolen Michigan car a few weeks ago. The station broadcast the description and license number of a missing Michigan automobile, and shortly afterwards received a telegram from E. E. DeGroseillers, chief of police of far-off Rouyn, Quebec, saying that the car had been there. And within an hour after WSM had broadcast DeGrosseiller's message, the car was claimed by Michigan police.

Boston, Mass.: That Postal Oddities program, originated by a post office clerk in Kansas, J. B. Trapp, has passed its sixth month on station WDH, and—with the help of national celebrities—is growing every week in popularity. Joe O'Gorman presents this unique show Monday nights and has succeeded in snaring many of the East's big wigs to go on the air for him. Rudy Vallee was the first. Joe remembered that Rudy had been made an honorable member of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks. Years ago, Rudy helped his father in the village post office of Westbrook, Maine, which practically makes him a blood brother of every clerk in the Federation. . . . Others who have appeared lately are Governor James M. Curley of Massachusetts, Congressman William B. F. Crowell, and most of the other high state officials. Joe has picked "Marching Through Georgia" as the program's theme song, since the deluge of mail praising it after his radio order for it played for a few weeks. . . . Even the American Legion Band has been on the broadcast playing its favorite tunes. . . . Joe and J. B. Trapp, the originator of the program, are hoping that before winter sets in, a sponsor will take over the broadcast. But sponsor or not, Postal Oddities will keep right on growing, much like Topsys.
Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?
(Continued from page 21)

For five years the Silver Masked Tenor ruled the networks, playing to capacity houses on vaudeville tours. People spent their last nickel speculating about his identity. The wildest rumors spread; that his face had been shot away in the war; that he was blind; that he was an ex-convict. It saturated the air—"proposals of marriage wherever I went," Joe White told me with a laugh. "I had to slip out with the band, unmasked, to get away from the women who stood in line waiting for me."

Today, he appears only on sustaining programs. When the mystery about his identity died down, much of the interest in his singing went with it, though he remained the same plump, good natured Irish lad with the pleasing tenor voice.

As for Phil Carlin, he tired of announcing and shifted to an executive berth. Now he is sustaining program manager at NBC, where he has a chance to use his imagination with daily shows.

Why have so many radio stars vanished? Some, being pioneers, lived their days and were outsold in their style of entertainment. Some were spoiled by the boom years and wouldn't accept less money when the bottom fell out of the radio market.

THERE was Welcome Lewis, for instance. Absolutely unknown when Burt McMurty, an NBC official, heard her sing, she was welcomed to NBC at $200 a song on an oil program. Soon she pocketed $250 a song. On commercials, of course. Sustaining, she felt, wasn't good policy for a star of her magnitude.

After the collapse of big salaries she refused to accept a cut. Occasionally she got a guest shot; for some time she toured vaudeville. Finally she accepted three sustaining spots a week for her Musical Scrap Book.

When no sponsor rushed to sign her, she went to her home out West.

Remember Tony Wons, the Homespun Philosopher? Tony sprang up five years ago with his books, a miscellany of poetry and philosophy based on his musings while he lay ill in an Arizona sanitarium.

Daily talks over W.L.W in Cincinnati brought over 100,000 appreciative fan letters in one winter. His life story was printed everywhere as an inspiration to those who were sick and in despair. His scrapbooks became best sellers. CBS soon had him on contract. When it ran out, NBC roped him in a series of sketches called The House by the Side of the Road.

Somehow, it failed to click as his other shows had done. Tony Wons is on a local station, WLS in Chicago. And he seems utterly content to spend the rest of his time on his farm in Wisconsin.

And then there's the last of Barnum's circus clowns. Uncle Bob Sherwood, who brought to radio some of the glamor of life under a tent, How the kids chortled with his Old Time Circus with his dramatic sketches of circus adventures! And some of us older kids loved them too.

Retiring from radio in 1934 Uncle Bob opened Bob Sherwood's Book Shop in lower Manhattan, which he still owns. This is where he's traveling from town to town with a circus, as a publicity stunt for the Republican Party.

Only four short years ago Alice Joy was the toast of the NBC networks, as
Ida Bailey Allen's Famous Cook Book

1500 RECIPES

This 196-page volume by one of the world's most famed food and cooking experts contains just the information you are looking for: How to Measure, Correct Temperature for all types of cooking, Diet Hints, Correct Serving, Meal Planning, etc.

Over one and a half million copies have already sold in stores throughout the country.

Send 25c in stamps or coin (wrap carefully) to:
Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City

Your book will arrive promptly, postage prepaid.

A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT

FOREST FIRE RADIO LAMP

Forest fire in full color seems to really burn. Smoke and flames rise through the trees—reflected in the lake. This startling effect is created by an automatic revolving cylinder inside. Amazes and delights everyone. A novel and beautiful lamp. Picture is a realistic reproduction of oil painting on parquet. Artistic metal top and base. Full size. Complete, ready to plug in.

Now Only $1.00

Send $1.00 bill or money order for prompt shipment, postage paid. PRINT your name and address plainly. No lamps shipped C. O. D. or on approval.

GIFT SPECIAL

Special discount to those who order several. Dozen lots, $10. Six, $5.50. Shipped postpaid to you if to separate addresses.

IGNITION COMPANY

16 Temple St. New York, N. Y.

NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

Beautiful new picture Falls really seems to flow. Price same as above.

THAT'S just what loyal fans did for Harry Snodgrass. Harry, sojourning in the state penitentiary in Jefferson City, Missouri, broadcast frequently from the prison. So enjoyable were his programs that thousands of fans pitied him and set about obtaining a pardon for him. And strange as it may seem, they actually succeeded.

For a time, he made personal appearances and broadcasts throughout the middle West. But soon the fans lost interest in the ex-convict, and he disappeared from the network. Today he's said to be running a little furniture store down South.

Perhaps you don't recall the singing of Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lamb, but I bet you remember their pictures, those Smith Brothers with their trailing black whiskers?

Straight out of Rutgers College they landed on the air as the original Smith Brothers, ten years ago. After while someone whispered in Billy Hillpot's ear that he was wasting his time in radio. With his look, John Gilbert wouldn't stand a chance. So the team separated. Scrappy remaining on the air, Billy going to Hollywood.

Under the the name of Billy Hughes, Billy tried pictures; but in spite of his friends' predictions, he didn't make good. The Smith Brothers company welcomed him back again, and whenever they put on a show, he and Scrappy took their original roles.

Today Scrappy's with various quartets, among them the Lucky Strike Singers. And so strange are the quirks of Fate that Billy Hillpot, his old partner, is production man on the Lucky Strike show.

What's become of Firestone's favorite tenor, Franklyn Bauer? The story goes that it was a quarrel with Harvey Firestone himself, over his appearance at a gigantic celebration in honor of Thomas Edison, that ended this phase of his career. Firestone had asked to contribute his services. Franklyn thought he should be paid.

When Bauer's contract expired his sponsor did not renew it. After that it was difficult for Bauer to get big jobs. He tried the movies, grand opera in Europe,
LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD"!

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing in Treatment

How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow. Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traced to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take any cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sniffle or a sneeze today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—internal infection.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires internal treatment. Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily allievate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from within.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

1. It opens the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.
2. It checks the fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and fever.
4. It strengthens the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets come in the same sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

Dont Procrastinate

When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety! All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.
RADIO MIRROR

Help your shelf to beauty

BEAUTIFY the closets in your home with Royledge—the modern miracle-shelving that wears better, looks better. Gay, colorful, its decorator-patterns are really lovely. This patented strong shelving hangs flat, without curling, for months and months!

You can put up Royledge in a jiffy, without tacking. No need to take it down even for laundering—for its dust-resisting finish stays clean. And it is so inexpensive that you can use it in every one of your closets, cupboards, kitchen and pantry shelves. Get Royledge today... and help your shelves to beauty!

- A nickel for 9 full feet at any 5¢ & 10¢ neighborhood, or dept. store (10¢ sizes too). Ask for the big Royledge package. It has a round sticker that says "Feel the Edge!" ROYLACE, 443 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N.Y., makers of "Roylies"—lace-like, beautiful table doilies.

Royledge
SHELVING

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA gives your eyes the natural-looking beauty that stirs men!

Here's the way to frame your eyes with long, heavy, lustrous eyelashes—to give them natural-looking beauty without a hint of an artificial made-up look! Use Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy mascara—the mascara in a convenient tube! Its creaminess does away with brittleness and matting, too! It won't run or smudge. Colors: Black, brown, blue and green.

Margel, his wife, was publicized as a modern romance of two people who had supreme faith in each other.

When Beatrice suddenly took the Street Singer to court for divorce that was too much for the fans. They revolted against Tracy, and he was dropped from the major networks.

For a short time he was featured at WOR. Then hoping that the public had forgotten, he appeared as a guest artist on the Paul White and Varieties program. But they hadn't forgotten. Today he is touring Europe.

Sometimes, when one partner steps out of a team, you just can't seem to replace him. That's what happened with the Radio Franks. They were one of the first duets on the air—Frank Wright and Frank Bessinger were the original Franks. All went well for four years, till Frank Wright married a Texas woman and went South to live.

Bessinger got other men to substitute for his partner, but it wasn't the same. They've been off the air for five years.

Today, Bessinger is singing in the Stork Club, a night club in New York, and the last of his partners, Jerry White, is an entertainer at another night spot, the Gay Nineties.

Once they begin the toboggan slide, some stars are so completely forgotten, that they die destitute and forlorn.

Remember Tommy McLoughlin, the sweet voiced Irish lad, in the days when he was a member of the Capitol Family? Remember how beloved he was as the Romantic Bachelor of the Air? Radio, I think, broke Tommy's heart. In spite of his devil-may-care manner, he was heartbroken when his fans deserted him.

One thing after another went wrong. He lost the girl he loved. He contracted tuberculosis. It wasn't till he lay dying in a New York hospital, destitute, that his former fans and friends learned what was happening. Then they sent gifts and flowers, and letters telling him how much they used to enjoy his singing.

But it was too late. He died a short time ago.

Her reading about these old favorites stirred memories in your heart? Are you thinking of the many others who brought you happy hours and wondering what has happened to stars like Ben Alley, Jack Pearl, Harriet Lee, Gene and Glenn, Mullin Wilson, Helen Nugent? Don't miss the December issue of Radio Mirror in which the other stars of yesterday are brought to light. Watch for—Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?

Phil Baker and company return to the Columbia networks September 27. Phil's to play an editor this time.
Told at Last! How Wayne King Found Romance

(Continued from page 31)

one night not long ago when I sat talking with him and his wife.

"Sometimes," he said, "I look at my son asleep in his crib and hope with all my heart that he'll never have to undergo any of the bitterness and struggle I knew as a child. And then sometimes, almost with my next breath, I think, 'Fellow, I hope life does kick you around. You'll learn something nothing happiness or love or money can buy. You'll learn what the really good things in life are.'"

At seven Wayne King was partially supporting himself. At seven he had been playing outdoors after school to strengthen his slight-framed body, he was spending his afternoons in the drudgery of sweeping and mopping a suite of doctors' offices, a daily job that took him until well after dark. He worked because he had to. His mother had died four years after his birth in Savoy, Illinois, in 1901. His father, an itinerant miner, railroad switchman, found it impossible to keep his family together so he sent the eldest boys to live with relatives and took little Wayne along with him on his trips from town to town to seek temporary employment.

I was a half-sleep life for a child, changing schools and boarding houses and jobs and acquaintances every few months and being alone most of the time. Wayne learned early how to look out for himself. It was a good thing. For at nine years—nine, mind you, when most kids that age are entering the fourth grade—he was left entirely on his own in El Paso, Texas. The youngster quit school to earn his bread and butter and shelter. He sold newspapers, worked in a laundry, washed dishes in a Chinese restaurant until daybreak every morning, did a host of odd jobs to pay for his food and the two dollars weekly that entitled him to a pallet in the stuffy low-ceilinged attic of an El Paso rooming house.

"The bitterest recollection I have," he said to me, "is the period between the time I was twelve and fifteen. For three years I never had enough to eat. I was shaving at age nine, pinning all day trying to be a big fellow and do a big fellow's work, and in the evening I'd come home so ravenously hungry, so famished I could have eaten half a dozen dinners. I needed food those years not only because I was doing hard physical labor but because I was growing, shooting up like a weed from a boy into a man.

"Sometimes I'd be so tired I couldn't walk all the way home; I'd lie down in a park or vacant lot to sleep a while. And of all the things that can make you feel unwanted in this world I think having a cop bang you across the soles of your shoes with a nightstick and say 'Get up, kid, go on!' is the worst. I was used to rough treatment but to be regarded as a common bum was something that cut me to the quick. It happened several times and it would strangely depress me for days afterward. That's a horrible thing for a youngster to experience.'"

After four years away from books and lessons Wayne went back to grammar school at fifteen, worked his way through high school. His chief diversion when he had time for diversion was practicing on an old clarinet his father had once given him. He'd never studied music but he had a knack for picking out tunes that seemed to grow by leaps and bounds on
When Doctors Swab Sore Throat...

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.

When you Gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic...
you continue your doctor’s treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

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Radio Mirror

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surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.

When you Gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic...
you continue your doctor’s treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

slight practice. The clarinet served a tremendous purpose later on. It practically paid for his two years at Valparaiso (Indiana) University by enabling him to play with orchestras night after night.

Out of Valparaiso, and broke, Wayne headed for Chicago. After trying his fitness and playing clarinet as a musician. He bought a saxophone in a pawn shop and a book of instructions at a second-hand store on Clark Street and taught himself to play his sax as well as he played his clarinet. Then he went into the music business with every ounce of capability he had. It was his little dream to build up his career. He had to work night and day and starve a little to accomplish it, but within three years he had launched his own orchestra at the Aragon, a Chicago dance hall which his music has now made famous and popular. That was ten years ago; today all of his original musicians but two are still in his organization. Which certainly tells you something about the kind of boss and friend the Waltz King is to his men.

YOU see,” he explained to me, “the experiences I went through as a youngster gave me a chance to learn that this really good things of this life are, to learn a balance and right sense of values. For years and years I had absolutely nothing and I found out the things a man wants most when he has nothing—somebody to love and somebody to love him, and the roots a home provides as well as its comforts. Those are what he dreams of most intensely, not fancy careers and sumptuous palaces and power and money.

Then, after my orchestra became a success and before I was married, I had a chance to look at life from the other end. I had plenty of money. I could satisfy every single material whim I had—but my loneliness and dreams didn’t change. I could have had a home, but a home is not a home when only one person lives in it. Then I realized that it’s rich or poor the really good things in life are love and a place to house that love and that nothing else is really important. That is a thing I know to be true. For that reason I place my family and my home above everything else.

“Live without those things long enough and you’ll learn to value them. That’s why I save and invest my money wisely to provide security for my family and that’s why I’d rather spend my leisure hours with my family than don’t. I can’t buy anything else any other place in the world. “And that,” he added, “is also why I play the sort of music I do.”

Odd, how hungering for a home and love so long can spread an influence into every phase of a man’s work. At the very turn of the jazz era ten years ago, when the Waltz King staked his whole future on the gamble that and would listen to waltzes and dance to them and like them again. It wasn’t as blind a gamble as it seemed to most of the people in the music business. For Wayne King had lived enough in all parts of the world to know that if you can write a simple, beautiful old tune why shouldn’t you try to make an up-to-the-minute impression; but since the world has come full circle before their companions in asking for ‘Missouri Waltz’ I don’t know unless they’re trying to make a simple, beautiful old tune. Why should they pride themselves on not knowing the kind of organization which gives them anyway the soft beautiful tunes that deep in their hearts they really want to hear most of all.

“Everything in our world revolves around the home, doesn’t it? That’s why when I broadcast I play music for people who are at home, music that will help them enjoy their homes. I figure that the people who tune me in are at home because they want to be there, otherwise they’d have walked out. Why should I feel the illusion of a night club in every listener’s parlor? I simply play the sort of music that I hope fits into every living-room as perfectly as the first sofa and mother bought when they were first married.”

Wayne King’s early years of struggle for the worthy things in life have left an indelible mark on the play side of his life as well as in his work. One of his close men friends said to me in complete admiration of the Waltz King, “He’s the most all-around temperate fellow I’ve ever known. He doesn’t gamble, he doesn’t smoke a pipe instead of cigarettes, he doesn’t drink.” When several of us play golf together and come into the club house afterward for a highball King always asks milk ice cream in it. And he never goes night-clubbing unless one of his friends, Guy Lombardo or Paul Whiteman or someone, is opening somewhere; then he escort his wife and stays until midnight and they go home.

With it all he’s such a fine fellow, not a prig. All the men who know him intimately love him like a brother.”

And still another indication: “I’ll never cheapen my music,” Wayne King told me. “If the times comes when folks no longer want to hear my kind of band I can quit this business cold and be perfectly content. You can’t miss something that you’ve never let go to your head, that you’ve never regarded as one of the really permanently important things in your life. At any time if I have to I can lay down my saxophone and live the rest of my life with perfect fullness on our farm.”

The farm that has been drawn on the back of a menu, you see, did become a beautiful actuality. One day Wayne King

Coming in the December Issue of Radio Mirror

Another installment of that memory-invoking feature, Yesterday’s Stars—Where Are They? Read about such favorites as Ben Alley, Goldy and Dusty, Gene and Glenn and Harriet Lee, and many others who gave you hours of pleasure when your first set was new.
and Dorothy Janis slipped quietly to a parsonage at Highland Park, Illinois, and were married. After the ceremony they sped to a nearby airport, hopped into a plane and the groom piloted his bride to their northwoods estate. To their home, the first home Wayne King, at thirty-one, had ever had.

It's the loveliest place you can imagine. A low, rambling white house set deep in the green hills and long blue lakes of Wisconsin. A cozy house with multi-colored rag rugs and polished pewter and fireplace reflections from the yellowed keys of an old melodeon in the corner. Outside in the sun a doll in her carriage has been deserted for the lure of tame squirrels calling for hickory nuts at the back porch door, where woodbine curls like flame around a treliss. To the east is a well-tended private landing field, a hangar to keep the Wisconsin weather off Wayne's own plane. And for six hundred and forty acres the rich land stretches and rolls away across the pointed tips of evergreen forests.

It's a homey sort of farm, not elaborate. Were it a stranger whose car broke down on the highway you wouldn't feel a bit of trepidation at walking to the fencepost mailbox on which "H. W. King" is painted in not too even black letters and unlatching the gate and going right up the cedered road to the front door. You'd be welcome to use the phone, you'd be proffered a bucket of water for your radiator or a toasted apple or a cup of steaming coffee and sent on your way with a friendly goodbye.

And if you were a guest in the white house the place would be yours. With one reservation. Should your hunter's eye be keen for the partridge and bear and wild deer that roam the acres you'd have to confine your shooting to a camera instead of a gun. For you see, the place is not only home for its human residents; it's home for its wild life as well. And that's a very strict rule.

For purposes of convenience the Kings have another home, a luxurious and beautiful penthouse at Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. It's a gay bright penthouse whose windows look out on the wrinkled blue face of Lake Michigan. Its floors are thick with the soft pile of white rugs. Its furniture low and modern and deep-cushioned, and a score of Mickey Mouse romp around the walls of a peach and white nursery. Out on the terrace begins bloom pink in long lines of flowerboxes, a sandpile gives evidence of a recent session at mud pies.

It's a beautiful home and a hospitable one. But if you were a friend of those who live there you couldn't buzz the bell any old hour with a "Hello, Wayne, hello. Dorothy—I was just going by so I thought I'd drop in for a minute." You have to be invited beforehand, for the people who live in the penthouse are very real people who love their home and want privacy and undisturbed quiet to enjoy their lives together. The place they live in represents something very dear to them that must not be subjected to constant casual interruption.

Every spare moment that Wayne King has is spent at his Wisconsin estate. In the summers when his work keeps him city-bound the farm is an ideal place for the children. Four- and nine and three, who has her father's blue eyes and a fan of yellow curls tousled around them: Wayne, five months, still a mere pink butterfly. Sometimes, even if only for a few hours, the Waltz King climbs into his plane, leaves the crash and tumult of Chicago behind him, flies out to the place he loves more than any place in the world. To rest a while.

"I'm tired," he said to me. "I've worked continuously for nine years without a single vacation. I'd give anything for a few months away from all this."

Seeing fatigue written too plainly around his eyes, knowing that he could well afford time off since he is one of the wealthiest orchestra leaders in radio, I asked him, "Why can't you put the band in storage for a while?"

"My men," he answered. "You see I owe them a debt of loyalty that prevents my stopping now. They've been with me since I started, since we were all of us young single fellows. Now they have children and homes of their own: they need their salaries every week. I couldn't go back on them."

I know too well what security means to a man. I couldn't take my happiness at the expense of a dozen homes and families.

And listening to him talking that night it all seemed to fit in. That the man sitting opposite in the flawless tuxedo had once been a ragged hungry youngster singing a pickaxe. That a Waltz King should have kindly blue eyes and blond hair that's thinner a little and a gentle soft-spoken voice. That his desk and the walls around it are fittingly covered with pictures he himself had taken of his doll-like children and his wife and his farm. Those are the fabrics, it seemed, that waitzes are made of. And that after all the good things in life are love and a place to house that love—and nothing else is really important.
repeated her question, and several heads turned toward a small dark-haired girl on the end of the line, but nobody spoke. Annie Ryan almost looked up, but stopped herself. "Is it you, Carmela Ponsello?" she asked firmly. "I'll say it is," the lanky lass next to Carmela said. "She's singing so loud, I can't even hear myself!"

Annie smiled. Carmela burst into tears, and leaving the room ran to the door of the little church. Before Annie could catch up with her, she had fled down the street, around the corner, and out of sight.

The following Sunday, an hour before the church services were to take place, a little girl edged slowly through the door and up to Annie who was playing. It was Carmela. Annie stopped playing.

YOUVE come to tell me that you don't want to sing in the choir any more?"

Mrs. Ryan asked softly. Carmela nodded. "Before you say it, Annie said, putting her arm around the child, "I want to tell you that I am very disappointed in the way you acted the other day." Tears slowly began to creep into the eyes of Papa and Mama. Carmela's eyes. "Why," Annie went on, "do you think I wanted to find out whose voice was carrying above the others?" Carmela shook her head. "Because," of Annie explained, "it was quite the clearest and nicest child's voice I have ever heard. I wanted to help you, Carmela. I believe you can some day become a very great singer!"

Carmela couldn't hold the tears back any longer. The little eleven-year-old Italian girl wept freely and wholeheartedly on Annie's shoulder. Annie, perhaps out of pity, but I would like to believe for a deeper reason, promised Carmela many things in the following fifteen minutes—promises she knew would involve years of work and trouble for herself. She said she would give Carmela piano lessons, something the child had always wanted but which her parents, poor people, couldn't afford. She promised to teach her to sing. But more than anything, Annie promised to study with an unknown like herself, but some day to help Carmela to have the finest voice instructors in the world! Carmela has never forgotten those words, and when Annie Ryan said to her that shining Sunday morning in the little Italian church. "If God has given you a fine voice, my child, the rest of the world shall hear it."

She probably said under her breath, "or my name isn't Annie Ryan!"

Carmela got her piano lessons—two hours each and every week—and not one cent was ever paid for them until the little Irishwoman's hair was beginning to turn gray. Annie then knew about the voice lessons was also given gratis to the little Ponsello. Carmela caught on rapidly. At fourteen she was singing solos in the church, where she had been an ordinary choir girl.

When Carmela reached the age of sixteen, Annie Ryan decided that as far as professional piano students were needed, her work was done. If Carmela was ever to gain a foothold in the world of the great, there was but one place and but few people to help her.

The place was New York City, and the people were men like Paul Savage, Romano Romanelli, and Stanley - men who taught only the best.

Voices that average mortals were prone to rave ecstatically about were but raw material to these maestros. You just couldn't be sure you had something (vocally speaking) until Savage or one of his colleagues nodded a head. These men had long ago proven that they had delightfully enjoyed taking an undeveloped larynx and ultimately depositing it, body and soul, on the stage of the Metropolitan.

I'll say they loved fifty dollars an hour and up—it was a pleasure!

All Carmela had to do, with the help of Annie and the Ryan family, was to study New York regardless of her parents objections, and without any money; then talk one of these voice teachers into cutting the rates so that she could have an hour's lesson for the same price that most students paid for a minute. Of course, there was the small matter of supporting herself after she got there—all just a snap.

Carmela, not to forget Annie, did it! It took a good many years, and a tremendous amount of almost manual labor. When either of them would falter, Annie Ryan remembered a promise made years before in the interior of the little church in Monticello. And Annie would stick it out until that promise was fulfilled.

Carmela's first step was not really a step, it was a run—she ran away from home. She had been called on Mrs. Ryan the day after Carmela disappeared. Mama, the appointed spokesman, asked, perhaps a bit heatedly, as to the whereabouts of her daughter. Annie wouldn't tell. She suggested looking under the bed, or in a stray closet, but as the meeting threatened to end in rage, with the Italian family decidedly outnumbering the Irish, she spoke her peace. "Carmela has gone to New York. She has enough money to last until she finds a job."

"Carmela," Mrs. Ponsello announced, "must come right home."

"Carmela," Mrs. Ryan corrected. "has a chance to become a great singer. She will stay in New York!"

When Carmela went into tears, Papa Ponsello broke into Italian. "Sacramente!" (Here my Italian fails me.) But in spite of tears, protests and threats, Annie Ryan remained undaunted.

The Ponsellios, like the Goldbergis, just couldn't be separated. If Carmela was in New York, there was little change of address and climate for the whole family. A year later, close on the heels of Annie Ryan, the Ponsellios toted all of them, including little unnoticed Rosa!

Carmela, in the meantime, was progress- ing rapidly. She was a full-fledged cabaretier in the old Lorber Restaurant across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House. She had heard Caruso sing twice. Then and other things, were expensive, but Carmela had found time to start a bank account. Her weekly salary was twelve dollars and fifty.

When Annie arrived in New York she immediately opened up a small music studio. Carmela obtained an "after hours" job as a soloist and chorus, and Annie, liking to be very far away from God, and Carmela, spent her spare time developing a choir in the same church.

Her goal this time, as she must, the Metropolitan for Carmela, seemed a little less far away. It would take years, but then those black clouds were beginning to move rapidly out of the picture. Annie was ready to go to work.

And the years held many surprises for both of them. If one could list all the jobs that Carmela worked at in order to
pay for her voice lessons it would read like a help wanted column. After cashier-
ing, she went into dressmaking, then worked as a sales girl in a department store and even as an usherette. But she did get those lessons, and from Savage, Romanji, and Stanley!

The impresarios really liked Carmela. They cut the hourly rates on her lessons way down, and often after the appointed hour had elapsed they let the minutes slip away into the next hour without charging anything for their additional time. Annie was always present at the lessons to give whatever help she could, and to thank these important men with a gentle touch of blarney for their kindness to her youthful protege.

Then came the momentous day that Carmela was to go on the road in a traveling opera company. Papa and Mama Ponselle and Annie waved half tearful good-byes as the train pulled from the station and headed westward.

Those were tough years that lay stretched ahead of Carmela—years of dirty dressing rooms, inadequate pay, and constant wearing travel. If anyone needed Annie Ryan's faith and fighting pep talks, Carmela needed them then. Not being quite able to shout across a continent, Annie's only recourse was the written word. Her letters must have meant a great deal to Carmela—she still has every one of them.

Annie's letters were not great works of art; they were just letters of simple faith, inspiring clean courage, and giving a lonely girl on the road the heart to keep plugging. Letters about God, and about how work and practice do not go unrewarded. They were filled with hope, and quiet advice; homey, simple and straight-

forward. Without them, she has often said, Carmela would have been unable to go on.

There is much of Annie Ryan's spirit, and these letters, still in Carmela. If Annie had failed to make her a great Metropolitan star, she would at least have had the consolation of knowing that she had given Carmela a strength of purpose, a higher plane of thinking.

Today, in a world torn with doubt and cynicism, Carmela still clings steadfastly to the religious beliefs that Annie has taught her. Annie always maintained that without God there is no genius. Upon this, Carmela built her career.

Up until now, little has been said about Rosa. Annie had given Rosa what little time she could spare from the hours she spent with Carmela. Carmela was the person that the Ponsellios and Annie Ryan expected to come through first.

She didn't. Like the proverbial dark horse in a race, Rosa shot out of the background to fame. Nothing could stop her, and certainly nobody wanted to. Annie jumped behind Rosa, dug in with both feet, and pushed. If God had meant that Rosa should be the first to succeed, Annie was right there to fight until the last obstacle had been overcome!

The night that Annie had so often dreamed about for Carmela arrived instead for Rosa. In 1918, the little East Side Irish-trained bambina stepped out on to the stage of the Metropolitan in the role of Carmen, and knocked the white shirt fronts and bejeweled damsels for a loopalo.

Annie was there. Very much there. Quietly Rosa, pouring instructions into her ear, proud as a peacock—but I dare-say her heart was with the girl on the road, half way up the ladder, climbing slowly but surely toward the same goal.

Carmela's chance was bound to come but it wasn't until eight years later, in 1926, that the goal Annie had fought for was reached. On a night in that year, Carmela made her debut in Aida, and Annie Ryan's work was done. Her heart was as full as a splendid Irish heart can be. It may sound sentimental, but as Carmela sang, Annie and Rosa stood in the wings back stage and the tears kept coming and going as often as the property men changed scenery.

That was ten years ago. Since then, Carmela Ponselle has been very much in evidence. The radio has brought her voice to thousands. There have been concert tours, benefits, and recordings. Nobody hears much about Annie Ryan any more. As a matter of fact, nobody did in the old days—except those who tried to put one over on Carmela. Some of the old hands around the Metropolitan have probably forgotten all about her—Carmela hasn't. She repays her in the only way she possibly can—first, with her un-

dying gratitude and friendship; second, by giving to the world, through her voice, all that God and Annie Ryan have given her.

Carmela has just signed for another six weeks as guest artist on the Broadway Varieties air program. At the present writing, Rosa is on the West Coast completing a concert tour. Annie Ryan, white-haired and vital, still teaches the scales to those unwilling youngsters who have talent, but who also own disposi-
tions. Annie will teach them! Who knows—perhaps she has three or four Carmela Ponselles up her sleeve?

Sure, and I'll be havin' ye know, the Italians are mighty fine people—but with the Irish behind them they're perfect.
campaign to start that week and they wanted a radio show to go with it, so they collected an hour of stellar material and decided to begin the series that night anyway. This is being written before the debut of the series, and Fred is expected to take the lead in Sepulchre. But in shaping the show, Fred has to let him say a great many new things to listeners and save his singing and dancing for the following weeks. Whether or not that’s the way it will work out you’ll know by the time you read this. Incidentally, Johnny Green, one of Fred’s old friends and conductor of the program, gives you a new slant on the newest of radio stars in “That Irresistible Mr. Astaire” on page 32.

REED KENNEDY, the young bard—tone on CBS’ new Heinz Magazine of the Air, is the former business man who gave up a promising career to seek success in singing. Hasn’t done so badly, either—besides his Heinz stunt he’s done seven guest appearances during the winter with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra for its glass-company sponsor, gives you a new slant on the newest of radio stars in “That Irresistible Mr. Astaire” on page 32.

SOME day, everybody connected with the Lux Theater is convinced, there is going to be no famous guest star waiting for you when you tune in of a Monday night. Already there have been several instances when picture stars, lacking radio’s training in punctuality, have very nearly been late to broadcast. Eventually, one of these is going to be late, and when that happens even our Hollywood spies know what the Lux people will do . . .

A NEW high in commuting to work was set throughout the summer by Willie Morris, the young soprano of NBC’s Fireside Recitals. She used the radio to travel back and forth each week between New York and her home in Mexico, Missouri, where her parents live and where she’d rather be than anywhere else. In winter, of course, she’ll remain in New York, Willie to present a very special figure to the eyes of the world now, too—what little spare time she had in Manhattan she spent in a gymnasium, and lost a Hollywood movie, or both. If you’ve read the story about him on page 18,
you'll understand why he'd sorta enjoy being in the Broadway exhibit. As reported last month, he changes sponsors in October, but his program's time and network will definitely remain the same. The last eight on the NBC-Red Right opposite Kate Smith's similar show on CBS. For some reason, we can't quite fathom, that hour is considered the second most valuable in radio. The first-Sunday at eight. One of our private operatives, dropping in on a V alley rehearsal the other day, caught the boys rehearsing fervently. They number you may have heard—"My Time Is Your Time," it's called. It has been Rudy's theme song for years, but evidently he thought there was still room for improvement.

A. L. ALEXANDER, the originator and "attorney for the plaintiff" of Goodwill Court, which Chase and Sandborn chose to succeed Major Bowes, has received letters from many public officials commending the program and expressing deep interest in it. One, from Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, asked Alexander how he happened to conceive the idea of the program and get it under way—which is interesting, because Radio Mirror has scheduled the answer to that very question in a story for a forthcoming issue.

THE popularity of its two Community Sing programs has put Columbia in an embarrassing position. As you probably know, the studio audience does the singing on these shows. Many people outside of New York have written requesting that their favorite hymns be sung, and the program directors would like to oblige—but New York audiences don't seem to know any hymns, or understand how to sing them.

**SHORT SHORTS**

**JOAN MARSH** appeared at a couple of Flying Red Horse Tavern broadcasts this summer swathed in bandages about the arms and face. She'd been at Sands Point, vacationing, and had come in contact, not wisely but too thoroughly, with some poison ivy. Alice Bax has taken over the part of the mother, Lucy Kent, in NBC's popular morning serial, Home Sweet Home... Tex Ritter, known to Bobby Benson fans as Dionegus Dodwad-dle, and also heard frequently in cowboy characterizations on such dramatic shows as The Magic Voice, The True Story Court, and Death Valley Days, has gone to Hollywood on a six-months' contract with the Grand National picture company. Grand National is the new company which recently signed James Cagney...

For the record: A Reno divorce was granted early in August to Mrs. Ted Hug-ing. Ted and his former wife, who is known in films as Celia Ryland, were married in Harrison, New York, last April... A new gadget to complicate radio listening has been patented at Washington. It's known facetiously as a "radio shutter-offer" and consists of a panel of five buttons to be attached to an easy chair. Push the required button and it will shut off your radio for one, three, five, fifteen or thirty minutes, then automatically turn it on again. Not precisely a boon to the industry, and it's our guess it will never be offered for sale... It's rumored that Clark Gable will add another to the list of his successful marriages, as he has helped make their debut by being on hand for the marriage ceremonies of the Mutual and Don Lee networks, east and west... Mark Warnow is once more providing the incidental music for Miss Hayes' radio work.

**JEAN DAHL,** young radio actress and Neill O'Malley, who plays Tex in the Bobby Benson series, are honeymooning... Little Jackie Heller will make his stage debut in New York this winter, playing the part of a jockey in a Damon Runyon comedy... Doris Wester, the pretty little singer who got her start on Major Bowes' amateur show, is in Hollywood on a Warner Brothers contract. She'll probably resume her NBC series from there as soon as her picture career is well under way... Bryan Field, who handles the Mutual network's racing broadcasts, never bets... Wedding bells for Paul Gregory, WMCA announcer, and Louella Rudd, half of the Rogers and Rudd team on NBC... Also for Al Kavelin, dance band maestro heard on the Mutual network, and Virginia Gilchrist of Pittsburgh.
"... and I was the guilty one!"

Must Frank Rupert sacrifice happiness, his home, his wife, his children — everything for which he had struggled so long — or be guilty of denying his own mother in her hour of greatest need? It was a choice he could not evade. He was at life's crossroads and the bridges were burned behind him. You will find his true story of how he met this heartrending crisis one of the most gripping human documents you have ever read. It's in November True Story and you can get your copy at the nearest news stand right now. Don't miss it!

ALSO IN THIS BIG ISSUE —

TWO WOMEN CLAIMED HIM — MY FIGHT FOR MY CHILDREN — MY FATHER'S WIFE — THE HELL WE WENT THROUGH — WAS IT A MIRACLE? — I MARRIED FOR MONEY — STRANGE TRAVEL — I WAS AN UNMARRIED MOTHER — BEHOLD THIS WOMAN — I'LL NEVER FORGET — TWICE BORN MEN — STRANGER THAN FICTION — A NEW ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY — THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER WITH EIGHT HELPFUL CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PRACTICAL AUTHORITIES — PORTRAITS OF FAVORITE SCREEN STARS.

NOW ON THE SCREEN

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 in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations, be sure to urge the manager of your local theatre to show every one of the forthcoming True Story Court of Human Relations series sponsored by Columbus Pictures Corporation and based on stories from True Story Magazine. Already thousands of theatres throughout the country have arranged to feature these vivid ten-minute dramatizations. Watch for them!

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!

Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory

(Continued from page 53)

MUTUAL'S BEST BETS

(All times Eastern Standard)

SUNDAY

Ted Weems: Musical Follies, (9:30 P.M.)
Original Amateur Night, with Benny Rubin and Arnold Skolnick's orchestra, (8:30 P.M.)
The Art of Song, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, (8:00 P.M.)
The Wond'r Show, featuring the Great McKay, Snappy Lambert, Ken Croke's orchestra, the Wonder Quartet, with Bianca Johnson, Joe Patrick, Ned Wever, Florence Ellin and a big chorus, (7:30 P.M.)
Music for Dancing, with Nat Brussel's orchestra, (3:00 P.M.)
Hollywood Ballet, conducted by 0. F. Schmidt, (12:00 A.M.)
Ozzi Nelson's orchestra, (12:30 A.M.)

MONDAY

Mettle of the Week, (10:00 P.M. — Mon. through Fri.)
The Lone Ranger, (7:30 P.M.)
Golden Hatter, news commentator, (10:00 P.M. — Mon. through Fri.)
Symphonic Strings, conducted by Cesare Benedetti, (10:00 P.M.)
Shep Fields' orchestra, (10:30 P.M.)
Crosley Fellows, with Edward Kane, soprano; Adrien Bricare, tenor; and Bill Strong's orchestra, (11:30 P.M.)
Louis Prima's orchestra, (1:00 A.M.)

TUESDAY

The Crusaders: Fred G. Clow, national commander, (7:45 P.M.)
Alfred Wallenstein's Orchestral, (8:00 P.M.)
True Detective Mysteries, dramatization of True Detective Stories, (9:30 P.M.)
Borny Manfredson, talk, sponsored by Liberty Magazine, (10:30 P.M.)
Shep Fields' orchestra, (12:00 Midnight)

WEDNESDAY

The Music Box, with Virginia Mayo's orchestra, Nita Lawrence, Ellis Frazee, A Capella choir, (8:30 P.M.)
Ted Weems' orchestra, (9:30 P.M.)

THURSDAY

Morning Melodrama, with Ben Benis's, Shep Fields', Hal Kay's, and Richard Gordon's orchestras, (9:00 P.M.)
Racing from Belmont Park, with Bryant Field, (4:15 P.M.)
Please, Mr. Bailey, Follies, twenty program, with Charles Serio, DeVere Sisters, Charles Wayne, and Joe L. Bohn, (8:00 P.M.)
Brother John with Charles David and Orchestra, (8:30 P.M.)

FRIDAY

Flying with Frank Hawk, (8:00 P.M.)
Crosby Geraldine Farrar, with William Ammon, Stuart Garvey, Alene Dare, and chorus, (9:30 P.M.)
Bryant Field, Racing, with Rich Gorden's orchestra, (9:30 P.M.)
Racing from Belmont, with Bryant Field, (4:15 P.M.)
Bing Crosby, with Richard Gordon, (9:30 P.M.)
Muriel Turner, with Bryant Field, (7:30 P.M.)
Dorothy Frissell, Shep Fields, Barney Barge, Ted Weems, steak night, (9:30 P.M.)
Ozzie Nelson, Louis Prima, Al Kawishi, Horace Hahn, (11:30 P.M. to 2:30 A.M.)

SATURDAY

Racing from Belmont, with Bryant Field, (4:15 P.M.)
Bing Crosby, with Richard Gordon, (9:30 P.M.)
Muriel Turner, with Bryant Field, (9:30 P.M.)
Dorothy Frissell, Shep Fields, Barney Barge, Ted Weems, steak night, (9:30 P.M.)
Ozzie Nelson, Louis Prima, Al Kawishi, Horace Hahn, (11:30 P.M. to 2:30 A.M.)

A FUNNY thing happened on the opening night of Mutual's Wonder Show. Crowds besieged New York's massive Carnegie Hall, shoulderallying energetically to get in. (The usual mix of people who held red cardboard tickets which had been distributed to the general public, but through some oversight in their instructions, refused admittance to radio editors and other representatives of the press who had letters of invitation instead of tickets. Not until five minutes before program time did the doors go in, and then only when Mutual officials came to the door and personally okayed them. But there was a hilarious press party afterward to help the editors forget their bruised elbows and egos.)

* * *

FROM Joe Emerson of the Hymns of All Churches program, on the CBS Gold Medal Hour, comes this list of the favorite hymns of famous people, all of whom have written to Emerson requesting them. Mary Pickford, "Shepherd, Show Me How to Go"; Vice President John N. Garner, "O Come All Ye Faithful"; John Charles Thomas, batonite, "O Come All Ye Faithful"; Lloyd Douglas, author of "The Magnificent Obsession" and other best sellers, "A Man Has Ages Past"; Lowell Thomas, "Recessional"; and Helen Keller, "Lead Kindly Light."
Ken Ellington

News is such a perishable commodity that it must be delivered piping hot, or nobody wants it. For that reason, ever since some broadcasting station first put a news item on the air, daily newspapers haven't liked the ease and speed with which radio can beat them to the public, and many have been the words spilled in an effort to reach a compromise whereby radio and newspaper wouldn't tread on each other's toes.

It remained for Ken Ellington, star reporter of WFBM, Columbia affiliate in Indianapolis, to show that a radio station and newspapers can work together in harmony. He co-operates with the reporters of the Indianapolis papers, works with them on stories, and manages to lend his individual slant to everything he broadcasts.

On August 15, Ken celebrated his two-thousandth news broadcast—two thousand programs, at the rate of four a day, six days a week, and one on Sunday evening. If you're interested in statistics, the words he has spouted over the WFBM kilocycles during those two thousand quarter-hours add up to over four million.

No further proof was needed of his friendship with newspapers and their affiliated agencies than the group of notables who gathered in the studio to attend his anniversary broadcast. Barr Paris, editor-in-chief of the International News Service, hopped a plane from New York to be present. Local newspaper officials who came to offer their congratulations were Ben G. Lawrence, general manager of the Indianapolis Morning Star; Steven C. Noland, editor of the News; and John W. Thompson, theatrical editor of the Times. Myron C. Green, commissioner of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, completed the list.
for the quintuplets' welfare, and if harm of any sort should come to one of them, a hue and cry should immediately be raised against him. People could so easily forget that it was his prompt action which saved the lives of the babies during the first few weeks after their birth.

It was the knowledge of how every action of his would be watched and criticized, in fact, that for a long time kept him away from radio work. He hated to appear to be capitalizing on his position, for one thing, and for another, he absolutely refused to leave his post in Callander very often or for very long periods of time. Early this summer, however, he agreed to broadcast from Toronto once a month for the Carnation Milk people. Toronto is a little more than two hundred miles from Callander, and only that day's absence would be necessary. When that contract runs out, he will go on the air under the sponsorship of Lysoyl three times a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 11:45 a.m., over CBS, broadcasting direct from Callander so that he will never have to leave there.

"Frankly," he told me, "I do want the money my sponsors are paying me. I'm not as young as I might be, and I have a nineteen-year-old son of my own, William. I can provide for him, but not so I would want to leave him to broadcast if I didn't believe I have something to tell mothers, out of my own experience, since the babies were born. With conditions as they are, I can't see why the news and conditions of the climate my broadcasting will harm the babies"

AND that, born of Dr. Dafoe's realization of the tremendous responsibility placed upon him, is the signpost to the one unbreakable rule he has set up for himself, and his charge: it is one which will guide the Quints' lives until they are eighteen, or as long as Dr. Dafoe and his two associates, Judge Valin and the Hon. David Croll, ministers of public welfare in Ontario, remain their guardians under the Canadian Government.

This is the rule: Never to do anything, or permit anything to be done which could conceivably harm the children, physically or mentally.

"In all the contracts we have signed for them," he added, "we have held to that rule. It was part of their movie contract, for instance, that they were to work under the conditions and at the times I specified for this. But even so, I wouldn't have had it that way. It's the same way with news pictures. A large part of the money the babies' income is from advertising tie-ups with firms who want to use their pictures and names in connection with their products. That's all right; it can't harm the children, since I must always be assured that the product concerned is good for them before I let them use it."

"We could make more money for them, I suppose, by charging admission to see them, but then we'd be put into the position of having to show them whether we wanted to or not. As it is now, people come from all over the world to be our guests—but if one of them should happen not to be feeling well, or if the weather was bad, we'd be under no obligation to show them." So much for the present. What of the future? I asked Dr. Dafoe what steps he was taking regarding the babies, for the time when they must surely realize that they are objects of great interest to the entire world. That time can't be far off, and the young parents are certainly raising intelligent children. Only a day or so before I talked to the doctor I had seen some recent movies of the Quints, and already, there seemed to be a human and amusing disposition to watch the camera and keep herself in front of it all the time.

Dr. Dafoe smiled ruefully and ran his hand once more through the shock of close-cropped gray hair which is, I'm convinced, something which they can take from the fact that she's one of the quintuplets.

"Financially, we are doing all we can to maintain them secure, not only from some accident which might take their money away from them, but also from fortune-hunters who might victimize them after they come of age. Their estates are being arranged so that the children will be in possession of it, and by the time they are eighteen it will be impossible for anyone else to gain possession of it."

"As far as entertainment is concerned, they won't have to toil to make ends meet. They will probably never have to, but they should have the ability, for their own sake, to make ends meet. They have no need to be an actress, or a musician, or a dancer—why, very good, but it should be something through which she can take pride in the satisfaction of knowing that she's one of the quintuplets."

"They'll never leave Canada. They will probably never let anyone else raise them, not even in a hundred years. They'll probably never let anyone else raise them, not even in a hundred years. They'll probably never let anyone else raise them, not even in a hundred years."

WE'RE rearing them to the religion and language of their parents. Nothing but French is spoken in their home. I think I would be easier for them to learn English as a second language than it would be for them to learn French. Maybe that's because my own French isn't the best in the world. And as soon as they are old enough to understand, they will study the Roman Catholic religion. The world has listened to him. I understood that Dr. Dafoe is rearing those children sensibly and well with love but without sentimentality, and that he has worked in connection with the Quints rather as he looks upon his broadcasting: "It's a job, for me to do as well as I can."

He also promises that he will be able to defeat entirely all the disadvantages the Quints' fame will bring to them. But—by doing what he can, and doing it better than anyone else has done before them.
The Court of Human Relations

To theatre audiences everywhere has come a new heart-sensation... the first dynamic screen dramatization of revelations read in True Story Magazine or heard in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations. See the first of this amazing series today... watch for each new thrilling ten-minute adventure of human emotions!

Follow Your Heart Says
Joe Eerson
(Continued from page 43)

graduation that Joe became a successful young concert baritone. Under his family name of Joe Emerson Rose, he toured the country, singing with some of the greatest symphony orchestras.

The war interrupted Joe's career, as it interrupted so many. Soon after the United States entered the conflict, he enlisted in the Navy, and was stationed in the naval training school at Cambridge, Mass. The war years are memorable to him for only one thing—it was during them that he fell in love, and married.

The war ended, and Joe found himself with a wife and baby daughter. Before his marriage, he had never worried very much over his personal financial situation. His concert work had always brought him an adequate living, and he had been satisfied to live alternately in his suitecase and some hotel room.

Now things were different, as Wilsie, his wife, in her practical way, pointed out. "It's been two years since you had a concert date," she said. "Won't it be hard to get started again? And even if you do, you'll be traveling all over the country. Can you make enough to pay expenses and still maintain a home for the baby and me?"

No. Joe had to admit, he probably couldn't. Characteristically he faced the situation and analyzed it. Since he couldn't make a living at the work he preferred, he must go into some other profession where the rewards would be much greater; in fact, if not personal satisfaction, was to be the primary object of his work, it must be big money, riches. He canvassed the field of possible "big money" occupations thoroughly, and finally decided on finance. Fortunes could be made overnight in the stock market, he knew. And they could also be lost in the same space of time. They could be made more slowly, but more safely, in the bond market.

Once having settled his goal in his mind, Joe set about achieving it in a methodical manner. He secured a position in a Wall Street bond house, working on bonds on commission. Like other young "customers' men," he was given a handful of prospect cards—names and addresses of people who might, with sufficient persuasion, invest some money.

"All these have been interviewed before," Joe said to himself, "probably they represent the toughest sales resistance in New York. I'll dig my own prospects."

He walked out into the street and looked around. Looming up into the sky, a few blocks away, was the Woolworth Building, in those days the tallest skyscraper on Manhattan Island. That building, Joe decided, was going to be his territory.

He started on the top floor and worked downwards. It took him two years to finish covering his "territory" completely, but at the end of that time he had closed contracts in the Woolworth Building which were buying from him to the tune of about $8000 in commissions apiece per year. He never solicited business in any other spot but the Woolworth Building in all that time.

Joe had proved his ability as a money-maker in the business world; now it was time to branch out and find larger opportunities. Accordingly, he became one of the pioneers in the Florida real estate boom. Quick to take advantage of his opportunities, resourceful, persuasive, he

Follow Your Heart Says
Joe Emerson
(Continued from page 43)

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Glamorously lovely! Paris-inspired! Designed in the new soaring, high lines...and the choice of style-minded women everywhere! See these beautiful styles today. Write for name of dealer in your city.

FREE! A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PARIS FASHION SHOES TO 100 WOMEN

Nothing to buy! Just finish this sentence. "I like Paris Fashion Shoes because..." [In 25 words or less]. Winners will receive a pair of Paris Fashion Shoes. Write today for style booklet...and name of your dealer from whom you can get entry blank. Contest closes December 15th. Dept. F-2, Wohl Shoe Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping at advertised therein

Radio Mirror

soon had a half-dozen profitable business ventures on hand. He helped to build Biscayne Boulevard in Miami, by persuading many of the most important stores in town to move into that section.

Standing one day on a street corner, talking to Tex Rickard, who had then just turned his attention from prize fights to real estate, Joe said idly, "That's a nice car that just passed us, isn't it? Who has the agency?"

Tex thought a moment. "It's for sale," he said. "Give it to you.

As casually as all that, Joe and Tex went into the automobile business together. And when, not many months later, Tex cashed his share of the business from the estate and became sole owner,

His interests began to be complex and interlocked—part of the vast pattern of paper finance which was the Florida boom. He became director in two banks; he made commitments for hundreds of new and used cars.

At the height of it all, the crash came. The two banks of which he was director closed, and according to the Federal Law he was liable to the depositors to twice the extent of his interest in the banks. All his negotiable cash was tied up in real estate and automobiles.

There were two things he could do—go through bankruptcy, thereby evading his financial responsibilities. Or undertake the Herculean task of shouldering his debts and paying off every one of them.

He chose the latter. Joe went to the son of that unordained minister who preached for a hobby could have made no other choice. And somehow, he succeeded, by frantically selling all his real estate and automobiles at prices so low that even the depressed Florida market couldn't resist them.

Finally, all his debts, including his liabilities to the bank depositors, were paid. He had left exactly one hundred dollars and a second-hand car, eminently unsalable.

Once more Joe Emerson Rose took stock of his position—even more seriously, this time, than he had done before, just after the Armistice.

"There is no security," he told Wilise. "Business is as unstable as singing. It isn't much better for me to do whatever lies nearest to my heart?"

Wilise Rose had earned a new kind of wisdom in those years of frenzied finance. She agreed with him, now, that it was better to work first of all for the pleasure of achievement the work could give you.

Back to New York came Joe and Wilise and Carolyn, their daughter, using most of that hundred dollars to buy gasoline for the one-second-hand car Joe hadn't sold. Some friends offered them the use of their apartment in swanky Beekman Place, and they lived in luxurious surroundings, even if they did have scarcely enough money to buy food.

Joe's one-time contacts in the concert field were long since gone, and he turned to radio. There were long days of sitting in reception rooms, agonizing moments when he took auditions. A high radio official advised him to change his name from Joe to "Rose," that it was something shorter and easier to remember, so he discarded the "Rose," thereby cutting the last link which would have identified him with the version of the song.

It seemed as if nothing were wanted in radio except crooners and hoop-a-doop boys. Times and time again Joe was turned down, to watch some youth without half his musicianship carry off the coveted job. But true to the decision he had made in Florida, he refused to change his own style of singing. From now on he would stick to what he wanted to do.

For a year he made a bare living, with a ten-dollar job here, a fifteen-dollar one there. Today, he remembers those anxious weeks with gratitude. He wrote to Wilise and Carolyn, the latter used to luxury all her short life, proved the stuff they were made of by meeting all the hardships without a murmur.

At last he heard of an opening at station WLW, in Cincinnati. A singer there had quarreled with his sponsor, and a new one was needed in a hurry. Joe wired, got the job, gathered together all his available cash, just enough to purchase translation of a sound left in a hurry—but he wasn't quite through. He arrived to find that the quarrel had been patched up.

He didn't have enough money to go back to New York. There was nothing to do but haunt the WLW studios in hope of a job. He got the work, finally, but it wasn't real radio work. For a year he was general handy-man around the WLW studios—guide, attendant, janitor, anything.

His patience and willingness were rewarded with a fifteen-minute sustaining program. Even it wasn't much, but it was a living—and it was also, though he didn't know it then, the important first step in the climb that was to bring him to his present success.

He had been singing on the sustaining program for a few weeks when he began including one hymn on each program. Timidly, at first—perhaps the listeners would object—he sang the hymns he had learned so long ago.

The response, brought by every mail delivery, was tremendous. Overwhelmingly, his listeners approved of the hymns.

One day J. Ralfe Corbett, merchandising consultant of WLW, asked Joe casually, "Why don't you sing the hymns of all churches on your program?"

The phrase clicked. "Hymns of All Churches! That's what we'll call it," said Joe Emerson.

Before the Hymns of All Churches program came to you on a coast-to-coast network it underwent a grueling period of testing and experimentation over WLW. Sponsored by General Mills, the program and the public's reception to it were studied exhaustively. Questionnaires were sent to ministers and laymen, asking for their opinion of the program. Asking, also whether or not they objected to hearing it sponsored commercially. The reaction to both questions was practically one hundred per cent favorable.

The Emersons live today within walking distance of the CBS studios in Chicago, and Joe gets up every morning at 6:30 to be in time for a 7:30 rehearsal. Each program is rigidly balanced to include representative hymns from the different churches. The Emerson library includes five hundred standard hymnals, bound volumes of Bach chorales, Gregorian chants, and old circuit-riders' hymns, as well as scores of songs which have never been published and are still in manuscript.

Two things make him particularly happy. One is that the program is used as a teaching device in hundreds of schools throughout the country. The other is that he offers new hymns an opportunity to be heard—for all of kinds of songs, in a hymn which is the hardest to establish in the hearts of the public.

So at last Joe Emerson has proved the truth of the decision he reached with the collapse of his business in Florida. He is doing work that he loves, and at the same time he is providing the security every man strives to give his family.

Braid chevrons on black or brown suede side ties.

Below High-in-front pump of ink blue or black "shadow" kid.

$3. to 4
NEW CREAM MASCARA
Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 13)

and she thought mutton chops might be from a cow. It gave me a laugh.

WILLIAM MARTIN,
Atlantic City, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE CREAM OF CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS
While orchids are being tossed so abundantly at adult programs it would not be inopportune to toss a bouquet or two in the direction of the Scoop Ward News of Youth Program, which it seems to me hits the right spot as far as children's entertainment is concerned. Presented in a newsy manner, enacted with dialogue that can be understood by the child of six as well as sixteen, and varied in its stories, the Scoop Ward News of Youth Program gets my vote as the cream of children's programs on the air.

GEORGE J. ABRAMS,
Orange, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION
"I think it would be wise for some progressive sponsor to put on the same show, without one iota difference, each week for about a month without changing. Why must a good program come on just once at a certain time, and then be forgotten? Stage plays run on Broadway for months. Every one-horse movie theater gives at least four shows daily, and runs the same picture for several days. Why not radio?"

—ALLAN KING, Weyers Cave, Va.

"When a play makes a hit on Broadway it runs for weeks and weeks. Folk who miss the first performance have plenty of opportunity to see it later, and those who enjoy their first visit may see it again and again. Yet when a fine play or program is given over the air it comes but once. Those who fail to turn their dial to the right spot at precisely the right time will never hear the performance. What a pity there aren't any long runs or repeat performances of outstanding radio programs.—Mrs. SAMUEL SADDINGTON, Philadelphia, Pa.

"If more opera stars 'cluttered' up the airwaves there would be many more people listening to their radio. Nino Martini and Lily Pons are among the few that have given their voices to radio. They are to be heartily congratulated. Of course, being Italian, I do enjoy swing music but there is a limit to everything. That letter in August Radio Mirror about 'cluttering' up radio with opera stars certainly had me sitting on hot bricks."—MISS MARION NUTTER, Niagara Falls, New York.

"I have found out that female singers have to be extraordinarily good before they are listened to, especially by women; that Judy of Paul Whitman's program is by far the most popular female broadcaster; that Dick Powell wastes too much time getting his program swinging; that Amos & Andy are losing favor—too much Ruby and her piano, etc."—J. R. LEM- SHAM, Toronto, Canada.

"I'd like to ring a gong for all amateur halls permanently used, and angrily fed up on hearing what a break it is for the amateurs to get a start this way. I am absolutely nauseated at the benevolent ballyhoo about their money-grabbing promoters."—MRS. H. S. BOTETER, Chevy Chase, Md.

G E T rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men adore so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in tens of thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious natural food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make all your skin enchantingly lovely.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Mail Coupon for Trial Sample
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1720 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family)

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ___________________ State ______

Free!
COMEDY NOW - TRAGEDY LATER

Rudy Vallee's in Love!

(Continued from page 19)

her many, many, miles from New
York. After Rudy's return from Texas,
he made long distance calls nightly, and
then Niela, after only a few days in the
city upon her return, embarked upon an-
other theatrical tour. Rudy's telephone
bills would have bankrupted the average
telephone subscriber. Of course, he didn't
mind the staggering bills but a telephone
is at best an unsatisfactory method of
transmitting sweet nothings.

Niela, of course, is hoping and praying
Rudy will find his way clear to join the
cast of "Swing It, Susan!"

"I can't imagine anything more won-
derful than to work in a show with him!
It would make me do better than my
very best!"

Naturally, Niela after her one guest ap-
appearance on Rudy's variety hour, imme-
diately latched for the opportunity to join
him permanently on the air, but that
would be impossible because, although it
had not as this was written been made
public, she is already committed to a spon-
or of her own this winter.

Rudy has altered Niela's entire outlook
on life. She was so shy and timid before she
met him, with a mild inferiority complex.
She took a radio audition, for instance, just
before they met. After it was over, she
bewailed the outcome, "I failed!"

"I, terrible!" Shortly after she had met
Rudy, she had another audition. That
time she emerged from the studio jubili-
antly effervescent, "Oh, boy! Was I ter-
rible!" she cried joyfully.

HER career in show business, launched
when she was only a girl, has been a
steeply ups and downs. Even success left
her with a feeling that something was lack-
ing. Last winter, after concluding a highly
successful radio series, she returned to her
childhood home in Worcester, New York,
rusticated. She wanted to be back home.
She was fed up. So at Worcester she
cooked and washed dishes and mar-
keted and did pleasantly domestic tasks.
She was considering quitting for good.

Then her manager called her on the
telephone and told her he had an offer from
the Texas Centennial for her appearance
there. The lure of the footlights proved
stronger than the lure of the kitchen—
and Niela took a trip to Texas.

Perhaps it is because of the benedictory
effect Rudy has had upon Niela that
Niela's mother, who always accompanies
her on tour, has so cordially befriended
him. Where the average mother, wise in the
ways of the professional world, is inclined
to discourage her talented daughter from
romance because of its unsettling effects,
Niela's mother is very fond of Rudy.

It is fortunate, perhaps, for Rudy and
Niela that their divorce will not become
final for ten months. It will prevent them
from taking a hasty step which their
hearts rather than their minds might dic-
t on. Niela wants to restore her image
as a virtuous Jennie. That is a necessary prelude—before they
even permit themselves to think about
marriage. Too, she wants to achieve defi-
nite status in the musical world, comparable
to Rudy's—before considering matrimony.

Those who know Rudy best all testify
to his impetuosity. It is his custom to act
first and think afterward. In the business
and professional world that is an admira-
able trait, but in affairs of the heart, it is
not always conducive to happiness.

To those tens of thousands of feminine
souls whose hearts flutter at the mere
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the answers, briefly, to the questions that

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the stars of the screen, radio and stage,
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are in the minds of everyone. Is the romance of Rudy and Niela genuine? Very definitely yes! Will they marry? They don’t know that themselves. Only time will tell.

Cleanness Is Next to Loveliness

(Continued from page 54)

lays the foundation for blackheads and other blemishes. Of course, our hands are even more exposed because of the dozens of things we handle every day, but I’ll wager that every one of us washes our hands ten times as often as we wash our faces.

There’s a right and a wrong way to do everything, even a simple thing like face-washing. First, your face should be washed at least once a day. This needn’t interfere with any fine cream treatment you may be using, either. As a matter of fact, if you use much make-up, it’s a very good idea to remove that with a good cleansing cream and paper towels before washing your face. Mascara, for instance, should always be removed carefully with cream and so should lipstick and all paste preparations, such as rouges and foundations and eyeshadows. If you’ve always thought your skin was too dry and sensitive to use soap, then use creams or oils both before and after washing your face. But, whatever you do, be sure to wash your face with soap and water, unless you are actually under the care of a skin specialist who has prescribed a treatment for some individual problem.

Use warm water, but not too hot, your favorite soap and—your hands. It’s a great help if you wet your face first, as that makes it so much easier to work up a good lather. Froth the soap into nice suds in your hands and then work it into your face gently but thoroughly. Rinse the lather off with clear warm water and follow with a rinse just as cold as you can get it. If you have the time (and the ice)—it’s a good idea to finish off with a dash of ice-water.

YOU can follow the same routine in your bath, even to the cold rinse, I don’t want you to be fastidious about this, I finish every bath (tub or shower) with a cold shower—not all at once, mind you, but usually turning off the hot water tap until there’s nothing in my shower but absolutely cold water. This is particularly fine if you’re planning to dress hurriedly and go right out, as the cold water closes your pores and helps you from catching cold.

Aside from the question of beauty, baths have a definite influence on health. Gymnastic instructors and expert massage will tell you that there’s nothing better, after strenuous exercise or an exhausting day, than a good warm bath with plenty of soap. That combination, you see, opens the pores, not only cleansing away surface impurities, but also giving the body a chance to clear out waste matters from the inside in a normal way. It isn’t hard to find the right soap these days. You yourself will know, after experimenting a bit, which one of the several well-advertised and reputable soaps feels best for your skin. In this connection, I think you’ll be interested in a new brand now on the market. Everyone knows how important vitamins are in building and keeping healthy tissues. At last, science believes it has found a way to

Find 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 creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that web of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quickly—even only 5 days in some cases—will bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimplles, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.
get Vitamin D (which is especially beneficial to skin tissues) into soap, and hundreds of tests have shown that grand results can be achieved with it.

If you are already troubled with headaches, there is the very simple treatment recommended through this department by Ruth Etting some months ago! I'll be glad to tell you more about the new Vitamin D soap, too. Speaking of vitamins, there's a marvelous new preparation in this line, small capsules containing large amounts of minerals and vitamins to supply the deficiencies in our modern diet (and those of us who are trying to lose weight are apt to have an unusual deficiency in this important matter). These capsules, which have met with the approval of medical men everywhere, have been scientifically tested on large groups of college students and found to have an amazingly beneficial effect on nervous energy and physical vitality. For full information about Ruth Etting's blackhead treatment, the Vitamin D soap and these marvelous vitamin and mineral capsules, send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

The Life Story of Bob Burns
(Continued from page 41)

answered, "But then it wouldn't be a bazooka!"

Pershing continued to examine the instrument like an interested small boy. Finally Burns asked, "Would the General care to try it?"

"Thank you, Sergeant," replied Pershing, "I would indeed."

He tried—and like many another good man and true, failed to get it out of it. There was a big laugh, which Pershing took with great good nature.

Bob's rank was now gunnery sergeant. He could go no higher—unless he would stop playing the bazooka. He refused a lieutenancy, preferring to remain a non-commissioned officer, on a par with the other men in the band.

They were still at Tours when the Armistice was signed—an anticlimax, which made them both happy and sad. But service was not over for the Marine Jazz Band. With them Bob traveled all over France, playing in Y.M.C.A. huts, mess halls, hospitals, where they were adopted in a big way by society. A famous princess booked dates for them; they played before miscellaneous royalty. King Alfonso of Spain was another aspirant who tried the bazooka and admitted defeat.

Bob was offered a long term contract to lead the Jazz Band and entertain at the international famous Zelli's, but Marines could not be paid off in foreign soil, "We'll come back and take that job, though," Bob told Joe Zelli. They intended to; they had just enough of a taste of Paris night life to hunger for more.

Landing in Hoboken, Bob and his comrades were picked up in an Army truck and taken to the New York Recruiting Headquarters. The Marine Jazz Band had become too famous, too valuable to be relinquished so soon. In a couple of bullet-riddled Cadillacs brought back from

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Now Reveals How You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stills

You have always wanted to be beautiful...attractive...glamorous. Now you can! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, *No More Beauty Secret*

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**MACADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.,**
Dept. RM-11, 1926 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
France they toured New England, stimulating business in every recruiting office they hit. But the War was over, and they were impatient to get home—really home. Asked to stay in service and make a tour across the country, the members of the band refused. They were finally paid off in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

They might have returned to Paris then. But the ties of home were calling, so they disbanded for good. Bob headed for Van Buren, where he found his father and mother both aging. He couldn’t go far away again. He forgot Paris, and returned to his old music job in Chicago. But it was no go. He was now one of the Restless Generation, left over from the War. He couldn’t stay put. He returned to New York, entertaining at the Bal Tabarin on 50th Street and in various Greenwich Village cafés. Still he was unsettled, disheartened by the War, money seemed important; he wanted to make a fortune. Perhaps the bazooka...It was his own invention, and patented. Why couldn’t it be a popular orchestra instrument—and make him rich?

A musical concern was interested. Much experimentation was necessary; you couldn’t expect to sell a bazooka which couldn’t be played. Bob, assured of adequate backing on the venture, went to work devising a workable model. He felt sure his struggles were almost over. Soon he would be on Easy Street.

I was so broke that I worked daytimes at anything I could get. Every night I worked at the factory. I told everyone about selling the bazooka; it even came out in the papers. Boy, I was excited.... And then the whole thing fell flat. The company refused to put up the actual cash. I was in debt myself, so I had to forget all about it and begin at the bottom again.

He walked the streets, feeling really low. He met two men who had invented a “Clear-glass” preparation for windshields—and good, too. But they were inventors, not salesmen. So Bob rigged up an apparatus to demonstrate the stuff and set up on a street corner with Bob as har- ler. They would have had a lot of “Clear-glass” if they had been given a chance to stay there. They moved on, by request.

“Bob, we had a police escort in every town.”

Bob says, “—on the way out.”

They did a little business on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, but were asked to leave when the season opened. But Bob was now flaming with carnival fever. He got a job with a “Yacht Race” game; in his spare time he rigged up a “State Game” of his own. He rented a concession and cleaned up, so decided he was finally in his element. He would follow the carnivals from now on.

Another reason for this decision was a clever, dark-eyed young woman who had not one, but five concessions on the Boardwalk—all of them going great guns. Her name was Elizabeth Fisher; she was from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and she was all business: Bob thought she was a great girl and that, being in the same line, she would make a fine wife for him. Together they would go places, in the carnival game.

Also, although it took him all season, Bob had discovered that Betty Fisher wasn’t all business. She was an excellent cook, like her Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors—and the like. Why, that girl even liked to listen to him play the bazooka!

And so, as the books say, they were married, in 1921. They lived pretty happily sharing misfortunes, surviving for some unseen, distant goal they felt would be
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Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Easily applied. It keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, glowing with highlights. Get the new Blonde today. There is a new life size—at all stores.

THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE

their. It was lucky Bob couldn't look into the future and see what success was going to bring with it or he would never have sought so hard for the comforts and luxuries for Betty that he finally gained when he became the Music Hall comedian. If he had known, he would have stuck to the carnivals. But he didn't know, not being clairvoyant, and now he has lost Betty.

Life then, though, was all for what the future might hold. They had their ups and downs, all right, mostly downs, because they were too ambitious. The year after their marriage they opened a dance hall on the pier. The year before they had cleared over $8,000. Now they lost their shirts to some of over $15,000 in their new enterprise.

A dozen really tough months followed. Everything the newlyweds tried turned out a failure. They followed the carnivals in a railroad flyer, lived in tents and cooked meager meals by candle-light.

When Bob and vaudeville theaters burned down; when they took concessions, blue laws drove carnivals out of town.

On top of all his other bad luck, Bob lost both his father and mother within a short period. Then Betty was taken ill, and he sent her back home to Lancaster.

He went despairing for something that would bring in regular money. There was a real need for it now.

YOU know it's always darkest just before the baby's born, he says, "Luckily just then I joined up with the Lew DuFour Exposition, in Johnson City, Tennessee. I had my own concession; my business partner was a lawyer named Chauncey Williams and Longenecker. We did all right, too. I sent my first check home to my wife, just in time. It got there the day Robert was born—when she had exactly sixty-two cents in her pocketbook."

Bob's act with the DuFour Show was very successful. Teamed with a Professor Zanger, Hindu crystal gazers, with worked in turban, white satin bloomers and all the trappings. See the only blue-eyed Hindu in existence. Bob would dance pointing at himself. He played the bazooka in this weird costume, to lure folks in to gaze at the crystal ball. Occasionally he gave impromptu lectures, when even the other folks who worked in the carnival would gather around to listen. "Longenecker and Burns" with the DuFour Show worked up to East Coast, playing fairs for several years. In the summer Mrs. Burns joined the carnival with little Bobby; they always wintered in Lancaster. The child was always pleased with carnival life. It didn't seem right for the little chap, who slept many a time under the counter while his mother operated a "Hoop-la" game. Bob wanted better things for his family.

Again he went to New York, back to the theatrical agency whose gates he had tried to crash years before. Once more they refused to handle him—but they did buy a half interest in the bazooka. Bob still believed in his invention and so, apparently, did they.

Bob went back into vaudeville, but he was unhappy working alone; it gave him stage fright to appear without a partner. One day he met an old little fellow named Claude West, whom he had known years ago in New Orleans. They worked up an act, went back to the agency. They told them he was terrible in blackface, and turned down the new act.

"They'll handle me some day," Bob vowed to his wife. "You mark my words. But I won't ask them again till I'm ready. They'll be glad to have me, later on."

(Today Bob is a top client on the list of..."

THINGS TO COME IN..." Bob vowed to his wife. "You mark my words. But I won't ask them again till I'm ready. They'll be glad to have me, later on."

(Today Bob is a top client on the list of..."

THINGS TO COME IN..."
of this same agency, which also stands a chance of making a pretty penny soon. With Bob, on the sale of a toy bazooka. Over half a million orders have come in already, before manufacture is started on the article.

Burns and West had good runs, good notices, and made fairly good money for eight years. Then suddenly the bottom dropped out of vaudeville. Even big headliners suffered. Bob's work in Lancaster, between engagements, lengthened out. Finally there were four months in 1929 with no dates and no prospects in view. The future looked black indeed.

How Bob Burns reached fame and success at last and the bitter irony of the fate be found in them is told in the next and concluding instalment of this dramatic real-life serial. Read it in the December Radio Mirror.

Facing the Music
(Continued from page 48)

affiliates controlled the copyrights was not allowed on the networks, for reasons having to do with money and not particularly interesting to the average listener. On August 3, however, the ban was lifted and the Warner music employees, who had been doing nothing but draw their salaries since the trouble started, could go back to work. Judging from the celebration when they heard the news, they were pretty glad to do so.

Instead of being a Utopia, the Warner forecast found itself a nightmare. At first they made a pretense of being busy, then they gave this up and abandoned themselves to whatever amusement they could devise. Some played bridge and pinball; a ping pong table was going full blast every day; the girls brought down their sewing, they read books, they gossiped. Toward the last, they started a guessing game as to when they would go back on the air. Some couldn't stand it, and left for other jobs.

Song pluggers for tunes from Warner pictures started out on their rounds of radio studios as soon as the news was announced—and they do say that in the picture situation lies the key to Warners' final agreement to allow their songs to be played on the air. The company has made no new pictures to be featured this fall, and without air hearings for their tunes the pictures would suffer at the boxoffice.

SHORT SHORT STORIES

Louis Prima, he of the hot lips and New Orleans accent, and his jam band have started a Chicago engagement, with a Mutual wire. Time, one a.m. Tuesdays, at the RKO Playhouse. Joe Baxtor has adopted blue and gold as the official color for his band. He'll be playing in a New York spot this winter, incidentally, but none is definitely set so far. Don's yells can be heard over the city, however, and he will prevent him from playing on the Jack Benny program if, as seems likely, the latter emanates from Hollywood. Harriet Merriam's hair which she dyed blonde for her work with Ozzie Nelson's band, has returned to its original and very becoming brune, now that she is retiring from radio. The regulars at RKO's Olive Street, once Rudy Vallee's most formidable rival in the crooning division, is contemplating a comeback, of which the opening gun is the engagement at the Paramount theater... Vincent Lopez, it's claimed is responsible for starting the "Knock, Knock" game by playing the original song for the first time on the air, and offering prizes for the best "knock, knock" gags.
SWING VS. SWEET

The musical experts who spend their time making lists have made one of the swingsters and anti-swingsters. Both lists are composed of bona-fide, accredited experts in their particular camps of the swing-sweet fray. Arrayed definitely on the side of hot licks are—First (and with no much argument) Goodman followed by Bob Crosby, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Ben Pollack, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma group, and Ozell Nelson. Opposing them with wave are Wayke King, Guy Lombardo, Henry King, Ray Noble, Jan Garber, Ted Fio Rito, Al Kavelin, and Emil Coleman. Whereas Heppner making a brief attempt to please everyone by training his thirty-eight good men and true to be three bands in one—a sweet band, a novelty band, and a swing band.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Shep Fields, who has been gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds lately, with his “rippling rhythm” style of music, produces that gurgling brook effect in the simplest way imaginable—so simple, in fact, you probably never think of it. He just has his men blow into a glass of water through a straw. Shep’s real surname is Feldman, but he changed it to Fields at the suggestion of Roger Wolfe Kahn a few years ago. Right now Shep is looking for a girl vocalist, one with a “rippling rhythm style.” The late Orville Knapp’s orchestra is being heard now over MBS as The Band of Tomorrow, under the direction of Leighton Noble, formerly its vocalist. It was purchased by a company recently by George Olsen, and its present work is in the nature of a tryout before Olsen takes it over formally. For a long time, it’s said, in musical circles, Olsen has wanted a distinctive style of his own, and by taking over the entire Knapp aggregation he expects to find in it a unique dance style.

THEME SONG SECTION

The return of Warner Brothers to the network fold, noted above, should have also meant the return of a many a theme song to its former program—but so far it hasn’t. Only three shots at ABC and three at CBS have gone back to using their old signatures, plus one at CBS which rushed in and snapped up another program’s former theme. Whittemore lost no time in brushing up on George Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue”; Little Jackie Hale made application for the rights once more to “The Touch of Your Hand,” from Jerome Kern’s “Roberta”; and Major Bowes’ Capitol Family comes to you more once with the strains of “With a Song in My Heart,” from “Spring Is Here.”

At CBS, the changes were: Hollywood Hotel, back to “Happiness Ahead”; Chesterfield, which though written by two of the boys in the Koslanetz band, had been under the ban; and As You Like It, a program on a limited basis. “Like It” and “The Likes of You.” Columbus’s Wednesday night Palmolive Community Sing, after ascertaining that “The Al Jolson Hall” Tonight won’t go on to want its old “Smiles” back, grabbed the song’s signature rights for itself.

* * *

WE’RE TELLING YOU

Frank Perillo, Newark—Guy Lombardo’s sponsor for this season is Bond Bread—every Sunday at 5:30, Eastern time. Your questions about the most popular bands are answered earlier in this department.

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FOLLOWING THE LEADERS
Here's the monthly directory to where the maestros are playing—as accurate as we can make it.

Bernie, Ben—On Tour.
Casa Loma—Neatherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, O.
Denny, Jack—On tour.
Donahue, Al—Rainbow Room, Radio City, New York City, N. Y.
Duchin, Eddy—Hotel Plaza, N. Y.
Fio Rito, Ted—Morisson Hotel, Chicago.
Garber, Jan—Cocoaanut Grove, Los Angeles.
Goodman, Benny—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y.
Hail, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
Harris, Phil—Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.
Helft, Horace—On tour.
Jones, Isham—On tour.
Kemp, Hal—Theaters.
King, Henry—Cocoaanut Grove, Los Angeles (following Duchin).
King, Wayne—On tour.
Little, Jack—Palmer House, Chicago.
Lombardo, Guy—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y.
Lyman, Abe—On tour.
Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
Noble, Ray—On tour.
Vallee, Rudy—On tour.
Weems, Ted—On tour.
Whiteman, Paul—Casa Bemana, Fort Worth, Texas.

Let us know what questions you want answered, using the coupon below for your own convenience and ours—and we'll do our best to tell you what you want to know.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
Radio Mirror,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:
Orchestral Anatomy.

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Detroit, Michigan
That Irresistible Mr. Astaire
(Continued from page 33)

of phonograph records—the music from "Top Hat and Petticoats," and the new "Swing Time." This summer, before the last picture was finished, he was commuting between New York and Hollywood, arranging the scores for the recordings and trying to take some of the routine work in connection with the coming Packard program off Fred's shoulders. It just as well that the recordings and the picture had both been completed that I talked to him at his office in New York. Fred had just sailed for a brief European vacation, and Johnny was supposed to be vacationing too.

"It's enough vacation just not to have to think about a piano or a piece of music that has to be arranged," he grinned when I apologized for keeping him in his office on a broiling hot day. Moreover, as I very soon realized, it's fun for him to talk about Fred.

I can show you what best sort of person Fred is by telling you about the job he just finished. He went over to Chicago and made two sets of records before, but we never had the hectic time we did last week. On the RKO lot they were rushing to finish "Swing Time" to the end of the week, so Fred could get away, and we had to fit in the time at the recording studio when we could. We got half the records finished, but the other half had to be delayed all at once, in one night, so the master recording could be ready in time for Fred to okay it before he left.

"Fred couldn't get away from the lot until eight, and he was dead tired, but he dug right in and started to rehearse. We got the master recording out of the way, and came to the last and toughest, the 'Waltz in Swing Time.' There was one tricky section Fred couldn't get right. He tried and tried, but couldn't make it as maddeningly and consistently as the master he'd been trying, and it was the whole time. I kept telling him, 'Fred, I can fix that in five minutes, just by changing the arrangement!' but he wouldn't let me. He was just too tough at himself to be stubborn about it.

"Well, finally he thought he had it right, and we got the waltz down on wax and dragged over to London where the master records were ready Saturday, the last day of shooting on the set, and after I'd okayed them I took them around for Fred to hear. Obviously, he didn't want to play the records there in the studio, where everybody could hear them, but there wasn't much time, so that's what we did—stuck them right back on the records, with the whole studio crew standing by to listen.

"The first ones were swell—perfectly better even than we'd hoped for. Everybody broke into spontaneous applause after the 'Bojangles of Harlem' number, and a professional style. A new method of self instruction brings you the "secrets" of a celebrated radio soloist. Every lesson shows you "tricks" your teacher would use. For further information write to MIRROCK CLOSET, 128 W. 60th St., New York, N.Y.

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This school for 37 years has been training men and women ages 15 to 40, in home and in the hospital, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is a three-year one, and practical experience in hospitals is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy "Phrasing Papers." In one of the hundreds of men and women earning $15 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses, full time, they are not in the hospital, one bloom. Nurses say C. S. N. graduates make their best practice nurses. "It is not only a good place to begin, but it will become self-supporting in a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Department 1021, 300 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 92 sample lesson pages.

Name_ Address_ City_ State_ Age_
Your baby will delight in the extra comfort you can give him, Mother, with Z. B. T. Olive Oil, as his delicate skin will respond to the olive oil in Z. B. T. which makes it cling longer and resist moisture better and smootherness (what the doctors call “slip”) prevents chafing in the creases. Free from scent in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

What Do You Want to Know?

(hobby, amateur, dramatic. He’s unmarried.)

Ross W., Dallas, Texas—For a picture of Dolly Dawn, you’ll have to write and ask her. Address Dolly in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. She is 44 years old and comes from New Jersey. She has black hair and black eyes.

M. E. B., Middletown, New York—George Washington and George Birbaum. It isn’t likely that Glen Gray will play for the Camel Caravan this fall. Right now we do not know of his definite plans. (Continued from last week.) Facing the Music department, you’ll learn of his whereabouts.

Betsy F., Fairport, N. Y.—Major Bowes is a writer and has no children. Write and ask him for his picture in care of the Major Bowes Amateur Theater, Broadway and 53rd Street, New York City.

H. M. Z., Kerrmoor, Pa.—Sorry, but you’ll have to write to your local station for information on Charles W. Hamp. He’s not listed on any of the networks.

Constance Q., New York, N. Y.—Right now, Loretta Lee is not married, but she may be by the time you read this. Loretta was born in New Orleans on June 14, 1914. Her father is a judge. She’s five feet, two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes.

Becky W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Only a short time ago we spoke about Walter Cassel. However, since you have only recently joined Bowes’ ranks, the Oracle will once again do the honors. Walter has been heard on the Show Boat broadcasts over the NBC network. He has his own sustaining spot on WJZ and I understand that he’s now negotiating for a commercial to start in the near future. Walter is a Westerner—from Ohio, North Dakota, to be exact. He’s married and has two lovely children.

Rose P., Sharon, Pa.—You can address Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians at 1697 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Ann B., West Neword, N. J.—Yes, Lanny Ross is married—just about a year. His wife is Olive White who still manages his professional life. Lanny has only one brother. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Ray Heatherton and Jimmy Farrell fans, attention! If you want to become members of the clubs of these two radio stars, get in touch with Bessie Shreiar, 45 Barclay Street, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Lillian B., Rochester, New York—We do not disclose the personal addresses of the radio stars but if you address Jackie Hailer in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Ill., he will be sure to receive your letter.

P. Joan C., Butler, Pa.—If you’ve read the beginning of this column, you then know all about Al Bowly. Grace Moore is in her thirties and we’re sorry we can’t reveal her radio and opera salaries—but it’s plenty.

Mary Ann D., Van Dyke, Michigan—Write to the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank, New York, and New York, and tell them just what stars’ photographs of Show Boat you want. I’m almost sure they will take care of you.

Genevieve P.—See Becky W’s answer on Walter Cassel.

POSSESES APPEARANCE OF A STUNNING

INSTANTLY!

ADD 3 INCHES TO CHEST

MEASUREMENT—OR COSTS NOTHING!

No matter how flat your chest may be, you now have a form-fitting appearance to (Continued from page 56)...

What's the Rush?

YOUR OWN TALENTED SEXY GIRL can do it, easily, instantly! No Drugs, Creams or Exercises.

Merely slip your FORMETTES in position and they instantly lift and keep a beautiful, natural-look in your mirror. You'll be thrilled to see the beautiful effect. These FORMETTES are for those ladies whose dresses require. FORMETTES are scientifically designed and specially molded to enhance the natural form, contour and comfort. Make of special substance that feels soft and natural. Use your dressmaker's own finish and you'll find that FORMETTES don't show. You'll wonder what you've been missing! If your FORMETTES are unsatisfactory, return them for full money back. Only 1.00 per pair.

FORMETTES CO., 11 E. Huron St., Dept. 200, Chicago

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop balking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—SINUS irritation—MIGRAINE attack. Write your name, address, and occupation for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer. 60¢ for Urgent Case—60¢ for College Medical. Filled your prescription at any drug store. Write your name. Address, occupation, and money-

TACH

STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you troubled with swollen gums, gum trouble, periodontal disease, or with recurring boils, pimples, red, sore skin? There is a cure for these complaints. Write F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 2313, TOLEDO, O.

HYGIANA

NURSING BOTTLE

Make Beauty Cream at Home

Using my secret formula, you can make the finest all-purpose complexion cream at home for a fraction of its cost in stores. Send coupon for details—no obligation. CAROLINE C. DON. Suite M, 1203 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

Name.

Address.

City. State.

Take Off Ugly FAT

NO DRUGS—NO EXERCISES

An amazing patented device and method called ROLLETTE developed in Rochester, Minnesota now makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and improve your figure. With it you can take off fat quickly without danger of stops or overexertion. No strenuous dieting needed. You eat plenty of healthy foods as outlined in method. Leaves the skin firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. It makes you feel vigorous.

FREE TRIAL OFFER!

We absolutely guarantee that within five days the Rollette method does not convince you it will take off your ugly fat the trial will cost you nothing.

ROLLETTE COMPANY

11 E. Huron St., Dept. 200, Chicago

Sunny Baby!

HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER KEEPS HIM HAPPY!

Y our baby will delight in the extra comfort you can give him, Mother, with Z. B. T. Olive Oil, as his delicate skin will respond to the olive oil in Z. B. T. which makes it cling longer and resist moisture better and smootherness (what the doctors call “slip”) prevents chafing in the creases. Free from scent in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.
Learn Homemaking from
the Stars

(Continued from page 44)

thin, narrow, black frame. Or, reversing the process, paste your picture in the middle of your board and then cover the remaining area with suitable material and bind the sides with ordinary black strip frame binding, the same sort of thing your mother called "Passe Partout" when she was a girl, only with a 1936 Hollywood wrinkle.

Notice, in particular, the novel and charming treatment of the fireplace. Nothing could be more appropriate for fireplace decoration than mugs and old cooking utensils. Remember that originally fireplaces were kitchens as well as heating sources. Pewter and copper, either in the original or in faithful reproduction, can be obtained at antique shops and auction sales right here in America, although Dick's came all the way from France.

Do you remember the old shaving mug and wonder what has happened to it? Well, you will probably find it proudly displayed on a shelf over Dick Powell's bar. If you can't round up enough shaving mugs for the bar, certainly you can find some of the quaint old coffee cups—huge affairs they were with "Father" prominently displayed in gilt. Remember them? They're grand and much prized by decorators for home-made bars. And as for the grand array of glassware so necessary for use as well as decorative purposes—sh! don't tell a soul, but out of the ten different styles of glass used in Dick Powell's bar, at least six can be found in lovely reproduction at the old reliable five and ten.

Incidentally, if you have a bar—or are going to get one by hook or crook—here is an idea from the Powell refreshers that will appeal to you—and most assuredly to your friends. You've noticed, of course, how grilled sandwiches or even hot sandwiches like the ones we had at a drive-in used to taste much better than the same sandwiches made to order in a regular restaurant kitchen.

Dick has had this arrangement at the rear of his bar, where he has just an electric grill on which these delicacies may be quickly and tastefully prepared and served reht hot. Without going to anywhere near the expense of installing such a costly affair, you can buy for a proverbial song one of those apartment kitchenette electric stoves, cover the base attractively according to your taste, attach it to a baseboard plug and, as the French say—the end!
Mexican Menus from Tim and Irene

(Continued from page 10)

the day before and use the left over meat for my loaf.

**TAMALE LOAF**

1 cup corn
1 can tomatoes
1 large onion
2 cups soup stock
2 cups chopped cold meat
1 cup corn meal
1 cup ripes olives
1 can button mushrooms
1 tableaspoon chili powder
Salt and taste

Mince the onion and saute in four tablespoons olive oil. Add the soup stock, bring to a boil, then add the other ingredients and simmer for fifteen minutes, still stirring. Remove from fire and stir in four well beaten eggs. Transfer to well-greased pans in a moderate oven for forty-five to fifty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. (Serves twenty.)

You see, with this menu Irene explained. "Now, for my preparations can be made in the morning. After the chili has been set to simmer and the tamale loaf poured into the pan ready for baking, I wash and serve the gravy and place them into the refrigerator to crisp and make my French dressing. Then in the evening, while the tamale is baking and the French dressing warming in the oven with it, I make the salad and coffee. If I have to go out during the day, I first make sure that the chilli isn't getting dry, and let it simmer while I'm gone."

All the Ryan's are built around Mexican dishes. Italian dishes are equally popular, spaghetti with meat sauce being the winner. The sauce is made in the morning, reheated at night while the spaghetti is being cooked.

**MEAT SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI**

1 small bunch celery, or outer leaves from large bunch
1 large green pepper
2 large onions
1 large clove garlic
3 lbs. ground beef
2 lbs. ground round with 1/2 lb. bacon
1 large can tomatoes
1 can tomato paste
1/3 cup fresh mushrooms

Chop celery, green pepper and onion fine, and mince the garlic. Sauté celery in four tablespoons olive oil for about five minutes, add the green pepper and saute for five minutes more, then add the onion and garlic and saute all together until tender. Add the ground beef and bacon and cook together, turn in a moderate oven for forty-five to fifty minutes. Dice the mushrooms (they do not need to be peeled) and brown in butter, then add to the cooking mixture with the tomatoes, tomato puree and salt and pepper to taste, and simmer for an hour and a half.

The spaghetti should be cooked until tender, but not soft and mushy. For an accompanying salad, mix lettuce and chicory or the licorice-tasting finocchio with French dressing, and instead of French bread use the round Italian loaves.

Irene has some other grand recipes which I haven't space to give here, but which I'll be glad to send you if you will write me—

### INVENTORS

Small ideas you have large commercial possibilities. Write to us for the picture, plan or design for which you have received a Patent. "Reward of Invention" period. Always ample rewards in notable cases. CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HYMAN BERMAN, 1-2 Anderson Bldg., 60 Wall St., New York City.

### OLD BOOKS WANTED

WE PAY $5,000.00 EACH UP TO $500.00 EACH FOR BOOKS

Old books (as late as 1820) now gathering dust in your attic, trunk, or basement, may be worth a fortune to us. A single book in your home may bring from $10.00 to $100.00 or more in cash! We will pay hundreds and thousands of dollars for certain old school books, travel books, story books, poetry. should your book may bring thousands of dollars to sell in collections and libraries. Investigate Antiquarian Book Warehouse now please! The best prices are being paid. A book you now may have may be valued at one hundred dollars or more. PRICES LIST PUBLISHED. Send us your scrap or dust as once for a quick determination of your old books that bring high cash prices. You may believe the submitted to W. D. ADAMS, American Book Mart, Dept. 660, 660 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, III.
What Smith Ballew Endured for Love
(Continued from page 47)

a job selling real estate." Smith glanced over at Justin and the memory of this
started them both laughing.

"He sold exactly one lot in a whole
year," she said.

But I got $100 a month drawing ac-
count," he boasted.

The company started checking up one
day and Smith was fired.

His next job was with a paint company
in Fort Worth. Here the devoted young
husband did much better. However, when
they wanted him to go on the road he
refused to leave Justin.

Then came the worst of all. "I sold
greenish polishes but his natural desire
to put on a good ap-
pearance proved his undoing. After two
of his best suits were ruined by car
he decided that automobile polish was
not his line.

Things were starting to boom just then
and a group of Texas cattle and oil
barons decided to build a magnificent
club in Fort Worth. Some relatives of
Smith's from the prominent Texas branch of
that family were interested in the
project.

They prevailed on him to organize an
orchestra as a feature of the club. It took
little persuasion. By that time Justin
was so sick of being broke that she didn't
care any more, either.

The hand was a success from the start.
Smith depended on his banjo and his
personality to put him over. That was be-
fore he knew he could sing. In fact, that
discovcry didn't come until some years later and then quite by accident.

It was only at Justin's insistence that he
tried singing at all. "I always knew
Sykes could sing," she remarked. "Of
course, up to that time, none of the bands
had singers. Ted Weems was the first.
Even then his vocal work was all of a
comedy nature. No one dared sing a
sweet song.

It kept after Sykes and the family finally agreed. The number was "Hard-Boiled
Hannah" and when he got up to sing, he
forgot it! The words! It took months after
that to get him to try again.

Smith Ballew had to fight not only
family prejudice and hardship in carving
a career. His greatest battle was to over-
come his own timidity. It was only his
wife's confidence that carried him through.
Her faith in him was so great that he
cared the spirit and shook off his false
feet.

Once launched as a full-fledged orches-
tra leader, he went on a tour that lasted
ten months. Yet the contract which had
seemed so generous yielded him little
by the time expenses were computed. Then it was
over he was just as broke as when he
started.

Then he got a bunch to try Chicago.

Leaving Justin with a sorority sister in
Springfield, he and his drummer set out for
the Windy City. There the drummer
promptly won an engagement with their joint
stake, consisting of $20.

Lady luck had deserted the lank
Texan, however, for he landed with Ben
Poulik's band at the Sherry Hawk cafe with a salary of $125 per week. His five
dollar advance was spent on ham and egg
sandwiches.

It was in this spot that Smith made his
radio debut, over station WGN. Although
he never had a lesson, his natural
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Why let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? 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—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!
Be a RADIO EXPERT

Learn to Make $30-$50-$75 a Week

I will Train You at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time RADIO JOBS

Here's Proof

$80 Monthly in Spare Time

"I work on Radio part time, still holding my regular job and making five years ago. I have averaged around $80 every month."—JOHN H. MORINZEY, 770 Silver St., Manchester, N. H.

Makes $50 to $60 a Week

"I am making between $50 and $60 a week and every penny is paid, and I am getting the Radio work I take care of, besides. I run a store at 318 FLANDERS, 308 Walnut St., Knoxville, Tenn.

Operates Public Address System

"I have a position with the Los Angeles Civil Service, operating the public address system in the City Hall Complex. My salary is $153 a month."—R. H. BODD, 111, City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.

Many Radio Experts Make $30, $50, $75 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, technicians, apparatus repairmen, operators, telephone engineers, public address men, script writers, copy writers, announcers, foremen, etc. Salaries range from $2,500 to $15,000 a year depending on the station. Many Radio operators operate their own full time or part time radio station and service businesses. Full time operators need only a few weeks training, while others take as long as three months, and can make $80 a week or more.

Many Radio Operators Operate Their Own Full Time or Part Time Radio Stations

There's a Real Future in Radio for Well Trained Men

Radio already gives jobs to more than 5,000,000 people. In 1936 over $200,000,000 worth of goods, services, and wages were paid. There are 250 radio stations in the country, and 75 other stations are planned. There will be more and more people, who have never been in radio work, and they are prepared with better models, facilities, more job opportunities, new buildings, etc. They pay their employees more generously than ever before. Many people are making more than $25,000 a year in radio work. A few hundred dollars, $50, $15 a week earnings mean hundreds in less than 10 years! Many Make $55, $10, $15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning.

Mail Coupon Now

This FREE BOOK has Helped Hundreds of Men Make More Money

J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 6MT, Washington, D. C.

Mail coupon today for your free copy of "Radio in Demand"—a valuable, practical, incisive book. It explains how YOU can become a radio expert in one of the fastest growing fields of the world... and how you can make $30-$50-$75 a Week to help solve your money problems. Learn the trade—while working! And you'll never let your spare time go to waste again. Mail coupon for your free copy today!
LUCK was with him from the start. First of all he landed a cabaret job in downtown Los Angeles. This tided him over until he was able to renew his Hollywood contacts.

The J. Walter Thompson advertising agency happened to be looking for someone to follow Al Jolson on the Shell Chateau program. They knew about Smith's New York reputation and invited him to audition for them without revealing the spot for which he was being considered.

Lady Luck continued to smile. Around this time Walter Wanger, the movie producer, was looking for a Western type to play an important role in his picture "Palm Springs." He asked the studio to run off some tests among which was the one made by Smith in New York.

As soon as Wanger got one look at the Ballew guy and heard him sing he yelled: "That's the man . . . get him!" Which explains how Smith happened to be signed for the movies that very same week.

The first thing he did was to wire for Justine and the baby to come on at once.

Again they are sitting on top of the world, but there is a difference now—the Ballews are determined to invest their money in sound securities. "We've passed the stage where going hungry seems funny," Justine admits. "Besides, we have the little girl to consider."

Secure in their lovely hillside home they can look back on their hardships with a smile. "It's hard to figure out," Smith drawled, "A year ago we were flat broke . . . and now look!" He took in the luxurious furnishings with a wide sweep of his arm which ended as his hand rested on his wife's shoulder.

In this union it has been the hardships popularly blamed for lost romance that have served to draw these two into a comradeship that even the easy luxury of Hollywood will find it hard to shake.

CONTESTANTS ATTENTION!

The complete listing of the winners in the Jessica Dragonette Theme Song Contest is nearly finished and will be announced in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR—out October 23. Are you one of the 35 lucky winners?
Beautiful Eyes for You easily with Maybelline

THE romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be yours instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Darken your lashes into long, luxuriant fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting Maybelline. Not beady, waxy or gummy. Applies smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow—in shades to harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75¢ everywhere. Generous introductory sizes at all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at all 10¢ stores.

10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline. Discover for yourself—TODAY—this simple way to more enchanting beauty!

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids.
YOU...and a LIGHT SMOKE

It is a Lightness in the smoke that makes people choose Luckies. A rich, clean Lightness in the taste. A smooth Lightness of “feel” in the throat. Puff by puff, a delightful sense of ease. From the choosing of the finest center-leaf tobaccos—to the “Toasting” which removes certain harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco, every careful measure of Lucky Strike’s manufacture is designed to please you more...to offer A Light Smoke of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco.

Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—“IT’S TOASTED”
THE REASON NELSON EDDY FEARS MARRIAGE

Radio MIRROR

DECEMBER

HeLEN HAYES — See page 34

NBC TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

RADIO'S CRUEL PART IN SPAIN'S CIVIL WAR

Why Warden Lawes Raised His Daughter In Prison
ANNOUNCING

Sylvia

OF HOLLYWOOD'S

NEW BOOK

"PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BABY!"

MADAME SYLVIA, author of the best seller, "No More Alibis!" has just written another stimulating and inspiring book, This book, "Pull Yourself Together, Baby!" is destined to become the most talked about book of the year.

READ THIS INTRODUCTION. Darlings: This book is about personality. That magic touch which makes an ugly person charming—a pretty woman fascinating—a beautiful girl simply irresistible.

Personality is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manners and mannerisms. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beauty like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you. You can develop it. You were born with brains, use them. Exert the character. Work for what you want. You must have will power, courage and determination. In this book I am going to show you how to go about it, give you hints and help you get around the biggest obstacles that are now in your way. Read it all. Let it sink in. Then read it again. Take whatever you need into your own life.

I have already written a book called "No More Alibis." It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of over-sensitiveness, or a hump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll remember: no more alibis, read what mama is going to tell you and get busy.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your social pulling power. Don't shrivel up into a knot of self-consciousness when you meet new people. I'm going to tell you some things which will give you poise and assurance. Mme. Sylvia.

ONLY 1.00. The price of this book is only 1.00. Get your copy at once and be among the first to read this amazing book. At all book dealers or send $1.00 to address below.

If you haven't read "No More Alibis" by Madame Sylvia, write, wire or phone for a copy of this national best-seller. In this book you will find all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight—or gain it. How to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive. The price of this book is but $1.00. Send for your copy NOW.

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ONE DOLLAR

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR DIRECT FROM PUBLISHERS
"Ridiculous," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" That's the social side of the state. But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious
When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and switch today!
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COMING IN THE JANUARY ISSUE
On Sale November 25

Uncle Ezra, beloved guiding spirit of the National Barn Dance, isn't all he seems. He's really leading a double life—and next month Pat Barrett, who created this famous character and is the man who plays him on the air, will give you the whole heart-warming story.

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COVER
—PORTRAIT OF HELEN HAYES
BY TCHETCHET
TEN years ago this month the National Broadcasting Company was born. Its inaugural program was carried to the comparatively few radio-equipped homes over a network of nineteen stations. Today, our two networks serve three-fourths of the nation's homes through the facilities of one hundred stations.

I see two major objectives for the company in the years ahead. The first is the continual improvement of programs. In the final analysis, our real product is that which comes out of the loudspeaker. Our future success will be measured by the ability to give to the American public the programs that it wants. There will continue to be a search for better program ideas and better talent.

The second objective is the improvement of our technical facilities. Higher fidelity of reception and greater coverage are necessary components of listener enjoyment and a more universal use of radio. Engineering advances to provide increased circulation are undoubtedly before us, with the possibilities of television not far behind. Still other developments of our parent company, the Radio Corporation of America, are being tested in the laboratory.

Radio is a young art, with its future largely before it. The National Broadcasting Company faces its second decade with confidence and it is with assurance of still greater enjoyment and benefit that the readers of Radio Mirror and all other radio listeners may look forward to another ten years of broadcasting. For, whatever the future may hold in store, maintaining its integrity with its listeners must always be radio's first and greatest concern.
Two of radio's most important men return from Europe: Merlin H. Aylesworth, now RKO's chairman, and Deems Taylor, CBS' new musical advisor.

Nino Martini is back on Chesterfield once more, every Wednesday evening, on CBS.

Left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell grin as they tell the world that they are happily married. Below, Francia White, after guest-starring on opening broadcasts of Fred Astaire's show, becomes Nelson Eddy's co-star.
LEGS CHAP TOO—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. Its special creamy lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry “skin cracks” that sting and burn.

MEN LOVE to look at—and hold—hands kept smooth and white with Hinds. Skin looks different—so much softer! That's because Hinds goes into roughness—doesn't just float on top. Every creamy drop does its part in soothing water-puffed hands—in relieving chapping.

RED SANDPAPER HANDS... how they sting and burn, feel calloused on the palms, rough on the backs. That's what hard work outdoors does to tender skin! Put softness back again with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Quicker-acting—not watery—every rich, creamy drop does good. Hands recover a soft feminine look right away with Hinds. It really works!

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER IN THE STORES NOW!
The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop creamy—not watery. Every drop works better! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream all during the day. It puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

NEW RADIO TREAT— "Between the Bookends" brought to you by Hinds at 12:15 pm E.S.T. over WABC-CBS

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
By JAY PETERS

THE end of the guest-star idea is foreseen by the wiseacres of Radio Row. Like most things in radio, such as the amateurs and the community sings, the novelty is being killed by too much repetition. At the moment no less than fourteen outstanding programs are specializing in guest stars and listeners are wearying of them. The same guest stars appear on the different bills, going from one to another, and there has developed a group of professional guesters. "What are you doing now?" one radio artist asks another. "Oh, just guesting," is the nonchalant reply and that tells the story. The original purpose of the guesters—to produce a personality new to listeners and thus add novelty to the programs—has become lost in the shuffle. A notable exception is the Fleischmann Variety Hour, the promoters of which rarely present an established radio personality but seek talent new to dialists. Kate Smith's new Bandwagon program is operating upon the same lines.

THE wish may be father of the thought but the rumor persists on Radio Row that Merlin H. Aylesworth will soon return as President of the National Broadcasting Company. The incumbent, Major Lenox Lohr, the electrical engineer who made such a success of the Chicago Century of Progress, "they say," will be given an important position in NBC's parent organization, the Radio Corporation of America. Major Lohr assumed command of NBC about a year ago, immediately inaugurating a policy of retrenchment. His reputed purpose was to cut down operating expenses a $1,000,000 a year.

Ralph Dumke and Ed East return as the Quality Twins on a CBS sponsored show.

While the claims of the motion picture exhibitors that the air appearances of film stars are reducing box-office receipts throughout the country receives the serious attention of the Hays organization, sponsors go serenely on their way signing up for broadcasts all the flicker talent deemed desirable. However, the threat of some of the theater owners to boycott the films of stars regularly appearing on the kilocycles is having its effect. For instance, when this was written Dick Powell was in a huddle with his advisers to determine the advisability of his withdrawing from the Hollywood Hotel program. Bing Crosby, in the same boat with Powell so far as regular weekly broadcasts are concerned, and certain other stars who share in the gross receipts of their pictures, are reported apprehensive over the attitude of the exhibitors and are considering this angle of the situation very seriously.

PRESS-TIME FLASHEES

Major Edward Bowes, highest paid radio personality, is reported investing some of his rapidly accumulating surplus coin in a Long Island realty development. A new song writing team flashes into being before the jaundiced eyes of Tin Pan Alley. It is composed of none other than Ginger Rogers and Richard Himber. The later's work as a composer is well known but the film maiden as a lyric writer is in a brand new role.

Norman (How DO You DO) Brokenshire is tired—he says—of his role as the playboy of the studios and is trying another comeback, this time on Hearst's New York station, WINS. One of the big motor companies using guest stars on its programs starts paying off such talent with gasoline go-carts instead of gold. The arrangement is satisfactory to the artists but some are apprehensive lest the idea spread.

Morton Downey and his family have returned after a summer spent abroad.
to other sponsors. Who, for instance, wants to be paid off in soap?

Kate Smith, finding the cost of living mounting, increases her personal allowance from $70 weekly to $100. Kate is by no means parsimonious, nor is she a spendthrift; which explains why she has amassed $1,000,000 in five years... Paul Whiteman is significantly honored by being named the only guest conductor this season with the Philadelphia Orchestra. He will lead in two concerts of modern music November 27 and 28.

The Voice of Experience buys the country home formerly owned by the Myers of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company for the sum of $35,000... Mr. Myers spent $250,000 rock-gardening and landscaping the estate, so you can imagine how elaborate it is—and what a bargain the Voice got.

Doris Wester, one of the few amateurs ever to get any place in radio,

Phil Baker was another radio star to cross the Atlantic this summer. Here he is with his wife and baby Margot.

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**

*I know the perfect skin care that Camay gives me. My skin was never lovelier—thanks to Camay.*

Sincerely,

(Signed) Hilda Wade

(Mrs. Frank E. Wade)

August 5, 1936

HILDA WADE is even lovelier than her picture. This gracious bride has a perfect complexion—smooth, clear, fresh. "A tribute to Camay's excellent care," she says.

Your skin, too, should have Camay's perfect care. For Camay has a mild, gentle way of bringing out the true loveliness of your complexion. Camay's creamy, rich lather soothes the skin. Camay's tiny bubbles work energetically—cleansing right down to every pore. In no time at all, your skin will have a loveliness all the world can admire.

The magic of Camay? Its mildness. Camay is definitely, provably milder than other leading beauty soaps. Try Camay today. Order half a dozen cakes. Its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.
changes her name to Doris Walton upon reporting for work on the Warner lot in Hollywood. Doris, launched by Major Bowes, made her professional debut at Jack Rockefeller's swanky resort, the Rainbow Room, skyhigh in Radio City.

It won't be long now before the coast-to-coast network of the Mutual Broadcasting System becomes a fact, the country-wide expansion going into effect not later than December 29. Recently annexed were two midwestern regional networks, the Central States Broadcasting System and the Iowa Broadcasting System. These companies will provide links in the chain in Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Omaha and Lincoln. On the West Coast the Mutual's ally is the Don Lee network.

WOR, Mutual's New York outlet, is busy signing talent for the new coast-to-coast programs. Benay Venuta is among the artists engaged. She will be the star and mistress of ceremonies of a Sunday matinee period. Welcome Lewis, Joey Nash, Danny Lee and the Mullin Sisters are other entertainers secured, and The Grummits, serial of family life, one of the many features already arranged.

The hundred odd stations serviced by the National Broadcasting Company are linked together by 21,635 miles of special telephone wires. The Columbia Broadcasting System uses almost as many more miles of cables for the transmission of its programs throughout the country. Problem: if the national networks between them require over 40,000 miles of wires to project their broadcasts, how can radio be properly referred to as "wireless?"

Advertising agencies specializing in radio programs are still trying to figure out why four big stage and screen stars failed to make the grade on the air last season. The four so listed are Mary Pickford, Fannie Brice, Jimmy Durante and Frank Fay. In the cases of the first three, bad vehicles are generally assigned as the reason; in the case of Frank Fay, the failure is ascribed to too much Fay. The Elf of the Ether was a hit in his few minutes on Fleischmann Varieties but flopped when expanded into a one-man half-hour show.

In the Social Whirl

It won't be long now before the leap year of 1936 will be just a memory. And unless Cupid cuts some fancy capers pretty quick it will end with radio's most desirable bachelors still bachelors, there being practically no casualties in the list during the year. The gals, it would seem, have been sadly neglecting their opportunities or perhaps the sex-resistance of the eligibles has been strangely strengthened.

Whatever the reason such admirable prospects as Frank Parker, Nelson Eddy, Bob Crosby, Robert Simmons, Nino Martini, Robert L. Ripley, Dave Rubinson, Andre Kostelanetz, Harry (Parkyakarkus) Einstein, Richard Himber and Abe Lyman are still unyoked. Heaven knows the gossips have connected each of these celibates with maids more or less on the matrimonial make but that doesn't alter the fact they were still spouseless when this was written.

(Personal note to reader: Of course, if Andre Kostelanetz makes the plunge with Lily Pons before this reaches you or Nino Martini does ditto with Elissa Landi or there are any other defections just skip their names and remember your Cholly Knickerbocker isn't infallible in affairs of the heart.—J. P.)

The revelations of Mary Astor's diary had many repercussions in radio. Some sponsors anxiously sought information as to whether songbirds on their programs kept records of their daily thoughts and doings. And one large advertising agency, employing considerable talent in renewing contracts, inserted what is laughingly described as a "morality clause." It is designed to cancel instant if the artist becomes
involved in any public scandal.

Add to births: A boy to the Ford Bonds, christened Reynolds Ford Bond. They also have a daughter, Alice Marylyn Bond. To Vet Boswell, in private life Mrs. John Paul Jones, wife of a South American oil man, a daughter... Add to marriages: Vivian Fridell, star of Backstage Wife, to Gerrit James de Gelleke, Jr., of Milwaukee... Add to divorces: Queena Mario, opera star, from Wilfred Pelletier, the maestro.

The Benny Goodmans are reported adrift... Johnny Green and Ginger Rogers are romancing... Ditto Sheila Brent and Frank Cody, NBC sports announcer... Dorothy Russell, not the daughter of the famous Lillian but Horace Heidt's vocalist, is altar-bound... Ella Logan's "niece," a 4-year old miss who sang on Paul Whiteman's children's program under the name Annabelle Short, is really her daughter.

SONGBIRD Virginia Rea and her musician-husband, Edgar Sittig, built a handsome home for themselves in the wilds of the Pocono Mountains. The house is of stone, found on their own premises. But for the bath room, completed at a cost of $5000, they imported black marble and installed gold-plated plumbing fixtures, making it the smallest room in the building, and the most expensive. And Mr. Sittig when he married the gorgeous Virginia said "I do" to the preacher man in a ready-made suit which cost him $19!

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

While NBC celebrates its tenth birthday, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Happiness Boys, back in the picture again as songleaders on the Gillette Community Sing program, are observing their thirteenth anniversary as broadcasters. They were the first team to go on the air and the first radio artists to be paid for their work. Of course it wasn't much (in those days the boys collected $50 a week) but it was something and a grand distinction.

Lowell Thomas's life is a continuous round of luncheons and banquets—and gosh, how he dreads 'em! It is all because Sonoco's News Voice of the Air is such a splendid after-dinner speaker and his sponsor requires his presence at such affairs for their advertising and good-will values. A lover of the wide, open spaces, Mr. Thomas loathes cities and crowds. But forced by circumstances to remain in congested centers, he seeks solace in his library stocked with over five thousand volumes of adventure stories and gets a lot of satisfaction writing books about personalities who do things in the world—but not in the cities.

It is hard to believe now, but twenty years ago in... (Continued on page 79)
HOLLYWOOD: Credit broadcasting with another humane act. Recently the son of Mrs. Mary Dole, of the Hawaiian importing family, was stricken seriously ill in his San Francisco home. Some-where in the far north off the coast of Alaska, his mother was cruising, unaware of her son’s condition. Wireless messages were unanswered. In desperation, the Coast Guard appealed to KNX, whose broadcasts are regularly heard in the upper reaches of this continent. The bulletin was received, the vessel swung about, and it was a very grateful mother who thanked KNX some days later.

San Francisco: These One Man’s Family actors and actresses are certainly good American homebodies in real life as well as on the air. When Kathleen Wilson (Claudia) returned to the cast, she learned that her serial husband, Nicky, had gotten married while she was away. The bride is Helen Clifford, a trained nurse, and as a wedding gift from the cast, received an Italian lace tablecloth. Of course Kathleen was not jealous of her radio spouse’s new partnership. She herself is a wife and mother. You recall that last month’s Coast-to-Coast column told you of the birth of her new son.

Chicago: Here’s another wedding. Jim Ameche, leading man of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company’s Little Theat-Aire dramas, is marrying Betty Harris, a Chicagoan, in Rochester, N. Y. The wedding is being held in the church in which the bride’s mother and grandmother took their vows. Jim, you may know, is the younger brother of Don Ameche, handsome gallant of the airwaves who for so long has played leading parts in the First Nighter series.

Chicago: Owen Newell, ABC assistant program di-rector, decided that he got about a good bit in the course of a day’s work of dashing from studio to studio. The other day he appeared at broadcasting headquarters with a pedometer. Clocked a total of eight and three-quarter miles by the end of the day. Wonder what he’d think if he read the recent newspaper report that housewives are estimated to walk each year a distance equal to that between Boston and San Francisco—over 3,000 miles.

Cincinnati: If you are a WLW follower, and it’s pretty hard not to be one in a good part of this country, you are probably listening to the lilting rhythms of Babs and her Brothers. And doubtless you are wondering if it is the same trio which made such a hit as a part of the Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians troupe. Well it isn’t—not entirely. The two boys, Charles and Little Ryan, are the same boys. They are real brothers. There never was a sister Babs. She was married to Charlie while

This is Mary Alkus, known to listeners as Helen Webster—a California star.
the team was with Waring. Then the couple had that disagreement about which you may have read in Radio Mirror, and they parted, leaving the two Ryans without a girl singer. But the original Babs, now living in New York in temporary retirement, graciously gave permission for them to select another girl. So now the Babs you hear is Lillian Perron, known to intimates as “Buddy.”

* * *

Chicago: One little-bitty business about “Knock, Knock” and a promise not to mention it again. A correspondent at the WBBM studios reports that the constant hammering going on during the studio reconstruction has jarred these knock-knocks out of artists and announcers:

John Harrington—Patsy dog and you get ze bite.

Eddie House—Ida rather take you out than my wife.

Elizabeth Reller—Lucille-s keep the shoemakers busy.

Billy Mills—Frances teeming with gigolos.

Pat Flanagan—Agnes I need a drink.

Franklyn MacCormack—Antipathy waiter please, I’m broke.

Or maybe you’ve heard them. We’re sorry for you either way.

* * *

Hollywood: KNX listeners have heard Lal Chand Mehra for several years, but never as an announcer. In M-G-M’s new picture, “Libeled Lady,” however, he is heard announcing over a Singapore station—both in English and in Hindustani. (Continued on page 82)

Through the keyhole with the Old Eavesdropper, Clinton Twiss, who does announcing for the Woman’s Magazine of the Air on the Coast.

SO AFRAID! . . . BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is “Certain-Safe!” It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you’ve never known before, because Modess is made differently!

NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to. . . wear whatever you want to. . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents striking through! Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the blue line on moisture-proof side away from body and perfect protection is yours.

End “accident panic”—ask for Certain-Safe Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

- Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.
BEAUTY which your hands can hold, beauty which you can share with the world—what greater Christmas present can there be than this? There's a great tradition behind it, too, for we read of the first Christmas celebration of all: "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh." The most precious of material things then, as now, were fine metals, elusive fragrances, and soothing balms.

The spirit of Christmas itself is something very noble and tender, a feeling so strong that it must find an outlet in the exchange of lovely remembrances, no matter how small the amount we can afford to spend on them. Today, as at no other time in history, the finest in designs, the best of materials, the most exquisite workmanship are available to those of modest income as well as to the wealthy.

Gifts of precious or semi-precious jewelry are not within the reach of most of us (in many cases it wouldn't be in the best of taste, anyway, would it?). However, there are crystal bottles cut with flashing facets like a diamond, opaque flasks carved like cameos, compacts and fitted cases that can compete with the craftsmanship of the most famous jewelers. A few of these many lovely possibilities for gift-giving are shown on these pages. Not one of them costs more than ten dollars, and some of them not half that.

I'll wager that if the feminine sex were put to a vote on the question, we would find perfumes, compacts, matched sets, fitted cases and evening accessories at the very top of their Christmas preferences. And don't tell me that men don't appreciate shaving ensembles, fine lotions and soaps (in mannish designs and wholesome scents, of course).

At the top of the page, left, is one of the newest perfumes and most attractive packages to greet the holiday season. It's a new and very subtle Oriental scent; the carved bottle of generous size perches on a teakwood stand and boasts a lacquer cover like the lovely cinnabar boxes from the Far East.

Next to the perfume is a fitted evening case, unbelievably trim and small to contain a full-sized "pin dot" compact (single or double, as you choose) and lipstick, in five of the most entrancing enamel finishes you ever saw. I think
you'll be particularly fascinated by the nasturtium shade, which blends so well with the Persian brocade of the case itself. There's a satin pocket the full size of the case behind the fittings, with plenty of room for handkerchief, key and small change, and the side flaps and mirror cover fasten securely over it all. The case is also available in white and gold brocade, black and silver brocade, or all gold kid, and the price is very reasonable, though the products themselves are of international repute.

The third picture under our title shows another type of fitted evening bag which the French makers call a "boursette." This is an envelope design, satin-lined, in gold and white or silver and black brocade, with a brilliant clasp. The fittings include a streamline double compact, streamline lipstick (one of the most amusing and practical of all lipstick cases), flacon of perfume, comb and mirror; they may be had in various color harmonies of black, red, copper and platinum finishes. Compacts and lipsticks from these two evening cases can also be purchased separately to make a nice present.

At the (Continued on page 89)

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE
...it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the sure, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days, we know that we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing ... simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterward! 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 hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . 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—LIKE ACTION DOES IT!

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", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Dear; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don’t you, too, test Perfolastic?

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

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent 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 2812, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name__________________________
Address_________________________
City_________________________State____________________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card
Another Dizzy Spell!

- I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't think of using any other laxative.

- When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!


The 3 Minute Way!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

Hey're gradually returning to the fold, one by one—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Eddie Cantor with talented Bobby Breen and Parkyakarkus; Fred Allen and Portland; then there's Helen Hayes in the serial Bambi which is fictionized for Radio Mirror readers in this issue; and brilliant guest stars on other big shows. Tell the world what you think of the new fall shows—whether vacations have improved the stars' talents, or lessened them. Get to work and give Radio Mirror your opinions. The prizes are as always, $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your criticism to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, not later than November 25.

$20.00 Prize
Sunday Morning's Ideal Program

I am grateful to Radio Mirror for the recent article on NBC's White Rabbit Line program. I look upon it as one of the very few ideal programs. You know, there is something strikingly appropriate about the happy sound of children's voices in the morning of the Lord's Day. Perhaps it is because He loved them so. Many a Sunday morning have I sat by the radio listening to the youthful talent and thinking how perfectly it harmonized with the usual Sabbath scene—the ringing of the church bells, the people passing by on their way to worship—and the glorious sunshine. And how incomplete the picture would be without them! The children may consider themselves fortunate, who are privileged to come within the radiation of Mr. Cross' wholesome philosophy of life. I have often expressed the wish that there were more public school teachers of his mold.

Bernard A. Roth,
Athol, Mass.

$10.00 Prize
A Tribute to Edison

I want to thank Edison for inventing the radio that brought Ted Malone to the ears of man.

Pretty dramatic, you say? But then it is dramatic when a person's life is unaccountably changed through just the hearing of his oddly beautiful voice. He is a man among men, and I shan't believe you if you say that in real life he is a hypocrite and a "no-good," for that voice was given to him by Someone who cared inevitably for the fate of mankind and who believed in the sweetness of daily living and human emotions.

Dreams and music and the philosophies of Ted Malone. Of such things is the beauty of my life composed.

Jeanne McElroy,
Waxahachie, Texas.

$1.00 Prize
Why the Excessive Politeness?

An irritating custom is the excessive
politeness exhibited between associates on radio programs. Two or more broadcasters, covering some sporting event or public spectacle and frequently exchanging use of the microphone, thank each other constantly. The same thing occurs when two or three persons are cooperating on a studio program. "Thank yours" are sprinkled all through the supposed entertainment.

Workers in other trades and professions are not so silly. The rivet catcher does not thank his fellow ironworker each time the latter tosses him a rivet on a high building. The plumber does not thank his assistant each time the latter hands him a tool. Routine in one's work does not call for such "putting on of the dog."

The whole procedure, as handled on the radio, is a time-waster, a disturber and an affectation. Courtesy and politeness are desirable, but they should not be foppishly displayed.

Fred B. Mann,
Danville, Illinois.

$1.00 PRIZE
A GRATEFUL MOTHER

Our dictionary is no longer shelved since our twelve-year-old son has made radio his hobby. If an announcer uses a pronunciation different from the one he has been accustomed to, or uses himself, he immediately turns to the dictionary for the proper solution. He has formed a habit that will live with him through the years, and he is able to converse with the best of them.

Radio has also helped him with his piano and voice lessons. He spends a great deal of time every day playing radio station; has his own theme song, announcer, and singers. He has made all the boys around here radio-minded and they put on some very interesting "broadcasts."

He is always well informed on the events of the day. Listens to The March of Time and other programs of merit. It has been an all around teacher for him the past year and I consider the investment of buying him a radio of his own well repaid.

Dorothy F. Bartlett,
St. Louis, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE
REGISTERRING A COMPLAINT

Ever since Clara Lu 'n' Em left their morning broadcasts a year ago there has been a deep loss of enjoyment to thousands of housewives.

While we could tune in on Clara, Lu 'n' Em every morning after the children had left for school and before the routine got under way, we usually had a chuckle for company while performing our daily tasks. Their program then had an ideal setting and appeal.

Their subsequent afternoon program came just when the children were turning from school and other interruptions were likely to occur, so that a daily listening in was impossible.

Now their weekly broadcasts come at night. Something is lacking. There is no sustained continuity—only a broken thread of clever chatter.

The old Clara, Lu 'n' Em were essentially a woman's program, and until they again became a woman's program, their old appeal is lost.

Olive A. Clinton,
West Allis, Wisc.

$1.00 PRIZE
WHEN MUSIC SPEAKS!

No longer do country dwellers regret that they can not go to the free open-air concerts. Radio has brought their music to them, to be enjoyed in the open air under their own vine and fig tree. As has been said, "Music is a universal language," and it does draw us into closer relation with one another. Again some one said that "Music is love seeking a word." And is that not true of good music? The very spirit of love seems brooding over us, resenting our jealous, suspicious dislike of our neighbors. For the moment we forget to harbor such thoughts, and become as we were intended to be, a great Christian

(Continued on page 69)

"My pet hate—powder that shows up chalky in strong light"

We asked 1,067 girls—One of their pet hates in a powder, they voted, is showing too much!

And Pond's Powder led all others in "not giving that powdered look." Twice the number of votes of the second favorite. Three times the vote of the third!

"Glare-proof" colors—The reason is in Pond's colors.

"Glare-proof," they catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest light. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorative screw-top jars, 35c, 70c, New big boxes, 10c, 20c.

Pond's never looks powdery—
It clings
—voted the 2 most important
points in a powder

FREE

5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires Feb. 1, 1937)

Pond's, Dept. M-132, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 3-day test.

Name:
Address:
Our money this year is on Benny Goodman as having the season's Number One band. After subjugating Chicago last year with the abandon and spontaneity of his swing music, Benny moved into New York this fall with headquarters at the Pennsylvania Hotel, that band citadel where Vincent Lopez first came to fame. Few thought a season or two ago that he had what it takes to make a maestro, claiming he was too good a musician, too sincere and no showman. The dopesters told him he would have to change himself all over and put on an act to succeed. Noted for saying just what he thinks, he frequently rubs the boys in the band the wrong way. At such times his brother Harry, who plays in the band, follows up and smooths things over. Benny will continue on the Camel hour, alternating with Nat Shilkret and providing swing and sweet music side by side. Benny's band being picked up at New York and Nat's at Hollywood.

A swell new orchestral combination this season is Red Norvo's band. Red is the husband of Mildred Bailey, one of the few feminine authorities on swing music. Red's band features a soft, subtle brand of swing... Ozzie Nelson takes two and three malted milks and two chicken salad sandwiches before turning in every night. Harriet keeps razzing him that he will put on more weight but he says, "Not a chance. You don't realize how much energy I expend swinging a stick on the (Continued on page 85)
THEY STARRED AT SOCIETY FASHION SHOWS

-these 3 new “Smoky” Nail Shades

At Society’s most exclusive Fashion Benefits this Fall, the new “Smoky” Cutex nail shades made a tremendous fashion hit.

The season’s newest crop of debutante models doted on these subtler, softer nail shades. “They make ordinary one-tone polishes seem harsh by comparison,” they said. “They’re divinely flattering, as well as smart,” and “go with many more costume colors.” “Smoky” nail shades are definitely in!

**Old Rose** is utterly feminine — true soft rose, but in the new smart smoky key. Irresistible with evening pastels and just made for the new wine shades!

**Robin Red** is a new softer red that goes with anything and is wonderful with the new autumn browns and greens.

**Cutex Rust** is a fascinating smoky pink, with a soft, brown undertone. It’s equally flattering to still sun-tanned hands or the dark elegance of velvets and sable.

You’re sure of brilliant lustre and long wear with any Cutex color. And the wonderful new formula positively refuses to fade — and never thickens — it’s usable right down to the last drop!

Even if your income doesn’t run to Paris frocks, these “Smoky” nail shades will make you glamorous! You can afford them all — a mere 35¢ a bottle, at your favorite shop.


Mauve
A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray, and all pale colors.

Rust
Pink with an undertone of brown — made to order to wear with autumn-leaf colors.

Old Rose
A pale, dusky rose. Intriguingly feminine. Especially lovely with pastels.

Robin Red
A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with practically all costume colors!

---

**Cutex Introductory Set containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢**

---

Northam Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 6B12
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2730, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ for the Cutex Introductory Set with 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve  □  Rust □ Light Rust □ Robin Red □ Old Rose □

Name
Address
City  State
Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion:

Smoking Camels!

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on—for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film premières...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

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. GARDNER COOLIDGE, H., Boston
MRS. ERNEST DA Pont, Jr., Filmington
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS C. PENNIMAN, Jr., Baltimore
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS ANNE C. ROYCE, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN BENSSEL, New York

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
A SMALL, inner room—perhaps a closet—shut off from the rest of the house, airless. A loudspeaker, throttled down to a whisper, pouring its words into the straining ears of three or four men. The men, furtive, afraid to give all their attention to what the radio is bringing them lest they miss a warning knock from outside the door.

Another scene. A crowded cafe, its patrons intent upon the voice which blares from another loudspeaker on a counter. "Our glorious armies are advancing upon their objective! Within another day they will take it. They will burn the city! They must be ruthless! They must drive out the menace with whips... shoot... kill!"

That is radio in Spain under the revolution—a force unleashed by both sides in the struggle, a powerful weapon for both sides—and at the same time, a menace. Something to be used—something to be feared.

In the opinion of the Columbia Broadcasting Company's most experienced news commentator, a man who spent weeks on friendly terms with both factions in the Spanish civil war, radio is daily adding fuel to fires of hatred in an unhappy country. It is being used to misrepresent facts, distort truth, inspire hysterical courage in the fighters and fear in non-combatants.

And by doing all this, it is doing its bit toward prolonging a fratricidal war which otherwise might lose momentum and be brought to an end. Every day, the blame for some of the lives lost in Spain may be laid to radio—or rather, to the use being made of radio.

It is radio in a totally new role, one it is hard for us to conceive of as we listen to our amusing commercial broadcasts, our Kate Smiths and Bing Crosbys. The picture is not a pleasant one, but it is one we must see and study.
for some day some of its aspects may face us in this

country.

A year ago, Radio Mirror published a series of articles
under the title, "Will War Guns Silence Radio?" Those
articles, although they were based upon interviews with
military and government experts, were frankly speculative.
They were intended to show what changes radio might bring
to modern warfare, and what other changes war might bring
to radio.

Questions raised by those articles can be answered now.
Some of the results forecast in them have happened. Others
have not. But for the first time, it is now possible to see the
actual effects of radio upon the people of a country at war.

In Spain, under the bloodiest and fiercest civil war the
world has seen in this century, radio is at work tearing a
nation apart. In other parts of Europe—Germany and
Russia particularly—that same radio is drawing nations
together, unifying them, preparing them for war. It is
effectively effective and dangerous in either work.

I talked to H. V. Kaltenborn, Columbia's dean of news
commentators, after he had returned from six weeks in
Spain, and he told me many things which revealed radio's
new importance in Europe's game of life and death. We
were sitting, on the day of his return to the United States,
in his quiet Brooklyn study, so peaceful, so remote from the
scenes of horror and bloodshed I had heard him describe on
the air from Spain, that it was hard to realize they had
really occurred. Yet, between us, on the table, lay three
bullets, scarred and disfigured. Two of them had buried
themselves three feet deep in a haystack behind which Kal-
tenborn had taken shelter during the battle of Irun. The
other had struck a wall, a few feet above his head, and
dropped to the ground beside him.

If you heard Kaltenborn's broadcasts during the battle
of Irun, you know that he was the first man to put an actual
war on the air. Microphone in hand, he was no more than
a few hundred yards from the fighting between Spanish
Rebels and Loyalists. Perhaps you listened to other trans-
Atlantic broadcasts he made while he was in the war area.
Yet there were things he didn't tell you on the air, things
the significance of which was perhaps not fully apparent
at the time.

One incident stands out as particularly important. In
Pamplona, one of the northern Spanish towns, he passed a
building which was surrounded by cordons of armed guards.
It was about twice as heavily guarded as any other building
in the city. It was the Pamplona radio station. Kaltenborn
was accredited by both factions in the war; most official
doors were open to him; Rebel and Loyalist commanders
both trusted in his good faith as a reporter. But here was
one place their trust stopped short. He was not allowed to
enter or go near that radio station, or any radio station in
Spain.

"The radio is worth too much to us," was the answer
they always gave him. "And one bomb could destroy a
station."

To understand why the continued operation of their
broadcasting facilities means so much to both sides, you
must remember that Spain today is a country torn inter-
nally by two opposing political and social ideals.

The war is between two classes, each of which believes in
its own rightness with a belief that has passed beyond rea-
HIS EYE WITNESS REPORT OF HOW RADIO IS HELPING TO WASTE LIVES

son. Each class hates the other with a hatred born of past oppressions and injustices and fed by the emotional, hysterical nature of the Spanish people.

"The fighting men on both sides are careless of danger and death," Kaltenborn says. "It isn't courage that they show. All of them, Rebels and Loyalists, are whipped up into a white heat of fury at their 'enemies,' the opposing faction. There is simply no room in their minds, filled as they are with this hatred and bloodlust, for fear. That's why I say they don't show courage, because to be brave you must feel fear. They don't. They are calloused, indifferent . . . I felt this spirit of hysteria—for it is a form of hysteria—taking hold of me, too, after I had been in the battle lines once or twice. It was an amazing demonstration of the power of mob emotion, to feel myself losing my natural fear and inclination to run from danger, gaining the same fatalistic and fearless attitude the Spaniards have."

It is largely radio which is keeping alive this fierce hatred between the people of Spain, by feeding it with an unending stream of propaganda, oratory, and downright lies. It supplements the addresses of the generals to the men in the battlefields; and in the cities, it keeps the war and its bitterness always in the minds of the civilians, preparing them for the time when they must take up arms to replace those who have been killed.

The spoken word is something alive, impossible to confine. A printed news story must pass through several hands before it reaches its reader, and it can then be read, and more carefully re-read. A radio report comes straight from mouth to ear, and it can be heard only once. For some strange psychological reason, it is easier to shriek untruths over the radio, and make them sound plausible, than it is to print those some untruths in a newspaper.

The Spanish revolution has been a field day for radio liars. Fantastic news reports, flatly contradicting each other, are the day-long fare of the Spanish listener. Cities are reported captured, or about (Continued on page 72)
YOU'VE been told so many things that aren't true about Nelson Eddy—the endless romances, the countless girls that have stirred him—that it's a little hard to offer you his attitudes toward love and marriage and life and his work, as they really exist.

We talked about it yesterday on the huge set where, with Jeanette MacDonald and under the direction of Edmund Goulding, he is making "Maytime." When it's released, his fan mail will probably go up another million, though Heaven knows what he'll do with it; he already gets more than any other human being in the United States. I said.

"You're in love again, I see. So-and-So says so in his gossip column."

He didn't even bother to look annoyed. "I wonder just how much glamour I'd lose if someone wrote my actual views on the subject? If someone gave the public a little truth, for a change?"

"They'd like it," I told him.

So this is the truth. It's the story of a solemn, hard-working, hard-studying sincere boy who left school at fourteen to get a job and help support his mother and himself; of an older-than-his-years youth who had no time for any of the happy irresponsible nonsense of most young men. It's the story of great determination and of steady unremitting labor and of a beautiful understanding between a charming woman and her son. It's Nelson's real story.

I'm not implying that he has had none of the fleeting little infatuations, the mild short-lived romances that are a part of every normal man's existence. But he chooses to make them his personal business and that's a decision to be respected. He has never married and he has never been enough in love to want marriage. The chances are fifty-fifty that he never will.

"I don't know how I can explain it to you so it will make sense," he said, stretching back in his chair. "Attitudes are hard to put into words. But my profession—music and all it stands for and myself in relation to it—represents about ninety per cent of my life. I hate the word, but my career as a singer means almost everything to me. It always has.

"When you've got so tremendous, so overpowering a force filling you—your personality and your life—it takes a pretty big thing to match that force, to stand up against it."

"And, you see, I'm an idealist about marriage. I'll have to find a love that will at least be as great an influence within me as my ambition and my love of work, before I'll get married. And that's hard to find."

I said, "Haven't you ever thought that if you married someone for a smaller love, and it didn't
work out, there's such a thing as divorce? Every other star in Hollywood has."

Nelson's face was suddenly murderous. "My feelings about the subject of divorce," he said tensely, "amounts to a sort of madness. During my entire life I've watched the misery and agony that's come from the separation of man and wife—I've watched it happen in my family, with my uncles and several cousins, and I've seen it among my friends." He paused a moment. "I know from private experience, because of my parents."

"When I finally find a love great enough to match the thing in me that takes up so much of my energy and emotion, and decide to marry, then it will be for good. There won't be any divorce."

"That's the point, you see. That's why I've not married yet and why, it may be, I never will. Entirely aside from the fact that I want so much from love, there's always the thought, and there always has been in the past, that it mightn't work out. That it might end in divorce. Do you understand my fear, why I can't honestly feel I am cut out to be a married man?"

His father was a machinist-inventor and the work carried with it the necessity for travel, town-to-town treks that meant endless packing and nervous movement. Nelson, during the first few years of his life, knew no established home and thus had no chance to make friends or find playmates for himself. He had no sooner begun to adjust himself in a school than the word came that his father must move again; so eternally he was a newcomer, a strange little boy who had just come to town and whom the local kids must inspect and test before they could admit him to their circles. You can imagine his loneliness.

He learned, then, the knack of introspection and of self-sufficiency. There was no one to play with him, so he invented little games to play by himself. And during (Continued on page 75)

By HOWARD SHARPE
Jackie Cooper, long a favorite Hollywood child star, has grown up and is radio's first juvenile master of ceremonies. Listen for his electrically recorded shows, Lessons in Hollywood, on your local station.
Patricia Dunlap, recently the beautiful leading lady in Og, Son of Fire, has won the coveted role of Janet Dexter in the dramatic serial, Bachelor's Children, heard every weekday morning at 9:45 over a CBS network.
ALYCE—The second King sister, below, was born in Payson, Utah, and educated in California. Later, she and the others all studied music with their father, a professional teacher. Alyce isn’t even in love yet, but hopes some day to combine her career with a perfect marriage.

LOUISE—The oldest sister, above, in the quartet with Horace Heidt’s Brigadiers on the Alemite Hour, was born in Payson, Utah, December 12, 1913. She’s taught dancing and done work in radio, movies, and vaudeville. Clothes designing is her hobby, and she’s not married.

YVONNE—The blonde and youngest King, below, is only sixteen. She’s the only blonde in a family of eight children. (The others are Maxine, married; Marilyn, at home in California; and two brothers, Karleton and Billy.) She draws, writes a little, and is the baby of the orchestra.

DONNA—With her sisters, the next-to-youngest King, above, has filled many an engagement in radio and vaudeville. Colorado is her native state; dancing and swimming her hobbies. Incidentally, the sisters’ real name is Driggs—they took the King from their father’s middle name.
DIGEST POLL COMMENTATOR—John B. Kennedy, below, who broadcasts the Literary Digest Presidential poll results twice a week on NBC, is a former magazine editor, and has interviewed everybody from the Pope to Al Capone. Born in Canada, he’s been here since 1909.

KATE’S MAESTRO—Ever since Kate Smith went on the air, Jack Miller, left, has led her band. He tried various professions before turning to music—boxing, auto racing, plumbing, and wireless operating. He’s a fine baritone as well as an instrumentalist, has blond hair and blue eyes.

COMMUNITY SINGER—Right, Homer Rodeheaver, who gained fame as musical director for the late Evangelist Billy Sunday, is conductor of the Palmolive mass singing show Wednesday night on CBS. He was with the evangelist from 1909 until 1931 and also assisted him in his work during the war.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL’S PAIGE—Raymond Paige, above, Hollywood Hotel’s musical director, was born in Wisconsin. All his life he intended to be a musician, and he formed his first orchestra in Sunday school. You often hear snatches of his original music on the show.
From the infancy of broadcasting come these fascinating pictures, taken in the early 1920's in the old New Jersey WJZ studios. They show the growth of network radio which NBC is celebrating. All are from the scrapbook of Miss Bertha Brainard, Commercial Program Director of NBC. Above is Howard Garis who was "Uncle Wiggily," one of the first story-tellers for children. Note the derrick-like microphone and the transmitter, like an old-fashioned cabinet phonograph. Left below, Mme. Johanna Gadski, who sang frequently. Above, authoress Fannie Hurst (wearing the dark dress) and a friend inspecting the new toy. Below, famed pianist-composer, Percy Grainger, did his broadcasting surrounded by flowers and potted palms.
Celebrities didn't have to do anything but shout into a microphone when Eddie Cantor (above) and Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford (below) posed for these pictures. At the right, contrast the reception room of the old WJZ with the luxury and spaciousness of Radio City's.
Would you have the courage to bring your daughter up inside prison walls? Would you entrust her to the care of men who had committed offenses against the state, and encourage deep friendships between her and such men?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I am sure your answer would be the same: "No, certainly not!"

Yet Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing prison, at Ossining, New York, has done just that. His youngest daughter not only was born within prison walls, but she spent the first eleven years of her life in intimate daily contact with convicted men. Today, at the age of fifteen, she still counts many convicts among her best friends.

More, Warden Lawes, whose prison stories you hear every week on NBC, is convinced that his daughter’s early contacts with the men in his charge constituted the finest possible training for her. And, after meeting her and talking to her, I am sure he is right.

Cherie Lawes is fifteen now. She has the poise both of a trained athlete and of a young woman who is used to meeting many people. You think, on first being introduced to her, that she is at least three years older than her actual age. She isn’t really pretty, but her small face, lightly dusted with freckles, is charming in its enthusiasm and vitality. Her blue eyes sparkle and snap as she talks. She has her mother’s auburn hair, falling against her cheeks in loose waves.

She was born when her father had been warden of Sing Sing for two years. The family at that time was living in the old Warden’s Residence inside the prison, and Cherie was the first—and so far the only—child ever to be born and raised in Sing Sing.

There were several courses Warden and Mrs. Lawes could have followed. As Cherie grew older, they could have sent her away from the penitentiary, to live with relatives for a while, later to go to some private boarding school.

Or they could even have raised her there, in the Warden’s Residence, and still sheltered her from the prison. It would have meant engaging a special servant from outside. It would have meant laying down strict boundary lines past which she must be forbidden to go. But it could have been done.

Warden Lawes chose to follow neither of these courses. He had been in the penal service, at various institutions, for seventeen years at the time of Cherie’s birth, and the philosophy upon which he has built his advanced and liberal system of prison government was already formed. His two older daughters, Kathleen and Crystal, had come into a certain amount of contact with the inmates of the reformatory from which he had come to Sing Sing, and he believed that instead of harming them it had done them good.

He determined to do something that most parents would have fought bitterly to keep from doing. He would raise Cherie in the prison grounds. Her attendants and nurses would be the regular house servants, all of them trusties who had been assigned to the Warden as his personal employees. As Cherie grew older she would be given the run of the penitentiary.

Until she was six, Cherie never wore girl’s dresses. Perhaps the Warden and Mrs. Lawes had hoped their third child would be a boy; at any rate, boys’ clothes were much more practical than girls’ for such an active young person as Cherie proved to be.

When she was two, she used to sit atop a heap of clothes in a basket in the prison laundry, solemnly chewing on a strip of bacon and watching the two colored men who ran the ironing machine feed linen into its slow-moving rollers and pull it out again. Another colored man, whom she never knew by any other name (Continued on page 73)
DAUGHTER
in Prison

By DAN WHEELER

BORN IN SING SING, SHE HAS
KNOWN NO OTHER HOME. READ
WHY HER FATHER HAD COURAGE
ENOUGH TO TAKE THIS COURSE

Above, Cherie, now fifteen,
is ample proof of the wisdom
of her father's way of bring-
ing her up. It was a gamble,
but it worked. Right, she was
chosen as a child to be mascot
of Sing Sing's baseball team.

For the Warden Lawes broadcasts,
on NBC network, see page 52.
**JERRY COOPER'S**

**DOES Mother know best?**

That is the perplexing question which Jerry Cooper, the CBS Krueger's Musical Toast baritone, must answer as he stands today at the cross-roads of his life torn between conflicting loyalties. On one hand stands his mother, sweet, soft-spoken—a woman with all the gracious tradition of the south in her slow mellow voice. On the other, the one great love of his life, Joan Mitchell, exotic model and dancer, whose dazzling beauty represents all the glamor of Broadway.

Perhaps if Jerry Cooper were an ordinary young man, or his mother an ordinary woman, or Joan just a simple, pretty girl, Jerry's problem would be a lot simpler. Young men today are not often tied to their mother's apron strings—not if they have granite characters like Jerry's. Nor does a young man often stop to give heed to his mother's advice in this day of emancipated youth. But Jerry's relationship with his mother has deeper roots and ties than the normal love between son and mother, ties of sympathy and understanding that go back many years—years of trouble and heartache and responsibility.

Jerry was only twelve when he came home one day, his face flushed and eager with play and excitement, to find his mother sitting in dry-eyed frozen calm, her busy hands folded listlessly in her lap, her merry blue eyes blank with despair.

Jerry's younger brother and sister rushed in, clamorous and indifferent in their childish self-absorption, demanding attention and food. Perhaps they were perplexed at the indifference of a mother who always anticipated their wants and met them with laughter. Perhaps on the other hand they didn't notice that it was Jerry who soberly sliced bread and butter and sprinkled it with sugar and sent them packing out to play.

However, there is no doubt that Jerry knew that something was terribly wrong. Quietly he walked about the house, performing odd chores, washing up the lunch dishes which had been left unwashed in his mother's usually immaculate kitchen, silent but watching and waiting—waiting for that awful silence to break.

At last it came. Mrs. Cooper noticed her little son hovering anxiously about. "Your father's gone," she said tonelessly.

Jerry looked at her in perplexity. "Gone!" People who died were gone. But his father obviously wasn't dead. Slowly the realization of what had happened dawned in his young mind. He remembered and pieced together fragments of impressions—of harsh words exchanged while he lay wondering in the dark. Dimly in some boyish way he understood the anguish of his mother and in that moment he became a man.

He flung his arms about his mother. "Don't worry, mom!" he sobbed, "I'll take care of you forever!"

That was no idle, childish promise. Jerry quit school and went to work, continuing his education at night. His mother, who was a trained nurse, also went back to work. Side by side they worked and planned for the younger children, shared each other's hardships, trials and joys. For they did find happiness at last. Time had healed the painful memory of that unhappy day. Jerry was proud of his tall, beautiful, gallant mother and she adored his lovable, loyal son who looked so like her with his soft, wavy brown hair, her Irish blue eyes, his winsome smile.

Evenings, after they had returned from their respective jobs, they would compare notes of the day, budget their meager incomes and decide whether the children could have a new suit or dress. Always Jerry and his mother went without things so that the younger ones might have everything.

And then when the kids were safely asleep, Jerry would sing...
the songs his mother loved so well, while she sat at the old yellowed piano keys and played for him. Jerry finally graduated from the menial jobs he had worked at to a solid position with a railroad company. The increased income enabled them to move into a better quarter of New Orleans. Life was a good deal easier now. His mother accepted fewer cases that demanded her absence from home for long intervals. The future looked brighter.

Jerry indeed had become a man. He took the responsibility of a provider and an adviser to his whole family.

And then one day, quite by accident, Roger Wolfe Kahn, playing in a New Orleans dance hall, heard Jerry sing. He was impressed with Jerry’s natural voice and advised him to consider seriously a singing career. From that day on, Jerry had a new interest in life. He had discovered that someone besides his mother thought he could sing—really sing well enough to be, for example, on the radio! So he sang! Everywhere and anywhere the opportunity presented itself, with visiting orchestras and on the local radio stations in New Orleans.

Opportunities in New Orleans were of necessity limited. In order to get any place with a singing career one had to be in New York. Jerry looked longingly towards that mecca of opportunity, not daring to voice his desires for fear he would hurt his mother.

But Mother Cooper knew her son. And just as he had understood her problem one day long ago, so now she understood his. Bravely she faced the truth. She must not stand between Jerry and his happiness.

One day she said quite casually, “Jerry, I think you ought to go to New York. You can’t get very far here.”

Jerry’s blue eyes glowed with gratitude.

In two weeks he left New Orleans to try his fortune in New York. The story of the hardships he endured and sacrifices he made before finally Emil Coleman gave him his chance in a show he was casting for the Palais Royal, has been told too often to repeat. The day Jerry signed his first contract with the Columbia (Continued on page 87)
PREPOSTEROUS!” fumed Professor James Parkhurst, stalking down the tree-shaded New England street on his way to his nine o’clock class at Banbury’s School for Boys. For the professor’s customary academic calm—he lived a life made almost secure from interference by the cool certainties of trigonometry and calculus—had just been shattered by a breakfast-table conversation with his daughter Bambi.

Bambi. She had started out as Francesca Witherspoon Parkhurst; that had somehow become Bambina; and Bambina had been shortened to Bambi before she was out of rompers. And now here she was, before he’d even realized she was grown up, talking nonsense about marriage—and money—and supporting some man.

It had started out innocently enough, that morning. Bambi, looking amazingly pretty—even to a parental and professorial eye—over a bunch of sun-drenched marigolds, had said something about wishing she knew how to earn a living. When he pointed out that she didn’t have to, she said that sometime, maybe, she might—for instance, she might have a husband who couldn’t support her.

“I’m twenty-four, going on twenty-five,” she said calmly. “Practically an old maid. Anyway, it’s high time I found myself a husband.”

“Look here, Bambi,” said the professor, growing suspicious. “That’s the second time the word husband has come into this discussion. Have you someone in mind?”

“I have. I’ve had him in mind for years. I decided on him when I was sixteen and he first came here to teach.”

“Well, bless my soul, one of my teachers, eh?” the professor said, still innocent of the utterly absurd idea his only child was about to produce. “And now I suppose he’s proposed.”

“No,” Bambi admitted, “he doesn’t even know I exist half the time. In fact, he’s nearly as absent-minded as you are.”

As absent-minded—The horrible truth began to dawn on Professor Parkhurst. There was only one man that description could fit. “Bambi,” he said, “you don’t mean—it isn’t—”

“It is,” Bambi said firmly. “Jarvis Trent.”

And all his logical arguments—that Jarvis Trent was only a tutor, not a full-fledged teacher; that he often started to write one of those fool plays of his, and forgot

that he had any other work at all to do; that he’d never make enough money to support himself, let alone a wife—none of these had shaken Bambi’s calm assertion that he was the man she meant to marry.

“Of all the young men who’ve cluttered up my front porch,” the professor sputtered, “I do believe you’ve chosen the most ineligible.”

“Geniuses are always ineligible, Professor. They need someone to take care of them—as you do.” At which, as if to prove her point, Bambi hustled her father out of the house on his way to the class he had completely forgotten.

“Preposterous!” mumbled the professor once more as he turned at the gate to the school. But he was less vehement than he’d been at first. After all, even Bambi was going to find it difficult to marry a man who often didn’t realize she was alive.

If he could have seen what was going on at home, the professor’s mind wouldn’t have had that crumb of comfort. Ardelia, the Parkhursts’ cook, acknowledged no superiors
when it came to turning out a supernaturally delicious strawberry shortcake, but her memory was, if possible, a little worse than the professor's.

Bambi wasn't surprised, therefore, when a few minutes after the professor had left Ardelia came into the room worrying about something he had warned her the night before not to let him forget. What it was, she couldn't remember.

"All ah kin remember is—he says to me, 'Ardelia, don' you go lettin' me forget, on account of it's mos' impor-tant..." she broke off, her black face worried and down-cast.

"Serves him right for not telling me," Bambi said. A sound at the door made her turn around. "Why, what in the world—!"

"Dat's him!" Ardelia said excitedly. "Dat's what de professor said for me to remine him 'bout!"

It was Jarvis Trent—clothes rumpled, leaves in his hair, mild brown eyes blinking drowsily. (Continued on page 91)
WHERE is radio talent coming from in the future? That problem is putting circles under the eyes of network executives. And unless it is answered satisfactorily in the next few years, it will put circles under their bank balances as well. The best talent now on the air was recruited from vaudeville. But all the cream has been skimmed from that source, and vaudeville is so much a thing of the past it's developing no new names.

There was hope for a time that the amateur hours would disgorge Jolsons and Brices by the dozen. But the winners were offered no contracts, except to tour with Unit No. 7, earning enough to get bed and board, after which they returned to their old jobs, if others hadn't already grabbed them in the meantime. Round and round they went, and no one gained.

This season has seen feverish raids on picture talent, but exhibitors are already complaining that people don't go to
Theatres when they can have movie stars in their parlors—so that source is likely to be curtailed.

In its ravenous talent hunt, radio has overlooked only one fertile field and that is—radio. What is more logical than for radio to develop stars in its own workshop? Yet apparently no one has had the foresight and patience to attempt such a program except Alice Clements, wife of a Philadelphia advertising man. If she succeeds, she will be the Lincoln of radio, in pointing the way for the industry to free itself from slavish dependence on other branches of show business.

Mrs. Clements has a notion that radio comedians, singers and dramatic artists can and should be trained from the cradle for their particular niche in the entertainment world. And if you've marvelled at the self-assurance and mock-sense of the 'teen-aged youngsters on the American Pageant of Youth, you'll have to agree that the Clements experiment has been successful so far. These adolescent performers have had up to eight years' actual broadcasting experience under Mrs. Clements' tutelage, and some of them are almost ready to step into their own programs as full-fledged stars.

The Pageant of Youth youngsters are graduates cum laude of the Horn and Hardart Children's Hours, which in turn date back to an infant-parking lot in a Philadelphia store, where mothers checked their children while they shopped. Among the toys provided in the nursery was a tin mike, and the two- and three-year old tikes went for it like their mothers went for the bargain counter. They boop-boop-a-dooed all over the place. They regusted. They were so cute playing at being radio celebrities that the store switched the phone microphone for a real one and actually broadcast the performances. Alice Clements happened to tune in and persuaded her husband to listen to the next broadcast. He brought it to the attention of his clients, the Automa people, and the kiddies were soon moved to a larger station under the sponsorship of Horn and Hardart. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Clements inaugurated another Children's Hour in New York City for the same sponsors.

Oodles of child wonders discovered through these two programs have gone on to other dramatic fields (the Nicolas Brothers, pickaninny dancers of "The Big Broadcast of 1936" and Ziegfeld Follies, Jeanne Dante of stage and movies, Eileen Barton whom you've heard on Canter's program). But many of the clever youngsters outgrew the Children's Hours without being snapped up as potential movie or stage stars.

Then Alice Clements realized it was time to organize the upper grades of her radio training school. She wrote some scripts for an "Opportunity Matinee" and her husband convinced another of his clients that the chance to get talent a previous sponsor had spent seven years developing was an Opportunity he couldn't pass up. To give other gifted youths a chance, the auditions were open to anyone within the age limits of sixteen to twenty. But nine of the thirteen regular performers chosen by the listeners to make up the present Pageant of Youth are former Horn and Hardart kiddies, which speaks well for Alice Clements' training and faith in them.

She has given special attention to the training of comedians, since the supply of radio humor is so limited and the demand so great. She encourages mimicry in her protegés. She experiments with various teams until she hits on a combination of talents that supplement each other smoothly and click with the audience. She writes their comedy bits and coaches comedy songs.

Mrs. Clements believes in letting the kids learn comedy technique by imitation when they are on the Children's Hour. Then by the time they are... (Continued on page 77)
Conclusion

ONE day Bob Burns met a casting director who was testing for a blackface team for Fox Films. (Moran and Mack had just made the successful picture “Two Black Crows”). Bob quickly summoned Claude West and they did their act for the camera. Bob was chosen, but his little partner did not make the grade. The competition was stiff; over 100 blackface teams had been tested. Bob was to play comedy, and John Swor, who was the partner of Charlie Mack when it was “Swor and Mack,” played straight. The team was to be called “Black and Blue.”

A miracle at last! Bob was on his way to golden Hollywood with his wife, his boy and his dog. In his pocket rested a fat five year contract, at $300 a week. There wasn’t that much money in the world!

“We could live for a year on that much money, if we had to,” he said. There followed periods when it looked as though they might have to. But Bob didn’t know that, then. He was on his way to the Promised Land. . . .

In Hollywood, he was told to speak negro dialect morning, noon and midnight, to keep in practice. He did. Three months later he got a call, went to the costumer’s and was put into a uniform of the Northwest Mounted. He had just one line to speak. At his cue, he drewled lazily, “Hya, what’s dat you all been a-tellin’ about muh?”

That finished him on that picture. He waited some more, got occasional bit parts. He played miles of golf, then began uneasily to realize that contracts carried options. Just before Fox released him, he went over to Universal to ask about a picture they were to make, called “Heaven on Earth.” He had heard it was a river picture. . . .

Sure enough, the setting was a shanty-boat town. This was Robin Burns’ own stuff! He talked himself into a job as dialect coach and technical director, wrote several musical numbers for the film, and a theme song which was never used. It was here that he met Lew Ayres, who starred in the picture. They have been close friends ever since.

“But when “Heaven on Earth” was finished, Bob quickly found himself in the ranks of those waiting to get somewhere in the film industry. It had been a brief spurt of success, quickly forgotten.  

(Continued on page 56)
One of her favorite broadcasts is Broadway Varieties, with Oscar Shaw and Carmela Ponselle. Mrs. Harriett has the same front row seat for every CBS program.

ever heard of her three years ago.

But she is an important person in this superstitious sentimental radio world. Important enough to have fifty full-fledged radio stars play directly to her. Important enough to have a CBS board meeting called in her honor. Important enough to be the mascot of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Her clothes are dated but neat. She walks to the studios every night alone. It was Ted Husing who tried to offer her his car anytime, to go anywhere. But she politely refused.

"I don't need anything from anybody," she said proudly. Ted wasn't hurt by this remark. He seemed to understand.

Every night as the rest of the audience files out, little Mrs. Peggy Harriett remains to chat with her friends—Leo Reisman, Carmela Ponselle, Benny Fields, Freddy Rich, Lucy Monroe, Joan Marsh, Oscar Shaw, Kay Thompson, Bernice Claire, Elizabeth Lennox, Lanny Ross, Tiny Ruffner, Victor Arden, David Ross, Everett Marshall, Al Goodman, Stoopnagle and Budd, Louise Massey, Helen Jepson, to list a few.

"How was I tonight, dear?" asks Joan Marsh.

"Fine, girl, fine," reports the usually candid Mrs. Harriett, who never was a critic or a star. "But you better go home and brush up on your high notes."

"It's raining, Mrs. Harriett, can I drive you home?" interrupts David Ross.

"No, David, I think I'll subway tonight. Besides, I can afford a cab if I want one."

The stars crowd around her, eager to be near their "mascot and good luck charm."

Shortly afterward, the house lights dim and the cleaning women take possession of the stage. The miles are now cold and dead. The theater has a vacant look. Mrs. Harriett sighs heavily and limps slowly out into the street. Radio has saved another day in her long life.

She wasn't always like that—a pampered darling in the hearts of your favorites and mine. Don't envy her. Despite all the kindness the radio stars shower upon her, you wouldn't trade places with 76-year-old Peggy Harriett.

Six years ago she was lying helplessly alone in the ward room of a great hospital—given up to die. An icy street, a wandering mind, and tear-blurred eyes were responsible for the accident. Her pelvis was broken. In the dreary room, desolate except for other helpless humans, only her brain worked.

Behind her were the fading years of her life—years of laughs, tears, wealth and worry. (Continued on page 60)
It's Lowell Thomas' five hundred acre estate, built very near at hand to the Berkshire hills in Pawling, New York. The fine Colonial house is partially hidden by the very dense foliage. Here NBC's ace commentator lives with his wife and Lowell, Jr.

Although the very name of Lowell Thomas conjures up visions of strange, remote places with delicious-sounding but unpronounceable names, his traveling these days is almost wholly confined to commuting between his lovely country home in Pawling, New York and the radio and Fox Movietone Studios. As a matter of fact radio has been a stern taskmaster confining Mr. Thomas' wanderings to the United States. However, after seeing the Thomas estate, it is not difficult to understand why he fervidly insists his bondage is most pleasant.

Set in 500 acres of unbelievably lovely country near the Berkshire Hills, the Thomas colonial house rises in classical

Photographed especially for Radio Mirror by Wide World
The Thomases' living room is luxuriously furnished. The beautiful Bokhara carpet of rich red with white motifs, harmonizes with the room's color scheme. The windows are simply treated, with gold gauze curtains, red-trimmed dignity surrounded by landscaped lawns and lush foliage. With a twinkle in his blue eyes, Mr. Thomas confesses that he thinks the Berkshires the third most beautiful spot in the world; he gives precedence only to the Vale of Kashmir and a spot high in the Himalayas overlooking Tibet. That from a hardened world traveler is (Continued on page 58)

On the other hand, in the dining room, the carpet is of a solid color, deep Burgundy red, while the flowered chintz drapes lend color to this almost austere room, containing four types of furniture. Note the assorted elephants on the fireplace.

THE STARS
By RUTH GERI
Quin Ryan, below, is Mutual's mainstay in football matters out in the midwest. He's a radio veteran in Chicago, where he is manager of station WGN as well as announcer for frequent sport broadcasts.

Ted Husing, above, is happiest in the fall because then he brings you all the thrills of his beloved game, football. Besides announcing major games for CBS, Ted forecasts results on his thrice-a-week Atlantic show.
NBC's Hal Totten, below, has charge of many of its pigskin broadcasts for the Big Ten in and near Chicago. In summer he's busy announcing baseball.

Mutual's Eastern football announcer is Dave Driscoll, above. He's been with MBS since February of this year.

Below, Frank Cody, who is the youngest of the NBC Eastern experts. In 1932, he was a star of Wisconsin's grid eleven.

Left, Bill Slater, whom you heard overseas this summer, describing the Olympic Games, is one of NBC's busiest men when the grandstands fill up. Bill has been on the network's sports roster two years.
HE IS A. L. ALEXANDER WHO

BEGAN GOODWILL COURT TO

HELP THE NEEDY. READ HIS

INSPIRATIONAL LIFE STORY

Humanity FINDS A DEFENDER

When men feel their hearts break at the tragedy of life, they try to silence the inner voice of truth by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Haven't you yourself, sick with pity, turned away from some glaring example of social injustice, wanting to help, yet admitting your inability to, even feeling relieved when your back was turned?

There are many ways of escape from our social consciences—movies, novels, friends. But sometimes there are men who cannot escape as we do—who feel all the suffering, the misery around them, and are driven to find some way of helping.

Such a man is A. L. Alexander, the originator of Goodwill Court, the man you hear introducing each case to the judges on the broadcasts which last month became a coast-to-coast network series under the sponsorship of Chase and Sanborn. Goodwill Court is his childhood dream come true—the result of an inner need which has driven him all his life.

Alexander's mother was a Boston school teacher. In her there was this same driving, irresistible urge to help, implanted perhaps by the sights she saw in the slum district where she taught. Often she took her son with her to her classes, pointed out the helplessness of the ignorant and underprivileged children. "A few dollars," she would explain, "make the difference between happiness and misery."

Watching these children grow up, Alexander saw the way the cards had been stacked against them before the game began. Serious and studious, he had little gaiety in his nature.

Even then, immature as he was, he realized how often lives could have been saved, misery changed into happiness, by the money necessary for medical or legal advice. Some day, he promised his mother, holding her hand, some day he would bring this help to those who needed it. Today, years later, that boyhood promise has actually changed the courses of many lives!

He didn't find his goal easily. He didn't, in fact, even know what it was at first. For years he groped, as a police reporter, then withdrawn from the world in a theological school, still later in New York's organized charitable institutions.

He was sixteen when he got a job as a cub reporter on the police beat. The experience might have turned his idealism into cynicism. Again and again he saw legal protection denied to the very people who needed it most, because of their ignorance of the law, which judges always said was no defense. Instead of weakening his idealism, this only increased the flame of his desire to help and it gave him a bulwark of practical knowledge.

He heard the stories of helpless women who had to endure mistreatment because they could not afford divorces. He knew intimately one young couple whose lives were ruined because of rigid divorce laws. (Continued on page 70)
August 14th, 1936

Miss Talmadge
Radio Mirror
166 East 42nd St.
New York City

My dear Miss Talmadge:

I could not quite call this day complete without taking a moment to express the appreciation which is mine for the truly inspiring manner in which you handled my story. Rather than just taking a group of facts and jamming them into a run-of-the-mill compilation, you took the time and trouble to write something which is in every way a credit to me and to the broadcast as well as to yourself.

You must believe that I am completely sincere when I tell you that of the three dozen or more interviews I have given to all manner of publications during the past few months, yours was by far the keenest grasp, the most sympathetic manner of handling, the most completely intelligent. All this despite the frequent distractions and interruptions to which I subjected you because of the pressure of station business.

Please accept my sincere thanks.

Cordially,

A. L. ALEXANDER

Above, Alexander and the letter he wrote to the author of this story. He has spent all his life trying to find some way of preventing suffering.

For the Goodwill Court, sponsored by Chase & Sanborn, see page 52.
HE IS A. L. ALEXANDER WHO
BEGAN GOODWILL COURT TO
HELP THE NEEDY. READ HIS
INSPIRATIONAL LIFE STORY

By MARLY TALMADGE

HUMANITY
FINDS A DEFENDER

WHEN men feel their hearts break at the tragedy of
life, they try to silence the inner voice of truth by
asking, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Haven’t you
yourself, sick with pity, turned away from some glaring
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your inability to, even feeling relieved when your back
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sciousness—movies, novels, friends. But sometimes there are
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come true—the result of an inner need which has driven
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Alexander’s mother was a Boston school teacher. In her
there was this same driving, irresistible urge to help, im-
planted perhaps by the sights she saw in the slum district
where she taught. Often she took her
son with her to her classes, pointed
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school, still later in New York’s organized charitable in-
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the police beat. The experience might have turned his
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tection denied to the very people who needed it most, be-
cause of their ignorance of the law, which judges always
said was no defense. Instead of weakening his idealism,
this only increased the flame of his desire to help and it
gave him a bulwark of practical knowledge.

He heard the stories of helpless women who had to endure
mistreatment because they could not afford divorces. He
knew intimately one young couple whose lives were ruined
because of rigid divorce laws. (Continued on page 70)
It was midnight when they came laughing, skipping crazily across the campus, and burst into the crowded living room of the Chi Phi house.

"Barney! Bill! Dave! Listen, everybody—"

Reed Kennedy, blond and square-shouldered and handsome in his tuxedo, shouted excitedly for the attention of his partying fraternity brothers and their girls. Lois Smith hugged her long gold evening cape about her shoulders, flung back the cloud of dark hair that grew deep in a point on her pretty forehead and stood silhouetted, smiling and flushed, in the black frame of the doorway.

"Brothers—and ladies," he announced gaily, "look! Gaže!" He made a sweeping gesture in Lois' direction, then paused.

"You're invited," he finally said quietly, "to a wedding." There was dead silence—then the loud explosion of congratulations and back-slapping and good wishes. The silence had been only the quick moment it took every Chi Phi in the room to overcome sharp sensations of surprise and envy; this thing, it occurred to them all in that moment, was so exactly like Reed Kennedy.

For, for just about the millionth time in his life, he had got what he wanted—even another fellow's girl.

It had always been that way with Reed. Everything a man could desire had come to him. He had a romantic baritone voice that made him as popular with the girls as his football prowess did with the boys. He had a lavish al-
lowance and a car, and impeccable social connections. He had come to Cornell from expensive prep schools and one of Pittsburgh’s first families; and now he was leaving with a degree, a secure future and a wealthy and beautiful fiancée.

Of course Reed would be married right away. He could afford it. The rest of the grads who were engaged that June might have to wait for their weddings until they’d found steady jobs in the post-war employment slump but Kennedy would have society-page nuptials and a honeymoon abroad and his dad would build him a swank home and set him up in business. Everything, the boys at the Chi Phi house predicted, would break his way—as it always had in the past.

And their prophecy came true.

LAST winter, in a tiny little farmhouse near Mt. Kisco, New York, a man sat at a battered typewriter laboriously turning out dozens of letters. No longer could he push a button that beckoned a fleet of secretaries into a sumptuous office; his unaccustomed fingers picked and pounded and erased the sheets that all began the same way: “Dear Sir: I would greatly appreciate the favor of an audition. I am a baritone...”

On the days when he wasn’t writing letters he was walking the six miles from his house to the railroad station, commuting into New York City to tramp the windy streets looking for work. And the pretty girl he married, who could no longer ring for a staff of servants, was staying at home doing the washing and cooking and cleaning and sewing for Tommy, Bunny, Skippy, Bobby and her husband.

In a bookcase in the farmhouse these lines were freshly marked in a copy of “Tristram:”

*There are no modern houses
So providently barred that change
May not come in...*

Lois had found them one night and read them aloud. “We never thought of that back home, did we, Reed?” she had said, and then, seeing the defeat in his eyes, had added quickly, “But see, darling, there’s as much promise in those lines as there is truth.”

That was her doctrine. *Promise.* And the next time you hear Reed Kennedy’s rich baritone on the Magazine of the Air or Pittsburgh Symphony programs it will be the richer because you know the story behind it. The story of a woman’s love and the courage it gave to a man who had never really needed courage before.

It was oddly prophetic that these two should have met at a wedding. It was a church wedding and it was very grand and lavish. (Continued on page 65)

For Reed’s broadcasts, the Heinz Magazine of the Air, see page 52

Reed and Mrs. Kennedy (opposite page) with their four children. Life means more to Reed now as a singer than it did two years ago when he was sole head of a business that earned millions.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE FAVORITE PERFORMERS OF ANOTHER DAY?

YESTERDAY'S STARS—WHERE ARE THEY?

By MARY JACOBS

Editor's Note: During the next few weeks you will hear many special programs on both the Red and Blue chains of the National Broadcasting Company celebrating NBC's tenth anniversary as a network. These broadcasts, dedicated to the many stars of yesteryear who were once your favorite performers, make this fascinating series of articles doubly significant.

So you've forgotten all about the stars of yesteryear. Harriet Lee, Ben Alley, Helen Nugent, Mildred Hunt, The Gold Dust Twins. What do those names mean to you today?

Or to make the list more recent, Jack Pearl, Charles Carlisle, Jeanie Lang. Remember these big-time radio stars? What has become of them?

Why did Harriet lose out in radio? The answer in her case is mismanagement. That's the consensus of opinion along Radio Row, anyway. Instead of getting a professional manager, she took a member of her family who was not familiar with radio's inside rules.

Harriet, a numerologist, felt her downfall was due in part to her name, which she considered unlucky. Accordingly, she changed it to Katha Lee. But misfortune kept right after her.

Today she's Harriet again. Since she left CBS, I've heard her singing in night clubs. And once I heard her in a 52nd St. night club, the great Harriet who never sang without magnificent orchestra accompaniment on the air! She was as lovely as ever: her blonde hair fell in loose waves about her flushed face, and her voice was as clear and sweet as it had been in her heyday.

But I doubt if any of the patrons, busy with their liquor, knew of her former glory.

Associated in memory with Harriet Lee are Helen Nugent and Ben Alley. They were whirling on the radio merry-go-round at the same time.

Remember back in 1929 when Alley and Helen Nugent were billed as the "Five O'clock Sweethearts?" Recall how beautifully his romantic tenor and her sweet soprano blended in their Grace Notes program?

So popular was Ben Alley that the radio moguls over-reached themselves. They put him on too many programs. Every time you tuned in you heard Ben Alley singing. He was on for a corset concern, For a department store. For a cigar concern. He had his own group of sustaining.

And people tired of hearing him.

Today, he's an entertainer at a Baltimore night club.

As for Helen Nugent, no one seems to know exactly what she's doing. When last heard she was at WLW in Cincinnati, and engaged to be married.

If anyone deserves happiness, it's Helen.

In her heyday at CBS, Helen and Paul Green, one of CBS' engineers, were devoted to each other and everyone thought they'd middle-aisle it.

Then the broadcasting company hired Adele Vasa, the opera star, for a series. She met Paul Green. They fell in love, and married. Helen Nugent was so broken up by this twist of Fate that she left CBS and New York.

As for Adele Vasa, she gave up her career when she married.

Besides Adele Vasa there's been one other big time radio star who has given up fame for marriage—Virginia Gardiner, the dramatic star, who married Roy Durstine, of the huge advertising concern, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne. They met through one of her radio programs which he handled.

Unhappy home life has broken up several careers, just when they seemed to shine the brightest.

Perhaps you no longer remember Mildred Hunt, the crooner, but she was very important six years ago. Soloist for Paul Whiteman, with Roxy—there's hardly a big radio name hers wasn't associated with.

Until she and her husband were divorced. She took the collapse of her home very much to heart and went to Europe, where she appeared for awhile.

When she returned to the United States, she tried to make a comeback on the air, but she failed. Then she took to song writing and recently three of her songs were accepted for the movies.

And then there were Gene and Glenn, Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell, whose Jake and Lena comedy skits were so successful in the midwest. Gene Carroll was a clever mimic, and in addition to playing Jake (Continued on page 62)
WHY DID THEY STOP BROADCASTING? WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?

Above, Major J. Andrew White, a radio pioneer. He’s rumored trying to promote a new chain of stations. Above, right, you remember Gene and Glenn. They lost fame because of difficulties in their marriages. Right, Goldy and Dusty, once national favorites, now have a sustaining program. Right below, Ben Alley and Helen Nugent; below, Harriet Lee—where are they?
THE Oracle wants you to know that: Frances Langford is so shy, she hasn’t enough courage to combat autograph hunters and admirers, and flees from the Hollywood Hotel broadcast as fast as her feet will carry her.

Paul Whiteman’s favorite dish is chili con carne, served good and hot.

Fred Astaire’s lesser known accomplishment is composing. He’s working on a couple of new tunes now and you’ll be hearing them on his Packard broadcasts.

Helen Hayes, dramatic star of Bambi, wears a slave bracelet instead of a wedding band, and her husband’s pet name for her is “Mousie.”

Jessica Dragonette never uses a sheet of music at her broadcasts. She has memorized more than five hundred songs and approximately seventy-five operettas in her ten years of broadcasting.

Now here’s what you want to know:

Mrs. Henry W., Wickliffe, Ohio — The Story of Mary Marlin returned to the NBC-Red network early in September. For the time, I suggest that you turn to the Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory, on Page 52, in the Monday column.

Weldon J., Neelyville, Mo.—Connie Boswell is not broadcasting at the present moment. Of course, you must have heard of her recent marriage. A letter will be forwarded to her if you address it in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Mrs. P. C. F., Lafayette, La.— Thanks for your suggestions. Just keep scanning Radio Mirror’s pages each month. I’m sure you’ll find what you are looking for.

Mrs. C. S. W., Watertown, New York—Warden Lawes’ sponsors are the Sloan’s Liniment people. The Ziegfeld Follies was sponsored by the makers of Palmolive soap.

Muriel Wilson fans—Who do you think invaded the sanctum of The Oracle one day last week? None other than your good friend and founder of the Muriel Wilson fan clubs, Mrs. Crissie Conor of Buffalo, accompanied by Anna Walsh of Brooklyn, New York. The Oracle, perfectly hidden from view by a huge crystal ball, heard all about the Muriel Wilson Fan Club convention which was held during the week of September 14, in New York City, to pay tribute to their favorite radio songstress. Mrs. Conors’ visit was a touch-

Arthur Fields and Fred Hall are NBC's busy comics. Tune in their Streamliner’s show every morning at nine.
RICHARD HIMBER’S HOLIDAY FEAST

RADIO stars certainly are the most forehanded people in the world. Here it is only the last of October and Dick Himber has already ordered his Christmas dinner.

There’s a good reason, though, for Dick’s early planning. He’s giving a “family” dinner party—the family consisting of the members of his band with their wives and sweethearts, some fifty people in all—and a party of such size and importance requires plenty of thought.

The celebration is to be at Reuben’s Restaurant, for more than thirty years the favorite eating place of stage stars, and adopted by screen and radio personalities ever since there have been any. At the top of the page you’ll see Dick and Arnold Reuben in consultation about the menu, decorations, favors and all the other details of successful entertaining. That’s no prop turkey on the table either—but a duplicate of that which will be served on Christmas day.

I thought you would be interested in the menu to use as a guide for your own Christmas dinner, so here it is, together with recipes for some of the more unusual dishes.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Celery
Olives

Choice of:
Fruit Cocktail
Shrimp Cocktail
Crab Meat Cocktail
Herring Canape
Chicken Liver Canape

Choice of:
Turtle Soup
Chicken Giblet Soup

Choice of:
Roast Young Maryland Turkey with chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly, candied sweet potatoes, Waldorf salad.

Roast Watertown Gosling with raisin dressing, apple sauce, Rissole potatoes, lettuce with Chiffonade dressing.

Choice of:
Mashed turnips, buttered onions, carrots and peas, red cabbage, Brussels sprouts, string beans, broccoli, asparagus, creamed spinach.

Choice of:
Plum pudding mince, pumpkin and lemon meringue pie, cheese cake, ice cream, fresh fruit compote.

Coffee
Tea
Salted Nuts
Milk

THE POPULAR ORCHESTRA LEADER HAS

A CHRISTMAS MENU FOR YOU THAT CAN GIVE EVEN THE TURKEY A NEW FLAVOR

By Mrs. MARGARET SIMPSON

For the Studebaker Champions show, see page 52.

Your own menu, of course, will be less elaborate, but having made your selections from among the items listed here, you will be surprised how easily the chosen dishes may be prepared. First, it will be simpler to decide which items, such as crabmeat, shrimp, herring, turtle soup, mince meat and plum pudding can be found in cans at your local grocery store, requiring only a minimum of preparation before serving. Next, plan to prepare certain dishes a day ahead of time, and this list would include Chiffonade dressing, chicken livers for canapes, giblet soup, pies (and the pie crust should be made a day ahead of the pies themselves) cranberry jelly and apple sauce, and fruit compote. Also the onions may be boiled the day before (select small white ones, peel them and boil in salted water) then place in a casserole, cover with butter and bake in the oven during the last hour the Christmas bird is roasting.

As to the recipes themselves, you probably have your favorite combination of fruits for fruit cocktail, and your favorite sauce for crabmeat or shrimp cocktail, but this year try adding a few green grapes and some pomegranate to the fruit mixture; their green and scarlet will dress up any fruit combination you select.

Now for the chicken liver canapes and the giblet soup.

(Continued on page 83)
**SUNDAY**

**All time is Eastern Standard**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Press-Radio News</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabin Patch</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Metro Cinderella</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Swinging Lady</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Red Sox-Blue: National Farm Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Voice of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>The Gumps</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Transatlantic Broadcast</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>The Widow's Sin</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Face of the People</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Musical Comedy Revue</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Your Unseen Friend</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>We, the People</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Thy Old-Time Bible</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Let's Talk It Over</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Bobbing Bobcats</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Jack Benny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Theatrical Musicals</td>
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<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Jack Armstrong</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Wilderness Road</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie</td>
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**MONDAY**

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<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Betty and Bob</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Press-Radio News</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabin Patch</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Metro Cinderella</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Swinging Lady</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Red Sox-Blue: National Farm Hour</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
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<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Today's Children</td>
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<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>Transatlantic Broadcast</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
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THURSDAY
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10:00 A.M. CBS: Betty and Bob.
11:00 A.M. WOR: Hymns of All Churches. NBC-Blue: Artistician Rhymes. NBC-Red: Today's Children.
12:00 P.M. WCBS: Big Sister. NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
1:30 P.M. WOR: Romance of Helen Trent. NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour. NBC-Red: Miss America.
2:15 P.M. WCBS: School of the Air. NBC-Red: Miss America.
2:15 P.M. WOR: Miss America. NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs.
3:00 P.M. WCBS: Pepper Young's Family. NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30 P.M. WOR: O'Neill's. NBC-Blue: The O'Neill's.
4:00 P.M. WCBS: Airbreaks. NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
5:00 P.M. WCBS: Wilder Road. NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
5:00 P.M. WOR: The Everett. NBC-Red: Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
6:15 P.M. WCBS: The Art of Comedy. NBC-Red: Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
7:00 P.M. WCBS: Bobby Benson. NBC-Blue: Midge Williams.
7:00 P.M. WOR: Radio News.
7:15 P.M. WOR: Rediggins.
7:30 P.M. WOR: Judy Starry.
7:45 P.M. WCBS: Boke Carter.
8:00 P.M. WCBS: Word of the Mount. NBC-Red: Lowell Thomas.
8:15 P.M. WCBS: Money Talks.
8:15 P.M. WOR: Ams 'n' Andy.
8:30 P.M. WCBS: G. C. and Scotty. NBC-Red: porch.
8:30 P.M. WOR: Porgy and the Sailor.
8:30 P.M. WCBS: Weather Digest Pull. NBC-Red: Uncle Earl.
8:45 P.M. WCBS: Gone Creek Parish. NBC-Red: Lum and Abner. NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
8:45 P.M. WOR: NBC-Red: Fish Tales.
9:00 P.M. WCBS: National Broadcast Co. NBC-Red: True Story Court.
9:00 P.M. WOR: The Nativity. NBC-Red: World of Sports.
9:45 P.M. WCBS: Blue_The Blueboy. NBC-Red: Ros Buchan.
9:45 P.M. WOR: Ams 'n' Andy.
10:00 P.M. WCBS: The Bluebird. NBC-Red: Wally Brandt.
10:00 P.M. WOR: The Van Family.
10:00 P.M. WCBS: Betty Crocker. NBC-Red: Today's Children.
12:00 M. WCBS: Romance of Helen Trent. NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour. NBC-Red: Miss America.
12:30 A.M. WOR: George Hall Orch. NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour. NBC-Red: Miss America.
1:00 A.M. WCBS: Red Buttons. NBC-Red: Old Skipp and Gang. NBC-Red: Concert Musicale.
2:00 A.M. WCBS: Words and Music. NBC-Red: Walt Disney.
2:30 A.M. WCBS: Whalley Ensemble.
3:00 A.M. WCBS: Clyde Darie.
4:00 A.M. WCBS: National Orchestra. NBC-Red: Week End Review.
5:00 A.M. WCBS: Humphrey Mariner's Orch. NBC-Red: Blue Room Echoes.
5:00 A.M. WCBS: Timothy Makepeace.
6:00 A.M. WCBS: Musical Adventures. NBC-Red: Kalamazoo's Kindergarten.
6:00 A.M. WCBS: Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

FRIDAY
All time is Eastern Standard
10:00 A.M. CBS: Radio News.
10:45 A.M. CBS: Originals.
11:00 A.M. CBS: Drack Melodies. NBC-Blue: Herman and Betsa. NBC-Red: Our American Schools.
12:00 Noon CBS: Concert Hall. NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech. NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
1:00 Noon CBS: Larry Vincent. NBC-Blue: Genta Ferreira. NBC-Red: Abram Chais.
2:30 P.M. CBS: News of Youth. NBC-Red: Rediggins.
3:00 P.M. CBS: Broadway Varieties. NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
3:15 P.M. CBS: Singing Sam.
4:00 P.M. CBS: National Broadcast Co. NBC-Red: True Story Court.
4:30 P.M. CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweeney Todd.
4:45 P.M. CBS: The Blueboy. NBC-Red: Ros Buchan.
5:00 P.M. CBS: Betty Crocker. NBC-Red: Today's Children.
7:30 P.M. CBS: Ted Malone. NBC-Red: Mary Martin.
8:00 P.M. CBS: The Bluebird. NBC-Red: Wally Brandt.
9:00 P.M. CBS: The Blueboy. NBC-Red: Vic and Sade. NBC-Red: How To Be Charming.
James Hall's Regeneration

Once the idol of a million hearts, Hollywood's handsomest leading man had lost all his hope and courage until he found radio

The sun shines again on an ex-Hollywood hero. Radio has shown James Hall the way back. From a despair he thought he could never escape, it has led him into the bright light of new hopes and another chance for success as great as he once knew.

His new job is not a big one for the James Hall who scored such a hit with Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels," but for the James Hall who a year ago was thankful to be broadcasting a fifteen-minute program over a local Chicago station, it means everything.

And Hollywood, which such a short time ago had turned its back on the man it once idolized, is waiting with contracts to see if he makes good.

Every Thursday morning, over fifteen stations of the Mutual Broadcasting network, Jimmy is the master of ceremonies on the lavish forty-five minute program, Morning Matinee, which presents each week another of the country's biggest orchestras. It is an important job and he is doing it well enough for the program directors to sign him for an indefinite period of time.

But more important than how long this job lasts is the knowledge deep within him that his faith in life and his future has been restored. He has regained all the courage and Irish willingness to battle it out that he lost when he saw friends, fortune, and home fade away like desert mirages back in the gloomy days of 1932.

For four years he was fighting the inevitable fate he instinctively knew was in store for him—in store for any handsome young leading man when age begins to rob him of his juvenile appeal. It was a blind fight, for he could find no other avenue of escape. When he tried personal appearances in small theaters throughout the country, he was successful only so long as film fans remembered the many pictures he had made. But memories are short. Soon he was out of work again.

It was while he was stranded in a Southwest state, that a local radio station manager approached him with an offer. First in Oklahoma City, then in Tulsa, and later, in Chicago, he broadcast movie fan club programs. Sustaining programs, they never paid enough for him to live on and he had to draw on his meager savings. More than once he was ready to call it quits. Only his wife's unerring devotion and love pulled him through the many moments of black discouragement.

Until the bright, crisp morning in September, this year, when Jimmy found a telegram under his door offering him the chance to audition for Morning Matinee. He tried out that day and was accepted—for one broadcast. Somehow he made good, strengthened in the knowledge that his wife was listening in, praying for him.

Now he swings into the studio of WOR Thursday mornings with his shoulders squared and a smile on his lips, all the burning, aching memories of the past blotted out in his plans for the future. Each morning, before he starts out, his wife gives him his day's allowance. The rest is being put safely away in the bank.

There's another reason, now, for Jimmy's regeneration. Just before this was written, he had another offer, an offer that brought tears to his eyes. Warner Brothers have asked him to work in their feature shorts out in their Long Island, New York, studios.

Radio has saved another life.

By Louis Underwood
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 looks 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, makeup, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat 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 myriad 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 pat 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 2 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. MA, Clinton, Conn. Request a special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Cosmetics and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 50c to cover postage and packing.

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
A year went by; still the movies ignored Bob Burns. He and his family were almost as poor now as they had ever been in the days of his Abe Birney days. They decided to turn to radio. But the door was not wide open for them, either.

His first break was a job on KNX, in Los Angeles. The Joker is that Bob’s idea for them was a 15-minute program called “Gawkin’ Around,” in which he played a guitar and sang “Hoe Down.” He was a hit. They heard him do exactly what he does now. For $1,000 a week, and said, “Well let you know if anything turns up,” and just received a file clerk’s job. One day, a friend at KNX sent Bob his first audition card, to keep among his souvenirs.

But still no job. Finally Bob got his chance at KFI—but sans salary. He was “Colonel Blaine” on one of the many semi-Show Boat broadcasts which appeared from time to time. But “Colonel Blaine” had never roused a sponsor. Another gratis job was on a program also familiar to West Coast listeners: the Sunday night Fritz gloaming show.

Next he became a member of the Gilmore Circus, at the princely stipend of $20 a week. After trying several characterizations, he began, well, to be a “southern” blackface, “Soda Pop,” in blackface. In addition to broadcasting, he played benefits as Gilmore’s good will ambassador. These he played au naturel, with much better results than in charcoal. He was getting $60 a week finally from the Gilmore outfit. He also made a break for Jimmy Duray’s Varieties, in which he played “Bill Ozark”—again doing the same type of running comment he does today. He participated in the KHJ Hi-Jinks till it went off the air.

Once more—and this, mind you, less than a year and a half ago—Bob Burns was jobless and in debt. This time it was club engagements that saved his life, Kiwanis and Rotarians, LIONS and Breakfast Clubs, which paid his rent, and he was able to eat. His wife was able to keep their small apartment.

One day he took off to think. What was the matter with him, anyway? He was a good writer, material was always coming to him. Yet he couldn’t click on anything worth while. What was the answer?... Flash! It wasn’t a big name. If he could just get on the KFI program, once—Rudy Vallee’s, the hour, for instance.

The next day, he started driving to New York. He took with him all the money the Burns family could lay their hands on—which wasn’t much. He went with the sole purpose of getting on Rudy Vallee’s broadcast. You think you know the rest. I thought I did, too.

When Bob got to New York, he kept putting off calling the advertising agency which handled Vallee’s program. He sat in his hotel; he walked in the park. He kept devising excuses. He wasn’t exactly scared, but he was next door to scared. One day he decided to phone a friend to ask him for lunch. Thumbing through his little book, he came to “J. Walter Thompson!” a feminine voice parroted. He had called the fateful number by mistake!

Out came the nickel. No use wasting a nickel. He asked for the man in charge of the program. He had no speech prepared; simply told the man what he wanted, how much he wanted to get on the radio experience on the West Coast.

“How long will you be in town?” the executive asked curiously.

“Till I get on the Rudy Vallee program,” Bob answered.

He got an audition—and a tough audition it was, with cold-eyed gentlemen sitting out the tale of his life in front of little junk and a few cameras, even ribbed radio a little. “My folks down in Arkansas willshore be disappointed in you,” a fellow in a suit finally told him. He came to New York to get on one of these here amateur shows. But it’s so darn hard to get on one of them amateur programs unless you’ve got the move. You know what happened. He knocked ‘em for a row of microphones. He also got the job. Then he got stage fright, after he was scheduled to appear on the Vallee hour. He thought of 20,000,000 listeners, and his feet froze under him. Believe it or not, he got out a map of the United States. He looked for New York, and found it was a small, black dot on the map. He looked for Radio City, for chromium-trimmed NBC—but they weren’t to be found.

“So I figured,” he chuckled, “that it couldn’t make much difference to the world if I didn’t go on or not, and I just got up and talked.”

And when he did, Vallee and a good portion of his millions of listeners all over the world, were touched. This time next day Bob turned up at the agency again, laid something on the executive’s desk.

“What’s that?” he was asked.

“That’s my script for next week’s Vallee show,” Bob answered.

With that Vallee took an option on his services. Bob Burns suddenly became a big name. Between broadcasts with Vallee and Paul Whiteman, personal appearances were made in important cities. He’s made as much as $1,000 a week. And he walked through it almost as in a dream. He still pinches himself, but he’s not just dreaming down on the Arkansas Levee.

Next came the wire summoning him West, to open the first Kraft show in Hollywood in January, with Bing Crosby. He hadn’t been more pleased, because he describes Bing in one word, said over and over, “Top!”

He might have been more pleased. But there was still another telegram to bring tears to his eyes, wonder to his heart: his letters in the English language of Van Buren, asking Bob to be the great Homecoming to be held in honor. Could he take the time to stop off on his way to California, to piece in on the program? Of course he could—and did.

But nobody—at least all of Bob Burns—could have prepared for the wel e he received at December 7, when he stepped off Arkansas’ crack train. All of Van Buren’s 5,122 inhabitants were at the depot to meet him, not to mention a number of friends from the surrounding country. Police escort on bicycles, fire department, half a dozen bands (including Fin and Fin, the Bone Tone Concert Band and a 30-piece aggregation from Ft. Smith, Veterans of Foreign Wars, a float called “The Bazaaroka Factory,” yokes of oxen, a mass of Bing Crosby carrying Bob’s fictitious kinfolk in costume.

There was a special program at the high school, a reception at the home of his manager, the late Mr. W. A. Scott, that was held in his honor. A sign “Welcome Home. Bubber” in the window of the State Bank. Folks clustering to hear his story, the band playing. He must have been terribly changed, that boy who went home. But not Bob Burns. Why should he be? He had simply matured in the same career he had grown in his youth—making people laugh. Fine clothes, sure. Doesn’t any country boy get himself a fine suit of clothes as soon as he’s able? If he had held onto his $1,000 a month, he’d have lived high. But the ball tops, Bob Burns would have been out of character. He didn’t have to dress hillbilly, he was really from Arkansas.

I was the same sense of balance, a balance gap used by himself. Word had gotten from losing his mind early this summer, Only a man who had found his philosophy could have witnessed the shock Bob had to stand when his wife, Betty, died suddenly following an operation.

Fate seldom enjoys a more bitterly ironic jest than this—robbing Bob of the woman who had sacrificed the greater part of her life to his ultimate success just at the moment he was beginning to gather the fruits of her devotion. The same week that she died, Paramount made up a new contract for Bob by which he was to receive a million a picture.

The joy that was to have been theirs turned to ashes in his mouth. His only consolation, if indeed there was any consolation, was that his money would more than provide for the future of his son, Robert, who is going to Hollywood high school. A year ago, he looked as though he would have to stop his schooling and go to work. Now, he can graduate, and go on college to study his interests.

As Bob said, before he had lost Betty, “There’s no telling what he’ll turn out to be—any more than anybody could have known what he would be a few years ago. He’s just a regular boy, fourteen years old. As apt to be a trombone player as anything else—I wouldn’t know.”

It was two weeks after Betty’s death before Bob could return to his job on the Kraft Music Hall as the star comedian. And when he did, he had to keep his hands in his pockets to avoid trembling as he stood at the microphone. But listening to him in your own home, you couldn’t guess that personal tragedy had left him speechless and an Englishman.

Since then he has turned more than ever to his hobby, studying microscopic life in ponds of all kinds, and learning the peculiarities of life in working out and sticking to his own peculiar brand of philosophy. Certainly it works. How else surmount the loss of Betty.

“You take a quart of pond water,” he told me, “and scoop out a little and look at it through a microscope. See how wonderfully everything is worked out, according to the plan of nature. It’s almost like a small town. Then take out some more water and look again. You’ll find another creature there, and another, and how little they can matter in the scheme of things. He believes that this is the way of everything. If it is a pond so far out the scale are probably superior beings, to whom men and their activities appear as little insects.

He goes on to the conclusion,” he says, “that the main difference between one-cell critters and human beings is in the matter of size.”

If that’s the brand of philosophy that helped Bob Burns, it’s well worth thinking about. Pardon us while we write finish. We’re going out now and price microscopes.
Special...for a Little Lady

SPECIAL TREATMENT
...SPECIAL CARE
...EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

Here we see a little lady getting her regular dental examination...special care her mother seldom got when she was a girl.

One reason why children thrive better today than 20 years ago is because of special care like this. Their food...their clothes...even their playthings are specialized for them.

Your doctor will tell you that this new thinking applies to laxatives, too.

They say a child should get only a laxative made especially for children—a laxative that can't possibly harm the tiniest and most delicate infant system.

That's why so many physicians recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For here is a child's laxative pure and simple. Never do we recommend it for anyone else. Fletcher's Castoria is exceedingly mild in action. Yet it is thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel—not in the stomach. Quickly and completely it clears away the waste in a baby's system...without the painful griping and digestive upsets some harsh laxatives cause. Fletcher's Castoria contains no harsh, purging drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could upset a baby's delicate system. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription himself!

You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria tastes good, too. Children take it willingly—without forcing. And doctors will tell you just how important that is. For often the act of forcing a child to take a laxative he hates completely upsets his entire nervous system.

So, mother, reflect a bit before you next buy a laxative for your child. Always make sure of these two important things:
(1) That it's made especially for children.
(2) That your child will like its taste.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Why not play safe and get the economical Family-Size Bottle today? The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

ChaH Fletcher
CASTORIA
The laxative made especially for babies and growing children
Learn Homemaking from the Stars
(Continued from page 41)

praise indeed for America's own natural beauties.

Strangely enough, though three generations of Thomases migrated westward steadily until Lowell's own father finally settled in Colorado, Mr. Thomas reverted to type and chose the East for his permanent home. On his estate he maintains a fur farm, wide orchards and his stables. He still retains a fondness for western horses, relic of his hard-siding scout days.

The house itself is 220 years old and built from timber cut down on the estate itself. Originally, it was the site of an old mill, but gradually evolved into a country gentleman's home long before America declared its independence. The house is a revelation for those who think that America was solely populated by log-cabins prior to the 19th century. Little has changed of the original building. There are 30 rooms, spacious and lofty with their high ceilings and rambling corridors. Of course the house is now completely modernized with electricity, modern bathrooms and kitchen, but basically it is the same house it was when knee-bred squire sipped their sherry back in 1716.

Lowell Thomas and his charming wife have preserved the full flavor of their remarkable home by choosing early American antiques, many of them heirlooms of the Thomas family. Although curios brought from the far corners of the world remind one of the ten-year honeymoon the Thomases spent traveling around the world, the furnishings, like their owners, are definitely American in character.

HOWEVER, saying these curios there is nothing in the Thomas house which is not within reach of the American family. Taste and understanding have made it the charming place it is. The living room gives a feeling of a beautiful Bocchori carpet that the Thomases brought back from Arabia. Its rich red and white motifs decided the color scheme of the room. The walls and ceiling were left white to harmonize with the Adams fireplace, so popular during the Colonial period. Thin gold gauze curtains banded in red admit the gold of the sun. The sofa is modern, but it is of a design termed Lawson, which decorators agree harmonizes best with antique decoration. The incidental tables are Duncan Phyfe, pie-crust, tilt-top and drum, in the best traditional American manner.

The over-stuffed chairs are antique American design and upholstered in gailyflowered chintz, against pale cream-yellow backgrounds. This brings to mind an important point in decoration for the successful homemaker to bear in mind. Nothing is so important to an attractive room as a careful balance between upholsterery, fabric-covered and carpet figures. Using an oriental rug is an once an inspiration and a pit-fall for the American housewife. Not only must other colors harmonize, but the size and arrangement of figured materials must be handled with great care otherwise the effect is likely to be garish—yes, even night-marish. Note in the pictures of the Thomas living room that the rug pattern is large and bold and the flowered chintz chair covers also have a large, widely distributed flower pattern. If the chairs had been covered with a small print, the rug would have completely dominated the room, whereas floors

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . im properly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food particles 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—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!
must always remain backgrounds. If on the other hand, the carpet had been of a small, complicated design, the chairs would have appeared out of proportion to the room, and ungainly. Now an important rule to remember is that when you use large carpets and paneling, the mystery, the walls and windows should be of light, simple colors. Flowered drapes at the windows would have been just too much of a good thing.

In the dining room, on the other hand, the carpet is of solid color, deep Burgundy red, and the flowered chintz drapes with their bold colors and patterns are not only proper but lend definite character to an austerely room. Since the dining room is visible from the living room, the Thomases wisely have carried out the same basic color scheme. The walls are pale yellow with an unobtrusive little flower pattern. The chairs are upholstered in a creamy yellow leather. The dull gleam of reddish mahogany blends perfectly with the red and contrasts harmoniously with the yellow. Notice that four distinct types of furniture design are used in the same room. The table is Duncan Phyfe, the chairs at the head and foot of the table, Chippendale, and the remaining chairs and sideboard are Sheraton. The corner cupboard is Hepplewhite. If you can assemble really good examples of the cabinet-maker's art or even reproductions, do not hesitate to mix them in one room. The practice is not only permissible, but highly desirable. Nothing speaks more plainly of unimagnative home-planning, than conventional store-made parlor or dining room suites.

INCIDENTALLY, when dining room and living room are adjoining it is wise to follow the Lowell Thomas practice of decorating the two rooms in similar colors. Remember then, that the two rooms ought to be considered together rather than as separate entities.

The two rooms of the large Thomas home which are most used and most lived in are the huge studio and the gym. The studio is 65 feet long and it is there that Mr. Thomas does most of his work. He confessed to me that his long years of travel have given him a mild case of claustrophobia. He is depressed by small, box-like rooms and can work best in a sense of space. A handsome photographic enlargement done in oils over the fireplace reminds Lowell of happy hours spent with one of the sheiks who made his stay in Arabia so thrilling and exciting. Spears from Africa, a war-drum covered with python skin, elephants from India, a globe of the world marked by the intrepid army fliers who first encircled the world by air whom Thomas accompanied when on their epoch making flight—the room is almost a museum of fascinating lore. It is the room most like Thomas. But that's how homes are—they are mirrors of their occupants. Try to make yours speak well for you.

At any rate, even if your husband has not been a world traveler and explorer he will appreciate a room, no matter how small, set aside in the house to call his own—a room which will reflect his personal tastes and hobbies. For interesting and novel suggestions for men's dens write to Ruth Geri, c/o Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, listing your husband's favorite sport or hobby.

Look for the Bobby Breen cover on the January issue.

TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW
Cashmere Bouquet LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satiny-smooth, alluring!

Y ou will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more soothing! Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic... even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely... never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last... but certainly not least... you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume... the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too... at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?

GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!
Remember, for limited time only!
“There’s nothing left, nothing,” she moaned over and over again.

Doctors didn’t pay too much attention to her case. It was, to be frank, a pitiful one. She could never walk again, they said. But she didn’t die. Perhaps Fate knew that life still held something for her. A few days later a little radio was installed in the ward. Out of it came America, brimming over with life, optimism, and song. To Peggy Harriett it was more effective than all the artificial respirators, surgeon’s knives and hypodermics in the world. It made her want to live.

“If it wasn’t for that four-tube set that crackled and blared, I wouldn’t be alive now,” she says thoughtfully, today. “But radio to me was so cosmic, so alive that I wanted to know its people and love them. I wanted to go on the air.”

When the friendless woman left the hospital some months later, she had aged twenty years. Gone were her rosy cheeks and the soft brown of her hair. She was bent, haggard, and white. She needed a cane in her hand. But her eyes glinted and her spirit was fresh.

She had a little money—enough, she estimated, to live modestly in a small hotel, and to eat two not-so-square meals in the neighborhood cafeteria. She knew there weren’t too many years left. She decided to see if there was work for her on the air. Radio had saved her life. Perhaps it could save her money, too.

The next day brought a heavy snowstorm. But somehow the old woman managed to get to WPCH, a small New York station, now defunct. She bristled at the receptionist and ran smack into Louis Reid. Reid is remembered by veteran radio fans as a smooth announcer. Today he is an executive of a radio advertising agency.

“I want to go on the air,” she said bluntly.

Reid smiled. There was something about her that pleased him.

“You do, do you? Well, what can you do?”

“I can talk about conditions in South America. I can talk about how radio saved my life.”

“Well, write a little script about how radio saved your life,” he said smiling. He had never met anyone quite like Mrs. Harriett.

“Never write scripts,” she snapped, “Always ad lib.”

Reid laughed again and told her to come back the following week.

“I could tell that he fell for me,” she recalls with a twinkle in her eye.

Believe it or not, she did go on the air, rambling on about life, and love and hope. What Mrs. Harriett didn’t know was that in another studio was a stand-by pianist, ready to substitute immediately if the old lady faltered. But instead she kept on going and finished “on the nose,” like a real trouper.

She kept writing to other stations for auditions but found this a more difficult job. Her letters were unanswered. Another crackpot, they thought. No big-time network executive “fell for her.” So, watching her pennies, and sticking close to her beloved receiving set, Peggy Harriett drowned her pain and loneliness in the thrills of radio.

She began haunting the studios and rehearsal halls. Her fast talk broke down the most pompous of ticket-takers. She fooled six-foot-three ushers into believing she was an important personage. In her quiet, direct way she managed to see all the broadcasts possible. But it was Arthur LaTour, night manager of the CBS Radio Playhouse, who singled her out one night as she tried to see her “favorite boy,” Ted Husing.

“Let her in, boys,” he ordered. “I believe she’s our good luck charm.”

LaTour personally escorted the little woman down to the front row. She has never sat anywhere else in a broadcast studio since.

The stars got to know her and love her. The younger ones, like Joan Marsh, Lanny Ross, Sally Singer and Virginia Verrill began to tell her their troubles.

But it was Ted Husing who quipped right across the footlights with her. It was the last performance of Ted’s CBS program last season. After the broadcast, which was sponsored by Lysol, Ted hushed the applause and started to make a long curtain speech.

Suddenly Mrs. Harriett hobbled out from her seat and said:

“Give the other fellow a chance to talk, Mr. Husing. I just want to say that all of...”
Milton Berle usually tries out his gags on Mrs. Harriett. "If she laughs I know it's good material and original," he says.

Arnold Johnson, director of the National Amateur Night program, clears the control room on audition nights of even his own family, to find a place of honor for this first fan. "I couldn't do without her," he insists.

This, by the way, is her favorite program. "It gives me a kick to help weed out the good ones from the bad. If it had only been like that when I was young," she says frequently.

But in the 1920's there were no radios, no opportunities for embryos. If there had been, perhaps, tiny Peggy Harriett would have been one of our great veteran stars.

When she was a little girl in Louisville she sneak out the back door to see the showsboats on the Ohio River, then return to her room to pose and act before a great mirror. Her stern Quaker father objected strenuously to these "painting play actors" and refused to see them.

When she was sixteen, Peggy was married to a man she didn't love. He took her to New York and here he went through every nickel Peggy's father gave them, with one unsuccessful enterprise after another. She left him seven years later and tried to find work in the music halls and beer gardens.

But the theater was heartless and impatient. She had two children to support so she turned to selling jewelry.

"If I had been unmarried I could have studied show business and taken chances. But my babies needed food and I dropped any ideas of trying to become an actress." Peggy Harriett will never be an actress.

But her dreams of footlights, applause, and achievements are reflected in her radio friends. She can remember all the fine things they have done for her.

She can remember proudly the night a rude gentleman knocked her cane off her arm and sent it hurtling down the aisle during a broadcast. Oscar Shaw saw the incident, jumped over the orchestra pit, returned the cane to his friend, and raced back to the stage just in time for his next number.

She can remember pleasantly the night genial Morton Downey noticed her absence at one of his rehearsals.

A superstitious Irishman if there ever was one. Morton knew that since Mrs. Harriett had been attending his rehearsals and broadcasts, his contract had been renewed three times in a row.

"Where's Grandma?" he asked his manager.

"Seems to be missing tonight. Mort."

"Well, find her and bring her here for the broadcast."

Mort's manager and chauffeur worked fast and furiously in the half hour before broadcast time. They finally reached Mrs. Harriett's unpretentious hotel to find her asleep in her tiny bedroom.

"My word," she apologized, "I must have overdealt."

"Well hurry up. Mort wants you at the studio," yelled the chauffeur.

So she was whisked past traffic lights, escorted up the private elevator and practically carried down to the front row. Downey sighted her and whistled.

"Hey, Grandma," he shouted, "Are you that tired of my voice?"

She can recall the night Nino Martini sent her two tickets to his debut at the Metropolitan Opera with the simple card attached which read: "You are the top."

Radio makes this lonely old lady happy on. She's an important person behind the scenes of your favorite radio program.

Next time you tune in, picture in your mind a $3,000-a-week radio star, singing for all he's worth, for fear the little old mascot in Row A will give him the devil if he misses a high note.

MILTON BERLE

But Darling, I said I was sorry. Honestly I didn't mean it the way you seem to think-you always take me wrong lately.

Gosh, Jean-It's certainly grand to have you so cheerful and perky again. And it's grand to feel that way-mom but I'm glad Alice told me about those yeast cakes.

DON'T LET 'UNDERFED' BLOOD KEEP YOU WORN OUT

SO MANY people feel tired and depressed at this time of year.

Usually, your blood is "underfed" and does not carry enough food to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with needed vitamins and other important food elements. Then, your blood can carry more and better nourishment to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—a cake about 1/2 hour before each meal—plain, or in water.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER—-

Yesterday's Stars—Where Are They?

(Continued from page 48)

and himself on the air; he also imitated the voice of Lena, who was supposed to be in love with Jake. Glenn played the piano and sang, and was straight man.

So popular were they in their home town, during one Christmas week they raised $55,000 at charity benefits.

Five years ago they came to New York for the Gillette Safety Razor Company. It took them a few months to win their way into the hearts of the most cosmopolitan fans. Newspaper and magazine columnists, newspaper and magazine columnists, entertainers and directors all succumbed to the charms of the old Palmore. The newspapers featured the story of their marital difficulties.

Mrs. Carroll claimed that her husband, after fourteen years of married life, left her for another woman. Both she and Mrs. Rowell said their mates, in private life, weren't the good-natured, jovial persons they were on the air. Both got their divorces.

Many radio fans lost faith in Gene and Glenn. But today they are appearing in vaudeville.

Public fancy is a difficult thing to fathom. If any radio star could puzzle out how to keep it and I like it, it would be the Victor. Sometimes it is too easy, too automatic, too easy to realize we want change in our radio entertainment, just as we do in everything else. As a result, one of the first stars, Rudy Crooner, remained the crooner. The year he might be almost forgotten ten years, but he still has the burden of entertainment from himself to his variety shows. Today, he's still on top.

Sometimes a star changes his characterization, and is unsuccessful. Two years ago Jack Pearl was among the most popular comedians in his role as Baron Mun-chausen, that tall-story spinner, to whom lies the formula for food. His "Was you dere, Shortie?" to his straight man, Cliff Hall, became a national byword.

Believing this role to be outmoded, last year Pearl tried another, that of Peter Pfeiffer, a lovable old proprietor, handymen, and philosopher, who operated the Family Hotel in Main Street. That characterization didn't click so well. So Jack withdrew from the air, and took a well deserved vacation. Now he's all set to start another forthcoming Broadway production.

Sometimes, even powerful publicity can't force the public to keep liking radio stars. One example remains the Three Keys, that trio of colored Skid-daddle-de-deep harmonizers, Bob, Slim and Bon Bon, who hit the networks with such a splash four years ago? Within a few months NBC had spent $10,000 publicizing them. But no sponsor wanted them. They went to Europe, where they were better appreciated.

CERTAINLY a great number of us recall the Slumber Hour, that lovely program of peaceful, soothing bedtime melodies. It was under the direction of Ludwig Laurier. This gray and kindly conductor became one of the most beloved of radio figures. Over a thousand letters were sent each month praising his work.

After three years, NBC felt it was time to change the program. Officially they put on an elicutionist. Protests poured in by the thousands. She was withdrawn. Then they experiments with new quartets. "Hands off the Slumber Hour," the public clamored again. The quartet was withdrawn.

In May, 1932, one of NBC's program chiefs withdrew the program entirely. An avalanche of protests: telegrams, letters, phone calls that tied up the switchboard. What was the story? One radio editor told me that 20,000 letters poured in within a month. But for some unknown reason, they were not read.

As for Ludwig Laurier, I think he was the loss of this program broke his heart. You still see him hanging around the studios, a bent, broken man. At present, he is looking for a job.

In the good old pioneering days of radio, back in 1921, the name Major P. Andrew White appeared regularly on NBC. The Major was a famous sports announcer, master of ceremonies, and organizer. It was he who broadcast the first boxing match ever to go over the air. The day of the variety show. And he was one of the founders of the CBS chain, which he left about four years ago.

It was while he was master of ceremonies on his old variety show, that Eddie Cantor began to kid with him. At the time Eddie was to appear in the first radio, radio, and doubted whether people actually listened in. This was before the era of the networks.

Since his interest in CBS was bought out, the Major has tried several businesses. Financing a Broadway show that flopped, the movie business. Advertising. He is now said to be promoting a new network.

Though it has been over four years since big old Palmore was on air, the news is still curious about what happened to this charming duet that thrilled over two hundred consecutive weeks with lovely ballads and semi-classical songs.

In the entire life of the program, the identity of the third member, for the sponsor believed that the mystery would create more interest. Olive Palmer was Virginia Red, who today sings on Rubinstein's program. Paul Oliver was Frank Munn, whom you hear on the American Album of Familiar Music.

A change in policy of the Colgate-Palmoivee Peet Company resulted in the withdrawing of the old Palmore Hour.

I T doesn't pay to antagonize anyone in radio. That's what they want to do, the tenor, has learned. One of the Atwater Kent finalists, this soldier of fortune, who has tried everything from circus stage-hand to member of South Seas treasure hunt, shot to radio fame.

Charles, about two years ago, antagonizes Colgate. The CBS program department by insisting on singing only songs he wanted to sing. He wouldn't listen to any advice from them.

Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade. Recently, he was on the NBC Hit Parade.
3 GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

OR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me, I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want
grand new songs. And how Bing sings them with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the greatest treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one. "Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".

Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.
What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.

(Continued from page 62)

out a script show idea, in which a sponsor is interested. To date, she hasn't been able to get the person she wants to write it. But she certainly expects to be back on the air.

Annette cares about her radio work, her public. She always took great pains with her fan mail.

But tiny Jeanie Lang doesn't seem to care. Remember when Jeanie's piping childish voice, her girlish giggle, made her radio sweetheart number one? College boys proposed to her in droves, and showered her with flowers and gifts.

Afraid it would lessen her popularity if the public realized she was married, Jeanie insisted Arthur Lang, her husband, was her brother. And he said so too, to further her career. When the truth came out, I think it did Jeanie much more harm than if she had been straightforward from the start.

Her last spot on the air was with Buddy Rogers for Ward's Bread, a little over a year ago.

Then she toured in vaudeville, averaging $1000 a week—more than she had made on the air.

I spoke to her husband "Jeanie's just left to visit her folks in Phoenix, Arizona. She's a funny kid. You never can tell what she's going to do. She's had some radio offers, but she hasn't accepted any of them."

And then there's Norman Brokenshire. No story of old timers is complete without mentioning Brokenshire, who made history as an announcer. Practically every big program was one of his accounts. There was something so infectious and informal about his style, sponsors literally fought for him.

Too much hail-fellow-well-met living blotted out his radio career. Recently, dead broke, he applied to the WPA for a job.

All the newspapers carried the story, and the Nut Club, a Greenwich Village night spot, employed him as their master of ceremonies. Now he has a new job as an announcer at station WINS.

On top. Sliding, sliding... They reign for a brief hour, then disappear. When they're successful, their names and praises are on everyone's lips. Once off the air, some are forgotten immediately. Some we remember for a few fleeting moments. That's radio fame.

Red Grange—with his dote on pigskin lineups, he's the football fan's meat. Hear him on NBC Fridays, Saturdays.
In His Hour of Need
(Continued from page 47)

Reed was the little fellow in a velvet Lord Fauntleroy suit who carried the ring on a white satin pillow. His blue eyes wide and grave and his cheeks scarlet with embarrassment. Lois, more contained, walked up the aisle beside him with her tiny trim nose a fraction in the air.

That was the way they met. And if they'd known then that they weren't to meet again for years it wouldn't have given either of them the slightest twinge of regret.

Reed's father was a wealthy coal operator in Pittsburgh. There were several boys in the family before Reed came along in 1903 and all of them grew up together in a very comfortable and cultural lap of luxury.

After his entrance at Pennsylvania Military College, Reed dropped everything else in favor of football. He made the varsity team at Cornell, got a fractured shoulder that prevented him from ever playing again, so he turned his interest toward music.

It was on a spring afternoon during Easter dances that he met Lois Smith again. Neither of them recognized the other. To Reed, Lois was just that gorgeous brunette from the Castle School who had come up for the prom on the bad of one of his fraternity brothers. Tall and willowy, black eyes as wide as black-eyed susans, a swell girl and a swell dancer. They talked together several times before something the gorgeous brunette said made Reed suddenly realize where he'd met her long before.

It was a pleasant shock, far too pleasant to be trivial when the lady involved was practically knocking the Cornell men for kingly with her loveliness. All the fellows had been trying to date her up—without success—and that included Kennedy. So he thought of a plan that simply had to work.

THE next morning a messenger delivered to Lois a long heavy sheaf of roses, five impressive dozens of them imported by special delivery overnight from New York. The card said, "Remember"—and Lois did.

All the next year, which was his last at Cornell, he courted her in competition with one of his closest fraternity brothers. At last graduation time rolled around Lois drove up with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. And one night she and Reed slipped away from the carnival of lights and music at the dance to a lonely spot far down the gravel path that so many lovers have walked so many Junes. A sliced gold moon swung in a white explosion of stars and the sky was deep blue and clear.

Reed Kennedy had found the flawless time and place to ask the girl on his arm to be his wife.

For her answer she made a kiss of her mouth and laid it softly on his lips. So they were married. After a honeymoon trip to the Riviera they settled down in the sumptuous home Mr. Kennedy had built for them in the suburbs of Pittsburgh and Reed went to work at his father's coal mines.

As the years went by lots of things happened. Tommy, Bunny, Skippy and Bobby were born, four little boys three years apart. Reed inherited the mining business and did well with it. He made a lot of money, provided his family with the country-club social life of the wealthy, set himself up in a highly profitable building supply business—his good fortune seemed to be limitless.

Then gradually, as time wore on, Reed

Germ-free element helps
protect skin from Blemish...
Vitamin D quickens skin's
youthful breathing process

Clear, lovely skin! That's the complextion Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream will bring you! It helps guard your skin, however sensitive, against the blemishes that germs can cause.

There's always the chance that germs may get under the skin through some crack or scratch and cause a blemish infection. But Woodbury's Cold Cream, which stays permanently free of germ-growth, helps to safeguard your complexion against this beauty hazard.

One ingredient of this famous cream is now irradated with kindly rays which create Sunshine Vitamin D in the cream. This new element helps stimulate skin cells to breathe more quickly. And only when the skin breathes rapidly, takes up oxygen at a rapid rate, does it retain its youthful vigor. Vitamin D in Woodbury's does this for your skin!

For finishing, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. It blends powder and rouge with even smoothness. Each, 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT! (Continued on page 49)

WOODBURY'S Germ-free Creams

RADIO MIRROR
EVERY year, "male boomed his cow. hard Giorifcrvou. kitchen buy small his woman's haven't had the

He'd cl... take firm as drugs not in We ugly Send FREE outlined 5. E.Huron MAN WONDERING VACUUM BISSELL

ugly and exercise. You the gives fat exercise. It'll makes plentifully The Rochester, Michigan.

it with-ing it. It's a

a burger. Both

and No 1. I'm giving Aunt Millie a Bissell, Ann, she

can use it for quick clean-ups and save her vacuum cleaner for periodic cleaning. It has

the Hi-Lo brush control that automatically and fully adjusts brush to any rug nap. And cleans so easily! Models from $3.95 to $7.50

BISSELL

The really better sweeper

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Take Off

Ugly FAT

NO DRUGS. NO EXERCISES

An amazing patented device and method called ROLLETTE-developed in Rochester, Minnesota now makes it possible for you to rid yourself of ungodly pounds of fat and improve your figure. With it you can take off fat quickly without an untimely diet or drugs, without any straining or dissatisfying. It's a ROLLETTE! Consult your doctor.

FREE TRIAL OFFER!

We absolutely guarantee that if within five days the Rollette method does not reduce in the manner described, we will send you back the full price and apologize for the trouble. The Rollette trial will cost you nothing. Send name, address for Free Trial offer. ROLLETTE COMPANY 11 E. Huron St., Dept. 802, Chicago

AFTER he had sold his home, his cars, his stocks, his factory and patents—everything—Reed had not only lost all that he owned but he was badly in debt. At thirty-one, with a wife and four sons to support, he was faced with a circumstance he had never tasted before. He had to start life over again with absolutely nothing to start on.

Standing on the brink of beginning a new career from scratch, Reed Kennedy suddenly realized he hated business with a deadly, sweltering hatred. He wanted, and he had always wanted, to be a singer. But it was too late to begin now, to subject the welfare of his wife and children to the lean struggle and vicissitudes of a newly started musical career. It might be years before he could make a decent living with his voice. He was about to accept a travelling position with a manufacturing concern when Lois persuaded him otherwise.

"Listen, Reed," she pleaded with him, "we've always had everything and now it's gone and we've got to begin again. Let's begin this time in something you really love. I'll take longer and we'll all have to work and do without things but it'll be good for us, even the boys. I'm not afraid."

"I'll give myself a year," he finally agreed, "and if I haven't accomplished something by the end of that time I'll quit. I won't make it hard for you any longer than a year."

So they sold everything they could bear to part with, put a minimum of furniture on a van, and took the bus for New York. Reed had only a small amount of cash. He had tried to borrow money from several of his wealthy friends but they couldn't see security for their loans in the delicate prospect of a successful singing career. That was the reason the Kennedys took the tiny farmhouse at Mt. Kisco, planted a kitchen garden, and rented a cow.

At first they had an old Ford that car-
ried the children to school and their daddy to the station. But the monthly garage bill became depressing evidence that Fords don't run by magic, so they sold it to buy coal. Lois, for the first time in her life, did all the housework for a family of six, heavy washing included. The two older boys, aged eleven and eight, were assigned to a routine of chores, to looking out for their four and one-year-old brothers.

For months Reed made the rounds of radio and show business and got nowhere; Manhattan, he found, was jammed with excellent, experienced baritones doing the same thing he was and meeting the same rebuffs. Finally, worst of all, he had to forego the expense of his vocal lessons.

Luckily, a singer named Julius Huehn heard about him and came to his rescue. Years before, when Huehn had been struggling for recognition himself, his friend Kennedy had generously given him financial assistance. In return he was instrumental in securing for Reed the very coveted job of soloist at St. Bartholomew's church. For the first time in ten months he began to earn some money.

It was a grim and hopeless year—a little more than a year—that he waited for his break. Lois was critically ill once for four weeks, two of the children were hospitalized for a while. His almost daily rides on overheated commuting trains, followed by a six-mile walk out of doors, managed to lock Reed's vocal chords with colds a good half of the time.

"I was the perfect counterpart," he told me "of Calamity Jane!"

But no matter how discouraged he became—and seeing his family living as they were he wanted to give up and go to work so many times—there was always 'Lo' smoothing out things, refusing to let him quit—persuading him to keep trying two more weeks, six more weeks. So they stuck it out month after lean month together.

AND finally the breaks did begin to come. His first job was to have been a solo on one of the last broadcasts Will Rogers performed before he was killed. That Will Rogers talked overtime and Reed's number was consequently omitted was not nearly the tragedy it might have been for another singer. At least, Reed figured, he had been inside a studio. Too, he entered radio's amateur Metropolitan Opera auditions of last season under the name of Dale Jones; he didn't win but he got as far as the semi-finals. And that distinction brought him several guest appearances with Ray Noble and with the Pittsburgh Symphony broadcasts.

Enticed as Reed has become in radio now, the matter of living is at last a less pressing affair. He has established his family in a modest but comfortable Central Park apartment, the boys are in private school, Lois has a servant, and her husband is studying under the best dramatic and vocal teachers, with a Metropolitan Opera audition scheduled for the early spring.

Over the desk in Reed's den at home three lines from "Tristram" are printed in green ink on a white card and thumb-tacked to the wall "because it's well to remember a thing like that, especially when you're sitting on top of your world."

Which goes to show how there isn't a starrish idea in the head of this popular new idol of the air. He answers his own fan mail, telephone and door, is frank enough to envy Lanny Ross and Lawrence Tibbett in glowing phrases, and he's an all-around thoroughly likeable person.

The real star of the family, he would insist if you asked him, is not himself at all but the lovely lady who helped him find his greatest happiness.

**"The losing Hand in the game of Love is a Chapped one"**

says Walter Winchell

(Your New York Correspondent)

Busy hands kept soft and white by Jergens...the lotion that penetrates faster, more thoroughly!

No wonder June and September are the "marriage months"! Romance thrives when hands are less subject to chapping...stay soft to touch!

But right now your hands need very special care to keep them lovely! Jergens Lotion brings you the help that keeps hands young! It goes into the dry, parched skin cells more swiftly—penetrates more thoroughly—than any other lotion tested.

Two special softening ingredients in Jergens make the roughest skin smooth in a few applications. Jergens overcomes the red rappiness of hands that are too much in water. An important protection...for a check kept by hundreds of women proved that you wash your hands on an average of 8 times a day; have them in water at least 8 times more!

Keep Jergens always on hand, in bathroom, kitchen, office. Use it whenever you've been out in the cold, whenever you've had your hands in water. Jergens will give your hands the soft, white beauty that tempts "his" touch—and kisses!

**FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE**

Prov for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and rejuvenates the young-guarding oils and moisturizes your hands need!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 624 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada—Perth, Ontario)

Name________________________

Street_______________________

City__________________________

State_________________________
The Critic on the Hearth

Fred Astaire. The star of this show, so far as I'm concerned, is the fellow who is writing Charles Butterworth's lines. Charlie has never been as funny as this on the screen, and that is saying something! Packard would do well to have said scribe also write the car plages—they need to be funnier, but not louder. You wouldn't think such a dignified firm would go in for medicine-show ballyhoo, particularly with one of the smartest, most sophisticated shows on the air, but grit your teeth and sit through it—you'll be rewarded with a fast-stepping melange. Incidentally, I thought I didn't like tap dancing on the air, but I'll make this one exception—anyway, it will have to do until television comes along. Fred's songs don't seem as catchy as they do in pictures; somebody should look into that. Understand the guest stars get a car for a souvenir. If Fred and Charlie are likewise paid off in Packards, they'll soon have a garage bill that'll make them wish they were on a cigarette program.

NBC Tuesday, 9:30 P. M., 60 min.

Kate Smith will be the first person ever to give Vallee serious competition. On the air at the same hour, she presents celebrated personalities, new names, and the best showmanship stunt of the season to date—public heroes. A hero of the week, nominated by the listeners and selected by a judging committee of five famous people, is awarded $500. The act of bravery is dramatized. Besides, there is Jack Miller's Orchestra. Kate's liquid voice and her competent bossing of the program.

CBS Thurs., 8:00 P. M., 60 min.

Famous Jury Trials. People who can't get enough courtroom drama will do nip-ups over this collection of legal thrillers, disinterred from judicial archives by Don Becker, producer and author, who does a neat job of renovating them. Such novel devices as a radio announcer's eye-witness description of Abe Lincoln preparing to defend a case lend a touch of reality or something. You almost expected him to ask Mr. Lincoln to "say a few words for the benefit of the radio audience." Recent cases are disguised a bit but not enough to fool you.

MBS Mon., 10:00 P. M., 45 min.

Community Sing. The introduction of Milton Berle as the program's comedian brings to the mike machine-gun comedy. Of course it's well rehearsed, even when he's presumably clowning with the audience, but preparation is no fault and neither is his pace, if he can keep it up. Wendell Hall as a leader and Jones and Hare as misleaders don't dull things up any.

CBS Sun., 10:00 P. M., 45 min.

Magazine of the Air. Strange that no one tried this idea before—it makes a good excuse for a potpourri of entertainment and instruction for the housewife. You can't blame milady if she turns to the music page first, what with Leith Stevens' morning melodies and Reed Kennedy singing popular songs in the same rich baritone that tossed around the classics last season with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Trouble House is the magazine serial, a dramatic sketch with interesting characters. The other air columns of this radio periodical present "articles" with a feminine slant, by guest name authors. The magazine has an attractive make-up, with only one typographical error. An editor should edit and not editorialize. Delmar Edmundson does the latter as master of ceremonies, and destroys the magazine illusion.

CBS Mon., Wed., Fri. 11:00 A. M., 30 min.

Red Grange. If you enjoy the spectacle of the Gallopin' Ghost of 1923 making fumbles, listen to him read a radio script. But football fans won't mind his aerial stumbles as long as he spills the dope on college lineups and pigskin prospects, and keeps on interviewing coaches.

NBC Fri., 10:30 P. M., 15 min. Sat., 7:00 P. M., 15 min.

Major Bowes. There have been so many imitations of his "all right" that the Major is beginning to sound like a burlesque of himself. There's more Major than amateurs this year, and more Chrysler than both put together.

CBS Thurs., 9:00 P. M., 60 min.

HINTS for the Eyes of Wives!

by Jane Heath

- Unless you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of Kurlash enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private cache of Kurlash products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into Kurlash ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other absolutely undetectable Kurlash products also. Try them in private... and give your husband a beautiful surprise today.

- Kurlash Compact. A patented makeup case with a little sponge, ensuring just the right consistency to darken the lashes Naturally without stiffening or caking them. Proven. In black, brown or blue, $1.

- Kurlash. Dyes the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1), in a shade to match your eye, gives a youthful, shiny-lidded look that is so flattering, 50c and $1 sizes.

- Twisters. The little miracle tweezers with curved stainless-steel handles let you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.


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What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 15)

brotherhood. For this moment we thank radio.

Belle M. Drake, Newfoundland, New Jersey.

$1.00 PRIZE

ONE CRITIC REPLIES TO ANOTHER

One Radio Mirror critic disapproves of new characters being introduced in Today's Children. I have followed this interesting program for many months and I think it is one of the best on the air. The name itself, explains the reason for new characters. Aren't the children of today constantly forming new friendships? I think the new characters are necessary to make this story so interesting.

When I am compelled to miss a broadcast, it is not difficult to "pick up the threads," as Mr. Rohan often relates any important event of the preceding day. Long may we greet Today's Children.

Mrs. E. L. Wilcox, Elmira, New York

HONORABLE MENTION

"In the name of good sportsmanship, stop complaining about advertising. If the sponsors can't advertise, why should they spend the money for radio time?"—Mrs. F. C. O'Neal, San Francisco, Calif.

"Why must some advertiser spoil an otherwise good program by continual repetition, day after day, of the same advertising continuity? When a listener hears the same words so often, they lose their punch and instead of arousing interest, the product, they produce exactly the opposite effect."—Noah Couchman, Vancouver Island, Canada.

Whatever changes may occur in programs from time to time, I hope we may be able to tune in the Community Sings at the usual time."—Mary E. Ralston, Washington, Pa.

"We agree with Marie C. Basile of Long Island City that Show Boat is heading for disaster. Soprano should cope and leave from Show Boat, but Muriel Wilson is the only one who has been missed enough to have letters sent to the sponsor requesting her return. Muriel Wilson Fans, Brooklyn, New York.

"I beg to differ with Marie C. Basile's views about Show Boat. Tis very true that the cast suffered a great loss when Muriel Wilson and Conrad Thibault left the crew. However, I don't think anyone can accuse me of being unfair to Muriel Wilson when I say that I think Winifred Cecil stepped very gracefully into her place; nor do I think Conrad Thibault will think me unjust because I would like to see Ross Graham make good."—Miss M. L. Van Toor, Lansdale, Pa.

"Why can't we have Henry Burr on a program where we can enjoy him? On the Barn Dance he sings one skinny little chorus and leaves us like a kid that's had one lick off an ice cream cone."—Mrs. Toso Wmken, Mahanoy City, Pa.

"Let's have the return of Myrt and Marge in the fall. Not only should they return to the airwaves, but also be given some time between 6:30 and 9:30 p.m.


"The very nature of Edward MacHugh's work seems to prohibit the use of but very little advertising, commercially speaking. If they must have a long spell, then I say put on another program besides the Gospel Singer."—R. Kuprian, Brooklyn, New York.

See if the Shade of Face Powder You Have Been Using is the Right One for You

You think you can describe your complexion by calling it "fair," "dark," "pink and white" or "olive." You think you know just what shade of face powder goes with your particular skin.

But I want to give you the surprise of your life! I want to show you—at my expense—that you probably belong to the vast array of women who habitually use the wrong shade of face powder—a shade that never permits them to look their loveliest or their youngest!

The reason women make this mistake is that they choose face powder shades according to old-fashioned notions of "type." But you aren't a type. You're an individual! No two skins are alike. Even the same skin alters with the years, the seasons, the state of health. Doesn't this check with your own experience?

There's Just ONE WAY to Tell!

The only way to find the most becoming, flattering shade of face powder for your skin now—is to try on all five basic shades. Any other way doesn't give your complexion the ghost of a chance to show which shade it demands. I don't expect you to buy 5 big boxes of powder for this test, when one box will be all you'll need afterward. Just send me your name and address, and by return mail I'll dispatch all 5 shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge.

When the five shades arrive, do this: First, look at them all and, just for fun, guess which shade you think is most flattering to you. Keep that shade in mind. Then try on every one of the five shades. Give yourself plenty of time. Be sure to remove each shade completely before you try the next. But the important thing is to try all five, before you make up your mind which is most becoming. Then compare the one you select by actual test, with the one you guessed at—you'll get the surprise of your life to find your guess was undoubtedly wrong.

Prepare for a Surprise!

Do you know what is quite apt to happen? A complete reversal of everything you thought you knew about yourself and your face powder shade. Why, thousands of women have told me that the shade they guessed in advance as the winner—didn't win at all! Often the winner has turned out to be the very shade they thought couldn't possibly suit them! This shade added life and vivacity not only to the skin but to their whole personality—and made them look years younger! Write today for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Then make the test I suggest and see for yourself how right or wrong you have been in your selection of face powder shade. Mail coupon now!
Avoid lipstick parching... and keep lips lovable

Lips must be smooth and soft to tempt romance. Rough lips look old. Unattractive, So—avoid lipsticks that dry or parch!

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Make the "Over-night" Experiment!
Put on a tiny hit 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.

RADIO MIRROR

Humanity Finds a Defender
(Continued from page 44)

It was a common story—too common—of two young people in love since childhood who married. An ideal couple, to all appearances. Then came economic reverses and the wife started to work while the husband tramped the streets looking for a job, every day growing more crushed and despondent. They began to nag at each other. Their marriage, that had seemed so perfect, revealed its essential weakness. It could not stand up under adversity. Life together became intolerable, but the law would not grant them a divorce unless adultery were proved. The rich could get divorces through collusion; the poor could not.

Alexander watched the gradual dissolution of the marriage, watched unhappiness come to two people who were very dear to him, felt his heart go out to them, held together by a law they did not have the money to break. "I could not understand why happiness should be a matter of dollars and cents," he told me. "Human beings should have an equal right to live under the law."

Perhaps he thought, the solution lay in religion, and he entered a theological school. But not for long. Prayer and study could not satisfy him. They were not enough; another method of life called to him—and he could not escape. His need was action, not philosophical repose.

He left the school and came to New York to find his vocation—some sort of pattern for his life which would satisfy his sense of justice. He wanted to mingle with others who felt as he did, gain their aid, actually do something.

In the city the contrast between happiness and degradation struck him with stunning force. At night, the gay theatrical district pumped out streams of well-dressed people while in dark doorways, anemic, down-at-heel beggars held out their hands for small coins. Food was wasted in hotels and night clubs; while outside a withered old woman was digging into a refuse can, smiling wanly when she found a dirty crumb of bread!

Scenes like this angered him; kept one question uppermost in his mind:

WHAT can I, as one individual, do to prevent such suffering?

He turned to organized charity and social work, joining several philanthropic organizations—to be faced with further proof of the immensity of the problem. No sooner was one life helped than another was in need. One individual, even one organization, could only do so much. One morning on his way to work he saw a man knocked down by a truck. An ambulance came along and whisked him away to a public hospital. Everything would be done there to save the man's life. Alexander knew. But what of the poor souls who will always linger, as hungry and ignorant, hidden away from the knowledge of a forgetful world? Suddenly, Alexander saw what he could do. He could—he must—publicize cases of injustice and suffering. They must be brought to the attention of society!

There it was, in a flash... its purpose and his work. He no longer thought how the heads of man's inhumanity to man. It was not inhumanity, so much as it was forgetfulness and lack of knowledge. He began to make plans and to search for a medium through which he could tell the world of its neglect.

"I was fascinated by radio," he told me. "Here was a powerful instrument being used only for entertainment purposes. Through it, I could get my message to a great number of people. I could talk to them, in their homes."

Thus, eight years ago, Alexander visualized the future for the networks. But at first he could find time only on a local station for what he wanted to do. On the Tom Noonan Chintatown Mission program, he gave three-minute introductions. Every Sunday for seven years he made it the pulpits for his ideas. Slowly, his talks gained an audience who liked his philosophy and his courage. Letters poured in, revealing the tragedies of torn lives, asking advice.

"I believe that people are drawn together by identical interests, understandings, and tragedies," he says. "Floods, wars, and droughts all reduce human beings to a common level, bring them to a community spirit. I only ask people not to wait for tragedy to strike—to help each other first!"

LECTURES on the air, however, no matter how important or significant, were soon forgotten. He realized at last that he must bring actual cases to the microphone, to bring home realities to the listeners. WMCA had conceived an idea for a regular broadcast devoted to his needs. He put the first broadcast on the air April 5, 1935, making of it a legal and social clearing house to help unemployed who were unable to help themselves.

At first he had difficulty getting a legal adviser. He did not want a columnist, a psychologist, nor a propagandist, but someone who could give specific, practical advice—tell the helpless what rights they had and did not have. While still an announcer on a local station, he secured the support of public spirited magnates who agreed to quote the law in human terms, stripped of technicalities. Too many of the people were afraid to go before the mike and tell the things they had told him. For these reasons, the program was slow to start. Once on the air, however, it grew immediately by leaps and bounds!

The court itself is dramatic and full of human interest. It is starkest reality. Here you do not get a play, a bit of fiction, but actual people fighting actual problems that you and your friends might be called upon to face. These people are not actors. They speak from the heart with sincerity and urgency. You are not just a listener but a part of the drama!

Before the broadcast, Alexander interviews the people he has picked from some 1,900 letters. In a few minutes he must determine an applicant's character, study his case, and decide whether or not he should go on the air. He must weed out the hysterical and the grudge bearers. Forty high strung, jittery people then file into the silent room and the air is tense with expectation. No one knows what will happen, how the audience will react, how they expected to go through the third degree. You sit in your parlor and hear the broadcast but you cannot see the frightened faces of Alexander, the rigid bodies, perched on the edges of chairs. You cannot feel the breath-taking emotion that fills these small listening homes and bare their hearts in heart-rending confessions.

A nervous woman, case 16-342, steps cautiously up to the mike. She coughs. She starts to speak, but her voice is broken and the words trail off into a scarcely audible whisper. Alexander puts his arm about her reassuringly. She gulps, tries again.

"He stole every cent I had. He threat-
ens to kill me if I tell. I can't give him any more money and I can't stand any more of his beatings. I can't stand it!' she moans.

Next a bashful, tormented youth comes forward. He twirls his fingers as he stutters, 'They made me marry her. I was tricked. She is a bad character and gets me fired from every job I get. Isn't there some way I can get a divorce?'

'Not unless you have the money to hire detectives,' says the judge. The youth flies into a rage. He shouts at the judge, rails bitterly at society. Alexander intercedes and gets him off the air as quickly as possible.

A thin young girl in dark glasses tells her unusual story in quick staccato sentences. 'He faked a marriage ceremony. My family kicked me out. Now I have a police record. What can I do with my child?' Tears run down her cheeks as she begs for its adoption.

In spite of his experience with all types of human nature, Alexander believes the universe is essentially friendly. He is convinced of this because of the letters he receives. Many insist that justice be done and an unfortunate story brings many offers of help. Welfare societies cooperate and often the complainant gets an apology or redress after broadcasting a story.

Thus Alexander has seen his boyhood dream come true. He combined his religious and court experience and brought the radio audience a new conception of life as he knows it. When one has heard real cases with all their implications, one has seen beneath the surface, past the story books and into reality.

Though Goodwill Court originated in a small boy's mind and started on a small scale on sustaining programs, it is now hailed by radio critics and welfare societies as the most important development in radio for the past sixteen years.

In a comparatively few years, Alexan
der has brought his ideas and experiences to the attention of many national figures. Governor Lehman of New York, the Attorney General of the United States, Homer S. Cummings, as well as other Governors and other law enforcement officers, have written to express their thanks and appreciation of its progress.

It is so vast and important an undertaking that it is difficult to believe it started with a boyhood dream. While still a young man, Alexander has seen down into the hearts of individuals and is on his way to further fulfillment of his purpose—to help lessen crime and suffering by bringing them dramatically to the ears of the world.

Who Are Radio's Racketeers?

How do they operate? What is being done to stop them? Read the gripping expose of Radio's Racketeers—in the

JANUARY
RADIO MIRROR

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Radio's Cruel Part in Spain's Civil War

(Continued from page 21)

to be captured, while the armies marching against them are many miles away. One American correspondent during part of the revolution heard a radio report from Seville one night that the Alhambra had been destroyed—when all the time it slumbered peacefully in the moonlight, not a hundred feet away from where the American and his family were sitting!

Not that Spanish loyalty is alone in its crimes against truth. Spanish newspapers—those that have survived sudden changes in government—are guilty of distorting the news too, although not to any great an extent as the radio. In fact, through the radio it has sometimes been possible to check the truth of newspaper reports. For instance, suppose that a Rebel-controlled paper claims the city of X has surrendered to the Rebel forces. By tuning into the X station on the radio, and listening to its announcer shouting loyalist propaganda, listeners know X is still in the hands of the Government.

Each side in the war is well aware that radio's reports of what is happening cannot be depended on. The civilian population, although it clutters about the radio stations installed in cafes and listens avidly, must depend on written publication, or upon instinct, to learn the truth.

Nor is dissemination of false news reports the only question. Each controlled, the rival political factions all have their own orators who go on the air with fantastic exhortations to kill, kill, kill. The Government, through Union Radio Madrid, EAJ 2, and Union Radio Barcelona, EAJ 1, puts President Manuel Azana, the Prime Minister, Socialist leaders, and Communist deputies on the air to plead for its cause.

Radio is even used to fight radio. The Government, in taking over the Madrid station, EAJ 2, changed its wave length to that of Radio Seville, a Rebel-controlled station, and then went on the air with an endless program of jazz and rhapsodies—ended only, except for periodic interruptions of news and oratory. The purpose was to interfere with Radio Seville and produce a noisy jumble of muscle-bumping, crackling, at least so far as Madrid listeners were affected.

The radio mainstay of the Rebels and the most terrifyingly efficient in the air, is General Queipo de Llano, commander of the Seville garrison. Fiery, eloquent, and ruthless, he is an expert at inspiring atrocities and paying lip-service to them. It must be eliminated from our vocabulary, "is one of his favorite statements. In attacking the Loyalist cause he regularly uses vitriolic and abusive words and phrases whose English equivalents would get him thrown off the air immediately in this country. Nominally a military commander, his radio duties keep him so busy that he seldom has time to do any commanding. "But he accomplishes more for his cause on the air than he could ever accomplish leading an army," Kaltenborn remarked in telling me of de Llano.

Even possession of a radio can be dangerous to the citizen of a city held by one or the other opposing faction. Public places, such as cafes, by keeping their sets tuned to a station controlled by the partisans, ran into trouble and even gained the approval of the officials, as well as good trade from the news-hungry public. But the private citizen, unless he has his set tuned to the Government's station, not only does not dare listen to an "enemy" station. Those who are caught doing so are shortly afterwards transferred to jails. Many people have dismantled their sets to escape complications—since after all it would not be difficult for the party in power to know who was listening.

What effect can this fantastic situation have on the revolution, and the people?

KALTEBORN did not answer at once, and when he did, his voice was grave.

"I no longer believe," he said, "that mechanical inventions are necessarily a bane. The radio suits itself well to the uses to which they can be put by men, it's a question in my mind whether the world would be better off without them. Rebels and Loyalists both make use of the potentiality of the radio for spreading propaganda. But in the end, radio can't help either side to win. It can do no more than help one side win at the expense of the other.

"No amount of radio propaganda can change a man's beliefs. He believes what he wants to believe. But the radio can change his allegiance. Speakers like de Llano, by threatening their enemies with horrible physical tortures, can play upon the fear of the non-combatant public in such a way as to gain converts to their cause. The average Spaniard, even before the Revolution, did not have a radio of his own. Without one, he must listen to the broadcasts that are heard in the streets. When he hears the description of the burning-alive of Government sympathizers, he is likely to give lip-service to the Rebel cause, even though in his heart he is still loyal to the Government—simply because he is afraid of what might happen to him if he didn't.

"By hearing hatred upon hatred, the radio may be prolonging the revolution. With their oratory, the professional propagandists are able to keep the war spirit alive when it would begin to die out if left to itself. I don't know about that. But I do know this—that the war in Spain shows what a powerful and destructive force radio can be when it is used indiscriminately."

By the time this article is published, the Spanish civil war may have been ended, settled in one way or the other. Whatever the outcome, it will not change this fact: the world has had a glimpse of radio at its worst—a glimpse that is worth pondering.

Next month—another exciting story of a broadcast in war-torn Spain. Watch for the thrilling account of how Floyd Gibbons, the world's best-known reporter, has met his baring adventures in trying to get front-line news.

Radio has a new and exciting personality. Ethel Barrymore, long the Empress of the Footlights, is on the air. Watch for her amazing story, a saga of the famous Barrymores, in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.
but Old Black Joe, was her nurse and personal bodyguard. He was a lifer, and he has been dead for several years. In all her life, Cherie has never had a woman nurse, nor one who was not a prisoner.

One of her earliest memories is about Old Black Joe. Somehow or other, he and another of the house servants quarreled and engaged in a rough-and-tumble fist fight. Warden Lawes punished them by putting them both into the "cooler," or solitary confinement. Cherie can still remember the look in her father release from the cooler immediately. He didn't do it, but he did the next best thing—explained to Cherie why he couldn't, and sent her away satisfied that he knew best.

Never once, throughout her childhood, did Warden Lawes give any of the convicts who came into daily contact with his daughter a hint that he considered the care of her a greater trust than—for instance—the cleaning of the rooms in the house. To see that all went well with Cherie was simply part of their job. He never cautioned any of them particularly as to what should or should not be done, but left details to their intelligence and good will. He believed that it was most important not to give the impression among the men that any fear as to Cherie's welfare had so much as crossed his mind.

I asked him whether anything had ever happened, during Cherie's childhood, to make him regret, even momentarily, the decision he had made. I was prompted, I suppose, by the thought of how simple it would have been for unscrupulous prisoners, desperate to escape, to use this trusting child as a means of doing so.

"No, never," he said. "If anything had, I should probably have sent her away to school. But on the contrary, as time passed I grew more certain that Cherie was benefiting."

By the time she was six, and ready to start attending a private day-school in Ossining, Cherie was running through prison gates as she pleased. They were all open to her. Between meals she liked to drop into the commissary and talk to the men there. In the afternoons she'd attend the prison baseball team's practice, and the members of the team showed her how to pitch a ball and steal a base. They made her their mascot, and the military drill corps made her its honorary colonel.

In a prison as large as Sing Sing, she couldn't know everyone, but she knew an astounding number of the men by their first names or nicknames. To her, as they are to Warden Lawes, they were all "the boys." I don't believe the word "convict" has ever passed her lips.

On afternoons when some particular friend of hers was scheduled to leave (another word not in her vocabulary is the verb, "to release"), there might be a farewell party for him at the Residence, with Cherie on hand to say good-by. That, incidentally, is a custom Cherie continues even today, although she is much busier now with her school work and doesn't have as much spare time as she used to.

Four years ago the old Residence inside the prison, which had stood for more than a hundred years, was torn down, and the Lawes family moved into a new home, just behind and a little to the south of the cell-blocks. Arrived at high school age, Cherie began attending a private school in Scarborough, a few miles from Ossining. Today she is in her second year there, but she still finds time to go into the prison almost every day, to toss a baseball now and then with the team, to play the piano once in a while in the prison orchestra.

One of her particular friends is Alabama Pitts of baseball fame, who used to raise silver foxes when he was in prison. When Alabama returns to Sing Sing this fall, to play on the ball team, he will be a guest in the Warden's house, for he is one of Lawes' best friends, too.

Many more of the friendships she formed with the men who served their terms and left have endured. Every Christmas, and on her birthday, she receives scores of cards from these men, from every part of the country. Many write to her regularly, just to tell her how they are getting along. Some even return to Sing Sing, drawn there by some odd desire to revisit the scenes which may have marked turning-points in their lives, and they never fail to call on her, just as they call on the Warden himself.

Young as she is, she has developed her own philosophy of the social problem represented by Sing Sing and other penal institutions. It is based on the Warden's own beliefs, naturally, yet as she gave it to me, sitting on the terrace of her home.

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Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be... and then discovered a way to new loveliness... wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that "painted, artificial look".

Now let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone... an undertone and an overtone. You get both in the same jar of another rouge, but utterly different. When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin! Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color that no one can tell it is rouge. Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible... and then you are.

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and looking out across the Hudson to the misty Palisades, it seemed to me to have a fresh humanity that only youth could give it.

"People are always taking it for granted that living here and knowing the boys was either terribly interesting or terribly depressing," she said. "But I never thought of that way. It was just natural for me to be there and talk to the boys. I mean—Daddy thinks of them all as his family, and I'm part of his family too. Every family has its nice people, and its people who aren't so nice. They're all just people, interested in the same things other people are. But they've got to have a chance!"

Her blue eyes flared momentarily in irritation. "Daddy's criticized because he lets them play baseball and listen to the radio and read books and see movies.

But they work, too—and if they're going to have a chance to learn how to lead normal, balanced lives, they've got to have their entertainment as well as their work. Other people have their radios and books and movies.

So I think good movies have an awful lot to do with influencing people's characters," she added firmly.

I think that perhaps one sentence in that philosophy of Cherie's represents the greatest benefit her strange childhood bestowed on her. "They're all just people, interested in the same things other people are." It's at the root of the grave mental error most law-abiding citizens make when they think of what must be called, for lack of a better phrase, "the criminal class."

When they think of a prison, Warren Lawes said to me, "the majority of people do one of two things—they sentimentalize the men, and feel too sorry for them; or they jump to the conclusion that every last one of them is a depraved character."

In other words, they forget that convicts are also people, with the same instincts, desires, even thoughts, as themselves. Cherie, because she has grown up among them, will never make that mistake.

"I firmly believe that a childhood such as Cherie's has been is the best possible training for life," the Wardens told me firmly. "She has learned tolerance and a broader understanding, for one thing. She has learned to accept the less pleasant things in life without being shocked. And she has, for a girl of her age, a wonderfully fine opinion to judge character. When he tells me, Daddy, I don't think I like that fellow very much," I've found that her judgment is practically always sound."

"She has absorbed some of the prisoner's code of ethics—of course, and it's not such a bad code, either. For instance, she hates a squealer. Talking to so many of the boys, she has often learned about things in the prison of which I knew nothing—but she's never told me. She has never even started to tell me. If she had, I'd have stopped her, and told her never to do it again."

As the wardens talked, I sensed underneath the matter-of-fact words a deep pride in what his unorthodox system of child training has accomplished for his own daughter. In a way, it has been another justification of the beliefs according to which he has done his job for the past seventeen years; one more answer, to critics who charge that he runs his prison with too loose supervision. Those critics are apparently far less numerous now than they were a dozen years ago, but some of them still exist.

"If you want to make a dangerous man out of your friend," he said once, "ask him to do you a favor." By entrusting Cherie to the care of "the boys," he was asking them to do him a favor. And Cherie today is proof that his trust was not misplaced.
The Reason Nelson Eddy
Fears Marriage
(Continued from page 23)
those years a friendship, a deep understanding grew between him and his mother. She understood his loneliness, realized how inevitable it was, and set herself the task of making up, in part, for the things he was missing.
She has done that all his life. And today, in the lovely Beverly Hills house he took last year, she is making for him the first real home he has ever had. She presides at his table, receives his guests, supervises the corps of secretaries who work all day opening and answering his fan mail.
When he was fourteen the thing happened that changed his life completely. He had finished grammar school and was considering what high school to enter when his parents decided—simply and without any great to-dos—to separate. The family had reached Philadelphia in the endless circle of Mr. Eddy's professional wanderings, and Nelson and his mother decided to live there.
Naturally there was no more thought of school. Mrs. Eddy went to work in a university and Nelson got a job in his uncle's iron works. Then began the years of struggle, of worry, of persistent, devoted work during the day and study during the evenings; there was no time—and certainly no money—for the usual adolescent running around, for dancing and parties and girls.
He was a newspaper reporter for a while and then found that he had a voice; David Bispham, a famous baritone and teacher, heard him one day and offered to give him lessons.
It was while he was singing for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company that he discovered radio and radio discovered him. In those first days of crystal sets and earphones and experimentation there was little advantage to him in pouring his rich, powerful voice into an unperfected microphone. He knew there were probably only about fifty people listening to him and that the reception must be distorted. And station WCAU, Philadelphia, offered him no money for the work.
Nevertheless night after night he would go to the tiny studio and pour his heart into the arias and folk-songs that made up his program.
He grew up with radio.
From WCAU he went to WFI and eventually to every station in Philadelphia.
The Newton Coal Hour, released every other week, offered him a top slot, finally, with a contract that called for $25 an appearance. It wasn't much but he accepted, and stayed with the job for two years.
His listeners liked him and wrote in to say so. Sponsors of other programs liked him, almost as much as they liked the reports on his fan mail, and besieged him with offers. Contracts called for bigger salaries, less work, more publicity.
Until finally he was signed on the Firestone Hour. "From then on it's been merely a question of finding time for broadcasts between concert tours and motion pictures," he told me. "The other things followed radio. I spent a year in Europe studying under a teacher named Vilonat, and toured America afterward. A scout from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer liked my voice while I was doing a concert in Los Angeles, and the studio signed me. It meant I didn't think about money any longer, that I could have a home to live in after so many years."

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Doctors now show that the real answer why many find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their daily diets. Now, with this new discovery which combines these two vital nutrients in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—the women, normal curves, and men, slab form.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, as made from specially cultured and yeast imported from Europe, is the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 1,000 times more powerful. Then it is combined with a gist of vitamin-rich corn meal and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron in your system, get these new ironized yeast tablets from your drug dealer at three. Day after day, as you take them, watch inches melt off and flat chest round out to normal attractive figure. It means natural beauty—you're a new person.

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No matter how skinny and run-down you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. For if they don't suit you in a few short weeks as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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"And it meant time," I interrupted. "Time for fun that you'd never had, for parties and love and even marriage, if you wanted it."

He laughed. "I've given two parties since I took that house in Beverly Hills. Listen to my schedule for a year and see. I'd understand how much time I have for running around." His voice clipped, unemotional, matter-of-fact, as he recited dates and hours that comprised, collectively, the pursuits of his waking hours.

Pictures take up half of his time—a little more now that he is preparing to sign a new contract—and concert tours the rest, with radio broadcasts sandwiched into the general madhouse of appointments. When he's in Hollywood he rises at six o'clock, has breakfast at seven-thirty, and gets to the studio at eight-thirty. If he's home in the East, he gets an hour for dinner before the western broadcast is due, and after that he goes home, studies script for the next day, and gets fairly exhausted and perfectly aware that the next day will be a repetition of this one.

On the concert tours his time is even less his own. When he's not rehearsing with orchestra conductors and actually singing, his committees and accepting keys to cities, giving interviews, speaking before women's clubs, attending dinners given by people who could hurt him if he turned them down; and during the day he must answer, in his own hand, from fifty to sixty letters. "It's going to be even worse on the tour this fall," he told me, "because—for the first time, as I understand it—the radio is going to follow me around the country wherever I happen to be, broadcasting between appearances. Which means an entire troupe will have to come along: the program manager, the soprano, an announcer, the conductor, and of course my own personal representative, who'll travel ahead and arrange the bookings and see about facilities. We'll go up North and then to the Middle West and Chicago, and through the East to New York."

He hesitated, and smiled. "What was it you said—time for fun, and love and marriage?"

"Well, it can't go on like that forever, anyway," I protested. "You're right. I don't intend it shall. I'm going to stay in pictures the rest of my life, or clutter all my days with a program like the one I've just given you. But—you understand. I've got to get together enough money so that I can afford to do as I like. When I've done that I'll quit and go to Europe—sing the music of the masters where they were written and eventually I'll come back to America and interpret American music to the American people. I can live as I like then."

"Then I have time to think about the things you talk about."

I made no comment. The choice, the philosophy, is a matter of his private idealism and founded on a life that has left him no other conclusion. If marriage comes, if some love beats down into his heart, he will be the happiest man.
ready for the Pageant of Youth, they have mastered timing and can begin to develop an individual style of their own. None of her protégées is yet old enough to graduate from the Pageant, but Mrs. Clements hopes that by the time they are, her husband can find a client smart enough to pick up the talent that two other sponsors have trained in radio technique from childhood. "When my youngsters graduate from that program, which I hope will be a big evening show, they will be the Jack Benny's and Gracie Allens of tomorrow," says the lady impresario.

Sixteen-year-old Ginger Nap, from Brooklyn, who was on the Children's Hour from the start, is an example of the training by imitation. Although she can take off Penner, Garbo, Brice, Wynn, Sophie Tucker, Ethel Shutta, Mae West and Schlepperman to a rare-vous-well, and do about 25 other characterizations, she also has her own style of delivery for novelty songs, and so much do Mr. and Mrs. Clements think of her ability that they are putting her through dramatic school and giving her her name, since her father isn't living.

Sixteen-year-old Pinky Mitchell is another comedian you'll be hearing from in a few years, Mrs. Clements vows. He started in vaudeville when he was seven, and was master of ceremonies for 26 weeks on a WCAU program, impersonating the label on a beer bottle.

THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

*WHEN THEY ARE SHOWN AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE*

Produced by Ben K. Blake for Columbia Pictures Corp. and based on stories from TRUE STORY MAGAZINE "Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction"

SOSHOUTS THE NATION

Broadcasting's Fountain of Youth

(Continued from page 37)

Sixteen-year-old Ethel Shepard, nineteen, doesn't owe all her success to radio, as she has been in vaudeville since she was three weeks old. She has more than one kind of talent. Besides singing and playing the banjo, she had her own company of five in Loew's Circuit for three years. She got into radio without mentioning that she is the niece of Lazy Dan.

Mrs. Clements is certain that Broadway will someday acclaim Ethel Stone as if he had just sprung from nowhere overnight. A mild-mannered lad of eighteen, he started studying dramatics when he was ten years old to overcome a speech defect. A year ago, he graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He has been in radio six years, starting on the Philadelphia Children's Hour, has appeared on Broadway in "O, Prince," "Room Service," "Ah, Wilderness," and "Three Men on a Horse." For two summers he has managed his own stock company at Lake George, New York.

Walter (Froggy) Fros works simultaneously on the Children's Hour and the Pageant of Youth. His age, eleven, disqualifies him from entering on the latter program, but he is allowed to appear in the commercials as Butch Brown, the neighborhood bully, an overgrown hangout who is always threatening and beating up the smaller children until they run in the house and eat some Tastytoast and then come out and practically slay him.

It sounds great on the air, but in the studio, it's Froggy who slays the audience. He's a strikingly handsome French mite who has to stand on a box to reach the microphone, and the "little" boy he beats up verbally is really about twice his size. Froggy's ordinary voice is a natural childish treble, but a diminutive replica of Poley McClelland's famous duplex larynx

HOW TO AVOID THAT Made-up LOOK

Be colorful...but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge enhances your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is your coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier...in your own way.

Tangee Lipstick...Don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blushing rose. Nature has hidden there.

Tangee Powder the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look." Reveals a new warm underflow.

In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look." Reveals a new warm underflow.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFF COMPANY MA-125
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder (10 colors) and Lash Powder, 12g in Canada.

Cheek: Flesh, Red, Light Rachel Shade: Flesh, Red, Light Rachel

Name: 
Address: 
City: 
State: 

77
enables him to throw his vocal chords into low gear at will. He's been playing old men in school plays since he was five years old, and his booming voice was started on a professional gate-crasher. Once Columbia Pictures asked Mrs. Clements for some young singers to work in a movie short. She obliged. Someone at the studio phoned her later and said, "You know those singers you sent us? One of them can sing." Mrs. Clements was sure there was some mistake. All four were very good singers.

"Did you say four? There are five here! the man said. Say, who is this Frugy Crespin?" Mrs. Clements admitted that she hadn't sent him. "Too late now," the executive laughed, "He's already in the picture!"

Also on the Pageant of Youth you'll hear Billy Pape, a seventeen-year-old hillbilly born on Staten Island, who didn't know he could yodel or play guitar until someone introduced him to a Montana mother next door five years ago; Margaret Mac-Laren and Cy Bofird, probably the youngest romantic team on the air, Dotty Mathway, forty-two, and Mitchy Mitchell, forty-one; and that rarity of radio—a mixed quartet.

I learned about mike hogs from the children's director, Horace Feyhl. I knew about camera hogs, but had never heard of such a thing as hogging the microphone. The director hadn't either until he noticed that she could get all the attention and headache in the control room. The broadcast were repeatedly running a minute and a half longer than rehearsal time and crowding out the young people's lines. They couldn't figure it out until someone in the control room accidentally opened up a live mike and heard, "They get away with it—why can't we?"

The individual numbers had been timed only in rehearsal, before. But the next Sunday, someone dly clucked the acts on the air and discovered that every one of the kids had been stretching his number at least fifteen seconds without any of the adults getting wise to their under coversy rivalities and miseries. Even the orchestra had unconsciously slowed down with them.

Some pretty fireworks broke loose, and numbers were slashed mercilessly until the kids learned to behave. Now when they see that "overtime" glint in Feyhl's eyes, they start cackling quickly: "Cut-cut-cut a chorus!"

Children are easy to work with. Feyhl says, they strive hard to please, have a kick out of being accepted in an adult world, winning approval from adult audiences. They fretting over whether the grown-ups will "get" this or that bit of juvenile humor in their scripts. They can always be expected to pick up their cues about 50 per cent better than adults. They don't blow up in their lines, and some of them are remarkable at ad libbing. Most of the Children's Hour stars are too young to read, and memorize all their lines and songs.

It's harder to train the mothers than the children. On the air, they can really talk, those who know. A kid may think he's good, but his mother shouts it from the rooftops. One mother who was trying to run the household by herself came on the air complaint that by having her exceptionally clever child temporarily given the air without a microphone. But that mother is as good as gold now (silence is golden). She has never needed another "spanking."
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

a Coney Island resort, known as the College Inn, these present-day celebrities functioned as follows: Eddie Cantor was one of the comics... Al Shayne was one of the singers... Jimmy Durante was the piano player... Ted Lewis was leader of the orchestra... Henry Busse was a cornetist... and Paul Whiteman was a waiter.

The term "Nemo programs," used to identify broadcasts that originate outside the studios, has a curious history. In the early days of radio, when announcers and engineers first went to nightclubs to project their music programs on the air, the proprietors of those resorts were very appreciative of the resultant publicity. So appreciative, indeed, that they lavished entertainment upon the mikemen, winning and dining them until all hours. The result was that the broadcasters used to report to their studios the next morning bleary-eyed with hangovers. Somebody dubbed them "Little Nemos" after the comic strip character and the expression has persisted to this day.

Babe Ruth, once terrorized by the mike, has developed into a broadcaster almost as nonchalant as Ted Husing himself. It was a revelation to see him in action on Kate Smith's new program. He did his stuff in his shirt sleeves, contentedly puffing a pipe between speeches. Not so long ago the Big Bambino was stricken dumb by the microphone and on one occasion a studio attaché had to read his lines when he became inarticulate through fear.

The radio stations of the country spent $89,000,000 for talent last year. Advertising sponsors contributed $50,000,000 of this huge amount and the stations the balance. These contrasting figures reveal the wide gulf separating commercial and sustaining artists. The moral is, if you want to reap a reward in radio, hitch your wagon to a sponsor. For sustaining artists are just that—they carry on for a mere sustenance, hoping and praying an advertiser will some day hear them on the air and sign them to a contract providing a real salary.

It may—and then again, it may not—be some consolation to listeners annoyed by audiences at broadcasts to know that they hear a comedian's gag before the studio spectators do. It is all because sound propelled by electrical impulses moves faster through the air than through the air. Thus a dialect in Los Angeles hears what is said in a Radio City studio 3,000 miles away before the audience assembled there does. Reduced to figures, he hears just six one-hundredths of a second sooner, sound in the studio traveling at the rate of 1,000 feet per second while sound on the wires which carry the broadcast from station to station speeds at the rate of 75,000 miles per second.

* * *

Much as they relish the attention, there are times when radio artists find autograph-hunters pests. On such occasions they resort to devices and disguises to evade their studio tormentors. A favorite strategy is to have a page standing by to summon them to the telephone the minute the broadcast ends. Jack Benny some times hastily dons a pair of glasses and lets himself be seen in the crowd. Rudy Vallee favors colored glasses as do Walter O'Keefe and Virginia Verrill. Fred Waring grabs an autograph album and pencil or pen and makes believe he is a handwriting-seeker himself. Alexander Gray slaps on a chauffeur's cap and Rosa Ponselle covers her head and
*Another strong mouth odor only ZONITE KILLS FOR GOOD!*

Now you can enjoy all the healthful, delicious onions you want without a bit of worry. Rinse the mouth and gargle thoroughly with a teaspoonful of Zonite in a half-cup of water to kill onion breath and other strong mouth odors FOR GOOD!

Zonite doesn’t mask bad breath like ordinary mouth-washes. Zonite actually destroys scientifically (oxidizes) the odor-causing materials, whether from odorous oils or from putrefying food particles. Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes, leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Harmless to tissues. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself. At all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

The TASTE tells you Zonite gets real results,*

*The only word in mouth odor control.*

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED FREE

10 by 15 inch enlargement of any SNAPSHOTS

Your favorite snapshots of children, pets, and people loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 10x15 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak prints, print or negative to 10x15 inches—FREE—if you enclose 5c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand-tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receipt of your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

**GEPPERT STUDIOS**

323 Dey Street, Iowa

shoulders with a shawl. Fred Allen’s camouflage is the simplest and Al Jolson the most complicated. Fred, famous for his “dead-pan” expression, merely affects a broad grin and Melissa. But when he recognizes Jolson applies a false beard, bunches his shoulders and shuffles his way through the throng.

*POSTSCRIPTS*

Experimental television stations continue to make progress but the best authorities insist television in the parlor is still too or three years away. New York City has many radio bars; rooms. Reality interests are making the fight, claiming loudspeakers in saloons annoy the neighborhood.

Frank Munson can read a note of music—but boy how he can sing!... Don Bestor wears glasses just for a gag. He doesn’t need them any more than he does spats for his voice is perfect... Fred Allen has a word of encouragement for crooners. “Don’t be discouraged because there’s a similarity between your art and hoo-hoo calling.” Remember they both bring home the bacon.

Barbara Luddy, chosen for the coveted post as Don Ameche’s leading lady in The First Nighter, says little miss you used to admire so in Fox comedies... Janice Gilbert, of The O’Neills cast, is the thirteenth old daughter of Ed Wolf, producer of radio and stage. There is another Ed Wolfe on the radio roster; he is in the NBC production department... Mr. Openshaw has been elected Vice President of the Halon Radio Manufacturing Corp. of New York... Today in the United States alone there are about 200,000 “radio families” and they are increasing at the rate of over 1,500,000 a year. In 1895 there was only one family in the entire world interested in the wireless medium. Ten years ago only 10,000 families used it... Besides, the United States government, of Bologna, Italy. Guglielmo Marconi, his brother, and the gardener for the estate, were the only three fans of that time.

**What Do You Want to Know?**

(Continued from page 50)

Helen K., New York, N. Y.—Annette Hanshaw is in retirement at present, but there’s no telling, it may not be permanent. You might try and get a letter to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Gertrude Niesen fans, attention! Just to let you know that Mildred Kruger, 566 Prospect Plaza, Brooklyn, New York, recently celebrated her birthday. Fans of the Gertrude Niesen fan club.

Miss Meriam C. W., Centerdale, R. I.—Cab Calloway is scheduled to appear at the new Commodore Fall, which has moved down from Harlem to Broadway and 48th Street.

John J. R., Detroit, Michigan.—Write for a picture of Jeannie Macy to station WOR, 1440 Broadway, New York City. For Jerry Cooper, Judy Starr and Loretta Lee, address them in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 465 Madison Avenue, New York.

Jean Harlow, Baltimore, Md.—Several years ago Fred Langford entertained at South Carolina College parties and singing song favorites in a clear high soprano. But during one semester an influenza epidemic hit the hospital, where her ailing tonsils were removed. For several weeks she did not use her voice but when she finally did, lo and behold! she was a contralto.

**BIGGER CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, MORE PAINFUL unless removed Root & All**

- Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that ends a corn forever. Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly —then in 3 short days the entire corn lifts out Root and All.


**FOOTSORING BATH TUB MAT**

Use FOOTSURE IV tab or underfoot—forming—safeguarding white bath or clothing—saving time, killing odors, and preventing bacteria. NON-SKID! Highest quality rubber. Priced to sell. STANDARD & DELUXE models—13x15, 15x18. Bath mat, washable, department and other stores, or write to us. Refer to prepaid circular. FRESH.

Footsure Co., T. 73, 122 Main Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

**EASY EXPRESS REMNANTS**

Also BARGAIN Extra-Given 99c

Send FREE Complete Circular to any 5c stamp.

SEND NO MONEY for FREE circular or catalog. Send to nearest branch of EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY Dept. K-54, Greenfield, Mass.
Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory
(Continued from page 53)

Mutual's Best Bets
(The times Eastern Standard)

SUNDAY
Benay Venuta's Matinee, with Sid Gay, the Key Men, and Nat Brussloff's Orchestra. (3:00 P.M.)
Original National Amateur Night, with Benny Rubin and Arnold Johnson's Orchestra. (4:00 P.M.)
The Art of Song directed by Alfred Wallenstein. (8:00 P.M.)
The Wonder Show, with the Great McCoy (Orson Welles), Scrappy Lambert, and Ken Christie's Orchestra. Old-fashioned melodramas and community sing. (9:00 P.M.)
Horace Heidt's Orchestra. (10:30 P.M.)
Freddy Martin's Orchestra. (11:15 P.M.)
Louis Prima's Jam Band. (1:00 A.M.)

MONDAY
The Lone Ranger. (7:30 P.M.)
Jazz Nocturne, with Camille Miles, Helane Daniels, and Nat Brussloff's Orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
Gabriel Heather, commentator. (9:00 P.M.)
Symphonic Strings, under direction of Alfred Wallenstein. (9:30 P.M.)
Famous Jury Trials. (10:00 P.M.)
Crosley Fallles. (11:30 P.M.)
Shep Fields' Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight)

TUESDAY
Music for Today, directed by Morten Gould. (8:30 P.M.)
Gabriel Heather, commentator. (9:00 P.M.)
True Detective Mysteries. (9:30 P.M.)
Bernarr Macfadden. (10:00 P.M.)
Shep Fields' Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight)
Clyde McCoy's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

WEDNESDAY
The Lone Ranger. (7:30 P.M.)
The Music Box, with Nina Paisley, Ellis Frakes, A Capella Chair, and Virginia Marcus's Orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
Gabriel Heather. (9:00 P.M.)
The Grumblins, with Senator Ford. (10:00 P.M.)
Cab Calloway's Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight)
The Band of Tomorrow. (12:30 A.M.)
Ted Flo Rita's Orchestra. (1:00 A.M.)

THURSDAY
Pleasant Valley Frolics— bloodstream music with a large cast of singers, Uncle Charlie Seel, and Joe Lugoro's Orchestra. (7:45 P.M.)
Melody Treasure Hunt for amateur composers. (8:00 P.M.)
Gabriel Heather. (9:00 P.M.)
Ozle Nelson's Orchestra. (9:15 P.M.)
Leon Baszin conducting the Hamberger Symphony Orchestra. (9:30 P.M.)
Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. (10:30 P.M.)
Benny Goodman's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)
FRIDAY
The Lone Ranger. (7:30 P.M.)
Time Flies, with Commander Frank Hawks, Allyn Joslyn, Milton Rettenberg's Orchestra. (8:00 P.M.)
The Show Window, with stars of the newspaper world, Welome Lewis, and Nat Brussloff's Orchestra. (8:30 P.M.)
Casore Sadora directs Grand Opera, with Stuart Gracey. (9:30 P.M.)
Hugo Marioni's Orchestra. (10:00 P.M.)
SUNDAY
Father Charles Coughlin. (8:00 P.M.)
Sweet Music, with Barbara Lom, Embassy Trio, Louise Wilcher, and organ. (8:30 P.M.)
Cab Calloway's Orchestra. (12:00 Midnight)
Benny Goodman's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

Here's a yeast that makes yeast eating a pleasure! Yeast in convenient tablet form! Yeast that stays fresh!
You will really enjoy taking Yeast Foam Tablets. They have a delicious, nut-like flavor everybody likes. They are pasteurized, hence cannot cause gas or fermentation. Anyone, young or old, can take them safely.
Yeast Foam Tablets contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast—that's why they are so effective. This is the yeast that is used in vitamin research conducted by certain laboratories in many leading American universities.
You buy this yeast in a ten-day supply. Yeast Foam Tablets keep fresh for months. Keep the handy bottle in your desk. Take it with you when traveling. Then you will never fail to take your yeast regularly.

Thousands of men and women are taking Yeast Foam Tablets for indigestion, constipation, headaches, nervousness, loss of energy. When such disorders are caused by lack of Vitamins B and G, you should get gratifying results through a short course of Yeast Foam Tablets. Try a bottle today.

Your druggist sells Yeast Foam Tablets—60 cents for the 10-day bottle. Get acquainted with this easy-to-eat, non-fermenting Yeast Tablet today!
It is hard to believe that FEMININE HYGIENE can be so dainty, easy and GREASELESS.

But it is true. Zonitors, snow-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely remanable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or bulky apparatus. Odorless—and 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 greaseless Zonitors for feminine hygiene. The reason is positively thrilling 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 favored in medical circles because of its infection-preventing and fungustatic "buro" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists.

Each in Individual Gift Box.

Zonitors
For FEMININE HYGIENE
Snow White Greaseless

Zonitors, 3429 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C., Send in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Address

A ZONITE PRODUCT

INVENTORS

Small boxes may have large commercial possibilities. Write


Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HYMAN BERNAN

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RELIEF FROM

PSORIASIS

with

DERMOL

Dermol is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to relieve the itch, dryness, and skin eruptions so typical of this dermatitic condition. It is easy to use and can be applied wherever irritation is felt. Dermol is non-staining and non-irritating. See your druggist today.

GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE 25c a stamp or coin. Satisfaction Guaranteed:

Present the sales tag and return any unused portion of the bottle, no questions asked.

DERMOL FREE Trial bottle and money PROOF OF RESULTS. Write, phone, cable or wire.

Dermol—Take good care of the man of the house.

LAKE LABORATORIES

Dept. N. 6 Northwestern Stale

DEPT. M-16, Detroit, Michigan

RADIO MIRROR

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 11)

Mehra, incidentally, is official interpreter of Punjabi and Hindustani for the Los Angeles Courts and the U. S. Immigration Office of that city.

* * *

COMPASS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and New York: If you are, like this department, a follower of the Lone Ranger program of the Mutual Network, you will know that our campfire talk, "It's the Doctor" who will be sure that you will be able to hear it for another full year over WXYZ, WGN, WSPD or WOR. Cincinnati: Perhaps you don't realize it, but the Joe Dumke show you hear three times a week on WLW's "O' the Morning and in songs and chatter" on week-day afternoons over WSAA, was for years the vaudeville partner of Harry Frankel, better known as Singin' Sam. Chicago: Art Topp, WBBM sound man, asserts that he experimented for some time before discovering the proper way to produce the effect of a golf club swishing through the air and hitting a ball. Turn out the best was a golf club swishing through the air and hitting a ball.

* * *

Chicago: Reports have it that Samuel Insull, long-time control of the Associated Broadcasting Company chain ... Other reports state that he is now completely out of the organization. ... Hollywood: Recording of the parade during the Reunion of States programs on KNX, is the daughter of one of the country's greatest oparetta composers ... She is Lucille Friml, child of Rudolph Friml.

* * *

Chicago: Styles in apparel have changed since the gay nineties, when father and the boys used to gather at the fire house or the barber shop for a little bit of close harmony. But styles in songs haven't changed and Harold Rick and Ralph Snyder, whose poster goes first in the new software of this department, with Priscilla Holbrook in the "knock 'em dead" habiliments of father's "hey-hey" day, are proving it in a new program entitled "Songs That Will Never Grow Old." To Miss Holbrook's accompaniment on the piano, they're singing familiar old songs that will strike a responsive chord in every listener's heart. The program is said to be the first use of radio on a national scale for the promotion of electric cooking. It is a special recording for radio, produced by the Edison General Electric Appliance Company, of Chicago.

* * *

Hollywood: A seven and a half pound boy was presented to the Arthur McDonald's September 21. The father, Art McDonald, is sales manager for station KEHE, at Los Angeles. Cigars and candy were freely passed out to all who visited the station by the happy father.

* * *

Charlotte, N. C.: Reginald Allen, WBT announcer, is still limping and using a cane—the result of the infected foot that he acquired right in the act of eating from a golf blaster on the heel. . . . Martha Dulin, hostess and member of the program staff, has started work on the dramatic series "No Rose Will Bloom and Winter." She is a widely-known Little Theatre star.

OWN A
Potato Chip
Factory

New Home Factory
Makes New Kind
Potato Chips—Donuts—Salted Nuts

Stop looking for some-
thing different. Put potato into cash. I show you just how with my newly perfected outfit.


MAKE UP TO 300% PROFIT ON RAW MATERIALS

Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. Highly perfected outfit and confidential plans make operation simple, with startling profit certain.

WE HELP FINANCE YOU

and locate you. Send me money, just name, for book of facts and free opportunity.

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY

1285-S High St.
Springfield, Ohio

AMAZING INVENTION

YOU CAN MAKE IT

NOWEST, FAD YOU EVER HEARD OF

FREDDY FARMER

OLD FARMER

Blench, Iowa, New York, and all over the land.

75c a copy

17000 copies in the last month

On your desk for only 25c or 6c postage. Read why. Send 8 cents for your copy of the first in a long series of booklets. Prove to yourself how you can make more money with the farm method. Work your farm with the ideas in FREDDY FARMER. Send three cents to get the free book, THE FARMER'S ROOTS, a book of harvesting secrets.

FREDDY FARMER

Dept. 18-1, Photo Printing Shop, 1416 East Ave., Utica, O.

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home in feature time. Open to women of all ages. Training by correspondence. Write today for free Circulars. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Sta. M. 891 Washington, D.C.

Beauty Secrets Revealed

Sylvia of Hollywood has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alikes she reveals all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire and keep those muscled hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets. Only $1.00 postpaid.

Maccadden Book Co., Inc.
Dept. 12, 1724 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SKIN BLEMISHES
CONCEALED!

NOW! Make skin blemishes invisible in a few seconds! Amazing "HIDE-IT" perfect cure conceals blemishes, pinpoints, birthmarks, liver spots, freckles, bruises, scars, dark circles under eyes, discolorations, etc. Works right off. Leaves skin smooth, beautiful. Under eye, discolorations, etc. Sold only by Dr. Endean Stores, 5c and 10c for personal trial.

HIDE-IT

TRIAL—CLARK-MILLER CO., 667 S. Clark, Dept. 1356, Chicago, Ill. (Prepaid postage in enclosing payment.

Name________

Address________

State________
Richard Himber's Holiday Feast

(Continued from page 51)

CHICKEN LIVER CANAPES

6 Chicken livers
1 medium onion
2 hard cooked eggs
Creamed butter
Lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste

Boil the chicken livers in salted water until tender. Mince the onions first, and in the same bowl with the onion mince the livers and the hard cooked egg. Add sufficient creamed butter to give the desired consistency for spreading, put in the seasonings and spread on crackers, canape waters or small rounds of thin toast.

CHICKEN GIBLET SOUP

2 sets chicken giblets
4 tbl. butter
4 tbl. flour
1 cup cold water
1 tbl. minced parsley
1 tbl. minced onion
1 tbl. minced celery
1 bay leaf

Brown the giblets in the butter, rub in the flour and add the water gradually, stirring to avoid lumping. Add parsley, onion, celery and bay leaf and simmer until giblets are tender. Remove bay leaf and giblets; mince giblets and return to soup, adding warm water, to replace that lost by evaporation, and salt and pepper to taste. Serve with a garnish of hard cooked egg slices.

Whether you serve turkey or goose, I am sure you will find the chestnut stuffing and the raisin stuffing equally delicious.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

1 lb. chestnuts
2 cups bread crumbs
2 tbl. butter
1 lemon (juice and grated rind)
Salt and pepper to taste

Slit the chestnut shells, sprinkle chestnut with olive oil and place in hot oven for five minutes. When shells may be removed easily. Boil peeled chestnuts in salted water until tender, drain and mash, and combine with other ingredients.

RAISIN STUFFING

1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup cooked rice
3/4 tsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 egg

Few drops lemon juice

Pour boiling water on raisins and let stand for five minutes. Drain, combine with rice and dry seasonings, add lemon juice to taste, then stir in the well beaten egg. Fill the goose only three-fourths full of dressing, since the raisins will swell.

Skipping from the entrees to the desserts—pausing just long enough to remind you that Chiffonade dressing is simply French dressing to which minced pimiento, minced parsley (a tablespoon of each to one cup of dressing) and a chopped hard-cooked egg have been added—we come to

FRUIT COMPOTE

6 plums
6 peaches
6 small pears
10 apricots

Grapes
Cherries

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA beautifies eyes naturally!

Win admiration, when your eyes look as if Nature herself had given them a luxuriant, dark fringe of lashes! Do it with Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara. It never makes you look "made-up"! Black, brown, blue, green.

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS

WHY WEAR GLASSES? They are only eyes crutches. Thousands are throwing them away. The Bernard Special, plain looking, looks今年去年去年年是一年。$13.75.

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3 or more are desired
2 x 2 inches
5 x 7 inches
3 for $1.00

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CONFIDENCE

FOUNDED

UPON THREE GENERATIONS OF USE

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Boro-Pheno-Form has been handed down as an easier, safer method of marriage hygiene. Today, this forty-six year old preparation is widely preferred by modern wives because it requires no water, mixing or measuring—yet it has the same special function as powerful liquid germicides. A dainty suppository is complete in itself. No danger of "over-dose" or "under-dose." Soothing and odorless... At all drug stores.

Dr. Pierre's

BORO-PHENO-FORM

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104 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a trial package of Boro-Pheno-Form and enlightening booklet. I enclose ten to be refunded when I purchase a regular-size package.

Name

Address

City

State

83
Peel pears, peaches and apricots and arrange with plums attractively in a compartment dish, using the cherries and grapes to complete the design. Now make a syrup by boiling together two cups of sugar and one cup of water. Pour, while hot, over the fruit, coating it thoroughly and being careful not to disarrange it. The dish should then be covered, and not used until the following day, and should be chilled in the refrigerator for several hours before serving.

There isn't room to give other recipes here, but if you want those for berry canapes, rusk, cream cheese cake, or for lemon or pumpkin pie, I will be glad to send them to you. There is also a vegetable leaflet which will give you ideas for dishes and preserves and serve the vegetables which are mentioned here. Just send a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

PRIZE WINNERS
Radio Mirror-Jessica Dragone Theme Song Contest
$250 IN PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—$100.00
Miss Margery Armitage, New York City, New York

SECOND PRIZE—$50.00
Miss Pearl V. Dart, Seattle, Washington

TWO THIRD PRIZES OF $10 EACH
Georgia Marshall Cragin, Jolton, Missouri
Kathryne Stoval, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SIX FOURTH PRIZES OF $5 EACH
Dorothy Lightfoot, Portland, Maine
G. L. Wind, States Island, New York
Frances Marjan Browne, Holyoke, Mass.
Marie Brennon, St. Louis, Mo.
Marie V. Carpenter, Brooklyn, New York

TWENTY-FIVE FIFTH PRIZES OF $2.00 EACH
Rocco Gimenez Scott, Cincinnati, Ohio
William J. Steppen, Chicago, Ill.; Edna Brown, Falls City, Nebraska; Ma G. Merrell, Des Moines, Iowa; Thelma M. Parker, Bethel, Ohio; Salmit Fassett, Berkeley, Calif.; Flets Bran Gonsa, Finlay, Ohio; Laura M. Gradeck, Jacksonvile, Fla.; Helen R. Sneidman, East, Pa.; Mrs. J. M. Dunsworth, Emporia, Kansas; Dorothy S. Tenger, Rapidie, Iowa; James H. Speer, Lima, Ohio; Harriet Gale Count, Jacksonville, Florida; Virginia Pollin, South Euclid, Ohio; H. Andrea Sather, Duluth, Minnesota; Mabel Davis, Gensevort, New York; Grace C. Wynne, Dallas, Texas; Sybil E. Jones, Vancouver Island, Canada; Nell Haas, Denver, Colorado; George Simpson, Kansas City, Mo.; Adelma Jack, Rapidie, Ocean Grove, New Jersey; Miss B. Ross, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Agnes Loyano, Springfield, Calif.; June Hersey, Culver City, Calif.; Mrs. Muriel Bishop, Atlanta, Ga.
FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 16)

stand. Try it just once." But Harriet never has. Ray Noble on the other hand, favors the relaxed school of conducting by using a minimum of motion. He leads with a pencil held in his left hand.

* * *

CAN you play a kazoo, uke, harmonica or guitar and sing with a nasal twang? If so, come on down to the 10-day radio conference in New York. Last year radio announcers disgorge no less than $15,000,000 in salaries to seven thousand hill billy acts numbering twenty thousand individuals each in an orgy of 220,000 hours of mountain music. Nor do you have to come from the mountains to qualify. The imitators, it seems, are more successful than the genuine articles, although there are plenty of the latter.

* * *

JUST one of those things. It was Bob Crosby's last night at the Lexington Hotel in New York. As he came off the stand after leading a group of numbers, an important looking stranger accosted him. Claiming he knew Bing well and otherwise acted the big shot. While Bob was still talking a hankie gave him a message from the house detective which read, "Don't let on, but hold that man." Thinking he might have a kidder in tunes Bob invited the stranger to a table and bought him a drink. He kept talking to his friend until time to go for his next gig. And while playing the first number, "I Can't Escape From You," he saw the fellow being led out handcuffed to a detective. Bob found out later that he has helped apprehend a notorious check forger wanted from coast to coast. Incidentally, Kay Weber, formerly with Jimmy Dorsey, is now with Bob Crosby.

* * *

NEW babies with the Casa Loma crew during the last two months number four. The three boys will of course graduate to the band and the girl will become the vocalist. ... Ray Noble is back from Europe with twenty-five bands. Al Donahue writes his first song and calls it, "I Write a Song." Leon Belasco, whose band was the first around New York to play tango's and rumbas, has now discarded these and goes in for swing... Ben Bernie now owns a couple of race horses but none of them have come in first so far. Vincent Lopez orders his life by astrology and numerology. His own lucky number is 9. Wayne King is also crazy about astrology. At least ninety per cent of the band leaders have their little superstitions. Clyde Lucas, for instance, would not think of playing a game of golf unless he used clubs made expressly for him by a Scottish friend. Eddy Duchin would make a swell model for a dentifrice ad... Enoch Light's wife, Agnes, who with the band is still ill at a sanitarium... WOR has opened a coast to coast chain with a number of bands on tap... Al Goodman has taken business offices on the twenty-sixth floor of a building on Madison Avenue. He claims that height is necessary for inspiration. ... Mark Warnow has written over fifteen songs. Raymond Paige is symphonizing a lot of children's tunes like "Over the Fence," "Elephant's March," etc. claiming that everybody knows and loves them.

* * *

SHORT SHORT STORIES

EIGHT Dick, vocalist on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and Sweepstakes used to be a dancer, but found it much more
So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harm less Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard “made-up” look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darker supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet good counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you’ll be delighted!

Maybelline

THE WORLD’S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
Did Gray Hair
Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way
OR—Get a Hair Treatment

CUT FROM HAIR IS RISKY! It screams—"Are you getting old—?" To end gray hair unhands the all you have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few strokes sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worry. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends never they had gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test
Will you end gray hair without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our close supervision. If you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE! Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send the $1.00 for shipping. Don't wait—act now. We will guarantee a return within 10 days and your money back.

FREE CATALOGUE: American School of Photography

3801 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Il.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home
No Joke To Be Deaf
(Continued from page 33)

Broadcasting System sealed his fate. He was on his way at last to success. Back home in the secrecy of her bedroom, his mother wept bitterly when she signed that contract.

"I couldn't help it," she confessed, half-shamed of her confession when I saw her in Jerry's dressing-room backstage at the Paramount Theater in New York. It was between shows and Jerry stood, leaning against the dressing table, "I knew that I had lost my boy to me, I knew he would never come back home now. Of course, I was glad because it made him happy, but still I couldn't help feeling—lost. Jerry had meant so much to me."

In the meantime something happened to Jerry. He fell in love. Now to fall in love is in itself a perfectly natural phenomenon for a young, handsome man. But to fall in love with a face on a billboard is quite another story. And yet that's just what happened to Jerry. Girls never played the part in his youth that they do in the average boy's. He'd been too busy, had too many responsibilities. Walking along Broadway, he saw a face in the tri-color billboard. She was tall, black-haired, blue-eyed—everything that was lovely and desirable in Jerry's eyes. For weeks he thought of nothing but the girl on the billboard. One day, almost magically, she came to life. He saw her for a fleeting moment step out of the doors of the hotel where he lived. Before he could recover from his wide-eyed astonishment, she was gone.

Jerry wondered for a long time whether he had really seen her at all, or whether he had been dreaming. And then at last he met her. He was playing an engagement at the Hollywood restaurant in New York. Almost as if by Divine providence she was engaged to dance there.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Jerry Cooper's Mother Love</td>
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Drama

(Continued from page 33)

Nelson, Ozzie—Lexington Hotel, N. Y.
Noble, Ray—Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.
Osborne, Will—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y.

Let us know what questions you want answered, using the coupon below for your own convenience and ours—and we'll do our best to tell you what you want to know.

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

ADVERTISE Your Idea FREE

Are you a victim of Piles? Then you know what suffering is. Piles will do more to make you miserable and pull you down physically and mentally than almost any other ailment.

Real relief for the pain of Piles is to be had today in PAZO Ointment. PAZO does more than "kill" Piles. It actually eliminates them. It gives a almost instant relief from the pain and itching. PAZO is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which relieves pain and soreness. Second, it is lubricating, which softens hard parts and makes passage easy. Third, it is astrigent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

PROVE IT!
PAZO comes in tubes fitted with special Pile Pipette, which makes it possible to apply right up to the rectum. It also now comes in new attractive form. Those who prefer suppositories will find PAZO Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores and both PAZO-in-Tubes and PAZO Suppositories, but a free trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

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Dept. 71-MC, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube PAZO, if possible, to help cover packing and mailing.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY.
STATE

MOTHER OF THREE
E A R S $ 3 2 - $ 3 5 A WEEK

"THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL of NURSING, I have been able to support myself, pay my own way and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., of Chicago, Ill. "And Mr. B. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.R.N. training opens up the way to a well-paid dignified profession!"
C.R.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $35 to $50 a week in private practice in hospitals and clinics and public health work.

The Chicago School of Nursing is a three-year course. The students work in hospital and public health agencies—hospitals, clinics, schools, etc.—where there is a demand for the services of trained nurses. The School is accredited by the American Nurses' Association. The graduates of the School are prepared to fit into any field of health work—men and women 18 to 50 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning. Mrs. A. E. took her first exam before completing the third term and earned $415 in one month. High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Early training payments.

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Dept. 192, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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City
State
Age
If every gray hair ached like a tooth no one would delay using

**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

If neglected hair doesn't distress you, it pains your friends. FARR'S, used with perfect confidence, leaves your hair soft, lustrous, and natural in youthfull appearance. Easy as a manicure in hygiene of home; odorless, greasless; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. Sold everywhere.

**FREE SAMPLE**

**BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.** 79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send in plain wrapper.

**GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR**

**DARK-EYES**

DARKENS LASSES 4 TO 3 WEEKS

IN ONE APPLICATION. Does Not Harden or Break Leaves Invisible—never ruts or fades. $1 at Drug, Department Stores. Send 25c for Trial Size.

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**GIVEN**

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SEND NAME AND ADDRESS

**MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH** OR Choice of Choice of CASH COMPENSATION

Send Name Mickey Mouse, the slick, slick silken hand in colors! Chrome watch, case and bracelet—valueless ever again. Simply give away.

FREE picture art pleasure with our famous WHITE LABEL PILLS, which you sell at 50c a box (giving you $3.50 a box) and you get the label free. It's a Bargain. Order premium now.

Address:

**MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH**, Dept. 352, H. W. Postman, Chicago, Ill.

**SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO WEAR WITHOUT HOLES**

Sensational! Send Name and Address.

**NEW HOSE FREE!**

Agents: 50 at $32 in a week


Agents get postal quick for selling.

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**WILKIN & MOSCHER COMPANY**
600 McAdoo, Greenfield, Ohio

**RADIO MIRROR**

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL**

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Karin to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloates you up. Your body and face are bloated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks dark.

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.

**CURLS**

The straightest hair can be made na-tu-ral with the French curling irons.

FREE booklet and sample send to:


Waves hair like magic. First Package includes French curling iron—Beautiful shiny 8.00. Send to said sample package for $1.

**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**

Remove the hair permanently, safely, per-missibly. With Carter's Permanent Hair Root Removal. No more streaks or greasy hair. No fear of color or color fade with Carter's. A perfect, permanent, beautiful, lasting color that will not wash off. The secret of permanent color is Carter's Safe and Easy Root Remover. Today, send for illustrated booklet. How to Remove Permanent Hair Color. D. J. Nasher Co., Dept. 58R, Providence, R. I.

**LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR**

NO NOTE READING—NO SCALED PLAYING

If you can whistle, shh or hum a tune—THEN LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO—BY EAR—FREE. Typewritten method only postpaid for $2.50 or 5c a page. Send today to The Edwin C. B. York Co., Dept. 572, 166 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

**MAJOR KORD**

**THE SKIN ITCH KILLS ROMANCE**

Many chattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, exfoliated, angry red blisters or other irritations resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment. 3c at all drugstores. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful, too, for tired itchy feet and cracks between toes.

Write for FREE SAMPLE to Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. J-F-5, Buffalo, N.Y.

**Hollywood Hints on How to be Beautiful**

THE radiant, glamorous beauty of the screen stars can now be yours. For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage have used to maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood to the public. No moreAtlas. Send for your copy of this book today. $1.49 postpaid.

M. Macadden Book Co., Inc., Dept. 12, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Give Beauty for Christmas

(Continued from page 13)

bottom of our opening page, left, is the zipper club kit of perhaps the most famous of all lines of makeup prepa-

rations. Made of genuine leather, in a choice of black, brown or royal blue, this presentation looks at least twice the price.

Though the kit is expensive, it is the even less expensive (but still genuine leather) traveling kit without zipper fastenings provided by the same company. The set illustrated contains nail polish, cuticle remover, polish remover, cuticle oil, a cuning

composition finger-rest and cotton-fiber to speed manicure, nail-white pencil, emery boards, orange stick and file.

Next to this set is another excellent ex-

ample of a fine leather case for a mini-

mum of money. The sturdy frame, bound

in alligator finish leather, black or brown,

holds generous jars of some of the finest

creams on the market, a full size box of

face powder and a bottle of skin tonic.

The kit can be had in special combi-

nations for either oily (and normal) or dry

skin. It's handsome enough to carry as a

piece of fine luggage and small enough to

be tucked without difficulty into the cor-

ner of a suitcase. Its really fascinating

feature, though, is the handsome mirror in

the lid, which can be raised or lowered

easel-fashion.

There are many flattering ways to

arrange your hair with Hollywood

Rapid Dry Cutlers. Will you have

tight little curls that fit close to your

head—or soft loose ones to form

a halo? Will you have many curls

—or just a few? Whatever style of

curl you select can be yours easily,

quickly, right at home . . . with the

"Cutler used by the Stars."

For many curls or just a few!

The only elegant space in the lower

hand corner of a country store is one of those

which I've compared with the finest art

of the expensive jewelers. Here, in one

dignified satin-lined case, are grouped

a full-sized cigars, hand-rolled, compact

and lipstick in matching red, black or

white enamel with contrasting edgings and

medallions. An interesting point is

that the compact and lipstick can be

purchased in a separate ensemble, for the

non-smoker, or the cigarette case in a

gift box, for the girl who already has

many compacts—and very reasonably, too. In fact,

the variations are endless, for you can

even get the compact in a presentation

case by itself.

At the top of the single column is an

ensemble made up by one of the most

successful and popular of the makeup

shops. Contained in the same case of

their standard face powder, rouge, lipstick,

mascara, eyebrow pencil and shadow,

in harmonies for all complexions, the set

actually costs less than five dollars! And

there are smaller gift ensembles (powder,

rouge and lipstick) at half the price.

And, finally, that all-important pro-

blem—what to give the men-folks. The

set illustrated at the bottom of the column

contains full sizes of after-shave cologne,

wooden shaving bowl and neutral-tinted

talcum powder included, products which have

enjoyed the favor of men everywhere for

years, and all packaged in the conserva-

tive but attractive style which masculine

tastes prefer. Best of all, it's well within

the price range which any girl can afford.

This is only a quick cross-section of the

cosmetic field of holiday specialties. There

are, of course, many other things which

can be played upon this theme. You could

easily give gifts of beauty to every mem-

ber of your family, every friend, and

never duplicate an article or an idea. Per-

haps mother has a secret desire for a per-

manent wave and everyone knows she'll

never spend money on herself. Per-

haps married sister, with the clamor of

little children constantly around her,

would appreciate a series of relaxing mas-

sages at a reputable beauty shop. Salon

facials, home facials, beauty treatments

and, naturally, the many fascinating bath

(Continued on page 91)

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD relieved to Cough in 1 DAY

Your throat and your bronchial tubes are lined with tiny more glands. When

you catch cold, these glands clog—their secretion dries. Sticky mucous collects. You feel sickling . . . you cough!

To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN.

A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat moisture, cleans tired pimple looses, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes. Get a bottle now!

PERTUSSIN

30c

Prescription

FREE

Send your order today.

NEW ENGLAND PHARMACY

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FREE OFFER! Mail us a specimen with your order, and receive a handsome

booklet "How to Use Your Hands," in which you will find a wealth of

useful information on personal hygiene. We are happy to fill your order

at a most advantageous price. Mail order forms are enclosures. We

handle all leading brands, and welcome your inquiry.

What Do You Do with Your Little Finger?

-when you pick up a glass or cup? ... You know from washings others that charm and poise can be destroyed

innately by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can become a tremendous

social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked

Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell:

• how to hold a cigarette
• how to pick up cards
• how to shake hands

And, the hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on How to Use Your Hands. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it without charge to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

Just mail coupon with 45c, 50c or $1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion box for two free from 10c size and your copy will be sent FREE.

Frostilla

45c Gray Street, Elmhurst, N. Y.

Handwritten name and copy of Margery Wilson's book on hands.

Name: __________________________

Address: _______________________

City: __________________ State: ______
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.

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to win one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000.

And 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.

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.
Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

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(Continued from page 89)
preparations — why, there's no limit to the beauty you can give for Christmas!

Don't choose your Christmas gifts this year without consulting my December leaflet. The items illustrated here are only a small part of this condensed shopping guide. There are scores of suggestions to fit every purse (ranging from one to fifteen dollars) and you'll find these recommendations invaluable in selecting presents for the hard-to-please, the girl who has everything, the girl who has almost nothing — they'll help stimulate the imagination and avoid duplication.

You will long for some of these beautiful things yourself, so use the carefully checked copy of this leaflet over to your family or your best beau, as a gentle hint. It's entirely free of charge, but please send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Bambi

(Continued from page 35)

"I've been sleeping in your garden," said the trader. "I guess. I've been there all night. I guess. At least I hope so."

"Yes,'" Ardella corroborated him, "I went to bed in the middle of a flower bed."

"I didn't have time to look at the flower bed."

But why," Bambi asked. "And why did you sleep there?"

"It was all my landlady's fault," Jarvis explained angrily. "I was afraid. She wanted the rent money."

"Well, why didn't you give it to her?"

"I mailed you your salary check last week."

"I know — but I lost it — or put somewhere — or — I just couldn't remember where you'd gone, and I didn't have time to look for it because I was right in the middle of the right-angle corner."

"Oh, Bambi. You've always forgotten."

"But what happened?"

Once more Jarvis remembered his grievances. "The old harpy locked me out of my room, away from my notes, pens, and ink, and I didn't work. So I came here, but your father was in conference with that new teacher, and no one seemed to know where you'd gone."

"I must say, Bambi, you have a bad habit of being somewhere else when it's important that you be where you're supposed to be."

"I was in the garden, and I walked and walked, and ideas for the climax of my play kept coming — but then my feet began to hurt, so I sat down and — well, I guess I fell asleep."

Jarvis wasn't looking at Bambi. He should have known, for then he would have seen her give the small decided nod which was the signal that Bambi had made up that determined, practical mind of hers.

"Can I work in your father's study?"

He asked it in a way that made me think of the room until I've paid the rent, and if I don't get that second act done on paper right away, it's going to leave me. I haven't time to do it."

"But why," Bambi asked. "Would you mind looking at me?"

"Uh — what?"

"Look at me. Do you like my looks, Jarvis?"

"Of course I do. You're pretty. But ..."

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Don't do it, man — don't do it.

There is no greater tragedy in the world than that of a man who, with the best of his all his life, when with just a little effort he could advance.

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Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: “Most people do not realize this, but the kidneys probably are the most remarkable organs in the entire human anatomy. Their work is just as important and just as vital to good health as the work of the heart. As Health Commissioner of the City of Indianapolis for many years and as medical director for a large insurance company, I have had opportunity to observe that a surprisingly high percentage of people are debilitated, rundown, nervous, tired, and weak because of improper functioning kidneys.”

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"How about my disposition? Have you ever noticed that?" Jarvis adapted that she had a wonderful disposition, and, upon further questioning, that she was healthy and considerate.

"Then," asked Bambi, "would you mind marrying me?"

Jarvis blinked, turned pink, and eyed the door as if contemplating immediate flight. "Bambi, are you crazy?" he demanded.

"Not a bit. I'm in deadly earnest. I want you to marry me. Will you?"

"But—but why?"

Well Bambi said with the air of one settling down to discuss a question sensibly, "for one thing because you need me, or anyway somebody like you. You need somebody who cares, and keep landladies from heckling you—but most of all, to give you a normal point of view. You're a clever writer, a genius, maybe. But you write for yourself, not for audiences. You don't even know what the common people think about, or how they talk. I do. You need me, to help you out.

Jarvis was looking at her now, at her shining eyes, her gay face. He said slowly, "I see. It's terribly sweet of you to want to do this for me. Where do you come in? After all—well, I just don't love you, Bambi." You aren't in love with anyone else, are you?" Bambi asked, brought up sharply in mid-flight.

"Lord, no!"

"Maybe, after you've got a lot of those big ideas out of your system, you might—Bambi paused, and carefully avoided the marigolds—might you get just a little bit fond of me?"

"Well, I don't know," Jarvis said. "I don't want to be false, but—"

"It would just be what you dramatists call a marriage of convenience." He nodded and said, "I can see where it would be a convenience for me, but not what you'd get out of it."

"Don't you? I don't want to stay here all my life. You'll be rich and famous some day, and probably work and meet lots of great people!... Jarvis, help me get out of here! Just at first, we could stay with father. I'll have the old name, the address, and a job into a study-bedroom for you, where you could work and be undisturbed."

A gleam, as if at the sight of a promised last of Bambi's eye. "Undisturbed... he murmured. "I could finish my play."

"Say yes, Jarvis!"

"I'll think about it."

"We'll be married today!" said Bambi, seizing on the first sign of weakening. "You run along into the study now and get some work done on your second act, and I'll attend to everything and call you when the minister comes." She was pushing him toward the door, and with his mind already on that second act, Jarvis went.

Professor Parkhurst returned home, that noon, to find a scene of bustling activity instead of the peaceful lunch he had expected. Bambi, in a fresh linen dress, and looking extraordinarily happy, was calling orders to Ardelia, who was busy occupied in her own study, and there was no sign of a lunch anywhere.

What is that man doing in my study?" he thought. "He looks loaded."

"I'm sorry, darling," Bambi called. "I'll send him upstairs right after the ceremony."

Jarvis just said he'd marry me, but he's awfully busy, and we have to have the wedding right away, so I've sent for the minister. There he is now!"

"Bambi!" he called, but she was already
at the door, ushering in a confused and puzzled Reverend Dr. Peebles.

The next half-hour was the most distressful Professor Parkhurst had ever spent. His distracted gaze, traveling about the room, picked up a series of little pictures: Dr. Peebles' doubtful look when Bambi told him he was the groom to be; Jarvis, looking as if his mind was less than half on what Dr. Peebles was saying; Ardellia, beaming in the background; and Bambi. In the sight of Bambi, radiant at Jarvis side, there was some comfort. There couldn't, the professor decided, be anything wrong about a marriage at which the bride looked so happy.

Afterwards, with Jarvis back in the study and still deep in the toils of his second act—he could hardly be said to have emerged from them—the professor took Bambi on his lap.

"I don't know what to say. I do want you to be happy, but I don't know about this."

"Neither do I," Bambi admitted. "Perhaps it won't work. But I know I wouldn't ever be happy away from him."

The professor glanced at her furtively. All the sparkle, all the gaiety were gone now. Bambi looked like a little girl who wasn't sure she had done something wrong.

"Do you love him so very much?" he asked.

"Oh, I do! Something happens to me when I look him coming down the street. Just to have him touch my hand. I can't explain it. Haven't you felt that way about someone?"

"Yes, the professor said. "Your mother. That's why I didn't stop the wedding. But it's such a gamble. I hope it works out."

"It's got to!" Bambi said tensely. "It's just got to!"

A WEEK passed, with Jarvis locked up tightly in his room, working on the play. Once he'd told Bambi that when he had a work fit he was like a demon, forgetful of everything around him and, she found, he'd told the truth. He didn't even recognize his words when he spoke to her, sharpened his pencils, did everything she could to make him comfortable.

At the end of the week he turned up for lunch looking as human as a being once more—except that he'd forgotten he was a married man. Bambi had to tell him everything that had happened, run over once more her glib little list of reasons for marrying him.

"None of those is the real, fundamental reason," he observed and though Bambi admitted he was right, she wouldn't tell him what it was. Love...

"I have everything all worked out," she said, instead. "You need someone to take the worry of making a living off your shoulders, so you can write. I can make my own living, so the professor won't have to support me, and he can support you instead. It's just an exchange of dependents, for him."

Jarvis laughed. "You might have difficulty convincing the professor that's a sound idea."

"I've already convinced him. That is—he couldn't think of any argument against it. He tried to counter that by saying it was just a favor to me, but I told him that was nonsense, it was a golden opportunity to discover a new dramatist."

"It looks like that," Jarvis said with a wave in his voice, "as if you get practically everything you set your mind on, Bambi."

"Well—eventually. But Bambi added under her breath, "including you—I hope."

Ardellia's shrill tones came from the
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hall. "Lawdy—mercy! It's done happened. I knowed it would when I broke that looking glass!" She burst into the room waving a yellow envelope in a shaking little hand.

Bambi took the envelope. "Why, it's a telegram. For you, Jarvis."

"Bambi tore it open and read aloud: "Regarding poem. It may be used to amuse with. Yours, Richard Strong." And what poems is he talking about? I never submitted any."

"No, no," said Bambi. "And even you ought to know who Richard Strong is—the editor of Howard's Weekly."

"Howard's Weekly? That old sheet?"

"Just the same, it has more subscribers than any other magazine—and if he takes your poems he'll pay you a lot of money for them."

"My poems?"

"Certainly. I found them in your desk. They were very good poems. So I sent them to Richard Strong. And now he wants to print them."

Jarvis blew up. "Those—those are exercises. I never meant to submit them anywhere. They're too frivolous. And—anyone is too busy to go running off to New York to discuss any four-rate twiddle-twaddle I dashed off in an odd moment."

"Oh, the poems?" Bambi soothed him. "That's what you've got me for. I'll go to see Strong, and I'll sell them."

BAMBI was in Richard Strong's office next morning at eleven o'clock—an hour which was, apparently, too early. "Mr. Strong, I have poems down before noon," the office boy told her.

"I have a telegram, asking me to see him," Bambi said.

The boy reached and shook his head in a superior way, "Old R. G. tosses off telegrams in his sleep."

He was a nice office boy, Bambi decided, even if he did try to be hard-boiled.

Standing at the railing which bisected the office, she asked, "Is that large arm-chair in there really Mr. Jarvis' seat?"

He grinned and swung the gate open. "You win, sister. Only my name isn't Peter, it's Agrippa."

"So you're Agrippa?" Bambi asked. "I'm licked with old R. G. before I even come to bat," she said.

"Sure... Say, where'd you pick up that baseball?"

"I played it to play, and not just girls' baseball, either! Why, are you a fan?"

Agrippa's washed-out blue eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "Am I? I breathe baseball!"

The rest of the conquest of Agrippa was simple, and when Richard Strong came through the door, Bambi was like an infuriated boar and entered his private office the infatuated lad let her go in without bothering to announce her. "Good afternoon, Mr. Strong," Bambi said sweetly.

He looked up at her, "Where the devil did you come from?" he demanded.

"Your outer office, I came to talk about those poems. The ones about a trip through the slums. You—known—you sent Jarvis a telegram about them."

"The Scoundrel, eyebrows lowered over suspicious eyes.

"Imph. They had possibilities. Good command of slang, rugged lines of rhythm. But bad subject matter."

Strong shot his comments at her like bullets from a machine gun. "Too raw for our readers, too unhappy. Not for our magazine. Our readers are good, conserva-

you see, that's just the trouble."

"What? Young lady—" Strong reared back in his chair like a sorely vexed seal. "I don't suppose you know our circulation has been dropping?"

"Maybe so, but just the same the magazine's dying. You said yourself your readers were middle-aged and conserva-

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Personality, as Sylvia of Hollywood defines it, is that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. It is a combination of brains, character, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It’s the answer to the question, “How can I be popular?” It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet. It keeps husbands in love with you. And make no mistake about personality . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. Not by “acting up” or by any foolish frills or mannerisms, but by carrying out a few simple secrets of charm.

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So many of us are blundering, stammering self-conscious folks that we really never give ourselves a chance to express our true personalities. We shrivel up into knots when in company of strangers and act as awkward as elephants in rubber shoes just at a time when we wish to radiate with loveliness. This need not be. For it is but an easy matter to acquire self-assurance and poise if you will but heed Sylvia’s advice.

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(1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
(2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
(3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
(4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine’s speedy action and efficiency.

Don’t Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. LambertPharmaceuticalCo., St. Louis, Mo.
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COMING IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

On Sale December 23

Here is doubly good news for all you Al Jolson fans—Al is starting a new program soon. In next month’s issue you will find the great story of his friendship with the Show Boat maestro, Al Goodman, who worships Jolson. You will, too, when you read it.

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COVER

—PORTRAIT OF BOBBY BREEN

BY TCHETCHE
Golden Cleansing Cream

Bringing you the radiant beauty of a truly clean face

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains Colloidal Gold, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty.

This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, makeup, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What’s more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Golden Cleansing Cream is a non-liquefying type of cream, delightfully smooth and pleasant to the touch. It is rose-pink in color and has a pleasing, delicate perfume. It is suitable for every type of skin.

A Special Kind of Gold

You can’t see or feel the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream because it is not a metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in colloidal form similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream.

Backed by a Famous Reputation

Behind this unusual new skin cleanser lies the famous reputation of one of America’s oldest cosmetic houses. The name Daggett & Ramsdell has been a symbol of purity and quality since the time (46 years ago) when they first amazed mid-Victorian America with an entirely new type of Gold Cream which did not spoil or turn rancid. Now, in Golden Cleansing Cream, Daggett & Ramsdell brings to you the greatest advance in skin cleansing of our own time.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell’s new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You’ll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

Make This Simple Test!

• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. On your tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pores—by this more effective cleansing.

Send for a Trial Jar

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Room 8180 Dept. MF-1
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in the United States only.)

Name
Street Address
City
State
Dealer’s Name
T

O Fred Waring, Tom Waring, Rosemary Lane, Phillips Lord, Ethel Barrymore, Jerry Sears and Kelvin Keech in New York; to Don Wilson, Johnny Green, Kenny Baker and Trudy Wood in Hollywood, Radio Mirror and I give thanks.

You stars appeared on a special Radio Mirror broadcast over NBC's Blue network the last Sunday in October and—I would like to think—made it one of the most outstanding of all the special programs that were held in honor of NBC's Tenth Anniversary.

Of course broadcasting, even as guest stars, is no novelty to any of you, but it was the first program I had ever actually produced. I hope it's a long time before I produce another. Those thirty minutes were the longest half hour of my life.

None of you knew it, but just five minutes before the program started, I was told to cut two minutes from the Ethel Barrymore interview. I was still at it, out in the control room, at ten seconds to eight. Just ten seconds before the opening strains of music. And you, Kelvin Keech, couldn't wait for me to give you the corrected script, but had to go to the microphone without it and leave me not knowing whether you had anything to say when the program began.

And you in Hollywood, Don Wilson. Was it really necessary to let twenty seconds slip past before beginning your part of the broadcast? I know it takes fifteen seconds to switch over and clear the wires. But those extra five, I felt like a prospective first father waiting for a word from the doctor. I even felt a little like the mother.

Seriously though—you, Fred Waring, taught me that a radio star is willing to come and rehearse for two hours, then stay and broadcast, then just as soon as he's through be on his way to Detroit for a conference with his sponsors. And without telling me that he was so pressed for time he had to bring all his luggage to the studio with him.

Or you, Kelvin Keech, that a star would rehearse nearly five hours on a program that was making its debut at four-thirty and then, without pausing for breath, come up to our studio for more work.

Or you, Ethel Barrymore, that a star would cancel an important discussion with the director of her Wednesday night dramas because she'd promised to appear for us. Or you, Phillips Lord, that a star would go without his dinner and come right up after his program at five in order to work with us right through until broadcast time.

No wonder Radio Mirror and I give thanks to Fred Waring, Tom Waring, Rosemary Lane, Phillips Lord, Ethel Barrymore, Jerry Sears and Kelvin Keech in New York; to Don Wilson, Johnny Green, Kenny Baker and Trudy Wood in Hollywood.

by Fred R. Lammin
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

WE THE PEOPLE. A sort of human sideshow, with Phillips Lord pointing out the interesting freaks. Anything goes on this program, so long as it's unusual. Opinions and experiences are aired by them what has 'em, selections being made from letters. Most of the guest stars are people you never heard of. This is Phil Lord's best idea and opportunity to date.

NBC Sun., 5:00 P. M., 30 min.

OPEN HOUSE. Nelson Eddy and Francia White in solos and a duet, with Josef Pasternack's Orchestra, a practically unbeatable combination which will fit any radio.

CBS Sun., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

SATURDAY EVENING PARTY. The O'Keefe guy grows on you. From past performance I know Walter isn't consistently funny—a comedian is only as good as his gag-writers. But he's got a catchy idea in the game stunt which is good for plenty of laughs, even if no one plays his games. The comedian-audience banter is too good not to have been rehearsed. (Q. Where do you live? A. I'm moving.) but that's perfectly okay with me. So are Jane Pickens, Walter Cassel, Stuart Churchill, the Tune Twisters and Ferde Grofe's Orchestra.

NBC Sat., 8:00 P. M., 60 min.

BAMBI. When better radio shows are written, I hope Helen Hayes will act in them, because she can make a sappy script worth listening to, if only to hear her voice—and even Ethel Barrymore can't do that. Hearing Helen Hayes in a gooe adaptation of an old novel, supported by a swell cast, with Mark Warnow's Orchestra, is better than not hearing her at all, but if you live in New York, go and see her on the stage.

NBC Mon., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

ETHEL BARRYMORE. I didn't think I could be right about this until I confirmed my suspicions by asking several others who listened to it—or tried to. I didn't find anyone who stuck with it for the full half-hour. The really big fault is the play—the opener, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, was written in 1901 and creaked like 1843. Should have been modernized or else disinterested.

NBC Wed., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

THE PARK AVENUE PENNERS. Joe is back, equipped with a butler, father, mother, brother, and Jimmie Grier's Orchestra, but no duck and no gags. Or were those gags? Here's a sample: "Is your car a Hispano-Suiza?" "No, an orange squeeza—hyuh, hyuh, hyuh!" Shame on you, Harry Conn, you did better than that by Jack Benny.

CBS Sun., 6:00 P. M., 30 min.

PADUCAH PLANTATION. Irvin Cobb is such a successful writer that he doesn't have to write. He can henceforth earn his living as a movie and radio actor. The plot of this epic was cooked up from an old Southern cookbook. Personally, I don't find food entertaining when it has to be devoured through the ears, but between mentions of hams, yams, jams, lambs, and Oldsmobiles, you do get a tantalizing whiff of southern music, a Cobb story, and a guest star.

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

“COLD WEATHER chaps my skin. Wat-tery lotions don’t smooth it, either!”

Hinds isn't watery. Every creamy drop does chapped skin good. It’s a vitamin lotion, too—contains Vitamin D!

OUTDOOR WORK can ruin your looks! The cold bites into your skin, chaps it red, almost raw. But Hinds puts softness back again. Its creamy lubricants soak into the roughness. Chapped skin softens up faster.

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop creamy—not watery. Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone . . . inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T. over the WABC-Columbia Network.

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Copyright, 1926, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

QUICKER-ACTING . . . not Watery!
IMPORTANT developments impend as radio broadcasting concludes its first $100,000,000 year, becoming one of the country’s major industries. Principal among these is the creation of a kilocycle czar à la Will Hays of the movies, or an advisory council, to dispose of problems plaguing the fast-growing business. Twenty-five national programs originating in Hollywood have resulted in a scramble for stars with salaries skyrocketing. Advertising agencies, which frame the big commercial shows, are raiding each other for talent and it is such abuses as this that a czar or a council will be called upon to remedy.

An immediate consequence of the frequent “raiding” tactics has been the issuance of long term contracts to radio headliners. Where once the agencies were content to sign agreements for a series of thirteen broadcasts with renewal options for similar periods they are now binding artists to two-year terms and longer.

Now that Hollywood has surpassed Chicago in importance as a radio producing center, being second only to New York now, the Columbia Broadcasting System starts spending upwards of $2,000,000 for new studios there. Already the National Broadcasting Company has outgrown its quarters in the cinema capital and is preparing plans for expansion. Six studios and an auditorium seating twelve hundred will be provided by Columbia’s new plant and it will cover a whole block.

The waning amateur hours can’t keep out of the newspapers. The Traveler’s Aid Society of New York, burdened with the responsibility of returning to their homes broke and disillusioned air aspirants attracted to the metropolis, squawk long and loud that the sponsors of these programs are not paying their share of the expense. One of the biggest of the amateur promoters, solicited for funds, contributed $100, whereas the Society deems that amount wholly inadequate under the circumstances.

Martha Raye is featured in the new Al Jolson program. Above, with Michael Bartlett, Johnny Weissmuller, and Lupe Velez. Martha is the girl in white. Right, Irvin S. Cobb, writer, actor and humorist, who is the old Southern cunnel of Paducah Plantation, heard over NBC Saturdays, 10:30.

By JAY PETERS

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

GOD, if anything happens to her, it’s all over! You can take your radio and your pictures and your money—everything!”

Bob Burns, tense, pale, whispered his despair to Hal Bock in NBC’s Hollywood palace. Bob’s wife was desperately ill. Twenty-four hours later she died.

Two days after that Kraft Music Hall renewed Bob’s contract and boosted him from $550 weekly to $1,500; the same day his movie option was taken up at a juicy premium, and his agent closed a deal with a men’s magazine for syndication of a column. Bob’s lean days, which his wife had shared so gallantly, were behind him for ever—but now she wouldn’t be here to share the fruits of the sudden success.
MORE ABOUT IDA—Eddie Canter
often tells you about Ida, but the
chances are he won’t tell you this one.
Seems the Cantors differed the other
evening about where they would go af-
after dinner. Ida voted for the new Rob-
ert Taylor picture; Eddie preferred the
fights. No, they didn’t compromise on
the Robert Taylor picture. That’s not
the answer. Indeed, they discussed the
matter for a half hour and got pre-
cisely nowhere. Finally Ida settled it.
(Continued on page 65)

Don Ameche, below, has a movie con-
tract permitting him two broadcasts
a week; Edward Everett Horton, bot-
tom of page, whose parents objected
to having an actor for a son, is the
new host for the Shell Chateau hour.

Play safe...take
the doctor’s judgment
about laxatives

YOU choose your family doctor because
you have confidence in him. He will
ever take chances where your welfare is
concerned. Even with a little thing like a
laxative, doctors have a definite set of
standards which guide them in their
choice. They know the dangers of using
the wrong kind. Before they will give a
laxative their approval, it must meet their
requirements on these specific points:

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 MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Now, here’s a fact that’s significant—
Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifica-
tions. Not merely on two or three. But on
all these points that doctors look for in a
laxative.

No wonder so many physicians use
Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder
millions of careful mothers give it to their
children with perfect confidence. For over
30 years the dependable, satisfying per-
formance of Ex-Lax has created universal
trust. Today it is used by more people
than any other laxative in the world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new
and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax is
mild and gentle. It is thoroughly effec-
tive. It does not over-act. Does not disturb
the digestion. It allows your food to be
properly assimilated. And these very qual-
ties that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults
are doubly important in their relation to
children.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the
youngsters. It tastes just like delicious
chocolate. If you have been taking nasty,
nauseating cathartics, you’ll be grateful
for the pleasant flavor of Ex-Lax. At all
drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. If you’d
like to try a sample, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST Colds!...Remember
these common-sense rules for fighting
colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly,
keep your feet dry, keep your

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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

Times-Plain 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)

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ST. LOUIS NEWS—Don Ownbey, news writer, formerly with WBBM, Chicago, has joined the staff of KMOX as news editor. Ownbey has been in the newspaper work for the past five years, as reporter, rewrite and city desk man. Have you been listening to General Safety’s two 15-minute programs a week? It’s a show for youngsters, stressing the importance of caution in traffic. It is a direct tie-up with Mayor Bernard Dickmann’s campaign for safety which is proving a high success in St. Louis.

OUT OHIO WAY—Phil Davis, the 235-pound WLW maestro who conducts the For Men Only orchestra, likes to ride on roller coasters. Edith Karen, soprano, refuses to sign contracts now without the advice of an attorney. When she was 16 she signed several contracts with different show companies only to learn that none was binding, due to her age. Although Don Morrison, WLW dialectician, was too young to be in the World War, he spent most of his childhood “dodging shells.” He was born in Russia and was within ear-shot of many battles. Paul Sullivan, news commentator, likes to write letters. So, folks if there’s anything you’d like to know about, just drop Paul a little note. Art Gillham, the whispering pianist, is a new addition to WLW. He was formerly with CBS.

Tips for men. What the clothiers are featuring, all about the new gadgets, what the well-dressed man will wear in the line of eyeglasses, etc., are given during the For Men Only program over WLW Cincinnati, 11:30 p.m. to midnight, EST, Tuesdays, by H. Gilbert Martyn, the “Gentlemen’s Gentleman.” A native of England but educated in both that country and America, Martyn has been in radio the past ten years.

ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST—You can now look forward to hearing the Paulist Fathers of Old St. Mary’s Church way into spring. They have just renewed their Sunday morning program over KYA, San Francisco, to May 30, 1937. We’re glad to see you back, Gordon Brown. Gordon is the Night Owl of station KJBS, San Francisco. He suffered injuries in an auto crash, pneumonia set in and he actually came back to life via the
**READ ALL THE GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN HOMETOWN FAVORITES**

OXYGEN TANK... A former Al Pearce canary is now warbling over station KFRC. She's Lane Truesdell.

* * *

**A SHORT SHORT**

John Teel, NBC baritone and member of the Woman's Magazine of the Air quartet coming from San Francisco, can't remember a time when he wasn't singing. He was born in Sulphur Springs, Ohio, but grew up in Spokane, Washington. He began singing in public as a boy soprano while still a tiny lad, and he sang his way through high school, choir work and engagements in picture theaters, right into the heart of the girl he married. His marriage is one of the happiest in radio. He has two youngsters, a boy named Markley and a tiny girl named Ann who sings with him on the program. Swimming, hunting and fishing are his favorite sports.

* * *

**THE STORY OF SARIE AND SALLIE**

Those two popular gals from the hilly-country of Tennessee, Sarie and Sallie, are once again delighting their radio fans over Nashville's WSM. Sarie and Sallie are real-life sisters. As Edna and Margaret Earle they had been devoted sisters and constant companions through their early girlhood days, until Edna married and left home. Margaret also married and moved away. Years passed and the two sisters saw each other only during brief visits. Each became the mother of two children and family responsibilities made these visits even farther apart.

It was on one of these visits—Edna was visiting Margaret in Nashville—that the radio team of Sarie and Sallie was born.

Edna who lived in Florida, had been entertaining friends for years with monologues, and they told her many times she should "go on the air." Learning that WSM's Air Castle of the South was located in Nashville, she made a bee-line for the studios and an audition. They were impressed, but suggested that Edna find a partner and form a team, and so good-natured and unsuspecting (Continued on page 56)

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**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 find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in ten days... we believe we are justifiably 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. You are absolutely safe when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle.

**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.**

"Reduced from size 48 to size 18!"

"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."

Mrs. Eure Feury, Winona, Minn.

"Reduced 6 1/2 inches"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6 1/2 inches and waist 3 inches."

Mrs. L. 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.

"Lose 60 Pounds!"

"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 6 inches and have lost 60 pounds."

Mrs. W. P. DeR. Omaha, Neb.

"A Girdle I Like!"

"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."

Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"Girdles from hips!"

"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs.

Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"Hips 12 inches smaller!"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."

Miss Zella Richardson, Scarsdale, Pa.

"Lost 49 Pounds!"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic, I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now weart size 36."

Miss Mildred Dailey, Newark, N. J.

"Reduced from 49 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 Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE 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 so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for yourself for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightfully soft, silky lining feels next to the body... hear the admiring comments of friends and others. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

**PERFOLASTIC, INC.**

Dept. 281, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City

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

Name_________________________

Address_______________________

City___________________________

State_________________________
LILY PONS AND ANDRE KOSTELANETZ WON'T ADMIT THEY'RE IN LOVE, BUT A SLEUTH WITH PROOF SWEARS THAT THEY ARE

Above, a prize shot of the Chesterfield maestro posing with Lily during work on her newest RKO picture. Andre directed all the music in the movie and had to fly 6,000 miles each week-end in order to do it. Yet they say that it isn't love.
What is going on here? There isn't any use beating around the bush; we mean that romance which has kept Radio Row on its cocked ear for the past twelve months. That amusing, but exasperating télé-à-télé which has been going on between Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz!

It is because of romances like this one that reporters have that worried look. There is not a radio or newspaper reporter in town that hasn't taken a fling at getting the real lowdown—and not one of them has succeeded! The gentlemen of the press on the West Coast are equally annoyed.

No pictures, no interviews, no nothing. The diminutive romancers—and we all know they are romancing—just won't talk!

That is, they won't talk about each other. Mr. Kostelanetz is very happy to talk about the psychology of rehearsing, about his affiliation with Greta Stueckgold, Nino Martini, Rosa Ponselle and a host of others, but just one word about Lily Pons and the famous little maestro hits the temperamental ceiling.

Why? What is there about their known love that Lily and Andre shield so carefully from even their closest friends? It is the nearest thing to a real mystery in this 1936 radio world. It has everybody guessing and nobody really knowing.

"I think their romance is so cute," a publicity girl at the Columbia Broadcasting studio remarked to me. "Andre is so dignified and sincere and serious, and Lily is so small and witty and gay. Personally," she went on, "I believe they are both having a swell time keeping their story from all these prying newspaper boys."

Which is all very well, but there are some things that even two people as careful as Lily and Andre cannot keep from you, readers. Some very remarkable things that even a reporter, interviewing Mr. Kostelanetz on the psychology of rehearsal, couldn't help but notice.

Let's approach this romance much as we would a mystery. You, reader, are given a series of facts concerning the romance of Lily and Andre. We'll call them observations. These observations build almost a complete picture.

 If you can read between lines, if you are a clever detective, if you are onto the games that people in love play, then, before this story is ended, you should have a very good idea—as I have—of the Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz romance!

Let's first of all go back to the beginning, and see if we can discover the foundation upon which their romance was built. A little about their pasts, the reasons Lily and Andre took to each other so naturally, and, of course, so quietly.

Clue number one. Before Andre Kostelanetz ever met Lily Pons he knew all about her and knew further that he was going to like her!

It has always been Andre's working formula to find out all he can about the temperament of the stars he works with before he meets them.

This way he can build his programs around the stars to bring out the best in them.

So, a little over a year ago, Andre Kostelanetz was finding out all he could about Lily Pons. She was scheduled for his program and he had to know her reaction, her attitude toward popular music, her personal likes and dislikes.

First of all, he found out that she had very little of what is known to the operatic world as "temperament." That pleased Andre. She would be easy to work with. She had a sense of humor. "Swell," undoubtedly thought Andre, "I believe I have, too." He found out that whenever she got in a tight spot her amazing presence of mind pulled her out. That would be wonderful—radio is full of these "tight spots."

So far, so good. But what was her objective in entering radio? What did she want to do? She must have a philosophy. Everybody that Andre likes must have a philosophy. She had one. It was, to quote Andre: "To popularize operatic music for those who think it is too high brow and to win over the musical intellectuals to the merits of so-called jazz tunes."

Splendid. That, in so many words, or rather in Lily's words, is exactly what Andre was striving for. Andre was certain he was going to like Lily Pons. It was going to be fun working with her. He knew he was going to like her better than anyone he had ever worked with before.

Love had started the game with the bases loaded and nobody out because the ideas. (Continued on page 74)
Above, a prize shot of the Chesterfield maestro posing with Lily during work on her newest RKO picture. Andre directed all the music in the movie and had to fly 6,000 miles each weekend in order to do it. Yet they say that it isn't love.

WHAT is going on here? There isn't any use beating around the bush; we mean that romance which has kept Radio Row on its toes for the past twelve months. That amusing, but exasperating Lily-Andre which has been going on between Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz?

It is because of romances like this one that reporters have that worried look. There is not a radio or newspaper reporter in town that hasn't taken a flog at getting the real lowdown—and not one of them has succeeded! The gentlemen of the press on the West Coast are equally annoyed. No pictures, no interviews, no nothing. The domestics dominate—and we all know they are romancing—just won't talk!

That is, they won't talk about each other. Mr. Kostelanetz is very happy to talk about the psychology of rehearsing, about his affiliation with Greta Stueckgold, Nino Martini, Rosa Ponselle and a host of others, but just one word about Lily Pons and the famous little maestro hits the temperamental ceiling.

Why? What is there about their known love that Lily and Andre should so carefully from even their closest friends? It is the nearest thing to a real mystery in this 1936 radio world. It has everybody guessing and nobody really knowing.

"I think their romance is so cute," a publicity girl at the Columbia Broadcasting Studio remarked to me. "Andre is so dignified and sincere and serious, and Lily is so small and witty and fun. Personally, I believe

they are both having a swell time keeping their story from all those prying newspaper boys."

Which is all very well, but there are some things that even two people as careful as Lily and Andre cannot keep from you, readers. Some very remarkable things that even a reporter interviewing Mr. Kostelanetz on the psychology of rehearsing, couldn't help but notice.

Let's approach this romance much as we would a mystery. You, reader, are given a series of facts concerning the romance of Lily and Andre. We'll call them observations. These observations build almost a complete picture.

If you can read between lines, if you are a clever detective, if you are onto the games that people in love play, then before this story is ended you should have a very good idea—as I have—of the Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz romance.

Let's first of all go back to the beginning, and see if we can discover the foundation upon which their romance was built. A little about their pasts, the reasons Lily and Andre look to each other so naturally, and, of course, so quietly.

One number one, Before Andre Kostelanetz ever met Lily Pons, he knew all about her and knew further that he was going to like her.

It has always been Andre's working formula to find out all he can about the temperament of the stars he works with before he meets them. This way he can build his programs around the stars to bring out the best in them.

So, a little over a year ago, Andre Kostelanetz was finding out all he could about Lily Pons. She was scheduled for his program and he had to know her reaction, her attitude toward popular music, her personal likes and dislikes.

First of all, he found out that she had very little of what is known to the operatic world as "temperament." That pleased Andre. She would be easy to work with. She had a sense of humor. "Swell!" thought Andre. "I believe I have her." He found out that whenever she got into a tight spot her amazing presence of mind pulled her out. That would be wonderful—radio is full of these "tight spots."

So far, so good. But what was her objective in entering radio? What did she want to do? She must have a philosophy. Everybody that Andre likes must have a philosophy. She had one. It was, to quote Andre: "To popularize operatic music for those who think it is too high brow and to win over the musical intellectuals to the merits of so-called jazz tunes."

Splendid. That, in so many words, is exactly what Andre was striving for. Andre was certain he was going to like Lily Pons. It was going to be fun working with her. He knew he was going to like her better than anyone he had ever worked with before.

I love started the game with the bases loaded and nobody out because the idea. (Continued on page 24)
WHEN Joan Blaine had finished telling me her story, at the luncheon table in Chicago's Merchandise Mart, I looked across at her and wondered at the hidden forces which mould the smiling masks we turn to the world. Poised, cultured, cool, smiling, the very essence of feminine grace and self-assurance—there was nothing in what I saw to serve as a clue to the story she'd kept so long locked in the depths of her heart. Yet—there it was. These things had happened to the girl who plays Mary Marlin on the air. They had all gone to form her as I saw her before me.

Joan Blaine is the product of a destiny she could not escape—a destiny which was written before she was old enough to choose what her life would be. A destiny, in fact, that even thwarted her one desperate attempt to turn it from its appointed end.

Its first hint came in the words her grandfather spoke to her, one night when she was a black-haired little girl on his knee. "Joan," he said with a smile which didn't hide the seriousness in his voice, "you are going to be famous. You are a Blaine, and each generation of Blaines has produced one who has been famous. Tomorrow it will be you. But you must work for it. You must give your whole life to it. Nothing else can matter, no sacrifice can be too great."

Only half comprehending those words when she heard them, Joan has never forgotten them. She has never been able to forget.

In her childhood, the truth of her grandfather's statement that no sacrifice could be too great was apparent. Even as a little girl, she was denied the normal excitement of children's games and parties. She was too delicate, for one thing; for another, there was so much for her to learn and so little time to learn it in. Few restrictions were made on the activities of her brothers and sisters, but Joan, under the

For Mary Marlin's Kleenex programs, turn to page 50.

By Judy Ashley
diligent training of her mother, was usually to be found in her room, struggling to understand the intricate beauties of English and classic literature. To most adults the names of Bacon, Plato, Aristotle, Browning are no more than that—just names; to Joan they are the men who had written what was literally her first reader, the foundation of her education.

It was her grandfather's, and her parents', dream that some day she would become a famous singer. The studies were part of that plan, but only part. Her physical condition must be carefully guarded; she must be shielded from everything which might conceivably harm her. Because of an abnormally sensitive membrane in her throat, Joan was never allowed to eat spices, sweets, rough food, or anything else which might prove injurious.

It was a strange childhood, Joan's—unnatural, tedious, hedged about by tutors, physicians, and parents. Even her exercise followed a definite plan, a routine of deep breathing, calisthenics, one-two, one-two.

But she had never known any other way of life. It seemed natural to do without all the frivolous, pointless little things which mean so much to most children. That was how she, Joan Blaine, lived.

In her teens, Joan was an accomplished harpist, a cultured singer, a brilliant student. Yet something was lacking. Her life was laid out before her: she must study, she must become a great singer. Yes. That was the way it would be—but in her heart Joan knew it would not be that way. She loved music, but there was in her a desire for something beyond music...something, she didn't know what.

She was a student at Northwestern University—and that "something" was still ambiguous—when she fell in love. He was the captain of the football team, and she was his girl, Beta pin and all. Her heart thrilled when she heard thousands cheering him in a game. There were fraternity dances, moonlight walks, the enchantment of youth. Finally, he asked her to be his wife.

"I remember. It was Christmas time at home." Joan's eyes grew tender as she told me of it. "Happiness, lights, the big tree. I loved him. I thought of the time when we could be in our own home at Christmas, with our own children around us. I...I wanted to stay. Instead, I said no. I knew too well what marriage would mean, the end of my hopes and dreams, forgetting my career, giving up everything I had studied all my life. I found I couldn't lose the habit of striving for that one goal—success."

Graduation. Then hard work, harder knocks, disappointments. More than once she placed some personal treasure on a pawnbroker's counter. Finally, a chance, concert work, success, applause, the glamor of bright lights.

Joan had arrived. She had arrived, even though it did not quite satisfy her to have done so. She still felt that vague desire to do something more than sing. Until one night, at a friend's home, she learned what it was she wanted to be. Somehow, the usually reticent and silent Joan cast off reserve that evening and gave a wicked, clever impersonation of a mutual friend. Laughing, she went on to imitate movie stars and other famous people. Something clicked, and at last she knew why she had worked and studied while others played, why she had sacrificed, why she had even given up love.

She wanted to become an actress.

Her new goal meant a turn-about-face in all her plans. It meant more disappointments and new training. Joan learned to know the smell of stuffy day-coaches, learned to sit patiently in dressing rooms waiting for her cue to go on in a part which carried only a line or two of dialogue.

As she had done in her first career, at last she arrived in her second, progressing from bits to supporting parts, from the road to Broadway and a lead in the comedy, "And So to Bed." It was a hit, and Joan became New York's newest discovery.

With success, there also came something new, something unexpected; an irresistible power, demanding everything but promising nothing—love so strong that this time there could be no question of a choice between it and the life she had mapped out for herself.

He was a very prominent New York attorney. After he had seen "And So to Bed" once, he came again and again, until he found a mutual friend who could introduce him to Joan. They met often after that. He'd call at the theater, after the performance, and they'd go out to supper. Afternoons when there was no matinee they were always together.

To him, marriage meant giving up. He was unable to conceive of a wife whose life held anything more than him, his home and his children. Joan knew this, and accepted it. More, knowing him and loving him, she felt that he was right. She wanted her life to be as he wished it.

Yes, she knew she was being disloyal to everything she had always worked for. She heard again her grandfather's words, and rejected them. It was a small disloyalty, she said to herself, compared to the greater disloyalty to her sex and her warm woman's heart if she once more chose to let love go.

They were to be married in a week. Joan, happy with anticipation, had cast off forever all professional ties. Her agent couldn't believe it, and called her every day, offering her new parts, hinting of a possible future Hollywood contract.

No. Joan had made her decision. She was giving it all up.

But there are things you cannot (Continued on page 76)
RACKETEERS in radio? Scores of them, elusive, scheming racketeers, constantly on the alert to snare the unsuspecting penny or dime or five-dollar bill. They lurk in the obscure local station, among the clients of established broadcasting studios; in "radio dramatic and music schools." They are here today and gone tomorrow, to reappear in some new place and under a new guise. They know all the dodges, and they use them all.

They defraud you, the listener, of your time and your money. They victimize inexperienced youngsters who are trying to get a start on the air. They cheat merchants who are taking their first experimental fling in advertising.

It's time for radio to clean house. But if the job is to be done right, and done now, you, the listening audience, must help. The Federal Communications Commission at Washington has the power to license stations or remove them from the air, and it also has trained investigators who do what they can to smoke out cases of fraud, but these investigators cannot be everywhere and hear every program sent out on the air. Even the station officials themselves, no matter how well-intentioned they may be, often cannot keep their kilocycles entirely free of fraud, because they do not realize that fraud is being practiced.

When you've read this article you'll know about the slick racketeers that are carried on over the air. You'll recognize them on your own loudspeaker. If you are trying to carve a radio career for yourself, you'll be forewarned against some of the ways unscrupulous promoters have of getting your money from you. And if you are a business man who has never advertised on the air, but would like to, you'll be more apt to spot the kind of radio salesman to keep away from.

Whether you are a listener, an aspiring performer, or a prospective advertiser, you can render a great service to the future of radio by reporting instances of fraud either to the editor of this magazine or to the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D. C.

Suppose, first of all, you want to be a radio star, and are willing to work desperately hard for your big chance. This ambition of yours makes you a prize target for the smooth-talking gentlemen who are adept at getting other people's money. Their most common trick is to send you to a "broadcasting school." Now, not all schools for teaching you microphone technique are fakes—but enough of them are to make it worth your while to investigate before you invest your money in hopes of an air career.

Perhaps the racketeer first inserts an advertisement in a local newspaper: "Talent wanted for sponsored radio program. Experience unnecessary." You go to the station, take an audition, and are then told that you have talent but need more training. The man in charge of auditions hands you a card to such and such a school—in some cases it's just across the hall from the studio—and practically promises you employment after you've taken a few months' course. At the school itself the same line of polite palaver is handed out to you, you enroll and pay your tuition fee, and the school and the man at the studio split the proceeds.

The prize racket in connection with schools, however, is that which came to light out on the West Coast. Schools were calling themselves the "Chautauqua Broadcasting Studios," or the "Natural Broadcasting Class," and using microphones with the letters CBS and NBC on them. A pupil of one of these schools, for a few dollars, was given a couple of voice tests, a sample recording of his voice, and a glossy picture showing him at a "CBS" or an "NBC" mike. Then, if he was that kind of person, he could take his picture to the program manager of some station and pretend he really had worked on network programs. Not that anyone ever benefited from such a procedure except the fake schools—it didn't take program mana-
If you're a housewife or a fledgling star trying to start a career, be on your guard. Read how to help broadcasting clean its house of this ever increasing crime menace.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD, THE
Bald Truth About These
Men Who Rob You Whether
You're an Advertiser, a
Performer or a Listener
RACKETEERS in radio! Scores of them, clever, scheming racketeers, constantly on the alert to snare the unsuspecting penny or dime of five-dollar bill. They lurk in the obscure local station, among the clients of established broadcasting studios, in "radio dramatic and music schools." They are here today and gone tomorrow, to reappear in some new place and under a new guise. They know all the dodges, and they use them all.

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gers long to spot phonny network stars after one song. Watch out for station officials who charge money for auditions. Frequently the managers of small stations charge anywhere from a dollar to five dollars an audition.

Beware of giving your talent free, even if you are a beginner, unless you are sure of your station's good faith. It's a common practice to give a beginner a weekly program on the supposition that some sponsor will listen in. Sometimes the studio even charges you for the privilege of broadcasting. In one case two or three radio stations hired a man as "vocal and dramatic coach." He didn't get a salary. He sold the world—or, better, the stations on his list and made money for himself besides. He'd tell those who auditioned that they were fine, but that they needed a little more experience and microphone technique. Then he'd send them to a "school" with which he was connected and assign them programs on the station. Every week when they came to do their free broadcasts he'd tell them how great an improvement the school had made in their work. It could go on for months, the school getting the pupil's money, the station his talent—and the pupil himself getting exactly nothing.

I know a girl with a fine voice and considerable talent. She had been singing for nothing over a local station, hoping to get a sponsored program. At last, the chance came. She sang once on a commercial show, for which she was to receive seven dollars. But the days went by and the program manager, who had been supposed to pay her, made no move to do so. At last she plucked up courage and asked him for the money. He pretended not to know what she was talking about at first, but when she insisted he grew ugly and let her know plainly that she'd better forget about the seven dollars if she expected to continue singing over that station. Even if you get a salaried job on a small station your troubles aren't necessarily over. Announcers and other staff artists have been known to be paid off in checks post-dated thirty days, on the plea that the station is short of funds at the moment but will surely have enough to cover on the day the check carries its dateline. When that day comes the bank sends the check back marked "N. S. F."—but meanwhile the station has secured thirty days of the artist's time for nothing. And if the artist is sufficiently gullible, the station is sometimes able to string him along for still another thirty days.

If you're the father or mother of a child who performs on the air, watch out for the type of program which popularizes a group of children by means of a sustaining program, then puts them all into a valuable act and exploits them for nice profits of which the children and their parents see little or nothing. It's been done. Perhaps you're a beginner not in the performing end of radio, but in the advertising end. Perhaps you've often wanted to work in the world—your own neighborhood—what you have to sell, and have only been deterred by the high cost. Well, if so, check up on the radio salesman who offers you a program for lower prices than that quoted on the rate-cards of established stations, because the chances are there's something wrong.

A simple, but very effective, trick is employed by some stations—to broadcast free, unsolicited programs for famous national advertisers. Of course, the advertisers in whose name the programs are put on the air know nothing of what's happening, never hear the programs, never receive bills for them. But the station which has broadcast the fake program solicits paying clients by saying, or even printing, that such and such famous firms are among its customers.

Not simple, but fearfully complicated, is another petty racket which one married couple thought up and put into practice. Twice a week they would dress up in overalls and leave their home at four in the morning. Busily they delved into ash cans and refuse barrels, peeling the labels off discarded tin cans. These labels they took home and carefully

Then they'd go to see the local distributor of a well-known brand of canned goods and talk him into paying $100 or so for a test radio program over a small station. Maybe they couldn't get $100—okay, they'd take $50. On the program they'd offer a small prize—say a toy balloon—in return for the label from a can of the goods being advertised, as evidence of purchase.

A few weeks after the broadcast they'd be back in the distributor's office, carrying 10,000 or so neatly packaged labels and a list of names and addresses culled from the telephone book. Obligingly, they'd offer to mail out the toy balloons, and the distributor would give them the balloons and the necessary postage. Thereupon the couple would sell the balloons and the postage stamps, too, and wouldn't have heard of around that distributor's office again. It sounds like a lot of work which might more profitably have been turned into honest channels, but that's the way it was done.

Don't put too much faith, either, in the small station which claims to cover a lot of territory. Find out how many watts it is supposed to be broadcasting on, and then find out how much territory, on an average, a station with that amount of power should cover. If the station in question has a listening area larger than it should have with its published amount of power, you'd better steer clear of it. Permission to increase power must be obtained from the F. C. C., but many small stations go right ahead and increase their power anyway, without permission. Then they point out to prospective advertisers what a lot of territory their programs reach—and at no extra cost to the client, either. That their illegal power increase has caused them to interfere with a distant station on the same wavelength doesn't worry these gentlemen in the least.

Again, look before you leap if you are offered a test program, half the price to be paid when the contract is signed, the other half to be paid only when—and if—the program has increased your business. The proposition may be strictly on the level, and again it may not.

This is how it has sometimes been worked: A promoter approaches a merchant or distributor and offers him a one-broadcast program composed of well-known and popular vaudeville personalities who are appearing at a local theater. The half payment down, half if business improves, offers sounds pretty swell to the prospective advertiser. All these famous people whose names the promoter is rattling off so glibly, on his program! If they boost business, he figures, he won't mind paying the second half of the money; if it doesn't get (Continued on page 77)
This young Latin threat to feminine America's peace of mind is back on the Chesterfield show each Wednesday night. Ida is his leading lady in his latest Pickford-Lasky film, "The Gay Desperado."
A new and delightful study of a lady voted by many critics as the stage's finest actress. It is becoming a radio legend that there's no greater pleasure than working on her Monday-night serial over NBC's network.

One of the theater's most beautiful ornaments has gone over to radio for parts in the CBS Columbia Workshop Programs. Mary Jane appeared in stock, and Broadway, and on the air with Ernest Trues, in comedy playlets.
A black sheep on his new half hour Sunday evenings, Joe is one of the swellest performers in the world to his personal acquaintances. Joe is hard at work for RKO making a new picture. Its temporary title is: "Roamin' Around."

That go-gettin' talent scout and star reporter; stooge to Fred Astaire every Tuesday night—meet wistful Charles of the MGM movie lot, that extraordinary show stealer, now under contract to sell Packard cars.
Lovely Frances, of the dark, enchanting beauty, will soon be seen in a new picture, "Born to Dance." She continues starring with that old married man, Dick Powell, on Hollywood Hotel.
Stardom at thirteen is the success story of Deanna, who was discovered practically overnight by the movies and radio. She sings with Bobby Breen Sunday nights on Eddie Cantor’s program.
THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF
FLOYD GIBBONS, ADVENTURER

For Floyd Gibbons' Nash Show see page 51
FLOYD GIBBONS has looked upon more war, death, and bloodshed than any other man alive today. Into the space of twenty-five years he has packed just about every kind of hazardous adventure it is possible for one man to have. There hasn’t been a news-making spot on the earth’s surface during the last quarter-century he hasn’t visited while it was making news—that is, provided always it was exciting news, and it was humanly possible for him to get there before all the shooting was over.

Yet until he went to Spain last summer, he had never stepped into absolute chaos. Not even in that other revolution-ridden country, Russia, during and just after the World War, had he seen such complete disorganization. In Russia there had been famine and misery, but not heedless, rapacious waste. In Manchuria he had seen cruelty; in France, during the World War, he had been so frightened he had been unable to control the trembling of his body. But even in Russia, Manchuria and France there had been order and purpose back of the carnage.

The “Headline Hunter” has spent his life following adventure. Much of that adventure he has passed along to you, in the form of books, newspaper stories, broadcasts, and magazine articles. You can get a taste of what he saw in Spain from his current Saturday-night series of broadcasts for Nash Motors. But there is one class of adventure he has left untold. He has told you the adventures of others; he has told you of adventures he participated in; but he has never told you the personal history of Floyd Gibbons, adventurer. It is a story so colorful, so packed with action, that it is difficult to compress into the limits of a few articles in a magazine. Nevertheless, I’m going to try.

Floyd sailed for Spain shortly after the mutiny of the Madrid garrison which started the revolution. Naturally, wherever there was excitement he had to be.

He landed at Gibraltar on August 13, ten days before he was scheduled to broadcast from Madrid on the RCA Magic Key of the Air program. Ten days, he thought, would allow him plenty of time to get from Gibraltar to Madrid.

North and west of Gibraltar was Rebel territory. Madrid was in the hands of the Government; so in the few days at his disposal he went first into Rebel territory, through Algeciras, Cadiz, Jerez (the birthplace of sherry wine), to Seville, then back to Gibraltar. At Cadiz he saw his first pirate ship—a destroyer which had mutinied against the Government, and so was technically a pirate—and in Seville he met General Queipo de Llano, the man who captured that city for the Rebels with only a handful of soldiers, and who now is Spain’s most widely listened-to radio personality because of his news bulletins.

Added to the Rebel forces in these southern towns were troops of savage Moors from Africa, mercenaries soldiers born into the tradition of (Continued on page 38)

Right, Floyd Gibbons of Washington, D.C., at the age of three; right below, his father, Edward Gibbons, who didn’t want his son to be a reporter.

By NORTON RUSSELL

Below, a hitherto unpublished family group. Top row, left to right, Mrs. Emma Gibbons, Floyd, Zelda, and Donald; in front are Edward and Margaret.
THE story of two loves which have shaped Ted Malone's entire existence, that have made him a success beyond his fondest dreams, is the story of Ted Malone's life. It is a story of tears and laughter and hardships, of a mother's love and a wife's love. It is the story—the only story—which explains why his daily program over CBS, Between the Bookends, has a loyal following of uncounted thousands.

Often you read about the son of a minister, of the life that is his, and how he reacts through the years. Much less often you read about the wife of a minister, though her lot is usually the more dramatic, the more filled with hardships to overcome and problems to solve.

Ted Malone's mother, born Grace Aurora Gunter, became Mrs. Frank Arthur Russell when she married a struggling young minister, a man whose life had already been consecrated to the task of founding new churches throughout the country, an unsung heroic job in the field of missions very few know anything about or understand. She married for love, nor did she ever regret her action. He instilled in her the courage which upheld him in work that would have discouraged a lesser man. Especially after her second son, Frank Alden, was born. Ted Malone is Frank Alden Russell to this day, a name he is proud of, but a name he has never used in public, since the success of his broadcast on which he started as Ted Malone.

Until Ted was ready for high school he knew his father only as the loving, friendly man who never missed Thanksgiving or Christmas with his wife and two sons, the man who returned from his wanderings in time to make bright wooden toys to give Ted as his Christmas presents.

In his mother Ted had to find both counselor and playmate, to whom he could go for consolation and advice. It was his mother on whom most of the task fell of feeding and clothing the family on practically
no money at all. Founding new churches was ample reward to their souls, but someone must find a way to fill the empty cereal bowls in the morning, the empty dinner plates at dinner.

If you have ever wondered, listening each noon to Ted on his Between The Bookends program, how he is able, so simply and easily, to reach out towards your own personal problem, go straight to your heart with his words of advice and touch you with the poems he reads, your answer is in those years, when living as the son of a struggling minister, he learned to find the true joys of existence from his mother.

Christmas, with his father home once more, was always the brightest day of the year for the little family. If today he can help you forget your burdens, your heartache, it's partly because of those Christmas mornings, bright and crisp in the cold of Kansas City winters, which he still remembers. Ted never knew presents as most of us understand them. There was no money to go downtown to the brightly decorated stores with their Christmas trees and smiling Santa Claus. But his mother had taught him how to make wonderful decorations for their small balsam tree out of cranberries and popcorn they grew in the summer and stored away in the fall. And in the morning, down under the tree, there were always small paper bags of hard candy and oranges.

Ted never expected anything more. It was enough to have the excitement of popping the corn, of finding a new kind of candy in the paper bag, of playing with the homemade toys his father had built. Another mother wouldn't have taught this simple truth—that popcorn and cranberries and oranges made just as nice Christmases as expensive toy automobiles and bicycles and roller skates. And the same spirit of love and joy with which she invested the Christmas holidays she spread over all the seasons (Continued on page 54)

Left, Ted reading to Bubbles and the girl whose love finished the lesson that his mother, below, began. For time of Between the Bookends, see page 51.
A UNIQUE NEW CHARACTER, BILLY SUN-
DAY'S FORMER LIEUTENANT, COMES TO
RADIO WITH A CURE FOR OUR TROUBLES

By FRANK LOVETTE

T was raining the proverbial cats and dogs; one of those freakish rainy nights of late autumn which cause a near panic in New York. Transportation was already glutted, and more thousands were stampeding homeward; for it seemed a downpour without end.

"Surely," I told myself, hurrying across the gusty area of Times Square in cold water, which was ankle deep, "few people will feel like singing tonight—not if they have to be drowned and attend a broadcast to sing."

Even as I sloshed along the sidewalks, a newspaper over my head to keep from being completely drenched, I was feeling half sorry for Homer Rodeheaver; wondering how he could present his Community Sing on a night like this. How could his show go on? What would his sponsors do about it, if there was no appreciable audience? Then I found myself at Forty-fourth Street, and putting purpose above caution, swung eastward toward the CBS Playhouse. Just as suddenly I looked ahead and had the silly inclination to pinch myself, to demand physical proof my eyes were sane.

But once in many years had I seen such a throng in a New York side street. That was when a murder had just occurred; but even then it had not been raining. Tonight, it was a different sort of crowd. People stood in the downpour, laughing and talking, none evidencing discomfort. It was amazing, like the lines at Madison Square Garden, the Polo Grounds, or Soldiers Field in Chicago, just before a great athletic event. They pushed forward, pressing against the jammed lobby of the CBS Playhouse, as eagerly as if their tickets had cost a premium. And why? To see Homer Rodeheaver—to sing with him! A night which would have stayed Napoleon's army had notazed them.

Soon, I, too, had fallen in line. And although it was nearly an hour before the Community Sing went on the air, the doors were presently opened. Within less than five minutes every seat in the theater was filled. I sat in the first row of the balcony, ever more impressed with the buoyancy of the audience. I could sense it. Although of all ages, they were gay, laughing and talking with a rising hum, so different from the blasé, bored and downright morbid audiences of the legitimate theater upon rainy nights. These people had something, and I asked myself what it was. Were they musical cranks, or had Rodeheaver imbued them with the magic which, for twenty years, made him Billy Sunday's magnet and the foremost song leader of the times? I was soon to find out.

Rodeheaver rehearsed his audience for about twenty-five minutes before the broadcast; and I think, at the end of that time, fully ninety per cent of those present would have been willing to vote for him for President. Coming out from the wings of the stage, dressed in white to discount the weather, he greeted the "community singers" with a broad smile and contagious laugh.

"I'm glad you're here," he told them. "Even if it is a little bit rainy. ... And after all, just how rainy it seems, depends entirely upon where you come from and where you were brought up." He illustrated with an example.

"Down in the East Tennessee mountains, where I grew up, two of the old timers from the hills once got into an argument as to whether it was raining hard or not. One told a story of a rain so hard it washed the cattle and other animals away. 'That ain't nothin' at all,' the other one said when he was through. 'Up in the cove, where I live, it rained so hard last fall, it busted the bottom out of the rain barrel.' We turned th' barrel up on its side, then, but that didn't help none. It rained in the bung hole faster than th' water could run out both ends."

There was a roar from the audience. And while they were still laughing, he said, "So you see, it depends entirely upon where you grew up, how hard it's raining. For some of you—it may be raining-daffodils." He had picked up his audience in a manner reminiscent of Will Rogers.

Quickly, he introduced his instrumental ensemble. Then, with the flashing of the words of "Pack Up Your Troubles," upon the screen behind him, he exhorted all to sing. "Anybody with tonsillitis or a bad cold," he told them, "can whistle." I had no idea of singing, so I reneged on the first go-round. I held out on the crowd through part of the second song, which was "Smiles," but the leader was too contagious longer to resist. He got me, too. I found myself singing and, what is more, liking it. I began to feel changed, and I began to feel better.

Now I can say WE. We rehearsed with him his entire program, by which time I was a veteran "community singer." He let us sing bass, tenor, or anything we pleased. He told us to harmonize, to get it up and out as we saw fit. I was surprised to discover that it sounded beautiful, that some of the emotions within me, which I had long thought were atrophied, had come (Continued on page 71)
For the time of Palmolive’s Community Sing, see page 50.
THE ONE

BROADCAST

HOLLYWOOD

WHY IS MOVIEDOM AFRAID TO TUNE IN JIMMY FIDLER'S

PROGRAM? WHY HAS IT TRIED TO PUT HIM OFF THE AIR?

HOLLYWOOD did as it pleased for years. Business deals and private lives were conducted behind locked doors and drawn blinds. The inside dope on all but the most trivial subjects was taboo.

The sun shone in Hollywood for those who held the whip hand.

Lots of people knew plenty, but said nothing. Nobody dared say anything. Jobs were held by radio commentators, and newspaper columnists, and magazine writers who knew the ropes well enough to talk or write for hours without saying anything.

And then came Jimmy Fidler—and how things have changed in Hollywood! Out of almost nowhere, out of a maze of Hollywood writers, came a young man with millions of radio listeners and a line of talk that dealt only with truth and fact.

Jimmy Fidler has the one radio broadcast that all Hollywood fears—and respects! He is the only person who has ever been able to verbally spank Mr., Mrs., and Miss celebrity—and make them like it!

Hollywood big-wigs have tried to bribe him, reason with him, and have even threatened him, but each and every Tuesday evening at 10:30 P. M., his Hollywood on the Air has the entire movie colony holding its breath. And when the smoke from Mr. Fidler's attack clears away there is many a headache in cinema land!

The phenomenal rise of this astounding young man to national importance in one short year, is one of the miracles of Hollywood. More people probably depend on him for their Hollywood news, comments, and gossip than on any other person. Plus his large radio following, Jimmy has a daily syndicated column which is read by 10,000,000 fans and his Fox Movietone Newsreel which reaches an estimated 45,000,000 here and abroad.
A year ago he was struggling for recognition; today he is a power Hollywood must reckon with. It is no wonder filmdom fears him with his nearly 80,000,000 followers.

Many powerful organizations have tried to have Jimmy Fidler taken off the air. One of his worst enemies is the Screen Actors Guild. The Hollywood Reporter has printed tirades against his broadcasts, and a producers' association has gone after him time and again. If it's news that can be proved, if it happened today, Jimmy brings it to the attention of the world.

At the many dinners I've attended in the company of movie stars there has always been one sure topic of discussion—the broadcasts of Jimmy Fidler. I've never known a star who didn't have something to say. When the conversation turns to Jimmy, voices become lowered. There is hate, (Continued on page 80)
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THE ONE
BROADCAST
HOLLYWOOD

WHY IS MOVIEDOM AFRAID TO TUNE IN JIMMY FIDLER'S

PROGRAM? WHY HAS IT TRIED TO PUT HIM OFF THE AIR?

FREDERICK RUTLEDGE
GOOD evenin', everybuddy. . . .

Yep, it's Uncle Ezra broadcasting from his "powerful little five-watter down in Rosedale." You hear him three nights a week at 7:15 on the NBC Red network, as well as on Saturday night's National Barn Dance. And to listen to his shrewd rural philosophy and friendly fire-side gossip, one can hardly conceive the story behind those broadcasts, of a twenty-year battle between the private and professional sides of a man; of Uncle Ezra, a witty old codger of national fame, and Pat Barrett, a vigorous young man who wanted to be just himself . . . and couldn't!

Of course, Uncle Ezra and Pat Barrett are one and the same person, yet this is really the story of two men within one, who fought each other grimly through the years, finally to find, only in the last few months, a strange and unique compromise which more appropriately might be limited to the pages of fiction; a truce which has split Pat Barrett's life into two worlds, like the eccentric duality of a mythical Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

I don't know why Pat Barrett told me this story, but I think it came through my insistent questioning on the one thing about him which mystified me most—his youth. How could a man so actively young at the half-century mark, looking like a kid of twenty-five, so unerringly portray the bewhiskered Uncle Ezra? And since he writes his own scripts, where do the ideas come from? What was behind that broadcast? Pat's subsequent answers revealed how the character of Uncle Ezra came into being long before the advent of radio, how it developed almost to the point of completely suppressing Pat's personal character, and finally, how Pat Barrett became the master of the situation with what he smilingly refers to as his "double life."

Pat Barrett, near the turn of the century, was a tow-headed youngster in the small town of Holden, Missouri—just an ordinary American boy, with but one exception. And that exception was the foundation of his later success, of Uncle Ezra, and of this story.

You see, as a boy Pat idolized a group of old men. He loved to sit around Brad Harmon's drug store, or in the shade of Fred Tesche's livery stable, listening to the white-bearded patriarchs of the town: Uncle Johnny, Pleas Ferguson, Judge Bothwell, and a half a dozen more. He preferred sitting silently on his haunches, all ears, while his bewhiskered friends swapped (Continued on page 61)
STUART CHURCHILL'S SONG OF FATE

CHANCE, AND A CRACKED PHONOGRAPH RECORD, BROUGHT HIM TO STARDOM ON THE AIR

A SINGLE song has changed the life and fate of Stuart Churchill. It is a song that was written almost a hundred years ago, but one which Stuart heard for the first time a short ten years ago. And since that first hearing his life and his career have been inextricably bound up in it. It has become his guide and inspiration.

Had Stuart Churchill not listened to a cracked Heifetz recording of Schubert’s “Ave Maria” he probably would not be a star on NBC’s new Saturday night program over the Red network. In fact, he might not be singing at all. That sounds strange and melodramatic, but not as strange and melodramatic as it really is.

Ten years ago Stuart Churchill was a boy in his teens hammering away at xylophone and drums with a Chautauqua unit which was playing small western towns. One night stands, or two at the most. But to Stu, who had been raised in a small town in Kansas, there was romance and adventure in this nomadic life.

He had been with the Chautauqua show for two summers—two summers in which he had grown used to the constant pulling up of tent stakes and starting on again, two summers in which part of the romance and adventure of the life had become more or less prosaic. One night, during that second summer, his show was travelling over Marshall Pass in Colorado by bus. Suddenly the road was obscured by a terrific cloudburst. The driver proceeded cautiously for a time, but soon it became impossibly dangerous to go on, and he pulled over to the side of the road and stopped. The top and sides of the bus were filled with holes, and by this time all of its occupants were soaked to the skin.

One of the men looking for better shelter jumped out on the road. A few minutes later he came back to say that he had found a deserted and unlocked shack a small distance away. Stuart admits that he owes this fellow a lasting debt of gratitude.

They followed the man to the shack, went inside and waited for the cloudburst to pass. They were there for over an hour—ten wet, shivering men sitting on the floor of a dingy room lit by the feeble glow of a single candle.

The room was bare save for a broken chair, a stool, a table from which all traces of paint were worn, and—of all things—a Victrola. It was a very old fashioned Victrola, even for ten years ago, with a huge megaphone-like horn; near the instrument there lay two broken records and one that was cracked. It was that one cracked record which changed the entire course of Churchill’s life. That record was a Heifetz (Continued on page 52)
FLIER FRANK HAWKS—Air ace, commander in the U.S. Navy Reserve Air Force, owner of more medals than he can count, and star over the Mutual network on Time Flies, Fridays at 8. Frank reads lines like a veteran, fusses over sound-effect details, loves to tinker on model ships, and is addicted to blue shirts.

COMMENTATOR HOYT—Tall, slender, and regally brunette, Julia Hoyt is what most of us visualize when we think of society. Born into New York's 400, she wasn't satisfied with a social career, and has been an actress and newspaper woman. Now she's on the air too—on NBC's Blue network every Saturday morning.

FOOTBALL DOPESTER THORGENSEN—Expert on pigskin matters for CBS' Elgin Football Revue, Saturday nights, is Ed Thorgersen. He's still young, but in a short life he's had almost every kind of job, settling down to be a radio announcer in 1926. Sports are his diversion as well as his work, and he speaks on athletic events for Fox Movietone newsreel.

DETECTIVE THATCHER COLT—Anthony Abbott's famous sleuth comes to life on NBC's airwaves every Sunday at 2:30, in the person of veteran radio actor Hanley Stafford. Hanley came East two years ago after long experience in the movies and on the stage out in Hollywood. He had a leading role in the Life of Richelieu, serialized by NBC for a hundred weeks.
NELSON'S LEADING LADY—Brunette little Francia White, who sings duets with Nelson Eddy on his Vick's Open House programs, made guest appearances with symphony orchestras when she was only seventeen. She meant to be an operatic star, but went into vaudeville instead, and then to radio. In spite of her pint size, she's an excellent athlete.

COBB'S DOROTHY PAGE—The blonde leading lady of Irvin S. Cobb's Paducah Plantation, on NBC Saturday nights, always wanted a musical career, but went to work as a typist to help out the family income. When she'd saved some money, she took an audition with Paul Whiteman, got the job, and toured the country with his band until she signed with NBC.

SHOW BOAT'S HORACE NIMBLE—Behind that cigar lurks the man you used to know as Schlepperman on Jack Benny's shows—Sam Hoarn, now comedian for Show Boat. Like Benny, Sam began his professional life as a violinist, then mixed comedy with music. His language butchering has been a feature of musical comedy and vaudeville for the last twenty years.
HIRAM OF SNOW VILLAGE—Parker Fennelly, who plays Hiram Neville in the recently revived Snow Village Sketches on NBC Saturday nights, is a real down-easter, having been born on the Maine coast. He’s married to a girl he met when he was on the stage, is the father of three children, and writes songs.

DAN’L OF SNOW VILLAGE—Arthur Allen is Hiram’s partner Dan’l Hickey. He has played so many farm characters on the air he almost talks that way in private life. Born in upper New York state, he sold papers as a boy, joined a stock company when he left school. He lives outside New York City, on Long Island.

COMMUNITY SING’S JONES—Seventeen years ago, two struggling vaudevillians, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, joined forces. Success for the new team didn’t come for two years, when they put on an act before a new toy called a microphone—and thus became the air’s first paid performers. Now they’re roaming the country for Gillette’s Community Sing.

AND COMMUNITY SING’S HARE—Both Jones and Hare achieved success by trudging the long road from singing in church choirs, through small-time vaudeville, into radio. As leaders of the Sunday-night song parties on CBS, they’re trying to bring back some of the easy informality of the old days when programs weren’t planned, but just happened.
SINGER HILDEGARDE—Backed up by several seasons abroad as royalty's pet entertainer, this little girl from New Holstein, Wisconsin, is back in the country which once had no job for her. She's one of NBC's promising sustaining stars, heard several times a week—and never uses her last name, Sell, because her luck changed when she dropped it.

TWIN STAR HELEN—You loved her as Betty Graham, heroine of the famous Roses and Drums serial. Now Helen Claire is Rosemarie Brancato's co-star on the National Biscuit Company's Friday-night program over NBC. She's from Union Springs, Alabama, won a dramatic scholarship when she was in college, later came to New York to start a successful stage career.

TWIN STAR ROSEMARIE—Coloratura soprano Rosemarie Brancato has her first big network commercial job on the Twin Stars program. A graduate of Chicago's Civic Opera Company, where she made her debut at the age of 21, she's made frequent guest appearances for the past two years. She is unmarried and never took a singing lesson outside of America.
ON a frosty night in early October a very amazing thing happened in Studio 3-H at Radio City. A tall and regal woman of fifty-seven summers stood beside a microphone and calmly proceeded to turn back the clock.

She slipped her feet from their matronly suede walking oxfords into a smaller frivolous pair of high-topped white satin dancing shoes with pink bows on the toes and long rows of buttons running gaily up the sides and fancifully curved French heels. She changed the coiffure of her gray-streaked reddish hair for a cap of dark auburn waves that folded into a smooth bun low on her neck. With a single effort she pinched her waist into a size sixteen gown of mauve and gold taffeta such as lovely ladies of high degree wore at the turn of the century. And then with a word, a pause, a sentence, the wrinkled fabrics of her cheeks and throat and hands were suddenly transformed—with all the world to witness it—into the glowing fresh skin of a girl in her teens.

It was a calm and orderly procedure, all this. She worked her magic without an ounce of obvious nervousness. She didn't clutch at the mike stand with trembling fingers like Dietrich, or twist a half dozen handkerchiefs to shreds like Crawford or reach for the ammonia between scenes like Colbert. Instead she sat engrossed in a copy of "Gone With the Wind" until she heard her cue, then shut the book quietly, laid it aside and started speaking as she walked toward the microphone.

And with her first line Ethel Barrymore was restored to America as the Ethel Barrymore of thirty-five years ago! As "that electric youngster, Lionel Barrymore's little sister." As "the darling of American and European society." And later "the most en-
BRINGS BACK THE GIRL WHOSE ESCAPADES SET A NATION BUZZING

gaged girl in the United States,” “the enfant terrible of Broadway,” “the best actress among American mothers and the best mother among American actresses,” “queen of the theaters’ Royal Family.” And finally—First Actress of the American Stage.

And it was radio that brought the miracle about.

For, three seasons ago, at fifty-four, Ethel Barrymore sought to revive on the stage one of her former successes, “Declassee.” In it she played the role of Lady Helen Haden, the young heroine. Critics were kind but the paying public reneged; for the first time the paying public as much as said, by its lack of support, that a woman in her fifties—however great an actress she might be—could not create a satisfactory illusion of a girl despite all the makeup and wigs and clever corseting in the world. Theater-goers want their heroines young. So after a short run the play closed and Ethel Barrymore vowed she would never return to the stage again in any semblance of youth.

The great tragedy of that, had not radio intervened, was that her thrilling voice and personality which really make her as an actress were still as young as ever.

“Why should a voice be old?” she said to me. “My grandmother played on the stage until she was ninety-seven and if you had shut your eyes and listened to her you would have sworn hers was the speech of a sixteen-year-old girl. There’s no such thing as an old lady’s voice.” It doesn’t have to be. If you’ve got artistry enough in the first place and physical fitness enough in the second place your voice can be exactly the same at a hundred as it was at twenty.”

Such a short time ago, before radio came into being, her great gift for acting would have been lost to the world with the closing of “Declassee”. The shell surrounding her artistry, the graying hair and arthritic knee and sagging cheek, were no longer appealing to look upon. But on the air it’s only the voice and personality that matter. Each listener in his own imagination builds his own picture of the heroine of the play, makes her sixteen or twenty-two, a blonde or a brunette, blue-eyed or brown, to suit his fancy.

Ethel Barrymore knew she wasn’t finished because a graceful old age had settled on her young beauty with the passing of the years.

So last August the First Actress of the American Stage announced her permanent retirement from the theater, her forthcoming debut in radio in a series of her own. And with her initial broadcast, a dramatization of “Captain Jinks”—which was her first starring vehicle ‘way back in 1901—she performed the miracle of turning back the clock and being Ethel Barrymore at twenty-one. Gay, imperious, lovable, shocking, head-strong, temperamental Ethel Barrymore whose romances and capers and scrapes were eternally getting in the newspapers to delight your mama and grandma (to say nothing of grandpop, too)! who liked a breezy tidbit of scandal just as much as this terrible younger generation does.

Now it seems part of the Barrymore tradition, which includes brothers John and Lionel of course, is to make headlines. Ethel made her share and she started at it young. In 1891, a high-spirited and grownup girl of twelve, she defied about six kinds of child labor and truancy laws by going on the stage. Her actress-mother had died and left her the family home in Philadelphia and her little brother John to look out for. Her actor-father was broke and Ethel hated going to school anyway. She saw no reason why a young lady descended (Continued on page 67)

Below, Ethel greeting her three children, John Drew Colt, Samuel Colt and Ethel Barrymore Colt, as they arrived in Hollywood while “Rasputin” was being made.

The three famous Barumores in a California garden—John, Ethel and Lionel. But Ethel has turned away from pictures for good, as well as from the theater.
ILL death do us part . . . ”

They were very young to be taking such vows. Too young.

Louise Massey was fifteen. Milt Mabie was twenty. And back in Roswell were four parents who, when they found out what was happening, were going to be more angry, and more hurt, and more worried, than they had ever been before in their lives.

Seeing Louise Massey now—poised and graceful and sure of herself—you can’t detect in her the high-spirited schoolgirl who defied her parents and all her friends to marry the boy she loved. Or thought she loved, for she didn’t really. She knows that now.

Louise Massey and Milt Mabie, who with Louise’s two brothers and Larry Wellington broadcast every Tuesday night on the Log Cabin Dude Ranch program over the NBC-Blue network, have come to a happy married life from the strangest and most unpromising beginning imaginable.

It all began when Louise’s father told her to stop at Mabie’s Hardware Store in Roswell, after school, and pick up some tools to bring back to the ranch with her. Mabie, a prosperous New Mexico rancher, did a lot of trading at Mabie’s, and Louise had often stopped there to pick up a load of supplies in her car. But old Mr. Mabie, or one of his clerks, had always waited on her, nobody like this big six-foot-and-more youth in the military school uniform who stood grinning at her across the counter.

“I’m Milt Mabie,” he said.

Something about his assumption that she cared who he was made her deliberately snub him. “Are there some things here for Mr. Massey?” she asked coolly. And then, because suddenly she realized she hadn’t really wanted to snub him, she gave him Louise Massey’s smile, as dazzling then as it is today, and said, “I’m Louise, his daughter.”

“Sure, I knew that,” he said. “I asked Dad who you were as soon as I saw you stop out in front.”

Well, Louise got her supplies, and he helped her load them into the car, and she went on out to the ranch. But that night Milt came out—that night, and every night thereafter. Within three months, they wanted to get married more than they wanted anything else in the world.

They made their first mistake when they told the elder Masseys and the elder Mabies what they wanted to do. Ridiculous! they shouted, with one voice. Louise and Milt were both far too young. Louise, in fact, wasn’t even out of high school—and when she had finished there she had to go to El Paso, to study singing. There couldn’t even be a discussion of marriage for at least five years.

The immediate result of the family uproar was to give Louise and Milt a feeling of guilt, as if this overwhelming desire of theirs to be together always was something to be ashamed of. Yet Milt, the older and steadier of the two, had to admit that perhaps their parents were right. After (Continued on page 64)
A good friend of Guy's tells you things about him only a good friend knows. See page 50 for the time of his show.

By JACK SHER

YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU READ

THIS STORY, AS HEART WARMING AS THE LOMBARDO MUSIC

T is comparatively easy to write something about celebrities you meet for the first time. They tell you interesting facts about their lives, you get spur of the moment impressions, most of them are very genial and pleasant. You go home and write how enjoyable it was talking to them, how they have shaped their careers, and about their romances, if there are any.

But, when you know a person well—as I know Guy Lombardo—and you think a great deal of that person—as I do of Guy—and you sit down and try to tell someone else about him, what a grand person he really is—that, readers, is not easy.

Whenever I think of Guy, and what he actually is, it comes in pictures, like—

A small orchestra going broke in Cleveland, Ohio, and sticking it out because they had faith in their leader, an unknown—Guy Lombardo.

Getting their first break by creating a style of music that other musicians laughed at.

And, still later, Guy Lombardo, with the same bunch of boys that stuck with him in Cleveland, playing at the world's largest beach resort while thousands stand listening to them. Young, eager bodies pressed tightly against the bandstand, hearing the music that Guy had faith in, none of them dancing, barely moving. Just listening and happy.

Guy Lombardo spreading music around, music that took years to develop, music that makes people happy.

Leaning over the bandstand for an hour after the program has closed, signing autograph books; smiling, laughing, making the little kids with the green and red autograph books beam, and push.

Guy Lombardo, human, warm, down to earth, a guy with a big heart who likes to see others enjoying themselves.

Never too important to stop and chat with strangers about music.

Or encourage a song plugger.

Or buy hot dogs for two little girls with blonde hair.

An ace band leader, perhaps the best in the country, who says to the lady in sun goggles, (Continued on page 69)
NEW York got off to a good start this season with a record number of openings. In case you don’t know, openings are the gala first nights for the band boys when they move into new spots, and their success is usually attendant upon the number of celebrities present. When Guy Lombardo bowed into the Roosevelt, for instance, among those present were Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Harry Richman, Abe Lyman, Russ Morgan, Belle Baker, Benny Goodman, Helen Ward, Frank Black, Patti Pickens, and Jimmy Farrell, just to name a few. But a record was chalked up when three openings occurred in one night and had the song pluggers running around in circles. The three bands bowing in were Mal Hallett, Russ Morgan, and Johnny Hamp. Among others crowding in more or less at once were Will Osborne, Shep Fields, Ozzie Nelson, Eddy Duchin, Benny Goodman, Ray Noble, Artie Shaw and many more.

IS Paul Whiteman going high hat? He is to be guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra for three concerts this season, two in Philadelphia and one in New York. Paul has probably helped more up and coming American composers than any other maestro. He was the first to play Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue” and has first-timed a lot of works that have since made their composers famous. Paul is doing it big for our American Bachs and Beethovens. Rudy Vallee is working on an ambitious plan to bring to light all worthy musical talent in America. He wants to have every child measured musically so that those who have what it takes will be discovered early and encouraged. Rudy claims it was just sheer persistence that got him where he is. As a boy when he took to tooting a sax all over the house his parents did not tumble to the fact that he had any unusual talent. They thought it was excess energy. In fact, his father was disappointed that he did not become a chemist. Rudy believes a lot of talent is just going to waste and he hopes his plan will discover it.

A DISTINCTIVE style, some means of identification on the air—that’s worth a million to any band. Will Osborne is getting a big build up with his “slide music” using slippery horns. Artie Shaw is doing a lot with his strings. Of course, you recognize Guy Lombardo immediately on the air without benefit of announcement, and Wayne King. Air trade-marks are the making of bands nowadays.

Radio listeners don’t realize it, but the bands try to develop “appearance trade-marks” too. Clyde Lucas has one of the smartest looking bands, all in full dress suits. Casa Loma is another all-tails band. Guy Lombardo wears a red Eton jacket and makes a splash of color. Benny Kreuger affects a yellow full dress coat while Al Donahue and his boys appear in bright blue coats.

SUCCESS STORY

SH’D never been on the air before, in fact, had never been in a broadcasting studio before she walked into NBC just as though she were somebody and asked for an audition. Waiting her turn in line, she finally got to the
desk where an audition blank, one of those things where you put down your life history, was shoved at her. "I don't want that," she said shoving it back impatiently. "I want to sing for you right now. I've got something different." The attendant looked at her in amazement, and believe it or not, conducted her to a studio and gave her the mike. Result, she signed a contract and was put on the air the next day. Her name is Mildred Windell and you'll be hearing her. Shows what a little spunk will do.

** * * **

** BEN BERNIE ** is smoking longer cigars these days. Ben got tired of cigars that would puff out before the conclusion of the broadcast, so he got them made especially to last. Mark Warnow turned the tables on the song pluggers by winning and dining them recently ... Joseph Honti is a roller skating champ ... Hugo Mariani wears those gaudy transatlantic shirts because he doesn't have to change them for a week ... Two men in Mal Hallett's band who sit together weigh nearly 300 apiece so Mal had to reinforce that end of his stand ... Cab Calloway has two valets and they are uniformed like army generals ... Ozzie wants it to be a boy and Harriet a girl, so the betting is even ... Nano Rodrigo has a band that plays nothing but rhumbas, so the song pluggers called him "No No" Rodrigo.

** * * **

** NBC's latest rule limits a song's rendition to once every four hours—another headache for leaders and publishers ... Vincent Travers finds it difficult to smile, but the sight of spaghetti always does the trick. Ergo, a can of spaghetti is placed on the stand right in front of him ... The boys lost a lot of money betting on the Giants ... If you don't see Red Norvo with a black bag in which he carries his xylophone mallets, he's on his way back home to get it ... Benny Pollack is all set with a new band ... Benny Goodman made some changes in his (Continued on page 73)

**FOLLOWING THE LEADERS**

Coleman, Emil—St. Regis Hotel, N. Y.
Casa Loma—Congress Hotel, Chicago
Crosby, Bob—Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis
Donahue, Al—Book Cadillac Hotel, Detroit
Dorsey, Jimmy—On Coast
Duchin, Eddy—Hotel Plaza, N. Y.
Fields, Shep—Hotel Pierre, N. Y.
Fio Rito, Ted—Hotel Morrison, Chicago
Hall, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
Goodman, Benny—Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y.
Harris, Phil—Palomar, Los Angeles
Heidt, Horace, Texas
Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago
Kemp, Al—Arcadia, Philadelphia
King, Wayne—Levagis, Boston
Lombardo, Guy, Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y.
Lopez, Vincent—Astor Hotel, N. Y.
Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
Nelson, Ozzie—Hotel Lexington, N. Y.
Noble, Ray—Rainbow Room, N. Y.
Olsen, George—Edgewater Beach, Chicago
Osborne, Will—New Yorker, N. Y.
Rogers, Buddy—Drake Hotel, Chicago

Phil Harris makes his comeback as Jack Benny's maestro—and the famous Harris smile is still there. Virginia Sims is the beautiful soloist regularly heard on the Elgin Football Revue, Saturdays on CBS. And Kay Kyser is the bandleader on the Elgin program, which also stars Ed Thorgersen as sports commentator.
POPEYE'S
IN PORT AGAIN
AND HE BRINGS A WHIFF
OF REAL SALT AIR WITH
HIM INTO YOUR PARLOR

Above left, Floyd Buckley in his make-up for Popeye looks as if he'd just stepped out of a cartoon. Above, music director Vic Erwin.

Radio's one and only salt is back in drydock, safely warped to the pier of the CBS radio studios on Madison avenue, after another summer of exciting adventure on the high seas. That old tar of the bulging muscles is well on his way into another season of broadcasting, a can of spinach in his pocket, and a box of Wheatena in the other to keep him going.

Look at the picture above, if you doubt that there's a real Popeye loose in radio-land. That flesh and blood sailor is impersonated by Floyd Buckley. And look at the page of cartoons opposite, drawn especially for Radio Mirror by Seegar, Popeye's creator. The young man with the mustache is another of the crew which entertains you three times a week. He's Vic Erwin, who directs all that swell music.

Behind the Popeye make-up and the Popeye frog-voice is a personality who's had as many adventures as the Sailor Man himself. Floyd Buckley was born on a ranch in Texas, and toured with an old-time medicine show before he was out of his teens. Later, he joined an expedition to the jungles of Yucatan, to look for rosewood and mahogany, spent twenty-eight months in the Klondike panning for gold, and worked in Hollywood during the days of spine-tingling serials.

The Hollywood work was the most thrilling, he'll tell you today. He played villains in such early masterpieces as "The Perils of Pauline"—remember Pearl White—and a broken collarbone was just something to be taken in his stride. Once he narrowly escaped falling off a steel girder, eight stories above the ground.

He left serial work to form an independent movie company with B. A. Rolfe, now the noted band leader; appeared in films with Harry Houdini; and entered radio in 1930. Since then he has played all sorts of roles, including Yiddish, although he's Irish.

Floyd lives with his wife and three children on Long Island, and practices his frog-voice astride a polo pony or on the deck of his boat on Long Island Sound.

Vic Erwin, Popeye's music-master, and his Cartoonland Band supply the incidental music on the radio show—and do the same chore, incidentally, for the Popeye cartoons you see in the movies.

Olive La Moy, a diminutive blonde with six years of stage experience and five of radio, is the owner of the voice you hear as Olive Oyl, Popeye's best girl. Charles Lawrence is Wimpy, and nine-year-old Jimmy Donnelly, also heard in Columbia's Wilderness Road, plays the part of Matey . . . And that's Popeye's crew!
PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, FOLKS, BUT I'M NOW BROADCASTING AN APPEAL FOR AN ONION, SOME SALT, A LITTLE PEPPER ETC.

I NOW PENETRATES TH' ETHER-WAVES; AN' I YAM USING ME STRENGTH FOR STRAGETY!

FIRST YOU TAKE THE WHITES OF TWO EGGS- ETC. ETC.

A radio studio turns into a madhouse when Popeye, Wimpy, and Olive Oyl invade it—at least, that's what Artist Seegar would have us believe. Popeye is sponsored by Wheatena, on CBS three times a week—see p. 50 for time.
One cold, crisp morning, lovely Edith Dick, Lucky Strike's Hit Parade vocalist, came swinging into Bonwit Teller's fashionable Fifth Avenue establishment, and made these selections. The first was a warm wool coat in Bittersweet, with a brown Persian lamb collar. Four inverted pleats give a flared princess line. The tiny felt pill-box hat (in circle) is of the same color with a feather pom-pom. For the next costume, Edith chose a black crepe afternoon frock with coral and gold beading appliqued around the neck. The new tricky talon fastenings are on both shoulders and side.
A smart office dress is this plaid wool. The exquisite taffeta evening dress comes from the Debutante Shop and is a warm shade of fuschia. The bodice is entirely shirred, with tiny crystal buttons down the front. The shirred bands across the shoulders continue around the back. Note the latest head-dress. Miss Dick fell in love with this white damask evening coat. The hat is one of the new off-the-face Medieval bonnets with gold cut beaded flower design and a filmy black veil.
**HOW TO BE A MODERN CINDERELLA**

**DOES YOUR APPEARANCE ACT AGAINST YOU? THEN READ THIS STORY OF ONE GIRL WHO MADE HERSELF OVER**

By **JOYCE ANDERSON**

This is the story of a modern Cinderella, a little girl with a big talent who, like so many of the rest of us, could not prove she was talented because her appearance was against her. It’s a story of hope and promise, because what she has done, others can do, also.

Her pictures are on this page, one picture before she really set to work to show how beautiful she could be, and one after she had literally been made over. Her name is Lynn Merrill; remember it, because you'll undoubtedly be hearing of her in the days to come. And remember then that you might never have heard of her at all if she had not had the courage to be remodeled and to start all over again with a new face and figure.

Not so long ago, Lynn came into my office, looking very much like the earlier photograph—arms much too flabby, shoulders sloping with unnecessary fat, hips much too broad for beauty. Yet, only the other day, Lynn was the guest of honor at a "coming-out" luncheon, looking even more attractive than the more recent portrait study!

This past summer, Lynn (who is only seventeen years old) was appearing at the Starlight Theater in Pawling, New York. She was admittedly the outstanding actress in the company, yet Broadway talent scouts passed her by—she was far too plump and, consequently, slow by to please any Manhattan audience. One night, however, she found an unexpected friend among the spectators, a woman who realized that here was a girl who could go places, if only her figure were modernized, and Zelda Radow, who conducts the "body sculpture" salon of one of New York’s finest stores, knew that she could streamline Lynn Merrill for a brilliant theatrical career.

Then and there one of today’s strangest contracts was arranged. Within a few days, Lynn journeyed to New York and placed herself unconditionally in Zelda Radow’s hands to be rebuilt. How well Miss Radow has succeeded you can judge for yourself, from the illustrations and the following chart of Lynn’s measurements before and after:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Before</th>
<th>After</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>126</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoulders</td>
<td>36⅜</td>
<td>32⅔</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bust</td>
<td>38⅜</td>
<td>34</td>
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<tr>
<td>Diaphragm</td>
<td>32½</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waistline</td>
<td>29⅜</td>
<td>26⅔</td>
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<tr>
<td>Upper Hips</td>
<td>38⅜</td>
<td>35⅜</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elbow</td>
<td>10⅔</td>
<td>9⅔</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wrist</td>
<td>6¾</td>
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And this is only part of what was done; even the shape of her hands and the size of her fingers were changed! Time required: One month and a half. Effort required: No special exercises, strenuous diets or nerve-racking treatments.

How was it done? By "body sculpture," which Miss Radow, who created this revolutionary method, defines as "moulding the client's body back (Continued on page 63)
WITH the coming of cold weather and the need for
huskier meals to combat the temperature, soup
plays an ever more important part in our daily
menus. Nothing sets the stage for lunch or dinner as well
as the right soup, and with the many delicious canned var-
eties now on the market—and in your pantry, too, I hope
—this stage setting becomes simplicity itself. And what a
comfort it is to know, when friends drop in unexpectedly at
dinner time, that on the shelf is a can of soup which will
transform steak and French fried for two into a banquet
for guests.

But once you have decided on clear consomme to precede
the roast, or cream of asparagus to be followed by cheese
souffle, don’t think that ends the story of soup’s usefulness.
There are countless recipes for main course dishes in which
canned soup is an essential ingredient.

There’s goloubzy, for instance, a recipe I persuaded Mrs.
Kelvin Keech, the charming wife of the NBC announcer, to
give me. Mrs. Keech is Russian, and delights in preparing
Russian dishes and does Kel delight in eating them! Goloubzy, his favorite, is a skillful blending of an old world
recipe with a new world product.

**Goloubzy**

2 lbs. lean beef, ground 1 egg
1 cup rice 1 can tomato soup
1 head cabbage ½ pint sweet cream
(with long leaves) salt and pepper to taste

Wash, drain and boil the rice in the usual way, allow to
cool, then set away in the refrigerator until it is cold.

Brown the meat in sweet butter then chill it, too. Separate
the cabbage leaves, being careful not to tear them, boil in
salted water seven to ten minutes (no longer) and drain.

When the rice and beef are cold, mix them together, add
salt and pepper to taste, and blend all together with a
beaten egg. Now place a tablespoon of the mixture near
the stem end of a cabbage leaf, molding it into a compact
mass. Fold the short portion of the leaf over the mixture,
and continue rolling as though wrapping a small bundle in
paper, tucking the ends in, envelope fashion. If the center
vein of the leaf is too brittle to roll properly, cut part of
it away with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut clear
through the leaf. When the goloubzy are all wrapped—if
they are bunchy and inclined to fall apart tie a thread
around each one—place them open side down in a dripping
pan. Combine the tomato soup and cream, pour the mix-
ture over the goloubzy and set the pan under the broiler
flame for an hour, turning the goloubzy from time to time
so they will brown on all sides. There probably won’t be
any left, but if there are heat them next day in a shallow
pan over a low flame on top of the stove, and they will
be as delicious as they were at first.

If you have been resenting the necessity for using left-
overs, now is the time to change that attitude. The remains
of a roast of beef or of a steak may not look so well in
the refrigerator, as Mrs. Keech pointed out, but a noodle
ring, the center filled with diced beef which has been heated
in thick mushroom soup, is something else. Kel likes it
with string beans, and cucumbers with smetana dressing.
Cold diced chicken, heated in (Continued on page 80)
ED WYNN'S back, every Saturday night, and there's another new program, a full hour, the same evening. What do you think of them? And is Jack Benny funnier than ever this fall now that his former gag writer, Harry Conn, is working for Joe Penner? And do you think Joe is going to be as popular as he used to be on his present Sunday broadcasts? There's still another show, We The People, that's worthy of some comment. Directed by Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord, it's heard Sunday afternoons.

But don't limit your bouquets and brickbats to these programs. They're just a sample to show you all you have to pick from in order to write that prize winning letter. Get it in the mail to us without delay in order to compete for the following prizes: First prize $20.00, second prize $10.00, and five prizes of $1.00 each. Address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, not later than December 26.

$20.00 PRIZE
SING, BABY SING!

My voice, like that of a great many radio stars, is of very unusual quality. When I was six, the other girls in the first grade said they couldn't sing if I did. When I was fourteen, the teacher thought it safer for me to sit in the back of the room with the boys whose voices were changing. For a time I believed mine was changing, too, but I never has. Times have, though.

On Sunday evenings I turn the dial to the Community Sing and sing the solo part with 1000 voices as a background. We cover a great many favorites of mine in a half hour. To be sure, the voices do not keep up with me at all times, but I overlook that and roar away.

Neighbors? Oh, yes, we have them, but they're all kind-hearted. They smile and say, "She's an old maid school teacher and it's little enjoyment she has." Then they close their windows, leaving me to my 1000 voices—and bliss!

ALTA M. TOEPP, Sloatsburg, New York.

$10.00 PRIZE
A PUZZLED LISTENER

Here are three things that have been puzzling me:
1. Many top-notch radio programs feature screen celebrities as guest stars. These stars are paid well for their appearances. But aren't they losing in the long run by keeping possible cinema patrons from the theater?
2. I recently read that in an effort to increase the longevity of popular songs, a head of one of the large broadcasting companies has ordered the smaller sustaining musical programs to "lay off" the smarter numbers. But isn't it this constant repetition of a song all day on the air that makes a song popular in the first place?
3. They say that television will be an actuality in the near future. But will the production heads be prepared for the great changes in the preparation and presentation of programs that television will make necessary? Will Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny (to name two out of many who will be in the same situation) be expected to memorize a complete script each week along with their personal appearances and screen work? And what will Amos 'n Andy, Lum 'n' Abner and similar programs do about characters like the Kingfish, Lightnin' and Squire Skimp who exist only in the change of a voice?

JAMES CRAMER, Oakland, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
GOODWILL COURTS IN SESSION

NBC has ruled that there be no discussions of illegitimacy, adultery and unfaithfulness on the Goodwill Court programs. Thank goodness, NBC is going to continue to keep radio clean and to see that all programs are suitable for every member of the family to hear.

The movies are full of such trash. The papers are smeared with it from cover to cover. Moreover, so often the undesirable character is made to appear a heroine. I am glad NBC is keeping such things off the air. Like cheap literature, it is not worth wasting time and money on.

Personally, I have never felt that the people who really have troubles are the ones telling the world about it.

GERALDINE CLEAVER, Anita, Iowa.

$1.00 PRIZE
OH, THAT MAN ON THE STREET!

Chicago stations are actually overflowing with dull "man on the street" programs. I wonder if radio fans in other cities are bothered the same way. When these programs first came on the air they were fine, brimming over with interesting (Continued on page 55)

Rumors have been abroad that the Eddie Cantors are expecting another arrival. We're betting that Eddie will look just like this if he hears it's a girl again.
HERE are a few thoughts for the day, chosen by our good friend, Pat Barrett, or rather I should say, Uncle Ezra.

You can’t make footprints in the sands of time sitting down.

It isn’t your position that makes you happy or unhappy, it’s your disposition.

After a girl picks a husband, she oughta stop pickin’.

If you want to be happy ever after, don’t be ever after too much.

Few people with nothing to say are able to keep quiet about it.

By the way, did you read the interesting story of Pat Barrett’s double life in this issue, on page 39?

Now, how about that pile of questions? Let’s go!

Miss Loretta J., Pleasantville, N. J.—We want Radio Mirror to help the one hundred fans in Pleasantville and so here are the answers to your questions on Paul Douglas. Mr. Douglas lives in New York City and is not married. He weighs 160 pounds, is five feet, eleven inches tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion and is in his early thirties. They tell me he answers his fan mail, so write him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. His favorite hobby is speedboating.

Miss Marge B., Chicago, Ill.—If you write to Mills Artists, Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York, I’m sure they will see that you get a picture of Ina Ray Hutton, the attractive, feminine orchestra conductor.

Irene D., Maricopa, Calif.—For pictures of Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 555 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Calif. For pictures of Lanny Ross and Walter O’Keefe, address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. For Frances Langford, the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif. If you get photos direct from the stars, I’m sure you won’t have to pay for them. So try your luck, Irene.

Chris P., Granite City, Ill.—Glen Gray and his Casa Loma boys are playing at the Congress Hotel in Chicago at the present writing; Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York—and how about taking a peek at the swell story about Guy in this issue on page 39. Cab Calloway is hi-de-hoing at the Cotton Club in New York City.

Mrs. S. P. E., Atlanta, Ga.—Conrad Thibault has been doing concert work recently. Not so long ago listeners heard him guest-starring for Ben Bernie.

Mrs. E. W. McB., Indianapolis, Ind.—Horace Heidt, the brigadier-general, towers six-feet-six inches and employs 190 pounds of brawn to wield a two-ounce baton. He was all-around athlete at Culver Military Academy and, in 1924 a star lineman of the University of California’s gridiron team when he suffered a broken vertebra during a game. He later organized a campus orchestra which soon became a box-office attraction.

P. W. De B., Gardner, Mass.—I’ve really tried hard to find a trace of Lee Bennett who used to sing with Jan Garber’s orchestra. Jan just renewed his contract at Catalina Island, California, but there’s no word about Lee.

Mrs. Frank H. La F., Holyoke, Mass.—Don Ameche is married to his college sweetheart, Honore Prendergast, and they have a son. There’s no record of the Singing Lady’s maiden name but her married name is Irene Wicker.

Edward G., Forestville, Conn.—Eddie Duchin directs his band from the piano and plays a solo at every broadcast. I believe any record or phonograph store carries plain records to be used for personal recordings. Ozzie Nelson is five feet nine-and-a-half inches tall.

Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio—Everett Mitchell is the announcer of the National Farm & Home hour. I haven’t heard lately of Jack Owens and Edna O’Dell. However, you can reach them by writing them in care of the National Broadcasting Company; Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

M. H., Red Deer, Alberta, Canada—Robert Simmons was, and still is, top tenor of the Revelers quartet. He was born the son of a minister in Fairplay, Missouri, September 25, 1904. He’s five-foot-eight inches tall. You can hear him on the Cities Service hour with the quartet and very often in duets with Jessica Dragonette.

Miss H. M. H., Harrington, Delaware—Lowell Patton is the NBC organist on the early Morning Devotions programs. He has no other outside interests as his radio work keeps him busy. He was never a missionary. And, for the last bit of information, he is still a bachelor.

The Oxford-toned city editor of "The Gazette." He’s "Bottle" to Phil Baker but his real name’s Harry McNaughton.
Sunday:
- 10:00 A.M.: Church of the Air, NBC-Blue: Southernaires.
- 12:00 Blue: Red's tiny records.
- 1:00 Blue: Alexander Sommer, NBC-Red: Music and American Youth.
- 1:30 Blue: Alice Roman, contralto.
- 3:00 Blue: The Moczy, piano.
- 3:30 Blue: Mayor Brown's Boys, NBC-Red: The World Is Yours.
- 4:00 Blue: Front Door, Rehearsal.
- 4:30 Blue: Pageant of Youth.
- 5:00 Blue: Victor H. Lindfcr.
- 6:00 Blue: Church of the Air, NBC-Red: Lucille Manners.
- 7:00 Blue: Melody Minette.
- 7:45 Blue: N. Y. Philharmonic, NBC-Red: Your English.
- 8:30 Blue: The Loselighter, NBC-Red: Thackeray Colt mysteries.
- 9:15 Blue: Cape Diamond Light.
- 10:00 Blue: Grand Hotel.
- 11:00 Blue: Sunday Vesper, NBC-Red: The Widow's Son.
- 12:00 Blue: Fishface and Fights, NBC-Red: 1847 Musical Camera.
- 1:00 Blue: Your Unseen Friend.
- 2:00 Blue: Music from Texas.
- 3:00 Blue: Red's tiny records.
- 4:00 Blue: Detours, NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 5:00 Blue: Professor Quiz.
- 6:00 Blue: Jack Benny.
- 7:00 Blue: Phil Baker.
- 8:00 Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Bob Ryan.
- 9:00 Blue: Fireside Reichals.
- 10:00 Blue: Sunset Dreams.
- 11:00 Blue: Nelsen Eddy.
- 12:00 Blue: Symbol, Educ. Modern, NBC-Red: Good Will Court.
- 1:00 Blue: Eddie Cantor.
- 2:00 Blue: Romance of '76.
- 3:00 Blue: Ford Sunday Hour.
- 4:00 Blue: Walter Winchell, NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 5:00 Blue: Paul Whiteman.
- 6:00 Blue: American Album of Familiar Music.
- 7:00 Blue: Gillette Community Sing.
- 8:00 Blue: General Motors Symphony.
- 9:00 Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.

Monday:
- 11:00 A.M.: Mrs. Wright's of the Country Patch.
- 12:00 A.M.: Modern Cinderella, NBC-Blue: Five Star, NBC-Red: Mrs. John's Other Wife.
- 1:00 A.M.: Jack K. Watkins, NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.
- 2:00 A.M.: Just Plain Bill.
- 3:00 A.M.: Hymns of All Churches.
- 4:00 A.M.: Helen Magazine.
- 5:00 A.M.: David Harum.
- 6:00 A.M.: Home Sweet Home.
- 7:00 A.M.: Backstage Wife.
- 8:00 A.M.: Big Sister.
- 9:00 A.M.: NBC-Red: How to be Charming.
- 10:00 A.M.: NBC-Red: Busy.
- 11:00 A.M.: Dr. Allan D. Dobie.
- 12:00 Noon: The Gumps, NBC-Blue: Honolulu and Sassyface.
- 1:00 Noon: John Mara.
- 2:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Time of Your Life.
- 3:00 Noon: Your Church.
- 4:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The Gumps.
- 5:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Have You Heard.
- 6:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 7:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Blue Heaven.
- 8:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Lark of the Air.
- 9:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Autumn.
- 10:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Music at the Mill.
- 12:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Snow White.
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- 10:00 A.M.: NBC-Red: Busy.
- 11:00 A.M.: Dr. Allan D. Dobie.
- 12:00 Noon: The Gumps, NBC-Blue: Honolulu and Sassyface.
- 1:00 Noon: John Mara.
- 2:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Time of Your Life.
- 3:00 Noon: Your Church.
- 4:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The Gumps.
- 5:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Have You Heard.
- 6:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 7:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Blue Heaven.
- 8:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Lark of the Air.
- 9:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Autumn.
- 10:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Music at the Mill.
- 12:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Snow White.
- 1:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Big Sister.
- 2:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Busy.
- 3:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Blue Heaven.
- 5:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Lark of the Air.
- 6:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Autumn.
- 7:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Music at the Mill.
- 8:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The Gumps.
- 9:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Snow White.
- 10:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Big Sister.
- 11:00 Noon: NBC-Red: Busy.
- 12:00 Noon: NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

Use this handy guide to locate the programs on
**THURSDAY**

**FRI-YDAY**

**SATURDAY**

**HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE**

Programs of the four major networks are listed on these two pages. — Chicago Broadcasting System (abbreviated to CBS), the National Broadcasting Company (NBC), and the Mutual Broadcasting System (abbreviated to MBS). In order to learn which network a local station is affiliated with and how it is broadcast, because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time is Eastern Standard Time. Each station is listed in the following order:

1. New York
2. Philadelphia
3. Chicago
4. Los Angeles

This is a list of the major networks and the stations they serve.

### Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Networks

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Network</th>
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<td>NBC</td>
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<td>Mutual</td>
<td>New York</td>
<td>WOR-WNYC</td>
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### States on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

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<th>Network</th>
<th>Cities</th>
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<td>WCBS-RED</td>
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<td>Blue</td>
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<td>WNBC-BLU</td>
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### SUPPLEMENTAL STATIONS

(The stations carry both Red and Blue network programs.)

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<tr>
<th>Network</th>
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<td>ABC</td>
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<td>CBS</td>
<td>New York</td>
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<td>NBC</td>
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**ALL FOUR NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.**
interpretation of Schubert’s "Ave Maria." In the recovered record was scratched and warped; the tone of the Victrola was not all that it should have been by any means. But he heard the melody and somehow managed to harmonize it and again he played it until the men angrily told him to stop. He did. But he began to him.

Stu has always liked to sing, but he had never considered singing as a profession. In fact he had never sung save for his own enjoyment. He hummed the air note, and then improvised some words. With the wind and the rain beating against the cabin, with the guttering pale light of the candle casting weird shadows about the room, he sang. And as he continued he became lost in the perfect beauty and peace expressed in the "Ave Maria."

When he finished, one of the men said, "You have a good voice. Why don’t you do something about it?"

And a prominent Stuart Churchill made up his mind that he would. He was through with his xylophone and his drums. He would finish the summer season with the Chautauqua and then go East to a conservatory of music.

He didn’t have much money, but he had enough to cover his railroad ticket with almost all the money left to tide him over until he got a job of some sort.

On the train he met an old man to whom he told his ambition. Stu never learned his name, but he still thinks him the wisest man he has ever met. For he told Stu that he would be a much greater singer if he knew more than singing. He advised him to go to school and study music—yes, but study literature and art as well.

That’s the reason Stu changed his plans and entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

He found a job washing windows and firing furnaces. The furnaces paid for his rooming house and for his meals. But winter came on, and winters in Michigan are long and bitter. Window washing reached a practical standstill.

In the fall he opened a driller and confectionery store near the campus and applied for a job as a bell-ringer. But there wasn’t a vacancy. Stu figured with the proprietor for a while, but he couldn’t argue enough to convince him he needed another. Then he had an inspiration. If the restaurant couldn’t use a good enteratiner. Before the proprietor had a chance to say "Yes" or "No," Stu hurried on to tell him that he was willing to work for a song.

The proprietor wasn’t interested. But Stu wouldn’t be put off. He was hungry. He pleaded with the man to listen to him sing just one song. At last—probably thinking it would be easier to get rid of this persistent youth if he listened—the proprietor consented.

Stu sang, "Ave Maria."

And when he finished, the proprietor, probably as much to his own amazement as to Stu’s, told him that if came in every afternoon after his last class and sing, he’d pay him—two meals a day.

One spring afternoon a few months later he came to Bernarr McFadden’s restaurant while Stu was singing. There wasn’t anything unusual about that, for since he had started working there the coeds had got into the habit of doing this. But he noticed one of the girls was listening more intently than the others; she requested one number after another, among them the "Ave Maria." When he finished singing it she came over to him and said she was coming in the next afternoon and she wanted him to be sure and be there. "I’m afraid you have me going," he told her. Stu took it for granted that she was bringing her boy friend whom she thought might grow more romantic if the atmosphere was right.

The next afternoon she did come back—and she was with a man. Stu sang love ballads. If that would help get the man, he was glad enough to do it. But that evidently was not what she wanted for she came over to him and said, "Please sing ‘Ave Maria.”

He did. When he finished the girl motioned to him to come over to the table.

When got there, she said, "Stu, I want you to meet Fred Waring."

When Waring left Ann Arbor, Stuart Churchill went with him as featured soloist in his orchestra.

The Waring Band was making a tour of the country and Stu was singing popular songs with it. Although Waring had heard him sing, he was not asked him to sing it with the orchestra. One reason being, of course, that popular bands do not play that type of number. But Stu had the luck to play at the Roxy Theater, Waring told his arranger to prepare a Schubert overture. The arranger, in turn, asked Stu to help him. Stu told him that it would be a good joke if he were to sing "Ave Maria" in Latin as a part of it. The arranger didn’t think it a joke, but he did think it was a pretty good idea. And Waring thought so, too.

Stu did sing it, and in Latin, at the Roxy. The audience was so enthusiastic that it refused to let the show go on until he sang it again. The band was held over for a second week and one night during that week Sigmund Romberg dropped in at the Roxy Theater, heard Stu sing and immediately signed him for a guest appearance on the Swift Hour. He heard Stu sing one of the numbers, and the response from the listeners was so great that Stu remained for the duration of the program as a featured soloist.

He still was singing with Waring’s Pennsylvanians, though. And last year during one of the Waring broadcasts a manager of Radio Artists heard Stu singing as: it happened he was singing the "Ave Maria." After the program, the manager sought out Stuart and suggested that he should come out to start on a career of his own. Stu was taken a bit by surprise; at first he was skeptical, for he knew that in order to start out for himself he would have to give up a steady salary and a cherished security and gamble with fate. He discussed it with Waring, and Waring perhaps struck the idea that it was time a song from the "Ave Maria," and keenly appreciative of the strides Stuart had made during the past six years, unselfishly told him to go ahead.

Stu had the difficulties for the Pennsylvanians and sang as his feature solo the "Ave Maria." He did not know that his manager was there with a prospective client until after the program. He met the client that night when he had finished. That same night the client signed him for a new program, four times a week over the Columbia network. This broadcast led directly to his new contract on the National Dairy program. Stuart Churchill has sung the "Ave Maria" more than three hundred times on the air. He has sung it in theaters and in concerts; he has always sung it with love and joy. But the time that he received most satisfaction from his singing of "Ave Maria" was on last Easter Sunday night when he sang it with the Paulist Choir and the White Church. On that day, in the week that passed before Easter, he received a letter from a woman in Texas and she told him—and let me tell it as Stu told it to me: "I was a drunkard and a recluse before that. I was sick because I was ill and she was poor and she was discouraged. Then she heard the Paulist Choir and me singing Ave Maria. Somehow it made me realize that what she had planned was all wrong. That piece gave her faith.” He waited a moment and then went on quickly, "That piece has given me faith, too—faith in myself and my career. I feel that it has become a part of me.”
Get at that Faulty Under Skin

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous...

HORRID skin faults are usually under-skin faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands underneath are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin crinkling, because your under-skin is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty under-skin—

Twice a day invigorate your under-skin with a rousing Pond's cold-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt... Floats it out... and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin feels fresher—looks brighter.

Now waken glands... cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your under-skin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream— briskly. Rouse that failing under-skin! 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 comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. New blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

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

POND'S, Dept. 8R36CA 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 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City ____________________________ State ___

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."
THERE isn't really any way of telling how this argument would have ended if Ted and his mother had not gotten to figure out themselves. But Ted's father came home unexpectedly with the dramatic, cheering news that he was back to stay.

That settled it. No go to high school. Nonsense! Of course Ted would go. And he did, with happy pride in the way his parents always looked out for a fellow's best interest.

As he explained to me, “My mother was my first great lover and she remains of the two loves which, emotionally, are mine. My father now is.”

If I have any real understanding of mothers everywhere, and their sons too, it’s because my mother understood me so well.”

Ted’s experience was entirely different with Verlia Mae, yet in the story of how he fell in love with her and finally succeeded in marrying her, there is the same strong, heroic flavor when Verlia Mae Short was a Sophomore in high school,” Ted said, “when I was a senior. She still had braids down her back and I love with her and she’d never had a date with a boy.

It was just before Halloween and on that night we had a big school party, the sophomore upstairs and the seniors downstairs. You wasn’t supposed to go from one to the other. But I bribed my teacher with some candy and got her to go to the sophomores and take Verlia home, after meeting her at the front door of the school. Somehow, the teacher succeeded and I did take Verlia home.

It was the beginning of a romantic beginning of a school romance. The rest of that fall and all winter they went out together as often as both sets of parents would permit. The secret was that Verlia was the best student of the group and various chemists overwork came up again.

This time it was decided by Ted’s father. Unknown to any of them, he had been saving money for just this occasion. Ted could go to college, not an expensive one, but to William Jewell, ten miles from home.

So he started that fall what he thought would be four happy years on the campus of William Jewell. Even happier than most of the others, because Verlia had Verlia Mae, only ten miles away.

If fortune had been good to Ted so far, it turned with a vengeance as Ted began his third year. Verlia Mae had decided that she too should attend William Jewell. Ted broke his heart.

It took him practically no time at all to find out how wrong he was. He hadn’t counted on Verlia Mae’s good looks. He had kept him from the thought that she was the prettiest girl in high school. But until she arrived on the campus, he hadn’t fully appreciated her real beauty.

“Shiras cannon, Queen that fall,” Ted said, “and every handsome, rich fraternity man was in at her feet.”

Ted was tasting the bitter potion of competition and he was, of course, that she was the prettiest girl in high school. But until she arrived on the campus, he hadn’t fully appreciated her real beauty.

She was called “a Diamond Girl,” a new term. Her name was Verlia Mae, and she was the star of the campus.

It was a time of great excitement at the college. The students were bursting with enthusiasm, and there was a new spark in the air.

Two loves that guided Ted Malone, guide him as surely as any man could ever want, to complete happiness.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES.

Between the Bookends has been on the air seven years. . . . The program has had seven different announcers at the organ in the course of time. Now, Howard Ely, and now heard with CBS staff announcer, Fred Feibel, Elly, who is now Malone’s private secretary, plays the organ only for recitals and those 15 or 20 a year from CBS network from Paramount organ studios in Paramount theater overlooking Times Square, New York. . . . Malone broadcasts in semi-caruso style through the DASHES. One of the spotlight beams down on the organ. . . . Gives the program proper atmosphere, explains past Malone . . . Between the Bookends, which incidentally, Malone thinks is a poor title, because too many listeners think it’s a book review broadcast, pulls about 400 letters daily. Top figure was 17,000 letters for one month. . . . Malone likes to call those “personal letters” rather than fan mail, and actually answers every one. . . . Plenty of packages are mailed with loving messages, including blue sweaters, pastries, thank-you notes . . .

Of the gifts are used in the office. Of the 55,000 poems, Malone has on file, of which 20,000, he says the poets themselves, his favorite is “Benediction” by Eleanor Powers. . . . He recites it twelve times a week for sentimental reasons. . . . However most famous poems is “A Recipe for Cooking a Husband” anonymously written.

There have been over 15,000 requests for this and Malone’s staff mail out mimeographed copies of the tome . . . . Ted’s in the 1936 edition of “Who’s Who,” and proudly touts he received two more lines than Presidents Coolidge and Harding. Most of his books’ broadcasts, depending on the weather for their contents.

If it’s raining, Malone recites moody poems; if the sun is shining, he does a bright doggerel. . . . He has his first poem, “Bears” at Sunday school . . . Fergat the middle part and ran home, crying, and Malone visited the hotel and recited a passage from “Julius Caesar,” forget momentarily on a important line . . . He scratched his head, then continued successively, and people commented that the pause was wonderful dramatic suspense . . . Pond’s is his first sponsors . . . Gave idea for title from the two syllables. P. N. D. Malone, books, which contained a novel, an almanac, telephone directory, dictionary, the Bible . . . Everything was right between a pair of bookends,” he says thoughtfully.
sensible questions, but now my dials are quickly spun in the opposite direction when I hear a giddy woman after the ball game screeching that so-and-so is her favorite player because she's so cute! Then there are adolescent youngsters who insist on breaking in on such programs to get a sample of what's being advertised. After yelling, "Hello ma," all they can say is "uh, huh," "I guess so," and "I don't know." Boring to say the least! "Vox Pop is splendid! Would that all 'man on the street' programs were as entertaining.

Come on fans! Let's throw these weird programs off the air. We don't want them. Think of all the valuable programs that should be taking their place.

Miss Marion Koerner
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
"IT AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE"
Something has gone wrong with Ma Perkins' program. Like the old gray mare, "it ain't what it used to be." We love Ma Perkins and enjoy her philosophy. We admire the neighborly way she is ever ready to help anyone regardless of race, creed or color. She is loyal to her home, her family and her home town. Ma Perkins is a real person and Rushville Center a real place.

Lately the program has grown too sentimental to ring true. You feel that it is fiction instead of real life and that someone is either trying to pull the wool over your eyes or else hand you a wooden nickel. Zeppo, the ape, was horrible. Of course, we want thrills, but not chills. Don't let them spoil our beloved program. Make each broadcast better but don't let it go far from the beaten track.

Mrs. Anna Burnhams
Tribes Hill, New York

$1.00 PRIZE
A FLAWLESS PRODUCTION
The other night, after a Hollywood Hotel broadcast, which made an hour just fly by, I sat back and tried to figure out just what makes this program one of the best on the air. I found myself searching my vocabulary for laudatory adjectives.

It has flawless production, fine continuity, four splendid singers, a grand orchestra, and an ace announcer.

At our variety with its dramatic interlude that features our movie favorites and its commercials are of reasonable length.

But most of all it enables us, through the spell of illusion, to slip from our own, troubled world into one of gay informality, light laughter, sweet romance and general good-fellowship.

Miss Anne Grace
Hackettstown, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
ONE OF RADIO'S WONDERS
A bouquet, please, for the radio engineers who rebroadcast programs from all parts of the world and thus make it possible for music lovers to compare the best music that our own country can offer with the best in other countries.

Today I listened to a rebroadcast of an opera performance from Austria. I heard the noisy audience, the tapping of the baton of Toscanini, the greatest genius of the age, and then almost two hours of inspired music.

Thanks to radio engineers. I have heard music from Milan, Rome, Paris, London, Vienna and other musical centers throughout Europe and not once did I have to put up with the inconveniences of ocean travel, customs inspections and strange foods. Truly, my radio dial is a passport to the whole world of fine music.

Mary Bennett
Akron, Ohio

HONORABLE MENTION
"I just read a letter in October Radio Mirror which called Teddy, that swell, young actress on One Man's Family, 'an impossible youngster.' I don't see how anyone can listen to that program and say such a thing about Teddy or any of the family. In my opinion, if more grown-ups and children would reason and act as the characters in One Man's Family, the world would be a better place for all."—Viola Morris, Clarksburg, W. Va.

"This summer I have listened to almost every one of Jackie Heller's delightful programs and he gets my vote for having the most beautiful voice, the most pep, and the grandest personality of anyone on the air today."—Miss Jeannir Eckman, Detroit, Mich.
"You surely are the happy bearer of glad tidings when you tell us that the Slumber Hour will be back on the air and that Mr. Cross will sing the theme song. We feel that it would not be the Slumber Hour without him and hope that he will sing other songs during the program as he did before."—Mary E. Thompson, Wilmington, Delaware.

"After watching a group of folks 70 to 94 years of age listening to the radio, I am always impressed anew with the miracle of it."—Sarah C. Davis, Omaha, Nebraska.

"Why, oh why can't our popular song writers find something else to write about, and lay off this broken heart sob stuff? We'll never get rid of the depression while singing these 'blues' songs."—George E. Currey, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

"I'd like to suggest a renewal of the Palmotive Beauty Box Hour with operettas one can never forget or tire of."—Christine Murray Glenn, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

"Of the new talent worthy of a sponsored program this winter, I would name the girl born in Canada, lived in India and went to school in Denver, and more definitely mentioned as Jean Dickenson. In addition to a voice of high quality and finish, she has an over-the-air personality that radiates from her golden, energetic voice."—J. E. Stiles, Winston-Salem, N.C.

"Charlie Butterworth, you are the sort of man who can listen to all night without a yawn."—K. A. Gray, Manitoba, Canada.

"If at any time you want to lose your identity, for fifteen minutes, listen to the Girl Alone program. It's a knockout! The most original, human and cleverest concocted. The leads, Patricia Ryan (Betty Winkler) and Scoop Curtis, are positively exhilarating."—Heleen S. Phillips, Burlington, Iowa.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

Margaret was brought into the scene. And now, three days during the week, the husbands of these two sisters gather their children around the radio just before dinner, and together they listen in to their mothers who have been reuniting by radio.

* * *

New York Dames—Joe Connelly, the Irish announcer on WFAB, is now wearing green glasses all the time. His friends think he is making a gesture to the colors of his native land, but he is really suffering from "kleig eyes." He had been making a series of shorts on Irish folk lore at the Astoria movie studios. WHN's latest attraction is pretty Blanche Haring, who suddenly discovered she had a radio voice—passed the announcer's audition and landed a job as announcer. Her first show was emceeing the French Casino, with Eddie South's orchestra, and they whisper that she's good...

It's no fun being the leading lady on The Wonder Show. Every Sunday night something terrible happens to blonde Rita Johnson who plays the feminine lead on WOR-Mutual's tear-jerker plays. She is now quite accustomed to being abducted, shot at, or tied to the railroad tracks. In recent weeks, Rita has been thrust into an elevator shaft with a car hurtling down above; has been besieged by maddened natives in darkest India, has suffered the bitterest poverty and the snobbish taunts of society—all for the cause of old-time melodramer. Although a newcomer to radio, Rita is well fortified for these parts.
SPAGHETTI, GOODY! THAT’S WHAT I LIKE

I WISH MOM WOULD HAVE IT EVERY DAY

HERE’S A DELICIOUS NOURISHING LUNCH
that costs less than 3¢ a portion

WHEN the youngsters come tearing home from school, rosy-cheeked and ravenous, you want to have a good hot lunch ready for them. Something they’ll enjoy. Something that will “stick to their ribs” these cold winter days, build up their active little bodies, give them new energy for work and play.

Here’s the very thing!
Give them Franco-American Spaghetti. It has other big advantages, too. It comes ready-prepared, you simply heat and serve. It costs so little—less than 3¢ a portion. And it’s a favorite with everyone. Dad will be as fond of it as the youngsters. Surprise him with it some night soon.

One taste tells you how different Franco-American is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Its tangy, tempting cheese-and-tomato sauce contains eleven different ingredients, blended with subtle skill, seasoned to savory perfection. Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢.

It would cost you more to buy uncooked spaghetti and all the different ingredients for the sauce and prepare it yourself. And isn’t the time you save worth something, too? Order Franco-American from your grocer today.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE Extra GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL’S SOUPS

Floyd Gibbons, whose name means romance, danger, death, has never before told his own personal history. Don’t miss the exciting second installment—next month.
The official shook his head and muttered, but he could think of no counter argument, so Floyd was admitted. But there was more trouble a few minutes later, when he had to declare the money he was carrying. He had between $4,500 and $5,000 in cash and letters of credit. In Spanish money this amounted to nearly 50,000 pesetas—a great deal of money to any Spanish Loyalist, since for the most part they are laborers and peasants. Every cent had to be carefully counted and listed on Floyd's passport, on the same page as his Government visa. Nothing could have been more dangerous for him. The possession of that money stumped him as a member of the hated capitalistic class; perhaps a spy. Even before landing at Malaga he had changed his clothes. To have dressed respectfully would have been even worse than having all that money. All the time Floyd was in government territory he never wore a tie, a clean shirt, pressed trousers, light socks, or a coat. He hired a car and set out eastward, along the coast as far as Cartagena, then inland to Murcia, where he was able to get a train for Madrid. The whole country had a wild, nightmarish unreality under the glaring sun. Across the doorway of a church someone had scrawled in bright chalk: "King Kong"—symbolizing, in the name of an American movie, what seemed to be superstition to this suddenly Godless land. Shifty-eyed idiots, freed from their uniforms, roamed the streets aimlessly, picking at the debris of ransacked homes.

But if the chaotic condition of the country was a danger and a hindrance to an ordinary traveler, it was in some ways a help to an old hand at reporting like Floyd. He had long ago learned how to take advantage of official indecision and muddle. All that was necessary, to get what you wanted, was a high hand, a confident air, and an ability to think faster than the sergeant-major.

FLOYD rode into Madrid on the train at dawn of August 23, just a dozen hours before he was scheduled to go on the air. Going past the campus of the university he saw what had been left there the night before—bodies of Rebel sympathizers. With this picture still bright in his mind, he went to station EAO and attempted to present his credentials for that night's broadcast. Yes, they knew who he was, but they were doubtful about admitting him. That very morning, the station had been formally transferred from its private management to the Government. Now the place was overrun by soldiers, with a flustered Government official named Segario at their head.

Floyd adopted his best self-confident air and within a few hours had gained admission and Segario's friendship. He had no script for the broadcast; there had been no time to prepare one. Segario was much more upset over the coming broadcast than Floyd was. Until the revolution, he had been a member of Spain's small middle class. Caught between two fires, he'd become a Loyalist for safety's...
sake, but he knew little of Government policy and nothing whatever about radio.

Floyd calmly jangled nerves, promised to watch his words, and suggested that Serrario stand beside him during the broadcast and stop him if he started to say something he shouldn’t.

Broadcast time came, and with Serrario at his elbow, Floyd started out by describing a peaceful, happy Madrid. "But," he said, "though it’s Sunday, there are no church bells ringing in Madrid."

A warning shake of the head from the little manager stopped him, and he returned to harmless details. Then, once more, repertorial enthusiasm overcame judgment, and he tried to tell of the bodies he had seen on the campus—only to be stopped again, this time more peremptorily. The watching guards posted in the studio knew something was wrong, though they couldn’t understand English. Their hands crept toward the breeches of their rifles. Another misstep, and Floyd knew there would be no time to explain.

He finished the broadcast, not knowing when he might say the fatally wrong thing, even unintentionally. Days later, he learned that he had been quietly cut off the air in the midst of his talk.

The broadcast a week later was easier, in a way. At least, he had a script ready for submission to the officials. It was returned to him. ten minutes before broadcast time, butched even of remarks he had considered perfectly harmless to the Government.

Floyd left Madrid with the intention of finding General Franco, leader of the Rebel forces in the north, and interviewing him. He had to take a roundabout route to do so—eastward from Madrid to Valencia, then by cruise to Barcelona, Mallorca, and Marseilles; across France to Hendaye, back of the Rebel lines at the French border, and down to Burgos, where, along with several other correspondents, he was effectively bottled up for several days.

Franco was at Caceres, some distance to the south, but no credentials were being issued to correspondents to go there to see him. Moreover, Floyd and the others were in danger as long as they stayed in Burgos.

At last Floyd and the other correspondents—H. R. Knickerbocker of the New York Journal, John Whitaker of the Herald Tribune, and a man from an English paper—lost patience, hired a car, and set out for Burgos.

In sight of Caceres, they instructed the driver to start blowing the horn and make more noise than three Spaniards. With the exhaust open and the horn blowing, they tore through the winding streets like a messenger from Mars. The car screeched to a stop before Franco’s headquarters and the quartet of correspondents leaped out in high excitement, waving their papers.

Their impetuous attack was too much for the guards surrounding their general. For all they knew, these men had just come from the front with news that Madrid had fallen. They fell back and let the reporters rush past them, direct to the room in which sat Franco.

Floyd’s latest exploits, the Spanish ones, are no more than minor items in a long list. All his life he has had one motive, one desire—to be where the excitement and danger were thickest.

You can find the clue to his character in his childhood, and in his parents. He was born in Washington, D. C., on July 16, 1887. His father, Edward Thomas Gibbons, who died two years ago, was an advertising man and promoter, a person of tremendous physical and mental energy, who always had more ideas than he had time to carry out.

Gibbons was usually successful in his enterprises, sometimes not. The family, which consisted of Floyd, Edward, Donald, Zelda, and Margaret, was always comfortably well-off. Sometimes Gibbons was very rich; sometimes it was necessary to economize.

His mother, who before her marriage was Emma Theresa Phillips, undoubtedly contributed her share to Floyd’s love of adventure and change of scene. “She was a pretty girl,” and she enjoyed traveling so much,” Floyd says affectionately of her. Far from complaining at the various uprootings which occurred during Floyd’s childhood because Edward Gibbons conceived a project in some distant city, she liked them.

When he was eleven he made his entry into the newspaper business. You can call it that, anyway. The Spanish-American War had broken out, and all Washington was in a ferment of excitement.

Newspapers couldn’t be printed fast enough to satisfy the public demand for news from the front. Any boy with an armload of papers was sure to be sold out in a few minutes.

He went to his mother and asked to be allowed to sell the papers. He said he thought he ought to earn a little money, himself. Mrs. Gibbons agreed with him and gave her consent, but she wasn’t fooled in the least by all his high-sounding tale. She knew exactly how he felt.

That was Floyd’s first newspaper job. The second one came eight or nine years later, in Minneapolis. In between, there...
Under the guidance of the News’ editor, William G. Shepherd, he thought he was on his way to becoming a good newspaper man. Then, three weeks after he got the job, Shepherd called him into his office. “Get your pay from the front office,” Shepherd said gruffly, “and don’t come back. You’re fired!” He didn’t offer any explanation, either.

Minneapolis couldn’t hold Floyd after that. He felt as if everybody in the town must know he’d been fired from his first newspaper job.

He packed up, said goodbye to his parents, and went to Milwaukee, where he got another job on another paper. They didn’t fire him there, and before long there was a story on his paper’s front page—“By Floyd Phillips Gibbons.” He cut it out and sent it home to his mother, sure that she would be as proud of that byline as he was. Hopkins, of course, that William G. Shepherd would somehow get to see it and realize what a good newspaperman he’d let slip through his fingers.

Years later, after the war, Floyd had his chance to see Shepherd again. It was in Rock Island, Illinois. Floyd had made his fame, and he was on a lecture-tour. The night he spoke in Rock Island, Shepherd was speaking there too.

After their lecture engagements Floyd and Shepherd met and boarded the train to Chicago together. Shepherd remembered Floyd, all right, and there was no fake in his pleasure at Floyd’s success. They sat in a Pullman compartment, smoking and talking. Floyd was itching to ask why Shepherd had hired him, but he didn’t. He waited, and at last the answer came.

“I suppose you’ve often wondered why I fired you, back there on the News?” Shepherd asked, over the second highball.

“I supposed because I was no good.”

“No, that wasn’t the reason. I knew you had it in you to be a reporter. There was a man with a lot of advertising connections who came into the business office and demanded that we fire you, so hard and so fast you’d never bounce back. Because he was a pretty powerful fellow in advertising, we thought we’d better do as he asked.”

That was your father. He said he didn’t want you to be a lousy, half-starved reporter.”

Floyd Gibbons’ father would never have had Floyd fired if he’d known that by doing so he was starting his son on the road which led to greater and more dangerous adventures. Shepherd’s bits and burning days with Villa’s army in Mexico—a torpedoed ship in the dead of night—horror and bloodshed in the World War—”we’re in the second installment—next month.”

Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By Lady Esther

All women and girls make up. But plenty of them need to be made over! Yes, positively. They’re hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, dead shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, vivid look that never fails to attract.

How sure are you that you’re using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you’re satisfied—there may be another shade that would create a “you” no one has ever seen before!

You’re An Individual, Not A Type!

Don’t be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren’t a type. You’re yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most becoming to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

New—so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word 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 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 how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

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-days’ tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

Lady Esther, 204 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

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

Name __________________________ Address __________________________

City __________________________ State __________________________

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

FREE
Uncle Ezra's Double Life

(Continued from page 30)

yarns about covered wagon days, or commented wittily on the "modern" folks and their "doin's," preferred this to the games and pastimes of his fellow playmates. Some folks thought he was funny, others said it was because his folks were "show people" who traveled. Even Pat couldn't explain himself. But he liked the way Uncle Johnny's chin whiskers bobbed up and down when he was chewing a bit of tobacco, he thrilled to Pless Ferguson's yarns of the early west, and he laughed at Judge Bothwell's comments.

Later, as a young man, Pat stepped out to pursue the elusive fame and fortune of the footlights. After three or four years filled with hardships, half bedrooms, and irregular meals, his big break came. It was in Chicago, about 1911, when Pat landed the biggest part of his early career. Strangely enough, it was the part of an old man, the elderly, ex-judge Stott, in the old play, "The Lion and the Mouse."

Realizing the importance of his role, Pat went back in his mind to the scenes of his boyhood. He remembered how old Brad Harmon used to hobble out from behind the counter, how Uncle Johnny would scratch the side of his head when he was thinking, from each he took something. He worked, he studied, and as a result, he made a success of ex-judge Stott beyond his wildest dreams. He found it was easy for him to walk like an old man, natural for him to talk like one, but more important, Pat Barrett found he could think like one.

AFTER several successful seasons of portraying old men in musical comedy and on the legitimate stage, Pat began to realize he was creating a character of his own; a composite picture drawn from the rural friends of his boyhood, mingled with all the characters he'd portrayed on the stage—but made original too by his own ideas regarding the workings of an old man's mind. With this character, Pat was lured into the then big money of vaudeville.

For twelve years this white-headed, comical old codger was a headline on the Keith and Orpheum circuits, and each year found the old fellow becoming more and more a living personality, more and more an individual. Pat prided himself on his ability to live his characterization.

Then, without his realizing it, his characterization began to live his life! No longer could Pat Barrett leave his old man behind at the theater each night by the simple action of removing a dab of greasepaint and a bunch of crepe hair. It followed him home, it parked him over in a corner each night with his slippers and a book, it made him complain of aches and pains.

It made him feel like an old man! It was wise Nora, Pat's wife, who first realized what was happening. And as soon as Pat realized it too, he fought grimly against this encroachment of his characterization into his private life. Pat refused even to think of his old man except when actually on the stage, Nora and he went to more parties and dances than ever before. He took up swimming, golf and tennis.

Just when he'd apparently solved his problem, just when he'd limited the chin whiskers to the footlights only, along came radio, along came the National Barn Dance and Uncle Ezra.

"You know," he told me, "in vaudeville I was all right. The act was pretty well set, and except for a few minor changes now and then, it would be done auto-
DO YOU want to know what's the best and safest help for a system that has gone sluggish, and needs assistance in throwing off its food-wastes?

Hundreds of thousands of women swear by NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Because they have had proof again and again—not only themselves, but for every member of their families—that this pure, all-vegetable corrective is just right for stimulating clogged, sluggish bowels to an easy, normal movement that flushes away dangerous waste poisons.

Nature's Remedy is so sensible. It is entirely different from other laxatives, being purely vegetable. You will notice the amazing difference in its action the first time you try it. So gentle and easy—yet so thorough and invigorating. This is because NR is made up of a perfect blend of the most effective vegetable laxatives. NR is a corrective, a conditioner that aids in training the bowels to normal, regular functioning.

Try this stand-by of millions tonight. See if you don't wake up tomorrow morning feeling more refreshed—more alive and vigorous, than you have felt in a long time. You can try NR at small expense—25 doses in the handy tin only 25 cents—at all drugstores.

Because, after all, what's the sense of putting all your eggs in one basket—of holding your breath until you get a certain answer? It's so much better to have several baskets, with eggs in each one, and to be sure of getting something when you open the door. And if you don't, you can always try some other things. That's what I mean when I say, "Uncle Ezra."
How to be a Modern Cinderella

(Continued from page 40)

to her original figure requirements. In our salon, we work on the individual frame line, not trying to make her figure into a standard, average pattern but endeavoring to bring out all the individual beauty of her body. We have reduced women from a size 42 to a size 18, when they had only hoped to become a size 20—because we discovered, after we had removed those camouflaging rolls of fat, that nature had really intended her to be a size 18!

The most frequent troubles which afflict the modern woman are a lazy, sluggish circulation and, subsequently, a poor distribution of fat on the body, because it has a tendency to settle on portions of the anatomy easily and quickly reached by the bloodstream—usually the abdomen and hips. In body sculpture, we rely on two factors: manipulation and our own formulae of solutions. The manipulations are designed to accomplish three results: bringing up the circulation, breaking down fatty cells, and relaxing the nervous system. It is not Swedish massage, which, generally speaking, is prescribed by doctors to correct certain conditions. There are no faddish diets, no sweltering steam baths, no violent exercise. Ordinarily, however, we do advise a balanced menu for our clients, one which supplies the deficiencies in their diet, rather than eliminating certain types of food.

LYNN'S story is inspiring, indeed, but it's even more inspiring to go through Miss Radow's salon, to see the hundreds of charts of her clients, many of whom have been reduced even more spectacularly. Incidentally, Miss Radow is not particularly interested in bringing down the weight (unless it's obviously excessive, of course) but in perfecting the actual measurement by inches of the various parts of the body. Some of the charts will show you that a client has reduced from five to seven inches around her bust, waist, hips and thighs, and yet has only lost six pounds. No menace to health there, but oh! what a change in the figure!

It all goes to show that we don't need to accept the dumpy or stringy figures we seem to have been born with. Proper attention to the food we eat will help, proper rest, proper posture, wholesome exercise to stimulate that lagging circulation, even the way we take our baths and clean our faces will count.

But no one will really notice your new figure, your better proportions, unless you show them off in well-chosen clothes. Just look at the difference in Lynn's early costume and the smart new ensemble which came from the store where she was "rebuilt." A well-chosen wardrobe depends on two things (no, not money, not original creations)—a normal figure to dress and good taste to dress it with.

Wouldn't you like to have Zelda Radow's suggestions for a home beauty regime, including simple exercises for stimulating circulation, daily facials which require only such creams and ingredients as you already have on hand, instructions for making beauty masks and simple treatments and chin straps at home—as well as the four weeks' balanced menu which Lynn Merrill followed when she was modeled to scale? You can have all of these free. Just address your query (and a large self-addressed envelope, please!) to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

It wasn't the Cold that froze him
'twas the sight of her Rough Chapped Hands

I NEARLY CRIED when Dave complained about my hands. I hated them myself—all harsh and red. They stayed rough all winter, no matter what I put on them.

THEN—A FRIEND TOLD ME
Jergens Lotion softens hands in no time. I turned to Jergens—and a few days later Dave whispered... "I love your hands. They feel so soft."

but Jergens brought about an early Thaw!

HANDS can be thrilling when they're soft and smooth. But cold, wind and water take the natural moisture from hand skin—make it likely to chap and roughen. And most women wash their hands eight times a day, they say—have them in water eight times more.

But Jergens Lotion heals and softens dry, harsh hands amazingly fast. Why?... Because Jergens goes into the skin cells more effectively than other lotions tested, and swiftly puts back lost moisture. Besides, Jergens contains two special ingredients, used by doctors. Red, rough, chapped skin is made soft, white and fine in just a few applications. Jergens is never sticky. Use Jergens faithfully. At all drug, department, 10¢ stores.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the girlish softness of your hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1733 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Fort, Ontario).

Name __________________________
Address _________________________

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

JERGENS LOTION

PLEASE PRINT
all, Louise was terribly young, he decided, from the advanced wisdom of his twenty years.

He tried to do what everybody said was the right thing. He went away, to Oregon, to visit relatives. He even got a job, and he stayed away awhile from Roswell. He was utterly miserable, all those eight months, and so was Louise. When the end of them he returned, and they ran away to the next town, and were married.

The marriage ceremony was going on at the exact moment Louise and worried parents were holding a council of war and deciding that they didn’t know what to do. Mr. Massey had called on Mr. Mabie and the two of them were shaking their heads worriedly.

“I’ve done everything,” Mabie said.

“I’ve talked to him and talked to him, but it doesn’t seem to do any good.”

“It doesn’t do any good to talk to Louise, either,” Massey admitted. “She’s spoiled—always has been, only the long girl with seven of them.”

No, it didn’t do any good to talk. Louise and Mabie returned to Roswell that evening, scared but defiant and married.

There were some tribulations, of course, even worse than Louise and Mabie had expected. There was even talk of an annulment, an entire marriage, since both Louise and Mabie were under age.

The Masseys, though they were bitterly hurt and apprehensive for Louise’s future happiness, had really nothing against Mabie as a person.

It was just that they had so many plans for her! All her life she had sung, and had practiced music, with her younger brothers, Dott and Allen. Even in Louise’s childhood, Mr. and Mrs. Massey had intended that some day she and her brothers would have musical careers.

As much as anything else, it was Louise’s agreement to continue going to high school, and to finish her study music in El Paso, which eventually reconciled the Masseys to her marriage. They still didn’t believe it would bring her lasting happiness; they did not believe so immature a marriage could survive the temperamental clashes of two high-spirited youngsters; but if it did last, they felt it would pick up her life and go on from where Mabie had interrupted it.

All around town their pessimistic attitude was reflected. Nothing as exciting as this runaway marriage between the children of two leading citizens had happened in Roswell for years, and Roswell made the most of its possibilities for gossip. The average time allotted Louise and Mabie to stay married was one year.

They were right, of course. Louise admits today, “Mabie and I weren’t really in love. We were only crazily infatuated with each other. Neither of us knew the real meaning of love, as we’ve come to know it since, through long association. If it hadn’t been for two things, the marriage couldn’t have lasted a year. “One was that all the others around made me angry. It’s true that I had always been spoiled. I always found a way to get what I wanted—if not from Dad, then from Mother, or the other one of my brothers. I’d never even considered the possibility of being defeated in a desire. And after my marriage I made up my mind that what I wanted was to prove they were all wrong, and make my marriage last rather than admit defeat.

“Another thing that saved our marriage was my music. Anybody as young as I was couldn’t settle down to being just a housewife. I had to have another interest to help me work off surplus energy.”

Mabie’s father gave them, as a wedding present, a lovely home in Roswell, and Louise set about to resume school and Mabie to working in the hardware store. There was a constant coming and going between that home and the shop. Mabie and Louise decided to move to a new city, and Mabie would move out to the ranch for a few days, or Dott and Allen would come in to stay with Louise for a week or so. Gradually, the Masseys became fond of Mabie. They couldn’t help liking him, for his good-nature and kindness to Louise. Louise, Dott, and Allen continued their musical work together, but more and more and more their trio was becoming a quartet. Mabie happened to be perfectly good on a bass fiddle and a saxophone, and when they played in the evening he’d come.

At the end of a year Louise carried out her promise to go to El Paso, alone, and Dott and Allen settled out his. Louise kept her promise to permit her to do so. After her return, he made no objection, either, to her going with her father, Dott, and Allen to Los Angeles. Louise found partly in pleasure, partly to see if the three of them couldn’t get a job singing on the radio.

The Masseys didn’t get the job in Los Angeles, but only a few months after their return to Roswell, Charles F. Horner, the owner of a number of traveling vaudeville units similar to the old-time Chautauquas, offered her work.

Those days, while she was considering Horner’s offer, are the only time in the ten years since Louise’s wedding when she really feared her marriage was in danger.

Her desire to accept the job wasn’t the imperious demand for something new of a spoiled child. It was something deeper, and she knew it to be sureer than that. It was almost a necessity. If she had to choose between going, and remaining Mabie’s wife, she knew what her choice would be.

But it was Mabie who made the decision, who once more showed a kindness that was really wisdom. He chose to make the trip just to prove he could live without her. It wasn’t easy for him, either. Old Mr. Mabie was growing old, looking forward to the day when he could retire and turn the hardware store over to his son. Going on the road with Louise meant disappointing his father, giving up the home he had just had decorated, changing all his plans for the future. He might, if he hadn’t been Mabie Mabie, have grown angry, stood on his rights, insisted that Louise stay where she belonged in his home. He might have done that—and if he had, he would have lost her.

They said it couldn’t last—but it has, and very successfully, for ten years. Neither Louise nor Mabie has ever regretted leaving Roswell. There have been hard knocks, plenty of them, but the group which went to El Paso in 1911 has not quite broken and scattered. More than fifteen years later, and they are still together. Louise and Mabie have had two children, and the family is a very happy one. They still live in Roswell, and their two children have grown up, married, and had children of their own.

Then Louise and Mabie gave up the vaudeville circuit and finally settled down to a quiet life in Roswell. They are very happy, and their children have come to stay with them, and they are very proud of them.

Louise now lives in a small, comfortable house in Roswell, and Mabie has a small business of his own. They are both very happy, and their children are very happy, and life is very good for all of them.

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two adjoining stores, installed ultra-modernistic fixtures, and is now worrying over his income tax.

* * *

AIR COOLER

That chill in the Cocanut Grove the other night wasn’t the air conditioning apparatus running wild. What happened was that Joe Penner and his gag man, Harry Coon, met Jack Benny, for whom Conn used to operate a typewriter. Sonia Henie could have cut figures on the stairs.

* * *

PROSPEROITY

The item you saw in the dailies that Bing Crosby is getting rid of his racing stable and substituting a stable of fighters is only half true. He isn’t getting rid of the oat burners. He’s buying more, but he’ll manage a half dozen pugs, too.

A building permit has been granted for the construction of the Bing Crosby Building on Wilshire Boulevard, and there all Bing’s extra-curricular business activities will be quartered, with the rest of the premises being rented out as offices.

* * *

PRESS-TIME FLASHES

Sir Harry Lauder hears the call of radio and prepares to emerge from his Scotland retreat long enough to acquire a fortune. He will come to America to broadcast. Wayne King quits living at the earnest behest of his wife who can’t forget the tragic fate of Will Rogers.

Bing Crosby, a man of many enterprises, signed another contract with the twenty-year-old Dallas heavyweight with a record of twenty-nine victories in thirty appearances in the prize ring. Turner, you can tell Bing in May recall his Columbia picture, "Pennies From Heaven."...and Al Jolson, like Bing, a racing and prize fight enthusiast, acquires a two-year-old eligible to enter the Kentucky Derby in May. Al, too, not so long ago took a pupilist under his wing when he annexed Henry Armstrong, St. Louis Negro featherweight.

Paul Whiteman, switching sponsors soon, renounces hotel engagements to concentrate on his radio programs. AMA investigators, investigating the state of health are out and the American Medical content of his programs will combine his efforts to music... Lily Pons, dismayed by the plight of Gothic churches, plays another winter’s severe weather, converts part of her Connecticut estate into a refuge for wild life.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW—

That Ted Husing and the Voice of Experience, both famous for their bald pates, once enjoyed hair restorers on the air? That Helen Hurlin, the opera and radio lark, was born with two teeth? It happened on a thirtieth, too, the month being September, and the year 1906, in case you’re interested in such things.

That Mario Braggiotti took Doris Duke Cromwell, the world’s wealthiest wren, how to play the piano?

Before long the chances are Helen Hayes will be broadcasting Bambi from Chicago, her stage play, "Victoria Regina," being scheduled to transfer from Broadway to the Loew’s after the first of the year. Miss Hayes will be missed at Radio City for she has been one of the director’s favorite vocal and instrumental soloists. "Dorothy" is one of several songs now available in more ways than one. She appeared at the studio in her stage costume of Queen Victoria with puffed sleeves and slicked-back hair exciting much interest among the tourists and others who chancing to glimpse the corridors.

This was necessary because only ten minutes leeway was given the actress to get from Radio City to the Broadhurst Theatre, where she makes her fall return in the seventeenth century British Queen. Fanny Brice, star of the Ziegfeld Folies, is another who envied the studio scene this fall...Cheerio to commercial in stage apparel because of the close connections.

* * *

Cheerio’s emergence as a sponsored artist after ten years as a sustaining feature is one of the highlights of the new season. It took the manufacturer of Sonotone, an aid to the deaf, to accomplish this miracle, Cheerio having remained unsponsored all these years. But now, to commercialize his program, But even now, Cheerio chooses to continue his morning program unsponsored, contributing to commerce a separate musical setup at another hour.

Although Cheerio loves to preserve his anonymity under that inspirational tag, it is no secret his pay checks are made out to Charles K. Fields. He is a San Franciscan, a classmate of Dr. J. Lyman Wilbur, President of the University, and ex-President Herbert Hoover. It was through the influence of Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce in Coolidge’s cabinet, that Cheerio took over KGO, San Francisco, to the NBC network in 1927.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

When Burns and Allen switch sponsors next season, their broadcast fee from $5,000 a week to $10,000, and move over to NBC after four years on Columbia. The Bing Crosbys are expecting to broadcast their umph with the advent of the new year.

John B. Kennedy is planning a round-the-world tour... Rudolph Wielof, who taught Roy Vallerie how to root a sax, is operating a gold mine in Nevada... Dorothy Page is being wooed by a young man with plenty of dough, aptly named Armstrong. Armstrong is hand-holding in the Columbia studios, Virginia Verrill and Jimmy Farrell.

If honorary titles mean anything to you, Paul Whiteman is a brigadier general, a colonel in the Texas Rangers and a sergeant in the Colorado State Militia... But Whiteman and Andy are admirals in the Nebraska Navy and that sovereign state doesn’t even own a rowboat... Add marriages: Pat Murphy, the Scoop Curtis of the Girl Alone, to Lucille Edwards, of Station KSTP. St. Paul, Minn... Major Bowes always broadcasts with a few leaves of rose geranium in his dhoti.

Almost incredible news reaches this department about the goings-on of Jack Benny in Hollywood. A Coast scout reports that Jack Benny and his fashion-plate, meanderers about the cinema capital in rumpled clothes, tieless, hatless and much of the time, shaveshave.

"Red" Nichols uses a swinging boom microphone to pick up solos from his musicians. It obviates the necessity of the instrumentalists leaving their chairs and walking to the center.

"Radio," says John P. Medbury, the newspaper humorist who should know since he concocted the famous "radio tests," is the meaning of "heaven." It’s the place where all the stage jokes go after they die.

Richard (Sherlock Holmes) Gordon is writing a mystery novel... Irvin Cobb is collecting $3,000 a month for presenting over Paducah Plantation.
from ten generations of showfolk should not don her greasepaint a few years early in order to eat. With emphasis on eat. So she did, skipping from town to town under the guidance of her actor-uncle John Drew, and somehow managing to evade the laws that would stop her.

At eighteen, a popular and coming young actress, she began the assortment of romances that were to keep her adoring public titillating for eleven years and give her the title of “the most engaged girl in the United States.” Fifteen times she announced her engagement to fifteen different men, then changed her mind. The array included one duke, one earl, one baronet, two millionaires, a multi-millionaire, a playwright, an author, three actors, one editor, an Indian prince, a poet and a cotillion leader of the Four Hundred.

She had not been born a blue blood but she was so pretty, clever and delightful as a young girl she quickly became the darling of society in New York and London. The houses of the great welcomed her; she was entertained by duchesses and princesses in English castles, by Mrs. John Jacob Astor and the Fifth Avenue social registries on America’s finest yachts and country estates. Then one day—a typical Barrymore episode—she was to make a statement that infuriated the society women of two continents who had befriended her.

“Society,” she stated to a Kansas City newspaper, “bores me to death. Women of wealth are merely selfish and piggish; they are empty shells and perfectly meaningless and useless to the country.”

A Simple Treatment

Apply Lucky Tiger two or three times weekly. Follow each time with a vigorous “muscle- loosening” scalp workout. Lucky Tiger eliminates clinging dandruff—stops itching—alters scalp irritations. The compact dries and releases muscle action and tone to the scalp. Just watch results.

Professional applications at any barber shop. Or get a bottle at your drugstore.

Lost Your Pep and Energy? Often the cause is INTESTINAL TORPOR

Headaches with that droll, under-the-weather feeling are often due to Intestinal Torpor—and may often be simply and pleasantly relieved. Intestinal Torpor—sluggish, torpid muscular activity in the Intestinal Tract—usually requires a gentle-acting treatment. Don’t risk harsh, irritating purges that nauseate. Use dependable Stuart’s Compound.

Stuart’s Compound is made especially to relieve Intestinal Torpor. By helping to increase the muscular action in the intestinal tract, Stuart’s Laxative Compound affords a normal, proper elimination of body wastes. It contains no habit-forming drugs—no narcotics.

If you are suffering from Intestinal Torpor—if lazy elimination has you below par—try Stuart’s Laxative Compound today! This Compound has given quick, effective relief to millions for more than 40 years. See for yourself what it will do for you. Get a package from your druggist today.

A Barrymore Finds Youth in Middle Age

(Continued from page 37)

THE NEW TATTOO

THE NEW TATTOO

THE NEW TATTOO

THE NEW TATTOO

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal stain for lips instead of temporary, “pasty,” fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too.

We offer it to you as the New Tattoo—an entirely new kind of “permanent” lipstick... the only lipstick that can imbue your lips with the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color... the only lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o’er an iridescent tropic sea... at the same time making your lips Youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free...

carelessly soft. TATTOO your lips... with the New Tattoo!

Send Coupon for Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, send coupon and 10c for a generous size of the New Tattoo. Five exciting shades... the most stunning colors ever put into lipstick! Send for several to match different moods or costumes.

The New Tattoo

Tattoo. 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 51, Chicago.

Send me trial size New Tattoo, postpaid.

[ ] 1¢ enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] Coral (Changeable)

[ ] 10¢ enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] Dusk (Changeable)

[ ] Natural (Blood Color)

[ ] Parrot (Changeable)

[ ] Scarlet (Brilliant)

[ ] Hawaiian (Brilliant)

[ ] Black (changeable)

[ ] 5c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] 10¢ enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] 25¢ enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] 50¢ enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] 1.00 enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] 2.00 enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

[ ] 5.00 enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________

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The three children, Sam, Ethel and Jackie, were born within four years after her marriage. Ethel Barrymore became America's favorite young mother as well as its favorite actress. Ten days after Jackie's birth she was starring brightly in "Tante" and in the full bloom of motherhood she was said to be more beautiful at that time than she had ever been in her career.

It was Ethel Barrymore who first brought class to the movies. After her dramatic stock became so typical in 1914 few of the first rate stage folk had deigned to give the lowly flickers a tumble, but with the Barrymore sanction the stage invaded the screen. In the early days of the machine the stream began to flow. Her pictures were tremendously successful. For six years she deserted the stage for movies and vaudeville, until one day—and another typical Barrymore episode—she stated to the world, "I hate Hollywood! It would take several books to record its stupidities!

With that she swished out of California. She returned, it is true, to make one opus, "Rasputin," with John and Lionel a few years ago, but only under great persuasion from her home.

With the announcement of her retirement from the stage—and there will be no annual farewell tours, either—on the Ben Bernie program of July 26th, Ethel Barrymore caused another furor in the theatrical world. News reporters calling at her Mamaronke home the following morning were startled by oddly vague statements. To some, it turned out, she had stated that she was definitely not retiring and to others that she definitely had retired and it was all very confusing.

The explanation of it seems to be that she was using her woman's prerogative of changing her mind between acts and no statement to the press was not exactly sure herself whether she was on the active or retired stage list. Now, however, it's a settled matter. The First Actress of the American Stage will devote herself herewith to radio and the coaching of promising young actors and actresses.

"The truth," she explained to me, "is that I'm tired. Tired not of acting but of traveling, and the stage means incessant travel. I want some time to enjoy a little in the country. Radio will give me that time. Anybody who says one dramatic radio program a week is hard work is telling a lie! I know hard work! My program is: I've rehearsed and played eight shows a week for years and years. My radio program is merely a matter of rehearsal this week and one nightly performance. It's fun. It's play.

And," she added, throwing her arms wide in a Barrymore gesture of exhalation, "I'm thrilled to death and crazy about it! On the air I can be—oh, my dear—a youngster again!

You couldn't get a better picture of Ethel Barrymore than by going up to Mamaronke to call on her. She's respected and loved by everyone in town from the fiesta driver at the station to the gravedigger at the cemetery at the corner where her private lane turns off the Boston Post Road. Her spacious and beautiful home, which was completed three hundred years old, is a week-end mecca for some of the biggest personages in the world of society, the theater and radio. There is no stiff formality, no social regim in the big house. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, her frequent guests, are referred to simply as Frank and Eleanor.

Miss Barrymore lives alone with Sam, Ethel, Jack and the servants. In 1932 she was granted a divorce from her husband and given the custody of the children. On Wednesday nights, however, Mr. Colt comes to spend the evening.

The things closest to Ethel Barrymore's heart are her family, her home and music. She has a leg of interests. At fifty-seven she's a very amazing woman. She didn't miss a game of the World Series last season, nor a single big New Year's Eve celebration or furniture exhibit. She's writing her memoirs, changing the scheme of her flower garden and making preparations for her school for Little Actors. In addition to movies but tunes in Gang Busters "as regularly as attending church, because I think it's the best acted dramatic show on the radio." One of her hobbies is to dress up as Rasputin

She only thing she has done thus far to disappoint her radio fans is refuse to allow an audience to watch her broadcast.

I do hope," she said to me, "that broadcasters will understand that. You see, studio audiences can't hear dramatic performances very well from where they sit. If they were there I'd have to divert myself from the script to talk to them and that would hinder my performance—and I'm playing, really, to the people who tune in at home.

So when you listen to her you can know she's playing solely to you and not the Ethel Barrymore of today, but glamorous Ethel Barrymore of eighteen and twenty-two, and thirty will be coming out into your own home to entertain you.

Times do change. That's an honor, and a luxury three generations of Americans would have given their teeth for.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Success of Lucie's theater of the air, and Helen Hayes' Bombi series; prompted Bayer Aspirin to do something similar. . . . So they hired First Lady of Stage, 67-year-old Ethel Barrymore. . . . Sister of Lionel, niece of John Drew, daughter of Maurice—Ethel was born in Philadelphia; made her stage debut 17 years later. . . . Regular role, "Dear Old Aunt McCleery, who adopts but does not actually write the air scripts. . . . All of Miss Barrymore's famous plays are planned for ether adaptation, but not at present. A school dialogue added. . . . There are forty such plays for radio to draw upon. . . . McCleery's jab is to prune, cut out characters, delete, speed up," and go to "doubles." But when a real play usually runs 2 hours, contain 140 pages of script. . . . For radio they must last no more than 29 pages of script. . . . Her radio work was well received, and was penned by other critics. John Drew picked it for sentiment's sake. In 1900 it was her first starting vehicle. . . . First radio rehearsal made her nervous until the great actress appeared. . . . Then they found her quite regular, anxious to have many rehearsals, and willing to listen to commercials. . . . Only time temporary frailties in the Barrymore breast is when another line must be deleted from one of her programs. . . . Original dialogue of all these roles at least 200 times each; knows from memory where the wocker lines are—what lines are show stoppers. . . . Right now spanning her 20,000-foot ocean or program idea. . . . Later they might switch to a serial . . . Star hates radio actors who "act" before the cold microphone, rustle their scripts. . . . She stands seriously, still holds her script firmly in her right hand.
A Sentimental Guy

(Continued from page 39)

"Did you really enjoy the music? Thanks. We liked playing it for you."

These are some of the things I thought, and saw, and heard the day he was playing for thousands at this great East coast beach. And during the intermissions, as I sat with the band and talked with Guy and the members of his band, I learned why Guy Lombardo is where he is today.

It is just this—and it should be printed in letters six feet high for every young, ambitious band leader in the country to read—Guy Lombardo is where he is today because he is an inherent sentimentalist!

He always does the sentimental thing, he takes the hard, sentimental way out—and somehow he never loses!

For example, quite a few years ago, when Guy was just coming into popularity at the Fort Stanley Casino, on Lake Erie, he was asked by one of the women in his home to go in town to play an engagement at their Mothers' Club. It meant journeying almost a hundred miles, and staying up all night.

Would most orchestra leaders have accepted? Guy put it up to the band. "It will be a grind, but most of the mothers know you boys, they haven't seen you in a long time—it will sort of be something for the home town. Let's go."

The orchestra played the engagement. They were thanked. That was all.

Five years later, Guy Lombardo closed a run in Chicago and opened at one of New York's largest hotels. It was the break he had wanted all his life. The husband of the woman who had asked him to play at the Mothers' Club was the person who sold, signed, and delivered the Lombardo contract!

T HE success of Guy's music has been built upon popular sentimentality. It might sound, now that everybody is listening to it, like music that would be easy to sell, music that people would take to it naturally. It isn't. The Lombardos, through Guy, have had a tremendous struggle to get people in the sentimental mood. Had it not been for the faith and perseverance of the Lombardos, the popularity of Lombardos might never have made the grade.

When Guy came to the Granada Cafe in Chicago he was practically unknown. The town was in 1928, and the country was hot jazz conscious. Anything went over if it was loud and hot. After the first rehearsal, the manager came over.

"This is the type of music you are going to play," he told Guy, "you won't last two days."

"You don't like it?" Guy asked.

"Yes, I do," the manager admitted. "It's sort of soft, and dreamy, but my customers come here to be pipped up."

"Give me a week," Guy said, "it's like some of the things you will be handling."

It took three weeks, and a good many radio broadcasts to convince the crowds. The manager never complained. He stuck this promise.

About a year and a half after Guy left the Granada, word came to him in New York that the manager of the Granada was ailing for reasons unknown. It was shortly after the depression had gotten under way, and the manager just didn't have the money to hire first class entertainment.

Lombardo, in the short figures—a two-week contract, went to the heads of the hotel in which he was playing and asked for two weeks' leave.

Guy then herded the band to Chicago. He opened at the Granada the following
night, played a week and a half—without pay—packed them in, practically put the Grandstand back on its feet.

Another conclusive piece of evidence in the chain of Lombardo sentimentality can be provided by Fred Luther who was a small dance hall in the heart of the Pennsylvania mountains, in the town of Carrollton. He and Guy have been pals for years. Ever since 1927, to be exact, when Luther started out to boost Guy’s popularity, and Guy vowed to boost Fred’s business.

Last October, Guy played his tenth engagement in Carrollton, Pennsylvania, at the Fred Luther dance hall. From as far as a hundred miles away the Pennsylvania farmers will flock to see and hear the Lombardo music, and most of them can say, “I can remember him when—” When? That night Guy opened for the first time at Luther’s, and the lady in the box office sold two hundred and ten tickets. Last year the number was well over four thousand!

And all because Fred Luther and Guy Lombardo took a liking to each other, because Fred, during the days Guy was getting a start, wrote letters of recommendation to other managers, shifted bookings around so that Guy could make a little more money here and there.

Just why Guy Lombardo has this sentimental attitude towards music and people is not hard to explain. He gets it from his father, Guy, Sr.

It took Guy over three years to persuade Guy, Sr., to move from the old farm in London, Ontario, to the United States. And only when Guy had found a farm that was so similar in appearance to the London farm would Guy, Sr., even consider it.

As September, just before the family was to move, Guy received a frantic letter from his mother.

Guy, Sr., refused to leave the old homestead unless he could take his pet cow! Guy explained that he could get several cows that would be just as good right in the United States.

Guy, Sr., stuck to his guns. It was a question of the cow going, or nobody going. So the cow went along with the Lombardos. A special trailer was built, and Guy, Sr., bought twenty tons of select Canadian hay for the cow to munch.

The first night on the road the Lombards family attempted to register at a very exclusive hotel. Guy, Sr., asked the manager if he could find a place to keep the cow for the night. The manager, just as nicely, informed Guy, Sr., that he was not interested in handling accommodations for a cow.

Guy, Sr., promptly struck his name from the register, and the remainder of the nights on the trip were spent in tourist camps.

Just as Guy’s father has this fine sentimental feeling towards the animals he has been around all his life, so has Guy that same sentiment. Musical obsession with everything he comes in touch with. It is human. It is real.

Before I left that afternoon, Guy told me about a conversation he had in a Chicago hotel a few months ago with his friend, Lou Gehrig.

“Guy,” Lou said, “the day I am too old to get up there at the plate, it will take the entire National and American league—with baseball bats—to drive me from the park.”

And Guy answered: “Lou, if the time ever comes when I’m not leading an orchestra, it will be because I am too feeble to climb up on the bandstand.”

The two sentimental friends shook hands on that.

**THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS**

Brought from the vivid pages of True Story Magazine—from the throbbing radio revelations of the Court of Human Relations—direct to the screen of your favorite film theatre.

Enacted by brilliant casts—produced and directed under the supervision of the famous Columbia Pictures organization "The Court of Human Relations" promises to be one of the screen’s most unusual entertainment features.
to life. I was reminded of old things—good old things out of a vanished and happy adolescence. It seemed like the times when my mother sat at the piano and played "Ben Bolt," while my father, and the rest of us crowded behind her with deep feeling; and, stranger still, I was re-

minded that I was an American.

His program was both a revelation and a gala party. We sang "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Smiles"—with a dramatic in-

terpretation by Lee Roberts, composer of the song, who furnished a moving interpre-

tation—"Dixie" and numerous others, end-

ing with "Auld Lang Syne."

As "Auld Lang Syne" died away, I hurried back stage to make an appoint-

ment with Rodeheaver whom I had not seen for almost twenty years.

It was not difficult to realize why he has been one of the great spiritual leaders of his generation, as, little by little, he sketched his background and unfolded his wholesome philosophy.

Born in Ohio during the year 1880, his parents took him to the hamlet of Jelli-

cro in the hills of East Tennessee when he was a baby. He grew up there.

It was almost thirty years later, that Homer Rodeheaver, whose rich baritone had brought him local and some distant fame, joined forces with Billy Sunday. Then they trekked up and down the

land for another twenty years. In his ca-

pacity as soloist and leader of the con-

gregation, singing, it is certain that Rod-

heaver has appeared personally before

more people than any other man who ever

lived. The Billy Sunday tabernacles held an average of 10,000. In the whole course of Rodeheaver's amazing career, they were filled to capacity and overflowing.

The biggest of the Sunday tabernacles was in Philadelphia, but a peculiarity in the way the New York tabernacle was built afforded standing room for 4,000 above the 16,000 seating capacity.

"We filled it every night," he explained, "away up there at Fifth Street. That was what started the buses running that far uptown."

"The things which happen, which a song will do," he said, as a distant look of re-

membrance stole into his eyes, "are amazing. At Pittsburgh once, I was singing a
tabernacle favored group of hymns over and over. It was a long time ago, but the telephone operator broke all rules and risked her job to summon me to the phone. I shall never forget that call as long as I live. I heard the voice of a woman."

"I wanted to talk to you," she said, "I wanted to tell you—you saved me from suicide."

"I know, bless her heart wherever she is today, that she was telling the truth. The
details she gave me proved it. The song I sang was "He's Got the Whole World In His Hands."

In his evangelistic travels Rodeheaver has broadcast over nearly every radio station in the country. He told me that his favorite song was "The Old Rugged Cross," and admitted a preference for hymns. "As I've suggested to my radio colleagues," he went on, "the old American songs—not too jazzy, and not too highbrow—are the ones the radio audience likes best."

"A lot of rhythm in its system," he said "is what the country needs." When a man

hears a song his heart is moved, but when he gets into it and sings himself, it's a different thing altogether. Sometimes I say what we need is more music for the people, for the people, and by the people. It brings

Faith!
(Continued from page 26)
YOUR HANDS
Lovely NEW Treatment Gives Them Charm None Can Resist!

We want you to try...FREE, because we know you'll love it!...something different for your hands. SOFSKIN CREME is NEW, you never used anything at all like it. Its swift, whitening, softening influence and delicate fragrance will add new allure to your whole personality.

When hands are very rare for the romance! Their unflattering appeal can be yours through the magic of this NEW Creme. With the first application, as it vanishes into the skin, leaving it velvety-soft and lilac-white, you'll know that at last you've found the secret!

SOFSKIN CREME works on a new principle. No oil; no after-stickiness. You can wear gloves immediately! Don't be discouraged over work-roughened hands; SOFSKIN restores their beauty. Get a 5c or 60c jar at your Beauty Shop, Drug or Department Store, or send NOW for a FREE 10-day jar and watch your hands respond to this beauty-giving miracle! (Enclose 3c stamp for packing and mailing.)

SOFSKIN Creme
Soup, Crema, I. P. Plata, 85 19th St.
FREE 10-day jars on your order.

30 recievers

NAME
City

You Can Reprint Perfect Speech, if you want.

RADIO MIRROR
back the faith of our fathers. Going up and down the land, I've seen first-hand how people are suffering from low morale. Believe me, it comes back when Americans get together and sing.

It was late when we said goodnight. I was tired, while she was fresh as a child, vigorous and brimming with health. I went back into the rain, but I didn't mind it so much now. I was but slightly interested inBroadway's scene for a while. A thought was absorbed in his last words, the words which epitomized his dream:

"If we can get America to sing there will be spiritual recovery. And that's my ambition in radio."

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: There are two prominently sponsored community singing programs on the airwaves. One is Gillette's, the other Palmolive's. Each heard on CBS, they are very much apart from each other. The former is a children's program for church groups and finally a national institution of choral societies. At one time in France alone, there were 3,243 choral organizations. At another, he sent this one in a box-top to become a charter member. Community singing became popular a decade ago in the movie palace and radio stations. America's first organist Jesse Crawford, who wowed them in between feature pictures and fashion stage presentations...It's still being done in neighborhood places, but for others your expert credit to Harry Barnhart, a voudelvan, for the revival of community singing. Actor Barnhart had a better offer on the four-a-day when he had his audience chime in. The Gillette community sing was first tried out on the regional Yankee network, to prove to the audience that the song can be tried anywhere. Here agency men discovered that the 45 minute fiesta could stand a little song. They hired Milton Berle, WANN, Hall, and James and Bette. Berle works about 15 minutes on the program, then leaves the show up to the nation's assorted baritones, baritones and kitchen contractors. The most popular community singing tune is "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," written in 1910 by Leon Freedman and Beth Slater Wittenberg. "Sweetheart" has sold over 1,000,000 copies. But its royalties are turned over to Paul Pioneers, who bought the rights from Freedman, who is now a booking agent. Sophisticated tunes like "Blow," "Blue Pajamas," and "Sagamiedish Lady" are for community singing over the air. So are vaguely sentimental numbers like "Over the Hill," "Just a Little Birdie," "Love" and other countless ones, or the very latest tunes, as surveyed by Lucky Strike's Hit Parade Sweepstakes program. Red-haired Wendell Holl an anodyne appearance sings because he likes his own creations lustily sung again. One of them is "Mellow Moon;" another is "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." The best voice heard on the studio belonged to a gentleman found singing in the fourth row. He was an excellent tenor, but his Metropolitan Opera Company. In movie house community singing, the audience is familiarized with the tune when the organ runs over the number in a full concert, a chorus of guitars runs up a choral scale to reach the proper key. There isn't time to play the number first. The only trouble experienced by community singing is that sometimes the slides come on the screen upside down...This is annoying and amazing because the man who runs the machine is the same who runs Hollywood's movies.
Acidity Makes Women Look Older

Kidneys Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney function, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and contract the skin or cause Getting Up Nightly, Burning and Reching, Leg Pains, Nightcrowd, Headaches, Lumbago, Spinal Ailments, Circulatory Under Eye, or Rheumatic Pains. High Blood Pressure, Swellings of the Face or Wasting away of the skin during each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cysters. In any depot of Bank of America, Los Angeles. It is better to guarantee this Cysters must fix you up and make you feel and look young or money back. See results in 48 hours Telephore your dropper for guaranty Cysters pronounced rfits-tex today.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 41)

band, and five new faces are to be seen by Ray Noble.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Bob Burns needn't think he has the last word in queer instruments in his bazaars. Ted Weems, the maestro for the Fibber McGee and Rose broadcasts, and also heard with his dance band on the Mutual system every Sunday, is pretty fond of his goosier horn, which is a cross between a baritone and an Oriental water pipe. Figure that one out if you can.

Ted found the goosier horn in a pawn shop in Kentucky, and bought it at once simply because he'd never seen anything like it. He discovered that a firm in Paris is the only goosier horn manufacturer in the world.

The principle of the goosier horn is the same as that of an accordion, except that instead of the bellows used with the latter, air is blown through rubber tube attached to a footlong circular brass tube. As on an accordion, the keys are arranged like the black and white keys of a piano; the range of tone is two octaves; and the tonal quality is a mixture of accordion and harmonica.

For Miss Robin Balliball—Islemon Jones' orchestra has about fifteen—when and when last heard from Isham was touring in the West. While we're on the subject of your letter, Clyde McCoy was the trumpet player (not trombone) who made "Sugar Blues" famous. He has his own band now at the Roseland in New York, and you can listen to him on the Mutual network.

For Gladys Brandt—Edith Dick and Buddy Clark are the vocal soloists on Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes. You'll find pictures of Edith, and the new winter fashions, on page 44 of this issue.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

All you dance-band enthusiasts seem to have lost your interest in theme songs lately—perhaps you know the signatures of practically all the established bands. At any rate, we haven't been getting the inquiries we used to.

Here's a theme song whose haunting beauty struck me so much the first time I heard it that I got to work and tracked it down. It's "Blue Reverie" and George Olsen has adopted it as a signature since taking over the late Orville Knapp's band. An original composition, it's by Chick Floyd, who plays the electric organ in the Olsen orchestra.

Use the coupon below 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
123 East 42nd Street,
New York City.
I want to know more about:
Orchestral Anatomy
Theme Song Section
Following the Leaders

Or

Name
Address

Send for "FREE BOOK"
LONG-EAKINS COMPANY
165-5 High St., Saratoga, N. Y.

QUICK

Turn to Inside Front Cover Now

ON APPROVAL...

We defy you to tell this from one costing $50.00. To prove it, you'll send it on for the offer. If you do not think it the finest you can get, simply notify us; and we will immediately refund your money. If your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliancy of the magnificent fan—pare, of diamonds, return it and we will refund your money.

We START YOU IN BUSINESS

Get into this dynamic, your "round business" that offers only profit. We have tested and found it to be the greatest business in the world. You get more returns, in the first three months of your business life, than you get in the second three months.

SEND FOR "FREE BOOK"

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY
165-5 High St., Saratoga, N. Y.

K法院

Acidity Makes
Women Look Older

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22
7:30 P.M.
Pure Electric Institute
9401 South Morgan Street
B. Matching your B. with
RADIO MIRROR
73
This Is Romance

(Continued from page 11)

one could almost call them dreams, that Andre and Lily built up about Lily Pons came out exactly as he expected. Lily proved to be, as a working artist, all that Andre had hoped she would be. Andre felt more about Lily than he ever had about any woman. Well, at first, her attachment was purely professional. She had a job to do, to bring music to people and make them like it. She worked with—Andre Kostelanetz was the easiest, kindest individual in the radio world, and her attitude was more grateful than loving.

If observation tells us, we may believe that it was the combined Kostelanetz-Pons sense of humor that put their relationship into a human and personal basis. To quote Andre again:

"It was on April Fool's Day, last year, shortly after Miss Pons series had started, and I decided to play a little practical joke on her. As she stepped up to rehearse a song, I had the orchestra play four notes higher than the score. Her keen ears caught right on, and she sang right along with us, her eyes twinkling. So the joke was on me."

All during the series of rehearsals and broadcasts, there were many little incidents like that one which made, as the publicity girl remarked, the growing romance of Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz.

"Lily was scheduled to stay on Andre's program thirteen weeks—she stayed thirty-nine. Which would conclude clue number two.

A silver regard for each other grew. Andre's and Lily's attitude toward each other became more guarded. Only the most subtle caught the meaning in the conversations between them to monotony, and they were not do to other. Some people working on the Chesterfield program saw what was going on and then went about minding their own business, and did not know anything about the actual feeling between Lily and Andre.

CLUE NUMBER THREE. That supposedly sad day when Lily Pons was to leave the Chesterfield program, and embark for Hollywood to make her first talking picture, "I Dream Too Much." Under the title, "Musical Direction and Andre Kostelanetz. Did Lily insist on Andre being given the job? And did he fly three thousand miles every week to be with Lily, or was his heart only in his work? It is only a clue, but remember it. Later on you will see all that it means.

Now we have this foundation, and these observations of history, to come to the present. To the "today" clues. Upon what can we hang our today's observations? What is it that tells us that the Lily Pons-Ange-Kostelanetz romance is at its peak? Lily won't talk. Andre won't, either—not much.

We say much, because we have talked with him just enough to know how he feels, to realize the terrific pressure he is under trying to keep his feeling for Lily Pons a secret.

Let's have a look at the clues on the inside of the Kostelanetz business office. On the walls are pictures of the artists who work with him. One picture of every star—with the exception of Lily Pons. There are three of her and they're in the most conspicuous places.

Don't Sleep on Left Side

Coughs Heart

If you toss in bed and can't sleep on right side, by Adlerika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep soundly.

Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower chambers and brings out foul matter you never knew was in your system. This old matter may have poisoned you for months and caused GAS, your stomach, headache or nervousness.

Dr. H. L. Shub, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacillus." For over three years Adlerika has been sent me with the greatest results.

Mrs. Joe, Filler, "Gar on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep and feel never better."

Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves GAS and constipation. At all Leading Druggists.

TRIAL FOR SPECIAL TRIAL SIZE send 10c., coin or stamps, to Adlerika, Desh 116, St. Paul, Minn.

- QUITZIT-

Does not leak or let in smoke and does not require placing of any well within a few minutes by any one. Does not let in smoke and does not require placing of any well within a few minutes by any one. To the "today" clues. Upon what can we hang our today's observations? What is it that tells us that the Lily Pons-Ange-Kostelanetz romance is at its peak? Lily won't talk. Andre won't, either—not much.

We say much, because we have talked with him just enough to know how he feels, to realize the terrific pressure he is under trying to keep his feeling for Lily Pons a secret.

Let's have a look at the clues on the inside of the Kostelanetz business office. On the walls are pictures of the artists who work with him. One picture of every star—with the exception of Lily Pons. There are three of her and they're in the most conspicuous places.
Simulated Diamond

IMPORTED 15 CENTS

To Enrich Your Life, we send you a 1 ct. Imported simulated diamond. The diamond is mounted in a fine setting to
acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by
Sylvia and the gentleman.

"How was the trip last week, Andre?"

"All right," Andre answered, "although
I got quite a scare. Just out of Denver
something went wrong with one of the
wings, and I thought we were going
to have to make a forced landing
in the mountains."

"I wouldn't make that trip for anything
in the world," said the gentleman.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," Andre answered,
"I got a little frightened now and then,
but it is nothing."

"How do you like it out there?" the
gentleman asked.

"Fine," Andre answered, "last week
we went swimming, and we had a lot of fun.
(Aside to detectives: note the we.)"

"Going out again this week, Andre?"
the gentleman asked as the elevator
reached the ground floor.

"Yes," Andre Kostelanetz answered,
and he smiled, "of course."

The conversation really tells a great
deal. It gives you real perspective
on this romance that both Lily and Andre
have kept in the background for almost
a year. Further, it throws light on
this type of man Andre Kostelanetz really is.

Flying, all told, six thousand miles a
week. Flying through all kinds of weather
and conditions with Lily Pons.

A little afraid of the air—and yet traveling
all that distance.

Even if Andre won't talk, we can't hold
him back from anything smart in
snobish, or high-handed, in his silence. If

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

• When old-style laxatives fail to bring relief
  from the headaches constipation causes—it's
  time to turn to FEEN-A-MINT. For those
  who suffer from headaches, FEEN-A-MINT
  acts gently, yet thoroughly, in the lower bowel—
  not in the stomach.

• Your life can be so different when you're
  free from the chains of constipation! FEEN-
  A-MINT, the modern laxative brings relief
  easily and pleasantly. No gripping or upset
  stomach. No weakening after-effects. No
  disturbance of sleep when taken at night. Forget
  old-fashioned methods and join the 10 million
  people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT,
  the modern laxative. Write for a free sample
to Dept. 0-4, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

5" by 7", 25c each. Free for 25c. 8" by 10", 50c each. Free for $1.00. Free for 50c each on
requests made on form, 25c each. Full payment due on receipt of
pictures. Cheeks must be mailed with order.

ROBERT SCOTT, Box 556, Salisbury, Pa.

What

Do You Do with

Your Little Finger?

—when you pick up a glass or cup? . . . You know from
watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed
instantly, by the misuse of hands. And by the same
token, too, the correct use of your hands can become a
reprehensive and social business asset. Great poises
accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that
keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked
Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm
and poise, to tell

• how to hold a cigarette
• how to pick up cards
• how to shake hands
• and how to make hands behave to the

best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to
these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on
How to Use Your Hands Correctly. Although this
booklet is priced at 50c, we are pleased to arrange to
it without charge to Frostilla users in the United States
and Canada until May 31, 1937.

Just mail the front of a 55c, 50c or $1.00 Frostilla
Fragrant Lozenge box (for two forms of
Frostilla—Frostilla and Frostilla^"FREE"

FRONT"

457 Gray Street, Elmira, N. Y.
Enclosed is Frostilla box from—therefore
send me my copy of Margery
Wilson's book on hands.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.
The Love I Had to Fight

"Get out and don't ever come back," he shouted.

"As she responded to my every touch, I knew intuitively just how she felt. In my new-found delirium I did not wish to speak or stop dancing— I just wanted to go on and on, endlessly, in rhythmic tide with Patty, holding her close, drowning myself in the unfathomable depths of her shadowy eyes. Tonight was forever—and it was ours!"

At last he had found the great love of his life. In an ecstasy of joy, his thoughts raced into the future—a blissfully happy future with this exquisite girl forever at his side, with their children growing up into proud manhood and womanhood. Oh, it was too good to be true!

And that’s just what it proved to be—too good to be true. For the very next day he was to discover that, instead of embracing this love, he would have to fight it—fight it as if it were a plague. Could he do it? And if he didn’t— But read for yourself this powerful and fascinating human document, "The Love I Had to Fight"—a true story so poignant, so deeply moving that the Editors of TRUE STORY awarded it a magnificent $1000 prize in a recent true story manuscript contest. You will find it complete in TRUE STORY Magazine for December.

NOW ON THE SCREEN

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 in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations, be sure to urge the manager of your local theatre to show every one of the forthcoming True Story Court of Human Relations series sponsored by Columbia Pictures Corporation and based on stories from True Story Magazine. Already thousands of theatres throughout the country have arranged to feature these vivid ten minute dramatizations. Watch for them!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIAL BY BERNARR MACFADDEN • MY STRANGER HUSBAND • THEY HANGED MY SON UNDER THE LINDBERGH ACT—IN WHICH MOTHER GOOCH TELLS THE YEAR’S MOST HEART-RENDING STORY • THE MAN WHO PLAYED SATAN • IN HIS DELIRIUM WAS IT JUST BIG BROTHER LOVE • AND I WAS THE GUILTY ONE • EVEN THOUGH I WAS A MOTHER I MARRIED FOR MONEY • THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER AND MANY OTHER INTERESTING AND HELPFUL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS.

DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW JACK BENNY?

Then you’re due for a series of shocks—all you have to do is read the story about him in the February issue on sale December 23.
Did Gray Hair
Rob Them Of $95 a Week?

(Continued from page 16)

better he still has the prestige of a fine radio show at last cost to himself. If the racketeer knew his name, and he usu-
ally does, the advertiser is so bedazzled by the time the deal is closed that he doesn’t notice the contract mentions no stars by name—just leaves them all by-
togther under the general heading of “vaudeville talent.”

On the night of the broadcast an aggre-
gate of the small, broken-down vaude-
villians shows up at the studio; the show is terrible; the advertiser doesn’t pay the balance of the money, but the program has been a great success! More than it was, and the promoter, after paying off his debt, has still made a nice chunk of profit.

Here’s a practice which cheats both ad-
vertiser and listener. Mostly it’s carried on by small foreign-language stations in big cities. A promoter buys an hour of time from the station. The station officials don’t know what he’s going to do with the hour; they ought to, but they don’t bother to ask. Then the promoter positions himself as an independent merchants, taking whatever he can get for one or two minutes “announcements” on the station. The program, as it finally comes from the tower, consists of forty-five minutes of commercial blurs and fifteen minutes of music, interspersed in matches of a few bars each between singing talks. Here’s a list of adver-
tisers on a typical actual program—four restaurants, two butchers, two watch-
makers, two candy stores, one dance hall, one drug store agency store, two delicat-
tessen stores, one women’s dress shop, and one lire shop. The whole practice is a gross abuse of the commercial posi-
tions of radio, resulting in programs which are dull and irritating to listeners
and of no possible value to advertisers.

AND while we’re on the subject of for-
eign-language stations, let me tell you
the one about the pastor of a foreign-
language church who conducted a marriage around on one of these stations in New
York. On his program he offered to intro-
duce young people of his faith to each other, object matrimony. The rackets, of course, consists of the formal ceremonies for his boys and girls if they fell in love.

And as a sideline racket he slipped nu-
merous commercial blurs for a furniture store into his radio talk!

A healthy slice of business for foreign-
language stations comes from dentists and doctors. As no doubt you know, it is
corresponding to the medical code to advertise, but if a doctor audiences in a foreign
tongue, it isn’t likely that anybody but the
people he wants to reach will know it.

Before you send money to a radio sta-
tion, be reasonably sure in your own mind
that the offer you are answering has been
made in good faith. It’s a pet gag for small stations to broadcast their own ad-
vertisements, asking you to send in ten
cents for something or other—a cook-
book, package of seeds, or similar house-
hold article. If an established business
firm makes such an offer through a station, it is almost sure to be bona-fide, but
if a station itself makes it, be careful, be
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if a station itself makes it, be careful, be.
BEGINNING NEXT MONTH . . .

GREAT NEW CONTEST SERIES

$5,000.00

per month for

YOUR TRUE STORIES

Beginning with January, each month until further notice Macfadden Publications, Inc., will award $5,000 in handsome cash prizes for true stories.

The first contest of this great new series opens on January 2nd and closes on January 29th, 1937. Ten prizes ranging from the magnificent first prize of $1500 down to the substantial sum of $250 will be paid for the ten best true stories received from January 2nd to January 29th inclusive.

Announcements regarding subsequent contests and prize schedules will appear in successive issues of several Macfadden magazines.

In the meantime prepare now to take advantage of the splendid opportunity offered by the January contest. Surely, at some period in your life you have lived or observed the working out of one or more true stories so vivid, so gripping, so emotionally compelling that men and women everywhere would be pleased and thrilled to read them.

These are the stories that we seek and will pay handsomely to secure. Begin to plan your first true story today. Send it in as soon as possible after January 1st and then prepare to take part in the February and subsequent contests. While it is a popular saying that "opportunity knocks but once" during the period of this contest series opportunity will knock once each month. Can you afford to miss such a chance to add substantially to your bank account?

If you have not taken part in true story manuscript contests in the past we urgently suggest that before actually beginning to write you send for a free copy of a booklet telling "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories". A coupon is provided for your convenience. It will be to your advantage to read this booklet carefully.

Watch the February issues of this and similar Macfadden magazines (on sale during January) for contest rules, prize schedule and other important details.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

122 EAST 42ND ST. NEW YORK

Macfadden Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 490
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".

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

Street..............................................................

Town............................................................State................

(Print name of state in full.)
You can’t always be sure of such offers even when they are made in the name of some commercial firm, unless you personally know the firm. Some stations make up for nonexistent firms, and put on programs supposedly sponsored by these firms. Let’s take a special case, in order to make this racket clearer. You hear a program sponsored by a firm calling itself the Eiffel Tower Hosier Co. The announcer says: “As a special introductory offer to our listeners we will send them this pair of fine Eiffel Tower silk stockings, a flask of Toujours Vos perfume, and a beautiful hand-embroidered handkerchief—all for the introductory price of one dollar!”

When the money starts to roll in the racketeering station manager hustles out to the nearest wholesale district, buys the cheapest and shoddiest hose, perfume, and handkerchiefs available, and mails it out. For her dollar the listener gets about forty cents worth of pure and assorted junk.

The point is, of course, that there is no Eiffel Tower Hosier Co. It’s just a fictitious name thought up to lend credibility to its own racketeering scheme.

Do you think that every time you hear something on the air you are hearing genuine talent unless the announcer says, “This is an electrical transcription,” or otherwise tags the program as a recording? Yes, I know that it is legal to do what is being done to you. But the warning is to be heeded, practice in this law is frequently violated outright or neatly evaded. This is how it is evaded in some cases: The announcer says, “You all know Bing Crosby from his radio broadcasts and his records. Here he is.” The word “records” is included in the announcement, you see, and presumably that makes everything all right, even if the listener is left with the impression that he’s listening to Bing in person.

HAVE you ever heard your local announcer, at the end of a network program, cut in and say that the program you just listened to was sponsored by ‘‘Some-where’’? And have you thereupon been pleased because one of your favorite sustaining artists had gained a commercial? You shouldn’t. No matter how much you may know about the star, the announcer doesn’t know about it. What has happened is that your local station has turned a non-commercial program into a for-profit one by selling it to a local advertiser and keeping the money.

You must always be on your guard against false and misleading advertising claims on small stations. The penalty is loss of a station’s license to operate, but the advertising claims are sometimes so difficult to check if it is hard to stop the practice completely. One case is typical. A clothing company was advertising over a western station something like this: “Add one dollar to the price of any garment from $15 to $50 in our stock, and receive two instead of one. And upon entering our store, mention this broadcast. If you do that, and make a two-garment purchase, you will receive two seats for next week’s prize fight absolutely free!”

Sounds too good to be true, doesn’t it? It was. Investigation revealed that the station in question not only failed to include some of its suits in the two-for-one offer, but that the prices marked on the labels which were included, were exactly one hundred percent higher than those should have been—in other words, twice the proper amount for a single suit. Moreover, if a customer mentioned the broadcast when entering the store he was really tipping off the salesman to charge him top prices—because he was a sucker!

**QUESTIONABLE accounts carried by small stations include advertising for medicines and remedies which have been condemned as worthless by government investigators. Astrologers and fortune-tellers are also heard, promising to reveal your past and future life—even though the law clearly states that such people are not to be allowed on the air.**

There is nothing illegal involved and complicated dodge which appears to an observer to mean so much hard work that the racketeer would be better off earning a honest living and making sure no one goes on the air for months absolutely free, taking not a cent of money from the small station they’re heard over. Their racket is to ask listeners for all extraneous funds, and promise anything until the listener is thoroughly titrated out of the station’s budget.

**Learn to Make $30, $50, $75 a WEEK**

**I’ll train you at home in spare time**

Do you want to make more money? Introducing announcers weekly and take a steady stream of advertising. I can show you how to do so. Small Radio Stations pay as much as $250 to $300 a week for an expert. Many Radio Experts earn their own firms by selling their services to small operators. Such men command a good rate because they know English. A man like this can make $800 a year. Radio stations can make $2,000 to $3,000 a year by buying lots of time on the air and charging for it. Many Radio Experts own their own firms and do the selling and buying for small radio operators. They are employed at station, aviation, commercial Radio, and local-branch, advertising for the future. Television promises many new opportunities. Earn $40 a week, or a better job in these branches of Radio.

**Mony Make $5, $10, $15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning**

Practically every neighborhood has a good store time service. In every city, newspaper offices. They show you how to do Radio which you can earn and put up to $5,000 a year. You can do this in your spare time. I will train you by mail. When I send plane and does not cost you anything. And I pay you for the time you make and receive for the money of thousands of dollars. There are many successful people who have to control experiments and to use knowledge of important Radio principles.

**Find out What Radio Offers You—Mail Coupon**

Mail the coupon now for “Ritch Booklet.” It’s FREE! Mail coupon every 16 years old. You receive Radio’s spare time and full time opportunities. You can work at Radio, Radio is worth more than a college education. A good job in Radio and Television, shows you actual letters from men who have trained. Write for what they have to say about our book. Mail coupon, now. Make money by radio work. I can send you a 1935 method of training from an expert. Earn a $30 a month out of Radio. Radio is a wonderful field for Radio experts. (Please write plainly.)

**HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH ONE OF RADIO’S RICH AND HANDSOME BACHELORS?**

Do you think you could qualify or make such a good impression you’d be asked out again? Check up on yourself by reading the fascinating revelations in the February Issue of RADIO MIRROR.
fear, envy, and sometimes respect, in the talk. Most of them admit that they need not be afraid if they choose to live the life of lady-like ladies and gentlemen. But they can't help resenting it when Jimmy takes them to task.

He took a look into some of Fidler's methods and see what sort of chap this bogy man of Hollywood really is.

Always ready to fight for the underdog, he recently raised his voice until Hollywood realized that more than one old time star needed financial help. Because of his campaign, and because he was not afraid to mention names, many of your old-time favorites are now receiving contracts to studios, or preferred extra calls which they so badly needed.

When a certain producer tried to force his attentions on a young starlet, whom he had just put under contract, she went to Jimmy. He related the whole undiluted story of the producer unless he stopped annoying the girl's name would be announced on the next broadcast.

The following morning two thugs called on Fidler, and politely informed him that unless he laid off, something very nasty and unpleasant would happen to him. Before his meeting with Fidler sent word to the producer to be sure and listen in. He announced the visit of the producer's henchmen and informed the producer that unless something unpleasant happened to him, the entire case, a record of which now reposed in the safe-deposit box of his attorney, would be given to the newspapers. The girl was never molested again.

SOMETIMES Jimmy pays, for inside tips and then again, sometimes, not. It depends entirely on the motivation of the person who gives the information—and upon whether or not he actually needs the money.

One of Fidler's most satisfactory and hard hitting ways of bringing the stars up on their toes is reading an open letter to them over the air.

One evening, a spirited Carole Lombard took for two of Glenda Farrell's boy friends away from her in quick succession the trade papers, and his old enemy, the Screen Actors' Guild, went to his sponsors and tried to have him removed from the air. His sponsors seemed to see things Jimmy's way.

"The greatest response I ever received from an open letter, Jimmy told me, "was when Humphrey Bogart and I tried to tell him that unless he quit being a champion playboy he would lose Irene Hervey. He did lose her to Allan Jones, but, in that instance, the fans did not like my letter!" Jimmy grinned.

"I suppose some people regard me as a Public Enemy," said Jimmy, "but why should anyone in Hollywood be afraid of me unless he has a guilty conscience? If you see what looks like a wrong, I try to use what influence I have to right it. If I see something out of line, I try to push or help him back in. I defy anyone to point out a single instance where I have broadcast or printed anything that's hurt a reputation or defame a character."

Now, you are probably wondering what sort of chap this Jimmy Fidler is. A little about him. His shadow hangs ever across Hollywood's sins and misdeeds. If you were introduced to him you would find him a rather slender, balding socialite, about-towner, not well but never over-dressed, charming and with a smile that you'd remember. He never knows what it is to relax and his reserves are endless. He paces the floor like a caged lion when he talks.

He was born in St. Louis but spent his boyhood in Memphis which accounts for the South in his radio voice. He has been married three times, once at a tender age, and that first marriage lasted only a year. His next marital try was with an actress, Dorothy. But such marriages rarely work out in Hollywood. Today he has found his true heart's desire, a girl who loves to sit at home with him and who does not demand the night spots.

The business side of Fidler's life is equally interesting. He was a western editor for a magazine which paid him a salary of $500 a week. He earned and $900 by writing for other magazines. He earned almost $10,000 a year, a sum not to be lightly cast aside—but that is exactly what Jimmy did when he decided to become a radio commentator!

"I was an editorial editor," Jimmy explained, "I had been a personal publicity agent to stars. I helped such stars as Janet Gaynor, Wally Reid, Edmund Lowe, Robert Young, Randolph Valentino, Betty Compson, and many more to positions of wealth and fame by my efforts on their publicity campaigns. I discovered how avidly fans listened to news and gossip of Hollywood, and vowed if I ever found a medium that would satisfactorily bring this information to people I would jump at the chance of doing the job. Radio proved to be the answer, so I gave up everything and resolved to build myself a radio personality. If it could make others rich and famous, why not Jimmy Fidler?"

It was with this sort of faith that Jimmy gave up his $10,000 a year income, and for more than a year interviewed stars on the Hollywood on the Air program. And without one cent of commission! At last his efforts bore fruit in the way of a national broadcast. That was the turning point. Sponsors, his daily news column and the Associated Press Everett News job followed in rapid order.

Success hasn't changed Jimmy Fidler very much. He has some fundamental rules which he never breaks. He doesn't mind telling them:

"I take great pains never to obligate myself to anyone in Hollywood. That is hard and last rule because I don't want my hands tied by some personal obligation if I am forced to take a swat some time. I never attempt many personal parties, for I can't afford to accept the hospitality of a star and then later rake him or her over the coals. I am duty bound to my job. It has been a long, steep climb but I see sunshine ahead. Now that I am on the air all the year around, I'll give my listeners all the news that is fit to talk," he smiled, "and get away with it too!"

If the past is any indication of the future, Jimmy will do just that. Our celebrities will be the happier for this price. It is the sort of price which money cannot buy—that is why Jimmy Fidler has the broadcast which all Hollywood fears!

Set the Stage With Soup

(Continued from page 47)

chicken soup with a bit of flour added for thickening, may be used in a rice ring.

No doubt you have used canned tomato soup in preparing Swiss steak, but have you tried it with veal chops? Brown the chops in the pan, then degrease with a can of condensed soup, pour over them and simmer, covered, for fifteen minutes. Turn, baste thoroughly with the soup, and continue simmering for fifteen minutes more. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and set under the broiler flame until the cheese has browned.

Macaroni and spaghetti are on the preferred list in the Keech cuisine, and these standbys, too, Mrs. Keech dresses up with canned soup. She makes a sauce for spaghetti in sweet butter and slices of frankfurter (the skins are to be removed first), then adding a can of tomato soup, half a glass of milk, plenty of pepper, and simmering until it is of the desired consistency. With this, Kel likes lettuce, with Mrs. Keech's special Roquefort cheese dressing. Macaroni a la Keech is prepared as follows: place a layer of cooked macaroni in a buttered casserole, cover with a layer of hard boiled egg slices, spread with cream of spinach soup and dot with butter. Repeat until the casserole is filled, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven.

On those rush days when Kel has only a few minutes between broadcasts for lunch he is likely to order poached eggs on toast or a sandwich of some difference. Sometimes they are poached in chicken consomme, sometimes in tomato soup, sometimes in beef bouillon, but never any other way.

When you arrive home late in the afternoon because your bridge game has lasted too long, there is a plenty of soup you won't want to know about what can be prepared most easily and quickly so that dinner won't be de-
JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves.

—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke.

"P.A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning...to wish your friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to your gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And enjoyed! With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "hitless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)
Can the lawyers drive goodwill court off the air?

Ginger Rogers—Television's Ideal

At Last!

Complete words and music to a famous theme song in this issue.
YES, IF YOUR MAKE-UP’S NATURAL

WHAT IS BEAUTY FOR—if not to set masculine hearts athrob—if not to bring the thrill of conquests—if not to sing little songs of happiness in your heart when he admires? Make-up’s so important—especially your rouge!

There’s nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, that outlines itself as a splotch. But Princess Pat rouge—duo-tone—Ah, there is beauty!

All over the world smartly-groomed women say Princess Pat rouge is their favorite. Let’s discover its secret of utterly natural color. Your rouge—unless it is Princess Pat—most likely is one flat tone. But Princess Pat rouge is duo-tone.

There’s an undertone that blends with an overtone, to change magically on your skin. It becomes richly beautiful, vital, real—no outline. The almost incredible, astounding effect is that of color coming from within the skin, just like a natural blush. You’ll be a glamorous person with Princess Pat rouge—irresistible. Try it—and see.

Do you take hearts by storm?

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" with Joan Blair, NBC Red Network—every Sunday 6:30 P.M. E.S.T.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 772
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked
☐ English Tint ☐ Poppy ☐ Gold
☐ Squaw ☐ Vivid ☐ Tan
☐ Medium ☐ Theatre ☐ Nude
One sample free; additional samples 10c each.
Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial
yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

How often such neglect leads
to real dental tragedies...
help keep your gums healthy
with Ipana and Massage.

She'll sit by the hour for the latest
finger wave, spend dollar after dol-
lar on beauty aids, and fret and worry
over the first sign of a skin blemish.
But her friends and even strangers sel-
dom notice these things. They only see
her smile—a disappointing smile—a
smile that is dull, dingy and unsightly—
a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile still could be attractive
—with teeth sparkling, white and bril-
liant. But not until she does something
about her tender, ailing gums—not un-
til she knows the meaning of that warn-
ing tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"
When you see that tinge of "pink" on
your tooth brush—go to your dentist.
You may not be in for serious trouble—
but let him decide. More than likely,
however, he will lay the blame to our
modern menus—to the soft foods that
rob our gums of necessary work. And
usually he will suggest more work for
those lazy, tender gums and the healthy
stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and mas-
sage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a
little Ipana onto your gums every time
you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll
notice a new life and firmness as circu-
lation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier
gums, how appealing your smile will
be; how brilliant, sparkling. Start with
Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today,
and help make your smile the lovely,
attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.
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COMING IN THE MARCH ISSUE
On Sale January 22

In Pittsburgh is the luxurious home of Dave Rubinson's parents, the home he gave them in return for their many sacrifices to help him win success. Don't miss the touching story his parents tell next month of these sacrifices and how they were repaid.

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COVER
PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS
BY GEORGIA WARREN
Nature is stingy with tooth enamel

This beautiful enamel... once worn away... never grows back—NEVER!

Protect precious enamel. Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win flashing new luster with absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them... decay attacks teeth... the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now science brings you the utterly safe tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or grit or harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the safest action ever known in tooth pastes.

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It lifts the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces spotlessly clean—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even saw before!

It's an amazing advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone notices. Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin now to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with absolute safety.

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM
PRESS-TIME FLASHES: Witty and wisecracking James J. Walker, New York's ex-playboy mayor, should make his debut as a news commentator shortly. Sponsors regard his remarkable gift of gab and ingratiating personality as potential star material ... Rudy Vallee is negotiating with producers to star him in a legitimate play on Broadway ... Major Bowes turns down a quarter of a million dollars to work in the movies because it wouldn't be fair to his sponsor.

Jean Harlow, offered plenty for a solo session with the mike in New York, declines, claiming she hasn't the courage to run the gauntlet of autograph fiends. A brand new reason for not broadcasting ... 520,000 visitors passed through the portals of Radio City during 1936, 55,000 more than last year's record. At forty cents a head, it means the tidy sum of $208,000 paid out for a peek behind the scenes of broadcastland.

Two old timers in show business, Billy B. Van and Gus Edwards, are on the verge of signing with sponsors for network programs ... the networks taboo any humorous mention of Mrs. Wallie Simpson and King Edward, though they are the most discussed topic in the world ... Gossips see a romance budding between Kay Thompson of the Chesterfield program and Jack Jenny, saxophonist with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra.

So many programs originating in Hollywood are creating such a demand for film stars that salaries have gone haywire, and this development is forcing some of the shows to move back East. When this column was compiled, the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency, producer of the Lux Radio Theater and Shell Chateau sessions, was again contemplating with favor Radio City, where plenty of talent of all kinds is constantly on tap. On the Pacific, stars once content with $2,000 a broadcast are demanding—and getting—$5,000, and sponsors find the cost of programs mounting beyond all reason.

Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson of Dangerous Paradise fame will return Jan. 4 in a new dramatic serial.

Columbia's staff of announcers is in the throes of a shake-up. It follows a new rule imposed by its Artists Bureau that announcers must give up to the bureau twenty per cent of their salaries in commissions for any extra money earned spilling on commercial programs, for news reads, transcriptions, etc. Carlyle Stevens and Del Sharbut promptly turned in their resignations to become free-lance mikes and others are following in their footsteps. The departure of Sharbut provided an opening at the New York headquarters for Ralph Edwards, formerly of KFRC on the West Coast.

Jack Benny becomes Public Entertainer No. 1 in the Crosley Reports, the sponsors' Bible, replacing Major Edward Bowes who occupied that exalted position for two years. Critics assign much of the credit to Benny's new script writer, Al Boasberg, for ten years a movie scenarist and director.

Sears, Roebuck and Company, going strong for picture celebrities for its Then and Now program, hands Francis Lederer $3,500 for a single broadcast and considers Ronald Coleman at $17,500! Is that the reason for its sudden departure from the air?

With applications for new broadcasting stations being filed with the Federal Communications Commission at the rate of twenty-five weekly, the rush to the Ether Eldorado is on in earnest. Fifty new transmitters (Cont. on page 71)
PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is actually absorbed by skin. Now, more than ever, Hinds creamy softeners soak scuffed, chapped skin soft again. Face and hands bloom out truly smooth—not just slick.

CHAPPED HANDS FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND

Sooner!

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!

SCRUB THE TUB... but save your hands with Hinds. Skin stays smooth—regardless of gritty cleansers, drying soaps. Hinds is creamy...not watery. And now contains Vitamin D that skin actually absorbs!

Now... Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin absorbs

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is absorbed by the skin and gives it many of the benefits of sunshine. Actually seems to fill out dry skin! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Promotes supple, soft skin. Try Hinds, the "sunshine vitamin" lotion. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin more good! $1.50, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone... inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 p.m. E.S.T. over the WABC-CBS Network.

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
CINCINNATI: Those sighs and repressed cries you hear in the background of the program over the Mutual Network from 10 to 10:45 P. M. EST, every Monday, are real. Those sighs and cries come from some hundred privileged spectators who are watching the Famous Jury Trials program go on the air at WLW.

When the audience is seated for this drama—written by Don Becker from data based on actual outstanding cases in the country's history and assembled by the prominent New York trial attorney, Martin H. Young—it faces a complete courtroom setting. The judge, Richard Kay Keith, sits on his high bench. At his left is the witness chair. Immediately in front sits the clerk, who is E. J. Rogers, casting director of WLW. The production man, Harold Carr, gives his last minute instructions to the cast. Final adjustments are made on guns, chains, and other sound effects by the chief technician, Don Winget, Jr.

The actors in their places, Announcer Peter Frant introduces the show and the ringing voice of the bailiff calls the court to order. From here on the tenseness is comparable only to a courtroom murder trial. As the prosecution addresses the jury, the witness—if the script is dramatic enough—breaks down...the defense attorney shouts back...the bailiff jumps to his feet...a scream...a woman has fainted. It is all so real that the audience, no longer in a studio but a real courtroom, comes to its feet.

Below, left to right, William Green, Richard Keith, and Sidney Slon, who help make those Famous Jury Trials over WLW every Monday night such realistic radio broadcasts.

By RUSS KING

Judge Keith pounds for order and the actor-bailiff, whispering away from the mike, calms some spectator, reminding him that a program is on the air. As the state rests and the defense addresses the jury in presenting its case, those "ohs" and "ahs" you hear are the natural reactions of an audience vitally concerned with the trial it is witnessing.

When Announcer Grant signs off at 10:45 P. M., the audience, hesitant for a moment, rises and visibly reflects the letdown after the forty-five minutes of tenseness. The attorney who a few minutes before was shaking his fist in the face of a witness, incurring the wrath of the court and the spectators, is talking and laughing with that witness. That realism of a few minutes before, now—and only now—revels itself for what it was: just another script, but a script expertly written and acted. As the audience trails out it is evident that many have not yet fully assured themselves the courtroom scene just witnessed was not the real thing.

* * *

YESTERDAY'S STARS???

This department is accustomed to letters but hardly such a flood as the December Radio (Continued on page 73)

Below, a fascinating character study of Jimmie Stevenson in action at a WJR microphone during one of his programs as a star news broadcaster.
LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up" to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? ... Uneasy? ... With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?
Do something about it, quick! Before there is actual pain in swallowing.
Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't treat symptoms. Get at the cause.
The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.
The effect of Listerine is definitely antiseptic—not anesthetic. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene: plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, less severe colds proved in clinical tests.
Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds ... and got rid of them faster ... than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.

Now a finer cough drop by LISTERINE
Wisely medicated
A Clean Face
IS THE SECRET OF RADIANT BEAUTY

MORE NEWS
ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT
BY RUTH GERI

OUGH SLEDDING! In sharp contrast to the notable successes of Don Ameche, Vin (Myrt & Marge) Haworth and Lionel Stander, who came from radio to Hollywood, other airwave actors and actresses find the path to movie fame discouragingly rocky. Art Jacobsen, Donald Briggs, Dorothy Page, and Shaindel Kalish all were stars in Chicago.

Yet Jacobsen is merely twiddling his thumbs, tied up by contracts which prevent him from doing other work. Briggs has spent most of his time in a hospital repairing bones broken when he filmed a Western without a double. Dorothy Page, catapulted into the movies after winning the title of radio queen, was dropped at the expiration of her option. Shaindel Kalish has been successfully renamed Anne Preston, for Universal, who had her chestnut hair tinted red, then Judith Blake, at RKO, where she was made a blonde.

Fourth Estaters are faring better. Bill Cooper, who authored Lights Out and other big Chicago script shows, is profitably at work at 20th Century-Fox, and the other night, at Jimmy Wallington's party for the cast of "Scandals"

Kenny Baker (below) finishes his song on Jack Benny's program to take part in RADIO MIRROR'S special NBC anniversary broadcast.

 thẩm quyền cho biết rằng việc rửa mặt thật sạch là bước quan trọng nhất trong việc chăm sóc da mặt. Một bước đơn giản, đó là, Daggett & Ramsdell đã tạo ra kem rửa mặt Golden Cleansing Cream — một sản phẩm làm sạch da mặt hiệu quả hơn.

Kem rửa mặt Golden Cleansing Cream chứa một thành phần mới, chất gel colloidal, có khả năng loại bỏ bụi bẩn, da trang điểm và các impurities. Bạn không thể thấy hoặc cảm nhận chất gel colloidal, nhưng khi bạn nhìn vào da, bạn sẽ thấy những impurities được loại bỏ.

Loại impurities này không chỉ là bụi bẩn, mà còn bao gồm da trang điểm và các impurities khác. Kem rửa mặt Golden Cleansing Cream giúp da bạn看起来更加有光彩。
I ran into Bob Andrews, one of radio's most prolific penmen. The originator of Skippy, Betty and Bob, Jack Armstrong and other shows still finds time to keep Just Plain Bill and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch running while he also bats out picture stuff for Sam Goldwyn. In his spare time, if any, Bob boasts, with justification, of his new five-months-old daughter Deirdre.

TRUTH WILL OUT. There have been so many conflicting reports concerning the Fred Astaire-Packard show it's time the truth were told—so here it is, straight from the feed-box. The stories that Astaire wanted to be released because he felt Charlie Butterworth was stealing the show or because he couldn't work out enough dance routines for radio are all wet. Astaire told me he'd like to drop his radio work during the more strenuous portion of the shooting on his new picture because the mental and physical strain of the dual assignment was too much. The fact he didn't drop the radio show sets him in a class by himself as a real trouper, for the reason he didn't is that his pal, Johnny Green, turned down a lot of big offers to work on the Astaire show and Fred didn't want to seem unappreciative.

* * *

SCOOP!!! Willie and Eugene Howard will remain on the road with "Scandals" until late in March, when they will return to New York, take a two-weeks' rest, (Continued on page 89)

Below, Robert Taylor, whose appearance in the Lux Theater precipitated a near riot. Too many of his loyal fans succeeded in crashing the gate.

"I'm most certainly grateful to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WISCONSIN BRIDE

BELOIT, WIS.

Camay?—I wouldn't be without it! It's so pleasant to use, so quick in results. Yes, I'm most certainly grateful to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jane Sherman Clark

November 12, 1936

(Mrs. Edward G. Clark, Jr.)

"The bride carried orchids, wore white velvet with old lace"—a charming picture, but then what a lovely bride! For Mrs. Edward Clark, Junior, has joyous blue eyes, hair like blond satin, a complexion that's as fresh, as fair, as spring itself! And she keeps it so (just as you should yours) by daily care with deep-cleansing Camay.

It's exhilarating!—the mere touch of Camay's deliciously fragrant lather! And how clear, how satin-smooth it makes your skin, even in coldest skin-trying weather. Camay's so soothing for Camay's so mild—provably milder than all other beauty soaps, by actual tests on women's skins.

Begin Camay care of your skin today. The price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women
THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES, IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

Takes Away Abdominal Fat and the "Bugs Derriere"

GIRDLE or BRASSIERE

may be worn separately

IF YOU Do Not

Reduce

AT LEAST

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS...it will COST YOU NOTHING!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr.

Thousands of other women today owe their slim youthful figures to this quick, safe way to reduce. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense? Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs, diaphragm...the spots where ugly fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

Perfolastic Reduces Safety...Quickly

Without Diet, Drugs or Exercise!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness! The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

You Risk Nothing Mail Coupon NOW!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks...safely and quickly!

PERFOLASTIC INC.

Dept. 255, 41 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ________

41 EAST 42nd ST. • NEW YORK CITY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

ANY thought the amateur craze was just a fad—but little did we think how far amateurs could go. Now it's Major O'Keeffe and his Dramateurs! In other words, it's the Saturday Night Party heard over the NBC red network at eight o'clock, for a full hour. Listen in and tell us what you think of it, as well as of the many other new winter programs. 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. Address your letter to the Editor, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, not later than January 25.

$20.00 PRIZE
AS ONE SALESMAN TO ANOTHER

About two years ago, as my knack in getting orders was getting really sour on me, I began to worry. The more I worried the worse things got. My health became impaired and I went to a doctor who gave this wonderful advice: "Put a radio in your car and get your mind off yourself." Did it work? I'll tell the world it did. The first prospect I drove into thought my jokes were extremely funny—he did not know that while on the lonely road, fifty miles long, I took in those jokes from the air. I had the same experience with others. Everyone seemed interested in radio.

If you're a brooder as I was, take a tip from me and follow that doctor's advice.

PATRICK M. FRAWLEY
Elmsford, New York.

$10.00 PRIZE
A MIGHTY GOOD HABIT

Every time I hear Bing Crosby on the Kraft Show, I am reminded of the time I had trying to hear him a few years ago. We'll say about the time "The Blue of the Night First Met the Gold of the Day." My daughter and her very young son were staying with me at the time, and young son wasn't interested in crooners.

Fortunately for my daughter and me, each evening about the time Bing was due on the air, an ice-cream man passed our door. This is what happened for weeks when Bing was on: Dinner over, one of us turned to dial for NBC and Bing, spread a blanket on the floor for young son while the other watched at the door, money in hand to get a small
cup of ice-cream to keep young son quiet so that we might enjoy our favorite program.

This young man who is eight years old now, said only lately: "I sure like Mr. Crosby, Grandmother. But it seems I've been listening to him just 'bout all my life. Mother says he's a mighty good habit."

Edith Buse, Hynes, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
"JUST FED UP"

And now the gangster comes to radio with a vengeance! If a program needs a little peppering up, just throw in a gangster, or several gangsters! This leaves the way open to threatening letters, warning telephone calls and mysterious disappearances. Add to the gangster element the other woman angle, and you have a real knockout—so the sponsors of the majority of daytime serials think. But the public thinks otherwise. The serial quickly loses balance and humor and is dialed off by hundreds of listeners. The long standing popularity of One Man's Family is notable and should give sponsors an idea of what the public wants. We don't want gangsters and cheap melodrama!

Mrs. H. Raymond Lawton,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

(Continued on page 60)

"Tally-ho!" That's when Portland Hoffa appears on the scene on Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight program.

"A COLD"

Be doubly careful about the laxative you take!

What is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the right laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make doubly sure that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year-round.

The Doctor's Test of a Laxative:

It should be dependable.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should be thorough.

Its merit should be proven by test of time.

It should not form a habit.

It should not be over-acting.

It should not cause stomach pains.

It should not nauseate or upset digestion.

Ex-Lax meets every demand

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications... meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfaction, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

Discover the Truth for Yourself

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle... It is effective. But it is mild... It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

Everyone likes the Taste of Ex-Lax

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures... Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at our expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

--- 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)
WHAT HAVE THE STARS RESOLVED?

SIX HEADLINERS MAKE SOME PLEDGES THEY'RE DETERMINED TO KEEP SO THAT THEIR FANS CAN HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR OF HAPPY LISTENING

PHIL BAKER

I resolve, though it's going to cost me a lot of real physical pain, to turn over a new alarm clock and always get to rehearsals on time. More important to my followers, I promise to keep my program running at the same speed with which it started this fall and not let myself or Bottle or Beetle slip into a dull and boring routine. Further, now that the election is over, I pledge to keep the pages of my Gasette unsullied by any taint of those soon-to-be-forgotten subjects, politics and politicians.

KATE SMITH

I resolve to resist the present trend in broadcasting to make every big program a mixing-bowl of talent, by keeping my program simple, friendly, and—I hope—unique. I resolve not only to continue giving public awards to people whose heroic acts have made them deserving of recognition, but also to acquaint myself with these people's circumstances so I can get help to them if they need it. I further resolve to remember that people love the old songs best, and to sing at least one on every program.

(Continued on page 14)
Is Your Name Here?

Below is a list of surnames of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff, over a period of years, has completed preparation of manuscripts dealing with the history of each of these families. If your name is listed, you should have a copy of your manuscript. You will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself and your kin.

Your Family History $2.00

Each manuscript is a Genealogical and Historical sketch of the family from earliest times, showing its origin and growth, its place among the gentry in Great Britain or on the Continent, its part in the founding and development of America, and its achievements in this country. The derivation of the name itself is traced; family traits and characteristics are brought out; and genealogical data are set forth. Each history is a separate and distinct work painstakingly compiled from the most authentic sources. Bound as it is in an attractive cover, the manuscript may be filed among your family records or other important documents. It should serve as background material for your immediate family history and as a basis for the general history of future generations. With each order, will also be sent a copy of "The Romanesque Coats of Arms"—an illustrated booklet of special value to those interested in this fascinating subject.

The following is our latest revised list. The coupon, with $2.00 (no other charge), will bring you your manuscript by return mail. Satisfaction is assured by our unconditional money-back guarantee: Any two manuscripts may be had for $3.75; any three for $5.00. Send for yours today. Media Research Bureau, Dept. 572, 1110 F St., Washington, D.C.

A Coat of Arms for any family listed here can be accurately and expertly hand-painted in vivid colors by our heraldic artists for only $9.50. The size is 11 x 14 inches, and six days should be allowed for completion.

[Address and Return Coupon]

Media Research Bureau Dept. 572
1110 F Street, Washington, D.C.

Please send me postpaid the manuscript (or manuscripts) indicated below. I enclose $2.00 for $3.75 for any two, $5.00 for three as payment in full. It is understood that if I am not fully satisfied I will receive an immediate refund of their cost.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Family names of manuscripts desired:

____________________________________________

[Check here if you are also enclosing $9.50 for a hand-painted Coat of Arms for the following family...]

13
Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well — constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough — more dependable and reliable.

Next morning — headache gone — full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people — young and old.

WHAT HAVE THE STARS RESOLVED?

ED WYNN — I am resolved to break a long radio tradition and cast into the pit of oblivion, along with the comedians who refuse to subscribe to my plan, the word "Stooges" which often hurt the listener's as well as the performer's feelings. Further, I pledge to keep Graham McNamee with me as long as he's willing or until some sponsor gets smart and buys him away. Last, I promise to remember I am performing for my listeners, not my studio audience.

HELEN HAYES — I resolve to do all in my power in 1937 to aid the development of radio drama so that it can eventually take its rightful place by the side of its older and better established sisters, the stage and screen. I further resolve, should television come around that corner, to heed its call and to forget my present prejudices against it, so I can proceed to adapt myself and my work to conform in every possible way to its exacting new requirements.

FRED ALLEN — For the greater good of the old Town Hall, I resolve that I'll continue calling Portland's Poppa as many uncomplimentary names as I can think of with the aid of Joe Miller — all in fun, of course. And I further resolve to make another moving picture some day, in case listeners grow tired of waiting for television — but I won't resolve when I'll do it, knowing the tendency of the Allen energy to wilt when summer comes around and I leave Radio City.

PHILLIPS LORD — I resolve — at the request of the editor of RADIO MIRROR — not to rest on my laurels but to spend the new year trying to develop another idea for a program as unique and full of human interest as that on which WE, the People is built. Further, I resolve that the individuals and the stories we present on WE, the People, shall continue to be you listeners and your stories, chosen from all applicants by your own representative committee.
THE WORM TURNS. Whenever a critic gets a chance to do what he has been telling others how to do, he is never quite so critical again, for some reason or other. Before you read this, your critic will be writing the comedy skits for Pinky-Dinky Mitchell and his pals on The American Pageant of Youth. It’s all about how to make a million dollars. (Are you interested?) You will be the Critic on the Hearth from now on—let me know what you think of the show.

NBC Sun., 12:00 P. M., 30 min.

ED WYNN. This seems to be a month for renovated comedy technique, and a general S. O. S. to the public for program ideas. The show mentioned above isn’t the only one to order a new set of blueprints for its humor. Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl and Walter O’Keefe are also displaying laughs in new and improved scream line models. Wynn has Graham McNamee again and Don Vorhees’ orchestra, as well as a guest star each week who does some specialty he is renowned for, supported by Wynn. Teaming a serious celebrity with a comic stooge such as Wynn has riotous possibilities. And just so Ed won’t run out of ideas for subjects to wisecrack about, tempting prizes are offered for suggestions.

NBC Blue, Sat., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

JACK PEARL has a characterization that is only “new and different” from the last thing he did on the air. In other words, he’s the same old Baron Munchausen he was at the top of his fame, with his whoppers, Cliff Hall and his mosh-mouthed “Vas you dere Sharlie? This familiar set-up is augmented by several new stogies and tenor Morton Bowe. Tommy Dorsey swings the baton. It looks like a bona fide comeback for Pearl.

NBC Red, Mon., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

LISTEN TO THIS. Jack Pearl is going to have plenty of competition in the way of tall stories from the classics of the Burlington Liars’ Club dramatized here. With the smoothly matched voices of Johnny and Dotty, Lew Diamond’s orchestra and a new “Deserve” each week (professionals unknown to the networks), this is a happy, snappy half hour.

MBS Tues., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

JOE RINES. A nutty show but not a side-splitter. Called Dress Rehearsal, it’s supposed to give you a picture of radio behind the scenes, if you call a cartoon a picture. Highlight is Rines interviewing the Countess Kleptomania, who has a fetching Southern accent with a dash of Northern, Western and Eastern Asia and Europe. Rines leads the orchestra, acts as master of ceremonies, and cuts up. In fact it’s nearly a one-man show except for the other people. Morton Bowe, Mabel Albertson and Pinky Lee.

NBC Blue, Sun., 11:30 A. M., 30 min.

1847 MUSICAL CAMERA. A well-produced hodge-podge which doesn’t go anywhere except everywhere and leaves you wondering what it’s all about, since it definitely isn’t about 1847. Willie Morris, the “1847 Girl” with the whatta voice, and Josef Chernavsky’s plenty good orchestra, keep the time from dragging and the public gets prizes for suggested themes.

NBC Red, Sun., 4:30 P. M., 30 min.

HOMEMAKER’S EXCHANGE. More prizes for suggestions—have all the program producers thunk their brain cells dry? This time the call is for hints on time and temper saving schemes for housewives. Judging from the items offered, Mrs. John Q. Public isn’t so bad at writing radio programs. Eleanor Howe takes charge.

CBS Tues., Thurs., 11:45 A. M., 15 min.

STYLE SHOW. Gowns are really modeled before the microphone and Charles LeMaire does a neat job of describing them, but not neat enough to compensate for the lack of television. It’s line for the studio audience, but on the other end of the radio set, milady will feel left out on the back porch. Even from there, though, she can hear Eddie Duchin’s music, and there are guest designers to relay the latest fashion dope hot off the cables from Paris. Altogether, a better program of its type than has been produced before.

NBC Red, Thurs., 4:00 P. M., 30 min.

PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Already popular on discs, the idea of finding missing relatives and performing other such parlor tricks with radio’s magic should prove a smash hit with full network facilities at its disposal—unless it gets monotonous to those who aren’t missing. Octavus Roy Cohen stole this march on the Voice of Experience.

NBC Blue, Mon.-Fri., 11:15 A. M., 15 min.

Red, Mon.-Fri., 2:45 P. M., 15 min.

“My test of a powder...it just must not show up in strong light.”

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what’s the worst way a powder can fail you?

By showing too much! That’s the answer to a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!

The powder that stood first with them for not giving “that powdered look” is—Pond’s.

“Clare-proof” colors never embarrass you. Pond’s colors are “clare-proof.” Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond’s its clinging texture.


FREE 5 "Clare-Proof" Shades
(Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond’s "Clare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.)

Name:__________________________
Address:_______________________

Pond’s ver never looks powdery—It clings voted the 2 most important points in a powder

Copyright, 1934, Pond’s Extract Company

POND’S, Dept. 4RM-PR, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond’s “Clare-Proof” Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name:__________________________
Address:_______________________

FREE 5 "Clare-Proof" Shades
(Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond’s "Clare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.)

Name:__________________________
Address:_______________________
NOTHING, in these modern days of broadcasting, is more fleeting than the average radio program. With its usual run of thirteen weeks, it has silently stolen away before you can get into the habit of tuning it in, and without a pause for breath, a new sponsor, hungry for a chance to advertise on the air, has snapped up the vacant time and filled it with new personalities.

It is rare indeed that a program runs a full year without a break. When it reaches its one hundredth broadcast and is still gaining speed, it is time to pause a moment and salute that program. On November 22, the Feenamint National Amateur Night, first network amateur program, celebrated its one hundredth broadcast. In honor of that occasion, RADIO MIRROR presented Arnold Johnson, with a gold baton in recognition of his faithful services as the musical conductor which have made possible the program's continued success.

by Fred A. Hamme
WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)

WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it... that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

—EMILE
21 EIGHT STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture... the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking... keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young.

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT

YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN. SKIN THAT'S 100 DRY AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP...

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY
The Dionne Quintuplets — The World’s Darlings

The Table Syrup of Quality
Rich in Dextrose
The Food-Energy Sugar

"Of course—we eat KARO"

the Dionne Quintuplets
CAN THE LAWYERS DRIVE
GOODWILL COURT
OFF THE AIR?

THE INSIDE STORY OF AN ATTEMPT TO CENSOR
RADIO WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONIZE BROADCASTING

By
FRANK H.
LOVETTE

On September 16th, a completely new idea in radio programs was heard for the first time over a coast-to-coast network so that the whole nation could tune it in. Since then, though thousands of letters have been written, equally condemning and approving, the program remains the fifth most popular broadcast in America.

In other words, you who listen to radio broadcasts want to hear Goodwill Court every Sunday night over NBC. If you didn't, you wouldn't tune it in. Goodwill Court stands approved by a large majority.

Yet, after eight weeks on the air, a movement has been started to deprive you of Goodwill Court by driving it off the air. It is the first attempt in American broadcasting history to censor radio. Until this time, the government itself has deemed this neither necessary nor wise. A Federal law was even passed which stated that radio could not be censored unless it became indecent, profane, or obscene.

Goodwill Court is none of these. But it stands charged with being unworthy for you to listen to by a group of men who may hold the power to put it off the air.

In November, the New York County Lawyers' Association issued a report in which it stated that it was seeking a court ruling which would prevent New York lawyers and judges from appearing on the Goodwill Court program. Such a ruling could put an end to the broadcast, for it would leave Goodwill Court without its foundation—the expert opinions of the judges who give their advice to people who cannot afford to go to lawyers' offices.

Let's see how good a chance the (Continued on page 99)
If you could have seen Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman together during any of their frequent appearances in public within the past few years—arm in arm at broadcasts and the opera, window-shopping on Fifth Avenue, roller skating in Central Park, entertaining brilliantly at their East River apartment or their Hollywood home—you would surely have said to yourself, seeing how much like lovers they were, “It’s grand about the Chapmans. Now there’s a couple who are really happy together!”

If you had talked with them you would have been convinced of it. Gladys would have shyly told you how terribly thankful she was that there wasn’t a single cloud in their marital horizon. Frank would have stated the same thing with repeated glowing phrases.

And if you had read anything or everything printed about them, stories of their romance and home life, undoubtedly you would have concluded that theirs was the ideal marriage. Didn’t everything they say and do prove it? Radio Row was right in calling their union the most gloriously successful one among the milke people.

Everyone else concluded those things too, from seeing and knowing and reading about the Chapmans. Yet the great untold story behind all conclusions is the fact that for the past three years Gladys Swarthout’s marriage has been perilously near disaster! For three years it

Gladys’ faith in her husband never wavered a moment.
has dangled by the single fragile thread of a man's pride, a thread that threatened to snap at any moment and hurl another celebrity romance against the rocks of divorce.

Only very recently has the thing occurred which has restored the marriage of these two singing stars to the secure basis on which it was founded the summer day in 1931 when they were quietly wed at Tenafly, New Jersey: Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman are to be back on the air right after January first singing together on a new program for the same sponsors of Parties at Pickfair. Now the story of their past three years can be told.

The first time I heard Gladys sing was four years ago in a large southern city. She came to town much heralded by publicity, she wore a metal cloth gown that fitted her exquisite figure so perfectly she might have been dipped in silver, she gave a performance that set the local critics to dusting off their finest stock of adjectives. And yet only three hundred people gathered in the small salon of a hotel to hear her sing.

A year later she could have returned to that city and packed its mammoth auditorium to the roof for three nights running. For in a few short months she had become a radio star and an idol of the public. Radio had lifted her from the comparative obscurity of the recital stage and the Metropolitan into the coast-to-coast limelight of the microphone, and almost overnight her name had become a household word from Broadway to Hollywood.

Like a skyrocket, the girl from Deep Water, Missouri, had zoomed to greater heights of recognition than she had ever dreamed would be hers. But instead of being totally happy about it, deep in her heart Gladys Swarthout was sick with regret and fear. This wonderful success, this sudden fame had come to her—but it hadn't come to her husband! And the two of them had started out together on an equal footing.

Frank Chapman was an established concert artist when Gladys Swarthout was an obscure young singer playing the Balaban and Katz theater circuits of the west. They met in Florence, Italy, where Frank had spent two brilliant years as the only American member of the Italian National Opera Company. They fell in love, returned to this country to attend each other's debuts at the Metropolitan, gave a joint recital which brought them ovations of praise, and a year afterward they were married.

Then they settled down to the business of being very happy together and very busy. During the opera season they appeared just about equally on the stage of the Met, during the rest of the year they went on concert tours both singly and together. Of the two of them Frank was by far the more outstanding professionally. He was the well seasoned artist; he led, Gladys followed. Which status, where two musical careers in the same marriage are concerned, is ideal.

(Continued on page 69)
THE thrilling baritone of Nelson Eddy reaches out to you, quickening your heartbeat. Romantic, handsome Tom Waring closes your eyes in secret dreams. Frank Parker sings and you long to know and speak to him. Abe Lyman lifts his baton and leads you off into a land of make believe with the magic of his music.

But in that land of make believe, how do you picture yourself? As the girl you really are or as the heroine in a book of fiction? And how much difference is there between you as you really are and as you picture yourself?

Probably the difference is so big, it doesn't occur to you to try and make yourself over. That is your mistake. If you want dates, if you seek popularity, if you want men to call you, to come and see you, then you should learn what they expect of you and what they don't like about you.

That is why I have gone to ten of radio's most attractive bachelors, men wealthy in good looks and in actual bank balances, and have asked them what they would seek first in a girl and what faults would be most apt to turn them away. Virtues and faults which are within your reach and which can be eliminated, if you really want to make yourself into the kind of a girl most men admire.

Their answers represent the desires, likes and dislikes of the most attractive men, men who have found success and, through experience, know what they want most. Here they are speaking their minds for your benefit. Check up on yourself. It's the chance of a lifetime really to hold a mirror up to yourself and, having examined, go out and face the world of men, secure in the knowledge that you have a darn good idea of how to attract them.

"In ten easy lessons"—one really—see how you can double your popularity in your own circle, wherever you may live, and make your life happier since you can free yourself of nagging fears and doubts as to how to act where men are concerned.

The young men I questioned, Nelson Eddy, Frank Parker, Abe Lyman, Vincent Lopez, Jerry Cooper, Jimmy Farrell, Henry King, Tom Waring, Richard Himber and Igor Gorin, agreed almost to a man on what they would prize most in a girl and what they'd object to most.

The first thing they would expect of a girl is so small, such a detail, that many of us are apt to overlook it. But it should serve as a lesson in how observant most men actually are to points we think of as too minor to be worth worrying over. These ten radio bachelors warn you, "Always keep the seams of your stockings straight."

Next, and this may surprise you—it did me—when you are out on a date, don't disregard your father's and mother's orders. The man you're with might try to talk you into staying out later than you were told to, but he'll respect you more if you refuse to listen to him. That's what Nelson and Tom and Frank and Abe and Igor and the rest of them told me.

Here's something else very surprising, but it is a pleasant surprise. The next time you're challenged, just refer to what these bachelors say. They all agree that a girl has a perfect right to demand that her escort be a good dancer. Score that up as one for your side.
But here is something you might have thought of as silly when it came up last Saturday night at the dance. It isn't, though, according to the unanimous verdict of our bachelors. When the man you're with asks you to sit out a dance, say yes before you hesitate. His reasons for asking you may not be very good, but he'll resent it if you refuse or try to argue.

The next may be harder for you to agree with and it may leave you open to criticism from some of your friends. But our bachelors thought it important. So take a lesson from them. They said, "Be willing to make a first date with a man who doesn't have a car or the money to take you to the places you want to go to." I suppose they really meant, "Don't be snobbish," but I think it is good advice to follow in any event.

Two bachelors disagreed with the other eight on the next point. Nelson Eddy and Henry King took issue, but the others all said yes to the question: "Should a girl marry a man if she has to continue working?" There are probably many men in your home town who would disagree violently. Perhaps you do yourself, but I imagine it would be for different reasons. There are many who still feel instinctively that a woman's place is in the home. The more modern, more successful point of view says something else.

Here is something to open your eyes. It did mine. Take an active part in some outdoor sport, if you would stand high in the estimations of our radio bachelors. None of them thought a girl lost any of her attractiveness by inclining slightly towards athletics, which further proves that their thoughts are distinctly modern in some respects.

Only Vincent Lopez and Henry King didn't say a decided yes to the question: "Should a girl know how to cook?" and both of these men are musicians, used to odd hours and eating whenever they have a free half hour. To the others, who more or less expect a comfortable home life from their marriages, the ability to cook was an essential. Don't think, however, that means they expect you to get all the meals. It is the psychology of having cooking knowledge which is important to them.

Have you often wondered how much knowledge of what is going on in the world men expected you to have? Here's a clue. Make of it what you will. Our bachelors believe that you should be able to name at least two members of the United States Supreme Court. Which shouldn't be a hard test of knowledge, but try yourself out now. Your face may be unexpectedly red. For that matter, try yourself out saying the name of "Gone With the Wind." The bachelors chose that because it is a national best seller and will soon be made into a movie. Just the last name of the author will do, if you can't think of the first.

One last point they said yes to is something on which I imagine most of you will agree. But those of you who are independents, think twice. Ten very eligible bachelors tell you to "Be willing to sacrifice your career for babies." The question might not arise. Your husband might not want children, but if he should, he would expect you to agree with him.

That concludes the first part of our lesson. The second half is on the negative side. Here are (Continued on page 88)

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**IF YOU'D LIKE TO DOUBLE YOUR POPULARITY HERE ARE THE FAR FROM GENTLE HINTS TEN RADIO BACHELORS WANT TO GIVE YOU**

By Judy Ashley

TOM WARING

JERRY COOPER
If you managed a star whose income was just about the biggest thing in the entertainment field, you'd be pretty happy, wouldn't you? And if you were his friend, you'd sit back and smile and think it was pretty swell.

That is, you would if you didn't manage Bing Crosby or weren't his friend. But if you did or if you were, you'd never know a moment's peace. Life then would be like sleeping on the edge of a grumbling volcano.

For Bing Crosby, unspoiled, devil-may-care, lovable Bing, is radio's unfettered rebel, a rebel whose generosity, unswerving loyalty to old pals, and devotion to his principles of right and wrong, lands him into more tough spots per week than a Hindu wrestler or a brigade of Marines could get out of.

Hollywood is littered with examples of the iron willed determination of Bing Crosby to be independent. Of times when his whole career has hung in the balance while his family got the jitters and had to go to bed. Because, as any star will tell you, it's not achieving stardom that's tough, it's staying on top that's really hard to do, and to do it you've got to mind your P's and Q's. Or at least, everyone but Bing does.

There was, for instance, the recent tempest that broke about the unperturbed head of Bing Crosby in regard to the matter of the radio program known as the California Hour.

The California Hour was a program presented by the chain stores of the West Coast to fight against proposed anti-chain store legislation. It was such a partisan issue that amateur talent was used, because naturally no star wanted to become identified with it. For every listener approving, there was bound to be one equally disapproving.

A friend of Bing's not thinking of the consequences, asked him to guest star on The California Hour. "Sure! Glad to," Bing responded cheerfully. Remember, he wasn't to receive a penny for his services. It was a case of friendship, pure and simple. But what a storm broke about Bing's head when it was announced! Five independent merchants who are tenants in Bing's office building threatened to cancel their leases. His radio sponsor, whose product is handled by thousands of independent merchants as well as by chain stores, protested bitterly. Literally thousands of letters and telegrams came in. Bing's brothers, Larry and Everett, pleaded and cajoled—in vain!

"I said I'd do it and I will!" the star insisted.

Finally, the friend who had asked him to appear realized the consequences that would ensue, and he himself asked Bing to forget the promise, releasing him from his obligation.

Then there is the matter of Jimmy Dorsey's band. In the profession and out of it everyone admits Dorsey has about the best swing band there is. But—it isn't the band for

**BING CROSBY, THE UNFETTERED REBEL OF RADIO, WOULD RATHER LOSE HIS STARDOM THAN GO BACK ON HIS WORD—AND IT'S POISON TO HIS CAREER**

Wide World
Crosby. Even Jimmy Dorsey himself admits that. Experienced showmen have told Bing he needs an orchestra with more men and a string section. It would provide a better background for his style of singing. His guest star policy calls for a band of a more symphonic type. But Bing has a stock reply to all suggestions and pleas that he make a change.

"He's my friend and he stays!" he says, and that ends the discussion. Jimmy, you know, was an old crony of Bing's back in Bing's Paul Whiteman days.

Speaking of Paul Whiteman brings to mind a hitherto unrevealed fact in connection with Bing's present radio program. It used to be Whiteman's program, you know, and when it was offered to Bing he refused to accept it until Whiteman had signed for another program.

All Hollywood knows of the case of Arthur Johnston, who wrote the musical score for Bing's latest picture, "Pennies from Heaven." Johnston worked on Bing's movie lot for a long while, but although he was a hard and conscientious worker, he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Finally he was dropped, and the worry brought on a nervous breakdown. He was in a hospital for months, during which time Bing visited him constantly, and encouraged him. When he was well, Bing sent him to New York where he teamed up with lyric writer Johnny Burke.

Bing tried to sell the team to his own studio, but there was nothing doing. So Bing bought a half interest in "Pennies from Heaven" and hired Johnston and Burke to do the score! The happy ending came when they turned in a crackerjack job and wrote a lot of best selling songs.

Each of these instances of Crosby's twitting of (Continued on page 97)
OLLYWOOD?" There was a gay, carefree note in Honore Ameche's laugh. "I'm not afraid of Hollywood. Hollywood can't hurt us."

I wondered how many wives had uttered those same brave words—and then had been forced to sit and watch their homes, all that was fine and precious in their lives, crumble slowly away under forces they could understand but couldn't fight. So many—so very many—that it has become almost a maxim that happy marriages can't exist in Hollywood.

It isn't Hollywood's fault, really. Hollywood is only a symbol for what happens. Gossips say, "Oh, So-and-so has gone Hollywood, and he and his wife have split." But what they mean is that So-and-so has done what countless other men in countless other professions have done since the beginning of time. He's suddenly made a great deal of money and achieved a great deal of success and received a great deal of praise, while his wife stayed home and minded the babies and kept his house in order and—worst of all—stood still. Left behind.

Yes, many wives have said that, but none of them with the calm assurance that shines in the gray eyes of Honore Ameche. With her, the wish isn't father to the thought. She knew. She knows that the talisman exists which will make her and Don proof against Hollywood's adulation and flattery and false values. It's her Hollywood insurance.

"It isn't that Don is better or stronger than other men," she explained seriously. "Or that I'm cleverer than other women. It isn't even that he and I are more in love with each other than others have been who have come here and then separated. We're both human. But we have one protection—Don's radio work, his attitude toward it. His devotion to it is almost a religion."

That is hard to understand, unless you go back to Don's very beginning, back to a day when, bewildered and defeated, he knelt in the enfolding gloom of a little church in his native Madison, Wisconsin, and poured out his soul in a prayer for Divine guidance. A long line of sturdy Italian peasant forbears had instilled into him a deep religious fervor. His cares and troubles seemed to slip away in prayer.

Don Ameche was a failure. In deepest shame, he realized it. Behind him were two heart-breaking years of frustration on Broadway. He had wanted to be an actor, but he had failed; had come home to a life of dull, sordid, underpaid work, stretching ahead of him endlessly.

At home was a sick mother, crippled from a motor accident. A father who faced his old age bereft of the small competence he had worked a lifetime to secure. Seven brothers and sisters looked to Don for food and clothing.
For more than a year after his return from New York he had done unskilled work—first in a mattress factory, then in an automobile plant, finally in a road gang. Break his back as he might, he still couldn't make enough money to supply his family's needs.

Sick at heart, he went into the church to pray. Its peace enfolded him, as it always did. If he could only stop fighting, and stay there, forever! Well, he thought, why not? He loved the church. Why not embrace it for life, become a priest?

Filled with decision, he sought out Father Sheehy, his priest, and confided in him. The kindly old cleric shook his head.

"No, no, my son. You're tired now, and discouraged, too. You have carried a heavy burden. But you cannot desert your family now, when they need you so much. Wait. Wait and have faith. Trust in Him who will find a way for you."

Two days later a long distance telephone call came to the youth as he swung his pick in the road gang. He laid down his tools and answered the summons. He never returned. The call was from Bernardine Flynn, with whom he had once played in a stock company in New York. There was an opening on a

new radio program, Empire Builders, in Chicago. Would Don come to the city and audition for a part in it?

"So you see," said Honore, after she had related all that, "what Don's feeling is for his radio work. He feels it was sent to him. He has been in radio ever since that time. He says he will always be, no matter what else he does, as long as radio wants him."

Within two years after that fateful telephone call, Don had become one of radio's most brilliant and beloved dramatic actors. His mother received medical care that mended her health. His father saw new hope on his horizon. His brothers and sisters were sent back to school. The lean days were over. Radio had done that.

"Don will never forget," Honore declared. "He knows he must repay the beneficence of that Providence. That is why his attitudes toward his radio work and his movie work are so different. He feels that in his radio work he can, in a small way, bring comfort and cheer to the sick, the shut-ins, the blind, the aged—people who cannot go out of their own homes to seek entertainment and pleasure.

And you know, much of his radio fan mail comes from just such people. He reads and answers every bit of his radio mail himself, but his movie fan mail is altogether different. Most of it comes from gushing girls.

"Of course, Don enjoys his movie work. But he enjoys it because it's more a matter of personal gratification as an actor. And of course there is the financial angle. Anyone likes to feel he can make money—a lot of money."

A lot of money! That is the treacherous shoal on which so many of Hollywood's matrimonial barks founder. Yet, when you see how different the (Continued on page 95)
IT'S YOURS FOR THE PLAYING—OZZIE NELSON'S BEAUTIFUL THEME SONG FEATURED ON THE BAKERS BROADCASTS

Loyal Sons Of Rutgers

Extra Lyrics by
OZZIE NELSON '27

Adapted and arranged by
OZZIE NELSON '27
From an original melody by PHILIP BLISS

THE SONG'S STORY
Just ten years ago, on a gridiron at Ithaca, New York, Ozzie Nelson was playing quarterback on the Rutgers eleven. It was the fourth quarter of a blazing game when Ozzie called time out. To a man, the loyal followers in the stadium rose and sang the college song. It was the most moving thing Ozzie had ever heard or seen and he decided in that moment that "Loyal Sons of Rutgers" would henceforth be the theme song of his orchestra.

Extra Lyrics by OZZIE NELSON '27

Adapted and arranged by OZZIE NELSON '27
From an original melody by PHILIP BLISS
When time runs short on the Bakers broadcasts, you hear only the verse of the theme song, but on Ozzie's sustaining programs, the band almost always plays all the music. It's simple music, but full of wistful, haunting melodies.
JANE PICKENS

Lovely Jane has left the Pickens Sisters trio behind to find new success for herself. She is heard every Saturday night on NBC's new hour milk program and is studying for a Metropolitan audition. As though this weren't enough she's also in the "Follies."
Radio City’s most eligible bachelor joined Paul Whiteman’s Woodbury Varieties early in November, and unless there’s a sudden change in plans will remain on the program as its singing star after Shep Fields becomes its maestro soon after New Year’s Day.

FRANK PARKER
Radio City’s most eligible bachelor joined Paul Whiteman’s Woodbury Varieties early in November, and unless there’s a sudden change in plans will remain on the program as its singing star after Shep Fields becomes its maestro soon after New Year’s Day.

FRANK PARKER
YOUR pet bore has that funny gleam in his eye, that apprehensive smile, that threatening way of clearing his throat. He may be your best friend, but at this moment, you're positively afraid of him. He's about to tell a funny story.

Oops—there it goes: “Have you heard the one about the time Mae West...”

“Stop me if you’ve heard this one, but...”

“I can’t tell it in dialect, but there used to be an Irishman I once knew...”

“Knock, knock.”

“Say, you’ll die laughing at this one...”

But you don’t die laughing. In fact, you’re pretty miserable. You shuffle your feet. You fumble with the buttons on your vest. You cough nervously as the endless joke goes on. Finally, you force a laugh. You wish that something could be done about it.

Something can be done about it. With a little effort in the right direction, you and your annoying friends can learn how to tell a funny story well. The problem is to find that right direction. Comedy technique is something like those old facts of life when it comes to frank discussion. There are so few people you can go to for the truth.

I went to Joe Penner. I went to George Burns, Gracie Allen, Eddie Cantor, Ken Murray. I laid my cards on the table. The time had come, I said, for a little missionary work on their part. They had won their way to the top, to big reputations and big incomes, by making people laugh. That was fine, no one could grudge them that. But how about the rest of us? Sure, we want to go on laughing at their jokes. But we like now and then to tell them ourselves. And as often as not we don’t seem to have much luck. What about letting out a few trade secrets?

Now this may surprise you, but every one of these big radio performers heaved a great big sigh of relief. Every one of them said this was something he’d wanted to get off his chest for a long while. You see, they explained, they’re in the same boat with most of the people in their audiences. Off the radio, off the stage, off the screen, they’re even have to try. Oh, don’t they, now! Take their word for it, comedy isn’t a gift, but the result of conscious application to a well defined problem. The remarks that cause spontaneous laughter are concocted just as carefully as grandma’s recipe for spice cake. “A pinch of this, just a sprinkling of that, and lots of raisins.” In other words, there’s a method in a comedian’s madness.

And there should be method in yours, too, if you crave to be the life of the party. Not that you’ll have to sit down and start a filing case for jokes. Every professional comedian has one. But that’s only because he has to draw on a bigger than average supply to meet a bigger than average demand. For your purposes, memory will suffice to store all the jokes you need. But you have to use your memory. Like the professional, you should develop a series of jokes which are applicable to a variety of situations and moods. You’ll have to develop a repertoire of stories if you want to be the sort of person who can get a laugh out of almost any crowd in almost any situation. That’s Joe Penner’s hint to the amateur comedian, anyhow.

“How many times have I heard people say, ‘I never can remember a story!’” Joe said. “I’ve been guilty of the same thing myself. But it’s sure as shooting you can’t repeat a story properly unless you remember it—all of it. The thing I’d suggest is to jot down the ones you hear and maybe give them a new twist. There aren’t many new jokes in the world, you know. Most of the things you laugh at are old as the hills. The point is—they have a new angle.”

To illustrate the point, Joe gave me an example from his personal life. One day he told his wife an old-as-the-hills

RADIO’S ACE COMEDIANS
REVEAL THEIR TECHNIQUE
FOR YOU PARLOR COMICS
WHOSE JOKES FALL FLAT
darkie joke. It was the one about the Southern plantation owner who woke up in the middle of the night to hear a commotion in his hen coop. Getting out of bed, he hurried outside to see what was happening. Trembling at the door of the coop he shouted, "Who's there?" From inside came the equally trembling reply, "Just us chickens, boss."

Next day, Joe returned home alone to find a lot of feminine gewgaws scattered about the empty living room and a great rumpus in the pantry off the dining room. "Hey," shouted Joe, "Who's in there?" His wife opened the pantry door, revealing a group of impromptu visitors raiding the shelves for tea snacks on the maid's day off. She shouted back, "Why, just us chickens, boss."

"Old joke; new angle, you see," Joe said. "But it had to be well memorized. Otherwise it wouldn't have come spontaneously. That's why I'd advise you, if you aren't the remembering kind, to jot 'em down in a little book and work 'em up to suit yourself. Even rehearse them. Then all you've got to do is wait for something to happen as a cue. Plenty will happen—does every day of the year."

So be sure to memorize your jokes perfectly. That's point number one. Point number two is supplied by Milton Berle. This famous Broadway comedian told me that, in his opinion, suitability is the basis of all good comedy. If you've ever winced at the spectacle of Aunt Bessie in the throes of a wicked story, you know what he means.

"You might think a joke's a joke, no matter who tells it. But not so, alas, not so. A quip by Gracie Allen wouldn't fit into Bea Lillie's line at all. My own cracks wouldn't go over so well in the mouth of Alexander Woollcott. The reason there are so many types of professional comedians is that there are so many styles of humor. And here's where the amateur makes his big mistake—he's ready to tackle anything which may come along. He can't put that certain something into some jokes because he just hasn't the voice or the particular personality demanded. Jokes are as specialized as doctors, but you can find plenty to fit your type if you choose carefully."

Apart from typed jokes, Milt pointed out, there are always the wisecracks. In making the wisecrack beautiful, he admits, it's every man for himself. Look at Mr. Simpson of England. Well might he exclaim: "My only regret is that I have but one wife to give to my King." The old sayings and famous quotations that can be slightly misquoted to fit any situation are endless. Every public library has a dictionary of familiar quotations. Look it up sometime and see if you don't get some ideas. Who was it said, "Give me Life, give me Liberty, or give me the Saturday Evening Post?" Surely you can do better than that.

You might think that the professional comedian gets a break by having his quip right there before him on script when he steps up to the microphone. But Eddie Cantor, wagging his head vigorously, says it's the amateur who has the break when it comes to a chance to be really funny. "A person who doesn't tell jokes for a living should be three times funnier than the guy who does," Eddie said. "In fact, all the amateur needs to steal the show is self-confidence and presence of mind! Think of the mental hazards which face the professional. He says to himself, 'Tonight at 9:45 P.M., E.S.T., or whatever the time might be, I've got to be funny. It says so in the paper.' He knows his audience expects him to be funny, and they know he knows it. Consciously or unconsciously his audience is saying, 'I dare you to make me laugh.'"

"But the parlor comedian knows his audience personally. He knows what they've been up to lately, what they're thinking about and he can sneak up on them with a tailor-made story or quip before they have time to stiffen. The best laughter is unexpected laughter! But half the time the guy who doesn't make his living telling jokes won't make use of this tremendous advantage."

The next time you think you are prepared to surprise your friends with a joke, heed Mr. Cantor. Eddie pointed out as horrible examples you people who clear your throats self-consciously and cause a terrible pause in conversation before you say, rather feebly, "That reminds me of the joke about—" Or you who smile apprehensively and have that pouncing look that your best friends can tell a mile off. All you people give your audiences time to consider that they may have to laugh. You've ruined the joke, Eddie says, before you've even begun to tell it.

Don't ever tell a joke apologetically. Or the laughter that follows will be so polite you'll feel like crawling under the carpet.

It's fear of such laughter that makes a lot of people tell a joke aggressively, Eddie thinks. (Continued on page 101)
CAN you imagine what it would be like at the height of a great operatic career suddenly to find your voice completely gone? To be young, talented, ambitious, with a brilliant future stretching away before you one moment; then—nothing but a blank wall of silence.

Ed Jerome, whom you hear as leading man on Rich Man’s Darling, as well as in dozens of other dramatic shows of the air, knows what it means to come face to face with that haunting threat which hangs constantly over an actor’s or a singer’s life.

Even though it happened long ago, that period of silence haunts him still, a vivid reminder of the uncanny tricks that fate can play, a force which shapes his career even today.

But let us go back.

At sixteen, Ed Jerome was a simple Irish boy, a telegrapher’s assistant in a New York hotel, tapping out messages at eight dollars a week. He’d hum to himself at his work in his deep voice, because life seemed very full and pleasant to him.

He was helping to support his family in a little flat. Once in a while he could save enough for the theater and stretch his overgrown legs in a second balcony seat, craning his neck at the remote wonders on the stage.

And then it happened—that sudden onrush of fame. His pal, another telegraph operator, persuaded him to take singing lessons, a vocal teacher marveled at the voice, got him a scholarship at a New York school. But it wasn’t enough.

One summer evening, with a little scraped-up spending money in his pocket, his passage paid, and the promise of a scholarship at the Conservatoire de Paris, Ed Jerome sailed for France to become an opera star.

He couldn’t get over it as he walked the streets of bewildering Paris, and sat in little sidewalk cafes with strange new friends. Everything had been so easy, so sudden. Everything he did was wonderful.

The greatest teacher in the Paris Conservatory adopted Ed Jerome as his protegé. Ed Jerome, the wire-chief’s son, the big Irish boy who hadn’t been able to finish high school, walked around with the vocal score of Gounod’s “Faust” under his arm, and drank tea at the afternoon parties of countesses.

At seventeen, Ed Jerome in the black velvet domino and devil horns of Mephistopheles made his operatic debut in “Faust” on the stage of the Paris Opera House. He was the youngest Mephistopheles of operatic history, but he sang the role like a veteran—perfect from the glorious mature bass voice to the last subtle little pantomime.

Even after the thunderous applause and the praise, he couldn’t believe it. Something was the matter. Things didn’t happen like that in the (Continued on page 76)
JACK BENNY has been a quitter all his life. At every turning point in his career he has turned tail—but each such occasion has somehow advanced his fame and fortune.

I've heard actors, writers and comedians marvel that anyone could reach the top by the seemingly careless, unambitious, unbusinesslike methods that are Jack's. His Sunday half-hour recently forged ahead of Major Bowes in a national radio popularity survey, returning to the first place it lost two years ago. Yet Jack is easy-going, almost phlegmatic, and always takes the line of least resistance. When he gets into a violent argument he will suddenly give in to save himself the effort of keeping his mind on it.

His friend, George Burns, found him fuming one time over the incompetence of his vaudeville agent. Jack had determined to fire him. George didn't want to miss the fireworks, and went along, with his companion getting hotter under the collar and thinking up new vilifying epithets all the way.

As they entered the office, the agent called a cheery, "Good morning, Jack!"
"Is there any mail today?" Benny seethed.
"No, there isn't, Jack."
"Well, goodbye," the infuriated actor boiled, and on the way out mumbled, "I guess I told him!"

Another demonstration of his one-mouse-power temper occurred years ago at the Academy of Music in New York City, which boasted the most blood-thirsty audience since the Roman Coliseum. The house welcome to each new act was a prolonged raspberry—when tomatoes were out of season. Entertainers dreaded to play the spot, but egotistically gave everything they had for the applause of the barbarians, as it was equivalent in the theatrical world to a Congressional Medal for Bravery.

Jack sauntered in from the wings in his usual preoccupied manner at the first performance. His "Hello, everybody!" was drowned in the raspberry-flavored accolade which crescendoed to a thunderous roar as he shuffled deliberately across the stage, his eyes on the floor. When he reached the other side of the stage without so much as a change of expression, the raspberry subsided into ominous defiance, prefacing the real baiting and torture of a human sacrifice.

Jack tossed them a genial "Goodbye, folks," sauntered out of the theater and never came back.

Benny has developed quitting to the perfection of a science. He quit high school in his sophomore year—by request. The principal said he wouldn't amount to anything and was only wasting the taxpayers' money.

Jack next quit his home for the stage. His father threatened to lock up the welcome mat if the boy walked out on him, but admitted he was only bluffing when he found out his son was serious.

Young Jack Benny was a violinist when he quit the stage to join the Navy. There were Seamen's Benefits, so he kept right on entertaining. When the world conflict was over, all that was left of a second-rate violinist was a first-rate comedian.

Laughs are not only Jack's career, they are also his existence. His closest friends are rival comedians—those who can make him laugh the most frequently and heartily—and
when Jack Benny laughs heartily, he falls down, rolls on the floor, and clicks his heels. He matches laugh for laugh, reveling in a joke with the same abandon whether he's on the giving or receiving end.

ONE morning during a Winnipeg date, the Bennys' friend, Al Burns, telephoned from the hotel lobby that he was on his way up to their room. To give Al a laugh, Jack stood on one bed with a pitcher of water on his head and Mary stood on the other bed balancing a telephone book on her brow. At the knock on the door, Jack called "Come in!" and in walked the waiter with their breakfast.

Jack doesn't go in for practical jokes. His idea of fun takes the milder form of telegrams and long distance phone calls.

When "Big Boy" opened in San Francisco, Florence Moore, who was playing in the same city, received a telegram from Jack Benny and George Burns to this effect: "Jolson opens tonight. As we don't know Jolson, we are sending you a telegram. Congratulations!"

The night George Burns and Gracie Allen got married in Cleveland, Jack called up from Vancouver at 4:00 A.M. "Hello—this is Jack Benny!" he announced. George said, "Bring up two orders of bacon and eggs!" and hung up.

While George was playing the Palace in New York, Jack sent him this wire from San Diego, "I think your act is sensational. You've got the cleverest routine, the funniest gags Broadway has ever heard. I think you're a genius—better than Chaplin!" He signed it "George Burns."

Jack once wrote George a six-page letter. George was too busy to answer, so he switched the names in salutation and signature, and sent the letter back. Jack redoubled, and for a year and a half, that was the only letter that passed between them, but it passed frequently.

After George's first program on the air, Jack wrote him a fan letter: "I listened to your program last night and I think it was swell. I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a picture of Tom Mix's horse."

George dug up a picture of a jackass and inscribed it "To my very dear friend, Jack Benny." Jack acknowledged it with "Thank you for your picture."

When Jack meets friends after the theater or in a restaurant, he can't refrain from a cordial, "Come on up to the house—we'll have a lotta laughs." Sometimes he comes home with thirty people. But Jack will never make a good night owl. He habitually rises before nine o'clock every morning, in aggravatingly jubilant spirits. So about the time the impromptu guests dispose of their wraps, their host is asleep on the couch.

He's never the life of the party. But whoever is the life of the party never had a better one-man audience than Jack Benny. He whoops at whatever strikes him funny. Several comedians have risen from the minor ranks through his enthusiasm. He has sat in on radio auditions and used his compelling personality to persuade sponsors to contract comedy programs which would compete with his own, just because he wanted to help someone he used to know in vaudeville.

He is probably the only actor on record without a spark of professional jealousy. When Jesse Block first teamed up with Eve Sully, Jack loaned the pair his best piece of gag material, a sure-fire bit that was getting his biggest laughs on the road. He figured it might do them a lot of good while bookers were catching their act in New York, and wouldn't do him any harm, since they would drop it as soon as they started on the road themselves.

The bit was terrific. Block and Sully became sensations over night and were being held over in New York when Jack returned to play the Palace. After his first performance, people said he was doing a Block and Sully. He took the bit out of his own act and told his friends to keep it when they went on the road.

Jack often gives a fair imitation of a lunatic on the loose. When he is not composing goody telegrams, he is usually lost in a fog of concentration and petty worries. A sudden question will jar loose some words concerning the subject on his mind, making the most surprising answer. Sometimes he doesn't hear you at all, and other times he startles you with an answer fifteen minutes after you have forgotten what you asked.

Four years ago, Jack committed a stupefying act which convinced all his friends of his insanity. Without a single other prospect in view, he quit cold a job that was bringing him $1400 a week. He asked for a release from his contract (Continued on page 79)
DON'T ACT YOUR AGE

IT was 5:57 P. M. In three more minutes the first episode of Raising Junior would go on the air over a national network and the boy who was to have taken the part of Bobby hadn't shown up. Raymond Knight, collaborator and actor in the serial, was approaching madness with pantomime and sound effects in the NBC corridors. Suddenly the elevator doors opened and Knight caught a fleeting glimpse of a chunky, sandy-haired nine-year-old boy.

"HOLD IT!" he yelled as the doors started to close. He jumped at the surprised lad, yanked him out of the elevator, and rushed him up a flight of stairs and into the studio. There he thrust a script into the kid's hands, caught his breath, said: "You're Bobby!" and pushed him in front of the microphone.

That was Walter Tetley's first commercial program, and he remained on it two years. Most children, probably most adults, would have gone to pieces under the hysterical excitement of that moment. But Walter read Bobby's lines without audition or rehearsal—there wasn't a second even for coaching—as if he had been playing the role all his life.

It was his opportunity to prove that he was not a child. And therein lies the secret not only of Walter's success in radio, but the success of every other child who has made good in this adult game. Therein, also, is perhaps the answer to the question that has been puzzling you, whether your own child would have a chance.

There is no place in radio for children who are children in anything but voice and years. They must all measure up to adult standards in dependability and efficiency as well as talent. The boy who misunderstood the time of the Raising Junior broadcast or got too absorbed in a baseball game may have had more dramatic ability than Walter, but he proved he was a child mentally and his radio career ended right there. Nobody even remembers his name.

Walter has been the busiest kid in radio ever since. Barely sixteen, he's made 2300 ether appearances on 150 different programs, a record which few if any adults can match, has shared a microphone with such a dazzling variety of stars as Cantor, Ripley, Waring, Whitman, Penner, Benny, Winchell, Lombardo, Burns and Allen, the Marx Brothers, Easy Aces, Leslie Howard, Clarence Darrow, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Grace Moore, Amelia Earhart, Babe Ruth, Irene Rich, Warden Lawes and Lanny Ross. In one week alone he was in the Show Boat, the Palmolive program, Fred Allen's Town Hall and Helen Hayes' serial, as well as less important broadcasts.

Fred Allen is one of the stars who demands Tetley whenever he needs a boy's voice on his program. I asked him his reasons, and in what he told me I found further proof that to be a successful child star you have to act like a grown up.

"Tet is a better actor than nine out of ten adults in radio," Fred told me, "and he was just as good three years ago. That kid can do anything. The only reason he's not an English professor in Harvard right now is that radio pays better. When he plays my son in a skit, he mimics my voice perfectly in whatever accent I'm using. Chinese, Oxford, hill billy, and he can do Scotch better than any of us."

"He bones on his lines until he's letter perfect. He's actually got us in the habit of expecting so much from him that on a few occasions we've bawled him out for slight mistakes that we'd probably overlook in an adult. He cries like any sensitive kid does when you hurt his feelings, because of course he isn't the tough little brat he seems to be in some scripts—he wouldn't last fifteen minutes in this business if he was—and it's rather a shocking revelation after you've known him to discover he's just a child after all."

Tet has suggested several gags (Continued on page 105)

A STAR AT SIXTEEN, WALTER TETLEY'S PROOF OF WHAT HE SAYS
MURRAY'S MARLYN STUART—Her "Mama, that man's here again" at the beginning of Ken Murray's Tuesday night CBS show and another line at its end are her only appearances on the air, but they've made her better known than many other stars. Tiny and blonde, she is taking singing lessons to get ready for the time when she'll have more to do. She's from Ohio.

OZZIE'S SHIRLEY LLOYD—The new vocalist with Ozzie Nelson's band on NBC's Sunday evening Baker's Broadcast is also a new arrival to radio. Shirley is just twenty, and has been singing professionally only two years. She left her home in Pueblo, Colorado, to sing on Herbie Kay's orchestra. When Ozzie heard her in Chicago he decided she was the vocalist he needed.

CIVIL WAR MAJOR—Jess Pugh plays Major Drucker, friend and counselor of Nurse Clara Barton, in CBS' dramatic serial, Junior Nurse Corps, three times a week at five. His birthplace is Indiana, where he worked in a bank after leaving school. Then he was a humorist and monologist for twenty-one years on a lyceum circuit. He's married and has two grown sons.

CIVIL WAR NURSE—Lovely Sunda Love portrays the famous nurse, Clara Barton, in the Junior Nurse Corps. She comes from a musical family, and was teaching piano when she was ten. After graduating from the University of Illinois she went on the stage and then into radio. Brown-eyed Sunda is married to the boy who gave her his fraternity pin while they were in college.
SINGER WALTER CASSEL—Two years ago he rode out of the Middle West in a cattle car full of yearlings; now he’s one of the stars of the Saturday Night Party over NBC, at the age of 26. He started his career by studying dentistry; married; painted signs for a living; and was encouraged to sing by Lawrence Tibbett. The latest of his three children was born in October.

"YOUR PET" TENOR—A contribution of the South to radio is William Perry, tenor soloist on the CBS Your Pet program Saturday nights. He’s a member of an old Nashville, Tennessee family, and was a music teacher in the Nashville schools before entering radio. You heard him first as a member of the Melodeers Quartet. He likes to ride horseback and to watch football games.

DUDE RANCH’S JIM BABCOCK—The story-teller on the NBC Log Cabin Dude Ranch Tuesday nights is John Milton, a real old-time actor. He made his debut in New York in 1892, with Mme. Helena Modjeska, and has appeared with most of today’s famous stars. He spends his vacations in the West, but he played in London one summer, and would like to go there again.

QUESTIONER UNCLE JIM—Jim McWilliams is master of ceremonies on Uncle Jim’s Question Bee, on NBC Saturday nights. For many years he was in vaudeville as the partner of Frank Crumit, then retired to his home at Virginia Beach, Virginia, where he’s a church elder and a member of the county school board. The rest of his time he spends choosing questions for his program.
ANOTHER ACTION PACKED CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS REPORTER AS HE COVERS CHICAGO'S UNDERWORLD AND PANCHO VILLA'S REVOLUTION
The story so far: Ever since he was a child in Washington, D.C., Floyd Gibbons has wanted to be where the excitement was. His first job, when he was eleven, was selling newspapers in Washington, and he took it not because he had to earn money but because the Spanish-American war was on and it was thrilling to be out on the streets, bringing the news to the waiting public. Later, the family moved to other cities, and was in Minneapolis when Floyd grew old enough to decide he'd had enough formal education and wanted to begin earning his own living. He had only one ambition—to satisfy his insatiable curiosity by being a newspaper reporter. In spite of the opposition of his father, Edward Gibbons, who wanted him to follow some more settled line of work, Floyd got a job on the Minneapolis News. After a few weeks he was fired—he never knew why until years later, when he learned that his father had had him discharged on purpose, hoping to disgust him with a reporter's life. Instead, he went to Milwaukee and got another newspaper job.

Part Two

Milwaukee was kind to the boy from Minneapolis—or perhaps it was just that Floyd was a good reporter. After his first signed story, which he clipped and sent proudly home to his mother, there were many more. He was no longer a cub, but a full-fledged reporter—and not yet in his twenties.

He stayed in Milwaukee only six months, however. His father came to see him one day and asked him to come home, back to Minneapolis. "You can get a job on a newspaper there, if you want to," he said. "You know how I feel about that, but I guess you know what you want to do. Come home, anyway. Your mother misses you—she thinks you're too young to be out on your own."

The truth was, as Floyd realized later, that his mother sympathized perfectly with him, but his father couldn't bear the thought of his eldest son being in another city. He wanted to have him where he could keep an eye on him, control him. He hadn't learned that controlling Floyd Gibbons was a little like controlling a boiler-full of live steam without a safety valve.

Floyd returned, but with a stipulation: he was to be completely on his own. He would neither accept money from his father nor live in the Gibbons home. And, of course, he was to be allowed to work for a newspaper.

He got a job with the Minneapolis Tribune, and in the next year or so he had his first (Continued on page 84)

Opposite page, Floyd Gibbons in the midst of one of his rapid-fire stories on the Nash Speed show. Below, there's a story behind this picture taken during Pancho Villa's revolution. Floyd and another man had just given first aid to the old Mexican soldier at the right, who had been wounded. When Floyd and his companion attempted to continue on their way, the Mexican, unable to speak English, warned them not to go any farther by holding his hat up on the point of his rifle. A bullet zoomed through the hat and Floyd stayed right where he was.

Below, Pancho Villa's men and their families beside one of the trains which Villa used as his traveling headquarters. Floyd had a private car to himself. At bottom, Floyd [second from the right] in front of a dugout during the Mexican Revolution. Note the beard—life in Mexico didn't offer the time nor the facilities for very frequent shaving.

Photos loaned to Radio Mirror by Floyd Gibbons from his personal scrapbook
The story so far: Ever since he was a child in Washington, D.C., Floyd Gibbons has wanted to be where the excitement was. His first job, when he was eleven, was selling newspapers in Washington, and he took it not because he had to earn money but because the Spanish-American war was on and it was thrilling to be out on the streets, bringing the news to the waiting public.

Later, the family moved to other cities, and was in Minneapolis when Floyd grew old enough to decide he'd had enough formal education and wanted to begin earning his own living. He had only one ambition—to satisfy his insatiable curiosity by being a newspaper reporter. In spite of the opposition of his father, Edward Gibbons, who wanted him to follow some more settled line of work, Floyd got a job on the Minneapolis News. After a few weeks he was fired—he never knew why until years later, when he learned that his father had had him discharged on purpose, hoping to disgust him with a reporter's life. Instead, he went to Milwaukee and got another newspaper job.

**Part Two**

Milwaukee was kind to the boy from Minneapolis—or perhaps it was just that Floyd was a good reporter. After his first signed story, which he clipped and sent proudly home to his mother, there were many more. He was no longer a cub, but a full-fledged reporter—and not yet in his twenties.

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Photo issued to Rescue Mission by Floyd Gibbons from his personal scrapbook.
In the darkened quiet of your own living room, you and your family lean forward, intent upon a mirror which reflects the images of the Honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert. Their lips move— you see them—and as they do so the sound of their voices fills the room. You laugh as they wink at each other . . . The scene changes; you are watching King Edward's coronation or the Spanish revolution; a whirl of lights, and President Roosevelt is delivering his opening message to Congress. The smile you've had to imagine at his fireside talks is really there.

From an unimpeachable source, I know that television on a commercial scale will be undertaken in New York City during 1937. Already, such stars as Grace and Eddie Albert are broadcasting weekly programs which are both heard and seen by television experts stationed at various points within the radius reached by the television waves. Those waves aren't powerful enough yet to span the Atlantic, but by the time King Edward's coronation is held, television service will be available to one-quarter of the population of the British Isles. In Germany, people will be able to watch Hitler's face as he talks to them on a screen four times as large as any yet developed here.

Have you wondered, in the midst of all that has been said and printed on the subject of television, what a television set looks like? Now, if you will look at the picture accompanying this article, you can see for yourself. Have you wondered what you would see if a set were installed in your home and a program tuned in? Have you wondered which of today's radio and movie stars would retain or increase their popularity in the new medium? Which Hollywood star is television's ideal? And have you wondered when the general public—meaning you, not reporters nor electrical engineers—will get a look at this newest mechanical marvel, and perhaps a chance to buy one?

Those questions, too, will be answered by the time you've finished reading. I want to give you a report, today's report, on the progress of the most fascinating forward step man has ever taken to abolish limitations of space and time.

Television on a non-commercial basis has been going on, as no doubt you know, since early last summer. That is, programs under constantly changing conditions have been broadcast, and have been watched, by a small group of experts who had been supplied with receivers.

In November, on the 62nd floor of Radio City's tallest building, I watched a forty-minute sight and sound program flashed simultaneously upon the screens of almost a dozen television sets, ranged along the wall. The program came from the top floor of the Empire State building, sixteen blocks downtown.

(Continued on page 93)
REALLY HERE?

POST YOURSELF ON TODAY'S ENTERTAINMENT SENSATION WITH FACTS AND PICTURES YOU'VE NEVER READ OR SEEN

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

Opposite page, television requires heavy makeup for its performers. Note how Grace and Eddie Albert are accenting their features with the grease paint. At left, an actual broadcast scene, with its heavy camera, the microphone at the end of a derrick, and the battery of spotlights. Above, a television set being tuned in to receive a program. The gray oblong at the top is the 7 1/2 by 10 inch screen upon which you see the performer's image. Scientists are working now to perfect a larger screen.
THIS is the story of a great friendship. A tempestuous, demanding friendship, but nevertheless a great one, true and deep and abiding.

It's the story of a famous star and of the man he first started on the road to success, then grew to depend upon for success in his own career. It's a story which grew to be a legend along the Broadway of fifteen years ago; and although the Broadway of today has forgotten it, it is still fresh and strong in the hearts of Al Jolson and Al Goodman.

If these things had not happened you might not today be listening to Al Jolson on his new Rinso program; and you almost certainly would not hear Al Goodman as maestro of the Show Boat and Lucky Strike programs. These two men as they are now, are products of the relationship which began between them in 1917. Without Al Jolson, Goodman might well have remained an obscure orchestra leader instead of the important figure in radio he is; and without Goodman, Jolson could never have reached the high position he occupies in the world of entertainment. The story is significant for still another reason. Through Al Goodman's eyes, I saw a Jolson I hadn't met before, a more human and understandable Jolson. In the ten years during which they were closely associated, Goodman learned things about Jolson no one else knew, or could know. But their place is later in the story.

In 1916, Al Goodman was in San Francisco, leading the orchestra for "What Next," a musical comedy starring Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger—yes, the same Charles Winninger who was later to be the beloved Cap'n Henry of Show Boat. It was a road company, hastily thrown together, and although the stars were well known their supporting cast and the orchestra were of considerably less than Broadway calibre. Nobody knew who Al Goodman was, and certainly nobody cared.

Until one night when Al Jolson dropped in to listen to the show. He was on a vacation, but that couldn't keep him out of the theater. After the performance, he looked Goodman up, backstage, and said, "I'm going to have you working for me some day. I'll send for you, and you've got to come. You've got something no other musical comedy orchestra director I've ever heard has, and I need you."

Then he went away, and that was the last Goodman heard from him for almost a year. "What Next" had closed after its Coast run, and Al Goodman hadn't been able to find another steady job. It was wartime, remember, and he was in naval uniform, subject to call at any time. When he applied for work in a show, the manager would look at the uniform and shake his head, afraid to hire him lest he be called away suddenly in the middle of a run.

Debts began to pile up. Al and Mrs. Goodman struggled along, trying to feed their two little children and themselves, but it was uphill, hopeless work. And then—just as if he'd known when Al Goodman needed his help most—then was when Al Jolson sent for him to come to New York and direct the orchestra for his new show "Sinbad."

Al Jolson, above, was always fighting with his producers until he found Al Goodman who smoothed the way for his first real success. Jolson's on the air again, on a big new show.

THEIR FRIENDSHIP BROUGHT
OF YOUR BEST LOVED STARS WOULDN'T BE BROADCASTING TODAY

In order to understand what Goodman could and did do for Jolson, you must understand what theater orchestras were like in those days. The musicians in them were musical snobs. They considered themselves above the music they were called upon to play, if that music held the merest taint of what people in those days called ragtime. They weren't at all in sympathy with Al Jolson and his vivid, energetic way of performing. They remembered that he'd come to the musical comedy stage straight out of minstrel shows, and they thought he was just a coon shouter. Their music was stodgy, ordinary, and downright dull. They wanted to play for a Jolson extravaganza as if it were an operetta.

Jolson's efforts to get the kind of accompaniment he wanted from a long succession of musical directors had resulted in an unending battle which was almost a Broadway tradition. He couldn't help fighting with them, because all their ideas of how to play music were the exact opposite of his. He liked to have a good time on the stage, cavort around and enjoy himself, sing a song when and how he pleased at that particular moment; and because he was a clever showman, when he had a good time the audience did, too. But the usual Broadway orchestra conductor, with his set ideas of how to do things, wouldn't let Jolson have a good time.

Al Goodman was different. He liked Jolson, in the first place, and sympathized with what he was trying to do. He was young, eager, anxious to experiment with new ideas. He came from the West Coast, where theater orchestras were less formal. When Jolson would suddenly decide to change songs in the middle of a performance, Goodman was always ready with the music at a moment's notice. Jolson could follow his whims, and know that Goodman would follow them, too, and that there would be no confusion in the orchestra, only an added spontaneity and excitement. Under Goodman's direction, "Sinbad" took on a new sparkle and color. Every performance was an adventure instead of a routine. The critics, when it opened out of town, were enthusiastic; and because they didn't know the whole story, they gave all the credit to Jolson. For the first time he was able to show them the full power of his great theatrical personality, with which he seemed to take every individual member of an audience into his confidence. Goodman was satisfied and happy. Jolson had given him his big chance, and in his gratitude he was well pleased to be able to further Jolson's career. Yet until tragedy struck at his private life, he never knew how far Jolson's friendship for him went past a mere professional relationship. He knew he had a good boss—but he didn't know he also had a friend.

"Sinbad" was play-
(Cont. on page 67)
When the picture below was taken, Winifred Toomey used to come to her summer radio programs looking sad because soon she'd have to go back to school. She needn't worry about homework any more, she's too busy being featured on the Tom Mix series over NBC. Sophisticated waves replace baby ringlets.

The same smile, but such a different effect! When Betty Wragge auditioned for radio, she was the Dutch bobbed girl below. But, like radio, she has grown up, and this winter she is taking a leading role in Pepper Young's Family, the popular dramatic serial broadcast five times a week on NBC.
A very short time ago they were radio's starlets. Now they are full fledged actresses taking part in network programs.

Nancy Kelly's another drama debutante who made her first microphone appearance as Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz. She liked short dresses, didn't like the boys and had already appeared in fifty movies, way back in those days. You hear her on the CBS March of Time, and also on the Cavalcade of America.

Ethel Blume's first program was Madge Tucker's The Lady Next Door. Graduation for her was just a year ago, when she was added to the cast of Peggy's Doctor. Now she is a regular member of David Harum and Home Sweet Home. Her rise to stardom has been as rapid as the sudden flowering of her beauty.
Above, Hildegarde poses in her slinky, black cellophane evening gown. There are tiny threads of red and green running through the material, giving a rainbow cast. This is a gown most women can wear because of its simplicity.

Hildegarde's own coat of gray duveteeen with lots of Persian fur trimming. The collar criss-crosses in front and down along the sleeves. Right, a Le Maire selection—a romantic gold lamé robe with a full skirt and pinched wasp waist. The puff-shouldered jacket goes over the backless back.

A Le Maire selection—the sweetness of pure Greek in a typical evening gown of this season with its knee-length tunic, trimmed with bands of gold leather upon which is appliquéd a scroll of multi-colored, scintillating beads.
BEGINNING with this issue, Charles Le Maire, star designer of the La Salle Fashion Show, broadcast each Thursday afternoon over NBC, will select for Radio Mirror readers the most important costumes of the month, modeled by beautiful radio personalities.

This month we've chosen Hildegarde, NBC's singer and television girl, as our model.

The Le Maire creations shown on these pages can be purchased at any of the following stores:

- New York City: Bergdorf Goodman
- Boston, Mass.: Ida Claire
- Bar Harbor, Me.: Mrs. Franklin, Inc.
- Philadelphia, Pa.: House of Wengler
- Baltimore, Md.: Galther-Williams
- Washington, D.C.: Pasternaks
- Buffalo, N.Y.: Mabel Donahy, Inc.
- Pittsburgh, Pa.: Wm. Penn Hat Shop
- Cleveland, Ohio: Mary-Louise, Inc.
- Detroit, Michigan: Sax-Ray
- Chicago, Ill.: Stanley-Korthaeck
- St. Louis, Mo.: Madeline et Cie

Below, Hildegarde in a Bergdorf-Goodman sport dress of mustard-color imported wool fabric. It's a very smart street costume and good and warm under your winter coat. Pockets and neckline are trimmed with Persian cloth.

A Le Maire selection—it's called "Eleven o'clock on." With its small bolero you are ready for the day. You are even ready for dinner by removing the jacket to disclose the decolletage. The tiny hat goes with it.

FOLLOW RADIO MIRROR’S STYLE PARADE LED BY CHARLES LE MAIRE AND LEARN THE LATEST TIPS ABOUT CLOTHING
**FIRST WITH THE LATEST,**

**WE GIVE YOU DANCELAND SECRETS BEFORE THEY'VE EVEN BECOME WHISPERS**

Music has picked itself a strong man. Joseph V. McKee, former mayor of New York, has been retained by the Music Publishers Protective Association to serve music in the same capacity as Judge Landis in baseball and Will Hays in the movies. One of the first matters McKee took up was the code of fair trade practices which seeks to correct abuses of long standing in the industry, such as publishers paying orchestra leaders for plugs, for making special arrangements of their songs, etc. McKee is expected to crack down on these practices as well as talk turkey to infringers who make records of radio programs. Developments are awaited with interest.

An epidemic of new bands is breaking out, seeming to indicate that that corner to prosperity has been passed. Mario Braggiotti (of Fray and Braggiotti, piano team) has polished off a band that looks to be going places. Bert Block, whose cohorts Tommy Dorsey raided, is back with a new outfit. Harry Reser has taken unto himself a young, new bunch of musikers and discarded the Clicquot Club Eskimos which brought him fame. Jack Jenny (not Denny or Benny) has assembled a fine unit. Jack is considered one of the ace trombonists in the business.

You'd be surprised how sensitive most of the maestros are about their figures. Daily they consult their scales with apprehension. Glen Gray, who is six foot three, goes to the mat almost daily with a professional wrestler to keep down his poundage. As do most of the men in the band. Of course the classic examples in the reducing column are Paul Whiteman and Jacques Renard who took off huge slices of bulk by diet. Golf is by far the favorite method. Harry Sosnick is one of the few trying to put on weight. Eddy Duchin keeps lithe by his frequent and sweeping bows to the debs who frequent the Plaza. Hal Kemp by autographing photos, Frank Parker by playing polo, Benny Goodman by playing hot tunes, Dick Stabile on the rowing machine, Bob Crosby by taking frequent hot and cold baths. It's really a grim business.

Although they all began by playing an instrument, the maestros who can keep it up and lead, too, are the exceptions. Did you know that Abe Lyman used to play drums, Rudy Vallee the sax, Paul Whiteman the viola, George Olsen the drums, Ozzie Nelson the sax, Guy Lombardo the fiddle, ditto Ben Bernie, Will (Continued on page 82)
THREE thousand miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, the greatest preparations for any public event in modern European history are taking place. The most publicized, and certainly the most dramatic coronation in the history of the British Empire will take place next May. And so—it's Coronation Year.

In the cut of your dresses, in the colors of your accessories, even in your shoes and hats and cosmetics, this is the important question to be considered: "Is it Coronation?"

But before you can be sure of your ensemble, no matter how many modish new dresses and coats and hats you are buying, you won't be fashion-right until you've done something about your hair.

Stop and think. How many months, even years, has it been since you've done your hair a new way? And you've gotten away with it, 'too so far, but you can't any longer. Not this season! Just look at the types of hairdressing illustrated on this page. That ought to show you how much you're going to have to experiment before you can be satisfied. You won't be alone in your experimenting, either, for half the lovely stars of radio I've seen lately are in the same throes.

That's why I went to Robert, the famous Parisian hairdresser and perfumer, who has a New York salon on upper Fifth Avenue, and persuaded him to give me these four examples of his own Coronation creations. If radio stars think it's worth their while to go to Robert for specially designed coiffures—and pay him well for it, too—it's certainly going to be worth your while to study the sketches he gave me and then try them out for yourself.

Robert has given each of his creations delightfully appropriate names and each one typifies an essential feature of the Coronation trend. "Coronation" itself, for instance, shows you the clusters of ringlets which are so important today; notice the symbolic crown effect achieved without artificial rigidity or coldness. "Aigrette," with its distinctive center part, illustrates the lifted hairline at the temples. "Flighte," with its extremely smart simplicity, is the personification of the off-the-face movement. In both "Flighte" and "Coronation," you see the (Continued on page 92)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Morning Show&quot;</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Morning Show&quot;</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;Today's Children&quot;</td>
<td>12:30</td>
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<td>&quot;Today's Children&quot;</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;Today's Children&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Music Show&quot;</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Music Show&quot;</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Music Show&quot;</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Music Show&quot;</td>
<td>7:30</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
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<td>NBC-Red</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Music Show&quot;</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>&quot;The Music Show&quot;</td>
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**Notes:**
- All times are Eastern Standard.
- Programming may vary.
- For complete listings, visit the official radio station websites.
**PROGRAM DIRECTORY**

**THURSDAY**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>PROGRAM</th>
<th>NETWORKS</th>
<th>STATION</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS: Betty and Bob</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Mrs. Waggs</td>
<td>KVOO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Modern Cinderella</td>
<td>NBC-Red: John's Other Wife</td>
<td>KGA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>CBS: John the First</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family</td>
<td>WRVA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>A.M.</td>
<td>NBC: Hymns of All Churches</td>
<td>KSTP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC: Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Today's Children</td>
<td>KECA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NASCAR: East Coast</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Personal Column</td>
<td>WSPO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>CBS: The Gumps</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Backstage Wife</td>
<td>WHO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vis &amp; Sade</td>
<td>8:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC: Eleanor Hree</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: How to Be Charming</td>
<td>KGO</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>The Gumps</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vis &amp; Sade</td>
<td>KFBB</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: Tal Malone</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Mary Martin</td>
<td>WWVA</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC: Romance of Helen Trent</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>CFB</td>
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<td>Rich Man's Darlings</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>NBC-Blue:</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Ted Malone</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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**FRIDAY**

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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Rich Man's Darlings</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>NBC-Blue:</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vaughn de Leath</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Ted Malone</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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**SATURDAY**

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<th>TIME</th>
<th>PROGRAM</th>
<th>NETWORKS</th>
<th>STATION</th>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS: Betty and Bob</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Mrs. Waggs</td>
<td>KVOO</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Modern Cinderella</td>
<td>NBC-Red: John's Other Wife</td>
<td>KGA</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>CBS: John the First</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family</td>
<td>WRVA</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>A.M.</td>
<td>NBC: Hymns of All Churches</td>
<td>KSTP</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>NBC: Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Today's Children</td>
<td>KECA</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NASCAR: East Coast</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Personal Column</td>
<td>WSPO</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>CBS: The Gumps</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Backstage Wife</td>
<td>WHO</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Big Sister</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vis &amp; Sade</td>
<td>8:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC: Eleanor Hree</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: How to Be Charming</td>
<td>KGO</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>The Gumps</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vis &amp; Sade</td>
<td>KFBB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: Tal Malone</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Mary Martin</td>
<td>WWVA</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC: Romance of Helen Trent</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>CFB</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Rich Man's Darlings</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>NBC-Blue:</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vaughn de Leath</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Ted Malone</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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**HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE**

Programs of the four major networks are listed on the opposite two pages — Columbia Broadcasting System, the two National Broadcasting Company stations, and Mutual Broadcasting System. This will enable you to learn what network your local station is attached with and find it in one of the lists printed below. All regularly scheduled programs, broadcast from 6:30 A.M. to 11:00 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, are included in the listing. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division is still being broadcast or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time given is Eastern Standard Time. For Central Standard Time subtract one hour; for Mountain Standard Time subtract two and for Pacific Standard Time subtract three.

**E.S.T.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>PROGRAM</th>
<th>NETWORKS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS: George Hall Orch.</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>KGO</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>CBS: Rex Battle Orch.</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WHO</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: Buffalo Presents</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WGBX</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>CBS: The Man's Darlings</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WJOX</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Five Star Revue</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WBEN</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>National Barn Dance</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>NBC: Country Geese</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>NBC: Gable Page</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>NBC: Hesburger Orchestra</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>National Barn Dance</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC: Musical Adventures</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC: Tom Mix</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC: Adventures of Jack Masters</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC: Wilderness Road</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
<td>WABC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC: Flying Time</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Farm Hour</td>
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**Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Networks**

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<tr>
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**Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks**

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**BLUE NETWORK**

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**SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS**

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ALL FOUR NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.
PUT MAGIC IN YOUR BAKING

ARE YOU AN OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN MECHANIC? LET MA PERKINS TELL YOU ABOUT SOME UP-TO-DATE RECIPES

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Friendly, lovable Ma Perkins, with her homely philosophy, as played by Virginia Payne, is heard five times a week over the NBC network, and sponsored by Oxydol.

JUST hearing Ma Perkins on the air would be enough to tell you that she has grand ideas about food. But talk with her for only a few minutes and you'd be really sure. She makes you see visions of spoon bread and waffles, luscious, spicy desserts, and dumplings with gravy.

In the old housewives' calendars Friday was always baking day, the day when bread and cookies, cakes and pies, were prepared for the coming week. What an exhausting day it was! And how dull and unappetizing those foods, so fresh and delicious on Friday, seemed when they appeared at table some days later. How much pleasanter—and more sensible—is our modern baking magic which brings freshly baked foods to every meal, glorifying even the hurried, grumbling before-business breakfast into a gracious start for the day.

Ma Perkins belongs to the "hot breads for breakfast" school, and no nonsense about their being hard to make or difficult to digest. Rice spoon bread is one of the leaders in her household, and if you wonder why, just try it on your family some morning and wait for their verdict.

Rice Spoon Bread

3 tbl. white cornmeal 2 eggs, separated
⅔ cup flour 1 tsp. salt
1 cup cooked rice 1 tbl. sugar

Pour boiling water over cornmeal and mix together. Sift in sugar, salt and flour. Cook in double boiler until thick. Stir in rice and butter. Beat together egg yolks, baking powder and milk, and stir into rice and cornmeal mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish, set in pan containing an inch of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Everyone likes waffles, of course, but until you have tried Ma Perkins' orange waffles you just can't realize how delicious they can be. Since she often serves them to her Sunday night supper guests, she believes in saving time and trouble by using one of the prepared pancake flours. She mixes the flour and liquid according to the directions which come with the package, adding one beaten egg and two tablespoons of grated orange rind for every two cups of the prepared pancake mixture. The waffles are served with orange slices, or orange marmalade, but they also may be served as a dessert with whipped cream to which grated orange rind and a few drops of orange juice have been added.

Nothing could be better on a cold winter night than veal pot pie with dumplings, and if you have been neglecting this dish get to work today with this recipe given to me by Ma Perkins.

Veal Pot Pie

2 lbs. shoulder of veal, ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
in inch cubes 2 cups diced potatoes
1 onion ½ cup tomato catsup
1 tsp. salt 3 tbl. flour
⅔ tsp. pepper ½ cup cold water

Dumplings

Cover veal and onion, which has been cut in quarters, with cold water, bring to a boil slowly and simmer for an hour and a half. Remove from fire and again bring to a slow boil. Add salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Add potatoes and continue cooking until potatoes are nearly done. Add catsup and thicken with flour blended with cold water.

(Continued on page 104)
RADIO MIRROR

Reduce Pores...Soften Lines

WITH THIS ROUSING UNDER SKIN TREATMENT

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five...you're thirty or more!
The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—
Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged... Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—briskly. The circulation stirs. Glands wake. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It 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. 8TR-CB, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

Name__________________________
Street_________________________
City______State____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Co.
PUT sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty “Sub-Deb.” It contains a special softening ingredient, “Theobroma.” Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades, New! “Air Spun” Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of “Theobroma” into every “Sub-Deb” Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAY
GREETINGS TO
Tom Waring of Waring’s Pennsylvanians—February 12.
Connie Gates, NBC vocalist—February 19.
Frank Munn, of The American Album of Familiar Music—February 27.
Jack Benny and Jessica Dragonette—the 14th.
Phil (Seth Parker) Lord—the 22nd.
Robert (Bazooka) Burns—the 25th.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS
Beulah Delli C., Elwood, Ind.—We know a lot about Harry Von Zell. First of all, he was born in Indianapolis, Ind., July 11, 1906. He got his education there, Sioux City, Iowa and Los Angeles, California. He left college after his first year when a football injury caused a protracted period of inactivity. He later took up boxing. Yes, that’s just what I mean. Harry won three bouts and lost and tied one each before deserting fisticuffs as a profession. Made his radio debut over station KMIC as a singer. Harry is married, and he calls his wife “Mickey.” The Von Zells live on Long Island with their seven-year-old son, Kenneth Harry. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Gar K., Brooklyn, New York—So far as we know, Judy Starr’s real name is Judy Starr. She was born in Thomasville, Georgia, and brought up in Clarksburg, Va. Judy, who is twenty, is surely the tiniest grown-up songstress on the air, for she is four-feet-nine in height, weighs eighty-three pounds, and wears size one-and-a-half shoes. She attributes her success to her first evening gown and Rudy Vallee. She’s not married.

Irene B., New York City—Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton went off the air last year and we haven’t heard of them since. However, they might be on some (Continued on page 58)

Hollywood Hotel’s popular Frances Langford has her busy moments. Now that her latest picture, “Born to Dance,” has been released, she’s busier than ever autographing pictures for her many ardent admirers.
Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...
FROM SPECIAL TOYS THAT TEACH...TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...
THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY...

SEE THAT TOY?
It's a special toy...made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made especially for them...even their laxative.

It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender...too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially and only for children.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the natural muscular movement. It clears away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence.

Fletcher's Castoria can never upset a baby's tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And important as anything else...Fletcher's Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.

So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer...and gives you more for your money. The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The laxative made especially for babies and growing children
What Do You Want to Know? (Continued from page 56)

Joan D. of Garfield, N. J., and Jean D. of Brooklyn, New York—Buddy Clark was born in Brooklyn, and attended law school at Northeastern Law School there, but his singing as an amateur won such hearty response, that he decided in his third year to abandon law for a career in radio. He started about four years ago and is one of radio's popular singers. Golpe and his parents are both sports fans. Addie has him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Ruth M. F., Charlotte Hall, Md.—By this time, if you've purchased a copy of January Radio Mirror, you must have read all about Ted Malone in that swell story entitled, "Two Loves That Guide Ted Malone," Am I forgiven for not telling you about him before?

Harold M., Springfield, Mo.—For a picture of Cab Calloway, write and ask him for the Mills Artists, 709 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mr. M. R. Hardin, Rutherford, N. J.—Our letter came back marked "not found." Is this to let us know that we appreciate your suggestions and will try to please you soon.

Helen Hayes H., Los Angeles, Calif.—I enjoyed reading your Carmen Lombardo Club bulletin. Would you be interested in reading about brother Guy? Or maybe you have already read it. It's called "Sentimental Guy," and it's in the January Radio Mirror.

Eddie Duchin fans, attention! If you want to know all about the Eddie Duchin fan club, get in touch with Edna Rogers, 3730 N. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kitty B., Bay Head, N. J.—Wasn't that list just a bit too long, Kitty? Have a heart! Here are a few you asked for: Photograh of Cornelia. Skirving, Kate Smith, Ed Wynn, Irene Wicker, address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. For a photograph of Wallace Wolf King, write to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, and address Benny Rubin in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Frank A., Lansford, Pa.—Write to Little Jack Little in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. I'm sure your letter will be forwarded to him and he will be glad to send such an ardent admirer a photo. Address Paul Whiteham in care of the National Broadcasting Company's New York City office—Rockefeller Plaza; Bob Burns, the National Broadcasting Company's California office—555 South Flower Street, Los Angeles.

K. B. G., Phila., Pa.—June Meredith is on the air in Boston. As you know, the story of Mary Martin, the national networks, Jean Paul King plays the leading part in Romance, Inc., over NBC's WJZ. As for Frank Singheiser, he's a free lancer, playing dramatic bits here and there. The William Adams who played in The New Penny, is the same person who plays the Palmolive Beauty Box programs, as Tom Gilbert.

Mildred W., Winnipeg, Canada—Happy Jack Turner sings on the Breakfast Club program. Address him in care of that program at the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. You can write Tony Russell for his picture at Station WBZ, Boston, Mass.

Cecily D., Evanston, Ill.—Sorry, but we can't help you with addresses of movie stars. Please write to the movie publicists for addresses of other stars. Gracie Allen and Gracie Allen are radio stars as well as movie stars and we know where they can be reached. Tony Russell, in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, California.

Betty H., Chicago, Ill.—The Hoffhams are off the air at this writing. Here's the lineup of the Show Boat cast. First, of course, there's its leading tenor and master of ceremonies, Lanny Ross; then Helen Jeppson, soprano; Molasses 'n January; Sam Hearn, comedian; Ross Graham; and the Chordettes; Al Goodman's orchestra and the Modern Choir.

Mr. Sully C., Somerville, Mass.—What list! First of all, Frank Parker's name is Frank Parker. He'll take an oath that it isn't Ciccio although at one time some notices were misprinted and called Ciccio. Frank was born in New York of Italian parentage. And he lives in New York today. We don't know now when he will appear in vaudeville, but if you want to write and ask him, address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Mrs. A. J. K., St. Croix Falls, Wis.—You're right about Lady Esther on Wayne King's programs and Frances Moran of Today's Children. George Hesseberger is not Walter Blaeser. George conduct an orchestra at some dance spot out West.

Jean M., New Toronto, Canada—Why don't you write to Jerry Cooper direct? Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, N. Y. Did you read the story about Jerry in the December Radio Mirror?

Dolores C., Klemmo, Iowa—Lanny Ross is married and is in his early thirties. They used to have a doubly to do the speaking parts for Lanny on the Show Boat. They've proved that he can act as well as sing.

Alias Kismay Der, Conn.—How am I doing now? You see, I took some of your good advice. Bob Ripley was born on Christmas Day, 1893, in Santa Rosa, California. You might be interested in knowing that Bob's mother was born in a covered wagon when his grandparents were enroute to the West Coast. Also, that his father swam the Ohio River at the age of fourteen when he ran away from home. There was an item about Ed Thorpesen in the January issue of Radio Mirror in which he told of being a radio announcer. I hope you saw it, because it was accompanied by a swell picture of Ed.

Miss Z. M. M., Dunkirk, New York—I'm sorry I couldn't catch an earlier issue to print your reply and hope I'm not too late. Bert Parks was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 30, 1914. He's Columbia's youngest announcer. Bert is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes and is not married.

(Continued on page 66)
All Day long
YOU NEED THE 3-WAY PROTECTION THAT ONLY KOTEX OFFERS!

1. CAN'T CHAFE
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.

2. CAN'T FAIL
The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3. 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)
FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

THE MODERN METHOD
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 modern way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and easy. 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 non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol—called ParaHydrecin for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR
Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentum.

DAN'T MISS The Revealing Major Bowes Story Next Month

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 11)

$1.00 PRIZE

DO YOU AGREE?
Of all the juvenile movie and radio stars who have appeared before a microphone, who is the greatest? Who has the sweetest, most appealing speaking and singing voice?

Is it little Bobby Breen, Eddie Cantor's protege? No other boy singer ever to stand before a microphone or movie camera has the poise and charming personality so enriched by that golden voice of his as little Bobby Breen?

Some of the child singers over the radio may have a fairly good speaking voice, but few child radio stars possess the smooth, enchanting quality of voice Bobby Breen has.

Fortunately indeed was Eddie Cantor in obtaining the services of this adorable little nine-year-old lad whose golden voice has brought joy and happiness to many millions of lovers of good music and children.

ROY ROBERT SMITH
Denver, Colo.

$1.00 PRIZE

YESTERDAYS' STARS VS. NEW TALENT
Not long ago I read one of the "What Do You Want To Say?" letters in Radio Mirror, written by a lady who seemed to want the yesteryear performers back on the air and screen instead of so much new talent.

Since I have the privilege of voicing my own opinion, I would like to differ with her upon this matter.

If it were possible, suppose we could and were going to bring back yesteryear's automobiles, trains and other environments in which our ancestors lived. Where would we, including that lady, fit in, in this modern age? Nowhere, that is certain.

I say, yesteryear's performers had their heyday, now let the talented Youth of America have one of its own. More power to them!

MISS WILLAVENEE DEWITT
Oakland, Maryland.

$1.00 PRIZE

RADIO'S PROGRESSING
The trend to public participation marks, I believe, the beginning of a new era in radio.

The cut and dried radio trio—music, comedy and drama—has grown weary from overwork. A new idea is being born, public participation, first dramatized and brought to public attention by Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Just think for a minute how public participation has flourished. We have the Good Will Court, Columbia's Community Sings, the new Question Bee programs, Vox Pop, Husbands and Wives, the Listener Speaks, and Phillips Lord's new People's Program.

These are not a fad, but a trend. "Nothing is more interesting than people," is an old truth, and radio is just finding it out. This evolution of heightening listener interest in the future.

MRS. VERA I. MACK
Freeport, New York.

TEN YEARS OF RADIO
Radio has grown up from a squawking, unreliable, sometimes amusing, more often irritating, protégé of science to a universally acceptable form of diversified entertainment. But radio has not grown alone—I've grown right along with it.

Ten years ago I lived in another era where I had to wind a phonograph or pump a player piano when I yearned for music. My political views were hand-me-downs gleaned from the audible opinions of the men in the house. I was too busy or too tired to give anything but a perfunctory glance at newspapers or magazines. In fact I was a narrow minded, ahathletic housewife with an intellectual boundary of four walls. But now I have a brand new outlook on life. I form my own opinions after giving all parties concerned a fair hearing. I know as many popular tunes as my sixteen-year-old daughter. I am as familiar with the situation in Spain as I am with the one that exists next door. Gossip, envy, ignorance have done a fade-out. Music, laughter, knowledge fill my day. I'm younger, happier, smarter.

You bet radio has changed, and with a twist of the dial I kept right up with it.

MISS W. E. SMITH
Yankton, South Dakota.

HONORABLE MENTION
Everyone's kicking at radio's overstocked football forecasts, abstracts, interviews, controversial discussions, and a wealth of stadium filling pre-game comment which over advertises America's most colorful fall sport.—STRAUNTON MORAN, San Francisco, Calif.

"On Firestone there is the mixed chorus with Margaret Speaks, the brilliant American and new outlet recently termed the Distinguished Firestone Soloist, well known for her high sense of courtesy and prompt acknowledgment of all fan mail."—L. E. SMITH, Winston-Salem.

"I predict that the next ten years will see a toning down on advertising, a few more hours per week given to educational programs, and in the good shows we will hear more radio soloists than screen stars, and swing music will swing into oblivion, while more music of the Wayne King variety will serve to strengthen and quiet our jangled nerves!"—MRS. JACK DE MERRITT, San Antonio, Texas.

"It doesn't add to the interest of a program to hear the performers gigging at one another's jokes. I'm not let the radio audience do the laughing!"—MRS. M. N. WILCOX, Lawrence, Kansas.

"I enjoy good music, dramas, news and educational reviews. But if my hostess likes something different, it is satisfactory with me. A constructive criticism is always acceptable, but a harsh, rude one, is entirely uncalled for. More cheers and fewer boo!"—L. D. EARLE, Berkeley, Calif.

"Why can't we have more programs of good music during the day? How those housewives care for nothing but popular music!?"—MRS. BERNARD ELLIS, Stamford, Nebraska.
Watch new loveliness glow on your lips the instant you apply Tangee. The delicate orange color in the stick changes—right on your lips—to the exact shade of blush-rose that perfectly becomes you. Only Tangee has this magic Color Change Principle. Only Tangee gives your lips this fresh appealing naturalness of youth.Tangee isn’t paint and can’t give you a "painted look". Paris insists upon delicacy, harmony! Use Tangee Lipstick. And use Tangee Rouge, too. Also contains Color Change Principle. Gives youthful natural color to cheeks.

Do not confuse Tangee Natural with ordinary cosmetics—which should be removed at night. Tangee Lipstick's special cream base can’t possibly harm, but soothes your lips. Day and night it prevents chapping, dryness. Awake each morning, lovely to look at, with soft, smooth lips...No more faded "morning look". Of course, no trace of Tangee on bed linens!

You can safely use Tangee Lipstick day and night. Buy one today, 39¢ and $1.10, or tear out coupon and send for Tangee’s 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
THE GEORGE W. LUFF COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coins). (15¢ in Canada).

Check Shade of Powder Desired
☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

NAME ____________________________ (Please Print)

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ STATE ____________________________
Hank Ford's about to make a low bow to Hollywood—Henry Ford is not about to make a low bow to Hollywood! He is—he isn't! The rumors are flying thick and the denials fast as we go to press, but the question ought to have been settled one way or another by the time you read this. And this is the story behind all the excitement.

The story is that Ford is dickering with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a weekly hour program to originate in Hollywood and use the M-G-M roster of stars for talent. The reputed cost would be $30,000 a week.

As far as star names go, this scheme would threaten to put all other Hollywood radio programs in the shade, but that's not its only advantage, at least from the viewpoint of the movie producers. If M-G-M supplied the talent for a radio show, it would also oversee the script material used, control the number of air appearances made by their stars, and compromise with exhibitors who have been demanding that movie stars be taken off the air completely. If the contract goes through, the Ford show won't be presented on either Saturday or Sunday nights—the nights most people like to watch the movies. That's just one of the little provisions which ought to please M-G-M's exhibitors.

All in all, if the Ford-M-G-M contract is signed and works out successfully, there will probably be other sponsors who will tie themselves up exclusively with one studio, and the history of radio's relationship with Hollywood will enter upon a new chapter.

The Sinclair Oil Company is turning up at local stations with a sweepstakes idea for a program, after both networks looked dubiously upon the notion as being a little too much like a gambling game. The "lucky-number" tickets aren't sold, however—the oil company gives them to anyone who asks for them, and the Federal Communications Commission is said to have decided this doesn't constitute a lottery. So if the plan turns out to be successful on local stations, the chances are that it will sooner or later crop up on one of the networks.

Henry Ford dickers with M-G-M as he mulls plans for the biggest thing yet in broadcasts from Hollywood.

Dec. 29 and 30 are to be big days for the Mutual Broadcasting Company. The twenty-ninth, you know, is the date set for extending the network across the country, taking in the Don Lee chain in the West as well as stations in the Middle West. On the evening of that day, MBS stations in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Boston will salute the Coast in a big program featuring virtually every star on the MBS list. And on the thirtieth, the Coast stations will return the compliment with a program which will have Conrad Nagel introducing a lot of movie stars.

Lucille Manners will take Jessica Dragonette's place on the Friday night Cities Service show in 1937.

NBC employees got their chance at a prize contest during the NBC Tenth Anniversary celebrations, and NBC emerged with a new slogan. It was submitted by Miss June Hynd of the New York Program Department and won for Miss Hynd a first prize of $100. Here's the slogan: "By Choice the Nation's Voice."

One of radio's bombshells exploded when Jessica Dragonette and Cities Service announced that the star of the Friday-night Cities Service concerts would leave the show on February 2. For seven years Jessica has been the bright particular star of this program; in fact, the program and Jessica had come in the minds of most listeners to be one and the same thing. Now Lucille Manners, who twice substituted for Jessica during the latter's summer vacation, is to take her place permanently.

It's always painful for a star and a sponsor who have been associated for many years to come to the parting of the ways, and the Dragonette-Cities Service split was no exception. Jessica couldn't be reached for a statement for some time after the official announcement had been made, and the sponsor's explanation of the change was vague and non-committal.

But for the readers of Radio Mirror, here's a forecast of what Jessica will be doing after February 2. Call it a well-authenticated rumor, which says that she'll be starred on a new program to be sponsored by a famous soap manufacturer, on a network yet to be chosen, but probably CBS.

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Lucille Manners will take Jessica Dragonette's place on the Friday night Cities Service show in 1937.
Moving Picture Machine
Here is the Greatest Prize of All!

Boys, you can now show moving pictures in your home with this new Picture Machine. It is the same as the one used by the big shows. Send today for your Picture Machine. Send No Money. We Trust You.

Genuine Easy Bearing Roller Skates

Speedster Type

Built for Hard Use

Send No Money
WE TRUST YOU

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set
Will Make Your Breakfast, and Walk in Style

Conveniently sized for your kitchen utensils that you use every day. Bird granite is the most durable, heavy cutting board and fall piece. It has a full set of utensils, bowls and casserole dish. Send $5.00 Deposit on the suite and we will send you your Blue Bird Granite Set. Send No Money. We Trust You.

Hawaiian Type Strumming Ukulele

3-Minute Instruction Book Free
Anyone can play this Hawaiian Ukulele. You will be delighted with the sweet musical tones. It is substantially of strong material to last a lifetime.

Mahogany color, accurately fingered. Hand bound with patented strings. Brings happiness and pleasure the year round. With our five-minute instruction book, containing many songs with words and music, no lessons are necessary. Complete outfit given for sale only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds at 10 cts. each. Send postpaid.

C'mon—BOYS—GIRLS-Men—Women

FINE PRESENTS SURE TO BE YOURS!

The selling only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds, a packet and returning the 24 cts. collected. Postage 50c. for 2 packages. For sending only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds to 10 cts. each. Free postpaid. Send now.

Genuine Leather BASKETBALL
FULL SIZE

Send the three prizes listed below for only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds at 10 cts. each. Send postpaid.

Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH

This new precision Swiss watch factory makes this watch possible. Due to its graceful shape, the smartly designed case, the interesting metal and blended gold ornaments.

The WATCH for MEN

Read This Remarkable Offer

A “reel” man’s Watch. Completely new standard design this model, with improved movement. A perpetual accurate time “keeper.” A design that makes this watch suitable for any man. For selling only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds at 10 cts. each. Send Postpaid. Send NOW.

Send No Money
WE TRUST YOU

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set
Will Make Your Breakfast, and Walk in Style

Conveniently sized for your kitchen utensils that you use every day. Bird granite is the most durable, heavy cutting board and fall piece. It has a full set of utensils, bowls and casserole dish. Send $5.00 Deposit on the suite and we will send you your Blue Bird Granite Set. Send No Money. We Trust You.

Hawaiian Type Strumming Ukulele

3-Minute Instruction Book Free
Anyone can play this Hawaiian Ukulele. You will be delighted with the sweet musical tones. It is substantially of strong material to last a lifetime.

Mahogany color, accurately fingered. Hand bound with patented strings. Brings happiness and pleasure the year round. With our five-minute instruction book, containing many songs with words and music, no lessons are necessary. Complete outfit given for sale only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds at 10 cts. each. Send postpaid.

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Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH

This new precision Swiss watch factory makes this watch possible. Due to its graceful shape, the smartly designed case, the interesting metal and blended gold ornaments.

The WATCH for MEN

Read This Remarkable Offer

A “reel” man’s Watch. Completely new standard design this model, with improved movement. A perpetual accurate time “keeper.” A design that makes this watch suitable for any man. For selling only 24 Pcs. of “Garden Spot” Seeds at 10 cts. each. Send Postpaid. Send NOW.
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

By LESTER GOTTINGLE

This is a short short story of a big man who refused to quit. If the reading time of it was comparable to the long hours Gabriel Heatter spent alone, patiently awaiting the "breaks," this could well be a competitor of "Anthony Adverse." Today Gabe is at the top of the heap, after skyrocketing to fame over the Mutual network, with his vivid radio reporting of the news of the world. But it was a long road with plenty of detours.

Gabe was born of average middle-class parents in New York. His father was superintendent of a clothing factory, an industry noted for seasonal unemployment. When his father was out of work, young Gabe would pester hard-boiled city editors for night work. He got odd jobs, but his ideals of journalism were temporarily smashed. The sixteen-year-old lad dreamed of foreign correspondents' adventures in war-inflamed Europe, like those he read in the Times by Walter Duranty, of "I Write as I Please" fame. He hoped to cover city politics and expose corrupt politicians. Instead he was assigned to church socials and women's bridge clubs.

But Gabe didn't give up, though the years crept up amazingly fast and he knew he wasn't getting anywhere in particular. Somehow the well-known breaks played hookey from the Heatter household, which now included a wife and two children. No longer did he attend church socials, but he still got no further in his journalistic career than Hoboken. The job of editing a steel trade journal was the best he could do, until he took pen in hand and wrote an open letter to Norman Thomas, Socialist leader, which appeared in the Nation magazine.

So impressed with this letter was a smaller New York radio station that it invited Thomas and his unknown assailant to talk it out over the air. To Thomas it was a routine invitation. To Gabe Heatter it was his first escape from the stuffy steel trade journal; a temporary release from mediocrity.

"I've still got plenty of time for fame, I'm only forty," he said to himself in front of the bedroom mirror. He pulled up his belt vigorously and patted down his steel gray hair.

"I'm not as young as Lanny Ross or as handsome as Frank Parker, but I've got just as much fight as they have." At least someone heard the debate, for the next day a prospective sponsor called the station and asked if the man who waged Norman Thomas a brilliant battle of words was available for radio work.

His work on these programs prompted his sponsor to take more air time on WOR. Then came the horrible Lindbergh tragedy and Gabe was assigned to broadcast from Flemington three times a day. The blue-eyed, square-jawed Heatter made many radio friends in the tiny New Jersey town, but he also gained a flock of friendly enemies.

Gabe knew this assignment was his big chance—perhaps his last opportunity to rise to the top. He kept his typewriter clattering incessantly from six in the morning until broadcast time, rewriting, cutting, editing and relighting stale cigars. The newspaper reporters who had finished their stints early in the morning, were hitting the hay for well-earned sleep. They were rudely interrupted by the bang-
ing keyboard of the Heatter typewriter. At first the news-hawks asked him to stop in calm tones. Then they got rough. One morning a barrage of pillows, old shoes, and broken bottles whistled through the transom of Gabe's hotel door. For the remainder of the trial, Gabe typed his copy in the little hotel lobby, a blanket around his cold feet, a box of fresh catsup at his elbow, and wooden gloves on his chapped hands.

Fame hasn't changed Gabe a bit. He and his tiny wife, a former school teacher, and their two children live modestly at Freeport, Long Island. They own a popular priced car and a basement full of good books. Basil, his son, is a poet. The daughter, twenty-year-old Maida, is advertising manager of a Long Island department store. The children seldom listen to their father's broadcast.

This summer the boy roamed around Europe, most of the time on a bicycle, thanks to a strictly business deal he made with his father.

"I promised to pay half his expenses providing he would return with some inside information on the European situation," explained Gabe. "Believe it or not, he brought me some interesting comments from the working class, though he complained it made his poetry too cynical."

Gabe still reads all his fan mail, particularly the ones his worshiping brother sends him daily. He changes his clothing six times a day, maintains a small New York apartment and a log cabin near Sherman Lake in Connecticut. He does this because he never knows where the Mutual network will stick a mike under his face next. He'll try anything now, after those harrowing experiences last year, when he broadcast under the Hudson River, as sand hogs blasted away, or in the Bronx Terminal Market at three o'clock in below-zero weather.

He smokes fifteen expensive cigars a day, and never finishes one of them. A tramp—if he were a smart tramp—could follow in Gabe's wake and smoke like a millionaire. He has a penchant for taxicabs that drive carefully. He eats chicken salad almost exclusively, and his big blue eyes dart poisonous glances at any table companion who sprays his food with catsup. His shirts are always too big for him and his trousers too loose. Because he is an unusually neat man, otherwise, I asked Gabe why he wore this vaudeville-comic outfit. He always looks to me as if he's going to pull a white rabbit out of his baggy trousers.

"I like plenty of free wheeling when I'm working," he explained.

No matter who his distinguished guest may be at the studio—the Governor, Mrs Roosevelt, or a new record-breaker in the world of sport, Gabe loosen his tie, pulls down his suspenders, and then starts the interview.

An idealist at heart, Gabe's ambition is to broadcast from a different city every day so he could be where the news is being made. Monday, New York; Tuesday, Chicago; Wednesday, Kansas City; Thursday, Los Angeles; and so on, war, peace, strikes, drought, floods, death.

"That would be real radio reporting," he says enviously.

There's only one hitch to this idea—Gabriel Heatter, fearless forecaster of world events, is afraid to fly.

His first book, "faith," has just been published, with an advance order any old-time author would be proud of. An important steel official, who knew and liked Gabe when he was on the steel trade journal, heard about the book and ordered 10,000 copies before publication, to be given to his employees as Christmas presents.

---

TRAGEDY
WITH A HAPPY ENDING!

Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power...
Macudden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000.00 for the ten best true stories submitted during January, 1937, as per the prize schedule, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet mentioned below and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $1500.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened. If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully 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 second best story will be awarded the $1000 second prize, etc.

And 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.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can 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. Another big true story contest next month.

**CONTEST RULES**

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of whom accounts are given. No reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Envelopes returned first class postage same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON TOP RIGHT CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but each manuscript must be submitted separately and be addressed to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return un-availlable manuscripts, if first-class postage or express is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return. In the event of our being unable to return a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

**WRITE FOR BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ADDRESS:**

Macudden Publications, Inc., Dept. R. M., P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station New York, N. Y.

**SCHEDULE OF PRIZES**

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(Continued from page 58)

Beatrice N., St. Paul, Minn.—Annadel Kiger is no longer a part of the Kiger show. I understand she’s changed her name and gone to the Coast. Marjorie Hannah plays the part of Fay Perkins, yes, Frank Perkins, Barbara Stanwyck’s former husband. No. Bobby Breen is not Eddie Cantor’s real son. Kenneth Griffin plays the part of Lances Noble in Backstage. Wife and Vivian Fiddler plays the part of his wife.

M. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—John S. Young is the only NBC staff announcer boasting a doctor’s degree. He was born in Springfield, Mass., in August 3, 1903. Mr. Young weight 175, is five-feet-eleven inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. He plays the violin, piano, guitar, banjo, ukelele and vibraphone, speaks several languages fluently, and has an extensive wardrobe, and Russian jagmas are his weakness.

Billy S., Austin, Texas—For pictures of Benny Goodman, and Eddy Duchin, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Write to Hal Kemp in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Louise M. N., Hartford, Conn.—Al Pearce is broadcasting again. This time it’s over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, at three o’clock. I guess it’s too late to answer your second question— and besides, you must already know the answer if you’ve been tuning in on Town Hall Tonight, Wednesday nights.

James A. C., Jr., Sour Lake, Texas—Sorry, Jimmy, we do not supply pictures of the stars. However, we can tell you about them—with charge. Ben Bernie was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, one of eleven children. Papa Bernie was a blacksmith, but young Benjamin was too frail for a trade so he became a violinist and even gave a concert at Carnegie Hall at the age of 14. Ben’s five-feet-ten inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, has prominent eyebrows, brown eyes, and is married. He smokes about twenty-five big, black cigars a day.

Paul C., Detroit, Mich.—Frances Langford is twenty-three years old so that makes the year of her birth, 1913 (at this writing). The latest report on Myrt and Margaret is that they’re still engaged but nothing definite has been set. Please be assured that *Radio Mirror* will print the glad tidings when they are all set.

Mr. Albert C., Phoenix, Arizona—For pictures of Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Lanny Ross, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Address the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A regular reader, Wilder, Minn.—Station WGN is the nearest station on the Mutual Broadcasting System to your town, on what channel you can hear the Guy Lombardo Program.

Jerry Cooper and Frank Parker fans attention!—Annette J. Shreiar, 45 Barclay Street, Worcester, Mass., is editor of the club paper, The High and Low Tabloid, and also the resident of the Jerry Cooper-Frank Parker Harmony Club. More members are wanted.

Mary T., East Hartford, Conn.—If you’ll tell me what stars’ photographs you want, I’ll be able to tell you where you can write for them.
Their Friendship Brought Them Stardom

(Continued from page 45)

ong in Boston when Goodman's infant son fell suddenly ill, back in New York. It was not supposed to be a serious illness—that is, not at first. Two days passed, and the child grew worse, so much worse that after that evening performance Goodman planned to take a late train back to New York, returning in time for the next night's show.

In the last act of "Sinbad" there was a spot in which Jolson rubbed a lamp, like Aladdin, and made a wish. Usually it was a funny wish, one of the big laughs of the show. But this night, when he came on the stage, his eyes were sad, and as he rubbed the lamp he said: "I'm going to make a silent wish."

Something communicated itself to the audience—the tone of Jolson's voice, the look on his comically blackened face. For half a minute it sat silent, confused, not knowing why it was aware of some deeper meaning underlying his words.

Down in the pit, Al Goodman understood that meaning. He did not need the telegram Jolson handed him a few minutes later, after the performance, to tell him his son had died.

Jolson proved the quality of his friendship in the next few difficult weeks. He not only paid the expenses of the child's illness and death, but he took care of the remainder of Goodman's West Coast debts—debts which he had been struggling to pay off during the time since he had come East. Most important of all, he showed his sympathy in a score of quiet, unobtrusive ways.

A TIME was to come when Goodman would remember the staunchness of Jolson's friendship, and would hinder his own career to repay it.

Successful musical comedies ran longer in those days than they do now—much longer. Goodman and Jolson were associated for ten years, and in all that time Jolson starred in only three shows—"Sinbad," "Bombo," and "Big Boy"—making an average run of slightly more than three years for each show. Since month after month of doing the same thing gets boring for actors, long runs usually aren't the unmixed pleasures you'd expect them to be; but nobody ever got bored in a Jolson show. Jolson never gave them a chance.

He was always changing, usually on the spur of the moment. He had a repertoire of a hundred or so songs, which his orchestra had to keep always on tap, so that while the audience was laughing at one of his jokes Jolson could lean down and whisper to Goodman the title of the piece he wanted to do next. Sometimes, near the end of a performance, if he had a particularly appreciative audience, Jolson would toss the silly musical-comedy plot aside completely, and just go on singing and wise-cracking until eleven-thirty.

He was always in blackface, of course, and few people know what he looked like without it. One trick he played on the audience once or twice was to enter the auditorium from the rear, after the performance had started but before his first entrance. Without his make-up, nobody recognized him, and he climbed up on the stage and interrupted the show with a barrage of irrelevant chatter. Wandering into the wings, he returned to the stage, rubbing black on his face, still talking, still enjoying himself hugely.

- "Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"

- "I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"

- "But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"

- "Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!...That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc...no oorris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too! Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY
Audiences loved it, even if Jolson’s producers, the Shuberts, didn’t. The light-hearted way in which Jolson could upset the carefully worked-out schedule of a show drove them wild. It resulted in “Standing Room Only” signs which grew dog-eared from too much use, but the Shuberts couldn’t ever be sure that Jolson wouldn’t go too far. It wasn’t show-business as they knew it, and it confused and worried them.

Naturally, he was one of the hardest men in the world to work with. Sometimes he and Goodman would argue bitterly over something one or the other of them had done—call each other fearful names and end up by not speaking to each other. Then Goodman would punish Jolson by standing in the pit and listening to the comedian’s gags with an expressionless face. Nothing upset Jolson more. He’d come to regard Goodman as his best and most appreciative audience, and he was convinced that if Goodman didn’t laugh, the jokes were no good.

“Laugh, damn you, laugh,” he’d mutter in agony through clenched teeth so only Goodman could hear. “So help me, if you don’t laugh I’ll kick your right in the face.”

SIDE by side with Jolson’s frequent and unpredictable flashes of temper ran his loyalty and his generosity. Goodman learned things about him no one else knew—things Jolson would never allow to be published. He knew that every year, when Jolson organized a benefit show for sufferers from tuberculosis at Saranac Lake, he not only paid all the expenses of the show, including salaries for everyone who took part, but added a personal gift of three thousand dollars himself. He knew that in spite of numerous tempting offers from rival producers, Jolson consistently refused to leave the Shuberts. He knew of almost daily furtive acts of charity and kindness which Jolson performed impulsively and without thought of return.

Long before that ten years’ association between Goodman and Jolson was over, the orchestra leader had become general musical director for the Shuberts. Whenever a new show was to be produced it was his duty to whip its music into shape and to stick with it during its preliminary tour and until after it had opened on Broadway. All this took time—time which Goodman had to take off from the current Jolson show. And to lose his favorite orchestra leader, even for a short time, was something Al Jolson didn’t like at all.

He used to invent means of getting Goodman away from general Shubert duties to particular Jolson duties. A smooth-running Jolson show on tour would suddenly develop acute orchestra-trouble. There would be a pitched battle between Jolson and the unfortunate wretch who happened to be waving the baton; and then there would be a hurry call to New York: “Send Goodman quick.”

On one occasion, while Jolson was playing in New York, Goodman had been rehearsing a new show for the Shuberts daytimes and conducting for Jolson at night. The new show was an important and expensive one, and Goodman expected to conduct for it on the opening night, turning the Jolson performance over to an assistant. But when Jolson heard of the plan he blew up and insisted that Goodman must stay with him—and there was nothing to do but let the assistant conduct, the opening night of the new production.

It’s easy enough, if you don’t belong to the theater, to stand back and murmur “Childish!” But remember, to Al Jolson it was serious. Al Goodman was part of his success. Moreover, Goodman was his friend; he was comfortable only when Goodman was in the pit. Finally, and perhaps most important, Jolson was all of the theater, that topsy-turvy world of exaggerated loyalties, prejudices, superstitions.

Because Jolson was his friend, because he remembered the days after the death of his child, Goodman never hesitated in choosing between furthering his own career and giving his time to Jolson. Many a time he was in Jolson’s orchestra pit when he should have been somewhere else. Many a time he worked longer than was good for his health, in order to be with Jolson and at the same time do work he had to do for the Shuberts. With all its bad effects upon his own career and upon his health, it was little enough to do for his friend. That’s the way it was, and that’s the way it continued to be until Jolson left the stage for the broader fields of Hollywood and radio—for work in which he did not so greatly need the help Goodman could give him.

The two old friends don’t see each other often nowadays. Jolson spends most of his time on the West Coast; Goodman most of his in New York; and there are only brief reunions when one of them visits the other’s territory. It doesn’t really make much difference to their friendship, though. Two people who know each other as well as these two do, can’t forget. You know that, when you know that every time either has a birthday the other always calls him by long distance, from the other edge of the continent, just to say, “Many happy returns.”

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RADIO MIRROR

The Love Gladys Swarthout's Fame Couldn't Tarnish

(Continued from page 21)

It was not long, however, before that status was to be turned topsy-turvy and it was through a generous act of Frank's that the change was to come about. He had been signed to sing on the Firestone broadcasts and was beginning to make a name for himself with the listeners. Eager for his young wife to share in all his triumphs and opportunities, he persuaded his sponsors to engage her for the program too. When they consented, he took hours and weeks of his own work to teach her all she knew about radio technique. And one night Gladys Swarthout debuted on the air singing a duet from "Rigoletto" with her husband.

Of the two of them standing there at the microphone on Sunday evenings perhaps Frank most deserved to be sought out by fame for a pinnacle among the stars. I have often thought, knowing Gladys, that she yearned for him to achieve great success much above her own ambitions. But the tricky finger of fame swung above both of them for a while, then whirled her to the heights and left her husband behind. Pretty soon when people asked people, "Who is Frank Chapman?" it was much easier to say, "He's Gladys Swarthout's husband." Instead of "He's a well-known baritone.""That was where the trouble began. And it was radio that had caused the rift. Many a celebrity marriage has ended in divorce when the wife achieved more prominence than the husband. Professional jealousy is a thing few couples can weather successfully. So, with Gladys's climb to stardom, the gossips sat back to see what Frank Chapman would do.

Perhaps he realized that his marriage was endangered and was willing to go to any end to save it. Perhaps he reasoned that whatever success he might gain would always be dimmed by the brilliant light of a brighter star beside him, so he might as well give up. Or perhaps his really greatest desire was to sacrifice his own interests in helping to further the career of his pretty wife. Anyway, Frank Chapman retired.

I talked to them shortly after he had reached this decision. "No one," he said to me, "is willing to do as much for Gladys as I am. Agencies have too many clients. Despite a secretary, a maid, a manager, a Hollywood agent and a New York agent, Gladys still needs me as her personal adviser. And I am so concerned with her well being that nothing can afford me any greater pleasure than giving up my own career to help her all I can."

"If I have achieved anything," Gladys went on to say, "I owe it all to Frank. He is the most remarkably unselfish person I have ever known. He has sacrificed everything for my success and I couldn't have gotten anywhere without his assistance."

Thus their protests that they were entirely happy under the new arrangement. But were they? Frank Chapman, who had been trained to do the job. Who had spent his whole life preparing himself for his own career, had stepped aside to the position of buffer between the world and another singer who was greater than he. The months and years that he had planned to devote to his own future were now devoted to his wife's. And that is a position—a position of subjection—that since the beginning of time has been destined for the woman in a marriage, not the man.

Under her husband's guidance Gladys's success tripled and quadrupled themselves. Frank was always present in every emergency to look out for her. At program rehearsals he sat in the control room. "I do not allow producers or engineers to make suggestions direct to Gladys," he explained to me, "she is too high-strung, too easily upset. Suggestions are made to me and I relay them to her."

When she went on concert tours Frank travelled by her side to bear the brunt of detail and interruption that might annyo her. He arranged her programs, controlled her in her preparation of them, handled all business matters. When she performed at the Metropolitan he was constantly backstage in attendance. Frequently he received her interviewers, answered her important mail, superintended the running of their lovely apartment.

When Gladys was called to Hollywood Frank had planned a brief concert tour of his own, his first professional work in a long time. But he immediately cancelled it to go to the coast with her. They took over Grace Moore's house and servants and stayed eight months, while Gladys did "Give Us This Night" and "Rose of the Rancho."

"Frank was indispensable," she said to me afterward, "because I knew he would bring out the best within me. You see, I lived in dread of the yes-men of Hollywood. I had heard so much about them."

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STOP THAT WHISTLING--

I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE PRETTY MEAN—
BUT I JUST HAD TO LATELY EVERYTHING.
MY DOCTOR SAYS WHEN YOU FEEL ALL-IN-LIKE THAT IT'S USUALLY BECAUSE YOUR BLOOD IS UNDERFEETED. I TOLD MYSELF I'M GONNA CHANGE. WHAT I MEAN IS THIS.

DON'T LET UNDERFEETED BLOOD
KEEP YOU FEELING TIRED OUT

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST SUPPLIES YOUR BLOOD WITH HEALTH-BUILDING VITAMINS AND OTHER VITAL FOOD ELEMENTS. IT HELPS YOUR BLOOD TO CARRY MORE AND BETTER NUTRITION TO YOUR NERVES AND MUSCLES. FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST SUPPLIES YOUR BLOOD WITH HEALTH-BUILDING VITAMINS AND OTHER VITAL FOOD ELEMENTS. IT HELPS YOUR BLOOD TO CARRY MORE AND BETTER NUTRITION TO YOUR NERVES AND MUSCLES.

THAT tired, nervous feeling at this time of the year usually means your blood is underfed and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh yeast supplies your blood with health-building vitamins and other vital food elements. It helps your blood to carry more and better nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's yeast every day—one cake about 1/2 hour before meals. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start today.
While everyone was gracious and kind, still I wanted the truth and I knew my husband wouldn't deceive me. He is my severest critic.

"Oh, but there was one thing I hated about Hollywood! The morning after we arrived there the papers announced that Frank and I were separating. It upset me terribly and I was outraged. We denied it of course, and the next day the papers printed the denial, then the following week they said we were separating again. It went on like this for the whole time we were there. I was inclined to take it too much to heart, but Frank taught me how to regard such stuff as utter silliness. Still, it somehow separates a great many people who love each other."

It seems too incredible to those who gossip that the less important husband of a famous woman can really give up his own work just to be of service to her and yet remain content in his position. Consequently the true facts are always twisted—he is either softly living on his wife's support, or he retires because he knows he can never become as important as she, or he hasn't any pride. On the contrary, Frank Chapman must have had the pride of ten men to withstand the things that he knew were being suggested about him on all sides.

"Rose of the Rancho" was not the success Hollywood nor Gladys had hoped it would be. I'm not satisfied with what I've done in pictures," she told me last summer, "I'm going back to the coast to make 'Champagne Waltz' and do the finest job I ever did. Then I shall have hurled my last battle. I can just simply sit down and take a big long breath, and relax for the first time in years!"

But what about her husband? When Gladys' career should become securely established she wouldn't need him any more. That would be the crucial point of his three years of complete sacrifice; then would come the biggest adjustment he would have to make.

BACK to the coast they went again. Frank was present on the set every day while his wife was working, smoothing out a detail here, making a suggestion there. Paramount even appointed him musical supervisor. With the result that "Champagne Waltz" was a tremendous success from its first rough rough. Gladys has never looked lovelier nor sung in more perfect voice nor acted more competently than in her newest picture. With its preview she stepped to the topmost step of her career; her last big obstacle had finally been hurled and she could continue safely on her own, unaided by her husband.

So again the gossips sat back to see what Frank Chapman would do. Hollywood, which had tried to separate them before, now had greater reason than ever to attempt it, for with her recent hit, Gladys Swarthout became one of the most important names in the cinema city roster. And all rumor needs to start its vicious work is an important name and a good reason.

People said Frank realized his marriage would need another support to stay intact against this new circumstance would inevitably destroy it. People also said he did what he did not because he really desired to follow his old career again but simply because he had it to do to save himself. Anyway, he came out of retirement. Radio offered him a job at the moment when he needed one badly and accepted it.

Wise, he had not entirely neglected his talent during the past three years. He had let his rich baritone voice become rusty through lack of use. What spare moments he had which could not be put to Gladys' advancement he had spent in practice and study.

W HICH proves, I think, a very admirable thing about this man. His long retirement was not primarily an act to insure his marriage by doing away with the causes of professional jealousy. Neither was it a refuge, a comfortable spot to retreat to where there would be no futile struggle to match the achievements of another brighter star. If either of these had been his motives he would have lain in his talent wither, for a reason. Instead, he kept his voice in trim so that whenever Gladys became established he could step back to his career and do up where he left off. He has proved by returning to the air that he had not stopped singing three years ago purely to devote himself to his wife's getting ahead, and nothing more. And a sacrifice of that kind is invariably rewarded.

But when he thought to step back into professional life, radio, the thing that had caused the rift between careers in the beginning, gave him his chance. Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout, equally starred on their new half hour broadcast, are broadcasting together again just the way they started out. On an equal footing. So far as the program is concerned neither is the leader and neither is the follower. They aren't billed as Mr. and Mrs., for Frank is not out to share the glory from his famous wife's bright limelight. Instead they are two distinctly individual artists striving for separate approval. It's listeners, each solely on his own merits.

A happier circumstance still, their marriage is back on its old secure basis. There need be no more rumors about the Chapmans, no more dangerous crises nor injured pride nor sacrifices for them to face. Provided, of course, that Frank makes good on the air.

He will. Being the fine person and artist that he is, he deserves the rare luck it takes for fame to strike in the same marriage twice.
were licensed in 1936 and the New Year finds 700 stations in the nation. Leading the stampede are newspaper owners bent on acquiring their own stations as media for the dissemination of news and advertising.

Chain newspaper publishers, such as William Randolph Hearst and the Scripps-Howard concern, already own many stations and seek others. Individual newspapers all over the country are effecting tie-ups with existing stations where they can't persuade the FCC to issue franchises for new ones. Thus, Radio, the so-called Fifth Estate, cements the bonds which link it to the Fourth Estate—and it was only a short while ago the two were engaged in a bitter fight over the right of Radio to project mere news bulletins!

As radio and the newspapers are being drawn closer together, so are radio and the movies. Both results are inevitable because of the close kinship between the three. All have the same function to perform—serving the public with enlightenment and entertainment—and this they best perform working in close and harmonious relationship with one another. That's why radio and film magnates get together in joint commissions to achieve closer alliances and not to curtail the activities of film stars as some groups of movie exhibitors are demanding. With television coming eventually, if not now, films will play even a more important role in the radio scheme of things.

**ANOTHER TREND OF THE TIMES**

Local stations forge to the front as try-out spots for artists and attractions aspiring for network recognition. The Columbia Broadcasting System, for instance, through its Artists Bureau, begins feeding talent to WHN, independent New York City station operated by the Loew Circuit. This arrangement makes it possible for Columbia to get a definite line on entertainers who have successfully passed its audition board but whom it cannot accommodate on its own kilocycles because of business congestion.

The merit of Octavus Roy Cohen's new program, The Personal Column of the Air, was similarly established at local stations before it was launched on the combined Red and Blue Networks of NBC. It was tested for five weeks in fourteen cities via transcriptions and the reaction was so favorable, the Procter and Gamble Company, largest users of air time in the world, grabbed it for national circulation.

Speaking of the Procter and Gamble Company reminds us that that concern's earnings for the third quarter of 1936 reached $6,629,364, its high-water mark. In the same period the company spent $2,788,813 for time on the National Broadcasting Company's stations, which it uses exclusively with the exception of Columbia's St. Louis outlet, KMOX, engaged only for the new Personal Column of the Air program.

And in case you are not familiar with the Procter and Gamble attractions, here they are: Captain Jim Healy; Five Star Jones; Pepper Young's Family; Home, Sweet Home; Vic and Sade; Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer; Ma Perkins;

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RADIO MIRROR

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 4)

MEANWHILE the airwaves are cluttered up with advertisers that Radio Row is consuming aspirin by the carload trying to cure the headaches caused by inability to accommodate sponsors standing in line with bulging bankrolls. An illustration of how really serious the situation is furnished by the experience of Coca Cola. For months the refreshment manufacturer has had a program all set to go but no place to go on either Columbia or NBC. He has a 45-minute show, "Gus Haenschen's Song Shop," but neither web can provide a spot satisfactory to the sponsor. The hope is that with renewal time in January some advertiser will drop out and open up a place for Coca Cola.

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"HONEY—I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"

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HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—

**BUT YOU DO**

**MAKE MY MEN**

**THEY DATE ME**

**ONCE THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU**

I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR TOO

SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY—CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

SORRY, JIM. I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN!

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need never worry about OFFENDING. LUX takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Remove perspiration odor—saves colors
The O'Neill's and the late Frank Parker-Ann Leaf combination.

The final figures weren't available when this was written but it is estimated that over $200,000 persons will have visited the NBC studios in Radio City during the year 1936. This is 55,000 tourists in excess of last year's record. And at forty cents per capita, it means the tidy little sum of $20,000 was expended by a curious public for a peek behind the scenes of radiooland.

YOU never can tell what is going to happen in this cockeyed business of broadcasting. Late last September Morton Bowne, tenor soloist of the summer Jello program starring Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, found himself out of a job when that combination was replaced by the return of Jack Benny et al. It seemed too bad not to land a new connection and Morton, pretty blue about his prospects, went on a personal appearance tour of movie theaters. Then unsuspected jobs began to pop up on every side. First he was engaged for the CBS show with Ray Sinatra's orchestra. Then idiotic taste signed him for the Joe Rines-Mabel Albertson set-up on NBC. Hardly had his signature dried on this contract when a third was placed before him—this time on Store Brothers' Melody Matinee with Muriel Dickson, the Cavaliers' Quartet and Victor Arden's orchestra. And right on the heels of that came his fourth engagement, to sing with Jack Pearl on the revived Baron Muenchhausen proceedings.

So, Morton Bowne instead of being jobless is so busy with so many programs he has had to hire an attendant-secretary to make sure he doesn't miss a broadcast or two every week.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

OZZIE Nelson's mother named him Oswald in the fond belief it couldn't be corrupted into a nickname. His heir was just two days old when his dad started calling him little Ozzie and Ozzie he has been ever since. So what happens? A son is born to Ozzie and Harriet Lawrence and they promptly christen him David Ozzie Nelson, knowing the futurity of labeling him Oswald.

Harriet, poor girl, will no lost no time in getting back to Hollywood after the stork's visit. She is engaged in filming 'An Apple a Day,' in which she is supported by Joe Penner, Parkyarkarkus, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and Jimmy Gleason, a most promising cast.

New uses of old radios are being discovered every day. A band of boy burglars employed it most successfully to ransack Brooklyn, N.Y., apartments, introducing a novel technique in looting. Entering a flat while the owner was away they would snap on the loudspeaker to cover the sounds of their activities and make the neighbors believe the occupants were home. They burglarized scores of places before the police got wise to the stratagem.

During the broadcast of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone live in a twenty-three-room house in Hollywood. Until radio and then the movies removed him from the routines of a hotel-hopper's life, Jack had spent a lifetime in hotel bedrooms . . . Reinald Werrenrath, Jr., son of the soloist, is a Radio City page. Young Werrenrath has no aspirations to sing.

Jan Peerce's right surname is Perlmuth. His parents still reside in Ludlow Street in the heart of New York's East Side, and stoutly resist all efforts of their son to remove them to a more fashionable neighborhood . . . Lately there has been so much duplication of topics and themes ridied by radio comics that the temptation establishing a clearing house where ideas to be burlesqued will be registered two weeks in advance of the broadcast date.

Unless you know the ropes, about the hardest thing to get is a ticket to a big broadcast. And if this means missing the shows provided for the studio spectators, ducats for same will be as difficult to obtain as reserved seats in Heaven. Sponsors are no longer satisfied to present just the artists on the programs. Take the Chevrolet Sunday night session promoted from Columbia's Playhouse No. 1, for instance. The stars—Virginia Rea and Jan Peerce—are seen in the regular broadcast and then Chevrolet entertains its guests with more pictures.

Nine out of ten announcers can sing—most of them got their start as soloists—but very few singers qualify as announcers. Two exceptions are Basil Ruydulde and Walter Cassel, both baritones. Cassel began his radio career as announcer at Stan's WOW in Philadelphia. Clarence Muse, Negro composer-singer actor has been known on S. Cobb on the Paduchac Plantation, carries a Hebrew mazah for good luck.

POSTSCRIPTS

Phil Spitalny's all-female Hour of Charm band is co-operative, which arrangement raises the weekly wage of the girl instrumentalists considerably above the minimum.

The United States Office of Education is spending $13,000,000 to produce those educational programs on the air. The money goes to the writer. The producers, announcers, and actors involved; not a cent is received by the stations which broadcast the programs without expense . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen, going from (Campbell's) soup to (Grape) nuts so far as sponsors are concerned, make the switch April first—and that's no April fool gag, either.

Gloria Grafton Knopp, widow of Maestro Orville Knopp, killed in an airplane crash-up, who sang as a first-rate soprano under the name of “Jumbo,” is appearing in a New York night club.

Lind Haye, son of Grace Hayes, of stage and air renown, has won a movie contract as a result of his success as a singer and an impersonator on Eddie Canato's program . . . Announcers, who used to be just dealers know as Professor Figgsbottle, is a busy radio script writer. He does the Andy Gump serial, contributes comedy to the Sunday night Community Sing sessions, and aids and abets Goodman Ace in preparing those Easy Aces dialogues.

Radios are now being installed in baby carriages. What next? Leo Reitman (for his secretary) writes regularly to his fans regardless of how regularly they write in to him. Arranged from the long list of radiotele pictures making pictures.

Irene Rich is losing a lot of money because her radio contract expressly forbids her to play any part in the movies. Myrt and Marge should be back on the air by the time you read this.

Vera Van will be on the air before you read this. Radio's own Dorothy Lamour scored such a success in the "Jungle Princess" that she has been assigned the starring roles in two more movies.

The Marx Brothers set a value of $10,000 on their services for radio . . . Oma Munson, of the cinema, the Cavalcade of America cast . . . Another newcomer to radio is Lola Lane, elder sister of Fred Waring's Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. Lola is well known to moviagoers.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 6)

Mirror article “Yesterday’s Stars—Where Are They?” brought down on us. If you think some of “Yesterday’s Stars” haven’t their fans, don’t bet on it unless you’re a good loser.

Gene and Glenn, so listeners write, spent the past summer sponsored on the Corn Belt network. Helen Nugent is soprano-singing over WLW as “The Old-fashioned Girl.”

OFF THE RECORD

Nashville: Among others in line for radio’s yearly prizes should be Harry Stone, General Manager of WSM. Believe it or not, you want-to-be announcers, but Mr. Stone has proved what has proved to be an effective way of discouraging you when you come to him seeking an audition. He doesn’t even see you either. And what’s more you are the sole judge of your efforts. Sounds like a cinch, doesn’t it? But listen!

He works this way. After your application has been filed you are placed in front of a microphone and given the standard test. No one listens to your audition. But your voice has been recorded, imprisoned in wax, and before you get a chance to ask: “How was I? Okay?” the record of your test is put on a phonograph and played back while you listen. Not so strangely, no one so far has judged his own voice worthy of further test. In each instance the applicant has headed for the nearest exit and rushed back to his job thankful to find it still there waiting for him.

Colonel Stoopnagle probably would like to have this invention credited to his long list, except for the fact that it works.

* * *

Des Moines: As those of you know who make a Saturday night rite of tuning in WHO Barn Dance Frolic, this big three-hour show is still going strong. Starting its fourth season of the B.D.F. road show throughout middle western theaters, many impressive newcomers have been added to the long list of old favorites. Among them, Berlin and Tull, sure-fire thrill producers with their elusive slip-noose mastery...the Calico Maidens... Roy Faulkner, the Lonesome Cowboy...now singing exclusively on WHO...Windy Brown, the one-man band...and the novelty orchestral unit of Sheriff Quigley and his Deputies. Two of the old favorites retained by popular demand are the comedienne Tillie Boggs and the rhythmical-footed Slim Davis, colored dancer.

* * *

Minneapolis: Although the football season is now folded away along with the mole-skins, it is interesting to recall all the sport page hosting that occurred when a prominent eastern school offered the broadcasting rights of its gridiron games to the highest bidding sponsor. More interesting it seems, when learning the battles of the Minnesota Gophers, one of the truly great teams of our time, have been a sponsored broadcast locally for several years. A Minneapolis and St. Paul auto dealer sponsored the 1936 U of Minnesota games, and has already signed an option for the 1937 Gopher schedule.

* * *

Chicago: Following his hobby ‘round and ‘round, Urban Johnson, WBBM sound effects chief, has hooked up his phonograph recording instruments to his

“Dirt Pockets” in Your Skin!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little “Dirt Pockets” and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny “dirt pocket.” The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes form.

“But,” you say, “it is impossible for ‘dirt pockets’ to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night.” But, are you sure you really cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a “lick-and-a-prom- is.” They don’t “houseclean” your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is deep cleansing! Many methods only “clean off” the skin. They do not clean it out! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than “grease” the surface of your skin. You want a cream that penetrates the pores! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface — into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt — dissolves it — and makes it easily removable. All the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary “greasing.”

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I’ll send you a 7-day tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I’ll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day’s supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City __________________ State ______

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

FREE

73
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the natural appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes— instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

So Important— that First Impression

radio. Now when notables come over the air, their voices are automatically etched into waxed impressions that Urban saves for his phonograph album. This little stunt also gives him top rating with the "ham" operators on short waves because he picks up their messages, records their words and sends their voices back to them via his 50-watt transmitter.

* * *

Chicago: Unless sponsors or station owners come to the rescue, radio fans of the Chicago baseball clubs are facing a quiet season. These clubs, after years of free-of-charge and unrestricted broadcasting for sponsors and others, have had to slap a charge on stations for the privilege of broadcasting play-by-play next year, either for sponsored or sustaining pickups.

* * *

Detroit: Prosperity note—WJR announces earnings up almost $100,000 over corresponding nine months in 1936.

* * *

Kansas City, Mo.: Early morning tuners of KMBC are getting such an earful of true-to-life gossip and chatter that some are beginning to wonder if they aren't living in glass houses after all. The reason being Margaret and Gordon Munro, newlyweds, dishing out their Across the Breakfast Table program chatter.

* * *

Free-lanceville: That old brotherly spirit was the thing which enabled free lance announcer Jean Paul King to see his school, the University of Washington, play football this year. And this, even though he was three thousand miles away from the gridiron where his favorites were battling. Each week he received from a fraternity brother, on the West Coast, a complete motion picture reel of the games played the previous Saturday.

* * *

FROM MIKE TO MIKE

Cincinnati: The heavyweight title of WLW goes to Harold Carr, production manager and master of ceremonies of the "Tonic Time" program. He pulls the arrow down to the 286 mark ... Chicago: When windsy sports announcers are mentioned, statisticians find Pat Flanagan blowing the most if not the hardest. It is estimated Pat has thrown 20,000,000 words to the four winds during his eight years before WBBM's microphones ... Schenectady, N. Y.: Texans Max Raney and Doyle O'Dell, alias "The Hi-boys," are just that. They both stand way up in the air over six feet as they warble their songs of the plains over WGY ... Charlotte, N. C.: After spending several months half-shod, with the other foot in bandages due to a serious infection, Reginald Allen, WBT's Esso Reporter, is back on both feet again ... Cincinnati: Announcer Tom Slater is now hobo number 814,785 on King of the Hoboes Jeff Davis' slate. "The King" bestowed the honor, membership card and all, when recently interviewed by Tom over WLW ... San Francisco: If crawling out of bed early in the morning is anything to be thankful for, Jack Dean has his radio audience to thank. Out of six finalists the audience voted Jack their favorite for the new encore on the KJBS Alarm Klok Klub program ... Chicago: Newcomers to the WBBM announcing stable are George Watson, formerly of NBC and WCFL, Chicago, and Paul Parker, radio actor and free lance mikan...
Stanley Harris of the Delia and Tim cast, KOMO, when recently smacked by a hit-and-run driver, pulled himself together enough to make his program, but seven minutes before the end, he passed out and the rest of the staff had to grab his script and carry on for him.  

Detroit: Val Coffey, WWJ musical director for the past two years, has resigned to return to his first love, the Detroit Symphony orchestra, with which he was associated for 17 years.  

Chicago: Going professional in a big way, Lucy Gillman and all the youngsters who are members of the Junior Nurse Corps of WBBM have just been granted permission to wear the official nurses' cap of Chicago Hospital.  

San Francisco: Newly added to the staff actresses at KFRC is Lois Hampton, formerly of Pittsburgh. East Dubuque, Ill.: Bob Wilson has transferred this announcing voice from Muncie, Indiana's WLBC to WKBB in East Dubuque.  

Bridgeport, Conn.: Carl Lawrence and Jeanette Gwynne have added their piano playing to WICC's talent parade.  

Charlotte, N. C.: Caldwell Cline and Lee Kirby have joined WBT's announcing stable, bringing the staff up to six regulars.  

San Francisco: Violinist Betty Marino and Charles Jacobs, the trumpeter, donated more than their services at a recent Community Chest broadcast. While pouring their talent into the Community Chest some one walked away with Charles' overcoat and Betty's sealskin.  

Schenectady, N. Y.: After years of illness away from WGY's mikes, Billy Rose has resumed his announcing and singing there.  

Springfield, Mo.: Following fourteen months association with KWTO and KGBO microphones, Russ Davis has returned to XERA at Del Rio, Texas.  

Below, a favorite woman star, Ida Bailey Allen, joins New York's WHN for a daily hour program mornings.
homespun world from which Ed Jerome had come. He became the sensation of Paris, singing in concerts all over the city.

ONE beautiful June afternoon, he attained the height of his triumph, when he was invited to be the soloist at the wedding of King Alfonso XIII to the English-German princess, Victoria of Battenberg, first cousin to King George of England. Thousands and thousands of people filled the church and overflowed the sunlit square outside the doors. Diplomats and aristocracy were there.

Ed Jerome, bearded and properly dressed, stood up in the old Cathedral of San Sebastian in Spain, and sang Gounod’s “Ave Maria.” Just before the triumphal procession began.

At the reception that evening, Ed Jerome was invited to drink wine with the debonair King Alfonso. The new Spanish Queen asked him his age. “But you’re only a year older than my little cousins!” she cried.

Her little cousins were the present King Edward of England and the Duke of York.

Ed Jerome, modest good-natured Irish fellow that he still was, thought there could be no more.

But the greatest teacher of the Paris Conservatory thought differently.

Ed Jerome’s deep bass voice had also a few baritone notes. These top tones haunted the teacher. The boy was young, the voice too new for training. Why should he not develop this young bass into a baritone?

“There are few interesting roles for a bass in old Ed Jerome. He plays uninteresting people. Outside of Mephistopheles, what can he sing? Old fathers, rich uncles. Edourard, I will make you into something better—a baritone, perhaps, a tenor?”

Ed Jerome nodded. He did not understand how it could be done. But he did not understand how he had become an opera star overnight.

In six months, the baritone, Ed Jerome, donned the trousers of the hero, the red sash, and three-cornered hat of Escamillo, romantic toreador of Bizet’s opera, “Carmen.”

All the deep dark natural tones of his lower register had been wiped away by exercises.

“Torero! Prenez Garde!” “To-redirect! Take Care!” he sang at the top of his new lusty high baritone. How terribly the words of that great aria were to apply to Ed Jerome.

The capacity audience in the Paris Opera House rocked and stamped and shouted. This American, Ed Jerome, was a miracle.

But jolting home in the hansom cab to his hotel, Ed Jerome touched his aching throat and wondered. After “Faust” he had felt happy, as he had gone to a party. But now . . . Why should his throat pain so?

He tossed all night long. By morning he could not speak above a whisper. By the time he and his frantic teacher arrived at the doctor’s, even that faint hoarse voice was gone.

Ed Jerome was dumb.

“Perhaps the speaking voice will return,” the doctor said skeptically. “But the singing voice—ah, monsieur, I fear it is perished forever.”

Lost, dazed, crushed, Ed Jerome walked out into the quiet Paris sunlight. In spite of his teacher’s promises, regrets, sympathy, he knew he was quite alone. The beautiful dream was over.

But he could not go back to America. He could not go back and tell them over there that there was nothing any more. He must stay here in Paris, stay, do anything but face the bitter shame that seemed to be his. He went through a thousand ways and unendurable.

He hung around the Paris Conservatory, watching others, vocalizing, studying enthusiastically, until the sight of his miserable face and his awful silence made the greatest teacher of the Conservatoire de Paris desperate.

What would he not do to help this poor Ed Jerome, whom he had ruined?

The teacher wrote to all his influential friends. He even wrote to King Alfonso of Spain.

“The boy has nothing now,” he wrote. “He can neither speak nor sing. If you could think of anything. Even a small thing would do. He is getting poorer. If you could even appoint him to be a clown, Your Majesty.”

The kindly Alfonso replied by appointing Ed Jerome Tertiary or Third Clown to the Grand Circus of Barcelona.

The Grand Circus of Barcelona was sponsored by many crowned heads of Europe, but it was King Alfonso’s pet entertainment. With a performing troupe of five hundred people, it made an enormous circuit each year, as far north as Scotland, as far south as Africa, and as far west as Russia.

There was no menagerie, no wild animals, no people shot from cannon. It was a simple, picturesque European circus, consisting of three main features—incidents and tumbling work, equestrian work, and clowning.

To the spread tents of this queer foreign circus, the kid, Ed Jerome, timid and awkward by now, came one morning to begin his long lonely exile.

He brought a paper pad with him and a pencil. These had become his substitute for a voice. Everything he needed he wrote down—food, instructions, the simplest questions.

He didn’t have to speak a word to be a clown. His work consisted of gestures and facial expressions. He was just a “trouper,” there was no future, no hope, no chance of anything.

Since Ed was the lowliest clown of all, the management made him the Gossip in a tealous-husband act, performed by several clowns. Ed, with his face painted dead white, a wide red mouth and huge nose, went around pokings and listening to all the secrets, then pretending to whisper them all to the wrong people. In the end he always received a beating.

Ed Jerome became known among his fellow troupers as “El Silencioso”—the Silent One. Even in real life he was a clown, pointing with huge gestures and expressing himself only with his eyes.

Overnight, he became a sort of slave, a wandering European trouper, similar to the strolling Middle-Men. He had no property rights, no dignity, no opportunity of making a lot of money. Like a child he was given an “account” for everything—his tobacco, his tobacco, his wine, his lodgings, board.

There were no great friends. For all he could not speak a word. There was no place, no future, no hope.

But all this did not kill the soul of Ed Jerome.

Condemned to solitude, he wandered the
So, alone in his hotel room, he practiced. Inside of two months he had created an act of his own that made him First Clown of the Grand Circus. His act sounds like a foolish little thing. But it made a great sensation. Dressed in a tiny pink ballet skirt over a long pair of pink tights, wearing long yellow curls, a little hat with a big red feather in it, and carrying a parasol, Ed Jerome simpered out into the ring. Over his own feet were a pair of enormous bare feet made of papier-mâché. Suddenly Ed would spy a piece of plain white paper on the ground before him. He would point it out to the audience, then make up his mind, would lean forward to pick up the paper. The slap down of the huge bare feet would send the paper, which had been stiffened with flour and water paste beforehand, shooting straight ahead.

Through this act he became known as one of the best pantomimists of Europe. One summer season, when the Grand Circus of Barcelona closed down temporarily, Ed, the First Clown, was sent around to entertain during the Corridas—the bull-fights, national sport of Spain. Many an afternoon, he heard the dazling strains of "Carmen" played by the arena band, and saw the matadors and toreros in the familiar costume he had once worn as Escamillo. His silent throat would ache to sing, but there would be nothing, not even the faintest whisper. Then the call would come, and out into the sawdust arena, Ed would mince coyly for the thousandth time, holding his pink parasol.

It might have all gone on forever. He expected it to. Like a sort of monk, he had resigned himself to the life of silence. His companions were books. In every cheap hotel he left his scribbled pads, covered over with the record of his day, his conversations, his requests to strangers. He had almost forgotten that he was an American boy. And then one winter morning, after three years of complete loneliness, Ed Jerome sat up trembling and whiter than the sheets on the bed of his hotel room.

He had been able to clear his throat! He was afraid to move, afraid to get out of the bed, afraid to swallow for fear it would disappear. A delirium of ecstasy swept over him. He got up gingerly, slowly, like a man who has been paralyzed, a man who has been blind.

For three days he walked around, still silent, still writing on his pad. He told no man of his new hope. He acted in the circus. And at night when he was alone, he shut the door of his room, locked it. As though he were committing a crime, he practised clearing his throat.

The circus was in Germany. He had learned no German. His friends in the hotel were Spaniards. He walked those three days until he found an American restaurant, went in and sat down. "I'll have ham and eggs, a cup of coffee, and a piece of apple pie," he said to the waiter in a low trembling voice.

Ed Jerome's terrible exile was ended. He rushed back to America still young—only twenty-two years old. But his hair was already streaked faintly with gray.

In the quiet of his home, he worked to restore his speaking voice again. He rested, read, practiced speaking just words, sentences, then long speeches to himself. After a year, he felt sure that his speaking voice would never desert him again.

And that magnificent singing voice? Ed Jerome never tried to bring back that fatal singing voice. It had been a great, a beautiful gift. But life somehow had torn it away, and left only long agony in its place. He wanted nothing of it. He saved and clung desperately to the thing he himself had salvaged, wrested from fate. To others a speaking voice might be taken for granted, be considered a possession scarcely worth mentioning. But to Ed Jerome it was the most precious thing in the world. He worked on his voice, polished it, he developed it into a great instrument of expression.

When Ed Jerome projects that magnificent voice over the radio, he is giving to millions his most priceless possession. The voice he lost many years ago has become his entire fortune. Ed Jerome is settling his accounts with fate.

Program Dots and Dashes: Rich Man's Darling has been on the CBS network since February 17, 1936, sponsored by Outdoor Ed. It costs him nothing to produce, easy to continue, because a serial can go on and on, scripts like Rich Man's Darling are popular because daytime listeners, who are mostly women, like human interest stories about their next door neighbors... One agency that believes in this formula is Bostock-Simpson Humor, who present, besides Rich Man's Darling, Just Plain Bill.
6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID:
"SHE'S TOO SKINNY!"

JUST THINK,
DARLING, IN A
FEW DAYS WE'LL
BE MARRIED!

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS
10 TO 25 POUNDS – IN A FEW WEEKS!

If you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy people just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed!

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normally lovely color in their cheeks, new pep, and all the friends and popularity these bring.

New body-building discovery
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. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of the food you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of wonder-working Vitamin B is cultivated 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 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite, and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm and new winning personality.

Money-back guarantee
No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new "i-power" Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be careful you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't accept any substitute. Look for "TY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer
To start thousands building up their 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. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

which has been on the air for five years: Betty and Bob, which is six years old, and The Romance of Helen Trent, which just had its fourth birthday. The scripts are written two or three weeks in advance by a staff of writers. There is a scarcity of writers of this sort of material. Last year the sponsors of Grand Hotel sent out form letters to many writers asking for contributions. These daytime script shows after steady employment to radio's lesser actors. Pay for the smaller part is usually $20 to $35 a performance. Most of the performers are out-of-towners who come to New York far work on the legitimate stage, found for one reason or another that steadier, if less artistic, work could be had on radio row. Script programs have sold everything from toothpaste to rugs successfully. With no studio audience or large band, these programs are lodged in the smallest of radio studios. Thanks to red-headed Martha Atwell, one of radio's few women production chiefs, Rich Men's Darling actors are actually swept away by their parts. Recently Ed Jerome was supposed to go through a door. When he reached the back of the script he suddenly walked right out of the studio. Peggy Allenby, who is Peggy Alden in the script, ad libbed into the mike, until another actor cleared out of Ironized Yeast tablets, by a back in again. While waiting their turn during rehearsal, the cast is as restive as a neighborhood sewing circle. Peggy Allenby tells Ethel Remey about her real estate adventures in Florida, and Carl Swenson, who is the program's dashing young Packy O'Toole, reads a mystery story. After the broadcast, Miss Atwell distributes the following program's scripts and the cast rush down to the restaurant in the CBS building for luncheon. Most of them are veteran and prolific radio actors, with half a dozen jobs a week. Peggy Allenby started her theatrical career in stock companies, toured with Clara Bade, stories Tracy, Frank Morgan, and Sylvia Sidney. Her husband is John McGovern, another radio actor. She likes to write poetry and listen to the radio. Ethel Remey is a native New Yorker, who studied at the Ethical Culture School and American Academy of Dramatic Arts. When she was fifteen, she made her stage bow and after that appeared with Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore, and Billie Burke. Carl Swenson is six feet tall, blond, blue-eyed, and a radio hero. Swenson was born in Brooklyn, became interested in amateur theatricals during his college days at Marietta College in Ohio. His favorite sports are swimming and playing with his six-months-old son, Peter.
Genius in a Fog
(Continued from page 36)

with the Earl Carroll Vanities road Company, thus throwing away $20,000—and then and there quit the stage. Of all times that Jack has been a quitter, this remains his masterpiece. But as usual, his professional ascent was only accelerated by the halt!

He had completed a cycle, and come again to the choice between his career on the stage and a home. But this time, he chose a home—for his wife's sake. Mary Livingstone, he tried hard to forget the solid, comfortable security she had given up for a portable existence in hotels and trains. She had tried to get used to rooting her life every few days—packing, unpacking, waiting alone in hotel rooms for Jack, or worse, visiting him backstage, and seeing chorus cuties swarming around him. The first year she had been miserably unhappy and had left her spouse ten times, but always her love for him outweighed her aversion to the merry-go-round of the theater, and drew her back. By 1932, Mary was resigned to her fate, and had even overcome her dislike for the stage enough to appear in Jack's act with him. But she was still a home girl at heart—and Jack knew there was only one way to make her supremely happy. He saw radio as a solution to his domestic problems.

They went back to New York and for three months Jack gave auditions after auditions to no avail. Then, one night, columnist Ed Sullivan invited him to make a guest star appearance on his own program. For the record, these are the first words that the bland comedian uttered over the air:

"Ladies and gentlemen—this is Jack Benny talking. There will be a slight pause while you say 'Who cares?' I am here tonight as a scenario writer. There is quite a lot of money in writing scenarios for the pictures. Well, there would be if I could sell one. That seems to be my only trouble right now, but I am going back to pictures in about ten weeks. I'm going to be in a new picture with Greta Garbo. They sent me the story last week. When the picture first opens, I'm found dead in the bathroom. It's sort of a mystery picture. That's found in the bathtub on Wednesday night."

He shortly had his first sponsor, Canada Dry, and amid the flood of old-style gags that deluged radio almost four years ago, the Benny brand of timely character humor sparked like a Will Rogers quip in the Congressional Record.

It was by breaking from the tradition that called for a star comedian to grab all the laughs from his straight man that Jack Benny developed a smooth-running, eight-cylinder laugh machine while other comedies were still wheezing along on one cylinder. Using the same fuel—that is, jokes so funny and in many cases less clever than those of his competitors—he streaked to record popularity before the others could remodel their ancient vehicles.

He even dragged Mary with him, putting her into the scripts against her will. But she has grown to love the work and the audience loves her blithe assurance.

Although he worries and frets his radio material into shape, making a minor crisis of each broadcast, as soon as the show goes on the air, Jack does his best to befuddle the cast into garbling their lines. He thinks an unintentional slip of the tongue is always good for a laugh, whereas the original line may or may not be. Thus he kidded Don Bestor's spats

Our whole day was spoiled when Bill saw my red, chapped hands. They did look horrid. I'd tried everything but I couldn't seem to get my hands smooth...

Then—I heard how wonderfully Jergens Lotion softens hand skin. I use Jergens all the time now and Bill says, "Put your dear soft hands against my face."

It wasn't the Blizzard that turned him cold—twas her red rough hands!

but Jergens brought back Warmth and Romance!

Water—as well as wind and cold—is hard on your hands. It takes away their special beautifying moisture. Yet women say they wash their hands eight times most days—have them in water eight times more.

No wonder hands tend to crack and chap in winter—look red, feel harsh. But Jergens Lotion heals that chapping and roughness in no time.

Why is Jergens so effective? First, this lotion restores moisture inside the skin cells, where hand skin needs it. Tests prove Jergens goes in more thoroughly than any other lotion tested. It leaves no stickiness.

Second, Jergens contains two famous ingredients that doctors use. The first application helps. Use Jergens Lotion for soft hands a man loves. At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

Jergens Lotion
FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renewes the youthful softness of your hands! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1726 Alfred Street Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Name

Street

City...

State...

79
THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT Colds!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

The "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization. Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds. A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold. They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are cold tablets! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold. They combat the infection in the system. They relieve the headache and fever. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

into national prominence, and some of his ad lib remarks about Kenny Baker not only confuse the singer but have him blushing for hours afterwards.

The strangest thing about this good-natured fellow is that he doesn't react to the white heat of success in any way. He's still a small-town boy who can't hold his liquor (one cocktail sends him higher than a kite, so he practically never drinks) and to whom a midnight movie is an orgy. He has no business sense, and takes his wife's advice on everything but the selection of his clothes. Unlike most actors, he dresses conservatively (and he dresses himself—he wouldn't submit to a valet to pay off an election bet).

His diversions are those of a $35-a-week bank clerk, though his pay check is in five figures. His chief delight is leisurely cross-country motoring. He gave his wife a sixteen-cylinder sedan, but refused to give up his own Pontiac roadster for a more luxurious car. He thinks he's a very good driver, but the temptation to tell a good story frequently takes his eyes from the road.

He's a panic on the dance floor when he pulls a Fred Astaire, but it's a bit nerve-wracking to his unsuspecting partner.

He sometimes plays casino, but the best thing he does with a card table is to set dinner on it and invite a fellow and then open. When he starts a meal, he always asks "What's the dessert?" and you have to keep it out of sight or he'll eat it between the appetizer and the soup. He has to taste what everyone else is eating, if it's different from his order. As soon as the dessert is on (or one of those "six delicious flavors") he asks, "What are we going to do tonight?" He stops eating when he feels uncomfortable and after dinner looks at himself in the mirror, makes a double chin and remarks, "Gee, I'll have to start on a diet tomorrow!" He always means it, and even bounces a medicine ball and green exercise once, using it all of twenty minutes before he gave it away.

Jack has two habits he can't break. He smokes several thousand cigars a year and bites his nails. Mary frequently slaps his hands out of his mouth, as it's a dreadful example to set for Joan. Jack likes to show you snapshots of his adopted baby—he always has some in his pocket—and if you suggest that she looks a little like him, he is the proudest papa-by-proxy in the world.

At least ten needy actors receive regular checks from Benny. If you see him fasten onto some obscure actor at a party and unobtrusively steer him toward the kitchen, it's a safe bet that radio's ace comedian is asking Joe Hooler how things are going, and is backing up his interest with something to tide him over the tough breaks.

While he was making a personal appearance in Boston recently, the boy who was kicked out of high school because he wouldn't study had an invitation to lecture on humorous writing to the literature classes of Harvard. Jack declined the honor. He explained to a friend, "I can't talk to all those smart boys. I'm only an actor. I wouldn't know what to say."

But if he doesn't stand in awe of his own importance, neither does he of anyone else's. During the same engagement arrangements were made for him to meet the Governor at the State House. The Governor was late and Benny left—not from impatience after a long wait but simply because he was due at a rehearsal. The others told him the rehearsal would have to be delayed—that he couldn't walk out on a governor.

Jack simply said, "He can be late. He's
got a four year contract, but mine's only for thirteen weeks.'

**DOTS AND DASHES ON JACK BENNY'S PROGRAM.** . . . This merrymaker's program is now radio's number one, according to the telephone polls, which make surveys of listening popularity, far advertising agencies and sponsors. . . . It finally shoved Major Bowes' amateurs into second place. . . . Jack's sponsors attribute this to their high-priced comic's flippon personality. . . . But the veteran comedian likes to think his success is due to his innovation of situation comedy on the air, rather than to gags. . . . Jack likes to kid the nation's latest crazes, its newest movies, its latest heroes. However, this type of comedy has its limitations. Lampooning national affairs, international figures, politics, religions, is taboo. . . . To make up for this, Jack built up his company of funsters into definite personalities, so he could kid them instead. . . . When Harry Conn, $2,500-a-week gag writer, left Jack to write for Joe Penner, the former riddler hired another high-priced writer, Al Boasberg, and three assistants. . . . The writers bring in the rough draft to their boss early in the week. . . . Benny greets them in a silk dressing gown, slippers pajamas, and the inevitable cigar tucked in the side of his mouth. . . . Benny injects his own ideas. . . . The following Sunday the cost gives it a first reading. . . . Suggestions are made by Mary, Kenny Baker and Phil Harris, to suit their personali
ties. . . . One of the hardest workers and biggest worriers on the program is Tom Hor
ington, crack production man, who has traveled over 75,000 miles, in connection with this show, between the West Coast studios and the New York advertising agency offices of his company, Young and Rubicam. . . . He gets gray hairs every Sunday when Jack upsetss the planned routine. . . . It's Horning
ton's job to keep the program timed properly. . . . Young and Rubicam like comedians on their radio shows. They present Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Fred Allen, Charles Butterworth, Stoopnagle and Budd and Ed Wynn, weekly, to a waiting world. . . . Jack's man Friday is baldish Harry Baldwin, who cares for Jack's minor business affairs, arranges his appointments, handles Mary's charge accounts. . . . Phil Harris is Jack's sixth band-leader. . . . Most of the company dress informally for the broadcasts; Jack wears sweater and slacks, Mary a sporty dress, but dumbled, thirty-year-old Harris dresses like a Wall Street broker. . . . The former West Coast drummer made a prize-winning short, "So This Is Harris!" his band has been one of NBC's aces for many years. . . . His only one hobby: polo ponies. . . . He owns a string of them. . . . It was Rudy Vallee who first recommended him as a coming maestro. . . . A year ago Kenny Baker was unknown. . . . Today he starts his first starring talkie, "The Great Comoner," Marlyn LeRoy's first independently produced picture. . . . Is the proud father of a two-months old boy. . . . Dan Wilson's roguish laugh, usually heard above the rest of the studio audience, is not heard . . . He still thinks Jack Benny is the funniest man in the world.

**"I WANT HOME GROWN VEGETABLE SOUP"**

The kind that Gerber's makes!

"Say, mother, we'd need our own garden to get fresh, Home Grown Vege
tables like the Gerber folks use in their vegetable soup!

"And even then, our vegetables wouldn't be as good as Gerber's, for theiris are grown from special pedigreed seed in extra-nourishing soil. When the vegetables are ripe and just right, they rush 'em to the big shining Gerber kitchens nearby so they have no time to lose the food values that make them so good for me.

"You ought to see the way Gerber's prepare those Home Grown Vegetables! After scientific straining, the vegetables are cooked in an exclusive Gerber way that preserves, to a high degree, the vitamins and minerals that you are apt to lose when you cook at home. Gerber's Shocker-Cooking means faster and more even cooking, too. I wish I had some Gerber's right now!"

**ONLY GERBER'S OFFER ALL THESE ADVANTAGES**

Pedigreed Seeds—developed by expert horticulturists for prize vegetables of highest nutrition.

Controlled Farms—for proper soil, and harvesting at the correct degree of full ripeness.

Home Grown—within an hour from our kitchens to prevent appreciable loss of quality.

Shaker-Cooked—after scientific straining, at right temperatures with air excluded, for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree, and even cooking throughout every can.

(gerber's strained cereal made from selected whole grains; gerber's prunes are raised in the santa clara valley of California.)

**Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup** is a well-balanced nutritious combination of strained carrots, peas, spinach, rice, barley, beet, tomatoes and cereals. Other Gerber strained foods:

- Tomatoes
- Green Beans
- Beets
- Carrots
- Peas
- Spinach
- Prunes and Cereal

**Gerber's Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods**

Give Your Baby This Fine Stuffed Doll

Made of good quality stuffed satin, big doll in blue, $20 doll in pink. Sent for 1st and 3rd Gerber labels.

**GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Fremont, Michigan**

112

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

State................................................................................

Cheque Inserts desired: 0 Boy Doll 0 Girl Doll 0 Maltime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding. 0 Baby's Book, on general infant care, 10c additional.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 50)

Ozzie Nelson, who used to play professional football, announces his pieces on the stand by numbers. If you happen to be dancing by and hear him say, "16-24!" you'll know it's Ozzie's signal for a new tune. As a young singer was engaged by a good looking maestro to sing with his band. It was her first experience and she fell for the leader. One day, singing, he started to introduce her by saying, "I now bring you that beautiful little songstress, Miss—" but he had to lean over and give her completely wrecked her romance.... Abe Lyman cleaned up on Roosevelt The publishers are coming forth with their usual flock of Santa Claus songs. Since Warren went back on the air Warren and Dubin, their ace song writing team, have been hitting close to a sixteen hour daily schedule, writing "a thousand and love songs." Al Dubin explains their success by saying they write music that photographs, meaning that each song is in the plot and carries along the action in the picture... Mal Hallett now has a farm of a thousand chickens (with feathers).... It's a show in itself, the Roy Kriger makes while drumming for Benny Goodman. He also chews gum in any rhythm... Incidentally, as predicted in this column, Benny Goodman is packing them in at the Pennsylvania... Mrs. Lou Gehrig, wife of the Yankee first baseman, is writing popular songs; Bunny Berigan, Cozy Cole, Red McKenzie appear in that gigantic revue, "Red, White and Blue"... Harold Stern has opened his own Charles Stern Club in Brooklyn. Will Osborne made a football short for Paramount. * * *

It's funny how some of our best instrumentalists are starred. While Harry Brewey was laid up in bed his dad got him a toy xylophone. Harry amused himself for hours and when he recovered, got a larger instrument but still at play and you hear his xylophone pyrotechnics on many programs.... As a joke a friend of May Simp Grieve's gave her a ukulele for Christmas. Spinning it as too simple to bother with, she tried to exchange it at the store for a bath robe. The exchange was refused so she took the thing home and started strumming it. Fascinated, she kept on and has been playing it ever since. Incidentally she has been on the air now consecutively for fourteen years.

Dick Ballou, whose orchestra provides nutty Ralph Dunke and Ed East with musical support, has a number of the band's musical segments on CBS, was like all little boys—he wanted to be a policeman. But as most youngsters, he practiced it. He got his parents to give him little police uniform, and in it he paraded the streets of Shamokin, Pa., his home town, directing traffic. He got so serious about it that his parents became alarmed and began to look around for something to distract his interest. Finally they hit upon music, and persuaded Dick to take piano lessons, on condition that he be allowed to wear his uniform while practicing. But gradually he grew more interested in the piano and less in being a cop—and that's how he became a musician. He grew up to form his own college band, and for several years as singer with a road show, and finally enter radio through the influence of the late, beloved Rosy. But there's no telling what he might be up to if he hadn't wanted to be a cop and much that he worried his parents when he was a boy.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

For M. E. Mendel—(And for all Lombard fans)—Here in a nutshell is the Lombard orchestra's make-up, saxophone and flute: Liebert, trumpet and drums; Victor, baritone saxophone and clarinet; Fred Kreitzer, piano; Francis Henry, guitar; and Vlada Higman, see. The orchestra is directed by Benny Owen, third saxophone; George Gowsans, drums; Jim Dillon, trombonist; Bern Davis, bass horn; Wayne Webb, trombone; Frank Vignone, piano; and Dudley Fossick, mellophone.

For Mrs. Alice G. Mahoney—Your favorite vocalist, whom you only know by his first name, is Terry Shand, singer with Freddy Martin's orchestra. Freddy has been singing with Freddy Martin for many years, and besides being the vocalist he is the band's first pianist, and a proficient arranger of comedy songs. Just recently he recovered from a serious auto accident, and is now back with Freddy at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. Terry's a Southern gentleman, and as for Freddy Martin, music is the saxophone as well as the trombone. His orchestra, is married, was born in Cleveland, and got his start with the Lombardos. Does that fill the big order you mentioned in your letter?

For M. D. Bergen—Larry Taylor is the baritone soloist with Morton Gould's "Music for Today" band on MBS Sundays at 8:30. He just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, has blue eyes and blond hair, isn't married, and is mighty fond of playing tennis.

For Clarence Bolton—No, Teddy Wilson, the colored pianist on Benny Goodman's trio, doesn't travel with the band. he just makes phonograph recordings with Benny.

For Catharine Fleagle—George Olsen's old orchestra disbanded when he took over Orville Knapp's band; and George's lovely wife, Ethel Shatta, is confining her activities to staying home and taking care of the family; except for appearances now and then. An interesting rumor concerning the personnel of the band is that Knapp in his will specified that no changes could be made in the band's solo-
Radio Mirror

Hal Kemp's staccato rhythms will be heard from the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, starting the first of the year, over the Mutual system. Unless memory's up to its old tricks, this will be Hal's first visit to the West Coast. There's talk that he may make a picture while he's out there. There's more talk to the effect that skinny Ennis is thinking of leaving the Kemp organization to start his own band. Not talk, but a fact, is Maxine Gray's departure from the Kemp fold.

**THEME SONG SECTION**

Since marrying Virginia Gilchrest, Al Kavelin has appropriately changed the title of his theme song from "Love Has Gone" to "Love Has Come."

For L. T. Shiflett—The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes program uses an unpublished original manuscript by Graham Harris for its theme song. It hasn't a title yet. One Man's Family uses "Destiny Waltz," and the First Nighter uses "Neapolitan Nights."

**THANKS AND APOLOGIES**

First, thanks to Vernon Hiester, for his suggested All-Meister orchestra. It sounds pretty swell, but alas, I'm afraid nobody will ever hear it in action. Here it is: violins, Joe Venuti, Dave Rubinstein, Reggie Childe; saxophones, Wayne King, Dick Stabile; clarinets, Benny Goodman, Glen Gray; trumpets, Clyde McCoy, Henry Busse, Red Nichols; trombones, Russ Morgan, Tommy Dorsey; drums, Phil Harris; guitar, Nick Lucas; pianos, Eddie Duchin, Ted Fio Rito (why not find a place for Johnny Green, Vernon?); vocalists, Rudy Vallee, Bob Crosby.

---

Skin Flaky

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky? Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

**For powder base—**
Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

**For overnight—**
To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

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.
TATTOO your lips!

The New TATTOO gives lips lasting South Sea color...yet keeps them moist, shimmering, smooth...actually softens them too!

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal main for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too. • We offer it to you as the New TATTOO...an entirely new kind of indelible lipstick...the only lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color...the only lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path or an iridescent tropical sea...at the same time keeping your lips youthful, smooth, wrinkle-free...caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips...with the New TATTOO! One dollar everywhere.

WHY CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER unless removed ROOT and ALL

Amazing New Method Removes Corn for Good!

WHEN you dangerously cut or pare a corn at home, you merely trim the surface. The root remains imbedded in the toe, soon the corn comes back bigger, more painful than ever. That's why millions of people are discarding these old-fashioned methods and now use this new easy double-action Blue-Jay method. The pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then that entire corn lifts out root and all in three short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a modern medicated tinfoil plaster, easy to use, invisible. Get Blue-Jay today.

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 Borer & Black, Dep. B-78, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

* A plug of dead rolls root-like in form and position. It left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer

(Continued from page 41)
taste of newspaper power. No cub's beat for him this time; he was the Tribune's political reporter, on the job twenty-four hours a day. Nearly every cop on the city force was his friend, and those few who weren't his friends were his enemies, which was often better. He nosed into every disputable hole in Minneapolis, and emerged each time with a story. He spent hours in station-houses swapping yarns and debating philosophy with the police. He knew the inside dope on everything that happened around town. He was present just after murders had been committed, and suicides. Once, on the fifth floor of a Minneapolis tenement, he even delivered a child. He swaggered a bit, naturally. In his youthful enthusiasm, as soon as he learned the power of the printed word, he felt as if he were one of the overlords of the town. But he was not too sophisticated, too cynical, to revere one man.

His name was Jack Jensen. He was another reporter on the Tribune staff, a tall, blond Viking, about twenty-five years older than Floyd. He and Floyd roomed together.

JENSEN was a fictional character come to life—the kind of regular you read about in books. His ability to get a news story down on paper and make it live there amounted to genius. He never left Minneapolis, he avowed, and he never drank. Before he knew Floyd he had acquired the habit of taking morphine, and cured himself of it. One of Floyd Gibbons' bitterest hatreds today is for the men who sell narcotics, and it all stems back to the night that Jensen described the agonies he endured when he was carrying himself.

Floyd says Jensen taught him how to read, and how to write by reading. Floyd had never liked school, and had always made a study of how to do as little red-tape as was humanly possible, but Jensen introduced him to glories of English literature he hadn't dreamed existed, and through them showed him how to be a better writer himself. They spent many hours together, talking, with a bottle on the table between them. Floyd never touched the bottle when he was with Jensen. "You're Irish," Jensen told him, "and you can't drink. I'm a Swede, and I can." Jensen died a year ago, in Minneapolis. Many a time, after he himself had left, Floyd tried to persuade his old friend to come to Chicago or New York and work on bigger papers, but Jensen always refused. And one of the biggest humiliations of Floyd's life came when he read Jensen's obituary. Of the man whom he considered a greater reporter than he'd ever be, the obituary said, "His claim to fame was that he once roomed with Floyd Gibbons!"

Even today, Floyd can't explain exactly why he left Minneapolis for Chicago. He didn't want to go. His friends were all in Minneapolis, he was happy here, and secure. Perhaps that was the trouble. He was too secure. Life had become too easy, and he knew it. He felt good with the bottle in his hand, and he'd been well on the way to making good in Milwaukee—but who knew how well he could do in a big city like Chicago, where he had no friends and no acquaintances?
DO YOU HAVE PIMPLES? BAD SKIN?

For Real Beauty—
You Must Have Soft
Alluring Skin

...Free From Pimples

SMOOTH, satiny skin—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin of ugly pimples on face and body. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

The real cause of disorders resulting in ugly pimples may be nothing in the world except a lack of the yeast vitamins B and G. When these elements are not present in the human diet in sufficient quantities, the intestinal tract becomes weak and its function is badly impaired. Constipation is likely to ensue and this, in turn, often shows up in pimply skin.

Countless men and women have found that in such cases, Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure dry yeast supplies vitamins B and G in abundant quantities and thus helps to restore the intestinal tract to normal—in those instances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

NERVES?

Vitamin B, known as the anti-neuritic vitamin, is absolutely necessary to sound, steady nerves. Lack of vitamin B causes polyneuritis—the inflammation of many nerves. Yeast Foam Tablets, so rich in the B factor, correct these nervous conditions caused by vitamin B deficiency.

Unlike ordinary yeast, Yeast Foam Tablets are pasteurized and hence cannot cause gas or fermentation. They are easy to swallow and most people relish their clean, nut-like taste. They keep, too. Start now. Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give them the chance to give you the same welcome relief they have brought to so many others.

Mail Coupon for Trial Sample
NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO.
1720 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.)

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SPECIAL SALE! BRADLEY'S FAMOUS SUPER-QUALITY ENGINEERS WATCH NOW ONLY $2.97

A CURRENCY guaranteed by 100-year-old-million-dollar factory. Simulated gold effect case guaranteed 25 years. It has a handsome locomotive case, timekeeper dial, railroad band. Compare with a $10 watch.

SEND NO MONEY—When your watch arrives pay postman $2.97 (plus postage). Examine watch carefully. Your money back if not satisfied at the price. You order at once, you can get a second watch for only $2.97. Sell it to a friend for $3.97 regular price and your own will cost you nothing. No strings to this offer, no catch in it. But you must act AT ONCE during this special promotion.

FREE: knife and chain to match with every watch! BRADLEY DEPT. 382 A, NEWTON, MASS.

YES! I send one 10-B model watch at 97c. I will pay on approval. Nothing more to pay. Money back if not delighted. I RECIPROCAT. Name

Address

\[ \text{85} \]
to live on North Clark Street. It's typical of him. He liked North Clark Street. It was the toughest section of Chicago—a thoroughfare of saloons, furtive gambling games, noisy burlesque theaters, and dens of ill-fame. Life—noisy, glaring, naked—boiled and swirled down that street. Back of every window, in every knot of people on the curb, there was a story for Floyd to learn and write. That most of the stories were none too pleasant or pretty didn't matter. They were all stories.

GRADUALLY he built up a reputation on the Tribune as a dependable writer of whatever was dramatic, unusual, colorful.

The editors of the Tribune soon discovered that Floyd did his best work when he was suddenly shifted off the home grounds to territory that was new to him. Accordingly, whenever there was a colorful out of town assignment, it was Floyd's property. It was on one of these that he went to Mexico, and in doing so stumbled inadvertently upon his first great new story.

Floyd didn't go to Mexico to see Pancho Villa. He went to watch Jack Johnson train for a scheduled battle with Jess Willard: and later he was to cover the fight itself. But once in Mexico, Floyd saw plainly that there wasn't going to be any Johnson-Willard fight.

Right on the border, across the river from Texas, was Juarez. Juarez was Floyd's kind of town. Rough and tough, it teemed with life, and there was a story wherever you turned.

A man named Hypolito Villa was Juarez' boss, a playboy boss if there ever was one. In faultless evening clothes, around his waist a heavy cartridge belt to which was attached a brace of revolvers, Hypolito lorded it over Juarez in grand style. He drove around town in a glitzy, high-powered car, most of the time filled with girls. He tossed away money at the gambling tables and the races.

Hypolito was Pancho Villa's brother. It was his job to buy ammunition and see that it was safely transported to Pancho, who was somewhere in the interior.

As the days passed, Floyd learned more about Pancho Villa. Something was happening up in those Mexican hills—something much more important than a series of small-time bandit raids. Scraps of conversation dropped at bars, around faro tables, hinted at the magnitude of Villa's ambitions. Floyd met Hypolito, talked to him, and learned still more. And always there was the news trickling in, of yet another fierce raid made by Pancho.

Floyd wired the Tribune: "If the John-
son-Willard fight doesn't come off, there's going to be a lot bigger fight down here anyway. Can I go and cover it?"

Chicago knew a little about Pancho Villa, but not too much. A few American newspaper correspondents had tried to see him, without much success, and the reports which had come in from inaccessible Mexican villages were sketchy and inadequate. America hadn't yet realized fully that Villa's intermittent skirmishes with the Mexican government armies under Carranza were the beginning of a Mexican revolution. The Tribune told Floyd to go ahead—and hardly had it done so when the importance of the Villa story began to grow by leaps and bounds. Armed with credentials secured from Hypolito and other Valhalla officials in Juarez, Floyd went to Monterey, the capital of the state of Nuevo Leon, which Villa was then occupying. General Paul Madero, of Villa's army, arranged for Floyd to have an interview with Villa, and acted as interpreter during it.

THEY had told Floyd that Villa's first impression of a man was usually his fixed opinion. It may have been so in Floyd's case, since at the end of the interview Villa granted him permission to accompany a march against Matamoros which was scheduled to take place shortly.

There is no doubt, though, that Villa grew to like Floyd even better as time passed and he was allowed to become virtually a member of the General's entourage.

That first forced march, against Matamoros, may have had something to do with Villa's opinion of Floyd. Indeed, he probably smiled a private smile as he
granted Floyd's request, thinking that the Gringo could never stand the pace.

Floyd was routed out of his bunk unexpectedly one morning at three o'clock and informed that the army was ready to start. Then followed nearly twenty-four hours in which Villa's army covered ninety-four miles on horseback and ended up with a successful surprise attack upon a village called Ramones which had been held by Carranza forces. Ninety-four miles at top speed through rocky, arid country, under a blazing sun and in pitch darkness. Exhausted horses were discarded, left to shift for themselves, or die, at the roadside. Any man unable to keep going would have been left to a similar fate.

Floyd came through it all, although for the next few weeks he ate his meals standing up—a small price, after all, to pay for Pancho Villa's respect.

For several months during the spring and summer of 1913 Floyd traveled with Villa. After that first mad ride, most of the traveling was done by train. Villa simply commandeered strings of cars, loaded his men, their families and their possessions, on them, and used them as movable headquarters.

Sometimes Floyd slept by the campfire, in the circle of Villa's Dorados—his "golden ones" whom he trusted most, or as much as he trusted anyone. Unable to read or write, Villa resolved that he was at the mercy of any one of his lieutenants who might feel disposed to write a false message in his name, or misread an incoming message to him, and this made him suspicious of everyone. And because he was suspicious of everyone, Floyd himself was in constant danger. If there had been an unexplained treachery, whom would Villa have suspected first? The American, the inquisitive Gringo whose nose for news was into everyone's business. And as Floyd knew very well, the penalty for even suspected treachery was a few minutes' work for the firing-squad.

One day he watched Villa, in a fit of temper, shoot down a beautiful horse for no other reason than that it had refused to let him mount it. Yet there was a kind of brutal logic in Villa's explanation, "That horse was a traitor," he said. "He never learned discipline. Some day he might cost me a battle."

Through the first weeks of early summer Villa's forces stationed themselves at Aguaclachetas. They seemed to be waiting, piling up reserves of strength and ammunition for a major drive. At first, Floyd lived in a brewery on the outskirts of town. It was safe enough there, theoretically, because it was a Canadian-owned brewery, and the British flag was one thing both Villa and his enemies respected. But its situation at the edge of town made the space in back of it particularly handy as an execution spot, and at dawn every morning prisoners were lined up outside Floyd's bedroom wall and shot.

In answer to Floyd's request, Villa allowed him to fit up a box-car as his private office and home. On its side Villa even ordered the men to paint "Oficina Particular del Corresponsal Especial, La Tribuna, U. S. A."—private office of the special correspondent, the Tribune, U. S. A. It was from here that Floyd sent many of his dispatches, returning to it after short field trips with Villa. The Villista armies were consolidating.

At last everything was ready. Villa advanced, and met the Carranza army, under General Obregon, near Leon. The battle was disastrous for Villa, resulting in a complete rout for him. Even before it had ended, Floyd realized that Villa's brief reign of glory was over. He was no longer the possible defender of the peon, but a defeated bandit chief.

Floyd pushed his way past the retreating armies to Juarez and across the border to General Pershing's headquarters in Texas. There he reported that if America would propose and negotiate a truce between Villa and Carranza, Villa would accept it and peace in Mexico would be restored. But by the time the truce had been offered it was too late to help Villa. The Carranzistas needed no truce. Villa's men had been broken up into small groups and driven into the mountains.

With his reputation as a foreign correspondent greater by far than when he left, Floyd returned to Chicago, where he remained for slightly more than a year. Then the Tribune decided to send him to London as its correspondent there. On February 17, 1917, Floyd sailed from New York. The German government had just drawn a blockade zone around the waters of the British Isles and the coast of France, and had announced to all the world that its submarines would sink without warning any ship, of any nation, that tried to penetrate those waters.

Floyd's ship was the ill-fated Cunard liner Lusitania.

War guns rumbling dangerously all over the world, forecasting another bloody conflict, once brought back vivid memories of Floyd Gibbons of the last fierce days of the World War, his trips to the front, and the loss of his eye. More memories—into Russia after the revolution in the days of the great famine—across scorched deserts into the strange, weird land of Ibnuddo. All these, a thrill a sentence, are yours in the next installation of the life story of the most famous reporter in the world. Don't miss it. In the March issue, on sale, January 22.
Would They Ask You for a Date?

(Continued from page 23)

point radio’s bachelors don’t like to find in girls. Many of them wouldn’t take a girl out if she were guilty of them. Certainly, whether they would or not, the girls would be getting off to a very bad start. And wasn’t more important than the start you make?

Don’t—and I know what you’re going to say about being comfortable in three inches, weather—roll your stockings below your knees. This seems to be some sort of symbol with most men. My guess is that they don’t like it because it stands for something more than the actual effect on their sense of vision. And before you throw this objection clear out the window, stop and think of the men you’re defying men than whom you couldn’t find more eligible bachelors.

DON’T buy shoes that are too short for you. How our bachelors feel they could find this out, I don’t know, but if they did, their reaction would be very unfa-

table. This is another point in the psychology of men being attracted to women, and as such it can’t be overlooked. They don’t like to think of a woman being so vain as to choose shoes to make her legs look longer.

Don’t let a man kiss you good night the first time you go out with him. At least, it isn’t advisable in the majority of cases.

Igor Gorin would expect you to, and Tom Waring wouldn’t care. But Nelson Eddy certainly wouldn’t like you for it, and neither would Frank Parker and Jerry Cooper. In fact, it is very important to seven of the bachelors, and fairly important to another. Only Tom and Igor disagree.

The next point seems to me to be more a matter of etiquette, but according to these, most escorts foam at the mouth when you do it. Don’t, if you’re in your right mind, wave at another man while you’re dancing. You can smile and get away with it, but any visible other means of greeting won’t go over—at all. So watch yourself. It’s an easy mistake to make, if you aren’t thinking.

Would you think much of a wedding? Well, if you would, you might get any kind of a reaction from your fiancée, according to our radio bachelors. Half of them think you should give her what she wants; the other half thought you should give her what you thought she shouldn’t. Frank Parker says you shouldn’t. But to Nelson Eddy it doesn’t matter in the least. So take your choice.

When I put the next question, I had hoped for a different answer, or at least some sort of compromise. But not one of the ten thought there should be a doubt. In other words, “Don’t expect to have dates with other men after your engagement.” I might be inclined to feel that this could be a short sighted policy in some cases, but there it is. If you’d be popular, you had better consider.

There is the complete composite picture of what ten radio bachelors would want and would hate in the girl they were taking out. The personality qualities were impersonal, the rulings of the majority. Perhaps you’d like a more definite description of the kind of a girl each one of these bachelors is. Here they are—and again, you should be able to draw helpful conclusions in most of the cases, conclusions that should smooth the way to your own personal popularity.

Frank Parker wants: “A girl who is physically attractive, but her mental equipment is more important and can make up for physical faults. She should be no taller than five feet, three inches, with a wholesome rather than sophisticated or exotic appearance. She should be able to talk about important world affairs, but she just needs an understanding of the way she takes herself too seriously. Have a sense of humor.”

Nelson Eddy seeks: “A girl who is intellec-
tual, educated, not too young. domestic, not wrapped up in a career, who likes music, appreciates art and is sensitive.”

Abe Lyman likes: “A girl who doesn’t drink; an old fashioned girl, a home girl, not a show girl or a sophisticate.”

Vincent Lopez, however, hopes for: “A girl who knows her way about, knows how to drink a cocktail (one) and hold a cigarette, who is tall, statues, dresses smartly, and is a good dancer. And brunette.”

Curtis Lewis says: “Sleek, not startlingly beautiful so that every man stops and looks at her; who can talk without being a chatterbox, and can take one drink without wanting another.”

Jimmy Farrell looks for: “A girl who is a college graduate (because Jimmy was once a professor) who is about five feet six inches, brunette, immaculate in dress, broad minded about show business, well read, a moderate smoker, and a teetotaler.”

Henry King asks for: “A girl who is able to make her mark in society, since this is woman’s real career; a girl that a man could look up to and respect for her ability to make her way in the social whirl.”

TOM WINGRIG, whose taste is really the most sophisticated of all, wants: “A girl who has literary or artistic leanings; whose morals are her own business; who is spontaneous; who dislikes fashionable things; one who is unique and unconventional, and being in the swing all the time.”

Richard Humber’s the victim of a wish fulfillment, for he desires a girl who: “Has done things I have always wanted to do and never have; a girl who’s gone to Europe, so I could learn things from her; a girl who’s a good auto driver, since I’m so bad; a girl who is a tall blonde, tolerant, understanding, slightly maternal.”

Last is Igor Gorin, a Viennese by birth and a resident of America for only three years. Igor insists on: “A typical American girl who doesn’t pretend to be sophisti-
cated, who is honest and yet retains just a touch of my country in her, under any circumstances, a professional musician.”

There, for you—whether you’re in the throes of your first love affair, whether you’re engaged, or a career girl, or even married—are ten men’s hopes and desires. Take their words to heart and free your life from some of its most puzzling complications.

What Do You Think Of Movie Stars On The Air? Should They Be Barred From Radio? Read The Stirring Open Letter To Hollywood From The Editor—Next Month In The March Issue Of RADIO MIRROR.
More News on the Hollywood Front
(Continued from page 9)

and return to the air via Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.

TIE THIS, MR. RIPLEY! So many stars go hay-wire because they don’t get the
billing to which they feel they’re enti-
titled, it is the height of something or other
to find one like Bing Crosby. He
wants to see somebody or other because
he claims, a promise to him was broken—
that he was NOT to be starred in “Penny
nes from Heaven.” And he’s holding up
the shooting on his next picture until a
leading lady with a name as big or bigger
than his own is secured.

SMART ANIMAL—NO BULL. Bob
Burns and Bing Crosby went to the San
Diego Fair to judge a beauty contest. It
simply poured that day (they’ll run me
out of California for that!) and the beau-
ties, not wanting to get their bathing suits
wet, went home. So Bob and Bing, wand-
ering about the fair, were delighted to see
their old pal “Cuddles” who starred with
them in “Rhythm on the Range” in
a blue ribbon stall. “Cuddles,” by the
way, is a male bovine. Bing called him,
but the bull didn’t give him a tumble. Bob
gave Bing the laugh. “Watch this,”
he said—and imitated the sound of his
bazooka. The bull burst into a roar that
could be heard all over the fair grounds.
“Yeah, he’s a music critic, too,” Bing
taunted.

POSTMAN’S HOLIDAY. Fred Astaire
plays hookey from the neighboring RKO
lot to slip in and watch a Crosby re-
hearsal. He was first to congratulate Bing
when a Crosby nag won a race at Tan-
foran, the first victory for one of Bing’s
oat burners in a coon’s age.

POOR LITTLE RICH BOY. Igor
Orin, romantic baritone of Hollywood
Hotel, makes plenty of money—but he
never has any. The reason: a long while
ago he tied himself up to a contract with
a furniture dealer who undertook to be
his manager. The furniture dealer died
seven months ago, and now all Orin’s
earnings go into his estate pending its
final settlement. They came to take his
piano away the other day, and sympa-
thetic friends had to straighten the mat-
ter out. Incidentally, as soon as Orin’s
financial affairs have their kinks unwound,
he will have money enough to buy the
ring for one Mary Elizabeth Smith, vet-
eran radio actress and formerly Leslie
Howard’s leading lady.

STAND BACK, GIRLS. Robert Tay-
lor’s radio debut on Lux precipitated a
near riot. Some enterprising females dis-
covered a fire escape exit leading into the
balcony of the Lux Theater and more
than two hundred got in that way without
tickets. That left that many ticket holders
outside holding the bag. Then the fire
marshal threatened to call off the whole
show because more people had crowded
into the theater than could be seated.

AND MORE GRIEF. It was Lux’s
tough luck month. The week after the
Taylor affair, during a rehearsal of “The
Virginian,” Charles Forsythe, the sound
effects man, shot off the top of his thumb
when a revolver backfired, causing Ynez
Seabury, who had just come from a ses-
sion with the dentist, and was groggy
anyway, to keel over into the arms of
Gary Cooper.

HELPING PAPA. I sat at breakfast
the other morning with Eddie Cantor in
his lovely Beverly Hills home. He was go-
ing over the script of his next show be-
tween gulps of coffee. Daughter Marjorie
sat across the table, and read the pages
as papa finished. She held a crimson pen-
cil, and from time to time deleted vigor-
ously. “Say, what’s all that you’re cut-
ing out?” Eddie wanted to know.

“Too many ideas,” was the unfilial re-
response.

YOU GET GYPPED. If you think Jack
Benny and Mary Livingstone are
funny on the air, you ought to hear the
show they put on backstage after the
broadcast. Jack always gets buttonholed
by about unteen people before he can
get away, consequently Mary is always
kept waiting—and she doesn’t like it. The
other Sunday night she cracked to Jack,
while he was deep in a confab with a
script man, “Aw, come on Jack. We’ll
write next week’s program tomorrow.”

SYMPATHY STUFF. Kenny Baker had
been on the movie lot at 7 a. m., worked
all day with the exception of time out for
one rehearsal, two shows and a benefit
performance. At the latter, somewhere
about nine at night, a photographer pos-
him for a picture. “ Gee,” he sympathized,
HERE'S THE FAST WAY TO RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION!

Carry TUMS—Get Relief in 5 to 30 Minutes Quicker

HERE'S real scientific acid indigestion relief done up in a 10c. "vest-pocket" roll of tasty little mints. No wonder millions have adopted the sensible carry Tums idea, to be sure of getting quick, quick relief from today's unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas. Tums are pleasant-tasting and soothing, so handy to carry in pocket or purse. And contain no harsh alkalies. No chance for dangerous over-alkalization of your stomach. Just enough of Tums' potency is contained in one package to correct your stomach acidity... the remainder passing un-dissolved from your system. Only 10c a roll—ever cheaper in the 25c., three-roll ECONOMY PACK. At all drug stores. Carry Tums.

"I wouldn't be a photographer for anything. They're working all the time!"

FASHION NOTE. Johnny Green showed up in the studio wearing a bright blue coat. "I wouldn't part with this coat for anything," he explained. "I used to wear it in Buddy Rogers' band."

QUICKIES. Dorothy Page may finally say yes, and become Mrs. Armand Rust if the rich Texas rancher keeps on asking her. And speaking of celebrities, Trudy Wood has been the secret bride of Bill Bryon for six months... You're wrong, Mr. Winchcomb. Jack Jamison's heart is not a Wall Street, but a millionai- re Hollywood garage man... Marion Talley and Aubrey Scotto, her film director, go places together now. Eddie Cantor and company to New Orleans for the opening of Bobby Green's "Rainbow on the River"... And Bobby's sister, Sally, who gave up her own career to further her kid brother's, has taken up where she left off, and has a part in his first film... Furs' and Allen's plans for a Broadway Show are off because of new picture commitments... Ditto Henry Karsh, who cancels his Plaza Persian Room date to stay with them. When do they list Hollywood's better hostesses, put Gertrude Niesen's name 'way up near the top.

While on the subject of parties, Jimmy Faller's invitations are accompanied by a map of how to reach his house.

Francis White's five-gaited saddle nag caught two blue roses at the toss show Bob Ripley is holding for M-M. shorts... Eddie Cantor is displayed over the casting of his thirteen-year-old protege, Deanna Durbin, in "Three Smart Girls"... On Warner agents: Stop sending me guff about that band leader whose wife just had a baby, and who is coming from Hollywood... The last time I interviewed him, he said all he wanted was to be left alone. Okay... Rupert Hughes' adopted son, Rush, is making the grade loveliest as a news commentator... Victor Young is set to continue on Shell despite his Jolson tie-up... A biography of Bing Crosby, written by his brother, should be turned out, and will hit the stands shortly after you read this... Jimmy Newell is starring in hoss operas for Warner Brothers... Harry Jacobson, NBC's talk show kids, was to announce the Beale Lillie and Hit Parade shows, is now a Warner Brothers leading man, and was brought to Hollywood to take Clara Bow's place as the "It Girl," is playing bits on First Nighter... Reason Leah Ray isn't singing with Phil Harris band at the Palomar is that 20th Century-Fox contract won't permit... Raymond Paige's wife, Diane York, who was a star reporter, has adopted a C. Vander Meerschkem at the age of seventeen, is making her radio debut... The network press agent who said the local radio kids are a ball, lives at the Poly comes from the Palomar... The fad is that 20th Century-Fox contract w
Hughes to Oakie to Campus.

Just when the Camel Caravan with Rupert Hughes as its master of ceremonies and a lot of movie stars coming and going, was getting nicely settled for the winter, a sudden cyclone swept over the program and when it had passed, there was Jack Oakie as its new star. After several guest appearances last summer, Jack was announced generally as being ready to start a program in the fall for a razor blade company. This fell through and that was practically the last radio audiences heard of Mister Oakie until December when, out of a clear sky, it was made known to one and all that he was replacing Rupert Hughes as the star of the Camel Caravan Tuesday nights over the CBS network.

The story behind the scenes of this sudden move is the story of what the sponsors of the Caravan are trying to accomplish with its air advertising. A year ago when the tobacco concern sponsored Walter O'Keefe and Glen Gray's orchestra, it was aiming primarily at the large group of college listeners throughout the country. This summer when it changed the show to a full hour with Hughes and guest stars, it was broadening its appeal. Now, with Jack Oakie, it has swung back to its campus attractions.

In order to present even a stronger college front, it kept its fresh and youthful music and Oakie was instructed to play to the undergraduates. All in all, the program has stepped up its pace and filled its sixty minutes with new vim which should make for lots of enjoyable listening through the cold weeks ahead. Mr. Astarie, who is heard opposite on the Packard Hour, over NBC, had better look to his laurels if he is to keep ahead on the popularity ratings.

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Jack Oakie finally hits his radio stride, making his bow December 29 as regular host of Camel Caravan.

Warner Brothers
Kidneys Must Purify Blood

To Bring Vitality, Clear Skin

and Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Achris and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through, your Kidneys. The failure of functional trouble, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, those poisons remain in the system and make your skin look gray, your complexion looks dull, and at the same time you find yourself Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney trouble also cause much more serious and disservice symptoms, such as Dizziness, Head Pains, Heartburn, Carole Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Asthomas, Burning, Swelens, and Bruises.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and especially the food for these an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help to keep pace with the extra troubles of modern life.

Fortunately, for sufferers it is easy to help functional Kidney trouble with the doctor's prescribed Cystex, which is now available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Bastell, famous Doctor, Surgeon and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the most reliable scientific formulae known in my practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and can be taken for as long as necessary. Dr. T. J. Bastell, another widely known Phy.

DeMiracle

Special Now 67c $2.00 Size

At All Drug and Department Stores

NEW IRONING INVENTION

STREAMLINED - SELF-HEATING

Iron's in 1/2 Time for 1c

WORLD-WIDE SUCCESS

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in over 100 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy to the strict specifications of the United States Pharmacopoeia and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed to give the most efficient and economical results, is todayuly verified in the world.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work of your complete satisfaction in 5 days, or money back on return of empty package. Under this unlimited guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You may return your money if you are not absolutely satisfied, but better than that, if you have a long time you will find that you are never satisfied with a competitor's product. You return the unused portion of the Cystex and return your satisfaction, and Cystex returns in a short time.

 doctors, Councils.

Learn Public Speaking

New Ironing Invention

STREAMLINED - SELF-HEATING

Iron's in 1/2 Time for 1c

WORLD-WIDE SUCCESS

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20-DAY HOME TRIAL

Try it for 30 days at our risk. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Write at once for full particulars and how to get years FREE, by helping to introduce it.

AERON LAMP & MFG. CO., 714 IRON BLDG., Akron, Ohio

Coronation Coiffures

(Continued from page 51)

illusion of height at the front which is basic in all the newer coiffure designs, while "Pan" reveals very distinctly the corresponding low point at the neckline which fashion demands.

Luckily, these essential features of Coronation coiffures lend themselves to many interesting adaptations to suit each and every personality. By choosing wisely and combining well, any woman can find the particular hairdressing which will accentuate her individuality and enhance her appearance. The main requirements are simple—a good permanent wave and hair that is in such a condition as to cleanliness, texture and color.

"Never before," says Robert, "has the permanent wave been so important. It is absolutely essential as a foundation for the new, soft coiffures. In the past, permanents were more or less a matter of choice—that is, if a woman was satisfied with her naturally curly hair. This winter, every woman will need one, for today's coiffures require hair that is easy to handle and that will adapt itself quickly to any desired ringlet or swirl.

AND never before has the quality of the permanent wave been so important. Softness is the keynote and kinkiness is definitely out. The patron who comes into a beauty salon and requests a permanent that looks as though she is really practicing false economy. To produce such a permanent it is necessary to apply too much heat to the hair, burning through the hair and leaving the ends dried out, saving by getting permanents less frequently is usually spent twice over in purchasing readymade rolls of very expensive shampoos to restore natural health to the hair. Worst of all, a poor permanent will be glaringly revealed by the simple, sweeping lines of Coronation coiffures.

Since beauty of the hair itself is such a necessary part of the new styles, it becomes necessary to pay close attention to the way the color and highlights—which, in turn, means the color of good shampoos and the proper condition of the hair—will shine. In the case of hair which is dull and streaked, and uninteresting in color, the utmost care must be used in choosing a shampoo or hair china to keep it looking less. All these—shampoos, rinses and dyes—are easy to obtain today in good quality and forms that are easy to use at home. But it is absolutely essential that you pay the price and see that they're guaranteed to be absolutely the best. Otherwise, you can't expect even the best of these to work miracles if you don't use them regularly and often and really give them a chance to show what a marked improvement they can make.

Incidentally, here are two excellent but little-known tricks in caring for your wave than most people know and many of you didn't know that vinegar, used the night before you go to the beauty parlor, will make each curl hold longer! Just rub it in, scalp and hair with your finger tips and comb it through, then wash it out next morning. After each wave you get your hair can be cleaned with a little grocer (and look neat and glossy) by rubbing your fingers and palms with brillantine before combing it out. Thus, when you comb the ringlets around your hair, you have automatically tamed it.
fingers or brush away from the part, the brilliant line on your hands will smooth each strand into its proper place.

Be sure to send for my new illustrated leaflet this month, for it contains sketches of the "convertible" coiffures created by Bernard Guro, one of Manhattan's favorite hair stylist, for the coming season. They're based on a very practical idea, since the convertible coiffure can be dressed elaborately for evening (practically compulsory this year, by the way) and simply but distinctively for daytime. Don't forget to send a nice large envelope (stamped, and self-addressed, of course) with your inquiry this time. Just address Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Is Television Really Here?

(Continued from page 42)

The room where I stood was pitch dark; even the walls were hung with black drapes to absorb stray beams of unwanted light. Each set looked somewhat like an ordinary cabinet radio set, with a raised top. Placed diagonally under the top was a mirror, arranged in such a position as to reflect the image on the "eye" beneath. The size of the reflection is 7/4 by 10 inches.

A splash of light on the mirror—light which gathered itself together and took on shape as the image of a young woman, Betty Goodwin, of the NBC department, who had been chosen to announce the program. Then forty minutes of varied kinds of entertainment: Hildegarde and the Inkspots in musical numbers: a news reel; a Bob Benchley comedy short.

Of the two types of television broadcast, the broadcast of motion pictures and of actual living people, the motion pictures were the most satisfactory and the live talent the most interesting. While Hildegarde and the Inkspots were singing, I was conscious that here was a new art, but the moving pictures were just movies reduced to a much smaller size than one is used to seeing.

When the program was over I knew that in spite of crudities, in spite of difficulties which hadn't yet been overcome, television was on its way down the home stretch!

There is still a lot of secrecy surrounding television's day-by-day development. Partly it is due to the eagerness of the world to believe in television. There haven't been any of the derisive snickers which greeted the first announcements of sound movies, nor any of the predictions that it would be just a toy. All the marvels of a scientific age have taught us to treat the dreams of scientists with respect and belief. So, while the public is inclined to be optimistic about the early prospects of television, who are also actually at work on it have leaned over backward to be pessimistic, warning us not to expect too much at first, not to jump at conclusions, saying that the coming of 1938, 1939, and 1940. There are, however, several very good reasons for believing that television, on a basis which will make it useful to you and me, will come before then.

One is the statement that commercial television will be a fact in New York in 1937. This means that television receiv-
ING SETS WILL BE OFFERED FOR YOUR PURCHASE, AND THAT ENTIRELY CONFIDENTIAL PRO- 
grams will be regularly broadcast to make 
those sets worth the money they cost.

Another reason for expecting television 
soon is brought back to America by 
travelers abroad. In Germany, scientists 
have been quietly working, and they are 
on the verge of perfectioning a screen which 
will be three feet square without loss of 
clearly or distinctness in the image. 
Solv- 
ing this problem alone would give televi-
sion a tremendous impetus, for all the 
experts agree that the small 7½ by 10 
inch screen is one of the greatest factors 
holding the new industry back.

Finally, there is the fact that whether 
broadcasting officials will admit it or not, 
their actions prove that they look upon 
television as a fairly immediate prob-
ability. Why? Because the NBC program 
department is being trained in a new tech-
nique in continuity writing, make-up, stag-
ing, and a multitude of other details con-
ected with actual television broadcast-
ing conditions. All these are problems 
which must be solved if television is to be 
successful, but not all, second, ary problems. If the broadcasting don't 
believe they could put good home receiv-
ning sets on the market, and broadcast 
programs which a good many people could 
see, they would not now be spending time 
on problems of make-up, writing, and 
staging. Those are all things which could 
wait until after the technical engineers 
had completed their work. The only 
conclusion we can draw is that the laboratory 
work is far enough advanced to give as-
urance of success. Nor will Hollywood 
be so interested in testing such stars as 
Ginger Rogers, who promises now to 
have just about the perfect face for televi-
sion—and if the studio finds that she's 
thin, for one of television's tricks is to 
make its subject seem pounds heavier.

WHAT stands in the way of home televi-
sion being offered to you tomorrow? 
First, there is the expense. Sets cannot 
now be made for less than $800 apiece, 
although mass production, it is estimated, 
may lower the cost to $100. Forty-five 
miles is the farthest distance a television 
receiver can travel now and in order to 
provide coast-to-coast service an unprece-
dented outlay of money would be neces-
"sary. New York's television station, next 
year, will serve New York alone, not the 
rest of the country. Second, there is the 
constantly changing television situation. 
Changes in transmitting equipment are 
being made all the time, and television is 
different from radio—changes in receiv-
ing equipment have to be made at the 
same time. A set which you bought to-
day might therefore become obsolete next 
month.

These are admittedly important objec-
tions, but even so, their significance 
dwindles the fact that television is 
progressing and that regular programs are 
being sent out on the air. That fact says 
one thing, and says it clearly—Television 
for your home is on its way!
"Hollywood Can't Come Between Us" says Mrs. Don Ameche

(Continued from page 27)

attitude of Don and Honore toward their newfound prosperity, you feel that perhaps, after all, the gray-eyed girl’s prediction is based on something solid; that Hollywood can’t hurt her and her husband. They are entrenched themselves against the insecurities of transient fame.

Papa Ameche has his truck garden, his orange groves, his vineyard, on the place, a half mile down the road from Don’s, that his son bought for him. Sunny California is a lot like his native Italy, and he seems happy. Don’s brothers splash about the swimming pool on Don’s place. Don himself makes trays of sandwiches for the multitude of guests always scattered informally about the house and garden.

As Don has not forgotten radio, neither has he forgotten his old friends. There is, for example, Gabriel, the little Belgian foundling whom Don first met when he was a student at Columbia Academy in Dubuque, Iowa. Some cigarettes were discovered in Don’s room, Gabriel, in his admiration for the dashing, handsome boy who had befriended him, took the blame for the contraband. He was about to endure vicariously the punishment meted out for such an offense when Don learned of it in time to admit his guilt. But he had not forgotten Gabriel’s devotion, and Gabriel is a combination major-domo and secretary, and one of the family.

There are no servants in the accepted sense of the word in the Ameche establishment, a new record, probably, for Hollywood, where new money usually means butlers, chauffeurs, English maids, and what not. Yet on the big estate the Ameche’s rent from W. C. Fields there is only Gabriel and Anna, the young Wisconsin farm girl Honore brought from Chicago to look after the children, little Don, Jr., and three-year-old Ronny. But Anna, too, is like one of the family. She, Honore, Don and Gabriel all try their hand at cow chores.

Picture Anna, blithely humming a Polish folk song while she hangs diapers incongruously against the green and gold of orange trees and the exquisitely landscaped lawn of the estate, and you will be able to picture yourself the homey, informal atmosphere of the Ameche household. That is the scene Honore surveyed contentedly as she gave voice to that prophecy, “Hollywood can’t hurt us.”

In the house itself, the guests, largely old friends of the Chicago radio days seeking a foothold in the picture industry, roam at will, foraging in the big ice-box, or helpfully washing the dishes. Hospitality at the Ameche’s is dispensed in the good old Italian tradition, bounteous but simple. People come to do as they please, dress as they please, eat when and as they please, and help themselves.

Honore, in slacks and jersey, her strawberry blonde hair hanging down her back in long braids, goes calmly about her manifold duties as wife, mother, and mistress of a home. Had she wished, she could have servants to do all the tasks that fall to her lot, and she could haunt beauty parlors and modistes. But she does not feel she needs those expedients to hold her man. She counts on his intense de-
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Bay City, Michigan

--- Joe Penner in the midst of a good (we hope) gag of a Sunday evening. ---

**WATCH!**
His Own Best Enemy

(Continued from page 25)

fate seems to lead to another one, "Pennies from Heaven," although ready for release months ago, has been accumulating dust on the shelves because of another typical bit of Crosbyan adherence to a matter of principle.

Bing has been battling for a long time over the actor’s right to have some authority in the cutting of scenes and editing of pictures. He seems it only fair that the star should have some word in the final selections of what scenes or material should or should not be released to the public gaze. When "Pennies from Heaven" was in production, Bing insisted that one of the numbers, "And So I Live," be re-shot. The producer differed. When the completed picture was run, it proved Bing was correct. The number recorded badly. Then the producer asked Bing to re-take.

"Nothing doing—now," he replied.

"But Bing, you can’t let a scene like that get out," Larry and Everett joined in. "That might do you a lot of harm."

"All right. Let me. I might they’d listen to me next time when I try to tell ‘em something for their own good."

The fact that thousands of dollars of his own money is tied up in the picture means nothing whatever to Bing. "It’s the principle of the thing," he says flatly—and that is that.

It isn’t only in his work, either, that Bing is untractable where his principles are concerned. It’s a standing joke in the film colony that when one of Bing’s extensive string of race horses wins a race Bing will trip over his whiskers. His horses are very consistent. They almost always run the same time and make no mistake about it, Bing is fond of those horses. He paid fancy prices for them at the Saratoga sales. Of course he’d like to win.

"Why don’t you try different training methods," a noted horseradish advised him.

"That’s all that is wrong with your horses. They’re bad horses. They ought to win."

Bing’s trainer is an ex-jockey that Bing used to know in Spokane. As a jockey he became too heavy to obtain mounts, and he was pretty well set up against it. So Bing installed him as trainer of his sixteen thoroughbreds, and every month the bills that run to four and five thousand dollars—for a lot of losing horses. He won’t take the advice of horsemens, and install a regular trainer, because this jockey is also an old friend.

Paradoxically, although Bing will go to the uttter limit for a friend, he refused recently to help out his brother Larry because a principle was involved. Bing, Larry, Everett and a fourth man set up a song publishing company. The fourth man wrote a tune. Bing liked it and Larry wrote the lyrics. The friend, of course, was anxious for Bing to give the new number a plug—but he went about obtaining the favor in the way one that went against Bing’s grain.

He didn’t go to Bing and ask forthrightly that he plug the song. Instead, he persuaded Bing’s wife, Dixie Lee, to intercede in his behalf. Bing jumped all over poor Larry.

"After this, when you or anyone you know wants me to do a favor, come and ask me, but don’t say it is in the added."'

And as for that song, you can throw it in the ash can as far as I’m concerned. I’ll never sing it. And he never did. It was a good song—but Larry made exactly $22,19 out of what might have been a big hit with rich returns.
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A BODY
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Nor did that end Bing's retribution. He withdrew from the song publishing company, and company owned by Bing's own brothers, who are very close to him and whom he loves dearly, gets just the same consideration as any other company from Bing. Not a whit more or less. Bing loves his brothers, and he certainly loves Dixie, too. And close family ties of affection do not prevail against his strict sense of right and wrong. Dixie wanted him recently to act as best man at the wedding of a noted movie star. She was asked to get him to do it, and she couldn't very well refuse. But Bing could—and did.

The wedding was publicity hound, and I won't do it," he insisted, and he stuck firmly to his resolve.

It isn't only since Bing has become a big star that he's been this way. He was the same on the way up, while he was still struggling. He might have achieved stardom a lot sooner then he did had he been willing to desert his two partners, Al Rinker and Harry Barris, in the team of The Rhythm Boys. Even his pal Paul White-man urged Bing to quit the team and do solo work, but Bing stuck by his friends.

When the trio did finally break up they were playing an engagement in a Hollywood theater, and they promised them a bonus over their salaries if the business exceeded a certain figure. It did—but the manager didn't make good on his promise. Bing walked out. The other two urged him to remain anyhow, because the pay was excellent even without the bonus.

I'd starve first," Bing insisted. But he didn't have to starve. When he stuck out for himself, he began a quick skyrocket to the top.

When Bing accepted his Music Hall contract, he stipulated that Bob Burns be signed too. He'd known and admired Bob in vaudeville. When Bob was a black-face comedian. Years later when he met Burns, broke and discouraged, he urged him to come. Bing was arranged for an audition for his friend, and he still has the written report that was sent to him on it. It reads "A fair comic."

Bing's brothers—and even his sponsor—tried to persuade him to give Burns less time on his own show when the bazzooka player joined the Hollywood broadcast. He'd steal the show from you," they warned.

"If he does, more power to him," Bing retorted.

Bing's love for comfortable clothes always has been well known. With his rise to picture stardom, he is the despair of his brothers, who are practical enough and wise enough in the ways of Hollywood to know that appearance means a great deal.

"You talk about as romantic as a hillbilly!" Everett stormed at him recently when he had gone three days without shaving, and then appeared in a patched coat and battered hat.

"If I have to look like a clothing store dummy to be a star, I'll quit," Bing answered.

Bing doesn't like publicity that seems to glorify him. Several writers were pestering him with proposals to do a biography on him in book form. He thought if it was going to be done at all, he'd better to have it done in the family, where he could keep an eye on it. So he let his brothers write the book, which will go on sale the first of September.

"Take a look at this," said Larry, handing me a written memorandum he had received from brother Bing after he had read the manuscript for the book. Here
Voise}

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Can the Lawyers Drive Goodwill Court Off the Air?

(Continued from page 19)

lawyers instead of driving Goodwill Court off the air. Let's consider their charges against the program and what they are going to say in court.

On the strength of these charges, the court will be inclined to make a decision which will be momentous in broadcasting history. Can radio be censored? Are you the listeners to be deprived of hearing a program you have approved and want to continue hearing? Can Goodwill Court be driven off the air?

To find the answers to these all-important questions, I turn to the officials in charge of this program. They gave me answers to each of the charges of the lawyers, answers which I am handing on to you so that you may decide for yourselves the merits of the case.

The first charge is directed against the program and who is its conductor and guiding force, A. L. Alexander, whose story you read in the December issue of Radio Mascon. Each charge is printed in italic.

Alexander is not a lawyer.

The program officials point out, however, that Alexander never gives advice to the people who come to the studio to ask for help. His only job is to introduce these people to the judges and to you and to help them state their cases. Why, then, is legal training necessary?

Judges are frequently interrupted and even corrected by Alexander.

In answer, the broadcasters explain that because of the formal nature of Goodwill Court, interruptions are often necessary to make the judge more familiar with the case. Sometimes, they add, it is necessary to explain the judge's meaning to the petitioner. Why, it's asked, can this be done when the judges are giving their advice unoffensively?

The so-called litigants may perhaps be identified by listeners interested in the other side of the controversy.

The radio officials explained me frankly that they didn't see what hair could be possibly come of this condition. No names or addresses are given ever, so identification is never possible, but assume that a listener might be sure in his own mind, there can still be no basis for libel or slander. If this is the case, what other reason is there for barring judges from the program?

On the program, you hear only one side of the question.

The truth of this statement is obvious. Its merit as a point against Goodwill Court is more in doubt. If these same people went to a lawyer's office for help, would the lawyer tell only the other side of the story? And, for a fee, wouldn't he give them advice based on just this one side? Besides, these people on Goodwill Court are warned several times, both before and
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mous damages from a railroad company after a train wreck," Hughes smiles. "A very mild train wreck, it was; and an envious friend asked Moe how he managed to collect such an enormous amount. 'Presence of mind, presence of mind,' Moe said. 'When I felt the train lurchin' I kicked my wife in the face'."

You must time your punch lines, pace your story, draw it out or cut it short according to the mood of your audience. And, added to Mr. Carter's storm warnings, here's one from Mr. Hughes. "There are three poisons which spell certain death to a joke. First, you can tell your audience that they hear is extremely funny. Second, you can interrupt your joke with something serious, like saying 'This really happened to a young girl in Okalaska.' And last, if you want to kick a poor joke when it's down, you can ask your audience if the joke you've just told wasn't too funny for words."

Hughes remembers working on an early motion picture which illustrates all three of these sins. It was called "Torture Chamber," and for Hughes it lived up to its title.

"It was years ago in the robust, silent days, and I had been called in as a special combination writer-director-producer. The plot was simple, Billie Burke was pretending to be ill. To frighten the doctor—she was a great prankster—she thought of plopping a thermometer into a basin of boiling water. All this while the doctor wasn't looking."

E shot the scene like that. Then the cutting room did a little doctoring of its own. Behold the situation when it emerges:

"Billie and the nurse are flashed on the screen, talking this subtitle. "I've just gotten a hot new claim that they intend to play a very funny joke on the doctor. The doctor arrives, produces the thermometer. The film flashes back to another scene where the villain and the villainess of the picture are in serious conversation. We return to Billie's bedside to find patient and nurse in gales of laughter. The prom-dressed doctor's fright on seeing the thermometer after it has been plunged into hot water. "That joke died a horrible death."

Probably the most famous formula ever given for story telling comes from Ken Murray. "The cardinal principle of getting a joke over successfully," he says, "is to tell it in a perfectly straight manner, up to the point of the punch. Then give it everything you've got, would have been a mild snigger. The main point was..."

---

**CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE**


---

**VITAMIN DRESS SAMPLES**

MARY W. COLLINS, Dept. 209, Toledo, O.

**SAVE YOUR CASH**

**MAKE UP TO $24 IN 7 DAYS**

Lowest prices finest quality DRESS GOODS, can make money-day. Find how to-day for FREE SAMPLES beautiful, nursery Percales, silks, frocks, patents, etc. No purchase. No obligations. Send today.

**FREE SAMPLES WANTED**

**NEW STAINED TABLE CLOTH**

Complete FREE line in new lengths, patterns and colors. Just wipe with paper. Write:

**HOME DECORATORS**

Dept. 561, Cincinnati, Ohio
STOP Your Rupture

Worries!

Why worry and suffer any longer?

Learn about our perfect invention that relieves all forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Support filled with automatic air cushion assists nature in a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Thousands made happy, wearing the applied forms of our elastic, non-slip, non-reducing appliance. Prove it at our store, and see your own case cured. Write today for full information and Free Book on Rupture. All correspondence confidential.

BUNIONS

NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so much it is no more. It isiks smaller, looser shoes and ease of walking. You can walk in comfort. Prove it by applying it to your own bunion. Just send a postal card for yours today.

Address...

Eddie Cantor stirs a glass of lemonade before going on his Texaco show.
From Housewife To Hotel Hostess

Helen Armitage, Hotel Hostess, Success Stories, Through Who Knows Nothing About Hotel Work and Her No Business Experience.

"Imagining my predicament— I had never been in business— I knew nothing about any trade or vocation. Then my situation became such as to make the finding of a position imperative. One day I read an advertisement in the Washington Post: 'Be a Hotel Hostess, and sent in the coupon.' The Hotel and Motel School's book 'YOU BIG OPPORTUNITY determined me in that fascinating profession, and so I enrolled. Now I am hostess to this lovely Nebraska hotel, earn a fine salary and have splendid opportunities. All owing to me to my Lewis Leisure-Time, Home-Study Training."

Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Helen Armitage is but one of the many Lewis-Trained men and women holding well-paid hotel, club, restaurant and institutional positions. Registration FREE of extra charge. The Placement Service, which covers country thru special arrangement with the more than 3,000 Western Union offices. Write your name and address in margin, and mail this ad TODAY for Free Book, "Your Opportunity," which will enable you to qualify for a well-paid position at leisure time.

LEWIS TRAINING SCHOOLS
Washington, D. C.
FEBRUARY 12, 1953

RADIO MIRROR

Put Magic in Your Baking

(Continued from page 54)

Dumplings
2 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. butter
3/4 cup milk

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Work in butter and add milk gradually, beating until smooth. Drop by teaspoonful into the stew, cover closely and steam for twelve minutes. Be sure the dumplings rest on the meat and cannot sink into the liquid, as this causes them to be heavy.

When guests drop in unexpectedly around dinner time does the problem of a last minute dessert trouble you? It needn't, if you will follow Ma Perkins' advice. Her answer to the problem is cherry cobbler, which can be put together as quickly as the traditional cherry pie. Just be sure to keep on the supply shelf a can of cherries, a box of prepared biscuit mixture and a bottle of almond flavoring.

Cherry Cobbler
1 can cherries
1 cup prepared biscuit flour
1 tbl. sugar
1 cup milk
Butter
Almond flavoring

Drain the juice from the cherries and place cherries in a buttered baking dish. Dot with butter, sprinkle lightly with sugar, and add a few drops of almond flavoring. Set baking dish in oven so cherries will heat through. Mix the biscuit flour and sugar, stir in the milk gradually, pour mixture over cherries and bake in a moderate oven until crust is brown and cooked through. While the cobbler is baking, heat the cherry juice in a double boiler, add one tablespoon of butter and two teaspoons of almond flavoring. Mix well, add two teaspoons flour made into a paste with cold water. Cook until the sauce reaches the desired consistency. Just before serving stir in half a teaspoon of almond flavoring.

We have saved the best for the last this month—a spice cake as delicious as any that Grandmother used to devote so wholehearted a day to preparing, but which is simplicity itself to make.

Spice Cake
3/4 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup cooked pumpkin
1 cup milk
2 cups cake flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cloves
3/4 tsp. nutmeg
3/4 tsp. allspice
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
1/2 cup raisins

Cream the butter, and add sugar gradually. Beat in the eggs and pumpkin. Stir dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk. Fold in nuts and raisins. Bake in buttered loaf pan in moderate oven, about fifty minutes. Cool and cover with orange walnut icing.

Orange Walnut Icing
3 tbl. butter
2 cups powdered sugar
2 tbl. lemon juice
3 tbl. orange juice
1 tsp. grated orange rind
Chopped walnut meats

Cream the butter, and add sugar gradually. Add orange and lemon juice and orange rind. As soon as the cake is iced, blend in the walnuts to taste.
sprinkle with the chopped walnut meats.

I know you will want the other magic recipes Ma Perkins wrote down and gave me, including those for drop doughnuts and pineapple upside down cake. Also, if you are not already familiar with the prepared foods which need only the addition of milk or water to make delicious pie, cake, muffins, cookies, shortcakes and meat pie I shall be glad to tell you about them. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Don’t Act Your Age

(Continued from page 37)

which have been worked into the Town Hall broadcasts. Allen urged him to write some sketches for himself on the Hour of Smiles. “But if I tried to do that,” Walter told me, “I think I’d be overstepping myself.” His attitude toward the press raves which Fred Allen is always bringing him for his scrapbook is as typically modest. “They don’t mean I’m good,” he says, “they just mean my press agent is earning his salary.”

If he pays any attention to his press notices, it is for the reasons that don’t laud him to the skies. He was perturbed over a rather flippant description of himself recently and said, “I don’t like that. It will lead people to think there’s a lot of myself, and that isn’t true.”

He doesn’t have to think a lot of Walter Tetley. Others do it for him. Jack Johnson, author, and all those radio series and of Walter’s new CBS program, the Treasure Adventures of Jack Masters, confessed that he hated kids and didn’t think there was anyone in the game besides Walter that he could have worked with for three years and still like. Helen Hayes’ father wrote that star. The New Penny last year that the show wasn’t worth listening to when Walter wasn’t in it. Walter was written back into the script in a hurry.

I can’t help but think that much of Walter’s success is due to his mother’s judicious policy of keeping in the background. There are so many meddling mothers in the professional world that the exception is a distinct asset to a child prodigy. Mrs. Tetley has always accompanied Walter to radio but there she becomes his business manager and not his mother. She never goes into an audition or rehearsal with him. He had to learn to care for his own feet. “They hire Walter, not me,” she explains. “In my generation, children were raised to be seen and not heard. But that won’t do very well radio training for a child. So I have brought Walter up on the theory that parents should not be seen or heard. I try never to put myself forward. Some of the stars are very fond of Walter—Leslie Howard and Helen Hayes for instance—wouldn’t even recognize me if they saw me.”

The supercilious attitude many gifted children acquire in the limelight is strangely lacking in Walter off the air, though he appears to perfection in comedy broadcasts. I sought an explanation of this, and his mother told me that she has taught him from infancy that he is a servant of the public and that he must always consider the audience’s wishes before his own. Consequently, he looks up to his public, never feels superior to them. When he played at the Palladium in London, the manager told him afterwards, “What I like about you is you play to the gallery. And when you’ve got the gallery

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acid or poison in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pain, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Dean’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood.

Get Dean’s Pills.
Coughs

Come from Here

Take the Syrup That Clings to the Cough Zone

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged... that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their famous cough syrup thick, heavy, clinging. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

It Contains Vitamin A

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Smith Bros. Cough Syrup

Now On Sale in Canada

Relief from Psoriasis

Make the One Spot Test

Dermoil has been used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally, continuously. Gentleful users report that their skin is cleared and their itching is relieved within days. Over 90 years of sufferers with eczema testify. Dermoil is backed by a positive guarantee to give marked relief within two weeks or money is refunded. Beautifully illustrated book on eczema and Dermoil Free 1-oz. bottle and amazing Proof of Results 32¢ to those who send in directions name and address. Prove it yourself by the test. How long have you suffered or what you have tried.

Lake Laboratories

106 Western Avenue

Radio Mirror

It throws off the carefully timed schedule. Don't be snooty with your fans. Don't forget it while you're granting requests for autographs. Those people can turn a little black knob an eighth of an inch and woosh—there goes your audience!

Walter diligently observes all these rules. But that doesn't mean he isn't free to act like a normal boy the minute his professional duties are over. He has played such intense emotional scenes with Ethel Barrymore and Helen Hayes that they were still weeping in each other's arms after the program went off the air. But you'd have found him a few moments later in the studio check room, helping with the coats and hats. That's his favorite occupation between broadcasts.

He plays with his seven pet turtles, he's an expert horsemanship, and can hardly be torn away from his new 33-foot speedboat. He goes wild with delight when he's at a ball game and Babe Ruth gives him pointers on the game. But his biggest thrill was when he won a personal appearance for the S. R. O. sign hung out at a theatre where he is making a personal appearance, being made an honorary member of the Chum Club of Glasgow, to which Sir Harry Lauder belongs, being elected vice-president of an adult dramatic club in Edgewater, New Jersey, where he lives, having the song he wrote selected as his school class song and winning a five-dollar gold piece for being the best speller in Roosevelt School.

Speaking of Roosevelt and five dollars calls to mind the fact that Walter gave the first five dollars he ever made in radio to the fund for President Roosevelt's swimming pool. No one suggested that use of the money to him. But Walter had a touch of infantile paralysis when he was a baby, and his gratitude for his narrow escape frequently manifests itself in sympathy for those whose health is impaired. Every year since he was five, he has appeared in the annual show given at the Crippled Children's Hospital in New York City. On that day, you couldn't buy a Tetley radio performance for a bagpipe full of gold nuggets.

For then he's a child again—just for a night!

Jean Harlow's supposed to have refused a New York radio offer because she was afraid of autograph seekers. But here in California she doesn't mind.
I Will Pay Up To $6,500 For One Old Coin
I PAID $200.00
TO J. D. MARTIN, OF VIRGINIA,
FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have shown in this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." 

Julian D. Martin, Pa.

This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. C. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, $13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000.00 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty-six years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $4,000 paid for certain old cents, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $500.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), $8.00 for 1833 quarters (no arrows), $10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

I Have Been Buying Old Money For 36 Years

Any bank in Fort Worth or Den & Bradstreet will testify as to my responsibility. My volume of business, built on fair and prompt dealings for 36 years, is such that I own and occupy my own building devoted to my coin business. You will find every representation I make to be true and not exaggerated. It will pay you to do business with me.

B. MAX MEHL
Director Numismatic Co. of Texas
326 Mehl Building
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Amazing Profits FOR THOSE WHO KNOW OLD MONEY!

There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession, or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes!

Use the Coupon Below!

Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars.

Write today for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You may lose everything to gain. It may mean much profit to you.

Largest Rare Coin Co. in the U. S. Established 36 years.

(Copyright 1938)

FILL OUT AND MAIL NOW!

To B. MAX MEHL
326 Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Mehl: Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

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Address ............................................................
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Feeling Fine

GOES WITH A LIGHT SMOKE

"On top of the world." It's the grand feeling that goes with smoking Luckies... a light smoke that treats you right... that's truly kind to your throat... that delights you with the savory flavor of the highest priced center leaves of rich tobaccos. A light smoke—because only Lucky Strike gives you such fine tobaccos plus the priceless throat protection of the "Toasting" Process. Only Lucky Strike.

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"
MAJOR BOWES DROPPING HIS AMATEURS?

Radio Mirror

HOW RADIO HAS PUT MOVIE STARS ON THE SPOT

Words and Music of Andre Kostelanetz' Theme Song

The TRAGIC STORY of KATE SMITH'S SECRET ADOPTIONS
"I gargle LISTERINE twice a day and have had fewer sore throats"
Says Florence Sundstrom

"It's slick for giving quick relief for sore throat"
Says Ronald Pierce

"I haven't had a cold in the three years I've been using LISTERINE"
Says Albert Herman

"I don't have sore throats like I used to"
Says Emma Wahlrob

Listerine gargle kills millions of germs associated with colds and sore throats

If you are a regular user of Listerine Antiseptic because you like the wonderful freshening effect, you've probably made this happy discovery: that you have fewer colds and sore throats—and milder ones—than you used to.

Such results are not at all surprising. Remember, that when Listerine Antiseptic is used as a gargle, it kills on throat and mouth surfaces, literally millions of the bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Even 4 hours after its use, tests have shown germ reductions in mouth rinsings ranging up to 64%.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day—at least during the winter months. See if your health is not better. At the same time note how much cleaner and fresher your mouth is—how much sweeter your breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
The Trustworthy Antiseptic

Now a finer Cough Drop by LISTERINE

Wisely Medicated
How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that shocks the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—ignored, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, with massage, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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COMING IN THE APRIL ISSUE
On Sale February 24

Why has Fred Allen become radio's man of the hour, the most talked about star at all listener's dinner tables? You'll understand his success when you've read the story about him in the April issue ... and don't miss the grand, mad tale Nino Martini has told us of his narrow escapes from girls who are hungry for romance.

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—PORTRAIT OF CLARK GABLE
BY GEORGIA WARREN
NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

This Beautiful Enamel, Once Worn Away, Never Grows Back... NEVER!

Protect precious enamel... win flashing new luster and Be Safe... change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM!

Nature is lavish in restoring skin, hair, nails. But she's terribly stingy with tooth enamel. Once you allow it to be injured, or you permit film to start its deadly decay, enamel can never grow back—never.

That is why the discovery of IRIUM has caused such a sensation in the dentifrice world. The flashing new luster it brings with safety is causing new thousands every day to change to Pepsodent, the only tooth paste containing IRIUM.

Acts on new principle

Instead of acting on enamel with scrub-hard friction, Pepsodent containing IRIUM softens the rough film that forms and glues itself on teeth and gums. Then gently lifts and floats it away—polishes the enamel to a brilliant sparkle you have never even seen before—and imparts a new, firm, refreshed feeling to the gums.

You get a new taste-thrill out of eating, drinking, smoking! And bad breath—caused by film on teeth which ordinary tooth pastes fail to remove completely—is no longer a worry to you! For the first time you know what cleanliness of mouth, teeth and gums really means!

Be safe every day of your life! Get results always hoped for but never experienced with a dentifrice—and get them with safety! Change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM.
REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

To those interested in prosperity notes, it has been an almost incredible though joyful sight to see sponsors, hat in hand, standing in line at NBC and CBS seeking the chance to go on the air and being turned down because there wasn’t any time left that they wanted. The line began to form this fall and now, far into winter, it still stretches out endlessly.

If they will look sharply and examine at close range they may find the solution to their weighty problem in the two days’ festivities that took place, much to the pleasure of listeners, on December 29th and 30th. The Mutual Broadcasting System, with the proper amount of fanfare, on those two days became a full fledged coast-to-coast network, linking WOR, with offices in New York, to the Don Lee chain spread out over the State of California.

Advertisers wishing for time at night and not fearing the competition of big programs opposite on NBC and CBS, please note. The line, as usual, forms at the right.

You were really fans of his, though you probably never saw his picture and very seldom read his name anywhere. You liked his work and your applause raised his salary and made many others radio stars.

He was Dave Freedman, radio’s best known writer of comedy, who died in December in the middle of a lawsuit he had brought against Eddie Cantor, a former purchaser of his jokes, to collect for a contract he claimed Cantor had broken.

It is a sad fact that Dave Freedman died because there aren’t enough good radio comedy writers to go around. He worked himself to death and died in his sleep, not yet forty, from exhaustion. In the past five years, Freedman wrote for practically every comedian who has had a radio program.

Often his jokes were so much in demand that Freedman worked twenty hours without pause. His office was the top floor of a triplex apartment. It was a bare room containing only his typewriter, a small table, and one or two chairs. The ceiling was a skylight of heavy glass. No one, not even his best friends, ever went up to that top floor. Dave worked there isolated from every human being.

Though fame and huge salaries were the fruits of his toil, when Dave died he had practically no estate. The men who knew him best told me that he left only $5000 in cash to his widow and his children.

One comedian, talking to me about Freedman’s overwork, said, “Most of us know it when we go on the air with bad material. But no matter how often it is said, you can’t get away from the fact that a broadcast eats up jokes faster than they can be manufactured. You know how hard we try to avoid a bad program. But at times they’re inevitable. They wouldn’t come as often if there were more Dave Freedmans.”

by Fred A. Remmert
NEW! VITAMIN D THAT IS ABSORBED
BY THE SKIN—IN THIS FAMOUS HAND LOTION

(LEFT) NO "SANDBPAPER HANDS" for this lady! She knows what
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle
hangnails. Its bland skin-softeners soak dry skin smooth again.
And its Vitamin D is actually absorbed—does skin a world of good.
Gives skin some of the benefits of radiant sunshine! Use Hinds
daily to keep skin smooth and supple, in spite of drying winds and
household heat. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

Now Hinds brings your skin
some of the benefits of sunshine!

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now con-
tains Vitamin D. This vitamin is absorbed
by the skin. Seems to smooth it out! Now,
more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens
the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," scaling
and tenderness caused by biting winds, dry
indoor heat, hard water, and housework.
Use this luscious lotion regularly for soft,
supple skin. Every drop of Hinds—with its
Vitamin D—does chapped skin more good!

CAREFREE DAYS in the
open call for Hinds!
It's the lotion with
Vitamin D that gives
dry, winter skin some
of the rich benefits of
sunshine. Soothes cold
weather scaling, chapping.
Softens and sup-
ples sore, wind-burned
skin. Every drop works!

WIVES WORK HARD! Look at the way you dump ashes,
clean the house. And your hands show it! Red. Chapped.
Rough as sandpaper. Use Hinds, the lotion with "sun-
shine" vitamin. It softens up dry, chapped skin fast.

FREE! The First 1-Piece DISPENSER
with every 50c size of Hinds

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—
free on the Hinds 50c size. Ready to use. Nothing to
take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply
turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds, the
lotion with Vitamin D. Hinds puts back the softness
that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands
feeling good, looking grand! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to Happiness
and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 p.m. E.S.T., WABC-CBS.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
WHAT’S NEW?

By TONY SEYMOUR

WALTER O’KEEFE created a new radio “first-time” when he walked out on the Saturday Night Party... It was the first time a featured radio performer had ever up and left, just like that. Ed Wynn threatened to, after the first broadcast of his present series, but didn’t.

Alexander Woollcott is back on the air with as inappropriate a sponsor as he had last time. Granger Rough Cut tobacco is paying him—and can’t you just see those pipe-smoking he-men rolling on the floor in delight at some of Alec’s carefully polished whimsies?

That Professional Parade show on NBC Wednesday nights sponsored jointly by the WPA and NBC really is helping out some old vaudeville actors who haven’t smelled grease-paint for years. We’ve seen several of them turn up, later, playing small parts in big commercial shows.

Rumors that Walter and Ireene Wicker were separating for good seemed even more like the truth when we discovered that Walter has left Chicago and no one—except perhaps Ireene—knows where he is. He used to be co-author of Today’s Children, but not any longer. The rumors started when Ireene moved her Singing Lady program to New York.

Sid Silvers, Al Jolson’s comedian on Al’s new CBS program, can’t help being funny. Fate itself plays practical jokes on him. He came to New York for a brief vacation before the program started, full of plans to have a gay old time among the bright lights—went down with the flu—and when the vacation was over was still so weak he had to be carried to the train. The only bright light he saw was the one by his bed.

* * *

AFTER next spring, when Lanny Ross has become the father of a family, the change which has been coming over him for the last year and a half ought to be complete. He really is a different Lanny—in fact, we wouldn’t be surprised any day to hear that he’d officially dropped his nickname and become Launcelot.

When he first shot into radio fame Lanny was just a boy, happy-go-lucky and willing to take things as they came. Then came his marriage to Olive White, and a new sense of responsibility. He began to work harder. He wanted to make his voice over from the light popular baritone his first listeners loved, into a medium for more serious music—and his Town Hall concert this winter was the outcome of that ambition.

And now the decision of Lanny and Olive to have a baby in the spring adds the last touch to Lanny’s new maturity. Believe me, everything will be ready for that baby when he arrives. Lanny and Olive are the sort to Make Plans.

* * *

TED MALONE’S another big star who is expecting an addition to his family—and there’s a story back of this bit of (Continued on page 70)

A REPORTER WHO KNOWS HIS

RADIO TELLS THE STORIES

IN BACK OF THE HEADLINES
Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

Other wives envied her life-long honeymoon...told their husbands, often, how nice he was to her.

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in one respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man’s affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of “incompatibility” can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about “Lysol” disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

“Lysol” disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which “Lysol” provides—

The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”
1. Non-caustic...“Lysol” in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. Effectiveness...“Lysol” is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Penetration...“Lysol” solutions spread because of 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” vanishes promptly 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 ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 3-R.M.

Sox 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 ________________________

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
More News

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

BY RUTH GERI

Somebody started a rumor that Al Jolson—above, with comedian Sid Silvers—would be too ill to start his Rinso show on CBS. He confounded the gossips by being peppier than ever. Tony Martin, below right with Burns and Allen, may star in a new Campbell tomato juice hour next April.

THE SHOW WENT ON!—Colin Campbell, veteran of the stage and screen, put into practice the old Thespian precept that the show must go on, except that it wasn’t a show—merely a rehearsal of the Lux program in which he had a part.

The genial little chap was about to leave his apartment for the Lux Theater when a loud knock came at the door. He was startled when five firemen confronted him.

“We want to get in here,” one demanded. “There’s a fire and we have to reach it through your window.”

“Oh, surely. Surely,” Campbell agreed amiably. “Only let me get my script first and then you may make yourselves at home.”

He pocketed his script and left hurriedly for the rehearsal, quite unaware until he reached home afterward that the flames hadn’t eaten all his belongings.

* * *

AIN’T LOVE GRAND?—Speaking of Lux, when Lily Pons made her guest appearance with Adolph Menjou, she held the entire cast up for a half hour during rehearsal when, at 8:30, she left the rehearsal flat and went up into the control room, where the J. Walter Thompson agency had obligingly had Andre Kostelanetz’s broadcast from New York piped for her special delectation.

* * *

CRACK IN THE FACE—Every time Eddie Cantor emerges from the Wilshire-Ebell Theater, from which he broadcasts in Hollywood, he looks smack into a huge sign erected across the street, which proclaims in letters two feet high that Joe Penner is “the greatest comedian in the world!”

And here’s the payoff! I was at Eddie’s house for tea the other week, and he served—believe it or not!—Cocumalt!

* * *

IN THE BAG—Conrad Thibault must have laughed at the efforts of the hard working press agents who ballyhooed his debut with the Packard show. Their build-up was that if the boy made good in his first appearance, he would receive a contract as a reward. And all the time Conrad had a contract tucked safely away in his kick, with nothing whatever to worry about for thirteen weeks.

* * *

FOR LADIES ONLY—Men can skip this paragraph. Here’s an eyeful of the “Lloyds of London” preview at the Carthay Circle... Mary Livingston in gold print with a mink cape; Jack’s doing all right, apparently... Don Ameche, with Honore, who wore blue taffeta embroidered in silver... Frances Langford in red broadcloth and silver foxes... None of the movie folk was more eye-filling than the radio beauties.

* * *

PREMONITION—It has never been printed that shortly before her death her studio submitted to Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink the script for a picture based upon her own life. She read it, and liked it, but rejected it because of the ending. She didn’t like that—because in it the great singer dropped dead on the stage!

* * *

FLYING PIGGIES—Bob Burns bought two fifteen-acre ranches in the San Fernando Valley, one
to live on and the other on which to raise oranges. However, he didn’t count on his native Arkansas’ publicity-minded Governor J. M. Futrell, who sent a handsome (handsome for a pig, anyhow) razorback porker. It arrived via American Airlines.

* * *

OPEN SEASON—The autograph craze has spread to radio with a vengeance. Hollywood collectors have discovered that many air stars, not to mention the movie guests, enter the CBS theater by the stage entrance off Hollywood Boulevard. So they gather there on rehearsal nights, and get into the hair of actors and actresses who are usually late for rehearsal anyway.

* * *

IT’S ON RECORD—Bing Crosby’s verbal battle with the producer of his picture “Pennies from Heaven” is on record—and Bing will learn it for the first time when he reads it here. It’s this way. Bing and the producer had an argument which waked fairly warm concerning one of the numbers in the picture on which Bing vainly demanded a re-take. One of his brothers, thinking fast in an emergency, started up a recording machine in the office and took the whole thing down verbatim in wax.

* * *

WHAT, NO BILLING?—Mystery—why isn’t Kenny Baker mentioned in the Jack Benny show introduction? Don Wilson’s announcement runs like this: “... with Mary Livingston, and Phil Harris’ orchestra.”

(Continued on page 98)

Show Boat fans who’ve been complaining because Conrad Thibault left the cast can now hear him singing on Fred Astaire’s program with Francia White.

Edward Rehnquist

---

MOST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor’s vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in minor matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your own laxative meet?

THE DOCTOR’S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:
It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved 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 ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of the points listed above. Meets the doctor’s demands of a laxative fairly and fully. So it’s no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You’ll find that Ex-Lax is mild... that it is thorough. You’ll discover that it does not bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

Another agreeable thing... if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

---

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)
FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

That seat of swing, Fifty-second Street, New York, the
place where swing originated, continues to wear the crown. It
has been christened Tin Jam Alley, jam, in case you don't know,
being a term meaning a session in which musicians get together just
to cut loose. Among the recent arrivals on the Street is a band
called The Three T's, named after Charles and Jack Teagarden and Frank Trumbauer. These boys got off to one of the greatest openings at the Hickory House in years. Nearly every band leader of note was there including Benny Goodman who went up on the stand and jammed with the boys.

The Fifty-second Street spots only get going after the
hotels have closed for the night, along about one or two
o'clock. Then they continue until dawn. In the Hickory House, for instance, you gather around a huge circular bar
with the musicians' stand in the center, or along tables at
the side and forget your worries watching the antics of the
musicians. Needless to say, these spots have been doing a
landoffice business.

* * *

Durelle Alexander, formerly with Paul Whiteman, is now
leading her own all-girl band . . . Eileen O'Day and John
Paul Jones are the vocalists with Bob Grayson's band . . .
Connie Boswell is with Abe Lyman. Helen Ward-is back
with Benny Goodman . . . Harry Reser has signed up a new
vocalist, Olga Vernon . . . Nancy Flake replaced Adele
Gerard with Dick Stabile's band.

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

THE LATEST ABOUT THE

GOSSIP OF DANCE LAND

On New York's Forty-eighth Street, after three o'clock any after-
noon, you can count more musicians than on any other street in
the world. You can pick up a band of any size here in five min-
utes and here is where most of the audition bands are recruited.

Speaking of musicians, Local 802 of New York has a membership
of 18,000, making it the largest

musicians' union in the world. It is this local which started
the drive to put musicians back into the movie theaters. If
you live in New York or Philadelphia you may have not-
ticed the pickets in front of a number of theaters which have
no orchestras.

* * *

Since Warner Brothers came back on the air, their songs
have been among those on top . . . Ex-King Edward VIII
studied saxophone with Rudy Vallee and drums with Abe
Lyman . . . Al Bowlly, who came over with Ray Noble, has
left him . . . So many major radio shows are now emanat-
ing from the Coast studios, that many musicians around
New York are getting worried . . . "Johnny Johnson" is the
name of a show and has nothing to do with the name of the
band leader . . . Dick Himber gave all his men a watch for
Christmas with this note, "If you don't use this and get
to rehearsal on time, you're fired" . . . Jack Denny gave his
wife a stunning diamond bracelet . . . Ozzie Nelson had quite
a party for his boys, refreshments including twenty quarts
of sparkling Burgundy. To his drummer, whose hair is
getting thin, he gave a bottle of hair tonic; to his fiddle
player, who is of Jewish extraction, a New Testament. But
that's Ozzie.

Left, Richard Himber's magic duck knows a card trick
or two. The maestro is proud of his pet wooden magician.

Below, an action shot

of maestro Phil Spitalny, director of
that popular all-girl orchestra heard over
the NBC Red network.
Mrs. Guy Lombardo recovered nicely from her operation . . . Ditto Loretta Clemens . . . Barbara Blake left George Sterney for Braggiotti. Wedding bells for Gracie Barrie and Dick Stabile in the spring . . . Gracie is a show girl . . . George Sterney is also marrying, but a girl out of the profession.

* * *

Joe Haymes, who formed two good bands only to have his best men taken by other leaders, has formed his third . . . Hal Kemp is playing much more swing music lately . . . Lucky Strike changed its Hit Parade from one to a half hour because of pressure from the music publishers who claimed that people were only buying those songs on the weekly list and no others. By the way, if you can think back twenty-five years, here's the songs that were popular then: Alexander's Rag Time Band, Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon, Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, By the Light of the Silvery Moon, Moving Day in Jungle Town, All Aboard for Blanket Bay, Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland. And just one year ago the songs most popular were; Little Bit Independent, On Treasure Island, Red Sails in the Sunset, Thanks a Million, Boots and Saddle.

* * *

THAT ORGAN GRINDER

After a slow start, it's reached the proportions of a minor "Music Goes Round and Round"—except that most of the people who go around whistling or humming it because they can't get it out of their heads, don't know that it's called "The (Continued on page 93)

"What's all the shooting for?" It's Paul Whiteman (right) saying goodbye to Frank Parker who has taken over Paul's former Sunday night program.

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QUICKLY CORRECT THESE

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reduce</th>
<th>Hip and Thigh</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Girdle</td>
<td>Thighs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diaphragm Rolls</td>
<td>Quickly Disappear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bulge &quot;Dead&quot;</td>
<td>Resounds Quickly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GIRDLE OR BRASIERE</td>
<td>May be worn separately</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abdominal Fat</td>
<td>Most Common of All</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

- Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—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 hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . 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!

THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD

- 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 next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

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

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 283, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name__________________________________________
Address__________________________________________
City____ State________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card
COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

By RUSS KING

ALONG THE WAVES—One of America’s youngest sport announcers is a brother of The Ancient Mariners. It’s done with microphones. Gene Shumate, Iowa network sports announcer, is only twenty and the brother of the four Shumates who sing over St. Louis’ KMOX as The Ancient Mariners.

Babe Ruth wasn’t the only big leaguer who didn’t strike out when he went from the diamond to the microphone. Atlantic City’s WPG has an ex-baseballer who is now scoring with his Irish wit and ballads instead of the bat. He is Charles “Reds” Dulin, former Phillies manager-catcher, featured on WPG’s Celebrity Broadcasts.

Mabel Fields, WCKY’s blonde music director in Cincinnati, not only serves in that capacity but when the occasion requires she fills in most capably as either pianist or singer. Miss Fields is a graduate of a Cincinnati conservatory and spent several years doing concert and vaudeville work as a vocalist before facing her first microphone. As you can see by her picture, she won’t need any preparation to face her first television camera.

DIXIE DOIN’S

From way down south in Charlotte, N. C., comes word that Kate Smith was literally “The Songbird of the South,” recently. Spending a week-end in WBT’s home town, the Bandwagon star took her lowest bow when from the fifty yard line at half-time she gave 35,000 football spectators her famous “Hello, everybody.” The goal posts rang with applause and critics accorded it the biggest hand she ever got from a visible audience.

WBT’S President-manager William A. Schudt and Charles Crutchfield, program director, headed Miss Smith’s long list of hosts for the week-end.

And perhaps it was Kate’s cheering visit that broke what “Chock” Crutchfield had begun to think was a jinx. Along with his program directing “Chock” also handles the microphone at sporting events, and with an important mike-date upon his calendar he found himself down with laryngitis. Three days of that and he emerged with a grin, but not for long. He had a toothache.

While tending to that ache the dentist chipped a piece from a nearby molar and a balloon-sized jaw resulted. But wait! The day the jaw was throbbing its worst, he stepped out of the elevator to make a stab at returning to his labors and his wrist watch band broke—sending his favorite timepiece to the basement seven floors below. But the watch was retrieved from a dark corner of the elevator shaft and (we believed it up to this point, too) was ticking away without having lost a second. We expected it to have laryngitis.

BEAUTY AND TALENT, INC.

In Kitty Keene Inc., the program featuring a woman detective, both stars, Joan Kay and (Continued on page 99)

FOLLOW THESE PAGES FOR NEWS OF YOUR LOCAL STATION STARS

12
$5,000.00 for True Stories submitted this month.

SCHEDULE OF PRIZES

| First Prize                  | $1,000 |
| Second Prize, 2 at $750      | 1,500  |
| Third Prize, 3 at $500       | 1,500  |
| Fourth Prize, 4 at $250      | 1,000  |
| Total of 10 Prizes          | $5,000 |

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during February, 1937, as per the prize schedule, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet described in the coupon and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $1,000.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1,000 first prize, the persons submitting the two next best stories will be awarded the two $750 second prizes, etc.

And 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.

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. Another big true story contest next month.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of which the writers have knowledge, and the evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be returned. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediate.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Friday, February 26, 1937.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 29C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 29C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".

Name __________________________________________

Street _________________________________________

Town __________________________________________

State __________________________________________

(Print name and address in full)

13
NOTHING is more fascinating in the vast field of radio entertainment than the voice of the listening audience, expressed here in these pages. See what your neighbor thinks of programs and stars. Whether you agree or not, you have a good chance of winning one of the many prizes offered for the best letters.

To win a prize or relieve yourself of some pent up feeling, address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., not later than February 25. The prizes are $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected.

$20.00 PRIZE
A PLEA FOR GOOD WILL COURT

The Good Will Court was not only a help to the individuals who appeared before it on the air, insofar as legal advice is concerned, but a real life lesson to the listener.

The selfish children refusing to support aged or helpless parents; the brutal husband or father; the wayward son; the cheat; the liar, the thief; how better could an example of themselves be shown to them? How many offenses are committed wherein only the offender knows what he has done? No one else knows, so how can he be shamed, or shamed where he is wrong? How about the offender in the home? Can his family make him see that he is causing untold misery? He will not listen. Then—a similar case comes over the radio and the firm but gentle voice of Mr. Alexander and the inexorable voice of the judge explain in a few words what the reckoning is for someone in like circumstances.

Hit and run drivers are exposed publicly as soon as they are found out. Here, the hit and run happiness destroyers were given the chance in the quiet of their homes, in the privacy of their own minds, to see their wrong and resolve to make amends!

BERTHA A. CHRISTIAN, Audubon, N. J.

$10.00 PRIZE
WHO'S AFRAID OF TELEVISION!

Let television come! My favorite will always be one of the biggest comedy hits, whether on the screen, stage, radio or television. Who else could he be but that king of master of ceremonies Jack Benny. Several radio stars have given their opinion of the on-coming "terror" and all have repeatedly mentioned the necessities of costumes, make-up, and the memorizing of the entire script.

I like Jack Benny. I like his looks, his actions and his wit. When I hear a horse galloping, or an auto going around a curve, I don't imagine Jack Benny in a cowboy costume or at a steering wheel. I see him as I see him in pictures—standing before the mike, ciga. in his mouth, one hand holding the script, the other hand on his hip. When television comes in that is the way I want to see him.

If you like a person you like him. If I like Jack Benny now, I'll like him twice as much when I can see him. Come on, television!

MARIJAME DAVIS, San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
HAIL TO PENNER'S RETURN

You asked the opinions of the Radio Mirror readers about the stars returning to the air after their vacations. Well, here's mine:

I read the article about Joe Penner in the September issue and eagerly awaited his return to the air. Joe has always been a favorite of mine and this year I think he is even greater, or should I say crazier, than ever. Add a grand guest star to Joe's swell show, as he has been doing lately, and you have a combination that should make Jack Benny look to his laurels!

I cancel everything Sunday afternoon about five and listen to radio's ace of comedians. More power to him!

MISS ROBERTA OSBORNE, Pomona, Kansas
$1.00 PRIZE
POLITENESS AND COURTESY VIA RADIO

Contrary to the opinion published a few months ago (December issue), that politeness and courtesy are foppishly exhibited; we are constantly reminded of the cleanliness of our radio waves by this seemingly insignificant attribute.

We were raised under training where "Please pass the beans," and "Thank you, Bill," were obligatory and, after growing up, raising a family of our own with a great deal less care than Mother and Dad used, we are frequently amazed at the politeness of our own youngsters.

Last Sunday morning, Sunday-school-bound, our little six-year-old girl asked us to tie her shoe and her sweet little unaffected, spontaneous "Thank you, Daddy," was certainly partially due to radio influence.

No! No! Let's have this politeness and courtesy coming unstinted into our homes so that our babies can imbibe it for, goodness knows, they get little of it from us in our Twentieth Century "rush."

Rev. J. E. Lodwick,
New Boston, Ohio

$1.00 PRIZE
INVENTORS, ATTENTION!

Can you blame me for being disillusioned?

There was I, crouched before my radio and lost in the power of drama, I was living the moment as the heroine. Then—pfft—just like that, it happened.

There came a pause and the rattling of stiff paper, and I came back to reality with a start.

The heroine had turned a page of her script. Oh! if the pages had only been rubber.

Maybe you will make a few suggestions to fix up this mishap.

Naoma Koch,
Baltimore, Maryland

$1.00 PRIZE
OPEN LETTER TO THE SPONSORS

Please let us hear more of Robert Benchley. Here is humor with a different twist, and a universal appeal.

Please apply a brake to your news commentators. It gives us the jitters trying to follow their mile-a-minute chatter. We'd rather miss one whole item than listen to them race through their whole program in high gear.

And please, Mr. Sponsor, please omit flowers when speaking of your product. A short, honest statement is like a cool drink of water—refreshing, after hearing so many "milk and honey" plugs.

Mrs. E. E. Peck,
Alameda, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
MAKE A LETTER-WRITING PARTY

We have special occasions for eating apples, crossing streets safely and writing home to mother. Why not get your family together around the table, throw a box of stationery in their midst, and have a letter-writing party and send a few words of appreciation and thanks to your favorite stars and programs? I don't mean just the big stars and the big programs, but also the obscure performers and less-known programs, many of them possessing earnest, inspiring talent that give the listener pleasure and entertainment. Letters are the only barometer by which the studios take the public's pulse and by which future programs are planned.

We've had these special letter-writing occasions in our family and hope our radio favorites enjoyed getting the letters as much as we enjoyed writing them.

Mrs. Bernice Jackson,
Ludlow, Kentucky

HONORABLE MENTION

"The Community Sing each Sunday night reaches a new high in varied entertainment. Wendall Hall proves an able song leader, while Billy Jones and Ernie Hare have their own particular line of comic chatter and rendition of songs enliven the program. I mention Milton Berle last, because he packs the big punch with his rapid fire comedy."—William O. Newberg, New Brunswick, N. J.

"Orchids to announcer Charles O'Connor for having the same identical voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I wonder how many radio fans have noticed this."

(Continued on page 102)

"GLARE-PROOF" POWDER...

doesn't show "powdery" in dazzling light...girls say

Out in that glittering snow—look at the faces around you. Look in your own mirror!

That "powdery" look in the white glare from the snow is one of the things girls hate most in a powder.

In a recent inquiry, they gave first place to Pond's for not showing up "powdery" in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give a soft flattering look to your skin even in the hardest light. Try Pond's Powder for your winter sports, your brilliant evenings in town.


FREE! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

Pond's, Dept. 88M-PC, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1927)

Name

Address

Copyright, 1927, Pond's Extract Company

15
These shapely legs belong to a world-famous tap dancer. Can you guess her name? Now see if you can guess to whom the other legs belong. See page 104 for the right answers.

Right, here’s a hard one for you. You’d never recognize her by her feet, but oh, her voice, in those Mother Juice rhymes!

Left, those are the legs of a very young dramatic star who’s heard on a thrilling aviation serial that originates in Chicago.

These legs (right) belong to an exotic torch song singer. She’s been guest-starring recently on Hollywood shows.

A petite star rests her limbs after a swim in the pool. She sings, is French and has just finished her second picture.

**THERE’S BEAUTY AFOOT**

**By JOYCE ANDERSON**

Byron certainly said a mouthful when he wrote that poem beginning “She walks in beauty!” For, whether that’s just what he meant or not, the way a woman walks has so much to do with her beauty. And the way she walks depends upon her feet. That’s why the lovely stars of radio and screen take such good care of those famous feet pictured on this page. They know that no woman has ever been glamorous when she looked as though her feet hurt! Yet, with all the importance of healthy feet for beauty, they’re the most neglected part of our body; our faces get loving attention with creams and cosmetics, our hands are carefully groomed and manicured, we wouldn’t dream of cramming a really uncomfortable hat on our heads—but what do we do for our feet? No wonder it’s been estimated that seven out of ten people have some form of foot trouble. Sadly enough, most of those seven are women, too.

So much depends upon our feet—grace of movement; the ability to wear becoming, stylish shoes; an unworried, unlined face. So little is necessary to keep them in the very best condition, for nearly everything you do for foot health produces several beneficial results with one operation. The regime’s so simple, just a number of little tricks to be employed while you’re dressing, bathing or resting, and things to watch when you’re buying your shoes and stockings (yes, stockings can be every bit as important as shoes).

First of all, good fit is essential; a comfortably clad foot really looks better, too. The shoe itself should have a fairly straight inner edge, not curved inward at the joint of the big toe, and should leave enough room so that the tips of your toes never touch the end. Naturally, it should never be tight, either in rest or in motion. Your stockings should be long enough to provide half an inch of material to spare when you stand flat-footed on the floor.

Fortunately, extremely high-heeled shoes are going out of style—but be careful, don’t change from high to low heels too suddenly, for your leg muscles will not be accustomed to the shift in weight and balance. When you do buy shoes with high heels, be sure to get well-made ones. They may cost a little more, but it’s really economical, since healthy feet actually save wear and tear on your shoes. **(Continued on page 66)**
Dоеs your complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then watch out, famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance—ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking... keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?
THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that everyone may smoke a Camel through."

MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maitre de Cafe, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DARNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSLEAER, New York

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

Camel's aid to digestion... on your busy days!

Most modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, parent-teachers' activities, and social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes the natural flow of fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases, tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. Equally important is Camel's mildness. They never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days"!

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
JIMMY WALLINGTON, over six feet of him, paced up and down in his hotel room. Three long strides in any direction brought him up against a wall. Jimmy had promised to shoot straight from the shoulder. He had declared that announcers were in a bad way, that they were getting in deeper every day, and that somebody had to do something about the situation!

The ace announcer of Eddie Cantor's program, Jimmy Wallington, wanted to tell exactly what he thought was wrong. He wanted to give reasons why he thought the business of announcing was the weakest chain in broadcasting. He wanted to explode the popular myths about announcers. And he wanted everyone—listeners and stars—who were interested in radio to hear his message.

It was certainly a spot to be in. When a man attacks his own profession openly, deliberately, telling publicly what it lacks, what it needs, what it must do in order to survive, he needs more than a little courage.

So I sat in his hotel room waiting for him to begin while he, like an athlete warming up, paced back and forth.

"First," Jimmy said, "let's get the question of salaries straightened out. There is nothing that is more overrated in the public's mind than the price announcers get for their work. And it is the actual small pay they receive which is one of the roots of the announcing evils of today."

"Get this," he said. "The average salary of a network announcer, paid to him by the company he works for, is between thirty-five and fifty dollars a week. That makes him the lowest paid man on the program he announces!"

"Do you wonder that announcers, big and small alike, spend most of their time complaining about this situation? It sounds reasonable, doesn't it, (Continued on page 77)"
IS

MAJOR BOWES

DROPPING

HIS AMATEURS?

By

JOHN EDWARDS

MUST HE GIVE UP HIS GREATEST INTEREST IN LIFE WHEN A FICKLE PUBLIC BEGINS TO CLAMOR FOR SOMETHING NEW?

Will audiences such as the one at the right continue to fill the new CBS playhouse in which Thursday night's broadcasts are held? Popularity polls which once rated Bowes first far ahead of any other now list him as third.
S radio’s biggest craze on its way to oblivion, carrying with it the same man it carried to the peak of public acclaim?

Mah-jongg lasted a little more than a year. Jigsaw puzzles had the whole country straining its collective eyes for about the same length of time. Cross-word puzzles were a menace to everyone’s sanity for a little longer than that, before they settled down to being the hobby of a few loyal souls. “The Music Goes Round and Round” was with us for only a few months.

Radio amateur hours have lasted longer than any of these. But are they going the way of all fads now? There is ample evidence to prove that they are. And if you grant that, a more important question arises: what will this shift in public fancy mean to the man who once was the most famous and popular star in radio, Major Edward Bowes? Will he attempt to ignore the change? Will he accept it and change, himself, with the times? Or will he bow his head to it in defeat?

Those are questions Major Bowes has not answered yet. For any other man the answers wouldn’t be so important. Financially, the problem means little to the Major, for he was a rich man before the amateur craze started and he is a richer man now. But in a more personal way, it means a great deal to him.

Since the death of Mrs. Bowes two years ago, the Major has lived for his work. He has made it fill in his days to the exclusion of everything else, desperately striving to close, with it, the gap left when he lost the one he loved more than anything else in the world.

That is why he must choose correctly now. There must be no let-up in his life of activity and excitement. Without his daily task of auditioning amateurs and building a program, or something equally interesting and successful, Major Bowes would be lost.

I believe I know how he should choose. There are so many signs—unimportant when they’re taken individually—but add them up and they point unmistakably to a swing away from amateur to professional entertainment. They’re straws, and they show which way the wind is blowing.

This winter, the oldest amateur hour on the networks, the Mutual Broadcasting System’s National Amateur Night, abandoned amateurs in all but name. This half-hour Sunday afternoon program, which used to draw its talent almost exclusively from the amateurs, now brings you only three on each show. Comedian Benny Rubin, its master of ceremonies, is given more time to make you laugh; Arnold Johnson leads his orchestra in an increased number of selections; and a famous guest star from the professional stage is presented every week.

Fred Allen’s Town Hall Tonight was not slow in following suit, with an announcement that the last half of its program, instead of being devoted entirely to amateurs, would be thrown open to professional talent as well. Amateurs aren’t barred from Town Hall under the new arrangement, but neither are people who have appeared for money on local stations, lesser known night club and vaudeville acts, and new discoveries of talent agencies.

In other words, Major Bowes’ program is now the only hundred-percent amateur hour on the air. The National Amateur Night is really a variety show now, and the three amateurs who do appear are carefully selected from audition after audition, their performances judged by professional standards. Town Hall’s last half-hour retains Fred Allen’s wise-cracking ad lib comments, and you’ll hear people on it you’ve never heard before—but it’s safe to say that almost none of them will be amateurs.

Both Fred Allen and Arnold Johnson, director of the National Amateur Night, admitted to me that they believe the amateur fad is waning. Both had increasing difficulty in obtaining as good amateurs as they wanted. Whereas a year ago both these programs had long waiting lists, this fall the lists were neither as long nor as promising. Quantity and quality had both fallen off.

There are signs even in Major (Continued on page 97)
REVEALING THE TRAGIC STORY OF KATE SMITH'S SECRET ADOPTIONS

To find the time of Kate Smith's broadcast, see page 55.

DENIED WOMAN'S RIGHT BY HER PROFESSION SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD
There are times when secrets ought to be known. When you have heard the secret I am going to tell you, you will understand why. This story is a secret I have known for three years, but not until a few weeks ago could I break the spell of fear that has kept it hidden.

It is a story that should have been told from the house-tops as a glorious example of a woman’s triumph over the restrictions of her life. It is, instead, a story of tragedy and heartbreak. The memory of its joyous beginning has become the scar of a broken dream in Kate Smith’s heart, a secret hurt that should have been a beautiful joy.

It began as a glorious inspiration and even if Kate Smith had been able to foresee the ending, full of grief and sacrifice, I imagine she would still have gone through with it, for the few moments of sheer happiness her adventure brought her before disillusionment.

Just three and a half years ago, Kate Smith woke up to another birthday, a special birthday, for it was a milestone of rich reward and high promise. It found her vibrantly attuned to life. Her career, thanks to Ted Collins, had been salvaged from despair, rescued from a hemmed in theatrical rut where nightly on the New York stage she bore the brunt of an insulting comedian’s vicious jibes. It was Ted, when she sought his counsel, who advised her to quit and try radio. It was the beginning of a partnership that had lifted her to a high place in broadcasting. Her voice had been given to a world that said “Thank you” and called for more.

Thus, on this birthday, a host of blessings lay in the hollow of her hand. . . Money. . . nation-wide acclaim. . . horizons unbounded. . . A future packed full of promise.

But Kate Smith, the radio star, had not forgotten that other Kate Smith struggling for a break. Nor had money altogether quieted the deep spiritual yearning which, earlier in life, almost cast her in the role of nurse. Throughout the years of her success, she had tried to share a portion of her bounty with others. There was the mother she still worshipped and still obeyed, always with her, and it was good that she could give that mother little surprises, to say nothing of all the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. There were the soldiers. . . . kids who had marched down America’s streets in 1917. . . . starry eyed kids bound on the great European adventure—but now lying on beds of white in rows, hopeless, broken-bodied men. Singing “My Buddy” had linked her with thousands of them. She knew they loved her. She was determined never to let them down.

It was a birthday of silent glory. . . She wanted to share it with others. But with whom? Where would it be possible to do the most good?

When Ted arrived that morning he found Kate with her mother trying to decide what they could do that day to properly celebrate the most important birthday of Kate’s life.

Ted suggested a show, but Kate was doubtful, hesitating a moment.

“If you’ve already thought of something else,” Ted said quickly, “let’s do it instead. It was just a suggestion.”

“Oh no,” Kate replied. “It’s not that. I was just thinking. Maybe today we could do something worthwhile. A show’s all right, but we can see a show any day. I thought perhaps I’d like to sing somewhere.”

Ted nodded. He remembered that practically all the hospital invitations had been taken care of, but suddenly—yes, that was it. He smiled. “I know a place,” he said. “It’s not a hospital. The kids who wanted you, remember? That orphans’ home?”

Kate’s face lighted up. “Grand!” She exclaimed. “Let’s go. You telephone that we’re coming. Mother and I’ll take one of my birthday cakes and we’ll stop on the way for some ice cream.”

There was nothing to warn Kate or Ted. Outside the sun was shining after a night of rain. On her desk in the study lay the new contract that was going to give her such a big boost in salary. It was her birthday and they were going to sing for orphans.

So they started out, carefree, eager to bring a little joy into the lonely hearts of poor children who had no homes. Kate became increasingly gay as they left the apartment. They stepped downstairs to phone her accompanist and arrange for him to join them at the orphanage. Then Ted hailed a taxi. It was a long ride to the orphanage, one which carried them through a (Continued on page 80)
THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION THAT RULES

EDDIE CANTOR

By DOROTHY BROOKS

By listening to his program overflowing with zest, you know what life means to him. For the show's time, see page 54.

The sophisticated giggles that greeted the disastrous result of Eddie Cantor's prize essay contest last spring burst out anew this winter when he announced that he would offer another $5,000 prize for another essay, this time on safe driving.

"He's asking for it!" exclaimed the cynical denizens of show business. And they laughed—the easy laughter that worldly wisdom always has for the idealist.

But if they knew the whole story back of Eddie Cantor's idealism, they might agree with me that he is wiser than they. Even, perhaps, more of a realist than they...

Most people, in Eddie Cantor's place, would remember last year's fiasco all too vividly—how, when he offered a $5,000 scholarship for an essay on world peace, a well meaning but over-zealous youth submitted an essay written by a noted teacher, and won the prize, making Cantor the laughing stock of the whole country. And, remembering it, they'd rather die than risk being taken for an unpleasant ride a second time.

Why did Eddie Cantor come back for more? Is he so anxious for publicity that he is willing to court ridicule?

Will he spend $5,000 of his own money for the privilege of sticking his head into another noose?

The answers to those questions are not simple, but they are supremely important—not only to Eddie Cantor, but to you who read this. Eddie Cantor is in the grip of a magnificent obsession, not unlike the "Magnificent Obsession" of the famous novel by Lloyd Douglas. But Eddie has carried the idea farther; made it, I think, even more important than Mr. Douglas' original philosophy.

Seven years ago, as perhaps you know, Eddie lay broken in health in a California desert resort. He was fighting for his life. The doctors told him he had an acute case of pleurisy, but Eddie knew that more than his body was sick. His soul was sick, too.

Of course, when a man's body is sick, he is mentally depressed, too. But the doctors had told him if he went back to the strenuous life of show business he would be dead in a year. He had spent his life eating, sleeping, breathing show business—and he knew, when the doctors told him their verdict, that he would rather die than give up his work.

Eddie had never before had time to take inventory of himself and his accomplishments. Away back in the days when he was a singing waiter he had fixed his eyes on theatrical stardom, and there his eyes had been fixed ever since. He'd had no time for anything else. The scramble for success had transcended everything else. Success had come. And—so what?

So he was a great Ziegfeld star. So he was rich, and famous. And he was well beloved in his own profession. Yet if he died in a year, all that would die with him. He had traded his health for what he had now—and what did he really have? Nothing. Nothing at least, that anyone would give thought to a few years hence.
Then Eddie Cantor—that Eddie Cantor—died; and the new Cantor, the Cantor you know today, was born. The Cantor who was sick in body and soul willed to get well. And he sent two telegrams.

One was to the late Flo Ziegfeld, accepting the lead in “Whoopee.” The other was to the late Julius Rosenwald, promising to attend and assist at a huge national charitable convention. “Whoopee” was to become Eddie’s greatest theatrical success; his participation in the charitable convention was to lay the cornerstone for an entirely new, finer, more satisfactory structure of life for Eddie Cantor.

“I want to be of some use to the world,” he told Rosenwald haltingly. “I have to—to justify my existence—to give people more than just laughs.”

The great philanthropist, wise from years of giving, shook his head sadly.

“You will receive no thanks,” he said, “and you will suffer. The world will stone you, Eddie, and ninety-nine out of every hundred will accuse you of self-seeking. Yet only the vain man hides his philanthropies. And—” he shrugged—“remember this: for every ninety-nine who stone you, perhaps one will be encouraged to follow your example. You must be prepared to martyr yourself for that one. Your position as a well known member of the theatrical world gives you a fine opportunity to help others and to encourage others to do so, too. But on the other hand, it also leaves you open to charges of publicizing yourself.”

There was an easy way for Cantor to do that. Nothing more than to write a large check periodically to some charitable organization, then pat himself on the back for having done his periodic good deed. It was an easy way to salve his ego; an easy way to hide his charities from the eyes of skeptics who would not believe in them. Too easy. Eddie could not take it.

“Rockefeller can give checks five times as large as I can,” Eddie explained to me. “Twenty times even, and never miss the money. Lots of men, richer than I am and poorer than I am too, can give money. But there’s one thing Rockefeller can’t give. He can’t give my time. Only I can give that.”

So Eddie took the hard way. True, he gave generously of his personal funds, but more important, he gave unstintingly of his time and of his energy—that precious energy of a man whose doctors have told him he’ll be dead in a year if he doesn’t let up.

If you were to total up the sums that Eddie Cantor has given and caused to be given and otherwise raised for charity since that fateful day on the California desert, you would have a staggering amount. A low estimate puts it at twenty-five million dollars! It has gone to old people’s homes, to camps in the Adirondacks where five hundred underprivileged children go every summer, to theatrical pension funds, for resettlement of European refugee children, to orphan asylums, for tubercular relief, for community Chests, in national emergency drives for relief of flood, drought, and earthquake and fire victims.

Eddie’s private life, too, has been studded with unselfish deeds. He has shared the radio spotlight with proteges who have thereby been given the chance which made them famous. He has befriended obscure or down-on-their luck members of his own profession, given them money or helped them find new jobs.

All this was his program, the life he had mapped out for himself when he left the California sanitarium. He did not know then that it was going to do so much more for him than give him the satisfaction of knowing he was helping others. That was all he expected of it. Now he believes that every good deed he has done, has been of actual, material benefit to him!

“I know what people think,” he told me. “Half of them think I’m a sucker. The other half think I’m a softie. But believe me, the bread I have cast on the waters has come back to me—not just as cake—but as big mountains.”

On the surface, that didn’t seem to make sense. For I knew, or thought I knew, some of the bitter aspects of Eddie’s altruism. There was the prize essay contest I mentioned before, with its payoff which exposed Eddie to ridicule. And often, on similar occasions, the public and press have accused Eddie of being a publicity seeker. A man he once helped along the road to fame, now securely set on the pinnacle, has turned on him. A friend to whom he lent a large sum of money had a wife to whom Eddie offered a guest appearance on his radio program. The wife tilted her usual price by $500.

Enmities? They are many and bitter. There is the case of the Hollywood columnist who asked Eddie to appear on a radio program. He replied tartly: “I do not make benefit appearances to promote Cantor. (Continued on page 103)
Cheerful and happy is the Rudy of today, now that he's well started on his eighth consecutive year of broadcasting in the same Thursday night spot—an enviable record and one equalled by few other stars of the air. You'll be seeing him as well as hearing him soon, in a new picture to be made during the spring in Hollywood.
No one has grown more beautiful with succeeding years of increasing popularity than Gracie Allen who is making pictures for Paramount Studios hand over fist this winter. If you haven't already, you will soon be seeing her in "College Holiday" and already she's hard at work making "Waikiki Wedding" which you will see early this spring.
HORACE HEIDT'S HARPIST—From the city of San Francisco comes a girl with a lyric voice and a gift for playing the most romantic of all instruments, the harp. Lysbeth was found by maestro Heidt when he heard her playing chamber music in a small orchestra. Now he features her at New York's Biltmore hotel and on his CBS programs.

MERRY MERI BELL—Brought up in a convent, Meri Bell was pretty enough to interest movie studios in her, but they always hired her to double in pictures for the singing sequences of stars like Kay Francis, Joan Blondell and Jean Harlow. Guy Lombardo started her in radio. Now she sings on CBS's Five Star Revue with tenor Morton Bowe.

DIXIE-BORN IRENE BEASLEY—She recently organized her own "one-woman variety show" over the NBC networks because she believes the public wants more from a singer than just a song. Irene came from the South to enter radio several years ago, and has been complimented by two presidents, Roosevelt and Hoover, on her voice.

IODENT'S COUNTESS KLEPTOMANIA—She's Mabel Albertson who says it's a serious business making people laugh. Born in Haverhill, Mass., she is the daughter of an actress mother. Mabel wears a gay tiara of feathers during her broadcasts. You laugh at her on the Dress Rehearsal show every Sunday morning over the NBC chain.

FOR YOUR
JOE PENNER'S JOY—As pretty as her name, Joy Hodges has a striking resemblance to lovely Joan Crawford in the sophisticated smartness which is the keynote of her dress. Joy sings on Joe Penner's CBS program Sundays and is the vocalist for Jimmy Griere's popular band. She'll soon be seen as well as heard, in the movies.

SINGER-COMEDIENNE RAYE—Martha Raye, featured on Al Jolson's Tuesday night program on CBS, is sometimes described as a cross between the late Marie Dressler and Clara Bow. She has more beaux than most Hollywood glamor girls, but puts a career before marriage. She plays golf and tennis when she's not busy singing.

NBC'S YOUNG HICKORY—The hero of the NBC serial about a country doctor is portrayed by Ray Johnson. He's from Wisconsin, and he's unmarried, six-feet-two inches tall, with blue eyes and light hair. Golf is his favorite game and he's an expert at it. You've also heard him as Bill in Welcome Valley and Ty Deyoe in Girl Alone.

TEA TIME'S HOST DON McNEILL—Don began his radio and cartooning career while still a student at Marquette University. As a lover of family life and a keen student of human nature, it is easy to understand why fame is smiling upon the Master of Ceremonies of the popular NBC Friday program, Tea Time at Morell's.
FLYING TIME'S ACE TURNER—Roscoe Turner, stunt and speed pilot, holder of the Bendix, Harmon and Thompson trophies, is the guiding genius of the day-time script show, Flying Time. Turner, big, bronzed and handsome, was an ambulance driver during the World War and since then among other things has even been a balloonist.

RADIO'S MOCKING BOYD—He is Henry Boyd, the least known, probably, of all unknown radio personalities, those men whom you're always hearing on the air and never reading anything about. Whenever CBS wants a bird mimic or whistler, Henry's paged. You hear him on Sunday morning on the CBS program of Aunt Susan's.

POETIC MELODIES' MacCORMACK—Franklyn MacCormack's mother wanted him to be a locomotive engineer like his father, but she forgot that before the latter became an engineer he'd been an actor. The theater was Franklyn's first love too and in it he got training for his dramatic poetry readings on Wrigley's four-times-a-week CBS show.

AND POETIC MELODIES' FULTON—Jack is a descendant of Robert Fulton. Billed as a romantic tenor, nevertheless he's a regular he-man in build and inclinations. Likes golf, fishing and trap shooting and wants to travel when he's made enough money to do it comfortably. Meanwhile he's singing on Poetic Melodies over the CBS network.

FOR YOUR
STARLET JANE WEBB—Jane with her glossy brown curls and merry eyes has set her small feet firmly on the road to success. She had a prominent part in NBC's broadcast of Tom Mix's Ralston Straight Shooters and has also found time to keep up her school work as well as enjoy her roller-skates, her paper dolls and now and then a movie.

SMITH BROTHERS' SONGSTRESS—Muriel Dickson is still better known in England than she is here in America, although she's starring every Sunday afternoon on NBC on the Smith Brothers Melody Matinee. She gained success in the Savoy Theater in London with D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and last spring with the Metropolitan Opera.

HOUR OF CHARM'S EVALYN—Phil Spitalny has radio's most unique broadcast in the Hour of Charm, heard Monday afternoons over NBC. And in Evalyn, he has a very beautiful violin soloist. She has soft, dark eyes and, as you can so easily see, a youthful charm which she somehow manages to get into her playing on this melodic broadcast.

HOUR OF CHARM'S MAXINE—Dark-eyed Maxine is another of Phil Spitalny's soloists. Maxine sings in the kind of a contralto voice that makes everyone think of romance. So she is always being reported engaged to some new young man. Her home is Columbus, Ohio, and her parents, who objected at first to Maxine's career, are now proud.
A proud family at dinner is (seated) Dave's mother, his father, and sister Rose. Standing are Dave, his brother's wife, and his brother Phil.

The comfortable house in Pittsburgh which their son David gave to the father and mother, sharp contrast to their basement home of Russian days.

The Untold

By ANNEMARIE EWING

For the time of the Chevrolet program, starring Rubino, please see the Program Guide, page 54
Sacrifices RUBINOFF Can Never Repay

YOU know, when you hear Dave Rubinoff play his violin Sunday nights on the radio, that there were many long years of study and practice, of hard and constant effort behind his success.

But what you do not know, for it has never before been told, is that also behind Rubinoff’s success are the unselfish sacrifices of five people—people of whom you have never heard. Without their help, Dave Rubinoff could never have reached the pinnacle on which he now stands.

And another thing you do not know is just how Rubinoff is repaying the sacrifices those four people made for him in the early days.

These people were his mother, who provided him with his first violin; his father, who carried him on his back, often through miles of deep snow drifts, to his first lessons; his sister Rose, who sewed tirelessly to help pay for those lessons; and his brother Herman, whose enterprise brought Rubinoff to America, land of his great opportunity.

Thirty years ago, the Rubinoffs lived in the basement of a dismal stone house in Grodno, Russia. There were seven of them existing on the father’s meager earnings in a tobacco factory. Small wonder that David’s first violin playing was done on an instrument owned by a little neighbor boy!

But he wanted a violin of his own. And where the Rubinooffs were going to get the money for a violin was more than any of them knew.

That is, except his mother. It was she who saved and scraped, making the borscht a little watery and slicing the black bread a little thinner until she had three whole roubles saved up out of the household money. Then she was able to place in her son’s thin, eager hands a cheap violin, bright with orange varnish! David’s career was started!

That the child had more than usual talent was soon demonstrated. For one day the great Max Gottfried passed by the humble basement and heard David practicing. He immediately rushed down the steps, and offered to teach the young genius for nothing.

But their pride would not let the Rubinoffs accept Gottfried’s generous offer. To them it seemed charity. Nor could they afford the two roubles for lessons. Yet David must have his chance! All were agreed about that.

Rose saved the day.

“I’ll sew for Madame Gottfried to help pay for the lessons,” she said calmly. So that part was taken care of.

But Gottfried lived three miles away, too far for the legs of a thin, undernourished boy of five to walk.

David’s father then stepped forward. He would carry the child those three long miles on his back!

And so every week, David’s father took him carefully on his back, fiddle case and all, often struggling through deep Russian snow drifts that came up above his knees, and carried him to Gottfried’s home for his lesson.

And every night Rose sat up till three o’clock, sewing for Madame Gottfried and her two small children, stitching down gores and putting on flounces of fine silk and velvet.

After a few years, David’s (Continued on page 68)
THE CURIOUS CASE OF RADIO'S HIDDEN

MURDER will out—and so will censorship. It took the romance between Mrs. Wallis Simpson and ex-King Edward VIII to do it, but at last we've all been shown just how carefully the networks guard our ears from hearing anything the broadcasting officials don't think we ought to hear.

Yes, there's censorship, though you and I aren't supposed to know it. The great broadcasting chains call it by the polite names of "continuity acceptance" and "continuity editing"—but it's censorship just the same. And in all the nutty world of broadcasting, there's nothing nuttier than that same censorship.

It's involved, it's complicated, it's secret and it's awfully, awfully inconsistent. And I'm quite prepared to see the networks, when they've read this, rise up on their hind legs and yell, "No such thing! He's got us all wrong! We're just trying to be nice!" In which I'm very willing to agree. They are trying to be nice—but they're trying too darn hard.

Anybody who listened to the way radio pounced upon the King Edward—Mrs. Simpson business, once it had been disclosed in the British newspapers, must have realized how closely bottled-up the commentators had been up to that time. Here was the greatest international human-interest story of the age, right under their noses, and they couldn't have their say about it. American newspapers were publishing every possible scrap of information concerning the "affair Simpson," conjecturing, commenting, editorializing, even wise-cracking—and American radio was leaning over backward in an attempt to keep its skirts clean of the whole business. It limited its notice of what was going on to a few bald facts, chiefly conveyed by Press-Radio News.

As the Bobby on the beat outside Mrs. Simpson's own Cumberland Terrace house might have said, radio "wasn't having any." And it continued to be not having any until the English newspapers broke down and informed 43,000,000 people that there was a Mrs. Simpson. Then, and not until then, radio went to town—that is, it went to town as far as its news broadcasters and commentators were concerned. For its comedians, Mrs. Simpson was still nonexistent.

The reason Mrs. Simpson is nonexistent to radio comedians is the same reason many more things are nonexistent to them. Radio will just not allow itself to hurt anyone's feelings.

Radio's always afraid of hurting someone's feelings, and it is always busy warning its script writers and comedians to keep quiet on this subject or that. I say this even while I like radio. I want to see radio grow up. I hate to see it walking on tiptoe, even while I can see perfectly well why it does so and I can sympathize with it.

Few people outside of the business know that both NBC and CBS maintain departments whose duty it is to read and approve all commercial scripts before they go on the air. NBC calls its department "Continuity Acceptance;" CBS calls it "Continuity Editing," but they amount to the same thing. Their purpose is, according to an NBC pamphlet I have on my desk, to see that programs live up to a standard of "quality, good taste and integrity." But in actual practice, as I see it, what they do is (Continued on page 74)

Even Mrs. Simpson, left, who has become the world's best known woman, still must not be mentioned by any comedian in radio. Right, these rules for several weeks barred mention of the ex-King's romance. Do you see anything in them concerning kings?
CENSORSHIP

Program Policies

Part 2 Requirements

1. The use of the Deity's name is acceptable only when used reverently or as part of a standard classic work.

2. Statements or suggestions which are offensive to religious views, racial traits, and the like, must be avoided.

3. False or questionable statements and all other forms of misrepresentation must be eliminated.

4. Obscene and off-color songs or jokes, oaths, sacrilegious expressions, and all other language of doubtful propriety must be eliminated.

5. Testimonials must reflect the genuine experience or opinion of a competent witness. Dramatized commercials, when involving statements by doctors, dentists, druggists, nurses or other professional persons must be read by living members of these professions reciting actual experiences, or explanation must be clearly made by the announcer that the scenes enacted are fictitious.

When a living character is impersonated, announcement must be made at least once in the program that impersonation was made.

6. Statements of prices and values must be confined to specific facts. Misleading price claims or comparisons must not be used.

7. The National Broadcasting Company cannot act as a distributor for the merchandise of its customers.

8. As a safeguard against misuse of broadcast facilities for unfair competition, commercial programs shall not refer to any competitor, or his products, directly or indirectly, by company name, by individual name, or by brand name—regardless of whether such reference is derogatory or laudatory.
Dr. DAFOE'S Exclusive Rules for YOUR BABY'S Health

THE SAME PRACTICAL LAWS THAT BROUGHT UP THE FIVE DIONNE BABIES TO GLORIOUS BEAUTY ARE GIVEN YOU HERE FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL USE

There isn't a mother who can look at pictures of the Dionne Quintuplets without a thrill. But perhaps, too, as she looks she is wistful. She wishes her own children were as blooming, as sturdy, as overflowing with vitality and as easy to manage. Or if she has a new baby she thinks, "How can I bring up my own to be as well and happy?"

Since that cold spring day of May 28, 1934, when they were born, the Quints' destinies seem to have been ruled over by a radiant, kindly power. Providence may have had a hand in it. But providence had an ally, a country doctor rich in skill and experience and richer in that deep, earthy humanity and wisdom which he calls common sense.

From the historic hour of their birth Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe has been bringing up the Quints by definite 'common
sense" rules and routines. The little Dionnes, themselves, are the best arguments for his theories. In five hundred years of medical records only thirty-three sets of quintuplets have been born, and not one baby from any set has lived more than a week. A quintuplet's chance for becoming more than an hour old is about one in a hundred billion. Yet starting out with such a handicap—and having been born in a crowded, primitive cottage with few of the helps of modern science at that—those tiny, pitiful babies whose aggregate weight was less than nine pounds have become these sturdy little girls, lovely as any children on this earth.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe is now giving a series of radio talks to bring the wisdom which has blessed the Quinsets to all the mothers of North America. The material for this article, and the list of fundamental rules which you will find later on, ready for clipping, is drawn from these broadcasts. The editors of Radio Mirror felt they could perform no greater service to readers who have children than to summarize this material and give it to you in permanent, easily usable form.

About a hundred thousand visitors make a pilgrimage each month to see the Dionne Quintuplets. They stand on a balcony of the glassed-in, heavily-screened gallery which surrounds the Quintet's playground on three sides.

One thing these visitors never tire of exclaiming over is that these famous five, who have been photographed and filmed, who get so large a share of the world's attention, never show the slightest sign of being high strung or nervous. Marie, in her small pink muslin dress and socks, will spend long minutes in one corner of the playground, her sturdy little fingers patiently trying to fix the handle of a tiny wheelbarrow. And when she fails she will not set up a howl, but only sigh a bit, then run over to the sand pit to play with her sisters. Or maybe Yvonne will struggle to pull loose a wagon from the cement wading pool, and after a few unsuccessful efforts will smilingly ask Annette or Cecile to help her.

If your own child doesn't act so—if his failures enrage him so that he devils the children about him, or discourage him to tears or idleness, it is for you too, we have drawn up Dr. Dafoe's rules.

For Dr. Dafoe believes that a child is cooperative or difficult—and more often than not healthy or unhealthy—because of good or bad habits. It was and is his job to instill good habits into the lives and characters of the Dionne Quintuplets. And he feels it is the job of a sane, intelligent mother to instill them into the lives of her children.

The delicate Quinsetts, who had so little chance to live, were born into a crowded, inconvenient house without electricity, gas or modern heating. Yet even here Dr. Dafoe managed to establish an order-bringing schedule. In the hospital-nursery which is now the Quinsetts' home you can tell time by the activities of the little girls.

"The first three months of a child's life are the most important ones," says the Doctor. "Habits are formed that will stick to him all his life. Such habits as absolute regularity in feeding, sleeping and elimination can actually begin when a child is only three days old."

Not a single one of the Quinsetts has a sleeping problem. You can picture these five, each so like the other, tucked away in their cribs at the tick of seven and peacefully asleep by seven-thirty. Dr. Dafoe is sure that if you never start rocking or walking the baby to sleep, never hold his hand or lie down with him or sleep by his side, he will never cry to have you do it.

Also, coaxing a child to sleep or giving him a nipple or anything to suck are bad habits "easy to acquire and hard to break." Yet even if you have permitted your baby to get into such harmful ways, there is still time to change them if you will bear a few unpleasant hours of letting him cry it out.

The Quinsetts have done their share of crying for things they wanted and shouldn't have. A normal baby will never injure or rupture himself by crying. As a matter of fact he should do a certain amount of it. It's his first natural exercise.

The Quinsetts take their naps out—(Continued on page 61)
IT'S TIME
SOMEBODY TOLD YOU,
HOLLYWOOD!

TO ALL HOLLYWOOD PERSONALITIES WHO ARE GUEST STARS ON THE AIR:

Do you movie stars who have all the excitement of Hollywood in back of you, whose glamor and allure bring you fabulous salaries, want to continue broadcasting as guest stars on radio's biggest programs?

Then heed a warning which no one has given you yet. It doesn't concern the bitter quarrel between film exhibitors and your own bosses who can't agree whether your appearances on the air hurt attendance at the movie theaters.

This warning hits more closely at home. It will, I think, be the final factor in deciding whether you're going to do any broadcasting in the future. It isn't just one individual speaking. It is radio's vast audiences who have been pouring in letters on the subject, letters differing in wording but agreeing in sentiment.

Perhaps you have thought you would have nothing more to worry about than the price for broadcasting once a settlement was reached in the highly publicized battle the exhibitors—those men who rent your motion pictures and play them in the theaters throughout the country—are waging to keep you away from the radio studios.

But if you have been thinking that, you're wrong. The hue and cry of the exhibitors is already dying down. After all, in practically every part of the nation, box office receipts in movie theaters are hitting new highs every week. So your broadcasting can't be keeping people away from your pictures. It just doesn't follow. With the exhibitors, it seems to be more a case of new prosperity after many lean years making them hungrier than ever for more profits.

But aside from that point, which is already being settled, there are two more that haven't yet been mentioned publicly. It all started last spring when nearly half of the big evening programs in Radio City began moving West and setting up shop along Hollywood Boulevard. It certainly was easy to see then that a new trend in broadcasting had begun.

Perhaps you won't believe it, but that trend is already reversing. And its reversal is the tangible proof of the two points I want to make—for your benefit as well as mine and the listening audience's.

First, there is the cost of broadcasting a radio program on which you, the movie stars, appear. I can imagine how it seemed to you when radio programs began appearing on all sides in Hollywood and there was started an intense rivalry for your services. It was a golden moment and you lost no time in grasping it. The price of a broadcast went up and up. As far as you could tell, radio was an endless stream of gold pouring thousands of dollars into your laps.

But you have done more than your share, to kill this modern goose of the golden eggs.

Look what has happened. Program budgets have been stretched not once, but again and again. Many of them have been stretched to the breaking point. The American Association of Advertising Agencies has estimated that during the past year, talent costs increased until they were 40% of the entire cost of producing radio programs. In many cases, the Association found, the cost of hiring big stars more than equaled the cost of buying
time on a large hookup of stations. This is something new in broadcasting. The effects are bad.

The margin of profit becomes too thin when talent costs equal network time costs. Agencies make too little to be vitally interested. There is often not enough money left to get really good direction and quite often not good enough supporting artists. And finally, when a program costs a sponsor so much, he wants to see immediate results in the way of sales. He puts pressure on the agency, which in turn, puts it on the program. It's like golf. You begin pressing when that happens. You know the result. A hook into the rough or a slice across the road.

So, though a sponsor has the big stars and the big network and certainly a big enough bill, he hasn't either the listening audience or the sales to show for his efforts and money.

Now that is where you, the movie stars, come in. I am not going to single out any one of you. Many of you have done good jobs. It is the rest of you who have raised the cost of broadcasts and have caused film exhibitors and your bosses many sleepless nights. The rest of you haven't earned your money. Haven't, in fact, in a majority of cases, come anywhere near earning your money.

An excellent example of what I mean is a program which recently moved from Hollywood to New York. You've probably been on this program yourselves, so you know that salaries weren't niggardly. It came to New York because when it broadcast from Hollywood on its regular night every week and guest starred you famous movie personalities, it just didn't pay out, either in the number of people who listened in, or—which is the final test—in the amount of its product that was sold.

You probably know well enough what you've done wrong, but it won't hurt to say it out loud. Many times you've agreed to guest star when you didn't have the time to give to rehearsal. You went on the air only half prepared. You read your lines as though you were looking at them for the first time. You never do that when you're making a picture. And think of the times you've agreed to broadcast, at a fat price, and then, instead of doing what you can do well, you went on the air and sang. Even, some times, when the regular star of the program is a first class singer himself. Now nobody ever told you that you had a marvelous voice. And you know that nothing is harder on a mediocre voice than the microphone.

Yet you continue to do these things. Do you expect radio and the listening audience to put up with it very much longer? We're not going to. We don't have to. There are enough radio artists with talent who can give us better entertain- (Continued on page 104)
The beginning of the week and Joe Penner with his hat on helps a toiling gag writer think up laughs that will rock America next Sunday.

Step two is Joe working with Hal Raynor, who is a minister and who writes all the original songs which feature Joe's Cocomalt programs.

Step three is the first rehearsal. Joe finds he must tickle himself before he can laugh at the jokes, so this writer starts in all over.

Next Joe listens to his jokes come back over the air to him and is horrified to hear the way they sound. More work for his gag man.

And this is the net result of the first four steps: crowds outside the CBS radio theater in Hollywood any Sunday afternoon as they wait patiently to get inside and watch Joe Penner broadcast.

The Birth of a Nation's Laughs
SEE TWO PROGRAMS BEGIN 
AND GROW UP INTO BROAD-
CASTS—TRACE THE STORY 
TOLD IN THESE PICTURES

Here, on the other hand, is comedian Phil Baker in shirt sleeves and at his left a real New York reporter who tells Phil, stooge Agnes Moorehead and faithful Bottle how to put out a real paper.

Photos taken exclusively for Radio Mirror by NEWSPICTURES

Left alone, Phil begins work on his Gassette. By next Sunday night he will have a complete program ready for his eager CBS audiences.

Bottle (really Harry McNaughton) brings Phil his story but editor Baker isn't satisfied—it isn't funny enough for their radio program.

The next step in preparing the show—Phil is trying to get Agnes Moorehead to type out his newest joke. He'll end by doing it himself.

The last step is Bottle trying to fix up his story, not knowing it doesn't make any difference. Phil's already finished the script.
On a night in March back in 1934, Andre Kostelanetz was in the midst of auditioning to get the Chesterfield broadcasts. He wanted a theme song and collected all his arrangers in his office. They worked all night without success. Then, at breakfast, Charles Henderson, head of the staff, snapped his fingers. He'd hit on the beginning of a melody. Ten minutes later, they were back in the office writing it. It's been the maestro's unique theme ever since.
Andre Kostelanetz, below, accomplishes in his Chesterfield programs a mixture of the best in popular as well as classical music. For a year before it was published he played this song as a theme.
EVERY woman, naturally, wants a slender, healthy body. She looks better. Her clothes seem smarter. Beauticians tell her she will be more attractive to her husband, or that, if she hasn’t a husband, her chances of getting one will be enhanced.

All that goes without saying. What the average woman doesn’t think of, and what the beauticians don’t tell her, because they don’t realize it—is that appearance, clothes, and attractiveness are only incidental to the greatest benefit of all.

I lost twenty pounds because I was ordered to do so before making my first moving picture. I didn’t know, then, how completely and marvelously I was re-making my life. I am now literally a different person from what I was before reducing—not only physically, but mentally and spiritually as well!

It’s because I know from my own experience how few women realize the immense benefits a reduction of excess weight can confer upon them, that I am glad to have this chance of sharing with other women, with every reader of this magazine the secret I have found. For that, too—the desire to share my happiness—is a part of my strange rebirth.

I will go back to my Metropolitan Opera debut, at the age of nineteen, because in order to understand what came later, it is necessary first to have a clear picture of the background. At that time I was blessed with the jubilant self-confidence and poise of happy adolescence. Youth meets life’s hazards blithely. I was too immature then to grasp the significance of the responsibilities a career such as the one I had chosen carries. I was just like any other girl who emerges gaily from school or college to cope with the stern problems that confront her.

During the years of concert and opera work that followed, I was developing into young womanhood, leaving care-free girlhood behind. At nineteen the burden of fame was light, even pleasant. With each succeeding year it grew heavier. Don’t misunderstand me. I didn’t mind hard work. Indeed, I loved it. Every minute of it. But there is much to a musical career besides singing. I had no time left over in which to be merely a human being, to live the life that every normal young woman should live.

I don’t know which of the hundred and one wild stories regarding my sudden retirement you read or heard—but the chances are it was wrong. There was nothing sudden about

Above, compare the present day Marion with this picture, taken several years ago before she lost over twenty pounds. Right and opposite page, the result—a beautiful and attractive woman.
my determination to drop it all. It was a long time coming. It was the result of an accumulation of mental and physical fatigue. My work had become distasteful. So I chucked it. Why not?

Contrary to newspaper reports I did not retire to rusticate on my Kansas farm. I went abroad with my mother and studied music. I indulged in an orgy of relaxation, a luxury I’d never before enjoyed. I married my singing teacher. I was free. Free to get up when I pleased, work when I pleased, play when I pleased. Free to go where I liked when I liked. Free! You can’t know, until you’ve been denied it, what it means just to be free!

Like everything else you have too much of, though, even freedom palls. After a while, when I had savored the delights of freedom to the full, and was perhaps a trifle surfeited, I began to have vague thoughts of returning to professional work. My family and my friends urged me to do so. I knew I should. But I hesitated—because I was afraid. Four years is a long time. The public’s memory is short. Had I been forgotten? Was there still a place for me?

I imagine a lot of people who retire—retire from anything, business, a career, a profession—would much rather content themselves with just thinking they can step back again any time they choose rather than take a chance of trying it and finding they can’t. That’s a horrible suspicion.

Perhaps I should have been elated when my agent told me he had signed a picture contract for me. But I wasn’t. I was terrified. I was so upset I couldn’t sleep. Certainly I couldn’t sing. Then I was told I was to take off twenty pounds before I could start work. Joyful news! Joyful because it would delay the dread day when once more I would return to work! But there was another reason—and one I’m a little more proud of—why I welcomed the order.

Here was a tangible problem. (Continued on page 64)
TIME was when Radio City's swank third floor lobby, crossroads of the microphone world, could be called a dignified and quietly ritzy place. But lately it's been resembling the backstage tent of a freak show much more than its usual conversative self. A horde of the strangest-looking people anybody has ever seen have set up their permanent camp in Studio 3-H, are running wild all over the place and causing a furor of excitement; and from every indication these strange-looking people are merely the first of many more to come.

They really are the weirdest individuals this side of the Ripley collection. They have skin the rusty color of cinnamon toast, brown lips, black eyes, black fingernails. They wear dark sun-glasses in the building and go around talking a peculiar language among themselves about "berthas" and "flats" and "long-shots." And despite the elegant air-conditioning which is Radio City's pride it's nothing any time to see a bunch of them fanning themselves as vigorously as if it were ninety in the shade in Death Valley.

But they're not freaks, nor have the studios been turned into a nut-house. It's simply that television is no longer something we're going to have one of these days. Television is here! And the strange-looking people to be seen around NBC are the first stars of television all made up to appear life-like in the lens of a thing called an "iconoscope camera."

If you were lucky enough to have one of the hundred television receiving sets nowed throughout the New York area you could tune in for an hour every night in the week and enjoy talkies in your own living room. This has been going on since last summer, although the broadcasts are conducted for test purposes and the sets are not yet for sale.

Every night, for an hour, a picked group of stars do their work in Studio 3-H, while sixteen blocks away, atop the Empire State building, is the transmitter which changes the sounds and pictures of 3-H into electrical impulses and sends them out through the air.

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

Singer Hildegrade, television veteran

WHO ARE THE
FIRST Real Stars of Television?

PIONEERS IN A BRAND NEW GLAMOROUS ART, THEY'LL SOON BE FAMOUS FAR BEYOND THEIR WILDEST DREAMS

Up until the moment the nightly television programs go on the air everything in 3-H is pandemonium. The interior of the studio looks like a Hollywood sound stage only it's three times as jammed with properties and apparatus. Microphones are suspended from the ceiling, the floor is matted with thick ropes of cables and wires, sets depicting indoor and outdoor scenes clutter the walls and corners, enormous iconoscope cameras are trained on the people who are about to go on the air, and thirty thousand watts of brilliant Kleig lights are rapidly wilting every collar and blinding every eye in the studio. That's why the television stars wear dark glasses during rehearsals.

In adjoining dressing-rooms the performers are adding last minute repairs to their grotesque makeups, everybody is rushing around moving screens and scenery, the place is a violent bedlam of noise and action. Only one person remains calm and blissfully undisturbed throughout everything that happens in 3-H and that's Minnie the Bride. Minnie is a life-sized cardboard bride, painted in varying shades of brown and black and white, who is often used during rehearsals as a stand-in for the television stars.

Perhaps you've wondered why television has not selected its stars from the famous ones already established in sound broadcasting? Instead it has hand-picked its first regular performers from the ranks of comparatively unknowns and sustaining artists and elevated them to the enviable status of being the original shining celebrities in a great new field—and these are undoubtedly the first people you'll see when you get a television set of your own. Although many of radio's biggest names have made guest performances in 3-H already, only a select handful of youngsters appear regularly before the camera. And they have been chosen for a number of special reasons.

Take glamorous Hildegarde, for instance, who was given the title of "Television Girl" because she's had more experience at it than any other artist in the United States. Hildegarde is a twenty-three-year-old blonde from Milwaukee who sings like Garbo looks. Four years ago, merely one of the thousands of unknowns in show business, she was touring the country with a Gus Edwards revue. She went to London to fill a two-week night club engagement at the smart Café de Paris and made such a quick hit she was held over for two years; and from London she stepped across to Paris to become the darling of the French cabarets.

Last spring Hildegarde returned home to an NBC contract which spots her on the network twice weekly in her own program. When the first television broadcasts were about to be staged at Radio City and officials discovered that she had been making regular television appearances in Paris (France has had arm-chair (Continued on page 89)
The fashion expert of the LaSalle Fashion radio show on NBC picked Bernice Claire, beautiful star of Friday night's Waltz Time for modeling his selection of dresses to wear on cruises or even for more practical use when the weather gets warmer. Left, you will wear this beautiful black satin and white crepe ensemble for your gala night aboard ship. Note the white waist length jacket with full three-quarter-length sleeves, with a single button. The jacket is removed for dancing. The white crepe top is linked with rhinestone. Below, the three-piece going-ashore costume with beige wool cape to match the top which employs the popular zipper. The cape is three-quarter length. The pert hat goes with the cape.

This black crepe dress with printed crepe jacket was chosen by Le Maire for afternoon engagements. It is one of the newest of the double duty dresses, since it's suitable for dining without the little jacket.
that long planned cruise

IF YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A TRIP, TAKE A TIP ON

THE VERY NEWEST STYLES FROM CHARLES LE MAIRE

All ashore for a sight-seeing trip! And an ideal costume for it is this double-breasted, six button coat of beige Kasha cloth, worn over a black tailored dress. Bernice chose this coat for its practicality and all-around usefulness. Light and warm, it will be perfect for those sudden spells of cool weather which come up even in the best regulated tropical waters. The hat is a plain black felt sport model with a smartly turned down brim.

The first night aboard ship isn’t formal—but it is a holiday occasion just the same, and Bernice wanted to dress up for it. So she selected this frock of printed crepe, with its bright floral design on a black background. It’s highly appropriate for either cocktails or dinner, and in addition, will be valuable as a general purpose dress when the cruise is over. Its carelessly knotted sash is of the same material as the dress itself.

Photographs taken for Radio Mirror by Kenneth Ford

These Mary Lee frocks may be purchased in all leading dress shops
The Story So Far:

There was only one kind of life Floyd Gibbons ever wanted—one filled with adventure and excitement. It was natural that he became a reporter. His first job was that of cub on the Minneapolis News, and when his father had him fired from there because he didn't want his son to be a reporter, Floyd went to Milwaukee and got work on another newspaper. Before long he landed in Chicago in the midst of a newspaper strike. When the strike was over he joined the Chicago Tribune. Life in one city was too tame for him, so he went to join the army of Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit, as special correspondent. His graphic word-pictures of Villa’s fights soon made him the Tribune’s number one foreign reporter and when the paper sent its own man to France to cover the World War, it picked Floyd. He could have sailed on the same ship which carried Von Bernsdorff, the returning German ambassador, but that was too safe for Floyd. He chose, instead, to go on the English liner Laconia.

Part Three

The Cunard liner Laconia plodded through the black waters of the North Atlantic, two hundred miles west of the Irish coast. It showed no lights. Rolling in the trough of the waves, it might almost have been a part of the ocean itself.

Yet it had been seen. A quarter of a mile away a German submarine, lurking just below the troubled surface of the sea, was making ready to send a message of death to the Laconia’s heart.

In the Laconia’s lounge, Lucien J. Jerome, of the British Diplomatic Service, had just said to Floyd Gibbons and a companion, “Nonsense. The chances are two hundred and fifty to one that we don’t meet a sub.”

And the torpedo struck the Laconia. Almost at once the ship began to tilt. Floyd ran down to his stateroom and put on a light (Continued on page 84)
"Does nail polish have to chip off right away?" women asked us. "Certainly not," we said. And we proved it.

Exhaustive tests over a long period prove absolutely that our New Cutex Polish will not peel or chip in a week! The reason is simple.

We took a picture of our New Cutex Polish right after it had been applied to a smooth surface. And we took pictures of 8 other popular brands of nail polish, also immediately after application.

The photographs showed an amazing difference. Look at them above—magnified 18 times.

Notice the perfectly smooth, even finish of Cutex under the microscope! Cutex will stay unmarred on the nail for days. Now look at the rough, bumpy, uneven finish of the ordinary polish. The lines in the picture show clearly that the polish formula is imperfectly balanced. They show the beginning of cracking and peeling—10 minutes after the polish dries!

Big Savings . . . It's easy to see how much you can save in time and money if you wear the New Cutex Polish . . . with its glass-like, wonderfully resistant finish. You can put on the New Cutex and forget about it for a week and its lustre will be higher, too, because of its smoother, longer wearing surface.

Remember, too—the New Cutex Polish is famous for its new smoky shades. And it's usable to the last drop—never thickens in the bottle.

Keep away from ordinary polish that develops unsightly cracks and chips after a day or two. Stock up on the new, longer wearing Cutex in all your favorite shades today. 10 smart shades to choose from! Only 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.


CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oil Cuticle Remover for 1½.

North Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 7-B-4
191 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2220, Montreal)
1 envelope 1½ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve □ Rust □ Burgundy □ Robin Red □ Old Rose □

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________
State ____________________________
Gone are the Children of Darkness

SPECIAL SUNSHINE TREATMENT...SPECIAL FOODS...
EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...
NO WONDER CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY!

Why do fewer babies die today...than 20 years ago?

Why does your baby have twice as good a chance to live as you had when a child?

Because today children get special—not haphazard—care. Twenty years ago the idea of sun-bathing in winter sounded preposterous. Today your child can have a sun-bath every day in the year—rain or shine. Today your child gets special medical and dental care—special dietetic supervision.

Isn't it logical that a child should have a special laxative too? Doctors say, "Yes, they should." For a child's system is still growing...still too tender for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

That's why so many doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For, you know, it's made especially and only for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could possibly harm the delicate system of a child. Nothing that could cause cramping pains.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It clears away all waste by gently stimulating the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It is safe. It is sure. It is thorough. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And very important...Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it without forcing. And, as you know, forcing a child to take any bad-tasting medicine can upset his entire nervous system.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle handy always. Why not play safe and have a bottle in your house? Every drug store in America sells it. Ask for the thrifty Family Size Bottle...and save money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children
Short cuts to good cooking
—With Canned Vegetables

NOWADAYS THEY'RE MORE THAN A MEANS TO A HURRY-UP MEAL—AND SHOW BOAT'S AUNT MARIA TELLS WHY

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

WHENEVER I think of food,” Irene Hubbard told me on her way to a Show Boat rehearsal, “I think of something out of a can. Perhaps my early theatrical training is responsible—days when I trudged from coast-to-coast in some stage show or other when the only home cooked meals I had were those I prepared over a tin of sterno from something out of a can.”

In case you’re not up to date on the facts of Irene’s career, she was a stage star—her favorite role was “Madame X” and the gleam in her eye when she mentions it convinces me that she still remembers every line and every bit of business she used so successfully in it—before you met her as Show Boat’s gracious Aunt Maria.

Although the early attitude toward canned food was that it was something with which a quick, inexpensive meal could be thrown together, under modern canning methods, the flavor and nutritive values of canned foods have been so perfected that today women whose kitchens are the last word in up to date equipment and whose market lists include countless luxury items, rely on canned foods to give added interest to their menus.

“I’ll bet,” Aunt Maria went on, “I’ve eaten Magookus in every town in the country that had a theater. Magookus was the standby. It was cheap, nourishing and easy to prepare. And it was good! I still make it.”

Aunt Maria didn’t over sell Magookus. I tried out her recipe and it lives up to every claim she made for it.

**Magookus**

1 cup rice
1 lb. ground round steak
1 can tomatoes
2 onions
1 clove garlic
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook the rice until tender; drain, immerse in cold water, drain again, then steam over boiling water until it is fluffy. While the rice is steaming, slice the onions and garlic and sautee them with the meat in butter. When onions and meat begin to brown, add the tomatoes with the salt and pepper and simmer until the meat is tender. Add the rice and continue steaming for twenty minutes.

“Of course there was never time between shows on the road to prepare fresh vegetables,” Irene continued, “so trouper depended upon canned (Continued on page 95)
:

PROGRAM DIRECTORY
THURSDAY

FRIDAY
All time

All time is Eastern Standard

S

A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.

10:00

NBC-Red:

10:05

is

Eastern Standard

10:00

A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Ked: Mrs. Wiggs

10:00

10:15

CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
CBS: Betty Crocker.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family.

10:45

NBC-Red: Today's

CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory.
NBC-Blue: Madge Marley.
NBC-Red: Our American Schools.

NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.

CBS: East and Dumke.
NBC-Blue: Personal Column.
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.

11:15

11:30

CBS: Big Sister.
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming.

11:30

CBS: Big Sister.
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: Betty Moore.

CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.

CBS: Eleanor Howe.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott.

12:00 Noon

Sassafras.

CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin.

12:45

CBS: Rich Man's

CBS:

Rich

Man's Darling.

Revue.
Music from Texas.
Five Star

CBS:

Wife.

CBS: Kathryn Cravens.
NBC-Blue and Red: Music Appreciation Hour.

2:15
School

the

of

2:15

Air.

CBS:

2:30

NBC-Blue: Women's

CBS: Myrt and Marge.
NBC-lted:

Personal

School of the Air.

3:15

NBC-Red: Ma

Movies.

Mollie of the

NBC-Red: Pepper Youngs

Family.

3:15

NBC-Red: Ma
3:30

NBC-Blue:
NBC-Red:

Perkins.

NBC-Red: The

NBC Light Opera
Vic and Sade.

Co.

NBC-Red: The

O'Neills.

4:00
Morrell's.

at

NBC-Red:

La Salle Fashion Show.

HBC-Bed:

Follow the Moon.

Nurse

Junior

NBC-Red: While

the

City

Sleeps.

5:15

NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
Jack

5:30

NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.

CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Breen and de Rose.
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie.

Six

P.M.

Eleven

to

Eleven

to

P.M.

6:15

CBS: News

of

Youth.

NBC- Red:

Cabin

In

the Cotton.

6:30
6:45

NBC-Blue: NBC
NBC-Red: Sonia

of the

7:00

Melodies.
NBC- Blue: Easy Aces.

CBS:

Poetic

NBC- Red: Amos

'n'

Andy.

7:15

CBS: Ma and

Pa.

NBC- Blue: Unsung Champions.
7:30

CBS: Alexander

NBC- Blue: Lum

Woolcott.

and Abner.

7:45

CBS: Boake

MBS

Carter.

Valley Frolics.
NBC- Blue: Jerry Cooper.
:

Pleasant

6:00
:

Bamberger Symphony.

NBC- Red: Rudy

Vallee.

6:00

CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs.

MBS

Gabriel Heatter.
NBC--Red: Show Boat.
9:30
Melody Treasure Hunt.
NBC -Blue: Town Meeting.

MBS

:

:

CBS: Floyd Gibbons
Kraft Music Hall.

NBC-Blue: Message of Israel.
NBC-Red: Jimmy Kemper.

Andy.

CBS: Popeye the Sailor.
NBC-Blue: The Stainless
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.

Show

MBS:

C.

Hill.

NBC-Red: Thornton
Carter.

CBS: Broadway Varieties.
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
NBC-Red: Cities Service

Concert.

CBS: March

of

Time

NBC

Jamboree.

WAPi

CBS: Columbia Concert Hall.
NBC-Blue: Ed Wynn.
NBC-Red: Saturday Night Party.
NBC-Blue: Meredith Willson.

8:30

CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days.

9:00

CBS: Floyd Gibbons. Vincent

MBS:

9:00

CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
NBC-Blue: Universal Rhythm.
NBC-Red: V/altz Time.
9:30

NBC-Blue: Helen

Broderick.

Story Court.

10:00

Philadelphia Orchestra.
MBS: Witch's Tale.
NBC -Red: First Nighter.

Victor

KOH

KOIN

KOL
KOMA
KRLD
KRNT
KSCJ

KSL
KTRH
KTSA

KTUL
KVI
KVOR
KWKH
CFRB
CKAC

Smilin'

Ed

Lopez.

McConnell.

NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
NBC-Red: Snow Village Sketches.
9:30

CBS: Your Pet Program.
NBC-Red: Shell Chateau,

10:00

CBS: Your

NBC-Red:

Joe Cook.

Hit Parade and Sweep-

stakes.
10:30
Irvin

S.

Cobb.

Networks
NETWORK
WIRE
WTAG
WTAM
WJAR
WMAQ
WTIC

RED

WNAC
WRC

WOW
WSAI

WWJ
KSD

KSTP

KYW

NETWORK
WSYR
WGAR
WHAM
WTCN
WXYZ
WJZ
KDKA
WLS

BLUE

WMAL

WMT

WREN

KOIL
KSO

KWK

(These stations carry both Red and
Blue network programs.)

Fisher.

CBS: Columbia Workshop.

Sam.

KMBC
KMOX
KNOW

SUPLEMENTARY STATIONS

8:30

NBC-Blue: Singin

NBC-Red: True

WFIL

8:00

8:00

KHJ
KLRA
KLZ

Question

Bee.
7:45

7:45

CBS: Boake

Institute.

CBS: Carborundum Band.
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's

Ranger.
and Abner.

NBC-Blue: Lum
NBC-Red: Edwin

CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Red: Hampton
7:30

7:30

The Lone

WGY
WHO

WABY
WBAL
WBZ
WBZA
WEBR
WENR

7:15

7:15

CBS:

10:30

NBC- Blue:

Gooch.
Mary Small.
'n'

WBEN
WCAE
WCSH
WDAF
WEAF
WFBR

7:00

Mortimer

Moore.

10:00

NBC--Red:

CBS: Saturday Night Swing.

7:00

CBS:
NBC-Blue:
NBC-Red: Amos

Home Symphony.
Essin.

6:45

3:15

CBS: Kate Smith.

MBS


CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

Mounted.
NBC- Blue: Lowell Thomas.

CBS: Renfrew

Tito Guizar.

6:35

6:45

KGB
KGKO
KGVO

on the National
Broadcasting Company

6:30

CBS:

WTOC

KFAB
KFBB
KFBK
KFH
KFPY
KFRC

Stations

Club.

6:30

6:00

WWL

WHK

6:25

NBC-Blue: Animal News
P.M.

WHP

garten.

NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon.
NBC-Red: Blue Barron.

P.M.

WHIO

WSBT
WSFA
WSJS
WSPD

WHAS
WHEC

6:05

6:05

WREC

WGSI

Annie.

Armstrong.

WMBD
WMBG
WMBR
WMMN
WNAX
WNBF
WNOX
woe
WOKO
WORC
WOWO
WPG
WQAM

WGR

NBC-Blue: Bill Kountz Orch.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kinder-

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

5:45

Six

Melodies.

Armstrong.

CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Red: Little Orphan

WKBN
WKBW
WKRC
WLAC
WLBZ
WMAS

WEAN
WEEI
WESG
WFBL
WFBM
WFEA
WGL

5:30

'NBC-Red: Tom Mix.

NBC-Red:

NBC-Red: Golden

WBNS
WBRC
WBT
WCAO
WCAU
WCCO
WCOA
WDAE
WDBJ
WDBO

WDNC
WDOD
WDRC

Tone.

5:45

NBC-Red: Tom Mix.
Jack

Barrie.

3:00

CBS: Eddie Duchin.
NBC-Red: Top Hatters.

Corps.

5:30

5:00

NBC-Red:

CBS:
5:15

4:30

Orch.

Mariani's

5:00

Follow the Moon.

5:00

4:00

Hugo

4:30

NBC-Red: Tea Time
NBC-Red:

O'Neills.

Buffalo.

CBS: Tours
NBC-Red: Week End Review.

4:30

3:45

CBS: Clyde

in

3:45

Perkins.

WBIG

Opera.

S:30

Vic and Sade.

WIBX
WICC
WISN
WJAS
WJR
WJSV

WBBM

Capers.

CBS- Dancepators.
NBC-Blue: Metropolitan
NBC-Red: Your Host is

CBS: Down by Herman's.
NBC-Red: Walter Logan.

3:30

NBC-Red:

NBC-Red: Campus

2:45

NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

Column.

Our Barn.

2:00

NBC-Red:

CBS: Myrt and Marge.
3:00

3:00

Network
WWVA
WIBW

VVABC

Presents.

Buffalo

7:00

on the Columbia
Broadcasting System

WACO
WADC
WALA

2:30

2:45

Clubs.

2:45

Orch.

Hall

:3C

NBC -Blue:

2:00

NBC-Blue: Words and Music.

CBS: George

I

NBC-Red: Dan Harding's

NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath.
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.

12:45

P. S. T.

Stations

1:05

1:30

2:00

8:00

9:00

NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble.

MBS:

Darling.

1:30

E. S. T;

10:00
M. S. T.

C. S. T.

NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.

1:00

CBS:

11 P.M., Eastern Standard Time,
If
are included in the listing.
no program for a network appears
in
a
time division, it is either
because the program listed in the
preceding time division is still
being broadcast or because no
regular program is scheduled for
that time.
All time given is Eastern Standard Time. For Central Standard
Time subtract one hour: for
Mountain
Standard Time suband for Pacific Stantract two
dard Time subtract three.
;

12:30

12:45

CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

In order to
breviated to MBS.
learn what network your local
station is affiliated with find it in
one of the lists printed below.
proscheduled
regularly
All
grams, broadcast from 10 A.M. to

Thus

NBC-Blue: Call to Youth.
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins.

CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

Malone.
Marlin.

NBC-Red: Mary
12:30

Speech.
Chef.

of

NBC-Red: Home Town.

12:30

12:15

MBS:

NBC-Blue: Magic

NBC-Red: Mystery
11:45

12:15

CBS: The Gumps.
NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

Programs of the four major
networks are listed on these two
Columbia Broadcasting
pages
System (abbreviated to CBS), the
two National Broadcasting Company chains NBC-Blue and NBCRed and the Mutual System, ab-

12:00 Neon

CBS: The Gumps.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:00 Noon

CBS:

NBC-Blue: Melody of Romance.
NBC-Red: Doc Whipple.
11:30

11:45

:45

:00

II

II :I5

11:15

Pretend.
Manhatters.

NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis.

CBS: Heinz Magazine.
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
NBC-Red: David Harum.

CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills.
NBC-Red: David Harum.

P.M.
CBS: Ted

CBS: Let's
NBC-Red:
10:45

11:00

Children.

11:00

1 1

10:30

NBC-Blue: Nellie Revell.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.

CBS: Hymns; News.

CBS: Richard Maxwell.
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents.
NBC-Red: The Vass Family.

CBS: Betty Crocker.
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
10:45

Bill

10:35

Rose.

10:15

10:30

10:30

NBC-lted: Just Plain

CBS: The Bluebirds.
NBC-Blue: Breen and De
NBC-Red: Charioteers.

CBS: Modern Cinderella.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red- John's Other Wife.

10:15

TO USE THIS

PROGRAM GUIDE

—

A.M.

Press-Radio News

Wiggs.

Mrs.

HOW

ATU R DAY

All time

Eastern Standard

is

WAVE
WBAP
WCFL
WCOL
WCSC
WDAY
WEBC
WFAA
WFBC
WFLA

WGBX
WGL
WIBA
WIOD
WIS

WJAX
WJDX

WKY
WLW

WOAI

WOOD

WPTF
WRVA
WSB

WSM
WSMB
WSOC
WSUM
WTAR
WTMJ
WWNC
KARK
KDYL
KECA
KEX
KFI

KFSD

KFYR
KGA

KGHF
KGHL
KGIR

KGO
KGU
KGW
KHQ
KJR
KLO
KOA
KOMO
KPO
KPRC
KTAR
KTBS
KTHS
KVOO
CFCF
CRCT

WIY1C

ALL FOUR NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN

P.M.
55


IT'S a young man's world," decided Paul Sullivan. "We of
the younger generation have to carry on where our elders
left off—and we'd better start right now."

So he went ahead and became radio's youngest important
news commentator—star reporter of the most powerful sta-
tion in the world, WLW in Cincinnati. And he's just
twenty-eight years and five months old.

There's a good deal to this philosophy of his. A good
deal to deciding to forget the old idea that youth's place is
in the background. At any rate, it worked well enough for
Paul Sullivan to bring him in two years from an announc-
er's job to that of sponsored commentator.

Paul was born September 1, 1908, in St. Louis, Missouri,
and all the way through school and college his family
seemed to have him earmarked to be a lawyer. He had
other ideas—he wanted to be a radio operator on the high
seas, and to that end he built and operated Amateur Sta-
tion 9BWD in St. Louis during his college days. Though this
taught him a good deal about the technical side of radio he
discovered that achieving his ambition might be a longer
task than he'd planned on. In the meantime, he passed an
audition at KMOX, St. Louis, and became an announcer.

He was nothing if not thorough, and he used to read
newspapers and magazines aloud at home, much to the
annoyance of his family who still hoped he'd give up that
crazy radio business and take his bar examinations. Finally
they refused to listen to him, so he went out into the garage
when he wanted to read.

Until 1935 Paul divided his time between KMOX and
WTAX, Springfield, Illinois, announcing programs, and
joined WLW in January, 1935. It wasn't long before WLW
had installed a news room under H. Lee MacEwen, veteran
newspaper man, and Paul was given a daily commenting
slot.

This is where the story of how commentators get that
way really starts. Using his belief that just because you
were young was no reason to take a back seat, Paul de-
veloped his own style of news broadcast and became almost
an overnight sensation.

An intriguing sign-off slogan helped. Paul borrowed a
phrase which all newspapermen and few laymen under-
stand—"It's thirty from the news room." "Thirty" is the
time-honored telegrapher's signal for the end of a dispatch.
Every night, when he concluded his broadcast, Paul would
say, cryptically, "It's thirty from the news room."

Listeners were intrigued, maybe a little irritated, but un-
deniably interested. And by the time they'd written in to
find out what the dickens the guy meant, they'd become
very much interested in the way Paul gave them their news.

Paul hadn't decided that it was a young man's world
because he wanted it to be a young man's world. He'd made
a careful study of the news and he knew what interested
people. He has a passionate fondness for facts. He vi-
ciously cuts out all superfluous adjectives, no matter how
colorful, from his broadcasts. He makes a real attempt
never to take sides in a controversial subject, but he does
make every effort to give the fundamental facts involved.

His copy isn't censored either by his station or by his spon-
sor, Liberty Magazine.

He is one commentator who chose his own broadcast
time, even when he went under Liberty's sponsorship. He
picked 11:00 to 11:15 P. M., eastern standard time, Mon-
days through Fridays, for the sponsored broadcasts, and five
minutes after midnight Saturdays and 11:00 P. M. Sundays
for his two weekly sustaining periods.

Pretty late for a news broadcast, but Paul was hitting
for the young people and he believed they'd wait up for
him. They not only did, but got many of their elders to
do the same.

Paul's day begins about eight o'clock in the evening. From
then on you'll find him buried in reams of copy in the WLW
news room. He reads and sorts his material, cutting here,
rewriting there, and when he's finished he has a complete
newscast, ready for the air—which he's quite likely to toss
aside entirely if something "hot" comes in at the last minute.

He still reads newspapers aloud—these days, to his bride
of a little more than a year, the former Margaret Flynn of
St. Louis. On the few occasions when Margaret says please
will he stop reading for a while, he reads to his dog, Nick.

Paul's belief that this is a young man's world has made
him famous as a commentator—but outside of his own field,
he's content to take that back seat. Not long ago he at-
tended a business men's banquet at which he had been told
he wouldn't have to make a speech. They called on him
anyway, after he got there—business men's banquets are
like that. Said Paul:

"Gentlemen, I don't mind admitting that I'm very much
of a onesided person. I enjoy listening to others speak, but
as for myself, there's just one thing I know and only one
I care about. That is news. It's thirty from Paul Sullivan."

INTRODUCING PAUL SULLIVAN, LIBERTY MAGAZINE'S COMMENTATOR
To keep skin young looking—learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

Hard to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin underneath!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels underneath begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your outside skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands underneath that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing... softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks years younger!

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt
daughter of Mrs. Henry Lathrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

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

POND'S, Dept. 8 RM-CC, 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 $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

Name_________________________Street_________________________
City_________________________State_________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Miss Selu Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."
ARMCO CONCERT BAND

Network: NBC Blue
Time: 10 P. M. E.S.T.
Day: Tuesday
Sponsor: American Rolling Mill

The sponsors of this show have managed to cram an awful lot of both music and talk into a brief half-hour. I don't know, myself, just how they did it--maybe the ten minutes or so of talk and dramatization only seems like more. The band, under the direction of Frank Simon, is tuneful and pleasant, and contributes three selections at the start of the program and three at the end. In between there's first a dramatic sketch, called "It Couldn't Be Done," which deals with some seemingly impossible achievement in American industrial history; and this sketch in turn ties into a chat by Bennett Chapple, the "Ironmaster." Unless you insist upon lots of band music you'll probably learn things you've never known before about inventions and stuff.

DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTOR?

Network: NBC Red
Time: 8:00 P. M. E.S.T.
Day: Sunday
Sponsor: Chase & Sanborn

"Signed on a Friday, Hollywood's contribution to what we thought was a dying cycle of amateur hours became a network program two days later when the sponsors of Good Will Court suddenly decided to call it quits and drop the A. L. Alexander broadcasts."

Do You Want to Be an Actor, the work of one Haven MacQuarrie, has been going strong locally in Hollywood for more than nine months, and MacQuarrie himself has used the same idea in vaudeville for fifteen years.

The first broadcast hit an unsuspecting public which had tuned in to hear Good Will Court and which heard Alexander bid a sorrowful farewell. Then, like a bolt out of the blue, the MacQuarrie program started in. It was full of rough spots and had few highlights of entertainment. Certainly it was far from being adequate network fare. The second broadcast, while smoother, still seemed dull and slow to this reviewer.

Only by a lot of hard work and change of pace can the sponsors hope to win listeners away from the Nelson Eddy and Eddie Cantor shows heard at the same time over CBS.

AL JOLSON

Network: CBS
Time: 8:30 P. M. E.S.T.
Day: Tuesday
Sponsor: Rinso and Lifebuoy

With Al Jolson as the main attraction, the sponsor has crammed into a fast-moving half-hour the music of Victor Young's orchestra, the comedy singing of Martha Raye, Paramount's new sensational find, and the gags of Sid Silvers, once Jack Benny's stooge and now an MGM personality seen in "Born to Dance."

The opening show even had Ruby Keeler tap dance one number and exchange a line or two with hubby Al Jolson. There was so much going on the Young orchestra didn't have one full number to itself. The show, judging from the first few broadcasts, should soon land high in popularity ratings, pushing up there by as fast a tempo as you'll hear anywhere on the networks. Raye's comic voice, stemming from iron lungs, goes nicely with Silver's more quiet and fastidious joke making. Jolson, as the man who holds the whole half-hour together, couldn't be a better bet.

UNSUNG CHAMPIONS

Network: NBC Blue
Time: 7:15 P. M. E.S.T.
Sponsor: Tastyeat

This quarter-hour program is a moment's notice affair. Like Do You Want to Be an Actor, it was tossed into the gap left by the sudden exit from the air of Jimmie Braddock, just as Do You Want to be an Actor went in for Good Will Court. Taking into consideration its hurry-up character, it's better entertainment than you'd expect.

Unsung Champions is a peculiar stirring-together of various ideas. There's a master of ceremonies named "Uncle Tastyeat" (you guess the sponsor); and he introduces a pair of Unsung Champions on each program. An Unsung Champion, in case you didn't know, is someone who has lived a life of obscure, unpraised sacrifice, or has done his small bit to make the world a better place. Nice idea, and carried out well. The Champions sound like real people, not actors hired for the occasion.

Not so nice is the other part of the show, which consists of snatches from five popular songs, played on a piano.

You're supposed to guess the names of the songs, and if you guess them right you get a bar of the sponsor's product. The first four pieces are easy, but then they ring in a hard one you for the fifth. Your reviewer doesn't like to be baffled that way.

(Continued on page 92)
It was some sixty years ago that the word began to spread—

"It's not true that we women were meant to suffer—that our lives must be filled with pain!"

They were passing on the news of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Brewed first for the relief of her own family, it had proved of marvelous benefit. Neighbors had begun asking for it. Whispers of its effectiveness had spread through the town, to neighboring cities—

For 61 years this whispering campaign has carried on. Today the Compound is known wherever humans dwell, because one woman tells another how it helps them go "smiling through." Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend in every walk of life that now the ordeals of womanhood need no longer spell suffering and exhaustion.

The Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that you buy today is made in a great laboratory composed of six modern buildings. The use of scientific developments have multiplied its medicinal value seven times. Its value is evidenced by the thousands of letters of heartfelf thanks that continuously pour in.

Might it not help you, also, to go "smiling through"?

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
BEHIND THE SCENES

Fred Allen is probably the most methodical actor on radio row. He follows precisely the same routine on his Town Hall Tonight programs over NBC every Wednesday night. At exactly 9:11 he walks to the sound effects table to put away the microphone he uses for his news-reel voice. At exactly 9:24 he walks across the stage to get a drink of water. A little while later he looks at his wrist watch. It is invariably 9:36.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS

J. D., Cumberland, Md.—Alexander Gray is not dead. I understand a motion picture magazine published this fact, but in a later issue retracted the statement. Mr. Gray was heard on the air the early part of last summer but I do not know what he is doing at present.

Miss D. C. M., Kendall Green, Mass., and all you Lee Bennett fans—At last we know what happened to Lee Bennett, former singing star of Jan Garber's orchestra. Lee has formed his own orchestra and is touring the vaudeville circuit. Watch for him in your town.

"Nell," Springfield, Ill.—Thanks for the clipping on Lee Bennett. It was mighty swell of you to take the trouble. James Meighan is not coming back on Just Plain Bill. He's too busy playing in Bambi, David Harum and Dot & Will.

Ida Q., Los Angeles, Calif.—Radio Mirror has had feature stories on One Man's Family. The first one appeared in the January, 1936 issue and the second in the August, 1936 issue. If you want copies of these issues, send your request to the Back Issue Department, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., enclosing 20c for each copy.

Lanny Ross fans, attention! If you are interested in joining the Lanny Ross fan club, get in touch with its president, Ginger Barone, 231 WALworth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Dorothy C., Lawrence, Staten Island, New York—For photographs of Ozzie Nelson, Bernice Claire and Virginia Verrill, write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Dorothy Lamour is busy making pictures at present out on the Coast.

James L., South Fork, Pa.—Our best advice to you, would be to try and get some experience announcing on a local station in your town, or some nearby city. The big networks require this experience before even considering an applicant. Good luck, Jim.

Ruth V., Richmond Hill, New York—A letter addressed to Frank Parker in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, will reach him. Don McNeill is not appearing steadily on the Breakfast Club these days. He's busy making recordings. When he does appear, you can hear him over the New York station of WJZ. You can also hear him on Tea Time at Morrell's over NBC.

Arthur B., Tampa, Florida—The late Russ Columbo used to lead his own orchestra. The records of these programs and sponsors, have been destroyed. Russ was twenty-six when he died.

Mrs. F. R. G., Youngstown, Ohio—Mary Small has a sustaining spot on the NBC network. Bradley Kincaid is still singing over Schenectady, New York's local broadcasting station.

Miss June C., Chicago, Ill.—Always willing to oblige a friend, June. Johnnie Davis was born in Brazil, Indiana, twenty-five years ago. He learned to play the trumpet in his father's municipal band at the age of eleven, went professional at twelve, tooting the trumpet in Jack O'Grady's band in Terre Haute while doubling at school. He was finally discovered by Fred Waring while playing with Red Nichols in a New York City hotel. Johnnie's middle name is Gus and he was one of the first "sca" singers.

Miss Rita D. O., Trenton, N. J.—Here's some more about the Warings. Brother Tom Waring was born in Tyrone, Pa. He's thirty years old, blue-eyed and black hair. He used to work in a haberdashery store and play piano and drums with Poley Mclintock for parties around Tyrone . . . is not married. The founder of the Pennsylvanians, Fred Waring, was also born in Tyrone, Pa. Fred planned to become an architect. (Continued on page 96)
doors even in the coldest weather. Dr. Dafoe tells how shocked people were to see them lying on an open porch in weather 27 degrees below zero with the snow falling. Their carriages have waterproof hoods which completely protect them. They also play outdoors in arctics and their bright hooded "Hudson Bay suits" in freezing weather.

However, if you want to follow this bold example, you need a few warnings. When it's freezing, the Quints' faces are always coated with ointment to prevent frost-bites and if your children play outdoors for long periods in winter, see that they keep their mittens on. Let them come in to warm up every half hour or so, just as the Quints do in the little room with a piping hot stove, which is adjacent to their playground. Also, remember the climate of Callander is very dry. Too much cold, moist weather such as is experienced in Chicago and our Lake States is bad for children. And most New York child specialists advise against allowing city children to play outdoors on windy days, because so much germ-laden dust is in deadly circulation.

Even more common than sleeping problems are eating problems. Does one of your children pick at his food, say no to his vegetables, demand what isn't on the table? And do you fuss and worry about it and watch his thin little arms and legs miserably?

Why do the Quints eat everything that is given to them? Perhaps this statement of Dr. Dafoe explains it. "If Emilie, for instance," he says, "doesn't want a dish that is put in front of her, the nurse makes no great fuss about it. She can have her dessert and all the milk she wants. But she can have nothing else until the next regular meal time. She soon learns that when she doesn't finish her meal she gets hungry. Just a little determination on the mother's part and the child can be taught not only to eat everything but to like everything."

The vegetable problem is often developed when the child first eats this type of food. Their nurses have taught the Quints to like vegetables by that finest-of-all-methods in teaching babies—suggestion.

They were about six months old. The nurse's face above the crib would smile. She'd pinch her lips and say "bon-bon," "good-good" when she'd offer a bit of finely-mashed spinach or carrots or string beans to Yvonne or Cecile or one of the others. And in a few days all five Quints were smacking their lips with pleasure at each bite.

Not a single one of the Quints has ever been spanked in her life. Dr. Dafoe believes that physical punishments are almost never necessary. As you've probably realized by this time, most of the Quints' moral lessons come under the head of discipline rather than punishment. If you don't eat, you go hungry. But there's no nagging or anger about it. A method which gives parent and child a lasting mutual respect.

The only punishment the Quints have known has been inflicted when they've been guilty of conduct which in an older girl we'd call "un-social."

Once not very long ago, for instance, Emilie lost her temper. She had climbed up on Dr. Dafoe's lap and she was lording it over the nursery. At mealtine the nurse came and took her away. But she

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
didn't want to go. She kicked and squallled and in a most feminine manner scratched the nurse.

So they put her in the "punishment room," a light cheerful room with nothing in it. There she stayed until she was quiet for several minutes. When she was released she went to play happily with her sisters. After a bit she paused. She went over to the nurse she'd scratched and hugged her. The nurse hugged back.

Now maybe you can't afford a special punishment room. But any mother can confine a child who's had a tantrum in his own nursery. Children can be trained to go into such a room without having a locked door. The Quints remain in their punishment room for varying lengths of time, according to the degree of naughtiness. Dr. Dafoe pleads with you never to use for this purpose a room which is dark or has anything frightening in it.

The Quints' friend and doctor is a good many of us in disliking the "smart-aleck" show-off child. Think how easy it would have been to let the Quints develop into vain little ladies. Think of the care in shielding them from any knowledge of the many watching eyes!

As a matter of fact, after they acted in the motion picture called "The Country Doctor" they did indulge in a little posing. But when no one paid the slightest attention to their parlor tricks they soon got over them.

If their small poses had been applauded as "cute," if any tiny Dionne had been given the experience of holding the center of the stage—well, as Dr. Dafoe puts it, "The first thing we knew we'd have had a spoiled baby on our hands!"

Ever since they were able to, the Quints have been allowed to climb and slide and have plenty of rough and tumble. In their playground is a gym tower with a platform about five feet in the air. At two and a half years old, the Quints climb all over this apparatus. They also ice skate and rarely cry when they take a tumble. For Dr. Dafoe believes that un-planned exercise as well as the planned kind increases a child's strength. And what is equally important, his courage.

Another way Dr. Dafoe builds up security and self-confidence in the Quints is by watching them keenly and checking little situations which put one child at a disadvantage.

Marie was in an unfortunate situation of this sort when she was about a year old. If you remember, Marie was the smallest Quint. She was still very weak just beginning to crawl, not nearly strong enough to keep up with the others.

"She couldn't even get out of bed by herself," says Dr. Dafoe, "and the nurses thought they were favoring her when they let her rest until the others were bathed.

"But poor Marie had different ideas about being left until the last. She felt she was being neglected. And, young as she was, she began to develop a sort of inferiority complex.

"So one day I thought I would have Marie bathed first. It was just what she wanted. She was proud as she could be.

"She was one of the gang again—a full member!"

Dr. Dafoe has also realized that a normal child loves to help. From this wish he has fostered in the Quints "the habit of disciplined responsibility." Little Emilie, Cecile, Yvonne, Marie and Annette each has her own cupboard for toys and wardrobe for clothes. The nurses praise the children when they stow away playthings and hang up garments neatly and the Quints vie with each other to set and clear away the table.

Most of the time they're at play the Quints are let alone. They work out their own small conflicts and squabbles. But in the late afternoon after their baths they have an hour of "organized play," listening to the piano, singing soft little songs or, best of all, story telling.

The Quints have never been told any really sensational or frightening tales. But once in a while they used to hear a rather emotional one. One twilight, for instance, a nurse read them aloud Old Mother Hubbard and her poor dog Tray. The book had large, graphic pictures which the Quints looked at mournfully as the story unfolded. Emilie, especially, was deeply touched at the plight of the hungry dog, who looked in the cupboard and found nothing to eat. That night she lay awake crying for hours. At breakfast she got down the book, got the picture of Tray and tried to put her piece of bacon in his mouth. "And I can assure you," concludes Dr. Dafoe, "that was the last highly imaginative tale they were ever told."

Dr. Dafoe has devoted several broadcasts to talks on "Habits for Parents." If a child's home is a happy and well-balanced one, he will reflect that almost as distinctly as a mirror will reflect the features of his face. If the home is marked with clashing temperaments, constant quarreling and unfortunate scenes, all this is certain to mark him adversely.

The Quints have never been threatened, nagged, bossed or purposely frightened. Not one knows what it feels like to have an adult lose his temper. They have never heard of the boogy man. The nurses who surround them are happy, well, normal, finely disciplined women. The Quints have been brought up in a steady atmosphere of consideration and

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**RADIO MIRROR**

**THE QUINTS**

**BUT GRACE—I BOTH BE THERE**

**GRACE WAS "TOOTIRED" TO ENJOY THE CROWD**

**VITAMINS A, B, G AND D**
wise love. This is why they are not nervous or spoiled, why they have been able to defeat their handicaps with such flying colors.

But, I wonder, if you're saying, it is impossible for a mother who is poor and overworked to keep up a regular routine and always to be sweet-tempered.

Dr. Dafoe points out that a planned, sensibly-thought-out routine will actually save work and give more time for a mother to rest while a good baby naps. And it will surely give any mother new purpose to realize that her child will mirror her own courage and love, as well as her mistakes and limitations.

And now for Dr. Dafoe's sane, common sense rules, drawn up in a convenient list which you can set up in the nursery for reference at all times. If some of them seem hard, remember that every one of the thirty you find here is applied daily to the five most charming babies in the world.

1.—As soon as you know you're going to have a child, visit a doctor.
2.—Don't drink when expecting or nursing, although parties, dancing or smoking are all right in moderation.
3.—Always nurse your baby if physically possible.
4.—Have baby's routine firmly established when he's three months old. Begin your regular sleeping and feeding schedule on the third day after birth.
5.—Feed the baby, wake him, bathe him, put him to sleep at the same minute every day. Change your routine gradually without fuss as the child grows older. Establish regularity in babyhood, keep it up all during childhood.
6.—Baby should sleep 90% of every 24 hours during his first three months.
7.—Put him outdoors to sleep every day when the weather is not too moist or windy. A cold, still day is fine for children. The Quints started sleeping outdoors in zero weather at five months.
8.—Outdoors or at night keep baby warm, not hot. If you overclothe him or put on so many blankets that he perspires, the fresh air does him no good.
9.—When older, give him an hour and a half of outdoor play each morning and afternoon. The Quins have these periods from 9:15 to 10:45 and from 2:30 to 4:00.
10.—DOLE diapers, bottles, nipples, cow's milk, in fact everything but the baby.
11.—If feeding baby at breast, wash nipples before and after the nursing.
12.—Never touch baby until you've washed your hands in hot water and soap.
13.—Keep windows open at night in cold weather as well as warm, but avoid drafts. In winter, air out nursery twice a day.
14.—Don't let baby go to sleep in your arms; don't walk him to sleep or lie down with him. And NEVER wake him up to show him off to friends.
15.—Baby should sleep alone, not with an older child, NEVER with mother. He should go to sleep every night IN THE DARK WITH THE DOOR CLOSED.
16.—If child doesn't eat enough at a regular meal, don't feed him until next meal. Teach him to like new dishes by not giving him anything else. Hunger will teach him to eat properly. Even a small baby can go for 24 hours without anything but water without harmful results.
17.—Begin orange juice when the baby is two weeks old. First a teaspoonful, gradually increased to a tablespoonful. Double the amount with tomato juice. Begin cod liver oil at the same time. The Quins get this mixture of cod liver oil and orange or tomato juice twice a day: 6:45 A.M. and 4:30 P.M.
18.—For about an hour before a meal organize a child's play so it will be quiet. The Quins have songs, story telling, clay modeling and cut-outs at such times.
19.—Proper diet prevents teething trouble. The Quins, who get lots of leafy vegetables, whole wheat bread, cereals, fruit juice AND NO CANDY never suffer the least bit with new teeth.
20.—Give a baby or young child at least one bath a day. The Quins have two. At 7:30 and 5:30.
21.—The baby should get his first tub bath when two weeks old. Before this he should be cleaned with a warm olive oil rub.
22.—The temperature of the bath should be 100 degrees at first, then 95, then 90. For older babies, 85.
23.—Don't bathe baby within an hour before or after a heavy meal. Give him a little drink of boiled water before putting him into the tub.
24.—Don't give a child under three a live pet or unwashable toy.
25.—DON'T USE a mechanical baby walker. Or a play pen, toy, or bed coated with paint that has lead or zinc in it.
26.—Send a report of baby's weight to his doctor every week; visit him for a short talk every month; have him examine baby thoroughly every four months.
27.—Let the baby climb, jump, take chances, play hard. If you overprotect him you make him dependant and cowardly.
28.—Don't punish a child physically. Or threaten, frighten or bribe him. Put him alone in a room which is NOT dark until he has been quiet a while is the best punishment.
29.—Don't make your child a show-off by teaching him parlor tricks or applauding his "cute" poses.
30.—Never lie or break promises to a child.

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD MAKE YOU FEEL "DONE UP"

That "all-in" feeling so many people have at this time of year is often a sign of run-down condition. Usually this tired feeling comes when your blood is underted and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other needed food elements. Your blood then carries more and better food to your nerves and muscles.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake about ¾ hour before meals, plain or in water. Start now.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER

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HANDS need Special Moisture inside the skin cells

Your hands chap and roughen when the skin cells lose their moisture. This moisture easily dries out—from wind, cold or water. And most women have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

But Jergens Lotion saves the young beauty of your hands because it restores the lost moisture. It goes into the skin cells better than any other lotion tested.

The two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as skin specialists use to soften and whiten skin. Your first application smooths roughness, soothes chapping. Use Jergens faithfully and you'll soon have charming hands your man will love. Jergens leaves no stickiness. Only 50c, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the big bottle—in any drug, department or 10-cent store.
When this wife came home from work, she was satisfied with her home-cooked meal of Franco-American Spaghetti. She knew it was a satisfying and delicious main dish for less than 3¢ a portion. She is a great little manager who serves good food and saves money! The Spaghetti is made from selected, high-quality ingredients, and the sauce is a satisfying addition to any meal. Franco-American Spaghetti is a crowd-pleaser and is sure to be a hit at any family dinner. It is the kind with the extra good sauce, made by the makers of Campbell's Soups.
FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

5 REASONS WHY WOMEN PREFER NORFORMS
Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms for Feminine Hygiene, because:
1. Norforms are so easy to use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They come in a small, convenient package of one dozen.
2. They contain Parabesin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. No danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or person. In fact, they are deodorizing, and many women use them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for many hours.
5. Norforms can be used as often as desired. They are soothing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR
Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

There's Beauty Afoot
(Continued from page 16)
Runover heels, broken-down shanks, bulging uppers which lap over the soles, even excessive perspiration, are all symptoms of foot troubles and all shorten the life of your footwear. Sometimes they can be corrected by proper fittings, sometimes by lifts under the heels or supports under the arches, and often by simple daily home care of the feet themselves.
Some people think that pedicures are an affectation, but we can all remember when a majority thought that manicures were an affectation, too. From a health standpoint, pedicures are more important than manicures, for proper care of the toe-nails and cuticle will prevent much possible grief later on, such as ingrown toe-nails. From a beauty standpoint, they're just as necessary as manicures today, what with all the open-toed sandals and lace-tipped stockings.
There's nothing really frightening about the idea of a home pedicure once a week; the routine is the same as for a manicure (and, of course, you should use the same shades of polish), except that it's somewhat simpler. There's one thing to watch, however, and that's the cutting of the nail, which should never be too short; it should comfortably cover the quick, should be cut straight across and lightly filed for a smooth finish, and never, never cut deep at the corners! Don't cut the cuticle on your toes any more than you would on your fingers, for cutting eventually thickens the cuticle, makes it ragged and encourages hangnails. Cuticle remover can be used too, for removing soft corns, though for real corns there are many reliable preparations for home use.
To prevent corns and callouses, however, try soaking the hardened spots with cuticle remover for a few minutes and then rub them with a well-shaped pumice stone, such as you can buy at any drugstore.

TRED feet are so grateful for any soaking or bathing. Here's the most delightful and refreshing foot bath I know. Dissolve a cup of salt or bicarbonate of soda (or a smaller amount of epsom salts) in a basin of warm water. Soak your feet for five minutes. Cover a foot brush with thick lather and use it to massage the feet with a rotary movement, from toe to ankle, first on one side of the foot, then the other. Brush each toe separately as this will help keep the cuticle down. Scrub the soles of the feet faithfully, too, and in a few days you'll be able to see that old, dead skin flaking off. Rinse in the coldest possible water and dry with a rough towel. Then massage the feet gently but firmly with the new creamed rubbing alcohol. Rub firmly under the instep and finish off by pulling the toes gently into place, stretching them a little. You'll feel so good you'll want to dance all night long! A word of caution about hot and cold water—whenever your feet have got painfully cold, whether from cramped inactivity, exposure to zero weather, or a prolonged soaking in the rain, never bring them into contact with real hot heat too suddenly. Begin, instead, with a foot bath of tepid water and give them a chance to thaw out slowly. Feet should always be dried carefully between the toes to prevent infection and inflammation. Proper precautions of this sort will prevent all ordinary foot odors not caused by some chronic disorder. A little care of your shoes will help, too. It takes no time at all to insert shoetrees in the pair you've just taken off, place them beside your open window to air during the night, and spray the insoles with a bit of deodorant.
powder before putting them on in the morning. It helps, too, to alternate your pairs of shoes day by day, changing them with your costume, and it's so comforting to slip into another pair during the evening. All these things will promote comfortable, odorless foot health.

And now for those annoying corns and calluses which, incidentally, can be just as serious as any other foot condition! A corn is not an infection, it has no root—it is simply made up of layers of dead skin which cause a painful pressure on sensitive nerves. It should never be cut, and home-made remedies and treatments should be avoided, since all but the most serious can be quickly and safely removed with the reliable preparations now available at any drugstore. As we've already seen, ordinary calluses can be eliminated by the daily use of cuticle remover and pumice stone. Watch out for cuts and bruises on your feet and take care of them immediately; they're dangerous because our feet are kept so confined and in such close contact with dyes and other irritants. Guard against mild rubs and soreness with a bit of sticking plaster on the tender spot before donning your shoes; the plaster will stick even better if you've just given your feet a comfortable massage with the cream rubbing alcohol I've already mentioned.

Of course, you know how good it feels to slip your shoes off and wriggle your toes. That's because our toes need exercise oh so badly! Relaxing and stretching our feet, rotating them on the ankles, is good for restoring circulation and strengthening the muscles. Try this, too: Whenever you're dressing or undressing—whenever, indeed, you have your shoes off—walk around on tiptoe; that does wonders for the arches. If your arches need strengthening (and most people's do, you know), here are two excellent exercises recommended by specialists. In the first, you stand on a telephone book or large catalogue with your toes hanging over; curl your toes over the edge and swing your weight up on the balls of your feet; repeat several times. In the second, you stand pigeon-toed with your feet several inches apart; standing in this position, simply roll your weight to the outside edges of your feet then back again; don't lift your heels from the floor and don't let your ankles sag inward on the return trip, repeat.

And there you are! Just follow these simple instructions for the care of those all-important feet and I'll guarantee you'll soon be a member of the Beauty and Health Brigade—in good standing!

Have you ever given your feet a refreshing massage with a good "foot ice"? Would you like to have a fascinating chart showing all the latest shades of nail polish in their true colors? Then send for my March beauty leaflet—it contains a great deal of information about preparations for home foot care which everyone should know. Just address your query, accompanied by a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE?

You can, if you will read Marion Talley's real working rules which helped her win her fight against overweight. These secrets will be published in full in next month's Radio Mirror.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO

AVOID OFFENDING IS A

BATH WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
enthusiastic teacher put him in the orchestra of the local army garrison. It was Rose again who was called upon to make the miniature uniform—heavy gray wool, with embroidered high-necked blouse, Russian style, and rows of bright brass buttons. Rose had to make him three heavy undershirts, too—not for warmth, but so that the eight-year-old musician should look a little less puny and under-sized among the soldiers, three and four times his age, with whom he played.

They came to the immigration office with his contribution to the success of his brother. Alone and unassisted, he came to America to provide an opportunity for David. He calls himself "the Columbus of the Rubinoffs."

But when the Immigration Society picked him up at Ellis Island, with a dollar and a half in his pocket, he didn't feel much like an explorer. He felt just like a lonely, discouraged kid.

He wanted to work. He had to have a job to keep from starving. So he sat on the steps outside the Immigration Society home, watching for somebody to come along where he could try a couple. Finally a couple did come along, looking for a grocery boy and Herman persuaded them to take him.

Four months he worked for them out in Brooklyn. They paid him $27.00. Twenty-four of that went back to Russia to pay his brother Charlie's teenage passage over.

Things were no easier after Charlie came. The two boys got jobs in New Haven. Charlie in a shoe repairing factory for a dollar a week, and Herman learning to be a pastry cook in the commission at Yale for eight dollars a week. They worked hard, and didn't find it wasn't much fun. They tried to save enough money to bring the rest of the family over, but they just weren't making enough. So Herman set out for more prosperous territory, and wound up in Pittsburgh.

The World Series was on when he got there—it was the year the Pirates beat Detroit—Beggars were crowds of strangers in town. It was easy for him to get jobs for both Charlie and himself in hotels. Then, he being just as careful as they could, they managed to save enough to send for their parents and Dave and Rose and Phil.

The day the family landed, both Charlie and Herman lost their jobs. In the midst of their discouragement they listened to Dave's parting and saw a ray of hope. It was the summer season, and Herman figured that if there was any place the child would get a chance to play, it was in Atlantic City.

So they took Dave there. And Charlie and Herman both got jobs in hotels all right, but they couldn't afford to keep Dave. They had to sneak him into their rooms at the hotels at night—Charlie one night and Herman the next.

Then one night, Charlie and David in an amateur contest at the old Savoy Theater, and he won the first prize—$5.00! That was the beginning of Dave's career.

It was probably the biggest surprise that ever made possible Dave Rubinoff's success of today.

And Rubinoff has not forgotten.

No man could have remembered more keenly nor have felt those past sacrifices that were made for him.

Today his parents can look back on their cheerless basement quarters in Grodno from the beautiful living room of the fine new house Dave has bought for them in Pittsburgh.

There is an Oriental rug in the living room, a big divan and easy chairs of rust-colored velour. The dining room furniture is of heavy oak, the chairs upholstered in ruby red velour. The kitchen is equipped with the latest in electric refrigeration and enameled ranges.

All the household accounts are handled in Rubinoff's New York office. That his father and mother are spared the slightest worry or fear.

Two years ago when both the old people were sick, David and his younger brother Phil flew to Pittsburgh, took their parents to the Mayo clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, and, after they were better, sent them to Florida for the winter.

In Latrobe, Pennsylvania, one of the smartest dress shops is called the "Rose Style Shop." The "Rose" stands for Rose Rubinoff Buchmann, and it was brother Dave who bought the shop for her.

In Rose's home in Latrobe, she will show you a beautiful grand piano, an elaborately framed, an electric ice box—and tell you proudly that they are all presents from Dave.

H E R daughter Harriet wears a fur coat, soft and rich and regal, that was a gift from Uncle David. Her son Harold has the violin which he brought with him to America, a parting present from Gottfried. He can play it, too; Uncle David took care of his musical education.

Rose herself owes her life to Dave. It was two years ago, and Rose lay in a hospital in Philadelphia, injured almost beyond recognition as the result of an automobile accident. She had just enough energy left to request that they get in touch with her brother David Rubinoff.

At first, he wouldn't believe her. They thought delirium was giving her the illusion that she was the sister of the famous violinist.

But they were finally persuaded to phone Rubinoff on the Coast where he was playing in the picture "Thanks a Million." Back over the wire came Dave's voice. "She is my only sister," he said, "You must save her. I don't care if it takes every cent I have. You must save her!"

Today Rose is alive and well again, thanks to Dave.

And Herman? Herman has three children now. The boy is a radio student and the girl a piano student. The older boy is registered at the University of Pittsburgh. Who pays the bills? Herman's brother Dave. Herman, too, has his own bakery supply business, serene in the knowledge that he can always count on Dave's help.

Nor are the other members of the family forgotten. Phil is now Dave's manager. He is also an excellent violinist, for David sent him to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music to study.

Charley is now a lawyer in Detroit. A while ago he ran as a local judge. And it was Dave who took care of his campaign expenses.

Even Dave's own Russian teacher is not forgotten. Each month, from the Rubinoff office in New York, an envelope addressed to Max Gottfried is mailed to Grodno. In it is a surprising thing—beautiful things in any respect the just acknowledgment of a recognized debt. They are the expression of a feeling now goes its deep as family ties—the feeling that made Dave's family proud and happy to make those early sacrifices for him. And that makes

Radio Mirror

The Untold Sacrifices Rubinoff Can Never Repay (Continued from page 33)
hearing every Sunday over CBS at 6:30 p.m., but probably more people hear him on the 397 electrical transcription broadcasts heard on individual stations throughout the country. Each station carries the Rubinstein recordings three times weekly. That's plus the 94 stations on the Columbia hook-up, on his "live" shows, makes the famous Paramount theater fiddler the most widely heard artist on the airwaves. Rubinstein, if you're still interested in statistics, is heard by 1,300 individual stations at a weak and they are all sponsored by Chevrolet. His $10,000 weekly paycheck proves that music pays. His precious violin, a real Stradivarius, is valued at $100,000. It is 265 years old but looks almost new. It's the apple of his eye and he seldom leaves it out of his sight or grasp. When he retires, the Strad is placed on a chair, conveniently near the maestro's bed. Rubinstein owns five other costly fiddles, including a collapsible one, which he folds in half and sticks into his overcoat pocket. He uses this one for practice purposes when traveling or on porty weekends. His hosts seldom realize their distinguished guest has brought his hidden instrument until he wakes them up in the morning with sprightly tunes. Is crazy about receiving letters, personally answers all of them. That's how he met 12-year-old Beatrice Blanche Fless, a brilliant violin prodigy. Beatrice and Dave corresponded daily and just recently the conductor presented the girl with a violin. "She cheers me up," he told his manager and stand-in, Harry Glotz. Glotz looks so much like Rubinstein, that when the latter wants to duck the autograph hounds, he lets Harry leave the studio first. In the crowd hound Harry, Rubinstein dashes, unnoticed, into a waiting taxi. Likes to be called the "Musolinini of Music," and dictates plenty to his orchestra of 32 men. Silent on the air for publicity purposes, Rubinstein talks very seldom at rehearsals. When Eddie Condon interviewed him recently on the air, Rubinstein answered the queries on his violin. "Metcallic about his affaire, he has every-thing custom made from hat to shoes. Has twenty walking cones. Harry Richmond gave him every one, but the maestro seldom carries the sticks. They're in his room, when he's home to his while he still remains a bachelor. But when he wants to get away from it all, he hops off to Atlantic City and walks the boardwalk day and night. His friends who can't keep up with him, drop into nearby rolling chairs but Rubinstein keeps right on going. Restless when he is away from his work, he changes hotels every other day when at the seashore. Is eager to do anything to aid unemployed musicians and last year conducted the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra before 700,000 fans, the largest attendance ever to hear an outdoor musicale. He donated his services to the W2XBS concert tour. This was inspired when the New York School of Music gave him a degree as a Doctor of Music. He's included in Who's Who in America and Who's Who in Music. Better known as a conductor than composer, his "Fiddlin' the Fiddle" which was composed fifteen years ago in Minneapolis, is a standard number with trick violinists. It was Rudy Vallee who first sponsored his radio debut. Rudy heard Rubinstein conduct an orchestra when the crooner was attending Yale. When Rudy scored a hit on the air, sponsors soon asked his advice in selecting new orchestras. Vallee told them, "Get my Russian friend, Rubinstein, who's fiddling at the Paramount. They did. Rubinstein repaid Vallee when he pinch-hit for the Maine lad, the night the latter's mother died. Good friends, Rudy always appears on Rubinstein's anniversary programs. Dave's programs on CBS have just been renewed.
No Orchids FOR HER!

O RCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn’t thrill at the thought.

But there’s one girl who can never have this thrill—for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you’re safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you’ll like—use Mum any time, even after you’re dressed. For it’s harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It’s soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn’t interfere with natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn’t prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is!

Don’t let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 690 Fifth Ave., New York.

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you’ll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

What’s New?
(Continued from page 6)

news that’ll warm your heart toward Ted’s sponsors, even though they don’t know about it themselves. The Malones have one child already, a daughter named Bubbles, but Ted has always wanted another—a boy, if it can be arranged, but anyhow another baby. His financial position as a sustaining star on CBS, however, never seemed to justify the expense of an additional member of the family, and until Ted got his first sponsor last fall he had to style his desires to become more of a family man than he was already. But now—well, the time is late next spring!

* * *

W E dropped around to see Edith Meiser the other day—she’s recovering from a serious stomach operation—and found her busy on a Welcome Valley script for Edgar Guest. She’s not writing Helen Hayes’ Bambi scripts any more; she said—something we hadn’t known. Got to talking about those hardy perennials, the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Edith wrote them first for a sponsor on NBC four years ago; then another sponsor took them for the Mutual network; and now they’re back on NBC again. Some of the scripts have been performed as many as six times. Which all goes to show that a good story’s a good story no matter how often you listen to it.

* * *

T HERE was a great scurrying and bustling in the background of the agency which produces Phil Lord’s We, the People program when renewal time came around. It all ended up with a decision to keep the show on the air another thirteen weeks, in spite of a feeling that it should have done better in its first thirteen. We could have told them what was at fault, and it wasn’t the program. Five to six, Eastern Standard Time, on a Sunday afternoon, is just too rough a time to ask for any program to buck—any program, that is, except Guy Lombardo’s band, which people can enjoy without having to give it their undivided attention. In fact, we’re thinking of starting a campaign to close that hour to everything except soothing music.

* * *

R ADIO’s getting too small to hold some of its children, and they’re venturing into that big bad world of Broadway theatricals. Parker Fennelly, the Hiram of the Snow Village Sketches and one of the air’s most dependable down-easters, is the author of a play called “Fulton of Oak Falls,” which George M. Cohan is co-producing. Eddie Albert, of the Honeymooners, is featured in a play called “Brother Rat.” And Frank Parker is the star of “Git Along Little Dogie,” which opened in New York early in January. He plays—well, what do you suppose?—a radio singer. Louis Sorin, the Mr. McGillicuddy of the old Camel Caravan of blessed memory, is in the same play; and its producer is Ted Hammerstein of the Hammerstein Music Hall program. Which makes an audience feel as if it had wandered into one of the radio play-houses by mistake.

* * *

V AUGHN de LEATH gave a party this winter and got herself started on something she may not be able to finish. It was a Mexican chili party, to which were invited such well-known chili fanciers
as Judy, Ann, and Zeke Capova, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Belcher, and Grace Albert. The chilli (extra hot) was such a success that Vaughn is going to have to give one such party a month for the rest of the winter.

* * *

Speaking of the Capovas, lavender-and-old-lace romance lies behind the party which was given in Washington on January 19 in honor of Florida's Governor Fred Cane and Judy, Ann, and Zeke. Mrs. Capova was Gover-

LITENING. to Helen Broderick make

her debut in a regular radio series with

Victor Moore and Buddy Ross. And the

other Friday evening reminded us of

the time we sat on the RKO lot in Holly-

wood last summer watching her play a

scene in "Swing Time" with Ginger Rogers.

Their part, you'll remember, was that

of Ginger's older friend, who did the bur-

lesque dance with Victor Moore.

The scene we watched took a long time to

film; they had to go over it again and

again—and we don't want to spoil your il-

lusions about Ginger, but the retakes

weren't ever Helen's fault. 

Off-stage, Helen's the same cynical wize-

cracker she is on. A boy stood around

the set all afternoon, his arms full of fan

mail. Ginger tried to be photograp-

hated with. Sighed Helen about four

o'clock; "Tell me, son, are you holding

those letters or are they sprouting out of

you?"

* * *

MUCH as we dislike bragging, it was a

Radio Mirror author who was res-

sponsible for the biggest increase in the

standard popularity survey's rating the

Easy Aces ever received. Remember Coky?

Jane's adopted twenty-one-year-old son?

Well, he was the idea of Weldon Melick,

who used to be our critic on the Hearth.

Weldon suggested that Jane adopt him

day one when the Aces were at a loss for

a new idea, and the listeners liked him so

much the Easy Aces, popularity rating

jumped up points in a couple of weeks.

* * *

SHOW BOAT crews come and Show

Boat crews go, but Lanny Ross, Mo-

lasses n' January, and one other stay

aboard through fair weather and foul. The

other is Aunt Maria, played by Irene

Hubbard. Not an awfully important part

is Aunt Maria's but she's beloved by the

listeners and though every time there's a

shake-up on the program she's rumored to

be on the list for disembarking, some-

how or other she always stays.

The latest upheaval on Show Boat, as

you know, came just after the first of the

year, when Ross Graham, Helen Jepson,

and Sam Hearn waved good-by.

We talked to an official of the agency

which handles Show Boat, a week or so

after Major Bowes had moved into the

CBS spot opposite Show Boat, nine

o'clock Thursday evenings. The agency

man said that as a general rule only fifty

per cent of all existing radio sets are

turned on at one time; but he hoped that

having these two big programs on at the

same time would have the effect of in-

creasing the total audience, so that the

two shows wouldn't cut into each other

too much. Maybe it didn't work out that

way. Anyway, the explanation of Show

Boat's latest talent change would seem to

be a dwindling popularity rating. But
Weak, Rundown, Pale and Skinny!

TAKE THIS FAMOUS
1 WEEK TEST
THAT HAS SHOWN THOUSANDS
HOW TO BUILD UP HUSKY NEW RED BLOODED STRENGTH NEW ENERGY AND AT LEAST 5 EXTRA LBS. OR NO COST!

As a result of tests covering thousands of cases of skinliness, weakness, poor blood and a rundown condition—many leading authorities now agree that very frequently the trouble may be traced to indigestion, particularly as applied to certain important glands. When these glands—including the one important gland which largely controls the body's weight and strength—lack natural plant juices, even diets rich in starches and fats often fail to add weight. That's why skinny people, in many cases, have huge appetites, yet stay skinny.

Now, however, with the introduction of Seedol Kelpamalt, a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious natural substance. For richer in iodine than oysters, Seedol Kelpamalt at last makes possible for the body to get the most good out of food. Its 12 other minerals, act to stimulate and normalize the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches, the weight and strength making elements in food. 3 Seedol Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes—more iodine than 1,586 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, and add at least 3 to 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If you don't the trial is free. It costs you nothing! Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—for five to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

ACCEPT THIS STARTLING NO RISK OFFER!
Your Money Back if Kelpamalt Does Not
1. Improve appetite.
2. Add at least 3 to 5 lbs. of good, solid flesh.
3. Banish ordinary stomach distress.
4. Improve digestion
5. Help you to sleep soundly.
6. Give you new strength, energy and endurance.
7. Help you clear up your skin.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

A Manufacturer's Note: Inferior products, said as help and fail preparations—imitations of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt—are being offered at much lower prices. The public is hereby warned not to be imposed upon. Be sure of Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be hoodwinked. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily distinguished by the bright, yellow, orange label on the bottle. Money back guarantee.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Name.......................................................... Street.......................................................... City..........................................................

IN a quiet way, radio recreated history in the life of one of its players last month. The Script of Today's Children had Fran Moran's baby being born on Christmas Eve. You knew that, but you didn't know that Bess Johnson, who plays Fran, had her own baby just eight years ago, on Christmas Eve; and much of the story of Today's Children before the baby was hers was based on the times during the weeks before little Jane Orr Perry, her real life daughter, opened her eyes to the world. There must have been heartsache as well as pleasure for Bess as she read the lines of Today's Children—for she and her husband, Dr. Paul Perry, have been separated for some time now, and just recently the suit for their divorce was filed.

THERE'S more than one kind of emergency, but it's a word Helena Roy, Chicago radio actress, won't ever use lightly again. Every Friday the Junior Nurse Corps series gives a public broadcast, with all its cast in costume; and on a recent Friday afternoon Helena left her home with the same costume as she was wearing when the CBS series are located. "Is it an emergency, Miss?" asked the driver, wide eyes on her uniform. "It certainly is." Helena answered—she was starting on the ride of her life. That taxi made the ten miles of city streets between Helena's home and the Wrigley Building in fourteen minutes.

For both the Dining Car and the restaurant on the train, she is the headwaitress—yet she is also Andrews, the route of the time she saved, and more, lying down in the lounge, trying to recover.

FINAL and exact report on Helen Hayes' moviecasting costume: combining all the different descriptions of Helen Hayes' costume during her Bambi broadcasts, we sneaked in on one of them and checked up for ourselves. Helen wears the nightgown which is her first-act costume in "Queen Victoria," and over it she wears a dress which looks as if it might be a costume for the play, but isn't. She calls it her "zipper dress," she designed it herself, and it's fluffy and Victorian in style to go with her old-fashioned coiffure.

On Monday nights Helen rehearses until five in the afternoon, has dinner, goes to the theater where "Queen Victoria" is a sell-out hit, puts on her make-up, and the costume described above, and is at Radio City in plenty of time for the broadcast. After the broadcast it takes her exactly four minutes to get to the theater by taxi or her own car, going along a route she has found by experimentation is the fastest. The theater she zips off the dress, puts on a long wig over her coiffure, and is ready for her entrance ten minutes after the play has started. For the rebroadcast at midnight she is in street clothes.

She can't ever be late because she can't hold the curtain for her. At a theater

RADIO Mirror
next door “Idiot’s Delight” is playing, and
toward the end of that play a war breaks
loose, with much shooting of cannon. By
raising the curtain on “Queen Victoria” at
a certain time, the war breaks out during
one of the “Victoria” intermissions. If any-
thing were going on the stage the audi-
ence wouldn’t be able to hear it over the
warlike racket next door.

* * *

THEY say that absence from the air-
waves has mellowed our favorite story-
teller, but we haven’t mustered up enough
ergve yet to put it to the test. When
Alexander Woollcott was broadcasting last
year he didn’t like to give interviews, and
said so. But an official of the CBS press
department he’d try to break down the
Town Crier’s resistance, and
called him on the phone. “Mr. Woollcott,”
he said sweetly, “can’t I send a very capa-
bile magazine writer up to interview you?”
“Oh,” sighed the publicity man, “can’t I come up myself and see you? I’ll
write a really good story about you
you’ll be proud to have published!” he
added modestly.

There was a long pause on the other
end of the wire, broken by a nicely rounded curse, and the words:
“Oh well—I don’t mind!”
No, even though Alex is back on the
air, we haven’t gone around asking for an
interview with him yet.

* * *

HASH

Arnold Johnson wants to broadcast one
of his National Amateur Night programs
on CBS direct from his 220-acre farm in
Connecticut. He has a music room twice
the size of the regular broadcast studio.
... The bane of Arnold’s life is having
to come to the city so often to rehearse
and stage his prizest drive... Gerttude
Niesen went out to Hollywood full of
plans for living the simple life and getting
away from the night-clubs where she’s been
singing for the past few years... So what happens?... So they cast her in
a movie as a night-club singer, and she
spends six weeks trying to catch a fire
replica of the smokiest of the breed.
... For the first time in history, a movie
company has bought the title of his
CBS program, Melody Treasure Hunt,
and Universal. They’ll use it for a series—
“Melody Treasure Hunt of 1937,” M. T. H.
of 1938, M. T. H. of 1939, and so on, a
la Warner Brothers’ “Gold Diggers,”
M-G-M’s “Broadway Melody” and Para-
mount’s “Big Broadcast.”... Stoopnagle
and Budd Alverson at the microphone
in Budd and Stoopnagle order, reading
from left to right... nobody knows why
... Filming on the movie version of One
Man’s Family started halfway through
January... Floyd Gibbons, cornered
during a Speed Show rehearsal, muttered mys-
terious threats of a new weekly program in
the offing. But Vincent Lopez have
been renewed on the Speed Show... Paul
Whiteman’s most prized possession is a
flat platinum cigarette case given him
by Ex-King Edward when the latter was
Prince of Wales. It’s almost entirely
crusted with diamonds because Paul’s
friends like to outline their heads or ini-
tials on it in those jewels. For Christmas
the Canovas added a be-diamonded “Mr.
P. W.” to a collection which already in-
cludes outlines of the heads of Margaret
Livingston, Paul’s wife, and Mae West.

---

ARE YOU A
"POWDER SWITCHER"?

Switching face powders may do
you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By Lady Esther

Do you try one face powder this month and an-
other the next? Do you choose face powder
because this girl or that uses it? What may look
good on one girl may look bad on another.

Hit-or-miss methods of selecting your face
powder, or your shade of face powder, put you
at a great disadvantage. It means you have one
complexion one day and another the next. It
calls attention to your make-up all the time.

If the shade you happen to choose is the
wrong one, it makes you look years older than
you really are. What you want, first of all, is
the right kind of face powder. Secondly, the
right shade.

No. 1. The Right Kind
of Face Powder

A face powder must be soft. It must be smooth
—absolutely smooth. Only a smooth powder
will go on evenly and blend perfectly.

Only a smooth powder will act as a blotter
on the skin. It is the blotter-like qualities of
face powder that absorb excessive oil and per-
piration and prevent it from breaking through
your make-up.

Lady Esther Face Powder is soft—extremely
soft and smooth. It contains no rough or sharp
particles whatever. This you can prove by my
famous “bite test.”

Because it is so smooth, Lady Esther Face
Powder goes on evenly and blends perfectly.
It also acts as a blotter on the skin. It
absorbs the excessive oil and perspiration that causes that hated shine.

No. 2. The Right Shade

First, the right powder—then the
right shade!

There is only one way to tell which
is your most becoming shade and that
is to try on all five basic shades. You
must not assume that because you are a blonde
or a brunette or a redhead that you must use a
certain shade. Any artist or make-up expert
will tell you that.

You may be a blonde and yet have a very dark
or olive skin; or a brunette and have a very
light skin; or vice versa.

What you want to do is NOT match your
skin, but improve your appearance. You want,
NOT a matching shade, but a flattering shade.

I Say “Try,” “not ” “Buy”

In my five shades I provide the most becoming
one for you. What it is neither I, nor anyone
else, can tell you in advance. You must try on
all five shades.

But I don’t ask you to go into a store and buy
all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. No,
indeed! I say: “Here, take all the five shades
of my face powder and try them all on! Let
your own eyes tell you which is your most
becoming shade.”

Today!

Decide today to make this telling face powder
test. Mail the coupon below and by return mail
you’ll receive all five shades of Lady Esther
Face Powder. Try on all five shades.

Notice that one shade will instantly declare it-
self the one for you. Notice, too, how smooth my
face powder is, how long it stays on and how well
it prevents shine. One test will tell you volumes.

The coupon below waits your mailing!

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five
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Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

(Circle if you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

73
The Curious Case of Radio's Hidden Censorship

(Continued from page 34)

to set standards of quality, good taste and integrity—which is a very different thing.

The rules under which the NBC Continuity Acceptance department works look simple enough, and right enough too. In fact, it's hard to see why a department should be needed to administer them. No use of the Deity's name except reverently or as part of a stanza; no statements offensive to religious views or racial traits; no false or questionable statements; no obscenity; statements of price in commercial announcements to be confined to specific facts; commercial announcements not to refer to competitors by name.

That's about all. You'll find a facsimile of them illustrating this article. But what a load of censurable material those rules can be—and are—stretched to cover. The broadcasters themselves admit that they're pretty elastic rules. In the NBC Continuity Acceptance department I was told that rules couldn't be made to fit exactly every case, and that the department worked under a general rule which could best be defined as: Do as you would be done by.' Boiled down, that comes to cutting out everything that might possibly offend anyone. There was also a good deal of dignified talk about "good taste."

It all sounds all right, but wait until you see how far things are carried to adhere to the Golden Rule and the dictates of good taste. Here are some examples, culled from recent programs:

The script which described how a tired woman came home and took off her corsets had to be altered to describe how she came home and loosened her girdle. I may be dumb, but I know I'll never understand why the word "girdle" is in better taste than the word "corset."

Another script (and you ought to be able to identify this one) had the voice of conscience talking to a woman who was lying on her bed, unable to sleep. This had to be changed so the woman was dressed and pacing up and down the floor of her living room. You can't have a man's voice in a lady's bedroom.

Gags built upon the depression are now taboo, even as innocent a little gag as that of one comedian who wanted to say, "It's getting so they pay our wages in meat in this country—haven't we all had chops in our salaries?" Script writers, when they were told about this general taboo, were informed vaguely that "Washington doesn't like such jokes"—the idea being that the country is getting prosperous again and people shouldn't be reminded that there ever was a depression.

I don't mean to imply that orders come direct to radio from Washington. The broadcasters say they don't, and I believe them. It's just a case of excess zeal on the part of radio; another case of not wanting to hurt anyone's feelings—this time, the government's.

We're told to assume that the scripts which were written for the Network are always signed by the writer. Another political writer's name which had to be deleted was one comedian's remark which was made while President Roosevelt was on his way to South America, that while he was probably being seasick, the Supreme
An inane little joke about America being like a baseball game— "No Hitlers, no runs, no terrors"—was blue-penciled by a shocked continuity editor. Likewise all facetious reference to the state of affairs in Italy, Spain, Russia, New South Wales and intermediate points. Here again, there's no evidence that the State Department at Washington or any of the foreign powers' representatives in this country have anything directly to do with these bans. Radio simply isn't taking any chance of offending the German-American, Italian-American, Spanish-American, Russian-American, or any other foreign group in this country.

A comic reference to Adam and Eve was thrown out, presumably because it was sacrilegious; and even those time-honored staples of all joke books, the old maid, and the mother-in-law, have, upon occasion been judged unsuitable for a comedian's script.

You haven't been hearing very many burlesques of popular moving pictures lately, have you? Jack Benny, some say, finished them when he burlesqued "Anthony Adverse" in two mammoth installments. Comedians now have to get the permission of the studio which produced a picture before they can burlesque it, because, so the story goes. Warner Brothers didn't like Jack's version of "Anthony." They disliked it so much they are now making it a matter of policy to require every radio program desiring to burlesque one of their pictures to check with them first; and other Hollywood studios are growing correspondingly particular.

But the payoff on all these taboos is that they've been consistently. Whether or not a script writer can get away

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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.

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The New TATTOO gives lips exciting South Sea redness that's transparent, pastelless, highly indelible... yet makes them moist, lustrous, smooth, soft...endlessly yielding!

Luscious South Sea-ish stain that replaces pasty lipstick, arch-enemy of blissful adventure... that's the New TATTOO. Moist and shimmering, it appears on lips... ever so tempting... but so clearly transparent its charm has a reality that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth... so carelessly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the New TATTOO actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does. Tattoo your lips!

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TATTOO
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and weight chart

Mothers, send for this colorful chart today. Keep a lasting record of your child's development from birth to 4 years. Here's your opportunity to have absolutely free, authentic figures (adapted from U. S. Dept. of Labor statistics) on what your baby's growth should be. Fill in the coupon below now.

PYREX
BRAND
NURSING BOTTLES

Gerber's
Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods
10 VARIETIES FOR BABY

with a doubtful gag depends upon (1) the personal prejudices of the member of the editing department who gets the script first (2) the importance of the comedian's sponsor and (3) the importance of the comedian himself. At least, that's the only logical explanation of some of the things that happen.

A famous mystery story which has been broadcast several times was banned only recently because it dealt with vampires. But it hadn't been banned before. Curiously off-color lines have been left in scripts and mild, inoffensive ones deleted. I can't tell you any of those that were left in, because the U. S. Postal authorities draw the line when it comes to them, but I can tell you a few which were taken out. A speech calling a man a cad and a bounder was cut because "cad" and "bounder" are vulgar. And a line about "Chief Sitting Bull and his son Standing Invitation" was also cut; for some reason which completely eludes me.

It's all very confusing, as more than one script writer has complained to me, but it's also irritating, not only to script writers but to people who have the good of radio at heart.

Let's be fair. It isn't entirely the fault of the networks. They aren't being picky just for the fun of it. Radio's a non-selective medium of entertainment. It's heard by every member of the family and every class of society, and when so many different kinds of people are listening it's pretty hard not to offend a few of them. But the best of humor often isn't in "good taste" and it nearly always offends somebody, somewhere. Even Mark Twain offended many people with what he wrote before he was recognized as the great genius we know him to be today.

HOW can anybody deny that a hearty laugh at some injustice or stupidity is the best way of wiping out that injustice or stupidity? We need to laugh at ourselves, to laugh at the changing scene; and radio comedians, even better than writers for newspapers and magazines, can help us do it. Imagine the restrictions comedians like Jack Benny or Jack Benny and John candy depending as they do upon its timeliness for so much of their humor—and imagine how much funnier they would be, and how good for us, if those restrictions were removed.

And besides, there's good evidence to prove that not as many feelings as the networks think would be hurt if some of the political and professional bans were lifted. On a few occasions when a comedian has written a sketch which his network didn't like and wanted to censor, the comedian or his sponsor has gone to bat for the sketch and agreed to take all the blame for any complaints it might call forth. Every time this has happened a few isolated kicks have drifted in—three or four out of an audience of millions accompanied by dozens of letters approving the program.

Maybe the great American public is tougher than the networks think!

There's a secret force in Milton Berle's life that has kept him before the public since he was six years old. Don't miss the amazing story about him in the APRIL RADIO MIRROR.
Jimmy Wallington Tells What's Wrong With Our Announcers

(Continued from page 19)

that they should be bitter and want to do something about it?

"And yet, in almost all cases of underpayment, it is the announcer's own fault. He wants more money, sure. But the only way he can make more is through a commercial program. These are hard to get and the announcer, through his own mistakes, makes it even harder for himself."

Jimmy had sounded the opening gun in his attack. I wondered then about the reason for it. But as he went on, elaborating his points, bringing up new ones, driving them home, I realized what he hoped to do. It is an ambitious program. I hope it succeeds. For the sake of better radio, it has to succeed.

"Before an announcer can get a commercial program, Jimmy went on, 'he must build up on his sustaining broadcast a feeling of what I call 'good will' between himself and the public. His next duty is to sell the good will of the station he works for, and then, through the faith the public has in him, he can sell his sponsor's product."

"This may sound like a long build-up to what I'm yelling about," Jimmy grinned, "but it is necessary to understand how an announcer feels. I want you to put yourself in his place."

IF Graham McNamee, or Ted Husing, or myself make a thousand dollars a week, it is sure to get in the newspapers. This causes a complaint among others. They immediately begin to ask what so and so has done to deserve so much money, and so on—ad infinitum—just grumble, grumble, grumble.

"Of course," Jimmy smiled cheerfully, "the newspapers make no mention of the fact that announcer X only makes this thousand a week every year or two. That the next five weeks after the thousand he may get nothing!"

"But here is the important factor. When an announcer hears that another announcer makes a big haul he should be tickled to death! That announcer is paving the way for a future big salary for him."

"Not many announcers will see it that way. Not knowing the facts, they become jealous. They spend all their time trying to tear down instead of building up. They become so engrossed in trying to get money that when it comes time to announce their station or read a small plug, they do it carelessly. They think it doesn't matter. Only money matters."

"Announcers lie awake nights thinking up ways to get a big name—when the opportunity is right under their noses."

"Worst of all," Jimmy declared, closing the palms of his hands together firmly, "announcers, of late, have taken to fighting it out among themselves."

"There is a little game going the rounds which we announcers call 'throat cutting.' This is pulling the profession down. Making it cheap. If announcers continue with this they will soon become the laughing stock of radio."

Jimmy sat up in his chair, leaned forward. "If announcers want to be respected, they must first establish respect at home, respect for themselves."

"Recently I was offered a job by a motion picture company to do the narrating on three of their movie trailers. I agreed to take the work at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a trailer. I
THRILLING OFFER BY MAVIS!
ONLY 25¢ FOR THIS STUNNING NEW SILVERED NON-TARNISHABLE
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...To wear miniatures of those you adore
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considered this an adequate amount.
"A week later the executive of this com-
pany called me and said that another an-
nouncer had offered to do the same job at
a hundred dollars less per trailer. Twenty-
five a week!"

"When I learned the name of the an-
nouncer, who by the way had thought it
big name in radio, I almost choked into the
telephone.

"The executive said he had promised me
the job and that if I would take it at
lower rate he would be glad to see that I
went. I turned his offer down in a
hurry!"

"That announcer has cheapened him-
self. He has ruined the chances of other
announcers to earn a fair salary. All be-
cause he was eager to work for a paltry
in order to keep his voice in the public's
ears.

"You can see," Jimmy said sadly, "what
I mean by throat cutting.

"I also know of a certain very promi-
nent announcer who is working for a thea-
ter—exhibiting himself in order to build
up publicity—exhibiting himself for
a hundred dollars a week. Twenty eight
weeks and forty dollars a show! That
Jimmy smiled, "is pretty dirt cheap.

"These incidents show why it is hard
for announcers to demand any substan-
tial share of money.

"The first thought that probably comes
to your head is—are announcers worth a
great deal of money? Is announcing such
a tough job?

"Many people have the idea that all an-
nouncer has to do is talk. Just say a
few words into a microphone, act inter-
ested, and then round himself up or by
announcing his call letters with a nice
clipped diction.

HAVE you," Jimmy asked me, "ever
stood in front of an announcer's panel?
Have you ever stood next to him
during a program?

I had to admit that I had not.

"Most of the responsibility during a
program," Jimmy explained, "falls upon
the announcer. All those mysterious but-
s and nervous bumps on the panel mean
something. An announcer must have a me-
chanical mind. He must know timing to
split second. He must have a great deal
of mind. He must not have nerves. He
must have stage poise, and last of all he
must be a good actor.

"There isn't a sound engineer in the
business who can pull a show out on time
if the announcer slips up. Think of that
next time an announcer is telling you
about a product. Think of all the things
that are going through his mind, and
then ask yourself if you could do his
job. I still talk straight.

"What I am driving at is that the pro-
fession of announcing is one that depends
on a high amount of skill. That is why
there are so few good announcers.

"I say that an announcer who does his
job well, should be paid well. That is an-
other reason why so few announcers are
paid well, because they don't know their
job. And they don't give a hoot about learn-
ing it.

"A young announcer," Jimmy went on,
"is put on a sustaining program. Most of
them are apt to pass these programs
off as unimportant. I've seen an-
nouncers sitting around doing nothing
when just ten minutes before a
program is to go on the air the person
who is to be featured hasn't shown up.
And it doesn't bother them a bit to

"It would scare me stiff!

"An ambitious announcer would have
his musicians lined up to 'dub in' in case
the song or the performance failed to
arrive. He would have an ad-lib program going
through his mind a mile a minute. That is his duty. Nowadays a young announcer is content to sit in a booth and dream of a big commercial, lazily announce his sustaining, and then go back to dreaming.

"The only time they come out of their dream is when they are off the air. Then they go into their favorite grumble."

"If an announcer has a kick coming, and very often he does, the place to take that complaint is to the highest man in the company—that is, the highest he can get to."

"When I started in at NBC," Jimmy said with a slow smile, "they called me the 'announcing radical.' I always spoke my mind, and I didn't care to whom I was speaking. I believe that if the announcers today would take their complaints to the higher executives as I did they would be doing a tremendous lot towards elevating the position of the announcer."

"Time and time again, I would run into Vice President John Royal, and state my complaint. He would be working at his desk when I came in, and without even looking up he would say:"

"Well, Wallington, what do you want?"

"I was a case of stating my troubles, and stating them in a hurry. If I stammered, or shifted one foot to the other, as I did at first, Royal would say:"

"'Get outside and make up your mind. Find out what you want to say before you get in here—I'm busy.'"

"I soon learned to come to the point in a rush. If I had a legitimate complaint it was always straightened out for me. I never brought anything to John Royal that did not get fair and square consideration. Very often I was wrong, but when so, I had the satisfaction of being told why."

"Jimmy paused for a minute, and then, shifting one leg over the end of the chair, continued:"

"I've outlined three things that have taken announcers downhill. First, not knowing their jobs; second, the fact that they are not paid enough because they undercut themselves; third, not understanding to whom to take their problems for remedy."

"The fourth problem that faces an announcer today comes under one word—self-importance. An announcer must know where his ability leaves off, and where his conceit begins. It is easy to imagine you are more important than you are."

"I suggested that perhaps the best were those who had won the Diction Award. Jimmy waved a hand scornfully. When a man who has won the Diction Medal twice waves his hand scornfully, there must be a reason. Jimmy explained:"

"When I won the award I took it home to my wife, and handed it to her. She looked at it, and then she said:"

"'That's pretty nice, isn't it, Jim? That's about as high as they go, isn't it?'"

"'Honey,' I told her, 'if you want to keep on eating, if you really love your husband, and want him to keep his job, you had better drop that medal in the dirty clothes hamper.'"

She did. There are two of them there now; and Jimmy Wallington still has his job.

"That medal is nice to win, but," and Jimmy snapped his fingers, "it doesn't mean a thing."

"There was an award winner a few years ago—a very good friend of mine then—who let it go to his head. He had a copy of the medal engraved on every one of his dinner plates! He is now looking for a job."

"None of us can last if we think we are more important than we are. Now, more than any other time, we announcers should realize that we have just started our battle for respect and financial reward."

"I would like Radio Mirror to bring these things to every announcer on the air."

"Take your work seriously—do the best job you know how."

"Bring 'good will' to your public."

"Bring your complaints to the right person."

"Create respect for announcers by respecting yourself."

"Do not undercut a fellow announcer!"

Jimmy paused. "What I have said is meant in a constructive sense. I would like to see every announcer who deserves a break get one."

"Such men as Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, and Harry Von Zell stand behind me one hundred percent. I know they will buck me up to the last ditch!"

With these words, the tall, broad shouldered young man had spoken his piece. As we walked towards the elevator I couldn't get over the fact that here was a radio personality who wasn't afraid to speak his mind. It was almost too much to believe—and I couldn't help but like the guy for his courage.

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros. - Cosmopolitan Picture 'Green Light'.

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GOLD BOND GUARANTEED

RADIO MIRROR

Revealing the Tragic Story of Kate Smith's Adoptions

(Continued from page 23)

colorful medley of the city's never ending contrasts.

First the swanky hotel and exclusive apartment house section; next the area of tall buildings and houses, and finally the slums. This latter part of the journey presented a moving spectacle. Hundreds of pale little children swarmed through the streets and on the sidewalks. Kate watched them, as they roamed after balls, played hop-scotch, chased one another in spite of the cold, and filled the grim canyon of dingy tenements with their shouts and laughter. There was irony in the scene, pathetic, and brave contradiction. For Kate Smith knew that the majority of those children had never looked upon a country landscape. Some had never seen a blade of grass. They were unconscious of the throng of those hideous deathtraps they had to call home; yet to one who had attained Kate Smith's level of life, there was pain in the sight. It filled her with compassion.

However much that slum scene moved her, it was nothing to what lay ahead. For, presently, the taxi drove up to a tenement house. A matron opened the door, and Kate was warmly received. She learned that her accompanist had preceded her by a few minutes.

"The children," said the matron, as she smiled at the cake and ice cream, "are quite excited. . . We'll go right into the assembly room, and I'll have them brought in."

Kate stood by the piano, facing the empty chairs; while outside came the sound of children's footsteps. They entered in single file; bright faced babies of two and a half, and three; little boys and girls of primer grade age, and, at the tail of the line, a thinning proportion of older children, some in the high school stage. They filed in at all levels, waiting row by row, the babies in front. They waited for the command, "Seats!" and then, sat down. Kate smiled at them. The room grew very still.

As the matron crisply introduced her, Kate kept smiling. The children, Americans, Italians, Russians, and even a tiny colored boy, seemed afraid to smile back. Their eyes, eager as they were, held loneliness and wistful pleading.

"I've seen a show, and today," Kate told them. "It's my birthday, and I've come to spend it with you children. First, I'm going to sing a few songs for you... Then, I hope you'll sing for me... and then... we're going to have ice cream... and a birthday cake.

Their faces brightened, and not a few looked incredulous. Then, she sang. She gave them all she had. And on that day, she had a great deal. She warmed them with her song. She sang songs they knew. She saw new light come into their faces; saw the sparkle her music had beguiled into their eyes. And then, she announced a final song. Their applause had no end for the end. It rose spontaneously, as if their shut-in-child-spirits had had the first time frighteningly. Kate, escape. And Kate Smith, who had stood before the footlights and acknowledged the cheers of thousands, found the heat of emotion swelling until her voice was choking her as she blushing. She fought to hold back the mist that veiled her eyes.

The matron now raised her hand. She announced a song, and replaced Kate's accompanist at the piano. At her chord and signal, the children sang—the babies—the
Radio Mirror

Intermediates—the elders; the foundlings and abandoned: the waifs of every racial creed and hue.

They raised their eyes, as if singing to God. They poured out their hearts. It was like a prayer of music. They were singing what was meant to be a happy song, but the irony of its words shouted an overture of heart-rending sorrow. Kate was fighting against it. Ted was fighting against it too. Yet, both knew it was too strong for them. The best they could do was maintain the outward semblance of self-control. And neither dared look at the other.

After Kate and Ted had applauded, the ice cream and cake was brought in, Kate sat down among the children. She talked to them; asked their names; joked fun at and laughed with them. Their fear melted, and the shadow of their repression was dispelled.

Between times, Kate talked with the matron. She learned there were many applications for admission to the orphanage, that it cost a fixed amount for each child taken. And, although the institution was not overcrowded, its budget was now taxed to the limit.

Part of the time, Kate Smith heard her own voice like an echo, for the sound of that chorus of children lingered on. At times it filled the room again. And then, she became conscious of a singular development. Four of the baby children—their ages ranged between two and a half and three—kept edging closer to her. They followed her when she moved. One of them crawled into her lap.

"What's your name?" Kate asked him.

"Tonio," he shyly said, lowering his black, Italian eyes.

Kate took all four of the children in her arms—Billy, Bessie, Jane, and Tonio.

She gave them more cake and ice cream. Billy kissed her. Tonio held her hand. Jane and Bessie stared at her in adoration. They were too young to talk much, so Kate talked to them. Finally, she arose to go. The quartette of babies clung still closer. Emphatically, they wanted to go too.

Emotions which had been tugging all afternoon at Kate's heart were pulled taut. Standing in the doorway, looking at the room full of children, at the four who were clinging to the sleeves of her coat, she knew she was going to cry. Quickly she bent over these four whose real names can never be revealed. She kissed each one. She tried not to think of them staying on after she had gone. It was easy for her to step in, entertain, talk to them. She could leave, go back to her apartment, to her comforts when she was through.

Something happened to Kate Smith in that moment. She reached for the door. Before she could touch it she had stepped quickly back into the room. Quietly she called to the matron. She had made up her mind. There was only one thing to do.

Kate Smith was going to adopt the four orphans—Billy, Bessie, Jane and Tonio. It couldn't be the usual kind of adoption nor an actual one. Only too well Kate knew the tragedy of stage parenthood. Living the life she did, she couldn't offer them a home. But she could do something else. She could pay for their stay at this orphanage, watch over them until they were old enough to leave. Take care of them after that. Help them start out in life. And best of all, this would mean that the orphanage could take in four more homeless waifs.

She spoke to the matron.

"If I pay for these four, does that mean that you will take four more in, four who couldn't get in otherwise?"

The matron nodded her head.

Kate drew a deep breath. "That's what we'll do then," she said. "We'll send the first check to you tomorrow."

She called Ted Collins to her side, explaining what she had decided, almost apologetically, afraid that Ted might disapprove. But Ted put his hand around her shoulder, and smiled.

"Swell, Kate," he said. "You're doing a wonderful thing."

She rode away from the orphanage in a warm glow. It was a quiet ride, in which few words were spoken. Her thoughts were unquiet—confused. Yet it is even doubtful if she fully realized all she had done. Provided security for four new babies by sponsoring four—helping eight in all—yes. That she knew. But there was a big transcendent thing—a super thing which, perhaps, did not occur to her. In that homeward taxi ride, it was happening upon that happiest birthday of all. Putting it simply, she had linked her own with all the world's gentle hearts. The mystery of mercy, its blessedness, rode with her.

It was no trifling sum, even to an affluent radio star, the amount Kate Smith had set aside for the maintenance of Tonio, Billy, Bessie and Jane. The next day, Ted Collins mailed the first check and arranged that future payments be made at periodic intervals.

Months passed. Kate had never been so happy. When she had to leave New York for a personal appearance tour, she always left with the happy knowledge that she had four tiny people anxiously waiting for her return. She never failed to bring back some new toys or clothes she had found on her trip. Never before had she

Outdoor Skin

Smooth in A Second

...Then Make-up's Smart

A swell time in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all scuffed and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

There's a simple way popular girls know—to get rid of all those little flaky bits that spoil skin for make-up. A special kind of cream that actually melts off horrid "powder catchers"—in just one application.

Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr.

says "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking fresh. I use it over night, too, after cleaning."

Here's how a distinguished dermatologist explains:

"Exposure hastens the drying out of surface skin cells. They shrink, scuff loose. The skin feels harsh. These particles can be melted away instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the smooth, underlying cells appear."

See this for yourself—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Before make-up—Right after cleansing put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths away every flaky bit. Now powder and rouge go on evenly. Stay for hours.

Overnight—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.
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For 70 Years thousands suffering from asthmatic attacks have depended upon Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR — druggists throughout the world have recommended and sold it as a quick and dependable aid to relief. You, too, should experience the same beneficial results. Try it now! Ask your druggist for Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR — in powder, cigarette or popo-mixture form. Or send for FREE supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California.

BABY COMING?

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about Hygeia Bottles and Nipples. Those wide mouth bottles B causes ease. Nipple is easily kept germ free. Don't take chances. These are safest.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEA A. NURSING BOTTLES AND NIPPLES

BAD SKIN?

For Real Beauty — You Must Have Soft Alluring Skin . . . Free From Pimples

Smooth, satiny skin — a radiantly clear, youthful complexion — men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin of ugly pimples on face and body. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

The real cause of disorders resulting in ugly pimples may be nothing in the world except a lack of the yeast vitamins B and G. When these elements are not present in the human diet in sufficient quantities, the intestinal tract becomes weak and sluggish. Its function is badly impaired. Constipation is likely to ensue and this, in turn, often shows up in pimply skin.

Countless men and women have found that in such cases, Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure dry yeast supplies vitamins B and G in abundant quantities and thus tends to restore the intestinal tract to normal — in those instances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

Unlike ordinary yeast, Yeast Foam Tablets are pasteurized and hence cannot cause gas or fermentation. They are easy to swallow and most people relish their clean, nut-like taste. They keep, too. Start now, Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give them the chance to give you the same welcome relief they have brought to so many others.

NERVES? Vitamin B, known as the anti-neuritic vitamin, is absolutely necessary to sound, steady nerves. Lack of enough vitamin B causes polyneuritis — the inflammation of many nerves. Yeast Foam Tablets, rich in the B factor, prevent and correct nervous conditions caused by vitamin B deficiency.

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Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.)

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Helen Broderick and Victor Moore have a regular network show now — Twin Stars, Friday nights over NBC.
"I'll have to run along," he said. "I'll try and straighten it all out—tomorrow—Kate got up, too. "Wait a minute, Ted," she said suddenly, this time in a voice of full volume. You can take our payment off Tonyo, Billy, Besie and Jane—our kids—I guess we have to. But we can still pay it just the same—pay it to the general fund of the orphanage—For another four, you mean?" Ted asked her.

No particular four—any four kids...Continuously...When four go out four more come in...The kids will never know—Ted stood at the door. He nodded, "see—you'll still be taking care of four—""Yes...I'll still have four—I'll always have four in the orphanage—""You're swell Kate—I'll take care of it. Goodnight." She took a step forward. "One more thing, Ted...We can't let those first babies down—not completely—" "What'll we do...?"

She withdrew into the shadows out of the light's range. "Why—on my birthday," she replied, "I'll send them cake and ice cream...I'll have to...I'll be thinking about them anyway...They don't have to know where it's coming from—" "Of course," Ted said understandingly. "I'll help you see to it—I'll have to run, Try and forget all about it—"

He closed the door, and turned toward the elevators. But as his hand firmly clenched the threatening letters in his overcoat pocket, he knew she would never entirely forget...He knew he had had to break a dream—kill a hope. Back in her semi-darkened apartment, he could see her...Kate Smith paying the price of stardom.

Kate is still paying the price. She has never been back to the orphanage. Her dreams of having four children grow up under her care have vanished. She tries not to think of them. Only on her birthday, when the cake has come out of the oven, and the candles put carefully in place, does she dream again of what might have been. Once again her career is everything.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Kate Smith, ...Hefty, lovable star and mistress of ceremonies of CBS' A & P Bandwagon has been receiving a salary of only $200 a week for the past three years, paid to her by Kated, Inc. ...This corporation, which manages all her financial affairs, was organized in 1933 with capitalization of over $400,000....Kate's holdings in this unique radio corporation are 50% of the 100 shares of preferred stock, which were issued...Burt Ted Collins, Kate's best friend and manager, owns the other 50 shares and is president and treasurer....Kate's huge radio, theatrical remunerations are invested in Kated, which occupies an entire floor at 1819 Broadway, New York, and employs 55 people....Fifteen of the employees are used just to sort the heavy fan mail....The remaining forty are clerks, secretaries and permanent members of the Kate Smith air show....Unlike other air programs, The Bandwagon participants are paid not by the advertising agency or sponsor, but by Kated....The Kate Smith Foundation Award, a subsidiary of Kated, takes care of the $700 weekly which Kate awards to the three "heroes of the week," who are a feature of the Washington singer's programs....The winner gets $500, and the other two nominees $100 a piece....Kate also pays for these prizes....These heroes are selected by a committee of five distinguished judges—Joseph V. Connolly, president of INS, a news syndicate, novelist Faith Baldwin, sports writer Damon Runyon, Dr. James A. West, executive director of the Boy Scouts, and war ace Eddie Rickenbacker. ...The heroes are "discovered" in the thousands of newspaper stories printed in the U. S., and their heroic deeds are dramatized on the air....Then the listeners vote their favorite and the lucky winner is brought to New York, feasted, guest-starred on the program, and comes home with $500. Besides these donations, benevolent Kate also spends $5,000 annually on dolls which are distributed to deserving kiddies from coast-to-coast....Despite her girlish, Kate is an ardent skiing enthusiast, a golfer who can break 80 on the course, and a powerful swimmer....She, when it comes to talking about her own exploits, is revealed recently that Kate is the possessor of two medals for bravery herself....She saved two people from drowning in the icy Potomac....Ambition of Kated, Inc., is to enlarge as a bigtime radio booking agency like the William Morris offices, Rockwell-O'Keefe and Music Corporation of America,...Jack Miller, the Ambassadors, LeBrun Sisters are at present under Kated management....Out of her $200 weekly salary, Kate maintains a modest apartment on New York's east side, pays her maid, food bills, beauty parlor treatments, and vacations....In the summer she is usually found at Ted Collins' home in Belle Harbor, Long Island. In the winter Kate hies to Lake Placid, which she considers the most beautiful place in the world....Jack Miller, Kate's orchestra leader, has been with her for five years, probably a record radio association between maestro and soloist....He was formerly her pianist and quite a singer in his own right, until he heard Kate warble. ...Then he stopped. ...This is the first time Ted Collins is being paid to announce. ...He used to do it as a favor to Kate, who felt much better when Ted was on her side during the broadcasts.
non-sink garment like a vest, which he had brought along in preparation for a submarine attack; then hurried back up to his life-boat station on the deck. So completely had the passengers and crew feared the coming of the torpedo that there was almost no confusion. From his post Floyd looked down at the black, hissing waters. The ship was listing to starboard, which was away from either side from Floyd, and his lifeboat hung down, not over the water, but over the slanting side of the ship.

The passengers were loaded into the boat, and the crew started to lower it, but it stopped with a jerk in mid-air, stern down and bow up at an angle of forty-five degrees. Someone hacked desperately with a hatchet at the lines; the ship dropped, and brought up with a jerk that almost threw the people overboard. Then, at last, the boat was lowered with an even keel to the crest of a rising wave. The ropes were cut, and the lifeboat pulled away from the sinking Laconia, which was slowly turning over.

For a few minutes it was nightmare bedlam in the frail little craft, as the crew pulled on the oars frantically in their eagerness to put a safe distance between themselves and the ship. They were afraid it would blow up, or if it did not blow up, that the suction of its sinking would sink them, too. But it did not blow up, and it took a long time to sink. The party in the lifeboat heard a dull thud as the German submarine sank another torpedo after the first. Then it tilted at the stern; its nose rose up against the gray of the sky; it sank silently out of sight.

ALL night long the lifeboat drifted. From across the darkness came the sounds from other lifeboats, lost in the immensity of the ocean. Now and then they sent up flares, hoping to attract the attention of a passing line, and at last, toward dawn, they did see a glow of light coming from below the horizon. Slowly it grew brighter, the red and green riding lights of a ship approaching.

It was H. M. S. Laburnum, an English ship. Dawn was melting the darkness when she finished picking up the survivors of the Laconia.

But there were thirteen passengers and members of the crew of the Laconia which the Laburnum did not pick up. They had perished, lost at sea.

The Laburnum steamed into Queens- town harbor, and a few minutes later Floyd Gibbons sat at the typewriter, composing a four thousand word story for his newspaper, the Chicago Tribune. He still believes it was the greatest piece of reporting he ever did. Fresh as he was from the horror of that night in an open boat, with the stories of the other survivors still ringing in his ears.

It was probably also the most important piece of reporting he ever did, for the sinking of the Laconia was the first of a series of "overact" acts on the part of many which brought America into the war, and—whether for good or ill—Floyd's account of it helped to inflame America's anger and of vengeance.

The Word War has been described many times. I don't want to describe it again. The important thing is to tell you what it meant to Floyd Gibbons. Not that he spent the time from March to June, 1917, in London; or how he saw the guarantee that Cystex must fix you up and make you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist and have a Cystex (pronounced size-tek) today. 

The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer.

(Continued from page 50)
the first American troops land on English soil and then French soil, nor how he was present when the first American shot was fired. Not what he saw happen to others, which was enough to fill several volumes, but what happened to him, and the effect it had upon him.

He started his eighteen months as a war correspondent filled with the same idealism that was in the hearts of all Americans. He looked upon the war as a glorious adventure, too, but in back of this there was the hope that here was a war to end wars, "to make the world safe for democracy." When the Armistice was signed he no longer believed that war was a glorious adventure, but he did believe that America's part in this particular shambles had been justified. He thought the Armistice meant the end of autocracy and tyranny, and for that reason he was glad the war had been fought. He knows now that he was wrong.

Floyd was wounded on June 6, 1918, in the Bois de Belleau, just north of Chateau-Thierry and only forty miles from Paris. Only that morning he'd left Paris by motor for a quick look at the front. Officially, he was a non-combatant, although he wore a uniform and was attached to the General Staff of the army as an accredited correspondent. He was accompanied, this morning, by Lieutenant Oscar Hartzell, a foreign correspondent; and they had permission to go into the front lines.

About five o'clock in the afternoon they came to the front line of attack on the edge of the woods. In front of them was a clear space of about two hundred yards, across which was another clump of trees, partly occupied by Germans. The American troops were just preparing to cross that field and storm the nest of machine guns in the forest opposite, and Floyd and Hartzell obtained permission to follow them across.

The American troops took the wood, but fighting was still going on, and several German machine-gun posts were still working when Floyd and Hartzell started across the field, accompanied by Major John Berry, the battalion commander. All went well until the three men reached a small y-shaped oak field at the bottom of a slight slope. As they started across the field a perfect storm of machine-gun fire broke out at their left, making the tops of the oaks wave and sway as if a breeze were blowing.

Major Berry dropped, seriously wounded in the arm. Floyd, fifteen feet behind him, threw himself down on the ground, calling to Hartzell to do the same.

"We've got to get out of here," called the Major, "they'll start shelling this open field in a few minutes."

"Wait until I can get up there and I'll help you," Floyd called back, and he started to edge along over the ground, keeping as flat as possible. But not flat enough. Suddenly, as Floyd describes it, a lighted cigarette touched him on his upper arm. A bullet had passed right through the bicep muscle. A few minutes later, as he continued to wiggle forward, he was struck again, on his left shoulder. And finally he was hit a third time. A bullet struck the ground under his left cheek bone, ricocheted upward, and went completely through the left eye and out through his forehead, causing a compound fracture of the skull.

Floyd didn't lose consciousness. Instead, he proved once and for all that he's a reporter before he's anything else. He lay there, dangerously wounded, and catalogued his sensations, satisfying himself at last on a question he'd always wondered about: how it feels to be shot.

For three hours, until it got dark, Floyd and Hartzell lay in that field. Floyd couldn't move, and Hartzell wouldn't unless he could get Floyd out of there. Now and then they called cautiously to each other across the fifteen feet that separated them. The field was still being raked and cross-raked by machine-gun fire; and the two men didn't want to call attention to themselves by making too much noise. Major Berry, they learned later, had managed to gain the shelter of the woods in safety.

German guns weren't their only danger. Information was on the way to the American artillery concerning the location of the German machine gun nest, and Floyd knew that if the information arrived while he and Hartzell were still in that field they would be wiped out by shells from their own men's guns.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, it grew dark, and Hartzell was able to crawl to Floyd's side and help him out of the field. Weak as he was from loss of blood, Floyd nevertheless managed to walk a mile to the nearest dressing station, where his wounds were given first-aid treatment; then he was put in an ambulance and sent to an American hospital near Paris.

Thanks to the skill of the American doctors and nurses, Floyd, who had come in with one bullet through the arm, another through the shoulder, an eye shot out, and a compound fracture of the skull, was able to walk out of that hospital in ten days.

Toward the end of the summer of 1918, after the Allies had broken the back of Germany's offense at Chateau-Thierry, Floyd returned to America on a lecture tour. The end of the war was in sight,
Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

Your teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the double protection every one needs. It does both vital jobs—cleans teeth and safeguards gums.

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's cost no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and end half-way care once and for all. Also sold in Canada.

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● Any complexity can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is an aid by running through all the treatment.

Mercolized Wax adsorbs the discolored blemishes of our skin in two, insidious particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just put Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE: Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Relieves course pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolves Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

RADO MIRROR

TAKE NO CHANCES

with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

but it was Floyd's job to plead with the American people not to be over confident.

As soon as the Armistice was signed he returned to New York, to establish and head an American press service for his paper, the Chicago Tribune, and also to be editor of the Paris edition of the Tribune. Both of these jobs he held until 1925.

Floyd listened and reported through all the petty international bickering and wrangling which went on after the war, and as he listened he learned disillusionment. The world hadn't been taught its lesson. Here were the Allies back at the old game of grab, grab—not only from the defeated nations but from each other. It was the grab-grab business which was responsible for the biggest scoop of the Paris peace conference accomplished—publishing the contents of the Versailles Treaty while France, England, and America were still trying to keep it secret.

Floyd and his men on the Tribune staff had tried hard to be impartial to all sides in the endless discussions about the partitioning of Germany, and had many friends. Therefore, when one ally, Japan, was given the Shantung peninsula, which another ally, China, thought should be hers, he was rightfully expected to go into the Tribune office with the treaty offering to give it up for publication. It was wrapped up, Floyd says, in an old briefcase, and Floyd himself tucked it in his suitcase, boarded a ship, and carried it across the Atlantic to the United States.

By 1920 Floyd was thoroughly disgusted with the way American men were being kept along the Rhine, being used as a club against Germany, and the Allies, and he started the first of his crusades. Across the front page of every issue of the Paris Tribune was running the headline: "SEND THE BOYS HOME—TOOT SWEET!" Endlessly, in his disillusionment and anger at the way in which a war to end wars had degenerated into a tool in the hands of self-seeking politicians, he hammered at the injustice of keeping American men on foreign soil, away from their families and work.

It was a popular crusade with the 1,500,000 American men in Europe, and Floyd surprised himself and the Tribune office by running the paper at a profit of $50,000 in one year. The Tribune hadn't ever expected to do more than break even on that venture. But Floyd couldn't sell $50,000 out of the country, so he sneaked the Tribune instructions to draw on him for that amount into the middle of a news dispatch, hoping the censors wouldn't notice. The censors didn't, a gratified Chicago office got the money, and rewarded Floyd with a life $5,000 bonus. However, the bonus war paid off in a big franc and a few weeks later the franc took such a tumble that the bonus shrunk to a tenth its real value.

Foreign correspondents get used to little things like this.

From his headquarters in Paris, Floyd directed the activities of correspondents all over Europe and Asia. When a big story broke in some particular locality he would close all his other bureaus and rush every man to the center of excitement. He reported and beat all the other press services hollow.

He did this when the great Russian famine broke out in the spring of 1921.

He had twenty-one men converging on Russia from all points of the compass, but in this case even these tactics weren't much good. American correspondents just weren't being let into Russia.

In Riga, Latvia, Maxim Litvinov, then
the Soviet vice-commissar of foreign affairs was negotiating a treaty with the American Relief Administration for its aid in feeding the 30,000,000 starving Russian peasants along the Volga; but until the negotiations were concluded all newspaper men were being kept out of Russia. The Soviets were suspicious of capitalist newspapermen; on the other hand, the newspapermen and their readers back home in America were suspicious of the Soviets and half inclined to believe that all this famine talk was merely a clever ruse to get money out of Uncle Sam. The result was a stalemate as far as getting the news was concerned.

Two of Floyd's correspondents had already got as far as Riga when Floyd arrived there, but they couldn't get any farther. They had asked Litvinov for visas into Russia, and had been put off. Floyd adopted different tactics. He arrived in an airplane he had chartered in Danzig. He put the airplane in a hangar and left instructions for its pilots to bring it out every hour and tune it up, in readiness for instant flight. Then he went to a hotel and sat there, waiting, while his two associates went around town whispering of mysterious plans their boss had in mind.

It wasn't long before Litvinov summoned him. Floyd put on his most innocent expression and answered the summons.

"What are you doing in Riga?" Litvinov asked.

Floyd replied that he was on his way to Moscow.

"You must make application for a visa first," Litvinov said. "Then you will go in with the rest of the correspondents.

"Well, if that's all I have to do," said Floyd, "it won't be necessary for me to go at all. I have two men here who've already applied for visas, and they can get on the train to Moscow tonight."

It seemed, from the Commissar's words, that things couldn't be accomplished quite as fast as that. "I know you are planning to fly into Russia," Litvinov continued. "You surprise me," said Floyd.

Litvinov smiled and said, "I don't think I do, but I will now. Anti-aircraft guns will shoot you down if you try to fly across the Russian border."

"But, your Excellency, that border is a thousand miles long, and there aren't enough anti-air guns in Europe to close it completely."

"Even if you did get across the border, you would be taken prisoner when you landed in Moscow."

"Would your people really do that, Your Excellency? I understood that one of the points in the agreement you're negotiating with America for relief is that all American prisoners must be released. At this time, would your people imprison another American?"

It ended up with Litvinov taking Floyd in his own special train to Moscow that night. Floyd got to Moscow five days after the Volga ten days before any other American correspondent.

He had successfully bluffed Litvinov, and while he was in Russia he went on successfully bluffing the rest of the Soviets. Before he left Paris he had written out a couple of telegrams to himself. One of these arrived while he was in Moscow. He knew that Soviet censors had read it before they passed it on to him. It intimated in unmistakable language that the Senate committee which was even then considering the question of recognizing the Soviet Government, was sitting back in Washington breathlessly awaiting Mr. Gibbons's report. And it helped consider-

ably in smoothing Mr. Gibbons' way to whatever section of Russia he wanted to visit.

Floyd's next extended trip out of Paris was a different matter entirely. Do you remember "The Blue Bird" and the tremendous sensation it caused? Well, things were fairly quiet in Europe at that time, and the Tribune sent Floyd and a photographer across the Sahara to Timbuctoo with instructions to see and photograph as many sheiks as possible, just to find out if they were the hot stuff the author of the book claimed they were.

He set out from Algiers in February, weighing 170 pounds, and arrived in Timbuctoo on July 4, weighing 135. In between there had been enough excitement to account for that loss of weight. Eight hundred miles out, in a region where there is only one well in 500 square miles, the caravan ran out of water. And they couldn't find the oasis.

At last, Floyd spied a small dark speck far off on the horizon. It was a well, but it was almost dry. Half a day's digging yielded half-a-barrel of water. At last their camels were watered and their can-"
Jan Smuts, the Colonial governor, General Smuts listened benignly, and then proceeded to spoil Ford's story, on which he had spent months and a lot of the Tribune's money.

"You're quite right," Smuts agreed. "That automobile should have been admitted duty free. It must have been a mistake. I'll have the duty refunded."

From Cape Town Ford hopped briefly back into civilization, as represented by London, New York, Chicago, and Paris and then was off to China. In Pekin, news came of the war against Abdul Krim in Morocco, and he traveled across Siberia to Europe again, through Europe and to Morocco.

While Floyd was on his way back to Paris from Morocco, news reached him of the death of his mother in the French capital. For all those years since he first took over the Paris office she had been living there—not seeing him, perhaps, for months at a time, but always keeping a home for him to return to. Now, with her death, his last link with a spot to which he could call "home" was broken.

There hasn't seemed to be a fitting opportunity to tell you about a chapter in Floyd's life upon which he himself looks back with regret—his marriage. As there hasn't been room in this story for it, there was never room in his life. The facts are that he was married in Chicago, in 1914. His newly-wed wife and he went to Mexico, stayed behind when he went to France. After America's entrance into the war, he went to France, too, and was a nurse in the hospital where Floyd recovered from his wound.

They were in love with each other, and they tried to make a success of their marriage. But it was an impossible situation. Floyd had never had a home, nor wanted one. The responsibilities of family life, of household goods and possessions, chafe and restrict him. At any moment he might be called away from Paris—Russia, Tsimbuctoo, China. At last, in 1921, they separated, and in 1924 they were divorced.

Now that his mother was dead, Floyd was truly a citizen of the whole world, tied nowhere. And it was fortunate that this was the case for a few more months. Some happening which knocked the life he had built up for himself right out from under him.

He accompanied his mother's body back to the United States for burial; and on Christmas Day, 1925, he went on the air for the first time, over WGN, Chicago. He didn't think his radio duties were particularly significant nor important then. Neither did two other performers in the same studio, who for $75 a week supplied practically all of the music and comedy which went out from that station. Their names were Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, and you know them today as Amos 'n Andy.

A few weeks in Chicago, talking over WGN, and Floyd was off once more to Europe on a roving, indefinite assignment. He'd been working for the Chicago Tribune almost fourteen years, and he supposed he'd go on like that until he died. But as he sat in a sidewalk cafe in Bucharest, opening his mail, he found out differently; he held on for a long time, staring at it unbeliefingly.

He'd been fired.

With life suddenly freed of all responsibilities, the most romantic part of Platonic Gibbons' career begins. Next month his chapter of his embattled life story tells you of his flirtations with death in China and Ethiopia—adventures Floyd has never written or even talked about before. Don't miss this final installment.
Who Are the First Real Stars of Television?

(Continued from page 47)

talkies longer than we have) they imme-
diately selected her for stardom in 3-H.
Hildegarde, experts say, is even better
in television than she is in radio. For
the radio listener misses her gesticula-
tions and facial expressions which are half
the attractiveness of her songs; she’s one of
those rare stars who are just as
charming to watch as they are to listen to.

Incidentally, the necessity of a star’s
being as entertaining to watch as to listen
to is expected to cause a great upheaval
among radio’s biggest names when televi-
sion finally arrives on a commercial basis.
In television a star must have the looks and
naturally the personality to match his
voice and talent. Or else he’s destined to be
a hopelessly one-sided flop.

A cameraman pointed out to me, as an
incident illustrative of that, the case of a
young male singer who is now very suc-
cessful on the air. So virile and rich is
his voice, and so powerful his imagination
that he is tall, strong and romantic and
have made quite an idol of him. Their
illusions have never been shattered be-
cause no full-length pictures of the singer
in question are ever printed. Consequently
he is o.k. so far as sound broadcasting is
concerned.

BUT should he ever be exposed to the
television camera his feminine audience
would doubtless suffer a distinct let-
down. Although his features are not un-
attractive he’s so short and thin he’s prac-
tically tiny—which ruins him for looks.
And unfortunately he sings his dashing
songs with a voice that is called in show
business a completely “dead pan”
—which ruins him for personality.

Hildegarde, however, looks like she
sings and sings like she looks, which
makes her a perfect subject for the cam-
era. Her hair is a dusty blonde that
televises almost platinum. Everyone says
she looks a lot like Ginger Rogers when
she’s made up for and photographed by
television, although in real life she doesn’t
resemble Ginger a bit.

Hildegarde likes everything about tele-
vision but its discomforts, which is a
pretty common complaint from all the
youngster celebrities before the cameras.
In the first place there are a dozen hours
of tedious rehearsal for every hour of
actual performance on the air. In radio
you can rehearse your music and get it
over with; but television must stand or sit
dizzily under the glaring hot lights while
innumerable pieces of apparatus are
adjusted and changed and ad-
justed over again. Often Hildegarde
goes to the studio immaculately gowned
and flawlessly fingerwaved but by the
time she finally appears on the air her
gown is soaked with perspiration and her
hair has fuzilled into a damp tangle. Super-
inghting is now being installed in 3-H to
combat such conditions.

Her greatest problem is keeping herself
within the camera range. Since one of
her favorite singing gestures is to throw
her arms wide she sometimes misses
cues at the wrong moment and has her arms
apparently chopped off at the elbow, which
is bad technique. An artist can know be-
fore a movie camera whether the scene is
a long-shot or a close-up; but in televi-
sion, with several differently ranged cam-
ras clicking on and off, it’s necessary to
learn in detail beforehand exactly when to
do what in the way of movement. That’s
probably the most tedious rehearsal prob-
lem of all.

A NOTHER newcomer who is shining
very brightly in television is a chic
young lady named Betty Goodwin. You’ve
probably never heard of Betty although
she’s been sitting at a typewriter in NBC’s
press department for several years writing
about the stars. Little did she dream
she’d be a television celebrity until the
experts, out of a blue sky, approached her
desk one day and invited her to the studio
for a test.

Betty began her career writing and an-
nouncing a woman’s program over station
KOMO in Seattle. On a vacation in Man-
hattan she landed a job at Radio City
doing fashion publicity, going around
to the stores to assemble outfits in which
the stars could be photographed, and
generally making her knack for clothes use-
ful. Several times she was allowed to
announce her fashion shows on the network.

So the television experts, looking for
an announcer and mistress of ceremonies
for their programs, singled out Betty as
the ideal prospect. She had the time to
give to rehearsals, the right kind of voice,
and a charming appearance and personality
that perfectly matched her voice, and she
knew a lot about clothes and cosmetics
which would be valuable advice in the
studio.

To her tireless ingenuity many of tele-
vision’s discoveries about proper clothes
and make-up can be attributed.

THE FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER
...until she found a way to
ADD 11 POUNDS QUICK

Never had a date when she was thin. Now
everybody remarks about her better looks,
and she has all the dates she wants!

I KNOW what it is to be skinny, pale and dull-eyed.
The fellows always look at you and the whole world
is cold and blue. I tried everything but nothing did any
good until I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a
lot peppier and snappier, my skin got smooth and in just
4 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how
naturally I’ve gotten and I have all the dates I want and
I’ve got a grand time.

Eilo Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce,
have easily gained 10 to 20 pounds normally rounded
curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What
is more, this new discovery has given them naturally
clear skin and normally lovely color, new pep and
charm, loads of new friends and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people
are thin and run down for the single reason that they
do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food.
Without these elements you may lack appetite and not
get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Money-back guarantee

No matter when you buy you may be from lack of
sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized
Yeast tablets, just a short time and note the change. See
if they don’t aid in building you up in just a few weeks,
for they have helped thousands of others. It is not
judged with the benefits of the very first package, money
back in full.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away,
we make this exclusive FREE offer. Purchase a package
of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out this coupon
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—no money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized
Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 472, Atlanta, Ga.
RADIO MIRROR

The whole basis of the weird make-up required by the iconoscope camera is that red televises white. Sometimes it doesn’t even televise white—just televises a clear nothing! Lips must be brown to look natural, eyebrows must be black and very well-defined, and plenty of dark eye-shadow has to be spread around the eyes to show them up properly. Several shades of greasepaint have been tried out, from pure white to almost charcoal, but the most natural color for the face and arms seems to be a very yellowish cinnamon something like the shade of an Indian’s skin. Red fingernails will chop the fingers off at the first knuckle, so for close-ups of hands a black polish is used.

Platinum blondes are out of luck because their hair will fade into a colorless haze. A very amusing example of this occurred during rehearsal one time when a platinum blonde stood against a white refrigerator on a kitchen set; the scene reproduced on the screen made her look as though she had shaved her head to entire baldness! Even darkish blonde hair like Betty Goodwin’s photographs many shades white. Television so far is kindest to brunettes and titans.

Eye lashes, to show up at all, must be artificial and very, very thick. Hildegard has to go ashley-less because of her unconquerable habit of squinting when she sings. Thick artificial lashes close together leave her nothing but two thin dark slits for eyes that look extremely funny.

THERE can’t be any red clothes on a television set, nor any pastels because they turn a colorless gray on the screen too. The men find it best to wear strictly black and white or maybe a dark navy blue. For women’s clothes any black or white or vivid rich color, except red and certain greens, will reproduce nicely. Big plaid and large-patterned prints show up particularly well. Hildegard’s most flattering television gown is a dark crepe with enormous bright splashes of various colored flowers on it.

An all-black or all-any-color dress doesn’t televise as effectively as one that has some color contrast; but the contrast must be pre-arranged with care as to where it’s put. Grace Albert thought it would be a good idea one evening to wear a black velvet gown with a pink taffeta sash, but when she was seen on the screen in it it caused a panic. For all the world she might have had a wide slice sawed right out of the middle of her! She was moving about, apparently, in two separate parts. In the same way a man’s white shirt collar, unless it is punctuated by a dark necktie, can sometimes painlessly but completely decapitate him.

Shiny and metallic dress materials aren’t so good for the iconoscope camera. Sequins are definitely out because they reflect a thousand glittering star-points of light. Lamé and satin, however, reproduce quite successfully. Diamond or rhinestones can’t be worn since it forms a brilliant reflection, but pearls—even the cheapest imitation ones—appear unusually satiny and polished and beautiful.

When you get a television set of your own you’ll be seeing and hearing a negro quartet called the Four Ink Spots. These boys, who have made a hit already with the listeners, have no making-up to do at all. They can step before the cameras in their white tuxedos and black neckties and reproduce flawlessly. They were selected for television because of all the negro quartets at the experts’ disposal they packed the most action into their singing. And television requires plenty of action or else it seems too wooden to be really a moving picture.

The Ink Spots hail from Cincinnati where they formed a foursome who were working together at a hotel. They sang for a year over WLW, came to New York to crash the big-time, and shortly after their arrival were spotted by maestro Jack Hylton who took them on a long tour of England and the continent. When they returned to this country they were given sustaining contracts at NBC and nabbed by television. They wangle two guitars, a cello and a tippet (a peculiar instrument something like a mandolin) and sing everything from hot to sweet to comedy.

Before the Ink Spots rehearse the engineers draw a chalk-lined rectangle on the carpet inside which they may move around without going beyond the camera’s range. They’re given about twelve square feet of floor space in which to clown and act and carry on their “business” while they perform. And they’re so successful at getting a lot of movement into twelve square feet that they’ve gone on more than seventy television programs. The men behind the cameras predict they’ll make a terrific sensation when arm-chair talkies arrive in the homes of the public.

The casts of 3-H, looking about them to select the one actor and actress best suited for television stardom, combed the list of thespians at Radio City and finally settled on Grace and Eddie Albert. Undoubtedly you’ve heard Grace and Eddie as the “Honeymounters” on their regular morning broadcasts; for three years they’ve been acting in skits of their own writing with soloists and duets thrown in. They’re not married nor are they even kin as their names might imply. They’re just...
a team in love—but not quite to the altar point.

Gracie and Eddie, outside of their versatile talents and brunette good looks, were chosen because they have the well-rounded personalities necessary for sight as well as sound artists. In their work they pretend to be nothing more than a couple of youngsters fresh from the middle west who are trying to get along in the world. That's the way they look, the way they sound and the way they act. Which is the perfect harmonious combination for a television performer.

At first the Honeycombers found the iconoscope camera very hard to please. Being veteran radio artists they suddenly had to change all their habits and tricks to fit a new set-up and that was not easy.

For one thing, in writing their scripts they had to write them like stage plays instead of radio plays. And there's a great difference between the two. In radio there must never be a moment's silence to bore the listener with "dead air;" consequently they were accustomed to talking to themselves every second of the time. But in television, as in the movies or on the stage, pauses when the audience sees but do not hear are absolutely necessary —else the dialogue becomes as monotonous as a cracked phonograph record. The Honeycombers' worst problem at first was learning to keep quiet part of the time and fill the silence with pantomime. As simple as it sounds, over-talking was a hard old habit to break.

Too, they couldn't act with scripts with the next line and the next instruction printed before them. They had to memorize everything and find things to do with their hands that were accustomed to holding a batch of typewritten pages. With the mike hung high over their heads instead of in front of their faces they had to give up some of their get micro- phone tricks, such as covering their mouths with their fingers to get a certain vocal effect, or whispering close into the mike to make a whisper sound genuine.

In fact, Grace and Eddie had to learn to act and talk practically a whole new method of acting. And very wisely, as a foundation for becoming big television stars in the future, they took their lessons in the hands of an expert dramatic coach. And every afternoon they can spare is spent making experiments with the engineers and apparatus. Perhaps they will become a widespread reality they'll have the jump on every other actor in radio, which should guarantee them a bright future before the camera.

From the NBC Children's Hour program three-year-olds Diana Donnewirth and Jeannie Elkins were selected to be their first tots in television, and they've appeared on enough programs now to be called old-timers. Diana and Jeannie were lucky because they could sing, act, and dance; but most of the others because they had titian hair which televised especially well; and also because they were the youngest youngsters on NBC. But if only one of them be the Shirley Temple of television it will have to be Diana since she's the baby of the duo by a six-week difference in birthdays.

**T** HELEVISION's guest stars have included already some of the outstanding performers on the air. Jessica Lancaster, the Pickens sisters and Dorothy Page have sung. Irving S Cobb, Honeyboy and Sassafra, Ed Wynn and Graham McNamee have tried out their talents in the Frocks, the Porters have sat under the Kleig lights at the piano and played some of his smartest tunes for the dailers. And tap-
RADIO MIRROR

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or coughy coughs go untreated. A cold of Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, without irritating local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a 'counter-irritant'—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40c each.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MISTAY PLASTER MILD

The Reviewing Stand (Continued from page 98)

PROFESSIONAL PARADE

Network: NBC Blue
Time: 9:00 P. M. E.S.T.
Day: Wednesday
Sponsor: Sustaining

There isn't a show on the air with a worthier purpose than NBC's latest. It is a historic night, and it's pretty entertaining as well. NBC has donated an hour a week (not too good a time, for Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight will continue to be the opposite) to work with talent from the Works Progress Administration's theatrical projects. You'll hear many an old favorite of vaudeville days doing his stuff for the air—people both you and unfortunately the vaudeville booking agents had forgotten.

Fred Niblo, one-time movie director, handles the master of ceremonies assignment with ease. Many of the people he introduces are personal friends of long standing, and he presents them informally and intuitively.

When the program's a little older, vaudeville units are to be made up of the people who've been on the program, and sent around the country, à la the Major Bowes units. And thus radio, which did its little bit to hand vaudeville a knockout blow, is now making amends by helping to revive the patient.

POETIC MELODIES

Network: CBS
Time: 7:00 P. M. E.S.T.
Sponsor: Wigley

This is such an unpretentious little program you're likely to miss it, and that would be too bad, for it's a quiet and pleasant quarter-hour's entertainment.

Jack Fulton, of the high tenor voice, sings to the accompaniment of Billy Mill's orchestra, and then while Jack rests, Franklin MacCormack, of the impressive baritone, reads extracts from the opera- tional background. Some of the poetry, incidentally, is love stuff, and surprisingly passionate for radio. The verses are read very finely and sensitively, and if you enjoy hearing poetry read aloud, you'll certainly enjoy this.

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caucused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those growing, nagging, painful backaches Name: diameter pain or any pain made by a tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Must people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging headaches, rheumatic pains, lung, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, painness under the eyes, headaches and diseases.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 11)

Organ Grinder's Swing.” Or did you?
Nobody, least of all its author or publisher, ever thought “The Organ Grinder’s Swing” would ever make the stir it has. In fact, it didn’t shoot into popularity like its noxious predecessor, “The Music Goes, etc.” It just sort of sneaked up.

It was published last June in an instrumental form, without words, and was met with complete indifference on all sides. Then Will Hudson, who wrote the music, persuaded his Hudson-Delange orchestra to make it into a phonograph record, and things began to happen. Radio maestros and singers clamored for lyrics so loudly that in September Irving Mills and Mitchell Parish wrote a set of words, and the song was republished.

Andre Kostelanetz seems to be the most enthusiastic rooster for the song among the orchestra leaders. He admits, himself, that he likes it because he can try out all sorts of fancy orchestration ideas with it. You wouldn’t believe what he does with “Organ Grinder” and four violins unless you saw it, and probably not then. Four violinists detach their bows, pass the bowstrings over the strings of the violin and the stick under the violin, screw the bow up again, and fiddle away. Naturally the bowstrings are stretched very tightly over all four strings of the instrument. It produces a sound best classified as “peculiar,” but apparently just the thing for the “Organ Grinder.”

Hudson, incidentally, is the author of “Mr. Ghost Goes to Town,” a new number which the swing boys have grabbed eagerly.

* * *

Have you been missing one of the oldest salutations in radio lately—Vincent Lopez’ “Lopez Speaking”? He recently changed his air introduction to a few bars of piano music, followed by the announcer saying, “Lopez playing.” His old greeting to the listening audience had been in use since 1921, when Vince made his air debut in the old Newark, New Jersey, studio of WJZ.

PHIL'S NEW MAESTRO

Oscar Bradley, who took over the bandleading job on Phil Baker’s comedy show early in January, used to be the conductor on the late Will Rogers programs for the same sponsor. He returns to radio after having spent two years in Hollywood as Shirley Temple’s maestro. British-born, Brad became an American citizen nine years ago, just after he had been hired by Florenz Ziegfeld to handle the musical end of “Rio Rita,” “Whoopie,” “Show Boat,” and many more of the Great Glorifier’s successes.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

Serves me right. I was just asking for trouble when I said a couple of months ago that dance-band enthusiasts had lost interest in theme songs. Here comes a letter from George Schwedler containing a list of twenty theme songs he wants to know about. I couldn’t get them all, because some of the orchestras he mentioned aren’t broadcasting just now, but here are enough to satisfy him and all you other theme-song collectors.

Charlie Barnet: “I’ve Lost Another Sweetheart” by himself.

Bernie Cummings: “Dark Eyes.”

Roy Shield: “You Are the One I Love,” by himself.

Will Osborne: “The Gentleman Awaits.”

Have the natural-looking eye beauty that wins men!

PINAUD'S NEW, IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

prepared in France

Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get this from this Improved creamy mascara... Never makes you look made-up. Permanent, run-proof, smudge proof... in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Makeup requires

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW

R. E. Elevator

Beautiful adjustable. Special to marked i

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**PREVENT BLACKHEADS**

*Sensational Beautifier Refines Skin*

Women all over the country who formerly were miserable over a skin blemish with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores and other skin faults, are now enthusiastic about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, which contains oxygen, penetrates into the mouths of the pores and prevents the formation of fatty blackheads.

When the oxygen frees the pores of disturbing dirt and grease, the skin resumes its natural, clean appearance. It becomes soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Prove to yourself that you too can have a skin free from blackheads, open pores and other skin faults. Dioxogen Cream is not drying, and produces an entirely new type of skin to which it is applied.

*STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...*

Are you troubled with the itching eruptions of eczema, chilblains, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quiet and happy relief, use Dioxogen Cream. It is gentile on the irritated skin. Clean, clear, and flawless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c bottle, at drug stores, proves its — or money back.

**DIOXOGEN CREAM**

**DENISON'S Cuts to Cooking**

(Continued from page 53)

ones. And to this day I rely on them when planning meals. They save time and trouble, and add interest to menus by providing out of season products, and with modern canning methods the flavor and the valuable vitamins and the vegetables contain, reach you unimpaired.

"I'm mad about potatoes and sweet potatoes but have always resented the time it takes to peel and cook them, and how grateful I am to the man who first thought of putting them in cans! One of my favorite combinations is pork chops cooked with tomatoes and canned sweet potatoes with marshmallows.

"Sprinkle salt into a heavy iron skillet and heat the skillet until the salt begins to brown. Sear the chops on both sides, pouring off the fat as it appears. When the chops are brown, reduce the heat, add the tomatoes, cover and simmer until the chops are tender. While the chops are cooking, make cakes of the canned sweet potatoes and brown them in a little of the fat poured from the chops. Just before serving, top each sweet potato cake with a marshmallow and set the pan under the broiler flame until the marshmallows are brown.

"If you have never tried French fried canned baby artichokes with steak, you don't, according to Irene, know what you've been missing. Simply drain and dry the tiny artichokes and cook them in deep fat (325° F.) until the edges of the leaves begin to brown. Irene also recommends corn pudding, asparagus loaf and spinach souffle. They are grand, useful recipes, too—equally delicious as the main course for luncheon or supper, or served as a vegetable with meat meals.

**CORN PUDDING**

1 egg 1 cup milk 1 tbl. flour 2 tsp. sugar 1 tbl. melted butter 1 can corn Salt and pepper to taste Beat together the egg, milk and dry ingredients, and stir in the corn. Add melted butter and turn into buttered casserole. Bake in moderate oven until the pudding sets (about forty-five minutes.)

**ASPARAGUS LOAF**

1 egg 1 cup milk 1 cup cracker crumbs 1 tsp. minced onion 1 tbl. melted butter 1 can asparagus Salt and pepper to taste Beat the mixture and beat the egg, and blend all ingredients except the asparagus. Let mixture stand so that crumbs may absorb some of the liquid, while you drain and chop the asparagus. Combine asparagus with milk mixture, turn into buttered casserole and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

**SPINACH SOUFFLE**

3 tbl. butter 3 tbl. flour 1 cup milk 3 eggs ½ lb. grated American cheese ½ tsp. minced onion 1 can spinach Salt and pepper to taste

**New Beauty for your Home**

77 Clever

Dennison-craft Ideas

Right in your own home you can make colorful bouquets, baskets, book-end mats, lamp-shades, flowers. Also attractive dress accessories—backs, belts, hats. It's ever so easy with "Very Best" Dennison Crepe, for this splendid craft material is amazingly workable, durable, artistic. Costs little at stationery, department, or drug stores. Send the with coupon for fascinating 24-page book, "New Dennison-craft Ideas," containing pictures and directions for making 77 craft novelties. Why not include some of the other books listed below?


Please send book checked below

...Birthday Parties

...Guy Decorations

...Flower Making

...Fun for All

Street (or R. F. D.) ...State

City ...State

**TRAIN Electricity**

"VIEYNE ELECTRIC SCHOOLS" 500 South Paulina Streets, Dept. 97-64 Chicago, Ill.

**FREE BOX**

Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon. Kotalko Co., B-35, General P. 0., New York Please send me proof box of KOTALKO.

**What made their hair grow? here is the Answer**

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was almost as bare as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where there occurred all manner using Kotalko to stimulate scalp action.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko? There's new growth of hair to live on in a magnificent cap available in your scalp. Kotalko is sold in drug stores everywhere.

**PLEASE SEND**

Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon. Kotalko Co., B-35, General P. 0., New York Please send me proof box of KOTALKO.

**FULL ADDRESS**

Name ...

City ...State...
BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR

● Safely, quickly—
and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. Use Brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Used and approved for years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold with the assurance of satisfaction. Retain your youthful charm.

LOOK TO YEARS YOUNGER
Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just pour a little in a comb in. Shakes "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee—or send for test bottle.

RADIO MIRROR

Melt the butter in a double boiler, add flour, salt and pepper, and milk, and cook until smooth and thick. Add cheese. When cheese has melted, add cayenne (it must be drained thoroughly and run through a colander), minced onion and beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into buttered casserole. Set casserole in shallow pan containing hot water and bake in moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Aunt Mary gave me four other recipes which I should like to pass on to you—
sweet potato pie, tomato and pineapple salad, beef casserole and banana casserole. Just send a stamped addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 11 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

What Do You Want to Know?
(Continued from page 60)

but was side-tracked by music. He and
Poley McClintock started an orchestra
during their college days. The band grew
in leaps and bounds until it became the
successful outfit it is today. Fred's mar-
rried and has two children, a boy and
a girl. Poley is also married and is the
proud father of a son.

Virginia of Richmond, Va.—Richard
Maxwell was born in Mansfield, Ohio, the
son of a singer and artist. He studied
voice for twenty years and made his radio
debut in 1923. His first professional job
was a choir boy at five cents a week; ap-
appeared as a chorus boy in "Lady in
Crimine" at the age of twenty-one; was
in "Music Box Revue" and "Greenwich
Village Follies." Dick likes to fish, golf
and play tennis. He has thousands of
tropical fish. Weights 175 pounds, is five
feet—eleven inches tall, has brown hair
and hazel eyes. Radio Mirror did run a pic-
ture of Richard Maxwell a short time ago
—in the "For Your Radio Scrapbook" de-
partment.

Andrew M., Schenectady, New York—
Glen Gray has a sustaining program on
station WHN. You can address him in
care of this station, Rockefeller Plaza,
New York, N. Y.

Elizabeth C. H., Mohali, N. Dakota—
For the information you want, and pic-
tures of Kirsten Flagstad, address her in
care of the Metropolitan Opera Company,
40th Street and Broadway, New York,
New York. A letter addressed to Lily
Pons, in care of RKO Pictures, Holly-
wood, Calif., will reach her. Nino Mar-
tini's letters are always forwarded to him
when addressed to the Columbia Broad-
casting Company, 453 Madison Avenue,
New York; Nelson Eddy when addressed
in care of Columbia Broadcasting
Company, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los An-
egelas, California.

COMING NEXT MONTH!
Words and music of Horace
Heid's beautiful theme song, "I'll
Love You in My Dreams," the
third in RADIO MIRROR's unique
series of the songs you love to
hear.
Is Major Bowes Dropping His Amateurs?
(Continued from page 21)

Bowes' own program that amateurs aren't the drawing card they used to be.
At one time, and not so very many months ago, Major Bowes and his
Amateurs topped the leading radio popularity survey with a rating higher than
that attained by any other program before or since. The same popularity
survey lists Major Bowes third. Jack Benny is first, and Fred Allen second, with
a numerical rating of not much more than half his all-time high.
Last winter, there were fourteen Major Bowes amateur vaudeville units on
Tour throughout the country. Today, as you'll learn when you turn to Major Bowes
telling about them over the air, there are only eight.
The Major Bowes touring units, nowadays, aren't designated by number as they
used to be. They're all named for their specialties. For instance, there is the
Swing Unit, composed of people who are good at playing in a modern form of
music; the All-Girl Unit; the Sunshine Unit, organized especially to please
Southern audiences; the Anniversary Unit, built up from a group that were on an
anniversary radio program.
The important and significant thing here is that each unit is more than just
a traveling aggregation of amateurs. Each is a smoothly running, unified stage
show. The vaudeville units had to become professional in fact, if not in name, to
survive.

LAST winter Major Bowes and the am-
ateurs were making a series of moving
picture shorts. Twelve of these subjects were
Made, in New York, and distributed
to all the country. But this winter no moving pictures are being made. Just
another indication of the diminishing pop-
ularity of amateurs.
For a while there was a story going the
rounds of Broadway that Major Bowes
was having difficulty getting enough
amateurs to fill an hour every week. Variety,
the show-business' trade paper, printed a
story saying that he had offered vaude-
ville talent three thousand dollars and
fifteen to ten dollars for each acceptable
amateur they sent him. The implication
was that if an amateur went so far as to
register with a vaudeville agent, he was
no amateur.
I asked Major Bowes whether or not
this was true, and he assured me that
there are still more applicants for places
on the program than he can possibly use.
As to the Variety story, he said, he had
told several agents, personal friends of his,
who send over some of those people who
haunt every agency office, people who
have never done any work on the stage,
but who have come to the agent hoping
we can do something to help them.
As a rule, agents cannot book these peo-
ple. Major Bowes offered them their
chance, through the agents. The commis-
sion he gives the agent is more than
small change to them, enough to reim-
burse them for their trouble and the
telephone calls; and the people they send him,
he told me, are people.
There are the signs, the reasons for be-
lieving that the amateur hour's day is al-
most over. So far, if Major Bowes haven't
seen them, he hasn't admitted it publicly.
Naturally, it would be fatal for him to ad-
mit the possibility of dropping the ama-
ateurs. Bowes will try to make up his mind to do so; but after the changes in

Why Does a Woman Close Her Eyes
When She Is Kissed?

(USE COUPON BELOW)

- Psychologists say that she is an idealist and closes her
  eyes to "shut out the world of realities." Many women
  would also like to "shut out" the everyday reality of
  rough, cold, coarse skin that hinders, and weather
  and nerve-racking care of it. They are looking for
  the famous skin softer—ITALIAN BALM.

Here is a genuinely simple preparation, composed
of 16 scientifically selected, scientifically pure ingredients.
For over 60 years, the preferred skin protector of the
women of Canada—"the finest softening preparation of
its kind today in thousands of communities all over
America... non-sticky, quick-drying. Approved by
Good Housekeeping... Give Italian Balm a week's
trial—at no expense. Send for FREE bottle.

Campana's
ITALIAN BALM
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Campana Sales Co.
1304 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.

Gentlemen: I have never tried ITALIAN BALM. Please send me the VANITY
bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name __________________________
Address ________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., 1694 Caledonia Road, Toronto

MOTHER OF THREE
EARNS $32-$55 A WEEK

- "Thanks to Chicago School of Nursing,
  I have been able to support my three
  children and keep my home together,"
  writes Mrs. A. E. Waterbury, Coun. And Mrs. E. is only
  one of thousands of successful students who
  have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a
  well-paid, skilled profession.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 163, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send brochure and sample lesson page.

Name __________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

BEST FOR BABY!

Kleintert's SOFTEX Baby Pants are made of soft transparent SILK, fully waterproofed. They weigh less than an ounce—and are unbelievably durable. When you buy SOFTEX, you are buying real COMFORT for your baby!

*SOFTEX is a SILK fabric, waterproofed without the use of rubber.

Kleintert's

*SOFTEX BABY PANTS
455 FIFTH Ave., NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOW CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER

-unless removed
ROOT* AND ALL

*Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that ends a corn. Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—then in 3 days the entire corn falls out Root and All. Blue-Jay is easy to use. Hold snippet in place by Wet-Peel adhesive. 25¢ for 6. Get Blue-Jay today.

BLUE-JAY BAYER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

NATIONAL AMATEUR MIRROR

National Amateur Night and Town Hall, I am sure he must have considered it.

His amateur hour has meant a great deal to Major Bowes, more than can be measured in money or fame. It has meant engrossing work in a field where he was the acknowledged master. It was the acknowledged master. It may be that today he is wondering what he can find to replace the amateurs if he should be forced by lack of public interest to drop them. A variety show? Too similar. I am sure he would say, to the half-dozen others on the air.

There's one program that could solve Major Bowes' problem—The obscure sustaining program which has been running on the NBC Blue network at the same time one of the big events on the ABC network, the occupying the Red channel. Professional Parade, it's called; and it presents all the old-time stars of vaudeville who have been out of work for years. The show is the theatrical division of the Federal Works Progress Administration and NBC cooperate to give these stars of an almost-vanished profession their chances again.

Under Major Bowes' guidance, this could be an important program—as packed with human interest and emotional appeal as the Amateur Hour, and perhaps even more entertaining. Many of these veteran trouper of vaudeville are old friends of the Major's, and richly deserving of the help he has given hundreds of unknown youngsters.

In them, perhaps he could find the answer to the question: "After the amateurs—what?"

Only one man—Major Bowes himself—can answer all the questions about his amateurs which everyone is asking. The next issue of Radio Mirror, Major Bowes writes his own reply. Read why he cannot agree with the conclusions drawn in the article you have just read, and learn exactly what he has planned for the future. Don't miss this important feature in the April issue.

More News

(Continued from page 9)

INSIDE STUFF—An orchestra had been hired for Rudy Vallee's visit to Hollywood when Fay Webb's sad death caused a change of plans. Vallee's coast trip was postponed until spring because it was feared the star, who remained outside California for so long, was taking advantage of the tragedy to come here after her death. Ironically, he'd have come had she lived!

ODDS AND ENDS—The Dorothy Paige-Armand Lusk heat wave has been turned off because he got tired of waiting for her "yes" and went back to Texas.

So Dot comes up rich. Her handsome New York stock broker ... Tony Martin is using the eeney-meeney-no system and alternately squirting Francesca Lancia and Lilli Mangel. Incidentally, although Frances spent a lot of time during her recent Florida visit with her schooldays sweetheart, Krony Chase, his romance is in cold storage. Tearing a page from the book of Miss Leaping Lena Levinsky, who piloted her prize fighting brother, Knight Levinsky, of Chicago, pretty Gertrude Neisen has become manager (or is it manageress?) of a heavy-

FINDS WAY TO HAVE YOUR LOOKING SKIN AT 35!

SMART, modern woman no longer submits to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40. A wonderful new creme, 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 mild that only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and firmness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it cleanses and refines complexion blenchishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—isa revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

You Can Repair Perfect Speech, if you STAMMER

Lack of MIKE technique often Downfall. EVERY VOICE can broadcast under New Discoveries. Send for Free Information RADIO ARTS ACADEMY 362 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

15 DRESS REMNANTS A Also Bargain EXTRA at the GIVN. 28¢

Dresses, Chambrey, Shantung, Crepe, etc., are in great demand as the big trend this season. Sizes and patterns for dresses. Our best quality patterns to suit you, your own ideas. Pick out a few tops of the line at 26c. See our latest fashion developments. 25c per yard. 30c per yard, Open to the trade. EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY 600 Washington St., Portland, Me.

KILL Don't Just Stun ROACHES

Every ranch that nibbles the lawn in your territory has a Crowd Roach Hives must do. Give them the jolt. Direct to roaches lasts for years. KILLING new colonies that have been "saved. Guaranteed effective. On the market for fifteen years. Sold in fourteen foreign countries today. 3 sets (8 hives) $1.20 postpaid, 6 sets (16 hives) 30c. ROACH CO., Box 4, Arcadia, Fla.

CATOR ROACH KILLERS

FAST QUICK DIRECT ACTION OF TURPO

The Wonderful New Cold-Chaser Relieves that Cold. Just rub Turpo freely on chest, back, forehead, temples and outside of nose, also a little Turpo in each nostril before retiring at night.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE Write name and address on envelope and send to Turpo, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill. AT ALL DRUGGISTS
Nervous? Irritable?
Can your trouble be
INTESTINAL TORPOR

If you're not your usual self—tired, cross, irritable—in many cases, the cause is Intestinal Torpor. Intestinal Torpor—sluggish, torpid muscular activity in the intestinal tract, can often be relieved and your health greatly improved by resort to the natural and healthful treatment of Sufferers from:

SUFFERERS FROM
PSORIASIS
DERMOIL

Sufferers in being sold by 
Sufferers in being sold by 
SUFFERERS FROM

If you have that can't be worked, head lice, 
irritable feeling due to Intestinal Torpor—try Stuart's Laxative Compound today! For 40 years, this dependable Compound has brought quick, effective relief to thousands of men and women. Get a package from your druggist today. See for yourself how much better you can feel.

STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND
formerly known as
STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

Coast-to-Coast Highlights
(Continued from page 12)

Frances Carton, offer radio a double at- 
traction—since beauty plays no small part in the popularity of these two talented actresses.

Over WBBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO, 
WJAX, WFLA, WLW, WHO, and KOIL, 
they both combine their screen and stage experience to portray the characterizations in Kitty Keene, Inc.

Frances, who's the Kitty Keene, made 
hers first appearance in Indianapolis, 
Indiana, April 2, 1933, which marked the 
five feet, six inches, 122-pound, 
"kitty" a twenty-three-year-old 
actress to-day who in Screenwriter 
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" in the Children's Theatre during 
1931, she has crowded an enviable 
record into her professional 

Foremost were her appearances in "Uncle 
Tom's Cabin" with DeWolf Hopper, and 
the Fox films productions, "White 
Parade" and "Music in the Air." She has 

Quoted at $3.99

GOODBYE GRAY HAIRS!

Grays and greys are gone
New PCP-30 Poly-Color Kit
Packs in an instant

Copyright 1942, American Life Insurance Company. All rights reserved. Used by permission.
FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

FEEL FINE NOW

- You may only make a bad matter worse when you force children to take harsh, gripping, old-style laxatives. Give them FEEN-A-MINT—the modern kind that's so gentle, so different in every way. It looks different, tastes different, IS different. They simply chew it like delicious chewing gum—and what a difference that showing makes!

- Next day the whole world looks bright—constipation forgotten! No gripping, no disturbance of sleep, no nausea—this modern laxative works gently and surely in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. Preferred by more than 16 million grown-ups and children! Try FEEN-A-MINT—you’ll find it the laxative you’ve been looking for. Write for free sample to Dept. 0-2, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

RADIO MIRROR

Opera Company. Her first radio appearance was over Chicago's WEBH in 1924 when only twelve years old. The studio was in the Edgewater Beach Hotel and she was willing to broadcast only because it meant an opportunity to use the toboggan on the hotel's grounds after each broadcast.

Joan has appeared on many radio programs, including Ma Perkins, orphan Anne, Luman and Dancer, as well as in Paramount pictures.

Her sports interest has continued since her early weakness for tobogganing and today she favors swimming, golf, and horse-back riding.

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

A pound's a pound the world around, but it's not necessarily so of a sound. For instance, when Don Winget, jr., WLBW's chief sound technician in Cincinnati, was faced with the problem of producing the sound of a man being stabbed, he couldn't state man and knife. But his man and knife was exactly how it sounded to the listeners of WLBW's True Detective Mysteries. In reality they heard Don plunging a knife into a hide.

And how about those telephone voices sounding so real coming from your loud-speaker? Well, if you listen to Chicago's WLS Saturday night Feed Store program you're listening to you'll have to give Merle House credit; Merle, after considerable head scratching and thinking, finally conceived the idea of fitting a cardboard box over the microphone. Then, after a trombone mute had been placed in each end of the box, to after certain the voice you heard came over a telephone. Certain, that is, until now.

But not all the sound effects are so easy to invent. Chicago's WBBM producer, Phil Bowman, was stuck with the script, Cadets of the Air, calling for the sound of a soldier rushing up to the microphone and gasping for his breath before speaking. Neither actors nor sound effects men could produce the desired effect. Finally the producer ordered a cadet to sprint five times around the studio and then deliver the lines into the mike. That was fine. The boy did a perfect panting sound but he was so winded he couldn't speak and one of his fellow cadets had to read his lines.

PROSPERITY NOTES

Springfield, Mo.: Hoping to become Missouri's largest territory, KWTO has installed $75,000 worth of new transmitting equipment and stepped its power up to 5,000 watts.

Longview, Texas: KFRO has installed $1,500 worth of new equipment and is awaiting another $6,000 order of bigger and better sending apparatus.

Chicago: WBBM's studio cat, Red, is hobbling around with a broken leg—but in a cast, no less.

FANTASTIC

Except for a peek-a-boo dancer, no one owes more to his fans than a radio celebrity. But even so a fan's reaction at times must baffle the mind.

For instance, the trusting fan who wrote WBBM announcer Paul Luther and asked him to invest $4,000 anyway he saw fit. The listener said she knew by his voice that he was honest. How do I go about getting an announcing job, Paul?

And Regina Allen, WBT's Esso Reporter, knows a woman who shouts across the room, any room, at him whenever and wherever he appears—in a bar, hotel or railroad station. She just wants to hear
No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now To Let
Gray Hair
Cheat You

Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old." To end gray hair, here's a formula for hair lovers. It's neat and gives you the advantage of keeping your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for those who want to keep their hair gray. W.A. ROGERS

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old." To end gray hair, here's a formula for hair lovers. It's neat and gives you the advantage of keeping your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for those who want to keep their hair gray. W.A. ROGERS

No Money Down

Guaranteed

Fully

GUARANTEED

Sensational BARGAINS

Guaranteed

$102.50 Model

NOW Only

$44.90 Cash or

On Easy Terms

SMALL PAYING

10 Day Trial

No Money Down

positively the greatest bar-
gain ever offered. A sen-
ser full size $150.00 model re-
bined. Unexcelled Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 cash or on easy terms. End-to-end improvements, including standard type keyboard, backspace, automatic ribbon reverse, shifting key, 2-color ribbon, etc. Postpaid. Complete rebuild and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Touch Typewriting

$10.00

Complete course in

10 days.

Learn to Type

10

Days.

Guaranteed.

Postpaid.

Rebuilt Underwood

FREE.

Send for your

FREE,

FREE,

FREE,

FREE.

international typewriter exchange

202

rich colored patterns in frames and cases. Black and gold, black and green, black and red, blue and gold, and blue and green. Not sold elsewhere. Satis-
cation guaranteed or we will

RETURN FREE.

freight.

AT HOME!

Learn to type, read, and improve your handwriting at home! We have written

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1933

Chicago

Chicago Hospital Develops

New Treatment for Acid

Stomach Ulcers and Colitis

Stomach specialists on the staff of the hospital have recently

brought to the public a revolutionary treatment: Kolor-Bak. Klor-Bak is a

liquid which is capable of neutralizing acids and decrystalizing the stomach lining.

It is harmless and free from side effects. This treatment is not a cure but it makes it possible to get rid of acid stomach complaints in a

very short time. The results are astonishing. The acid is reduced and the irritation is eliminated. Kolor-Bak is administered by mouth three times a day, with or without food, in doses of one to two ounces. The liquid is not harmful to the body and can be safely used by men and women of all ages.

STATION TREE

If you have been looking for a new station tree for your home, you will be interested to know that a new one has been developed. The new tree is made of oak and has a decorative design. It is priced at $10 and can be purchased at any radio store in your area. If you are interested in purchasing a station tree, please contact your local radio store.

THOSE BELLS AGAIN

Des Moines, Ia.: Latest to join the newsworthy ranks from the broadcasting System was Wayne A. Welch, secretary to the Iowa State Commercial Manager, Craig Lawrence. Mr. Welch married Janet Wright of Ender Springs, Michigan. Cupid seems to have the range of the IBS hearts, having snared fifteen in the organization in the past few months.

Hollywood Winterfest was in full swing this week with stars and show people filling the various clubs. Among the celebrities present were Dick Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Robert Taylor, and Joan Crawford. The event was sponsored by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and was a great success.

Pertussin

DO N’T LET COUGHING

TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN

FOR QUICK RELIEF

It’s the drying of tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often causes cough. Sticky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough. Pertussin stimulates these glands again to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

Pertussin

30¢ Prescription FREE

Seck & Kade, Inc., Dept. 553

440 Washington Street, N.Y. C.

Pertussin is a mixture of Pertussin FREE...by return mail.
TIRED ACHING FEET?

IT MAY BE FALLEN ARCHEs?

Tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, sore heels, cramped toes, weak ankles, bunions, callouses—all are symptoms of weak or fallen arches. To get immediate relief and remove the cause, wear Dr. Scholl’s Foot-Eazers in your shoes. They stop the muscular and ligamentous strain which causes your pain; gently but firmly support the arch. Worn in any properly fitted shoe. Expertly fitted at leading shoe and department stores. Sizes for men, women and children. $3.50 pair. Other Dr. Scholl Arch Supports $1.00 and up.

FREE BOOKLET

For booklet on causes, symptoms and treatment of Weak Arches and other foot troubles, write Dr. Scholl’s, Inc., 200 West Schiller Street Chicago, Illinois.

RADIO MIRROR

Century-Fox player, became the Mrs.

* * *

THE DAWN PARADE

The fate of Martha Dulin and Margaret Sicheloff, two of WBT’s early morning broadcasters who frequent the airwaves at a time meant only for sleepers, is proof that the person who likened all early microphone birds to their gilded-caged cousin was right. The bird in that cage, as you’ll recall, was “more to be pitied than censored”—and so it is with the WBT duo. After a 6:30 A.M. program of breakfast-table setting and coffee heaving, before the microphone the gals have to go downtown to get their breakfast.

Another for dawn dialers is WOW’s rustie friends, Sari and Elmer, from Fort Wayne, Indiana. But these early birds are lucky. They don’t have to face the microphone until 6:45 A.M. Fred Henry, hired hand and third member of this Farm Hour program, really gets the break, though. All Fred has to do at 6:45 A.M. is play the organ. What, no milking?

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 13)

HONORABLE MENTION

amazing co-incidence.”—MRS. MINNIE HARRIS, Charlotte, North Carolina.

“This comedy programs are the most enjoyable programs on the air. If some girl is not feeling any too happy, she would naturally want something to cheer herself. The radio would be the thing and a comedy program at that. I know that is what I would want if I were feeling low.”—MISS SVEA PALM, Fort Jervis, N. Y.

“We wish to thank the Texaco Town program for bringing Eddie Cantor, an ace comedian, with Mr. James Wallington and Parkyakarkus to us. His jokes, words of advertising, and moral stories are always cleverly given and highly entertaining. The addition of Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin is superfluous especially when Cantor and his two stooges are capable of doing the whole show.”—MRS. YVONNE OSTERMANN, Northbrook, III.

“The comedian who wants to play Hamlet is almost proverbial. Perhaps it’s a variation of that strange complex that’s gotten a hold on Fred Astaire.”—JAMES A. WALLACE, San Francisco, Calif.

“It seems to me that radio sponsors never think their programs are complete without a flock of guest stars, but will some kind soul please take time to explain the value of these stars to said programs? Who wants to hear football coaches and movie stars talk shop? The only guest stars worthy to be on programs are comedians and real songbirds.”—MRS. C. W. YOUNG, Jeanette, Pa.

“I am right in the midst of a battle with the three musketeers of misery, ill health unemployment and poverty. But I am thankful for one thing, that I am allowed headquarters in a home where there is a radio.”—PETRA MADSSEN, Sioux City, Iowa.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return uncopied material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

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 EST

Boston

WNAC

9:30 PM EST

Hartford

WTIC

9:30 PM EST

Providence

WJAR

9:30 PM EST

Worcester

WTAG

9:30 PM EST

Portland, Me.

WCSH

9:30 PM EST

Philadelphia

KYW

9:30 PM EST

Baltimore

WBFR

9:30 PM EST

Washington

WRC

9:30 PM EST

Schenectady

WGY

9:30 PM EST

Buffalo

WBEN

9:30 PM EST

Pittsburgh

WCAE

9:30 PM EST

Cleveland

WTAM

9:30 PM EST

Detroit

WWJ

9:30 PM EST

Chicago

WMAQ

8:30 PM CST

St. Louis

KSD

8:30 PM CST

Des Moines

WHO

8:30 PM CST

Omaha

WOW

8:30 PM CST

Kansas City

WDAF

8:30 PM CST

Denver

KOA

9:30 PM MST

Salt Lake City

KDL

9:30 PM MST

San Francisco

KPO

8:30 PM PST

Los Angeles

KFI

8:30 PM PST

Portland, Ore.

KGW

8:30 PM PST

Seattle

KOMO

8:30 PM PST

Spokane

KHQ

8:30 PM PST

*Cincinnati

WLW

6:30 PM EST

*Minn.-St. Paul

KSTP

6:30 PM CST

*Sunday

**Thursday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS

Every FRIDAY Night
The Magnificent Obsession
That Rules Eddie Cantor
(Continued from page 25)

When you have so much money to promote, I will cooperate gladly.” You have read the columnist’s attacks on Cantor since the incident.

Was all this the bread coming back as mountains of ice cream?

No. That wasn’t what Eddie meant. Just before he moved back to New York for a few weeks this winter he was working like a Trojan—preparing a radio script, revamping the script of his next picture, Sanford Canyon—and making last-minute arrangements for leaving. In the midst of all the work, he had arranged to fly from San Francisco, working over scripts on the way to forget his fear.

A FEW weeks later he was in Boston. The theater was sold for every show. Once they had put three hundred chairs on the stage. Trade papers carried headliners telling how much Cantor made in Boston. They didn’t tell, because they didn’t know, that most of the money went to his pet Boston charity—and they didn’t know about the Chicago date, either.

Eddie’s Boston success brought a lucrative offer of an engagement in Chicago. It would mean that his name had been as profitable as the Boston week. Yet Eddie turned it down. He was too busy with a Y. M. C. A. benefit in New York—after which he had two days earmarked for working out additional plans, while in the East, for the expansion of the Adirondack children’s camp.

In the story of those few crowded weeks—more or less typical weeks of Eddie’s life—there is the explanation of his magnificent obsession—that all the bread he casts on the waters returns to him as ice cream.

He told me about it, his brow furrowed with the effort to find simple words and phrases that might make his point clear. He spoke as if you might speak to a little child, trying to penetrate its mind with the truth that no matter how it seems, the world really is round.

“It’s like this. I’m all tired out. Dead tired. Like I was when the telegram came asking me to go to San Francisco. I could say I couldn’t go—but instead I say to myself, ‘Well, I can’t, but I’m going to, just the same.’ You’d drop everything and get your ticket to San Francisco and appearing right in the middle of a dozen other things when you were all played out, would you? That would be natural, wouldn’t it?

“But that’s not how the world turns out. You get to feeling that you’re known, like when you couldn’t fast in an elevator. Exhilaration. Well, then you come back to work. Now would you believe it, you’re not tired any more. You feel swell. Whee! You tear into things to make up for the time you’ve lost—and by golly,
before you know it, you feel better than you did before you left."

He paused thoughtfully. Then he seemed to anticipate a puzzled question.

"Explain that? No, I can't explain it. I can't explain why rain and sun make flowers grow—but I know they do, just the same."

That, then, is the magnificent obsession that grips Eddie Cantor. He firmly believes that if suddenly some dire genie were to transform him back into the old Cantor he would wither and die. Maybe he would. But the glorious part of it all is that nothing in the world can take away the new happiness this obsession brings him.

THOSE were good doctors. those who told him seven years ago he had but a year of hard work left. It's borrowed time Eddie Cantor is living on now. He's just got to keep the interest paid up on that loan.

PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Eddie Cantor, the Mayor of Texaco Town is one of the few star entertainers who has completely mastered all mediums of entertainment—radio, stage, and screen... His Sunday CBS broadcasts are very popular... He has just signed a contract with 20th-Century-Fox to make three pictures in two years... He is easily re-making all the money he lost during the 1929 crash... Few of his radio friends remember when Cantor lost his shirt in the 'Wall Street' bombing. The idea for a book entitled "Crought Short!" which made light of his heavy losses... Simon & Schuster published it and sold 800,000 copies at $1 a throw... Cantor likes to discuss important broadcast problems in the barber shop... While the barber applies the razor, the boathook shaves away, and the medicos check his condition, Benny Holtzmann, his personal manager, and a batch of gag writers go over the pending routines... Sometimes the barber chips in with a few choice puns... Cantor usually arrives at the studio, the day of the broadcast, after all his work. This works har to members of his troupe, who have usually been up late the night before, but is easy for Eddie who hates night clubs, gambling, cigarettes, and dancing... He says he finds all his recreation when working... "If I want the atmosphere of a nightspot," he says, "I go home, close all the windows, have my friends blow smoke in my face and remind Ida to step on my feet."... Einstein, former Boston advertising man, was discovered by Cantor, when he was working on an ad-club song with his Greek dialect stories. The flash of the Cantor check-book changed Einstein's career overnight... At present Cantor treats Henry Kolker, a brother to the comic, to make him more like a son-in-law... The storage is in love with Eddie's oldest daughter... Each year Cantor produces a new personality in his radio gang... First it was Einstein. Last year it was 8-year-old Bobby Breen... Today it is Canadian-born Deanna Durbin. The Durbins moved to California when Deanna was ten, for not for Hollywood gold and glitter, but to escape Winnipeg's rugged climate... Edith Durbin, a former Ziegfeld girl, has had a good vocal talent, and urged her father, a broker, to have Deanna take singing lessons... Soon after, Deanna sang on an amateur program. Cantor was in the audience applauding loudly... Before Eddie signed a contract with her, he had throat specialists examine her girl's vocal chords... The medicos found it a full-fledged throat condition... The Durbins postponed Deanna's new movie, and increased volume... After Toronto, critics predict the Metropolitan Opera House for Miss Durbin... Pudgy Jacques Renard, a Canadian musician made his fame and fortune playing sweet accompaniment to Morton Downey's choir-boy voice on the old Camel Corr... Join the newly signed Deanna with Cantor, as the latter's joker about his quintette of offsprings... Willington's present wife is Betty Jane Cooper, noted tap-dancer.

It's Time Somebody Told You, Hollywood

(continued from page 39)

ment. And that is just what's going to happen.

There is going to be a new trend in broadcasting unless you do something radical about improving your appearances on the air. Sponsors who apparently don't care how much money they spend for their broadcasts are going to begin checking expenditures with income. When they really fulfill how little they've gained by paying you, the movie stars, such huge prices, they're going to turn away from broadcasting.

This isn't just the opinion of those of us who listen in. It is the opinion of the heads of the departments who handle pay checks of New York's biggest advertising agencies. It is they who predict that by next fall, radio programs will be smaller, much less costly and probably much fewer in number.

That would leave you, the movie stars, out in the cold. But it doesn't necessarily have to work out that way. There is no reason why radio and the movies can't be allied. There is a place in radio for you if you take it. But in order to take it, you must do two things: You must accept reasonable prices for your services, and when you go on the air you must give a performance as good if not better than your performances for the movies. I hope this warning means something. We like to have you on the air when you're good. We'd like to get along with you, but we'd rather have you with us.

So why not bring the goose that laid the golden egg back to life?
YOU WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH Princess Pat ROUGE

Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be... and then discovered a way to new loveliness... wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that painted, artificial look.

Now let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone... an undertone and an overtone make each shade. It isn't just another rouge, but utterly different.

When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin! Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color that no one can tell it is rouge. Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible... and then you are.

But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret. It changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you will never know your own beauty.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 793
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked:
☐ English Tint  ☐ Poppy  ☐ Gold
☐ Squaw  ☐ Vivid  ☐ Tan
☐ Medium  ☐ Theatre  ☐ Nite
One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

Name...
Street...
City...
State...

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" with Joan Blaine, NBC Red Network—every Sunday 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.
My compliments on your very good taste, sir

for the good things smoking can give you

Chesterfield Wins

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
MAJOR BOWES WRITES HIS OWN ANSWER TO ALL THE RUMORS

At Last! Truth About DICK POWELL QUITTING "HOLLYWOOD HOTEL"

JOAN BLONDELL

WORDS AND MUSIC TO HORACE HEIDT'S BEAUTIFUL THEME SONG
Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe says, "Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

While Karo Syrup is world-famous as a splendid food for children, it is also energizing for active men and women.

As a spread for bread, biscuits, pancakes and waffles, stirred in milk, used for candy-making and cooking, Karo is as delicious as it is nutritious.

Both Blue Label and Red Label Karo Syrups are equally rich in Dextrose...equally rich in food-energy.

Yvonne Dionne is one of 5 "bundles" of loveliness and adoration. These healthy, fascinating little girls are the modern "5 wonders of the world".

Karo is sold by grocers everywhere.

All Reproductions Copyrighted 1937, NEA Service, Inc.
JEAN: Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!
MARGE: Somebody must have told her what her trouble* was.

*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault

Forgotten Women

by DORIS KAY

I see them every day... dozens of them... women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men do call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.

Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.

the quick deodorant
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.
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COMING IN THE MAY ISSUE
On Sale March 24
Bobby Breen is facing the biggest problem in life will ever offer him. Read next month what this problem is and how his decision will affect his entire future. Will he continue to win stardom and fortune? . . .
Also, another favorite theme song.

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
She thought it was "Another Woman"

... till her Doctor told her the Truth about Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

"My husband is cruel," she told the doctor. "He no longer loves me."

How mistaken she was! It was just because he did love her, and couldn't be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that she was the only "other woman" in the case... that she had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by "little" neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife's neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes, or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" disinfectant provides—

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"
1. Non-caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration... "Lysol" solutions spread because of 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" vanishes promptly 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 ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 4-R-M.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Name ____________________________

Street ___________________________

City ____________________________ State ________

Copyright 1937 by Lysol & Fink Products Corp.
Above, a famous team broke up as Eddie Cantor released Parkyakarkas from his contract so he could seek stardom with his own program.

Right, Fred MacMurray's the new master of ceremonies on Hollywood Hotel, replacing Dick Powell, who's rumored set for a Sunday-night spot.

By TONY SEYMOUR

Left, plans for a celebration of the 200th birthday of Baron Munchausen are discussed by Victor Arden, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall at luncheon.

WHAT'S NEW?

O N January 31st, Parkyakarkas set his face toward a goal that has tempted many. That was his last broadcast for Eddie Cantor. He left because other sponsors want to set him up in his own program and because a movie studio wants him for a picture. Cantor held his contract which included options on both his movie and radio work. When the time came that the Greek language murderer thought he should be free, Eddie tore up the contract and now Parkyakarkas is off for that disillusioning thing called stardom. Rumors began last September that this would eventually happen, when the Greek got his first offer. It took him all this time to make up his mind whether he should part company with Cantor. Wiseacres who said he was engaged to one of Eddie's daughters are shaking their heads. He is now reported interested in another. Which makes the situation all the more tense.

It doesn't look from where we're sitting like the smartest thing in the world for Parkyakarkas to do. So many personalities have been built up into household names by big programs to the point where they quit for shows of their own. No one even remembers their names now. Paul Whiteman saw a procession of them come to him, stay until they had fame, then leave and disappear into obscurity. It's like that dog in the fable who found a juicy bone and then happened to see himself reflected in the water. The other bone looked so much better he dropped the one he had and got a mouthful of lily (Continued on page 82)

INSIDE STORY ON THE CANTOR-PARKYAKARKAS SPLIT AND ALL THE OTHER REAL NEWS BEHIND RADIO'S HEADLINES

4
A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty!

• How clean is your skin? That's your most important beauty problem. For only when pores are thoroughly, deeply cleansed can one hope for a radiant, exquisitely fine complexion.

Starting today, you can be sure of a truly clean skin—and all the loveliness it brings. Because today Daggett & Ramsdell offers you the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained!

A New Kind of Cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains Colloidal Gold, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigoraates skin cells while it cleanses.

Contains Colloidal Gold

Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream is the only cream that brings you the deep-pore cleansing of colloidal gold. You can't see or feel this gold because it is not a metal—any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in a colloidal form, similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream. What you do see is a smooth, non-liquefying cream, rose-pink in color, suitable for cleansing every type of skin.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

Make This Simple Test!

• Apply your usual skin cleaner. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

(Copr. 1937 by Daggett & Ramsdell)
MORE NEWS!
ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By Ruth Geri

Above, four good friends outside the NBC studios: Dorothy Page, Irvin S. Cobb, Marion Talley and Barbara Luddy.

SCOOP OF THE MONTH—Haven MacQuarrie's Do You Want To Be an Actor? will be sent on the road by its sponsor to cash in on the heavy local interest in key cities from which it will emanate each week. It's never been printed that shortly before the show was signed, the J. Walter Thompson agency refused to pay $500 a week for MacQuarrie, only to grab him, a few weeks later, for $7,500 per broadcast when an emergency demanded something in a hurry to fill the hole left by the suddenly defunct Good Will Court. And incidentally, in case you are an A. T. & T. stockholder, it might interest you to know that $2,000 was spent within twenty-four hours on long distance tolls while the deal was being negotiated between Hollywood and New York.

PROSPERITY NOTE—NBC West Coast activities are so profitable that four new studios will be added. When the new facilities are available, most of the shows now emanating from San Francisco will be brought to the movie mecca, and for the first time, Hollywood will give birth to sus-

At the left are stars playing hookey from their work. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are out at the Santa Anita race track trying to pick some winners.

Two of radio's most popular singers sit down to enjoy a sandwich between rehearsals. Conrad Thibault tells Kenny Baker how he likes work on Fred Astaire's show.
taining shows. Meredith Willson is slated for the post of musical director.

ADMAN CANTOR—You will shortly
see in your favorite magazine advertise-
ments of Amos 'n' Andy's sponsor
boasting a mouth-wash. There will be
a strip of drawings illustrating the
constant need to be on the watch for
halitosis, with the slogan "Social Secur-
ity." Here is the story behind it. En
route west from his recent eastern
jaunt, Eddie Cantor stopped in Chi-

cago, and sold the slogan and the idea
for the ads. The proceeds from his
brain child will go toward the erection
of the old actors' home in which Cantor
and Joe Schenck are moving spirits.

WHAT PRICE GLORY? Life is tur-
bulent for Haven MacQuarrie and Jack
Oakie since they took over their re-
spective broadcasts. Oakie was literally
forced to duck from the Trocadero,
where he tried to entertain a party to
celebrate his signing with Camel Car-
van. Not only were the autographs
out in double force, but energetic job
seekers—in person, by long distance
telephone and by wire—bombarded
poor Oakie until he had to duck out for
self-protection. Phil Regan, the singing
cop, telephoned all the way from New
York to get on the program, and Oakie,
who had met him but once, didn't re-
call him. MacQuarrie amassed more
than three thousand requests for loans
and assistance within twenty-four hours
of signing his contract.

PAGE MADAM PERKINS! Jack
Benny, Burns and Allen, and Martha
Raye staged a successful, although un-
publicized, strike during the filming of
"College Holiday." Paramount en-
gaged a bevy of society girls as extras,
and the radio four, loyal to trouping
tradition, refused to go on until the
rich socialites had been replaced with
gals who depended upon jobs for cakes
and coffee.

BABY, TAKE A BOW! Just in case
you and the boss forget it, two issues
ago I mentioned that Adele Astaire
would return to Hollywood to do a
picture with Fred. Fred thereupon de-
nied it vigorously—but truth will tri-
umph! Anyway, Adele has signed an
RKO contract, and there it is in black
and white.

THE OLD VELVET GLOVE—Grace
Moore, returning to radio after her con-
cert itinerary, holds no further fears for
directors. Known in the past to be in-
clined to indulge in a bit of plain and
fancy temperament when the whimsy
seized her, Miss Moore has been more
than tractable lately. The reason? She
flew off the handle at Columbia re-
cently, whereupon husband Valentin
Parera (Continued on page 100)

PHOTOGRAPHS/COURTESY
HINDS, WITH "Sunshine"
Vitamin, makes skin feel softer than ever!

The famous Hinds Honey and
Almond Cream now contains
Vitamin D. This vitamin is
absorbed by the skin. Seems to
smooth it! Now, more than ever,
Hinds soothes and softens the
dryness, stinging "skin cracks,"
chapping, and tenderness caused
by wind, cold, heat, hard water,
and housework. Every drop—
with its Vitamin D—does skin
more good! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone
... inviting you to help yourself to
Happiness and to Beauty. Mon. to Fri.,
12:15 pm E.S.T., over WABC-CBS.
**Dull-Listless**

- Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn’t help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn’t yet learned how to avoid out-of-date “dosing.” Then I found out something I’ll always remember.

---

**Here’s the lesson she learned**

- In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. “It’s different!” he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, “blues.” I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—“You’re yourself again!”

---

**And she’s so happy now**

- Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept.O-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

---

Alexander Woollcott at home in his study. Hear the Town Crier over CBS Tuesdays and Thursdays.

---

**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?**

- $20.00 PRIZE
  THERE’S NO MAKE BELIEVE HERE

I resent Miss Koerner’s request that we throw the Street Broadcast off the air. My entire family enjoys this program and there is no reason to discard a program because one person doesn’t enjoy it. Recently I heard, quite by accident, one of the Street Broadcasts coming from the waiting room of the Union Station in Omaha, Nebraska. Talk about human interest! There was a man from California, one from New York and people from practically every part of the United States. They told where they were going, where they had been and why they were traveling, and in that waiting room was a boy that was in the Olympics this year. You would hardly call that a tiresome interview. These programs are real, there is no make believe here, and although some of the questions seem foolish when it comes right down to a fine point, a great many of them are educational. Maybe Miss Koerner was caught unprepared and failed to answer the question. Be that as it may, I shall continue to tune in on Mr. Street Broadcaster.

Mrs. R. A. Collins, Wichita, Kan.

---

**$10.00 PRIZE**

TOO MUCH SONG PLUGGING

I’ve been muttering in my beard for
a long time about my pet radio peeve, so I think I’ll put it on paper. It’s this: the way movie-radio stars plug songs from their pictures. While a radio star is working on a picture, the songs on his program are invariably “from my latest picture.” The popular singing stars do this to the nauseating point. The comedians, such as Benny and Burns and Allen are guilty. Even the opera stars over-plug their picture songs. Naturally, we don’t mind them singing songs from their pictures now and then. But when they ceaselessly din those songs into our ears week after week, it gets mighty darned tiresome. And I don’t think I’m the only one of this opinion!

T. Swan, San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
IS IT INEFFICIENCY OR LAZINESS?

There is a saying that “sometimes when you ask for bread, you get a stone.” This applies very nicely to many radio programs at present. We sit ourselves down to hear Eddie Cantor’s program. Do we hear Eddie Cantor? We do not. We hear a couple of kids. How we used to enjoy Irvin Cobb! Now we must wade through an entire program to hear one moth-eaten joke by Cobb. Edwin C. Hill gets almost unintelligible in his haste to get to his guests. Even Amos ‘n’ Andy, whom we thought invulnerable, have succumbed. And now we hear a faint, childish voice whom no one can understand, and which adds nothing to the program but a case of chills.

Suppose we went to a movie to see and hear Norma Shearer, and found some radio guys getting off some antics, instead. Would we go again? We would not. And neither are we listening any more to these programs which do not produce what is called for. Are they getting inefficient, or old and lazy?

I am speaking for the members of the Question and Answer Club. We have asked a question, will some one give an answer?

Mrs. G. N. Rowsland,
Oil City, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
RADIO AS A MEANS TO PEACE

Radio may now step in and accomplish what diplomats, conferences, treaties and leagues have failed to do. That is, pave the way to world peace. The British people took full advantage of radio facilities in their recent constitutional crisis. Consequently. Americans now see their English cousins in an entirely different light. If we have criticized them before, we now praise and admire them. Why? Simply because we understand them. Nothing but the marvels of radio could accomplish this!

Due to the (Continued on page 93)

“Camay keeps my skin looking Fresh as a Daisy”

SAYS THIS CAPTIVATING OHIO BRIDE

Cleveland, Ohio

I have two hobbies, Camay and dancing.
Camay is so delightful to use—it keeps my skin looking fresh as a daisy.

(Signed) Ann Hunt,
(Mrs. Fredric Hunt)

February 27, 1937

FROM her dancing brown eyes to her dancing feet, the new Mrs. Hunt is such a vital, radiant young beauty. Everything about her is glowing and natural—even to her exquisite Camay Complexion!

She keeps her skin lovely, as you should yours, by simple care with deep-cleansing Camay. Camay is right for your skin—a beauty soap that gives your face the gentle, thorough, stimulating cleansing it needs for brighter beauty.

Then Camay’s so pleasant—mild and delightfully fragrant. Mildness in a beauty soap is very important. And Camay, tested time after time against all other leading soaps, is definitely, provably milder.

Buy Camay today. The price is small—the rewards are great.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

BY
RUSS KING

ALONG THE WAVES

ST. LOUIS: Lynne Loray, young St. Louis actress and KMOX staff member for three years, is the new directress of that station's Let's Compare Notes, daily woman's program. Lynne features subjects of particular feminine interest, especially in fashions and Hollywood chatter.

Josephine Halpin, directress of the Let's Compare Notes program for the past two years, has inaugurated a new fifteen-minute program, One Woman's Opinion, heard daily over KMOX.

* * *

Hollywood: KNX announcer Art Gilmore is proving his voice wasn't meant only for mere words. He is now dividing his mike chores with a four o'clock Saturday afternoon singing program of his own, announced as Soliloquy in Song.

* * *

KANSAS CITY, Kan.: What used to be station WLBF at 1420 kilocycles is now KCKN at 1310, by permission of the Federal Communications Commission.

* * *

DES MOINES, Ia.: Not only did Gene and Glenn spend last summer sponsored on The Cornbelt Network, as we wrote some time ago in answer to their fans who showered us with letters following the article, "Yesterdays Stars—Where Are They?," but they are in their second year on the staff of WHO in Des Moines. (Continued on page 58)
A SECRET FORMULA MAKES
THIS TOOTH PASTE AN EXQUISITE

Beauty Bath for Teeth

• Delicate . . . gentle . . . fragrant . . . the dainty
cleansers in Listerine Tooth Paste are combined in a
special beauty formula which no other tooth paste has.
You get results that simply astonish you. Many a
New York and Hollywood beauty familiar with every
type will use only this gentler, beauty-giving dentifrice.

A Fragrant Milky Bath

Listerine Tooth Paste first sweeps away from teeth and
gums that greasy coat that makes them look old. Then
it forms a fragrant, milky white solution that bathes
the teeth from gum to tip and permits their natural
brilliance to stand revealed. They flash . . . they gleam . . .
they attract . . . the entire mouth feels fresh . . . invigorated.

Precious Enamel Ever Safe

You need not regard this dentifrice with suspicion. It
is not too harsh, as so many are. Not one of its ingredi-
ents can possibly harm precious enamel. Actual tests
show that, after the equivalent of 10 years of twice-a-
day brushing, the enamel is unmarred and brilliant.
Why not see for yourself how this tooth paste beau-
tifies your teeth? Why not try the beauty bath that
famous beauties use?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

More than ¼ POUND
of tooth paste in the double
size tube • 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢
"I'm going to flop."

Horace Heidt was talking—not the handsome, meticulously groomed gentleman who leads the brilliant Brigadiers on CBS and Mutual air waves, but a nervous, ragged-looking fellow, on the eve of his band's debut at New York's Hotel Biltmore.

The Californian was listening to a balance test made of his band. This is a routine test for radio broadcasts from hotels, restaurants, and other programs that do not emanate from the broadcast studios. The band usually plays from a vacant room, soon to be filled with white ties and orchids. Now it is just a cold, rehearsal hall. The leader sits in a tiny control room at broadcast headquarters. By telephone the leader shouts instructions to his concert master, who directs the band in the leader's absence. In this case Art Thorsen, Heidt's bass player, is the pinch-hitter.

Heidt had been absent from the big metropolis for four years. Few of his musicians had ever seen New York. Now he was back, scared stiff.

"Listen, Horace," I said, trying to cheer him up, "you'll knock 'em dead!"

He did. Originally signed to play a limited engagement of six weeks, word comes as we go to press that Heidt will remain at the Biltmore indefinitely, possibly two years.
But even this success has failed to remove his inferiority complex. He’s still worrying.

George Hall, amiable CBS conductor, who holds the record for continuous work in one hotel—The Taft in New York—and the greatest number of remote broadcasts on a coast-to-coast network, plays few out-of-town engagements because he hates sleeping on pullmans. But this summer he is planning an extensive tour through the Southland.

Seldom a hundred miles away from Broadway, George’s fan mail comes mostly from California and states south of the Mason and Dixon line.

BACK OF THE BANDSTAND
Little Jack Little left his band in Chicago to organize a new one in New York. The boys in the Windy City are running the outfit on cooperative basis ... Ted Fio Rito will have a new NBC commercial emanating from Los Angeles this spring ... Rudy Vallee is now a manager in his own right, handling New England’s favorite baritone, Ranny Weeks, and his old Yale friend, Sleepy Hall. The latter is touring with a dance band ... Joe Haymes, an able swing merchant and arranger, has turned the band over to vocalist Barry McKinley. Joe says he would rather arrange—he has made several stabs as a maestro but is now convinced he works better behind the scenes ... In case you’ve been wondering what ever happened to Angelo Ferdinando, he is now known as Don Ferdi. His band is currently heard over NBC from the Cocoanut Grove niterly near Bridgeport, Conn.

This is the “coming-out” season. Society is bidding for good orchestras to play at debutante affairs and all-night parties. Just recently the Philadelphia veddy veddy Wideners threw a $125,000 party, and the Meyer Davis orchestra took a healthy cut of the melon. Orchestras listed as “society bands” are as busy as bees.

Though the names of Joseph V. Smith, Emil Coleman, Al Donahue, and Meyer Davis are not well known to radio listeners, they are prime favorites with the so-called “400.”

Such orchestras seldom use brass; feature plenty of piano melodies and routine arrangements. Radio fans prefer swing, torrid trumpets, and brilliant orchestrations. Seldom sold commercially on the airwaves, these bands through their society connections, make almost as much money as Messrs. Kemp, Kostelanetz and Kyser.

Just recently a gay young blade thought it would be a good idea to import Al Donahue’s band en masse to his home in Bermuda. He chartered a flock of first (Continued on page 90)

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative

SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—even in minor matters.

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will approve a laxative, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, “Does my laxative qualify on every point?”

THE DOCTOR’S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:
It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved 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 EVERY DEMAND
Ex-Lax passes this test with colors flying! Ex-Lax fulfills every requirement. In fact, Ex-Lax meets these demands so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families. And Ex-Lax has helped so many millions of other people ... people you know, probably ... that they have made it the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

TRY EX-LAX ... FEEL BETTER
Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you’ll find Ex-Lax so mild, so free from violence. It affords thorough relief from constipation, without strain, stomach pains or nausea.

The easy, comfortable action of Ex-Lax leaves you feeling better ... looking better ... with a greater zest for enjoying life. Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

One more advantage—Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it, you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

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)
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 let-
ters from women all over the country
in every mail... because we find that
most Perfolastic wearers reduce more than
3 inches in ten days... we believe we 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.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise
You need not diet or deny yourself the
good things of life. You need take no
dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You
are absolutely SAFE when you wear the
Perfolastic Girdle.

Appear Smaller At Once
You appear inches smaller the minute
you step into your Perfolastic and then
quickly, comfortably... without effort
on your part... it takes off the unwanted
inches at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the
spots where fat first accumulates.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 38"
"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything!"
Mrs. E. Paul, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 65/8 INCHES"
"I lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6 5/8 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 tried."
Miss Ouida Broome, Branniff Manor, N. Y.

"Reduced My Hips 8 Inches" says Miss Healy
"I am so enthusiastic about the won-
nerful results from Perfolastic Girdle.
It seems almost impossible that my hips
have been reduced 9 inches without the
slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 259
Park Avenue, New York.

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds."
Mrs. F. P. Derry, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshalk Vallen Calit.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scuttadle, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size
36."
Miss Mildred DuBos, 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 Billie Bryan, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASIERE
... 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 so 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, silken lining feels
next to the body... hear the ad-
miring comments of friends.
Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated
booklet, giving details of garments, details of our 10-
day trial offer and many amaz-
ing letters from Perfolastic wearers.
Mail coupon today.

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 284, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfola
Girdle and Overgirdle, also sample of perfo-
rated material and particulars of your
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name________________________
Address_____________________ City________________________
State________________________

Palmolive Beauty Box, starrung Jessica Draganette, at 9:30 Wednesday on CBS, got off to a shaky start when Miss Draganette had to stay
in bed with the flu. Lanny Ross, rushed in as a last minute substitute, did a very special job of pinch hitting. Ruby Mercer in the feminine lead did
practically as well. It's amazing how easily this program squeezes a whole musical comedy into the brief space of thirty minutes and still allows time
for soap to be sold. I'll still take the Beauty Box in a full hour, but I'm not paying the bills. If you were a staunch fan of the old Beauty Box, I think
you'll like this as the next best thing.

WATCH THE FUN GO BY, with
Al Pearce and his gang, Tuesday on
CBS at 9:00, is the first of the two
half-hour shows which take the place
of Fred Waring's orchestra. Al's a
veteran air comedian, and he has most
of his veteran gang with him—Tizzi
Lish, Arlene Harris, Elmer Blurp, Lord
Gilgewater, and EB and Zeb (EB and
Elmer, in case you didn't know, being
Al himself). Not all of them on each
program, however. Sometimes the hu-
By Selector

HAL KEMP, Friday at 8:30 on CBS, is the new Chesterfield maestro, taking Andre Kostelanetz’ place on the sponsor’s second half-hour of the week. Hal, by enlarging his band and annexing Kay Thompson and her singers, has produced a very musical, very danceable half-hour. It’s a pleasant way to start a weekend. You quickly get in the mood of doing things. Tune in for the latest contribution to good jazz.

RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE, Sunday over the NBC Blue network at 9:15, features Judy Canova and the rest of her family, Frank Parker, and Shep Fields. In a half-hour it manages to leave a pleasant impression. Fields’ Rippling Rhythm is much better when taken in these small doses. Parker’s singing seems better than ever, and Judy, with Annie and Zeke, is fairly funny even when she digs up jokes that should have been left buried in peace. If Sunday symphonies are too much for you, here’s the answer.

1937 Edition of Twin Stars, broadcast Friday at 9:30 on the NBC Blue network, ought to be called Triplet Stars, because it has three—Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Buddy Rogers. Aided by a top-notch script, Helen and Victor successfully move their movie characteristics into radio, Helen acid and wise-cracking, Victor confused and unhappy. Buddy leads his orchestra to care for the musical end of the proceedings.

Floyd Gibbons’ True Adventures, Thursday at 10:00 on CBS, is another of the currently popular tries at bringing the drama of real life to the loudspeaker. It’s a successful try, too. A couple of Floyd’s dramatized thrills had the short hairs bristling on the back of my neck.

MA AND PA, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday on CBS at 7:15, picked New England as the locale and Parker Fennelly and Margaret Dee as the two leads.

AFTER THE MOVIES...
D-A-Z-Z-L-I-N-G LIGHTS

“powder must not show up all chalky”

A quick dab at your face as you leave the movie. Then out into the bright lights! Are you wondering how your powder looks? Dreading its showing up terribly?

In a recent inquiry, Pond’s got twice the vote of the next-liked powder for not showing up in strong light. Pond’s colors are “glare-proof.” They catch only the softer rays of light. Never look “powdery” even in the hardest light.


FREE 5 “Glaré-Proof” Shades

POND’S, Dept. ARM-PD, Chicago, III. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond’s “Glaré-proof” Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

(This offer expires June 1, 1937)

Name

Address

Copyright, 1937, Pond’s Extract Company
ARE REPORTS THAT THIS GREAT SHOWMAN IS GOING TO DROP HIS AMATEURS REALLY TRUE? HERE IS HIS FIRST STATEMENT WRITTEN FOR PUBLICATION. READ WHAT HIS ACTUAL PLANS ARE!

When the March issue of Radio Mirror went on sale carrying the article "Is Major Bowes Dropping His Amateurs?" the Major was asked to answer the questions this story raised and to reply to the author's conclusion that all signs pointed to the necessity of Major Bowes turning to a new kind of program. Here is his reply, published as he wrote it himself. It is thoroughly revealing.

THANK you for the advance copy of your article relative to amateur hours appearing in the March issue of the Radio Mirror. I found it most friendly and interesting although I believe the article erred in many of its conclusions.

Insofar as amateur hours on the radio are concerned, I can speak only for my own program. When I originated this form of radio amateur hour, it was followed by a great many other programs patterned after it, on both local stations and national networks.

These other programs were similar in the respect that all used amateurs as talent. The fact that almost all of those including all of the national amateur hours have since disappeared from the air, has no bearing on my own particular Amateur Hour.

What is important is that these amateur programs in leaving the air have given as their reason, a dearth of amateurs. They have simply announced that no more amateurs were available and one particular sponsor went as far as to announce that every amateur of talent in the New York area had already been given an opportunity. These statements were made all-embracing and the impression created that my program, too, was confronted with this insoluble problem.

(Continued on page 101)
Miss Mimi Richardson shows how she wears the new "Smoky" Nail Shades

Then, go over your own wardrobe. You can make yourself look smarter and fresher—and twice as feminine—in clothes worn with the right "smoky" shades of Cutex.

Polish by Cutex is famous for its lustre and its long wear without peeling or cracking. And the new formula resists both fading in sunny climes and thickening in the bottle. It evaporates less than half as much as ordinary polishes. You can use it right down to the last gay drop.

Make your fingers as glamorous as "Mimi's." You can afford to buy at least 3 beautiful shades—at only 35¢ a large bottle. 11 smart shades to choose from. At your favorite shop anywhere.


If you go south, "Mimi" says, you wear Rust on suntanned fingers with all your sports clothes. In town it's perfect with all the blues and greens. A big favorite with blondes.

"Mimi" says Old Rose is just made for those difficult wine shades. A dusky feminine rose without a bit of yellow in it. Lovely with pastels, too.

At last a deep red, so dusky and soft that even men like it. Robin Red is a find, "Mimi" claims, because everyone can wear it with everything. Smartest of all with black for town.

BERMUDA. Miss Mimi Richardson, smart New Yorker, wears in a water-green bathing suit and Cutex Rust nails on fingers and toes.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Miss Mimi Richardson, in wine chiffon and Cutex Old Rose nails, dines and dances with a well-known noble foreigner.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y. Miss Mimi Richardson inspects a famous polo player's "string" in smart black tweeds with Cutex Robin Red nails.

POPULAR with half a dozen smart sets, pretty "Mimi" knows all about clothes—and how to make them do the most for her.

She's tremendously impressed with the flattering new Cutex "smoky" nail shades. "Their smoky softness makes ordinary polishes look terribly crude," she says.

Cut out the figures above, if you like, and get the effect of "Mimi's" 3 favorite Cutex "smoky" shades with the different color costumes.

8 other smart Cutex shades

BURGUNDY—New deep, purply wine shade. Wear with pastels, black, white, wine, blue.

ROSE—Lovely with pastels, correct with difficult colors.

CORAL—Charming with beige, gray, green, black, dark brown.

RUBY—Goes with any color—safe accent for black.

NATURAL—Safe with the most vivid shades, smart for active sports.

Also Mauve, Light Rust and bright Cardinal.

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 3 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 10c.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-4 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. (In Canada, P. O. Box 3520, Montreal)

I enclose 10c to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve □ Rust □ Burgundy □ Robin Red □ Old Rose □

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________________ State__________
Rounding the World Calendar

of a California Lady

Mrs. Rufus Fair Spalding

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house
Midnight snacks at Hollywood’s “Troc”
Bridge and Polo at Midwick
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito

Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback
New York for important “opening nights”
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe
Annual visit to her husband’s estate in Kauai, Hawaii

The beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband’s sloop “Hurulu,” is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. “Camels are so mild,” she says, “they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!” Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood’s Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: “Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here.”

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE
Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any
other popular brand.

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel’s costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia       Mrs. Alexander Blanc, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston               Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2d, Boston     Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. Charles Delancy Langhamer, Virginia  Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore  Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago           Mrs. Brookfield Van Remsbergen, New York

For Digestion’s Sake—Smoke Camels
THERE is little hero-worship among the people who move through the region of brick and stone and lights that is New York City from Forty-second to Fiftieth Streets, between Sixth and Eighth Avenues.

That little parcel of ground is the Roaring Forties, and its people live by, of, and for the stage. And the years have left them hard-bitten, tough, and cynical, without the time or inclination to give anyone more than his just due of praise—or maybe a little less than that.

But there's one man they worship, these smooth-faced old veterans of the footlights. They worship him in little groups under the tawdry lights of Broadway, or in the paler glow of a half-hundred hotel rooms—wherever one or two of them gather to ask, “What's new?”

He is a lean caustic fellow, and his name is Fred Allen. You and I may measure his brilliance by the things he says on Town Hall Tonight each Wednesday over the

NBC Red network, but the old trouper-ers of vaudeville remember him for the remark he made to the manager of the old Palace in Tuscaloosa or what he did to the famous moocher while playing the New England circuit ten years ago. To them, he is one of their own kind who has become legendary—a man whose code is more fair than fairness itself, whose loyalty is unquestioned and whose own past exploits add glamour to their profession and therefore—though indirectly—to them.

Several months ago, when Fred announced that he was opening the amateur portion of his hour-long program to professionals who thought there might be some place for them in radio, he received letters from old-timers who had played every circuit in the country with him. The general tenor of them ran like this:

“Freddie, we've always known that if there was one person in the world who would remember the people who have proven their ability over and over, it would be you. The amateurs have had their fling and we've sat back, letting them have it. Now it is our turn—and, mister, we're going to deliver for you.”

The Roaring Forties, the most publicized section of any city in America, are with the writer of that letter to a man. Why? Well, to find out, we talked to some of the old timers who have already appeared during the latter half of the program. We learned that Fred Allen has done (Continued on page 84)
AT LAST! TRUTH ABOUT
Dick Powell Quitting
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

THE ROMANTIC AND
DRAMATIC STORY OF
A BOY WHO LOVED
A GIRL AND FOUND
THE COURAGE TO
RISK HIS STARDOM

THE title of this, except for
copyright laws, might have
been "Boy Meets Girl." It was
as simple as that, actually. Boy
Meets Girl—Dick Powell meets
Joan Blondell—and Dick Powell
leaves Hollywood Hotel.
That is what really happened.
That is the one true story which
explains why one of radio's big-
gest programs has bade farewell to
its brightest star. No one has at-
tempted to give you the facts or
explain what you deserve to know
—why you have lost Dick Powell.
Dick left with as brief an an-
nouncement as though he had been
going for a week's vacation.
The story could never have been
kept hidden. It is too sweet and
Dick can really enjoy his night-clubbing now that he escorts Joan instead of having to be seen with his newest leading lady—only one of the important changes in his life which were made possible by his marriage.

Then he set about learning the show business—really learning it. He studied theater management, song writing, orchestral scoring, box office finance, the problem of the movie exhibitor. It was to be his life work and he was going to know everything about it.

He did the job so well in Pittsburgh that Hollywood heard about him. That is history, but there is an unwritten chapter in this history which supplies a very important link in the story of why Dick Powell quit Hollywood Hotel.

Only a few months after Dick landed in Hollywood, he was Movieland's unhappiest young man. Tickled to death at first because he had signed a long term contract which gave him his first financial security, two things happened, in rapid succession, that killed his first thrill of working at an undreamed of salary. First, as he explained to me, "I was shoved into one picture after another regardless of its merits. And then, even worse, I had to undergo what they call a build-up campaign."

It was this combination—the (Continued on page 65)
THOUSANDS WROTE IN ASKING FOR THEIR FAVORITE RADIO SERIAL TO COME BACK, BUT ONLY A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER SON MADE IT POSSIBLE

MYRTLE VAIL won't want her son George to read this story. There are too many things in it she would rather not have him know. But I hope he does read it. If he's the boy I think he is, it will make him very happy.

It's entirely a radio story. It couldn't possibly have happened in any other profession. Which is rather odd, because it's also one of the oldest, and sweetest, stories in the world. It's about a mother who kept at what seemed to be a losing fight, putting aside all her personal hopes and dreams—simply that she might give her son the chance he needed if he was to preserve his happiness and self-respect.

Myrt and Marge are back on the air now. To their thousands of fans it seemed only natural that they should return. After all, in their five years of broadcasting for one sponsor they had become one of radio's institutions. It was unthinkable that they might not return.

It wasn't unthinkable to the world of radio, however, nor to Myrt herself. When Myrt and Marge went off the air last April, and for a long time after that, the odds were a good two to one that you would never listen to them again. There were so many reasons why they might not come back—and there's only one reason why they finally did. There is only one reason why Myrtle Vail isn't in Hollywood now, writing scenarios. One reason—her son.

Myrt was tired, bitterly tired, when the program went off the air. No one who hasn't written and acted in five fifteen-minute radio scripts a week, every week, knows what a drain it is upon mental and physical resources. For five years, with only brief summer rests, she had been subjecting herself to that routine; and now, suddenly, she was brought face to face with the question, had it been worth while?

The sponsors of Myrt and Marge had suddenly bought another program, and their contract hadn't been renewed for the next year. In addition, they were going off the air two weeks before they had (Continued on page 71)
For the broadcast time of Myrt and Marge, sponsored by Super Suds, please turn to page 52.
Francia White, above, is the petite brunette who has had two enviable network jobs in one season. First she sang duets with Nelson Eddy; then, when he went on tour, she joined Fred Astaire’s program.

Blonde, and pert is Lucille Manners who took over Jessica Dragonette’s role as prima donna of The Cities Service Concerts when Jessica left to star in a new CBS show.
The answer to every college boy's dream in the line of girl friends is Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford—whose taste in escorts, so they say, runs to collegians!
Brunette and alluring is Shirley Lloyd (right), Ozzie Nelson’s tiny singer on his commercial and late night dance program. She sang with Chicago bands before she joined Ozzie’s.

When Kathleen Wilson, left, is seen on the screen playing her radio role of Claudia in Hollywood’s version of One Man’s Family, our prediction is that she’ll find a permanent place for herself in moving pictures.
Exotic is always the word for Gertrude Niesen, left. Her radio success led her to the star part in "Top of the Town," a new Universal picture. You hear her as a guest on the air.

Willie Morris, right, singing star of the Musical Camera series Sunday afternoon, is exactly what you think of when you say "typical American girl"—fresh, winsome, and independent as can be!
HOW LUX THEATER
HOLLYWOOD'S

THE STARS OF THE WORLD'S
SNOOTIEST TOWN HAD NEVER
DREAMED OF MEETING EACH
OTHER, UNTIL THIS SHOW—

Jean Harlow, above, had never met Robert Taylor until a Lux broadcast, although both worked for MGM.

Taylor, left, found Harlow so good a co-worker their studio has decided to cast them in a picture.

SOMETHING is happening to Hollywood the invulnerable, the impenetrable, the town of a thousand stars who have never met each other and who, until recently, never even wanted to. It's nothing you can stand around and watch, but it is stirring Hollywood to its depths just as much as though it were a first class, house-crumbling earthquake. It's the most far reaching event since this citadel of films became wired for sound, and it's all because a radio program suddenly moved in and set up shop.

Society barriers, those invisible and cruelly sharp fences that in Hollywood keep all the stars in their own backyards, are melting away, and the stars are getting out to play, they're getting around, making friends with people they'd never dreamed of knowing six months ago. Snootiness,
impersonality, and fear of rivals are being tossed into the Pacific Ocean as fast as each week’s broadcast comes and goes.

That is what has happened since the Lux Radio Theater came to town. It arrived unannounced and in less than a year it has stalked off the victor by a wide margin. The Lux Theater is smashing Hollywood’s society barriers, and everyone is having the best darn time of his life.

It did it in a lot of different ways and now that most of the shooting is over, it seems only natural that it should have happened. But it didn’t last June when the first of the Hollywood broadcasts of the Lux Theater went out over the air.

Last June the film city’s society barriers were as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar before airplanes had motors. They picked the stars’ friends for them and dictated the kind of people they could marry and the kind of parties they could give and could go to.

No one could recall the last time a star had married an extra, it had been so long ago. Everyone knew that if a star had, it would have been a major social error and would have earned him the entire town’s cold shoulder. If you were a star you might marry an unimportant person in some other profession—if you loved the (Continued on page 94)
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Here is the story most of you have requested to be broadcast again, ready for you to read—

"The Phantom of the Coal Fields"

Editor's Note: On February 13th, the Gang Busters program finished its first year of broadcasting each Wednesday night over the CBS network of stations. Fifty-two memorable broadcasts that have won an ever increasing number of listeners. Radio Mirror is happy to be able to give you the Gang Busters broadcast you have chosen by your letters as the most exciting program and the one you wanted most to be put on the air again. Because of limitations imposed on the sponsors they are unable to repeat any programs. But now you can read "The Phantom of the Coal Fields" here in complete story form.

March 11, 1922. Captain James McGinley of the Pittsburgh police took his ease in his office. Nothing was happening except routine stuff—two stolen cars, a street accident—nothing to get excited about. The dictograph on his desk buzzed sharply, and he snapped the switch. The thin voice of the policeman on a downtown beat said:

"Flash! Hold-up at the corner of Pitt and Allen Streets. Bandits escaped in dark gray sedan with $15,000 payroll. Leader believed to be the Phantom. That is all."

"Get your hat, Lieutenant!" McGinley shouted. "We're going down there with a squad. This Phantom's getting in our hair."

"Flash! Payroll hold-up on trolley car at Thornton Street. Bandits shot guard, escaped with $25,000. Looks like the Phantom's work. No clues. That is all."

"Not again!" McGinley exploded. "Two hold-ups, miles apart, at almost the same time. He must have an organi-
December 23, 1922. An automobile carrying the $28,000 payroll of the Beadling Mines turned off the highway onto Cochrane Run Road near Pittsburgh. Ahead of it was a motorcycle guard.

"Watch it, Masterson," said one of the men in the payroll car. "You're too close to Dennis."

"He's all right, Mr. Rice," said the driver. "He's the best motorcycle guard we've ever had. Just watch the way he rides."

"He'd better be," Rice said grimly. "This payroll is just about big enough to make the Phantom want to talk to us."

There was a sharp explosion, and the motorcycle in front of them swerved, tossing its driver into the road.

"Look out! Dennis has blown a tire!" Rice exclaimed. The driver slammed on his brakes too late to prevent the car from striking the guard's prostrate body.

"We hit him! I told you we were too close to him," Rice cried as they jumped from the car and ran back to Dennis. They started to lift him, then Rice stopped, staring. "That's a bullet hole in his chest!"

"Stick 'em up—quick," came in (Continued on page 77)
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Above, one of the rare Sadhus Ripley finally found, after his dangerous search.

This is the cliff the famous cartoonist scaled to see for himself unbelievable hermits.

RIPLEY'S Thrilling

By JACK JAMISON

There's no adventure in traveling," Bob Ripley said wistfully. "When people tell me they travel to have adventures I don't believe them. Traveling isn't adventurous. It's just going somewhere."

Coming from one of this century's most confirmed globetrotters, that statement ought to deserve consideration. It doesn't. Believe it or not, Bob Ripley was talking through his hat when he made it. I know, because he went on to tell me about his latest trip, the one he took not long ago to India; and enough thrilling things happened to him on that journey to make the average man want to spend the rest of his life in the peace and quiet of Broadway and
Search

FOR INDIA'S WEIRDEST CULT

Up a thousand foot cliff in a basket, through the slums of native Arabian quarters, he followed the elusive trail into the land of religious fanatics.

The only explanation of Bob's curious attitude is that he's become so used to adventure he doesn't recognize it when it steps up and bites him.

Even the purposes of the trip was something I wouldn't care to take on single-handed. Bob wanted to find the Saddhus, mysterious Hindu religious fanatics. He'd heard weird and often horrible stories about them—poor, misguided souls, living their lives under strange self-inflicted tortures—and he wanted to see them.

- Bob never goes straight to a place, nor does he ever travel by the main routes. He makes (Continued on page 80)
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Above, one of the rare Sadhus Ripley finally found, after his dangerous search. This is the cliff the famous cartoonist scaled to see for himself unbelievable hermits.

The monkey man—a Sadhu who vowed forty years ago never to walk upright again. He's proud he hasn't.

RILEY'S
Thrilling
Search
FOR INDIA'S WEIRDEST CULT

Up a thousand foot cliff in a basket, through the slums of native Arabian quarters, he followed the elusive trail into the land of religious fanatics.

40-Second Street and adjacent taxi-infested environs.

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A NEW KIND OF MARRIAGE FOR

When Mary Pickford became engaged to Buddy Rogers, it was news—but there are bigger headlines in the way they've planned for the future.

By Mary Watkins Reeves

In the best Hollywood tradition, when a couple marry, it's a streamlined romance from ring to Reno. Love at first sight... Plane dash to Yuma... Headlines... Honeymoon at some very swank resort... Home. At home, in the best Hollywood tradition, the last thing the bride would ever think of doing would be burning a biscuit, turning down a dinner date with an old beau or letting her husband interfere with her career; and the last thing the groom would ever think of doing would be encouraging burnt biscuits, forgetting his old flames or letting a wife interfere with his personal liberty.

It's the gay new mode. It's modern marriage.

But America's Boyfriend and America's Sweetheart don't give a fig for Hollywood tradition. For them it wasn't love at first sight, they won't elope, they'll honeymoon at home, and settle down to live in direct contrast to most of their neighbors.

Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford are going to have a new kind of old-fashioned marriage.

Picture a queen who shuts the great doors of her castle behind her forever and goes to seek her happiness in the ordinary life of an ordinary woman. She is stepping out of the spotlighted showplace that was the castle, into the quiet unpretentiousness of a ranch house in the hills. Trading her formal hostess gowns for gay little aprons, her social secretaries for a phone that won't ring too often. Tearing
up an old life's roots that were wrapped about costly furnishings and glistening parquet floors, visiting royalty and shimmering chandeliers; transplanting those roots to modest surroundings and a simple regime. She is exchanging pomp for peace, circumstance for contentment—and gladly.

The queen is a fair little lady with tired eyes and a heart eager to be rid of its awful loneliness. She is Mary Pickford on the day she leaves Pickfair to become the bride of Buddy Rogers.

Picture a tall and strikingly handsome man who has known the rare thrill, the rewards, the ego-satisfying success of being an idol. Adored of women the world around, sought after by hostesses, befriended by many of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood, innumerable paths to romance constantly beckoning him. He is leaving all that, the free and casual and exciting life of a popular young bachelor, to settle down with one woman and one romance. To come home promptly to the usual dinners-for-two on a card table before the fire. To take on the responsibilities, the ties and inevitable routine of marriage—and gladly.

The idol is a more quiet man than you'd expect, with gently charming manners and eyes most noticeably lighted by happiness and expectations. He is Buddy Rogers on the day he becomes the husband of Mary Pickford.

This new life for these two will in almost every way be a direct contrast to their pasts. Perhaps for that very reason it is so much the life they want. They have decided upon it, planned for it. For Buddy and Mary are much like two weary travelers who, having met many times on the highway, meet again in surprise one day to discover that all along each had been blindly searching for the other.

"It was last July when I returned to Hollywood," Buddy told me, "that we began to go together steadily for the first time. Up until then we seldom saw each other more than once a year when our paths would accidentally cross in New York or Chicago. I was traveling with my band, you see..."
I'll Love You In My Dreams

Words and Music by
ABEL BAER, HORACE HEIDT, and BENE RUSSELL

Here it is—the romantic theme song Horace Heidt wrote for his radio show.
THE SONG'S STORY:

Back in 1924, Horace Heidt was very much in love with a girl who didn’t love him. She didn’t even want to go out with him. Every night, instead of dancing with the girl he loved, Horace used to go to bed and dream of her—and in his dreams she loved him too! He wrote this song then, around his real-life love drama. Later, Abel Baer and Benee Russell helped him revise it, and he has used it ever since for his theme... But after he’d written the song, he married a different girl!
BUSY SINGER BOWE—Plainfield, N. J., boasts that Morton Bowe began his singing career there as a choir boy. Later he was a linotype operator, and now he has four network programs—Five Star Revue, Mid-day Matinee, Dress Rehearsal and Jack Pearl. He began his radio career as a member of the Cavaliers Quartet.

MORTIMER’S BETTY LOU—Louise Fitch, the cute Betty Lou of the Mortimer Gooch series on CBS, is just twenty-two and hails from Nebraska. After college she decided radio was her natural career and landed a job on the Betty Crocker programs. From there she went on to a small part in Betty and Bob, which she still has.

FOR YOUR RADIO

AMOS’ RUBY—Amos’ beloved Ruby Taylor, when she appears on the air, is played by Elinor Harriot, beautiful Chicago radio actress. She also is one of the leads in Bachelor’s Children on CBS. Born in Duluth, Elinor has traveled far professionally, and has been in stage productions with actors Walter Hampden and Henry Hull.

VIC AND SADE’S RUSH—Billy Idelson was born in Forest Park, Ill., seventeen years ago. By the time he was thirteen he’d participated in more than one thousand broadcasts and still managed to keep up on his studies, look after his pet dogs, and fish. He thinks radio work is fun, but he wants most to be on the stage.
AND MORTIMER HIMSELF—Bob Bailey, who plays the title role in CBS' weekly Mortimer Gooch sketches, was born in Toledo, Ohio, on Friday the thirteenth of the year before the war. He started a theatrical career as a handbill distributor (salary, $5 a week) and progressed to a wild west show in the recent Chicago Fair.

RADIO HANDYMAN CLAIRE—Malcolm Claire plays many roles around Chicago radio studios, best-loved of which was his Spare Ribs on the Sinclair Minstrels. He also writes his own Uncle Mal program for the kids. He is thirty-eight years old and still retains his pleasant Alabama drawl after years in vaudeville and radio.

SCRAPBOOK

FORD SYMPHONY'S CAMERON—A former reporter and for eighteen years a business associate of Henry Ford, W. J. Cameron brings you interesting and informative talks during intermission time on the Ford Symphony hour, Sunday nights on CBS. He's modest, does not like publicity, and writes all his talks himself.

PATTY IN TODAY'S CHILDREN—Frances Carlon has been lucky enough to find three outlets for her talents—the stage, movies, and radio. Her screen work included "White Parade" and "Music in the Air." Only a year in radio, she has already gained the part of Patty Moran in Today's Children, heard daily over NBC.
GULF'S GOOD MAESTRO—Oscar Bradley's music is remembered most for its association with Will Rogers. Oscar is now the orchestra leader for the Phil Baker program on OBS. His career has led him from conductor of the St. Louis Municipal Opera to screen maestro of Shirley Temple pictures. His parents were British.

GOLD MEDAL DIRECTOR—Eric Sagerquist was born in Sweden some thirty years ago and got his first job playing fiddle in a nickelodeon, when he was twelve. He made his radio debut in Frank Westphal's orchestra and now he has become musical director for the whole Gold Medal Hour heard weekday mornings on CBS.

SERENADER—Freddy Martin is coming back stronger than ever this winter. Heard on NBC Sundays as the Penthouse Serenade conductor, his band broadcasts on many sustaining spots during the week. Freddy is an orphan who learned to play the drums successfully enough to bring him fame, fortune, and love.

MIDNIGHT MYSTIC—One of NBC's best bets for late listeners is a man his audiences have never even seen. Shandor, whose music weaves a spell around thousands of devoted fans, was born in Hungary forty years ago. Ever since he was old enough to distinguish notes, he has had a passion for gypsy music. He always plays it.
VALLEE'S NEWEST FIND—Edgar Bergen did a thing no one thought possible in radio by scoring a sensational hit with a ventriloquist act on Rudy Vallee’s Variety hour. Bergen graduated from Northwestern University and acquired his dummy, Charlie McCarthy, sixteen years ago. He may soon have his own broadcasts.

HOPEFULS' FRIEND—Haven MacQuarrie is the guiding genius behind the NBC program, Do You Want to Be an Actor, which took Good Will Court’s place. MacQuarrie has been an actor, writer, dramatic critic, auto salesman, and for the past sixteen years a vaudeville star with the same act that he has on the radio.

FUNNY HENNY—Kate Smith is responsible for another outstanding new comedian on the air. She discovered Henry (Henny) Youngman in the Yacht Club in New York and hustled him to her Thursday evening program. He drew overnight attention. Henry began his career of making people laugh heartily when he was only nine.

FAVORITE PIONEER—In the days of silent pictures, Fred Niblo was a famous producer and pioneer. Now he’s pioneering in a new field by putting on the air every Wednesday night over NBC Professional Parade, a full hour program for the sole benefit of singers and actors who can’t find employment.
NOT so many years ago, a young Italian, Rudolph Valentino, held the fluttering pulses of millions of feminine Americans in the palm of his hand.

A long, intent, hypnotic look from Rudy, up there on the silver screen, would cause any stately matron to feel weak around the knees and light in the head.

It started the Latin-lover legend. Or maybe it isn’t a legend—I’m not going to get mixed up in any international argument. Maybe Latin men, take them as a class, are dashing, amorous, imperious, demanding, passionate, cruelly tender, ruthlessly adorable, and all the rest of it. I just know one who isn’t.

I know one who is shy and bashful and given to blushing and entirely too amiable for his own good. His name is Nino Martini.

Nino’s life is one heeg peck of girl trouble. They bother him, they chase him, they write him lies, and they make his life miserable.

It’s all the Latin-lover legend’s fault. Nino is dark haired and dark eyed; he has a glorious tenor voice; and he’s a Latin. What else is needed to prove that he’s the perfect Latin-lover type?

Nothing, unfortunately for Nino.

On the other hand, let’s be perfectly fair. Nino doesn’t realize it, but he, not the legend, is responsible for a lot of the hot water he gets into. He’s just so darn gullible and kind hearted that he really needs a bodyguard. He’s had plenty of chances to learn his lesson, but maybe experience isn’t the swell teacher it’s reputed to be. Anyway, Nino hasn’t learned it. I’ll bet you right now that he’ll fall for the next hard-luck story some love-stricken girl pours into his receptive ears.

I’ll never forget the night I watched Nino broadcast in one of Columbia’s Manhattan playhouses. He’d returned, not long before, from making pictures in Hollywood, and this, plus the fact that he was being starred on the Chesterfield program, packed the theater to the rafters.

Seventy per cent of the guests—I’m not exaggerating—were girls and women. They got there early. The first three rows looked like a cross section, or a convention, from a dozen girls’ schools.

After Nino’s first song six of these delicious young women, in the first row, rose and waved what appeared to be a dozen handkerchiefs at him. They yelled at the top of their voices, and carried on until an usher came down to quiet them!

At the close of the program they took up the heaviest barrage of handkerchief waving, and yelling, and whistling, that I have ever seen or heard.

Nino took it all as casually as he could, but he blushed, looked embarrassed, and more than slightly worried.

Just why he looked worried, I found out from Nino two days later in his suite at the Essex House. It took three hours of Nino’s floor pacing, gesturing, and pleading, to show me all the problems that have arisen out of Nino’s girl trouble!

Most of the trouble is started—but not finished—by girls who have the all consuming desire to become opera singers. Or say they have, anyway.

Nino showed me hundreds of letters from girls who wanted advice, introductions to opera producers, and even personal instruction from Nino.

These letters worry Nino, but he writes back to each correspondent giving whatever advice he thinks best. But personal interviews, or instruction—never!

There was Ruth (we cannot reveal her right name). Nino’s not going to forget Ruth in a hurry. He’s not ever going to forget her, if she can help it! She came back-stage one day when Nino was singing at an opera house in Canada, and begged for a chance to sing for him. She said that some day she was going to be a famous prima donna; and that Nino just had to tell her what he thought of her voice.

Nino liked the girl’s apparent enthusiasm and sincerity, and consented to hear her sing. She sang, and not very well, but Nino didn’t want to discourage her, and told her to keep on trying.

Immediately, she considered herself his protégée! And was Nino flabbergasted! Well, to put it mildly, yes. Ruth’s idea was for Nino to take her on the continuation of his concert tour. She insisted she would be anything. His valet—his secretary—anything—but she just had to go along!

Nino, naturally, put his foot down hard. He explained why such a thing would be impossible. Ruth couldn’t, or wouldn’t understand, and for a solid week Nino had to slip out of strange exit doors to avoid her.

Nino continued on his tour. Every single day he would receive letters from Ruth telling how hard she was studying, and how some day she would be great enough to sing with Martini.

Nino, out of the goodness of his heart, was foolish enough to answer a few of these letters. It was certainly an unwise move, because two months after leaving Canada, while he was singing in Detroit, Ruth suddenly put in an appearance back-stage!

Ruth claimed that she had spent (Continued on page 88)
The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer

Part Four

Floyd Gibbons never did learn exactly why he was fired by the Chicago Tribune after having worked for it for fourteen years. No explanation was ever offered, and he's never been able to figure one out to his own satisfaction. It couldn't have been inefficiency, because the Tribune had given him a large bonus only the year before. Whatever the reason for it, his dismissal left him at loose ends in the middle of Europe, and practically broke into the bargain. One of the popular beliefs about reporters is true—they never have much money.

For a while he hung rather aimlessly around Europe—the Dardanelles, Bulgaria, the Balkan states—interviewing statesmen and kings, both ruling and deposed, and selling special correspondence now and (continued on page 60)
STACKED THE CARDS

MILTON BERLE KNEW JUST ONE THING WAS TRUE WHEN HE SET OUT AT SEVEN TO SUPPORT HIS FAMILY—HE HAD TO SUCCEED

He was seven years old. A small, thin, undernourished seven-year-old, with brown eyes too big for his face, and shoulders too narrow and slight for the weight of responsibility they had to carry.

The casting director in the Brooklyn movie studio didn’t know about the responsibility, though, or care either. All he saw was an impudent, not over-clean kid, who grinned at him and answered his questions with a salty, devil-may-care insolence in his voice and in the tilt of his snub nose. The casting director hardly noticed the boy’s mother, hovering in the background, and didn’t think of her at all except to wonder why she didn’t thrash the tar out of her young imp of Satan. He was glad she never had, because an imp of Satan was exactly what he wanted for an important part in the movie his studio was beginning.

So Milton Berle got the job—the job he simply had to have.

Still being the Satanic imp, he sauntered out of the office at his mother’s side, whistling noisily and unconcernedly. They turned the corner. Milton looked up at Mom and winked—and she winked back. Their system had worked once more. Mom’s information had said the studio wanted an ill-mannered brat for that part, and so Milton had been an ill-mannered brat when he applied for it. If Mom’s advance tip-off had been that the studio wanted a little Lord Fauntleroy, Milton would have been a little Lord Fauntleroy, without that young gentleman’s fancy clothes. And he’d have got that job, too, because—well, because he simply had to have it.

For twenty-two years, since he was six, Milton Berle has been succeeding because he had to.

There was never time for him to play. There wasn’t even time for him to make the dollar or so a week other boys earned and brought home (Continued on page 67)

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD
Reducing Secrets That Really Worked

by Marion Talley

OUT here in Hollywood, where keeping slender often means keeping your job, rather than being a mere matter of having an alluring feminine figure, there are more panaceas to stave off the demon avoirdupois than one could hope to try in a lifetime. Most of them are high priced: most of them stress the minimum of effort, physical and mental, that they require. There are diets, plain, fancy, and freak. There are baths and massages. There are pills and powders. The woman faced with the urgent problem of losing a considerable amount of excess weight is quite naturally bewildered when she asks herself the all-important question: "How?"

In my case, as I related in Radio Mirror last month, I was faced with the immediate necessity of shelving twenty pounds. My picture contract depended upon doing it—and doing it at once. There certainly was no dearth of "experts" eager to take on the task for me at sums ranging from a few dollars to a few thousand. But it seemed to me that their methods were designed to appeal to flabby minds as well as to flabby bodies, for in almost every case they were to take all the effort. That didn't sound like common sense to me, for in my professional experience I had learned that it's pretty generally true nothing worth while ever is accomplished or gained without effort.

There was no reason, as far as I could see, why sound common sense shouldn't be as valuable a guide-post to reducing as to anything else. Certainly I'd never found any substitute for it. So I thrust aside all the tempting whispers of the beautiful little booklets advertising the merits of this easy system and that one, and worked out a program of my own.

It seemed to me that a simple course of exercise and a (Continued on page 62)

Above, Marion illustrates the first step toward a perfect figure. A glass of hot water and the juice of one lemon as soon as you get up in the morning. Next come the setting up exercises, of which there are seven, described in detail in the article. Five of the most graphic are illustrated here. At the right is number two, for the hips, which reach the correct proportions after a little of this.
DON'T LET THOSE TWIN PROBLEMS OF WHAT TO EAT
AND HOW TO EXERCISE GET YOU DOWN—READ THIS
FAMOUS STAR’S STORY AND BEGIN TO LOSE WEIGHT

Above is exercise three, which pulls up those tummy muscles and strengthens the legs. The toe is the important thing in this—it must be kept pointing down all the time, in order to keep the leg muscles flexed and tense. Above, right, exercise five—harder but very satisfactory if you’re looking for results. You alternate the legs on this one, as you do on number three, kicking as high and as far back as possible, keeping your head up and forward, to trim the hips. Here’s one warning—don’t expect to be perfect on this stunt the first time.

Below, left, is number six, which is the same kind of exercise you used to be able to do only with an expensive swimming machine. Here an ordinary chair takes the place of the machine, and the results are just as satisfactory, according to Marion. You must kick with your left leg as you stroke with your right arm. The last exercise (below) calls for persistence. It’s a tough one to do, as you can see by looking at Marion’s pose. Don’t fail to follow the complete diet which you’ll find in the article. It supplements the exercises.
Chosen by the director of NBC's La Salle Fashion Show from the smart Saks Fifth Avenue store in New York, the dresses shown here seem to be the stuff that spring-time dreams are made of. The yellow crinkle crepe evening gown above is glamorous with its wide belt and dramatically full skirt. Its twisted neckline is softly flattering, and broad shoulder straps reach the waist.

GAY AS SPRING ITSELF ARE

THE NEW DRESSES CHOSEN BY

CHARLES LE MAIRE AND MODELED BY HARRIET HILLIARD
Left, for travel or town, Harriet is wearing a three-piece monotone suit in powder blue and brown. A plain tailored skirt matches the cape, which is shoulder fitting and comfortable. The stitched collar is clasped by a chain at the neck. Schiaparelli clips fasten the jacket, which boasts four pockets and a stitched belt. Left below, another view of this ensemble with the cape off. The white silk shantung dress below is what you'll be wearing when the weather turns from balmy to hot. It's gaily embroidered all over with white and royal blue flowers, with a blue leather belt matching the blue silk turban. The sleeves are short and puffed, and there's a bow at the center of the round collar.

For the list of stores where these dresses can be purchased, see pg. 10.
Harriet Hilliard is ready for a dinner for two—or for twenty-two—in the flowing chiffon gown at the left. The puffed shoulders accent the flattering drape of the bodice, while the sleeves gather to fall just below the elbows. The full skirt is studded with rhinestones. Kay Morrison designed the dinner dress below, with its small flower buds on a black background. Five tiny bows fasten the bodice in the back, above the gently flaring peplum. The front line of the dress is straight, and the skirt, flaring near the bottom, preserves Harriet’s slim silhouette.

Left, a Kay Morrison afternoon dress of black silk crepe with diagonal pin tucks darting out from the center line of the bodice, and a full flared skirt. White taffeta edges the cuffs and front of the collar, while a zipper closing is also a trim at the back of the neck. The belt is trimmed with patent leather. Harriet’s scarf is made from four sable skins—sufficient protection from spring breezes.
SPRING AND EASTER ARE IN THE AIR—LET LOVELY LILY PONS SHOW YOU WAYS TO CAST OFF THAT WINTER DULLNESS AND DRABNESS

HAPPY EASTER! How much those words can mean to a feminine world weary of winter and indoor life, hungry for the beauty and gaiety and freedom of spring (and simply dying for a chance to wear those spruce new Easter outfits.) The joyous spirit moves housewives, debutantes, office and factory workers—and prima donnas and movie stars, too, as I discovered when I hurried out to Silvermine, Connecticut, to see if one of the most smartly dressed women of three continents (Europe and both North and South America) and three professions (opera, screen and radio) could be induced to tell us her fashion secrets for spring.

I found Lily Pons in the lovely walled garden of her country home, a demure whitewashed brick building modeled after an old French farmhouse. The petite star was busily engaged in dragging a ragged (Continued on page 98)
# PROGRAM DIRECTORY

## THURSDAY

### All time is Eastern Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Betty and Bob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Modern Cinderella</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Betty Crocker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Beds, Bibles, and Baby Buggies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:05 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Baby and Child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WNBT</td>
<td>The Gumps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

## FRIDAY

### All time is Eastern Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>WTOP</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>The Bluebirds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Monitor Year of Pericles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Betty Crocker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:05 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WNBT</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SATURDAY

### All time is Eastern Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:05 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WNBT</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Blue</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC-Red</td>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>Noon News</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

Programs of the four major networks are listed on these two pages—Christian Broadcasting System abbreviated to CBS; the two National Broadcasting Company chains NBC-Blue and NBC-Red abbreviated to NBC; the Mutual Network abbreviated to MBS. In order to learn what network a station is affiliated with, find it in the latest printed "Guide to the AIR." All regularly scheduled programs broadcast from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. Eastern Standard Time are included in this listing. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division will be being broadcast or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time given is Eastern Standard Time. For Central Standard Time subtract one hour; for Mountain Standard Time subtract two; and for Pacific Standard Time subtract three.

Thus:

E.S.T.
10:00
C.S.T., M.S.T., P.S.T.
9:00

## Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

- WABC
- WCNJ
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX

## Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

- WEAF
- WOR
- WORX
- WABC
- WBNJ
- WOR
- WORX

## All Four Networks from Ten A.M. to Eleven P.M.
Meri Bell in her very smart kitchen frock, gives her announcer-husband, Dell Sharbutt, some cooking hints.

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Brighten your meals WITH CANNED MILK

THEY met in October—they were married in March. That sounds like a romance record even in the 20th Century, but not to Meri Bell and Dell Sharbutt, radio veterans in their twenties and accustomed to a schedule of rush and hurry to meet rehearsal and broadcast appointments. Meri Bell, you know, is the singing star of Five Star Revue, on CBS Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at one o'clock; and Dell is the announcer of several popular programs, including Guy Lombardo’s Tea Time half-hour, Ma and Pa, Broadway Varieties, and the Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung.

“It sounds crazy, I suppose,” Meri Bell explained in that throaty contralto of hers. “but actually it was crazier than that. I’d returned to Chicago (Continued on page 75)

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES—TRY THIS SURE AND SIMPLE WAY OF PREPARING YOUR PET RECIPES FOR NEW TASTE THRILLS
A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

Busy With Entertainment!

George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK
Associate Producer
RALPH MURPHY
Director

Songs You'll Rave About!

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On" • "There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba" • "Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed" • "Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" • "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Producer
Where you an "April Fool" baby?

Eddy Duchin is the only one we know of in radio born on April first. Then, there's Jerry Cooper; he was born on the third. Walter Winchell was an April baby, having made his appearance on the seventh day. Page Gilman of One Man's Family entered the world on the 18th, and so did Betty Winkler, some years later. We find that Joan Blaine celebrates her birthday on the 28th of April and Frank Parker on the 29th.

The above picture shows the People's committee who plan We, The People air show. Left to right: Evelyn Mac-Donald, high school girl; John Atterbury, businessman; Phillips H. Lord, program producer; Mrs. Ellen Underhill, housewife; and Laurence McGourty, mechanic. On the recommendations of this People's Committee, who read all the letters sent in by listeners, average citizens from every part of the country are brought to New York, all expenses paid, to tell their unusual stories over the NBC-Blue network, Sundays at 5 o'clock.

Mae, Providence, Rhode Island—Fred Von Ammon plays the part of Terry Moran in Today's Children, and Jean McGregor takes the part of Dorothy Moran. On Girl Alone, Leo Warner is portrayed by Willard Waterman.

M. P., Wrightstown, N. J.—In case you haven't found the Maybelline program since writing me, tune in the NBC Red network Sunday at 4 p. m. It's called Penthouse Serenade.

Kitty B., Bay Head, N. J.—An apology to you, Kitty, for a bit of wrong information. Address Kate Smith in care of the Columbia Broadcasting (Continued on page 102)
You Can’t Count on Meals Alone for Vitamins You Need

Not Enough Vitamin D

The crooked bone above shows what can happen when there is an under-supply of Vitamin D—THE BONE VITAMIN. Note the deformity—the enlarged joint, and the porous texture.

Yet a Shortage of Even ONE Vitamin in Your Diet Can Lead to Impaired Health. By Eating a CONCENTRATED Supply of These 4 Vitamins EVERY DAY You Don’t Need to Worry About Getting Enough of Them at Mealtimes

Each separate vitamin has its own special part to play in helping to keep you healthy. No one vitamin can take the place of any other.

Yet—our ordinary meals, dietitians say, often fall short in one or more of these necessary food elements.

That’s why today more and more people are increasing their supply of four of these food essentials by eating FLEISCHMANN’S fresh YEAST.

This one food added to the diet assures an extra supply of 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G. No other single food gives you such an abundant supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. You need the added daily vitamins this tonic food provides. Start eating it regularly—today!

The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D and G

Plenty of Vitamin D

An ample supply of Vitamin D should be had by mothers during pregnancy and while nursing to assure her child strong, straight bones and good teeth. Mothers should eat Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast as it contains an abundant supply of this bone vitamin.

Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth

Diet Ample in Vitamin G

When children are weak, thin and poorly developed, it is often a sign their meals do not provide enough of Vitamin G—the Growth Vitamin. A plentiful supply of this essential vitamin is especially important to assure proper development of the body tissues. Fleischmann’s Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

Insufficient Vitamin A lowers resistance to infections of the nose and throat—contributes to frequent colds. Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast and keep up your supply of this valuable vitamin.
**RADIO MIRROR**

**Coast-to-Coast Highlights**

(Continued from page 10)

The boys are broadcasting six half-hours a week for Kellogg’s cereal, and three-hour special programs on WFBM, the Ford Dealers of Iowa. And besides, they are broadcasting through WCCO in Minneapolis. In other words, Glenn and Glenn are busy, but no busier than we’ve been, trying to keep from under the mail the article started our way.

**SWINGING BACK HOME**

St. Louis: It really isn’t news any more when a local boy makes good, but when the boy returns and takes the old home town by popular storm, that’s news.

That’s what happened when Eddie Dunsteder, nationally known guitarist, returned to his native St. Louis and KMox with his Swing Session, sponsored by the St. Louis Ford dealers.

Introducing a new combination of instruments for the air, an electric organ, violin, clarinet, bass fiddle and guitar, Eddie’s new swing ensemble is giving KMox listeners a thrice weekly treat. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9:30 P.M. CST. All new numbers are special arrangements by Dunsteder and each program features a number by the console artist himself. Stuart Johnson is the vocal soloist.

Dunsteder, who just completed a long engagement at the Park-Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, and his head own orchestra throughout the country, and along with his present Swing Session is heard several times weekly on the CBS network from KMox.

**THE BRIARHOPPERS**

Way down South in Charlotte, N. C. everybody agrees upon one thing. That is an old saw which, when pulled, rolls through the teeth, goes like this: Versatility, thy name is Briarhopper. And to prove it, in case you seem skeptical or perplexed at their assurance, they simply tell you to tune in WBT at four o’clock any afternoon and judge for yourself.

And then is when you agree they are right. At five o’clock, after you’ve spent an enjoyable hour listening to WBT’s Briarhopper Band, Led by Dad Briarhopper, Johnny “Mac” Allister, and a host of others, just don’t give a hoot which instrument they happen to fish out of the pile before the program starts, because any Briarhopper can play anything, anywhere, and does before the program is over. And if that isn’t proof enough of their versatility, they all sing in the same gifted manner. The mature-voiced male members can step to the microphone and do a pleasing job whether the script calls for a wandering hill billy rendition, a quartet part, solo or opera. While the girls’ voices are sure-fire in any type of song, in both solo and combination singing.

**WHO ARE THE TALENTED BRIARHOPPERS?**

Well, there’s Dad and Minnie and Billie and Homer and ... but why not take a peek at the picture and really meet the folks. Fans, the Briarhoppers.

**HOBBY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN**

If you are a hobby hound, and who isn’t, you will enjoy Fort Wayne, Indiana’s WGL Hobbies Program at 8:00 P. M., CST, every Wednesday at WGL. It gives you a chance to bring your hobby out for an airing, because you may be one of the persons selected by the announcer to explain the hobby, and the person and whereabouts of your particular hobby.

And what a radio get-together that would be if WGL could gather all of its brothers and sisters of their hobby from coast to coast, who are hobby enthusiasts. Among them would be Chicago’s WBBM Contraptions.

Eric Sagerquinto, musical director of Gold Medal Feature Time programs, whose hobby is wrestling. No, Eric wouldn’t be grunting and groaning before the mike, his hobby is only watching the wrestlers do that. He claims he inherits it from his father who was a wrestler. And WBBM’s announcer Paul Luther goes in for saving 1936 dime, which sounds like a hobby we could all use.

Over at WLW in Cincinnati having a hobby are a number of its persons who are hobbyists. WLW’s Betty* Franklin Bingman enjoys one that, if it were a holiday instead of a hobby, would be known as a husman. Franklin’s hobby is radio. Radio engineering, to be exact. And what’s more, he can step into a studio control room and handle a program, Betty Lee Arnold, heard in WLW’s True Detective, a Mystery, writes short stories. Now if Betty can make a hobby of selling them, she’s really something else. WLW’s vocal duo, Larry and Sue, raises show dogs at his home in Dayton, Ohio. Why couldn’t it have been horses, Larry, so we could have gotten in the one about hobby horses?

Hollywood would of course be a little different and there KLX’s chief announcer Tommy Freehafer known for his inventing for his hobby. Just to give you an idea of Tommy’s interest in the well-being of mankind, his latest is a device to insure all day weekday tuning in a telephone booth without asphyxiation. The invention consists of a four foot rubber tube, one end of which is slipped under the door and the other end has a mouth piece through which you exhale the smoke. When rolled up the contraption fits in the ordinary pocket inconspicuously, which is what we especially like about it.

Although being a collector may not come under the classification of hobbies, it has been WGBN’s belief that there is a book, and that makes a couple of the boys at WBT in Charlotte, N. C. eligible. There station artist Jack Phipps is a stamp snob, but smoking. It’s a stamp that he’s been collecting for many years and he appreciates its worth.

Arthur Williams, the WMJ talent director, has collected a lot of oddities, anything, not to mention hundreds of arrowheads he has picked up here and there. There’s a hobby that should break a fellow of the habit of paddling around the house bare-footed in the dark.

And that, WGL, concludes our small offering to your Hobbies Program. You get them all to the microphone and we’ll promise to listen.

**PROSPERITY NOTES**

Raleigh, N. C.: WPTF broke all its previous station fan mail records in 1936, the postman delivering more than 65,000 cards and letters to their door during the year. It was also another banner year in WPTF’s history, and 1937 started out with commercials increasing hourly.

Los Angeles: That Ben Sweetland, Your Friend’s Creations, in his business WFAA, gives you a chance to bring your hobby out for an airing, because you may be one of the persons selected by the announcer to explain the hobby, and the person and whereabouts of your particular hobby.

*Continued on page 61*
LISTEN, MR. Scrub-Hard,

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE containing IRIUM

Gently removes film... wins flashing new luster... makes daily brushing extra effective!

Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth... Then here’s news for you. Now proper brushing gets results—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

New Pepsodent ingredient ends disappointment

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleansing efficiency and provides smooth washing action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds instantly to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like magic.

It’s an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is useful. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone notices.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only half the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!
then to American newspapers. There didn’t seem to be much fun in going out after the big stories any more, now that he had more money than he could spend in a lifetime.

He felt unwanted, lost, and wished he were back in the United States. But, he thought of the next breath, what would he do with the money?

Joseph Medill Patterson, whom Floyd describes as “a great soldier, a great statesman, a great publisher, and a great man,” came to his rescue, and gave him an object for his Irish heart to tie its loyalty to once more. Patterson, owner of the great publishing house, Liberty, gave him the assignment of writing the history of von Richthofen, Germany’s famed war ace.

In order to get the information he had to spend weeks digging into Germany’s official files, and visiting von Richthofen’s mother, schoolmates, friends. Then he had to go to France and England, check over war records there, compare, compare, piece together the unanswerable flying history of that daring, cruel, relentless aviator. In doing all this, he accomplished one thing which made him very happy. He was able to tell dozens of French and English mothers what had become of their sons.

And the money which was shot down behind the German lines by von Richthofen, had been entered by their own command simply as “lost in action.” Now, by comparing records, Floyd knew who had shot them down, and where—and often, where they were buried.

In 1927 Floyd came back to America, his brain full of a scheme to make the first airplane flight from the United States to Panama. Nobody knows now, why he thought this was such a colossal idea. He doesn’t know himself. However, nothing came of it. A plane which could have made the flight would have cost, at that time, more than Floyd could find, and behind a manufacturer who was willing to spend that much money.

Patterson once more turned the Gibbons to the prospect of a productive series by asking him to write a series of articles on pacifism for Liberty. Floyd balked at the idea. What, he demanded, could you say in an article about pacifism, except that peace was a good thing? He then offered Patterson a much better idea—better and harder to carry out. He offered to write an imaginative history of the next world war.

It was called “The Red Napoleon,” as no doubt you remember, and although it was imaginative, and its time was the future, lots of facts went into the story. Floyd had a European army invading the United States of Canada, and before he wrote a line he went up to Canada and followed his fictitious army’s route home.

The movements of the troops, as described in “The Red Napoleon,” are all based upon actual geographical facts, taking into account climate, conditions, weather, terrain, and other natural factors. It all proves fairly conclusively that the United States could be invaded through some of the routes Floyd predicted in that book have come true—for instance, world economic unrest, the election of President Hoover, and his defeat after one term.

After the completion of “The Red Napoleon” Floyd went with Patterson and his daughter on the world’s first cruise of a commercial plane over air routes belonging to Patterson, and in it they went from Miami on an almost entire circuit of the Caribbean, South America, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Jamaica, Cuba again, and back to Florida.

Practically nothing happened to the party that could happen in Haiti their pilot developed diptheria and had to go into the pest-house while they sent for another. The next thing that happened was an air raid in the midst of a tropical storm. The plane caught fire while they were in Jamaica, and out of one of their crew to hospital, and to cap the climax an engine exploded while they were in the air above San Juan. If they hadn’t been so near land they might never have been heard of again.

The Story So Far: As far back as his boyhood days in Washington and Milwaukee, Floyd Gibbons’ life had been a colorful one, and it was amidst all the excitement. This led naturally to being a reporter, although his family opposed the choice of a career. His first big job was covering the bandit revolution in Mexico last year, and his first major graphic report to the Chicago Tribune soon made him the most talked about young reporter ever. The Tribune sent him to Europe just after America entered the war, and he was as the French Lorraine when it was torpedoned and sunk by a German submarine. His story of that disaster had much to do with arousing public opinion against Germany. While covering the Western front in Germany, almost until the end of the war, Floyd remained in France as the Tribune’s correspondent, and at last returned to America with a white patch where his left shoulder had been. After the war he was head of the Tribune’s Paris bureau and editor, and since then he has been busy at all times to pack his bags and head for the world again. The news was in the making. Once he managed to get into Russia, during the famine there, while all other foreign correspondents were kept bottled up at Epga waiting for permission to enter from the Soviet government. Later he journeyed across the Sahara to Tombuctoo, just to tell the world, which had been reading the novel: “The Sheik,” exactly what real sheikhs were like. He was back in Paris, and Floyd returned to the United States with the news that Europe was still working for the Tribune—until our day in Bucharest, where he suddenly received notice that he’d been fired.

Floyd had broadcast, you’ll remember, over WGN in Chicago, while he was still working for the Tribune, but it was in 1929 that his career as a radio star really began. He went on the NBC network as Headline Hunter, a sustaining feature. His program was just newspaper shop talk, made up of the sort of yarns reporters love to swap when they get together, but it caught on at once. Floyd had rather a good time for he remembered the eagerness with which his mother had always listened when he told her what he had done to get this news story or that.

From his sustaining program he progressed to a five-times-a-week series sponsored by the Literary Digest. It was the only time in Floyd’s career he ever worked for the Tribune. In fifteen minutes he put on the air a whole daily newspaper—headlines, features, editorials, comics, house-features, and tabloid items. He used to read these headlines straight, and also to read the commercial announcement. That type of news program isn’t new now, of course, but it was then, for Floyd was its originator. Most of today’s news commentaries owe their basic formula to him.

The Digest program started the characteristic Gibbons rapid-fire speech, too. Normally Floyd would talk for fifteen minutes at a time, one speech at a time, and then end agit at all. On the air—well, you know as well as I do how fast he talks there. Here’s the thing:

More sponsored programs followed—General Electric’s House of Magic, and then the Libby Owens glass company program. In each of them Floyd conducted a campaign, just as recently in his Nash Speedshow he campaigned against allowing the United States to be dragged into the Spanish rebellion.

The House of Magic he campaigned for more widespread understanding of the value of science to our daily life, and on the glass company show he hammered at the necessity for a new style of the automobile. Both projects tied up very nicely with his sponsor’s plans, of course, but the glass company he talked himself out of a job.

He kept pointing out how many deaths were caused by ordinary glass in automobiles until women’s clubs and other organizations throughout the country took up the cry for shatterproof glass. At the end of fifty weeks the largest manufacturer of motor cars in the country had made all their own non-safety glass, signed a contract with Floyd’s sponsors to supply them with the safety glass they desired. After that the sponsors didn’t need a radio program any more—they were too busy making glass.

The winter of 1931 came, and with it Japan’s invasion of Manchuria. It was too much for Floyd, who had been living too peacefully for too long, and he was off to the Orient. He crossed the ocean with Will Rogers, and flew with him across Japan and Korea before starting for China, and striking up through China to Mukden, which was occupied by the Japanese.

Never in his life had he been so cold. The wind, sweeping across hundreds of miles of frozen snow, cut through fur and heavy quilted felt. There was no escaping for the men in the armies, used as they were to hardships, suffered terribly from the sub-zero weather. It was impossible for them to touch their rifles with their bare hands, and in the biting cold bite deeply into the flesh. Floyd, marching with the Japanese army, was worse off than the men. After days of cold, he would retire to the barracks where the clothes he was to wear to the battlefields of Ethiopia would apparently be comfortable—but even in them he almost froze to death. There were two or three months of this for him to look forward to.

Next month, this life story of a roaring reporter will end with an account of how news is made, read how Floyd in a glorious burst of luck cracked the biggest, world-wide, front-page story of the year, go through the fine new broadcast of the battlefields of Ethiopia and then back home to his two radio programs. Don’t miss it, all in the May issue of Radio Mirror.
in Southern California and added at least fifty men to their various office staffs during his past year of "friendly counselling." * * *

**BRIDES, GROOMS, ETC.**

Los Angeles: KJL's production staff member Wayne Griffln and Eleanor Warren Huntsberger, concert pianist, have been Mr. and Mrs. since December 12th. When filling out a Social Security blank recently, KJL's technician Ted Bliss gave his station pals the first intimation of the November wedding which made Miss Frances Maher his wife. Charlotte, N. C., Grady Cole, WBT's Comet Rice comic philosopher, Ford newscaster and Stewart-Warner commentator, recently surprised the station staff by announcing his marriage to Miss Helen Simon of Norwood, Ga. . . .

Chicago: About the time the happy couples above were honeymooning, WBBM tenor Jack Brooks and his wife (Helen Keppler of the CBS Chicago music library) were enjoying their first wedding anniversary. * * *

**OUR HELPING HAND DEPARTMENT**

Chicago: Cheri McKay of WBBM's Sunday noon broadcasts, News with Music, would like to know the name of the unknown fan who sends her those American Beauty roses before each program.

**Cincinnati:** While announcing the Stumpus Club over WLW, Tom Slater bemoaned the fact, on the air, that he was still single while Charlie Damon, singer, was the papa of a new baby son.

Since Slater's mail has been loaded with proposals daily, but the prize was from a listener who wrote: "I'm not speaking for myself, but for my cousin. She'd make you a fine wife."

Cincinnati: Vicki Chase, WLW soprano, likes nothing better than French onion soup. You've heard of Vicki. * * *

**RADIOS AND AHS**

Like the proverbial step in the dark, a radio voice is liable to land anywhere, and do anything. Take the case of the Nashville attorney who sought M. . . L. . . . (name on request, so help Jack Harris, who told us the story) to inform her of an estate awaiting her signature. Her signature had to be on the dotted line by a certain date or the estate forfeited.

With the deadline three days away, the attorney, in desperation, bought an announcement over Nashville's WSM. The announcement was made at 5:30 p.m. and in less than two hours the attorney had a telegram from Mississippi, signed by the party he sought and dated exactly one hour after the time of the broadcast. Jack forgot to tell us the size of the estate, but we did see the telegram.

Then there was the Ken-rad Unsolved Mysteries program over WLW in Cincinnati. In one script the continuity writer had a suspect fictitiously named Roger Anderson, and as fast as it could be done, from Mitchell, S. D. came this letter:

"Your unsolved mystery drama of November 15th was very good, and though I tuned in too late to get all the details to enable me to solve the mystery, I can help solve it by the process of elimination. "I will not take the stand in my own behalf. I swear that Roger Anderson was not the murderer. I know for I am Roger Anderson . . . I am writing to clear my good name of the stain of murder and to tell you I enjoy your programs very much."

**RADIO MIRROR**

(Continued from page 38)

**STEP UP, LADIES 'N GENTLEMEN—STEP UP AND SEE TOGO WILDO—the only white baby elephant in captivity.**

**FAKE! THAT ELEPHANT ISN'T WHITE—it's GRAY.**

**PIPE DOWN, BESS. THIS IS YOUR AUNT MAZIE'S SHEET AND IT'S AS WHITE AS SHE GETS 'EM.**

**GRACIOUS! I'M EMBARRASSED TO TEARS!**

**DON'T FEEL BAD, MAZIE, YOU WORK HARD, BUT YOUR CLOTHES DO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY.**

**THE TROUBLE IS YOUR SOAP DOESN'T WASH CLEAN, YOU SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AS I DID. IT GETS OUT ALL THE DIRT—EVEN DEEP-DOWN DIRT.**

**I'LL TRY IT, AND IF IT WORKS, I'LL TAKE YOU AND BESS TO A REAL CIRCUS.**

**FEW WEEKS LATER**

**YOU'RE A PEACH TO TREAT US TO THIS, MAZIE.**

**THANK YOURSELF FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA. THAT RICHER GOLDEN SOAP FILLED OF NAPTHA CERTAINLY MAKES MY CLOTHES SHINE LIKE SNOW!**

**WH-E-E! REAL ELEPHANTS!**

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

**COPIR. 1937 FELS & CO.**

61
CREATE A NEW "YOU"

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You
a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as the color of face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood part of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the wrong shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a right shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No!

This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. This is all wrong! You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alert—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. The coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

Reducing Secrets That Really Worked

(Continued from page 46)

rational diet ought to do the trick for any normal person whose only fault in the past has been neglect or perhaps carelessness, so I worked on that premise. Its success has been so notable that I am glad to pass it along to other women, especially in view of the fact that it requires no expenditure, only a little good old-fashioned discipline, and that the diet needn't interfere with regular family menus.

First, a word of warning. There are two factors: the diet and the exercise. They are of equal importance. You cannot, for instance, exercise twice as much as I do, and eat anything you happen to want. Nor, on the other hand, can you eat half as much as I eat, and take no exercise. Exercise and diet go hand in hand, and the rules you set down for yourself must be adhered to faithfully. That is where the discipline comes in. It is hard to be one's own taskmaster. Indeed, I am quite aware that for the average woman the job is harder than that which faced me. For with me, it was a case of reduce—or else. It meant my career, my livelihood. It is so easy for the average woman to say, "Oh, well, I'll start tomorrow."

Let us start at the very beginning, rising in the morning. First, I slip into a bathing suit, sneakers, and a robe. I squeeze and strain the juice of one lemon into a glass of hot water and drink it. This early morning tonic acts as a blood cleanser and purifier, and tones up the system generally.

I go immediately to the roof of my hotel for my exercises. Of course, I realize that only those living in a delightful year-round climate such as we have in Hollywood can indulge in that luxury, but in winter weather the exercises can be taken just as well—and quite as beneficially—indoors. Be sure, though, to throw wide open all the windows! Get all the fresh air you can while you are exercising. Don't be afraid of getting cold. You won't while you exercise. Your blood will circulate better and keep you warm. And growing no matter what antics the thermometer is performing. But the important thing to remember is that physical exertion, to be of benefit, requires its full quota of oxygen.

Standing erect, then, inhale deeply and exhale slowly. Be sure you are breathing with the diaphragm. Place one hand on your diaphragm. If you are breathing correctly, it should expand like a filling balloon. Incorrect breathing is highly injurious. Inhale and exhale for five times, standing head up, body erect, shoulders back, stomach in. Now you are ready for Exercise No. 1.

Incidentally, I neglected to mention that for the exercises I worked out no equipment or paraphernalia whatever is necessary save an ordinary canvas chair, such as is shown in the accompanying illustrations. If you haven't a chair like that shown, you surely have one sufficiently similar. The chair is not used in the first exercise.

Exercise No. 1: Keeping legs and feet close together, clasp the hands high over the head. Stretch to your utmost height, keeping heels flat on the floor. Rising to tip-toe, swing the clasped arms first right, then left, twisting the upper part of the torso only. The hips must not move. With practice you will find yourself able
to twist the upper portion of your body almost entirely about.

Exercise No. 2: Now comes the chair. Grasp the back of it firmly, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Then slowly lower the body to a squatting position, trunk erect and head back. Rise slowly on tip-toe. Repeat six times, gradually increasing to twenty times as the exercises progress.

Exercise No. 3: Support the weight of the body by grasping the arms of the chair firmly. The feet must be just far enough from the chair so that a diagonal line might be drawn from heels to head. Rising on tip-toe, raise the right leg briskly, bending the knee as shown in the illustration, as high as possible, with the toe pointing downward. Alternate with left leg. Repeat six times, increasing gradually to twenty times.

Exercise No. 4: Sit in the chair. Place the arms over the chair arms. Kick vigorously upward and out first with right, then with left leg.

Exercise No. 5: Rest arms on back of chair. Stand at arms length away. Kick back as high as possible first with left leg then with right leg. Keep head up and forward. The kick must come from the hip, as shown in the illustration, for this exercise is designed to reduce and make firm the hips.

Exercise 6: Lie across the arms of the chair. Keeping the head well up, execute the motions of swimming, as illustrated. Kick with left leg when stroking with right arm, and vice-versa.

Exercise No. 7: Again we dispense with the chair. Stretch arms horizontally at shoulder level. Twisting the trunk, touch the right great toe with the left arm, raising the left leg as the body bends. Perhaps at first you will not be able to touch the toe, and you may have trouble in maintaining your equilibrium. Do not be discouraged, however, for that merely indicates you need the exercise especially. And you will be delighted to see your hip line fade. But wait. We're not through with seven yet. Stand erect once more. Repeat the exercise with the other hand and foot. Try it four times to each side for the first week, then increase gradually to ten times each.

Exercise No. 8: Sit in a low backed chair and drop the head as far as to the rear as you are able. Then chew on a piece of gum for about three minutes vigorously. A month of this exercise (which should be taken at night as well as with your regular setting-up in the morning) will eradicate the most stubborn set of double, triple, or what have you? chins. I found it invaluable as preparation for picture work, where it is so cruel to the slightest irregularity of line.

So much for the exercises. The only other form in which I find time to indulge regularly is walking. Wherever and whenever possible, I walk. If time permits, I choose stairs rather than an elevator on my round of business appointments. With a little thought you can crowd a surprising amount of exercise into a busy day without disrupting your schedule, and after you've been at it for a while you'll feel a lot less worn out at night, too.

Now for the diet. After my morning exercises, of course, I take a shower, which is important in prevention of colds. Then to breakfast. Here is a week's menu. As I said before the whole idea of my own plan was based upon common sense, and yours should be too. You can substitute and vary to your taste or needs if you merely keep in mind. I am giving you my own, however, from which to work.

My husband hated "economy dishes"—until I found out about Franco-American Spaghetti

Discovered! A tasty nourishing dish for less than 3¢ a portion

Ordinary "economy dishes" often make dull eating. But not Franco-American Spaghetti. It has flavor, food value—everything! Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—less than 3¢ a portion.

Serve Franco-American today. See how different it is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Taste its savory cheese and-tomato sauce containing eleven different ingredients. Delicious to heat and eat just as it comes from the can. Or try the tempting casserole dish below.

Tuna and Spaghetti Casserole
(Serves 3—costs just 30¢)
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
1/2 teaspoon minced onion
1 small can tuna fish
2 strips bacon

Place a layer of Franco-American in a greased casserole. Add some of the flaked tuna fish and onion. Alternate layers of spaghetti, fish and onion until all is used. Arrange bacon strips, cut in half, over top. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) until casserole is well heated and bacon crisp.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI
THE KIND WITH THE Extra GOOD SAUCE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
Monday
Breakfast
Fruit juice cocktail (juice of an orange, a lemon, a grapefruit)
Coffee (half hot coffee, half hot milk, no sugar)
Lunch
Mixed green salad (shredded lettuce, cabbage, raw spinach, endive and celery)
French Dressing (see note)
Three rye wafers
Skimmed milk or buttermilk
Dinner
Tomato juice cocktail
Celery curls
Steamed peas and carrots
One slice lean roast lamb
Whole wheat melba toast
One pat butter
Sliced pineapple
Tuesday
Breakfast
Small glass tomato juice
One poached or soft boiled egg
One slice dry whole wheat toast
Coffee (as before)
Lunch
Vegetable soup
Two rye wafers
Dinner
Fresh fruit cup
Broiled steak
Spinach with lemon juice
Mashed turnips
Lettuce and tomato salad
Baked apple (see note)
Wednesday
Breakfast
Whole grapefruit
Coffee (as before)
Lunch
Fresh fruit salad on lettuce (any fruits except bananas and pears)
Rye wafers
Hot tea with lemon
Thursday
Breakfast
Tomato juice
Cracked wheat cereal with milk
Coffee (as before)
Lunch
Grated carrot and raisin salad
Rye wafers
Skimmed milk or buttermilk
Fruit cup
Vegetable plate (any vegetables except corn, potatoes and lima beans)
(Continued from page 21)

type of parts which he was assigned and the publicity build-up—that soon had him eating his heart out in sheer loneliness.

Dick missed, among other things the invigorating, stimulating contact with a living audience. He abhorred the same type of singing hero he was called upon to portray. He felt that all his years of study might as well have been tossed into the ash can. And to crown it all, the studio publicity department took over his private life. He was handed schedules for his leisure hours. He must go here for lunch, dinner, dancing; he must be seen with this one and that one. Before the release of each new picture, he was carefully reported engaged or about to become engaged to the current leading woman.

A Goldfish was a recluse beside this fellow who wanted no part of the glamour that had been thrust upon him. He found himself with literally thousands of acquaintances—and not one friend! Here is just one incident that will show you. He wanted to go fishing; one of those sudden impulses. So he chartered a boat and sat down to get up a party. Inside of two hours he called the whole thing off. He couldn't think of even a half dozen men friends close enough to be asked. “Even when I did meet the kind of men who I felt would be congenial, they wouldn't be themselves with me. Why, once in New York on a vacation, a friend of my brother's took me to his club. Say, the men he introduced me to practically talked baby talk to me! I felt like punching them in the nose. But then I realized, of course, that they regarded me as a sort of amiable idiot. Naturally they judged me from my pictures and what they'd read about me.”

Then Dick found radio. He went on the Hollywood Hotel program. The loneliest man in Hollywood had a back-log now. He was more nearly happy than at any time since he'd left Pittsburgh. He had something he could do artistically, get his teeth into. He grabbed on to that radio work like a drowning man clutching the proverbial straw. Now he could do the things he wanted to do informally, intimately. The fifteen minutes he spent as master of ceremonies before the broadcast began was an oasis in his week. And there was the studio audience. Too. It was almost like his old master of ceremony days!

“You know, I believe I stayed on that program for a year after I really knew I ought to leave just for that fifteen minutes.”

The program was a heavy drain on Dick's time. There is no more exacting producer in radio than Bill Bacher, which is why Hollywood Hotel has such perfect timing and speedy tempo. But that means long and arduous rehearsal. Warner Brothers, although indulgent, didn't really like it much the way Dick had to walk off the set a couple of times a week at one o'clock. They even offered to raise Dick's salary to cover the loss he would sustain if he would give up radio. But they could have offered twice that—and Dick would still have kept the radio spot. It was his life-saver. Then the program began to undergo a gradual change. The guest movie stars and the movie previews crowded Dick into a corner. His importance dwindled, imperceptibly but surely. He saw it ebbing away. He was scared—but he didn't know exactly what to do about it. Dick was always a mild sort of fellow. He'd never think of fighting.

And then—again—miraculously, desperation made way for overwhelming happiness. Dick proposed to and was accepted by Joan Blondell. You know, of course, about their marriage. Who doesn't? The studioexploited their New York honeymoon to the point where Joan boiled over. It wasn't a honeymoon: it was a nightmare. They were glad to return to their simple, unpretentious, suburban home. For the first time in years Dick was happy.

The most natural thing in the world, when he began to regain the even keel he had lost while he fuddled in discouragement, did happen. Dick began to turn a critical eye on his career. Joan was his inspiration. Between them, they clamped firm feet down on the spectacular publicity. Their lives, they contended, were their own to live as they liked—and that is just what happened. No more circuit parties. No more arranged days, planned out honeymoons.

The day after I talked with Dick, he and Joan left for Yosemite Park for a real wedding trip. No publicity. No fanfare. No ballyhoo. The new Dick Powell was showing his claws. He told the publicity department where to head in—and in no uncertain terms. It could only follow, in Dick's emergence as a man who knew what he wanted, that there soon

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RADIO MIRROR

At Last! Truth About Dick Powell Quitting Hollywood Hotel

Down to His Last Friend

My Master's So Down-hearted, and Nobody Comes Here Anymore. Guess I'll Chew Up This Magazine.

Hurr, You Stop That!

Oh! What's This? Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth, See Your Dentist... Say! I Wonder...

Yes! Most Bad Breath Comes from Decaying Food Deposits in Hidden Crevices Between Improperly Cleared Teeth. Advice: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, with its Special Penetrating Foam, Removes These Odor-Producing Deposits

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decay-inducing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!
arose a crisis in his broadcasting work. Before his marriage in October, Dick had promised to remain on the Hollywood Hotel program. The rest of the cast signed new contracts, but Dick’s ran until January. However, when in October he agreed to remain, it was on certain conditions. Warner Brothers were to receive additional publicity on the program. The number of hours of Dick’s rehearsals, the number of songs he was to sing, the handling of the guest star situation, and other details were to be ironed out.

Dick told me that if a new contract had come up for signature in October, he would have attached his name without hesitation. At that time radio was still too precious to take any chances with. He’d have let himself be pushed around a bit rather than risk losing it. But between October and January, Dick’s chest began to stick out, the way a man’s will when he is newly married to the girl he loves, and wants above all else to shine in her eyes.

In the radio studio, though they didn’t realize it at first, they had a new, different Dick Powell to deal with. The amiable, obliging fellow who never seemed to care much what anyone did to him was fading before an assertive, self-confident man on whose toes no one could tread—and get away with it. The time allotted to Dick on Hollywood Hotel was being cut down more and more. In proportion, he was getting less fun out of the job. He didn’t need the money. But he did want to do radio work.

And so he saw what he should have seen long ago, but would never have seen—or if he had, would never have acted upon—if Boy hadn’t met Girl.

Dick, with the pride of having Joan Blondell as his bride, and his new found courage, suddenly realized that Dickes he made a critical decision he would never have the chance to do the kind of radio work he wanted above all else. So I made up my mind,” Dick told me. “I decided, once and for all, that I had to quit, had to leave the program that once meant so much to me.”

With a minimum of fuss and publicity Dick went quietly about the job of leaving. If you have read that he finally left because Warner Brothers would not allow him to continue, you have read the wrong reason—as you can see by now. Dick quit! Walked out! Left the show! And the day after his last Hollywood Hotel broadcast on which he explained to Frances Langford and the others that he had too much movie work to continue, he and Joan left for that private honeymoon I have already mentioned. On the same day, Warner Brothers assigned two of their top flight song writers, M. K. Jerome and Jack School, to prepare numbers for a new program to be known as Dick Powell in Movieland.

Even as this is being written, Dick is in Yosemite Park and the two song writers are hard at their work. And on the desk of Dick’s agent, offers from other sponsors are piling up. I saw three of them. They were wonderful offers, and for the kind of program Dick hopes to have. But should he turn all these down, he will still have Dick Powell in Movieland.

So Dick’s radio future is assured. He has Joan to thank. It is Joan who has given him his new mental state, the new feeling of being happy. And this change has catapulted him into a new realization of his own strength.

With Joan, he’ll become—there’s no other way to put it—bigger and better than ever. Love, which has done so many different things to so many Hollywood stars, has shown Dick Powell the way to his first real happiness.
to their parents. A dollar a week—what
good would that do, when he needed
forty—fifty—a hundred? Always
there has been that driving need, for
money and more money. Always, even to
today, when after repeated failures he has
at last found his place in radio as star
comedian on the Gillette Community Sing
program.

He didn't want the money for himself.
Not until recently, indeed, has he ever
spent upon himself any but the very
smallest part of what he made. It has all
gone to sustain the responsibility he
shouldered when he was a child; and now
that radio is making it possible for him
to earn more than ever before, the sur-
plus is going to make that responsibility
secure forever.

Moses Berlinger, Milton's father (it
wasn't until later that Milton shortened
the family name to Berle), fell ill when
Milton was less than six years old. It was
a painful and crippling illness—rheuma-
tism. Day after day Moses was forced to
stay home from his little store on the East
Side of New York, and at last there was
nothing left to do but give the business
up entirely, since he could neither care
for it himself nor afford to hire someone
to run it for him. The shop was sold at a
loss.

FOR a while the proceeds of the sale
kept the family and paid for medical atten-
tion for Moses. Sarah Berlinger, Mil-
ton's mother, was working as a detective
in Wanamaker's store. Now and then
Moses was well enough to look for work
—but no sooner would he find it than an-
other crippling attack would force him to
stay home and lose his new-found job.
There were six months to feed—Milton,
his two older brothers, his baby sister,
and the parents. Years of poverty of
trying to decide whether this coin or that
would go for food, for rent, for medicine,
stretched away endlessly ahead of Sarah
Berlinger.

Until the night she returned home to
find Milton parading excitedly up and
down the sidewalk in front of their tene-
ment building. He was wearing a pair
of his father's trousers, hitched up pre-
cariously under his arms with bits of
string; a pair of his father's shoes, and
an old derby hat. Its greenish with-
age. Under his nose was a scarf of dark-
brown fur which Mom recognized with a
gasp of horror as part of her fur muff.
True, that muff was so old it wasn't much
good to her, but—She halted the little
figure's gay, shuffling gait with a none too
gentle grasp of his shoulder.

A man who had been standing on the
curb laughing, stopped her.

"I've never seen such a grand imita-
tion of Charlie Chaplin in my life," he
said, wipping his eyes. "There's a Charlie Chap-
lin contest up in Fordham this Saturday.
Why don't you send the kid? I bet he
would the prize."

Mum was too angry at the moment to
pay much attention to him, but later on,
when she'd cooled off, she yielded to Mil-
ton's pleas and agreed to let him go. He
went, and came back with first prize.

The prize itself was only a loving cup
(it was later pawned for $2.75), but what
it represented, and the idea it gave Mom,
were worth the difference between life
and death for the whole family. If Milton
was good enough to win a prize, why
wasn't he good enough to earn some
money? Down on Fourteenth Street and
over in Brooklyn and New Jersey, she'd
heard, there were movie studios. And she'd

They Help Prevent Blemish...

Vitamin D in Woodbury's Cold Cream
Quickens Skin's Breathing

A complexion that dryness will not tear...
that blemishes will not mar. A skin that looks
young...is young! You have the finest scien-
tific beauty aids to help you in your quest.
Woodbury's Creams foster a beautiful skin.

The cold cream is made of delicate oils that
lubricate the dry, thin skin to make lines less

obvious. And blemishes, caused by surface
germs, need not appear to ruffle the satin-
smoothness of your complexion. Woodbury's
Cold Cream is germ-free. It will not tolerate
blemish-germs, either in its own lovely tex-
ture or on your skin.

One further way to outwit the loss of ra-
diant skin youth is to let your skin breathe
quickly. This is the task of Sunshine Vitamin
D, a new ingredient in Woodbury's Cold
Cream...to help stimulate the rapid breath-
ing process of skin cells.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Facial Cream is the
companion to the famous Cold Cream. It
forms a smooth and flattering foundation for
your make-up. Each, only 50c, 25c, 10c in
jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

SEND for 10-PIECE Complexion Kit!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial
Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades
Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10c to cover mailing
costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 2476 Alfred St.,
Cincinnati, O. (in Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd.,
Perth, Ontario.

Name

Address

67
Oh Mother!
I've Lost My Job!

The job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know why she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. 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.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know — after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly odor of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

Let Mum help you in this, too. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

seen little boys in the movies not half as clever as Milton.

On her next half-day off from Wana-maker's Mom took Milton on a tour of these studios. At first it seemed like a hopeless task, until she got to know a few of the people who worked there. Then she'd find out beforehand what sort of a boy was needed, and when Milton applied for the job, he'd be that sort of boy — clean or dirty, angelic or devilish, even what was wanted.

His first job carried a salary of thirty dollars a week, almost twice what Mom made by walking around the store all day, spotting shoplifters. He was a little more than six years old.

When Pa found out what was going on, he objected bitterly. His baby son working because he couldn't! In his humiliation he protested that soon he'd be able to find work again, work that he could do. Mom agreed. It was only for a little while. When he was better, Milton could stop. And slyly, she played on his pride in his son. Wasn't it wonderful that Milton was so smart? Just by acting in front of a camera he could make more money than his mother!

Do you remember that old masterpiece of a serial, "The Perils of Pauline," or dear old John Bunny and Flora Finch? If you do, you must have seen Milton Berle. For almost five years he worked in the movies, off and on but mostly on, bringing home each week that all-important pay envelope.

Then the movies began to drift westward, and soon there were no more jobs in Brooklyn and Fort Lee — but Milton couldn't stop working. As long as his father could be free of financial worries, he was in fairly good health, but Milton knew he could never hold down a job. The responsibility for keeping the family going was Milton's — it would always be his — he could never lay it down. If there were no movies, he'd have to find something as good or better. He was eleven when he began making the rounds of Broadway theatrical producers' offices.

Almost at once, he found work, mostly in musical shows. At twelve he was part of the children's sextet in a revival of "Floradora," a sextet that was allowed neither to sing nor dance. New York had passed a law which said, for some reason no one has ever been able to figure out, that children on the stage must not sing or dance. The children's sextet had to speak its lines instead of singing them, and walk through its dances instead of skating to the music.

When "Floradora" closed Milton changed his name, shortening it to Berle and advanced his age a few years. It was the only way to take advantage of what seemed to be a natural ability to sing and dance. There weren't enough plain speaking parts in plays to go around, and those there were didn't pay enough money; but he knew he could always find a good job in a musical. He was a cocky, self-confident youngster, rather large for his age, and in both appearance and manner he could pass for sixteen.

Wishing long trousers, interviewing producers, standing for hours on the Broadway corners sacred to members of the theatrical profession, Milton thought he knew all the answers. He was so sure of it when he got a good part in a musical comedy.

But there was one answer he had all wrong. It cost him his job. After his show had been running a few weeks, Milton came prancing off the stage after his dance one night. A kind looking elderly gentleman was standing in the wings.

"Weren't you in 'Floradora,' son?" he asked.
"You bet!" Milton replied, still in that happy daze which smoothers actors' judgment when they hear applause.

"I thought so," Mom said grimly. "Your name is Berlinger and you're twelve years old and you'll have to give up your part in this show."

There was nothing anyone could do. Vainly Mom and Milton protested that Milton was a good student at the Professional Children's School, that they had to have the money because Milton's father was an invalid. The law was the law.

Once more a way had to be found past an apparently insurmountable difficulty. Just as when the movies failed him, he had turned to the Broadway stage, now when the Broadway stage failed him, Milton turned to vaudeville. Until he was seventeen he toured the country, first with a girl partner, later in an act by himself. It was expensive; Mom or some older person always had to go along and he couldn't devote as much of what he earned to his family as he could in New York; but there was nothing else to do.

And there were the horrible years of adolescence, the years between fourteen and sixteen that every child who makes his living on the stage dreads. Awkward and ungainly, his voice changing, he was neither boy nor man. Booking agents would look at him doubtfully, shake their heads. He took what engagements he could get, watching the lines of worry deepen on Mom's face. She could hide them from Moses, but not from her son. His brothers, only a few years older than he, had left school and gone to work, but their combined salaries weren't as much as he had made in his good days.

Time passed, and he was through that dark period, once more making enough money to assure ease and comfort for the sick man at home. At last his big opportunity came—a chance to be master of ceremonies at the Palace Theater in New York. If he succeeded there, he knew, he'd be in the big time for good. If he failed... well... he couldn't fail.

Something must have told him how not to fail. An unknown youth, he was following such headliners as Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor before the most critical vaudeville audience in the world—so he capitalized on his obscurity. In his opening speech he informed his audience that they didn't know who he was, and that the only reason he was at the Palace had hired him was that he'd watched all the big comedians, and knew all their jokes. That statement started the great joke-stealing myth that still haunts Milton, but it turned the trick with the Palace audiences.

Just once more Milton Berle has had to succeed in a new field. Radio at first would have none of him. He guest-starred on Rudy Vallee's program, then on Fred Waring's, then as a pinch hitter for Fannie Brice—always without success. Stubbornly, Milton buckled down to conquer the toughest job of them all. He analyzed his comedy style, discovered just what was wrong with it for the air—too fast, too sophisticated, too Broadway—and tried once more. And succeeded.

Thanks to radio, Milton is today happy in the knowledge that nothing can ever happen, while they live, to bring separation to the father and mother he loves better than anything in the world. It is the only home in his life he has known. Radio has brought him enough money so that he has been able to put some aside, in annuities, against possible disaster. His brothers and sisters are making their own ways in the world, and Mom and Pa occupy a luxurious apartment in New York while he is out in Hollywood.

"It wasn't April Showers that dampened his love... ’twas the feel of her rough, dry Hands"

It's no fun having rough, puffy, red hands. Jack noticed mine—and I thought our good times were spoiled forever.

Then—

An advertisement helped me. I read how quickly Jergens Lotion softens a girl's hands because it soaks into the skin. So I always use Jergens now and Jack says, "Your hands are wonderful—so soft."

Moisture inside the skin cells keeps Hands lovably soft

Hand skin only too easily dries and chaps. Because cold, wind and water dry out moisture from the skin cells. And most women find they have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

But—with Jergens Lotion—you can speedily replace that precious lost moisture inside the cells. Jergens soaks in more effectively than any other lotion tested. Your hands soon lose their neglected look—soften, become girlishly smooth. Jergens contains two ingredients doctors use. Use Jergens regularly for tender hands a man loves. It's never sticky. Only 50c, 25c, 10c—$1.00 for the big bottle—at any toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION

Free: Purse-Size Jergens

Use after hands have been wet, to restore girlish smoothness, whiteness, to your hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1728 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada—Pent, Ontario.) Please send my purse-size bottle of Jergens—free.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________
Good morning, Sleepy Eyes! Freshen up with cold water. Wake up the sleeping beauty in your eyes—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Transform sleepy, scattered, scanty lashes into long, dark, curling, sweeping fringes. And presto—lovely eyes are ready to work wonders when you've dressed and ready for the day's task, shopping or pleasure.

★ Naturally, you want to avoid the risk of any hard, theatrical, "made-up" look given by ordinary mascaras. Use only the finest of all mascaras—for the natural appearance which reveals your individual charm. Use Maybelline mascara—in either the new perfected Cream form or the world-famous Solid form.

★ Not waxy, lumpy or gummy. Non-staining, tear-proof, absolutely harmless. Keeps lashes soft and silky. There is no mascara more waterproof than Maybelline. Only 15¢ at your favorite take-out counter.

★ Have you tried the largest selling Eyebrow Pencil in the world? It's Maybelline. Let its smooth-marking point form your brows into the expressive, graceful curve most becoming to your individual beauty.

★ Try all shades of the exquisite Maybelline Eye Shadow. You'll find them thrillingly subtle in color and gloriously becoming. Softly blend a shadow on your lids. See how much it adds to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ 10,000,000 discriminating women know that there is nothing quite so satisfying as Maybelline. Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Addys are obtainable in the 10¢ stores. Try this new and more delightful way to daytime and evening enchantment.

Maybelline’s world famous
Solid Form Mascara, in the bril-
liant red and gold variety—75c.
Black, brown or blue.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.
Maybelline Eye Shadow: Blue, Blue Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown
in dusty, coppery
bag, 75c.

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYEBEAUTY AIDS

I would like to be able to tell you that all is well with Moses Berlinger—that the loving care Milton is now able to give him has brought back his health. I wish I could tell you that. But the rheuma-
tism has affected Moses' heart, and he never leaves the bed in his sunny room on the south side of the apartment build-
ing. Nor can he even listen to Milton's radio programs. The excitement strains his heart too much.

Mom, grown gray-haired and handsome, runs the apartment and Milton too, ac-
companying him to broadcasts and per-
sonal appearances. The only time Milton doesn't like to be with her is when she goes shopping in some big department store. She's too apt to spot a shoplifter and warn one of the detectives to "watch that woman."

"Like an old fire-horse when she hears the engines," is Milton's affectionately dis-
respectful characterization of her.

And Mom has two fur coats now, to make up for that old muff which Milton cut up to start a career.

Where to Buy This Month's Fashions

Blue and White Dress by Paul Parries

Samuel Spiegel—Roserno, Virginia
Ann Allen—New Haven, Conn.
Robert Simpson—Toronto, Canada
Montreal, Canada
Greenfield—St. Louis
Lory's, Ladies Taggery—Memphis, Tenn.
Harris Woolworth—Evanston, Ill.
Jude Bros.—San Antonio, Texas
Milligan—Kinston, Ohio
Milner—Miami, Florida
Loup refreshing—Atlanta, Ga.
Freem's—Boyton Ave., Boston, Mass.
Dreb Jakub—Dunlap Beach, Florida
Rogers—Denver, Colorado
Rag & Co.—New York
Violette—San Francisco, Calif.
Perkins Bros.—Corpus Christi, Texas
Hearst Marshall—Barron, New York
Kerman Stores—Chicago, Ill.

Germaine Montal's Yellow Grabkle Crepe and White Chiffon

Gana Downs—Denver, Colorado
Saks—New York and Chicago
Barnes—Sacramento, Calif.

Ray Minn, Designer Dresses and Street Dress

Lindner Co.—Cleveland, Ohio
Saks—Fifth Avenue—New York
Neuman Marcus—Dallas, Texas
William Block, Indianapolis, Ind.
Harold's—Minneapolis, Minn.
Kline's—St. Louis, Mo.
B. F. Farm—Hope, N. Y.
J. P. Allen—Atlanta, Ga.
Pakky—Winston, Ohio
Van Dent—Denver, Colo.
Montado—Salon, North Carolina
Charlotte, N. C.
Columbia, Ohio
Bollee—Wildire—Los Angeles, Calif.
The Smart Shop—Memphis, Tenn.
Gidding Co.—Cincinnati, Ohio
Ransahoff—Kansas City, Mo.
Joseph Horne—Pittsburgh, Pa.
Garfield—Washington, D. C.

New Pears Moisture Suit

Saks—Fifth Avenue
Saks—Chicago
\n\nNedden's—Dallas, Texas
Julius Garfinckel—Washington, D. C.
Barnes—Atlanta, Ga.
\n\nWilliam Block—Indianapolis, Ind.
Happel Brothers—Cleveland, Ohio.
Wm. R. Hills—Dallas, Minn.
A. L. Shose—Oklahoma City, Okla.
Gana Downs—Denver, Colo.
Lawton—Cincinnati, Ohio
Bollee—Wildire—Los Angeles, Calif.
Montago's—Hartsville, S.C.
Winston-Salem, South Carolina
Bass Angell—Seattle, Wash.
J. W. Robinson—Los Angeles, Calif.
Monte Miben—San Francisco
B. Siegel Company—Detroit, Mich.
Mandel's—Buffalo, N. Y.
Hirsh's—Miami, Fla.
Jay's—Boston, Mass.
Gilbert's Shop—Toledo, Ohio
J. F. McGovern—Lexington, Ky.
J. W. Whitcomb—Dubuque, Iowa.
Secret Drama That Brought Myrt and Marge Back to Radio

(Continued from page 22)

expected to, and Myrt had to rewrite and condense a month's scripts into two weeks.

The Myrt and Marge radio family split up for the summer, or until a new sponsor could be found. Donna Damerel, Myrt's daughter, who plays Marge, went out to California. Vinton Haworth, who played Jack Arnold, also went to California and into the movies. Ray Hodge, the Clarence Hedgerutcher, found work in Chicago radio studios as a sound effects man.

It was left to Myrtle, remaining in her Chicago apartment, to sell the program to a new sponsor—if it was to be sold at all. As the weeks passed, discouragement and distaste for the task grew upon her—due as much to her weariness as to the difficulties she was facing.

To begin with, legal title to Myrt and Marge as a radio series was still held by her former sponsor. Red tape and delay had to be gone through before her idea and her characters were once more entirely her property.

THEN she found out anew what she had known all along, and had refused to admit—that the long association of Myrt and Marge with one sponsor was a liability, not an asset. Myrt and Marge had become so closely identified in the public's mind with one particular product that all other sponsors were afraid to touch them. It wasn't that they hadn't done a good job in selling their sponsor's product. They'd done altogether too good a job.

In time, she was sure the program could be sold. In time, its identification with its former sponsor would fade, and at last it would take on new value for a different product.

But was it worth the effort? She thought once more of the never-ending routine of keeping a program moving. Did she want to stay in Chicago all summer, working to find a sponsor—only to work harder still, once she had one? She thought longingly of the life she could make for herself in Hollywood. Why not take her savings before they were all gone, and try to break into the writing end of the movies? She had friends there who would help her, and she knew, with five years of radio scripts behind her, that she could write good dialogue.

That is what Myrtle Vail would have done, if it had not been for her son, George Damerel, Jr.—the boy you hear playing the part of Georgie Manning on the new Myrt and Marge series.

Few people knew, until the new series began, that Myrtle Vail had a son. He's eighteen now, and most of his life has been spent in school, or with his father, who was separated from Myrtle several years ago.

When Myrt and Marge first went on the air, in 1930, George was put in an exclusive military school near Chicago. Until then, Myrt had been in vaudeville and George had been the typical vaudeville artist's son—without a home, without roots anywhere, without a continuous education. With the money she was earning in radio, Myrt made a promise to herself, she would give George the finest education she could possibly buy for him—and that promise she has kept.

After a year at the school near Chicago, George was sent to another military school, an even more expensive and ex...
NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL

BUT SCIENCE HAS PROVED THAT THOUSANDS DON'T HAVE TO BE SKINNY

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS
GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS. IN A FEW WEEKS!

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets. Not only that, but they've gained naturally lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity—almost instantly!

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the simple reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and are not likely to get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the most important known sources of this marvelous 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 3 kinds of iron, parturized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your checks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets out a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't make you strong and healthy and full of pep, just as thousands of others have. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first packet, send back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "True Facts About Your Body," written by the famous Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, author of the best seller "How Are You?" and all drugs—Ironized Yeast Co., Ltd., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

Radio Mirror
the carefree life he and his classmates had led.

"I'm not going back to school," he told Myrt. "I want to go to work. Be independent."

Looking at him, Myrt saw past the determined set of his jaw to the scared, confused, rudderless state of his mind. She saw, too, the mistake she herself had made. A good education. Yes, it had been that, the best that money could buy—and what good had it done her boy? He talked about earning his own living, but what was there that his education had fitted him to do? Nothing. It had not even taught him to care for money which was given him, much less earn that money for himself.

"What kind of work do you want to do, George?" she asked.

Stumblingly, he tried to hide from her his lack of confidence. He'd like to work on a newspaper—he'd always liked journalism in school. Of course, he knew it was pretty hard to get newspaper jobs without any experience. But there was the stage. He'd gone on a personal appearance tour with Myrt and Marge the summer before, so he had a little experience in that profession, and perhaps, if he couldn't get on a newspaper,...

Myrt looked swiftly back, down the years of her own experience on the stage. She knew what the stage could be, and usually was. Why, thirteen days after George was born she'd been rehearsing in a new vaudeville act—she'd had to, to get money to feed him and Dona. And when George was twelve she'd pawned her wedding ring to buy a new dress for the audition which sold the Myrt and Marge series to the radio. As for newspapers—frankly, she didn't believe an eighteen-year-old boy without any experience could find work on any of them.

Nor could she help him if she did what she had been making up her mind to do—give up radio, go to Hollywood, and try to write for the movies. She could give him a little money; the money she had set aside for him to go to college on, but what good would that do? George didn't want money; he wanted, and needed, a job. Something to hide him over a difficult period in his life, something to assure him of his usefulness in the world.

There was only one way she could help him, and yet not appear to be helping him.

"How would you like to go on the air with me?" she asked him. "I can write in a part in Myrt and Marge for you, and as soon as we sell it you'll be making a small salary—just what I'd pay any other actor."

George leaped at the idea, naturally; and Myrt, with a small sigh, put aside her dreams of a life in California, away from the treadmill of writing, rehearsing, broadcasting, writing, rehearsing, broadcasting day after day, week after week. Now, if she could only get a sponsor—

It wasn't easy. Several times, that summer and fall, negotiations seemed to have progressed with this sponsor or that, practically to the dotted-line point; but something always happened. Out in Hollywood, her trunk still packed, ready to come East at a day's notice.

At last, after eight months off the air, Myrt's confidence in the program was rewarded. Under the sponsorship of Super Suds, Myrt and Marge took over the 2:45 spot on CBS every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays.

I was in the studio the afternoon George made his air debut. He had a song to sing, and a few lines to speak. His singing voice is naturally sweet, but untrained. As to his lines, Myrt had been firm in her

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!

Here's How to Deal with Them

By Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores. This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, snot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear.

Also your pores automatically come down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
Advice in allure
FROM THE GLAMOROUS SOUTH SEAS ENCHANTRESS

Lips are most alluring when their color is exciting... when they have no pasty look... when they are smooth and soft... soft to touch!

The New Tattoo gives lips a strangely intoxicating redness; a sweetly tempting moistness and luster that only South Sea colors have. You'll see it yourself the instant you see the five luscious shades. And because the New Tattoo is clearly transparent, lips do not have a pasty look to spoil the allure of their enchanting color. But more! There's a magical ingredient blended into the New Tattoo that gives lips a thrilling new kind of softness... an endlessly yielding softness!

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin; cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

determination to treat him like any other radio actor. She hadn't coached him at all, hadn't even given him any advice about how to read them. Hands off, is the strict policy between Myrtle Vail and her son.

Between rehearsals, they told me about George's living arrangements. When they first came to New York from Chicago, George lived by himself at a midtown hotel. Afterwards, when Myrt had leased a house in Forest Hills, he went there to live, paying for his room and board. "He'd better pay, too," Myrt threatened, "or I'll take it out of his salary!"

That salary isn't large, but it's larger than a boy his age could earn in any other profession, and out of it he is saving enough to pay his way when he returns to college.

Dress rehearsal, when the whole script is run through just as it goes on the air, was called, and I stepped into the control room to watch and learn. George hadn't seemed nervous—but he muffed his lines! He read them too fast and too soon, interrupted his mother and Donna.

Myrt didn't scold him, but afterwards, when I went downstairs with him for a cup of coffee, I saw that his hands were shaking.

"I'm lousy, and I know I'm lousy," he admitted, over the coffee. "I've got an awful lot to learn about radio. Look at the way I bluffed my lines just now! (All the same, he was proud of that bit of radio slang, "blurred.")"

THAT'S all right," I comforted him. "It was just rehearsal. You'll be all right when you're on the air." "Golly, I hope so," he glanced at the clock, pushed back his chair. "It's almost time for the broadcast. Let's go back."

Once more in the control room, I watched the broadcast. George's song came first, before he had any lines to speak. Myrt and Marge were supposed to be listening to him, commenting about him in low voices to each other. The song ended on a high note, sweet and clear. "Attaboy!" said Myrt. "He finished that off like a real prover."

"He was reading from the script; it was the same line she had spoken a dozen times during rehearsal; but there was something in it now, that hadn't been there before—a note of pride, of warm confidence, that was for George alone.

He stepped closer to the microphone, holding his script in his hands—and they weren't shaking. He read his lines perfectly, neither too slow nor too fast, without a stumble.

The broadcast had ended, and we were leaving the studio in the usual post-broadcast bust of chatter. Myrt patted her son casually on the shoulder. Then she looked over at me, and smiled. I wish you could have seen that smile. It explained why their fans didn't lose Myrt and Marge.

NEXT MONTH—
Another favorite theme song used by one of radio's leading orchestras—Watch for it—in the May Issue of RADIO MIRROR
Brighten Your Meals With Canned Milk

(Continued from page 54)

after singing with Gus Arnheim’s orchestra on the Coast, where I also did some movie work, and had decided to try my luck in New York. So on I came—in a bus and nearly broke my back—with about seven dollars to my name when I landed here. I got a couple of solo spots on the air which paid my hotel bill, and had a few auditions. After one audition my accompanist and I were going down in an elevator in Radio City and ran into Dell—he and my accompanist were old friends but of course I didn’t know him.

“Well, Dell seemed to decide that I was a nice young girl who didn’t know her way around in New York—and how right he was about that!—so he took me under his wing. We had dinner together, and went to movies when he had time off from his radio assignments. And we played Russian Bank together almost every night—Dell didn’t know until after we were married that sometimes if I hadn’t won half a dollar from him at Russian Bank I wouldn’t have had breakfast the next morning.

“Then I went back west—none of the auditions had resulted in a contract—wrote Dell a polite ‘thank you’ note, received one from him in return, and thought that was that. It wasn’t until I returned to New York for one day before going on to Boston, and Dell took me to dinner and put me on my train, that I said to myself ‘Meri Bell, I think you’re in love.’ I was, and so was Dell, and as soon as I got back to New York after finishing my New England contract in March, we were married.

Dell took up the story. “The next step was to find a house, not a hotel apartment with kitchenette, and as soon as we found one, Meri Bell turned into a housewife as well as being a singer.”

“That was hard at first,” Meri Bell said, “but we both wanted a home with real home-cooked meals. Dell hates restaurants.

“I’ll say I do.” Dell broke in behind his luncheon menu. “They’re always like this—I ordered creamed chipped beef and it’s all out.” He gave the waiter a substitute order, then turned back to Meri Bell. “What are we going to have for dinner tonight?”

“Mushrooms a la king and peppermint ice cream—how’s that?”

“Swell. We have the biggest refrigerator in captivity,” he told me, “and Meri Bell makes the best ice cream you’ve ever tasted. But I mention the mushrooms.”

“They’re both simple, really,” Meri Bell said, “and the recipes are practically fool-proof—they’re made with canned milk—which is certainly a selling point for cooks as inexperienced as I was when I started out.”

Mushrooms a la King

3 tbl butter
1/2 lb. mushrooms, halved
3 tbl flour
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup water
1 tbl. cooking sherry
3 hard boiled eggs
1/2 cup diced cooked celery
1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
1/2 cup grated American cheese

Melt the butter in a skillet, add the mushrooms and cook until golden brown. Add the flour and stir until well blended. Combine milk and water, add it slowly.
**Peppermint Ice Cream**

Blend sweetened condensed milk thoroughly with water. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan of refrigerator. When mixture is about half frozen, remove from refrigerator, scrape from sides and bottom of pan, add peppermint candy and beat until smooth, but not melted. Return to freezing chamber until frozen for serving.

"Dell certainly goes for desserts," Meri Bell went on. "Here are two more of my favorites—pompadour pudding and butterscotch pudding."

**Pompadour Pudding**

1 cup evaporated milk  
1 cup water  
2 eggs, separated  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
3/4 tsp. salt  
1 tbl. cornstarch  
3/4 tsp. lemon extract  
4 tsp. cocoa

Beat the egg yolks slightly and blend with the milk in the top of a double boiler. Combine the salt and cornstarch with half the quantity of sugar and add to the milk. Cook over hot, not boiling, water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from heat and stir in the lemon extract. Combine the remaining sugar with the cocoa and add to the egg whites which have been beaten almost stiff. Beat this meringue until stiff. Pour the cooked mixture into a casserole, top with the meringue and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) for forty-five minutes. Allow to cool, and chill in refrigerator before serving.

**Butterscotch Pudding**

2 tbl. cornstarch  
1 cup evaporated milk  
1 cup water  
1 tbl. butter  
1 cup brown sugar  
3/4 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. vanilla extract

Mix the milk and water, and blend one-quarter of the mixture with the cornstarch. Scald the remaining milk in top of the double boiler. In another saucepan melt the butter, then add the sugar and cook, stirring constantly, until the sugar melts. Add slowly to the scalded milk, stirring until well blended. Add the cornstarch mixture and the salt and stir until thick. Cover and cook twenty minutes. Cool and beat in the vanilla.

Meri Bell has some other recipes which I know you'll enjoy—black-eyed beans, (a famous southern dish), peanut marshmallow fudge which she and Dell agree is tops in candy, her never-failing magic chocolate icing and three other foolproof canned milk recipes. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
a sharp voice from behind them. “And don't turn around!”

There was the sound of footsteps, then four evenly spaced reports as the bandits shot out the tires on the car. “You won't get far on them flaps,” said the same voice as before. Bushes rustled at the side of the road, then silence.

Rice and Masterson rushed to the car, secured the extra guns which were in the back, and started in the direction the bandits had gone. It was no use. They had disappeared completely, soundlessly.

A gain and again the Phantom struck—and not once. In all his exploits, did anyone get a glimpse of his face and live to describe him. Often, he and his men kept their faces covered. When they did not and his victims disregarded his warnings not to look at him, he kept his word and shot them down.

His method of escape—so sure, so fast,—was what baffled the police. He could be standing beside a payroll car one minute with his men, and two minutes later he would be gone, leaving no trace.

After three years of terrorizing the Pittsburgh district, the Phantom widened his area by invading the American State Bank in Detroit and murdering the teller, Charles Taggart. It was the first time he had dared to attack a place where money was being kept instead of waiting until it was being moved, and his success emboldened him so that six months later, in November, 1925, he and his men carried out another successful robbery in the office of the Ainsworth-Meng Company in Detroit.

Then back to the Pittsburgh district they went, to continue their lawless career there. Police redoubled their efforts. They staged dummy deliveries to throw the Phantom off the track. Sometimes the paymaster himself did not know in advance what route he was to follow, or what time the delivery was to be made. But the Phantom seemed always to hold up the right delivery at the right time.

March, 1927, the Phantom's greatest coup, and the one which began his undoing.

The Coverdale Mines at last had something they believed baffled all the Phantom's plans—an armored truck, with thick steel plate and bullet-proof glass, studded with built-in machine guns.

On March 11, shortly after noon, the armored truck turned off the state highway into a side road on its way to Coverdale. Six men were inside, guarding the payroll, vigilant with their shotguns at the peep slits on all sides of the machine. Fifty yards behind the truck, as an added precaution, came a big seven-passenger car containing six more men.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash, and the earth exploded beneath the wheels of the truck and its convoy. Truck, car, men, flew up into the air a hundred feet. As it fell, the truck burst open, spilling the unconscious bodies.

The Phantom had successfully engineered the most daring robbery in the history of Pennsylvania. He and his men, disguised as laborers, had planted a quarter of a ton of dynamite underneath that road under the pretense of repairing it. Like vultures the Phantom's gang were on the truck before the sound of the explosion had ceased to echo against the hills. It had been split wide open, and they had no difficulty in reaching the money. In a few seconds they were gone again, over a long dirt side of the road, and into a deserted mine shaft behind it.

Once more the Phantom's knowledge of the maze of deserted mine workings in that part of Pennsylvania had enabled him to get away from the scene of a robbery two minutes after he had committed it.

Strange, that no one before Paul Jawarski ever thought of making a hiding place out of the mile upon mile of worked-out coal mines. Windin and tortuous, twisting back upon themselves, branching out in all directions, their damp, gloomy caverns could have made a perfect hideout for hundreds of men.

Yet Paul Jawarski thought of many things no man had ever thought of before. Brutal, remorseless, completely without soul, there was still a touch of perturbed genius in him.

In 1921 he had gathered together a group of criminals under his leadership and established his headquarters in the tunnel of an old mine a few miles from Pittsburgh. His plans were all laid.

"If ya all do just what I tell ya, we'll have millions and millions," he instructed his men. "We'll go up out of the earth—get a payroll—and be safe back down here again before they know what's happened. If there are guards, we'll kill them. The more ya kill, the bigger cut ya'll git of the money. And don't never give no warning ya going to shoot!"

And now he had thought things out so successfully that he and his men were

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Paris ... London ... New York ... Toronto ... Buenos Aires ... Berlin
GERBER'S

"I'M STRIKING FOR HOME GROWN VEGETABLES!"

"Of course, you know it's unfair to give me anything but the best... but do you know, Mother, that it's unfair for you to cook for me yourself? No matter how you pick my vegetables or how carefully you cook them and serve them, they won't be as fresh or as nutritious as Gerber's!

Just read these features of Gerber's Home Grown Vegetables:

**Only Gerber's Offer All These Advantages**

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**Home Grown**—within an hour from our kitchens to prevent loss of quality.

**Shaker-Cooked**—after scientific steaming at correct temperatures with air excluded for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree. Each sealed can is mechanically shaken for even cooking throughout.

Gerber's Sentinel Cereal made from selected whole grains; Gerber's Prunes are from the Santa Clara Valley of California, which also raises Gerber's Apricots. Apples used are Michigan Crimsons Golden.

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"The question, was how could the police ever track their quarry down in such a maze of tunnels? The Phantom must know the mines far better than any other man in the world. He could twist and turn, eluding them at every point.

However, now that it was possible to identify him, there was new hope, and McGinley knew he must find a clever ruse to bring the criminals out into the open.

He called in the sister-in-law of one of his detectives and asked her to spread gossip among her friends that the police were planning to pour poison gas into a lot of the deserted mine shafts and then close the openings.

"We're not going to do that," he explained to her. "It isn't practical; there isn't enough poison gas in the world to imitate those old mines. But your brother-in-law is a detective, and if you say you're going to do it, people will believe you. You, too. You'll be led on to a new trail to the Phantom, so that if he and his gang are hiding in some old shaft they'll get scared, come out and try hiding in some deserted house.

The detective's sister-in-law did her work well. Within two days everyone in the state was whispering about the police's crazy plan to poison-gas the mines. On March 13 Captain McGinley was working in his office when the phone rang. A lieutenant answered it:

"Is Captain McGinley there?" a man's voice asked.

"Who's calling?"

"I don't want to give my name. Tell him it's a citizen who wants to help him."

McGinley took the call. "There's a gang of fellows who came out here yesterday," his unknown caller told him, "and they don't seem to belong here. They've all left except one—a little fellow with a fly-rod head."

"Where's he?" McGinley asked excitedly.

"Staying in an old house on Walker Road. You can see it from Highway Falls Fork, take the right-hand road, and it's the third house. There are no other houses right near it. There was a click on the other end of the wire but no reply.

In half an hour, Captain McGinley and fifteen men had surrounded the white house on Walker Road. Nothing was heard but a quiet sound of the bright sunlight. No sound came from inside as they approached, zigzagging lest the Phantom start to shoot. They broke down the door and entered. There was no one on the lower floor.

"If there's anybody in this house show yourself!" Captain McGinley called. "If you don't we'll shoot on sight."

Still no sound.

They went upstairs. And in one of the bedrooms they found a man, apparently asleep. "Yawning," he demanded, "What's all this noise?"

"A lot of sleeping you've been doing with all this noise going on!" snapped McGinley. He yanked the blankets off, disclosing the man fully dressed.

The prisoner stood up with a sneer on his face, thinking himself secure because no one had ever seen him identify him. Then Thorne came into the room.

"That's him!" he exclaimed. "That's the Phantom himself!

Jawarski was one of the strangest prisoners the Pittsburgh police had ever captured. He had made no attempt to deny his guilt. In fact, he boasted of the dozens of perfect crimes he had committed—boasted of his murders, and of how loot was distributed to his gang according to the amount of killing done. He was sentenced to the electric chair, and locked in an escape-proof cell in death row.

But he was not ready for death yet. A few days before he was to be executed, Jawarski was talking to a murderer named Vasbinder in the next cell. Vasbinder was frightened of the possibility of being executed the next day and he admitted he was scared.

"I ain't scared of nothing, and I ain't gonna fry, neither," said Jawarski.

**YOU can't get out of here—they got double guards, Vasbinder said.**

"Listen. I can get out of anything," Jawarski whispered. "I'm getting out of here right now. Want to come along?"

A few minutes later a guard came with news that a visitor wanted to see Jawarski.

"I want to see him, too," Vasbinder said. "He's a fellow that's trying to get another lawyer for me."

The convicts and their visitor were separated by two heavy doors of steel mesh and glass, which were shut tight. The man who had come to see Jawarski talked for a minute to the prisoner, then suddenly whipped out a little knife he had concealed in his person and shot the guard on his side of the mesh through the heart. Another shot, and he had disposed of the guard and was gone. Vasbinder, while he fumbled for the keys on the guard's dead body, Jawarski and Vasbinder removed their guard's gun. Quickly the "visitor" unlocked the doors between him and the prisoners. Two more guards came plunging into the room. Jawarski whirled, pulled the trigger of his gun twice, and they fell. Out through the visitors' room the three men went, down a corridor to a gate. Vasbinder fumbled with the key, and Jawarski, behind him, took the dead guard, trying to find the right one. While Jawarski and his accomplice kept watch down the corridor. Already the prison doors were shutting.

At last Vasbinder found the key and opened the gate. They ran across the space in front of the gate. The four remaining guards whirled the ground at their feet. A short distance away was their car, waiting for them. They made it, drove away into the night.

"It seemed as if some malig man providence kept watch over Jawarski. I luck had now avoided him at any rate. They never had carried out so daring and hazardous a plan of escape. Convinced of his own power now. Jawarski began his
career over again, but this time with a difference. He became reckless, took crazy chances, seeming to delight in letting police catch him, then slipping through their fingers. He robbed the Detroit Daily News, getting a very small amount of loot, and afterwards boasting that he'd done it just so he could get his name in the papers.

Vasbinder had become his closest associate, and it was Vasbinder who was with him one night in a speedboat on the Detroit River. From Jawarski's story, which he told later, we can reconstruct what happened on that speedboat ride.

Vasbinder was puzzled and anxious. He couldn't understand what the boss was doing, taking a ride in a boat at two o'clock in the morning. And Jawarski was acting so queer, so silent and mysterious. When Jawarski suddenly shut off the engine in midstream Vasbinder felt fear at his heart.

"See that falling star?" Jawarski asked softly. "That means somebody's gonna die soon ... You or me, Vasbinder ... Wonder which it'll be?"

"Oh, cut out the philosophizing, boss," Vasbinder said uneasily.

"Life's funny, ain't it? Look at me—smarter than anybody. I done everything I wanted. I robbed more'n a million bucks, and when anybody got in my way I plugged 'em. And yet, where's it got me? I've spent all the dough ... Maybe I'm wrong—or maybe it's everybody else that's wrong. But I've made up my mind what I'm gonna do now."

"What, boss?"

"There ain't nobody can catch me. I'm too smart. So I'm gonna give myself up."

But—Vasbinder stuttered. "But I don't want to give myself up, boss. I don't want to get caught!"

"Don't worry. You ain't gonna have to," said Jawarski, and he laughed. "Yeah, I'm going back to Cleveland, and I'm going into a little restaurant there, where some fellows I know eat regular. They used to sing in the choir with me back home—that's a laugh, ain't it? And I'm gonna sit there until one of them comes in and sees me and tells the cops. Then I'm gonna wait until the cops come and get me, but first I'm gonna kill as many as I can."

"Gee, boss," Vasbinder babbled, "you're outta your head. You're nuts. I don't want to get caught."

"Yeah, you're kind of dumb. Without me to tell you what to do you'll get you sure. There was a horrible sympathy in Jawarski's voice. 'I'll fix it."

"What do you got that gun for?" screamed Vasbinder, his eyes on Jawarski's hand.

"If I don't kill you the cops will," Jawarski said.

"No, they won't—don't kill me, boss—"

Jawarski laughed. "The next time you open your mouth. I'm gonna pump lead into it. . . Why don't you say something, Vasbinder? Want me to shoot you, Vasbinder?"

Vasbinder was half choked with fear.

"No—I'minn," he murmured.

Jawarski pulled the trigger. He tossed the body overboard, into the river.

Jawarski kept his word. He returned to Cleveland and went to the restaurant, where he ate with his boyhood chum. Half-way through the meal his friend excused himself and went into a telephone booth. What were Jawarski's thoughts as he watched, and knew that his friend was informing on him to the police? No one can tell. Those who watched him said that he seemed almost happy.

Police surrounded the lunchroom. Jawarski waited until they were outside, then he dashed out of the building, shooting as he went, and wounded three policemen. He ran into an adjacent house, where he stayed until smoked out with tear gas bombs. Still he would not surrender. Half-blinded by the gas, he kept pumping lead at the police from a revolver in each hand. Suddenly he fell with a bullet through his forehead.

THE police thought at first he was dead, but miraculously he recovered, and lived to be taken to the electric chair at Rock- view Penitentiary, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on January 21, 1929. The execution pulled the switch at one o'clock in the morning, bringing to its end the career of the blood-thirsty egomaniac, the Phantom of the Coal Fields.

Larry DeVol was a killer. He shot men down "just to see them squirm." Not only that, but he was so determined to continue his criminal career that he even dared to inflict terrible pain upon himself to escape from prison. Read his story—the story of Gang Busters' proudest achievement, and the second in Radio Mirror's series of this program's most exciting broadcasts—in the

MAY RADIO MIRROR

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KEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

Ripley’s Thrilling Search for India’s Weirdest Cult

(Continued from page 33)

detours and stopovers and he sticks to the back country. That’s how he finds his “baggage.” So the first stop on the way to India was Greece.

He’d never been to that strange country, but he had studied about it at the University of Athens. In fact, he was the only Greek who had studied about it.

Bob reached the monastery, to find that it consisted of one community, but of several, scattered about on adjoining peaks. There was only one way for him to find out what one of them was like inside, and Bob took it. He climbed into a rickety basket and signalled to the watchmen on the heights above to pull him up.

Bob admitted he was a little scared, going up in that basket. It swung back and forth and around and around, and he knew that a home-made rope and a home-made windlass up at the top were the only things that were holding him up.

“...but in a case like that the only thing to do is to do your worrying before you get there,” he said. “Well, here I am!”

On the mountain top were a dozen bearded, dark-gowned creatures, more like half-wild animals than men. They stared at this strange intruder from another world in fear and distrust, until at last he convinced them he meant them no harm.

He stayed with them for several days, sharing their lives—or rather, their existence. Their days were all alike—up at dawn, work and pray until their bedtime at dusk, eat meals of black bread, goat cheese, and a bitter wine with resin in it. The monotony of the solitude had worked on their minds until they were almost insane, in their eyes the far-off, vacant glaze of fanaticism.

Leaving Greece, Bob went on to Cairo in Egypt. Nothing at all interesting happened to him in Cairo, except that students at the University of Cairo objected to his taking pictures of them and threw rocks at him, succeeding in breaking the lens of one of his finest cameras. Nothing at all exciting in Cairo, at least not for Bob.

To get to India from Egypt you have to drop down far enough south to cut around the bulging peninsula of Arabia. On this journey they landed at Khartoum in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When the English captured Khartoum the native population—to show what it thought of the English—had moved out bodily and built a new town across the river at Omdurman. Because it is the largest Arab city in existence today, Bob wanted to see it.

Exploring late one night in a highly reputable quarter of the town, he ventured into a native saloon. Feeble lamps winked along the walls, casting black, evil shadows. Natives and their women squatted on the mud floor drinking Kaffir beer. Everyone was drunk—and in a fighting mood.

There was a sudden silence as Bob stepped through the low arch of the door. Every eye in the room was on him and his white suit. Then he heard a low, muttered murr. A huge black giant, stark naked, with tricks of sweat running down his scrawny skin and a uglily scowl on his face, rose menacingly and moved toward Bob.

It was a bad spot to be in. White men had no business in that section of town. Bob knew. They went there at their own risk. He might be found dead in the gutter in the morning, and if he were, the English police would be unable even to avenge his murder.

The native was almost on him now, his huge bulk jiggling in the smoky air. Bob could have turned and run—he wanted to turn and run—but he knew it would be fatal. The only possible way out was to bluster, and Bob bluffed.

Bob’s arm shot out and grabbed the black by the shoulder. “Here, what do you think you’re doing?” he barked. “Do you think you’re going to kill me?” He didn’t expect the man to understand English, but the tone of voice was what counted, and he made it as authoritative and angry as he could.

In an instant the man’s face changed. “I beg your pardon, sir,” he said in perfect Oxford-Westminster English. Then he bowed politely, turned, and disappeared into a few words in Arabic—everybody in the place got down on his knees and made the warrier-greeting gesture. After that, everybody had a good time, Bob included.

Flying from Bengazi to Arabia in India, Bob rode in an Italian army transport plane. It was a hydroplane, designed to fly over water, but the daredevil young pilot it decided to save an hour by flying over land. The next thing they knew the plane ran into a violent air current which flung the plane up a thousand feet at one moment and down a thousand at the next. They were soon flying below the level of the surrounding mountain peaks, and they couldn’t seem to climb high enough to get over them. The currents were so strong that twice the plane was nearly flipped completely on its back in the air.

Bob and another man were the only passengers. Thinking quickly, they crawled down inside the two pontoons, one in each, and lay at full length on their stomachs, giving the plane a counter-balance. If they weren’t careful, the pitch-black leather coffin, knowing that you may bump into a jagged mountain top at any instant, you know about how you would feel in Bob’s place.

And then at last—India.

Bob contacted the British authorities. They were quite pleased to have the man back. They were quite pleased that there were some people in the world who didn’t let a little thing like a war stop them from going where they wanted to go.

“Where can I find them?” Bob asked eagerly.

“Where can you find the Saddhus? That we can’t tell you. Anywhere. Everywhere. It depends on where you run across them.”

He began his search. For a long time he had no luck. He tried the leper colony of Magar Pir, where men with the lion faces that are one mark of the dread disease hobbled about on feet from which the flesh had fallen. He tried the monastery of St. John that at Tom Fright he found the most horrible living being he had ever seen—a beggar woman whose entire face was eaten away—by a leprosy.

Everyone he asked told him where to find them, but when he got to the place they were never there.

He tried the Vale of Kashmir. A romantic spot, Kashmir, as celebrated in
poetry and song. Bob found it to be a headache of the more dangerous kind. Whenever he goes, Bob's camera goes too. Every "Believe-it" he finds must be photographed, for two reasons—first, to serve as copy for his cartoon when he gets back home; second, to silence possible doubters. Necessary part of his equipment though it is, his camera gets him into all kinds of trouble. His attempt to photograph the Gardens of the Shahjilar, in Kashmir, was totally misunderstood by the natives there, just as his previous efforts at the University of Cairo had been. 

Bob looked up from focussing the camera to find an angry mob surging around him, shouting and shaking their fists. At first, he thought the natives were angry because there is a mosque in the Gardens. He respects all religions and tries to obey the rules wherever he is, so he turned away from the mosque and tried to take pictures of another part of the Garden.

But the mob kept getting angrier and uglier. One ragged, lowering native who appeared to be stirring up most of the trouble finally made Bob understand that they didn't want pictures taken because there were Mohammedan women in the garden with their veils off. 

Bob tried to point out that he'd be glad to wait until the women put their veils on, but being a prudent sort of person, he began a dignified retreat as he talked. His heckler went right along with him, shouting epithets at the top of his voice and paying no attention to Bob's apologies. 

You can push a Ripley just so far, and then he loses his temper. The native jostled Bob once too often, and Bob pushed him head over heels into a fountain they were passing. 

Then came the biggest surprise of the whole incident. Bob was all ready to run, fearful that one of the heckler's friends would plunge a knife into his back. Instead, every Mohammedan in the place howled with laughter, proving that human nature is human nature the world over. They hadn't liked the tough guy any better than Bob had, and were tickled to death to see him taken down a peg.

But there weren't any Sadhus in the Vale of Kashmir, nor beside the Shahjilar, Bob located the famous Bo Tree under which, according to the legend, Gautama sat and became the Living Buddha. There, in this holy place, if anywhere, he should find these religious zealots. But no, there were none. 

And then, as he walked away from the Bo Tree, down the white, dusty road toward him he saw coming a queer, misshapen, unbelievable creature who used his arms for a pair of fore-legs, like a great ape! A Sadhu! 

The hair rising on the nape of his neck, Bob stopped the man and questioned him through an interpreter. Was he a cripple? No; he was not a cripple; he was the Monkey Man of Buddh-Gaya, he answered proudly. As a boy he had taken a solemn oath never to walk upright like a human being, and he had never broken it. Now, after forty-odd years, the palms of his hands were as calloused as the soles of his bare feet, his arms had grown as long as his scrawny brown legs, and his back was permanently bent so he could never straighten up again.

Once Bob had found his first Sadhu, it seemed it was an easy matter to find still more members of this unbelievable sect. At Allahabad, on the banks of the sacred Ganges he saw another, one, this time, who turned his back into a living pin cushion. He was less spectacular because there are plenty of side-show performers in America who can do the same thing.

After repeatedly sticking pins through their cheeks and tongues the holes stay open, so it doesn't hurt them.

In Calcutta he found another, the Ever-Sitting Man, who for fifty years has sat with his legs folded until they have withered away to the bone. And not far away he came upon still another, named Urthabahu, who has done the same thing to his arms, holding them straight up over his head, night and day, until his shoulder and elbow joints have become as solid as rock and the arms themselves as stiff as poles, mere skin on bones. Poor tortured man, hideous, misguided creatures—fanatics from whom Buddha himself, who expressly forbade such things in his religion, would turn his face away with a shudder.

That was the trip. For anyone else it would have been an experience worth telling and retelling for a lifetime, but to Bob, after twenty years of ships and trains, it's just another business jaunt.

"Nope," he insisted. "Most of the tall tales you hear from travelers just don't happen. Those things that happened to me are true, but then they're not really adventures. I remember a brave trophy-hunter I met this trip. It was at Shepherds' Hotel in Egypt. He told me about the giant tiger he had just killed in the African jungles. He stalked it for weeks. At last he caught sight of it and fired. Streaming blood, its fangs bared, the tiger charged him. It was fifty feet away—twenty—ten! But he wasn't the least bit nervous. Nearest? Him? He was as steady as a rock, and at the last minute he shot again. The tiger fell dead right in his tracks, so close to him that he could touch it.

"The only thing wrong with the whole story is that there are no jungles in Africa and no tigers, believe it or not."

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**SKIN DRY AND "TIGHT" POWDER "CATCHES"**

**AFTER A DAY in the open—how does your skin feel when you start to freshen up for the evening?**

All dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches"... looks splotchy... uneven.

There's a quick answer to that. A special cream melts all that harsh surface roughness into supple smoothness. Does it in just one application.

**How melting softens...** A distinguished dermatologist explains:—"Exposure hastens the natural drying out of cells on the surface of the skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so popular now with all active outdoor girls.

For **powder base**—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

For **overnight**—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after cleansing. Not greasy. Won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

For protection—Before long hours out of doors, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin won't rough up!

---

8-Piece Package

POND'S. Etre. SCM-VB. Clinton, Conn.

Rush 8-piece package containing small tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Base. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name ________________________

Street ________________________

City ________________________

State ________________________

Copyright 1937, Pond's Extract Company
COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

pads in exchange. Time alone will tell whether Parkyakarkas has made the right move.

WHAT starts out to be one thing in radio usually ends up being another. The same agent who boosts he was the first to say Good Will Court was dropping from the air now says there is another tremendous change due in your Sunday night listening habit. Mr. A is that Dick Powell's new Warner Brothers program is on the verge of being sold to the sponsors of Do You Want To Be An Actor? for next fall. He figures that the present Chase and Sanborn program will continue through the summer at reduced operating costs—salary cuts to you—then be succeeded by Mr. Powell.

SHOULD crooning Dick Powell get the Sunday evening hour, he will have what used to be the most important sixty minutes in radio, a break for the man who blithely walked off Hollywood Hotel. The reason Eddie Cantor and Nelson Eddy have leaped up and up in popularity surveys is Good Will Court's demise. When it quit, it gave up a fat slice of its listeners to Cantor and Eddy who are on the same time over a rival network. That always happens. A sponsor calls one wrong play and the other side has scored a touchdown.

WHO said radio columnists buried the axe only in the backs of their best friends? When Frank Parker opened as a stage star in "Howdy, Stranger" (meaning the people who paid cash the opening night) drama critics shook their August heads. After a single week word went around that the show was closing—signal for every radio columnist in town to begin plugging the Parker opus. Business picked up and the management, the last we heard, was looking forward to a run all spring long. At a profit.

PICTURE of a radio star making a joke: Phil Spitalny who directs those thirty-two bachelor groupies in "Hour of Charm," meets his brother, Hyman, for lunch in the basement of the RCA Building. "Hello, Phil," says Hyman, a dialectician without trying, "how do you fill?"

BELIEVE-it-or-not, Ripley is going to leave his Sunday night broadcasts sooner than you can say Bond Bread. Another agency which handles many of the General Foods accounts has Robert on an option. They just can't decide which new product should sponsor his program.

WHEN Milton Berle went to Hollywood early in February to make a picture with Joe Penner on the RKO lot, it looked to outsiders like a fat salary increase. Milton knew better. He had to pay for the rest of the Community Sing gang's railroad fare out there, since he was the only one who left to take a second job. The others just went for the ride. Milton also pays for the gang's extra living expenses in the land of eternal sunshine and frequent blizzards. If you want to make a gag out of that, you can be sure Milton won't lift it.

NADINE CONNOR is the girl with the tough job. While Nelson Eddy charges from city to city keeping up on his concert tour, Nadine tags along just to be on hand for their half hour broadcast Sundays. The folks back home claim she has become a real tidily-wink player and is fast mastering the tougher squeeze plays in chess. When she gets back she'll write a travel book or lecture at old ladies' clubs about where to spend winter vacations.

SOME time early in March Eddy and Miss Conner arrive in New York City, polishing off a jaunt that started from Hollywood in January. Press agents are already talking wistfully of having Nelson on hand at the Broadway opening of his picture "May Time," knowing from experience that pictures of women wearing the clothes off their idols for souvenirs always make the front page.

THOSE old Broadway theaters which CBS rented and made over into fancy radio playhouses so the faithful could see their favorite broadcasts, are the objects of much wheyish wrath. Even radio fans who bundle up to their ears in long underwear have been catching colds this winter and they blame it all on the playhouses. The same drafts which blew through the scenery backstage in 1900 are still whisking around in spite of the new streamlined backdrops and sound proofed ceilings. It's getting to the point where the stars are even complaining about the draft from applause.

PHILLIPS LORD is our idea of radio's most polite gentleman who really hasn't time to be. He poses for pictures wherever you happen to catch him and they come out just the way you hoped they would. He's always the same, whether he's just finished a rehearsal of Gang Busters or of We, The People. He should be happy, though. We, The People is this winter's sensation. Broadcast on Sunday afternoon, the toughest time of the whole week to get a big listening audience, it is forging its way to the top. Even the sponsor says it's mediocre.

Phillips, by the way, always likes to do things the hard way. Give him a man in New Jersey itching to appear on his program and a woman in Texas with two broken legs, one broken crutch and a burning hatred for radio and Phil will take the Texas woman. He gets her, too. Nobody he has wanted has eluded his grasp yet. No sponsor, either, if we remember correctly.

EVERYBODY knows that when you reach twenty-one you're pretty apt to start dressing like Ortheria, but Lanny Ross. Since he was fourteen Lanny had been in the habit of buying his collars a half size too large. Gave him something to grow into. Then he found he couldn't break the habit. For years his drawers have been piling up with collars that didn't fit. It was only on his latest birthday when he finally decided to throw them out. He wouldn't have done it then if it hadn't been for the birthday present his wife Olive gave him.
That birthday present, incidentally, is going to be the cause of a lot of headaches in radio. Lanny has always wanted a machine that would record his broadcasts, but Olive insisted it was sheer extravagance and bought him a bagatelle board instead, leaving the job of recording the Show Boat programs to a regular music company. As a surprise this year, Olive broke down and gave him a swell device of his own. The first thing he did was to invite eighteen people to dinner, write a play for them, and make them act it out after dinner. Later in the evening, just as they were forgetting the torture of being actors, he wheeled out his recording machine and played back the whole drama.

TRAGEDY struck twice in the radio ranks in January. When Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer died of pneumonia after a brief illness, one of the air's most popular trios ended. She was Lu, of Clara, Lu and 'Em. A few blocks away, in another Evanston, Illinois, home, Mrs. John Mayo Mitchell, the trio's 'Em, lay fighting to recover from the same disease. She has since improved rapidly.

ON January 17th, at three-thirty in the morning and apparently only suffering from neuritis, Howard White suddenly collapsed. He was dead when a doctor arrived. Thus another radio team was swept from the air. Howard was the arranger whose brilliant work brought the Landl Trio and White so far up the ladder of success on the NBC networks.

AN unsung, unwritten hero is a radio dialogue writer going under the name of Carroll Carroll. The agency he works for keeps him under heavier wraps than the surprise halfback before the year's big game. But we flushed Carroll out and learned that he writes that delightful cross talk Bing Crosby exchanges with Kraft Music Hall guest stars. Also the bits of whimsy Bing mutters when introducing a swing artist like Grete Stoeckgold. Car- roll used to write funny bits for Judge magazine which doesn't explain why he can't have any publicity.

PAT PADGETT—Molasses of Molasses 'n January if you listen to Show Boat, plain Pat if you listen to the Dill's Best Program over CBS—has a farm where he sits and meditates. This winter one of his sows had a litter of baby pigs. Being an Irishman, Pat thought it would be a good joke to send one of the pigs to the home of Maurice Levy of the O'Neill's program. It is still in the back yard, growing an inch a day. Maurice's neighbors supply the garbage.

A NEW radio battle was bursting into flame in January when the floods roared down the Ohio valley and washed it out. It seems that when Floyd Gibbons began his new program, press agents for Kate Smith howled that he was trading on her Command Performance idea. Floyd countered with the statement that his program was based on his column of daily thrills carried in newspapers for many years. Then came the floods and Kate dropped the Command Performance. She stated that with so many heroic deeds being done on the Ohio it would be foolish to try and select only two or three for prizes. So she turned the money over directly to the Red Cross.

"This Flavor is Tops"

"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-right package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty good!"
Idol of the Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 19)

as much for the profession as any group of people.

"More than most," said Tommy Hyde when we talked to him.

Hyde is an old timer, and one of the greatest dance instructors in America at the present time. He appeared on Fred's program, not because of a demand, which he probably could have had in radio, but because Fred once did something vaudeville will never forget.

Hyde is a dancing man in his middle fifties now—and making more money than you can shake a stick at as dance instructor for Ned Wayburn. Twenty years ago when Fred Allen first broke into vaudeville, he was making scads of money as one of the foremost minstrel men, and was teaching George White to dance.

Fred was a smart young man," he says, "Audacious. Afraid of nothing. When he decided to get himself a job, he realized that a well-known name would be an asset—and blandly took that of Freddy James, a great star, when he applied for a job on the Coast. Why, it would be like taking W. C. Fields' name now to play Timbuctoo.

The thing he did down on the Australia circuit is what attracted the attention of the whole entertainment world to him. Made him sort of a hero, right at the start. To understand it, you've got to have the background.

"In those days, the Australians had a great little gag they pulled on American performers who came down on a picture offer on a three month contract. If they didn't like the Americans, they couldn't get rid of them, but they had a little trick that did the job.

"We called their trick the Ozone Circuit, and there was no one who had ever beaten it. If an act was not an immediate hit it was booked for a week on one side of Australia, then a week in New Zealand, then a week on the other side of Australia. You'd get only one or two weeks' work, but not for the six weeks of sailing between ports. On the Ozone Circuit, it would take a year to earn three-months' salary.

"No matter how patient they were, Americans always quit when they saw it coming. As soon as their week's pay and their return tickets and sailed home.

"But not Fred Allen! His first week was bad and he knew it. At the conclusion of his last show, he went back to the booking office and got what he expected—notice that his next theater would be in New Zealand, a mere matter of two weeks sail. Fred grunted. After looking at the agent a minute, he said, 'l'll be back,' and strode out. The booking agent apparently thought that this only was going to give up more easily than the rest, because he proceeded to get Fred's contract and return ticket out. However, when Fred returned a few minutes later, he didn't have his baggage with him. He was wearing a sailor's uniform and he said to the astonished agent. 'Might as well give me the rest of my sailing orders now, matey.'

"The agent gave up and booked Fred for three months solid, to get rid of him. It was a great relief to the Australians. Tommy Hyde chuckles when he tells that story. Just as all of vaudeville does. For Allen is one of the few rare mortals who is funniest when he is mad. When the average mortal can only sputter in impotent rage or unleash a right hook on the chin, Fred is, by some magic, always able to deliver a sarcastic wisecrack that makes his victim first squirm, then laugh in spite of himself, and finally do what Fred wants him to do.

"If Hamlet asked a question of a task, Fred Allen, he wouldn't have wasted a lot of time fretting over the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He'd have worked him right off the stage until Fred Allen would have become the funniest comedy ever written, instead of the greatest tragedian of his time.

Jim Kelso, who has appeared on Town Hall Tonight, and whose sneezing act you may remember from way back, is another of those who never stopped the act for his acid method of setting things right.

Kelso is a little more than forty years old, straight, blond, English in appearance.

"We who have been around," he says, "think of Fred as the greatest man vaudeville ever turned out. We remember things like the time he showed up a tap dancer who used to get applause by making an American flag burst into all its glory at the end of his act. It was wartime, and of course people would applaud the flag, even if they hadn't liked the dancer's act. It made all the other actors sore to see this guy getting applause by making a trick, but Fred was the only one who did anything about it. First he bet the dancer that he could get more and longer applause than the dancer could. We all hoped he'd win, but we didn't really think he could.

"Fred did his usual act, but right at the end he unfurled a first picture of Abraham Lincoln the size of George Washington, then one of Woodrow Wilson, who was president at the time, and finally a flag bigger than the dancer's. The audience started clapping for Lincoln and kept clapping louder and louder with each new picture. Fred won the bet; of course, and a thousand entertained got a laugh.

"Once Fred pulled into a little Ohio town that had two theaters. One of them was a dragnet, the other a cheap vaudeville. Fred, of course, wanted to book himself into the big theater, but its manager had never heard of him, didn't know whether he was any good or not, and wanted to take a chance on engaging him.

That didn't bother Fred. He went over to the small theater and got himself a job there, on the understanding that if he wasn't a success on his first performance he could return to the dragnet tomorrow.

"Fred was doing his ventriloquist act at that time. It included a dummy that had a tendency to fall apart every time it was supposed to say something. The whole act was crazy comedy—completely nutty, without any sense to it at all.

"The audience in the small theater didn't understand that kind of comedy. They just sat and watched, and they didn't laugh and they didn't applaud except when Fred's dummy started squirming, which was practically rolling in the aisle, as he was laughing so hard.

"As Fred came off the stage the manager met him in the wings, shaking his head sadly. 'Sorry, Allen,' he said. 'You aren't going over here. My audience don't appreciate you.'

"Oh, that's all right," drawled Fred. 'I was just breaking my act in for the manager of the other theater. That was him doing the last laugh.'

Jim Kelso first met Fred Allen when they were both playing the Keith Circuit in the middle west. Fred was already famous then, among the members of his profession, and that was fifteen years ago.
His letters, all written without the use of a single capital letter, were considered priceless, and anyone who got one had to pass it around. Letters he wrote to someone in New York City were apt to have their last reading in San Francisco.

Jim Harkins, who was one of the great names of vaudeville when he appeared with his wife, Marian, is another of those who have worshipped at the Allen throne for years. The rest of vaudeville considers him a sort of minor idol because he has been fortunate enough to be associated with Fred on his Wednesday evening programs.

THE first time I met Fred, to talk to, was about ten years ago. He was known then as the greatest of the script doctors. The boys would meet him and, after a half-hour of chatter, say, 'By the way, Fred, I need a little pep in the middle of my turn. Give me a hand?' Fred would always help until he could hardly see.

'I had come into New York and was stopping at his hotel when I learned he was in town. I tried to get in touch with him at once. I learned that, three days before, a young man he had known had told him he had just been given a part in a new skit. The young man wanted Fred to help him build up his part. Well, though Fred had come to New York to lay off a while and get some rest, he worked four days solid with that kid. Each time he'd finish, the guy would want something else fixed. On the fifth day, I caught Fred in the lobby with a friend of his. I asked him how he had managed to get rid of the kid—and he granted, 'I rewrote the act so much there wasn't any part left in it for him to play.'

You can see that Fred Allen has not won regard from these men for nothing. They respect and revere him because he is essentially what they themselves thought they could be if they had applied themselves when they were young.

They admit they attend his radio broadcasts more often than they did his stage appearances. It's because they like him, they say; but really it's because he is carrying their tradition into a new medium for them—and letting them help by opening his program to their talents.

Fred has brought some of his classic humor into radio; and radio, being a new thing, needs it. There are several examples, but the old timers like best the one concerning the words he directed at a network official one day just after he had finished his last dress rehearsal before going on the air.

As he looked into the control room to see if everything had sounded all right, he became conscious of a delegation of network censors standing beside him.

'Mr. Allen,' one of them said brightly, 'we've decided we can't allow you to put on that second Town Hall News sketch you have for tonight.'

Allen put his hand to his forehead. 'It was all right this morning,' he reminded them, gently. 'You let me go through them.

'But on reconsideration,' began the spokesmen . . .

Fred frowned at him for an instant. 'You know how my program goes,' he said reflectively. 'First, music. Then an announcement. Then crowds and music.'

'Certainly,' they agreed.

'Well,' Fred Allen drawled, 'when the noise of crowds and the music stops tonight, you'd better be at that microphone and you'd better be funny—because I won't be there.'

With that, he stalked out of the studio. He did not return until his skit was approved.

The five-a-day gentlemen tell that story with relish. To them, it proves that their idol is still topping them all—that their profession turns out the best. They feel anything Fred says is the best thing that could be said; and for the final story that proves it, they tell this:

'It's about an old vaudeville trouper who had slipped pretty far with the passing years. Booze, they say.

'He had happened to be in New York, had needed money, and had thought of Fred Allen. He found Fred talking to a bunch of the boys in a barbershop and he sidled up just long enough to make his touch. After he got it, he moved away again.

'Fred left the group a little later. He hadn't been gone more than a minute when the old-timer returned. Fred's donation had worked wonders. The old gent's nose was a brighter red, his eyes not quite so rheumy.

'Say,' he demanded, 'did Allen say anything after I left?' The boys looked at one another and nodded. 'He said someone ought to invent a two-way gutter for you,' they told him.

The old-timer shook his head and slapped his knee. 'Marvelous,' he chortled. 'Marvelous.'

In the May Issue—

More Fashions From The Stars—Selected by famous style experts, they'll point the way for your new spring wardrobe.

BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect Daintiness—

PERFECT daintiness is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you sweet from top to toe—pores freed of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate fragrance that makes people want to be near you. Try this simple way to make sure of daintiness. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant white soap.

"Girls, remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it ruins illusions—spoil romance."

"The easiest way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet."

"Try a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

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RADIO MIRROR

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always admired Mary for the fine and wonderful person that she is, I’d always treasured her sympathy and advice and friendship. She’d always been a lot to me. I looked forward to seeing her. But ours wasn’t a mutually expressed admiration until just five months before we announced our engagement.

“Some writer once said that love occurs in one of two ways: either at first sight or in the gradual fusion of two natures. I chose the latter with Mary and me. I like to think that our happiness was intended all along and that it worked itself gradually.

And so, having found their happiness in each other, they have joined forces to plot a new highway for themselves, a quiet and outmoded sort of road called old fashioned marriage. And they are going to stay on that road together—probably to the watchful amazement of most of their family.

Buddy and Mary are to be married in the spring. They had planned it for the New Year season but the recent death of Lottie Pickford, whom they both probably remember as a madcap in the old-time serials, postponed their arrangements. Her sister’s death was a great shock and bereavement to Mary. It left her crushed with the loneliness of finding herself the last of the close-knit Pickford family.

Most of the details about our wedding are up to Mary, of course,” Buddy told me. But I do know that we won’t neglect the majority of our close friends, who are in Hollywood and we see no reason why we should hop on a plane and rush somewhere else to be married.

“We’d like to have a simple ceremony at which our friends and my family could be present. Especially my family because it’s been so long since I’ve been able to go home and pay them a real visit. So six or eight times a year I have a half-hour plane stopover in Kansas City and they drive out to the airport for a brief chat for a few minutes. But that’s been the extent of my seeing them. I’m expecting my mother and dad and sister and brother to come out for the wedding.

Recall, if you can, when any two people of importance in Hollywood have planned nuptials like these. No secrecy. No glee-palooza.

It was a great deal of dignity, and relatives gathered from across half a continent to sit in the front row and kiss the bride and groom. A family affair. In Hollywood such ceremonies went out of style with Theda Bara’s bangs, but that doesn’t matter to Mary and Buddy. Their wedding will be their first step toward an old fashioned marriage.

And what about the honeymoon? You might expect Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers to engage a suite aboard the Normandie or at least to run down to Palm Springs for a few weeks. In her response to a long letter which Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Mary had a wedding trip more glamorous than any Hollywood bride has ever had, a long de luxe journey to Paris. A vacation which Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Mary had a wedding trip more glamorous than any Hollywood bride has ever had, a long de luxe journey to Paris. A vacation which Mary was looking forward to with the utmost enthusiasm.

Buddy, at thirty-three, has grown out of that era of fruit-draped, glamorous, honeymooners. He has been seen. His hundred and seventy hard muscular pounds, his thick curly hair which is graying prematurely at the temples, become him. He still has the most incredibly

WHat’s agony? What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a case of Piles.

Real treatment
Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo instantly stops the pain and itching. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is soothing, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with special Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts.

Pazo is now also put up in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just send 25c in stamps or coin to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 28-MC, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 4c to help cover packing and postage.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Ashfield & Co., 25 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

MAIL!

I Writhe with Pain

I Couldn’t Even Tell My Doctor the Torture I Suffered!

Radio Mirror

A New Kind of Old Fashioned Marriage

(Continued from page 35)
white teeth and the longest eyelashes that ever flashed on a screen. Beside his solid six-foot-one physique Mary Pickford's fragile hundred-pound weight looks positively diminutive.

However, it's the change in Buddy inside that's most noticeable. There isn't left about him a single hey-ho hangover from the old days. He's a calmer, far more reserved person. He has matured to a man of forceful personality, stability and a great deal of charm.

MARY and I don't want what's called a 'modern marriage,'" he continued. "You know, I'm always bewildered at the rules and devices people invent to try to make their lives together work—things like separate vacations and wives and husbands going out with other people. And too sumptuous homes that through their sheer vastness will prevent a couple from experiencing the little everyday intimacies that are supposed to destroy romance but which I think are half of a real companionship.

"We haven't got anything against the way a lot of other people live. We just like the old fashioned idea, that's all. The idea of living for the person you're married to instead of living for yourself—after all, that's the fundamental difference between the two kinds of marriage.

"We're going to live for each other. That's the secret. You see, when two people discover that they need each other to achieve their greatest happiness it seems to me that there's only one condition necessary to insure that happiness—and that is that neither one could do anything that could injure the other person. The old give and take and always consider the other fellow's attitude. A marriage like that can survive anything Hollywood would wreck it with.

"We want to live simply. No show, no lavish entertaining. Mary's a wonderful hostess and she loves to give parties but we're going to scale down such entertaining as we do to informal affairs. Neither of us gives a hoot for night-clubbing. We'll keep our evenings free for the things we really enjoy—concerts and movies, reading aloud, our mutual friends, listening to the radio. We're going to garden a lot and ride together early in the mornings. These things and our work will make up our life, and everything else can go hang.

"That's our idea of really living!" The days at Pickfair weren't that way. For two decades Pickfair was the castle from which Mary ruled undisputedly over Hollywood society, carrying out as glittering and rigid a life as a queen. Mary's the time the residents of the castle practically moved out on the lawn to accommodate the entourages of famous guests. Few of the guests were actually invited; they came with letters of introduction or through the maneuvering of friends. A "command" dinner party for the man who is now George VI of England was nothing out of the ordinary, nor were entertainments for Prince William of Sweden, Prince and Princess Prajadhipok of Siam, Einstein, Marconi, Lady Mendl.

There won't be any "command" dinner parties at the house in the valley. Visitors will be invited and they'll be quartered in the chintz-curtained guest rooms and expected to take pot luck at the dinner table and like it. The life of the Rogers is not to be constantly upset just to please visiting celebrities.

Radio will play an important part in their plans. Above everything else," Buddy told me, "we're anxious to be together every possible minute. Sometimes I wonder why it is that people marry so they can be together and then spend their time doing so many things that keep them apart. We want to settle down and stay home. That's why I'm especially delighted that I've got my radio spot on I'm a Star. If I can make good at radio I'll be able to let all this banging around the country go, keep the band in Hollywood and still work on the air and in pictures. Probably you know I have signed a seven-year contract with Columbia Pictures."

Buddy is aware. I think, that the kind of life they're planning together will be a great change for Mary, will require much adjustment on her part. It is for that reason, most likely, that he is leaving all the arrangements for that life to her decision—from the date of the wedding to the blueprints for remodeling the house. A quiet and simple marriage will be a great change for Buddy too, after his long and carefree bachelorhood.

BUT this is all I've ever really wanted," he said to me. "...the one right woman and a home. I've had enough of so-called freedom. Freedom's not so wonderful, you know, when you realize that all the time you're really searching for the right person to imprison you!

And who'll be the boss in an old-fashioned marriage? Buddy's mother and Mary are very dear friends. What chance has a man got when the two women closest to his heart are so strongly in cahoots?

Buddy only laughed. "Well, I may be letting myself in for it," he said jokingly, "but I guess I'm big enough to take it! Anyway, I'll be the luckiest fellow in the world as long as I have Mary."

Then he was quickly serious instead of laughing. "Come around twenty years from now," he added, "and you'll see that I still haven't changed my mind!"

---

**ALL I CAN SAY IS -- YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED!**

AND, ANOTHER THING... BETTER NOT DO ANY SWITCHING IF YOU FREE YOUR COMPLEXION!

ENJOY REGULAR PROTECTION!

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**LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP**

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Give teeth the Double Protection they need

IF you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth may be white and sparkling; but unless your gums are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums.

End half-way care today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The big, new tube saves you money. Also sold in Canada.

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Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.


RADIO MIRROR

November's Cross Country Flight From Love

(Continued from page 42)

her last cent to get there, and this was final, Nino had to take her with him. Nino was at his wit's end. He gave her money to live on, and begged her to return. He went on worrying, because Ruth remained adamant to persuasion. He offered to pay her way home, but she sobbingly refused, and Nino, how much she had enjoyed hearing him sing. Suddenly, she broke into tears, and begged him to take her with him!

In her outburst, explained nicely to the girl how impossible it would be to take her with him, but for the three nights he sang in Tacoma he had to endure the back-stage pleadings of Jane.

When he was packed and ready to leave for Seattle, Jane declared that she would consent to nothing less than going with him—even if she had to ride on the floor of the car.

Nino slipped further out of town. When he arrived in Seattle Jane was waiting for him. But it wasn't the prosperity-stricken Jane of her letter. She was dressed to kill. She had a complete new ensemble, two pairs of shoes, and the wardrobe trunk.

All this sudden prosperity made Nino mad. You can hardly blame him. He is sure orders to all the household. Jane should not be admitted to the theater.

She then switched her attention to Nino's manager, and kept him happy with the information that she would follow Nino to the ends of the earth.

She meant it, too. In Portland, Oregon, Nino's last stop on the tour, she turned up again. She told the doorman of the theater, saying that she was Nino's fiancée, and that they were quarreling.

NINO's manager came to the rescue. He told Jane that Nino, after completing his tour, was going to marry her. It had been arranged.

The next four days were hard on Nino. Jane's pleadings turned into screechings, and she phoned him for confirmation of his manager's story at all hours. The strain worked, and Jane and Nino left Portland, a very sad Jane returned to Tacoma.

Finding that she had been duped, Jane resumed her letter-writing, and Nino can still find a letter from her in his mailbox almost every day. She wants him to return to Tacoma, but he, strange as it sounds, isn't so interested in her requests!

The most embarrassing series of incidents that happened to the Chesterfield singer occurred in Chicago.

Nino was sitting alone, quietly eating his dinner at a table in the dining room of the Congress Hotel. A young woman, accompanied by the head waiter, silently, and assuredly, came to his table and sat down.

Nino looked up amazed. The room was almost empty, and here, sitting at his table, was a girl he had never seen before in his life!

She immediately smiled at his amazement and embarrassment, and said: "Why Nino Martini, I see you don't recognize me. Remember the lovely times we had together in New York?"

This was another ruse, and Nino recognized it as such. How to get rid of the young lady was another problem in the life of the new fangled young Latin. She was obviously quite a lady, and utterly at ease!

If he remained pleasant, carried on a conversation, and politely left, she'd...
probably turn up next time he entered the dining room. This Nino emphatically did not want to happen.

As gracially as he could, he reminded the young lady that they had never met. He mentioned that he always liked to eat his dinner alone. It didn't work. The young lady ordered a dinner. She took up a monologue, toying daintily with her food meanwhile.

It was evident that she wanted the few people present, and the head waiter, to see her with Nino. Nino, on the other hand, had different ideas. Thoughts of Ruth and Jane had him jittery.

He called the head waiter, and asked to have his visitor gently and tactfully removed.

"But Miss . . . says that she is an old friend of yours," the waiter smiled, thinking that Martini was joking.

"I never saw the girl in my life!" Nino declared, getting angry. "And I always remember a face!"

The girl disagreed. The conversation continued back and forth for almost a half hour before the young lady coolly and languorously arose. With a smile, and a wink at Nino, she left!

That same night, Nino came home from the opera dead tired. He went into his hotel room, and began removing his clothes, when he suddenly discovered he was not alone!

The girl who had annoyed him at the dinner table was seated in the far corner of the room. Her coat was on the piano, and she seemed to be even more at ease than she had been in the dining room.

SHE refused to leave. Nino's only alternative was to call the manager, and have her forcefully removed. It was discovered later that she had obtained the key from the desk under the pretense that she was Nino's sister.

That very night, Nino and his manager sat up discussing the series of situations. Something had to be done! There must be some way, they both thought, of keeping Nino healthy, happy, and unbothered.

"If we could only change places," Nino sighed, at three o'clock. "That's it!" Nino's manager exclaimed. "We'll exchange places!"

Since that disturbing night in Chicago, almost a year ago, Nino and his manager have stuck to their system. It is a tricky one. Nino registers in one hotel room, his manager in another, and they swap keys.

So far the manager has been bothered seven or eight times! This exchanging hotel rooms has further complications. Nino's close friends can't figure out why they always get his manager when they call for Nino. And Nino's manager's friends are equally puzzled when they continually hear Nino's voice on the other end of the wire. It keeps both of them calling from room to room, but it has saved any further embarrassment. He can undress in peace.

One of the more recent and amusing cases of Latin fever concerns a nineteen-year-old girl with a literary complex. This young girl has been bothering Nino ever since he arrived in New York. She wants to do what she calls "the story of his life." Nino does not, as yet, consider himself important enough to have his life story written. But a young girl with a yen to create is hard to stop.

She writes long sample chapters about her reactions to Nino's singing. He finds these masterpieces in his mailbox every Saturday morning. A few hours later she calls on the telephone, with the important message that she must see Nino at once.

Lately, Nino sighed, she has been stand-
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RAP-I-DOLL, Dept. W, 151 W 66th St., N. Y. C.

FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 13)

class cabins on the Monarch of Bermuda, engaged hotel rooms at a swank Bermuda hotel, and paid Al a big price. The orchestra worked but two nights.

And Emil Coleman tells of the night he played a gala debutante affair on Long Island. It was a beautiful evening and Al was there. "I didn't even have time for a cigarette," moaned Emil.

WATCH OUT FOR

Dark-eyed, dark-haired Shirley Lloyd of the Ozzi Nelson crew. She has picture possibilities...Freddy Martin's orchestra from the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, because the band has been enlarged to twenty pieces, and now includes a cello for the waltz groups...Larry Lee's orchestra from Los Angeles. It is coming to New York shortly...Skinny Ennis, Hal Kemp's singing-drummer who might branch out as an independent leader, but
under Hal's management.  

** * * 

** ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MAESTROS **

After a radio rehearsal, Ben Bernie sits down with his staff, not to go over musical numbers, but to pick the nags...  

Aldy Lynn smokes tremendous cigars in the control room, and barks orders through the kick-back mike...  

Hal Kemp works best without coat or vest...  

Henry King is active and serious during the rehearsal, constantly popping up from the piano to handle the baton. But once he's on the air, debonair Henry seldom leaves the keyboard...  

Mark Warns usually tells a joke to the musicians just before broadcast time "to get the boys in the proper frame of mind."  

** * * *  

** SCOOP **

Shep Fields, who turned an ice cream soda straw into a $1,000,000 instrument (it makes "rippling rhythms") is adding two trombones to his orchestra, to augment the band's arrangements. Shep firmly believes that to keep at the top of the heap leaders must keep on developing new musical tricks.  

** * * *  

Don Restor is a little annoyed. Just recently he purchased a beautiful home in Forest Hills, Long Island, near by the residences of Hal Kemp and Red Nichols, so he could spend more time with his wife and family. But what happens to the bespectacled, bespattered conductor? His manager books him for a lengthy tour of the hinterlands, and poor Don has yet to spend one night in his new home.  

** * * *  

Al Bowly, Ray Noble's veteran vocalist, has returned to Merrie Old England for good. Homesick Al decided to quit these shores and organize his own orchestra for engagements in London.  

Another unhappy lad is Merwyn Bogue, Kay Kyser's top vocalist, known to radio fans as "Ish Kabibble." The Kyser troupe have been on a tour of one-night stands and Kay thought it would be a good idea to have "Ish" lug the band's own public address system equipment from town to town.  

You can now hear the famed Casa Loma orchestra over NBC from the lofty Rainbow Room in New York. They replaced Ray Noble there for the winter and spring season.  

** * * *  

Gene Austin, who was one of the greatest of phonograph-record singing stars, made such a sensation as a guest on Joe Penner's program that not only was he signed for the duration of the radio show, but Joe is now hoping to have him in the next Penner picture for RKO.  

** * * *  

** THEME SONG SECTION **

You tried hard to stump me this month. As a matter of fact, you even did stump me, on several themes. The reason was that the orchestras you asked about weren't on that slot. But an orchestra that isn't on the air doesn't have an air signature. That's logic. However, here's a husky handful of those elusive melodies.  

** Ted's Worms—"Out of the Night." Ted M. Morgan—"Does My Heart Beat For You?" by another famous orchestra under Hal's management.
A natural look of luxuriant, silky beauty for your lashes

PINAUD’S IMPROVED
SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
PREPARED IN FRANCE

For that extra touch of femininity
PINAUD’S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD’S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

At last... everything you want in a mascara! Extra creaminess to make lashes look silky, heavy and long... and natural-looking, not "made-up." Permanent! Runproof, smudge-proof. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

Radio Mirror

MOTHERS!
Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely printed book on baby health? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous "Infant Care," that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America's five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children's Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at $1c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

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Said one graduate, "How I got Practical Training in Electricity and pay tuition later."

Name...

City...

State...
What Do You Want To Say?
(Continued from page 9)

broadcasts from the Inter-American Peace Conference, the peoples of South America have been brought a little closer and revealed in a different light. To understand a country's problem was the first step in an amicable settlement of differences. Truly, the golden age of radio may yet be the answer to world peace!

Mrs. R. W. Ballard, Charlotte, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

A little icing on a good cake adds to its taste. But icing piled on very thickly makes that food unendurable. This pertains to amateur shows on the air. When the amateur shows started they were interesting, and occasionally the talent was outstanding. After a while every other program got to be an amateur show, of one kind or another. Talent got scarce and more and more got on the air until I felt they ought to be able to do something on the air; maybe pounds a typewriter in time to "Alexander's Rag Time Band."

Now I like the community sings. For goodness sake, don't overdo them, too.

Louise B. Renzulli, Providence, R. I.

$1.00 PRIZE

ORCHIDS TO A PROGRAM THAT'S DIFFERENT

I'm actually brimming with praise for a new radio treat which our whole family enjoys. Here's to the continuance of Uncle Jim's Question Box, a program that's truly lovely. Yes, I've been accustomed as I am to fan letter writing. I'm so thrilled with this novel Saturday night feature that I couldn't resist the temptation of telling you how much I enjoy it.

During each broadcast, our parents, my brother, and I compete for holding of the "title," as we solemnly call it. While little sister, Louise, and open my pad, we four see how many of the questions presented we can answer before Uncle Jim or the radio competitor does. It's a weekly ritual with us now, and we are all very envier of the winner of the much honored "title." (I won the precious title this week.)

Mary Louise Sesler, Uniontown, Pa.

COURSES . . .

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

Pertussin is so good for coughs that over ONE MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in a single year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

It relieves coughs quickly by stimulating the tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract to pour out their natural moisture, so that sticky, irritating phlegm is easily raised. Coughing is relieved—your throat is soothed. Save money by buying the big economical-sized bottle—enough for your whole family. Or, try Pertussin free at our expense. Use coupon below for FREE trial bottle.

30¢ Prescription FREE

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440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.

Name _____________________________
Address __________________________

Please send me 3-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE, by return mail.
How Lux Theatre Knocked off
Hollywood’s High Hat

(Continued from page 29)

lowest paid writer in Hollywood, or director, or doctor, or even dentist—it was all right—but if you valued your contract renewal, an extra.

People had even reached the point where they were talking of the stars themselves and drawing a boundary line between them. They were listing them as Class A and Class B stars—Class A for those whose names were put above the titles of their pictures and Class B for those whose names were listed below the titles. The idea was that Class A couldn’t mix with B. No running around together; no parties together, not even any friendship towards each other. There’s no telling where this would have ended, if the Lux program hadn’t stopped it.

But most important of all, the Lux broadcasts have taught stars a lesson they’d almost forgotten. They have taught them to forget themselves and have a good time. Radio recognizes no social strata; it posts no uniform guards every five feet outside the theater. Where the broadcasts are held, it doesn’t bother to put up steel fences with electrified barbed wire strung across their tops. And you don’t need a pass or even a price by every name; big name in the movie industry to get in and watch it.

It doesn’t have first nights, at which every performer must be present in brand new evening clothes or have it whispered about him that he is slipping; its directors don’t give boring parties which are command performances, making it mandatory that you go, even if you know beforehand you’re in for a terribly dull time; and it doesn’t require its juveniles to stick together in one large group, to prove to Hollywood and the rest of the world that they are just as young as the roles they play on the screen.

RADIO Mirror

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Life's Thrilling Moments

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- Disappearing surface pimples and ugly blotches caused by irritation or so embarrassing just when you want to look your best. Stop worrying about your complexion! Use Poslam a short time AT OUR EXPENSE, and you will be amazed by the rapid improvement. Used successfully for thirty years to relieve surface pimples of one or more irritation of the skin. IT MUST BE ACID TO have stood this test. Poslam is a concentrated ointment that penetrates the outer layers of the skin and soothes irritation, thereby aiding nature to bring back your skin's loveliness. Don't delay, get Poslam from your druggist today. Only 50c or let us prove to you free what Poslam will do for your skin.

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as CLEAR FRESH
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ROSE PETAL

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It often takes NAC, Volatilized Sulphur Cream and NAC Powder to get at the germs during the day, to get the skin cleaned up quickly.

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FREE Box OUT! Corns COME OFF!

What made their hair grow?
Here is the answer

"New Hair came after I began using KOTALKO, and kept on growing," writes Mrs. H. A. Wild, "in a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxurious hair now after using KOTALKO. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was almost as bare as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, damaged roots has been developed, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed, whose roots were alive, after using KOTALKO. The hair shows scalp action action. Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use KOTALKO. Encourage new growth of hair to live on after faces available in your scalp. KOTALKO is sold in drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX
To prove the efficacy of KOTALKO, men, women, and children's hair. Use coupon, KOTALKO Co., C-53, General P. O., New York. Please send me free of Box of KOTALKO.

Name

Full Address

94
attendants could yell "Hey" every seat in the house was filled, with no way of separating those who had entered with tickets and those who had crashed the gates.

When Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor broadcast three hundred people who hadn't arrived in time burst through the doors anyway, because it was raining outside and they were hailing soaked. Attendants managed to drive them back outside in a roar of excitement, but the interruption meant nothing to radio. The noise of chasing the extra hundreds away only mixed with the sound effects on the stage and gave just the added realism that was needed.

The change was you feel sure that stars in the big money class who worked for the same studio, making pictures week after week a few years away, knew each other and were friends. But they don't, or at least didn't, under the chase system.

Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, for instance, two of M-G-M's biggest box office attractions, had never had more than a fleeting glimpse of each other until the day they arrived at the Lux Theater for the final screening of "Madame Sans Gene." And when they did meet, it wasn't just a formal introduction and polite chat ended. Rapidly with next another meeting in the next two years. Instead, Jean stood at the mike, glanced up at Bob and murmured under her breath,

"Local girl gets break." "Trying to kid me?" Bob grinned.

Jean lowered her lashes. Why Mr. Taylor?" she exclaimed. "Don't you know I'm just like all the other girls—trying to get a close look at you, and maybe even your autograph."

"Baloney," was all Bob could mutter.

So, indeed, Jean persisted. "Like a million other girls, I'd have phoned you before now if I could have gotten your number."

"I don't know about the number," Bob replied, "but you're certainly getting my goat."

A studio stage is an enormous affair. Stars and principals could stand in different corners and not be within shouting distance of the radio microphones. At a radio rehearsal, they are all grouped on a tiny stage. It makes for intimacy that before the first day had passed, Bob was telling Klengler of his cold and Jean had dug a cinder out of her eye and discovered they smoked the same brand of cigarettes.

Here's the pay off to this whole nearly unbelievable incident. It has never happened before in movies and it may never happen again—though perhaps producers will learn a lesson and actors who have let themselves be bound too closely by conventions will break the tradition.

Jean and Bob who had never even met, worked so well together and enjoyed each other so much their bosses decided to cast them in a picture together. It is scheduled to be "The Man in Possession" and when you see it, just remember that radio made it possible.

Where else, too, would you have found Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster working together in peace and harmony? The movies hadn't been able to bring this ex-husband and ex-wife together since their break. I know myself that one night when they were at the same club dancing, one of them left immediately on hearing that the other was there, just to avoid the embarrassment of a meeting. Society rules told them they must.

Yet here at the Lux Theater, they were on the same program, working together during long, grilling hours of rehearsal. And because they are refined, civilized peo-
ple and because radio had broken the ice, they had a good time. Claudette heard about Norma's new baby and Norma heard about Claudette's husband. A real friendship probably will come about from this to take the place of a love that has died.

On this same broadcast, incidentally, was Walter Huston though they had worked together in the stage play "The Barker" in New York, they had seen little of each other since their Hollywood success. And they hardly knew about it. Most of the time they should have been rehearsing they were off in a corner reminiscing.

It was at another rehearsal that of "The Gold Diggers" that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell met Ted Atmore for the first time. Ted is a veteran gold miner whom Lux had imported from the mountains to tell the listeners about his work. At a studio, even though they had been in the same picture, Joan and Dick, swell people though they are, would probably never have paid any attention to Ted—and it wouldn't have been snobbishness that kept them apart, either. But in the intimacy of the theater, they got to talk to him, became so interested in his stories and his personality they have invited him to their home for dinner several times.

It is even rarer than a day in June that a studio has the nerve to cast an unknown, even in the lead opposite a star, but the Lux people did it when they set Barbara Luddy opposite Paul Muni in "The Story of Louis Pasteur," What is more, Muni was at the very height of his work after the broadcast—and Mr. Muni is not a gent given to indiscriminate praise. He is one of the most intense people I have ever encountered and any place where he is working takes on the solemnity of a graveyard.

Loretta Young is another star who found benefit could not have a competitive unknown when she and Gavin Gordon played in "Polly of the Circus." Gavin is well known around Hollywood because, in more or less, he has given some grand performances. But his opportunities have not been as frequent as his friends have wished. Loretta, remember him for his work with Garbo, "Romance" and got a real thrill out of meeting him.

Spencer Tracy is a push-over for any one he considers a good actor or actress. When he was told Frances Farmer would play the nurse with him in "Men in White" he was as excited over meeting her as any kid would be over a new toy. He had just seen her in "Come and Get It" and had been wondering how he was going to manage a meeting since they work at different studios.

One of the most interesting meetings Lux has fostered was that of Frank Morgan and Armin Tamiroff on the "Captain Applejack" show. They had not met before and, as both are accomplished comedians and scene-stealers, the executives were not anticipating a pleasant time of it. But Morgan and Tamiroff struck up a friendship that has lasted far beyond the broadcast days. One watched the other intently during rehearsal. Perhaps it was for the purpose of learning something of the other's technique rather than the fear of having something said about them. They played their scenes together beautifully, each got his laughs and neither stepped on the other's lines.

A NOTHER meeting that Lux engineered and which has resulted in a friendship was that of Lily Pons and Adolphe Menjou in "Conversation Piece." Miss Pons'
Radio Mirror

WHERE THERE'S WINX THERE'S Romance

Eyes that adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better" . . . these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luxuriant in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smudging and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonder-workers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressive. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

WINX Eye Beautifiers

Lustrous Color for FADED HAIR

Test Bottle (FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Full 10 cent bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST—We send complete Test Package Free. Snap off a lock of hair. Test it at once this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

---MARY T. GOLDMAN---
3323 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________
State__________________________

Color of your hair__________________________
little skye terrier out of her precious lily beds. The dog was Panouche, whose name means ‘Dirty’ in the argot of Miss Pons’ native province, and the lily beds were just beginning to bloom from the bulbs she herself had planted.

"Though this is her favorite costume in which to discuss Easter fashions," she laughed, indicating the trim slacks and comfortable brogues she always wears in the country, "it was noticeable that the wicker chairs on the paved terrace, "is one style which goes all year round out here." And through it all she sat patiently to that.

The Frenchwoman has found that the simplest way of achieving chic is to find one model which is becoming to her and then have it made up with colors and materials. I find one dress which is becoming to me and then need waste no more time. So I stick to one model which I know is suited to a little person like myself. This spring, for instance, I can have a winter evening dress copied in a fresh, lively color.

"Stick to a few colors, also, that you have learned by experience are becoming. For example, I am going to wear much ivory in my Easter and spring. This principle makes so much easier, of course, to plan a smart matching wardrobe of accessories—and every woman knows that hardly the accessories are the tiny items which point up a costume, which add a certain spring gaiety and make the difference between a really smart ensemble and a costume which makes little impression indeed."

One accessory for evening of which Miss Pons is particularly fond is fresh flowers for the hair. At the opening of the Metropolitan Opera this past season, she was in the audience with dark red carnations in her cofiure, wearing a black velvet princess gown and a hip-length silver cape. A huge antique Florentine brooch fastened the high neck above two daring diamond-shaped openings, (one of which exposed her throat and upper bosom, and one just below the bust) and wide diamond bracelets covered her left arm from shoulder to elbow. It was an altogether new dress which she has had copied for spring in beige and black. The print, incidentally, is a lily-of-the-valley design which was specially created for her and with it she wears a spray of these favorite flowers in her hair. Also carrying out this new spring color scheme, she has purchased two tailored suits, one in black chiffon, the other in black and the other black with a beige blouse. You can see how easily the accessories problem can be solved this way, achieving quite different effects.

RECENTLY, for her first New York recital in three years, at Carnegie Hall, she wore a medieval gown of silver lame with a tight bodice (a feature of most of her costumes, since it sets off her tiny waist), very full skirt with a train, and infinitesimal pullover sleeves. Sable edged the square neckline, and she carried a sable muff. This same style was then copied in pink taffeta for her Washington, D.C., engagement and will probably be made up in still lighter materials for spring and early summer. All her clothes are made right here in America, most of them being designed and made by her herself. And since she is still buys her handmade lingerie in Europe and her shoes in Buenos Aires, where she has had shoes made up in the finest leathers, no doubt one will be found a cheaper price.

In selecting footwear, too, she finds one model she likes and buys it in different colors and materials. This season she has chosen an open-toed, strapless design for

---

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier — unless removed Root* and All

- Don’t take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger and uglier than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts off, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held securely in place by Worl-Wrap adhesive. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

---

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel — And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranin’ 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 and your system constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, stuck, and the world looks punk.

Leaves are only used by the old timers. Their liver movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those 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. 36c.
Relieves TEETHING PAINS within 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND’S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today

RADIO MIRROR

Best FOR BABY!

Kleiner's *SOFTEX Baby Pants are made of soft transparent SILK, fully waterproofed. They weigh less than an ounce—and are unbelievably durable. When you buy *SOFTEX, you are buying real COMFORT for your baby!

*Softex is a SILK fabric, waterproofed without the use of rubber.

Kleiner's

*SOFTEX BABY PANTS

465 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

10¢

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade—shades—vivid, natural, pastel, permanent. Send 10c for catalog.

Free booklet, 28c, postcard, 10c.

LECHLER & CO., 957 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

TASTE LIKE CANDY

The Sensational McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets

Check Full of Vitamins “A” and “D”

Put On Firm Flesh

3 to 7 Pounds Quickly

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

McCoy's, 644 S. Wells St., Chicago

Ruth Gordon, Sec'y of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets

FREE SAMPLE OF MCCOY’S COD LIVER OIL TABLETS TO

Name

Address

City. State

both daytime and evening wear.

When you have assembled your Easter costume and decided upon the colors and fashions you prefer for spring, are you going to wear the same things you like so many of us, going to ruin the charming effect you’ve planned with your posture and carriage? You can guard against this, if you only follow these simple instructions from Mariana Smille, head of the Empire Mannequin School, who has trained so many girls for commercial photography, motion pictures, the stage, fashions shows, society debuts—in fact, anyone who must meet a critical public.

American girls,” she advises, "should remember that their ideal type is the outdoor girl, which doesn’t necessarily mean one active in all sports, but one who has the fine figure and carriage associated with athletic ability. That means broad shoulders, flat tummy and narrow hips. If one doesn’t already have these, they can still be acquired by exercise and emphasized by one’s carriage. That latter is so important. True beauty depends upon it, and carriage itself depends upon the way you hold your chest—which in turn, depends upon your breathing. This should be done from the diaphragm, the upper stomach and not lower, for the main object is to carry the chest high, not out. At the same time this brings the derriere in where it belongs.”

In addition, Mariana Smille explained that it is the back of the neck that should be straight like a string and the chin up. The shoulders should be well back, with your shoulder blades flat, and should not swing or sway as you walk.

To get your shoulders erect and straight, raise your arms to shoulder level on either side, swing them back as far as and as high as you possibly can with your hands up; do this several times and you’ll find your shoulders are in just the right position, from which they should not vary. On the other hand, one should be relaxed from the waist down, so that you swing along naturally and easily.

To avoid the awkward swaying and wobbling of the hips which are so common faults, mannequin poses first to walk with their hands on their hips. This gives a sense of proper balance and makes it possible to tell if the hips are moving out of line, as the right height (but not rigid, of course) and take fairly good sized steps. Never walk with bent knees. That’s what’s responsible for the heel-first gait which makes one walk jerkily and runs down the heels of one’s shoes. Here’s a good way to break yourself of that heel-first habit—just try walking on the balls of your bare feet, with your heels just about as far from the ground as they are when you have on your high heels. And, finally, to cultivate a steady, well-balanced stride, try walking backwards. The cracks in the sidewalk whenever you’re out-of-doors. Relax and don’t look at your feet.

Put these simple rules all together and then they spell a better figure and thus better-fitting clothes. So face the springtime confidently, wear your newest bib-and-tucker with assurance—and walk in beauty in the Easter parade! Lely Pons has two precious beauty secrets which I’d like to tell you about. One is her recipe for a bone cucumber wash, with the complete ingredients and instructions for use. Also, I have six “do’s” and “don’ts” for selecting one’s wardrobe which were given to me by Travers, the famous Parisian mount stylist. Just send a large stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and they’re all yours for the asking!
Radio Mirror

More News!

(Continued from page 7)

squelched her so thoroughly that it begins to look permanent.

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MOTHER KNOWS BEST: Helen Broderick is sitting up nights trying to figure how she can heal the breach between her son, Broderick Crawford, and Peg LaCenta, New York radio singer. Broderick has been rushing Lucille Ball, Paramount cutie, since his engagement to Peg was broken.

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OUlGH TO BE A LAW. There are sections of Hollywood's Fourth Estate which should very appropriately be run out of town. For instance, there is the trade paper which sent an advertising solicitor to drum up some business before the opening of the current Al Jolson series. He was asked to come back later, because everyone was too busy to talk with him. However, it turned out that the advertising solicitor doubled in dramatic criticism, with an open letter to the trade. He wrote to revi

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ROMANCE TO ORDER, Buddy Rogers, who returns to his Twin Stars show when he finishes his British film commitment, will meet Mary Pickford, his mother, and Mary's niece on the Continent, and make the return voyage home with them. Mary and Buddy insist that the newspapers were responsible for the inception of their romance. I asked Mary when they'd be married. She looked at Buddy and sighed. "I don't know," she admitted, "but I guess it will have to be when the newspapers tell us to."
Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backaches quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 quarts of waste, frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, less of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donn's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 10 miles of kidney tissue flush out poisonous wastes from your blood. Try Donn's Pills.


don't ever buy
without a prescription

You're

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a lovely gray hair lotion that you can buy, by following this simple recipe:

To half pint of water add one ounce of barium compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barium imparts color to astrigent, 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 now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

No More "Dead-Arm" Ironing

FREE OFFER

QUICK ELASTIC

HOT STARCH
IN 30 SECONDS

Makes Ironing Easy

Learn to press things quickly to glumming perfection

We hope this message may bring for you the decision to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. Write The Hunter Co., Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

Hopkins ... the Bing Crosbys and the Jack Oakies are looking over the baby-coach market ... and the Valentin Pareras (Grace Moore) are expecting the stork—via the adoption route. Joan Blondell gave Dick Powell a white piano ... Charlie Butterworth taking a train daily to the hospital where his cachet is outlined with a broken leg ... A medal for Don Ameche, who put out a brush fire that threatened the hillside home of director Tay Garnett ... Of all the Hollywoodites who lighted the hidden two or three bushels, incidentally, the handsome Irish lace cuspidor goes to Bill Woodruff, Lux director who gets little credit for his own job. When Rudy Vallee's show finally arrives on the Coast it will become a permanent western feature, according to agency plans ... CBS is hiring a house to house the Milton Berle-Community Sing show ... Joe Koster's eleven-year-old son is doing very nicely, thank you, with NBC's dramatic role ... "One Perfect Night," sung by Jimmy Talley on a recent program, was written for his birthday by mom. Joe Allen of the NBC press department ... The Conrad Thibaults have taken a Beverly Hills home ... Gertrude Nielsen's mother, bedridden for two years, nevertheless does not Gertrude's song arrangements ... Connie Boswell, in case you've been wondering, is doing okay on the California Hour ... Warren Hull, ex-6BC announcer for a while, became a WAG. Brother's actors have realized a life ambition—to sing on the radio. He's on Wann's California network ... The 'mystery admirer' still sends his lovely flowers ... Fred Waring hit Hollywood Boulevard before going on his road tour to look over movie and radio prospects.

Major Bowes Writes His Own Answer

(Continued from page 10)

Nothing is further from the truth. I have never had the fear of amateurs that other radio programs have complained about. As a matter of fact, we have more applications now than we have ever had and more acceptable amateurs in reserve than ever before.

What has happened is that the desire to be on my program has grown steadily, and it is quite evident that this is not the case with others. My program has passed that first stage of development where many were attracted to try out for it simply as a "lark," or for idle curiosity. It is now in its second and more substantial phase, that of a recognized and earnest, though no less entertaining, clearing house for untired talent.

Prominent teachers, schools and institutions of voice, music, dramatics, dancing and stage, are active in their support. The music departments of leading universities as well as musical schools, singing societies and other such organizations are cooperating. All have expressed thorough approval of the handling received by persons on this program for an appearance on my amateur hour highly beneficial to their pupils.

They consider it a valuable experience for student artists, an effective manner in which to provide them with encouragement, self-assurance, as well as stage and radio technique. The head of one of New York's largest-known music schools recently told me that she would like to make it compulsory for every pupil to appear on my program at least once

MOTHER, there's extra comfort for your baby, greater freedom from chafing and irritation, in Z. B. T. Olive Oil Baby Powder. Due to the olive oil, Z. B. T. forms a protective moisture-resistant coating that clings and soothes for hours longer than other powders. Free from zine in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25g and 50g sizes.

For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to Z. B. T., Dept. F-1, 80 Varick Street, New York City.

Z.B.T. OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

Unscented, free from zine, alcohol, camphor. Made especially for babies. The olive oil provides a barrier against moisture. Prevents redness and chafing of the skin.

Married and Earns
$25 a Week

Do you need extra money? Is your husband out of work? Or are you forced to face the world alone, with children to support? Thousands of housewives and students of the Chicago School of Nursing are numbered among those approaching or past the 40 mark. Many also are married, with home duties. They have learned at home and in their spare time the dismissed, well-paid profession of Nursing. Many earned a considerable sum every week while studying.

Course endorsed by physicians. Est. 28 years. One graduate has charge of a 15-bed hospital. Another saved $800 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now and learn how you can prepare yourself to earn $25 to $35 a week as a C. S. N. trained practical nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 184, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name.___________________________
Age.______________
City.___________________________
State.__________________________
during their course as part of the study of concert technique.

Only recently a national music trade-paper said editorially: "The influence of Major Ben factors in 1980 to make its self felt in stimulating musical ambition in the youth of the country. Several teachers have told us that applicants come to them feeling that they wish to prepare themselves to try for the amateur hour."

This new and higher type of serious amateur added to the steady stream of self-taught and unprivileged amateur, has given the program improved balance. It is my considered opinion that the program has continued to strengthen and is now stronger than ever.

Important also, is the amount of actual good which the program continues to do. Amateurs have come to accept it as the most effective stepping stone to fame now available in America. The list of amateurs who have started on the program and have since made impressive headway in the various branches of show business is a long one, and one in which I can take pride.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, instead of the address given you in the February issue of Radio Mirror.

J. B. B., Baltimore, Md.—The reasons for Phillips Lord giving up Seth Parker may be many. In the first place, the program wasn’t sponsored. Then, his sec- ond idea won him a sponsor, This was Gang Builders. And now this third idea is also sponsored. This one is We, The People.

Mrs. F. M. B., Hubbard, Ohio—You must be wrong on this one. Records don’t show Don Ameche as Bob on the Betty & Bob program. Elizabeth Reller plays Betty and Lester Tremaine is Bob.

Mrs. Fred W., Olympia, Washington—A letter forwarded to the Landis Trio in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockeceller Plaza, New York will reach them. The Oracle deeply regrets to inform you that their partner and pianist passed away recently. His name was Howard White.

Beatrice M., Springfield, Mass.—For- ham’s are not advertising via the airwaves at present, nor are their mystery series scheduled to return at this writing.

Grace Moore fans, attention: You are cordially invited to join the Grace Moore Fan Club, headed by Josephine W. Lowry, 2200 Harrow Street, Wilmington, Dela- ware. The dues are fifty cents a year. Each member receives on joining, a mem- bership card, picture of Miss Moore, and later a membership list. A year’s mem- bership in the club entitles a member to six issues of the News, which comes out every two months.

I. R. C., Marysville, Washington—Really now. I couldn’t list every single person who has played in this series. The principle characters, however, are Mary Marlin, played by the popular radio ac- tress, Joan Blaine. Robert E. Griffin plays the role of Joe Marlin, Mary’s husband; Carleton Brickett plays David Post; Judith Lowry is Annie, Mary’s maid; June Meredith is Eve Cabot Underwood; Isabel Randolph is Margaret Adams; El- nor Harriot is Sally Gibbons; Murray Forbes is Doc Sharpe, and Gene Morgan is Daniel B. Burke. Lucienne Boyer is now a regular radio star, Miss Boyer, however, has often guest-starred on the program. A letter addressed to her in care of the Versailles Club in New York, might reach her. Why not try?

Marie B., Bronx, New York—Bobby Benson was played by young Billy Halop. Billy Halop is fourteen years old and has been playing all sorts of parts in radio since he was six years old. He’s an American.

Mary Lee J., Waterbury, Conn.—Lanny Ross’ favorite color is blue, as you’d expect from his fair hair and blue eyes. I believe if you write a letter to Lanny’s brother, Winston Ross, you’ll get the in care of the Theater Guild, New York City, N. Y., they will forward it to him.

Gene M., Wilmington, Delaware—Wal- ter Cassel was last heard on the Saturday Night Party over the NBC network. Wal- ter came from the Biscuits, made good, and then sent for his wife and chil- dren.

Mrs. A. D., Rochester, New York—You’re right. The part of Dr. Douglas in Helen Hayes’ show of last year, “The New People,” was played by Wilmer Walters, the same one who plays David Harumo. Marion Barney, who plays the part of Pepper Young’s mother, is married in real life and is in her early forties.

Grace L., New Haven, Conn.—No, Margaret Santry is not the Martha Deane of WOR.

Fifi D’Orsay, fans, attention! Get in touch with Mary Helen Queley, 1748 East 52nd Street, Brooklyn, New York, if you want to join the Fifi D’Orsay Club.

Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett fans, attention! The above young lady is also president of the Eleanor Holm-Arthur Jarrett fans club. Get in touch with her for further information.

N. K. F., Carnegie, Pa.—Ted Malone’s birthday falls on May 18. He was born in the year of 1908.
"INFANT CARE" is the best book for mothers that the U.S. Government, with its limitless resources and the cooperation of America's greatest child specialists, can produce for you.

"INFANT CARE" was written by five of the outstanding American medical authorities on child health, in consultation with the experts of the Federal Children's Bureau.

"INFANT CARE" is easy to use as a daily instruction book; invaluable in emergencies, a nine-page index affords instant, easy reference for your problem. Generously illustrated with pictures, charts, and diagrams.

ONLY 10c

Send your order for "Infant Care" at once. Use the coupon below. Radio Mirror retains no part of the payment, makes no profit; your order and payment are forwarded to the proper authorities in Washington.

SUBJECTS COVERED

How to Register Birth
How Baby Should Grow
Baby at Twelve Months
Training of Baby
Forming Life Habits
Exercising Baby
About Crying
Sunbaths and Play
Protection Against Disease
Clothing Needed
Bathing Baby

Care of Teeth, Nose, Eyes
Breaking Bad Habits
Meals for Baby
Nursing Instructions
Control of Breast Milk
Weaning
Feeding of Solid Foods
Early Signs of Illness
Care of Sick Baby
Traveling With Baby
Selected Parents' Books

RADIO MIRROR'S OWN SPECIAL EDITION
IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S NEW COOK BOOK

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of RADIO MIRROR, has arranged a special Radio Mirror edition of this best selling cook book by America's foremost authority.

Not Just Another Recipe Book

Though more than 1500 recipes are given in this super cook book, it is far more than a mere collection of dishes. Here's just some of the real kitchen art instruction the volume contains:

HOW TO MEASURE
CORRECT TEMPERATURE FOR: Oven Cookery,
Deep Fat Frying, Baking, Roasting
CORRECT SERVING FOR ALL COURSES
DIET HINTS
MEAL PLANNING
COOKING TERMS AND EXPRESSIONS

196 Pages

Bound in a stiff, board cover, printed on better quality paper, with large, open spaced type, the book is easy to read at a glance.

SEND COUPON TODAY

ServletResponse Bureau,
Radio Mirror,
205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Check below the book you desire. If you want both books, enclose total of 30 cents.

☐ 10c enclosed herewith for "Infant Care"
☐ 20c enclosed herewith for Ida Bailey Allen's Service Cook Book.

Send stamps or currency, carefully wrapped.

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

Address ...........................................................................
You need this throat protection too!

...That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you...be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"