FRANCES LANGFORD

HOW HOLLYWOOD PUTS RADIO STARS ON THE SPOT!

ALSO

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Name
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(If this copy is to be mailed this envelope. Paste or copy at on the back of a First Post Card)
**Radio Mirror**

**BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR • ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR • WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR**

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**Cover**

—PORTRAIT OF FRANCES LANGFORD

BY TCHETCHET

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The Critic
On the Hearth
By Weldon Melick

EVENING IN PARIS distills the best in popular French and American melody as its sponsors distill the fragrance of Flanders flowers for the perfume to which this program is dedicated. Odette Myrti’s spicy accent, in song and speech, brings Paris into your parlor, and most happily. The Pickens Sisters, whose appeal loses none of its charm away from the footlights, contribute greatly to the success of this feature which has been revived after two years of absence from the air. Milton Watson, tenor, is further increasing his large following and Mark Warnow’s orchestra sets the pace for the entire revue.

The only conspicuous room for improvement is in the selection of French songs, which now lean heavily toward the frivolous, passing up some of the really great and equally entertaining French masterpieces of lyric.

NBC Mondays, 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

THE HIT PARADE comes to the front with Fred Astaire out-tapping and out-singing his own shadow of the stage and screen. Lennie Hayton’s orchestra is a true ‘barometer’ of musical hits of the week, taking its cues from actual music store sales records. In the parade also are Gogo de Lys, Ray Thompson and the Three Rhythm Kings.

NBC Saturdays, 8 P. M., 60 min.

BACK-STAGE WIFE is strongly reminiscent of Horatio Alger, Jr., with “reverse-English.” In this new serial it is the small-town girl who makes good in the big city. A pleasant mid-morning interlude for the toiling housewife.

MBS daily except Saturdays and Sundays, 10:45 A. M., 15 min.

EMERK DEUTSCH’S DANCE RHYTHMS, with Connie Gates, vocalist, enliven the dinner hour. If Miss Gates is singing for her supper she deserves the best chef d’oeuvre that Oscar of the Waldorf can achieve.

CBS Wednesdays, 8:15 P. M., 15 min.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIBLE—is evangelizing sophisticates in spite of themselves. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm reveals little known facts about the world’s “best seller.” A male quartette opens and closes the program.

NBC Sundays, 1:30 P. M., 30 min.

LOIS RAVEL, contralto, was given an enviable spot for her first big radio appearance, and has fully justified Columbia’s hunch. A slightly wider range, to include more songs that are immortal, would endear this new favorite to still more thousands. Miss Ravel is fortunate in having Leith Stevens’ orchestra for a harmony background.

CBS Fridays, 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

DOT AND WILL is one of the most entertaining dramatic sketches on the waves. The story is faithful to suburban life and keeps moving with sustained suspense. The dialogue is clear, but lacks contrast in tempo, a flaw which cannot go long without correction. This dramatization of Fannie Kilbourne’s famous fiction series is full of light, gay situations of interest to the whole family.

(Continued on page 87)
THINGS I CAN'T UNDERSTAND

WHY the radio row know-it-alls insist on trying to find some one who will “take Will Rogers’ place” when it’s so abundantly clear that no one ever can or will.

WHY Lanny Ross and Olive White Ross didn’t let his fans in on their romance sooner. Or why we who knew about it were asked not to tell what we knew. And why we had to wait till this late date to wish them the happiness publicly which we’ve been wishing ‘em privately for months and months.

WHY sponsors don’t kick and scream until Fred Astaire consents to appearing regularly on his own program, his being the brightest star to shine in radio heavens for many a month.

WHY a program which has won enthusiastic fans because of its magnificent weekly survey of the news should deliberately endanger its perspective and weaken its news-appeal by attempting a shorter five-times-a-week broadcast.

WHY Stoopnagle and Budd should be so consistently funny on an insignificant late-night unsponsored program and so glaringly uneven on a big national program under apparently perfect auspices.

HOW producers of the Ray Noble program expect us to believe that those five people from the audience are actually picked at random—are the questions and answers a bit too pat for conviction?

WHY a man with Jerry Cooper’s potentialities for popularity should have gone unsponsored for so many months.

HOW the rumor that Father Coughlin will line up with F. D. R. this fall can be true; unless the good Father is prepared to eat thousands and thousands of words heard last winter and spring by his eager followers.

WHY the projected broadcasts from Ethiopia shouldn’t be used to bring into the hearts and homes of the American people the horror and fearfulness of war, this being the first time radio ever actually broadcast from the trenches.

WHY Johnny Green should not become the most important maestro in radio now that he’s following up his grand work on Socony Sketches with regular appearance on Jack Benny’s show.

HOW Alexander Woollcott was able to buck the Jack Benny program so successfully last year that his sponsors are willing to take the same difficult hour this year?

WHY radio isn’t used to cement relationships between nations by means of specially planned programs in which one nation’s leader addresses the people of another nation?

HOW Jimmy Wallington could afford to give up his many NBC programs to devote himself exclusively to our CBS program, even though it’s going to be great to hear him again with Eddie Cantor.

WHY Nelson Eddy, a smash movie hit, isn’t on the air at least once a week.

Here are my frank comments on this and that. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me. Prizes for the best letters are announced on Page 45.
"If you don't tell your husband, I will!"

DR. LINITA BERETTA
leading gynecologist of Milan, Italy, tells how a marriage was saved from disaster, when a timid wife found courage to face the facts

"One day a timid young woman came into my office... nervous, worried, unhappy. She told me her husband, too, had become irritable and cold. In fact, he wanted to give up his business and get away... by himself.

"Then out came the usual story of ignorance, fear and false modesty. I showed her how proper marriage hygiene with reliable "Lysol" would provide the peace of mind which would calm her worries, replace fear with assurance. Even then she was timid.

"Finally I said, 'If you don't tell your husband your real problem... I will!'

"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment, but she knew that I meant what I said. A few months later she came to me again—a different woman!

"'I thought you were cruel,' she confessed. 'But now I'm so grateful. My husband and I are happy again!'

"I would like to give every married woman the same advice, which has helped so many of my patients... proper feminine hygiene. Regular use of "Lysol"—because "Lysol" is a truly effective germicide. And yet, used in the proper dilution, it is gentle, soothing—and so reliable, physicians everywhere prefer it."

(Signed) DR. LINITA BERETTA

"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment... but my advice about "Lysol" restored her happiness."

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You
1. Safety... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.
2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it is effective under practical conditions... in the body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.
3. Penetration... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus actually search out germs.
4. Economy... "Lysol", because it is a concentrated germicide, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.

6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, or how much it is exposed.

Don’t risk your happiness on untried experiments when, for nearly 50 years, "Lysol" has proved it deserves the confidence of millions of women who use it, thousands of doctors who advise it.

Throughout your home, fight germs with "Lysol"

You can’t see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" in washing handkerchiefs, bed linen, towels, and to clean telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, kitchen and bathroom.

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

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
Mail coupon for copy of interesting brochure—"LYSOL vs. GERMS," containing facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Lace & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LX-67

Sold Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Name__________________________
Address__________________________

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5
How to write to your favorites
The last item on each biography tells the city from which the player broadcasts.

Here are the addresses:

National Broadcasting Company—
New York (abbreviated N. Y.): 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
San Francisco (abbreviated San F.): 111 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

Los Angeles (abbreviated L. A.): 555 South Flower St, Los Angeles, Chicago (abbreviated Chic.): Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Not all the players listed are on the network at the present time.

A COMPLETE LISTING OF YOUR FAVORITES: BIRTHPLACE AND DATE, IF MARRIED, TO WHOM, RADIO DEBUT; ON WHAT PROGRAMS THEY APPEAR; WHERE YOU CAN WRITE THEM. THIS MONTH: NATIONAL BROADCASTING PLAYERS—NEXT MONTH: MORE NATIONAL STARS

ACE, Goodman. Actor, leading role in "Easy Aces"; born Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 5, 1894; married June 18, 1928; debut in Kansas City, 1929. N. Y.

ACE, Jane. Actress, leading role in "Easy Aces"; born Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 12, 1905; married Good- man Ace, 1929; debut in Kansas City, 1929. N. Y.

ALBANI, Countess Olga. Soprano, "Silken Strings"; born Brussels, Oct. 17, 1868; married Count Alberoni; one son; debut over NBC, 1929. CHIC.

ALBANO, Arturo. Alvani; one son; debut over NBC, 1929. CHIC.

ALEXANDER, Bonnie. Model; born New York City, June 3, 1911; married; debut with "Capital Family." 1932.


ALEXANDER, Eddie. Actor; born "Campana First- Nighter"; etc.; born Kenosha, Wis., Mar. 1, 1908; married Frances Pittman, 1930.

BENNETT, Lois. Soprano, "Uncle Charlie's Tent Show"; born Houston, Texas, Canada; Oct. 7, 1910; two daughters; one son; debut over NBC, 1931.


BERG, Gertrude. Actress and author, "House of Glass;" born New York City, 1900; daughter; debut over WEAF, 1921.


BERNIE, Dan. Orchestra leader and comedian; born Haywood, Dec. 9, 1894; one son; debut from Roosevelt Hotel, New York, 1920.

BERWIN, Abe. Actor; born "Jack Family;" born San Francisco, Calif.; April 4; married A. Brenda; one son; debut over WEAF, New York, 1929.


BLACK, Frank. Orchestra leader; born Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 29, 1894; married; debut from Fox Theater, Philadelphia, 1922. N. Y.

BLACKBURN, Alice. Actress; "House of Glass;" born New York City, May 6, 1914; unmarried; debut over WOR, New York, 1929.


BONINE, Joseph. Orchestra leader, "Death Valley Rangers"; born Manhasset, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1893; married; one daughter; debut over WEAF, New York, 1921.

BROWNELL, Rudy. Baritone; born South Bend, Ind., Sept. 28, 1894; married; debut over WEAF, New York, 1926.

CASSIDY, H. T. "Melody Smithies"; born Los Angeles, Calif., May 25, 1892; married Ruth Miller; debut in New York City, 1930.


COOK, Margaret. Model and companion; born Coldwater, Mich., Sept. 27; married Flo Helmer; two daughters; one son; debut over WEAF, New York, 1929.

CIRIALES, Maria. Singer and actress, "Unleash their voices"; born Hildago, Mexico, June 5, 1900; married over WEAF, New York, 1924.

CLEMENTS, Loretta. Singer and actress, "Unleash their voices"; born Hildago, Mexico, June 5, 1900; married over WEAF, New York, 1924.

CORNEN, Joy. Orchestra leader; born sea Cliffs, N. Y.; one son; married; debut over WEAF, New York, 1925.


COUSER, A. "Welcome Valley"; born New York, N. Y., 1907; married; debut over WEAF, New York, 1928.

CRAWFORD, Jesse. Organist; born Woodland, Calif., 1900; married; debut over WOR, New York, 1929. CHIC.
A tribute to her Beauty Soap from a very Lovely Bride

It's true and I'm delighted to say so! Camay does more than any other beauty aid to keep me looking my quick-and-span best. Sincerely,

Youngstown, Ohio September 15, 1935

The Soap of Beautiful Women

She began with Camay at Barnard—this darkish blonde beauty with the hazel eyes. And while she has a naturally good, clear skin—Camay has helped it—year by year—to a marvelous purity and smoothness.

She will tell you so just as she has told so many of her friends! And it's just such casual conversations of today's modern young women that are adding so rapidly to Camay's popularity. They know, and say, that it is gentle and mild—that it does make your skin smoother—that it does help to bring new softness and clarity to your complexion. You'll be delighted with Camay's low price.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

Camay
Is radio going sexy like the movies?

Take it from a close observer of the studio scene the answer is an emphatic yes. Subtly, but nevertheless effectively, sex is being injected into broadcasting. It has been introduced so gradually and so ingeniously you may not have noticed it. But it is there just the same.

Perhaps it is the approach of television that is making the studio satraps so sex conscious. Again, it may be a natural desire of sponsors to cash in on the theory that "all the world loves a lover" and adores a sweetheart. Whatever it is that is actuating the program potentates, the fact is they are working overtime trying to involve their artists in romances or inspire the romantic interest of listeners in them.

In the beginning radio wasn't like that. Middle-aged character actresses cooed ingénue rôles. Actors with deep-lined faces impersonated juveniles. A two-hundred-pound singer rendered torch songs. What difference did it make, argued the broadcasting barons, the audience couldn't see them, could they? Then came the practice of admitting spectators to the studios and the realization that the artists had to look their parts to be convincing.

From this gradually grew the demand for personalities of glamor and charm, until today the broadcasting chambers are peopled with Ziegfeld beauties and young leading men with handsome profiles. By devious ways of ingenious press agents the public is led to believe youthful singers on the same programs invariably fall in love with each other. If the air heroine happens to have another heart interest and her engagement becomes public property—and this isn't a supposition but an incident founded on fact—why another attached companion is promptly provided for the hero, that the listening public may not lose interest in their honeyed words as poured forth through the loudspeaker for the whole world to hear.

This may all seem silly to a cynic but romantic interest properly handled is a great thing to build up and hold an audience. Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth discovered how effective it was on the stage years ago. Ditto Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. And the latter introduced the husband-and-wife-still-lovers theme to radio with equally successful results. May Singh Breen and Peter de Rose as the "Sweetharts of the Air" have also capitalized on this idea and there are hosts of others. It all comes under the head of entertainment and amusement—and modern showmanship.

CONSPICUOUS among the new stars on the networks this Fall is Helen Hayes, by many regarded the first lady of the American stage. Miss Hayes, who recently renounced the movies, comes to the studios with a brand new vehicle adapted to her talents by Edith Meiser, skilled in the technique of radio writing as demonstrated by her adaptation of the Sherlock Holmes stories. Miss Hayes, after several guest appearances in condensed versions of former stage successes, proved herself the possessor of a charming microphone personality and is assured a tremendous following. This partnership between player and playwright promises to be almost perfect.

ASK Graham McNamee and Tom Manning, ace air reporters of sporting events, and they will tell you the most dangerous sport they ever covered was the all-American Soap-Box Derby at Akron, Ohio. A skidding chariot guided by a small boy suddenly became a juggernaut, crashed into the judges' stand where the mikemen were stationed and promptly claimed them victims, necessitating medical attention. These veterans have given thrilling eye-witness accounts of many major sporting contests without sustaining anything more serious than strained vocal cords—but along comes this race between home-made scooters steered by juveniles and the radio observers are sent to the hospital for repairs.

Surely this momentous happening must be significant of something or other. If nothing else it shows what a rapid pace the younger generation is traveling these days—and what grave perils this pace involves for their elders!

MEANWHILE, Radio Row expects the new Jack Benny program, which will just about get going when you read this, to continue as the outstanding comedy act of the air. The new set-up certainly is most promising; Michael Bartlett is a personality already firmly established in the hearts of movie-goers and Johnny Green needs no introduction to the radio audience. Mary Livingston, of course, continues, and likewise Don Wilson. Sam Hearn, is also expected to return to the cast. And Harry Conn, collaborator with Upper corner, Gracie Allen and George Burns get serious when the luncheon bell rings at the Paramount studios. Below, Ruth Etting, songstress of the air, receives a floral welcome to Hollywood from Buster Crabbe.
Benny in concocting the comedy, remains to write the continuity. Benny, thoroughly sold on the idea a comedian is only as funny as his material, pays Conn $1200 a week for his services and insists Conn earns every penny of it. "His is a tough job," says Benny, "because he has to adapt himself to my mental processes, if any.

A script writer, to deliver the goods, must, to all intents and purposes become the mental double of the comic— and believe me that's some chore."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is broadcasting now before a studio audience. This is news because for a long time the noted author wouldn't even allow members of his own family to see him in action. The change in heart came about because the dead-pan mike, so cold and unresponsive, finally got Van Loon's goat and he thought he would have to add a "y" to his name.

Craving human companionship, he now insists on having present specimens—any specimens—of his fellow man. At least they lend their moral support while he speaks his thoughts into that dreaded black box—known as the microphone—which has frightened many a performer.

Eddie Cantor and Parkyakakas in a scene from the Samuel Goldwyn production, "Shoot the Works." Below, Frank Parker and his fiancée, Dorothy Martin, in the gardens of the Saint Catherine Hotel on Catalina Island.

THREE of Columbia's crack conductors, Johnny Green, Mark Warnow and Howard Barlow, are leading bands this fall on the NBC kilocycles. They are there because sponsors demand their talents and it doesn't indicate they have severed relations with their alma mater. Indeed, the Columbia System's artist bureau is collecting big fees in commissions for their services on the rival network and is quite content with the arrangement.

MARRIAGES AND SUCH

A development more than once forecast in these columns became reality when Lanny Ross married Olive White, his charming and capable personal representative. Intimates of the young couple were aware of their attachment for some time and the announcement of their wedding made after a Show Boat broadcast (Please turn to page 10)

United Artists

"My Headache—Tired Feeling—BANISHED!"

"ISN'T YOUR HEALTH WORTH THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no gripping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

better
because
you
chew it
NEWS WHEN IT HAPPENS AND GOSSIP WHEN IT'S NEW

in Radio City occasioned little surprise. Miss White has been managing and ex-
ploring Lanny's business affairs for two years and is well qualified to handle his mar-
rimonial affairs as well. Olive White was a widow and has a daughter fourteen
years old.

In sharp contrast to the happy out-
come of Lanny's romance is the experience of Eugene F. Carroll, the Gene of radio's
popular Gene and Glen team. With Miss
Wilhelmina Leonard, actress of Colum-
bus, O., on his arm, Gene applied to the
New York marriage license bureau and was
granted a permit to wed. Then the
prospective bride and groom smiling hap-
pily, departed in search of a preacher. They
never found him. Something, no-
body seems to know just what, came up
to disrupt their plans and the marriage
didn't take place.

By the time you read this Betty Bar-
thel should be the bride of Aviator
Charles Vaughan. The ceremony was
scheduled to be performed in Yokohama
—where Vaughan is in the employ of Pan-
American Airways. Before Betty sailed
for Japan she was given a farewell party
attended by Vivienne Segal, Annette Han-
shaw, Virginia Verrill, Vera Van and the
Pickens Sisters, among other radioiodes.
Will he rename White with her "brother," marry Bob Merritt, the
jockey? (Speaking of brothers, did you
know Arthur Lang, the baritone, who
poses as her brother, is really the hus-
band of Jeanie Lang?) And Little Ryan,
real brother of Charles Ryan, Bab's ex,
is preparing to become a proud papa via
the stage. His wife, Mrs. Little Ryan is the former Bernice Niles.

Cupid continues to shoot his darts into
Ben Bernie's lads. Probably by the time
this meets your eye Dick Stabile (who
may also be heading his own band by that
time) and Gracie Barrie, of the musical
comedy stage, will have said "I do." Previ-
ously the engagement of Frank
Prince and Grace Bradley, of the Para-
mount lot, was announced here. And Bill
Wilson, still another Bernie bandman, is
altar-bound with another of California's
sunglass girls.

Radio City associates insist Frank
Black, NBC's general musical director,
will soon marry Miss Eva Pedley, a lovely
dieter. And Lieber Lombardo,
the Lombardo tribe, is plan-
ing to elope in December with Miss
Sally Brownback, a Junior Leagueer from
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society hostess heard on Columbia who failed in several attempts to secure a divorce in New York state, is now trying the Reményi way? His mother heretofore exploited as first in Little Jackie Heller’s affections seems to be losing out to Dixie Dunbar, the actress. Are Freddie Rich, the conductor, and Benay Venuta, the warbler, serious? Ditto Cyril Pitts, the tenor, and Joan Blaine, the radio actress? And here’s a hot one: Al Shaye recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of his divorce by throwing a party at a New York night club for Cecile Clancy, his ex-Missus! The amicable agreement entered into between Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy and his estranged wife, the former Beatrice Merchant, didn’t jell and she is now suing him for divorce in the New York Supreme Court... Mrs. Donald Novis, successful in her action for separation (Continued on page 88)

Reduce your WAIST THREE INCHES

"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'off' all the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE holder."

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic, for 10 days on trial..."

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy."

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."

"It was a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 30 pounds."

"Jean, that's wonderful! I'll send for my girdle today."

**You Can TEST the ROAD LIGHTS**

Ned Tollinger, of Carefree Carnival, is about ready to give Helen Troy the gong, or what have you there, Ned?

Bring out the proverbial “chip off the old block” slug for this paragraph. Eddie Fitzpatrick, Jr., is now directing his own show from a remote line to NBC in the bay district. A busy lad, this youngster, for he directs, too, the trumpet and makes his own orchestrations. Oldsters in radio listening will well and favorably recall his dad, who directed an NBC orchestra a long while on the Woman’s Magazine of the Air and other programs.

KHJ’s most popular bachelor these days is twenty-two-year-old Buddy Gately, who was christened Robert back in Chicago... finally going to the University of Minnesota and then to Hollywood two or three years ago on the KFWB Hi-jinks, at that time a local radio high-light program. Though a tenor, Buddy reads detective yarns, goes to prize fights, plays tennis and short games.

NBC’s Hollywood big shot, John Swallow, ex-newshound, has quite a reputation for efficiency. While he dictates in the office he also shaves himself with one of those electric razors. But I was surprised the other day, while having breakfast with him on the KRCO lot, to find he is reading "Anthony (Continued on page 75)
NOT even Hollywood could have equalled the scene that met Mickey and Tad when they walked into the studio, their faces flushed with the thrill of the moment, and found two empty chairs.

More than a hundred others were already grouped in twos and threes, talking in nervous bursts of conversation, at their sides every type of musical instrument known to man. Broom handles with violin strings, a row of shining silver spoons, another row of polished tumblers, saws that bent nearly double.

A stocky, red-faced man walked on the stage of the studio. In the faces that turned toward him he read the inevitable finale to all this—laughter and tears, young hope and worn despair. He smiled and cleared his throat.

"Before we start, I want to explain that I'll be in the control room you see at the left. When I call your name through the loudspeaker take your place on the stage. There's a studio pianist, if you want to use her."

He paused, smiled again, and left.

It was a large studio that Mickey Crail and Tad Byron were in—the largest that Radio City boasted. Almost austere in its furnishings, it was nevertheless impressive. Row upon row of folding steel chairs were provided for the fifteen hundred people who gathered here every night in the week to watch their favorite programs. Tonight, with colorful pageantry, Show Boat would broadcast from this same stage.

Mickey took Tad's hand. "I'm scared," she whispered.

Tad laughed. "Listen, little one, when it's time to be scared, I'll let you know. This isn't half as bad as the day Colgate was ahead six to nothing with only two minutes to go. Remember?"

Mickey felt her courage returning. Tad was right. He was always right in a moment like this. She sat back and her heart moved down from her throat to its natural position.

It was really funny, more than anything else. Ten days ago, she had never dreamed that she would be leaving Poughkeepsie. Not until a letter had come to her father from Uncle Jim Riley, saying that he had arranged to have Mickey audition for his amateur hour. She wouldn't have gone then, if Tad hadn't decided it for her.

"Why New York's only a stone's throw away," he had told her.

"Maybe a giant's throw," she had answered, but she'd packed her suitcase and left, anyway.

A voice boomed through the loudspeaker on the stage—Uncle Jim's voice. "Loretta Waldin," it called. Mickey stared at the frail woman who got up and took her place at a microphone near the stage piano. She began to sing and Mickey knew she would never make the grade.

Halfway through the song, the voice cut her off. "Thank you, that's all. I'll let you know if we want you. Next—Jeff Bowers." A lanky, sunburned cowboy who walked as though he'd never been off a horse, took the place of the other. In his hands was a jew's harp. He began to play.

Tad bent down to Mickey's ear. "He's better than the woman. Bet you he's one of the winners."

Mickey shivered a little. Until now it had all been a lark, almost a weekend excursion, this auditioning in New York for the King James gasoline amateur hour. But suddenly she wanted to be one of those chosen for Sunday night's broadcast, wanted to go on a network of radio stations that stretched from Radio City to the southern tip of California—wanted it so much it was a physical pain.

The cowboy finished. As he walked towards his seat, a page in a gold braided uniform more elaborate than the dress of the king's guards left the glass panelled room in which Uncle Jim was listening and stopped him. Mickey could hear what he said. "Please wait until the others have auditioned." Tad had won his bet. The cowboy was one of the chosen few.

"Next—Byron and Crail."

Tad dragged Mickey to her feet, led her up on the stage. "Easy, honey," he said, "nothing to get excited about."

Mickey waved the pianist aside and struck the opening chords of "Down By the Old Mill Stream." Her voice,
"Let's go on an unescorted tour of Radio City," Tad said. "If anyone stops us, we'll just say that we're performers on the King James Gasoline program."
clear and true, picked up the melody. Tad whistled in perfect accompaniment, then began the novelty that had brought him to New York, to this audition. He imitated bird calls, first the meadowlark, then the thrush, and as a finale, the nightingale.

Scattered applause from the other amateurs brought a wide grin to Tad's lips. When they sat down again, he patted Mickey's shoulder.

"I told you we could do it. It's a cinch, not half as hard as keeping a bunch of fraternity men quiet."

"Sure." Mickey nodded. " Didn't the class vote you the boy with the most promising future?"

"Lay off, mugg," Ted growled, but Mickey knew he was pleased.

She wished she could be as confident as Tad. But always she'd been the one who looked before she leaped. When Tad leaped, blindly, it was with the assurance and grace of a young Greek god. The worst part of it was, he never failed to land upright, on both feet. He might have tripped, once or twice, but Mickey was always there with a helping hand.

She supposed that was the basis of their friendship. Everything about them was in perfect contrast. They made a fashionable pair. Mickey who had to rely on French heels to raise her over five feet and Tad who tipped six even on those rare occasions when he found time to comb his hair down flat.

Another funny thing about them — any other couple would have been in love by this time. But Mickey and Tad had been too busy having a good time to do anything silly like that. If they'd been in love, they'd never have been auditioning for an amateur program in Radio City. Engaged couples don't go traveling together from one town to another. They wait until they get married, and then it's too late.

At least it usually is, Mickey reflected, trying to look nonchalant in her tweed suit that set off sparkling black eyes and stubborn black curls that fell across her white forehead in defiance of waves and bobby pins.

She'd be feeling a lot more sure that Byron and Crail were winners, if only Uncle Jim had spoken to her before the auditions had begun. After all, he and Mickey's father, Ade Crail, had been partners together in vaudeville at the beginning of the century. But no word had come from the master of ceremonies since the letter setting today as the date of the tryout.

Tad was growing impatient. " Why don't we hear something?" he complained. " Don't tell me the great Tad Byron has muffed!"

Any retort Mickey might have made was cut short by the appearance of the same page in the same glittering uniform.

"Uncle Jim would like to see you after the auditions," he intoned with bored politeness which retreated before Tad's wild whoop of glee and Mickey's gasp of pleasure that escaped her cupped hands.

"What did I tell you?" Tad gloated, more than handsome in the first flush of victory. If Mickey hadn't seized the folding chair she was sitting on, he would have done a highland fling with her then and there.

The wait was easy after that. Mickey spent the time trying to puncture the inflated balloon of Tad's ego and hiding the joy that was surging through her veins.

When the last amateur was through, Byron and Crail followed the page to an anteroom, one wall of which was heavy, leaded glass looking out on an empty studio that in a few hours would be filled to overflowing with gum-chewing, intense spectators.

Mickey recognized Uncle Jim the moment she closed the door behind her. He was just like the pictures her father kept on his dresser at home — a wild mane of snowy white hair, cheeks that held the roundness of late fall apples. An expression that in repose could be grim and foreboding, but which now had lost its shadows in a welcoming smile.

"Mickey Crail!" He came from behind a polished desk with outstretched hands. " You haven't changed since you were three years old and wouldn't eat your spinach."

"I've grown two feet, eat spinach, and use lipstick," she retorted, her instinct telling her that she liked this man whose amateur hour was the biggest sensation radio had produced since Eddie Cantor's debut, back in 1931.

She pointed at Tad. "Meet the weaker half of the team of Byron and Crail, Tad Byron."

"How do you do, young man? You'll be glad to know that we liked your whistling," Uncle Jim said.

"Don't tell him that," Mickey begged. " He's always winning some prize and he never gives me credit for coaching him. And I already have a bone to pick with you. Why did you wait until now to speak to your old friend's daughter?"

The older man's smile faded for a fleeting second. " Because I didn't want anyone to know that I was pulling for you. There were three others listening to the auditions. There was an executive from the gasoline company, an official from NBC, and a vice president of the advertising agency that runs this show. " He grinned again. " If I don't think I'd have seen you at all, if they hadn't been unanimous in choosing you two."

"Then we won?" Tad turned a superior smile on his partner. " You heard the gentleman say he liked my whistling. Does that prove anything to you?"

Mickey groaned. " You see, Uncle Jim? It's always like that. Dad's warned me against him and I think he's right."

After they left and were in the deeply carpeted hall, lined with smaller studios as close together as cell blocks, and just about as hard to get into, Tad had a suggestion.

"Let's go on an unescorted tour of Radio City! None of this lecture business. If anyone stops us, we'll just say that we're performers on the King James gasoline program."

Without waiting for Mickey's assent, he started off, pulling her after him, still too stupefied by the fact that they were going on Sunday night's show, to protest.

Their first stop was the indirectly lighted main reception room for the eighth floor. Musicians with horns, drums, and violins ran back and forth, in and out of studios. Slumped down in leather davenports, men and women pored over scripts, arguing and changing with scribbled penciling.

With a wave of his hand, Tad said, " There's a favorite of yours." Mickey followed his gaze. (Continued on page 63)
Scoop! Get On the Inside
Track and Learn What Radio Has In Store For You!

Without benefit of the magic crystal, a white turban, or mystic incantations, we're about to dip into the top hat and draw out—not a white rabbit, but as complete a listing as we can make of what you can already find on your radio this month and what, in the coming months, warrants your personal attention to the loudspeaker.

We don't have to cross our fingers and look behind us when we say that this will be a banner year. New faces, and old faces in new guises—new ideas, and old ideas in not such new guises—anyway, an assortment of entertainment only radio could possibly provide. But let's get started and see just why the 1935 to 1936 season promises to be the most outstanding in the history of commercial broadcasting.

First, for you radio fans who have been taking a vacation from listening since your favorites deserted the airwaves, let's look over the list of returning comics. As far as we can see, and that's three feet on a clear day, Joe Penner, Beatrice Lillie, and Block and Sully are the only major catastrophes.

Fred Allen will be with us, probably the second of October, and if it will cheer you up, there's a chance that his amateurs won't be along on this Hour of Smiles.

The biggest news, if it still is news, is the fact that when Jack Benny pops back into his old Sunday night spot, he will have a new band leader and a new singer. "Spats" Bestor and tenor Frank Parker are not included in the Benny plans. Instead, Johnny Green will be taken from CBS to fill the Bestor shoes and that movie fellow, Michael Bartlett, has been signed to fill Parker's. Green's music you probably know. Bartlett you may, if you recall that he plays opposite Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever." Not incidentally, the gambler she loves in the end.

The shortest explanation we can offer for the loss of Bestor and Parker is also the most logical. Appearing all this winter and spring on the air's most popular program built them, quite naturally, into stars in their own right. They aren't supporting cast people any longer and so must have their own shows. Besides, they're more expensive this year.

Then there's Eddie Cantor returning to CBS with Palkyakakas and Jimmy Wallington not far behind. Whether Rubinoff will wield his violin and trip over Cantor's subtleties we can't say off-hand. Tuesday nights, so far as it is safe to predict, will be graced once more by Ed Wynn, supported we suppose by Eddie Duchin.

That old plantation menace, Walter "Pappy" O'Keefe will be back for Camels October first at nine o'clock (that's Eastern Standard time) and will (Continued on page 49)
HERE'S a contest everyone can get into. Just select the best captions for seven scenes from Jack Benny's new M-G-M picture, "Broadway Melody of 1936," and then write part of the caption for the eighth scene in your own words. Five of the scenes and all of the captions appear this month. Two scenes to be captioned with sentences and the final scene for which you will write your own words will appear in the next issue.

Your chance to win is excellent! Read the rules carefully so that you know just how to compete, and then get busy. Study the five pictures. Then read the sentences from the dialogue. Select the one you think best fits the first picture. Then select one for the next picture, and so on until all five are captioned. Then put them aside until you have the final scenes in December RADIO MIRROR.

It is not a requirement of this contest that you see Jack Benny in "Broadway Melody of 1936," although so doing may suggest to many Benny fans a choice of captions. However the non-movie-goer has equal opportunity to select the most appropriate sentence for each scene.

Come on, Benny fans, radio fans, movie fans, and contest fans and start your claims to a share in the $500.00 prize fund. You can win as much as $200.00 by the simple process of writing down eight sentences. You can win $100.00 or any one of the sixty-five other cash awards. Don't

Write or paste caption here:

Write or paste caption here:

Write or paste caption here:

Write or paste caption here:

Write or paste caption here:

6. Snapp—remind me to ask for a raise tomorrow!

5. Good evening, you little scandal lovers.

4. Say, why doesn't he get that French dame?

3. What are you doing back in New York, and in such bad company?

2. I came out to stick him for dinner—but I got stuck with sitters.

1. Keeler, I want a retraction of that cheap attack you made against a friend of mine.

7. You go back to your hotel, don't see or tell to anyone.
neglect this opportunity to add some extra cash to your budget! Caption this month's BROADWAY MELODY scenes and then watch for the last three in December RADIO MIRROR.

Everybody who enters the contest gets a prize—a beautiful sepia print of Jack Benny, your radio and movie favorite.

THE RULES

1. In November and December, RADIO MIRROR will publish a total of eight scenes from M-G-M's new Jack Benny picture, "Broadway Melody of 1936."

2. To compete, clip or trace each of the first seven scenes and caption each with one of the seven sentences supplied from the dialogue of the show.

3. Clip or trace the eighth scene and finish the caption, which will be a question from the show's dialogue, with a reply of your own composition.

4. For the set of seven scenes most appropriately captioned from among the supplied sentences accompanied by the best original reply to the question under the eighth scene a First Prize of $200.00 will be awarded. For the next best entry $100.00 will be paid. Five $10.00 Prizes, Ten $5.00 Prizes, and Fifty Prizes of $2.00 each will also be paid. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Wait until your set of eight scenes is complete before sending an entry. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, December 10, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

6. Submit all entries to Broadway Melody of 1936 Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. Anyone may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and M-G-M, and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE............... $200.00
SECOND PRIZE............. 100.00
FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00..... 50.00
TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00....... 50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $2.00..... 100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES........... $500.00

(AND A PRIZE FOR EVERY CONTESTANT—A FINE PORTRAIT OF JACK BENNY)

GET IN ON THE BIG "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936"-RADIO MIRROR CONTEST AND WIN BIG MONEY FOR CAPTIONING SCENES FROM JACK BENNY'S SMASHING METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM
WE have five radios in the house. I have a big one in my living room and one in the downstairs playroom. My maids have one. And there are two small receivers between three children, while a sixth which was in the downstairs bedroom has just been sent to camp. Also, my older son has one at school!

The pulse of my family life beats to the rhythm of radio! And my spare time is so limited and I go out so rarely, comparatively speaking, that next to reading, radio must supply the major portion of my relaxation and entertainment. And it does so without effort on my part. Radio requires a minimum of physical exertion and supplies the stimulation and up-to-the minute information which is vital in my particular profession. I sometimes even turn on the radio when I'm writing, because music does not in the least distract me. (But morning programs are so apt to be interspersed with recipes that I find myself describing my heroine's eyes as the color of old-fashioned potato salad, which wouldn't do at all! So I turn it off.)

Although I have less leisure for listening I believe I am at home more than the busiest housewife!

So the editor of Radio Mirror has suggested that you and I check up on our likes and dislikes. In telling you what radio means to me, I'm going to break down and frankly confess my preferences and prejudices, letting the chips of disagreement fall where they may.

I wonder how you and I do check up—?

Well, here goes—

Among the popular orchestras I rate Wayne King's highest, perhaps because I like slow music, minors, waltzes. Nevertheless I think that there is too much advertising on his program. It breaks the mood. I am free to confess that I always turn the dials and tune it out.

I am very fond of Lombardo's music. I have liked that of Eddie Duchin.

Any time gypsy music is advertised on a program I dial in. And I am a pushover for the organ. Unfortunately some of the best organ music programs are broadcast too late at night for me to hear them. I like marimbas and alleged Hawaiian music—I think this taste is a hangover from adolescence.

I despise all hot music, I do not like harmony singers, not even the best, and orchestrations which distort the original melody out of all semblance to its original conception.

if there is any melody, irritate me beyond words.

I listen, of course, to the Vallee hour but find it very uneven. I enjoy Mr. Vallee's singing style less than I used to, when it was new and we were younger and he was singing on programs more obscure than his present offering. I've always liked Tom Howard but I tire of him easily and if I am not feeling exactly up to mark he makes me peculiarly nervous. As for the rest of Mr. Vallee's guest stars, sometimes they are good and sometimes they are not, according to my way of thinking anyway. Now and then he puts on an excellent program; and other nights I find them very dull indeed.

I have always liked Lanny Ross. I think he has a delightful voice and a very pleasant manner. So far, however, his State Fair has not particularly interested me, except when he is singing. I grow bored with this question and answer business and find the background atmosphere much ado about nothing.

I have not as yet heard Uncle Charlie's Tent Show. I shall sit up some night as late as ten o'clock in order to do so! I enjoyed Show Boat very much when Charles Winninger conducted that old craft. This is partly personal prejudice because I used to know Mr. Winninger very well and I've always liked him enormously. During his captioning of Show Boat I regretted very much that he was not permitted to do a lot of singing. Later, on the program with which he followed Show Boat—I have forgotten the name—he did sing. He sang a song one night which I had heard him sing over ten years ago at the old piano in my father's house on Long Island. And how he put it over!

I like Al Goodman's orchestra and I am very sold on Ethel Merman; I listened to her program series from start to finish. Now and then her choice of songs did not interest me but then I have never fallen for the torch variety of popular music. But if anyone could convert me to it, it would be Miss Merman.
IN comedy programs my special favorite is Jack Benny and his haywire crew. I like 'em all. They tickle me to death. The program is always funny, it is—much as I dislike to mention it—clean, the music is good, and I even like the advertising; there is plenty of it but it is never irritating. I'm sorry to learn from your editor that Don Bestor and Frank Parker are not with Jack this fall!

Of course, I am faithful to Burns and Allen. Gracie and George are old radio friends and certainly brighten the corner where they are. I have never been able to drum up a similar enthusiasm for Block and Sully. And now and then I tune in on Pick and Pat—or shall we say Molasses and January?—and they do not fail me. I followed the Aces evening after evening and liked them even better when they got away from bridge which, thank heaven, I do not play. But since they are no longer on in the evening, I miss them. I also confess to a leaning toward Budd and Stoopnagle. Their idiocies never pall.

Although I do not listen to serial stories as a rule, I pick one up now and then and have enjoyed several instalments of Dangerous Paradise—principally, I think, because I do like the voices. As for Amos 'n Andy, I listen to them for a stretch and then cease to listen. No particular reason. It depends on what they are doing at the moment. I haven't listened recently so I've missed the addition to their two-some. I'll have to get a load of the lady and see if I approve.

I have a soft spot in my heart for Crumit and Sanderson. I like Doody's voice and her little laugh and I like Frank's voice and his casual friendly ways. I don't suppose the continuity is especially good, but I am fond of the stars. I listened to them on the Blackstone series and now with Bond Bread. They are very pleasant people to know over the air. And I remember them both on the stage.

I listen, too, to the Grand Hotel hour. This is very uneven. The actors are, I feel, uniformly good but the plays are not. They are good, bad and indifferent. And there is a good deal of advertising.

The one dramatic offering which seems to be always very good is the Lux Theater of the Air. When there is a difference it lies with the actors. Some of the

(Continued on page 56)
They were popular out California way for six years, and now they have taken over the New York studios with their music and gay laughter. Top, leader of the gang, Al Pearce, watching "The Three Cheers" to the accompaniment of Tony Romano's guitar. Above, Mabel Todd, Al's "Little Ray of Sunshine." The man with the mustache is Morey Amsterdam, who greets you over the air with "You lucky people!" Left, Arlene Harris, the comedienne with the world's greatest gift o' gab. For Al Pearce and his Gang program, see page 52—2 o'clock column.
How Hollywood Puts the Stars On the Spot

Many radio performers have gone west

unaware of the curious predicament that faced them—amateurs who must be stars!

By Adele Whately Fletcher

Hollywood is putting the radio stars on the spot. This past summer, for instance, a dozen or more stars have been in the movie studios. A dozen or more frightened stars, hoping for the best but not sure from anxious moment to anxious moment how things were going to turn out. Whether they were forging stardom in another field or jeopardizing the bright fame they already had on the air waves.

Consider for one minute the predicament of the radio stars whose songs and gaiety and good-humored fun have gone out over the air to root them in the affections of hundreds of thousands. And to invest their names with such drawing power that Hollywood has beckoned to them with golden, Lorelei fingers that it would not be human to ignore.

West they traveled, the radio stars. By plane and train and ship. Frances Langford, Gladys Swarthout, Jack Benny, Lily Pons, James Melton, Fred Allen, Ramona, Rubinoff, Everett Marshall and others. Following in the frightened, apprehensive footsteps of others who had gone before them—some to find success and others to fail and be humiliated. Among these Ruth Etting, Lanny Ross, Amos and Andy, Rudy Vallee, Ed Wynn and more.

M-G-M photo

Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford couldn't eat or sleep during the making of "Broadway Melody of 1936."
They knew, every one of these radio stars in the Hollywood studios, that they must be good. They realized that the productions in which they would be featured and starred represented investments of many thousands of dollars. More personal and more important to them was the fear that if now they should appear to disadvantage the public who loved them unseen might turn from them. Actually then, every last one of them, in reaching for this second star, was risking the star rights he already had. Besides, the cards were stacked against them. For without any real chance to find their way or serve a necessary apprenticeship in this new medium they must step right into the spotlight. Amateurs, in other words, they must be stars!

There was Frances Langford, like a little frightened kitten. So terrified. Sitting at her first Hollywood interview with tears — nervous tears — brimming in her eyes.

The night before she reported for her first day's work at M-G-M in "Broadway Melody of 1936" seemed to Frances the longest span of dark hours she ever had known. And yet as the luminous hands of her bedside clock reached six o'clock she would have liked to turn them back. At six she must get up in order to be at the studios and make up, ready for her first day's work, at nine. It isn't exaggrating at all to say she was like a queen about to face the tribunal which would decide whether she must lose her crown, the crown she loved and had for years worked hard to earn and serve, or gain a new crown.

Frances' fingers trembled as she put on the make-up in the way the studio make-up expert had instructed her to do. She smoothed the pale tan grease paint over the deep circles her sleepless, tossing hours had sunk in her usually smooth young face.

Her manager tapped on her dressing-room door. He had come to take her down to the set.

"If I don't get it right," she asked with her fear staring out of her eyes, "if I'm slow to please the director, will he yell at me? In front of everyone?"

"And it was then her maid, fastening up her dress, noticed it had grown too large for her. In the few weeks since it had been made she had lost weight, although she had been instructed to put weight on, because she was too nervous and concerned to eat at all.

She walked on the set beside her manager. Quietly.

"Isn't it marvelous," someone said to her, "that you aren't at all nervous!"

Frances smiled, then turned quickly as that smile trembled on her lips and there was once more a quick rush of tears in her eyes.

"The love scene I did with George Raft in 'Every Night at Eight' was the most difficult of all," Frances told me. "I knew how that scene should be done. I knew how impetuous that girl should be in her caresses once she discovered the man she loved loved her. But when I put my arms about George they were strange and stiff. And then that stiffness took possession of my entire body.

"We had to take that scene over and over. Until finally it was a matter of my cold fear melting in the warmth of everyone's utter kindness."
Over at Warner Brothers studios they talk of the first day James Melton, who has charmed you in Palmolive programs, reported for work in “Stars Over Broadway.” Jimmy never has known mike fright. Always he’s been so wrapped up in his singing, in feeling his notes come warm and full from his throat, that nothing else mattered.

He began his first song easily enough. But when he saw the great camera focused on him, things changed. Harmless enough in itself, that camera, but menacing to his professional well-being in that it would record pictures of him that would be flung on screens all over the country and challenge his admirers: “Here’s the man you think so grand. Sure you like him? Pleased? Disappointed?”

Jimmy was on the spot. And Jimmy knew it. He couldn’t even speak. His lines crowded in his throat to (Continued on page 67)
LEARN TO KNOW
MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE SINGERS, ANNOUNCERS AND COMEDIANS

Above, Kaye Kernan was a Cincinnati society girl not long ago and looks it. She made her radio début in January, 1934, has been singing with the Johnny Hamp orchestra for some time now. Before she entered radio she appeared in amateur theatricals and studied voice at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, just to make sure of a job. Her looks led to her getting work as a professional model about two years ago. . . . Gale Page, left, sings from Chicago, but until 1933 she had lived all of her life on the West Coast. Born in Spokane, in 1910, she went to a private school in California where she learned to play the piano, tennis and backgammon. Dancing is her favorite amusement and she hates bridges. Laziness is her worst trait, she says. Admits a preference towards blonds of the opposite sex, being brunette herself. Last year she was featured in the Palmer House and Climalene shows, just two weeks after NBC had signed her. . . . Below, Jean Paul King, whose fan mail (answered by himself) warrants his sharing the title of Chicago's favorite announcer with Pat Flanagan. He was born in North Bend, Nebraska, a son of a Methodist preacher. He attended the University of Washington and was active in glee club, varsity baseball and acting. Later, he played stock in San Francisco, then joined staff of NBC Pacific division. Made his radio début in San Francisco.
Hallie Stiles, above, is known in Paris as the American darling of the "Opera Comique." Her girlhood was spent in Syracuse, New York. Light complexioned, with blue eyes, but brunette. Above, left, the Revelers—Robert Simmons, Lewis James, Wilfred Glenn and Elliot Shaw—with Frank Black at the piano. Simmons, top tenor, was born in Missouri, turned to radio at the suggestion of Richard Crooks. James, second tenor, is from Michigan, has sung with the New York Philharmonic. Glenn, basso, was born in California, has been a cowpuncher. Shaw was born in Iowa, sang soprano at age of twelve. Black is NBC's general musical director. Left, Marty May and Carol Dee, CBS's sustaining contribution to summer comedy. May is a vaudeville favorite. Below, left, Jimmy Farrell, who sings on Johnny Green's Socony show. Debut came on Kate Smith hour. Below, Lysbeth Hughes, singing harpist with Horace Heidt. Her first job was playing harp in a fashion show.
Above, Nils T. Granlund—N. T. G. to all of Broadway—is a veteran of radio and returns to the air as master of ceremonies for Bromo-Seltzer Tuesday nights on NBC. Six feet tall, lean and spare, he is a familiar sight to chorus girls whom he's hired by the hundreds. Scores of the famous have started with him. . . . Joe Emerson (left) has been an early morning favorite of WLW's listeners for over a year, singing the hymns of all churches. Shortly his songs go on a network of stations. He is married to a school-day chum . . . Below, left, Wanda Edwards, only seventeen and yet the favorite singer at Station WCKY, Cincinnati. Wanda was born in Indiana. She's been heard by NBC audiences in the program, Happy Days in Dixie. Is now featured on WCKY's Youth Parade and a weekly show, Tommy and Wanda. . . . Kurt Brownell, below, is heard twice a week on NBC's Blue network. Born near Chicago, Kurt sprang into musical prominence when he was called upon to sing the role of Walther in "Die Meistersinger" during the Damrosch Jubilee.
Theodore Webb (above) is featured almost weekly on Palmolive's Music Box—Friday nights —now on a Blue network. He first learned the value of good singing in school when he earned a high rating report card by filling the teacher's request for a certain song. In high school he dropped all music study in favor of athletics. At seventeen music reclaimed him and he developed an excellent musical memory by singing, upon his return home, melodies he heard at concerts. His first appearance in radio was over WJZ when that station was first opened ... Right, she came out of the West, tall, athletic, smiling, auditioned, and began singing this spring on John Charles Thomas' new program. Willie Morris was born twenty-four years ago and got her name because her parents were hoping for a baby boy and had already named it William.

Born in Milwaukee, July 26, 1883, Walter Blaufuss (below, leading the Yowners) had been conducting bands ever since he entered medical school. In 1911 he organized the Blaufuss Band and played in Chicago, New York and Pittsburgh. He has composed many songs, the two most outstanding of which are: "Your Eyes Have Told Me So" and "My Isle of Golden Dreams." Today he is one of NBC's outstanding conductors, directing the music for The Breakfast Club; National Farm and Home Hour.
WHEN Al Jolson and Victor Young were signed to appear together on the pretentious Shell Chateau broadcasts, all radio row seethed with malicious gossip! Rumors, some of them libelously false, spread like measles through the corridors of the National Broadcasting Company.

It was like playing with fire, radio people insisted, putting two temperamental artists on the same show. What would happen when their tempers, like flames from acetylene torches, exploded? It happened once before. It could happen again.

Two years ago the two men had first met. It ended disastrously. Al was singing on the old Kraft program. Victor was arranging exotic Lee Wiley's song numbers for the show. Al liked these arrangements and asked Paul Whiteman if he knew who composed them.

"The little fellow at the piano," answered the rajah of rhythms, Al immediately asked Victor to do some for him. Victor quoted his price and Al's jaws dropped. "What?" snapped Al. "Other guys are only too glad to write for me for nothing."

No wonder the two parted in opposite directions of Radio City!

On the surface it looked as if the second encounter between Ambitious Al and Vitriolic Victor would be something no radio enthusiast would want to miss. As for the sponsors, they would have their hands full.

But underneath this belligerent amalgamation developed a story never before told: the inside drama of the unusual relationship between Al Jolson, star maker and breaker, and Victor Young, a stocky, wilful little man who didn't know the word quit.

When Victor Young got word that he had won the laborious job of being Al Jolson's musical director, he wasn't thrilled. He was afraid!

"Of all the radio stars in the business," he moaned, "I had to get Jolson. He's too darned temperamental."

While Victor was preparing himself for the ordeal, the bronzed grand-daddy of popular songs was zooming east in a fast Boeing plane, excited and confident. In 1916 he had licked the caustic theater managers who scoffed at his inimitable delivery. In 1927 he had revolu-
tionized the movie industry with a masterful performance in "The Jazz Singer." He had taught the state of California how to use its mouth and throat. He was now ready to prove to 120,000,000 radio listeners that Al Jolson was far from through.

The $5,000 weekly pay check tendered him by the oil sponsors was not the inducement. How could it be to a man worth $3,000,000? It was pride. He just couldn't throw up the sponge as long as he could bend that famous knee and spread that famous smile. He was coming back, but perhaps for the last time.

Those were Al Jolson's thoughts as the graceful, mechanical bird speeded toward Newark airport that night. He wasn't worrying about any orchestra leader. Hadn't he sent Young an optimistic wire which read: WITH YOU ON THE SHOW MY WORRIES ARE OVER?

But still the picture was not bright. Victor Young in need of an important job—he hadn't garnered a big-time network program in twelve months—couldn't let his personal feelings interfere with a job, any job. He had a wife to support. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

If only the close friends of both men had stopped their whispering campaigns for the moment, and studied the situation more intelligently, they would have discovered an ironic but obvious parallel between the two artists. For on life's complicated pattern of sordid realism and burning ambition, the careers of Al Jolson and Victor Young were amazingly similar!

Al's life was no bed of roses. From rickety seashore beer gardens and shiny blue serge suits, he rose to fame and fortune. (Continued on page 78)
Radio stars don’t have to worry about their looks. They don’t have to be beautiful!”

Have you ever said this to yourself? Well, if you have, don’t say it again. You’re only kidding yourself.

Beauty is just as essential to a radio performer as it is to a stage or a screen personality. And one of them, realizing the importance of being “lovely to look at, delightful to know,” has made herself over, transformed herself from a plain, mousey-looking, shy little girl into a glamorous personality that any screen star would envy.

That girl is Connie Gates, CBS star, whose new and different Moon Glow program has just made its appearance on the air. And what Connie Gates has done, you too can do.

Six months ago Connie was the girl at the bottom. The other pictures are not of Barbara Stanwyck. They are Connie as she is today. And here’s how she brought about this magical transformation.

“It was really that picture that made me decide to undertake this remaking business,” she explained to me. “As soon as I saw it I said to myself, ‘Dear Lord, can this be I? Is that what Connie Gates looks like to the world?’ I was hopelessly out of date. I couldn’t believe the girl in that picture was a 1935 person. So, with everything else going stream-line these days, I determined to make myself over, stream-line both my appearance and my personality.”

Connie took stock of herself. She found a fundamentally attractive, middle-western girl, sweet and bashful, at times painfully shy. Her clothes were in good taste but far too
old for her twenty-three years—"quite home cooky," to use her own words. Her walk was not particularly graceful, her diction lacked the interest and distinction she had noticed in other voices at the studio. Since she was inclined to be self-effacing she used make-up sparingly, and it seemed to add none of the glamor promised by the cosmetic advertisements.

With all these faults to overcome, Connie realized that she needed expert advice and she went after it.

"Of course, the first and most vitally important step was the change of make-up," she said, "and I'm more enthusiastic about that than about anything else. I didn't want to get a new face or to add a layer of so-called glamor, nor did I want to present an artificial, obviously made-up appearance. I did want to emphasize my best features, make myself as attractive, as possible, and still look natural."

Since movie make-up artists, of all people in the world, are most frequently called upon to create a natural effect with an artificial medium, Connie consulted one. He studied her features and her coloring carefully while she explained just what she wanted in this matter of make-up, and then they went to work.

First, an arresting change was made by the rearrangement of her hair. She had parted it on the side and let it frame her face in straight lines. Now, by parting it in the middle and drawing it back smoothly from her face, she not only accentuates the beautiful modeling of her head but achieves sleekness-stream-lining. Lifting the hair up and away from the temples brings out the roundness of her face, while loose curls at the nape of the neck soften the severity of line.

Disliking an over made-up appearance, Connie had always used a minimum of lipstick, keeping it well within the line of her lips, resulting in the thin-lipped appearance in the earlier photograph. Today, by using lipstick well out to the line of her lips, she has added alertness and vitality to her expression. Yet the lovely, natural line of her lips is unchanged, only accentuated.

"Experimenting with cosmetics was fun," Connie said. "We tried shade after shade of powder, rouge and lipstick, in varying combinations, before we were satisfied."

Since Connie is fair-skinned, with chestnut hair and brown eyes, a light ochre powder was chosen. A medium rouge and a somewhat brighter lipstick were found to blend most effectively with the powder and to bring out the clearness of her skin.

Having determined the shades of cosmetics to use, Connie discovered that her evening make-up was not so satisfactory as that for daytime use. That necessitated more experimenting, the creation of a second make-up for evening wear. It is somewhat darker than the first, including a darker powder base, but it withstands the tricks played by artificial lighting.

(Continued on page 73)
HE WORKS FOR NOTHING, USES HIS TIME ON THE AIR SOLELY FOR HIS AUDIENCE’S WELFARE—READ THE UNUSUAL INSPIRING STORY OF “D.B.”

By JOHN EDWARDS

STARS of the microphone come in all sizes and shapes; but you’ll admit it’s unusual to find one who is sixty-five years old and weighs over two hundred pounds. I’m talking of D. B. Gurney, of WNAX, South Dakota, who probably has more listeners per watt than any other man on the air, and more influence with his audience than Father Coughlin or Huey Long.

If you live in the East or the Far West, you haven’t heard him, but those who know his kilocycles have, and they call him radio’s miracle man. Do you ask me why? Let me ask you: Is it usual for a man to build and own a radio station and then by sheer charm, good sense and personality become his own headliner, the idol of a million-odd listeners? Is it commonplace for a radio star to work for nothing and then use his time on the air solely for the welfare of his audience?

It’s so unusual, people call it a miracle. This man Gurney, “D. B.” as they call him, is the wonder of the big shot radio magnates. They travel all the way to Gurney’s home in Yankton, S. D., simply to watch him work, to find out how he does it.

Every fall he stages a stunt which no star in radio has ever done. Not to any extent at any rate. He broadcasts on the air an invitation to all his friends and acquaintances to lunch with him at his home. Can you imagine Eddie Cantor or Jack Benny doing this?

And they come. Last year, 119,000 came and each caller was served all the griddle cakes, sausages, muffins and coffee he could hold. Enough food was consumed to bury Radio City. Men, women and children from at least five states were there. They were all over the place, but, principally, they clustered about “D. B.,” shaking his hand, swapping stories, talking politics. He knew everybody and everybody knew him. And no one called him “Mister” Gurney.

“D. B.” is a different type of star, a more friendly star. Rudy Vallee has a larger audience but how many of his listeners does he know? How many, on meeting him, would feel at home, let alone open up by calling him Rudy?

Every day at noon this robust, ruddy-cheeked old man climbs the stairs to the WNAX studio. To get there he has to pass through the fragrant rooms where the trees and plants and shrubs and seeds which he sells for a living are stored. Incidentally, he sells plenty of these things, this year no less than 10,000,000 trees. He pulls up a chair, draws the mike a little nearer and starts talking.

Sometimes his speech is prepared in advance; more often, he just talks, a mellow old grandpa who has stayed young, a fighting old foxy grandpa who knows what it is all about and dares to speak his mind.

When he got the radio bug late in 1929, about a year before the National Broadcasting Company came into existence, he discovered that a few hundred miles north a young fellow had built a small transmitter. “D. B.” bought the whole thing for $200 and began broadcasting. At first, it was just a toy and the studio was his own front parlor but soon it became serious. He built a studio and a tower, got a license for a 1,000-watt station from the Federal Radio Commission and began broadcasting in earnest. From the outset he made the radio work for the good of “his people.”

They tell some amazing stories about him. For example, there was the time the dairy farmers of his state were hard hit because the sales of oleomargarine was so large they were robbing them of a market.

You don’t hear of many such things in the big towns. People have no time to do good for their neighbors. “D. B.” called his station staff together. Songs were written, dramatic sketches prepared, speakers hired—and a great campaign was launched with the slogan, “Butter is Better.” Within four months, “D. B.” got what he was after. Laws were passed in five states which put the skids under the Oleo makers and made the world a better place for the folks who manufacture butter.

Do you wonder that he is called the miracle man, that thousands drive for miles just to shake his hand? He’s always doing things like that.

When gasoline was selling for twenty-one cents a gallon in South Dakota, Gurney didn’t like it. He requested the oil companies to cut their prices to seventeen cents which was enough (Continued on page 39).
Welcome to this vivid personality of stage and screen whom you've heard on the Lux Theater and who is starring, beginning October 1, in a series of unusual dramatic broadcasts over NBC.
Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee

The Crosbys pose à deux but we'll bet Gary and the twins aren't far away. Bing is back on the air as you read this, after some fishing in his home town, Spokane, Wash.
Kay Thompson

She looks more like a Grecian goddess than a torch singer. She's Kay Thompson, whose blues singing is heard on the Hit Parade with Lennie Hayton's ork Saturday nights.
FROM behind studio doors on New York's rialto of radio and night clubs are pouring in swelling volume the ecstatic, unrepresed notes of hot rhythm music, the music of a decade ago.

Whether you like it or not, razzmatazz, as the trade calls much of it, is coming back. A couple of nights at your loudspeaker should convince you. There's Louis Prima and his Famous Door Five; Joe Venuti's orchestra; Louis Armstrong and his new band; Fats Waller and his Darktown Meetin' Time ensemble; the bands of Eddie South and Wingy Manone. And the Mills Brothers are coming back on the air October fourth.

MOST people thought hot tunes had been buried in the plot next to the squealing battery sets. Glen Gray seems to have been the one to give it the shot of adrenalin which has brought on this sudden reversion to scotch-song technique. As one radio executive expresses it, his orchestra made it sufficiently respectable for sponsorship.

Observe the returning popularity of Benny Goodman, of the warm, sinuous tunes of Ray Noble. Think back to the Vallee programs of two years ago. Now recall the most recent one to which you've listened. Why, that fellow's been sliding in hot tunes so deftly, so imperceptibly, that you've probably never noticed the change. Unless, perhaps, you were warned when he had Eddie South and Louis Prima as guest artists.

WHEN Louis Prima was brought to New York from New Orleans last year, his hot trumpet heralded the returning vogue. He is the most representative of the torrid music of ten years ago—with some new touches added. There are just five in the group. Besides himself, there are Pee Wee Russell, clarinetist; Gary McAdams, guitarist; John Ryan, bass, and Frank Pinara, pianist. Just five. That's all, but they do the tricky music.

FOR any of you who shed tears at the passing of hot music, just look at the fairly old timers included in Joe Venuti's orchestra. Phil Napoleon, trumpet player, one of the founders of the Original Memphis Five; Miff Mole, who's melted many a trombone mouthpiece in his day; Mike Massielo, called one of radio's best trumpeters; Toots Mondella, former saxophonist of Benny Goodman's orchestra, and Paul Ricci, another saxophonist, who has played with Goodman, Arnold Johnson and Joe Haymes. And don't forget Ella Logan, the hotcha-scotcha girl. She really did come from Scotland.

JUST one more thing, then we'll cool off. Remember when everyone said that the Mills Brothers were washed up in radio? They went to England and triumphed with two successful tours totaling five months, during which they played a command performance before King George and Queen Mary, and were at a party or so with the Prince of Wales and Prince George. The two princes are said to be quite daffy over hot music. So if it's good enough for them, we guess it's good enough for us.

But certainly this returning vogue would have a very hard time unseating Guy Lombardo and Wayne King. They have too loyal a following.

Furthermore, Jacques Fray asserts that with his new orchestra on NBC, he's attempting to achieve smooth, gentle charm, with arrangements designed to make his piano sing out rather than blast away by itself.

FROM DUALISTS TO DUELLISTS

Too bad about Fray and Braggiotti's breakup. To most people, they'd seemed such gay friends. They first met several summers ago in a Paris music publishing house. There was a charming American girl there at the same time. Also George Gershwin.

Gershwin urged them to play as a team, and after several engagements in Europe, they came to this country and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

They were seen together in night clubs, always with attractive women. They seemed the best of comrades, both at work and in play. Yet now and again there were quarrels. And they began to increase in number and feeling.

The final dispute occurred not long ago. It is said to have taken place on Long Island, and concerned the same American girl they'd met when they first saw each other in Paris. This capped the climax. They split for good.

JUST so that the Benny fans among you won't be too startled when you hear his new fall program, you must learn that no longer will the comedian hurtle ribs back and
WHAT'S GOING ON IN MUSIC-LAND AND INTIMATE GOSSIP ABOUT RADIO MUSIC MAKERS

WITH JOHN SKINNER

forth with Frank Parker and Don Bestor. Replacing them are Michael Bartlett, who sang the tenor lead with Grace Moore in “Love Me Forever,” and Johnny Green and his orchestra.

It would seem that Parker and Bestor felt they deserved more money this year. The sponsor said, “Nay!”

SUMMERTIME, Carmen Lombardo asserts, is pretty full of romance all right, but not enough full to make his work very hard at composing love tunes. So in the dog day slump, he’s prepared only four new songs. They’ll be along soon. (Continued on page 60)

There’s no favoritism among the Lombardos. They’re from left to right, Carmen, Guy, Lebert and Victor. Above, Joe Venuti’s hotcha-scotch girl, Ella Logan, hails from Scotland.


WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous jazz orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.
Here are Fred Waring's group of entertainers. Above, left to right, the twin saxophone players, Arthur and George McFarland, the Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla (right), Stella and her fellahs, Roy Ringwald at the piano with Paul Gibbons on his right and Craig Leitch on his left. Gene Conklin, left, is tenor, saxophone tooter and whistler. Right, Tom Waring, Fred's brother, is star soloist. Below, frog-voiced "Poley" McClintock and Johnnie Davis (with horn), scat singer and hot trumpeter. Bottom, the Pennsylvanians en masse and opposite page, Fred himself.
Words and Music of this Slow Dreamy Waltz—Fred Waring’s Theme Song—Are Printed Here at Your Request

For the Fred Waring Hour, sponsored by Ford, turn to page 51—9 o’clock column.

How we love to sleep At the close
of the day When the joys of the day fade a-
way and the memories sweet Of the day
repeat In our dreams they creep
While we sleep, sleep, sleep.
BEAUTY IS IN Your hands

By JOYCE ANDERSON

VACATIONS are past, the last days of brilliant sunshine are over—and how are your hands? That's not as illogical as it may appear at first sight. Brittle, broken nails and roughened hands are the price we pay for outdoor sports and playtime neglect. Yet beautiful, graceful hands are so important for the coming social season, when hands, faces and hair are highlighted against the darker and heavier clothes we wear in fall and winter.

Pianists are exceptionally particular about their hands, so I went to Niela Goodelle to get her advice about mani-cures for you.

"In spite of the fact that I have only played my own accompaniments in my public appearances up to date, Mother and I had planned at one time that I should be a concert pianist," said Niela, looking very lovely and girlish in a beautiful two-piece suit which she had knitted for herself. "Naturally, I learned to take good care of my hands. Piano playing makes your fingers flexible, gives you greater manual dexterity, but it does take its toll in shapeliness and good grooming. The stretching exercises enlarge the muscles and are apt to pull the fingers out of their natural proportions.

"To combat this as much as possible, I massage my hands a great deal. This massage is very simple, not much different from the simple motions we go through when we wash our hands; it's just more vigorous and sustained. For ordinary purposes, the only things you want to concentrate on are stimulating the circulation (which is always good for the skin) and keeping the knuckles smooth; a good hand cream helps in the massage. The more you exercise your fingers, too, the more graceful and expressive they become.

"I have to keep my fingernails much shorter than I would like in order to strike the keys properly, but that little disappointment doesn't keep me from paying just as much attention to my manicures as possible. Would you like to know the routine I follow?"

I certainly would—and I thought you would, too. So here it is: the scientific practical manicure which Niela Goodelle gives herself two or three times each week, and which you can give yourself in your own home. (Continued on page 84)
FLASH HANLON REVEALS

THE REAL MURDERER OF GAIL RICHARD AND THE PROFESSOR!

THOMAS leaped from the couch and ran to the loudspeaker at the end of the lounge, straining forward to catch every word, like an angry bulldog at the end of a short leash. In this dramatic moment Lee and Sidney sat perfectly still, spellbound by the electric magic Flash was weaving.

"But first," Flash went on, his voice edged with suspense, "let me tell you how the murder was committed. You remember that it was the opening night of the new radio program, Night Club Revue. That program was to be broadcast from the old Beckwith Theater. The murderer's plans took note of the fact that backstage at the Beckwith might be a perfect spot for crime. Late on the afternoon of the final rehearsal, knowing that for years Gail had always kept a revolver in her dressing room, the murderer stole upstairs, took the gun, and left the theater.

"A moment before the broadcast was to begin, the murderer stood in the narrow hallway backstage. Until then, the time of the murder had not been decided upon. But as the murderer stood there, Gail came down the stairs. No one else was in sight. On sudden impulse, the murderer shot. You remember the Professor, Gail's first husband? Unknown to the murderer, he was standing in the alley that night, waiting for a chance to talk again to Gail. As the Professor came through the stage door into the theater he saw the murderer, whom he instantly recognized. Then the Professor ran away, planning on blackmail. He waited a few days, hiding from the police, then called the murderer on the telephone. He told the murderer what he had seen and promised to hold his silence for a price. Trapped, the murderer made a date for the payment of the money.

"They met in the Professor's hotel room in a shabby district near the Brooklyn Bridge. They were alone in the building. The murderer had made his plans carefully. After killing the Professor, the murderer would put the gun—the gun which he had stolen from Gail's dressing room and which had killed Gail—into the dead man's hands. It would be apparent suicide. The Professor would be blamed for Gail's death. The case would be closed. The murderer had allowed for everything but an angry impulse. As they argued, the murderer in a sudden blaze of fury shot from too far away. It would be obvious to the police that the Professor could not have killed himself. So the murderer ran away, hiding the gun, since it now had no further value.

"While the reasons for shooting the Professor are plain, you must know more of the past to understand why Gail was killed.

"The murderer and Gail Richard were old friends some years ago when a feud, a spiteful quarrel, began between them. It lasted several months. Then, one day, Gail called. She wanted to call the fight off, to bury the hatchet, she said. The murderer was willing. They met at a restaurant one noon and as a peace offering Gail told a fantastic story which she knew would be of value since at that time she was already a famous vaudeville star. The murderer believed her story. Later it proved to be false and the murderer, as a result, became the laughing stock of the town. Gail's spiteful revenge was never forgotten—nor forgiven.

"After the Professor's death, this murderer might have made one of the other suspects seem guilty in the eyes of the law. But there are strange quirks hidden in all of us. In the murderer was a strange mixture of sentiment and ego, and when an opportunity arose to place strong suspicion on another, he would not use it.

"He even feared that the case might die down, that the spotlight which until now had remained upon it might be turned in another direction. With fresh clues, he goaded the police into frantic action, but inevitably this drew the net tighter about him.

"Why did he use every means in his power to keep the case alive and in the public eye?

"The answer to that question, ladies and gentlemen, reveals to us still another motive for the murder of Gail Richard, stronger even than the murderer's hatred for her.

"Here was no ordinary criminal, lustig solely for revenge, but a product of our modern age—one who for years had lived on the crimes and misfortunes of others—a newspaper man! A reporter who was always first to tell you of every new sensational event— (Continued on page 80)
SECRET
OF A
SOCIETY HOSTESS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Wright gives us this month descriptions of more of the delightful parties at which she has entertained friends famous in the financial, social, stage and radio worlds. Whether or not you read her fascinating reminiscences last month, don't fail to follow them here.

LAST month I started to tell you of a dinner party I gave at which the guests arrived to find no dinner preparations under way and—no hostess. I had been delayed in reaching home because of a blowout and arrived to find my half starved guests wondering about the apartment, wondering just when they were going to eat. I announced that everyone must do something to help.

The spaghetti had to cook just exactly twenty minutes—no more, no less—_ai denti_, as the Italians say which literally translated means “just to the teeth.” And while this was going on I put the guests to grating the Parmesan cheese, setting the table, washing the salad ingredients, squeezing lemons, etc.

Fannie Brice was no help. She is always hungry and she kept wandering around tasting the sauce, eating the tidbits being prepared for the cocktails and screaming, “Hurry up with that spaghetti; I’m starved.” I was amazed to see how efficient Beatrice Lillie was and if it weren’t for that attractive Margaret Livingston I’d be tempted to try to lure Paul Whitehan. He knows how to set a table better than a domestic science teacher.

What fun we had! I believe that nothing could have set the new guests more at their ease than grating cheese with George Metaxa.

Things got done with surprising speed, in spite of Fannie Brice. We sat down at the table before half past eight. Everyone enjoyed the food twice as much because they were so hungry. We had red wine and Chianti and it was all grand.

Incidentally, I approve of wine with a dinner because it makes everyone friendly and at ease. Drunkenness? Of that I do not approve, nor will I tolerate it in my home. The joy of a party is spoiled, the intimacy of a group of friendly people laughing and talking is gone when one member has had too much to drink. I never serve too much liquor and, by circulating the word around, I make it very clear that I won’t have drunken scenes. But friendly wine—ah, that’s different.

Well, after this quite mad dinner, people I hadn’t seen for months began to arrive. It was like old times. Charlie McArthur, Helen Hayes’ husband, breezed in saying, “Bill Paley told me you were having a party. I felt like coming. Here I am.” Young society debutantes dropped in. George Metaxa sang. Everyone began doing stunts and we were right in the swing of a grand party.

You see? This one had cost almost nothing. It had been done without help, except from my guests (my man Friday arrived in time to wash the dishes) and yet it had been a great success, something to remember for a long, long time.

Good hostessing consists of often creating a background for oneself. Here I am now living in a comparatively small apartment when once I had enormous palatial city apartments, houses at Palm Beach and Newport. Luckily, from the crash I was able to save some of my lovely old things—rare pieces of furniture, delightful _objets d’art—but if I did not have these things I would create my surroundings. I would get simple pieces in a good design, unpainted if necessary, and paint them myself. I’d make my friends help me paint, and they would sit up and take notice. I’d force them to have a good time in my home even if I were living in a hovel by the railroad tracks. Just by using a little energy and will power and daring to be different from her friends any woman can be a good hostess.

Speaking of living in a hovel by the railroad tracks, there was a time when I thought this might be necessary and it happened at a party. I must tell you about it to show you that to a hostess no situation is too difficult to surmount.

I knew that tremendous things were happening in Wall Street—that for days and nights men with red-rimmed eyes had not slept, that frantic people were trying to save the financial business from complete wreckage. I knew because I had spent one whole night in my husband’s down-town office. I had seen those desperate, wild eyes. I had felt that brittle, emotional atmosphere. It was as dramatic and exciting as my two years at the Front.

Three weeks before I had planned a large party and my stubbornness kept me from calling it off. It was not a dinner party but a musical and several hundred guests were there—financiers, ambassadors, foreign ministers, mu-
Mrs. Wright has long been famous as one of New York's leading hostesses. Her parties have ranged from the elaborate circus balls, described in this article, to small informal luncheons in her own home, such as the one above.

...sicians (amongst them Walter Damrosch), Henri Bernstein, the French writer, and his wife.

The New York String Quartette was to play, with Henry Hadley playing with them and conducting his own compositions.

I kept expecting my husband but he did not arrive. I had no idea how truly dreadful the situation down-town was. At ten o'clock I was called to the telephone. It was my husband.

He said, "We've lost everything we have. Everything is gone. This is the end."

Those words are forever burned into my memory.

I thought I should faint at the telephone, but instead I said, "We'll make out somehow. Come home now and dress in your own room and please come to the guests as if nothing had happened."

But with this weight upon my heart I had to return to the musicale and sing some songs of Chanson and Debussy with the New York String Quartette, especially arranged for me, that were on the program. They were tremendously difficult numbers and that was good for me for in thinking of their intricacy I forgot my own troubles for a moment.

When I had finished, Damrosch told me he had never heard me sing better. "You sang with real heart-break in your music!" Ah, if he had only known.

But there were only two men at the reception who knew what had happened. They were the bankers, Jules Bache and Willis Booth, and when I had finished singing they looked at each other and said, in my hearing, "Well, we know a good sport when we see one."

And then Bache turned to me and said, "If there is anything I can do, let me know." What a good friend he was to offer to help!

When my husband arrived I knew what he had been through by the stricken look upon his face and, for once, it seemed as if the guests would never leave. Usually, I'm having such a good time at my own parties that I hate to see them break up, but on this dreadful night I thought I should go mad.

Every woman who has (Continued on page 82)
I t has just occurred to us that if we had Aladdin's lamp, we might be able to rub it and find the answers to all your questions. The real rub is, however, that some of you can ask for more knowledge than one poor harassed Oracle can sometimes supply. But with a firm grip on the situation and with chin held high, we're still fighting to catch up with your letters. If your letter is still going begging, watch next month.

F. J. C., Springfield, Ill.—You're sure getting an answer, but your order was too tremendous for me to fill. Some of the stars you mentioned were listed in the Radio Mirror Directory published in the October issue. This month you'll find still more in Part 2 of the Directory.

Helen W., Lincoln Place, Pa.—The May Radio Mirror ran a complete and detailed article on the radio stars' salaries. It was entitled "How Much Money Can You Make in Radio?" Didn't you see it?

Virginia Ann L., Akron, Ohio—If you purchased your copy of Radio Mirror for October, I'm sure you found the address of Glen Gray and "Pee Wee" Hunt in the Directory. Write and ask them for photos. I don't think they'll charge you for them.

Charlotte K., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We do not supply cuts of pictures published in Radio Mirror. Sorry, but you can write Ethel Shutta in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., and ask her for one of her photos.

Alma S., Jacksonville, Fla.—Radio City includes several famous buildings, the largest of which is the R. C. A. Building. It is in New York City and houses only the National Broadcasting Company. Yes, mail addressed to the NBC stars will be forwarded from there. The Fred Waring program is broadcast from one of New York's Broadway theaters. A letter addressed to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, will reach him. I don't blame you for being confused, Alma, and I certainly don't think you're what you said you are.

Florence V., Lake Tahoe, Calif.—Eddie Duchin has remained on the air all this summer while Ed Wynn was vacationing. Haven't you been hearing his music on Tuesday nights over the NBC network?

Anthony De Lesa, Bangor, Pa.—I'm sorry, Anthony, we do not sell pictures of famous radio bands. If you have been reading Radio Mirror each month, you will have noticed our articles "Facing the Music" which give plenty of information about the bands and their personnel.

Miss Lois K., Sparkill, N. Y.—Johnny Hauser was born in New York City in 1910 . . . won an amateur contest at the age of thirteen. Paul Whiteman signed him after his first audition in March, 1933. He's now featured soloist on the Lucky Strike "Hit Parade." Before that, he had the usual tough time. Got a job singing with a band at a summer resort until he was finally heard by a radio talent scout.

Mary K. B., Baltimore, Md.—Address your letter to Kerry Donovan in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York City.

Miss J. L., Riverside, N. J.—Phil Regan seems to be doing so well out Hollywood way that he has forsaken radio. But one can never tell. Address him in care of Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif.

Mrs. B., Lakehurst, N. J.—Gail and Dan of "Dangerous Paradise" are not married to each other in real life, though each is married.

Jerome C. M., Kulpmont, Pa.—Seek, Jerry, and ye shall find Helen Jepson's address in Radio Mirror's Directory on page 6.

Bess Johnson, whom you know as Frances Moran of Today's Children, the modern, sophisticated bachelor girl, is a devoted wife and mother. She's Mrs. Paul Perry, and little Jane Orr, shown with her here, is six years old.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today, have your say, and maybe you'll win the big prize!

This year Sigmund Romberg, famous musician and composer, is joined on the Swift Studio Party by the well-known musical critic, commentator and composer, Deems Taylor. You'll find this program entertaining and—yes, informal.

W E'D like to see you deny the fact that somewhere tucked away in the back of your mind or burning on the tip of your tongue is a worthwhile opinion on the radio fare your loudspeaker is bringing you this fall. And you've got to admit that such opinions written on paper are fun and worth money. So sit down now, get it off your chest, and gallop it to the nearest letter box. We'll be waiting to hear what you have to say. The prizes are $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five. Address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and mail it by October 22.

This month's prize winning letters:

$20.00 PRIZE

During the past two or three weeks it has been almost impossible for me to sit down and tune in my favorite program without first consulting the newspaper, magazines or some other radio timetable. This is caused by the many changes which are taking place during this season. By the time I have located the program I want, it is half over. The old saying is that a half loaf is better than none, but if I can't hear the complete program I would rather not hear any of it. I believe that the sponsor would reap more benefit by staying with a certain hour than by switching around here and there where we listeners have so much trouble in finding them. Even Amos 'n' Andy are moving to new stations. Wouldn't that burn you up?

Chas. Dooley,
Zanesville, Ohio.

$10.00 PRIZE

I particularly dislike announcements over the radio which are made by women, simply because of their artificial and affected voices. Almost all men announcers have voices which might conceivably be their own, but almost every woman finds it necessary to adopt the broad A, and a stilted, affected way of talking, under the impression, apparently, that this is cultivated speech.

I notice this tendency particularly on the various cosmetic programs, perhaps because this is more or less exclusively a woman's field. At any rate, I believe a natural, unaffected voice would have far greater appeal, and would certainly sound more sincere and convincing.

The reaction most radio listeners get to an affected voice is a distinctly unfavorable one, and this unfavorable reaction includes the product as well as the speaker.

Dorothy S. Davidson,
Rochester, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE

Tell me, what can one do about the talkative neighbor who is never interested in any programs same those on the small local stations, but is always popping in when you are listening to something of vital interest on your own set? One ear catches the barrage of endless chatter while the other makes a futile attempt to catch the precious words which, you realize with a sinking heart, will not be repeated.

For three weeks I have waited and listened for a certain announcement and now all I have garnered above the din of meaningless jabber is, "We are indebted to so-and-so for all this information about the gang; and that, dial spinners, answers the questions you've been waiting so long to hear."

Yours for silence,
Mrs. H. M. Mireau,
Long Beach, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

Being a regular listener of all the children's programs around supper time, such as Jack Armstrong, Dick Tracy and Bobby Benson, I notice that all of the main characters or "heroes" in the plays are boys and men, and I have been thinking, "Why not have a children's program with a girl as the main character?" Of course, I am sure all the girls enjoy the programs with boys and men as the main characters, but we want to think that we are important enough to have one of us take a... (Continued on page 86)
RIPLEY'S HOUSE OF STRANGE TREASURES

BY

EVERETTA LOVE

Robert L. Ripley has found his trail's end. He traveled 450,000 miles—the distance to the moon and back—to get there, and spent twenty years in search of it. And, believe it or not, all the time it was just a stone's throw from New York City!

The end of the trail—a trail that has led an eager, adventurous young man through one hundred and sixty-seven countries of the world in search of the incredible—lies on an island in the Long Island Sound near Mamaroneck, New York. It is called "Isla Sonada," Isle of Dreams, and it is the only real home Ripley has ever had.

Back to Isla Sonada, he will come after his new adventures in the far corners of the earth. The little island will be his headquarters this winter between broadcasts at the National Broadcasting Company studios, where he will be featured on the Bakers' broadcast with Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson. He is so happy and pleased with it that nothing short of a man with three heads could lure him away from his new-found home, although he says that there are many strange things left for him to discover which some day he must investigate.

You wouldn't think that there could be anything startling left to see, if you could take a peek at Ripley's Blue Room. On his thirty-three acre estate there is a beautiful, rambling house of twenty-two rooms. One room you could never forget. That is the Blue Room, which he is turning into a museum of the amazing objects that he has acquired during the years since 1918 when he turned in his first "Believe It or Not" cartoon on the old New York Globe. It's worth a fabulous fortune, but the collection has brought Ripley vast returns on his expenditure. During the Chicago World's Fair, it was on display to the public in an "Odditorium," which proved to be one of the Fair's most successful money-makers.

Now that he has found a permanent home for his treasures, let's let Mr. Believe-It-Or-Not himself show us through his Blue Room.

He comes bounding down the stairs to meet us from the third floor wing where he and a staff of more than a dozen people work on his cartoons. He's a pleasant and youthful-looking man, with a rather shy grin. We like him instantly. He believes in being comfortable while he works. He is clad in maroon silk pajamas and dressing-gown, and wears the most amazing white sandals. We stare at them, in fascination. They have "stuffers" on them, to protect his toes. They are the sandals, he tells us, which the Italian soldiers wear during their marches in the desert. They are perfect, because they are made so that the sand will run right out of them.

"Rip" leads us through a charming music room, which has wide windows overlooking the sound, and throws open a door. We step in, and utter a loud shriek. It is the famous Blue Room. In a corner, facing us, is the horrible,
motionless figure of a man. A light plays on him, delineating all of his sinister features.

"Don't be alarmed," Ripley smiles. "That's Hananuma Masakichi, but he isn't alive."

Masakichi, it seems, was a well-known Japanese artist. He was dying of tuberculosis, and he wished to leave a monument to his skill. So, for years, he labored on this life-like wooden figure of himself. It is five feet tall. The veins, ribs and muscles stand out, in the exact manner in which they did on Masakichi in real life. The hair, eyebrows and eyelashes are his own. He pulled them from himself and grooved them into the figure. He put his own fingernails and toe-nails on the figure. When he had finished it, it was one of the startling oddities of the world. A collector brought the figure from Japan to San Francisco in 1921. Ripley heard of it and spared no expense to get it. Now, it is the prize object of his museum.

We turn from it, with a shudder, and look at a more pleasant corner of the room. Here is a complete opium layout which he brought from the island of Macao, off the coast of China. Macao is the headquarters for pirates, and the most wicked opium and gambling district of the Orient. Ripley went there, while he was in China, and, one evening, visited an opium den with a friend. They found themselves in a large, circular room, built on several levels, enclosed by balconies. The balconies were filled with smokers. On the first floor, the popular gambling game of fantan was being conducted. The smokers from the tiers above would lower their money in baskets and take part in the game. Ripley and his friend decided to try fantan.

"We lowered our money," he laughs, "but we never got any back. It is the American game of 'put and take,' with all 'put' and no 'take.'"

The Chinese took Ripley for more than the game, however, because, before he left the place, he had negotiated for the elaborate opium lay-out which we now see in his museum.

In a glass case, we observe, with a sort of fascinated horror, several specimens of the famous shrunken human heads from the Jivaro region of Peru. Ripley selects one of the "beauties" and holds it up for our inspection.

"Feel the hair," he says. "It is still growing."

We look at him skeptically, but feel that it's rather futile to question anything "Believe-It-or-Not" says. He can always produce facts and figures.

"This head was once of normal size and riding around on the shoulders of a Jivaro warrior in the Peruvian tropical forests," he tells us. "Now, it (Continued on page 88)"

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**Come and Visit Bob's First Real Home, where He Collects Those Startling Believe It or Noddisties**

![Image: The Bakers Broadcast with Robert L. Ripley, see page 54-7 o'clock column.

Doesn't he look real (above)? It's the weird statue of Masakichi, which is described in the story. Upper right, look closely and you'll find the treasure-hunter examining one of the shrunken heads from Jivaro. Extreme right, the gong that rings for ten minutes when struck; and right, Rip lights his cigarette from the candle that burns at both ends.
By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Whether good cooks are born or made has never been decided satisfactorily, but one thing is certain—you can’t keep a born cook out of the kitchen no matter how busy a professional or social life she may lead.

Take Madame Sylvia, for instance. Her word on diet is law to the leading lights of the radio and screen worlds and what with advising her large clientele, preparing magazine material and falling radio engagements she is a very busy person indeed—just the kind of person you would expect would go in for hotel dining or the services of a cook. But she does neither.

“Here we are in this apartment,” she told me. “It is too small for such a large family.” (The family consists of Madame Sylvia, her husband, Eddie Leiter, the actor, and two large, handsome tawny cats) “and too close to the ground, but it was the only one in the building that had a kitchen, and a kitchen I must have. No matter how late I get home, or how tired I may be, I would rather cook dinner at home than go to a restaurant.

“Cooking experiments are such fun, too,” she went on. “Some of my favorite dishes are ones I have invented on the spur of the moment. Here’s one that my husband always chooses when I ask what he wants for dinner, and I made it up one night when I was having guests for dinner and hadn’t the ingredients on hand to prepare Vienna schnitzel. It’s quick and easy, and one of the best dishes I know to give to unexpected guests.”

Veal à la Madame Sylvia

In a generously buttered casserole, over a low flame, brown potatoes which have been shaped into small round balls with a vegetable scoop, shaking the casserole frequently so that the potatoes will not burn. Cut three thin slices of Canadian bacon fine and add, with a finely minced clove of garlic, to the potatoes, with pepper and salt to taste (better go easy on the salt, because the Canadian bacon is salty). While the potatoes and bacon are browning, cut veal steak into one-inch squares. Brown the veal in the casserole with the potatoes and bacon and continue cooking, shaking frequently to prevent burning, until veal and potatoes are nearly done. Add a cupful of pickled beets, cut into cubes somewhat smaller than the veal cubes. When veal and potatoes are done and the beets heated through, add half a pint of sour cream. No flour or other thickening is necessary, since the sour cream makes a sauce of the right consistency.

“We serve this dish with fresh asparagus or some other fresh vegetable, or with a green salad, and a simple dessert such as fruit cup or currants in gelatine,” Madame Sylvia said, “usually the latter—it’s our favorite dessert and one we have two or three times a week during the winter.”

Currants in Gelatine

Place three cups of washed, stemmed currants and half a pound of sugar in a sauce pan with just enough water to prevent burning. Simmer until the fruit starts to jell, skimming repeatedly until clear. The consistency is then about half way between currant jelly and canned currants, although the fruit itself remains whole. (“Of course,” Madame Sylvia explained, “I prepare the currants in the summer, and seal them in jelly glasses for use during the winter.”) Now empty a small envelope of gelatine into a little cold water and let stand for half an hour. Add three-fourths of a cup of hot water and when the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved stir in three cups of the prepared currants, or three jelly glasses full, then place in refrigerator until the mixture sets. Serve with top milk for family dinners, but if you wish to transform this dessert into an elaborate party dish here’s Madame Sylvia’s variation: Brown salted almonds until they are crisp, chop fine and sprinkle on top of the gelatine, and serve with whipped cream instead of milk.

Instead of currants, Madame Sylvia sometimes uses for this dessert gooseberries cooked with rum, according to an original recipe of her own. If you would like this unusual recipe I shall be glad to send it to you.

Another dessert popular with Madame Sylvia is this mixture of fruit in rum which she prepares during the summer when berries are in season. Cover the bottom of a stone jar with a layer of fruit, and cover with sugar—the proportions are a pound of fruit to a pound of sugar—then moisten the sugar with rum. Use as many layers of any one fruit as you wish, of course. Cover the jar and set away in the cellar or other cool place until the next berries are in season, and repeat the process. At the end of the summer, when the jar is filled, it can be put back into the cellar and the fruit used as desired. The fruit combination that Madame Sylvia prefers (Continued on page 81)
be heard twice a week thereafter, Thursdays at the same time being the second night. Annette Hanshaw won't be singing the blues because she and Walter never dated. The other girl named Deanie Janis is replacing her on the half hour. Ted Husing, though, Glen Gray's band, and Louis McGilli-cuddy's Solin will be around the minute you finish reading about them.

It would be foolish to name what sounds to us like the best bet of all the programs that are coming up. But from where we stand, just about the best sounding is Helen Hayes' weekly half hour. She's been signed for at least thirteen weeks and she's to star in a continued dramatic serial which will run over NBC. Edith Meiser, who became famous by writing the leading Sherlock Holmes scripts, will write it.

Another very bright light will be cast by the show that starts soon on Friday nights over NBC's red network starring the Milburn Stone, his wife Helen, England all summer, they'll be back in Chicago now, rehearsing with Charles Previn's orchestra. They'll have a sport announcer, too, who will make off football predictions and scores. The time is 10:30 (E.S.T.).

In place of the aforementioned Joe Penner, who was for sale by NBC without takers when we went to press, Believe-It-Or-Not Bob Ripley will hold sway. In stories of oddities there'll be music and songs by Ozzie Nelson, his boys, and Harriet Hilliard. That's Sundays at 7:30, same time, same network.

Then on Mondays, there's the Kolynos show, which is a revamped Hammerstein's Music Hall of the Air, which you may have heard last spring over CBS. Another new one, on two or three nights a week, Log Cabin, which last year starred Lanny Ross, but which this year features two other artists, Conrad Thibault and Phil Cook. September 25th is the starting date, at 10:00.

We also understand, on advice of a reliable source, that at least two of the musical and speech making show is in the offing, network not yet chosen. It will have the Howard Barlow orchestra and guest speakers.

Not a new star but with a new sponsor is Kate Smith, who, starting October second, will sing Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, over CBS, her alma major network. The Great Atlantic and Pacific stores pay her salary checks.

Life Savers are selling its products to the "upper classes," has turned to radio for help. In what they describe as a "swank atmosphere (a night club, we guess)" said to be "Snooty Dargentown," About Town and Jane Williams are performing over NBC every Thursday at 8:00. Jane, it will be remembered, was the winning contestant in the first nationwide contest to find a star for Hollywood Hotel.

You champions of the so-called finer, or highbrow, popular music that each other, A About Town and Jane Williams are performing over NBC every Thursday at 8:00. Jane, it will be remembered, was the winning contestant in the first nationwide contest to find a star for Hollywood Hotel.

Behind Closed Doors

(Continued from page 15)

over CBS. 8 o'clock on Thursdays, for Victor Arden's orchestra, the Rhythm Girls, Teddy Bergman, comedian; Jack Arthur, baritone; and Audrey Marsh, soprano. The only show about which is one that is already on the air Sundays at 9:45 over NBC. It features one Nida Goodelle, who sings, and who has been such things as a sightseer to earn her right to the adjective "glamorous."

Another new network star is Gabriel Heatter who hit the air last fall to try Lindbergh last spring to make a name for himself. He made his NBC debut at 5:45, September 21st, and will be heard every Sunday, same time, as a commentator.

So much for the programs that have never before graced the airways in the form we've mentioned. But about now there's a lot of news and much interest centered around old shows that you know and whose return engagements you've demanded.

First we'll take those in the musical lineup, and when you're finished with the list, you will please note that radio this winter will be suggested and adequate amount of the country's finest talent.

Take Lawrence Tibbett, who began September 24th singing for CBS audience last year. He'll be back for NBC, with John B. Kennedy, but this season, with the same sponsor, he will do his own announcing and may have guest stars.

Another whose name you've probably learned to love is Grace Moore, returned September 6th to NBC on Monday nights at 8:00. Then—and we can hear loud cheers from veteran listeners—atwater Kent has started a show every Thursday at 8:30. The network will be CBS, coast-to-coast.

Chesterfield, Andre Kostelanetz conducting, will be on the air over CBS, beginning October 2; Wednesdays with Lily Pons, and Saturdays with Sanio Martini, from nine until nine-thirty.

Phil Baker has been signed up for Sundays at seven-thirty to fill the NBC spot on which Will Rogers used to appear.

For the lovers of symphonies, five hours so far have been allotted each week. The New York Philharmonic will play two hours, starting at 3:00, over CBS. Later the same day (9:00), Ford sponsored, it will go for two hours, what may turn out to be the Detroit Symphony. Though no one has said so, so far, it is generally taken for granted (competition being what it is) that the General Motors Hour of symphony will be with us at the same time as Ford.

NON-MUSICAL returning shows are

The O'Neill's who come back at the insistent clamor of thousands—network as yet not completely decided—and Walter Winchell, whose "Flash with a Flash" will rattle your loudspeaker as usual on Sunday evenings.

We are told that Clara Lu 'Em will be chattering mornings again around the middle of October.

Finally, that old bell ringer who was CBS's offering as a stand-by Jack Benny's "Be Like Jack" is coming back October 6th. We're talking about Alexander Woolcott, whose sentimentalities were sponsored by Cream of Wheat. It does not do you to confess that he will be back at the same hour, 7:00, Sundays, making it impossible to enjoy both his ramblings and the Benny gags.

Now that's over, but don't go away—you'll want to know what changes are being contemplated on programs now broadcasting.

We've mentioned that Johnny Green goes to NBC. Probably you've learned by this time that the jump from Mutual to NBC is a really funny man, Bobby Burns.

Whiteman's Music Hall will go back to featuring guest stars.

At this point draw a deep breath and scan rapidly the following, scheduled by the Mutual network, WOR the key station in the East, WGN, in the West.

Here again we venture to mention the monthly announcing—starting this week (Tuesdays and Saturdays) at 7:45. It will be called Washington-Merry-Go-Round and will present the two men, Drew Pearson and Philip Miller, who wrote the best selling book by the same name. Their pertinent comments on the national political life will come direct from Washington, D. C.

A LBERT PAYSON TERHUNE starts September 29th on a show devoted to dog stories. The popular Forum Hour starts its sixth year on Sunday evenings. The Bamberger Little Symphony moves back into the Thursday night slot opposite The Valley Hour. Those on the winter roster are programs by the Chicago Symphony and violin recital by Eddy Brown.

Other than the lovers of late hour dance music, WOR officials have something interesting to say. It seems that because NBC and CBS are forming their own orchestra department, the Mutual network in America will probably use the Mutual stations. This means simply that several of the most popular dance bands in the country will be heard on the air exclusively over this third network.

One more—O. E. McIntyre's Amateur Hour will be found broadcasting once again on Sundays. This season the show will be fully rehearsed each week and no attempt will be made to have each act sound untampered and untempered.

We could go on for hours mentioning rumors of programs on our columns on Sundays with. But we won't. We'll just mention such names as Thurston, the magician, Olsen and Johnson, the comics, and maybe Doc Xodoby. They've included an auditioning and press agents claim they'll sign.

And there's our list. Clip it and slip it under the leg of your desk. If you feel the itch to hear something new, something different, or something old, refer to it and tune in what you want.

When you get more flashes, we'll flash them to you. Don't forget—it's radio's banner year. Be sure to listen. And watch for more announcements. 
We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

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| October sixth, Sunday, another ses- | October sixth, Sunday, another ses- |
| son of symphonic music officially starts | son of symphonic music officially starts |
| with the debut of New York's Philharmonic. As | with the debut of New York's Philharmonic. As |
| before, this program will run from 3:00 | before, this program will run from 3:00 |
| until 5:00, little shortage of the | until 5:00, little shortage of the |
| scheduled two hours. As | scheduled two hours. As |
| usual, Toscanini will take up the baton | usual, Toscanini will take up the baton |
| for the opening broadc | for the opening broadc |
6:00 Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. Mr. & Mrs. Samuel M. Ray, ‘RCA Victor Hour’ radio show, 6:00 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.


6:30 Household/Music Box: Mon. Wed., WABC only.

6:45 Voice of Experience: Sun., 6:45 PM, WABC.

7:00 Alexander Woolcott: Sun., 7:00 PM, 6:30 PM, ‘RCA Victor Hour’ radio show, 7:00 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

7:05 Johnnie & the Foursome: Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:05 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

7:10 Cliff Carter: Mon. Wed., Fri., 7:10 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

7:15 Patti Chapin: Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:15 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

7:30 Phil Baker: Sun., 7:30 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

7:45 Basil Carter: Mon. Wed., Fri., 7:45 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

8:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun., 8:00 PM, 6:45 PM, 6:30 PM, ‘RCA Victor Hour’ radio show, 8:00 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

8:15 Emery Deutsch with Connie Caraway: Mon. Wed., Fri., 8:15 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

8:30 Pick and Pat: Mon. 6:30 PM, NBC, 6:15 PM, WOR, 7:00 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

8:35 Packard Presents Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. 8:35 PM, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

9:00 Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun. 9:00 PM, 7:45 PM, 6:30 PM, ‘RCA Victor Hour’ radio show, 9:00 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

9:15 Fred Waring: Tues. 9:15 PM, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

10:00 Wayne King, Lady Esther: Mon. 10:00 PM, 7:45 PM, 6:30 PM, ‘RCA Victor Hour’ radio show, 10:00 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.


11:00 Abe Lyman Orchestra: Mon. Sat., WABC and network.

11:30 Dance Orchestra: Fri. 11:30 PM, WABC and network.

11:45 Interlude with Mary Livingstone: Wed., Fri., 11:45 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

Rebroadcasts for Western Listeners:

11:30 Hollywood Hotel: Fri. 11:30 PM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

12:00 Dick De Graff: Fri. 12:00 AM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

12:30 Richard Himber: Fri. 12:30 AM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

1:00 LeRoy Scott: Mon. 1:00 AM, WABC, 12th St. & W. 57th St., New York City.

We can't find out much about the water. Ken Turner that is returning to the CBS fold very shortly, on The Lady From Athens. We do know that it will be the symphonic type this sponsor has already featured in the past, but we can't learn whether he will have the same artists week by week or guest stars. Whatever he decides, music lovers can depend on a very full, very pleasant thirty minutes.

We've received a confidential report that Lilac Time is being taken off the air. Then, too. Singing Sam's spot of 7:30 must change to make way for Ken Turner. CBS didn't seem to know what would become of him, when that happened.
## LIST OF STATIONS

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<td>12-00</td>
<td>CKY</td>
<td>Victoria</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
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<td>12-00</td>
<td>KFJ</td>
<td>Vancouver</td>
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<td>12-00</td>
<td>KGA</td>
<td>Toronto</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
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## NATIONAL

### 1:00
- **Home Sweet Home**: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., 3:00 P.M., WEAF and Network.
- **Westend Revue**: Sat., Sun., 3:00 P.M., WEAF and Network.

### 2:00
- **Better Speeches**: Sun., 1:30 P.M., Basic.
- **Temples of Songs**: Sun., 2:15 P.M., WEAF and Network.

### 3:00
- **Better Speeches**: Sun., 1:30 P.M., Basic.
- **Bible Drama**: Sun., 2:00 P.M., WEAF and Network.

### 4:00
- **Romantic and Vocal**: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 4:00 P.M., WEAF and Network.

### 5:00
- **World's Fair**: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 5:00 P.M., WEAF and Network.
- **National Education**: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 5:00 P.M., WEAF and Network.

### 6:00
DON'T ASK MABEL—HER SKIN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

MABEL: Yeah, she's never gotten over her adolescent skin!

MOTHER: What's adolescent skin?

DARLING, EVERY GIRL IN HER TEENS GOES THROUGH A PIMPLY STAGE

MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN

THEN I CAN REALLY GET RID OF THESE HICKIES

GEH, MABEL, I WISH YOU'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME!

BOY, THE FELLOWS SURE ARE RUSHING MABEL—AND NO WONDER—WITH A SKIN LIKE HERS!

MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN

DON'T let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
Asks your CO-OPERATION

I am sure that every one who loves children will be interested in this unusual offer.

You see, as the Singing Lady I have been telling stories over the radio to children five days a week for the past five years. In that time I have written and told over a thousand stories. Now I am eager to have your cooperation in obtaining new ideas for new story material. And I am sure that there are many wonderful stories that you tell your children, or have read, or know about that will bring joy and pleasure to little folks who listen to the Singing Lady. Won't you send those ideas to me?

My sponsor, the Kellogg Company, has very generously offered $9000 in cash prizes for the best letters that are sent in to me.

NO TOPS TO SEND—NO LABELS—NO BOther!

$10,000 IN CASH PRIZES

The Kellogg Company is very happy to co-operate with the Singing Lady in her quest for new ideas by offering $10,000 in cash prizes.

Few radio programs have ever appealed to a larger and more loyal audience. The Singing Lady has been voted the best children’s radio entertainment for the past two years in a poll of radio editors conducted by the New York World-Telegram. This year the Singing Lady received the Radio Star’s Award for distinguished service to radio. In addition, more than two million fan letters have been received.

The Kellogg Company believes with the Singing Lady that the mothers and those who love children can help materially in making these programs even more interesting and enjoyable to little folks.

Three kinds of letters can win prizes:
1. A letter with ideas for new stories. 
3. A letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady’s program.

Make your letter any of these three types. The cash prizes will be paid for the letters that are the most helpful to the Singing Lady. As there are 1053 cash prizes, there is a fine chance for you to win one of them.

You can hear the Singing Lady over the N. B. C. and also in Toronto and Montreal. See your newspaper for time and station. Also, you will find some of the Singing Lady stories in condensed version printed on the backs of Rice Krispies packages. These are very helpful in writing your letter.

Let your children enjoy the stories on the packages. They are an extra value when you buy Kellogg’s Rice Krispies—the delicious cereal that snaps, crackles and pops in milk or cream. Your grocer sells Rice Krispies. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

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<th>Prize Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
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<tr>
<td>First prize</td>
<td>$3000</td>
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<td>Second prize</td>
<td>$2000</td>
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<td>Seventh prize</td>
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<td>$9000</td>
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$1000 IN PRIZES FOR GROCERS

In recognition of the co-operation of grocers in displaying Rice Krispies and explaining this offer, we will give the following prizes to the grocers whose customers win prizes:

- First prize, $300; second prize, $200; third prize, $150; next ten, $25 each; $20; next twenty, $10 each; $7; total, $1000.

 Kellogg’s RICE KRISPIES
most famous of the guest stars have not been at home on the air and have not made up for it by others. But they are always excellent. Most of them have shown on the stage, of course. The recent "Lightning" took me back, far too many years, to "The Green Hornet" of F. Hopkinson Smith's interpretation of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" reminded me of when I had seen my friend Mollie Pearson in the same delightful role. And I may as well say here that Helen Hayes could recite the alphabet and I would sit in an easy chair with both hands and know that I was listening to music.

I suppose I must talk about amateur hours. Well, I don't like 'em. That's flat and I'm sorry but I don't. Much as I like Ray Perkins in his own person I don't like his amateurs and, much as I admire Major Bowes for his line work on the air, I don't like his, either. I feel uneasy, embarrassed. The "spontaneity" doesn't seem spontaneous to me. It all has a rehearsed air. The amateurs don't seem quite amateur or quite professional. I know that these hours are the most popular on the air and I can understand that. Half of the people listening can say to themselves, "Oh! I'd like to do that sort of thing or she got away with it why can't I?" And the public loves a finger in any pie—hence the rush to vote. But frankly, I like my entertainment professional and that's that. Half of our future great entertainers may come via the amateur hour, but not many. Most of them have come from allied professions or started in small stations. And I don't like the idea of capitalizing on the fact that the amateur-hour amateur may have an incredible tenor, a dressmaker, a milliner, a dressmaker or coffee-pot owner or what have you. This creates atmosphere, of course, and I am not trying to be funny about garbage—but it annoys me. The person is either good or he is not. I don't give a hoot what he does in private life. And the amateur craze has come to a point where I have to avoid my neighborhood motion picture houses on certain evenings for fear of being faced with amateurs. I am as embittered as the people and I wish we were when my best friends forgot their lines at Sunday School entertainments. And on the air the sound of the gong, or the bell, or anything, is the same, although I may have yearned for it, similarly afflicts me.

As for the commentators, I listen to them all. Lowell Thomas particularly is a habit with me. Since news commentators are no longer able to give us real spot news I no longer listen to them for information but because I like to get their particular slant on things. You can listen to three in an evening and find that each differs in placing the evening's emphasis upon one special item.

For brand new news I go to the press bulletins, of course. And for human angles I listen to John B. Kennedy who can say more in less time than anyone on the air, . . . excepting Mr. Floyd Gibbons who says it with such raillery. Also, it is astonishing how occasionally I do hear a fine voice reading poetry as it should be read without too many frills. Basil Ruysdael is an outstanding example of this. I always like to listen to Jessica Dragnette. Her voice is pure disembodied sound.

Now and then a good spy story stirs me up. I used to like the dramatizations of medical science which were once on the air. I enjoy, when my work permits me to listen, Dr. Harris' Famous Babies talks on Columbia.

If I do not listen to many afternoon programs, my children do. The children's tastes differ. There is a girl, just eleven, and there are twins, a boy and a girl, eight. I asked them to name how much tastes do differ when difference in ages is so negligible. The older girl likes dramas and while she enjoys reading mysteries, she tries to get on the radio. The younger ones like the mysteries for children. Each gets the music in musical taste and the older girl likes Roses and Drums which bores the younger ones.

One of the children was recently converted to music. A couple of years ago when he was ill—before he had his own

| Radio Mirror's Big Sister—MOVIE MIRROR

Is On the Air

Don't miss this great program, you eastern listeners, every Friday night from 7:30 to 8:00. There'll be guest stars from the movie and radio worlds, all the latest news from Hollywood and the finest musical talent available. Dial in on any of the following stations:

**WMCA** New York, N. Y.
**WIP** Philadelphia, Pa.
**WDEL** Wilmington, Del.
**WCBS** Baltimore, Md.
**WOL** Washington, D.C.
**WMEX** Boston, Mass.
**WPRO** Providence, R.I.
**WLH** Laconia, N.H.

Don't forget the time: 7:30 to 8:00 on Friday nights—better be listenin'!

As for the program, it is a well-handled one. It is well-handled on the radio. Roses and Drums makes an attempt at this but it is so very much fictionalized. History should be as accurate as possible.

I wonder why geography wouldn't go over in this way! It might be done in the form of really interesting travelogues by people who know a place well and which they speak; there could be background music and even, at the end of the program, a child of that country to speak a few words as to the history of the country. This is the sort of program which, if well worked out, would make for international good feeling among youth.

My objection to most history and war programs is that they are not as glorifying war, to place the emphasis on bugsles and bravery and glory and not on mud and waste and misery and long despair. I'd like to listen to frontier programs, programs of songs, programs of building and not of destruction.

As for music, I am one of those dreadful, unspeakable, terrific, ought-to-be-shot people who do not like symphonies and opera and most all chamber music. But I do like the quiet semi-classical music of a fine orchestra. I would watch miles to hear a harp. I detest piano by itself no matter who plays it. I have fond dreams about a harp and when they all come together in what seems to me a harmonious understanding I can listen by the hour. The like the Goldmark and Concerts and I very much enjoy the Canadian Grena—

Radio has frequently mentioned that the lack of advertising on the overseas stations is a pleasant change. This is true in one sense but the fact remains that these programs are not as good as our own, and we have advertising to thank for the excellence of our radio entertainment. Therefore I have no complaint against commercials. It is just that I often wish much of the advertising were shorter or more attractively presented.

I have no quartet with children's programs. When my children go around singing "Home on the Range" I think it's time I took up the job of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" with astounding results.

Although I don't share many people's concern about mystery programs which supposedly frighten children, I do deplore some of the unrelated-to-life programs which children listen to, and Buck Rogers has given me many a bad hour explain-
How he became the best-dressed baby in town

Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. "How come, Hazel?" I asked Judy's mother. "I work harder than you, but your clothes are white!"

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous golden soap is so checkful of naptha that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.

"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out ALL the dirt. So her clothes are only half clean—and that's why they have that tackle-tale gray look."

And now look at Danny—he's the best-dressed baby in town. His clothes, and everything else in his wash, look simply grand. What's more, they're safely clean. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my very best silk undies. And it's wonderfully easy on my hands, too.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Radio Mirror's Directory

(Continued from page 7)

FERNANDO, Angelo. Orchestra leader; born Zaro, Italy, May 19, 1897; unmarried. (Jew.)


FIELDS, George. Comedian, plays "Honeyboy" in "Honolua and the Sou'wester"; born Goofinburg, Mo.; March 7, 1894; married Ines O'Connell; debut over KOBO, Texas, 1928. N. Y.

FISHER, Thornton. Sports commentator; born Cincinnati, Ohio, April 8, 1890; married Laura Marie Fisher; one child; debut over WAB, June, 1923.

FLYNN, Bernardine. Actress; "Vic and Sad"; born Madison, Wis., Jan., 1904; married Dr. C. C. Duckett; debut over NBC, Chicago, 1930.

GIBBONS, Nira, actress, born Ohio, Feb. 23, widow; debut over WEAF, New York, 1923.

FORSTER, Gertrude. Contralto; "Tone Pictures"; born Oklahoma City, Okla., June 10, 1899; soloist; one daughter; debut in Philadelphia, 1922. N. Y.


FOSTER, Kay. Singer; born Dallas, Tex.; May 3, 1905; one daughter; debut over NBC, November, 1924.

PRAWLEY, Tim. Actor; "Death Valley Days"; born Washington, D. C., Nov. 8; married Lilla Campbell; actress; one son; debut in New York City, 1922.

FRANK, June. Contralto; born St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 6; married Reno Ross; debut over WILW, Cincinnati, Nov. 7.


GALLAGHER, Joseph. Orchestra leader; "Welcome Valley"; born Chicago, Jan., 1899; married Effie F. L. O'Connell; debut over WEER, Chicago, 1922. CHIC.

GAYLORD, Charles. Orchestra leader; "Symphony Seven"; born Parkersburg, W. Va., June 29, 1906; married Berny Williams; debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1922. CHIC.


GILMAN, Page. Actor, 


GODFREY, Colleen. "Uncle Ernie's Radio Station," born Washington, D. C., April 16, 1927; married Howard Doberty; one daughter; debut over WAAR, Chicago, 1931. CHIC.

HANNEN, Julius. Singer; born St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1; one son; debut in New York City, 1924. N. Y.

HALL, Don. Novelty singer; born New York, May 3, 1903; married Bertie Rhodes; debut over WJZ, Cincinnati, Nov. 7.

HALL, Woodell. Pianist; debut over WWHO, Chicago, Aug. 23, 1915; married Marion Martin; two sons; debut over WIZW, Chicago, 1915.

HAMILTON, Jessie. Pianist; born Ozone, Ill., May 10, 1898; married. N. Y.

HARE, Edgar. Actor; "Roses and Drums." born Providence, R. I., May 29, 1892; unmarried; debut with Palace Players, 1922.


HALL, Don. Novelty singer; born New York, May 3, 1903; married Bertie Rhodes; debut over WJZ, Cincinnati, Nov. 7.

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May Holden, Actress; born Philadelphia, Pa., May 20, 1896; married Tom O'Herlihy, July 10, 1918; divorced; two sons; debut over WXYZ, Detroit, March 9, 1929; married Jules B. Jett, Jr., July 14, 1930; three sons; debut over WOR, New York City, Jan. 19, 1931; married R. J. Hayden, Nov. 3, 1932; one son; debut over WABC, New York City, June 14, 1931; married Milton Kline, July 26, 1932; two sons; debut over WOR, New York City, July 17, 1933; married挖掘人 of name挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人挖掘人
Radio's Miracle Man

(Continued from page 32)

to give them a fair profit. The oil men thought about it for a day or two and then told him to go try an egg or words to that effect.

And he fried an egg, one that the oil companies have been trying to digest ever since. He did it over WNAX which by that time had grown into a 2,500-watt station.

When he got the message he passed it on to his listeners. He told them he was going to give them a fair priced gas if it took every cent he had.

That night Gurney's son, Charles, drove to Omaha and bought and shipped a load of gas station equipment—pumps, storage tanks, etc.—to Yankton. From Omaha he flew down to Oklahoma and started three tank cars of gasoline rolling north.

The following day, "D. B." went on the air again and said that on Saturday, WNAX would be selling gas at seventeen cents a gallon.

Friday the equipment and the oil arrived. Gurney, his son and laborers set up the equipment, pumping the fuel into the storage tanks by means of a garden hose.

On Saturday morning at 11 o'clock the first customer arrived and was served. He was the first of a long line of motorists who kept driving up throughout the weekend. In two days, Gurney sold 5,000 gallons of gasoline.

THAT'S how Gurney entered the oil business. Today he has five hundred gas stations, scattered over South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska. Each station is marked with the name of WNAX.

And that adds to the miracle, for this is the only radio station in the country which has gasoline stations as a sideline.

He's an easy-going man who lives in a nine-room house. His four children are all married. All have children. But their grandfather's mind races along even when he is sitting in a chair, seemingly at peace, with his evening paper.

Right now, he is using radio to drive home a message that will bring prosperity to the farmers. He thinks that the farmer should grow things that factories can use and not be satisfied only to grow foodstuffs.

For example, he wants corn to be made into alcohol. He has done more than talk, he has started the ball rolling.

At his gas stations today he is selling gasoline with a small percentage of alcohol added. This mixture gives more miles per gallon and it helps the corn growers. It also is a step toward the future when there will be no more oil wells, when gasoline will be rare and costly. Then we'll have to add alcohol.

He's way ahead of his time, this man of sixty-five. He has performed miracles in his life. He can remember when he had only twenty-five cents to his name, when he was buying coal in little baskets to keep the plants in his greenhouses from dying. That's why, perhaps, he understands people so well, why he is so human, so friendly.

When he drives up the street of Yankton his right hand keeps waving:

"Hello, Ed . . . Hello, Bill . . . Hello, Sarah." And the people on the sidewalk, feeling a little better because of the greeting, reply:

"Hi, 'D. B.'"

"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"

"I think this is right but I'm not sure. Anyway dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"

"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—cause I'm scratchy! Please take care of me, Mummy—I'm in trouble!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that soothes away skin irritation just like that! For I'm soft as silk—made of the very finest Italian Talc. No gritty particles nororris-root in me. And don't forget my team-mates—Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream!"
“TUMS” SAYS FRIEND... 

If you get acid indigestion from favorite foods, or dishwater from old-fashioned water-soluble alkalinizers, say to TUMS: Don’t take your woes to rend, dear—

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY,

GIVE HIM TUMS—and stay right here! 

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD’S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bothersome Scales...No Boring Exercises

BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to keep up any party, just as thousands of others are doing. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don’t need to be talented. You don’t need previous musical training. You don’t have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

EASY AS A-B-C

The U.S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it. Then it does it yourself and leaves it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how really and quickly you can learn music...by following this method which is taught. If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—enjoy good times—take the course. No. 2511 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y.C.

THOUSANDS LIKE TUMS

A.H. LEWIS COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, you canks, more witches, need color in their hair, and give your hair the same time with one box of French Shampoo—SHAMPOO-KOLOR, takes from minutes, soaks longer, leaves lovely, natural waves. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Shampoo, Neufchau E. J. Fitfield, Day 10, 56 W. II St., New York.

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A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

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Piano Violin Guitar Saxophone Organ Ukulele Tenor Banjo Hawaiian Guitar Piano Accordion Or Any Other Instrument

SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, A COPY OF MY BOOK, "HOW YOU CAN MASTER MUSIC BY YOUR OWN HANU, OR THE EASY TOWN STREET MUSIC LESSON. THIS BOOK IS FREE TO ANYONE.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

30611 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 37)

"I'm King Again," and "There's a Shadow In the Sunshine of Your Smile," are two of them. The others must remain nameless for a bit.

We might as well tell you now, that Guy just won't play a tune of Carmen's unless it's good. Carmen doesn't want it. Matter of fact, Carmen had one song submitted to Guy under another name, and the boys played it for three weeks before they knew it was his composition.

The members of the original group, Guy, Carmen and Fritz Kreutzer, are celebrating their twentieth year of playing together this fall.

(The above is especially for Helen Hirst, Flippship of Los Angeles, and her Carmen Lombardo's group. A bigger story in Radio Mirror about the Lombards soon, we hope.)

IT'S A FUNNY THING

It's hard to say—what it is about the ocarina oddities of the Foursome on CBS Wednesday night. The page that evokes those involuntary chuckles from listeners. We can only tell you what produces those amusing sounds and leave you in the bliss of ignorance and listening.

Aside from the ocarinas, which they all can play, Marshall Smith sings tenor; Del Porter is second tenor, clarinetist, saxophonist, tin-flutist and hill-billy violinist; Ray Porter is baritone, arranger and sweet violinist, and Dwight Snyder, bass and pianist...*

SHORT SHORT SHORT STORIES

After this, you keep track of those Orsey Brothers... Right after we'd reported last month that the two had split with finality, they made up again. Jessica Dragonette is to make two more pictures for M-G-M. Away says NBC, with foul rumors that Harry Horlick's Gypsies will after their style this fall after nearly a dozen years. Away with the rumors that they will go off the air because Kate Smith starts a new series for the same sponsors on CBS October first, away with them... From San Francisco studios of NBC comes word that Pat O'Shea, ballad singer, is engaged to Miss Pauline Starr, Hollywood dancer... Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Leibert, a baby girl... When Glen Gray comes back on the air October first with Walter O'Keefe, he will present his new girl vocalist, Deane Janis...*

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

(For Bill Hoover again.) Joe Rines' orchestra: Three saxophones, two trumpets, guitar, bass viol, piano and drums. As this is written, he is on the NBC blue networks Tuesday nights at 11:30 from the Mayfair in Boston, Mass.

(For Irene Stefanell, Reynoldsfield, Pa.) Rudy Vallee's orchestra: Two pianos, four violins, four saxophones, two trumpets, two trombones, guitar, bass viol, tabla and drums. He was first on air with his original group from the Heigh-Ho Club in New York City in February, 1928. Guy Lombardo's orchestra: Four saxophones, organ, steel guitar, violin, guitar, bass horn and drums. He was first on the air from Cleveland ten years ago, and first on a Columbia network seven years ago.

"It's a funny thing..."
THEME SONG SECTION

Pronounce that title quickly. If you didn't lip, you may read on.
(For Janet Southwick, Hashbrouck Heights, N. J.) The theme of "Continental Varieties" is "Papagayo," by Hugo Mariani. It is in manuscript form and unavailable at present either as sheet music or as a recording.
(For A. Morrison, Seattle, Washington.) We find no record of the theme song, "Love's Ship" on any network program on the air now or recently. If it does turn up, we'll let you know.
(For Mrs. C. P. McGuire, Birmingham, Ala.) Jesse Crawford's theme song is "Forgotten Melody" by Jesse himself. It is in manuscript form, and so far as we know, not available either as a recording or as sheet music. Since Jack Benny will have Johnny Green's orchestra instead of Don Bestor's, there may be a new theme for that program. We'll wait and let you know.

(For Rose Venturi, Boonton, N. J., Viola Gaither, Cleveland, N. C. B. M. Dunne, Easton, Pa., and any others who are curious about the business of publishing songs.)

The music publishing business is a hard headed one. Profit, naturally, is its chief aim. They cannot afford to spend much time with songs of unknown outsiders. In the business, they know pretty well what their future needs will be. Outsiders can't possibly know. Sometimes the publishers are wrong. Sometimes an outsider will present a new type of song and it will be a hit. It is very rare.

How, then, does the outsider start? Well, most of our popular music is written by men and women who've lived through hope and disappointment and heartbreak and hours of toil as they went through the mill that is New York's Tin Pan Alley, learning what and what not to do.

"It's a mad, wild business, which has made fortunes for many a man, broken many another. To the beginner it should be said quite frankly that it's a tough game.

We do not know at present, of any agent whom we can recommend. And the motion picture companies contract for their music only with established musicians, songwriters, or music publishers. So that's out.

But, if you can wait until next month, we will endeavor to have for you the advice of a half-dozen prominent songwriters and publishers on the best course to pursue.

We strongly advise you to wait until then.

*(For E. McKegg, Honolulu, Hawaii, and Raphael Paladini, Garfield, N. J.) Ray Noble was born in Brighton, England, 27 years ago. His father is a famed British surgeon. Ray, after graduation from Cambridge University, became affiliated with the British Victor company of which he is now musical director. It was his best-selling recordings which brought him to this country.

Al Bowly, who came to New York with Noble, was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, where he worked as a barber. He studied the singing of the Kaftirs and Zulus in the diamond mines and applied some of the intricacies of their vocal styles to modern music. He toured Japan, China, India, Dutch East Indies, Java and Sumatra with an orchestra, and eventually came to London where he became recording vocalist for Noble. He's fond of boxing and wrestling, and while

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New scientific principle keeps Woodbury's Creams germ-free to the last!

Clear, dewy loveliness... the freshness of youth... can be yours, with these new beauty creams that are pure, exquisite, germ-free!

Woodbury's Creams encourage the skin to bloom with finer texture, clearer tone, because they guard against the blemishes which menace delicate complexions.

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With this protection your skin quickly becomes clearer, softer, more resilient. Color, too, improves. And you may use Woodbury's Creams constantly, with only the best results. They are safe for even the most sensitive skin.

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Woodbury's Facial Cream gives a light protecting film to which you apply your make-up with flattering effect. Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams are only 50c, 25c and 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

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Send today for the new Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit"


Send me Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit" containing a one-ounce cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold and Facial Cream, and six shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Enclosed find 10c (mailing cost).

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Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just put it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness, sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty instrument. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.

Phelantine removes hair growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelantine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. It is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. Use it daily.

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Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains pages after page of hand-colored illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE! (Gypenemasrtmilks.

Just tell us how you made your first sale. It's as easy as pie to learn and the profits are larger than is this book. You can produce beautiful finished objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience in making money now. All supplies are sent you by us with the instructions and every one of the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own enjoyment. Either way, pleasurers or profits, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write for your copy of this valuable book. It's FREE.

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WORK ... "FUN AGAIN"
With Constipation Cleared Up

The end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature's Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dancing any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of laxative elements, provided by nature, that works naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you see how much better you feel you'll know why a vegetable corrective is 25c at all drugstores.

FREE: "Wonderful 24-Hour NR" Calendar Thermometer with the purchase of 25c NR, or a full roll of Tums (5c at all dealers). As your privilege.

Radio Mirror

Stop...Worry over tell tale GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to brown shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it by applying a little of this famous tint to any lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply reach for the new gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades of "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

You're Telling Us...

...And probably muttering because this department didn't answer your question. Well, drop around sometime and take a look at our ear ringing brain. We have to sit here and snatch out answers from the old cerebrum as it whirs. In the meanwhile, if there's anything else you'd like to know about music, radio, fill in this coupon and mail it to:

John Skinner, Rado Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

I want to know more about:

Or:

Theme Song Section

Following The Leaders

Name

Address

in Johannesburg was runner-up for the African welter-weight boxing championship.

(E. E. Smith, Camden, N. J.) We have been unable to determine what has become of Redferne Hollinshead. If anyone knows, we would appreciate learning.

(Jane Osborne, Utica, N. Y.) Lanny Ross' brother has never appeared on the screen.

(Allen Grabast, Laredo, Mo., and Bill Storz, Weimar, Calif.) Paul Tremeane and his Band from Laredo, N. Mex. is on tour. Columbia informs us he will very probably be on the air this fall. Quite possibly he will be available to WLS in Chicago. He was born in Kansas City and is about thirty. More details when he returns.

(V. Milne, Glen Rock, N. J.) We understand that Buddy Harrol's orchestra has been disbanded.

(Janet Southwick again.) Kenny Sargent as a baritone, can range from the A below high C down to middle C.

( Gertrude Wachtel, Brooklyn, N. Y.) Julian Woodworth was on the Columbia network during part of August from the Pavilion Royale, Valley Stream, L. I. He will probably be on the air this fall, but as yet, his schedule is not definite.

(Keith Don, Toms River, William V. Graeger, Bethlehem, Pa.) It is virtually impossible to tell what orchestras send out photographs of themselves. They change their minds very quickly. I suggest that you write them in care of the station on which you hear them.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

Sorry that we can't play the game this month of telling you where your favorite orchestra leaders are working personal appearances so that you can see them and perhaps dance to their music. There were just too many questions to answer that there just wasn't space. But let's do this. Ask us the locations of those orchestras in which you're most interested. We'll try to let you know where they're to be playing. Use the coupon below.

YOU'RE TELLING US...
Leaning over a chair, laughing, was Lanny Ross. Mickey admitted her surprise.

"He's not as tall as you are, Tad. Why he's no different from the boys we know in Poughkeepsie!"

"No," Tad yawned, "neither am I—except that Lanny and I have talent."

Mickey's elbow found its way between two of Tad's ribs.

"Where do we go now, stupid?" she asked.

"Up high, where I can show you the landmarks of New York. This way, madam. We must take an elevator to the ground floor and then into an express back up."

In the central lobby, impressive with darkly shining marble and towering attendants, Tad found a row of elevators designed for the sixty-fifth floor. "Your chariot awaits without," he said, preceding her into the lift.

Mickey had to swallow from the twentieth floor on, her ears hurt so, but she felt better when she saw Tad doing the same thing. The lift slid to a smooth stop. She followed Tad out. A swarthy man in a white mess jacket was waiting, bowing and smiling.

Tad asked, "Are—are we in the right place?"

"Shhh!" Tad quieted her and bolted away. He was back in a minute, his face crestfallen and sheepish. "Uh—I think the view is better down a little ways. Too far up here."

"Mickey," suspecting, demanded more. "And tell me the truth this time," she said.

"Well," said Tad reluctantly, "if you insist, we're on the same floor with the Rainbow Room and the robbers want to charge us for the view."

"The— the Rainbow Room? Isn't that a famous night club?"

"Just about the most famous," Tad said, retaining the poise he had nearly lost a minute ago. "We'll come here after Sunday night."

"All right," Mickey agreed, "but I want more of a view than I'm getting now, waiting for the elevator."

On the way down, Tad decided that they were tired of sight seeing. "Let's go back to our rooms," he pleaded. Mickey felt he had been chagrined enough for one day and consented.

Visitors to New York have a way of ferreting out the best living quarters for the least money—or visitors like Mickey and Tad seem to—while those true-born New Yorkers, continue to stifle in box-like apartments that are expensive because they were built during the boom and have doormen in long coats.

Tucked away, square between stately Fifth Avenue and roaring Madison, not too far below Radio City's Fiftieth Street, Mickey and Tad had found an old house, an even older landlady, and rooms that let you stand up straight and stretch, even Tad.

When they reached Mickey's room on the third floor, Tad said: "Let's go on up to my room and practice a song."

"That audition tired me out. I think I'll sleep now and be fresh for the morning."

Tad went on, yawning. "See you in the morning," he called down the stairs.

For the next three days, they didn't see.
Any Woman can be Up to Date
(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, and altogether dangerous. Some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and bring herself up to date.

With Zoneit, available in every drug store, it is old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time when, in certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zoneit.

Zoneit is the modern antiseptic-germicidal—far more powerful than any disinfectant of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zoneit is not caustic, not poisonous. This marvelous Zoneit is gentle in use and harmless as pure water. Zoneit never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zoneit, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zoneit. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zoneit Suppositories (semi-solid)
Zoneit comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white suppository sealed separately in glass vials. Many women use both. Ask for both Zoneit Suppositories and Liquid Zoneit by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

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Dear Miss—Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below:  

1. Facts for Women  
2. Use of Antiseptic in Hospitals

NAME.
ADDRESS.
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(Radio Mirror)
go through your number. I’ll ask you a few questions first that I will ask again on the broadcast. You just answer them as naturally as you can."

Jeff Bowers had drawn the first lot. In his slow, easy draw he gave Uncle Jim a brief sketch of his life, then played his piece on the jew’s harp.

It went on like that until all the amateurs had rehearsed their act and Uncle Jim had learned what he wanted to know about them—their jobs, their ambitions, their schooling. Mickey and Tad found that they were the third on the list.

"Which is better for us," Tad asked her, "It gives you a chance to get over your nervousness."

"Don’t worry about me," Mickey retorted. "If you can keep your knees from buckling when you stand at the microphone, we’ll be all right. Remember, I’m sitting down at the piano."

After the last amateur note had died away, Uncle Jim signaled to Mickey. She followed him off a ways from the others.

"Feel all right?" he asked her, Mickey nodded her head. "Why shouldn’t I? This isn’t a matter of life and death."

Uncle Jim smiled wryly. "I wish more amateurs could remember that. You’ll forget it too, the minute we’re on the air."

He turned to address the rest.

"I’m going to send you all out for dinner now. We have a little more than two hours until broadcast time. The only thing I want you to do for me is eat as much as you can."

TO Mickey’s questioning look, he whispered, "Most of these amateurs haven’t had a square meal in years. Watch them tonight. They’ll come back so stuffed they can hardly waddle. I want you and your Tad to go with them. Good experience for you."

Mickey squeezed his hand in silent thanks and returned to Tad. In a few minutes two of Uncle Jim’s secretaries herded the amateurs together and led them out, down the hall, down to the main lobby, and across the street to a famous radio restaurant. A long table in a back room was set with glistening silver and chinaware.

"I’m kinda hungry, myself," Tad said, after he and Mickey had been seated at the end of the table, next to a girl who couldn’t have been more than nineteen.

Tad introduced himself. "And this is Mickey Crail, in New York with me on trial. What’s your name?"

The young girl smiled faintly. "Joan Blair." She hesitated then went on, "I’m from Illinois. This is my first trip to New York and I’m scared to death."

Mickey could see the tears welling up in the corners of Joan’s eyes. She felt sorry for her, a kid alone in the country’s biggest city. Tad must have felt sympathetic, too.

"Forget it," he said. "We’re scared too, but we don’t let it get us down."

Joan smiled gratefully. "I’m beginning to feel better already, just talking to you two."

"Sure," Tad said. "Stop and think. Where will you be a year from now? No matter, but wherever you are, you’ll look back on tonight and laugh at your fright as a good joke."

Mickey, only half listening until now, felt her heart stop beating until she thought she couldn’t breathe. Where would she be a year from tonight? Somewhere with Tad? With a suddenness that wrenched the young girl in her bed, she realized the truth. Without Tad, life would lose all the richness, all the bright happiness that was hers.

What a little fool she had been, always to have taken it as a matter of course that

---

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GLAZO’s world-renowned quality is unchanged, even at its new low 20 cent price for nearly twice as much polish! It brings your nails lasting beauty and a satisfaction you never find in hastily-made, inferior brands.

**APPROVED COLORS, STARRIER SHEEN**—Glazo has a richer lustre . . . in Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson and Mandarin Red . . . six perfect color tones approved by beauty and fashion authorities.

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I enclose 6¢ for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred.)

□ Natural □ Shell □ Flame □ Geranium
Tad and she would be together. Home in Poughkeepsie it was different. But here, in New York, with its thousand places to live, its thousand things to do, it would be so easy to lose Tad. Tad, whose second nature it was to win first place, had tasted only success. And then, too, they weren't in.

Mickey couldn't go on past that word. Love? But she must love Tad to suffer this terrible fear of having him escape her? The whole significance of their trip to New York weighed down on her. Tad might be beginning a career that would leave an impassible gulf between them. And what possible right did she have to stay at his side?

"Hey! Mickey, what's the matter?" Tad's sharp question brought Mickey back to earth.

"Nothing. Guess I'm worn out, that's all." Tad put his arm around her shoulder.

"Poor kid, sightseeing has been too much for you."

Mickey knew he must be as pale as a ghost at a scare. She no longer had any stomach and perspiration made her hands cold and damp. With an effort, she began to eat the soup that a water brought her. The liquid restored some of her strength. Before dinner was over, she had recovered enough to hide her fears. Even at last, she began to feel excitement creeping back into her veins.

The walk to the studio completed the task dinner had begun. Mickey knew she had complete control of herself again, though the throbbing in her heart was still there.

"All set?" Tad whispered. They were standing on the stage of the studio.

PRIZE WINNERS

RADIO MIRROR

Radio Favorites

Contest

First Prize—$100.00
Mrs. Gladys Jones, Lorain, Ohio

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Two $10.00 Prizes

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Six $5.00 Prizes


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NO FILLER TO FALL OUT

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etrable material to which these new CLOPAY shades are made has no filler to fall out—no threads to unravel.

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* Says Mrs. Sarah Lockwood—One of America's Leading Interior Decorators, author of widely read book, "Decoration—Past, Present and Future."

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STORE WINDOWS

During October leading "3 & 10" stores and many others will feature in their windows those striking new CLOPAY patterns and the lovely engravings by Mrs. Lockwood. Write for these displays—see how to beautify your home at negligible cost.

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back of the program’s large orchestra was tuning its instruments. Horns shone softly in pastel colors from the lights concealed in panelling above. Out in front of Mickey a sea of faces opened and shut mouths in audible whispers. The studio was jammed. Pages ran up and down the aisles, seating late arrivals whose hats were still on.

To a roar of deafening applause, Uncle Jim walked on, bowed, and took his seat. He turned and winked at Mickey.

“Just like the opening night of our high school play,” Tad laughed, “Only I’m not half as scared I couldn’t be.”

The announcer on the program raised his hand for silence.

“I want to welcome all of you here in behalf of King James gasoline. The amateurs you see on the stage have come from every corner of the country. If I had more time, I would introduce them to you. But in thirty seconds, Uncle Jim’s Amateur Hour will be on the air!”

He stopped. There was a fragmentary silence, broken abruptly by the opening theme song of the program.

Uncle Jim stood up and spoke into the microphone, “Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, tonight I have another interesting group of amateurs. If you live in New York, Chicago, I want you to phone in your votes for the amateur act you like the best. If you don’t, wire and mail your votes to me, care of Radio City. And now I see on my list the name of Jeff Bowers.”

Tad leaned toward Mickey, and with his hand over his mouth, said in barely audible tones, “Let’s show ‘em, kid! This is our big chance. We’ve got to make good!”

And Mickey, waiting for the dragging minutes until she and Tad would be on the air, tried to win. Yet, in spite of herself, she hoped they could go back to Poughkeepsie. Then Tad might be safe.

She became conscious of Tad’s nudging. “Wake up, sap, we’re next!”

Is Mickey justified in her fears that she may lose Tad, now that they’re in New York and are broadcasting on the country’s biggest amateur hour? Read whether she tries to win a first prize on the program, and what happens to two kids when they come to radio row for the first time seeking adventure. Don’t miss the next instalment in the December issue of Radio Mirror, on sale October 25.

How Hollywood Puts the Stars on the Spot

(Continued from page 23)

choke him. Whereupon his director, a wise man, realizing such nervousness must not be allowed to take a firm hold, called a halt.

“Listen, Jimmy,” he said, “you just look at the mike. See. You’re not scared of any mike. You’re used to mike. And, boy, do you know how to handle them?”

Then he called over his camera crew to give them quick orders. And when Jimmy began to sing again the camera on its silent, rubber-tired dolly was rolled up behind him, then brought around to catch him from the side. But Jimmy, absorbed now in his singing, was oblivious to its presence.

Gladys Swarthout insists the heat wave Hollywood groaned under this summer was the thing which saved her from herself and all of her mounting fears. She told me all about it as we sat one sultry afternoon in the library of the big house.

Look what else comes in the Dentyne package

MOUTH HEALTH—As a bonus, you receive with Dentyne the wherewithal to a healthy mouth—to white, sparkling teeth. For chewing Dentyne is the finest kind of mouth health promotion. Its firm consistency exerts the mouth muscles and helps the mouth to clean itself—naturally, normally. It helps prevent flabby mouth and chin muscles, too. Many dentists, orthodontists, and physicians recommend its frequent use.

WITH THIS DELIGHTFUL GUM—Of course you receive a delicious gum, too. Really different with a delicious, distinct flavor, and a general air of quality that makes it the favorite of thousands. Notice the characteristic, handy, flat shape which distinguishes the Dentyne package. It fits easily in vest pocket or purse. Try some today.
At your nearest drug store, buy the nipples with the blue band. (Sold in Canada only without the blue band.)

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Providence • Rhode Island
FREE booklet
Write name and address clearly. Mail coupon to Dept. F-1, Davol Rubber Co., Providence, R. I.

**Quick Ironings**

**No Sticking — No Scorching**

Here’s that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old-fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your Ironing Board may be ready. A wonderful invention. Send now.

**Thank You**

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 969, Keokuk, la.

Send on your trial order. Check, good for 10c on the purchase of a large 10p package of Quick Elastic Starch, and your freefolder, "That Wonderful Way to Iron Starch."
first picture experience. Hollywood also put Rudy on the spot. But Rudy, too, in the end proved to be the stuff of which real stars are made. In the first round of his movie career he took failure on the chin but he came back in later rounds to make a knock-out.

Bing Crosby was so tortured at the thought of facing the cameras and by his fear of how he was going to look that it became a phobia with him. To this day, in spite of his increasing success, he has a mortal fear of the camera and he has to be forced into the projection room to look at his rushes.

Fred Allen is another radio star who has been in the studios. He worked with Paul Whiteman, Ramona, Phil Baker and Rubinoff in Fox's "Thanks a Million." Fred doesn't kid himself about being on the spot. Not for a minute. He figures you have a better chance of coming through if you keep your eyes open and are honest with yourself.

"Hollywood," he says, "offers a radio star the biggest gamble he'll ever be expected to take but, in turn, it gives him the largest salary he'll ever make. So most of us are taking the chance and praying for the best.

LEAVING the air for the studios even temporarily is a risky business. The chances are definitely against the ether star in this set-up because, unless he can justify his reputation in his very first picture, he's considered a failure. A movie player can survive two or three mistakes in pictures. But the film executives and the public don't forgive a radio star who falls from grace, even through no fault of his own.

"Everybody," Fred went on, "knows the first appearances of Rudy Vallee, Amos and Andy, Ed Wynn and several others hurt them. They're excellent entertainers. The trouble was due to the fact that they were rushed into a medium about which they knew nothing, forced to do things new to them and out of keeping with their own sense of showmanship.

"Well, I've tried to profit by these mistakes. And so when you see me it won't be as a screen lover but as the sour-voiced, sarcastic wisecracker which is my trademark on the air. If I stick to that character and leave the love-making to those who know something about it—and my appearance to the cameramen who know their job—I should retire from Hollywood with a couple of pockets full of cash, a lot of good friends, and several invitations to come back and make more pictures."

Rubinoff, violinist and bandleader, is of the same mind. "I'll just stick to my violin and my band, something I know about, not try to act too much," he says.

Lily Pons' first foray on the screen set were nightmarish, quite as horrible as she had known they would be. Traveling West on the train. The revolving wheels seemed to say, "You're on the spot. Pons... Pons, you're on the spot... on the spot!"

Her first scene called for her to stand in a second story window and sing the aria from Rigoletto. It was a tough first scene and, realizing this, her hands turned cold and clammy, her throat tightened with a nervous pulse. The camera on its big crane swung around and then zoomed up into position.

"I thought to myself," she admits, "'Turn now. Run! Terrible as it will be to do this it will be better than staying. You can't do this. Go on! Run! Now. quickly, there's still time!"

However something held her there. And the next thing she knew the director asked her to take her place in that win-

N ow you know why thousands of women prefer this new, white, sudsy soap for dishwashing! Silver Dust does the work faster and better. No more half-clean dishes. No more dishpan drudgery. Silver Dust keeps your hands white and smooth. Gets you out of the kitchen quicker, for leisure or pleasure.

Won't you try Silver Dust right now? Two boxes contain two full pounds of soap at a lower price than you pay for anything nearly as good. Order Silver Dust today.
Hemorrhoids or Piles are one of the worst afflictions. They not only harass and torture you, but they play havoc with your health. They tax your strength and energy, wear you down physically and mentally and make you look haggard and drawn. Piles, being a delicate subject, are often borne in silence, and allowed to go untreated. Yet, no condition is more desperately in need of attention. For Piles can, and often do, develop into something serious!

**REAL TREATMENT**

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and restores grateful comfort. 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 and to stop bleeding.

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. Thousands of persons have used this method of applying Pazo and found it highly effective.

**TRY IT!**

However, for those who prefer suppositories, Pazo is now put up in that form, too. Pazo suppositories are simply Pazo Ointment in suppository form. They have all the well-known Pazo efficacy and, in addition, are superior as suppositories, being self-lubricating. Pazo Suppositories are packed 14 to the box and are not only more effective, but more economical than the ordinary. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. Get either today and see the relief it holds for you!
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 10)

gratifying to James Petrillo, head of the
local musicians union and "daddy" of the
idea.

* * *

War in Ethiopia has a special signifi-
cance for Vivian della Chiesa, Columbia
audition winning soprano. Vivian's cur-
cent heart interest forsakes his duties as a
sound engineer in a movie studio in Rome
to become a cavalry lieutenant in the
Italian army.

Pat Flanagan, the WBBM sports an-
nouncer, likes to tell of the fan who asked
an usher at the ball park to introduce her
to Pat.

"Listen, lady," Pat reports the usher re-
plied, "Pat's the sweetest guy in the world.
He'd give you the shirt off his back. But,
lady, keep your illusions!"

From "Thirty Years Ago Today" in the
Lincoln, Neb., Evening Courier:

"A pony driven by the Atlass children
ran away yesterday but fortunately no
one was injured." Nowadays Les Atlass
is the Chicago boss of the Columbia net-
work and of WBBM. The other "child"
is Ralph Atlass, his brother, who operates
radio stations WJJD and WIND. While
Les and his chief engineer, Frank Falk-
nor, were fishing from Les' yacht in
northern lake waters he radiogrammed the
studios: "Frank Falknor is the best fish-
erman in Canada—twenty bass in two
hours." But what he didn't know was
that Holland Engle, his program director,
made the story look sick that same day
by catching thirty-four perch in his bare
hands! Although it sounds sort of Paul
Bunyanish, Holland's explanation is simple.
He was standing on the docks when he
saw a whole string of perch float by ap-
parently having come loose and drifted
away from the stand of some fisherman
further out on the dock. So Holland
waited until the perch drifted by and
grabbed the line.

* * *

A letter addressed simply to "Eddie
and Fannie Cavanaugh" reached them at
the Columbia studios with no delay.

* * *

Recently Chicago newspapers told how
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Collins, Jr., were lo-
cated by a special news bulletin over
WGN. They were motoring in northern
Wisconsin when word was received in
Chicago that their eight-year-old son was
suddenly desperately ill with pneumonia.
WGN officials knew that the mother
tunes in their station a lot so they broad-
cast the report and she telephoned in
within an hour. The reason WGN figured
she'd be listening to their programs is
that Mrs. Collins is one of the three girls
who, as the Bennet Sisters, sing harmony
over that station regularly.

* * *

During the war, Ralph Waldo Emerson,
the WLS organist, and Buster Keaton, the
dead-pan movie star, became fast friends.
It all came about because both enjoyed
in various overseas entertainments staged
for the American soldiers.

* * *

We all know about the news value of
man biting the dog and also of the
value of the man dying from a dog bite.
But a remarkable bit of news broke when
Ed Prentiss, Chicago radio actor, was bit-
ten by a dog recently... and the dog
died!

BEHIND many a young and
lovely face is a mind rich in
mature wisdom. The instinctive
knowledge women seem to be
born with. It commands... "Stay
lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to
your complexion, your hair, your
figure. Your dressing table looks
like a queen's... gay with bright
jars of creams and cosmetics. And
if you know all of your beauty
lore, there'll be in your medicine
chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role
in your life is to combat one of
your worst enemies to loveliness
and health... constipation. You
know what that does to your
looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because
it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain
your system. It is thorough. You
don't have to keep on increasing
the dose to get results. And it is
such a joy to take... it tastes just
like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10¢ and 25¢
boxes... at any drug store.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Time-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name:
Address:

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
156 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—
remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
Doris Robbins, who has been singing with Ben Pollack’s orchestra over the network from Chicago, got her start when the late Florenz Ziegfeld made her Ruth Etting’s understudy in the cast of “Whoopee.” Ruth was taken ill and Doris played her part for nearly two weeks. When Ruth passed through Chicago recently both Doris and Irene Wicker met her at the train. Irene was present because she wanted to interview Ruth to get a story for her famous “Singing Lady” broadcasts.

The vacation problem was solved nicely by two Chicago actresses whose constant work didn’t permit them even a week away from the studio. The girls were June Meredith, leading lady of First Nighter and Ann Seymour, star of the Grand Hotel broadcast. Each took the other’s work in addition to doing her own for two weeks. Thus each got a full two weeks’ vacation.

Local NBC sound effects men have rigged up their door bells so they can ring them with their feet, thus leaving their hands free for such other duties as making noise for forest fires, winds, etc.

Sunburn is a common summer complaint in Chicago, But Joan Blaine, leading lady of the Princess Pat players, went that stunt one better by staying under a hair dryer so long she fainted from the heat and almost missed a broadcast.

Doris Wester comes from Chicago. She sang on one of Major ‘Alvowes’ ammonia hours not long ago and within a few days was hired to work with Ray Noble’s orchestra in Radio City’s famous club, the Rainbow Room. It was just one of those breaks. A director of the corporation which runs the Rainbow Room happened to hear that broadcast and hired her on the spot.

Such breaks do come to people sometimes. For instance Leonard Keller, the Chicago orchestra leader, was idling during an intermission of his band at the Bismark Hotel. His accordionist struck up a tune to fill the intermission and suddenly a girl in the audience began to whistle the number, softly but so softly that Keller didn’t hear it. She was doing it for her own amusement, But Keller brought her up to the stand and went through some number with her. The next Sunday she became part of his WBBM “Gloom Dodgers” program.

An unusual broadcast was done by WLS the other day when Phil La Mar Anderson interviewed Mrs. Ethel Sampson of Evanston, III. After doing needlework for more than three years and after writing hundreds of letters, Mrs. Sampson had completed a unique historical quilt containing bits from neckties and gowns worn by famous Americans. Those who sent her neckties for her quilt included President Roosevelt, Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, Admiral directed, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, John F. Gibbons and all the members of the president’s cabinet. Women who contributed bits from their dresses included Mrs. Roosevelt, the late Mrs. Huber, Mrs. Amelia Earhart and Mrs. Mary Pickford. Even the famous Dionne quintuplets are represented . . . and don’t tell me you don’t know what they sent her.
"I liked my new make-up so much," Connie remarked, "that it was a distinct shock to see my next publicity pictures and realize that they didn't show the same improvement. Back again I went to the movie make-up man, with the result that now I have a third make-up, much darker and heavier—in short, a definite movie make-up for photographic work. You see, the ordinary make-up does not stand up under the intense lights used for photography, whereas movie make-up, which has been developed to withstand the burning glare of Kleig lamps, does."

So, now, if you see Connie Gates hurrying to the studio at noon, or broadcasting her new Moon Glow program during the evening, or in her latest photograph, she will be the same Connie Gates. The three make-ups are different, but they achieve identical effects.

Incidentally, Connie's use of movie make-up for photographic work has proved such a success that the major networks are beginning to use it for all publicity photography, but it is so new that many of the stars are not yet aware of it.

ONLY this afternoon," Connie said, "I posed for some publicity pictures, then hadn't time to remove the movie make-up before going on to a broadcast. As I reached the studio I met Fred Warn- ing, and a moment later, Mark Warnow. They greeted me in almost the same words: "Hello, Connie, I didn't know you were making a movie."

"Of course," she added, "not many girls will discard their make-up for photographic work, but I believe that experimenting with make-up until just the right effect is gained, then trying to duplicate that same effect with darker cosmetics for evening wear, will do wonders for everyone."

Next came the question of clothes. Connie studied the leading fashion magazines, the creations of the most famous designers, to determine which of the costumes most nearly typified the person she wished to be. As a result she has discarded the "home cooky" wardrobe for the smart styles shown in her later pictures. She prefers clothes whose cuttiness is in distinction of line rather than in elaborateness of design. ("I have one dress with ruffles," she admits, "but it's terrible, and I never wear it!") Her favorites are sports and tailored things which are such a complement to her slender athletic figure. She revels in smart skirts and sweaters, carelessly knotted gay bandannas, topcoats with flaring revers to accentuate her slimness. She has discovered that brilliant colors are much more becoming than the subdued shades she used to wear.

And how I love bright colors," she gloated. "For the first time, clothes buying is a thrill, an adventure. even if it means only a bright handkerchief to wear with a tailored suit. Clothes now add zest and meaning to life. If I try on a new dress and it doesn't make me feel happier, give me that something exciting will happen to me in this dress' feeling, then off it comes and I make another selection."

With the clothes and make-up questions settled, Connie took up the matter of diet and carriage, signing up with the American Academy of Dramatic Arts as the quickest means of improving them.

"I didn't want to acquire an accent," she explained, "or a sinuous, slinky manner of walking. I did want to develop the

---

**EVEN ON Tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight—Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age—because she did not drink enough milk.**

**But you ought to see Betty now!** How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.

Milk is the almost perfect food for children. Mixed with Cocomalt, it provides extra carbohydrates for body heat and physical activity; extra proteins for solid flesh and muscle; extra food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

**Help your child gain as he grows**

The famous Lanarkshire milk experiment in 1930 among 20,000 school children shows definitely that children who received milk daily during the test grew faster and were healthier than those who did not.

If milk alone can aid growth and improve nutrition, think what an advantage your child will have if you give him Cocomalt in milk. For, made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods. **Wonderful for adults, too**

Not only does Cocomalt and milk help children thrive, but for grown-ups, with its nutritional value and extra food-energy, it is a pleasant way to maintain and restore strength. A hot drink promotes relaxation for sound, restful sleep, drink Cocomalt HOT before retiring.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 5-lb., 1-lb. and ½-lb. hospital-size six-pint cans.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!** For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. NAll, Hoboken, N. J.
Mail Coupon for FREE 64 Page Book

Set Servicing
Thrice a year set service pays dough. N. Ri. or $200 to $1,000 a year. Full time servicemen make as much as $65, $75 a week.

Broadcasting
Radio managers, engineers, operators, installation and maintenance getting jobs paying up to $5,000 a year.

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Making, installing, selling, installing loud speakers while making jobs for men with Radio Training.

MAIL NOW FOR FREE PROOF

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National Radio Institute
353 H Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith—Without obligation, please send me full list of Radio Courses, including time and toll type Radio Training, and full information on how to make my own home or office the best advertising medium in the world. I am interested in knowing what I can make by doing Radio jobs here and earning. No obligation. Mail the coupon now.

NAME: ___________________________ AGE: _______________
ADDRESS: __________________________ CITY: __________________________ STATE: __________________________

Mail Coupon for FREE 64 Page Book

Learn at Home to Make More Money

I'll train you quickly for Good Spare Time and Full Time Jobs in Radio

Why slave your life away in a future job? Why struggle, why scrape through on your salary? Why work constantly to make $60, $50, $40 a week, necessary just to make ends meet? Why work 5, 6 or 7 extra hours a day, unable to balance work and leisure? Your free book tells you about the many money-making opportunities in Radio. My graduate, Frank Rees, 220 S. 80th, Philadelphia, Pa., makes $950 a month profit in his own business.

Radio is fascinating, talks and songs make it a field for every girl. My graduate, Gladys Smith, B.S., has made as high as $200 a week, even $400 a week.

Many Radio Experts Make $60, $50, $40 a Week

I'll train you quickly and have a job positively right in your own home and in your spare time. My practical 30-50 method of training makes you a skilled person in a few months. Full time training at home. Results have been absolutely wonderful graduates don't even find school work.

Many Make $50, $50, $40 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

My training is famous as the "Course that pays for itself." The days of the "cold" radio experts are over. Examine Radio Training. Then fill out coupon below. Mail it right away. I'm bound to make you a money maker. I'll show you how to do Radio radio jobs costing up to $500 an hour. Only a small investment will get you in on the ground floor. Earn $40, $50, $60 a week for free.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

Art today, Mail the coupon. Any ambitious lad over 15 years old can get a free copy of my book. It tells about Radio's opportunities—what Radio is all about—what it's doing, what's coming and earning. No obligation. Mail the coupon now.

IAN, get profit in your own home and 64 Page Book

J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio Institute
353 H Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.

best characteristics of my own speech and carriage, learn wherein they were wrong, and correct through my dramatice school work they have been improved. ("Improved, my eye," I said, noting her graceful, unhurried walk to the ringing telephone, her low-pitched, clear enunciation as she answered it: "Perfect, I call it!"

"School work has given me increased poise and self-confidence," she continued, returning to the phone, "and these are certainly necessary ingredients to beauty. No one ever heard of a really beautiful woman who lacked poise.

"Class work has also increased my powers of observation, given new meaning to the people and things around me. Part of our work in make-up is to observe people on the streets and try to make up to represent them, not only their external appearance, but the characteristics that appear in their manner.

"I don't mean that everyone needs to go to dramatic school. I simply needed instruction quickly and in concentrated form, but I think the average girl, by listening to good speech and observing graceful posture, can effect a remarkable improvement in herself.

"What better has all this revamping had on your work?" I asked.

ENJOY it more, for one thing," Connie replied. "It seems to have more ideas about the kinds of programs people will like. You know, in radio stations in entertainment vary overnight; programs have to vary with the times. You find that my new approach wins, and clothes, and things. I find that there are great opportunities and interests, it makes it easier for me to make these demands by making it easier for me to vary the program and song selections. I've always loved modern music and lyrics; now I'm experimenting with them, which makes them more enjoyable. On my new program, I'm still the girl in the good voice and blues and rhythm singer, but for contrast I'm treating some of the rhythm numbers as ballads.

"Also, I'm more conscious than I've ever been before of the need for changing my pace. I've seen so many radio stars shock to the top, enjoy a period of brief popularity and then fall into obscurity. Some of them seem to go soft, with success, content to drift along without doing anything to make that success permanent. I believe the more alive you are to the fact that change in radio demands is swift and inevitable, the better you are able to meet that change.

"But what do your family and friends think of the change?" I asked.

"They're only surprised at myself," Connie answered. "Surprised! I'm almost frightened! I would be frightened if I didn't know that I haven't changed fundamentally. There are interests, feelings, opinions that I'll always carry with me. It's a new me, I suppose, but I'm still the old me. It's a new me as I like it. I can't change naturally, and I suppose I can't make life any different, but if I do, I'll go back to my old self."

"How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter —safely!"

BOLNDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Blondex —safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust laden oil that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair — makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter —safely!

ARTIFICIAL LASHES

Brought to you by the first manufacturers of the world's finest artificial lashes. The secret of the everlasting beauty of special made by the world's greatest artists give you the same lasting beauty, the same color and style. Made in a beautiful, varied styles and colors. They are placed on your own lashes and stay there until you take them off. A new style of artificial lashes is the different styles and colors. They are placed on your own lashes and stay there until you take them off. A new style of artificial lashes is the new look in annals.


Send NO MONEY Just mail photo of your eyeshadow to get your personal Berlin, Rhein-Main, American Express Co., Inc. 6540° Enlargement 8x10 or smaller if desired. 8x10 for Art lovers in best finish, finish ready for you, free with any purchase. Send in with order.}

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Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 11)

Adverse" on the bus to and from the studios.

You've heard of Charlie Lung the "man with a hundred voices," in Angeleno radio circles. Well, not to be outdone, San Francisco bobs up with George Goode, the "man with a thousand voices." Looks like one of those chamber of commerce fights where one thriving bug tries to outshine another. He's with KPBC. In case you're curious... Charlie was the whipperwill in "Judge Priest," the parrot in "Charlie Chan's Courage" and the flying mouse in some of the Disney creations.

The coffee shop at 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco, is minus a waitress. And Dresser Dahlstead, NBC's youngest coast mikaner, (twenty-four) has a charming wife. Seems as though all the network lads dash downstairs for a cup of coffee between mike stints. D. D. made the trip more frequently as the days rolled by. Then blonde Blanche Lowry deserted the counter and urn and became Mrs. Dahlstead. They were married in Blanche's home town of Salem. Mr. Dahlstead is a University of Utah graduate and announces Standard School broadcasts. Woman's Magazine of the Air and others.

Cedric C. Davey seems to be the new voice on KQW in San Jose, though he has been in the bay region for some time. He was born in Freemantle, West Australia, came here at the age of sixteen, and has been a radio technician in addition to the newer proclivities as an official mike spokesman.

Archie Presby, NBC coast announcer, saw his son a month or so ago for the first time. It happened like this. Mrs. Presby was in Portland, Ore., when young Donald Grant Presby made his appearance early in the summer but it was early fall before the fond father could get away to go north to see the new arrival.

If coaching is any help, Harold McBride ought to make good. The new tenor find of KFOX in Long Beach has the same teacher who instructed Donald Novis.

Aviation seems to have taken KJH by storm. The roll call includes Bill Goodwin, production man, who is a newcomer to aviation; Sam Pierce, sound effects man, who has more than a hundred hours to his credit; Don Hopkins, bass fiddle player, who was a wartime flier; Don McBain, youthful technician, and a novice in the air; John McIntyre, actor, somewhat of an oldtimer and Virgil Reimer, sound man, just starting. There's Freeman Lang, transcription producer, also who is just trying for his license. He flew a Jenny in 1914 for the Marine Corps but that service doesn't count these days.

My chief snooper sends me the following reports: Tom Dale, of KFWB, is really Tom Scholts. He does the radio

No lipstick-parching for lips that want romance

It's a clever girl who keeps her lips an ardent invitation to romance. But lips can't be that...if the skin is dried and roughened by Lipstick Parching.

So, you must ask your Lipstick to do more than merely tint your lips. It should protect the texture...keep that sensitive skin smooth and petal-soft. That's where so many lipsticks fail. Some seem actually to leave the lips rougher.

Coty has proved that lipstick can give you the most exciting color...indestructible color...without any parching penalties!

Try the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick and see! It actually smooths and softens lips. That's because it contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment! The "over-night" test has convinced many girls that Coty Lipstick is every bit as remarkable as we say. Just put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—rejoice! Your lips are smooth and soft as camellia petals!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 indelible colors. 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c. A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder...with a new tender texture.

"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50c
work in his father's ad agency, but was looking toward a career in the radio field. He did for awhile. One of the Los Angeles radio editors lost a hat betting on whether George Burns (Mr. Gracie Allen) had a toupee or not. He lost the bet and the hat. Vera Oldham doesn't mind being called a boon dogger. The script lady creates lots of artifical things for homes and office to be locked over which seems to cheer her in boon dogging, "a craft which weaves useful objects out of make-shift materials."

So Armand Girard came on back home. He went eastward for NBC a year ago, but in the fall returned to San Francisco. The basso made his debut in Concordia, Kan., when eighteen years old. With his family he returned to the northern part of California from which, in 1924, he made his first radio appearance.

Helen Stryker is the new voice you have been hearing on One Man's Family. She was on KOMO-KJR a couple of years doing small bits. The big chance came last summer when she was on vacation. She'll go back to Seattle about Thanksgiving time when the contract is up. Marian Galloway has been her name with the Barbour Family.

Venny Taylor doesn't miss any of her vocal programs over KKKD. But what do you suppose happened to make her miss one a little while ago? She was locked up. It's a fact. Poor Miss Venna was under lock and key. But not in Los Angeles housekeeping. She was on jury duty, and the twelve jurors and women were safely put away overnight to resume deliberations the following day.

Maybe Jack Carter, KNX remote control impresario, ought to change his name as the numerologists advise. No sooner had he recovered from a broken kneecap received in a ping-pong game than he wore burdgers cause and cracked his jaw and bruised his face with some hefty punches after he left the Paris Inn at one a.m., at the close of a night engagement. The Buffalo got twenty bucks from Jack, which apparently set an all-time record locally among the announcing fraternity.

Wesley Tourelletoff, KFI organ grinder, borrows an idea from that stage comic who has won the same pair of shoes on the boards for a couple of generations. Wes carries an old pair and wears them every time he has a radio program. But he says it isn't bribery or luck: it's just because the old dogs begin to bark at this time of the year, and they get worse along about the time the rainy season is.

"Tiny" (Ed) Ruffner pulled up a lot when they had a chamber of commerce day for him in Seattle not so long ago. And who wouldn't stick out the chest a bit on going back to the old home town and being welcomed. Way back in early days Tiny was on radio in Los Angeles, but he was a Seattle boy and went to high school and college there. Later he went on the air and then announcer.
left KFRC for Chicago. He is looking after the glec club with Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. Maybe Mrs. T., and the three youngsters will journey there if Earl likes the place, though they have so long been a fixture in the musical life of Berkeley it would be quite an effort to be transplanted.

**Searching Your Skin**

Coast fans are ready to fish for Australia again, now that the brisk days are at hand. Though short wave addicts can bring in almost anything in that line out here, the acid test is for fans to catch 2GB, Sydney. Nowadays they are finding it on about 885 kilocycles. On September first the powerful commercial changed wavelength, and is now on the frequency formerly used by 2BL, a government station in the Antipodes.

At last the secret is out about Colonel Rod, who narrates a fine NBC Sunday program, the Sperry Special, on the coast. It is Rod Henriickson, long in lumber business, but now writing and acting as the teller of tales on the half hour. He has taken a couple of hundred parts in the stories—sometimes three or four on a single broadcast. His "Castle Cragmont" tales are classics.

Robert Leigh, radio tenor once of New York, Buffalo and Chicago, is ready to stage a comeback and this time on the coast. A year ago he came west and went up to a little place on the Chloride Cliffs overlooking Death Valley below and the twinkling lights of Boulder City miles in the distance. In boom times the spot had a census of 5,000... a ghost city of three people today. Now he has come back from the rest cure, and is being heard on Los Angeles radio outlets.

KROW has been sending a booklet to fans. It's called "Muscle Bending." One request came addressed to Mr. Musel Bende, or so they say.

**Search Your Skin**

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead. Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

**A Penetrating Cream, the Need!**

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is really clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It supplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible.

Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

**The Proof Is Free!**

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penry postcard) (10) FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill. or

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther 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.)


**Don’t Fool Around with a COLD!**

A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

*Every Four Minutes: Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the “Common Cold”!*

**DON’T “kid” yourself about a cold. It’s nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.**

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to so-called “common cold.”

**Definite Treatment**

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, from the inside!

Working internally, Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels, Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

**Be Sure — Be Safe!**

All drug stores sell Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes: 35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world; a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he “has something better.”

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**You Don’t Know the Half of It!**

(Continued from page 29)

But the twenty-five years that preceded this success were cold and bitter, sacrificial for a goal.

Imprisoned in a German detention camp during the war, stranded in Chicago, after working in a dank night club, Victor’s life story is awe inspiring in its similar ambitions.

But the story of how each man gained the respect of the other is decidedly more important to radio, to you, and to me.

A few minor arguments exploded behind the locked doors of the advertising agency. The Jolson personality dominated every incident. He insisted that Victor arrange the songs. The clever musician yielded. After all, Victor figured, he had not two other Jolson maestros sputtered from that job to more impressive ones? Lou Silvers became musical director at Warner Brothers studio, and Al Goodman is now a musical mogul. Victor played his cards carefully.

Rehearsals were a wild melange of shouting voices, countermanded orders, and excited musicians. Bystanders were ejected by the page boys.

“I can’t sing without Martin,” Al insisted. “He knows what I’m going to do before I do it.”

**MARTIN FREED** is Al Jolson’s per-sonal accompanist, friend and con-fidante.

Martin stationed himself in the control room. Every few minutes he dashed out to whisper into his employer’s ear. This kept up intermittently. It annoyed Victor who was straining for harmony. No one could keep the tension in the room. Finally Victor exploded, his face turning maroon, his black eyes bulging.

“Al, this can’t keep up,” he insisted. “I’m leading this band, and no one else. Believe me, I’m here to help you and make this show a success.”

A hush fell over the crowded studio. What would Jolson do? Walk out? Square off and reenact the famous Winchell broadcast? His hands wondered, but kept their lips shut.

Then Jolson spoke, softly, pleasantly. “Okay, Vince, you win.” He turned to his orchestra, and said: “Let’s get rid of this stuff and try to stay out of the control room. Victor Young breathed a lot easier after that incident. Perhaps everybody had Al Jolson wrong.

The first program, despite the drama behind the scenes, definitely established Al Jolson as a veteran with young ideas. Even the critics liked him.

After the final broadcast, Victor returned home, weary and worn. He dragged his feet into the music library and sat down at the huge desk. His wife found him there early next morning, staring into space.

“Vince,” she asked incredulously, “what in the world has you been doing?”

Without turning his head, he answered, “I did something more important than writing arrangements. I think I finally understand Al Jolson. From now on things will work out better.”

His wife shook her head dubiously. “But how?” she asked.

“With discipline,” he replied, “it’s the only way.”

The first opportunity Victor had to effect his plan was in the Jolson suite at the Hotel Sherry-Netherland the following Monday. Here, preliminary rehearsals were held. Two men from the agency, Patsy Flick, the gag man, Mar-
Freed, keyed to Not huddle times he was 79 feel glad.
 package hurts can't they the.

"I'm SO SKINNY
EVERYONE LAUGHS AT ME!"

I GAINED IS POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS. LET ME TELL YOU HOW...

THERE'S A GIRL ID LIKE TO MEET!

Yet 3 weeks ago they laughed at her skinny shape

FOLKS TELL ME THEY
GAIN 10 TO 15 LBS. WITH IRONIZED YEAST

A FEW WEEKS LATER
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! I PUT ON 12 LBS. IN 3 WEEKS
WITH IRONIZED YEAST

YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL ON THE BEACH

I'M SO SKINNY
EVERYONE LAUGHS AT ME!

In a telegraph from Ruby," he shouted, going toward the door. It was a good thing there were no takers. Al was right.

"Five bucks to one it's a telegram from Ruby," Freed, keyed to Not huddle times he was 79 feel glad.

I DON'T like it, Al," he chirped. The others glared at him. But the week man who knows so much about parleys, nags, and paddocks and so little about rhythms stood by his gun.

"Okay, palzy," laughed Jolson, "I'll do it the way you like it." And believe it or not, Jolson actually changed the style of the song. The bookie smiled triumphantly.

At one o'clock Al looked at his watch. It was time to quit. Victor tried to exit gracefully, knowing that if he lingered he would have to go to the ball game or racetrack with the singer.

But Al nabbed him at the door, "Vic, change that 'Latin from Manhattan' number to 'April Showers will you'" he asked.

"Okay, Vic," Victor answered, "it means rewriting the whole arrangement. We haven't time."

"I can't help it. In my heart I feel I must sing 'April Showers.'" Jolson turned on his heel, but Victor refused to give in to the star's latest whim. It had happened several times before. It meant hours of extra work for Victor.

Victor told him bluntly, determinedly, that such changes of plan were unfair. Jolson listened sympathetically. Then he spoke:

"Okay, Vic, hereafter I won't change a tune after Wednesday."

The plan was working!

The next week Victor had just completed the program's entire musical score when the telephone jingled. It was Al.

"Hello, Vic," he spoke pleasantly. "I know it's too late but in my heart I know I must sing 'Mammy's Coal Black Rose' and not 'Wonderful.' Could you possibly change it?"

Victor changed it gladly. But he had made Jolson realize the trouble it caused.

When Jolson realizes he is doing something unjust it hurts him terribly. But not enough people had the nerve to argue with him. He's been spoiled like a baby.

Jolson's energy is keyed to lightning gear. Quite often he roars the sleepy Freed in the wee hours of the morning.

RADIO MIRROR

NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST EASILY ADDS 5 to 15 LBS. — in few weeks!

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain before.

Here's a new treatment for them that puts on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh — in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight, and suffer with indisposition, constipation and a blemished skin, is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh — in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times — 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This special vitamin-rich yeast is then blended with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add wonderful energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch fat chest develop, and skinny limbs round out to normal attractive shape. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish, new health come — you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in department stores that are not the genuine Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "DY" stamped on each tablet.

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, enclose 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 guaranteed! Get the very first package—at money refunded.

At all drughouses. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 1211, Atlanta, Ga.
with the wail: "Wake up, Marty. I want to rehearse that number again. I've got a new idea." And the weary accompanist rises to pound the keyboards, half-sleep.

To work with Jolson you must live with him. He actually fears loneliness. When his three new radio satellites must sit at his table. When he goes to the ball park he buys a flock of tickets. Martin Freed gets about 8250 a week, but his war is manifest. He eats, sleeps, laughs and cries with his master. Only when Ruby comes to town are Martin's hours his own.

On one of his Jeffrey excursions, Martin returned to the hotel quite late, only to discover the entire suite lit up and Jolson pacing the floor nervously. He barreled at him and said: "I can't sleep until you come home!"

One time the excitable singer threatened to walk off the show. It was Victor Young who held him back. Al had just unloosed a scathing attack on the heads of some supervisors. He came out of their sanctum breathing hard. Victor, who had been waiting outside, caught up with him, and gave him a resounding slap on the back.

"Al, buck up!" Victor pleaded, tugging at the enraged man's coat sleeve. "Why let your blood pressure skyrocket over a radio program? Go home and forget it!"

The reminder of a rising blood pressure quieted Al. It is the one thing he fears. After he left Al, Victor trailed Ruby in the midst of a shopping tour.

"Ruby," Victor implor ed, "go home now and see that Al doesn't get near the phone. He might start a rumpus again."

No, Al never forgave Victor's cooperation. Before Al Jolson and Victor Young found each other under all this veneer and rumors of cheap jealousy, Al would announce that he needed the director's name last on the program. Now, if you listen carefully, you will find it far ahead of all those glittering guest stars that appear on this impressive program.

At Jolson like most show people can probably count his true friends on his ten fingers. Victor Young is one of them. If Al had nothing more out of the Al Jolson show than a fabulous salary, he knows he has found a real friend.

That's a radio story seldom printed.

The Great Radio Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 41)

who would, and often did, resort to any subterfuge in order to secure a scoop.

"And that is what the Gall Richard murder was—this reporter's greatest scoop. But with all the trivialities of the type business becoming more and more demanding, he realized that he still had one more scoop—confession! There was no longer anything to live for—his health was failing and he had lost his job.

"Listeners, I have given you a description of both criminals. I have told you the motives, told you the murderer! He is—your own—Flash Hamilton!"

The three in the lounge had remained frozen, unable to move. Now, with a frenzied roar, Thomas bounds to the stairs.

"Don't let that man get away!" he howled as he flung his bulky figure toward the broadcast room.

But there was no need to bother. As soon as Flash had finished his last broad-

R A D I O  M I R R O R
"STUNNING" until he saw her
UGLY SKIN

Cooking a La Madame

Sylvia

(Continued from page 48)

is strawberries, cherries, raspberries, blueberries and currants.

"I use this fruit in many ways," Madame Sylvia said. "As is, for dessert served with cake, it is delicious. I also use the fruit, with the juice poured off, as filling for layer cake, saving this juice to serve as a cordial with coffee."

As you will judge from the picture of her in her kitchen, Madame Sylvia is a vegetable enthusiast. "You should see us when we come home on Sunday nights," she said. "Every week-end we spend in the country, driving from town to town, sometimes stopping to fish, and we always come back with our car loaded with vegetables we have bought along the road. Last time it took two boys to carry our stuff upstairs."

"I am very particular about the way vegetables are cooked. I use very little water, just enough to keep them from burning, and only clear water—never salted. And I always save the water the vegetables are cooked in—it makes such a delicious consomme and I cannot understand why anyone throws it away. If we are having boiled celery for dinner, I pour off the cooking water, then keep it on the flame while I beat an egg yolk with celery salt and white pepper. (The proportion is half a beaten egg yolk to one cupful of consomme.) Into each consomme cup I put the egg, then pour the boiling celery water onto it, a little at a time, stirring—not beating—as I pour. This keeps the egg from curdling. If there is only a little water left after cooking vegetables I save it until I have more after cooking another vegetable, then combine the two. Water that carrots have been cooked in is rather sweet, and I add lemon juice to it."

There is also a grand cabbage soup with meat balls for which Madame Sylvia is famous, and I'll be glad to send you the recipe, if you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 525 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
entertained at all knows what her drawing room looks like after a party. When we had sat down to the last guest returned to that littered room and faced my husband. He swept the room with a magnificent gesture. It's gone. Everything is gone.

"Then there's nothing left for us to do but to start over again, is there?" he asked. And we began making our plans, seeing what we could save from the wreckage.

That certainly was the most difficult "party" situation I've ever had to master. It has been my experience that musicians love a good time better than any one. When I had Toscanini to dinner I always tried to include on the menu some Italian dish he loved. One of his favorite dishes was gnocchi alla potate, which, as near as I can describe it, is like a light cone-shaped dumpling and served with a wonderful sauce. Lasagne was another favorite. That is a pasta rather like spaghetti, which is stuffed with meat or green spinach. Then I often had pollo alla Cacciatora, chicken with a special olive oil and tomato sauce.

That is truly one of the real secrets of being a good hostess—having what your guest of honor likes most to eat. It flatters and please him and is a charming courtesy on your part.

I've had many different types of parties, as I've explained—from the intimate conversational affairs to the most elaborate and enormous receptions. Certainly the most spectacular of all were the various circus balls. Each year the New York Times and the Herald Tribune were devoted a page to their rotogravure section to photographs of my guests and before these elaborate parties many social lights entertained with smaller dinners, inviting those who were coming to the "circus" later.

One of the secrets of good entertaining is the impromptu spirit and the only reason I was able to manage several different homes, a career, a husband and a daughter was because I never fussed over parties. But certainly the circus balls were an exception, and in this connection I can pass on another party tip to you. When you've achieved the reputation for having easy, intimate affairs which gather together interesting people who talk well and are able to do things, then it is great fun and boosts your reputation as a hostess to suddenly cut loose with a stunning and spectacular affair.

So with the feeling that by describing one of my famous circus balls I may give you a few ideas you can use in a less elaborate way I am going to tell you about these parties.

At the time, we were living in an enormous apartment on Madison Ave. Leading into the ball room was a corridor about a hundred feet long. Bedrooms and sitting rooms opened out of this corridor and it was as well arranged with the corri-

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 1811, 26 N. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name.

Age._

City.

State.

82
ture trapezes hung from the ceiling and dummy figures in acrobatic costumes swinging from them.

The invitations were novel. I sent out hand bills in flaming colors and printed in bold type announcing that Bill and Gobina Wright were presenting the greatest show on earth. I included regular circus tickets the stub of which was the "R. S. V. P."

There were five hundred on my guest list and they all came. What's more they all came in circus costumes to which I was pleased to see, they had given a great deal of thought. I shall never forget Beatrice Lillie and Noël Coward dressed as acrobats with enormous waxed mustaches.

At the rear of my bar I had an oyster bar where hundreds of the finest oysters were dispensed. I served hot dogs, peanuts, ice cream cones and soda pop (the soda pop was actually champagne with straws in the bottles) and enlisted the help of the guests—a task they loved—in dispensing them. Walter Damrosch was my peanut vendor. He wore a chef's cap and a long black beard and was one of the sensations of the evening.

I had real ponies and trained dogs and clowns, funny mirrors that make one look fat and thin, gypsy fortune tellers, all sorts of freaks, and a real calliope.

In the programs I announced acts from various of my guests. I did this simply for a laugh. I wrote that there would be an "exhibition of equestrian equilibriums" by Beatrice Lillie. Dorothy Canuso, Michael Strange (at that time Mrs. John Barrymore) Alma Gluck, Anna Case, Jane Cowl, Ethel Barrymore, Gilda Grey, Nazimova and Laurette Taylor. It never occurred to me that these celebrities would put on the exhibition but they actually did in the middle of the ring.

Who else was there? Who else was not there? To name but a very few—Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky, Count and Countess Jean de Segonzac, Prince and Princess Francesco Rospigliosi, Prince Dmitri, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Elsie de Wolfe, the Count and Countess Villa, Mr. and Mrs. Goodby Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, Elsa Maxwell, Lilian Gish and others.

There was dancing in the circus ring and seeing those ill assorted couples was a treat in itself. There was always a prize for the most beautiful costume, most comic costume and most original couple.

Yes, I spent literally thousands of dollars on these entertainments, but a grand costume party can be given for ten dollars, or if you're on an extremely limited budget, a group can get together and give a party "dutch" with everyone contributing a certain amount. The idea of good entertaining, you see, is not to see how much money you can spend but to have fun!

And speaking of fun reminds me of Jascha Heifetz, the greatest practical joker I have ever known. Once at my home in Palm Beach he asked if he might dress up and play the role of butler for a very smart dinner party I was giving. I thought that would be great fun.

He wore the butler's uniform, put on a very fine mustache and combed his hair differently. Before we went in to dinner I seriously explained to my guests that I had a new butler and I hoped that if he made a mistake they would forget him and me.

If he made a mistake. Great heavens!

What an exciting dinner party this will be! Read the laughable account of it and more of Gobina Wright's fascinating revelations in the December RADIO MIRROR out October 25th.

Luxury... ON A BUDGET

YOUTH shall not be denied loveliness, says April Showers... and forthwith presents the most exquisite toilettries that ever fitted a young budget! Face powder... a sheer veil of scented mist. Toilet for a refreshing body-bath. Eau de cologne for a glamorous rub-down. And a perfume created by one of the world's greatest perfumers to give you a fragrance that is young and gay and in supreme good taste.

Exquisite... but not Expensive

PRICE LIST

April Showers

Eau de Cologne 28¢, 55¢, 81¢
Face Powder... 28¢ and 55¢
Talc... 8¢
Perfume
porse size... 28¢ and 50¢
Dusting Powder
8¢ and 81 25¢
Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion, Bath Salts, etc., from 28¢ to 65¢. All stores everywhere.
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**Quilt Cotton**

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**WHAT?**

Only $1.00 per week to OWN A CORONA?

Yes—it's a fact! Our new Finance Plan makes it just that easy. Brand-new up-to-date portables, including carrying case.

Do this. First send coupon for descriptive booklet. Then go to a dealer's and see which one of the first CORONA models looks the best. Try it... free. Then buy it, on these amazingly liberal terms. Here's the coupon.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

L. C. Smith & Corona Typewriters, Dept. 11
310 Almeda Ave., N. Y.

Please send Corona booklet, also tell me where I can arrange free trial.

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**DR. J. H. GUILD'S GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND.** It pleasant, smooth. Scarcely tastes, and relieves paroxysms of Asthma. Sold today for less than the price of a cigarette. The popular form of this compound. Strong and inhaling atmosphere, relieves the common symptoms of asthma. Standard remedy at all druggists. Cigarettes, 60¢ for 50, $1.00 for 100. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. E27, Rupert, Vt.

**IMPORTANT RADIO CHANGE! TRUE STORY**

**COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS IS NOW ON N. B. C. RED NETWORK EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT SEE LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND TIME**

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**BATTER YOUR SOLES**

**WITH NEW PLASTIC RUBBER!**

Dries tough, wears-out night. Outwardly without appearance, inwardly, too; sole is in two pieces. This fits to any shoe, 30c. Sizes 10-15 in two pieces. All new.

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The Hawaiian way. Surprises and entertains your friends. Amazing new single note chord system, just play from catalog. Regular Piano Music as fast as possible. Mail 25c for lessons, supplying all that we believe you need to start. A new way to play a new instrument, written while learning. Your lessons, plus the instrument, cost only 50c in the mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. No contract. Mail lesson number, 25c, Academy of Hawaiian Music, Dept. 193, Chicago.

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Every year thousands of men and women who have not written for one cent for years send me for a chance to earn a few small dollars as a writer. I have a service that pays you for each story you write, and you can do it in your spare time or in your house. It is based on the fact that I have actually written and sold a great many stories for $30 to $300 each. Only writers interested. Send me $25 (postage included) for an improved NEW MILLION DOLLAR STORY BOOK. Write the Publishers, 108 W. 49th St., New York City.

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**RADIO MIRROR**

**Beauty Is in Your Hands**

(Continued from page 40)

For that filing of the nails which comes first in any good manicure, Nieca prefers an emery board, rather than a metal file—a procedure which is also approved by the experts. It's important to remember that filing takes place only from the outer edge of the nail to the tip; this helps prevent the nail from cracking and hangnails from forming, and also produces a better oval. Use the coarse side of your emery board for obtaining the shape you want, and the fine side to smooth the edges perfectly.

To your manicure accessories, add a soft nail brush and a bowl slightly larger than a bouillon cup. Fill this with warm, soapy water before you start your manicure, letting the nail brush soak while you file your nails. Now dip your fingertips in the bowl and let them soak, too, for a little while. Then scrub around your nails, gently but firmly, with the soapy brush and dry your hands (without rinsing) on a soft linen towel. You've all heard that you mustn't, under any circumstances, cut your cuticle, so I won't warn you again! Use cuticle remover and either an orange stick, or wrap around one of the special manicure sticks with a thin brush in the tip. If you use an ordinary orange stick, dip it in the liquid wrapping before the stick and the cotton will adhere more firmly. Apply the cuticle remover to the base of the nail and push back the cuticle as much as possible. Then you will have the delicate half-moon beneath. Do this ever so gently, because it's pressing too hard on this delicate section which often produces the ugly white lines as above. Just before you finish, run the orange stick under the nail tip for extra cleanliness and dry the nails with clean cotton.

NOW'S the time to rinse your fingers in clear water and remove your old nail polish with the polish remover designed for use with your favorite polish; the oily removers are being recommended these days by nearly everybody. Finish off with anodyne, scopy scrub. If you want to stimulate the circulation, buff your nails, but do it only in one direction, otherwise the friction produces too much heat.

At last we've come to that all-important subject of polish, and there are certainly enough beautiful shades to satisfy any taste today. It's particularly smart nowadays to have your nail polish match your lipstick, and one company has even put out these two cosmetics in matching shades. Just as you have two or three lipsticks for day and evening wear and two or three nail polishes to go with your varicolored costumes, you'll want to have two or three sets of matching polish and lip rouge to be in perfect harmony with your wardrobe. This isn't just putting on swank—it's common sense, if you want an artistic ensemble.

For special occasions or exotic gowns, there are some unusual shades in metal and jewel tones. You can achieve individuality with these if you use them in combination, a rich colorful coat with a pearly or metallic one. I'll be glad to send you charts when you can work out combinations for your particular need.

In any event, you will always want to use two coats of polish for greater durability and have them carefully, outlining the half-moon with the brush and removing the polish from the white tip with a bit of cleansing tissue unless you want to enamel your nail solidly from...
half-moon to tip, in the latest Hollywood style, as Ethel Merman does). If you accidentally brush a little polish on the skin, remove it with the point of an orange stick before it hardens. And be sure the first coat is dry before starting the second.

What's that? I’ve forgotten the cuticle oil or cream? No, this is the time to use it, after everything else is finished. If you use it before applying your polish, the enamel is more likely to chip. On the other hand, if you use it afterwards, you get extra benefit from it because the oil or cream is left on the skin longer and gets a better chance to penetrate. When your nails get too dry or brittle (Niela has to watch this because of her piano playing—and who use the neat-writer should, too), massage a little cuticle cream or oil into them every night.

There are even little rubber tips which can be placed on your fingers to retain the oil and keep the fingers silky and tapering (“I’ll write you more about this, if you’re interested).

You can finish up with the massage Niela mentions, making the hands smooth and supple. One hand cream in particular, which I should like to tell you about, if you will write me, refines the pores beautifully and leaves the skin so satiny.

There are so many types of nail white that I shall leave you to choose your own; full directions for use accompany each type. But have you tried carrying one of the nail-white sticks in your purse? It refreshes up your manicure delightfully, when you haven’t time to go home between your work at the office and your dinner date. It’s particularly helpful if you handle carbon paper or similar smudge materials.

THOSE outdoor days I spoke of aren’t hard on the hands alone. They dry and roughen the skin generally, but Niela has a remedy for that, too. It was entirely new to me and so simple that I wondered why no one had thought of it before! She learned it of while she was singing at the Hollywood Dinner Club in Galveston—a new way to combat the influences of the Texas sun, and vacation suns generally. But I’ve more than used up my space this month, so I’ll have to send it to you by mail. Just drop me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query and I’ll tell you of Niela Goodelle’s treatment, as well as that which she occasionally uses to clear her skin.

Also, I’ll be glad to tell you more about the manicure preparations mentioned in this article—the hand cream, manicure stick, rubber caps for the fingers, as well as the polishes and removers. Would you like a chart to show you what matching lipsticks and polishes you should wear with different colors? Or a chart to show you how to combine such fascinating tints as platinum and bronze for an unobjectionable effect? Just write Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Don’t forget your stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NOTICE!

THE LUCKY WINNER

of the Irene Rich Dress, will be announced in next month’s issue of Radio Mirror—on sale October 25th.

Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this dry yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.

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1740 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.
I please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.
Name
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85
What Do You Want to Say? (Continued from page 45)

main part in a sketch. It may cost a good bit of money to put on a program even for fifteen minutes, but think some company would be able to put on a program especially for the girls that listen to the radio.

MISS ANNE CHIUK, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

$1.00 PRIZE

Let’s do some of our brass band tootin’ for those radio artists who emulate babes crying, barking dogs, trains puff- and-thrilling, birds squawking, eggs frying and all those other human sound effects. Seems to me that it’s more of a gift to impart, successfully, than it is to mean a blues song, for instance, and so much of the success of radio programs depends upon the correct atmosphere, the perfection of the back-stage crew.

SAMEAA KAY PARKHURST, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE

I wonder just how many persons realize that another chain of stations has come into being. We have depended on those two nation-wide radio organizations, National and Columbia, for much of our better entertainment. Now we can see another group approaching these older chains in its quality of programs—the Mutual Broadcasting System. From it we hear such A No. 1 programs as Painted Dreams, The Lone Doctor and The Lone Ranger. A bouquet of flowers and a truck load of luck to this new provider of good entertainment.

RICHARD BESSEY, Nutley, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

I am a corresponding fan of radio artists. After I listen to a program, if it strikes me as being good, I write to the artist.

In very few cases have I received a reply. Through investigation I have found that very little of such mail is ever received by the artists. This may become the property of the sponsoring and, by making it so, the artist in many instances loses a great many followers.

I vote that all mail addressed to artists should be given to them after inventory is made. In this way the listener and the artist will both get perfect satisfaction.

JOHN C. BERRY, Northvale, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

“What this country needs is fresh, new talent. Thanks to radio, we’re getting it!”
—FRANK R. MOORE, Detroit, Mich.

“Broadcasters must certainly realize that the majority of us are not ‘horror minded’ and that occasionally we do like to twist the dials without getting fiendish laughter, shots, and screams.”—JOHN W. DUNN, Norman, Okla.

“Let me say that I am writing in the defense of those ‘belittled and ridiculed creatures of the air against whom so much is said yet whose absence would be greatly regretted: THE ANNOUNCERS!”—JAMES J. GIMMOND, Unisontown, Pa.

“Down with Daylight Saving Time! When we think of the distance in effect we fans in the Southwest are deprived of the best programs, which usually are on the air around 8 P.M. Eastern time.”—MARENE BRITTON, El Paso, Texas.
The Critic on the Hearth
(Continued from page 3)

NBC daily except Saturday and Sunday, 7:30 P. M., 15 min.

SATURDAY MUSICAL answers the demand of the discriminating for more high quality music. Outstanding soloists sing masterpieces of the world's greatest composers. The program is arranged by the Women's National Radio Committee. CBS Saturdays, 2 P. M., 30 min.

RHYTHM OCTETTE presents Gould and Shelter duets, the Three X Sisters and the Three Scamps, in individual and ensemble interpretations of popular refrains. This is a big assemblage of talent for a too-brief program.

NBC Fridays, 7:30 P. M., 15 min.

CLYDE BARRIE, baritone, sings Negro melodies with the gripping sincerity characteristic of his race and the finished technique of a master vocalist. His French classics are as delightful to sophisticated as his folk songs are to those who love the plaintive melodies of the plantations.

CBS Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10:30 A. M., 15 min.

SPOTLIGHT REVUE is an enchanting matinee half-hour of musical varieties including choice bits from light opera and musical comedies. A vocal ensemble is accompanied by a concert orchestra.

NBC Wednesdays, 3:30 P. M., 30 min.

MARTHA AND HAL is a program of music and dialogue unusual chiefly for its humorless jokes. A charming Dixie drawl in feminine tones helps to redeem a program which still fails to postpone many luncheon dates.

NBC Fridays, 12 noon, 15 min.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS sustains his wide circle of radio friends through a slight change in name of program and a shift to Frank Tour's orchestra. Formerly "Our Home on the Range" is now "John Charles Thomas and His Neighbors." A noted concert baritone, Mr. Thomas has added to his select following a vast group of dial fans who love the rural philosophy of his radio theme.

NBC Wednesdays, 9 P. M., 45 min.

AL PEARCE'S GANG shifts from afternoon to a well-deserved evening spot. This comedy program is lively and melodious and should start off any week-end party with the kind of "bang" that transforms strangers into pals.

NBC Fridays, 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS are a group of excellent vocalists with a swinging, sometimes haunting tempo. Their songs can dispel the gloom of that occasion "Blue Monday.

NBC Mondays, 3 P. M., 15 min.

WOR SINFONIETTA, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, Philharmonic's first cellist, strikes the high note of the midweek in classical offerings. It is in my favorite background for soft lights, a friendly pipe and quiet meditation.

MBS Wednesdays, 9:30 P. M., 30 min.
from the singer, is now receiving alimony to the amount of $137.50 weekly by direction of the Court.

Phil Regan, the singing ex-gendarme, who has been doing so well on the movie lots is altar-bound with Josephine Dwyer, according to my Hollywood source. Miss Dwyer is a former Brokawite whom Phil met when he was on the police force. Deems Taylor, recently divorced from Mary Kennedy, is reported engaged to Colette d'Arville.

And attention, Mr. Census Taker: Boys to Walter Winchell, Craig McDonald and Ward Wilson. Girls to Dick Liebert and Jan Peerce. And Martha Mears was preparing to welcome a little stranger as this was tapped out on the typewriter. Her new band is Ski Brokaw, of Ozzie Nelson's band.

TRICK VOCAL CORDS

George Jessel, piqued at not being able to get started in radio, once observed that to succeed as a broadcaster "you must be able to make funny noises." Anismus makes the average man and woman Jessel's cause and comment but the remark is not without its elements of truth. For there is a large group of radio artists who owe their success on the air to their ability to capitalize the antics of their vocal cords.

For instance, there is Poley McClintock, the frog-voiced singer with Fred War- ning's Pennsylvanians. Poley—right name, Roland—started as drummer (and still is) with the band and when with the Glee Club, sang first tenor, that being his natureal voice. Since a fad in knickerbockers McClintock has been able to effect sub-bass tones and Waring, upon discovering that faculty, tried him out with special ar- rangements of comedy songs. The result was so satisfactory with listeners that Poley, anonymous as a drummer and first tenor, became an identity as the frog-throated singer.

What makes "One Man's Family," "The House of Glass," "The O'Neill" and similar sketches of American life so popular? The fact that we are a nation of eavesdroppers with our ears ever alert to hear what our next-door neighbors are saying. At least that's the theory of a radio expert who has given the matter much thought and study, and it sounds logical at that.

RADIO REFORMS

Fred Allen, it seems, has been viewing with alarm conditions in broadcasting. He withdrew himself to his study and emerged from that cloister with a whole sheet of suggestions for the reform of radio, among them the following:

All early birds who hope you are doing the morning exercises with them should be trusted back to bed for an- other hour.

All cooking experts who skip a line in a recipe in their scripts should be forced to go to their middle school cookers and burnt offerings reposing in housewives' ovens.

All bridge experts who explain intricate details of the game, should be deemed as a dirt on the air for the duration of the program.

All band leaders who feature their brass sections should have their horns buried in hats as far as the Adam's apple while their horn players render "Wagon Wheels" fortissimo.

All radios should be prohibited by law from laughing at their own jokes, thus insuring a one hundred per cent dull.

All studio audiences should be equipped with wooden muttons. Their applause would then be seen and not heard and those who listen at home would not be disturbed.

Ripley's House of Strange Treasures

(Continued from page 47)

is smaller than a baseball, as you see. In the South American Republics, the taking and shrinking of human heads was an appant rite, and it continues in modern times, though all the countries have passed laws against it. The bootlegging of human heads is very profitable to the natives. The method of reducing and shrinking the heads remained a secret for many years. It is comparatively recently that there have been actual witnesses to the process.

"Friends of mine in Quito told me of a German scientist who ventured into the unexplored Pongo de Seriche, the land of the Yaras. He was on a mission of hope while hearing their secret. Six months later a shrunken and mummified head with a red beard and long hair was offered for sale in the city."

He will tell us sometime of the process, he says. It has to do with slitting the scalp downward to the nape of the neck around the hair.

We are glad when Ripley returns the grisly head to its resting place on the glass case.

Next, he draws our attention to a huge tusk which belonged to a mammoth pre-historic animal. It was found in Siberia and weighs about eight hundred pounds. It was a prize of an ancient 5,000 years ago, whose head could carry two tusks as heavy as this," he points out. It isn't easy to do, but Ripley raises the tusk and holds it upright. To see his strength, recalls the fact that he is a notable athlete, who has for a number of years held the handball championship of the New York Athletic Club.

Later before a window with exquisite Italian wood-carved figures, our host himself with wooden muttons. Their applause would then be seen and not heard and those who listen at home would not be disturbed.

With the temple gongs that he commissioned a Japanese friend to buy one for him, at any cost. After much difficulty, an available one was located. It belonged to a temple that had burned down in the shadow of Fujiyama.

These are but a few of the priceless Ripley treasures. The room is filled with objects.

"What is there left for you to see? Where could you possibly go now that you haven't been?" we ask this amazing adventurer.

"Oh, there are a lot of places left that I want to see," "Rip" says, with that glint in his eye that means wanderlust. "Next, I want to go to the West Coast of Africa, where there are no harbors, and boats have to be swung on cranes to land people. I want to go to Central America. And of all places I've seen, China calls me back the most. I want to see it again. It is so utterly unlike anything else in the world. It's unreal."

And before he comes to the NBC microphone in October the sands of Abyssinia will most likely have spilled through those white sandals of his, he admits. Whether then to avoid a bejeweled going on in the world, you'll find Ripley. But always, he returns to that magnificent home in Westchester—that unique House of Strange Treasures.

All announcers who spell out one syllable words should have their tongues tied to the top buttons of their vests.

POSTSCRIPTS

Leigh Lovell, popular with listeners for five years as the Dr. Watson of the Sher- lock Holmes broadcasts, died of heart disease at his home in Hampshire, En- gland. He was 63 years old... Elsie Janis, injured with her husband in an auto accident, underwent an operation by a plastic surgeon to avoid a facial scar... Bud Hulick, of Colonel Stoopnagel and Budd, early in life was a soda-jerk and still gets a kick of mixing his own molasses milk.

As we went to press the Pepsodent people were planning a Sunday night variety entertainment on which Amos 'n Andy would appear in addition to their regular five-nights a week program... You'll be surprised to learn the identity of the author of his radio performances whose word is law with Dick Powell. It is his cook... Ray Perkins is the son of a clergyman.

The, Stoopnagel was originally a trombone player with George Olsen and Paul Whiteman and invented the magnatone for that instrument. His room-mate, noodler who persuaded Paul to give Jack his first chance to sing a solo... Victor Lombardo, youngest of the four Lombardo brothers, used to be called "Useless" by them. But when he joined the band five years ago as bariton saxophonist that term was dropped... David Broekman, conductor of the California Melodies program, has scored nearly two hundred pictures. Among the notable films for which he arranged the music are "All Quiet on the Western Front," "King of Jazz," "Back Street," "Phantom of the Opera" and "Strictly Dishonorable."
30 Days FREE Trial!

Everywhere radio enthusiasts are saying: “Have you seen the new 18-tube, 6 tuning ranges, Acousti-Tone V-Spread Midwest?”

It’s an improvement over Midwest’s 16-tube set, so popular last season. This amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selecutive, 18-tube radio ... is not obtainable in retail stores ... but is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%.

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Robert H. Gerhardt.

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This Midwest is furnished with the new glass-metal counterpart tubes. Set sockets are designed to accept glass-metal or Metal tubes, without change. Write for FREE facts.

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They're easy on my throat.

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For a glimpse of dingy teeth and ten-
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The Mad, Mad March of Time
Fred Rutledge 10
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In the January RADIO MIRROR
On Sale November 26

Coming next month: A revealing story of the unusual sacrifices Nino Martini has made for his career... an absorbing behind-the-scenes feature on One Man's Family... an exciting open letter to Bing Crosby on the eve of his new broadcast series... many more just as interesting!

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Cover

—PORTRAIT OF GLADYS SWARTHOUT
BY TCHETCHET
Testing Laboratory that insures the highest standard of quality for every Kalamazoo. It describes the numerous Kalamazoo features; such as the prize-winning "Oven That Floats in Flame," "Ripple Oven Bottom," Copper Reservoirs, Non-Scorch Lids, Enamel Ovens, etc.

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Easy credit—Easy terms. Kalamazoo quality—FACTORY PRICES. 200 styles and sizes to choose from. Learn how more than 950,000 satisfied customers have saved money by dealing with "A Kalamazoo Direct to You." Find out why Kalamazoo, established over 35 years, is now doing the biggest business in its history. Learn why Kalamazoo can give you better quality and a lower price. Mail coupon for new FREE Catalog!

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This new catalog tells you about the great Kalamazoo plants, occupying 26 acres, employing an army of men, making nothing but our own stoves and furnaces that are sold direct to you. It shows the scientific

Mail Coupon NOW for NEW FREE CATALOG
Your name and address on the coupon brings FREE to you the greatest Kalamazoo Stove, Range and Furnace catalog of all time. It displays over 200 styles and sizes—many in full color—more bargains than in 20 big stores—new stoves—new ideas—new color combinations—new features. It quotes rock-bottom, direct-to-you FACTORY PRICES.

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Dear Sirs: Please send me your Free Catalog.
Check articles in which you are interested
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Comb. Gas, Coal and Wood Range
Heater
Oil Stove
Furnace

Name. (Please Print Name Plainly)
Address.

City. State.

(It is vital only to mail this coupon. Paste or staple it on the back of a Good, Post Card)
NOW that the new and old fall programs are in full swing and you're bursting with criticism for and against, why not relieve your mind and let the radio program makers know how their shows are taking effect? Prizes for best letters, of course—$20.00 for the best, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your criticism to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and mail it by November 22.

$20.00 PRIZE

In common with other radio fans I am beginning to fear that some of our brightest stars are lost in the wilds of Hollywood. They "go for a few weeks to make a picture," but the weeks become months and they are still absent. If contracts require them to stay indefinitely why shouldn't all of them be aired from the Coast as a few now are? Radio popularity is often a very ephemeral thing, and new talent is crowding the airways. We welcome the newcomers, but do not want them to supplant our favorites.

There is another risk for the radio star who goes into pictures. Will his work on the screen enhance or diminish his popularity on the air? I recall one feature film which certainly added nothing to the appeal of the star as actor or singer.

LYDIA KING, Drexel Hill, Pa.

$10.00 PRIZE

It seems to me that radio is becoming more and more like a record playing the same thing over and over again. One radio star starts an amateur contest and in a month's time no matter when you turn on your radio, an amateur's voice gives you the earache. Even on Sunday there are two nation-wide amateur hours closely following one another. Then too, take the comedians, there is hardly any difference between Joe Cook and Joe Penner or Block and Sully and Burns and Allen. Is there? I think that when one program starts a certain type of entertainment no other person should be allowed to imitate it.

CONRAD F. DAVIES, Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE

This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today, have your say, and maybe you'll win the big prize!

This is Columbia's newest singing attraction, Lois Ravel. The blue-eyed, auburn-haired gal was born in Baltimore, Maryland. She's been choir singer, night club entertainer and musical comedy star.

$1.00 PRIZE

My favorite of daytime programs is the "Breakfast Club of the Air" for it does "stick" with you all day.
Its toastmaster, Don McNeil, offers cheerful chatter that is just as crisp and crunchy as toast itself.
The good "coffee-like" refreshing and sparkling music of Walter Blaufuss and his boys is very stimulating.
For sugar and cream we have Edna Odell and Jack Owens, both grand singers of songs.
And for variety, the "Merry Macs," the Morin Sisters and the Three Flats lend their pleasing voices, all of which comprise a musical menu that should tickle the most fastidious palate.

AGNES A. ALLAN, Lakewood, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

Golden Rules for radio listeners—and aren't we all! PERMIT others to have their own notions of radio entertainment; don't spoil what may be fine amusement for someone else by your personal criticism.
SUBMIT to advertising talks even though you may dislike them—if it weren't for the advertisers you might as well disconnect your radio (they're the guys that make the finest programs possible). Also use their products whenever you legitimately can.
TRANSMIT your special enjoyment of a program by mentioning it to your friends, and finally:
REMIT a note of thanks occasionally to sponsors of artists who have given you particular pleasure—the inspiration of artists, the incentive to sponsors to continue a program, comes from expressed public appreciation as well as sales.

CATHERINE MERwick, Providence, R. I.

$1.00 PRIZE

We are very much isolated from the rest of the world up here in the Tusayan pines. No movies, no good music, and no shopping facilities. Nothing but our radio for entertainment and from it we have our pleasure, education, religion and news.
Every evening our radio takes us to the theaters to enjoy the latest dramas and brings to us messages from the important and interesting personalities in the limelight.
of the day. We listen to the latest music and enjoy the old airs of yesterday played by the best orchestras in the country.

We enjoy our window shopping through the advertisements.

We eagerly wait for the news broadcasts bringing us the daily events of the world.

Mrs. J. V. Galindo,
Tusayan, Arizona.

$1.00 PRIZE

I think that the greatest star on the radio today is Rudy Vallee. I cannot attend many movies or plays, but he brings the leading actors into my home each week. He presents some of the best comedians of the screen, radio and stage. His novelty acts such as the talking parrot, which he presented a few months ago, Robert L. Ripley, Tom Terris, the adventurer, etc., are of the best. His singing is very good and the orchestra is one of the best on the air. The atmosphere of his program is that of a theater and when I listen to it I feel that I am in a real theater. That's why I say "orchids to Rudy Vallee."

JOSEPH W. CURTIS,
Dorchester, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

For the funniest, snappiest, dizziest, daffest piece of entertainment on the air, I'll take George Burns and Gracie Allen with their whimsical, nonsensical foolishness. Without a doubt, they thoroughly deserve the title of "radio's brightest dimwits."

You need not be dubious about letting the kiddies hear George and Gracie, either, because their chatter is full of good, clean fun. When you're feeling down in the dumps some Wednesday evening, just give them a trial and I think you will agree with me when I say that they are the best medicine for chasing the blues.

ELIZABETH VAN GEUDE,'
Washington, D. C.

HONORABLE MENTION

"If I were Clear of radio I would engage the incomparable Jessica Dragonette as prima donna of light operas and request that she take the speaking as well as the singing role, for her speaking voice is equally as lovely as her singing."—GERALDINE CLEAVER, ANITA, IOWA.

"I want to give three big cheers to the unknown sound-effects men."—JACK DORFMAN, St. Paul, Minnesota.

"There is no need for anyone not to be informed on any subject these days with men like Edwin C. Hill, Booke Carter, Lowell Thomas, etc., giving us the best they have."—MRS. MINNIE B. MARS, CHICAGO, ILL.

"We must remember that we are getting, absolutely free, a billion dollars worth of amusement for the mere trouble of twisting a dial."—JOSEPH FISCHER, San Antonio, Texas.

"My pet peeve is the droll announcer who puts the soft pedal on my favorite turns in transcripts, in favor of advertising."—GEORGE A. KREMER, Granite City, Ill.

"My pet husband says that if the house caught on fire I would tuck the baby under one arm and the radio under the other."—MRS. A. STOPPIL, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

"It burns me up to have a program like "Mary Martin," called "sugary."—CATHERINE FURLONG, CANTON, OHIO.
WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

JEALOUSY among professional folk is no secret. It has been the theme of many an engaging novel, play and picture, and the whole world knows how the green-eyed monster rules the lives of artists. But to learn that the Sherlock Holmeses of one detective department in Washington are jealous of the publicity given the super-sleuths of another government division—well, that IS NEWS!

It all comes to the surface, this alleged craving for the spotlight by rival departments of criminal-catchers, through the fading of the kilocycles of Phillips Lord's "G-Men" series. The lowdown, as Radio Row hears it, is that the Secret Service Bureau of the United States Treasury, resenting the exploitation of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, brought so much pressure to bear, directly and indirectly, that the sponsor found it discreet to drop the program.

Whether or not this is the fact—and the truth, probably, never will be known—it is true that the "G-men" stories were the source of much irritation and the cause of many headaches in the NBC studios from the very beginning. Lord had to exercise extraordinary care in the preparation of the scripts and observe so many "don'ts" imposed by the Department of Justice that he almost despaired of ever fulfilling his end of the contract. The continuity had to be obeyed by Washington and then, to make sure there had been no deviation from the script, the complete program was piped from Radio City to Washington for final approval before the actual broadcast. At the start J. Edgar Hoover, brilliant head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, appeared as one of the characters, the part being played by Matt Crowley. After a few episodes orders came to cut Hoover from the proceedings and Radio Row understood those orders originated with United States Attorney General Cummings, Hoover's boss.

And now you know why you are no longer hearing "G-Men" exploited on the air. They can exterminate Dilingers and Baby Face Nels and capture or kill desperate kidnapping gangs after machine-gun duels, but you will have to become acquainted with these heroic doings via the news-papers and magazines. Unless, of course, the Secret Service, which runs to justice less glamorous characters, like counterfeiters and smugglers, can find some way of preventing the journals from functioning. Which is extremely doubtful, for the press isn't so susceptible to official Washington as the radio.

CAN you imagine Shirley Temple and Kate Smith co-starred in a movie? Well, that is just what's in the offing. However, there are several matters which will have to be adjusted before this picture partnership can occur. Kate must get permission from her sponsor to transfer the broadcasts to Hollywood, so she can be handy to the lots, and a satisfactory script must be provided. Her cinema experiences have been unhappy and Kate won't take another chance unless the story gives her the opportunities she thinks she deserves.

THE death of Janet Lee, one of the most promising of the younger radio actresses, on the eve of her greatest triumph, climax ed a series of sinister events that has be-deviled the Court of Human Relations cast. In the memory of your correspondent there is no story of mishaps to compare with this one. Here are the highlights of this eerie tale, all the evils befalling the performers in a period of seven weeks:

First, Florence Baker, the leading lady, broke (Continued on page 46)

The return of Father Coughlin to the airwaves will mark a radical change in the Fighting Priest's attitude—from critic to staunch supporter of the Roosevelt Administration. Oysters "R" in season, and Maestro Paul Whiteman (below) knows when and where to get them on the half shell.

Jimmy Wallington sails to join Con- tor on the Coast. His mother and some friends bid him adieu. Jimmy's the one with the mustache and Mother Wallington is on his right.
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

WORLD PEACEWAYS. Orchids, palms (brought together rapidly) and huzzas to a program devoted to engendering the thought and wish for world peace in public consciousness. And showers of praise because this difficult type of program has been so well-balanced that it is prime entertainment throughout. It includes eminent speakers whose words mean something, Howard Barlow's orchestra and chorus, guest soloists of the first caliber, dramatic sketches in keeping with the theme, and my favorite master of ceremonies, Deems Taylor.

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

RICHARD LEIBERT. He winds the Radio City Music Hall pipe organ around his nimble fingers in a manner that would shame a piccolo player. What I'm trying to say is that this program is the nuts, no foolin'.

NBC Mon. through Fri., 7:00 P. M., 15 min.

MUSIC IS MY HOBBY. One of the brighter ideas of the month. "Amateur" musicians among famous people who have made their mark in other fields, air their melodic talents. Not a gong in a car-load.

NBC Thurs., 7:30 P. M., 15 min.

HARV AND ESTHER. The product is ballyhooed in this comedy (?) musical program as being "sweet as a nut" which perhaps refers to its star comedian, Teddy Bergman. Teddy is sweet in the script, but not as nutty as we have every right to expect after those side-splitting commentaries he does in the newsreels. His puns are the weakest heard this season. The singing voices, Audrey Marsh, Jack Arthur, and the Rhythm Girls, and Vic Arden's orchestra, are pleasing, but it will take a better program than this to compete with Valve's Varieties, at the same hour.

CBS Thurs., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

ATWATER KENT, however will give Rudy plenty to worry about. Looks as if the Battle of the Guest Stars will be fought out on this front if it takes all winter. CBS will flaut the best musical talent available to draw that Thursday night audience. The Yeasters will inwardly rage, and procure even better guest stars if possible. And will we have fun?

CBS Thurs., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL. Four more guest stars every week! The sure fire success formula for a radio program has at last been discovered. All you have to do is put Lindbergh, Einstein, the Dione Quintet, Greta Garbo, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Metropoli-

tan Opera, and six comedians on the same program. Personally, I like the idea. We're getting several times a week the kind of shows we used to get a couple of times a year at monster benefit shows.

NBC Thursdays 10:00 P. M., 60 min.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET. Eddie and Ralph are now in the bodyguard business—corsets to you. Too bad television isn't here. They'd be a scream giving demonstrations.

CBS Sundays 1:45 P. M., 15 min.

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.

Why does NEMO tag its corsets: WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a strong soap! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic flabby. Use chiffon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely pure soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the life of fine corsets!"

NCM foundation of silk batiste, Alencon lace and two-way stretch back with conven-

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

IVORY FLAKES 99 44/100% PURE
PROOF BY EVERYDAY PEOPLE HOW

LISTERINE

FIGHTS COLDS

and

SORE THROAT

"Listerine nipped my cold in the bud"

"My husband and I were at the theatre and evidently

went in a draft. My throat tightened up and I felt as if I

were in for a severe cold. I gargled several times with

Listerine before retiring, and in the morning the con-
gestion was gone. Signed Mrs. R.B., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

ONE-HALF AS MANY

Colds for Listerine

Users, Tests Show

Listerine's amazing results against the

common cold, proved in 1931, 1932

and 1934

Are you subject to frequent colds, or trou-

bled with sore throat? Try gargling with

Listerine every morning and every night

for a while. You may find, as scores of

others have, that this delightful treatment

is a wonderful aid in warding off these

troubles.

People have been telling us that for

years. Their experience is corroborated by

careful tests made during the winters of

1931, 1932 and 1934. Conducted under

medical supervision, these tests revealed

this astonishing fact:

That those who gargled with Listerine twice

day or oftener caught cold approximately

only one-half as often as those who did not
gargle with it. Moreover, when they did
catch cold, the colds were mild in comparison

with those contracted by non-users of Listerine.

The explanation of Listerine's success

lies in the fact that when used as a gargle,
it kills, on mouth and throat surfaces,

millions of the germs associated with colds

and ordinary sore throat.

Get in the habit of using undiluted Lis-
terine regularly, morning and night. And

at the first sign of a cold, increase the gargle

to once every three hours. LAMBERT

PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

10c

All pictures posed by professional models.
REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

DEAR FRIENDS:

Olive White, who still calls herself that even though she's Mrs. Lanny Ross, is one of the most attractive, energetic and charming women in the radio world. And she is certainly the most harassed!

Where was she born? What sort of life has she led? How did her career bring her into the life and career of Lanny Ross? How do she and her husband adjust their mutual business and personal life? Where do they live? What sort of life do they lead now? What are their social contacts, their recreations, their plans for the future? Olive White Ross is being deluged with these and many other questions. Which is understandable.

Although they don't intend to have gushy, romantic stories written about their private life—and rightly so—and although at the moment they are mainly concerned with the great new plans for "Lanny Ross and the Maxwell House Show Boat," and the signing up of a new "girl" for Lanny Ross (Louise Massey) here, first and for the last time, those questions are to be answered! So for this brief moment let's look behind the scenes—and after that the meteoric career of Lanny Ross must curtail their private lives.

In that little town of Baraboo, Wisconsin, also the birthplace of the famous Ringling Brothers, a little girl dreamed of the exciting career she knew lay before her. Her sister and brother, so much older than she, and her widowed mother encouraged her successful forays into amateur theatricals. But it was not until she stood on the threshold of life, on the eve of her graduation from the University of Wisconsin, that Olive White made up her mind that she was going to become a famous singer! Her mother had died that year and, in that sobering tragedy, Olive found herself closer than ever to reality. So on her own initiative she took the daring step—and went to Paris to study with M. Bertram the intricacies of vocal technique. She continued her studies in Chicago, and then set out for New York to try her luck in the theater.

A woman friend, aware of the pitfalls of a theatrical career, told her: "Give yourself a time limit—and if at the end of it you haven't succeeded in what you set out to do, change your line!" That's what Olive White did! At the end of two years, despite an occasional engagement, she had not accomplished what she'd dreamed of—and so she changed her line. She went to Chicago, got a job on a newspaper, and in a few short months found herself firmly entrenched in the mailroom of theatrical publicity. She was managing people like Marion Harris, Phil Baker, and the whole troupe of a Shubert musical!

She wrote a novel about her work, "Woven Threads," which was looked upon with interest by several big publishers. But she says it wasn't published because it wasn't written well enough! Be that as it may, she had come to New York and now devoted herself to the furthering of other people's careers, rather than her own. She represented a textile designer and an industrial designer and a young singer who was not meeting with any great success in his chosen career. His name was Launcelot Ross, late of Yale and the Columbia Law School!

In Lanny Ross, Olive White saw the same handicaps she had faced. To the run-of-the-mill Broadway agent this Ross boy seemed too conservative, too modest and shy, to fight the Broadway battle. And, good Lord, he has a college education yet! These "handicaps" Olive White turned into advantages. It is Lanny's very conservatism, modesty and shyness which have made him so beloved today by fans and conferees. And the college education—well, when he was called upon to learn ninety sides of dialogue for a little theater engagement in "Petticoat Fever" Lanny's well-trained mind enabled him to memorize the part in two days and give a finished, intelligent performance ten days after he'd picked up the script. Handicap? Not on your life!

You know what happened after that. Olive puts it this way: "Lanny Ross and I have worked together for three years and as a natural result, much of our leisure time has also been spent together—so what happened? Harry Leon Wilson made it famous a number of years ago—I became Lanny's best friend and severest critic. The only possible conclusion was that we were married on Monday, July 29th, by a minister in Milbrook, New York."

During those three years they have worked together, solving the intricate problems which a young radio star faces, battling the complicated Hollywood set-up, removing Lanny from the battle, unscathed, when they saw that he wasn't getting the proper vehicles in pictures. And today, because of that battle, Lanny can write his own ticket for radio, movies or personal appearances!

What kind of life do they lead? Well, at the moment Olive still has her apartment and Lanny has his. But in a few weeks they will be settled in a duplex apartment overlooking the East River, the apartment with the two-story studio room, and the peaceful, quiet atmosphere which Olive knows is so important for both of them. For you must remember that their business life isn't over at five in the afternoon. It continues from the moment they arise to the moment they retire. Frequently there are business conferences at night, made charming by the gracious hostessing of Olive and the friendly good fellowship of Lanny. And if you wonder how (Continued on page 82)

WRITE ME YOUR OPINIONS. PRIZES FOR BEST LETTERS ARE ON PAGE FOUR

Mrs. Lanny Ross still calls herself Olive White and is continuing her career.
F

om

8:30 in the morn-

ing to 10:45 at night,

"Time Marches On." That's

how long it takes to prepare and

broadcast this sensational program. In

the scenes enfolded in the arc across these

pages, from left to right: Bill Geer, chief news editor

at his desk, sorting the day's events with the aid of his

able lieutenants; script rehearsal without the orchestra; Arthur

Pryor, Jr., the program director; next we see the final assembling

of the finished scripts one and a half hours before the broadcast goes

on the air. Finally, dress rehearsal—a half hour before the broad-

cast. That's Howard Barlow with the baton. Left, Ted di Corsia is

the radio voice of Mussolini and opposite page, lower left, Haile

Selassie, Ethiopia's ruler, with his radio impersonator, Edwin Jerome.

E

VERY twenty-four hours, as the world turns once

in its orbit, earth's farthest flung outposts of

civilization become the birth places of one of

America's most exciting radio programs. A news event,
springing into being in Addis Ababa, Tokyo, or Moscow,
speeds along, full born, across cables fathoms deep under
the Atlantic ocean, under the pavements of New York City,
into fifteenth-floor rooms of the Columbia Broadcasting
System building.

While the city desks of metropolitan newspapers are still
reading over the latest war bulletins from Ethiopia, the
newest demand of Mussolini, these life dramas of tumultu-
ous nations are being transformed into radio scripts that
will reach listeners five, three, or even one hour later.

That is why five-time-a-week March of Time comes
through your loudspeaker with all the punch, suspense, and
excitement of an early morning extra; why, listening to
it, you sit attentively in anticipation.

This show, unheated in comparison with other, more
elaborate programs, uses in its battle against the fleeting
minutes the most modern system of communication any
GHQ headquarters could devise—one of the world's largest
syndicate news services, cablegrams from private reporters,
private wires to a research library, inter-connecting phone
systems with the radio studio, the program's advertising
agency, the studio's control room.

In order to paint the vivid picture of the conception and
delivery of a March of Time, it is necessary to step into
those rooms on the fifteenth floor of the CBS building. The
time is 8:30 in the morning.

Since last night's program ended at a quarter to eleven,
news reports have been ticking in on a teletypewriter, a
heavy, glass-enclosed machine that automatically types out
on long sheets of paper stories that are being cabled in
from every important capital in the world.

Five lieutenants, their general, and his secretary gather
about the machine, pick up the sheets, and adjourn to the
general's private office. On his desk are piled the morning
editions of New York's many newspapers. The general is
Bill Geer, tall, blond, a writer since 1929 for the magazine
that sponsors the program. The lieutenants are experienced
script men hired exclusively for the show.

For an hour the news is sorted. Then the general—by
now in shirt sleeves—issues his orders. The five best
stories have been selected. Each script man gets his assign-
ment, goes out into the outer room, uncovers his typewriter,
and begins the job of turning the story into a dramatic skit
suitable for radio presentation.

For the rest of the morning general Geer is in constant
telephonic communication with the research library of his
magazine, checking the names, dates, and background of
the stories he hopes will be used on the night's program. As
each new fact is uncovered, his secretary rushes it to the
five lieutenants who incorporate (Continued on page 81)
BEHIND THE SCENES OF ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING RADIO PROGRAMS, THE FIVE-TIME-A-WEEK NEWS EVENTS WHICH COME TO YOU LIKE AN EARLY MORNING EXTRA!

MARCH OF TIME

By Fred Rutledge

For the March of Time, sponsored by Time Magazine and Remington Rand, see page 52—10 o'clock col.
Well known writer, editor and friend of radio personalities, in a fascinating series of articles beginning with—

OFF-HAND, I'd say the average radio star is made up of two parts sheer talent, three parts grit, four parts peacock, and five parts jitters. They vary according to their stamping grounds, of course, running to higher proportions of peacock especially in New York and Hollywood. Wherever you find them, though, there are two things you can't get away from—talent and jitters.

It's funny, but a surprising number of my friendships with people who make their living broadcasting came about as a result of those jitters, as a result of my happening along with a blow-torch just when their nerves had turned their bodies into sticks of dynamite.

The first one who blew up—all over me, by the way—was the Singing Lady. The second was a red-eyed threat to my life and limb named Rudy Vallee. The third was a blonde with curls clear down to here who was facing something of a crisis when I butted in. That's how I came to know Jessica Dragonette.

The Singing Lady thing was a mistake, pure and simple. But how was Ireene Wicker to know that way out in Chicago? You see, I was the bright boy detective who had discovered who the Singing Lady actually was. It was a great mystery in those days. The mention of her name brought "sush-sushings" down around my ears in every studio I visited until the day one undisciplined
employee inadvertently told me the Singing Lady's real name. I rushed it into print, scooping the opposition, scooping the world. I even scooped the Singing Lady herself.

I wrote, "The Singing Lady's real name is Edna Kellogg." Remember Edna? A grand singer, but certainly and positively not the Singing Lady.

The first intimation of disaster came through the mail, a letter from the company that employed the young lady in question. Then a shower of cards from folk who knew better, who had listened to Miss Wicker for months. Then a gentleman with an evil eye who announced himself as the Singing Lady's lawyer, and asked just what I was going to do about repairing the damage I had done his client's reputation. Finally, I met the Singing Lady herself.

It was at a big party that Ben Bernie gave. Amos 'n' Andy were there. So was Sophie Tucker. Little Jackie Heller had just finished singing his heart out when Ben called a slim, quick-moving girl to the piano. He introduced her as Ireene Wicker, the Singing Lady. Later, as she passed my table, a mutual friend stopped her.

"Ireene," he said, eyeing me. "This is the guy who ..."

I rose, ready to duck. I'd heard she was fit to be tied. She'd sent a lawyer my way, remember.

She held out her hand and smiled. "Let's let bygones be bygones," she said. You could have knocked me over with a powder puff.

You get to know people when you scrap with them. We didn't scrap after that but the start I'd got helped me to know Ireene Wicker, and the more I knew her the more I understood why she was able to tell ten million kids what to eat and make 'em eat it.

One night I saw her go upstairs at six o'clock with two little girls, age four and seven. My little girls, to be exact. And she stayed upstairs for three solid hours, telling such tales as those youngsters had never heard before and probably will never hear again. While the rest of us played bridge, she was talking two kids into slumberland, and having more fun doing it than anyone else in the house. No wonder children love her.

Just recently, I rode in the new car that is the apple of her eye. It is a big car, the finest made in America. She

and her husband, the same Walter Wicker who produces and acts in Today's Children, had saved their money scrupulously for months on end. They promised each other they were going to buy a paid-up life insurance policy, until they saw the car and bought it; the longest, blackest, shiniest car in Chicago.

Just a week later they were driving home from a weekend in Wisconsin. The day was foggy. In the middle of a narrow bridge a joy-riding vacationist roared down on them, swerved, and ripped off two brand new fenders and a running board. The Singing Lady's voice wasn't quite so steady when she told her stories that night.

Even then the lightning that never or almost never strikes twice hadn't finished with her. She was parked at the curb, the car all newly repaired and painted. A moonmad driver careened out of the road and plowed straight through her new car's rear bumper and trunk. He was very apologetic and the car was insured, fortunately, but even now when you remind her of that night a certain ominous light rises in her eyes that bodes no good for the next Sunday driver who practices on her automobile.

Rudy Vallee's jitters are usually kept under the complete control of his iron-like will. (Continued on page 66)

REVEALED BY THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS ABOUT THEM!
NOT UNTIL NOW HAVE THE AMAZING SACRIFICES OF THIS GLAMOROUS STAR BEEN TOLD. VAST RICHES AND A TEMPTING TITLE WERE AT HER COMMAND—AND YET—
UNTOLD CHAPTERS IN
Grace Moore's Life

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

This is the amazing story of a girl who could have jumped overnight from an obscure cafe where she sang for her dinners into the lap of blue blooded society and, instead, decided in favor of a career that held only the slightest glimmer of promise.

Three times Grace Moore was asked to accept in marriage rich, handsome men whose position commanded servants, diamonds, yachts—and each time she said no to pin her hopes on her young, untrained voice.

But when, not long ago, royal equerries left a crested invitation to tea with Queen Mary of England, this same girl who had refused wealth and luxury through a husband’s name stood in the hallways of social fame, accepted and applauded by the same people who would have scorned her short years ago.

These untold chapters which have hidden the tremendous courage and belief in herself that helped Grace Moore prefer musical comedy to overwhelmingly rich young bachelors, began to unfold in New York’s garish Greenwich Village.

Grace had come to New York to seek her fortune with nothing more substantial than a $25 a month allowance, all her army officer father could afford to send. Together with another equally poor and aspiring girl, she was living in a tiny one-room walk-up apartment. To make sure that she would eat every night, Grace sang in the Black Cat restaurant, a typical Village meeting place.

That is how it happened that one night Thomas Markoe Robertson heard Grace Moore, sat at a table in the dimly lit Black Cat and drank in the slim figure outlined on the floor by the flickering lights, took in the enchanting beauty of her face. Grace never dreamed while singing to her audience that listening, engrossed, was one of Park Avenue’s most sought after men.

She didn’t know it until Robertson spoke a brief word to the proprietor and an introduction was arranged. Young, eager, hopeful, she accepted his friendship with a thrill she couldn’t quite hide. From that night on, Robertson forsook his uptown clubs and his socialite kinsmen to drive down to the narrow side street off lower Seventh Avenue which boasted the Black Cat.

Grace, going home after work at night to crawl into the hard, narrow bed in the cramped apartment, dreamed over the things Robertson had promised her. He had spoken of Europe, of a honeymoon trip around the world, of his country estate on Long Island. (Continued on page 74)

When Queen Mary of England invited Grace to "tea for two," society gasped. George Biddle, wealthy socialite, below, urged an elopement, but Grace preferred a career. Prince San Faustino, lower left, offered Grace one of the oldest Italian titles. Lower right, Thomas Markoe Robertson, whose wealth and position Grace also refused.

For Grace Moore’s program, sponsored by the Vick Chemical Company, see page 56—9 o’clock column.
WILL WAR GUNS

No statement made in these articles on the amazing part radio will play in the events of war, European or otherwise, is intended to reflect upon the courage or honor of any nation, broadcasting organization or individual. Much of this hitherto unrevealed information is based on statements made privately by officials on the inside of governmental and military affairs, who were endeavoring to cooperate with the author in creating as complete a picture as possible. The names of nations are used only to make this picture clearer to the reader, not to suggest that they would necessarily undertake actions ascribed to them here.

—Editor.

If war comes...

Your radio set may crackle and roar with the brawlings of battle as tense, gray-faced announcers of the front line rap out reports of combats.

The most innocent-sounding programs may conceal coded messages of hostile spies.

Your loudspeaker may suddenly turn into a demoniacal chanter of enemy propaganda.

And if that happens, your favorite stations may be dominated by stern censors, may even suddenly become silent, as grimly silent as the death which is hovering over the battlefields.

In a desperate extremity, even your receiving set might be seized by determined troops.

Even as this is being written, National Broadcasting Company executives are gravely disturbed over reports that the rebroadcasts from Addis Ababa have been deliberately interfered with by an unfriendly nation. A responsible spokesman unofficially denied that it occurred in these particular cases, but he did admit that it was regarded as a factor to contend with in future broadcasts. That is one more indication of the turmoil which war guns could create in the radio world.

Every one of these things can happen. Don't think for a moment that they can't. How many of them will happen depends upon how deeply war thrusts at us. You hope that we can stay out of it. But war dogs are growling overseas, and whether we remain sturdy neutrals or go in fighting with everything we have, armed conflict stands to make almost unbelievable changes in the radio we know today.

Suppose a fierce battle is taking place on the Italo-
SILENCE RADIO?

Ethiopian front. You hate the horror and futility of war, yet you are eager for news, you must know how the tide is turning. You go to your radio and snap it on.

Bickerings of spiteful machine guns, bellowings of heavy artillery leap at you from your loudspeaker. Through the mad hurly-burly of battle noises whips the strained voice of a front line radio announcer.

"... Italians swinging into a general advance all along this sector. The main body of Ethiopian troops have been routed here and only scattered handfuls of hurrying snipers are remaining in position of vantage. ... Wait! Over on the hill about a half mile to my left, the black troops are reforming for a counter maneuver. ... Just a moment... Hear that? Well-directed machine gun fire has broken up the reorganization even as it began and the Ethiopians are retreating hastily. ..."

If broadcasts are to be made from the Italian front lines, that's the sort of thing you might expect to hear. Naturally, Italian commanders would not permit news of their own defeats or setbacks to be sent out. And no suggestion of the horror of war would be allowed to creep in.

Thus in the safety of your own country, in the comfort of your own home, you may be able to hear fascinating reports of the thrilling side of war—after the disagreeable part has been removed.

But what about the radio war correspondent over there? He faces probably more dangers than the average infantryman. Why?

Let's get into the front line with one of these announcers and share these thrills and dangers with him.

A thin first line of Italian soldiers, lying in shallow, hastily-dug trenches, is a scant hundred feet in front of us. Like many of them, we are taking shelter, inadequate at best, behind the jagged boulders of the hilly sandy terrain. After the first hundred or so bullets have ricocheted from the other side of the rock and gone whining away, we see the uselessness of ducking, but we're still uncomfortably aware of our peril.

Crouching beside us is the announcer, the engineer-observer, and an Italian army officer. The last named is with us to see that we don't broadcast any information which would aid the enemy in planning surprise attacks. We hope it is true that the Ethiopians are ill-equipped with radio direction finders and artillery. It wouldn't take long for a direction finder to locate our broadcasting position and less time than that for the enemy to train guns on us. Since the information being broadcast is necessarily favorable to the Italian cause, the enemy will gleefully welcome any opportunity to wipe us out.

BY JEAN PELLETIER

Crouched in the first line trench are the announcer, carrying pack transmitter and wearing a gas-mask microphone, and the engineer-observer, field glasses in hand, with receiving apparatus.
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BY JEAN PELLETIER

Illustrated by Carl Link

Crouched in the first line trench are the announcer, carrying pack transmitter and wearing a gas-mask microphone, and the engineer-observer, field glasses in hand, with receiving apparatus.

THIS STARTLING EXPOSÉ OF SECRET GOVERNMENT AND MILITARY PLANS FOR RADIO IN WAR TIME IS OF VAST SIGNIFICANCE TO EVERY AMERICAN
A dispatch runner, ducking and dodging from boulder to boulder, comes alongside us, and, dropping out of the line of fire, breathlessly informs the Italian officer that an enemy shrapnel-throwing battery has been spotted. It's ready to go into action. We are ordered to keep that information off the air, not to give any hint that we know of its existence.

None the less, the battery opens up almost immediately from behind the brow of a hill. Hot fragments of steel start raining all around as the Italian infantry rises out of the ground and moves forward, seeking shelter where it can. The enemy battery seems to be way off range. The Italians are dropping only here and there, though the storm of deadly shrapnel about us is still heavy.

Suddenly the liaison officer screams above the din. "They're shelling us. Trying to wipe us . . . ."

A sudden blast, so close that it seems to turn blood into molten steel. Particles of sand slice our faces. The cloud of dust and smoke drifts away. The officer is lying face down, motionless. Clasping his side, the announcer slowly folds up like a slide rule and is still.

Horror-stricken, we gaze at the bodies for a long moment, then the observer snatchs the bloodstained gas-mask microphone. Carry on.

A figment of imagination? Not at all. That's a big, solid chunk of predetermined probability, based on the experience of National Broadcasting Company announcers, engineers and observers in their broadcasts under simulated war conditions at the recent great Army maneuvers at Pine Camp, New York, and upon the opinions of the military experts who privately confided their views to me.

In these Pine Camp maneuvers, one radio observer was "killed" nine times, five during an actual broadcast. In another position, George Hicks, announcer; an engineer, and an observer, all concealed with a machine gun squad, were "wiped out," as was Dan Russel, announcer, and two engineers with a mobile transmitter unit. The military umpires ruled also that Nelson Case, another announcer, and two engineers, were "wounded and injured."

All this happened on a front of a few miles during but two broadcasts. Think what might happen to these men in actual engagements. Yet it is not improbable that such broadcasts will be made from the front. John Royal, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, returning from a tour of Europe recently, admitted that he was considering covering the war in Ethiopia by radio. And war stimulates inventiveness to such an extent that a solution may be found for broadcasting from the front with less danger to the participants.

But whether or not such broadcasts, with possible sacrifice of life, are worthwhile is not the important question. It's the matter of how they might imperil our peace and security and through that our privileges as listeners, which we're worried about. By showing you how such broadcasts can be accomplished, I can reveal to you the part that unfair censorship and vicious propaganda could play—things which would affect us directly as citizens and listeners.

But first, there's another use to which radio might be put in time of war, about which you should know. You should know because it's a dangerous, insidious use, close to home, difficult to detect.

It concerns the secret use of our broadcasting stations by spies, by unfriendly agents of foreign nations at war. And I should say right now, that if this were a pipe dream, our Army Intelligence service wouldn't have conceived plans for dealing with such activities.

Most of us would probably never know such spy activities were ever going on. But let's assume you're a consistent, intelligent listener who doesn't mind trying his hand at a little amateur detecting for the United States Government.

Now you know we're neutral, but you're not so foolish as to think there aren't certain sly men and (Continued on page 86)
YOU should know Michael Bartlett. Because he's the new tenor-comedian on the Jack Benny Sunday night radio programs.

Because he's Hollywood's newest, most exciting discovery who sang opposite Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever," who takes a prominent part in Claudette Colbert's "She Married Her Boss," and who is scheduled as Miss Moore's leading man in her next picture.

By rights Michael Bartlett today should be living in Massachusetts, a staid officer in a staid manufacturing company. His background of prominent New England ancestry called for that, but Michael had different ideas.

It all started his freshman year at Princeton, when he became one of the distinguished few to join the Triangle Club which has made itself famous lately by producing two songs: "Love and a Dime" and "East of the Sun and West of the Moon."

"That," Bartlett explained, "was my first taste of the stage and I vowed that it wouldn't be the last. The thrill of going on the road with the production sold me on the theater as a career. All day on the train we'd sit around in pajamas playing bridge and get dressed just in time to get off the pullman and around to the theater before the curtain went up."

He also learned that year how much freshmen can be imposed upon by seniors. He was the tenor of a trio and every night when the three walked out into the spotlight, it was his job to hold up his two companions. People might otherwise have thought they'd all been indulging.

For awhile it looked just as easy as that—he'd decided on the theater as his career, so the theater it would be. Then complications arose. First his father objected and tried, by cutting his allowance, to dissuade his son. Michael overcame that by hiring himself out as a choir singer in a church on 114th street in Manhattan. Salary, $80 a month. After that, his father admitted defeat and sent him abroad to continue his studies.

He's stubborn, this six-foot young man who looks like a new Englander softened by contact with the more volatile, sunny disposition of the Latin races. His family was the first to find this out. Broadway producers were the second.

After a few years in Italy as a student and later as a full fledged opera singer under the name of Eduardo Bartelli, Michael returned home. "To be best man at a friend's wedding." And he's stayed here ever since. He talks now with a gesture of hand and (Continued on page 63)
How you and you and you and you forbade the banns, prevented a wedding's taking place!

If you are ever tempted to think, "Oh, my opinion doesn't count. Those radio stars pay no attention to what I want or write," just remember: It was you who stopped this wedding. It was you who dictated what was to happen in the lives of that charming, adventuresome couple, Gail Brewster and Dan Gentry.

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Since 1933 you have been listening to the Dangerous Paradise sketches. You have followed the romance of Gail Brewster (Elsie Hitz), the young newspaper writer, and Dan Gentry (Nick Dawson). Through thick and thin these two have clung together, and awhile ago they decided to get married. Yes, even with Dan out of work.

They were in Europe, ready to take the leap.

Love had triumphed and every one was satisfied. That is, every one but their ardent fans. Letters, telegrams, phone calls poured into the NBC studios from thousands of fans. All contained the same plea: Don't have Gail and Dan marry. Please let their romance continue.

Plans for the radio wedding had progressed to such a point that the bride had purchased her wedding gown: a lovely, clingy white crepe, such as you and I dream of. The bridegroom was all set, too.

Jimmie Melton agreed to act as best man for the make-believe radio wedding. And lovely Bernice Claire went out shopping for her bridesmaid's dress.

Dan and Gail had their wedding picture taken, several of them, in fact, to send to you and me.

But because of you and you and you, Gail and Dan haven't married—and won't, at least for a long time. So fervent were your pleas that the men behind the scenes changed the script completely. They had Dan become ill of amnesia. So the wedding had to be called off, indefinitely.

You and you and you forbade the banns, prevented a wedding's taking place!

If you are ever tempted to think, "Oh, my opinion doesn't count. Those radio stars pay no attention to what I want or write," just remember: It was you who stopped this wedding. It was you who dictated what was to happen in the lives of that charming, adventuresome couple, Gail Brewster and Dan Gentry.

Gee, it's a shame! What a lovely bride Gail Brewster would have made—and look at Dan, he was all set for the wedding march, too!
Left, by winning a WBBM unknown singer contest last spring, Vivian della Chiesa became a successful professional overnight. This fall, at the ripe age of nineteen, she has her own program on Sundays, over CBS, at 12:30, and she's sponsored, too.

Above, the man you probably referred to last winter for news about the Hauptmann trial. Until this fall he was a Mutual Network commentator. Now NBC has him, sponsored, Saturdays and Sundays at 5:45. Gabriel Heatter is a native New Yorker, veteran newspaperman, editor of a steel magazine, and author of several books. Above, right, the newest Hollywood Hotel baritone, Igor Gorin, who is also M-G-M's newest foreign importation. Igor was born in Odessa, which is in Ukrainia, was raised in Vienna, educated himself musically by earning money teaching languages. Was a star in Czech opera at twenty-two. Is still single and spends his spare time working on musical compositions. He's tall, has dark brown hair, gray eyes. Right, this is the gal you hear Monday nights over NBC in 'Evening in Paris.' Odette Myrtil is really French, lives on Long Island with her husband, has risen to fame on her abilities as an orchestra leader, violin and vocal soloist. Radio corralled her from the stage, where she scored in "The Countess Maritza" and "The Cat and the Fiddle."
Above, Russell Crowell, George Bacon, and Jack Wilcher, respectively, the Red Nichols trio. All are natives of Kansas City, Mo. Russ was an auditor, George an oil field worker, Jack a railroad man, until Red discovered them. They all wear same color suits, all hate bridge and love swimming, all are married ... Margaret Gent (left), of the Carnation Contented Hour, was born in Worthington, Minnesota, studied music in Minneapolis and at Northwestern University. She's married and has a ten-year-old son, Andrew. Boasts a swell game of golf ... Left below, the comic heard with Harv and Esther on Thursday nights at 8:00. Teddy Bergman has been a confirmed pessimist since his grammar school days, when, as "Shylock," he caught his beard in a stage door. 28 years old, he has been in stock, manufactured candy, taught Roxy the game of handball, and now is celebrating radio stardom ... Below, Samuel Curtis, the New Englander who brings to an interested radio audience every Monday afternoon at 4:45, over WEEI, technical discussions of various radio problems. He's been doing this on the air since 1926 and was the first Chief Operator of first radio station (WNAC) in Boston.
Above, Myrt and Marge returning from Hawaii, ready to resume their radio work this fall after their annual summer vacation. You can expect to hear hula music and the swish of grass skirts before long . . . Right, a young gal from the deep South, starring vocalist over Nashville’s powerful local station, WSM. She has her own show and sings on another with a trio every week . . . Below right, Agnes Moorehead, who has done such excellent work with the Andy Gump program. Agnes, born in Boston, was brought up in St. Louis, Mo. She holds diplomas from Muskingum College, the University of Wisconsin, and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. A minister’s daughter, she first studied music, made her debut with the Municipal Opera in St. Louis, and has been on the Broadway stage . . . Below, Harry Kogen, who is responsible for the music on Monday night’s Greater Sinclair Minstrels. He was born in Chicago and has stayed right there ever since, except for a brief army career and two years of study in New York. Has rounded out over six years’ service with NBC, is married, has two sons for whom he’s planning musical careers, and is a popular composer to boot.
SHE'S tall, slim, golden haired and blue eyed, and you hear her every Tuesday and Thursday night on the Camel Caravan. (See Page 53, 9 o'clock column). She didn't even finish high school, she's never taken a single singing lesson, and no one else in her family was ever on the stage.

Proving that for young dreamers of stardom radio is still the wonderful fairyland of dreams come true, no matter how ambitious the dream. Deane Janis began acting as soon as she could talk and walk. She learned to play the piano so she could understand the songs she hummed all day long. In school she wangled her way into every dramatic presentation her class produced.

Aside from such slight labors, success has been easy for Walter O'Keefe's young singer of the blues, so easy in fact that when this interviewer called on her late in September she was saluting the world with her fingers crossed!

This is how easy it's been: a little more than three years ago she made her first trip from her home in Omaha to the big city—Chicago—to visit her aunt. Someone suggested she audition for radio. She did, sang once on a small suburban station, and was signed by the Music Corporation of America to sing in the Blackhawk Cafe with Hal Kemp.

The date was October 1st. Two years later, after six-teen continuous months of performing in the famous night club and a few months of recuperation in California, she made her New York debut, still with Kemp. The date—October 1st.

This fall, after twelve more months, she began her first sponsored radio program. Date? The same.

Deane had no family objections, either, to overcome when she started out. Though she was in Chicago for the first time, though her schooling wasn't over, her mother only wrote her to go ahead and make good. "She always had a secret passion herself for the stage. The least she could do was to take it out through me."

Now Deane is on the road to radio stardom after winning a series of competitive auditions—and even those were made easy for her. Eighty girls had entered in competition for the Camel show. The sponsors decided on a strenuous elimination contest, with about eighteen judges casting ballots on each singer. Each day fifteen less would be called back. And Deane didn't know it was an elimination contest until it was all over and she'd been declared the winner.

Now she's afraid her luck may break. Someone may talk her into taking lessons and spoil it all!
KICKED UPSTAIRS!

By RUTH GERI

If you'd been kicked out of four schools for backwardness, spent three years as the butt of all the crude practical jokes the reportorial staff of a tabloid newspaper could devise and then, in a desperate effort to achieve that goal of all newspaper men—"to get out of the game"—had landed a radio job only to be kicked out of that, too, wouldn't you be so punch-drunk, figuratively, that you'd be pretty nearly willing to settle back into a life of unobtrusive mediocrity?

All those reverses only brought out the racial characteristic of bull-dog pertinacity in Boake Carter, the Columbia Broadcasting System's news editorialist who, unknown to the nationwide audience three years ago, has experienced one of the swiftest rises to radio prominence of any star in his field.

Carter's radio debut was reminiscent of that surprising fellow in the advertisements who sat down to play the piano. They laughed when he got up before the microphone. Carter's fellow newshawks on the Philadelphia tabloid newspaper, where he worked as a re-write man, made him a never-failing source of amusement as a target for somewhat broad humor. It all began when he first went to work and one of the bright young men told him that the Germans had painted jokes on the sides of their battleships during the late war. Carter looked nonplussed. "So the British couldn't see 'em," the bright young man explained. Carter, with typical British phlegm, regarded the "ribber" with unchanging, somewhat puzzled expression. "But the Germans didn't paint jokes on the sides of their battleships," he countered finally, and the roar of laughter that ensued was his unofficial but none the less unanimous nomination as the office end man.

That is why they laughed when they heard that Harold (his name is Harold T. H. Carter; the "Boake" was adopted for broadcasting purposes) had written a radio comedy script, and would put it on over a local Philadelphia station.

"Sir Percival Postlethwaite at the Ball Game" was the name of that first script, Editorialist Carter's debut on the air, and those who heard it agree that when the airwaves gained a forceful editorialist, they lost a laugh-provoking comedian. In theatrical parlance, "Sir Percival Postlethwaite at the Ball Game" literally "wowed 'em." So popular did it prove with the audience (Continued on page 88)
Husband Sidney Brokaw, Ozzie Nelson's first violinst, is in perfect accord with Martha's ideas.

HOW MARTHA MERS IS FACING MOTHERHOOD

By JANE COOPER

WITH bitter memories of her own lonely childhood without either father or mother still fresh in her mind, Martha Mears has been facing a universal problem that has implications for every young mother in the world. A son, Edward Allen, was born to the petite blonde singing star of Kitchen House Party the last week of August and it was up to Martha to decide whether she would continue her career.

"Perhaps most mothers would think that having children is a full-time job in itself. But I disagree. I'm going to keep on working. I sang right up to the day my child was born, on August 30th, and I'm going back on the air again the last of September."

If it hadn't been for the tragic years of her own youth, Martha probably wouldn't be so determined to continue in radio. Paradoxical as that may sound, there is good reason for her choice.

Martha's parents both died before she was three, leaving her to be farmed out for a few months at a time with various relatives. It was not until she was ten that she had a permanent home with an uncle and aunt, in Columbus, Ohio. By that time Martha was a shy, silent girl who was nearly incapable of any emotion or affection at all.

"It took my aunt a long, long time to erase the memory of those forlorn years when I was continually being moved from one town to another, from one family to another. I still remember how I felt the first time she brought home a big talking-and-walking doll and a bicycle for me."

There was born in Martha as a result of this unnatural bringing up a burning determination to have three things: a home, a family, and a career. With Martha the career always came above everything else. (Continued on page 67)
$500.00
IN CASH PRIZES
HERE ARE THE LAST THREE SCENES
IN THE "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936"—RADIO MIRROR CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE........................................... $200.00
SECOND PRIZE....................................... 100.00
FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00......................... 50.00
TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00......................... 50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $2.00....................... 100.00

LAST month you selected sentences from among the seven given you with which to caption the first five scenes of this series. Here are two more scenes to fit with captions from the official list, and the final scene for which you are to supply a line of your own. If the space under the bottom picture is not large enough for your line you can use the margin below. Do not try to reproduce a line from the show in this last scene. Write something original with you. Keep your entry simple, avoid elaboration. Remember the closing date, December 10th, 1935.

THE CAPTION SENTENCES
1. Keeler, I want a retraction of that cheap attack you made against a friend of mine.
2. I came out to stick him for dinner—but I got stuck with sinkers.
3. What are you doing back in New York, and in such bad company?
4. Say, why doesn't he get that French dame?
5. Good evening, you little scandal lovers.
6. Snoop—remind me to ask for a raise tomorrow.
7. You go back to your hotel, don't see or talk to anyone.

THE RULES
1. In November and December, RADIO MIRROR will publish a total of eight scenes from M-G-M's new Jack Benny picture, "Broadway Melody of 1936."
2. To compete, clip or trace each of the first seven scenes and caption each with one of the seven sentences supplied from the dialogue of the show.
3. Clip or trace the eighth scene and finish the caption, which will be a question from the show's dialogue, with a reply of your own composition.
4. For the set of seven scenes most appropriately captioned from among the supplied sentences accompanied by the best original reply to the question under the eighth scene a First Prize of $200.00 will be awarded. For the next best entry $100.00 will be paid. Five $10.00 Prizes, Ten $5.00 Prizes, and Fifty Prizes of $2.00 each will also be paid. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Wait until your set of eight scenes is complete before sending an entry. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, December 10, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries to Broadway Melody of 1936 Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. Anyone may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and M-G-M, and members of their families.

NOW FINISH THIS DIALOGUE

Bert: You know when a columnist is sure he's a success?
Snoop: No, when?
Bert: .................................................. (Write your original line here)
WITH JOHN SKINNER

Radio insiders present two reasons for Paul Whiteman’s quitting his present sponsor, with the November 25th broadcast, after two and one half years on the air for him. First, it costs Paul the bulky sum of $7,000 a week to maintain such individual stars as Ramona and Helen Jepson, and there isn’t enough money left to cover other expenses properly. Second, Whiteman wants to resume the musical activities for which he first became famous, the design and advancement of modern music. As long as he must present a variety show, that is a practical impossibility.

It is said, however, that if he does continue his present program policy on a new series, Whiteman is expecting the sponsor to meet his terms.

* * *

Bing Crosby, supported by Jimmy Dorsey’s Orchestra, will pick up where Whiteman leaves off. In the Thursday night hour shows which start on December 5th, Bing will present many of his famous Hollywood friends. The broadcasts, originating on the Pacific Coast, will have no outside visitors.

* * *

Instrumentalists of another program which has moved to Hollywood are being paid top prices. Lennie Hayton has established new salary highs for four of his ace musicians. Charles Margulis, trumpet, receives $550 weekly; Frank Signarelly, piano, Jack Jenny, trombone, and Harry Bluestone, violin, are receiving upwards of $250 weekly each. Transportation for themselves and their wives was paid from New York to Hollywood, and will be paid on the trip back in December.

It is reported, by the way, that Fred Astaire has been receiving $8,000 a week on the Hayton show, which is just about the peak for any individual performer on a series.

* * *

As long as we’re going to start day-dreaming about the money the other fellow’s making, we might as well look further into the matter.

Ray Noble’s salary on the program which he starts for a new sponsor on November 6th, is said to be $3,750 a broadcast.

Every year for nine years, the Lombardo orchestra has played an engagement in Carrolton, Pa. The first year, they received $300. This fall, it was $3,000. But just the same the return engagements there are really more a matter of sentiment with them.
orchestra for you this season. It is charged that Don
didn't pay the proper scale to his men while on the air
with Benny from the Pacific Coast. An appeal is being
made to the national headquarters of the musicians' or-
ganization.

SHORT SHORT SHORT STORIES

If you happen to see that talkie short in which Ted Hus-
ing introduces show world celebrities in such a friendly
manner, you might recall, when Lennie Hayton appears on
the screen, that the orchestra leader married the girl who
was once Mrs. Husing ... We did say that we were going
to stop trying to keep pace with the Dorsey Brothers, who
are all the time making up and breaking up, but since we
told you earlier in this issue that Jimmy Dorsey's Orches-
tra had been planned for the new Crosby broadcasts, we
might let you know now that it looks as though the musical
brothers have really split with finality. Tommy Dorsey is
planning a band of his own ... And though there are five
Messner Brothers in Dick Messner's Orchestra, there is no
Dick. Oh, no, there isn't. Dick is only a pseudonym, used
by each of the brothers as he steps out to conduct.

Grace Moore rather likes her few puffs from a long-
stemmed clay pipe after dinner ... Paul Sabin has been
in California visiting Virginia Paxton, former New York
show girl who is now in pictures ... Hal Kemp is busy
brushing up on tennis now. He just took a home in Forest
Hills, L. I., a short distance from the
famous tennis stadium ... Sylvia Clark of
NBC's Nickelodian program is looking for
tear-jerker songs like "Only a Bird In a
Gilded Cage" ... Says she can't find
enough of them ... If you know where to
find any, send the information to us and
we will forward it.

Irma Glen, NBC organist, has moved to
a new seven room home in Lake Bluff, Illi-
nois, and has installed an electric organ for
practicing ... But look at Sigmund Rom-
berg. He now has two studios in his home.
what with all the programs and operettas
he's working on ... And in them he has
three grand pianos as well as an electric
organ.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

MOST fascinating among all radio or-
chestras, is the instrumental and vo-
cal makeup of Andre Kostelanetz' great
musical organization which you hear Wed-
nesday and Saturday nights on the Colum-
bia network. Whether you listen to popular
music or symphonic music, or to both, you
cannot help but be interested. for Kostel-
anetz ingeniously welds these two forms most gratifyingly.

Thirteen of the sixteen violinists in the forty-five piece
orchestra have been concertmasters in world famous or-
chestras. Besides these sixteen violins, there are three
violas, three cells, two basses, three trumpets, three trom-
bones, three flutes, four saxophones, three oboes, harp, two
pianos, percussion and guitar. Much of the orchestra's
versatility is obtained through doubling in brass and wood-
wind. Flutes and saxophones, for instance, can be changed
into five flutes or six saxophones as needed.

As further background for Lily Pons and Nino Martini
is a remarkable choral group of eighteen voices. It con-
tains ten men and eight women. The voices are high and
low. There are no contraltos. Sopranos are as high as pos-
sible, basses as low.

THEME SONG SECTION

To save you trouble in writing us as so many have had
to write Sigmund Romberg concerning the theme song
he uses on his Tuesday night programs, we'll tell you about
it now. It has no title. It has no words. It is written in
three rhythms—waltz, foxtrot and one-step. This arrange-
ment of rhythms may be what makes so many people want
copies of it. But it has not been published. It all does
seem a bit mysterious, but that's the way Mr. Romberg
wants it to be. Someday, he says, when he's writing one
of his operettas and the tune happens to fit some particular
situation, then the words will be written and the music
will be published.

The theme song used by Charley Boulanger and his or-
chestra is "Meet Me Tonight In My Dreams," an original
composition by the conductor himself. (For Thomas Han-
sen. St. Louis, Mo.)

COMPOSE YOURSELF

To all you who have written concerning the best way
to tackle songwriting, we must repeat that we cannot
be too encouraging about the (Continued on page 70)

WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.
No More Corporations

When a radio star takes time off to win your approval in movies he must guard against that "bay window." Here's how Jimmy did it!

By Ethel Carey

For Palmolive Beauty Box with James Melton, see page 56—9 o'clock column.

So you wish that husband of yours would lose his corp—his triple-padded chin. And you, Mr. Much-Too-Fat, sigh at the remembrance of the good old days of your youth, when you had a figure worth looking at, not a jellied promontory. Maybe the girls would like you again, if you got into trim. And maybe Friend Wife wouldn't pant in admiration and moon over Clark Gable and Gary Cooper, if your outline looked a little more like theirs.

You don't know how it can be done? You always thought that keeping slim was only a problem for the ladies? Well, then, get wise to yourself, Brother. Take a tip from someone who's bounced off thirty-three pounds of superfluous fat in six months. A real he-man, too. None other than handsome, romantic Jimmy Melton, whom you hear every week on the air, and whom you'll be seeing soon in the motion picture "Thin Air."

In fact, that picture is the main reason Jimmy reduced. That and the fact that he believes body and voice are so closely knit, that the voice can't be at its best unless the body is in shipshape condition.

"Ever since I was a child," Jimmy told me, "I've been bothered by the tendency to get stout. I was always the fat one in the family. The kids on the block always called me 'Chubby.' When I grew older, it didn't bother me so much. Between playing football and working in bands while going to college, and picking up all sorts of odd jobs to make both ends meet, the fat didn't stand a chance. I didn't rest long enough."

"Somebody's said that you can always tell prosperity by the amount of padding. I found that just as soon as I was all set on the air and things were going smoothly. Ol' Debil Fat began creeping up on me again. Last spring, I weighed 217 pounds, or thirty-three more than I do today." Jimmy is six feet two inches tall and 184 pounds is just right for his height and he's going to stay that way.

Now, it happens that Jimmy has a wife. The cutest, prettiest little girl. And tiny, Dresden-doll-like Marjorie Melton is a perfect size fourteen. So goodness knows there's no call for her to reduce. But thereon hangs the story behind the story of how Jimmy lost weight.

Little Marjorie Melton didn't like her handsome, jolly, strapping Jimmy's excess avoidumps. She first tried to remedy matters herself. Jimmy, you know, was raised down South, and just loves fried chicken, hot breads, rice, sweet potatoes and gravy; and of course Marjorie had learned to cook them, all with plenty of fresh butter.

Discreetly and gradually, she began to cut these from the Melton menu, substituting lean meats, chops and green vegetables. Stewed fruits for dessert. Citrus drinks to quench thirst and cut down appetite. But while Jimmy
didn't gain any more weight he lost but very little.
Then it was that Warner Brothers proved to be her best,
though quite unconscious allies. They offered Jimmy a
picture contract, provided his motion picture test proved
satisfactory. That was in 1934, not 1935, mind you.
Well, the camera is a pretty stern taskmaster. In fact,
when it comes to weight, it's a downright liar. It adds fif-
teen pounds to weight. Don't ask me why, but it's so.
Figure it out for yourself. With Jimmy weighing 217
pounds, plus an extra fifteen given by the camera for good
measure, what kind of figure do you think he'd have cut?
Then it was that Jimmy began to diet in earnest. "You
know how it is when you're on the air," he told me. "You
haven't time for much exercise. Each day you rehearse;
then you chase around trying to pick out songs, and make
arrangements; then you've got to take pictures, answer
correspondence, buy new clothes, receive the press and do
a million and one other things.
"All of them tire you out, just as typing eight hours a
day does a stenographer, or (Continued on page 60)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>James Melton's Reducing Diet</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MONDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1530</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Boiled eggs</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 Slice toast (very little butter)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coffee (tsp. sugar and skimmed milk)</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato soup (1 cup)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broiled chicken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String beans (no butter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn (no butter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sliced tomatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewed peaches (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Glass milk (regular)</td>
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<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1550</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewed prunes (4)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dry cereal with skimmed milk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half grapefruit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medium portion steak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrots and peas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asparagus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Glass milk</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

For the rest of the diet turn to page 60

Another of James Melton's tips to you who have a
voirdupois problem, is ropejumping. Below, as the
handsome singer appears in Warner's "Stars Over Broadway.

All his life, the Irish tenor has been trying
to live down his weight.
With the advice of Marjorie, his wife,
Jimmy has reduced some thirty odd pounds.
Upper left corner, getting in trim
with the punching bag.
Above, the Palmolive Beauty Box star is
enjoying a game of deck tennis with Marjorie.
AFTER due consideration, this court has decided to grant the petition of Penelope Trouble Edwards which sue for divorce from the person of John Edwards.

Penelope turned her back to the one daring shaft of mellow September sun that slid under the shade of the high west window and penetrated the gloom of the courtroom.

While Judge Van Brunt's voice droned on, two tears gathered at the corners of her eyes and hung glistening on the lower fringes of her lashes. She felt the reassuring pressure of Steve's hand on her elbow. Nothing had changed—outside the calm surface of the river still flowed majestically downstream, the tall elms that lined Riverdale's dusty main street still whispered mysteriously to themselves—yet everything was different.

With each word that the judge spoke she was losing John, storing her husband. After nine years they had come to the end of the road together.

The judge's voice broke off, went on more hurriedly, "This decree of divorce to be considered final in three months from this day and date."

Penelope stood up, her tiny figure erect and dignified in its blue linen suit. "Is—is that all?"

"Yes, Penelope." The judge hesitated. "I don't know what to say, except I'm sorry."

If it had been sympathy Penelope wanted, everything would have been easy. But it was John she wanted, John admitting that his infatuation over this girl, Sonia, was something finished. Yet it was the very hopelessness of her wanting that had driven her to divorce. In two weeks John was leaving, sailing for Paris. Two more weeks, then dragging months of listlessness until her damaged pride was restored a little.

Steve put his arm around her shoulder.

"Let's get going," he said. "I'll drive you home."

Dear Steve. He was always like this, standing by, waiting until she needed him, never speaking of his love unless she wanted to hear it. Steve, the storybook hero who asked nothing more than understanding, a chance to help and comfort.

He didn't speak again until they were seated in his car. As he turned the ignition key and shifted the car to low gear, he said:

"Penelope, are you still in love with John, after this Sonia business and everything?"

"You know," she replied, "I fell in love with him when I was in grade school. I still like chocolate ice cream. I still wish on the new moon, and I'm still fond of John Edwards."

Steve sighed and started the car up the street towards the Trouble house at the top of the hill, Riverdale's most imposing memento of its thriving days at the turn of the century when Penelope's father had been practically the whole town. It still looked imposing even today.

As they passed through the wrought iron gateway and up the gravel road to the white pilared porch, Steve spoke decisively.

"Penelope, what you need is work, good hard honest work. Why don't you go to New York or some place—change your personality, take up singing or tap dancing, use more make-up, do your hair up different?"

Penelope laughed, fresh color rushing back into her face. "Steve, you know I can't smoke without coughing. I don't enjoy flirting, and I still look silly in make-up. It's no use. I just have to be myself. I'm going to settle right down here in Riverdale, in the old house I was born in."

"Listen," Steve growled. "If you imagine I'm going to let you think yourself into a state of dry rot, you're mistaken. You can't just let yourself go to waste, not with all your understanding of people. You know how to handle them. You've got common sense and plenty of tact. In fact, you're just about the most fundamentally capable person I know."

"Steve, that's the nicest thing anyone's said to me for a dog's age."

"Then I'm going to see that you get started in something. Got any particular burning interest at the moment?"

"Same as I always had—babies. I've always wanted them, but you can't raise a family on the wing and we've never stayed more than a month in one place since we were married. Then, too, John never wanted any."

STEVE snapped his fingers. "I've got it—got the answer. Penelope, you're going to be the new matron of the St. Vincent's Foundling Home. Miss Hurley is resigning this week to get married and you're taking her place."

"But Steve—I—I—"

"No arguments," Steve said hurriedly. "You'll have three trained nurses to do all the practical work. Your main job'll be matching up the babies to the most congenial parents."

"Sounds like full time work," Penelope smiled, too stunned to protest further.

"It is, but that's just what you want. I know you can manage it."

Suddenly, Penelope made up her mind. She'd accept Steve's offer as matron and executive head. If he could get her the job, she'd take it!

"All right, I'll do my darnest on one condition: We move the whole business out of that awful dilapidated old building it's in now."

"Sure, but where to? We haven't the money for a new place."

"That's where I come in," Penelope said eagerly. "We move into my house. It's big enough and it's cheerful. And—oh, Steve, let's do that. It's just what I need."

Steve had to consent. When Penelope slipped out of the front seat of the car, he said, "I'll get you in the morning and drive you over to meet the head nurse. If she says so, we'll move this week."

Then he was gone, his powerful roadster swirling back down around the driveway. Penelope walked across the porch into the wide hallway of the big house, alone with her one faithful servant, Millie. She paused a moment, then went on to the library lined on four sides with well worn books.

With a sigh she sat down in the creaky leather chair that had been John's favorite, her eyes closed, and dreamed back over the years. Their first Christmas after they were married. John's old slippers and
smoking jacket. Their new year's resolutions. And she knew that she had always loved him. But tonight these memories were not so bittersweet. Tonight she was beginning something new, something, perhaps, that would save her from herself. She ate a lonely dinner and then went to bed with a half finished novel.

Everything was more cheerful when she woke in the morning. During the night a storm had blown up, sweeping the atmosphere clean of its heavy mugginess and with it had gone her premonitions and doubts about the job she was undertaking. The white bedroom was flooded with warm morning sunshine. Penelope jumped out and dressed with a song in her heart.

Steve came on the stroke of nine as she stood in front of the hall mirror daubing a last bit of powder on a ridiculously imperious nose.

"Hi, Steven!" she greeted, waving the puff at him. "Hope you aren't as nervous as I am about this foundling business."

He saw the sparkle in her deep blue eyes and grinned. It had been so long since Penelope had really smiled, had shown any real interest in anything. They ran out the door and down the steps to his car. On the way across town to the Home, he told her that everything had been arranged for her to take the vacancy. "All the trustees but one were unanimous in electing you."

"And the one?"

"Mrs. Crowder. Mrs. Van Alastair Mac-

It had been so long since Penelope had really smiled, had shown any real interest in anything. There was a sparkle in her eyes.
Donald Crowder, Penny; you're going to have a battle on your hands with her. She's important because old man Crowder once gave ten thousand bucks to the St. Vincent's sinking fund.

"We'll see about Mrs. Van Crowder," Penelope promised. "What are some more problems?"

"Well, there's Miss MacDumfrey, the head nurse. A lady tiger isn't half as fierce about her cubs as she is about her babies. You won't have to wait long to tell whether she likes you."

"Oh gosh, Steve, I hope I can pass muster," Penelope said.

"Steve leaned over and patted her gloved hand. "Sure you will."

The Foundling's Home looked even gloomier than Penelope had remembered it, an old warehouse remodeled years ago, in sad need of several new coats of paint, a battered fence around it that swayed with every passing breeze, shutters on its windows that banged and rattled.

"Steve, this is awful," she said, following him up the rough wall to the waiting room. "And the disinfectant smell, even out here!"

They encountered Miss MacDumfrey just inside the door. Steve introduced them. For a moment Penelope thought that the nurse was going to throw them both out bodily, but as they began to talk, the tension lessened. Soon they were finding things on which to agree.

"But this is a terrible place in which to bring up babies," Penelope said, looking at the battered furniture, the torn wallpaper. "Better than nothing."

"Of course, but suppose I suggested that you move this whole outfit up to my house—babies, nurses, equipment and everything else?" "You mean move into the Trumble house?"

Penelope nodded. "You see, we could turn the ballroom into a nursery, it's nice and big and sunny and faces south."

"How about the kitchen facilities?" Miss MacDumfrey interrupted.

Penelope knew then that the nurse was weakening. She followed up her advantage. "There's a serving pantry right off the ballroom and the kitchen isn't more than twenty feet down the side hall. We have a big laundry with three tubs, washer, ironer, and laundress."

"Hot water?"

"Enough for a hotel."

"Hmmm. It sounds too good to be true."

An assistant nurse came into the room, a sour smile warping her turned down mouth.

"Mrs. Crowder is waiting in the front hall with a photographer. Want a baby girl to hold for a picture for some magazine. And her with such a cold, too!"

"She has a cold and she wants to hold one of my babies? Over my dead body! Where is she?" the head nurse snapped.

It was a militant Miss MacDumfrey who marched out to face Mrs. Crowder, Penelope discreetly following a few paces behind.

"Sorry," the nurse opened a frontal attack, "I haven't any babies available at the moment for picture taking."

"What?" Mrs. Crowder fretted. "That's ridiculous."

Taking the bit between her teeth, Penelope interrupted. "Yes, you see they're all taking naps. Being a model mother yourself, you realize how important it is not to wake them. If you won't think it important, I've a better idea."

"Oh?" Mrs. Crowder said suspiciously.

"Yes, I want you to be the very first to know we're moving the Foundling's Home to my house and wouldn't it be splendid publicity if you had your picture taken on the front porch?"

"We-e-e-ll, there's something in that. Of course I'm not sure I entirely approve of your moving. This Home has been here for thirty years."

"That's true," Penelope admitted, "but sometimes a change is for the best." She smiled and paused a moment.

"And Mrs. Crowder, if you're going to have that picture taken, you'd better hurry before the sun gets any higher, an overhead light is never as flattering."

"In that case, I guess I'd better run along. Don't forget, Penelope, just call on me if there's anything you want to know."

The door closed with a bang. Steve moved out from a side room where he'd been standing.

"Still here?" Penelope asked.

"I thought you'd gone."

"Don't be so optimistic," Steve laughed. "But we can go now, can't we?"

As Penelope turned to say goodbye, a freckle-faced boy came to the screen door, balancing himself on a crutch. Miss MacDumfrey caught sight of him first. "And who are you?" she called.

"I'm Mickey," the boy replied. "I've run away from the city orphanage. I—I thought maybe you could—could take me in."

"Why'd you run away?"

"Because everyone made fun of—of my leg. They call me Limpy. Can't I stay, please?"

Penelope felt her heart going out to the waif. Before the nurse could speak, she ran to the door. "Of course you can stay. You can be my assistant." And although Miss MacDumfrey and Steve objected, Penelope had her way. When she and Steve left, Mickey went with them.

On the way back to her house, Steve warned, "You can't always get around Mrs. Crowder as easily as you did this morning."

"Mrs. Crowder be hanged!" Penelope snorted. "When I saw that woman today, I knew we'd come to blows sooner or later and I always say if there's got to be a fight, hit first and hit hard!"

Penelope began her new labors that same day. With the help of the maid, Steve, and Mickey, she moved most of the furniture out of the ballroom. It was hard work, but it was fun, and she was glad she'd started. Before the orphans could be moved, a whole week of just as hard labor was needed.

And even with the moving task finished, problems were just beginning. First there was Mrs. Crowder. Penelope realized that at every turn she would be confronted with objections from this trustee. Then there was Steve, Steve who loved her, whom she wanted at her side, but without the ties that inevitably he would one day demand.

There was only one way to (Continued on page 62)
THIS IS THE PROGRAM THAT HAS BEEN AND STILL IS RADIO'S BIGGEST WORRY, PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT

It's this program that spoils the smooth sleep of the rajahs of radio because it deals principally with the Civil War. And although the Civil War ended seventy years ago, its battlefields are still smouldering. It is a subject still packed with dynamite.

Tell any resident of Georgia that Sherman was a nice guy and no buts, and he'll hit you with your glasses on—even though this be the year of our love 1935. Be too nice to Lincoln, and fifty thousand Southerners will sit down to their writing desks and boil the broadcasters in ink. Attack him, and every Yankee from Bridgeport to Bangor will pitch his set into the pig-pen.

Roses and Drums has been and is one of radio's most difficult problems. It has done more to heal old sores, more to rub out the Mason-Dixon Line than any other single factor in recent history. By glorifying the heroes of the blue and gray armies, it has sent a surge of patriotic feeling through the veins of all listeners, a feeling of pride for the stuff Americans are made of.

Evidence that this popularity of the Civil War as a dramatic subject and of Roses and Drums as a radio feature is still growing, can be seen in the decision to continue the program through the summer of 1935.
two previous years it has taken a thirteen-weeks' vacation
during the warm spell, to the accompaniment of angry let-
ters from its devoted followers.

The problem of presenting the war in a form that would
give no offense was solved by a few tricks and a lot of
common sense. In the first place, the program makers
avoided all red flag phrases. They knew the South did not
like to hear it described as the Civil War or the War of
the Rebellion. You will always find it referred to as the
War Between the States.

When characters whose names aroused antagonism were
brought on the stage, the writers simply painted them as
ordinary human beings, with all their faults and virtues.
Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grant and Lee were made just
folks, and no one could get really mad at them for that.

They went further. When Lincoln is introduced, he is
not put forward as the perfect individual, the way he is
served up in New England school readers. We hear Stan-
ton crying out that Lincoln is a hypocrite. We hear some-
one else telling Stanton to shut up.

When Grant is ac-
cused of being heart-
less, someone pipes up
and tells the story of
how Grant worked all
night to save a few
horses who had fallen
into a ditch. In the case
of Sherman, we have
Southerners attacking
him bitterly and, in the
General's defense, we
have him expressing re-
gret that he is obliged
to march through Geor-
gia while condoning it
as a necessity of war.

In this way, the au-
thors have struck a
balance. No one is of-
fended.

ROSES AND DRUMS was born
in a room full of cigar
smoke. Six men, look-
ing for a program idea
that would combine edu-
cation with romance, worked it out
after an eight-hour ses-
sion in a New York
office early in 1932. It
got on the air for the
first time in April of
that year. The idea was
to present a pageant
of American history from
the earliest times until
the present, history in-
terwoven with the life
of a typically American
family. The name of
the family was Wright.

After three months, the program was moved
to Chicago. It came
back to New York in
December, 1932. At the
beginning, Roses and
Drums was simply a
series of stories from
American history. The
only unifying thread
was the presence in each story of some member of the
Wright family.

Leading actors then as now were invited to play the
parts of the historical characters. The problem of research
loomed large. Professor M. W. Jernegan, of the University
of Chicago, was given the job of editing and checking the
scripts—and he is still doing it, although the job grows in-
creasingly difficult.

The title, with its well known martial signature, this pro-
gram had from the start. Roses appeared in the title as
symbols of love and romance; drums for progress, for
war, for adventure. It was successful almost at once,
although its present popularity has been a slow, steady
growth. Its sponsor is the Union Central Life Insurance
Company.

The Roses and Drums which came back to New York
in December of 1932 was the program you know today.
Betty Graham, Captain Randy Claymore of the Southern
army and Captain Gordon Wright of the Union forces, all
familiar characters to us now, made their bow in that
home-coming broad-
cast in New York.

Reed Brown, Jr.,
created the role of Gor-
don Wright, and he
still plays it today. He
is so accustomed to the
role that he turns when
someone says Gordon.
John Griggs, who is
Randy today, was
Randy then. The only
change in principals
occurred a year ago
when Betty Love, who
was Betty Graham, an-
nounced her intention
of leaving.

Which, citizens of
the radio world, was
quite a blow to the pro-
ducers. People were
gaga about her voice.
It was a caressing
voice, a voice as South-
ern as peach-bloom.
She could not be dis-
suaded. The producers
looked everywhere for
another just like it.
They listened to hun-
dreds of voices, and
just at the point where
they were about to
give up the search along
came Helen Claire, ap-
ppearing in "Jezebel," a
Broadway play, a girl
from Union Springs,
Alabama.

Her voice was natu-
rally a great deal like
the voice of Betty
Love. The (Con-
tinued on page 76)

Young Eddie Wragge,
Mrs. Richard Mansfield
and Charles Webster,
played the parts of
Tad Lincoln, Mary Todd
and Abraham Lincoln.
LESLIE HOWARD

With several guest appearances marking his microphone debut, it was inevitable that the brilliant name of Leslie Howard would be added to radio's regular roster, Sunday nights at 8:30 over CBS.
LAWRENCE TIBBETT

The dramatic baritone has returned to the airwaves after completing the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Metropolitan," with the lovely blonde Virginia Bruce as his inspiration.
JOHNNY GREEN

This young maestro has been going places, and where could a better spot be than on the Jello program with comedian Jack Benny, Sunday nights? Johnny is also a composer and pianist
TITO GUIZAR

Just at twilight comes the soft voice of Tito Guizar and his guitar. The young Mexican tenor has selected a variety of romantic ballads to thrill you on Thursdays at 5:45 over CBS.
BEAUTY A LA JESSICA DRAGONETTE

Would you like to have a complete list giving full names and prices of all the fascinating beauty preparations mentioned in this month's article? Do you have some personal beauty problem that is causing you trouble and annoyance? Or would you like a new way to use your cosmetics or coiffures to suit your face and your type? Send your query, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. There's a reason for her charm and daintiness. The lovely singer tells you some of her beauty theories. Jessica Dragonette is heard on the Cities Service Hour—page 56—8 o'clock column.

BY JOYCE ANDERSON

PROBABLY no woman on the air—or elsewhere, for that matter—knows so much about natural, delicate feminine charm as does Jessica Dragonette. You have only to see her, as I saw her at the broadcast that night, in her very French evening gown of silver lame in tones of blue and mauve, to realize that. Later, in her black and silver dressing room at NBC, she explained her beauty theories to me. Daintiness. Individuality. Taste. Imagination.

"And most important of all, I think," she said earnestly, "is not to be thinking and talking of personal beauty all the time. Give yourself the very best grooming, the very best costuming, that you possibly can—and then keep your mind alert to other things. A woman who does this, who keeps her appearance attractive and her interest in things alive, can't help being a personality.

"The best costuming means clothes that suit your type and that fit your mood. I'm naturally a great believer in mood. If I'm going to sing Liebestraum, I wear filmy tulle, a truly dream-like frock. For little Mexican songs, I wear Spanish-type hues. I'm particularly fond of those yellow and red combinations, though my favorite colors are white, blue and green, which seem to be my special colors.

"The best grooming, of course, starts with perfect cleanliness. I'm another of your firm believers in plenty of soap and water. I have to take very good care of both skin and hair because I love outdoor life and sunshine. I use a very special British cold cream soap which I couldn't do without, for my skin. For my hair's sake, I have frequent hot oil applications before the actual shampoo. And I brush my hair a great deal." Jessica's hair shows the results, too—a fine golden sheen and a soft texture like a baby's silky curls.

She paused, then spoke quickly, "I almost forgot one of my real skin care secrets. I often cleanse my face with almond meal. You can get it delicately scented, you know, in charming packages. I make a fine paste of it in the palm of one hand and apply it gently with the fingertips of the other. It cleanses the pores so beautifully, and leaves the skin so petal-smooth.

"As for general make-up," she added, "I think the way we apply our face powder is all important. I use very little, for a very personal reason: because the tones of my skin and my hair are so close that I almost prefer having the same sheen to both of them! Since I am a singer, first and last, I can't take the chance of getting the slightest film of powder into my nostrils, so I pat it on gently and lightly."

As a matter of fact, you can get adorable sets of blending brushes, today, one for your powder and one for your rouge. Also, if you're looking for a new foundation, there's a splendid new protective cream whose formula contains skin ointment. It's applied with its companion skin tonic and gives a very filmy, natural complexion base. And there's a special cream put out by another reliable company which is designed just to cover up that last-minute hicky which always pops up to spoil your complexion on the night of nights.

I asked Jessica about her marvelously long eyelashes. "I use plain vaseline overnight," she answered, "to promote their growth and counteract the use of cosmetics. When I use mascara, I use one of the new tubes of paste which helps to curl the lashes and keeps them soft, even while darkening them." For those special occasions, there's a new-type iridescent eye-shadow sponsored by a famous cosmetic firm at a moderate price.

"Nearly everyone uses two coats of nail polish," she continued, "but I suppose I'm the only girl in America who uses two coats of lipstick! To keep my lips from chapping, I always wear one of the 'natural' lipsticks as a pomade for my lips. On top of that, I wear the brilliant or warm shade which harmonizes with my costume and the lights I'm about to face."

Do you have trouble getting a firm outline to your lips? You'll welcome the indelible red make-up pencil with which you can draw the shape of mouth you want and then fill it in with your own favorite lip-rouge. If you have trouble with lipstick smearing on your (Continued on page 59)
WHEN Uncle Jim Riley wrote Mickey to come to New York and audition for his Amateur Hour she didn't want to go. But Tad changed her mind. "Sure we'll go," he told her and they did. They auditioned their act—Mickey Crail played the piano and sang, while Tad Byron sang and imitated bird calls—and were' good enough to win a place on the next Sunday night broadcast. "What did I tell you?" Tad gloated, but Mickey wasn't so sure it was a good thing. Of course she and Tad didn't love each other. They'd always been too busy having a good time for that, but suddenly she was afraid that in New York she might lose Tad. And she knew then that life wouldn't be any fun without him. Sunday night finally came and Mickey found herself sitting on the stage of Radio City's largest studio with seven other amateur acts. Tad prodded her in the ribs: "Wake up, Sap," he growled.

MICKEY found herself walking towards the microphone with Tad's arm firmly linked in hers. The whisper of the crowd and the first hesitant hand clapping came to her from a remote distance, like the harmless rumble of thunder on the horizon. All her senses were concentrated now on reaching Uncle Jim and answering his questions.

Then she was there, and Uncle Jim was shaking her hand, and Tad was smiling the one smile in the world that automatically made her feel better.

"These are two kids from Pougkeepsie, New York," Uncle Jim said into the mike. "Mickey Crail and Tad Byron. Mickey is the daughter of that famous old-time vaudeville star, Ade Crail, so I guess she really belongs here beside me. Tad, will you tell our listeners what you do when you aren't broadcasting on this Amateur Hour?" Tad said. "Sure. I graduated from engineering school this June. I've been waiting until fall when jobs open up." "Maybe you'll get one after tonight," Uncle Jim answered.

The first numbness was wearing off. For the first time Mickey was able to look around and recognize the studio and the stage. She wondered what Uncle Jim would ask her what her reply would be. But instead he went on:

"Hi!" she waved from the veranda. "Don't tell me your names. I know—I went to the broadcast Sunday.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN
“Now if you two are ready, I'll sit back and listen."

Singing their song. Mickey knew they were good. Tad had never whistled better. She wished she could be sitting in the library at home, near the radio. It would be fun to hear your own voice broadcasting. At the end of the song, she even let her fingers wander off into minor chords, something she usually reserved for the privacy of her music room.

Whether or not it was because their talent was so outstanding, Byron and Crail made a hit with the studio audience. If clapping alone had counted in awarding prizes, they would have walked off with first place hands down.

Tad placed the back of his hand to his forehead in a salute to victory.

“Kid, we wowed them. What did you do, hypnotize those keys?”

Uncle Jim'srown quieted his exultation. Mickey thanked Tad for his compliment with a glance in which he could have read more than appreciation, had he been looking.

Though for Mickey the broadcast was ended, another forty minutes had to go by before she could leave the studio. They must wait, too, until the phone calls had been tabulated and the winners announced."

At last it was all over. Watching in fascination, Mickey saw the minute hand of the electric clock creep to the hour of ten. The last announcement of the voting that Uncle Jim made, before the theme song ended another Hour, was: "Tannera, the gypsy, 1456; Jeff Bowers, 1238; Byron and Crail, 1179."

Tad said, in a voice that held puzzlement and disbelief, "Don't toss in the towel yet, Mickey, we still have a chance."

Mickey turned to watch the audience file out. Sheep fashion, in their hurry to be at something else, the eight amateur acts that had given them an hour's entertainment glowing embers in their memories, stories to be recalled months from now.

Uncle Jim sat down next to her. "The rest of the votes will be coming in any minute. Of course we won't have any mail for a day or two, but the letters almost always confirm the phone calls." He noticed Tad's expression of disappointment.

"Don't tell me you expected to win!"

"A Byron always expects to win," Tad replied, smiling.

"I'm glad we didn't," Mickey said impulsively.

"Why, Crail! Where's that true fighting spirit you once had?" Tad scolded.

"Here—stop bickering," Uncle Jim interposed. "Even if you didn't get first prize, you made enough impression on the audience to be getting offers before long."

"What kind of offers?" Tad asked.

Mickey grew impatient. "Come on, Tad, let's go. I'm terribly tired," she pleaded. But Tad hung back. Not until the last vote came in, placing Tannera first, did he say,

"Okay, little one. Let's be on our way."

Going down in the elevator, Mickey remembered Tad's invitation. "I'll be a nice girl this time, even if it doesn't get you any place," she smiled. "I'm going to let you out of your date for the Rainbow Room."

"Hear, hear," Tad mocked. "Isn't that sweet of you. And I'd been planning all along on a big evening. But of course, if you're set on getting home—"

"Certainly not. If it means so much to you, we'll go."

"Nope," Tad said. "Wouldn't think of it now."

He did, however, as proof that he held no ill will, flag a cab that was prowling the streets and push Mickey in. It was a waste of money. Mickey supposed, but those few short blocks home looked longer in her imagination than the circular staircase up the Statue of Liberty.

In the hall, outside her room, Mickey pulled Tad's head down near her own level, and kissed him goodnight.

"Hey, cut it out!" Tad said. "Stage people aren't allowed to have emotions."

"See you in the morning, Lothario. And it has been fun, hasn't it?" Five minutes later, without even a cold creaming, her face was buried in the pillow. She tried to think back over the day and was asleep before she got to church.

Without much effort, she was up and dressed by eight-thirty. Her last curl had just fallen out of place again, when Tad rapped on the door and walked in.

"Come in," she mocked and waved him to a chintz covered rocker. He slumped down, his half-closed eyes blinking in an effort to stay open.
"Well," Mickey asked, smoothing out the wrinkles in her dress, "now that it's all over, what train do we catch for the teeming metropolis of Poughkeepsie? Remember, we promised our parents we'd be back today at the latest." Tad nearly swallowed his hand in a prodigious yawn. "So we did. Better send them a wire this morning." He blinked again and stood up.

The comb in Mickey's hand clattered to the dresser. She whirled to face him, awful realization creeping over her. "What do you mean, send a wire?"

"What's so hard to figure out about that?" Tad laughed easily. "We're staying awhile, so we let them know."

"Staying? But we're not staying. We're going home. We came down here to have some fun. We've had it. Now we leave."

"Whoa, Mickey, slow down," he replied. "After the showing we made last night, we should go back now? Don't be ridiculous!"

All the fears that had held Mickey at dinner last night returned threefold; for every head she lopped off, two came to take its place. Tad was staying! That was plain, unadulterated fact, and there was nothing she could do to varnish it over.

She might have said more, if the landlady from the landing below hadn't called Tad's name with a shout that echoed from every wall. Tad ran out of the room and down the steep stairs. He came hurrying back, tearing open a letter he held, stopping in the doorway to read it.

"Mickey! Look! We've gone and done it already."

He advanced towards her, flourishing a gray sheet of writing paper. Mickey read it through tears that magnified every word. It was addressed to Mr. Tad Byron, care of Uncle Jim Riley, Radio City.

"Would it be convenient for you and your partner, Miss Crail, to attend a lawn party we are giving tonight? The messenger is waiting for a reply." It was signed "Marion Van Biddle."

"And don't," Tad said, "tell me you've never heard of the Van Biddles."

Only too well, Mickey recognized the name. It stood, in New York, for Park Avenue with a capital "P," a name even Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., would find hard to ridicule.

"We're going and that's final," he said, racing out to deliver his acceptance to the messenger, leaving Mickey to choose between Poughkeepsie without Tad and the Van Biddles with him.

When he returned, she made up her mind. "Tad, I'm staying. Rather than throw you to the debutante wolves, I'll stick around and see that they don't take advantage of your kind disposition."

"How nice!" Tad's lip curled in imaginary scorn. "Then you'll be around when I call for help?"

"Absolutely." And why not? She thought. It would be something to tell the relatives about later.

Byron and Crail looked much more like a young society pair than two scared amateurs when they arrived at the Van Biddle Westchester estate that night. Tad, in his white palm beach jacket and black pants, might have stepped straight from the Harvard Club. Mickey wore the precious dinner dress she had made for herself at the beginning of the summer. With it went a matching white chiffon jacket, and pinned to the left shoulder Tad's contribution to the evening—a corsage of violets. Tad was always thoughtful.

The Van Biddles' daughter, Marion, was waiting for them when they arrived.

"Hi!" she waved from the veranda. "Don't tell me your names. I know—I went to the broadcast Sunday." She came down the steps, her hand outstretched. Marion was just what the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers promise debutantes to be—tall, slender, perfectly groomed, with ash blonde hair and contrasting eyes of iris blue. Worse than that, Mickey found herself liking the hussy.

"Come on inside and meet the assembled multitudes," Marion invited, leading the way into a cool, dimly lit hall, and then through a side door onto a porch big enough to have accommodated the whole Crail home in Poughkeepsie.

When the round of introductions were over and with frothy mint juleps in their hands, Tad and Mickey wandered off to one side.

"Just why," Mickey demanded "have we been taken up by Westchester society?"

"Couldn't you tell by the way Marion Van Biddle greeted me?" Tad answered. "Seriously I guess this is Park Avenue's newest game—inviting amateurs they like to these festivals and asking them to entertain. Maybe they do it for laughs but tonight they're going to get something more."

Marion joined them and Mickey smiled before she could stop herself.

"I've just talked things over with mother," Marion said, "and we think it would be a swell idea if you two stayed as our house guests for awhile. Which will you have, the left wing or the right wing or both?"

Mickey saw that Tad was going to accept and she spoke first. "It's terribly nice of you but we can't really. For one thing, I didn't bring any clothes with me except what I have on."

Marion replied quickly, "I have a kid sister just your size. Not really a kid, she's eighteen. She's gone to Europe and there's a whole wardrobe of stuff she's left. Come on upstairs and we'll have a look at the collection."

Mickey found no support at all in Tad. "Swell," he said. "Go ahead. I'll wait here for you."

Without another acceptable objection, Mickey followed Marion back into the hall, up a carpeted stairway and into a bedroom that belonged by rights to a fairy princess. Or a Van Biddle, Mickey thought. Marion was right. In a closet large enough to hold two generations of skeletons, were dozens of dresses—sports, afternoon, dinner, evening—hung in neat rows.

"Help yourself," Marion said, "while I see to it that the guests don't walk off with the silverware."

It was ten before Mickey finished the fascinating game of trying on clothes that didn't belong to her. She hurried back downstairs, suddenly conscious that she'd been gone a long time. No one was on the porch. She moved through to the lawn that was as smooth as an eighteen green. Down at one corner, near an arbor, she heard voices. Picking up her dress, she half ran, anxious to apologize for not returning sooner.

"And when you hold me tight. . . ."

Mickey recognized that voice almost as soon as she recognized the tune. She stopped abruptly, a moment before going on, one pace at a time, until she had crept up to the fringe of the crowd where she (Continued on page 79)
SECRETs OF A	
Society Hostess

BY COBINA WRIGHT

LAST month I started to tell you about a dinner party I gave at which Jascha Heifetz, who loves to play practical jokes, donned a false moustache and acted as butler.

He began by almost spilling a glass of water in a very elegant dowager's lap. He caught it just in time and I could hardly keep my face straight when I saw her give him a terrible look and then instantly set her face into the forgiving smile of the socially correct.

Next he offered a dignified old gentleman some onions. The man refused. Heifetz said, "But I insist that you eat these onions. They would undoubtedly improve your disposition." The man shot an amazed look at me but I apparently had not heard the remark and was chatting in an unconcerned fashion to the guest on my left!

And then he got worse and worse. He knocked over the salt and insisted that a foreign diplomat throw it over his left shoulder. He sloshed the soup about, missing elaborately and expensive gowns by inches. He served from the wrong side, put his arm in front of the faces of people who were talking.

Of course, everyone thought that both he and I had gone completely mad but not a soul recognized the clumsy disrespectful butler as Jascha Heifetz, the great violinist, until about the fourth course.

When he finally ripped off the moustache and re-arranged his hair they were all amazed and, uncomfortable as they had been, they were able to join in the laughter. It was fun and made good dinner table conversation at other homes for weeks. I'm sure no one minds eating onions and having salt poured down his back when the reward is an evening of Heifetz music!

I have a very bad social fault: being late. I am always on time for radio programs, I never miss a rehearsal or a train, but I am notoriously late for social engagements. I try to break myself of the habit, for when the shoe is on the other foot, when I am waiting for guests, I know how badly I feel.

What should a hostess do in such a case? How should one behave when an excellent dinner is being spoiled waiting for a belated guest?

I can but tell you what I do. I wait fifteen minutes past the appointed time—no dinner can completely spoil during that length of time—then I have dinner announced and the rest of us begin. When the guest arrives I say, "I thought it better if we sat down. I was sure it would make you feel more comfortable to know that we had not waited." And then I (Continued on page 68)

IT'S THE LITTLE TRICKS IN ENTERTAINING THAT PUT A PARTY OVER—THIS FAMOUS WOMAN REVEALS THEM
WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW Contents

both legs in an automobile crash. Allyn Joslyn, the juvenile, went to the hospital, the victim in another accident. The Helen Spence, slipped and severely injured her spine. A week later a Tenth Avenue freight train hit Chester Stratton and severely injured his right leg. He was crippled by a fall from a car and shortly afterwards Santos Ortega was discharged in a street accident.

By this time, the sponsor was convinced a jinx was upon his troupe and in the hope of dodging it transferred his program from the Columbia to the National network. The first broadcast in the new studio was without incident; everybody breathed easier, hoping that the Imp of Fate had been banished. But he wasn’t. He was just hanging a pretty protégé ready to hand. The Court of Human Relations cast its worst wallop. Janet Lee, the ingenue, thrilled with the prospect of playing a virtuous broadway heroine. What her part was, stricken with pneumonia and never got the chance.

SOCIAL GOINGS-ON

DOMESTIC discord has the Row all upset at present. Circulate through the corridors of Radio City and the Columbia building at 485 Madison Avenue and almost everybody you meet has a tale to whisper about some friend or acquaintance leaving his or her family, or vice versa. Really it is very confusing and your reporter, after so many earfuls, is beginning to wonder if it isn’t the Hollywood influence that is corrupting our citizens. Before radio stars started migrating to California to make movies we were all one happy family—now you’re lucky if you can find one happy family! Or, one you can depend upon to remain happy until the next issue of Radio Mirror comes out!

The story of Ray Knight, the cackoo comedian, and his second wife, a former Toledo, O., newspaper woman, has created possibly the greatest stir. Ray is one of the aristocrats of the air. He has aspirations to be a dramatist and a flair for comedy writing as evidenced by his radio sketches and his annual contributions to the Metropolitan Opera Artists’ Jamboree which winds up the Met’s season.

Knight pats around with opera stars and executives and, according to his wife, has been also palling around too much with Sally Belle Cox, radio’s cry-baby im- ponderable. Mrs. Knight’s and has appeared with him for years, even since he gave her her first job when he was production manager of Peter Dixon’s Bringing Up Junior. Whenever Junior wailed it was Sally who did the wailing with the help of a pillow.

The present Mrs. Knight was a widow with two children when Ray married her. (He fell in love with Ruth when she interviewed him in her capacity as a reporter and went to see her a few weeks after that meeting.) Knight has a daughter by his first wife, whom he divorced years ago. Also a handsome country home in Connecticut, which Mrs. Knight hopes to acquire in the settlement proceedings in addition to a big alimony and counsel fees.

Then there is the parting of the Frank Luthers to further upset the equilibrium of the Row. Frank, as you know, is the tenor of the Men About Town and appears in a number of programs including Heart Throbs of the Hills. At one time he was that romantic rascal, Your Lover, who had feminine bosoms all over the country aheaving. Mrs. Luther is Zora Layman, also an artist you have admired on the networks. Frank and Zora were childhood sweethearts who long mar- ried. Until recently Mrs. Luther was content to forego her own career and watch Frank’s progress. The artistic urge, however, has manifested itself a couple of years ago and Zora since has been striving for her place in the sun. Friends of the couple attribute their difficulties to clash of ambitions and aspirations.

And Queena Mario, the novel-writing Metropolitian diva frequently heard on the air, and her husband, Wilfred Pelle-tier, the opera conductor also familiar to, dlialiasts, are calling it a day . . . While from the West Coast come persistent reports of discord in the Bing Crosby Marriage. Everyone who has us Easterners believe that Victor Young, Al Jolson’s maestro, got one of those sub rosa Mexican divorces and as secretly as possible to Lee Wiley, the radioirelo, in Arizona.

(Continued on page 72)

CHICAGO by Chase Giles

TED WEEMS found himself in an odd spot this fall. He had been signed to a contract by the Palmer House to bring his orchestra to that famous Chicago hotel in September. During the summer months the hotel featured the famous dance-team, Veloz and Yolanda, with their own orchestra. The dancers did such a phenomenal business the hotel was forced to keep them on in order to maintain the same high standards. The result was that Ted’s opening for the winter season was postponed again and again until nearly the middle of December. When he was going to get the job at all. So the Weems orchestra kept accepting theater and cafe dates around the country well into the fall.

All in the period of one month this fall Don Briggs left Chicago and radio for film work for Universal, Don Ameche, First Nighter leading man, and Art Jacobson, leading man of several Chicago radio drama series, were called West to make film tests. Seems the film folks are watching the Chicago radio actors and actresses very closely. And, of course, we mustn’t forget that beautiful Dorothy Page got her chance at movie stardom while singing over the radio from Chicago studios.

One of the most popular men in the Chicago radio studios is Francis X. Bush- man, film star of a bygone day. Although Bushman rode the heights—he spent so much during his years of film stardom that he himself doesn’t know whether it was six or nine million—he has none of the ego which so often ruins our illusions upon meeting famous people. He’s one of the easiest men to work with in the radio business. The boys and girls all like him and admire the cheery grin with which he faces a new life at the age of fifty-one.

Douglas Hope has been a villain so long he’s sick and tired of it. He’s played in Chicago radio dramas for the last ten years but always as a villain. So he wrote a scenario one day with himself as the leading man, not the villain, in mind. His sponsor bought the script and Doug was very happy, until the sponsor cast him back in the role of villain again. Hope’s library of theatrical history includes 3,800 volumes, making it one of the most valuable private collections in the world.

Organist Irma Glen and her husband spent a fortune entirely re-doing their swank apartment on Chicago’s Lake Shore Drive. Everything was done in the modern manner—trick aluminum chairs, mirrors, covering the walls, built-in radios. Then they moved out into the north shore suburbs.

Before Sigmund Romberg started his new winter radio series a sample broad- cast was put on records and sent out to Chicago and to other cities so local radio editors could have a “preview” of the show just the way movie critics do.

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, spent her vacation in Europe this fall but her husband had to stay right in Chicago writing radio shows and acting in them. She believe it or not, One-Eye Connelly, champion gate crasher, failed to crash the NBC portals in the Merchandise Mart to make his guest appearance on one of the National Farm and Home Hour shows. He got mixed up in his dates and didn’t appear until a day later.

For almost a whole week recently Lum and Abner didn’t talk to each other. They couldn’t. Abner. (Continued on page 73)

Out for her morning spin, Irma Glen, organist heard over the NBC network, has a new bike—siren ‘n’ everything.
GOOD old Kris Kringle is harnessing the reindeers for his annual trip. Although most Coast radio entertainers will stay at home, many, in memory, will want to be transported to other places.

For instance, if they could have their way, here's where some would go... .

Hildie Albright, veteran KNX announcer, back to his hometown in Olean, New York... . Barbara Jo Allen, One Man's Family. NBC, Paris, where she once studied at the university. Hazel Warner, NBC's Sperry Singer, to her Iowa birthplace... . Cecil Underwood, NBC producer, to Spokane where he lived from the age of six... . Glendall Taylor, to Buffalo, his first home.

Charles Shepherd, KFI, to Boston where he was with the old Boston Symphony and the pop concerts... . Bob Swan, KFAC, on an ocean trip to remind him of navy days... . Ken Stuart, KJR, back to Alma mammy, Penn State College... . Paul Rickenbacker, CBS, to see the folks in Napierville, Ill, where he was born... . Raymond Paige, CBS, to Wasau, Wis., another home town.

"Billie" Lowe, Los Angeles radio singer, waited fifteen months and sued hubby, Edward Lowe, on charges of desertion. He left one night and forgot to come back... . Juliette Dunn, KFRC, songstress, and husband, Harrison Hollis, manager of the station, have tossed overboard the divorce proceedings... . Julietta Burnett, recently divorced wife of Donald Novis, ambling around the studios since, hoping to land on the radio again or in the movies.

Nick Kenny, New York radio columnist, made a hit out on the West Coast during visiting days, but do you suppose the hometowners heard what he said in an interview on KFWB in Hollywood?

He's one of the West Coast's most popular program directors. His name's Arthur Linkletter and his shows are heard over KGB, San Diego.

Nick said that announcers are wind bags, that Ted Husing isn't overly gifted with brains; and that David Ross always moans about lack of publicity.

Anyway, Jack Couey, KFWB pressman, says, and the local press grabbed up the story and rushed it into print.

Art Linkletter, pearly-toothed radio youngster, is back at KGB as program director. He left an announcing post there when the exposition opened in San Diego to announce for the fair. But back to the radio station at more salary. He did relief announcing while a student at San Diego Teachers College and hoped to teach English. However, "I yam what I yam, a radio mug," says the bright young lad of San Diego.

Larry Crosby, one of Bing's brothers, has written "Plain Old Me" in collaboration with Tony Romano, guitarist-singer, and Morey Amsterdam, writer and comic. The last two are favored members of Al Pearce's NBC gang. Gossip on the Coast says that another brother, Everett, who owns a music-publishing house, turned the tune down. It must be good.

Now that the premiers of the new KNX and NBC studios in Hollywood are ancient history, the lads and lassies are settling down to routine business. The grand openings brought out the largest number of tuxedos and soup-and-fish in years.

C. ("Cash and Carry") Pyle, of sports promotion fame, has moved from Chicago to Hollywood and is producing well-transcription programs this winter.

One way to get an announcing job on the coast is to have the broadcasters hold their annual conclave in your city. Lew Crosby was valiantly holding forth at KYR, Colorado Springs, when the NAB met there in the summer. Naylor Rogers, collector of Scotch humor and KNX's vice president, heard the boy. Came the call and a new berth at KNX for Crosby. He plays tennis, polo and bridge... . dabbled in college, dramatic and stock companies... . likes hot dogs with mustard... . his Ingolftoria's bizarre architecture and desert sunsets.

Margaret Brayton has been doing pretty well for herself. She was doing bits on the Shell Chateau. Alice Brady, film player, was to take a lead role. But she flopped in the wings and Miss Brayton took her part.

Ken Fogley, news reader over KRRD and radio columnist, had a nice write-up in a rival sheet. But they dubbed him "Scop Wemp:" "after breaking in an animal act for an eastern vaudeville circuit, he moved into the Fourth Estate as a radio critic." Anyway, Ken can take it.

Frederick Stark, KHJ's concert conductor, has been busy this winter as a result of his guest conducting at the Hollywood Bowl in the summer. He has been lecturing before schools and clubs. His Ingolftoria's concerts now number 422 weekly programs.

Seems as though John Hallam, KHJ mildman, is really the old Hiebut but it was too difficult for fans to pronounce or write.

Marian Mansfield, one-time KNX singer but lately in the films, is now married to Arthur Ränkin, nephew of the Barrymore clan. Rankin, an actor, is Arthur Rankin Davies's. Marian first came to Hollywood as Gertrude Ride mour, and has two boys by a previous marriage. The Marian Mansfield tag was selected as a radio-stage-screen handle.

"Congo" Bartlett is an interesting character. He is timely and up to the minute. In no time at all, he switched his KHJ frolic in Africa to a program into Congo. Bartlett in Ethiopia. As I told you not long ago, his first name is Sam and he is an English M.D.

Robert Waldrop, NBC announcer in San Francisco, is the latest to journey to Radio City. He is a native son—Eureka and twenty-six years. Probably his best known coast mile stone was to announce the western edition of Death Valley Days.

We have been hearing Rose Dirmann, soprano, on CBS from New York. Once upon a time she was a popular KFI singer, and one of the London girls to employ a personal publicity agent.

Some of these days you will hear more of Kelman Aiken in radio. Just now the lad is studying and singing on Culver City's KFVD once a week. By days he slings sodas in the Biltmore Hotel coffee shop. When the Biltmore staff held their Christmas party in the cafe, he sang some ballads. This seems to be his particular forte, a sort of song stylist in bal lardian, rather than straight popular tunes of the day in jazz tempo. Time will develop the style, a tonal quality and more volume.

Nice work by Harry Stewart, now NBC correspondent in Los Angeles. His health wouldn't let him go East with Al Pearce's gang, so he joined the network force.

Born in Tacoma, the blond-haired blue-eyed youth,立案 from Scotch. Of course you've heard his lovable and laughable characterization as "Yogi Yorgesson." He's developing others, too.

Don Craig, who disappeared from the KJR staff as singer and announcer, has bobbed up in Hollywood. Marshall Sohl, KHJ tenor, is his writing personality. Both are doing well in Los Angeles radio circles.

Frank C. Chamberlin has been boosted from continuity scribe to assistant production manager and announcer at KROW. His nickname is Duke.

Midge (Virginia) Williams, KFRC's colored alto singer, is eighteen years old and was born in Los Angeles. She won the staff position through the audition route, and is studying in the state university extension division. She hopes to make singing her career.

(Continued on page 83)
"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan

When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Wethersfield, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.

Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—

and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable," Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.

In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos

---Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand
Sylvia of Hollywood Will
Streamline Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles

The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Have you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In No More Alibis you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you all the treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And be sure in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

No More Alibis gives you the very same information of which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only $1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—today.

Sign and Mail Coupon for this Amazing Book TODAY

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept.NV22, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis" by Sylvia of Hollywood.

Enclosed $1.00.

Name

Address

City.................State.........
COOKING FOR THE SISTERS OF THE SKILLET

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

You've all listened to the Sisters of the Skillet give their screwy household advice over CBS this fall. They're the boys, you know, who suggest propping up the raisins in raisin cake with toothpicks so they won't fall to the bottom, and who offered this novel method of splitting the peas for split-pea soup: Imbed the peas on lumps of dough stuck to the wall, then throw safety razor blades at them.

Well, some of their ideas about food sound just as haywire. But they're serious about them! For instance, Ed wants his six-o'clock dinner cooked at noon and placed in the refrigerator so it will be nice and cold when he's ready to eat it. Ralph loves oyster stew, but can't stand the oysters—gives them to Ed. Ed says the best potatoes are those boiled in sea water, which saves the absent minded cook from wondering whether or not she has added salt. And Ralph likes his cheese sandwich buttered on the outside.

Take the matter of cold food, Ed's preference. He doesn't like hot dishes, not only because they burn his tongue but because he thinks heat impairs flavor. Anyhow, he explains, everyone uses left over roast in the form of cold sliced meat and transforms cooked vegetables into cold salad, so he feels he is not so different from most folks at that. He even likes cold hamburger, and when the Sisters described their pet hamburger recipe I had to agree that, hot or cold, it should be swell.

Skillet Hamburgers

1 pound ground round steak
1 egg
Minced green vegetables
Salt, pepper, paprika.

The catch in this recipe is the addition of the vegetables which form about half the bulk of the meat. Minced onions, for a starter, of course, and after that the Sisters let their imaginations run away with them and add anything they can find in the garden—parsley, celery and celery tops, chives, spinach, lettuce, cabbage, green pepper, tomato. If they are near an herb garden they include sage and thyme, basil and marjoram. Chop vegetables fine, drain off moisture and add, with the egg, to the meat and mix thoroughly. Form into patties, working salt, pepper and paprika into each. Ralph maintains that this method of seasoning is much better than putting the condiments into the mixing bowl. Salt the bottom of a heavy skillet, placed over a high flame. When the salt browns, pop in the hamburgers, brown on one side, turn and brown again. Reduce heat and cook to taste. The vegetables will cause the patties to puff up into a far more exciting dish than the ordinary hamburger. If sufficient moisture and fat do not cook out to prevent burning, add butter, but add it only after the patties have browned. And if you think they don't make good sandwiches, just look at the Sisters' picture!

With the hamburgers, Ed suggests the sea water potatoes. This method he explains, he learned from an old fisherman while cruising on Long Island (Continued on page 71)
We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC

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HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)

2. Read down the column for the programs which are in bold type.

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

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, East Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following pages—in Basic, Eastern, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)

2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.

3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour column.

4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

COLOMBIA BROAD-

52
6:30 Autumn Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. 15 hr. WABC WAAB WBWB WMCM WELW W3KQ. Mon. 15 hr. WCAO WAKB WBUB W5M2. Tues. 15 hr. WGRB W4QK. Wed. 15 hr. W7XW W6JQ. Thurs. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Fri. 15 hr. WJSV W21. Sat. 15 hr. WQAM WJZM. W4QK<br>

7:15 Jimmy Farrell: Tues. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

7:30 Bobby Baker's Bakers: Sun. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

7:45 Bobbie Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 15 hr. WABC WAAB WBUB WHBBS W3KQ. Mon. 15 hr. WGRB W4QK. Tues. 15 hr. W7XW W6JQ. Wed. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Thurs. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Fri. 15 hr. WJSV W21. Sat. 15 hr. WQAM WJZM. W4QK 

8:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

8:30 Leslie Howard: Sun. 15 hr. Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus supplementary plus Canadian plus network. 

9:00 John Hynes: Sun. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

9:30 Ford Sunday Evening Shows: Mon. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

10:00 Wayne King: Lady Esther: Sun. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

10:30 Gaye Lombard: Sat. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

11:00 Abe Lyman Orchesta: Mon. Sat. WABC and network. 

11:30 Dance Orchesta: Fri. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

12:00 Richard Himber: Fri. 15 hr. WABC and network. 

6:30 HouseHold Music: Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 15 hr. WABC WAAB WBUB WHBBS W3KQ. Mon. 15 hr. WGRB W4QK. Tues. 15 hr. W7XW W6JQ. Wed. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Thurs. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Fri. 15 hr. WJSV W21. Sat. 15 hr. WQAM WJZM. W4QK 

6:45 Vanished Voices: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 15 hr. WABC WAAB WBUB WHBBS W3KQ. Mon. 15 hr. WGRB W4QK. Tues. 15 hr. W7XW W6JQ. Wed. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Thurs. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Fri. 15 hr. WJSV W21. Sat. 15 hr. WQAM WJZM. W4QK 

6:45 Voice of Experience: Sun. 15 hr. WABC WAAB WBUB WHBBS W3KQ. Mon. 15 hr. WGRB W4QK. Tues. 15 hr. W7XW W6JQ. Wed. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Thurs. 15 hr. W2RQ W3CG. Fri. 15 hr. WJSV W21. Sat. 15 hr. WQAM WJZM. W4QK
2:00 The Magic Key of RCA: Sun, 1 hr. Basic plus Western plus Riviera plus coast

2:30 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs., one hr. WJZ and network

135 Pine Mountain Socialists: Sun 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

2:45 General Federation of Women’s Clubs: Fri. 3/4 hr. WJZ and network

1:00 The Silver Flute: Tues. 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

Old Skipper: Sat. 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

2:50 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs., one hr. WJZ and network

Golden Melodies: Tues. 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association: Wed. 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

1:45 Happy Jack: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC WESTERN

WJZ WSTR YSKO KSO WPTF KPRC

WMAI WLMK KDKA WRF WSTP WRAV

WBZ WKNM KOIL WWNC WJAX

WBZA WGAR WPLA WABP WOA1

COAST

KOA KOAL KFO KOMO KGW

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAP WHO

WTAG WLCI

WBEN WSAI

WCAE WFRB

WTAM WRC

WESTERN

KSTP WTMJ

WRC WBEK KPRC WYAI WPAA KFOR

SOUTHERN

WIOD WJAX WBAP WAPI

WPLA WFTF WSMC WSMC

WWNC WRAV WJBD WSM8

CANADIAN

CRTC CFCF

KHO KG0 KOMO

KDYD KHJ KFI

KOJ KGW

NATIONAL

1:00 June, Joan and Jerry: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

1:30 Oxley’s Mail Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. Basic minus WJZ, WHO WDAF WMAQ WAPI plus WPLW WAPI WAVE WUSB

2:00 Bible Dramas: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

Revolution: Stage: Mon. 3/4 hr. WEAF and network

Orchestra: Thurs. 1 1/2 hr. WEAF and network

The Magic of Speeches: Fri. 3/4 hr. WEAF and network

1:30 Words and Music: Sun. 1/4 hr. (network listing not available)

1:45 NBC Music Guild: Tues. 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

Breakfast: Thurs. 3/4 hr. WEAF and network

1:30 Temple of Song: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

2:30 NBC Music Guild: Tues. 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

South Sea Islanders: Mon. 5/8 hr. WEAF and network

Weekend Revue: Thurs. 1 1/2 hr. WEAF and network

4:00 Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. Basic minus KSO WJZ WJZ Plus. Coast Plus WJO

4:15 Willard Robinson’s Orchestra: Mon. 1 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

4:30 NBC Music Guild: Thurs. 1/4 hr. WJZ and network

5:00 Jones and Drums: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. Basic plus WJO WJZ WJZ WWAB WJZ WJZ Plus. Coast Plus

5:15 Jackie Helter: Sat. 3/4 hr. Network

5:30 Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 3/4 hr. WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ

5:45 Gabriel Heater: Sat. 3/4 hr. Basic plus WJO WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ

6:00 Carol Deis, soprano: Sat. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network


6:30 Songs of_STYLE: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

7:00 Penthouse Serenade, Jack Fultons: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. Basic plus Coast Vib and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ

NBC Music Guild: Thurs. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

8:00 Penthouse Serenade has changed its singing star from Dan Maria to Jack Fulton. Jack ran into trouble with Paul White man and the fact that he was once a roommate of Bing Crosby’s. Listen to June, Joan, and Jerry at 3:00 weekdays on our program. useful bit of lightness... And Maria Costi is still on Fridays at 1:45.

9:00 Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Wed. Fri. 5/8 hr. Basic minus WJO who WJO plus Coast

9:30 Temple of Song: Sat. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

Dream Drama: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ

Tom Top Programs: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1 1/2 hr. WEAF and network

Matinee Musical: Thurs. 1 1/4 hr. WEAF and network

Music by Al Goodman: Sun. 1 1/4 hr. Basic plus KYW WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ

Big news for offi-

But
secretly
she cried
over her
pimply
skin

Poor child—those pimples
have hurt her looks, and
made her miss so many
good times!

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER
TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST? IT CURED MY
ANN'S PIMPLES!

Mary, why don't you ask
a boy and come tonight?

Who? Me? Why,
you know I hate
boys—why, I
wouldn't be
seen with one!!

But, actually, of course, she
wants to be pretty and popular.

Nasty, Horrid Hickies! If
I could only get rid of
them!

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, im-
portant glands develop. This
causes disturbances throughout
the body. The skin becomes over-
sensitive. Harmful waste prod-
ucts get into your blood. These
poisons irritate the sensitive skin
and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleisch-
mann's Yeast for adolescent pim-
ples. This fresh yeast clears skin
irritants out of the blood. Pim-
ples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day,
before meals, until skin clears.

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

Copyright, 1950, Standard Brands Incorporated
Miss Constance Hall says: "Pond’s Cold Cream keeps my skin clear and fine."

**Put new life into Under Skin**

**See outer skin bloom...Faultless!**

**“Deep-skin” Cream reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults**

**What** annoys you most when you peer into the mirror? Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start new—with a satin-clear skin!

And you can!—by putting new life into your underskin! There’s where skin faults begin. And there’s where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. Kept active—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

To keep that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond’s Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pores through cloggings of dirt...make-up...skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond’s Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

**A double-benefit treatment**

Every Night, pat in Pond’s Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now put in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond’s Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond’s Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

**Special 9-Treatment Tube**

POND’S, Dept. M13, Clinton, Conn. I enclose 50c for cover postage and packing) for 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.

Name.
Street.
City. State.

Copyright, 1935, Pond’s Extract Company.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Write to the Oracle, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about personalities and radio programs answered.

Long famous as a comedian and accordion virtuoso, Phil Baker now sings! With him are his four stooges and Hal Kemp's orchestra. For Phil Baker's program, sponsored by the Gulf Refining Co., see page 53—7 o'clock column.

Miss L. M. B., Chicago, Ill.—Thank you for the information on Joe Sanders. Now, here's your reward: Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on June 29, 1901. He made his debut as boy soprano in the choir of Grace Church there. Later he decided to be a trap drummer in a boys' orchestra. His father and grandfather were whizies with a drum. His next job was as telephone operator in an iron works factory. Then followed a short-lived career as a newspaperman and finally he concentrated on his voice. He made his New York début in 1931 and has been climbing the ladder via stage, radio and movies, ever since. Tall, handsome and athletic, Eddy finds relaxation in swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He's single and at present can be reached in care of M-G-M, Culver City, California.

Miss P. L. N., Baltimore, Md. and Mrs. Minnie W., Baltimore, Md.—The above is for you too, ladies.

Miss Rosalyn G., Ballston Spa, New York—Rudy Vallee has business offices at 111 West 57th Street, New York City. I am sure your letter will be given prompt attention.

William H., Canton, Ill.—Ruth Etting was born in David City, Nebraska. She was studying clothes designing at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago when she went to the Marigold Gardens to sketch the costumes. Her ambition was to sing and a place in the chorus. Then one night a male principal failed to appear and Ruth, the only one familiar with the lyrics, was called upon to take his place. She made so good she retired then and there both as a chorus girl and an art student. And of course you know the rest.

Joan B., Spokane, Washington—The lady in question was born Katherine Elizabeth Smith but everyone knows her as Kate Smith. How do you like her new program? She's with the A. & P. Gypsies now, you know.

B. K. B., St. Louis, Mo.—The Oracle apologizes, B. K., for the mistake. I was wrongly informed. Jack Arnold is played by Vinton Haworth.

Eva H., Chesterville, Ontario—Jerry Cooper is heard over the Columbia networks on Wednesdays at 10:45 P. M. and Saturdays at 9:30 P. M.

THERE'S plenty to be known about the radio stars, especially some of the very new ones. For instance, there's little Emily Vaas who won a contract with Phil Baker on her thirteenth birthday, and it was her hat that clinched the bargain. Phil's very words were: "You're hired; but if you take that hat off, you're fired." Phil Baker had been looking for a feminine heckler to cooperate with Beetle, Bottle and Agnes Moorehead on his new Gulf program. It had begun to be quite a problem when Emily happened along.

Miss Bella D., Buffalo, New York—Walter Winchell is back in his old Sunday night spot after Cornelia Otis Skinner had been pinch-hitting for him. You'll find his address listed in our Radio Mirror Directory which starts on page 48.

Eleanor H., Cleveland, O.—Please follow our "Facing the Music" articles in Radio Mirror, and you'll soon be finding some things about Hal Kemp that you've been wanting to know. All you had to do is ask, and voila!—a picture of Conrad Thibault and his bride appeared in the October Radio Mirror. I bet you saw it!

Lucille, Rochester, New York—Ann Jamison, heard on Hollywood Hotel, is Virginia. We had a story about Virginia in the October Radio Mirror. Don't tell me you missed up on that issue!

Miss Lena E., Phila., Pa.—Muriel Wilson is the singing "Mary Lou" of Show Boat. She is still single although she's engaged to Fred Hufsmith, who is also a radio singer.

J. W. H., St. Paul, Minn.—Jim and Lazy Dan are played by one person, Irving Kaufman. Gene Arnold is interlocutor for the Sinclair Greater Minstrels.

Mrs. W. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—All you have to do is write and ask. I'm sure Jimmy Melton will send you one of his pictures. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. By the way, did you like the story about Jimmy and his diet on page 30, entitled "No More Corporations?"

Michael S., Dickson City, Pa.—Vaughn de Leath, contralto, was the first woman to sing over the air.
Beauty à la Jessica

Dragonette

(Continued from page 41)

skin, this is perfect for you, since it gives an even more definite line than an eyebrow pencil.

Jessica blends other things besides lipstick for her personal use. "I love perfume," she said. "I love it so much that I seldom wear only one scent at a time. I often blend two or three on my skin—perfume, of course, should always be applied to the skin, never the clothes. Cleopatra, so I've heard, was such a past master at this art that she had perfume injected just under the skin, so that it really became an actual part of her body! It's probably just a legend, but it's an interesting idea.

"What are my favorite perfumes?" She smiled and shook her head. "That should be every woman's personal beauty secret! Like the truly chic Frenchwoman, I say 'Never tell your perfume.' Choose the ones you like best for your own individuality, and never tell! By blending two or three scents, you'll have an absolutely different combination. Then vary these combinations with the gown and the occasion. Keep it light and elusive. Perfume on a woman should be just like the perfume of a flower. When you hold a carnation in your hand, you get only faint whiffs of it, as though born on a shifting breeze.

"Flowers, too—all kinds and in all seasons—are an essential part of a woman's personality. I believe that's one place where American women show a lack of imagination. We wear such standardized flowers. Your little boutonniere needn't always be a gardenia, your evening corsage needn't be luxurious orchids. For example, I like to wear a nosegay of marigolds in the lapel of my little yellow Schiaparelli suit. And for evening wear, I look for the one flower in all the world which was meant to go with a certain color and a certain material."

If you find it hard to get real flowers at all times in your community, you might try the little trick used by Ann Sothern, the film star, who uses floral perfume on the artificial flowers she wears, matching the scent to the flower. And if you're looking for a truly individual perfume, I can tell you of at least three delightful ones which are coming out this fall, and you will probably be the first in your community to discover them! There's one created especially for evening wear, another which is warm and elusive at the same time, and still another which presents one of our favorite floral odors in a new and exciting guise.

Another subtle use of perfume is found in the enchanting varieties of eau de cologne now being offered. One company put out a set of three widely different odors in one case, to suit your mood at the moment. Another has the most generous-sized bottle of good cologne at a reasonable price that I've ever seen. You know, of course, that cologne-water is not just a scent, but a relaxing and exhilarating application for tired muscles and overheated bodies, so this large bottle is ideal for such unsparing use.

Do let me tell you more about these fascinating new products and the names of the preparations which Jessica Dragonette mentions. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City.
cleaning up and cooking does a housewife. And you can’t cheat on rest, if you want to keep your voice clear.

‘A singer must have at least nine hours’ sleep a night, every night, when I have a program on Sunday, I never go out on Saturday night. Even during the summer, I don’t take a chance cruising on out at night on our boat the Melody, my sleep might be disturbed.’

Jimmie had a couple of months before his movie test. Having conquered the radio, radio and radio led, movies and opera are the two goals he’s now shooting for. He’s studying hard for the latter. It remained to prepare his body for the former.

At that time, the banana and skimmed milk diet was all the rage. So Jimmy, of course, went on that. For a week, yes, a full week, with nothing else. And the old-fashioned banana and skimmed milk were out. Then, still experimenting, they hit upon another diet. Tomato juice and hard-boiled eggs—for breakfast and lunch and dinner. One of Marjorie’s friends had tried it and claimed it worked wonders. All it did for Jimmy was to make him feel weak, and as ravenously hungry as a wolf.

Nothing daunted, they started another stunt. For a few weeks, the Melton cupboard was bare of all butter, cream, sweets and cakes. Then, for a week, Jimmy relaxed and ate the food of the pre-diet days. Then back on the rigorous diet. ‘After awhile,’ he said, ‘I got used to it and felt pretty good, but I wasn’t losing enough. During the week I ate normally, I’d gain back most of the weight I’d lost the previous week.’

What they wanted was to take the motion picture test, Jimmy just hadn’t lost enough weight. And he and Marjorie were heartbroken.

‘There was no use making a fool of myself,’ Jimmy told me soberly. ‘So I just didn’t take the test. It was pretty tough, of course, when Marj and I had hoped and dreamed and planned so long for it, but,’ with a shrug of his shoulders, ‘that was that.’

A Melton never acknowledges defeat. And when two Meltons, Big Jimmy and Little Marjorie, make up their minds to lick something, it will be licked. Just give them a little time. Jimmy decided he had been all wrong. After all, he was a singer, not a doctor. His job is to sing an aria or a tender love song so we’ll all enjoy it, not to dope out, by trial and error, a brand new Melton method of reduction.

So to his doctor he went. First the doctor examined him. Heart, lungs, blood pressure, through everything was Okay. Then the fun began.

What did he do to make me lose weight, you know, improve in every health way I do.

What’s your height? was his first question.

‘Six feet two,’ I answered.

Well, Jimmy’s build, the doctor told him his normal weight should be about 185 pounds.

‘Do you do any strenuous exercise?’ he asked.

‘No, I exercise lightly. A bit of dancing, a bit of tennis and swimming, but not much.’

‘Then you need seventeen calories of food a day for every pound of normal weight,’ he explained. ‘That would make it about 15 calories a day if you want to maintain your present weight.’

But Jimmy didn’t want to maintain that weight; he wanted to lose. So, as might be expected, the doctor told him to eat much less than this 185 calories, but cutting down on his intake, he’d cut down his weight. Gradually, he reduced Jimmy to about 1099 calories a day.

‘He gave me a list of foods with their caloric content,’ Jimmy told me, ‘and he warned me against cutting out any type of food entirely. That was what I had been doing on my self-imposed diets, with the result that they weakened me and affected my voice. You have to have a balanced diet.’

Very little seasoning was used in preparing food. Salt was used in small doses, for it maintains fat by checking the flow of perspiration from the pores. Onions, too, were taboo.

The doctor said it was a good idea for Jimmy to begin dinner with a fresh salad, an acid drink or cold Madrilene soup, to take the edge off his appetite. Then broiled chicken or lean meat or boiled fish—never fried—two green vegetables, and stewed fruit for dessert.

Jimmy was to have plenty of water, whenever he wanted. Only it isn’t healthy to wash food down with water instead of chewing it.

Don’t think it was easy for Jimmy to stick to the diet. There was the time, for example, when Jimmy and Marj were invited to a friend’s for dinner. Now Jimmy couldn’t afford to go off his diet, so he explained that if he came, all he’d have was some tomato juice. Jimmy thinks it’s a help to have only fruit juices for a few days when you start your diet. He says you can drink all you want. It seems to shrink the tummy and loosen up the fat cells like nothing else does, and isn’t at all uncomfortable.

The friends said it was all right. But when Jimmy came, they stared at the hungry-eyed Meltons a regular feast. They had no tomato juice in the house. None at all. And they were amazed, yes, really insulted, when Jimmy stuck to his guns. Finally, they realized he meant what he said, and sent out for a bottle of tomato juice.

Every week Jimmy has it all over again.

The stars of the Palmobile Beauty Box have formed a little lunch club, each taking turn standing treat. It’s Jimmy’s party every Thursday. And he has to sit back and suck a lemon while they dive into rich, creamy pies and cakes. But he’s back-slid only once.

‘Though the best way to get thin,’ he told me, ‘is not only to diet. You’ve got to have systematic exercise to help the good work along. If you can take time out for swimming and dancing and tennis, all that’s swell. A half hour of swimming consumes 290 calories; an hour’s brisk walk off four miles consumes 390, and a half hour of tennis burns up 300 calories. But since I can’t find time for these regularly, I do the next best thing and go to gym. “How I love the gym,” he frankly admits. “This afternoon I stood on the corner of Madison Avenue for fifteen minutes thinking up reasons for playing hockey. But I knew Marj would see through that.”

No one can go to gym, so I thought I’d better ask Jimmy what exercise he does there. “I take the whole works,” he grinned, “stationary bicycling to reduce my hips and hips; punching the bag, a swell sport for making muscles in your chest and arms; medicine ball, sparring, mat exercises. About the best thing for reducing that bay-window is to lie on the floor and imitate a bicycle pumping away with your legs. Don’t stop till you’re good and stiff, and watch your tummy deflate.”

“They’re another you can do at home, if someone will help. Lie on your back and throw a medicine ball every which way. This is a devil of a job at first—it makes all those lazy muscles of your stomach get into action. And do you feel it the first few days?”

Within six months, Jimmy was down to 184 pounds. And he passed the Warner Brothers test with flying colors. In fact, today he’s in Hollywood making his first picture.

So take a tip from him. Try his reducing method. And maybe the girl friend you’re married to won’t watch Clark Gable with such a rapt expression. You may again become a hero in her eyes.

WEDNESDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1550

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meal</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit juice</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Strips bacon (small)</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetable soup (1 cup)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toasted Cheese sandwich</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ice Tea</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fried cocktail</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meat loaf</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beets</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cole slaw potato</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lettuce &amp; tomato salad (mineral oil dr.)</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked apple with honey</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glass milk</td>
<td>150</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>850</td>
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THURSDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1525

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meal</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half cantaloupe</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Graham crackers and Skinned milk</td>
<td>900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bouillon</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omelette (2 eggs)</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Crackers</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewed rhubarb</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato juice cocktail</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb chops (broiled)</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squash</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinach</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked potato</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemon ice</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>750</td>
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**FRIDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1575**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half grapefruit</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Poached eggs</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salad mixed vegetables</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Slice wheat bread</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Large slice fresh pineapple</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit cocktail</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broiled halibut</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cucumber salad</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cauliflower</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked potato</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Cookies</td>
<td>900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>150</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>400</strong></td>
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</table>

**SATURDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1555**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meal</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sliced orange</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scrambled egg</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinach soup</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sliced tomatoes</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Crackers</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jello</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buttermilk</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half cantaloupe</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broiled liver (small portion)</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Slices bacon (small)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String beans</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small portion spaghetti</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apple sauce</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>430</strong></td>
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</tbody>
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**SUNDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1525**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meal</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sliced banana</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crushed bran and skimmed milk</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sliced tomato (vegetables)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slice wheat bread</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cup custard</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken broth</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roast beef (med. portion)</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broiled mushrooms</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asparagus salad</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apple</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>825</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

N.B.—You will note that each of these menus approximates 1550 calories, which is what the average man needs while reducing. Since Jimmy is taller than average (6'2"), his doctor allows him an additional 950 calories daily, which he takes in the form of milk, fruit juices, fresh or stewed fruit, making his total for the day about 1800 calories.

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**"Say, Joe...I've got one of our worries licked!"**

---

**T**

urns little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!

> "It's swell, Joel!"

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly...and it's important that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's needs—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

> "That's right—Fletcher's Castoria."

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body. It will never cause griping pain. It does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and thorough.

> "Tell your mom to get some!"

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature Chas. H. Fletcher. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.

---

**Fletcher's Castoria**

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years
banish such worries. She must plunge into the business at hand, see to it that the orphans were kept happy and healthy. She maintained, in her own good way, a feeling of well-being, a kind of feeling that she was well along in getting things running smooth.

After lunch, she strolled out on the deck, where she sat in the living room and half fell asleep. She didn't hear Steve come tiptoeing in. It was only when he stood over her, having filled her with bundles, that she opened her eyes.

"Steve, you look like Santa Claus."

"These, Steve said proudly, "are rats that can play," and he pointed around her with mice.

"Steve, be serious," Penelope said, sitting up. "you mustn't throw your money around like—a drunken sailor!"

"It's your own fault. You won't let me bring you presents and I've got some emotional outlet. And that reminds me," he went on, "Mrs. Foster who adopted one of our boys four years ago is in the library. The kid has found out he's not really their child and he's taking it pretty hard."

Penelope jumped to her feet. "I'll see her right now," she said over her shoulder as she crossed the room to the other room. Mrs. Foster was sitting down, her face in her hands. Between sobs of anguish, she told the story. Her young son, who had only a few months left, was told by his mother that he was adopted, that he had come from the Home and had mocked him.

"Now Bobby just sits and broods," she explained, "and never talks of his past."

Penelope saw that there was only one thing to do, "Will you send Bobby and Stuart to see the officer?"

Before an hour was up, the maid was announcing that the two boys were waiting in the living room. Penelope hurried in, and, as she took her place, it was Bobby and which is Stuart? she asked.

"I'm Stuart," one of the boys said proudly, then in disdaining tones, "Bobby, that's to say, is my companion who was looking down at his feet."

"Well," Penelope said, "I'm glad to know you. I understand you both were adopted from somewhere."

"Not me!" Stuart said, puffing up with pride, "But Bobby's adopted."

"Um, Penelope mused, "you look good. You were adopted, Stuart. I'd never have guessed you weren't."

"Oh, do adoptees always look good?"

Stuart asked, not without crotchet.

"Our babies do," Penelope assured him. "We're very particular here. That's why Bobby's father and mother came to us when they wanted a little boy. They looked at twenty-nine babies before they found just the right one!"

Bobby looked incredulous. "Twenty-nine? God! He turned to Stuart, "I guess that she'll use you adoptees are pretty smart. You heard what she said. I picked. Your mom and dad had to pick what they got."

When the two boys walked out, a few minutes later, it was Bobby whose chest was bulging back and forth. He was exhausted. She was still sitting there when Steve came back.

She waved a hand and smiled wanly at him before she spoke. He, too, walked toward the room. She got those two small kids straight out," she told him.

"That settles it," Steve answered. "How about dinner tonight in celebration?"

Penelope shook her head slowly. "I'd love to, but I'm too tired my legs ache, he wrote a letter to go away anyway."

"Steve's face fell. "I can't see this job is going to interfere with your social life. I'll have to think up more business to see you about during office hours."

"Steve, I'm sure you know I'll always have time for you, only tonight I just couldn't keep my eyes open. You understand me."

"Sure, that's one thing you can count on me for, always," Steve answered.

By herself once more, Penelope wasn't so sure he understood. Now that she was divorcing John, he had every right to expect formal consideration as a sailor. And—she just couldn't.

Yet this was not her moment. The moment was Mickey, the cripple she'd made her jack of all trades and who lived in the hope that soon someone would adopt him. The first week he'd been with her, somebody would appreciate his willingness to work, his happy disposition. Now that nearly a month had gone by without anyone taking an interest, he was disappointed and discouraged.

At last it was midnight and Penelope had to get away from having a crisis at a solution. In the morning, before she could even finish breakfast, she had another caller. The maid announced, "Mr. Crowder, your personal friend.

Penelope finished her coffee, put aside the paper, and went out to greet her.

"Penelope, which is the best baby you've ever seen?"

"Well," Penelope hesitated, "there really isn't any best baby. But why?"

"I want to adopt one. Oh, not for myself, I have three of my own. I have three husbands. This is for my daughter, Charlotte. I'm sorry to say things haven't been going well. She's married, you know, and—well, she doesn't seem to settle down. I thought if she had a child she might... the doctor says she can't have one of her own."

"But does she want a baby?"

"Oh, I always did have to make up her mind for her."

"All right," Penelope shrugged, I'll have Mickey show you into the nursery."

She watched Mrs. Crowder plunge up the stairs, this time with grace and giving. She hated the idea of giving a baby to her, but she had no real reason for refusing. Miss MacDuffrey joined her.

"What can we do? What do you want?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she asked, "Steve Van Brunt's outside. He's got the monthly accounts."

Penelope turned. Steve was walking down the hall, a big ledger under his arm. The smile he summoned up was only a shadow of his usual grin. He didn't have time to tell you this," he greeted merrily.

"I know, we're in debt. Is it bad?"

"Bad! We're in the red two thousand three hundred sixty dollars."

Penelope gasped with relief. "That isn't so terrible. We can make that up."

"But the plumbers want to be paid."

"All right, I'll send them my personal check this morning. How much is it?"

"Over two thousand," Steve said, and you mean that Penelope, you haven't that much in the bank?"

"Steve! You're crazy. What are you talking about?"

The small panelled ceiling and stairs swam crazily in front of Penelope. "Did he—hanna—john—?"

"He didn't."

"That's right, she couldn't finish.

"Nothing dishonest, Steve hurried to explain, the bank had lost your money in flambayon stocks."

"Don't be so bitter about John," Penelope pleaded. "He's your best friend."

"You mean he's a God. God. God. Penelope, I can't like him, remembering what he's done to you, how he took you away from me."

"Fear, craven fear, crept up inside her. This was the scene the doctor said she had tried to avoid. And then Miss MacDuffrey came back into the hall."

"Mr. and Mrs. Henry Franz are here to look at babies. The poor people the doctor said had just lost their daughter."

"Coming right away," Penelope said. Before Steve could stop her she had skipped past him to meet the young couple, the woman red eyed from weeping, the husband visage transformed. Mrs. Franz said, "We thought maybe—well, maybe we might find a baby to take the place of our Susie, the husband explained. The doctor says we can't expect to have another one of our own."

Let's go right up to the nursery," she suggested, leading them to the stairs, up to the nursery. She stood to one side, waiting while the mother walked in, then bent over the crib, peer and looking, walking ahead, looking, suddenly she was calling, laughing, sobbing.

"Henry, Henry! Come here quick! Look at her, the one in this crib!"

Penelope and the husband hurried over. The mother leaned down and picked the baby up. "There's no telling, is she, Henry?" she turned to Penelope. "Can't we have this baby, please?"

Brushing away a tear, Penelope nodded, "of course, and though we don't usually allow it, you can take your home right now with you."

"What was that woman doing with that child? That child she was carrying?"

"That's Mrs. Franz," Penelope explained. She just lost her only daughter, now she found just one like her to take her place."

"But she can't! Not that one. I've picked that one especially for my daughter. Steve, you know that I'm a trustee and I expect first choice."

Penelope felt the color rush up into her cheeks. Remembering the joy with which Mrs. Franz had held the baby, she said grimly, "Listen to me, I'm the head of St. Vincent's. Anyone who takes that child away from Mrs. Franz does it over my dead body!"

Bridling, Mrs. Crowder snapped, "I suppose there's nothing more to say, except—"

and she paused dramatically, "I won't be able to open my house for the tea and fair this year. Nor can I contribute my annual."

"Good day."

With a last defiant toss of her fat chins, Mrs. Crowder scurried from the room. Penelope was too chagrined to cry. Miss MacDuffrey found her leaning against the door, laughing.

"I've just burned my bridges and crossed my Rubicon," Penelope said, "I've told Mrs. Crowder that she's not our business."

Yet it was worthwhile. Penelope knew that in this tangled problem of running St. Vincent's, she had found the answer to her own problem. She knew others to find joy and real living she could set the past, with its heartbeat, to one side and live into a future that told promise of a new life."

RADIO MIRROR

The Adventures of Penelope

(Continued from page 34)
Meet Michael Bartlett

(Continued from page 19)

nimbleness of eyebrow that would do credit to any Roman singer.

In the beginning, Broadway failed to recognize in Michael the potentialities that have turned him overnight from a concert hall performer to a radio and screen star. Jerome Kern finally chose him to take one of the leads in his musical comedy, "The Cat and the Fiddle," but not until he had hired another for the part. Michael got the job after waiting eight months.

"The trouble was," he said, "my background scared them. They didn't think that anyone who could sing in four languages and who had studied abroad could sing their popular melodies."

This fear in producers has plagued him ever since, until last spring. Michael wanted to get into the movies. About the time sound films were springing up like mushrooms after a heavy rain, he went to Hollywood and took a series of screen tests. Fox finally handed him a year's contract as a featured player. And then never cast him in a single picture, just paid him his salary.

He's tried radio too, before this fall. "I can't count all the times I've been called down to some studio and told to sing for a prospective sponsor. Naturally I always chose a piece I knew, light opera or a favorite aria, and the sponsor would just sit and shake his head. I hadn't sung 'Love in Bloom' so I couldn't be much good!"

The nearest he came was six months ago when he made an appearance over WOR, powerful local station in New Jersey. Stubbbornly sticking to his guns, he chose for one of his numbers a melody he had heard in Paris. He sang it in French, by way of introducing it to American audiences.

No great rush of agents wanting to sign him soured Michael on radio and he went again to Hollywood, this time by request. Grace Moore wanted him for her picture. He determined to forget broadcasting.

Then this summer he had a phone call from an old school chum. "Come over and audition for the Jack Benny show," the friend said, Bartlett, in his own words, thought the friend was nuts, but he got an hour off from the lot where he was working and went to the radio studio. "Listen," the friend said, "I know you can sing, but you've got to do one popular number."

Bartlett nodded and rushed out to a music store, grabbed the first sheet music he saw and took it back with him. When he opened it up, he saw it was "Tell Me That You Love Me Tonight." When he hummed the tune he discovered it was the same little French melody he had introduced last spring!

Which all goes to prove that the right kind of stubbornness sometimes gets you places! It also explains why Michael Bartlett says he is glad of the chance to play comedy with Jack Benny, when another opera singer would shunt and rear on his hind legs. He'll sing popular melodies from now on and like 'em.

For MOVIE MIRROR's radio program every Tuesday night from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. EST, tune in on WMCA, WIP, WDEL, WCBSM, WOL, WMEX, WPRO, or WLNH. You'll enjoy it!

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63
NE of radio’s most unique personalities weighs several hundred tons and has almost enough power to pull Kate Smith’s moon over the mountain.

In two years of broadcasting, this unique radio performer has never spoken into or even seen a microphone, and, what is more, is not likely to do either in the remaining years of its radio career.

This most unique radio performer is the Pan-American, crack passenger train of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, which has broadcast daily for the past two years over WSM, 50,000 watter in Nashville, Tennessee.

If any there be to doubt that the Pan-American is a genuine radio performer, a reference to the WSM mail tabulations will be convincing.

From Canada to Cuba have come thousands of letters to attest the appeal of a radio performance which started two years ago as a stunt and proved so popular that it has continued daily since that time.

Twelve miles after leaving Nashville on its southbound run to New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, the Pan American passes within the very shadow of WSM’s giant tower (the tallest in America, rising 878 feet in the air).

Each afternoon a WSM engineer leaves the transmitter building, walks to a little shanty by the tracks that houses the WSM microphone and equipment, and then calls the dispatcher to check on the Pan-American’s schedule.

Finally, when this engineer sees the Pan-American nosing around the bend about two miles down the tracks, he calls the WSM operator back at the studios. The operator in turn signals the announcer who “introduces” the Pan-American.

The mike which has been set up near the railroad

It’s thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It’s exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, “the perfume of Youth”... And it’s satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!
tracks is then opened and the WSM audience hears the crack passenger train as it approaches in the distance—then comes the Pan-American’s salute, the regulation grade-crossing signal of two long blasts, one short, and a final long blast. As the train rushes toward the microphone, the sound increases in volume until it seems that the engine is about to come right through the loudspeaker into the living room. And as suddenly and dramatically as it has entered, the Pan-American with a last shrill salute fades into the distance.

This broadcast of a train on its daily schedule is unique in radio presentations and has for this reason evoked considerable comment and speculation.

But the wide interest is due not so much to the uniqueness of the broadcast as to the strong universal appeal of the railroad. In this broadcast over WSM the romance of the rails has been more powerfully and more realistically dramatized than through any other means.

It has captured the fancy and imagination of thousands. Numbers of people, even in Cuba, set their clocks by the Pan-American, 5:10 p.m., C.S.T. Others are regular “passengers” on the broadcasts.

There is one new seventy-four-year-old passenger on the Pan-American broadcast who never before has been a railroad passenger.

His name is Tom Burns, and for fifty-five years he served the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, most of these as engineer of the Pan-American.

It was Tom Burns who pulled the Pan-American on its debut over the radio. It was Tom Burns who gained such delight from the fan letters his broadcast received. And it was Tom Burns who insisted that there be a daily dress-rehearsal of the Pan-American before it pulled out of the depot in Nashville.

If the whistle doesn’t sound just right, or if anything else seems slightly awry, the engineer of the Pan-American is sure to hear about it—from his family at home, from division headquarters, from WSM and from fans who follow every move of the crack passenger train.

Thus it is that each day before pulling out, engineers follow the precedent of Tom Burns and give the Pan-American a thorough test, or dress rehearsal. For two years the Pan-American engineers have known that they cater to a highly critical audience.

Now Bill McNairy, Jack Hayes, and Ed Carter are fully aware that their audience is even more critical and demanding than ever before. For to the thousands has been added the one who first started the broadcast, their former senior colleague, Tom Burns.

After fifty-five years on the rails, Tom Burns has sought retirement.

And although he won’t be able to climb up in the cabin, get his hands and neck black in grease and feel the stiffening wind in his face, Tom Burns will still be with the train he’s known for more than a decade.

For the chief performer of the first Pan-American broadcast will now become its first fan.

Tom Burns will be at home—at his radio each afternoon at 5:10. Thus he will still be able to bring the Pan-American down the long stretch to the WSM microphone.

And then, if the veteran of fifty-five years on the rails closes his eyes and dreams a bit, who can blame him if he continues, not with the music on the radio, but traveling down the rails with the Pan-American in its long, exciting run to New Orleans?

O

Once this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action . . . approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without overaction.

There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America . . . according to America’s opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

Guard Against Cold! Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax

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Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

65
Are your hands ROUGH as

My little jape which turned them loose was a story I published about him and his wife. He has a wife, don't forget. He's never used for a divorce, nor has Fay Webb, although she's sued for a lot of other things.

That story brought me into Rudy's life when, as I said, that was the forgotten, something like this. The Vallee marriage had been headlined from ocean-to-ocean. There had been one serious split, then a widely-publicized reconciliation when Bergman broke. Now, said Dame Rumor, there was another split. No one knew then that Rudy's brother, Bill, had taken recordings of Fay Webb's telephone conversations with Gary Leon; conversations that wouldizzle in newspapers and in court weeks later. No one except Rudy's two in-laws, and he is called by those who know the tremendous amount of work he has put into making a movie, as Romeo's. Fay Webb knew it, of course, and she walked brazenly on—with the stakes of her high heels bruising it with every step she was running. I still believe, just what she was doing.

And what was she doing? Well, to go back a bit, I first ran across a Rudy's one day in his office to discuss the story I had published about him. He didn't like it. He didn't like me. He didn't like anything. We tore up the place verbally before we called it quits. Next day, it was the same all over again, only this time he visited my office.

As I look back I can measure the hurt in his heart by his fury. I saw something during those two days and heard something during the hours we talked that I'm sure no one else ever saw or heard.

Namely this. The boy was trapped. Trapped by the certain knowledge that his dirty little would soon be hanging from every newspaper masthead in America. Bad publicity following a messy marriage had ruined other careers and his might go the same way. He was fighting blindly, I know now, to escape the trap into which he had fallen. But there was no escape. The public had to know the facts I watched him while he struggled with the decision that put his whole future in jeopardy.

He could have stopped his wife's suit. I'm certain of that. Her suit was for more money.

But his was finally the uncompromising stand of a man who sees that truth is truth and right is right and both are to be followed regardless of consequences. By now, you know at least a part of that beginning. You know, that his career has moved ahead in brave and buoyant style despite the mud through which he was forced to walk. But you don't know that he is the love of the largest man on Broadway. Or that he still carries in the heart she walked on the image of Fay Webb.

How do I know?

Only a short time ago, I was one of a group who were with him on his birthday. Fourteen of us sat down to dinner that night. Footed table—he was in the box. The other guests were his friends. At the opposite end, in the place of honor, with Rudy on her right, sat a slender and self-contained young lady still in her teens.

One of the guests who arrived late was introduced. As he turned to acknowledge the introduction, he started visibly, and then sat down. Rudy's father leaned forward, chuckling:

"I see you noticed it, too, eh?"

The girl at the table's head looked so very much like another girl who had once sat there that she might have been Fay Webb's twin.

Her name doesn't matter now, though it may some day. What does matter is that she is Rudy placed in the position of honor that night was almost the physical counterpart of the woman he says he has forgotten. Curious, isn't it? Let's wonder how that poor girl felt that night, or if she realized she was sitting on another's throne. I wonder, too, how Fay Webb will feel when she reads this article.

Such striking resemblance is no coincidence, you may be sure, which lets me draw certain portentous but unhappy conclusions. What are they? Much the same as yours, most likely.

The ordeal that unnerved the usually glib Jessica Dragonette was peculiar. A lot of poppycock has been printed about Jessica. She has been made to appear to be shy, forward, vain, haughty or arrogant. Let me try to understand, she is none of those things.

Rather, she is the victim of her own planning. It is a story you don't expect. She was part of the biggest stars burst into our world in a blaze of pinwheel glory. Jessica's career has been different in that first she got a foothold and then proceeded to consolidate her position.

From the very beginning, since she was left alone in a Jersey convent, she has dreamed of success. More important, she has prepared herself for success, studying all the right things and cultivating the certain habits of thought. As success came, she was ready for it and the public found in her not the little girl who once ran away from the ordeal of interviewing a theatrical manager but a thoughtful, capable performer whose stature has grown and whose hold on the affections of her fans has steadily increased.

It was an odd time, when she sat unprepared for the crisis that came recently into her life. Everything else had been anticipated. Her personal tragedy was the only thing she was unable to cope with. Her skill in anticipating developments always prevents the occurrence of the unusual. Whatever fun she has is ordred planning—how grand. That is why I say she is a victim of her own creating.

But this ordeal? Women will understand though men will scoff when I say it was the simple act of bobbing her hair.

Jessica has a deep faith in the thousands of radio friends who write her to each month. She does her sincere best to live up to every expectation of her. In her mind, the thing that stood between her and bobbed hair was the reaction of those old friends. Would they approve? It was a decision any school girl could make between classes. Yet, it became the one thing that lay in the top drawer of her mind during much of last spring. What would the boy who heard the favorite topic of conversation after every Cities Service rehearsal, Director Bourdon, discuss it. The Quartet debated it, Ford Bond cogitated upon it.

It was lovely hair, to be sure; rich with vivid golden coloring and fine as silk; and long enough, to sit on. I seem slightly silly now, but admit, but then it seemed eminently proper that Jessica
How Martha Mears Is Facing Motherhood
(Continued from page 26)

Now that she is on the road to permanent radio stardom, she has refused to allow her desire for a family to interfere. Her husband, Sid Brokaw, whom you know as the first violinist with Ozzie Nelson, is in entire agreement with her viewpoint.

"Sid and I feel that it's out of style to retire for months just because you expect a baby and then for years afterwards, while it is growing up.

"It's not that Martha expects her own son to be without the companionship of her parents. Martha may sing on the air, but every moment of her spare time will be spent seeing to it that Edward Allen has all those things that were denied her.

"I'll be able to take him out in the parks and, you'll be home more of the evenings. The only difference between myself and another mother will be that instead of golf or bridge in the afternoons I'll work. I have a nurse for him now—I'm afraid as yet to take care of him myself—and I intend to keep her later on, though I'll continue to spend as much time with the baby as any non-professional mother does with hers.

With such definite plans for her career, Martha might be expected to have just as decided views about her son's future, but she admits that "he'll have to work out for himself what he wants to do. A career is too important a matter to be decided by anyone else. He will always be free to make his own decision, though, of course, we will give him all the advice and encouragement possible.

Martha expects Edward Allen to bring Sid and herself even closer together, to make them still happier than they have been, and that's expecting quite a lot. There has been in the annals of radio no brighter love story than theirs.

Then Martha came to New York, to try her luck in radio. She found it pretty tough sledding. Wherever she went she was told that an unknown young singer was not wanted. Although she spent a whole month pleading with studio officials, she couldn't get a single audition.

"I'd sung in the Coconut Grove a few times with Ozzie Nelson," Martha said. "He seemed to like my voice, so I decided

should suffer such mental distress.

Late one afternoon, my phone rang. I picked it up and heard her voice asking, "What do you think?" Yes, I discussed Jessica's hair. Too. Frankly, I think I was flattered that she sought my opinion. There was a motion picture part in the offing, she told me, and she'd made her look like a seventeen-year-old girl. With her voice and beauty, with the movies gobbling up radio stars at the rate of two or three every week, she faced an exciting and entirely new sort of career.

"Don't you dare cut it," I advised. "People think of Jessica Dragoonet with long hair. Can it be cut and you'll spoil something that they already like."

She thanked me prettily.

Next day, she cut her hair.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had tried to save her for radio and for herself. By the way, I saw that new hair-cut just the other night. She wears it back, masking only the tops of her ears. And I'll swear, it does make her look like a million dollars.

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Only $24.75 a month

KL-7... BULOVA's most handsome look at Buloa's lowest price. Hand-engraved, cultured BULOVA "radio-time" movement. Lovely, matched baguette. Only $.25 a.m.e.

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It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about Zonite will be welcome.

• You do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicidal of the World War. Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is safe. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is not poisonous. Not caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

• The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00. Another form of Zonite. Suppositories. Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

• Bond for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

RADIO MIRROR

 backstage, and I decided, if there was anything he could do for me, I asked him if he could come on the air on the program. The rest is pretty much history. Phil Baker came last and heard her sing. Two weeks after her debut on the network, he had signed her up for his "Armour Show." When he went back to Chicago, he tried to come on the program. But she refused, "I was falling in love with Sidney," she explained, "and wouldn't have left New York for anything else!"

Sid was also showing a decided interest. Under the pretense of helping her select songs, he had visited her at least four mornings a week. Since he was back singing every night at the Coconut Grove, he couldn't take her out to dances or shows. But Martha didn't care as long as she could sit at a table and watch the band.

--Continued from page 54--

have his dinner, which had been kept warm in the kitchen, brought to him. The reason I evolved this method is that such a handling of the situation makes me feel better when I, myself, am left alone. And I know that it is the best way to handle all situations, to be as effective in social matters as it is in every day living.

In fact there is one general rule that can be used for every hostess. When you find yourself in a tight spot simply put yourself in the place of the guest and figure out what he would do. Most women feel most at ease under similar circumstances. Then follow that line of behavior. Though I've said before that these rules are made but not broken; it is an infallible law which no set of circumstances can change.

Much more important than having the correct silverware and the finest china and perfectly blended flowers is the business of human relations. As I explained before I have always tried to have people who mixed well together. But it is impossible for any hostess to keep up with all social feuds and the time is bound to come when she finds she has invited two guests who never like other. And here, for once, it is up to the guests to carry the situation.

It is very stupid for people to stop speaking. They may be plenty of people whom you do not like, but it is childish to carry a feud so far that you cannot exchange a greeting with your most deadly enemy. And yet I must admit that there are about three people I know (and I think this is a fairly good average out of the thousands in my acquaintance) with whom I do not make conversation, but I bow to everyone in a mutual friend's house.

Knowing so well in what a bad spot an unpleasant atmosphere puts a hostess, I try when I'm in another's home to avoid any suggestion of a scene. Suppose for instance, that a next to be succeeded by someone who does not speak to me or to whom I do not speak. Without making it at all evident, avoid all personal contact. My enemy is at liberty to do likewise. And that is good etiquette for guests.

But if a hostess knows that some feud is going on (and she should be clever enough to sense an atmosphere) then the best thing she can do is to pretend to ignore it. The obliging hostess is not welcomed. Those little phrases like, "Really you two should be friends" only infuriate enemies more. These are individual problems which a person can be allowed to work out individually.

One of the grandest receptions I ever gave was in honor of Noel Coward and Deems Taylor. Noel had a successful play running on Broadway and Deems' "Peter Ibbetson" was bringing him glory at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Robert Montgomery, Lawrence Tiberrett, Murray H. B. Paul, William Mathius Sullivan, Clifton Webb, Grace Moore, Fay and Bragotti—everyone was there that evening.

There were three pianos in the house—two in one room and one in another, and a couple of musicians who weren't a piano team at all, found some two-piano music and began playing it.

LAURENCE TIBBETT, who is, as you know, a baritone, sang the tenor part of Tosca and sang it wonderfully. Then Noel Coward sat at the piano. It was then that the host of the reception and everyone sang every thing he knew. But that was too much for Beatrice Lillie. She had to do something, so she and Clifton Webb did the most screamingly funny burlesque of La Boheme I've ever heard. Can you imagine Bee as Mimi and Clifton as Rodolfo? With those three pianos going at once and the various types of singing it must have sounded outside as if I were trying to play the organ instead of giving a reception for two eminent artists.

I could go on and on. I could describe hundreds of brilliant affairs that have taken place in my house but I'm afraid that they would bore you, for actually the purpose of this series is to give you something of the sort we have been engaged successfully during the years. Have I helped you? I hope so. For I consider being a good hostess a great art. And any success this, style, flavor and personal talent.

I'm trying for granted that you know the common usages of etiquette—such as that if you are to be seated, you should be at the host's right and the gentleman honored at the hostess's right; that husbands and wives should not be put next to each other at dinner; that no more. The obliging hostess is not welcomed. Those little phrases like, "Really you two should be friends" only infuriate enemies more. These are individual problems which a person can be allowed to work out individually. One of the grandest receptions I ever gave was in honor of Noel Coward and Deems Taylor. Noel had a successful play running on Broadway and Deems' "Peter Ibbetson" was bringing him glory at the Metropolitan Opera House.

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there should, however, be a man and a woman, a man and a woman, that the hostess should be served first; that when wine is served a very little should be poured from the bottle into the host's glass before the guests are served and then that his glass should be filled at the very last (this is done so that if a little of the cork has fallen into the wine the host—and not a guest—has it in his glass; that all signals for sitting down and leaving the table should be given by the hostess; that table flowers should always permit guests seeing over them; that the ladies should leave the table first and sit awhile in the drawing room, giving the men a chance to smoke and tell their stories.

These things, and many, many more, are the well founded rules. A good hostess must know them, but if it is necessary to break one of them she must have the wit to carry it off as if it were carefully studied out on her part. She must never, never let a guest see that she is ill at ease and if a dish is broken or something spilled she must show no displeasure whatsoever.

But while these things should be known, they are not the real secrets of being a good hostess. I have tried to let you in on these real secrets. It might be fun to summarize them:

Be different! Have a style of your own! Know the rules and then have the courage to break them.

Create a background for yourself. Just by using a little energy and will power and daring to be different from her friends any woman can be a good hostess.

TREAT your parties casually. Plan the menu, invite the guests and forget about it until the time arrives. You'll have a lot more fun than if you fuss and worry for weeks.

If two people you know are quarreling and happen to be at your house simultaneously (this could only happen if you didn't know about it beforehand) don't try to make peace by breaking up the quarrel. Pretend to the contrary that they do not quarrel. It is up to them to bridge the difficult situation.

Have the things that your guest of honor likes most to eat. It always flattens him tremendously.

If a guest is late wait fifteen minutes beyond the appointed time and then go in to dinner. When the guest arrives say, "I thought you'd be more comfortable if we sat down," and then have his dinner served to him.

But the most important rule of all is—when you find yourself in a tight spot, simply put yourself in the place of the guest and figure out what would make you feel most at ease under similar circumstances. Then follow that line of behavior.

I wish all of you could come to my home for a cozy pleasant evening. But since distance denies that, I'm glad you let me come to your homes, because that's what I feel you are doing when you read here my "secrets!"

Thank you—it is most sweet and gracious of you to do so!

Don't miss the grand feature on "One Man's Family," the program which you insisted remain on the air—in the January issue, out November 26.

Which is Your Lucky Number?

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

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

BY Lady Esther

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

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

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

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

Choose by Trying

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

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

Stays on for 4 Hours

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

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.
NEW "7-POWER" YEAST ADDS 5-15 LBS. QUICK

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets

A NEW "7-power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normal iron into thousands of "skinny," "run-down" people who never could build their weight before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why so many of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food supply. Thousands have discovered that the richest known sources of health-building 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 in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take three a day, flesh will develop and skinny limbs round out to normal robustness. Age, fatigue and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only 50¢ a week is the cost of the many cheaply pre- pared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. Those cheap imitations usually contain only the poorest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and many people say the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "7-power" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this special FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the top of the package 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," free. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—no money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2122, Atlanta, Ga.

Faceting the Music

(Continued from page 29)

whole thing. Jack Mills, head of Mills Music, Inc., large publishing house, says that firms all over the country are so swamped with inquiries from unknown composers that it is impossible to give them proper attention. However, you may garner some comfort from this starting statement by Robert C. Cogswell.

"It is harder to write popular music than classical music."

Essentially, he means, in the simpler melodies of today, the composer has a more limited range in which to work, and is thus faced with a more difficult task in making his composition distinctive.

N ow, if there are any of you who have studied and composed until you feel you can compose original chamber music, take heed of the competition being conducted by the NBC Music Guild. The awards are: First Award, $1,000; Second Award, $500; and Third, $250. To enter, it is absolutely necessary for you to write for the entry blank and complete details. Address the Y. W. C. A., 5 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. C.

SHORT, SWEET AND LOWDOWN

Catherine Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.—Last reports as we go to press indicate Buddy Rogers' Orchestra is playing at the Santa Catalina Island Casino, Santa Catalina, Calif. You might address him there. Mabel E. Gordon, Newark, N. J.—Are you sure you mean Marion Davies? We are certain we married any orchestra leader. Blanche Schrader, Minneapolis, Minn.—Pat Kennedy is reported as just now organizing his orchestra under NBC management. So that this time, you might well be hearing him on some National network. M. E. Jollow, Brandon, Manitoba.—As far as we know, most of Ben Bernie's fall broadcasts will originate in Chicago. Miss Catherine Avery, Shaker Heights, Ohio.—In future issues we hope to include as many pictures as possible for the vocalists you mention. Edwin Nelson, Salt Lake City, Utah.—We hope your following the Leaders section will help you locate some of the bands. It is uterus for you to find out in advance where some of them will be. They don't know themselves. Lombardo Pan, Canton, Ohio.—At present, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are on a sustaining series as well as being sponsored. This series is originating in the Place de l'Opera night club in Manhattan and is on over a CBS network Saturday nights at 10:30 EST and Thursday nights at 11:00 EST. These are subjects to change. Mae Clark, Albany, N. Y.—To what Miss Tucker do you refer? If you will send me her full name, I may be able to help you. Rose Frances, New Haven, Conn.—On that we care not. Buddy Rockwell-O'Keefe, 1270 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS


YOU'RE TELLING US

You know you want to use this column in order to be fair to everyone, questions should be confined to music and artists on the networks, And don't worry, if your question falls in that category and it's possible to answer it, we'll answer it. If it takes a bit of time, don't take your sword in hand, just use the mighty pen and the coupon below and ask us something else you want to know.

BULLETIN!

Word has been flashed to us just before going to press that Paul Whitman is going on the air beginning January fifth for Bing Crosby's old sponsor at a salary of $10,000 a broadcast. This confirms the reports made earlier in this column that Paul would demand more money for any subsequent sponsored program using guest stars. With Bing going on for Paul's former sponsor, the two stars have, in effect, merely swapped horses in midstream.


I want to know more about:

Orchestril Anatomy

Theme Song Section

Following the Leaders

Or.

Name.

Address
STOP YOUR Rupture Worries!

Learn About My Perfected Unique Rupture Invention!

Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? Learn now about my perfected rupture invention. It has brought ease, comfort, and happiness to thousands by assisting Nature in relieving and aiding many cases of reducible hernia! You can imagine how happy these thousands of rupture sufferers were when they wrote to report relief, comfort and results! How would YOU like to be able to feel that same happiness to sit down and write me such a message—a few months from today? Hurry—send coupon quick for Free Rupture Book, PROOF of results and invention revelation!

Marvelous-Acting Device
Binds and Draws the Broken Parts Together as You Would a Broken Limb!

Surprisingly—continually—my perfected Automatic Air Cushions draw the broken parts together, allowing Nature the Great Healer, to swing into action! All the while you should experience the most heavenly comfort and security. Look! No obnoxious springs or pads or metal girdles! No salves or plasters! My complete appliance is feather-like, durable, invisible, sanitary and CHEAP IN PRICE! Wouldn't YOU like to say "goodbye" to rupture worries and "hello" to NEW freedom... NEW glory in living... NEW happiness—with the help of Mother Nature and my marvelous-acting Air Cushion Appliance?

BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE
SENT ON TRIAL!

My invention is never sold in stores—nor by agents. Beware of imitations! You can get it only from my U. S. factories or from my 33 foreign offices! And I'll send it to you on trial. If you don't like it—if it doesn't "work"—it costs you NOTHING. But don't buy now. Get the facts about it FIRST! Write me today. I'll answer in plain, sealed envelope with amazing information! Free! Stop Your Rupture Worries—send coupon now!

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Rush me your new Free Book, amazing rupture method re-\nation, proof of results, all without obligation, and in plain, sealed envelope. C. E. BROOKS

Inventor

Name

Address

City

State
Millions Suffer Few Tell

AN AFFLICTION ALL
THE MORE DANGEROUS
FOR ITS DELICACY

It's a girl in the home of Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em. She was christened Pendleton Mitchell, Mrs. John M. Mitchell being Em's name in real life. This makes two children in the domiciles of the trio, Lu and Margaret, the last having adopted a baby boy several months ago. Now the fans are wondering what Clara is going to do since her buddies have shown the way. Barbara (Bennett) Downey is awaiting another visit from the stork. Morton said he was going to have a family of thirteen children and doggone if it didn't look as if he meant it! And Pearl Hamilton, of the Three X Sisters, is also preparing the bassinet. Her husband is Edward Santos, the trumpeter . . . Mark War- now's brother, Raymond Scott, the composer and arranger, recently eloped with Pearl Stevens.

MUSINGS OF THE MONITOR MAN

THERE has been much ado over ace NBC announcers like Jimmy Walling- ton, Kevin Ketch and Frank Sanger re-signing as staff mlimken to become free lance broadcasting cutters. Such procedure is not surprising for it is human nature to want to better himself, but surprise is that more announcers who have established themselves haven't thrown off the shackles of the studios. The remunera- tion is far better on commercial pro- grams, the work is easier and the hours shorter. Relieved of the routine of the air castles, hopping from one studio to another, day in and day out, they are free to access screen and transcription jobs and in other ways increase their earning capacities.

Have you wondered why you don't hear on the air so much these days as you used to such poems as Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," Kipling's "Boots and Saddles" and Riley's "Old Swimmin' Hole?" The reason is the authors' estates or their publishers who own the copyrights now exact a fee of ten dollars for each performance. The requirement applies to all of their works.

AUDREY MARSH, whom you hear as Esther in Hary and Esther on the Columbia network with Teddy Bergman, used to write a popular column for that network, written under the by-line "Hilary." The requirement applies to all of her works.

GRACIE ALLEN now thinks George Burns is the numskull of the team. It is all because a manufacturer of women's hats wanted to put on the market a bonnet to be named "Gracie's Little Blue Hat," and offered $10,000, in cash or its equivalent, for the privilege. George de- clined on the grounds that the commer- cialization of Gracie's little blue hat would ruin its value for laughs. Grace maintains her bank deposit in the bank to the amount of Sandra, their adopted baby daughter, would be even a bigger laugh.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Benay Venuta began her radio career on the Pacific Coast not only as a singer but also as a conduitarv writer and producer of sketches? . . . That Jessica Dragonette was the first radio artist to sing before a studio audience? . . . That Jean Grombach, producer of many radio features, is a graduate of West Point? . . . That Forman Brown, the voice of the March of Rhyme on Club Columbia, once shoved salt in a pickle factory? . . . That Will Philpiger, who was a country school teacher before he ever dreamed of becoming Seth Parker? . . . That Vir- ginia Verrill made her singing debut at the age of thirteen as voice double for Barbara Stanwyck in the movies? . . . That Bert Parks, Columbia announcer and singer, started his business career as the proprietor of a popcorn stand?

WMCA, one of New York's enter- prising independent stations, has been the training ground for many per- sonalities now heard on the networks. Among those who acknowledge WMCA as their alma mater are: Rudy Vallee, Jerry Baker, Baby Rose Marie, Don Carney (Uncle Don), Art Gillham, Helen Kane, Ozzie Nelson, Will Osborne, Nor- man Pearl, Les Reis and Artie Dunn, Dick Robertson, Whispering Jack Smith, May McAvoy, and Peter de Rose. Frank Parker, Ann Lester, Arthur Tracy and Gabriel Hatter.

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, in his 60's, is the highest salaried man in all broadcasting. His income is $10,000 or more a week, most of which is de- rived from his amateur shows on the air, on the screen and in the theaters . . . It is now estimated that 1935 will drop $85,000,000 into the laps of the broad- casters of the United States. This will exceed by $12,000,000 the best year in the history of broadcasting, which was 1924. The ears of the air castles know prosperity is here.

Robbed, He Wrote a Poem About It

COULD you, on finding your house ransacked, your most prized posses- sion gone, but a pair of pajamas and some books left, write a poem about it? Louis Ross—poet, humor- ist, ace announcer of the Columbia Broad- casting System—did just that, even when the robbery involved the loss of his con- nected personal belongings. As the American Academy of Arts and Letters for good radio diction.

Mr. Ross arrived home from a Chester- field program to find his rooms despoiled, and, his anger still hot, got into the pa- jamas, sent the suit out to be pressed, then penned the following vitriol against the robbers:

Alas poor sifting thief
Of no avail my golden plaque
To cleanse the speech you have em- ployed.
Since your barbaric tongue
Will still pronounce it:
"Toidy-toid."

Alas, Demosthenes
Whose brow is stamped upon the gold
And brooks in silent grace,
Could he but hear your poet speech,
He'd spit his pebbles out
Upon your face.

Go, poor squirming scum,
Melt down the stolen gold
And sell it for dishonest pence instead;
And withered be your tongue some day.

David Ross.
Two men told me...

My dentist said:
"It's a fine health habit"

Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth... and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.

Jack called it
"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne—an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.

Dentyne
KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Chicago

(Continued from page 40)
a boat enthusiast, had been standing too close when a gasoline launch exploded. It knocked him flat and made him deaf for days.

Although Wayne King expects to do a lot of touring this winter he has renewed his lease on the top floor of the Edgewater Beach apartments. The same nurse who trained Wayne's little daughter is now the boss of young Mr. Weems, 'Ted Weems' boy.

Amos 'n Andy tried to keep it a secret when they went out and bought an airplane. But the news leaked out anyway. Now they commute all over the midwest by air having breakfast in St. Louis and lunch in Peoria. Charles (Andy) Correll is learning how to fly from the instructor who taught Wayne King to pilot his own ship.

When Linda Parker, the Sunbonnet Girl of the Cumberland Ridge Runners, died following an emergency operation for appendicitis recently, most of the Greater Sinclair Minstrels went down to La Porte, Indiana, for the funeral. Linda was the wife of Art Janes, baritone of the minstrels' quartet.

Charles Previn, conductor of the Silken Strings concerts, and Marcelli, who directs the music for Fibber McGee and Molly, are strolling at each other daily and becoming quite proficient with the fencing foils. When Hal Kemp played the Palace Theater here, Horace Heidt and Mrs. Heidt came backstage after the first show and paid Hal such a glowing compliment on his work that Kemp was dizzy for the rest of the day.

To explain how definitely his band governs itself, including Heidt, he drew up an organization chart showing special committees to handle program planning, music arranging, broadcasting, dance music, new talent auditions, education, recreation, advertising, personnel, stage productions and even intermission entertainment. It's as carefully worked out as a plan for a big business firm.

Although Abner of Lum and Abner bought himself a cabin express cruiser last summer he hasn't used it as much as he thought he would. Being a canny small town boy he is horrified at the expense of the thing, forty gallons of gasoline for an afternoon. So he added a little outboard motor. Of course the outboard won't push the boat through the water very fast but it will keep it moving when he and his family are just out bummimg around. And it runs all afternoon on about two gallons of gasoline.

The gang over at NBC were very, very sorry when their bosses decided to use that waste space on the nineteenth floor for more studios. Because that was where they played ping pong in off moments.

Mrs. Freeman Gosden, wife of Amos, was highly pleased with her visit with Dr. Daloe and the Dionne quintuplets up in Canada. She made the trip specially to see the babies and has been talking about it ever since.

WGN's new studios, adjoining Tribune Tower in a new building all their own, are really beautiful. Here in one studio
Radio Mirror

Accept free 2-dram bottle of $3 La Richesse perfume!

To introduce Luxor...moisture-proof powder

Combats shiny nose, conspicuous pores, floury blotches.

You can't possibly have a lovely skin if face powder mixes with natural skin moisture and lets shine through, clogs pores and makes them conspicuous, or forms pasty-looking blotches.

So change at once to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder. Prove it yourself. It won't mix even with water in a glass. Thus, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin and make a harmful paste.

More than 6,000,000 women stick to Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweeners with gorgeous natural effect.

No powder at any price, contains finer, purer ingredients. Insist on Luxor by name, and get FREE! 2-dram of La Richesse a sophisticated, smart French scent, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together in a bright new Christmas wrapper at all cosmetic counters for the price of Luxor powder alone.

The next night, she knew, he was going to propose. At the table where he had spent so many evenings in the past month, he offered her the brand of champagne for. For a moment the career that she had been willing to sacrifice everything for, was forgotten. She accepted.

And the moment the announcement was made, Grace was assailed by the doubts she had refused to listen to before. Involuntarily she knew the roar of disbelieve and amazement Park Avenue must be setting up, knew that though Robertson loved her, revered her, his family would waste neither time nor friendship on her. Grace had reached the first crossroads of her career. She lost no time making a decision. Throwing position, Newport, to the wind, to sit beside her, she broke the engagement to accept a small part—a very small part—with a road company of the musical show "Sweet Sixteen."

Forced by the chance to sit at tea with aristocratic ladies, she fared forth to delight not overly discriminating theater-goers west of the Hudson River with nightly renditions of "First You Wiggled, Then You Wagged."

In time, Robertson and all he had meant was forgotten. By economy so rigid, she thought, to think about it, sufficient funds to buy passage for Europe. When the tour finished, Grace sailed, with barely enough money left over to pay rent the first month.

As though acknowledging her brave challenge to a doubting world, divine providence lent her Monte Carlo and an old friend who staked her to a fling at the roulette wheel. She had never gambled before, but she wound up with friendship with proverbial beginner's luck, forty thousand francs ahead.

Tucking her new-found fortune in her purse, Grace took the first morning train for Paris where she enrolled that very day with one of France's foremost vocal teachers. It was in this gay, magical city that...}

Untold Chapters in Grace Moore's Life

(Continued from page 15)

In Paris, friends enjoy life whether they have money to spend or not. Grace joined this crowd of fellow countrymen and immediately revealed the Bank, met an art student named Biddle. For weeks they shared all the excitement that Paris offers young couples in love before Grace learned who Biddle really was. And when she did, she burst into gales of laughter.

She learned that he was George Biddle of Philadelphia, no ordinary art student but a son of one of America's oldest and wealthiest families. She had laughed at the story she remembered that Biddle was a life-long friend of Robertson, and confessed a story.

Do you remember where you and Markoe often used to dine?" she asked, mentioning the name of an exclusive New York restaurant. "Well, last Christmas, the girl who shared my apartment and I found ourselves with just fifty cents to buy a holiday dinner. I couldn't bear the thought of that, so I telephoned Oscar, the head waiter there, and told him I was Grace Moore. When he said he'd never heard of Miss Moore, I told him in disguise. Why, I thought, about his sufficient funds to buy passage for Europe. When the tour finished, Grace sailed, with barely enough money left over to pay rent the first month.

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Tucking her new-found fortune in her purse, Grace took the first morning train for Paris where she enrolled that very day with one of France's foremost vocal teachers. It was in this gay, magical city that...
A de luxe Dessert...easy!

EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

2 tablespoons butter, melted
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
3 eggs, separated
1/2 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups canned or drained, sliced apple sauce
Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F). Serve hot or cold.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!


A TIRED FACE Needs Help

Our new Complexion Kit will act like magic.

- Removes blemishes!
- Re-vitalizes a jaded skin!
- Imparts a clear, lovely color!

This ad and $1.00 brings our trial kit to you! You will be amazed at your beautiful new complexion.

EYES BURNING AND TIRED?

Dust—wind—sand—glare—reading—tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.
I NEVER NEED LAXATIVES ANY MORE!

TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's Easy to Eat

If you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purgative action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, elimination goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foams Tablets are pure Pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and C. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, III.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name ____________________________ 
Address __________________________ 
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76

RADIO MIRROR

All You Want to Know About Roses and Drums

(Continued from page 36)

broadcasters worked with the two girls, and on April 8, 1934, played a trick on the radio public. On that day, they gave both girls the script and they read alternate lines of the Betty Graham part. Not to themselves, but over the microphone. No one detected anything wrong. The following Sunday, Helen Claire took over unaided. It was some time before the listeners were aware that Betty Graham was being portrayed by another actress.

If you were to add up all the famous actors who have appeared at different times in Roses and Drums you would have one of the greatest all-star casts in history. You will remember De Wolfe Hopper, Pedro de Cordova, Osgood Perkins, Walter Connolly, Guy Bates Post and Mrs. Richard Mansfield among others.

ACTING for the microphone is a lot different from other acting. There is one man in the cast of Roses and Drums who has developed a truly remarkable radio technique. He is Jack Roselge. Believe it or not, he can by the tone of his voice, let listeners know whether he is sitting down or standing up. By his voice alone! He has played about a hundred different roles on Roses and Drums.

The job of matching living voices with those of the dead is constantly with the men who make Roses and Drums. Recently they gave voice to the bodies of P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale. The voices of these two, as famous as any of the soldiers of the war, also had to be matched.

Barnum, we might say in passing, was introduced for the same reason that Sidney Lanier was a Southern hero—because he was—for the sake of variety. Even the most devoted listeners would grow weary if the program were kept to the war all the time.

The amount of research this program requires is staggering. Roses and Drums demands more digging into books, manuscript and anecdotals than any program in radio. Just to give you an idea of how far the author and director will go to be right, they have obtained a manuscript of private letters by Confederate Army and listed them on cards. Why? Simply for the sake of accuracy.

When the script requires the use of a private's name, the cards are consulted, a private's name chosen—and this name is used. It gives the play authenticy. Relatives of privates whose names were used are reported to have written letters of appreciation.

So complete and so accurate is the research that in the preparation of the episode dealing with the death of Jeb Stuart, the author was able to describe the weather for every hour of the day. Herschel Williams, the director, has been equally thorough. When he proposed to introduce a new character, he wanted to have it right; a yell that could not be criticized by anyone. He located an old Confederate soldier living several miles from the battlefield. Indeed, the author gave him the cry as he had given it many years before, and recorded it. The record was then used to guide the actors participating.

Maestro Pelletier, who conducts the seven-piece orchestra, contributes much to the success of the program. He can play a bugle, a violin, a clarinet, a violin, a drum and drums orchestra, and that is no small accomplishment.

The influence of Roses and Drums is a bulky forty-page affair. It takes a long time to write. There is so much detail to it that it is sometimes necessary to keep only four weeks ahead of the current program, which is six weeks less than is generally required on other programs. The program is written and the preparation of scripts by the necessity of taking trips to the actual battle scenes to study the terrain.

When the finished play is okayed by Professors Jernegan and passed by the network authorities, it is ready for rehearsal. Griggs, who plays Randy, decides the process of getting ready for the Sunday broadcast as follows:

The rehearsal starts on Thursday when the entire cast discusses and works over the development of the week's episode and its characters. On Friday a four-hour rehearsal with sound effects and on Saturday, a four-hour rehearsal of the hour of the broadcast. The long rehearsal gets us into the spirit and atmosphere of the play and we go on the air in top form.

"With the characters so well known, most of the rehearsal time is given to creating the illusion of the story."

"It was this part that I worked hardest on, the part used spotlights in the studio, not for the benefit of the audience, but to give intensity of feeling and theater sense to the actors."

"The whole point on stage, can be supplied by costume, make-up, movement and facial expression, on the stage depends on the actor's voice. Radio is constantly seeking actors who can 'think with their voices,' who can tell in tone of voice what they think and feel and how they want you to convey to another character."

The actual plot which carries along from Sunday to Sunday is fictitious, of course, but the story of the activities of Civil War spies that is told is based on actual fact. Betty Graham is closely modeled after the real Maud Boyle, Boyd, spies for the Confederate Army. Many of her adventures are those of these unsung Betties of Southern history.

So far as Roses and Drums is concerned, the Civil War is a virtually inexhaustible field for drama. Periodically, meetings are held to consider whether there should be a change to another panorama of history, such as the opening of the West or the World War. But always the decision is to draw further on the rich sources of the inter-state struggle.

Influencing this decision is the thought that, until the end of the Civil War, we shall see the culmination of the struggle for the hand of Betty, which has been going on so long between Randy and Gordon. The odds seem to favor Gordon although you can never tell.

One thing is certain, the listeners are interested in everything as it is in the war. Which rather grieves the program makers. Eighty per cent of their effort is spent on research and when it is over, they turn their attention to giving it divided attention, sometimes lending their best ears to the romantic side of the story, which is a side requiring no re-reading at all.

Still, it should be a comfort to all of us, especially those who have lost faith in human nature, that people should be more interested in the romance than in the bloodshed.
Radio Mirror's Directory

Radio Mirror

Beautiful Eyes

with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

'LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she had to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never seen her before," came the reply. "Seems nice enough, but nobody of importance. I guess she'll be thrown out in a week or two. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's the piano?" someone asked. "It's time Bill and Eileen finished."

"You had to go out of town business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. Remarking on all her courage she said, "I can play a little."

There was aiseum of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few choruses—then broke into the strains of "The Cuban Love Song.

Her listeners sat spellbound—never had the church carillon before. It was aimed at a point blank piano . . . later Eileen found Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home long before I was taught myself."

I first saw the U. S. School of Music in Carnegie Hall. I saw how easy it was. I sent for the complete course. Why I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grinding

 práctica—they have not had the chance. It was just as simple as A-B-C—and do you know it only averaged a few cents a day?"

This story is true. In fact we have a new book and our Free Demonstration Lesson at once. You just how anyone can learn to play by ear, for 40¢ of what old-school methods of music will do in the rest. Mail the coupon today.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 30612 Bruckeck Blvd., New York City.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin Guitar Saxophone Organ Upright Tener Bals Piano Accordion Or Any Other Instrument

Instrument 

Have you...

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MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 30612 Bruckeck Blvd., New York City.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin Guitar Saxophone Organ Upright Tener Bals Piano Accordion Or Any Other Instrument

Instrument 

Have you...

Address

Name

Instrument 

Radio Mirror
STOP A COLD
Drive It Out of Your System!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger!
Trust to no makeshift relief.
A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. A cold also calls for a COLD treatment and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold. It is expressly a cold treatment in tablet form. It is internal in effect and it does four important things:

**Four Effects**

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Bromo Quinine is distinguished for this fourfold effect and it is what you want for the prompt relief of a cold.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for any reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!

TONEY, Jay. Baritone, Southernaires Quartet; born Augusta, Texas, Sept. 29, 1906; married; died; during World War I; father of Eastern Voice; deceased; died in Chicago, 1945.

TRIGG, Harold. Pianist; born San Francisco, Calif., 1906; married; during World War I; father of Eastern Voice; deceased; died in Chicago, 1945.

TRIGG, Helen. Comedian, "Carefree Curtain"; born San Francisco, Calif., 1906; married; during World War I; father of Eastern Voice; deceased; died in Chicago, 1945.

TUCKER, Madge. Director various children's programs and actresses; born Centralia, Ill., unmarried; during World War I; father of Eastern Voice; deceased; died in Chicago, 1945.

VALLE, Rudy, Orchestra leader, and master-of-ceremonies; born Portsmouth, N. Y.; during World War I; father of Eastern Voice; deceased; died in Chicago, 1945.

WATERMAN, Robert. Baritone; born Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dec. 25, 1897; married Fray Webb; during World War I; father of Eastern Voice; deceased; died in Chicago, 1945.
Amateurs at Life
(Continued from page 44)

could watch. Tad was whistling now. He imitated Crosby and the singer with Ted Weems. Then he did his bird calls.

It was a smashing success for half of the party, Grant and Crail. Mickey could see that Tad had won the crowd. Instinctively she also knew that no one had missed her, unless it was Tad. She walked over to the hand clap before walking to Tad's side.

"Where were you?" he asked. "We waited hours."

Mickey didn't explain. What was the use? The rest of the party passed in a blur.

There was so much to do the next two days that Mickey never found herself alone with Tad. If he wasn't with Marion, she was with one or another of the young Van Biddle male guests. She learned the first day that wealth didn't prevent boys from being good looking, attentive, and very nice. The third morning, before Tad was up, she asked for a car to take her into New York. She went straight to Uncle Jim and unburdened herself.

"Jim, we've just got to get Tad out of here. He's taking things too much for granted, as though all anyone had to do in this life was to be attractive and gay. Believe me and be happy before it's too late."

Mickey acted as though he were planning to stay on that estate until snow flies."

"I'm sorry this is happening to you, Mickey," he said. "I've seen the same thing so often myself. If Tad would only stop thinking, he would be all right. But he won't. He'll drift on, being gay and charming and staying places as a house guest until he's laid up with a cold.

When it's too late, he'll want to settle down. You go back and tell him that. Make him see."

All the way to Westchester, Mickey thought up arguments. She hoped she'd find Tad as soon as she got there; perhaps she could overwhelm him at the outset; but was firing breakfast on the porch when she arrived. Without preliminary, she started in.

Tad, we can't accept this hospitality any longer. We've got to leave today. Besides, we'll be much better off doing nothing in Poughkeepsie. At least may be we'd like to work to do there."

Mickey stretched and lit a cigarette. "Just my sentiments, little one. Honest work never hurt." He drew a letter from his pocket and threw it in her lap.

Mickey knew before she opened it, from the look on Tad's face, that it was an offer. She read it through once and remembered every word on the back.

"Isn't that the nuts?" Tad exclaimed. "A commercial program wanting me for spot broadcasts at a hundred per!"

For once, Mickey's sense of humor failed her. It was hard enough holding back the tears but there must be a sunny side somewhere—perhaps the fact that she'd throw it away from now Tad would be so sick of this he'd be the one wanting to leave. After all, doing one novelty every week would become deadly boring on the stage.

She clung to that hope and managed to cheer up when they were ready to leave by noon. She could even have enjoyed the time, thanks for a wonderful time. He and Marion had just looked at each other a moment. "Goodbye," Tad had said simply, and Mickey couldn't avoid

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Arthritis and polonium wastes from your blood is through 9 million vital, delicate Kidney tubules or filters. If, because of functional trouble, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, you look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself dizzy, feverish and must to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Fluctuating Kidney troubles also cause weak more serious and disagreeable symptoms such as Getting Up Night, Listlessness, Backache, Cystitis, Dieting, Nervousness, Fatigue, Loss of Blood, and Headache.

Your Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and the special foods thrown in extra heavy load on the delicate renal system. If you don't maintain this system in good condition, then if they do feel their best and preserve their youthfulness."

And Dr. E. R. Drake, another widely known Physiologist and Medical Examiner, of Cystex, recommended: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor M. T. Kastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the most popular and effective remedies I use in my Hospital. It is prescribed in all my wards for patients who are under stress and strain."

Dr. T. J. Bennett, another Doctor widely known Physicians and Medical Examiner, of Cystex, recommend: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the

Guaranteed to Work

Because of the unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 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 must feel stronger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—just send for Cystex. Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package and it suits you better. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only a few at drug stores, and the guaranty applies freely. So, if you are not satisfied with the emergency, return the sample and we will refund the price immediately."

I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can

any photo enlarged

SIZE 8x10 inches or larger if desired.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo

together and within a week you will receive your

duplicate in double size!

FREE BOOK MAIL COUPON

ONCE

FREE BOOK

MAIL COUPON

FREE BOOK

Mail coupon 10 times and within a week you will receive your duplicate in double size and get a

FREE BOOK on how to make a NEW MAN!

Address...
"3 minutes of my time...and I forgot my troubles!"

There’s no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-by constipation and the lazy way it makes you feel. Have you been using mucking “all-at-once” cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It’s good for the entire family—and children love it.

RADIO MIRROR

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

The Best
GRAY HAIR
REMEDY IS
MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this (easy) recipe: To half a pint of water add one ounce barium, a small box of Barbor Compound, and a pound of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbor imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes away all unpleasant odor. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARN $400

Mrs. P. Milt. (Penn.) thought it was too good to be true when she read of the Second Chance School of Nursing where women aged 18 to 50, who had completed secondary school, could attend a three-month course at $100. In July she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was asked to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $800.

Think of the things you could do with $400!

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run train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women of high character, in the spirit of the old-fashioned, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is conducted by registered nurses. Application is so simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Courses second to none. For full particulars, send coupon. Free literature to applicants. Decide today that you will be one of thousands of men and women earning $25 to $150 a month—improving their social status! Send the coupon for interesting booklet. Write at once, now. Free literature to all who ask. 1913 is a banner year—new nurses welcome! New, Fresh, Horizons, a nurse.

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Please send free booklet and sample lesson page.

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Age__________________

80

MAKE
BLOND HAIR
—even in DARK shades

GLEM with GOLD
in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

is, when your blond hair becomes so in-define brownish shade dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glossy that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dullers and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become shining without bleaching or dyeing, camomille or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

ITCH
STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching torture of scabies, reddish, eruptions, or other skin affections? For quick and easy relief, use, Cuss's, Liquid D.D.D. Paracaine, it's gentle, soothing and forever lasting and infamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Sings the itch in a matter of hours. A 3¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, prove it—or money back.

FREE LESSON
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FREE LESSON

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME

A new way to... Make money in your spare time. Get free lesson, no obligation, no purchase required. Send for this famous FREE LESSON. You’ll be surprised at the hundreds of thousands of people who have been able to turn their talents to making money in their spare time. Give yourself the chance of earning a fast, easy income. Real pay goes to those who follow the free lesson, send for yours today.
so many young actors; the sudden hush before the show began.

It was a full house and Tad faced. The theater orchestra crashed into its number, quenched to a barely audible accompaniment, then Mickey began.

That night, after the last show, Tad came to her in her dressing room. "Mickey, you'll never know—we were in love! And wear that dress some time for me when we're old and gray and have swapped hands and widows' widows."

Wednesday night, the next to the last, the doorman at the theater knocked on Mickey's door as she was putting on the last of her makeup: "Mamie, Man downstairs to see you," he called, "name of Ahern." "Send him up," Mickey replied, idly trying to remember whom she knew in New York. She opened the door to admit a total stranger, a short, dark man with a friendly, toothy smile.

"Miss Clark," he began, and without waiting for an answer, went on, "I'm Les Ahern, from the Gable Advertising Agency. Will you come to see me in the morning? I'm pretty sure I'll have a job for you, something in the radio line. Here's my card and the address." He backed out, and I was left to wonder. Ten o'clock. I'm counting on you." Mickey was glad the man hadn't pressed for an answer. There was only one. Refuse. Where couldn't she go home tomorrow, with Tad?

SOME inner sense kept her from telling Tad about the offer. In a week, it would be forgotten anyway. Yet, when ten o'clock the next morning came and went, she felt a definite sense of relief. And each minute, each hour that passed she personally gave a shove to hurry its exit.

At last it was eleven thirty and they had finished their last performance.

They stood outside Mickey's dressing room, Tad's arm carelessly draped over her shoulder.

"Aloha," he began and hesitated. "What is it, Tad?" she asked.

"Mickey," he started again. "I've had a definite offer for a radio program. It's a novelty—every afternoon and they want to put me on a regular salary for three weeks."

He paused, but Mickey was silent.

"You're making it tough for me," he said.

"Go on," she urged, quietly.

"I know how you feel about this, how you feel we should have been a week ago. Mickey, I'm staying. Maybe the best way out of this is for you to go back. But I'm staying!"

Mickey heard a rustle of skirts on the stairs. "Is that you, Tad?" someone called. It was Marion. She came on up to them.

"I'm staying," Tad told her. He put out his hand, "Goodbye, Mickey. It's all been swell and I'm sorry you can't see things my way. Will you write me?"

"What's this? Marion asked. "You aren't going home! When Mickey had nodded, she said, "That's so absurd. You two are just getting started."

"I know," Tad said, "I've told her that. But she seems to have made up her mind. Well, kid, wish me good luck."

He was already gone. She shucked into the dressing room and stood in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection. Marion had been well. Tad too. It was really over.

She stepped into the elevator, tossed a little, braided herself and said, half aloud, "Okay, Crail, your move now."

But what happens to Mickey? Does she go back to the show? What will she do? What changes the whole course of her life is revealed in the absorbing next installment in the January issue, out November 26th.
NEW CREAM MASCARA 
needs no water to apply — really waterproof!

Beauty authorities — and women everywhere — are praising Tarroo, the new cream mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; far easier to apply than cake mascaras! Simply squeeze Tarroo out of the tube onto the brush, whisk it over your lashes and there they are — dark, lustrous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smudge. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim all you like; Tarroo won't run or smear!

Tattoo your lashes once and you'll never go back to old fashioned mascara. In smart rubber lined satin vanity, with brush, $0.50 everywhere.

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TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept 52 Chicago 10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube Tattoo Complete Mascara (If Black, $1 Brown) 

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Mary Lou Has Left the Show Boat!

What Has Become of Her?

In the January issue of RADIO MIRROR the real reason you no longer hear this famous star on Thursdays will be revealed.

RADIO MIRROR

Mrs. Lanny Ross Answers
All of Your Questions

(Continued from page 9)

two people can be happy when practically all of their time must be devoted to business, at Olive White Ross says about that: "A writer or an artist never really leaves his work. It is on his mind from morning until night. So it is with the singer and actor. Besides, business matters can be brought into the home because there is always something of an artist involved — exciting because it's really play and fun."

And to guard against too much concentration in dance there is still a separate office elsewhere in the city for both star and manager with a competent secretary for each of them. The apartment contains Lanny's attractive studio where he can work on his singing or his song writing (he's just sold "Day Dreams" to Fox, Inc.) and where he can turn business conferences into pleasant social functions!

REM EMBER that Lanny, who doesn't smoke, and drinks only an occasional cocktail, cannot go into crowded, smoky cafes—for smoke invariably gives him colds. So even though Olive is much more social in her tastes than Lanny, they effect a happy compromise by visiting friends at the night clubs where night fishing and enjoying life in the house-party manner. Sometimes during the week they gave little parties at one of the bagnettes (the marble game) "places" which New Yorkers find so amusing. At the last counting Lanny had run up 11,000 points on his favorite machine—and when he reaches 15,000 the management has promised him, instead of one of the routine prizes, the machine itself. Then Lanny plans to set it up in his own room on the second floor of the new apartment!

As for their future plans—well, Olive would not consider them if she did not wish to raise a family—and I know she does. At the moment Lanny doesn't think about it—certainly he doesn't wish to talk about it—but he knows that when their lives have been enriched and fulfilled in every other way, they'll want to complete them in that way.

Which brings us back to the part of their lives which interests Olive most and which she herself expressed this way: "My most sincere hope is that all the fans will continue to admire Lanny for his beautiful singing, personal charm and excellent work in pictures, the theater and radio." And my wish is that with this pleasant glimpse behind the scenes of Mr. and Mrs. Lanny Ross's life, they will be left in peace to pursue their careers which have one common end: the unqualified success of Lanny Ross.

Sincerely, —ERNEST V. HEYN.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Combing Gray Away Gray Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting older."

Gray hair is a woman's worst nightmare. Women have always been fighting their gray hair with hair color or permanent wave. But now a new way to fight gray hair has been discovered — and it's easy!

Now you can comb your gray hair away with the help of Gray Comb. Gray Comb is a special tool that allows you to comb away your gray hair in a matter of minutes. It's easy to use and works wonders on any type of hair. Gray Comb is available at your local drug store or beauty supply shop.

Learn to Dance

Fun and fitness from all the categories of the dance world. Learn to dance the waltz, the fox trot, the tango, the samba, the can-can, and many other dances. The course is divided into three parts: part one teaches basic dance steps and techniques; part two focuses on proper posture and form; and part three covers performance and choreography. The course can be completed in just 10 weeks, and it will give you a lifetime of dancing enjoyment.

With Gray Comb, you can have a new lease on life. With Gray Comb, you can look and feel years younger. With Gray Comb, you can comb away your gray hair and start living your life the way you want it to be. Try Gray Comb today and see the difference it can make in your life. It's easy, it's fun, and it really works! Contact your local drug store or beauty supply shop to order Gray Comb today!
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 47)

Mel Williamson's voice is being raised from most Los Angeles stations these days for the Federal Housing Administration... One-time aviator, University of Texas graduate, lots of local announcing and program experience.

Fenton Earnshaw, a last summer's grad from the University of California at Los Angeles and a colonel in its R, O, T, C., has joined his father's radio production firm as assistant stage director. His father, Harry, created and wrote the Chandra series which, by the way, has just started all over again on KRKD, Los Angeles. * * *

Russ Johnston, Los Angeles radio writer, has bought twelve acres at the base of Palomar Mountain... built a rustic shack and lives there with his wife except for commuting twice a week to Los Angeles. * * *

Johnny Murray is back on the air again, KFWB, after a year's absence. Once a trumpeter, long-time a popular Hollywood emcee, he held a record on the hi-jinks weekly frolic until it went off the air. Now he has a brand new series with one of those talent hunt angles.

The Mad, Mad March of Time

(Continued from page 10)

it in the scripts which they're working on.

The rooms which are the delivery ward five times a week for a new fifteen minutes on the air are as barren of comfortable furnishings as the editorial offices of a struggling weekly newspaper.

The windows are devoid of curtains, the walls are broken by holes where wires have been forced to make room for more telephones. The only chairs are the swivel type in front of the desks. A visitor stands up. Bill Geer's office is the same, with the exception of one battered arm chair that is pushed out of the way in a corner.

When Geer looks up from his desk, he is holding a paper. Pointing to a front page story, he grins and says: "We had that whole thing on the air last night. Fifty per cent of the time we scoop the papers that way."

That is your first intimate glimpse of how fast a pace these producers set for their program and it brings up a question: If the scripts are being prepared this early in the morning, how will they make room for a story that breaks late in the afternoon?

"Two ways," Geer answers. "First, the script men know that there's a good chance that by five o'clock, we'll have thought out the particular story they've worked on to make room for another, better one.

"Then, certain stories—for instance the Italian-Occupation situation—are built up carefully and the ending left off until dinner time. If nothing new has developed by that time we finish up with what we already have learned. But if war has been declared or something else has happened that is of momentous importance we tag that on."

Talking to this man you get the feeling that no eventually will be too great for the staff to cope with. When you have

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Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. It is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. Use it daily.

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been given a description of the complete production set up, you're positive no situation can get out of hand.

Bill Geer is the new executive, an all important job. But there are other personalities behind the scenes, that help wield the day's stories into a night's radio show. There is Arthur Pryor, Jr., who has been associated with the March of Time since its debut on the CBS network. As general production manager, he is responsible for the writing of the scripts, the music, and the acting. At his side is Howard Barlow, well known musical director, who has just finished his summer's work on NBC's annual Stag Fair with Lanny Ross. At five o'clock every afternoon, Barlow and Pryor go over the scripts, discuss the possibilities, and Barlow works up the background music that will best suit the moods of the evening's program.

At five o'clock, if nothing has happened to upset the schedule, Pryor assembles the cast of actors, hands out the parts, and they hold an undress rehearsal without the orchestras.

In the meantime, back down on the fifteenth floor, the teletypewriter continues to clack out a digest of the day's news. While Pryor, his assistants, and Barlow work to unite the scripts they already have, more stories are breaking that must be incorporated.

Geer, waiting until the last minute, rushes up to the studio and calls a conference. He may have one, two, or three big stories that the others know nothing about. They have to discuss how each of which the scripts they've already spent two hours on should be thrown away.

WHEN that is decided, Geer hurries back downstairs, calls the script men (the same who started at 8:30 in the morning) into his office, and gives out the latest stories. In an hour they must be rewritten, checked, checked by Geer himself, copied on stencils and run off on a mimeograph machine. After that, they are laid out on a long flat table, sorted, and clipped together.

The night you elect to go to these rooms to see for yourself, a woman in Ontario, Canada, has left her birth to her tenth child and is led for the lead in a race to have the most children by 1936 and win a five hundred thousand dollar prize. Because the home on until after five, everything is an hour behind schedule.

You go to the fifteenth floor at seven thirty and find the TV room full. In five minutes, the pages are empty. A studio conference with Pryor, Barlow, and Geer hasn't ended yet. Until it does, nothing more can be done.

Three quarters of an hour later, things began to happen. Geer strides in, followed by three script men, a secretary, two mimeograph girls, and two others to help sort and cut the scripts.

The script men sit down at typewriters, light cigarettes, run their fingers through their hair, and begin to work. Geer pulls himself up to his desk, a heavy pencil in his hand, and begins to cut scripts to make room for the addition of the baby derby.

As he finishes another page, it is rushed to a typist, copied, run off the mimeograph, and handed back to Geer. He makes penciled corrections—corrections which must be made over again when the complete sample of the mimeograph—and one complete script (four will be used tonight) is ready.

The binder swings into action. The second page is cut. In five minutes these five pages are separated in neat stacks. The binder goes down the line, whisks off the pages. Back and forth. In five minutes he has them in order and bound.

You sit off in a corner, out of the way...
As the deadline approaches—everything must be finished by nine thirty—you feel the tension increase, note that everyone is smoking, hear muttered curses as types write keys stuck. Finally, the last staple binds down the last five pages.

With one accord, everyone in the room wheels out the door and into the hall to get to an elevator on the twentieth floor. In the studio, Barlow, his orchestra, Pryor and his actors are waiting.

Geer runs into the control room while the writers hand out the scripts to the actors. At nine-thirty-five Pryor raises his hand. Barlow taps, and the March of Time theme song bursts forth. In exactly thirty-five minutes the rehearsal is finished. For the first time since seven o'clock relaxation is the order of the day. Pryor turns through the glass of the control room, stretches, and speaks into the loudspeaker that is attached into the studio proper. "Okay, kids, that was swell. Time out now for a 'coke.'"

Band men, writers, actors, engineers, announcers file out, trying to shake off the tightness of their nerves. Outside in the lounge, they wait the fifteen minutes of leisure until ten-twenty-five.

At ten-twenty-eight everyone is back in the studio and for everyone but Geer and his assistants the tension is done. Mr. LeRoy turns to the members who group at his side, the job is over. No more stories to write until nine in the morning. Unless—and you suddenly remember what he told you earlier in the day.

We have a direct wire from the tele- typewriter to the control room. Even while we're on the air, we can get news. If it is important, a messenger writes it out and paper goes into the studio to give it to Harry Von Zell. We're breaking an iron clad rule of the CBS—no calls into the control booth while the broadcast is going—but well do it if we have to.

The rule is safe for one more night. No stories come in on the direct wire. The fifteen minutes are up and an exhausted studio of people pack their home and stretch out in bed, safe for a few hours from the inexorable demands of a five time-a-week dramatic digest of the news of the day.

But even as they sleep, even as the earth turns towards another dawn, somewhere in the blackness of night a new March of Time has begun!
Will War Guns Silence Radio?

(Continued from page 18)

women slinking about our comparatively peaceful nation, taking an uncommon interest in our affairs, and wanting the strength of our defenses and of our courage. Above all, they're interested in the shipment of food, clothing, and fuel that are leaving these shores for foreign ports. That's the vital information they must uncover, much to transmit to their superiors in their country, or to warships of their nation patrolling the seas.

How can they dispatch this dangerous intelligence quickly and secretly? The mails? Too slow. By cable or wireless telegraph? Too easy for our government's agents to check filed messages. By concealed, unlicensed transmitters? Old stuff, too simple for the agents to locate them with the highly developed direction finders of today.

But you know the answer already. Those spies can use our broadcasting stations and do it with neither you, nor I, nor the broadcast-suspecting a thing. The man who told the spies it might be done is one of a quiet-spoken, resolute little army of government, military, and naval officials who will strike, and strike hard, at any unscrupulous advantage of us and of our broadcasters. How, then, can it be done?

All right, let's try our hands at this amateur secret service radio directing. We'll say just for instance that Italy is at war with Germany. Lying at a New York pier, is a heavily loaded Grecian freighter. She will clear secretly at half past one in the morning for Greece, a neutral nation, with her cargo of wheat. Germany strongly suspects that that wheat will be transmitted secretly to Italy and, under the circumstances, she has no intention of permitting the Italians to eat well, if at all.

In other words, Germany doesn't want that ship to reach Greece. Somewhere outside the neutral waters of the United States, lie German warships, ready to see that she doesn't. But unless these war vessels know when she's sailing, what she looks like, how are they going to stop her?

You are sitting in your home, listening half-heartedly to a musical program being broadcast from a small New York station. Suddenly you lean forward alertly, as a boyant announcer spouts his advertising message.

"... Grainite is a product used by five million Americans. Originated in Greece in the days of the Greek Olympic games, it is a product which is being bought this very night, by hundreds of athletes. Isn't fifteen cents, one and one-half dimes, a small price for peace of your own safety? We now present..."

All in a dither, you pull out a pencil and paper and go to work.

Fifty miles out in the Atlantic ocean, a sleek, gray, German war vessel prepares and rolls as she restless patroils at high speed, watching for a ship from ships. In her radio room sits a hard-faced young officer, earphones clamped to head, eagerly sulkng in every word of that advertising message.

He scribbles rapidly. Another officer flips through a code book. "Five million," he mutters. "That means five thousand tons... Grainite?... Ah, wheat..."
Kicked Upstairs!
(Continued from page 25)

of the little Philadelphia station that it became a regular weekly feature, and the amusing adventures of "Sir Percival Postlethwaite," a comic-strip type of Briton, became the talk of Philadelphia.

Letters poured in to the station in ever increasing volume, to such an extent, in fact, that the enterprising manager of the station, sensing that such a "find" would not long be content to work merely for the fun of it, and without any salary, offered Carter a regular job on the announcing staff. The salary was higher than that of the newspaper job, and even though it hadn't been, the microphones and the radio bug had taken effect.

The lure of the studio had become stronger even than that of printer's ink, and Carter seized the opportunity eagerly. Two weeks later a representative of the radio station waited shame-facedly for an uncomfortable audience with the managing editor of the tabloid newspaper. Admitted thousand and letters attested to his embarrassment. "Say, listen," he blurted at length, "can you take this guy Carter back? He's a swell guy personally, and we like his work, but somehow he just doesn't seem to go over with sponsors. They don't like his British accent.

Inasmuch as Carter, the most good newspapermen, had been caring about twice what he was being paid on the paper, the managing editor had no hesitation in insisting on his job, and Carter came back once more to the clackety-clack of typewriters, the strident cackophony of typewriter machines, and the roar from below of batteries of presses.

Six months later, as a circulation promotion stunt, Carter's newspaper and arrangement with the radio station WCAU, Columbia's outlet in Philadelphia, and a newsreel, for a daily news broadcast. Carter was assigned to the task of preparing and broadcasting the material. In less than two weeks, his daily broadcast had attracted such widespread attention that three sponsors were bidding for his services. In a month he had become more of a Philadelphia institution than the newspaper for which he worked. As he expected, Carter's newspaper broadcast became the Quaker City's most popular and widely talked of air feature, although it was not until he had been the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, that the rest of the nation's listeners-in came to know his clipped tones and terse emphasis.

From the little village of Hopewell, Carter broadcast the details of the kidnapping and the subsequent activities of the hunt for the kidnappers, and more than thousand and letters attested to the widespread attention his words commanded.

One day, during the Hopewell siege, the time for Carter's broadcast arrived to find him totally unprepared. Some information had been expected, and upon which he had counted for material, had failed to reach him. Resourcefully, he clipped from that day's edition of his newspaper an editorial concerning the kidnap, speeded before the mike, and read the article in its entirety, spacing it out so that it just filled in the time allotted.

So forceful was his delivery, so much the informality of the daily登登 into the cold type of the editorial, that letters by the hundreds deluged the newspaper office and that of the broadcasting company. The editor of the paper heard of the tremendous response to Carter's broadcast.

"Have Carter send a copy of that
broadcast immediately, and print it on page one," he ordered. His rotund face was red when he learned that the broadcast which had attracted such widespread attention was no more than a verbatim repetition of his own newspaper's editorial, which had attracted no more than ordinary comment when printed.

An insistent radio audience demanded Carter after its appetite had been whetted by his masterful handling of the Lindbergh case and, shortly after his return gives when Heppewell, he was signed by his present sponsor—for whom he is entering his fourth year, with a growing popularity.

With a flair for showmanship, Carter dropped the prosaic given name "Harold," adopting for broadcasting purposes the more picturesque "Boake," and borrowed of a great-grandfather, Frances Boake Carter, of Shanganah Castle, Dublin, in. Thus, in the event that you visit an art gallery and note a portrait prominently displayed bearing the signature "H. T. H. Carter" you will know that "H. T. H." and "Boake" are one and the same, for then he could snatch time from his newspaper work, before his first came to the microphone. Carter was an accomplished portrait painter, with such a favorable reputation in country of Philadelphia that more than a hundred of his works, at one time or another, were exhibited there.

EVEN more than his forceful delivery, a checkered career crowded almost unbelievably into his brief thirty-five years, gave him a background for his interpretative news broadcasts. Born in Bakut, Russia, where his father was British consul, Carter spent his boyhood in that country. The four schools from which he was uncomromisingly ousted, by his own admission for "backwardness, instability, and general apathy," were in. England, but during his brief stay at these he managed to gain sufficient knowledge for his admission to Christ College, Cambridge, where his academic and athletic careers were interrupted by the war.

When he was mustered out of the Royal Air Force, he came to America, where he drifted for oil in Mexico and Texas before finding his way to Philadelphia and newspaper work. In a newspaper office he also found romance, marrying the assisant society editor of his newspaper, with whom, and their two children, he now lives in suburban Philadelphia.

His rather eccentric diversions are his painting and cricket and he is recognized as one of the foremost exponents of the game.

And to his credit, witness to the fact that success has left him unspoiled, he is said that he has never indulged in that last (and best) laugh at the expense of his former newspaper colleagues to which he is justly entitled. For basis of one of the most merciless "ribbons" to which he has subjected himself was an occasional wrinkle and a hard-boiled city editor publicly, and with somewhat pointed rudeness, rebuked him for talking with a yacht salesman on office time. The city editor told a city editor—but Carter has a yacht.

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When I say that these are the greatest values that we have been able to offer in 56 years, I am ready to prove it. Even my mother who founded this business 56 years ago—in the days of low prices—could not have done better. Look at these beautiful new rings and watches—look at the low prices. Let me send you your choice on money back guarantee. Here’s how you do it. Simply put a $1.00 bill in an envelope with your name, address, number of article wanted and tell me your age (must be over 20), occupation, employer and a few facts about yourself. This information will be held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries made. I’ll open a 10-month charge account for you and send your selection for approval and 10-day free trial. If it isn’t all I say about it and more—send it back and your dollar bill will be refunded immediately. If satisfied, you pay the balance in 10 small monthly payments that you will never miss.

L.W. Sweet, Inc.

MAIL ORDER DIVISION OF FINLAY STRAUS
Dept. 305-M 1670 BROADWAY—NEW YORK
Welding

... the best way to make a perfect union of two pieces of metal is by welding them together.

... and the best way to make a good cigarette is to WELD together the right quantity of different types of mild, ripe tobaccos that is just what we do in making Chesterfield Cigarettes. The three types of home-grown tobaccos (Bright, Burley and Maryland) are welded together. That is, the qualities of each of the three kinds are made into one kind. Then these three tobaccos which have been welded together are welded with aromatic Turkish tobacco. Mixing tobaccos is one thing; blending is another thing — but in order to get the best flavor and aroma, the tobaccos should be welded together.

Chesterfield... the cigarette that's MINDER
Chesterfield... the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
WHY MARY LOU LEFT THE SHOW BOAT
The Greatest Jack Benny Story Ever Told
THESE authors and their works need no recommendation—the books themselves need only to be seen to be desired. Bound in beautiful red-brown Florentine (limp) leather richly hand decorated and with 14 karat gold stamping, thin strongly fabricated paper, clear cut, easily readable type, rounded corners and color toned edges, with nearly one thousand pages to each volume, aside from their sterling literary worth, these books give an added touch of exotic luxury to any home no matter how modest or how affluent. Wherever possible they contain the author's complete works. Where his works are too voluminous his selected finest works are included. As gifts they are ideal. To be appreciated they must be seen. Send for one or more today at our risk. We will refund your money cheerfully if for any reason they prove unsatisfactory. $2.29 each—any three for $6.50. Circle the numbers of the books you want. Use the coupon.

102, Balzac; 103, Anton Chekhov; 104, Boccaccio; 105, Alphonse Daudet; 106, Conan Doyle; 107, Droll Stories; 108, Alexander Dumas; 109, Ralph Waldo Emerson; 110, Gustave Flaubert; 111, H. Rider Haggard; 112, Nathaniel Hawthorne; 113, Victor Hugo; 114, Henrik Ibsen; 115, Kipling; 116, de Maupassant; 117, Edgar Allan Poe; 118, Shakespeare (complete with thumb index); 119, Robert Louis Stevenson; 120, Tolstoi; 121, Voltaire; 122, Oscar Wilde; 123, Benvenuto Cellini; 124, Theophile Gautier; 125, Jean Jacques Rousseau; 126, Emile Zola.

$2.29 EACH • ANY THREE FOR $6.50

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY
Strike that COLD at the source before it gets serious!

Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—when resistance is low.

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34, show that those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

10¢
In the February RADIO MIRROR
On Sale December 24

Coming in the next issue: The story of how Nelson Eddy became a correspondence school success. You won't believe it, but it's true... And watch for his grand portrait on the cover... Also an exciting four pages of pictures of all the famous stars when they were very young, straight out of the old family album.

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- The Inside Story of Muriel Wilson's Departure
- Jack Benny's Father Tells All ........... Dan Wheeler 14
- The Comedy Revealed by the Man Who Knows Him Best
- What You've Done to One Man's Family .... Bob Hall 16
- How Your Letters Have Changed This Program
- The Lowdown on Don Ameche's Romance... Carolyn Samers Hayt 23
- Listen, Bing! ............................................. 24
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**Cover**

By TCHETCHET

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THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Last year we had the Amateur Cycle. This year it's the opposite extreme—the dials are so full of top-notch personalities that you can't hear President Roosevelt without missing Mischa Elman and Schumann-Heink. The Celebrity Cycle reaches its highest point in this show, which plucks the plums from all over the globe. In dizzying rapidity you hear the world's most famous voices from Manila, Berlin, Tokyo, Geneva, Peking, and all over the world. It's a round-the-world trip every Sunday in the best company.

NBC 2:00 P. M. Sun. 60 min.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Up to the time this is written, Leslie Howard's script hasn't given him any dramatic morsels which would be worthy of Ken Maynard's Tarzan. As one of the best actors in this or any other country, Howard deserves better material than has yet been written for radio. This Adverse character who talks innately to himself in O'Neill besides doesn't answer to that description.

CBS 8:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

THE NEW PENNY—Helen Hayes gets a better break, and from the same author, Edith Meiser. Writing a half-hour show is much harder work than reading it. Hayes and Howard both confine themselves to one show a week—perhaps Miss Meiser should follow their example. And of the two shows, this is by far the safer bet for popularity. Miss Hayes has in Penelope a flesh-and-blood character who does things besides talk. The audience will want to know a lot more about the busy sprite who has original ideas about rounding homes—and life.

NBC 9:30 P. M. Tue. 30 min.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY—The dramatized stories are perfectly swell, Bob—but some of your studio demonstrations of Believe-It-or-Not come to an unseeing audience mumbling the words, "What a BLURP! Please forget you're a pictorial artist and give us something we can get our ears into. You have an outstanding radio personality—Nelson and his band are fine support, and when you get organized I think your air rating is going to creep right up until you find yourself in Major Bowes' hair. Believe It or Not.

NBC 7:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

TOWN TOPICS—Lois Long being slightly clever as a mistress of not much ceremony, I heard pages rattling during some of the most delightful informality—but whoever painstakingly prepares the informality does a swell of a job. Anything can happen here, and frequently does. There's no formula. You just throw in a lot of spicy guest-star ingredients, add a few dashes of Mark Warnow flavoring, stir Long, and you've got an astonishing concoction with everything in it but taste.

CBS 3:00 P. M. Tue. 60 min.

VANISHED VOICES—Ordinary crime dramas featuring an invention which brings back dead voices. The fantasy doesn't mix well with the reality—you get neither Sherlock Holmes nor a Buck Rogers in reverse.

CBS 6:30 P. M. Mon. Wed. 30 min.

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

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and 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 just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!

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 ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

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

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" wrote Miss Mary! "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

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

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. 281, 41 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name__________________________

Address______________________________

State______________________

Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Penny Postcard
CONGRATULATIONS of the month to:

The thirty minutes every Thursday night to which artists and sponsors contribute most of their time and services on behalf of that rapidly disappearing cause, Peace. The program is beautifully done, the preaching powerful yet subdued. I’ve left the show shivering, thinking that it would be a long time before I’d be marching across seas for some foreign cause.

Leslie Howard’s “The Amateur Gentleman.” If you heard his opening broadcast early in October and thought it well done I can tell you something that will make the whole show seem remarkable. The Wednesday morning before that first broadcast (Sunday, remember) the sponsors and script writers were still without a story. Not until after lunch that day was “The Amateur Gentleman” chosen. First rehearsal couldn’t begin until late Thursday. And, incidentally, an hour after the program was finished, Mr. Howard was on a plane on his way to Hollywood.

The half hour over WMCA and its network every Tuesday night sponsored by Movie Mirror. The bow should be taken personally by Ernest V. Heyn, master of ceremonies, and the magazine’s Eastern Editor.

I have another bit of information which may amuse several fans of The First Nighter broadcasts and which up to now remains inexplicable. It was reported to me a few hours before we went to press that June Meredith and Charley Hughes would soon be leaving the program. Because of the time you read about this you’ll be clamoring for information, I can add that the change seems permanent.

From Katherine Albert, one of Joan Crawford’s closest friends, comes an eye witness, blow by blow account of Joan’s rehearsal and actual broadcast of “Within The Law,” which marked her first microphone appearance. I think it’s worth repeating because it gives a pretty clear picture of what goes on behind the scenes of those Monday night Lux Theater broadcasts and shows how Hollywood stars take to radio.

“I saw Joan in the Lux dress rehearsal on Saturday. It was, as we know now, the day after her marriage to Franchot Tone. Nothing in her manner disclosed that she was a bride, except, perhaps, that Franchot went with her. And I sat in the control room with the director, Tony Stanford.

“Watching Joan, I forgot that she was a high salaried star. She kept looking at the director, asking him if she was all right, more nervous than the bit actors with her. The sound effects amused her. Hardly any of them, I discovered, were faked. When someone was supposed to pick up a telephone, the sound effects man did just that. And he shut real doors and snapped on real lights.

“Strangely enough Joan acted very little with her face. She had been determined to conquer the wide open medium and she knew it must be all done with her voice. Although most famous actors gesture in front of the microphone and make as many faces as they would on the stage, Joan did not.

“At the actual broadcast, she was giving everything to her role as usual. She took it all very, very seriously because she honestly and truly is interested in it and all that it can mean and—here’s something for you—actually uses Lux soap! When the final rehearsal was over, incidentally, Joan was so exhausted she just lay down flat on the floor. Franchot stayed with me in the control room, preferring to let the director go out and tell her how she was.

“But he told her she was swell. So Joan went home and spent Sunday working on her role. What a honeymoon!”

My pet subject came up during a conversation I had not long ago with Hal Kemp and his publicity manager, Dave Albers. We had been talking about radio friendships or rather, the lack of them. And it was agreed that no matter how it may look to outsiders, no real camaraderie is shared in radio.

Why not, I asked, have a real Radio City some place just outside New York City? Westchester, for example, or some spot on Long Island? Hollywood is Hollywood mostly because it is a city of people all bent on one goal—the making of movies. A radio city would throw the same mantle of glamour over radio artists. Perhaps, too, it might serve to introduce the stars of the two networks to each other. You’d be amazed at the lack of introductions right now.

The star of a new comedian is flashing in meteoric rise across the radio heavens. He’s Bobby Burns, than whom I’ve heard no one funnier in a long, long time. Tall, bronzed, friendly, he works at the mike with his big hands stuck in his pocket and shifts nervously from one foot to the other. As long as his stories about his relatives in Arkansas hold out, I predict that we’re in for a very pleasant winter of very human and surprisingly sophisticated humor.
Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job.

WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS — BUT THIS IS NO BEAUTY CONTEST— BET I'M TWICE AS GOOD AT THE WORK.

I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES... SOUNDS CAPABLE—BUT HER SKIN!

2 WEEKS LATER.

OH, I'D LOVE TO GO! CALL ME AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW AT 5:00, YES, I'M WORKING NOW!

NOW THOSE UGLY HICKIES ARE GONE!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin — and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
WITH the snow piled against the door and the temperature around zero, you spend most of your evenings with the loudspeaker. How is radio treating you? Is it soothing or jangling your nerves? And whatever it's doing write us a letter now. Win a prize! There are seven prizes in all, $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Your letter addressed to the Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, should reach us by December 23.

This month these letters won:

$20.00 PRIZE
INTELLIGENT LISTENING
On all sides one hears harsh criticisms of radio. The criticisms supposedly come from the more intelligent class of listeners and one of their chief complaints is the lack of good music. I am tempted to challenge the intelligence of these critics; it looks more like radio snobishness to me.

For instance, an intelligent person would not go to a newsstand, close his eyes, pick a magazine at random, and expect to get one suited to his particular taste. Yet many persons snap the switch on their radios without regard to time, station, or the program listings in the paper, and then denounce all radio because a dance orchestra is playing a popular song instead of a symphony orchestra playing a classical selection.

Nor should anyone expect to turn his radio on the first thing in the morning, let it run all day and still find it entertaining. Even entertainment has its satiation point.

For intelligent and satisfactory radio listening, one should carefully select two or three programs suited to his particular taste, listen to them and then turn his radio off. There are programs on the air to suit every taste.

ZELLA BOTELER,
Chevy Chase, Md.

$10.00 PRIZE
OH, THOSE MORNING PROGRAMS!
What ails the morning radio programs? Who decides what women want to hear while they make the beds and wash dishes? Who says it's recipes?

Alexander Woollcott does some writing himself. For "The Town Crier," see page 51—7 o'clock column.

A million of us hopefully listen for something to chew on mentally while we automatically pursue the humdrum routine of housework. What do we get? Some brazen voiced female chirruping about how to break an egg in a cup to a million of us who cook as naturally as we breathe.

Sponsors would earn a warm spot in our hearts if they offered recipes by mail and gave us by radio more Sisters of the Skillet, more witty comments on the doings of the day as Ray Perkins used to on his never to be forgotten morning program.

Tell us, perhaps of some new and thrilling movie in the making, a bit of plot and characterization. Give a scene from some new book. Describe the latest debutante's coming-out party. Sing us lullabies and love songs, if you must, but don't try to make us suffer with some imaginary heroine before the breakfast dishes are done and DO let us forget, if we can, that there is still lunch and dinner to prepare.

MRS. CORA QUINN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE FARMER'S HUNGRY FOR NEWS
Radio to us rural-ites seems no longer a luxury but a necessity. A necessity to keep us from going "crop crazy" in these days of blights, droughts, and fruit failures. Because I am a typical farmer listener I feel I speak for thousands when I ask for more news broadcasts—EARLY in the day and around supper time which is between six and seven o'clock on the ranch. How hungry we are for news then—the paper's always a day old when dropped by the R. F. D. man at the cross roads box and we are even too weary to look at it then. It's RADIO NEWS BROADCASTS we long for at those hours!

MRS. CLARENCE ROSE,
Sebastopol, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
SUGAR-COATED WORDS
Many intelligent and conscientious mothers must resent, as I do, the efforts of a number of program sponsors to force their way into our homes by appealing in sugar-coated (or should I say trinket-coated?) words to the children.

We are willing to agree that "Y" Breakfast Cereal, "Z" Whole Wheat Bread and "Z" Chocolate Drink are all reputable products, but to buy enough of each of them to keep up with all the badges, games and pictures our boys and girls are urged to obtain would bankrupt most family purses.

Can't we have the delightful nursery rhyme stories and

WANT TO SAY THUMBS UP OR
THUMBS DOWN ON SOME PROGRAMS? THEN USE THIS PAGE!
songs and the wholesome adventure dramatizations without all the high-pressure pleas for box tops and sales slips? Mrs. Howard Atkinson, South Bend, Indiana.

$1.00 PRIZE
A "KITCHEN MECHANIC" COMPLAINS

What do I want to say as a Radio Mirror Reader and housewife? Well just this. Pray tell why do we unfortunate K-Ms (Kitchen Mechanics) who have to arise at the hectic hour of 5:30 a. m. in order to start our husbands on their bitter-sweet wage earning daily grind with a nice hot breakfast and who seek a change of comedy via radio, have to suffer through those early morning daily dozen reducing programs when some of us resemble string beans? Then our next best bet, about 7 a.m. is to listen to some minister who hopes to save our neglected souls or as a last resort we can tune in on the market reports or learn how to make muligan stew or listen to the lost and found column read. Why can't we early risers who are in reality the backbone of the nation be favored with a little indoor sport recreation furnished by our dear faithful radio sponsors such as comedy stars of Hollywood, a good thrilling drama, a snappy popular song vocalist or even direct contact with the Italian-Ethiopian war? Do please come to our rescue and try to help brighten our early morning hours of drudgery which are not always ours from choice.

Mrs. H. M. Davis, San Diego, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
WHAT ABOUT PHONOGRAPH RECORDS?

Couldn't something be done about local stations consuming their spare time by playing only phonograph records? It is very disillusioning to hear Bing Crosby's "Boo-Boo" when you realize that he is probably at that very minute playing with the twins. We are in an age now where phonographs are not appreciated except when no other means of entertainment is available. I think when stations have to resort to this, something should be done. Some local talent could do the job!

May Crowley, Birmingham, Alabama.

$1.00 PRIZE
WANTED—A NEW TAP ROUTINE

It seems to me that Fred Astaire is as much a part of radio as stage or screen by now. That indefinable something that is Fred Astaire, that joyous feeling that radiates through you whenever you hear or see him in action.

Please don't let him be spoiled, though, by a repetition of the same songs and dances every week, for he is capable of so many. Why not let him work out a new tap routine just for radio? We want something original for the ether waves alone.

Just his name lifts me out of the dumps even if we can't see his flying feet. Hurry up, old man television; we can picture his wonderful interpretation of the terpsichorean art in our imagination. His voice, too, is engaging.

I really can't say enough for the very versatile Mr. Astaire, and sincerely hope that he has a very long run on the radio.

Miss Frances DuBois, Sacramento, Calif.

(Continued on page 75)

Words of Wisdom from a

Lovely

Bride of Winter

I don't believe anyone likes it better, or uses it more faithfully. And a Camay Complexion adds to your happiness as well as your beauty.

Sincerely,

St. Louis, Mo.
August 16, 1935

Mrs. J. Wallace Bloem

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair" ... that describes her! Marie Louise Thorsen's loveliness is the legendary kind. And her skin is just what you would suppose — matchless!

She trusts her skin only to Camay, is devoted to it, and uses it faithfully.

She proved to herself that Camay is a gentle, a thorough beauty soap — and there was no more shopping around for her. You, too, will find that proof — you, too, will find that Camay brings your loveliness to light — working small miracles almost from the start. Its fragrant, rich lather cleanses oh-so-thoroughly, and it leaves your skin so fresh, so soft, so young! And you'll be delighted with Camay's low price.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

(Continued on page 75)
WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

CHANGES in the announcerial staffs of the networks continue. Since the last appearance of Radio Mirror, there have been two important defections from Columbia, Harry Von Zell and Louis Dean having thrown up their portfolios to become program directors with advertising agencies. As previously noted here Jimmy Wallington, Kelvin Kech and Frank Singiser left their routine posts at NBC to attach themselves to important sponsored shows. Other ace announcers on both webs are planning to become free lancers.

The shifting about of the mikesmen brings back to the National studios one of radio's most colorful personalities, Norman Brokenshire, famous for his hearty "How-do-you-do-everybody" greeting. Brokenshire, in his career has had many ups and downs; more downs than ups, in truth.

But now, there being a demand in the studios for announcers with names and the ability Brokenshire undoubtedly possesses when he is himself, he is back in good graces again. As the saying goes, the beloved Broke has turned over a new leaf and everybody who knows this grand character is pulling for his complete reformation.

Meanwhile, another grand announcer who has suffered somewhat of an eclipse by being silent during recent broadcasts of outstanding sports events, is also staging a come-back. Reference is to Graham McNamme, a man whose name is a household word but who has provoked more arguments among listeners by his descriptions of prize fights and baseball and football games than is good for him.

The prediction now made by NBC executives is that Graham's errors, so aggravating to so many sports enthusiasts in the past, won't occur again. Graham's presence this Winter on a half-dozen of the biggest commercial programs is convincing proof of the confidence placed in him by the emperors of the ether.

THE trend of programs, when this was written, was seemingly away from those radio stand-bys of yesteryear, the popular singers. The season has seen stars from the stage, the screen and the opera, first-page newspaper figures and current event personalities commanding attention on the new programs. A check-up showed one time favorite warblers like Connie Boswell, Donald Novis, Jane Froman, Gertrude Niesen, Morton Downey, Harry Richman, Joey Nash, Sid Gary, Barry McKinley, Larry Taylor and Mildred Bailey were without commercial commitments although some of these were making infrequent guest appearances. Doubtless by the time this Radio Mirror reaches the stands some of these will be signed to contracts. But it's a cinch all of them won't so be fortunate.

THIS reporter strolling Fifth Avenue the other night was attracted by the figure of a man, his overcoat collar turned up and his soft hat pulled down over his face, furtively darting into a ladies apparel shop long after business hours. Something familiar about his carriage caused your correspondent to halt and peek through the half-drawn shades of the store window.

And sure enough suspicion was verified when the lights inside revealed the man to be none other than our own Lanny Ross.

Inquiry also disclosed Lanny's secret—he was inspecting gowns and other feminine accessories selected by his recently announced bride and manager, Olive White. Which is considerable of a reversal of form, for this reporter can remember when Lanny wouldn't wear anything until Olive okayed it. Since their marriage it appears Olive now won't wear anything until Lanny okayes it. Love sure is a wonderful thing.

Right, bride and groom, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, after their October wedding. Below, the newly arrived daughter of "Em," of the famous Clara, Lu 'n' Em radio team.

Below, Abe Lyman, Eleanor Powell and James "Schnozzola" Durante. Lyman, whose music you hear on both networks, and Eleanor, lead in "Broadway Melody of 1936," recently said they were engaged. Credit the Schnozzola for playing Cupid.
THE idea seems widespread that anybody who appears in radio collects a lot of coin for a few minutes' actual work. Fans read of the huge sums paid broadcasting comics, stage, screen and opera stars for a single performance and assume other entertainers are compensated in proportion. The truth is, they are not—decidedly not. Many of them perform on sustaining programs without receiving a thin dime. They appear gratuitously on the theory they will be heard by a potential sponsor and signed to a big fat commercial contract. So before you desert your job paying a living wage fifty-two weeks a year for a radio career reflect upon this actual incident recently occurring on one of the chains:

A physician, a man of standing in his profession, had been speaking on the air three times a week for more than three months. He had made many sacrifices to make his broadcast engagements and had spent much time and care on the preparation of his material. Then one night the futility of the enterprise hit him right smack between the eyes. Casting aside his prepared script he advanced briskly to the microphone and unburdened himself to the world as follows:

"For the past 40 broadcasts I have labored both night and day to make my talk interesting. The reason I did not appear the other night was because the station sold my time to an advertiser. They had promised to get me a sponsor and for 40 broadcasts I was a sustaining feature—that is, broadcasting without pay. They have not kept their promise and tonight I give you my swan-song. But before I go I want to tell you, my friends, broadcasting is nothing but a racket and—"

But at this point the astounded announcer came out of his trance and cut the indignant doctor off the air. A staff pianist, standing by for just such emergencies, thumped out the remaining minutes of the period. It was too bad, too, for the audience would have been better entertained—not to say enlightened—by the doctor's inside story of his radio experiences.

WHICH reminds me that radio-ambitious folk, both young and old, flocking to New York to participate in the numerous amateur hours are proving a problem to the Emergency Relief Bureau. Their records show that each week an average of 300 out-of-town seekers of radio fame become stranded in the metropolis. Major Edward Bowes and other conductors of amateur hours do everything to discourage competitors coming from points removed from New York but still they come. His rule is none but residents of Manhattan and immediate vicinity are eligible but the neophytes get around this regulation by making written application from a city address after beating, bumping and hitch-hiking their way to town. It is a very serious situation, indeed.

THERE is great rejoicing in The Lambs, famous actors’ club, over the success of Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard in etherized dramas. As a result, stage artists suffering for want of jobs in the evil days that have descended upon the legitimate theatre, envisage a real demand for their services in the studios. The sponsors of Miss Hayes and Mr. Howard found a large audience awaiting their attractions and caught and held their attention by presenting them in vehicles not only adapted to the players' personalities and talents but also especially constructed for aural projection.

The fact that the same author—the expert Edith Meiser previously noted for her "Sherlock Holmes" radio adaptations—creates the material for both stars just about makes her the First Playwright of Radio.

Above, maestro Al Goodman of Palmolive Beauty Box Theater leads his orchestra from the control room. Major Bowes leads a Texas Salute after receiving a commission from the Texas Centennial Rangers.

AND speaking of Leslie Howard, I wonder how well you know this fine artist. Here are some sidelights on his personality which you may not know: Howard is a stage name. His real name is Leslie Stainer. . . . His father was a London stockbroker and Leslie's first job was in a bank. . . . He plays piano and draws as well as he acts but yearns to be an author . . . Did write one play, "Murray Hill" . . . Has blond curls which he hates and wears clothes on the stage like a fashion plate . . . Off stage is careless about his attire and likes best to lounge about in shorts minus socks and tie . . . Wears horn-rimmed spectacles which he discards when reading or acting. . . . Constantly wears a chain around his neck to which is appended an English coin. It was given him at the premiere of "Her Cardboard Lover" and he has never removed it since . . . Another good luck token always found on his hand is a guard ring presented by his mother when he was 16 . . . Hates barbers
and rarely eats meat... Rides horseback, plays polo and also goes in for swimming and tennis. And Ronald Martin, nearly 20 years ago and has two children, a boy, Ronald, aged 17, and daughter, Leslie, aged 10... Latter made her professional debut with her father in radio last winter.

MARRIAGES, divorces and budding romances kept the tongues of the studio gossips awagging the past month. Some of the weddings were long expected as, for example, that of Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson; some others, like the marriage of Frank Munn, a New York lady banker, and Vet Boswell, of the Beautiful South, were even not suspected when the divorce of Ben Bernie came as a surprise to the public, the old maestro's intimates were quite prepared for it. But that didn't mean the gossips didn't have plenty to talk about in their favorite nightclub spots. For the Bernie distribution branch light a rather curious situation, to say the least.

Bernie (right name Benjamin Anzde-vitz), son of a Bayonne, N. J., blacksmith and one of eight children, married 20 years ago a girl in the same humble circumstances as his own. With her at this side he fought for and attained recognition, rising from obscurity and poverty to fame and fortune. She bore him a son, Jason, now 10 years old. Ten years ago the radio star discovered his darling for his wife had cooled. His interest turned elsewhere but he tried hard to conceal his true feelings from his wife. Eventually she learned the truth and—another man came into her life.

So, a few days after the divorce was granted in Chicago on the grounds of desertion the ex-Mrs. Anzde-vitz married Sergius Rolfein in New York. And the aging maestro has announced he will marry his former wife as long as she wants, and his heart interest of many years. The ceremony, probably, will be performed before you read this.

* * *

Norm Sherr, Chicago CBS pianist, is particularly proud of a concert grand piano, especially built for him by his sponsor, the Starck Piano Company. Norm says that he'll probably have to knock out the side of his home to get the piano in, but that it's worth it. Norm has a fan club named after him at the Univer- sity of South Dakota. The members are all piano students and are trying to emulate his style at the keyboard.

* * *

Morgan Eastman comes from a sailing family in Wisconsin. Ever since the con- ductor of the Edison symphony and the Carnation Contested (Cont'd on page 35.)

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

WHEN WGN opened its new studios, in Chicago, Col. R. R. McCormick hit upon a happy thought. Instead of inviting socialites and business leaders for a gala opening party he turned the entire auditorium studio over to work- men. Architects, artists, electricians, and their families were given all the seats to the special shows featuring stuttering Roy Atwell, beautiful Marion Claire, Harold Stokes' dance unit and Henry Weber's concert orchestra. The colonel got up on the stage to make a speech opening night. He had a long talk written out. But when he began to talk he simply rambled on and with tears in his eyes bid adieu to the workmen whom he had watched put into stone and steel his dream of the midwest's biggest and best radio studios. He didn't even open up the type-written pages of his talk.

Bill Cooper who writes the Lights Out, nerve wracking dramas, is going to cherish for a long time a telegram he got the other day:

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS UNSOLICITED CRITICISM OF LAST NIGHT'S SKETCH STOP IT WAS BEST WRIT- TEN AND MOST NATURAL DIA- LOGUE I HAVE EVER HEARD ON THE AIR AND MAINTAINED A WELL-NIGH PERFECT SUSPEN- STOP ACTING SPECIALLY FINE STOP REGARDS LEE TRACY.

Greatest mystery of the season is a package which arrived at WBBM addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Flanagan, and containing about three dozen cards of assorted buttons of various colors and sizes. No words of explanation accompanied the strange gift.

* * *

You've heard them frequently over NBC from Chicago. Left to right, June, Joan and Jeri, harmony trio, with Jill, who is their accompanist.
COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

THIS is the time of year when radio columnists will be getting out their annual radio team.

I'd like to nominate a one-person team. Who? Ruth Etting. No more charming person has ever graced radio's ranks. She would be the whole show on my all-star 1935-36 radio team for (a) her beautiful musical tribute to the Will Rogers services (b) showing up and singing at the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce annual radio banquet, cross country via CBS, when all the other big-names didn't show up and (c) giving unstintingly of her vocal ability to entertain a half-dozen plug-ugly radio editors as guests of her sponsors and NBC. She's a swell gal.

New Year resolutions of a few coast radio folks. "Charley Long," really Bar- ney Davey, who does the Charlie Chan radio characterizations, to write a dog story to end dog stories. Carroll Nye; KIJJ news commentator, never to call real estate men Escrow Indians. Dick Powell, Hollywood Hotel star, to still call 'em song pluggers even though the new title is "contactees." Floy Margaret Hughes, NBC actress, to walk up Mt. Tamalpais for exercise. George Godfrey, KOMO drama head, not to see so many movies. Emil Hansen, KJR marimba phone artist, to build a small boat.

Tommy Harris, NBC Coast singer, doesn't want to buy a dog owner. But wants a dog. A dog merchant penned Tommy as follows: "You will find the owner of these pups for sale at the lunch-stand on the highway just outside San Mateo."

Young Tommy Lee, head of the Don Lee Broadcasting System, is driving his own car again these days. The judge took away his driver's license for a while because of too many traffic tickets. But Tommy has chauffeurs on the staff. And all his girl friends can drive, too.

Jay Sims, new NBC announcer in San Francisco, is twenty-five, tall and dark complexioned. Born in New York, he went to school in Pittsburgh and graduated in Law. Then he enlisted in the Fifty-first Signal Battalion and went to Schofield Barracks in Hawaii.

Lou Belasco has been playing via KNX in Hollywood with the civic auditorium in Pasadena. Though in New York in recent years, he was long a KFWB favorite in Hollywood before that. He was born in Russia, educated in the Orient, and is a whiz at the violin besides being a conductor. Maybe somebody will tell me what his real name is. I've forgotten it.

Eddie Albright, KNX announcing veteran, now in his eleventh year there, is a smart hombre. He doesn't let any publication use his picture. Souvenir edition of a Hollywood paper, when KNX dedicated its new studios, had pictures of everybody but Eddie. He got tons more publicity than he would have if his mug had been shown.

Kay Van Riper, who writes the gorgeous KFWB historical dramas, has taken up ranch life in the San Fernando valley. Of course she's ten acres, as her press agent said, and the house isn't quite as big as the bluff sheets printed, but one part of it was okay—Kay is really taking up the life of a country gentlewoman and likes it.

Kay Thompson is a sly person. She's been lolling 'round Hollywood while the NBC Hit Parade was on the Coast. Her favorite seat at the riding academy was re-named King. But whom did she name it after? Kay won't tell. But there are the Rhythm Kings, peppy male trio of the Hit Parade; Jerry King, chief of KFWB; the King's Outfitting Company; King's Horse Tavern—and lots more. Oh, Kay, how could you? It was a black horse. Do you suppose it was named for Haile Selassie?

Bill Royle has dropped down from San Francisco, where he was for years with the main man. He's an early morning pep hour. The commander-in-chief of the Rise and Shine program was a wartime aviation lieutenant and later a captain in the Navy. He has two children, a boy about eighteen and a girl of sixteen.

Robert Olsen is on the air again. This time it's NBC from northern California on the You Name It program. He was born Robert Nelson but uses the Olsen handle for radio. He has two children, a boy about eighteen and a girl of sixteen.

If you've been looking for Ann Leaf, for five years CBS organist in New York, here she is. Nowadays she pulls the stops at KIJJ. The tiny brunette made her musical debut in Hollywood at the age of fifteen. She wrote her theme song, "Song of the Midnight," and a couple more called "Mirage on the Desert" and "Chromatic Cantata."

Hollywood Meanderings: Jack Benny likes publicity the least of any of the big show radio personalities. Eddie C sanitizes his barber chair and a grand piano in the parlor of the bungalow on the film lot. Orzio Nelson didn't do much sightseeing while playing his Ambassador engagement. Sterling Young, youthful band leader, was adopted by the late Lawrence Mott, of Catalina, when the major owned KPWO.

Meet the new NBC Nuts and Bolts comedians. "Nuts" is slim young Kenneth Gillum, "Bolts" is heavy-set Leo Cleary. Both used to be on the Gilmore circus years ago, Cleary as the Barker and Gillum teamed with Duke Atterbury. They play the piano, sing and do gag stuff. The boys are slightly cuckoo on their program. That's the way the public likes us, sez the duo.

In case you can use the information, for NBC's KOMO staff people recently "in the movie" includes Ann Le Vel, Roger Joseph, John Shaughnessy, Frances Farmer and Kaye Brinker.

Hanley Stafford, former Los Angeles radio drama man, now in New York radio circles, writes that he now speaks the best New Yorkese.

The matrimonial ranks haven't been disrupted much lately in coast radio. II. Duke Hancock, KGFJ head, was divorced by his wife, Gladys Mae Button, Billie Lowe, who brought suit for divorce (Margaret Lowe), filed voluntary bank- ruptcy petition with assets of $160 and debts of $1,150.80.

Grant Merrill, KOMO-KJFJ continuity man and conductor for the popular Sunday afternoon program, has a theme thought of "A word a day keeps the moron away." And somebody says: "I wish I were a moron, as happy as a clam.

I wish I were a moron. My gosh, perhaps I am.

They still relate that True Boardman, KIJJ narrator, feverishly paced the hospital corridor and when he heard the cry of his new-born daughter pressed his stop watch. Such is the precision of microphonists.

Pat Weaver, former KFRC program man, now making a name for himself producing NBC's New York Dorothy man, class of 1930. Twenty-seven years old and single, the red-haired youth says he got into radio by mistake, but intends to stay there.

When you hear the little girl voice on some old-time hit program, you can bet it's Barbara Jean Wong, aged ten, who speaks Chinese and English with equal fluency. Some of these days she will be a find in the films for she both sings and dances well. She was in "Alice in Wonderland" as a little English girl.

Phil Regan, NBC tenor and Warner picture player, one time a New York policeman and a network singer, owns a collie dog and a 12-cylinder car. He was both a Brooklyn in the early days, and Bob was in the navy yard at Charleston, South Carolina.

Carl Kroenke, KFRC character actor, lists coin collecting and hiking as his hobbies. He first came into radio at KFDB, San Francisco, in 1923, and his first regular radio programme was on a crime club program at KFRC.

NBC's new Hollywood studios are now settled down to routine after their swanky opening. The visitors' gallery is smaller than the former quarters. Tendency is for smaller visible audiences, and perhaps gradually the total elimination of audiences with the exception of programs featuring comedians.

It's her nimble fingers that have carried her to fame. Madge Baldwin, pianist, is on the Going to Towners show over JKF Mondays and Fridays.
WHY Mary Lou LEFT THE SHOW BOAT

ONE of radio's sweetest romances has ended. Thursday night's Maxwell House Show Boat has lost one of its most popular performers. Mary Lou is off the air.

Late in September, Muriel Wilson, after nearly two years as the Mary Lou who won the hearts of myriad listeners, stood before the microphone, tears blurring the music in her hands. She sang from memory the Merry Widow Waltz—her swan song on the show.

Singing this song, the same melody with which a few years ago she had scored an overnight success on her network debut, she knew that behind her lay one of the happiest periods of her life; ahead, only uncertainty. One of radio's strangest stories began that night.

Already, as this is being written, fans are demanding to know why the romance they have lived in their hearts so long has been brought to a sudden close. But to Muriel there is a still more important question, for upon its answer depends her entire future.

One reason for Mary Lou's departure from Show Boat has been given over the air—she has gone to New York to study music. To Muriel and to Lanny Ross, another explanation was supplied by the sponsors. The public, for whom the romance of Lanny and Mary Lou had been almost a sacred thing, was losing interest. New life, it had been decided, must be breathed into the program.

The first step was taken when the Westerens, four boys and a girl, joined the troupe. The second celebrated another anniversary of the Show Boat. With due ceremony and pomp, Lanny Ross was installed as the master of ceremonies, and the title of the show changed to "Lanny Ross's Show Boat." The third came that same night, when Mary Lou said goodbye.

It was not, the sponsors revealed to interested reporters, their plan to forget Mary Lou. Some time in the future she would return to face the problem of winning back Lanny's love all over again.

But when I talked to Muriel I learned that the situation was not so easily clarified. I met her on the Monday after her final appearance, on the fourth floor of NBC's Radio City. With crowds of unheeding sightseers, led by uniformed ushers, swarming past us, we discussed the problem she is facing.

"I tried not to be sentimental Thursday night," she said. "I knew that in radio no performer can afford to let her personal feelings interfere with her work. I told myself that even though my part of Mary Lou had ended, it meant nothing more than the end of a job. Yet it does mean more. You can't identify yourself with a character for two years, as I did with Mary Lou, and still consider it only a piece of work.

"To me Mary Lou was one of the grandest people I have ever known. She typified all I have ever liked and admired. I know from the countless letters I have received that Mary Lou's fans felt the same way."

She hesitated a moment, and then went on, answering me before I could ask, "Why speak of Mary Lou in the past tense? After all, isn't she going to return to Show Boat?"

"And now all that is over. How can anyone expect Mary Lou or at least me, to return? That's why I say no radio performer can afford sentimentalities. If I could, I'd wait and when they decided to bring Mary Lou back, I'd be ready. But it's obvious why I can't do that.

"In the first place, I have no assurance that Mary Lou really will ever be a part of Show Boat again. In the second place, if she should return, she may be a new Mary Lou and not Muriel Wilson at all. So you can see what I must do. I must do my best to forget Show Boat and begin looking for a new program."

AND that is why, when I talked to Muriel, she was so troubled and doubtful of her future. True, she knew what her next step ought to be—to place herself on another show. Yet there is an almost insurmountable difficulty in her way.

"Imagine," she continued, "what a sponsor's reaction will be when I tell him I am no longer connected with Show Boat. He will shake his head and say, 'You are still Mary Lou to the radio audience. I'd like to present you on a program as plain Muriel Wilson, but I know it wouldn't work. They'd still think of you as that girl who is in love with Lanny Ross.'

"Not that I agree. Let me tell you what happened to me last week. One of my largest fan clubs is in up-state New York. As soon as the members of the club learned that Mary Lou was going off the air, the president wrote me that they had already voted to change the name from the Mary Lou Fan Club to the Muriel Wilson Club and were planning to send flow-
Muriel tried not to be sentimental when she sang her swan song on the Thursday night program, but the tears came nevertheless. Below, with Lanny before they had separated.

THE TRUE STORY OF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MURIEL WILSON SINCE SHE WAVED GOODBYE TO LANNY AND WENT ASHORE

er to the anniversary program, marked, 'In memory of Mary Lou.'

"A proof of loyalty like that gives me courage. I know that just at first things may be difficult. Many sponsors will give me the same answer, and I may have to wait longer than I think before they realize that I'm not Mary Lou, but Muriel Wilson. In the end, though, things are bound to work out."

Already, as we go to press, Muriel is auditioning for a brand new program, and the NBC Gilbert and Sullivan light opera series which she joined some time ago, and in which she is introduced as Muriel Wilson, is continuing indefinitely.

Muriel's future is not the only one which has been left unsettled. Even Show Boat's sponsors have not determined what will be the further adventures of this mythical craft and its crew. Show Boat is not the same program that was ushered on the airwaves three years ago in October. After two years of smooth sailing, Charles Winninger, the man who created the role of Cap'n Henry, withdrew and was replaced by Frank McIntyre. Since that time the boat has burned down, a new (Continued on page 58)
IN suburban Lake Forest, just north of Chicago, lives a proud and happy man. His name is Mayer Kubelsky, and his son is Jack Benny.

I found him in the back room of the little haberdashery and tailor shop he founded in Lake Forest. His son-in-law, Leonard Fenchel, is the proprietor now, but Kubelsky still spends most of his time in the store, talking to old friends and to the tailor who has been with him for the past twenty-five years.

Jack Benny’s father is slight, thin, upright in bearing. His hair, almost entirely gray, sweeps straight back from a high forehead, and his brown eyes, deep-set, glow with honest pleasure as he greets you. He is full of a simple, unhurried courtesy, combining the dignity of the old world with the warm humanity of the new.

It doesn’t take one long, talking to him, to realize what a close bond of affection there is between him and the son who every Sunday evening makes a gift of laughter to millions of people. The inflection of his voice, the expression of his wise, kind eyes, as he speaks of Jack, tells of the sympathy and love each feels for the other.

Yet there was a time when this beautiful relationship could have been ruined forever, when Jack’s future happiness and success hung on a single word. Mayer Kubelsky is thankful now that he had the wisdom to conquer the anger and prejudice in his heart, and refrain from speaking that word.

The story goes back to the days when Jack, not yet grown into long trousers, was playing violin in a movie-theater orchestra. That was in Waukegan, Illinois, Jack’s birthplace. The Kubelskys had the attitude of their race toward music—as something primarily a part of one’s life, not a means of making a living—and the thought of music as a career for Jack had never entered his father’s mind.

No, the orchestra job was looked on as a source of pocket-money for the boy—that and good experience. In the meanwhile, he would continue going to school and, when the time came, would take charge of the clothing business.

At the left, Jack’s Dad, in Florida where his famous son sends him every year. There was a time though when they almost parted for good. The other man is Jack Pearl’s father.

For Jack Benny’s program sponsored by Jallo, see page 54—-7 o’clock column.

Since 1885, Kubelsky had been working to build up a prosperous commercial establishment, a worthy bequest to leave a clever and energetic only son.

Not that young Jack, in those days, showed any particular aptitude for a merchandising career. “I left him alone in the store one day when I had to go to Chicago,” Kubelsky reminisced. “When I come back, a policeman meets me at the depot.

“We want you to come over to the station and identify some pants,” he tells me. So I go with him to the police station, and there, sure enough, are about a dozen pair of pants from my store.

“I go home and I say to Jack, ‘Did you have some customers?’ He tells me no, just one man who wanted to look at shoes.

“But, I say, ‘you sold some pants, didn’t you?’ And that makes Jack angry, because he thinks I am accusing him of selling some pants and not giving me the money. ‘No, Father,’ he says, ‘I did not, either, sell any pants!’

“And this is how it was,” Kubelsky, his eyes twinkling, rove from his chair and demonstrated to me with gestures. “Here is the man sitting down, and right behind him are the pants, and every time Jack turns away to get another pair of shoes, the man reaches behind him and grabs a few pair of pants and puts them into his suitcase. But Jack didn’t even miss them when the man left—without buying any shoes, either!”

On another occasion Jack, left in charge of the store; fell asleep, probably from sheer boredom. Once he complained, his nose wrinkling in disgust after he had sold a pair of shoes to a long-unwashed farmer, “Father, you want me to make my living that way?”

But, his father thought, the boy would outgrow this distaste for business as he grew older and learned that work is the lot of every man, and he was entirely unprepared when, at the end of his second year in high school, Jack announced that he wanted to go on the stage.

The stage! It was unthinkable to the elder Kubelsky. Every instinct in him rebelled against permitting his son to lead the life of a roving vaudeville performer. His mouth set in grim lines.

“Where do you get this crazy idea?” he asked.

“Miss Salisbury, the pianist in the theater orchestra, says I can play the violin well enough to go in vaudeville,” Jack told him, white-faced but determined.

“She should mind her own business,” he growled.

For several days they argued the point, the father reiterating his contention that stage folk were bums, riff-raff, immoral, and no good; the son sticking tenaciously to but one argument—that to play his violin in vaudeville was the one thing in life he wanted to do. As Kubelsky realized how serious and determined Jack was, (Continued on page 73)
HUMAN AND REVEALING STORY ABOUT RADIO'S ACE COMEDIAN
WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

If I were privileged to write an open letter to the great American radio public on the subject of One Man's Family, I'd start it like this—

"DEAR FRIENDS, You know not what you do!"

For the fact is, consciously or otherwise, the great American family of listeners has largely controlled the destinies of this drama, which is heard by the nation every Wednesday evening from the NBC studios in San Francisco.

They virtually have directed the unfolding of this simple story of American home life, since the day it got its first trial on the air. If their response at the start had not been what it was the program would have died an early death.

Carlton E. Morse, the bald but young author, told me all about the early days of the program, when it was heard only in the West. He described its evolution into a transcontinental feature two years ago, and the nation's reaction.

He told of the interesting, frequently amusing, and several times semi-tragic consequences of the fan mail One Man's Family has pulled—many more than 1,000,000 replies.

I shall not quote Morse on these points. He is an unusually modest writer, considering the gusto with which America has accepted his brain child. But I will discuss some of the highlights which listener-interest has developed in the script, the amusing mail which has resulted, and the consequent effect in the lives of Henry and Fanny Barbour and their brood.

It might be doubted that a radio program—strictly entertainment and non-political—could incite international reactions. Yet a recent episode warmed the pulse beat of the Canadians and brought a flock of protests from zealously patriotic Americans.

It was the marriage of Claudia Barbour to Capt. Nicholas Lacey, whose role is that of a young British Army captain.

American mothers of American sons hurried to the mails. They demanded to know why Claudia had selected an Englishman. Their almost unanimous question was:

"Aren't there enough fine young American boys from which to choose?"

BUT—And Morse chuckled when he told it—the marriage of Claudia and Capt. Lacey helped vastly to develop a more enthusiastic Canadian audience. Letters of praise literally poured across the northern border.

Mothers throughout the country frequently take the serial as a weekly barometer on many of their own lives' problems. Mother Fanny Barbour receives hundreds of letters, describing daily difficulties in the lives of the writers, and asking for advice.

But the listeners' ardor, so desirable in many respects, has spelled disillusionment, heart-break, and minor tragedy in the lives of three young actresses.

The toughest problem Morse has been called upon to face, one which has proved well-nigh insurmountable,
READ THE AMUSING, OFTEN SEMI-TRAGIC RESULTS YOUR FAN MAIL
HAS ON THIS HOUR—HOW YOU ALONE DIRECT ITS DESTINIES

For One Man's Family, sponsored by Standard Brands, see 8 o'clock column, p. 54.

Left to right, beautiful Kathleen Wilson, the Family's Claudia; Barton Yarborough, who is Clifford in the Wednesday night drama; and Helen Stryker, Clifford's new love interest, once played with David Warfield.

is finding a girl for Clifford. The first three brought into Clifford's life literally were "pan mailed" out of the script. "Many of our listeners have preconceived ideas as to the type of young woman Clifford must have," said Morse.

"In the cases of the first three they had various objections. Sometimes it was the voice—sometimes the character portrayed.

"Whatever it was the audience, in its most scathingly critical mood, swamped us with mail. Most of it found fault with Clifford's girl friends.

"Time after time I've seen these young actresses, geared to high tension by realization they were on trial before a great unseen audience, leave the studio in tears."

And because of uncertainty and the awareness of audience criticism the girls often gave successively worse performances, rather than better. The three had to be written from the script because of audience comment, which probably was well-intentioned.

Clifford's latest flame, Marion Galloway, has lasted longer than the others. The part is played by Helen Stryker, a young Seattle actress of stage experience. Apparently she is "beating the rap." The objections against her are becoming fewer and less insistent. But she, too, often has left the studio with tears streaming from her eyes.

In such cases the other members of the cast really live up to the philosophy of the imaginary family. They've shown their understanding by being pals with the new girls, taking them to lunch. Parties and picnics have been arranged to make them feel at home.

Since inception of the program, One Man's Family has held a high place in the regard of churches, Parent Teachers Associations, and home folk throughout the country. Often the play has been regarded as a moral and uplifting force.

And so—to the listeners—the program became synonymous with wholesome home life. Because of it there resulted last winter an amazing demonstration of the power

Right, Michael Raffetto, Minetta Allen, Winifred Wolfe, Bernice Berwin (Hazel), Kathleen Wilson, Barton Yarborough, Anthony Smythe and Page Gilman. Below, Carlton E. Morse.
of fan mail, when written by irate auditors.

The mail began shortly after One Man’s Family became a selling feature for a new brand of cigarettes. Thousands of letters objecting to the affiliation were delivered by Uncle Sam’s letter carriers.

Many of the writers did not object to smoking. The protestants claimed it was inappropriate for an uplifting radio characterization of American home life to be followed by a plug for a cigarette. Many thought the drama no longer could be safely recommended to children—that it encouraged their smoking.

When One Man’s Family and its sponsor reached a parting of the ways soon after, it was to a large extent directly due to this mail.

Then there was the time Jack, the young son, became wayward. Worried, he sought the advice of a quack doctor. The episode created a mild flurry in the mail bags. While some found the scenes objectionable, others praised the manner in which the subject was handled.

Many mothers wrote they were using the two episodes—concerning Jack’s fall from grace and his visit to the quack—as a basis for introducing a discussion of the subject of sex with their own sons.

A psychologist might best analyze the reaction of the fans to Beth Holly, Paul Barbour’s young widow friend, who recently was married a second time. After Paul had waited too long.

Either they like her or they don’t.

With the men Beth Holly has been a popular character. Morse suspects that those members of her own sex who enjoy her characterization may have had similar experiences of their own. The others, he says, “hate her guts.”

As a young, sophisticated widow—her first script husband was killed in a plane crash—she represents the type of person many women secretly fear, says Morse. Often those who dislike her write that “Paul is too high a type for Beth Holly.”

As Morse puts it, any girl who has had the experience of marriage, and then become free of its bonds, has a real personal problem. Some men refuse to traffic with women of experience. Others regard them as worthy prey for their clandestine pleasures. All this has helped to make the role of Beth Holly one of the most difficult to write.

Analysis of One Man’s Family indicates an almost total lack of plot. Each episode is intended to be but a characterization of routine events, which might occur in the life of any average family.

Through it all the author has tried to inject his own philosophy of living.

Morse was born in Jennings, La., in 1901—without a drop of Southern Colonel blood in his veins, suh! His forebears were Pennsylvania Dutch on his mother’s side, and English on his father’s.

While still a tot his parents left the oil fields of Louisiana to settle on a large ranch in the Rogue River Valley of Oregon. There Morse worked the business end of a milk cow and helped with the crops.

At the end of his ‘teens Morse became a newspaper man, first in Seattle and then in San Francisco. For ten years he pounded beats, wearing holes in his shoes, and pushed a pencil on a copy desk, wearing holes in his pants.

It was the recent financial depression which turned Morse to radio.

Very nearly he wasn’t in radio at all, however, for with his wallet and stomach both empty a job was offered on a Seattle daily. He was then in San Francisco. He made a final checkup of bay city studios—having determined to try his hand at writing for the air—and landed a job at NBC.

For two years Morse served his apprenticeship. At first it was simple blurbs and commercial announcements. Then, when KPO called for a series of original half-hour dramas he tried his hand. Morse’s material was popular. He dramatized classic myths, a series of sea stories, ghost yarns, and an adventure tale laid in the Mayan jungles.

Morse is naturally shy—even to his associates. And so it was not surprising that after a year of writing blood and thunder his quiet nature rebelled.

One day, even as a harried business man might calm his nerves by playing the piano, Morse wrote three chapters of a skit that was as much as possible the opposite of what he had been writing. He laid the sketch away and forgot it, under a heap of other manuscripts.

Several months later two of his superiors—no longer among those present—called for Morse, told him he was “written out” and suggested he resign. As a last resort he showed them his brief sketch on family life. They laughed—were more certain than before that he was “written out.”

Morse appealed for his job to Don Gilman, vice-president of National Broadcasting Company in charge of western division, with headquarters in San Francisco. Gilman had faith in Morse. He told him to stay around—not to resign.

Three months more. Gilman asked Morse to expand the story to six episodes. The play was given a trial. Audience response was decisive and gratifying. The six episodes became thirteen—the first book of One Man’s Family, to be followed by thirteen more and again thirteen. The success of the play seemed assured. It became, overnight, a western network feature.

Later New York asked for the play. It became a transcontinental sustaining feature. After its brief affiliation with its cigarette sponsor, aforementioned, the program remained on a nationwide sustaining basis until its present sponsor bought the rights to the play.

A few words about the parents—Henry and Fanny Barbour, played by J. Anthony Smythe and Minetta Ellen.

(Continued on page 79)
With Christmas less than a month away, one of the world's most famous villains again will stalk to a microphone the afternoon of December 25. Scrooge is coming back, portrayed once more by Lionel Barrymore, whose outstanding work in this role last year won him a five-year contract from the makers of Campbell's Soups.
Prize Winning Features

Movies and the stage haven't any monopoly on beauty, and to prove it this month RADIO MIRROR presents eight of radio's most beautiful stars. Each was selected for one particular charm. Above, Vivienne Segal can well be proud of her fine figure. Adele Ronson (in circle) is known for her lovely hair. Note how she arranges it, simply, yet charmingly, with a coronet braid. Below Adele is Lily Pons, who in addition to possessing a fine voice has a pair of the most expressive hands in radio. Right, the Countess Albani, popular soprano, is noted for her beauty, but we chose her teeth as most beautiful.
The movies borrowed glamorous Dorothy Page (left) from radio so that her beauty could be seen as well as heard. Two good reasons are Dorothy's shapely lower extremities. Jane Froman's violet-blue eyes struck our fancy. Jane (below) uses little make-up to enhance their beauty. We've never seen finer arched eyebrows than Jane Pickens' (in circle). She's soloist and arranger for the Pickens Sisters Trio. Bottom, Gladys Swarthout's glamor reaches to the tip of her nose, which we think is quite perfect.

Prize Winning Features
We're proud to present this new candid portrait of William Daly conducting the current Atwater Kent program over CBS Thursday evenings—the tenth anniversary of the popular series. His music is also featured Monday nights on NBC in the Firestone Concerts. Daly finds time between programs to keep up his study of economy and finance.
When Don Ameche was fifteen, he met a girl. That wasn't unusual. He was a handsome boy, with serious dark eyes and a charming diffidence; he was always meeting girls, and getting over it. It was usually the girls who didn't get over it.

But this was different. It was while Don—he was Dominick Felix Ameche then—was attending prep school at Columbia Academy, in Dubuque, Iowa. He had plenty of serious ideas in those days, but not about girls. So when a kindly priest, an instructor at the Academy, introduced him to a pretty blonde, Don didn't realize that this was something he would never get over. He didn't know then that one day he and this same girl would stand before the same priest and make a lot of serious promises. To him, she was just a girl to be polite to, a girl named Honore Prendergast.

So he smiled, gallantly and devastatingly, although he was too young then to realize what that smile of his could get him into. And then he promptly forgot the girl. That's what he thought.

Half of his mind did forget her, the half that was busy with the natural interests of any fifteen-year-old boy: sailing, swimming, sport in any form, and last but not least, his career. It was not a stage career, the one he dreamed of then, but a legal one. Whenever he saw a movie with a courtroom scene in it, it was he who pleaded with a hard-faced jury. It was he, Dominick Felix Ameche, who delivered a fiery oration to save a human life. He knew that some day he would be a great, a well-known lawyer. Which only goes to show how wrong people can be about themselves.

With the other half of his mind Don never forgot the tall, graceful girl with soft yellow curls about her shy, sweet face. There was nothing about her which did not register itself upon his subconscious mind. Even her name was like that of a make-believe princess, Honore. It was musical, legendary and different.

But young men with legal careers to conquer have no time to dream of make-believe princesses. They must devote their thoughts to briefing cases and digesting heavy law tomes. Don saw Honore several times, he doesn't remember how often. Twice, maybe, on regular dates, but they weren't sweethearts. They were both too busy with school activities. For Honore also had chosen a career. She was intensely interested in anything related to medicine, or nursing, but specifically in the study of dietetics.

When Don graduated from prep school into Columbia College at Dubuque, he was well versed in the intricacies of Blackstone and other legal authorities. Honore Prendergast? Yes, he knew her, but she was just one of the girls. When he left Columbia to transfer to Marquette University, Don hoped he'd see her again. She said the same to him; she was also leaving Dubuque, to enter Michael Roese Hospital in Chicago as a dietician.

Several years flew by, and Don did a little flying about on his own accord, attending Georgetown University for one year and finally landing on the gay University of Wisconsin campus at Madison. By this time he was beginning to wonder vaguely whether a sedate law office was his niche in the scheme of things. He had got over his boyish diffidence and attained poise; he was a good mixer. Friends began to tell him he ought to cash in on his flashing smile and genial personality. He laughed, but just for fun he decided to try out for campus dramatics. At least it might prove a welcome change from the dryness of the law library. And it might also lead to a quicker way of making a living. A law course is a lengthy (Continued on page 72)

He was always meeting girls and getting over them—but came a time when Don forgot to forget

By Carolyn Somers Hoyt

Left, Don and Honore Ameche. He has a rival for her affections—Dominick Felix Ameche, Jr., in circle. For Grand Hotel and First Nighter, sponsored by Campana and starring Don Ameche, see page 54, six and ten o'clock columns.
LISTEN, Bing!

This is straight from the shoulder. It wouldn't be much of an open letter if it weren't. When I heard that you were starting on a new radio show early in December I couldn't keep quiet any longer. You'll be reading this just before you begin broadcasting again, and that's swell, because maybe it will make a difference.

I almost wrote you last spring, but you went off the air for the summer and I let it go. It's still the same subject, though, and what has happened this fall makes the facts more pertinent.

I'm going to level some friendly criticism at you—some advice and suggestions. Perhaps I can point out some mistakes you don't know you've made.

Bing, your programs last spring weren't all they should have been. Not that your voice wasn't as good as ever. It was better, if anything. But still those shows were lacking in polish, unity, and continuous entertainment. The whole tone was too easy going. Even the manner in which you sang your songs was lackadaisical.

Remember those Cremo Cigar programs? You were still learning then and you were trying. We who listened knew it and we went for you all the way. It's only recently that we've begun to wonder. Were you trying last spring, Bing? I doubt it.

On your final broadcast (it was in May, wasn't it?) I'd have sworn you were singing from the studio in your Toluca Lake home and that Georgie Stoll's orchestra was in the regular studio downtown. And Bing, when an amateur in music like myself can detect such a fault, it's a cinch thousands of other listeners caught the same defect.

I'd have waited and told you some time in person only I believe that your fans are feeling the same way and I'd like to hope that I'm speaking for them as well as myself. We're all rooting for you, every last one of us, and you and your sponsor know it, or you wouldn't have been signed on this new contract.

But Bing, do you know this? You're on the spot. I'll tell you why. December 5th, you take the place of the man who really gave you your start. You're going to work for the makers of the cheese that Paul Whiteman has glorified so long so successfully. And that's why you're on the spot.

You're taking over, and everyone, especially your sponsors past and present, will be watching to see if your show can rise to the high-water mark of popularity left by Paul's
YOU NEED SOME STRAIGHT FROM
THE SHOULDER CRITICISM AND
FRIENDLY ADVICE—HERE IT IS

program, which has been one of Thursday night's highlights.

There's another good reason you're on this spot. As you know, Paul starts his new series of shows early in January—for the same sponsor you had last spring. That's what makes it really tough. If Paul does better for the soap manufacturer you used to work for than you did, there'll be a lot of head shaking.

What I'm really getting at is this: when a man is given a job to do, it's human nature to expect he'll do his best. You've been given the job of entertaining a vast radio audience. Give it everything, Bing. I know that life has suddenly become one prolonged song for you. With a swell home and those wonderful kids and a picture contract that would make the president jealous, there's nothing left for you to want except one thing.

That one thing is to keep faith with the public that gave you the chance to have the swell home and kids. You've talked of retiring. I don't think you will for quite a while yet and I can think of one good reason why you shouldn't. There's no one to take your place. It would be different if you could just step down and nominate somebody else to fill your boots. As long as you can't and as long as your voice is better than ever, you've got to keep going.

So when you start your first show in December, remember that it takes more than a good voice to make it a success. It takes what your shows once had—The Crosby personality every minute.

You'll have the orchestra you want to go with that voice and that personality. It's a good one, I know that. I've danced to it and I've heard it on the air. Jimmy Dorsey is an old friend of yours, too, isn't he?

If you read this while you're still rehearsing for that opening broadcast, remember what I've been trying to tell you. Remember that you're on the spot, that there are plenty of people waiting like hungry wolves for the first sign of weakness. And remember too the goal you have to shoot for—the goal set by your former mentor, Paul White-

man.

I guess that's all, Bing, and here's hoping.

from the editor
YOU sit before your loud speaker or settle back in the dark theater and hear the starting thunder of applause as the fine clear voice of Nino Martini dies away on the last notes of a great aria.

And you envy this singing star of the Chesterfield program, this romantic tenor of the new Fox Film, "Here's to Romance." You envy him the money, the acclaim, above all the satisfaction, that must come to the possessor of such a great gift.

But did you ever stop to think of the other side of such a career, of the countless little homely pleasures lost forever, of the unending hours of self-denial, of the heartache that dimmed even the glory of his great hour of triumph? Behind the easy, gracious smile of the singer and the
actor there is a Nino Martini you do not know, meeting without flinching, without complaining, the demands which his career has made of him. When you have heard this story of what his career has cost him, perhaps envy will give way to sympathy.

Let us forget for the moment then the Martini of today, piling triumph upon triumph in radio, movies, opera, and turn back to the clock to the days when he was a happy-go-lucky school boy in the little northern Italian city of Verona.

There was not much money in the Martini household. Nino's father had died when he was very young. Yet Nino and his sisters were getting the best education that Verona could afford. His mother, Nina, for whom he was named, had seen to that—toiling without sparing herself, continuing her husband's job as custodian of the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, working beautiful hand stitching on dresses for a few extra pennies.

Nino had but one objective in life—to get the money that would lift this burden from his mother's shoulders. Though there was burning in him more than a boy's usual share of love for sports and parties, he was ready to seize the first steady job he could find.

All this time he did sing, of course. But only in church choirs. Most Italian boys did that. And he sang at parties. That was all right, too, for it was the custom. But whenever Nino was asked to sing alone, without the accompaniment his friends usually provided, he would shake his head in embarrassment.

"Singing," he would reply, "is silly."

Then at one of these parties, the secretary to Maria Gay and Giovanni Zenatello, the renowned voice coaches, heard him. And in that moment his whole future was changed.

She told her employers about him. The Zenatellos sent for him, heard him sing. There followed a solemn conference. "My boy," said Signor Giovanni, "you have a very wonderful gift. I have behind me twenty-nine years in the profession. I am willing to gamble it all on you, to make your career my career. You understand, of course, that it will mean sacrifices on my part of time and money. I shall ask you to make equal sacrifices, if you decide you want a career. It will be a partnership, you and I together."

He outlined frankly to Nino what he would have to give up. But he also pointed out to him the compensating joy and satisfaction of being the possessor of the great, well-trained singing voice that could be him.

"You must dedicate yourself to your voice. All else must come after. It is up to you to choose."

That night Nino made up his mind.

The next morning, along with the first sweet taste of anticipation, he knew also the bitterness of sacrifice—sacrifice that he finally made only because his mother insisted. He heard the Zenatellos explain that Nino must come to live with them so that they could better supervise his training, that he must not plan to do any other work.

He heard his mother say to Madam Zenatello with tears in her eyes. "It is only to you that I could let Nino go. I know you will be a second mother to him."

And he felt an added sadness at knowing that it would be years now instead of weeks, before he could be of help in assuming the family responsibilities.

There began then a rigorous career of self-denial and discipline which has grown steadily more severe as Martini has mounted in the artistic world. The carefree life of the young man about town was ended. No more singing in the streets. No more smoking. No more jolly parties.

Perhaps the hardest thing that Nino had to learn was to take care of himself. The young madcap, who had been expelled from school because of his pranks, who had been accustomed to risking life and limb at his sport, had to learn to care for himself like a baby. He could not take cold. He could not overeat or keep late hours, for overindulgence was sure to show up in his voice.

The Zenatellos were sympathetic. They knew they were dealing with a gay yet sensitive temperament, one to whom the monastic life did not come naturally, but who, left to his own devices, would have been a sport, a good fellow. Rarely, they said, had they ever met anyone so filled with a zest for living. Their job, then, was to guide this enthusiasm for the experiences of life into new channels, without crushing it.

They took him to the theater, to the opera, the best entertainment that Verona had to offer. They acquainted him with the best in literature. Bit by bit they awakened his interest in these things, showed him their importance.

And before him he had a living example: Hadn't the Zenatellos (Continued on page 76)

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LEARN WHAT THIS GREAT STAR'S CAREER COST HIM—THE HEARTACHE THAT DIMMED EVEN THE GLORY OF HIS HOUR OF TRIUMPH

By NORTON RUSSELL

An informal snapshot by Hyman Fink while Nino was in Hollywood making his new Fox film, "Here's to Romance." The girl is beautiful Astrid Allwyn of the movies.
KNOWLEDGE OF THE RADIO WORLD

This month I want to tell you about some of the radio marriages I’ve encountered, some of the gossip that has been spread about them and how these couples have risen above it, to know even greater happiness as their careers have prospered or waned.

Let’s start with Ruth Etting and the dynamic, bizarre fellow she married, called Colonel Snyder. Ruth is still the girl who came out of Nebraska’s tall corn country ten years ago to conquer the world. In Chicago, she first learned that sweetness and integrity and a golden voice were not quite enough to combat the dangers of the fray-edged world of the cabaret into which she had stumbled.

In Chicago, she met Snyder. No one knows the story of their romance except Ruth and her husband. No one—except Walter Winchell—has ever printed any stories about him because he has forbidden it. Walter Winchell is a friend of the family.

On Broadway or in Hollywood, Colonel Snyder is a fabulous figure. Tremendously energetic, fearless, rough and direct in voice and manner, as tough as they come when the need arises for toughness, he lives and breathes for Ruth Etting. He found her—and she found him—when she needed him back there in the Chicago cellar cabarets. He has fought for her with show producers, with radio producers, with motion picture makers. Watchdog over the rights he considers hers, he challenges anyone who doesn’t accord her the full measure of her star’s estate. I met him in this roundabout fashion.

Ruth Etting was making her first appearance in a New York theater. Spotlighted on the stage of the tremendous 5,000 seat theater, she looked like an angel. Her singing already gave promise of the great career she was to find within another year. I went to the manager of the theater who was also my close friend and said, “I want to meet that girl. Take me back and introduce me.”

“Not on your life,” he told me. “She has a husband nobody plays with.”

That was that.

Almost five years later, during which time Ruth had become a top-flight singer and had been starred in movies and musical comedies, I had to write a story about her. People who had worked with her on radio programs told me, “Watch out for her husband. He’s a watchdog you can’t trifle with.”
They lived—and they still live—in a modest two-room suite in New York’s Piccadilly Hotel. I knocked on their door.

A short man, in his thirties, reached out a hand that grabbed mine like a vice. “Hi! Come right in.” In the next hour and thirty minutes, I learned about hospitality from the man whom nine out of ten Broadwayites fear. Colonel Snyder. When I left, he loaded me down with an autographed photo of Ruth, a carton of cigarettes (remember when she was on the Chesterfield program?), a pint of very rare old whiskey (this was during Prohibition, too) and a gleaming necktie from a Fifth Avenue haberdashery.

It has been something like that every time I have seen them. Ruth sits there, poised and sweet and sure of herself; while he bounces around talking, showing you things, shooting sparks with his incredibly fast mind.

What about his reputed ability with his fists or any other weapon handy? His rough stuff tactics here and there around the town? I’ve never seen any of either, but lots of things happen I don’t see. If he has used a roundhouse right or an uppercut to gain his ends, it’s all right with me. Because he’s doing it for a Cause, a Cause he’s been supporting for ten years, a Cause with deep blue eyes that answers to the name of Ruth.

You’ve never read about him before because he insists violently that he be kept out of the picture. Ruth Etting is the name to print in the headlines. Hers is the picture to take. This word picture won’t please him at all. I’m sure of that. But it will please even less those radio gossips who say radio marriages can’t last.

I’m not so well acquainted with Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone but I do know something about Jack that shows clearly enough. I think, the sort of man he is, and why his marriage has always been the happiest I’ve ever encountered.

This story starts with Harry Conn, his writer. Think back to the days when Broadway’s top-hole comedians were just coming on the air.

Jack’s two-room apartment in a New York hotel was the scene of a bitter discussion. Jack had signed a contract to do thirteen weekly shows for radio sponsor. Harry Conn, the writer, was there. So was I. Jack declared with finality, “It can’t be done. There just aren’t enough gags in the world to keep feeding out new ones every week. I wish I’d never signed up.”

You know, of course, what happened. The shows were good, so good, indeed, that Jack Benny’s programs have made him a greater star than he ever dreamed he’d be.

But the story I want to tell is this—

Jack Benny paid Harry $100 for each of those first scripts. Then, as his own salary increased, he added to Harry’s pay check. It progressed from $250, to $500, to $750. Just before they went to Hollywood last year, Harry told me he was getting $1,200 for each script. No other writer in radio was getting anything like that figure. You might think Jack would figure he was doing all right by his script writer. But what he did next is typical of him.

Hollywood offered him a contract, wanted him badly for a picture. Jack agreed to sign on one condition, on the condition that Harry Conn be employed to write all his dialogue in the movie at a salary of $1,800 a week. And that’s the way the contract read when Jack and Harry and Mary went to Hollywood.

All this leads to the point that (Continued on page 70)
Left above, Phil Baker's newest stooge, pert little Emily Vaas, sasses her boss. Thirteen, she's the baby of radio's Vaas Family, got the job with Phil because he liked her hat . . . Above, Audrey Marsh, who plays Esther on the Harv and Esther program. Born in New York, she began her career on the stage, playing Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." Never thought she was a singer, but CBS did when she took an audition . . . Left, Dorothy Lamour, the "Dreamer of Songs" over NBC three times a week at 11:00 p.m. She was born in New Orleans and won popularity in the South before coming to New York. She's not married . . . Jacques Fray (below), has turned orchestra leader since his split with partner Mario Braggiotti. He's on NBC Sundays at 6:00. Paris-born, he studied banking, preferred music instead.
Above, NBC's Four Norsemen—Kenneth Schon, Al Revere, Ed Lindstrom, and Ted Kline, with James Peterson, accompanist and arranger, holding the match. All graduated from the University of Minnesota music school, formed a quartet when none could get solo singing jobs . . . Right, New York's youngest producer, 32-year-old Ted Hammerstein. On the air he runs his own show, the Music Hall, NBC, Mondays at 8:00. He's Oscar Hammerstein's grandson . . . Below, right, Carmela Ponselle, star of Columbia's "Broadway Varieties," sang in choirs and cabarets with sister Rosa on the way to opera. Has brown hair and eyes, was educated in a convent, and is unmarried . . . Below, the source of the cowboy ballads on Show Boat. The Westerners are Harry Wellington, Dott Massy, Milt Mabie, Louise Massey, and Allen Massey. All except Larry, who's a Californian, born in New Mexico, where they own a ranch. Dott and Milt write most of the original songs. Louise Massey will soon have a script romance with Lanny Ross.
Left, Roberta Semple, who doesn't let the fact that she's Aimee Semple Macpherson's daughter stop her from carving out her own career via radio. She produces two shows over a Los Angeles station . . . Left below, the mistress of ceremonies on CBS's Women's Page, Tuesdays at 3:00. A minister's daughter, Lois Long graduated from Vassar, worked for *Vogue* and other magazines, is noted for her witty and honest fashion notes . . . Below, Jack Arthur, who plays Harv to Audrey Marsh's Esther. Ran away from school to join the Canadian army, spent three years in Flanders. Tall, dark, and a bachelor. Never takes a vacation longer than one day . . . Left corner, Mrs. 5-Star Jones—otherwise, Elizabeth Day. Born in St. Paul, loved to act as a child, and started her career on the stage . . . Right corner, one amateur show winner who's tops now. Doris Wester stepped from Major Bowes' program last July to the Rainbow Room, swanky New York night-club. A Chicagoan, and unmarried. She came to New York a few years ago.
FUL CARAVAN OF RADIO IN THESE PAGES.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

POPEYE'S VIC IRWIN

Above, Vic Irwin, whose orchestra provides the music for "Popeye the Sailor" over NBC, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:15. Returned to New York from Hollywood to take over the job . . . Right, Bobby Meeker, who supplies listeners of WGY, Schenectady, with fine dance tunes. He graduated from the University of Chicago and has played in hotels in many large U. S. cities . . . Below, Ted Black, another WGY dance maestro. A youthful case of measles started his musical career—his father gave him a harmonica to keep him amused in bed. Taught himself all he knows about music . . . Below right, Frances Adair, who sings about "Moon Over Manhattan" Sunday mornings at 11:00 over NBC. Left her native Chicago to sing in vaudeville, George White's "Scandals," and movie shorts. Tall and willowy, she has blue-gray eyes and light brown hair and is still unmarried.

DANCE MAESTRO TED BLACK

FRANCES ADAIR
"HOUSEWIFE AT 40"

OPPORTUNITY?

Kate McComb's blue eyes snapped.

"Opportunity is everywhere. Insurmountable handicaps? They don't exist!"

The gallant, gray-haired lady whom you know better as lovable Ma O'Neill of the radio family of O'Neill's, indicated her trim, homely "bachelor" hotel-apartment with an expressive gesture.

"Living as I do," she smiled, "any housewife would say, and justly, that it is easy for me to have a career. No meals to plan, no house to run, my son grown up. My time is my own.

"But don't forget this: I wouldn't have any career today if I hadn't worked at it when I did have a house to run, a family to look after.

"Handicaps? I've known them all. Illness, isolation, responsibilities. There isn't one of them that can't be licked, if it means enough to you.

"So many people seem to think that opportunity is always somewhere else—in New York or Hollywood. Opportunity is where you are—in your own church or school or club. Do the thing nearest at hand, that's the answer."

She laughed. "I wouldn't dare lay down the law like that if I didn't know. Remember, I was forty-four when I became a Broadway star. For twenty-four years I had done the thing nearest at hand without the slightest prospect of professional reward or recognition."

"But when I was able to devote all my time to a career, I was ready. I knew my job. I found to my surprise that I knew it better than many who had spent a lifetime in the theater."

"You've no idea how much it means to me now when my other interests are over and I'm afraid I'd find life rather empty without my work. There is a very special reason in my case why I'm thankful I never gave up, a reason I'll tell you later."

"It can be done. Only you've got to work—work endlessly. And you've got to want so much it hurts."

EW people have had a more promising start in life than Kate McComb. Her heart was set on becoming a concert pianist, and everything seemed to favor her. She had talent, the best of teachers, money to travel. Above all, she had ambition. No hours of practice were too long, no pains too great for her to take.

Then when she was seventeen and just beginning to enjoy the first fruits of her long years of preparation, she fell ill with pneumonia. For many months she was very sick indeed.

One day the doctor found her practicing again. "Kate," he said gently, "this won't do. You might as well know now. You must give up all thoughts of a career. Your health won't stand it."

For a moment she was silent, stunned. Then she said, "But I can't sit around with my hands, in my lap. I'm not used to it. Isn't there anything I can do? Can't I act? Or sing?"

"Sing?" he answered. "Of course you can sing. That'll be the finest thing in the world for you."

So Kate, undaunted, started out from scratch in a new direction. Again she showed promise in this new field and presently a whole fresh horizon was opened up to her.

A few years later she fell in love, and before long she was married to John McComb. But marriage offered no obstacle to her career. Her husband was sympathetic. They would continue living in New York where she could go on with her studies.

Then, just three months after her marriage, John McComb was stricken with cerebral meningitis. When he was out of danger, the doctor put the question of his future squarely up to her.

He could stay on in New York and he might be able to continue with his business without any great danger. But his chances for eventual recovery would be much greater if he were to move to the country.

"Move to the country!" It would mean the end of all hopes for her career. But she did not hesitate. She was glad enough to make that sacrifice for the man she loved.

Within a few days she had removed her household to the little town of Great Barrington, high up in the blue Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts, dedicating herself to the task of winning her husband's health.

In the years that followed she had more than her share of responsibilities. Although her husband was not entirely an invalid, where he had once looked after her, it was now her job to look after him. There was also her mother to care for. And presently there was her son, Malcolm.
STAR AT 44!

By JOHN SEYMOUR

FOR KATE McCOMB, LIFE HAD HELD ONLY ILLNESS AND DRUDGERY—YET ALL HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

It seemed almost impossible, under such circumstances, to find the time, the energy and the enthusiasm to continue with her career. And yet she did continue.

THERE were no opportunities, either, when she first came to Great Barrington. Opportunities? She made her own opportunities. She got up concerts and bazaars and vaudeville programs. She staged plays for church and community organizations, sold the tickets, built the props, coached the cast, acted and sang.

"I'd walk down the street," she said, "I'd point a finger at someone I knew and call out 'You're surely coming tonight!' And they'd come. Enthusiasm—that's what does it. People finally got so they'd come to a show because if Kate McComb was connected with it, they knew it would be a good job.

"Work? I worked when I was so dog-tired I couldn't see straight. I knew what it was to create moonlight in half an hour before show time by stretching a piece of blue oleo over an electric bulb, sticking it up on a step-ladder and covering it with a piece of rag carpet.

"I knew what it was to take a chorus of people who couldn't sing and pound singing into them.

"I knew what it was to drive alone at night in a sleigh to coach an orchestra at a boys' school.

"I did everything—coaching, producing, acting, singing. I couldn't help myself. There was always that hunger driving me on.

"Besides my life was also the life of (Continued on page 49)
No statements made in these articles on the amazing part radio will play in the event of war, Ethiopian or otherwise, is intended to reflect upon the courage or honor of any nation, broadcasting organization or individual. Much of this hitherto unrevealed information is based on statements made privately by officials on the inside of governmental and military affairs, who were endeavoring to cooperate with the author in creating as complete a picture as possible for the good of our citizens. The names of the nations are used only to make the picture clearer to the reader, not to suggest that they would necessarily undertake actions ascribed to them here.—Editor.

One cold gray day in December, 1930, the U. S. Submarine O-8 thrust her dripping snout up through the surface of the Atlantic after completing one of the most thrilling broadcasts the world had known up to that time.

As an eye-witness of that broadcast, I too had been thrilled, but I suspected no more than did the NBC representatives or the naval officers present, that some day, in time of war, such broadcasts might be made by some nation, not in a holiday experimental manner, but with a grimness designed to chill the hearts of listeners in an enemy country.

Suppose the spectre of war should suddenly darken this whole fevered world. How would such broadcasts be carried out? What other means would warring nations take to destroy the morale of an enemy nation? What would it mean to you and what could our government do to stop them the moment they threatened our own peace and safety?

You doubtless hope with the rest of us that such things will never be necessary, yet whether or not you believe in military and naval preparedness, these are things which will create emergencies for which you should be ready.

Assume that this nation were facing a grim submarine blockade as it did in the last war. These menacing sub-sea craft might be carrying, not only the latest in torpedo-firing equipment, but a small modern broadcasting station, designed to send us messages on wavelengths on which we usually listen.

Do you remember the warning which the German Imperial government published in the newspapers of the country in 1915? There was no such thing as broadcasting then. But let's let history do its own repeating.

You are seated at your set, nervously twisting the dials, knowing that you will pick up some ominous message from the blockade designed to strike at your morale, hoping all the time that you won't. Suddenly you cut in on a voice speaking in hard, clipped tones.
... and despite our repeated warnings to the United States, a munitions-bearing ship is at this moment attempting to run our blockade. We are approaching the S. S. Masterson which has been separated from her convoy. We have no recourse but to sink her for not having heeded our warning. We hope that the citizens of your nation will realize how futile it is to carry on the war in the face of our blockade. In the interest of humanity and our own self-preservation, we urge you to organize for an immediate peace settlement.

You snap off your loudspeaker and rise in anger. Fighting words? Certainly they are. Give those fellows a taste of their own medicine. But after the third and the fifth and seventh broadcasts of this kind have come to you, you'll begin to wonder, for by then you'll know too well what has been happening out there on the ocean. That submarine broadcasting set will have brought grim descriptions to your home.

Picture it. A fleet of munitions and troopships so camouflaged they might have been painted by drunken sailors. Proud destroyers and fast cruisers form the convoy. A heavy fog at night, and a ship loses its protectors. A relentless dawn finds it alone in the Atlantic.

On the bridge of the vessel, officers, red-eyed from worry and lack of sleep, pace the bridge, straining to see any slight wake in the waves which might indicate a periscope. A sudden hail from the crows nest.

"Submarine two points off the starboard bow, sir!"

The bridge is startled into activity. The captain bellows to the quartermaster.

"Full astern! Hard a-port!"

The ship trembles under the sudden change in way and course. The captain curses as he watches the submarine's conning-tower break water, as he sees its black hull shake the water from its back. The sub-sea vessel's conning-tower hatch swings open and officers and men pour from it. A gun rises through the forward deck of the craft as a warning. A hail floats across the water.

"Abandon ship within three minutes. We're going to sink you."

The ship's captain can't fight back. The safety of his officers and men means more than the thousands of dollars invested in the ship and its cargo. Hoarse orders hurl about the doomed vessel. Davits swing out and lifeboats, crowded with men, are hastily lowered into the unfriendly sea.

Five minutes later, the abandoned ship is as helpless as a cow about to be butchered. Suddenly a white streak lengthens rapidly from the submarine in the direction of the rolling vessel. There's a terrific (Continued on page 58)
WILL WAR GUNS SILENCE RADIO?

BY JEAN PELLETIER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL LINK

No statements made in these articles on the amazing part radio will play in the crisis of war, Ethiopian or otherwise, is intended to reflect the courage or honor of any nation broadcasting organization or individual. Much of this heretofore unrevealed information is based on statements made privately by officials on the inside of governmental and military affairs, who were endeavoring to cooperate with the author in creating an accurate picture of conditions in 1939 for the good of our citizens. The names of the nations are used only to make the picture clearer to the reader, not to suggest that they would necessarily undertake actions described to throw here.—Editor.

No gray day in December, 1939, the U. S. Submarine 6-8 thrust her dripping stern up through the surface of the Atlantic after completing one of the most thrilling broadcasts the world had known up to that time.

As an eyewitness of that broadcast, I too had been thrilled, but I suspected more than did the NFO representatives or the naval officers present, that some day, in time of war, such broadcasts might be made by some nation, not in a holiday experimental manner, but with a grimness designed to chill the hearts of listeners in an enemy country.

Suppose the spectre of war should suddenly darken the whole civilized world. How would such broadcasts be carried out? What other means would warring nations take to destroy the morale of an enemy nation? What would it mean to you and what could our government do to stop them the moment they threatened our own peace and safety?

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Do you remember the warning which the German Imperial government published in the newspapers of the country in 1915? There was no such thing as broadcasting then. But let's let history do its own repriming.

You are seated at your set, nervously twisting the dial, knowing that you will pick up some ominous message from the blockade designed to strike at your morale, hoping all the time that you won't. Suddenly you cut in on a voice speaking in hard, clipped tones.

CONCLUDING THIS AMAZING FORECAST OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO...
Had a fiction writer created this tale of Lucy Monroe, young soprano singing on Ted Hammerstein’s Music Hall of the Air, he would be paid only in the sneers of editors. Engaging though this story is, it is too full of confidence to live anywhere but in the world of truth.

Thirty years ago, November 5th, 1905, to be exact, the following advertisement appeared in New York newspapers.

“Hammerstein’s Victoria Music Hall (23-50-75-1,00)—smoking at all performances.

“First time in vaudeville, Anna Laughlin, late of ‘The Wizard of Oz.’”

That theater was owned and operated by Oscar Hammerstein, grandfather of the Ted Hammerstein you hear every Monday evening. The Anna Laughlin is the mother of the Lucy Monroe you hear singing on that program.

Will Rogers was billed on the 1905 show as an “expert lariat thrower.” Oscar Hammerstein too is gone, and his theater has disappeared from Broadway.

But Anna Laughlin lives on to hear the radio triumph of her daughter Lucy.

The hot music of which we recently wrote is holding its own. You may have heard the broadcast of the Eddy-Reilly orchestra, and you may hear it again. This is the band which plays at Manhattan’s Onyx Club, hangout of many of radio’s bandmen. There’s a band which really has to be good, playing as it does to so many critical ears.

Another steam-heater you may hear on the air from time to time is the one conducted by Red Norvo, which plays at another New York night spot, the Famous Door. Red slaps the xylophone around, while the others burn up instruments which include string bass, clarinet, guitar, tenor saxophone and trumpet.

Norvo is the husband of Mildred Bailey, radio’s “rocking chair” singer, and former protegee of Paul Whiteman.

So They Say

The musicians call such orchestras made up of blast furnace boys, “jam bands.”

All the slang of these instrumentalists is equally colorful. “Swing” denotes music which arouses dancers to some sort of rhythmic frenzy. A clarinet is called a “globe stick,” a harp an “Irish zither,” a saxophone a “button hook,” and a bass viol a “dark house.” The term of endearment or condemnation for a conductor, depending on the mood of the musician, is “professor” or “massa.”

And it was Massa Ray Noble who, in describing to his orchestra the manner in which he wanted “The Night Was Made for Love” played, said:

“This number is a mike crawler, and I want everyone to sluice it like treacle.”

Translation next month, along with more musicians’ slang.

After rather unsuccessful first attempts in the talkies, Rudy Vallee finally made one that was well received. Hence, he is now engaged in making another. This time, he’s doing his posing and playing in the East. Here in New York State, the courts have protected him from further suits by Fay Webb. In California, the property laws are said to leave openings for suits against him by Miss Webb, were he to go to Hollywood.

Your Pal Hal

A number of readers have displayed a not inexcusable curiosity as to exactly what (Continued on page 62)
Music

With JOHN SKINNER
UP-TO-THE-MINUTE NEWS, INSIDE FACTS AND INTERESTING CHATTER ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE MUSICIANS

At the top is the Hal Kemp band, showing you its musical set-up with Hal at the left.

Lucy Monroe (right) sings on Ted Hammerstein's Music Hall of the Air. Her mother once starred for Ted's granddad. The other girl is Bernice Claire, photographed just after picture-making in England.

WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous jazz orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.
BEAUTY  
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH KATE SMITH

These are only a few of the gifts Kate Smith, left, will give away this Xmas. For Kate Smith’s program sponsored by the A. & P., turn to page 51—7 o’clock column.

WHAT more exciting present in all the world could one give than beauty? Not just beauty in itself—lovely colors and textures and designs—but the possibility of being beautiful. Let’s give beauty this Christmas!

Kate Smith and I went shopping together, looking over all the loveliness that is for sale this season, and came back with our arms full of packages and our hearts full of the joy of gift-buying.

“I love to give things to people,” Kate said glowingly. “I don’t much care whether or not I get anything in return. Oh, of course, I’d be hurt if certain people forget me on important occasions, but I do get so much more fun out of choosing presents for other people and surprising them!

“Just before Christmas, I ask my mother and my sister and my closest friends and relatives for a list of all the things they want most. Then I try to find out how much of this the rest of the family is getting them, so that I can fill in every other item myself. And I usually plan on something extra as a surprise, something they had no idea of getting.”

That’s where the perfumes and bath sets and all these little feminine frills that we’re going to tell you about this month come in—those extra surprises that thrill the feminine heart (though we have some very nice suggestions for the men, too!).

Kate told me a lot about the principles of her gift-giving. A great deal of thought and care goes into every present she chooses, no matter how tiny or how relatively unimportant. “My sister has a new home,” she confided, “and I like to get her the little things to use around the house which she might never buy for herself. Granddad is a gentleman farmer down in Maryland, and I’m always looking for antiques for his lovely old farmhouse. My mother loves garden flowers and perfumes that remind her of them, so I’m constantly on the lookout for new fragrances to please her.”

We saw—and smelled!—some lovely and attractively packaged perfumes, new and old, on our shopping tour. Some of these are illustrated on the opening page of this article. That flower-embossed Lalique globe, (Continued on page 71)

By  
JOYCE ANDERSON
SINCE the radio stars at this time of year are all busy with their pet recipes for stuffing turkey and making plum puddings—and I know you all know all about those—it seemed a good time to canvass the department and dime stores to see what’s new in kitchen gadgets for last minute presents for your kitchen-minded friends, and for yourself, too—there’ll be some that you will have to buy in duplicate in order to keep one at home.

The gadget makers have been unusually busy this last year, turning out slicers, choppers, spoons and mixers by the carload, each one more fascinating than the last. There’s the wooden mixing spoon illustrated, for instance, which comes to a point and helps you scrape the kettle clean. Another wooden spoon is wrapped with copper wire just where the handle rests on the edge of a hot preserving kettle, doing away with that burned spot that so many of them acquire. There are sets of four and five wooden spoons marked for teaspoon and tablespoon measuring, and our old friends the four composition spoons, linked together on a ring, now come in yellow, orange and other fascinating colors as well as the traditional kitchen hues of green, red and ivory, so that you will be able to match any friend’s kitchen. One of the most useful is the monel metal spoon, stainless, with various colored handles, with bowl marked in teaspoon and tablespoon measurements, and notched on both sides for pouring liquid drop by drop.

If you have ever envied the deftness with which a waiter manipulates a fork and spoon with one hand, now is the time to bolster up your self-confidence, by using the serving tongs illustrated. It—or they—is made of chromium, which means polishing difficulties are over, one side a spoon, the other a spoon with notched edge. A second model has bone handles, and a wooden fork and spoon, for salad, are joined by a tiny ivory pin. And while we’re on the subjects of tongs, don’t forget the strictly utilitarian ones for coralling that last elusive baked potato from the back of the oven, and for many other purposes. A set of four, assorted sizes, will prevent burned fingers.

Slicers, choppers and the like have gone in for more elaboration. Many of you no doubt have the thin bladed notched knife with the extra strip of metal which insures thin slices, but the one illustrated manufactures four such slicers and is excellent for lemons, tomatoes, cooked vegetables and hard cooked eggs. A chopping knife has a sharp bladed slot at the side for slicing, another cuts potatoes into strips for French frying with half the usual bother. One of the most fascinating, and I don’t see why the Sisters of the Skillet didn’t mention it last month, is a left-handed apple corer and vegetable parer. Honest! It’s the regulation one made in reverse for use by south-paws. Another slicer not to be overlooked if you have a large sized, bread-and-butter eating family, is made in the size of a quarter pound of print butter and promises to turn out neat slabs of butter for table use.

(Continued on page 77)
Meet the Folks!

Above, the entire cast of the National Barn Dance greet you from the stage of the Eighth Street Theater—the Hayloft to thousands of radio admirers—where they present weekly their popular "program" of old-fashioned music. Right, Joe Kelly, the master of ceremonies who runs the two shows, is known as "Jolly Joe."

FIVE years ago there was a forgotten theater on South Wabash Avenue in Chicago. Dark, dusty—a mori bund house. Occasionally some one would rent it for a benefit or amateur performance, but you just couldn't pack 'em in at the Eighth Street Theater. There was a "hex" on it.

But now ... Drop around any Saturday night and watch the crowds standing in line. Listen to the applause, the extravagant praise as people mill about outside after the show, and you'll know the "hex" has been buried.

There is no colossal ballyhoo or fanfare of advertising for the show that's playing there. There isn't even a Barker outside yelling, "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" And for that matter, there is no hurry.

If you can't catch the first performance, at 7:30 (adults, 55c, young 'uns 35c), you can make the 10:00 one. It will cost you 20c more if you're an adult, but pshaw, what's 20c compared to seeing Lulu Belle in person? And if you can't get in this year you can next—or five years from now. A show that has had a successful run for nigh onto twelve years isn't apt to fold that soon.

It's no "East Lynn" or "Abie's Irish Rose" but a plain radio broadcast which has turned the old Eighth Street Theater into a hey-hayloft and a moneymaker—the National Barn Dance, NBC's Saturday night broadcast, which started its job of rejuvenation just five years ago in March.

How can a mere radio program be so universally loved that its audience not only keeps on listening, but continues to pay to see it? The amazing popularity of the Barn Dance is the result of the continued use of a dependable formula.

A formula so good nobody dares try to improve on it, any more than you would dare add a single ingredient to that famous gingerbread recipe which has been handed down from generation to generation in your family. A formula as old as the hills from which its homely songs have descended, as down-to-earth as a roller towel and as traditional as a covered wagon.

The air is not the sole use for which this particular recipe has been tried and found true. It's a great vaudeville stunt. Four or five WLS units are on the road constantly, shaking down crowds and shekels. And now, the newest use for the formula: the Barn Dance will soon be made into a feature motion picture. By the time you read this you may be seeing the Sodbusters, Tunetwisters and Hilltoppers on your neighborhood screen.

But that's still not all. The Barn Dance is rapidly becoming a sort of national pastime. WLS has known for a long time that folks in many communities get together Saturday nights to dial the program and do some hay-haymaking on their own. Now the station has put this custom to work for the benefit of both the amateur performers and themselves, sending out experienced directors to stage local Barn Dance shows with rural talent. The proceeds go to schools, clubs, charities, and a small cut to WLS to defray expenses.

So all over the country you'll find miniature Lulu Belles
For National Barn Dance, sponsored by Alka-Seltzer, see page 54, 9 o'clock column.

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

and potential Uncle Ezras, as well as exhibition square dances and mountain music-makers. These amateur companies contribute a real community service and at the same time have lots of fun. At Goodland, Indiana, some of the players drove more than sixty miles to take part in a local Barn Dance show. At Milford, Illinois, three boys worked in the threshing ring all day, then drove thirty miles to help out. They had participated in another Barn Dance entertainment previously, and, as they put it "just couldn't stay away," giving you an idea of the warmth and enthusiasm these events generate.

This Barn Dance is actually nothing more than a mélange, a revue of the features and talent you hear during the week over WLS. But folks who listen to it as faithfully as they go to church on Sunday don't call it by any such new-fangled name. They call it a "program."

If you have ever lived in the country—and if you haven't, you've missed half the fun and good in life—you know about "programs." Whenever a box social or corn show or Christmas festivity is held at the district school or Grange Hall, every person in the neighborhood who has any parlor tricks or accomplishments is put on the program. Mrs. Blank, who studied elocution when she was young, renders "Lasca" with gestures; the Johnson twins sing a duet, mighty sweet; Hank Bell plays his harjo. And later on, everyone joins in a rousing square dance, the Hoyt boys furnishing the fiddling and Ed Salton calling out the figures.

Even if you yourself never lived in a rural community, you enjoy the National Barn Dance because it satisfies a nostalgia for something very real and important in the molding of this country—the real spirit of friendship and neighborliness. There's nothing synthetic about it. There can't be. If the program weren't real, if the songs weren't real American folk music and if (Continued on page 77)
WELCOME WALLACE BEERY!

We've heard you and liked you in your guest star appearances on the air. But now we have you every Saturday on Shell Chateau as the master of ceremonies who took Jolson's place when he got too busy making moving pictures. We understand you've decided to act as well as introduce on the program and to give worthy new talent in Hollywood a break. That's swell. We don't blame you for smiling with such a pretty wife and beautiful daughter and fat radio contract. Good luck, Wally, in your new job.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

RADIO MIRROR'S ORACLE GIVES YOU THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT RADIO STARS

The spirit of Christmas has George Burns and Gracie Allen under its spell. Perhaps they're deciding what's likely to please their adopted boy and girl the most.

Tim Frawley is seventy-one years old. I bet that bowled you over!

Mrs. Margaret S., Baltimore, Md.—Francis X. Bushman takes the part of Michael Dorn in "Mary Marlin;" Art Jacobson plays the part of Joe Post and Carleton Brickert portrays David Post.

Mrs. E. K., Temple, Pa.—Some of the stars charge for photographs but most of them don't. I'd suggest that you write for them and you'll find out soon enough. Address Frank Parker, Helen Trent and Nancy of the "Just Plain Bill" program in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Elizabeth K., Wharton, N. J.—The above regarding the charge for photographs will answer your question too, Betty. Just write to Emery Deutsch in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. William N., Ansonia, Conn.—Ralph Kirberry is known as "The Dream Singer." He's heard over the National Broadcasting airwaves on station WJZ Tuesday mornings at 10:05 and Thursdays at 10:45 A. M.

Claudia B., Plymouth, N. C.—Uncle Charlie's Tent Show is off the air. Sam and Jerry, the comedians who were on that show are real negroes. Little Jack Little and his orchestra are strumming for dancers at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York City.

Dorothea D., Kingman, Arizona.—If you read the December Radio Mirror, you'll know that Lanny Ross's sweetheart was Olive White but now she's Mrs. Ross. Muriel Wilson was only his Show Boat sweetheart.

Dolly P., Reading, Pa.—Conrad Thibault was born in Northbridge, Mass. on the 13th day of November, 1906. He's five-foot-eleven, dark and handsome.

Beactress Y., San Francisco, Calif.—What I said to Louise R., on Jerry Cooper, goes for you too Bea. You can reach Don Ameche in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. By the way how did you enjoy the story on Don Ameche on page 23?

Emanuel N. B., Augusta, Ga.—I'm sorry, but we do not supply photographs of the stars. Write to Glen Gray, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave, New York.

WHEW! It seems that the advent of all the swell new fall programs has resulted in your wanting to know more than ever before about your favorite stars. The mail's been piling up higher and higher and your poor Oracle isn't ever going to hit bottom. But we might as well get started, so here goes. (But first—my address is Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City for all inquiries.)

Evelyn K., Minneapolis, Minn.—I really hate to let you down on this one, Eve, but I couldn't find out for you whether Jackie Keller has a cousin by the name of Martha S. Why don't you write to Jackie, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., and ask him about it?

Janet Yo of Texas—Eddie Duchin's birthday is April 1, 1909, he's about six feet tall and was married only recently. If you read September Radio Mirror, you saw Eddie's picture with the Missus, former society girl, in the Facing the Music feature. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Grace C., Brooklyn, New York—You're right about Lazy Dan. He's really Irving Kaufman whose phonograph records you have been enjoying for years.

Louise R., Syracuse, New York—Jerry Cooper was born in New Orleans, La., April 3, 1907 and is not married. The Roadways of Romance program is off the air, but Jerry is scheduled soon to sing on a new commercial program over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Jerry is all American—his favorite sport is baseball. He was once first baseman for a semi-pro team in New Orleans. Both his father and mother were choir singers and Jerry says he learned to sing before he learned to talk. He sang at night clubs and even led his own orchestra. It was Roger Wolfe Kahn who heard him and arranged for Jerry's radio debut.

Mrs. Bertha S., Reading, Pa.—The Old Ranger in Death Valley Days is none other than T. Daniel Frawley.
Amateurs at Life

By FRED SAMMIS

The amateur team of Mickey Crail and Tad Byron, with Mickey singing and Tad whistling, from Poughkeepsie, was a sensation on the Uncle Jim Riley Amateur Hour in New York City. On a return engagement two weeks later, they even walked off with first prize—a whole week at the Century Theater at a professional salary. But for Mickey both triumphs were hollow. She had discovered during the first week that she loved Tad, and on the heels of that discovery she was in grave danger of losing him. A debutante—Marion Van Biddle—had become interested in their act and invited them to a party she was giving at the Van Biddle Westchester estate. The party stretched out three days. Mickey became desperate. She had to get Tad back to Poughkeepsie to carry out his plans for becoming an engineer.

“I'd like to, Mickey,” he told her, “but this morning I got an offer to appear on a commercial broadcast. I'm going to stay in New York.” And he showed her the letter. Then came their second broadcast and following it the news that they had won the engagement at the Century. Before they started, Mickey secured Tad's promise that after the week he'd return home with her. Time passed quickly until the sixth day, when a certain Les Ahern came to see Mickey, bringing with him the offer of getting her a radio job of her own. But she wouldn't say yes. It was better, she thought, to go back to Poughkeepsie, and she didn't tell Tad about the offer. Finally it was the last night of their week and the final performance was finished. Upstairs, outside her dressing room, she waited for Tad.

“Wasn't it swell?” she said, happy in the knowledge that at last they were leaving. But something in Tad's look warned her. “Listen,” he blurted out, “I'm not going. I'm breaking my promise. I've an offer for a regular afternoon program and a contract for three weeks. I can't go. But maybe it will be better if you return anyway, since you feel the way you do.”

And before Mickey could change her mind Marion Van Biddle came up to get Tad and go out. Mickey went into her dressing room and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Was it Poughkeepsie without Tad or New York?

Until this moment home and Poughkeepsie had seemed heavenly sanctuary to Mickey, a haven to which she would flee with Tad. And now, standing before the battered dressing table, she saw the sanctuary vanish, a hopeless mirage. Tad wasn't leaving New York.

Quickly she brushed away two tiny tears that were clinging to her lashes, lone tributes to day dreams that she must give up.

“Quit it!” she said out loud, to nothing in particular, and the very fact that she had spoken made her feel better. There was no longer any choice of what to do.

She was in love, in love with Tad. Tad was in New York. It seemed funny, looking at it that way, to think she had almost decided to go home. It seemed funny, because it was so impossible to imagine sitting on the front porch where...
she'd spent so many evenings with Tad, waiting. And for what? Perhaps a word or two from him in the mail. Nothing more, and eventually even his letters would stop coming.

She left the dressing room, ran down the iron stairs, and out onto the street. Turning her back to the midnight crowds of Times Square, she started for her room. She wanted her bed, wanted sleep, for in the morning she was going to call the man from the Gable advertising agency, the man who had said he could get her a job.

At first, walking through the cool night air, she thought she would wait up for Tad and tell him that she wasn't going home. Later she had a better idea. She would wait and see what the agency man had to offer. If it sounded promising, she would tell Tad then.

With her mind made up, Mickey slept a deep slumber that didn't break until nearly nine. After breakfast, she found the number of the agency and called, asking for Les Ahern. He sounded slightly surprised.

"I thought I'd hear from you yesterday," he said, "but come on over anyway."

Mickey went directly to the agency and was ushered down a wide corridor, desks piled high with newspaper clippings, to Ahern's office.

"Hello," he greeted, shaking hands with her. "People aren't usually a day late when they want jobs," but there was no real harshness in his words.

The door opened again behind Mickey and a young man walked in. Vaguely she had the impression that somewhere before she had met him. Though he was of average stature, she thought he was the best looking man she'd ever seen. Ahern jumped to his feet.

"Hello, Jan," he said, "I want you to meet Miss Mickey Crail. Miss Crail, this is Jan Parrish."

Mickey stammered, "Hi—how do you do?"

trying to hide her surprise. Jan Parrish! In all commercial radio, no name was better known, no name reflected a brighter, more glamorous light. Director and star of a variety hour that rivaled Rudy Vallee's in popularity, he stood on the topmost rung of the success ladder.

"Miss Crail," he said formally, in acknowledgment of the introduction, "I heard you at the Century. That's why you're here. We think you have a future in radio. The truth is, I have a spot for you already, if you're interested."

Interested! Mickey gripped the arms of the chair for support. Jan Parrish was saying that he could put her on the air. That was the reason Les Ahern had asked her to come, so Jan could tell her this.

"Please go on," she murmured.

"Well," Jan continued, "a friend of mine runs a guest hour on a local station. I've spoken to him and if you say so, you sing on his program a week from today."

Mickey found herself sitting in mute astonishment, waiting for inspiration. She said, finally, "It sounds wonderful, and I do say so. If you want the truth, just last night I was packed, ready to go home. It looks as if I were staying, though, today."

"Sure you're staying," Jan replied, and Mickey liked the friendliness of his grin.

"All right," she agreed, ending the conference, "but I'm not making any promises about how good I'll be."

"Don't be worrying about that already," Jan said, taking her hand. "I'm glad you came. And don't run away home. It might hurt the Parrish pride. That means an awful lot."

Mickey didn't walk back to her room. It was something much closer to flying. At least, when she arrived, she wasn't conscious of her feet having touched the sidewalk once.

She hoped Tad would still be sleeping. It would be fun, waking him, seeing his astonishment, sharing with him the glad tidings she bore. She had felt a little like Atlas, before breakfast. And now she felt as he would have if someone had taken the world off his shoulders to let him go to the ball game or whatever he wanted most to do. Her landlady was out sweeping the steps when she arrived, eyeing the world with that auror irascibility New York landladies seem to be born with.

"Is Mr. Byron up yet?" Mickey called.

The broom struck viciously once more at a wet leaf. "Up and moved an hour ago," was the taciturn reply. "He's gone, bag and baggage."

"But didn't he leave any word?" Mickey asked, fighting off the roller coaster sensation in the pit of her stomach.

"Not a word," the woman growled. "Oh." Mickey managed to reply, running past into the hall. In her room, she slammed the door and hurled her hat down on the bed.

So she'd surprise Tad, wouldn she, and share her good news with him? "The big hug," she hissed, "a fat lot he cares what Jan Parrish had to tell me." She kicked at a chair leg and bruised her ankle. Tad had gone, without a word. What a man she'd picked to fall in love with! If someone had gone to him with the news that she'd thought herself in front of a subway train in blackest despair, he'd probably have shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "How absurd!"

All the high elation, all the warm joy that had been bubbling inside her burst into thin air. All she felt was an uncomfortable itching—an itching to show Tad. He'd told her to go away if she didn't like New York and turned his back to her. All right, then she'd show him he had made a mistake.

"The thing to do now," she said to herself, "is to sit down and write Dad and tell him I'm not coming."

The letter, when she finished, was brief and cheerful. "New York's debutantes seem to have swallowed Tad," it ended, "but don't worry, everything's fine. I'll make them cough him up."

She might have had a forlorn week end, in spite of her resolutions to show Tad up as a lug who couldn't see farther ahead than two inches in front of his own nose, if she hadn't remembered to call Uncle Jim Saturday morning.

"Come out and spend Sunday with me at my country home," he invited and she grasped at the straw he offered.

The days went by rapidly, beginning with Monday. First she had to learn two popular songs for the broadcast on Friday. Tuesday she went to the radio station and met the man whose program would feature her. Wednesday and Thursday she rehearsed.

Friday morning when she went back to the station to rehearse with the studio orchestra, she had the comfort of seeing Jan come in to give his support.

After listening to her second number, he said, "You're okay. Sing like that on the air and you're bound to go over."

The broadcast took place in a (Continued on page 66)

ALLEN, Reina, Announcer, singer, and actor. WBT, Charlotte, N.C.; born Hartford, Conn., May 23, 1910; unmarried; debut over WBT, 1936. Station WBT, Grand Hotel, New Orleans, La.

ANDERSON, Robert, Singer and announcer. "Presentation of the Stars," KDKA, Pittsburgh, April 19, 1940; married; debut over WPM, 1924. Station WPM, Colonial Hotel, Madison, Ohio.

BARTON, Bob, Barritone, "Laney Roohan and Bob Bart- tone," WCKY, Cincinnati; born Cincinnati, Ohio, June 9, 1911; unmarried; debut over WCKY, 1935. Station WCKY, Cleveland, Ohio.

BARRE, Tom, Tenor, "Red Hot Milkman," WLW, Cincinnati; born Cincinnati, Ohio, May 1, 1909; married; debut over WLW, 1931. Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BARTON, Bob, Baritone, "Jayne Roohan and Bob Bart- tone," WCKY, Cincinnati; born Cincinnati, Ohio, June 9, 1911; unmarried; debut over WCKY, 1935. Station WCKY, Cleveland, Ohio.

BATTERSEA, Wesley, Announcer. "Masonic Clock Church." KAF, Kansas City, Mo.; born Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1923; married; debut over WAKA, 1932. Valentine on Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

BENDIN, Paul, Barritone. "Sunday Serenade," WSPD, Youngstown, Ohio; born Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 7, 1914; married; debut over WSPD, 1934. Station WSPD, Commodore Hotel, Youngstown, Ohio.

BERGEN, Frank and Francis. Singers and comedians, WXYZ, Detroit; born Chicago, Ill.; married; debut over WXYZ, 1934. Frank, Feb. 23; Francis, Apr. 4; debut, 1932. Station WMJ, Detroit, Mich.

BENSHOOF, Victor. Rhythm singer, WOC, Daven- port, Iowa; born Wheeling, Ill.; married; debut over WOC, 1935. WOC, Des Moines, Iowa.

BOLEY, George. Pianist. "Boyle Musical," WCAO, Columbus, Ohio; born Columbus, Ohio, March 18, 1910; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, Columbus, Ohio.

BOLEY, Elsie. Soprano, "Boyle Musical," WCAO, Columbus, Ohio; born Columbus, Ohio, March 18, 1910; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, Columbus, Ohio.

BOSWELL, John. Baritone, "Morning Parade," WBN, Columbus, Ohio; born Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 10, 1915; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, Columbus, Ohio.

BROWN, Buena. Soprano, "Colonial Bluffs," Iowa; born St. Louis, Mo.; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, St. Louis, Mo.

BRAYTON, Don. "Uncle Tom’s" in children’s programs. WJKL, Newark, N.J.; born St. Joseph, Mo.; Aug. 31, 1912; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, New York, N.Y.


CURTIS, Marion. Actress. "The Play’s the Thing," WAKA, Kansas City, Mo.; born Kansas City, Mo.; June 18, 1926; married; debut over WAKA, 1936. Station WAKA, Kansas City, Mo.


DADY, Ray E. News commentator, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; born Kansas City, Mo.; June 26, 1907; married, Min- nelia Hartman; debut over KWK, 1936. Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.


DEAN, William, Flood's "Leader," various programs, WCAU, Cincinnati; born Catletts- burg, Ky.; married Shirley Wells; debut over WCAU, 1935. Station WCAU, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEPASQUALE, Mrs. S. Ann. Actress, "Home House," WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1913; married John S. Depasquale; debut over WSMK, 1926. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

Bien, "Crossroads," KWS, Kansas City, Mo.; born Los Angeles, Calif.; married; debut over WSMK, 1930. Station WSMK, Kansas City, Mo.

DORSEY, Benny. "Dorsey Brothers," WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1913; married John S. Depasquale; debut over WSMK, 1926. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

DRENNON, Blanche. "Virginia" and "Sons and Daughters," various programs, WCAU, Cincinnati; born Catletts- burg, Ky.; married Shirley Wells; debut over WCAU, 1935. Station WCAU, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DRENNON, Mrs. S. Ann. Actress, "Home House," WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1913; married John S. Depasquale; debut over WSMK, 1926. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

DRENNON, Mrs. S. Ann. Actress, "Home House," WSMK, Dayton, Ohio; born Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1913; married John S. Depasquale; debut over WSMK, 1926. Station WSMK, Dayton, Ohio.

DRAIN, Bob. Announcer, WSBT and WFAW, South Bend, Ind.; born Kansas City, Mo.; Feb. 17, 1912; married; debut over WSBT, 1933. Station WSBT, South Bend, Ind.

Bentson, Dorothy. Commentator, WJHC, Rochester, N.Y.; married; debut over WJHC, 1930. Station WJHC, Rochester, N.Y.


BOLAND, John. Singer and announcer. "Presentation of the Stars," KDKA, Pittsburgh, April 19, 1940; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, Columbus, Ohio.

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BOLAND, John. Singer and announcer. "Presentation of the Stars," KDKA, Pittsburgh, April 19, 1940; married; debut over WBOE, 1930. Station WBOE, Columbus, Ohio.
"Housewife at 40—Star at 44!"

(Continued from page 35)

my people waiting at home. While not exactly invalids, they were shut-ins. I brought the excitement of the outside world to them. I would go downtown to New York, take them out to lunch, and tell them about it. I kept in touch with things.

Then, in her early forties, all that personhood was gone. Her life came to an end for Kate McComb. Her husband died, and her mother, Malcolm, had grown up and gone away to college. She saw how time had gone out of her little local triumphs. Her audience—the audience which meant more to her than anything else in the world—was gone. Her life, devoid of its responsibilities, had become suddenly empty.

Then it occurred to her that there was no reason now why she shouldn't fulfill her long deferred dreams of a professional career in the theater. No reason except that all the odds were against her.

One hot July day she closed the house in Great Barrington and went back to New York. Her first move was to look up an old friend in the theater and ask his advice.

"See here," he said, "I know you can do it. You've got the stuff. But I won't be shooting square with you if I didn't tell you that you haven't got a chance, because you have no Big Time background."

KATE respected his opinion. She thanked him. She picked up her gloves and went out, down the stairs, into the bright July sunlight.

"So she said, 'that's that.'

But she couldn't give up. "Why not try, anyway?" she asked herself. First she had to be persuaded that whatever happened, she wouldn't be disappointed. She would go at it in the spirit of a great adventure.

With little hope but a high heart she started making the rounds of the agencies.

Then the miracles began to happen. She got a week's stock engagement playing "Silver Star" in Waterbury, Connecticut. The thrill of that week is still vivid in her mind. A professional at last, after twenty-four years, putting on her greasepaint, taking her curtain calls like a veteran.

But the week was soon over and she was back on Broadway, making the rounds again. Then she heard that Augustin Duncan was casting "Juno and the Paycock." It had always been one of her favorite plays. The hunger surged in her overpoweringly. She felt she must have a part in that play.

She got an interview with Duncan. In one breathless speech she poured forth her whole pent-up feeling about the play. Duncan let her read the part of Juno. When she had finished he told her that the part was already spoken for. Her heart went down to her boots. Then he added that she could, if she liked, play the part of Mrs. J. Lancred, and understudy the leading role.

Once more one of the apparently useless million-odd bits of information which she had garnered in her long apprenticeship came to her rescue. She knew the Irish dialect down to the ground. She had learned from old servants of her mother's, from a man who drove a sprinkling cart in Great Barrington. She made a little masterpiece out of that part. Mr. Duncan himself was moved.

Then came the shock that every aspiring actress dreams of. The leading lady was taken ill. With only an hour's rehearsal, Kate was called in to take her place.

And there she was, her name in lights, a Broadway star, at forty-four. The dream she had hardly dared to cherish at last come true! And when Duncan himself came backstage that night holding out his hands to her, tears in his eyes, her cup of joy overflowed.

Her light was far from being over. Two weeks later the star returned to her part. The show had its run, and closed.

But Kate McComb had had her taste of glory. She could never return now to private life. For the next few years she took the theater as it came, little parts, big parts, and sometimes for long periods no parts at all.

"I was working," she said, "working at the thing I loved, and that was the thing that counted. No matter how small a part was, I gave it the best I had."

Then she turned her thoughts to radio. No one's entrance through its portals could have been less noteworthy. She went through a routine audition, and was given the routine notification: "We'll call you when anything turns up."

Finally, when she was called, weeks later, it was to speak two or three lines as the wife of a watchmaker in Prague, one hundred years ago.

That almost threw her. But, good trouper that she was, she went through with it to the best of her ability, and was rewarded, eventually, with a steady part in the "Silver Star." The same factor which made it possible for her to conquer Broadway also made possible her success on radio. In the twenty-four years of her apprenticeship, she had learned her job!

When the role of Mother O'Neill came along, she was ready for it, just as she had been ready when she finally got her chance on Broadway.

She loves playing Mother O'Neill, for the part of the warm and humorous matriarch is very real to her. The only hard part comes when she is doing those scenes with Danny, especially when Danny is in trouble. Then it is sometimes difficult for her to keep from breaking. For Danny reminds her so poignantly of her own son, Malcolm, the only one left to her of that little family circle in Great Barrington. And Malcolm has been lying ill in a hospital for many months.

And mention of Malcolm brought her back to that very special reason why she was so very thankful that she had never abandoned her hopes and her ambitions.

"You can imagine," she said, her eyes abnormally bright, "what it means to me to be able to earn the money to give Malcolm every comfort and the best of medical care which I know will eventually bring him back to health. And it is particularly wonderful to be able to aid him through work that I love, work that not only helps me to forget my own troubles, but perhaps helps others for a little while to forget theirs."

There's still hope in this world where there's high courage like Kate McComb's!

Do You Want to Be a Radio Star?

Have you dreamed of quitting your job and seeking your pot of gold at the end of the radio rainbow? Then read in next month's RADIO MIRROR the message of warning from a popular singer to every young hopeful. Watch for "Confessions of a Contest Winner."
—

RADIO MIRROR

We

Have With Us

RADIO MIRROR
RAPID
PROGRAM
GUIDE

HOW TO

HOW

OF STATIONS

LIST

YOUR PROGRAM

FIND

(All time given is Eastern Standard
Find the Hour Column.
Time.
Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two tor
Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black
type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after
the programs in abbreviations.
1.

TO DETERMINE

Read the

IF

YOUR STATION

IS

ON THE NETWORK

Find the group in which your
station is included.
(CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary,
Coast, and Canadian; NBC on the following pages into Red
and Blue Basic, and five supplementary groups Southeast,
Southwest, South Central, Northwest, Coast and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your
group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page.
1.

station

list

at the

left.

—
—

—

SUPPLEMENTARY

BASIC
WAAB
WABC
WADC
WBBM
WCAO
WCAU
WDRC
WEAN
WFBL

WACO
WALA
WBIG
WBNS
WBRC
WBT
WCCO
WCOA
WDAE
WDBJ
WDBO
WDNC
WDOD
WDSU
WESG
WFEA
WGST
WHEC
WHP

WFBM
WGR
WHAS
WHK
WJAS
WJR
WJSV

WKBW

WKRC
WNAC
WOKO

WREC
WSBT

WIBW

W1BX
WICC
WISN
WKBN
WLAC
WLBZ

WSFA
WSJS

WSMK
WTOC
WWVA

WMAS
WMBD

KFH
KGKO
KLRA
KOMA
KRLD
KSCJ
KTRH
KTSA
KTUL
KVOR

WMBG
WMBR
WNAX
WNOX

woe
WORC
WOWO
WPG
WQAM

5RM.
5:00

Melodiana:

KDB
KERN
KFBK
KFPY
KFRC

KMBC

4 PM.

KMOX
KRNT

CKLW

KGB

KVI

KOL

KLZ
KOH
KSL

KWG

KHJ
KM J
KOIN

4:00

Army

Salvation
Band: Thurs.

CANADIAN

}4

hr.

WABC and network
The Grab Bag: Fri. }/2
hr. WABC and network

3 P.M.

CKAC

CFRB

Sun.

\4

Basic plus WCCO
WHEC CFRB minus
WGR CKLW
Orchestra: Mon. Tues.
Wed. y2 hr. WABC
hr.

KWKH

COAST

WSPD
KFAB

6 P.M.

and network
Howells and Wright:

M

Thurs.

WABC

hr.

and network

Mark Warnow's Orchestra:

WABC

Fri.

}4

hr.

and network

3:00

Sym-

Philharmonic

phony

12

NOON

2PM.

IPM.
City

Church

Tabernacle:

Sun.

Sun.

WABC

hr.

and

network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues.

Wed.

M

Thurs.
Basic

hr.

y2

the Air:
and

of
hr.

WABC

Orchestra:
Thurs.

Between the Bookends: Mon. Tues. Wed.
Thurs.

network
}4

hr.

Tues.

WABC

and network

M

Fri.

hr.

WABC and network
Tito Guizar: Sat. M
hr. WABC and network

Fri.

plus

WBT
WCCO
WHEC WOWO
KLZ KSL
minus WKBW
WOKO KFAB

Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

M

hr.

WABC

and net-

work

M hr.
WBNS

Fri.

Basic plus

WBRC
WDSU
WMAS
WREC
KOMA

WCCO
WGST
WOWO
KLRA
KRLD

KSCJ KTRH
KTSA

coaBt minus

WADC WFBM
WKBW WSPD
12:30

"Mary

WCCO

1:30

Musical

Footnotes:

WABC
hr.
J4
WCAU WBBM WGR
WHAS WJAS WJR
WJSV WKRC WNAC
KMBC KMOX KRNT
WBNS WCCO WREC
Milton Charles: Tues.
M hr. WABC and netSun.

work

Between the Bookends:

WABC

M

Sun.

hr.

and network
American School of
the Air: Mon. Tues.
Wed. Thurs. Fri. V2
hr. WABC and network
Football:

WABC

Sat.

and

4

WABC

Wed. M hr.
and network

network

2:45

Blue Flames: Sun. ]4
WABC and nethr.
work

WGR
WBBM
WOKO

Old King Footbali
responsible for
is
switching "Down by

Transatlantic

Mon. Tues. Wed.
Fri.

}4

hr.

WABC WBBM
WFBL
WHK
WJAS WKRC
WNAC KMBC
KMOXWGST
WJR
WBT
minus
KRLD coast
KFPY KGB KOIN
KVI

and

3"3

and network
Curtis Institute of
Music: Wed. % hr.
WABC and network

1:45
Sisters of the Skillet:
Sun. \4 hr. Basic plus

WBNS WBRC WBT
WCCO WDBJ WDSU
WGST WHEC WHP
WIBX WICC WMBG
WNOX WORC WREC
WTOC KOMA KRLD
KTRH KTSA coast
minus WFBL WGR
WSPD KRNT
Alexander Semmler:
Mon M hr. WABC and
network

Herman's",

popular

CBS Saturday

after-

noon feature, to Fridays at 3:30. Tune
in
and let its recreation of an old-

German
garden make

time
join

in

beer-

you

the chorus of

"Ach, du lieber Augustine."

Jimmy Farrell: Thurs.

M

WABC

hr.

and net-

work

5:30

Crumit & Sanderson:
hr. Basic plus
WBNS WDSU WHEC
WIBX WICC WMAS
WORC WWVA KOMA
KTUL minus WHAS
WK B W WKRC
WNAC KFAB KRNT
Sun.

4:30

Science Service: Tues.
WABC and
hr.
14
network
U. S. Army Band: Fri.
2 hr. WABC and network

y

}/&

Jack
Armstrong:

4:45

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

Three

Words

Little
Tues.

Trio:

WABC

M

hr.

and network

hr.

network

Down by Herman's:
}/2 hr.

WABC

and

network

The Curtis Institute
Music is with us
Wedonce more
nesday at 4:15 pro-

of

time
the
New York Philharmonic Orchestra will
play a program seFor the

first

history,

its

from votes
members of

lected
cast by

radio audience.
The date is December I. The occasion
marks the 200th
broadcast by that
august musical group
its

12:45
14 hr. WABC and
network
"FiveStar Jones:"

Thurs.

WABC
Fri.

in

WABC

hr.
coast.

and net-

Remem-

You

hr.

Jan Savitt Orchestra:

M

Sun.

WABC

hr.

Fri.

"Whoa Pincus":Wed.
ber:

2:30

minus

Broadcast:

Y2

3:30

Do

Marlin":
Tues. Wed.

Thurs. Fri.
Basic plus

50

Page: Tues.
Hour WABC and network
The Oleanders: Thurs.
H hr. WABC and network

}4 hr.

The Gumps: Mon.

5:15

Chicago Varieties:
Mon.

Women's

work

12:15

Thurs.

WGR WJSV
KFAB KMBC KMOX
KRNT WCOA WDSU
WGL WHP WNAX
WOWO WPG WSFA
WWVA KTUL

4:15

Happy Hollow: Mon.

KRNT

Mon.

of N. Y.: Sun.
Entire network

2:15

WWVA

Wed.

hr.

minus

2:00

1:00

12:00
Salt Lake

V2

2

over the

Otto

CBS

Kl

system.

em pere r,

Los Angeles maestro,
will

once more be

wielding the baton.
He'll continue until
the return of Arturo
Toscanini soon after
the first of the year.

—

the

viding

chamber
phonic

—

best

and

music.

in

symThe

students who do
the playing aren't

5:45

Og, Son of Fire: Mon.
Wed. Fri. J4 hr. WABC

WAAB WBNS WBRC
WBT WCAO WHAS
WJAS WJR WKBW
WKRC WREC
Tito Guizar: Tues.
Thurs. M hr. WABC
and network

—

professionals
yet
this is certainly

but
no

amateur

either

.

.

.

hour
You're apt

Did you know that

Jimmy
sings

Farrell,

CBS

for

who
every

be hearing the
to
Three Little Words
trio every now and
then at different

Thursday at 5: 5, also teaches a course

Billie Severance, Frances Joy,
and Bath Raborn are
the members of the
trio,
and they all
have that southern
accent. Herb Cook
provides their clever

Billy
Music?
Halop, the "Bobby
Benson"
of
radio
fame, received rave
notices from
every
critic in town when

arrangements.

play.

times.

1

in

for the
York Schools of

diction

New

.

.

.

he appeared recently
in
Broadway
a


RADIO

6:00

6:15

6:30

6:45

7:00

7:15

7:30

7:45

8:00

8:15

8:30

8:45

9:00

9:15

9:30

9:45

10:00

10:15

10:30

10:45

11:00

11:15

11:30

11:45

12:00

12:15

12:30

12:45

6PM.

7PM.

8PM.

9PM.

10PM.

11PM MIDNIGHT.
LIST OF STATIONS

(Basic Blue and Red networks)

-basic Blue-

WJZ WMAL
WBAL WMTN
WBZ WREN
WBYA WSBY
WCKY WOZ
WENR WKDA
WFIL KGAR
WHAM WLS

-Red-

WEAF WMAG
WBEN WOW
WCAE WRC
WCSH WSAI
WTAG WTK
WEII WTAM
WFBR WTIC
WGY WWJ
WHO WLY

SOUTHEAST

WFLA WRVA
WIOD WSOG
WJAX WNNC
WPTF

SOUTH CENTRAL

WAPI WSB
WAVE WSB
WBDJ WSM
WMC

COAST

KDYL KHQ
KFI KGO
KGD KPO

NATIONAL

WRVA WPAB
KPRC WBP
KTBS WFA
KTHS WKY
KVVO WOAI

SOUTHWEST

WEAF WMAG
WBEN WOW
WCAE WRC
WCSH WSAI
WTAG WTK
WEII WTAM
WFBR WTIC
WGY WWJ
WHO WLY

NORTHWEST

WAPI WSB
WAVE WSB
WBDJ WSM
WMC

CANADIAN

KDYL KHQ
KFI KGO
KGD KPO

COAST

12:00
American Page-
ant of Youth:
Sun., Mon., Tues., WCAE
Mon., Tues., WCAE

12:15
Hannie and Gen-
a's 15 minutes
Mon., Tues., Wed.

12:30
Dramatic "Visit-
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

1:00
Bible Dramas:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

1:15
Orchestrats, Tucs., WCAE

1:30
Weeds and Music:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

1:45
NBC Music Guild:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

2:00
R. G. and B.:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

2:15
Coney Island Story:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

2:30
Song Parade:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

3:00
Dramatics, Tucs., WCAE

3:15
National Men's Chorus:
Sun., Mon.-Fri.

3:30
CBS Music Guild:
Mon.-Fri., WCAE

4:00
Youth Hour:
Mon.-Fri.

4:15
Songs of the People:
Mon.-Fri.

4:30
Songwriting Hour:
Mon.-Fri.

5:00
American Medical As-

5:15
Famous Americans:
Mon.-Fri.

6:00
American Journalists:
Mon.-Fri.

7:00
American Heroes:
Mon.-Fri.

8:00
The Three Stu-

9:00
The Music Box:
Mon.-Fri.

10:00
Audubon Society:
Mon.-Fri.

11:00
The Facts and Figures:
Mon.-Fri.

12:00
Midday Music:
Mon.-Fri.

12:30
International News:
Mon.-Fri.

1:00
ABC News:
Mon.-Fri.

1:30
CBS News:
Mon.-Fri.

2:00
NBC News:
Mon.-Fri.

2:30
ABC News and Pro-

3:00
NBC News:
Mon.-Fri.

3:30
ABC News:
Mon.-Fri.

4:00
NBC News:
Mon.-Fri.

4:30
ABC News:
Mon.-Fri.

5:00
ABC News:
Mon.-Fri.
"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres . . . need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn’t it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same “third degree” every time you’re at arm’s length. People think, Why don’t you do something about your skin?

Yet it’s not the skin they see that’s at fault. It’s your lazy underskin! Tiny glands are overtaxed . . . The oil they give off is thick . . . clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heart-breaking lines and sagging contours are just the outward signs of an underskin “let-down”!

Stop Skin Faults . . .

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, set it to work. Yes, you can!—with this deep-skin cream of Pond’s.

Pond’s Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths!

Now smooth on more Pond’s Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively" . . . flush your skin with new fault-fighting vigor! Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes “a good complexion.”

Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep- lodged matter comes out . . . fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can’t find anything wrong!

For a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond’s Cold Cream. Watch it bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin feels it—gets awakened. Your outer skin shows it . . . blooms fresh, unblemished!

Every Morning, and always before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond’s Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can’t possibly catch or flake!

Try this cream without delay. Pond’s Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Not a single flaw in the skin of this beautiful young Society woman! She says: "The last thing before bed—every morning, too—I use Pond’s Cold Cream. It stimulates and tones up my skin . . . Blackheads and blemishes just never come!"
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Chicago
(Continued from page 10)

orchestras can remember, his family have had boats and sailed them. With the progress of the years and growing affluence Morgan finally gave up racing sailboats and bought himself a large power yacht, a comfortable and gorgeous thing. Came the day when he steamed proudly into the home harbor. At the dock he met a hard bitten old sailor he'd known since his childhood.

"Hello, Mac," called Morgan. "Don't know me? I'm Morgan Eastman."

The old timer looked over Morgan's trim white flannels, blue coat and master's cap. Then he looked at the yacht's gleaming white hull.

"Yeah, I know ya. It's lucky you waited till yer dad was dead before ye came sailing in here with that dressed up tin can!"

Milton Charles, Chicago CBS singing organist, says that the nicest letter he received is from a Chicago listener requesting him to sing an appropriate number for new-born twin boys named "Milton" and "Charles." Milt dedicated "His Majesty, the Baby" to these tiny radio fans during his WBBM program.

Betty Lou Gerson, the NBC starlet who admits having a horrible complex about ghosts and bogeymen, recently was cast in a Lights Out script which concerned a girl who was killed in a taxi when a bridge went up with the car still on it. After the show, Betty took a cab home and just as they reached Chicago's famous Michigan Avenue bridge, it started lifting. Superstitious Betty deserted the cab and hoofed it the rest of the way home. Half an hour later, her cab driver was killed in a crash which occurred less than a half a mile from her home.

"Merrill Mouse," a new inhabitant of the Chicago CBS continuity department, is an unusually small mouse which appeared in the office occupied by Merrill Myers and C. D. MacMillan, continuity writers, and has been adopted by them as a mascot. He lives in the waste basket, is of a shy but amenable disposition, and the boys say that he is a real inspiration to them.

Herbert Friten is back in Chicago with an almost unbelievable story from the mountains of Tennessee. Last season Herb wrote Dr. Bundesen's broadcast both over NBC and on WLS. Now he's doing the Milky Way horse race sketches over WGN. Wanting real color for his race horse stories, he went down south to visit the racing stables of his present sponsor. In the nearby hills he found an old timer who had never in his forty years visited town, only eight miles away. True, he did go every week to the foot of the mountain to a general store for groceries. He wasn't sure but he thought a chap named Teddy Roosevelt was president.

And he had a radio. His only reading was the mail order catalog. In it he'd seen this radio machine, a battery receiver since there isn't any electric power in these mountains. The radio was a strange contrivance. Yes, there was music in it. But when Herb told him that music came out of the air he refused to believe. The music was IN the box not OUT of the air. Yes, he did know names like, Rudy Vallée, Paul Whiteman, Amos 'n Andy. But they weren't people. They were just names for

NOW-NO BAD BREATH behind her Sparkling Smile!

AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES

HE WAS HORRID TO ME—I HATE HIM!
AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH—YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!

JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH; IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.

POOR PEGGY—ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED!

YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH; USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—it's SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE... AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!

I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR, I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL MOTHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F. - 240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

- Let others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Chill it. Try it.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!


WHO ARE RADIO'S ROVER BOYS?

Coming in next month's RADIO MIRROR a thrilling feature on the unknown, unsung special events reporters—those intrepid announcers who bring you the world's floods, earthquakes, fights almost before they happen. It will give you the lowdown on the rivalry between the aces of the two networks. All in one fascinating story, "The Rover Boys of Radio."

music that odd looking radio box made.
He had looked the box over, but he couldn't find what made the music. Herb wanted to know what he'd do when he needed new batteries or tubes.
"Do? Well, I'll never again mess with that thing. It ain't natural and I don't fool with things that ain't natural. We'll leave it in the front room. It looks kinda purty that."

Stan Thompson, Chicago Columbia announcer, was working on crutches recently. Not long ago Stan escaped unharmed from what might have been a bad airplane smashup. Then he walked across the floor of a railroad station, slipped and broke his ankle!

The telegraph operator must have been rather amused at this exchange of telegrams which occurred the other day:

ELEANOR WEEMS
CHICAGO
DEAR EMMY PLEASE FIND MY MORNING SUIT AND RUSH IT TO PHILADELPHIA THEATRE TED

TED WEEMS
PHILADELPHIA
MORNING SUIT ON THIRD HANGER YOUR BLACK TRUNK STOP WHY DON'T YOU PHONE EMMY

ELEANOR WEEMS
CHICAGO
FOUND SUIT OKE STOP TRIED PHONE BUT DON'T KNOW OUR NEW NUMBER AND CHICAGO INFORMATION REFUSED TELL ME TED

TED WEEMS
PHILADELPHIA
YOUR TELLING ME STOP INFORMATION REFUSED GIVE ME MY OWN HOME NUMBER STOP HAD TO CALL PAT CILCROST WHO CAN REMEMBER TELEPHONE NUMBERS EMMY SCHMALTZ WEEMS

Although Jesse Crawford, NBC organizer, played in moving picture theaters for seventeen years, he never became a real film fan until he left the movies completely. Now he is a regular visitor to the film houses. When he played in them, he never watched the shows, couldn't and didn't justic to organ. He said. Most of his years were spent, however, doing solo numbers and he wasn't required to be in the theater while the picture was being exhibited.

Eddie Guest, the poet who doesn't want to be called Edgar A., decided to buy something for Henry Klein's new home when Henry, the producer of Eddie's Welcome Valley broadcasts, built his own house. So Eddie bought a stove. Only trouble was the range was so huge Henry had to dismantle the door and a window to get it in the house at all!

Not until recently did anyone discover that the Mills Brothers do just as good harmonizing when one of their number is absent. When they started their new NBC series out of Chicago no one noticed that one of the "brothers" was quite a bit older than the others. Then it developed that the older man was really "Pops," or more formally John Mills. Sr. John Mills, Jr., who is really one of the brothers, was in a New York hospital when the series began so "Pops" took over his work.

During the time Wayne King played
at the Aragon ballroom in Chicago, the
guest book was signed by visitors from
London, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Moscow,
Peking, Capetown, Nome, and Manila.

A part of a recent Junior League bene-
fit was a radio contest which was an-
nounced in local papers. Along came a
small, elderly, quaint-looking fellow with
a violin case under his arm. He wanted
to enter the prize contest, but the man-
ger of the benefit explained he only
as possible that the contest participants
were limited to members of the Junior
League. And then the old man, in all his
innocence, asked, "Well, what do I have
to do to become a member?"

November 13th is the date of the 131st
Myrd and Marge show.

Jim Poole recently turned on the ampli-
der for his microphone to make his regu-
lar noonday livestock market report over
WLS. There was a flash of fire. Then a
pungent odor. And the set went dead! Jim
investigated. He discovered a mouse
had crawled in the amplifier. When Jim
turned it on it was curtains for Mr.
Mouse, but it also kept a very important
broadcast off the air that day!

In the story of a recent automobile ac-
cident in which Earl Burtnett, the orches-
tra leader, was badly hurt, appeared
among others injured the name Lyman
Cole of Kalamazoo, Mich. Lyman is
better known in radioland as Lynn Cole
who sang last season with George Olsen's
orchestra at College Inn and who this
summer had his own commercial broad-
cast out of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden (he is
Amos of Amoss 'n Andy) are among the
new tenants of 216 Lake Shore Drive.
Until Amos 'n Andy did a special broad-
cast for an automobile concern recently
I didn't know that Gosden was once an
auto salesman. He proudly boasts that
in one month in Petersburg, Va., in the
year 1920, he made $700 profits at it—he
sold four trucks to the father of his best
girl!

The Westerners, who are now part of
the Maxwell House Show Boat troupe,
have been popular in Chicago for a long
time as staff artists of WLS.

Recent national convention of the
Sigma Chi fraternity in Chicago listed
among guests of honor Mme. Ernestine
Schumann-Heink (a Sigma Chi mother),
Lum and Abner, announcer James Wall-
ington, Roy Chapman Andrews, George
Ade and John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist.

We all know that WLW in Cincinnati
always announces itself as the Nation's
Station. But only the other night a Chi-
cago newspaper editor explained how
the name came to be born. He was public-
man for WLW at the time the station
raised its power to 50,000 watts. Natu-
urally a big party and many special broad-
casts were planned and the man had to
write reams of copy glorifying the event,
the station and everybody concerned.
Finally the party at which he was grinding
out got his goat. He turned to another mem-
er of the publicity department and said,
"Next thing you know they'll be calling this
the nation's station." The other
publicist liked the idea and took it to
Powell Crosley. The next day WLW was
the Nation's Station, and has been ever
since.

I'm ready to give up.
I can't seem to cook
spaghetti to suit you!

Wonder how Mary makes
the sauce for hers.
It's marvellous!

"... and then I found
that Mary buys her
spaghetti ready-cooked!"

I could hardly believe my ears. My
sister-in-law, Mary, the prize cook
of the family, using ready-prepared spa-
ghetti! It must be something very much
out of the ordinary. And Franco-
American, most decidedly is! I doubt
if the best home cook in the world
could make as fine a sauce as it has.
No more complaints about spaghetti
in my home now. My husband fairly
beams when I serve Franco-American.

A superb sauce
Skilled hands prepare it. Qual-
ity ingredients go into it—
eleven in all! Tomato puree
—velvet-smooth, lusciously
rich and flavorful. Cheese—a
specially selected Cheddar,
aged to just the right degree of sharp-
ness. Plenty of spices and seasonings,
yet so subtly blended that there's no
strong over-seasoned taste, but instead,
the most delicate, delightful piquancy
imaginable.

Would you like to go to all this bother
at home? No — and you can thank
your lucky stars you don't have to! Just
say to your grocer, "Send me Franco-
American." Then heat, serve and enjoy.
It never costs more than three or
four cents a portion. That's
tless than you'd pay for all
your different ingredients plus
the cost of cooking them.
And isn't the time you save
worth something, too? Order
Franco-American today.

Made by the makers of Campbell's soups
Why Mary Lou Left the Show Boat

(Continued from page 13)

one has been built, a rival program has caused a momentary flurry and then vanished, and Lanny Ross has taken command.

It's useless to try to explain why public interest in the Lanny Ross-Mary Lou love story has waned—if, as the sponsors say, this is the case. There are certain concrete facts, however, which may have brought this situation to pass and placed Muriel's spout the issue. Believe Nauen. It wouldn't have been explained if the sponsor had not walked away from the series. We present an announcement last Christmas of Muriel's engagement to Fred Hufsmith. Another is the equally unexpected revelation last summer of Lanny's marriage to Olive White. These two events proved to listeners that their Mary Lou-Lanny love affair was purely fictional and reserved solely for Thursday nights.

Still there are many followers of Show Boat who can remember once before, when Muriel Ross and Mary Lou took her place. She was gone for four months, and in that short space of time, two singers were offered, and refused by musical critics, who insisted on Muriel's resuming the role. It's hard to believe that those same fans will be content to let her go, this time for good.

Will War Guns Silence Radio?

(Continued from page 37)

roar, a spout of water. The torpedo has struck.

Eight minutes later, the submarine closes its hatches to the gull-flecked gray sky and sinks beneath the waves. Nothing is left but the scattered lifeboats. It is to show a short time before a sturdy ship was cutting through the waves.

Bad enough when you read of this sort of thing in the newspapers? It would be much worse were you to hear an actual description of the sinking as broadcast from a submarine. That such an occurrence is improbable is not denied by authorities whose job it is to consider such possibilities. Whether such broadcasts would tend to demoralize a nation or whether it would rouse it to greater fighting fury has not yet been determined. Like battleships against bombing planes, it has not been put to the test. Yet governments all over the world are deeply concerned about the effects of the entirely new types of propaganda which radio could spread.

For example, before this country entered the World War, the only means of communicating German propaganda was to send it across the Atlantic, through a speaker. This was her wireless transmitter at Nauen. The Allied governments had all their cables, their destroyers, their ships, their submarines. That is the reason we were flooded with news favorable to the Allied cause long before we entered the conflict. But with the powerful broadcasting stations present in all great nations today, what might be the net result of all propaganda which they would try to change your views and set up moral resistance? They might, admit experts, be terribly effective, or they might be so grotesquely amusing that they would act as one of the greatest stimulants for a peace movement the world has ever known.

Here's what those experts mean. Possibly by the time you read this, strife among nations may have reached such a point that something such as the following may be happening.

Let's say that Italy and England have declared war. The world is avid for news and the two nations are not slow to give it—in the manner in which they want it presented.

Again you snap on your loudspeaker. A precise, British voice chips through the surging roar of radio broadcasts, and so forth. The British people, charge that the Italian government has used the movements of our battle fleet, sent into the Mediterranean solely as a defensive measure, as a device to invade our colonial possessions in Africa. The American people should understand that.

Sudden squeals and hisses drawn out the message of the spokesman for the English government. Somewhere, some enemy transmitter is deliberately interfering. You swing the dial away from the horrible calls. Another voice, touched with a Latin accent, comes through.

"Hello America! Hello America! Come calling, listen, citizens of the United States. The Italian government, in declaring war upon Great Britain, wishes the people of America to realize that has done so only under the greatest provocation. England deliberately threatened our nation by ..."

Again a hideous chatter of noises bursts through the speaker, and you snap off your set in disgust.

What would be the net result of such propaganda as it developed into a pitched battle for your attention?

SOME experts think that hearing both sides of the question would make the average intelligent citizen of a neutral nation care more about the war than before, and that there would be movements, organizations urging us to aid the English. What then, would our government do to keep us from wanting to get into the other fellow's fight?

Certainly it wouldn't order us, as Germany did its citizens, to use only sets of receivers manufactured in its own country. In the first place, it would be impossible to police the millions of sets in this nation. In the second place, there is no law which controls the use of receivers in the United States. Were such a law proposed, there is little doubt that it would be fought bitterly as hampering free speech.

Could we appeal to the nations sending out the propaganda to cease infringing...
upon our rights as a neutral? Before hostilities began in Ethiopia, the German government made representations to Switzerland, charging that anti-Nazi broadcasts directed at German listeners had originated there. They obtained no satisfaction.

Undoubtedly, however, the United States would use whatever power it has to avert such dangers by controlling broadcasting at home, rather than through representations to any nation. What are the powers we possess?

The only control we could exercise would be over any of our own stations which might rebroadcast war propaganda. The chances are that little such foreign material would find its way through our stations in critical times. Broadcasting is organized on too sound a basis, it feels its responsibilities to listeners too strongly, and furthermore, it is directly under the control of the Federal Communications Commission. That body's power lies largely in the section of the radio law which rules that if a station does not operate "in the public interest, convenience and necessity," its license may be revoked and it must cease broadcasting. The Federal Communications Commission does not hold what is strictly termed a power of direct censorship.

Then, if the peace or the morale of our nation were threatened by any of the potential circumstances I have mentioned in this and the preceding article—namely: broadcasting of action at a war front, so censored as to present a picture dangerous to our listeners; use of our broadcasting stations by spies; the spreading of vicious propaganda by foreign nations, or interference with propaganda disseminated in the interests of peace, or even the broadcasting from a submarine blockade where we are at war—what could be done?

THE responsibility for taking action devolves largely upon the President. What you might expect in the event of the spread of war, is best judged by reading an excerpt from the act regulating radio communication in the United States.

"Upon proclamation by the President that there exists war or a threat of war, or... in order to preserve the neutrality of the United States, the President may... cause the closing of any station for radio communication... or he may authorize the use or control of any such station... by any department of the Government."

How would our broadcasting facilities be controlled then? It is probable that if such a critical stage were reached, military and naval intelligence officers would be stationed in the headquarters of broadcasting organizations to watch with keen eyes for any information the broadcasting of which would be harmful to this country's security.

As for broadcasts from foreign transmitters, about the only thing the government could do would be to set up a powerful broad-wave sending set, close the switch and sit on it so hard the interference would blanket everything coming through the air from outside our country.

Will war guns silence radio? They might, if this nation is flooded with vicious propaganda. But if we keep it under control, as no doubt we will with conscientious organizations at the helm of the networks and most independent stations, then radio may become a power mightier than the pen or the sword in the interests of keeping peace in this country.

If you want to fight for anything, fight for that.

**HOUSEWIVES VOTE . . .**

**SILVER DUST**

**Deeper Suds**

MAKE DISHWASHING QUICK AND EASY

**CONVINCED BY DISHPAN TEST,** women voted "Yes" on these three vital questions: 1. Do you want plenty of suds? 2. Do you choose your soap by depth of suds? 3. Are you convinced that Silver Dust deeper suds make dishwashing quick and easy?

**DEEPER SUDS!** Richer, creamier, full-bodied suds! Suds that make dishes sparkle, glassware glisten. That's Silver Dust . . . and here's the test that proves it: First, a level teaspoonful of another packaged soap is put in a dishpan with a half pint of warm water. Next, the soap is swished around with the fingers for fifteen seconds. Then both water and suds are poured into a quart jar. Now the same thing is done with Silver Dust. See the deeper, richer, full-bodied suds. They make dishwashing quicker, easier.

Prove it yourself. Try Silver Dust today. Keep your hands smooth, white, youthful.
Radio Mirror's Directory

ENGLEHART, Geraldine Kay, soprano, various programs, and taken tickets. WGR, Rochester, N. Y.; born onstage, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21, 1916; unmarried; debut over WGR, Dec. 27, 1925. 

ERICKSON, Burne, tenor, WEAN, Providence, R. I.; born Nov. 5, 1902, married Florence Nesbitt, Dec. 30, 1924, has two daughters. 

ESCHEN, Fred, announcer and actor, KSD, St. Louis, Mo.; born Dec. 6, 1914; married Lorrie Crozier; debut over KAI, Feb. 5, 1938. 

FARRELL, Gertrud, soprano, WBBG, Greenbush, N. Y.; born Aug. 1, 1906, married Philip R. Ellis, St. Elmo, Greenbush, N. C. 

FARRIOR, Louis, bass, KISI, Nashville, Tenn.; born March 15, 1900, married Nella Leah McManus; debut over WNOX, Dec. 13, 1928. 

FELDMAN, Fanny, announcer and actor, KDIA, Kansas City, Mo.; born Nov. 1, 1911; married A. E. Rubenstein; debut over WEAF, Feb. 11, 1936. 

FISCHER, Edna, pianist, "Royal Troubadours," KPO, San Francisco, Calif.; born San Jose, Calif.; aged 24; married Leonard Johnson; debut over KFRC, Jan. 29, 1929. 

FLANAGAN, Nan, announcer, WBBF, Chicago, Ill.; born Clinton, Iowa, April 11, 1915; married Harvey Rosenfield; born over WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 31, 1929. 

FLANAN, Harry, announcer and commentator, "Views of America," NBC, New York City; born March 13; unmarried; debut over WOW, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 1921. 


FREIER, Pearl, announcer and commentator, WJAI, New York City; born Berne, Mass., Feb. 4, 1908; unmarried; debut over WKNR, June 10, 1930. 

FULLER, Stanley, announcer and "Young Man," KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pa.; born Los Angeles, May 23; unmarried; debut on first program broadcast from KDKA, Feb. 17, 1930. 


HAAS, Little George, harmonium soloist, "Corn Crib Serenade," WNCR, Richmond, Va.; born Herzelev, Aug. 3, 1917; unmarried; debut over WPPT, 1933. 

HAIG, Jean, soprano, "Road to Yesterday," CRCT, Toronto, Canada; born St. Louis, Mo.; married Harvey Dooney; debut over CFCA, Toronto, 1930, 1936. 

HAISLIP, Barbara, child singer, WBBB, Greensboro, N. C.; born Greensboro, Dec. 29; married Howard Haines; debut over WBBB, Greensboro, N. C. 

HALLOWAY, Jack, tenor, WEAF, New York City; born New Orleans, La., Oct. 24, 1905; unmarried; debut over WEAF, New York City, 1932. 


HANCOCK, George, tenor, WAIW, Detroit, Mich.; born Chicago, Ill., July 12, 1911; married Greta Johnson; debut over WAIW, 1930. 

HARRISON, John, sports announcer, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; born San Francisco, Calif.; married Mildred Foyden; debut over KWK, 1929. 

HART, Jimmie, pianist and organist, WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Knoxville, July 16, 1904; married Dona Eldred; debut over WNOX, Knoxville, 1931. 

HAY, George D., "Solemn Ole Judge," master of ceremonies, WOS, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Atlanta, Ga.; Nov. 9, 1897; married Lina James; one daughter. 

HELDSTEDT, Ulysses, "Fair Weather Dandy," WJAI, New York City; born Templeton, Pa., July 11, 1905; married Esther Heidt; one daughter. 

HARDMAN, William M., violinist, KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah; born Detroit, Mich., June 28, 1890; married Harriet Jane Bubshoof; debut over CCA, Toronto, 1924. 

HARDMAN, L. Glenn, musical director and pianist, KAWE, Dallas, Tex.; born"Philadelphia, Pa.; married Adeline Tanne; one son; debut over KDIA, Portland, Oreg., Dec. 20, 1932. 

HARRINGTON, John, Sports announcer, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; married Mildred Wines; born Chicago, Ill., March 9, 1907. 

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HARRINGTON, John, Sports announcer, KWK, St. Louis, Mo.; married Mildred Wines; born Chicago, Ill., March 9, 1907. 

HAY, George D., "Solem Ole Judge," master of ceremonies, WOS, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Atlanta, Ga.; Nov. 9, 1897; married Lina James; one daughter. 

HELDSTEDT, Ulysses, "Fair Weather Dandy," WJAI, New York City; born Templeton, Pa., July 11, 1905; married Esther Heidt; one daughter. 

HARDMAN, William M., violinist, KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah; born Detroit, Mich., June 28, 1890; married Harriet Jane Bubshoof; debut over CCA, Toronto, 1924. 

HARDMAN, L. Glenn, musical director and pianist, KAWE, Dallas, Tex.; born"Philadelphia, Pa.; married Adeline Tanne; one son; debut over KDIA, Portland, Oreg., Dec. 20, 1932.
**TWO BEAUTY CREAMS THAT STAY**

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They’ll make your complexion lovelier...clearer of texture, safer from blemish and surface infection

When you were a little girl, you read with horror the story of “Beauty and the Beast.” But “Beauty and the Blemish”...that’s a real horror. For what a flaw does to a pearl, a blemish does to the skin, in marring its beauty.

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**NEW REVOLUTIONARY**

RADIOMIRROR

**MARTIN, H.**


**MARTIN, Nancy.** Singer and pianist, WCAK and KDKA, Pittsburgh, born N. Y.; July 19; married Philip Schiifer; debut over WGH, Greenboro, N. C., 1913; featured in Cincinnati; New Century, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**MAXTED, Stanley.** Tenor, WQCR, Toronto, Canada, and NBC, born Folkestone, England, Aug. 28, 1919; married Gladys Holper; one son; three daughters; debut in 1921, Royal York Hotel, Toronto, Canada.

**Mcmillan, Triestone.** Announcer and writer, “Home Sweet Home,” WBNZ, Columbus, Ohio; born July 31, 1901; married Dorothy M. Sullivan, debut on WCGO, Chicago, Oct. 18, 1926, 601 Royal Court, Charlotte.

**McGibney, Donald.** News commentator, WMAQ, Chicago; born Independence, Iowa, Sept. 26, 1922; married Rose Dougherty; debut over WDR, Johnstown, Pa., 1932; NBC Studios, Mendon Court, Chi.


**McKINNEY, J.** Walton. Tenor, “Morning Joy,” WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; born W. Va., Sept. 6, 1905; unmarried; debut over KOMO, Seattle, 1924; Station KXMO, Spokane, Wash.

**McTACAL, John.** Baritone, “The Hymn Evangelist,” WACO, Boston, and Yankee Network; born Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jan. 21, 1911; unmarried; debut over WHA, Cedar Rapids, 1929.

**Meas, Esther.** Soprano, “Greater Louisville Pro-gram,” WAVE, Louisville, Ky.; born July 21, 1907; married Alfred Schafer; one son; debut over WHAS, Louisville, 1926; Station WAV, Louis-ville, Ky.

**Miller, Late.** Singing organist, KDKA, Pittsburgh; born Pittsburgh, April 17, 1921; unmarried; debut over WHA, Pittsburgh, 1927; married Virgil Summidge, debut 1927. Station WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va.

**MONROE, Frank.** Tenor, WFAA, Dallas, Texas; born W. Va., June 16, 1919; married; one daughter; debut over WYF, Dallas, 1926. Station WWVA, Lexington, Ky.

**MooRE, Betty.** Singer, WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; born Knoxville, Feb. 18, debut over WNOX, 1925. Station WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.

**Morgan, Dick.** Tenor, WOR, Atlanta, Ga.; born Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 16, 1901; unmarried; debut over WOR, Atlanta, 1925; Station WGST, Atlanta, Ga.

**MURPHY, Thelma.** Dramatist, “Home Spinster,” WBNY, Youngstown, Ohio; born New York City, May 26, 1901; unmarried; debut over WJW, Cleveland, 1929; Station WRK, Toledo, Ohio.

**Muth, Will.** Organist, “The Morning Serenade,” WABP, Fort Worth, Texas; born Allentown, Pa., June 5, 1905; married Pearl Sarah Morgan; one son; debut over WABP, 1933. 3041 Barley St., Fort Worth, Texas.

**NEARY, Edmund.** Tenor, WCC, Bridgewater, Conn.; born May 21, 1901; unmarried; debut over WCC, 1923. Station WGOA, Rockhampton, Conn.

**Neese, Eli.** Tenor, WHB, Greensboro, N. C.; born Greensboro, Dec. 21, 1898; debut over WHB, Greensboro, N. C.

**Neff, Russell.** Lyric Tenor, WWXZ, Detroit, and Mason Network; born Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 11, 1903; married Thelma Otto, one son; one daughter; debut over WWJ, Detroit, 1923.

**O’Hara, Marion W.** Musical director, WSO, Charlotte, N. C.; born Augusta, Ga., Dec. 1; married Nell Padgett; one son; debut over WAB, Richmond, Va.; Station WWAU, Richmond, Va.; Station WVT, Lexington, Va.

**OLIVEY, William.** Pianist, WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.; born Raleigh, Oct. 4, 1911; unmarried; debut over WPTF, 1929. 21 Enterprise St., Raleigh, N. C.


**O’Riley, Terry.** Organist and character, WCC, New York City; born July 1, 1894; married Nell Louise Sartain; one daughter; debut over WCC, 1922. 525 W. 57th St., New York City.

**O’Toole, William.** Journalist, WNOX and WABA, Boston; born Ballinasloe, County Aranmore, Ireland; born Aug. 20, 1911; debut over WNOX, 1924; Station WJZ, 1216 Temple St., Boston, Mass.

**O’Toole, William.** Journalist, WNOX and WABA, Boston; born Ballinasloe, County Aranmore, Ireland; born Aug. 20, 1911; debut over WNOX, 1924; Station WJZ, 1216 Temple St., Boston, Mass.

**Perkins, Lewis.** Singer, WNOX and WABA, Boston; born Bluie, Iowa; June 15, 1906; married Herb Buss, one son; debut over WWJ, Detroit, 1926.

**Petranska, Joseph.** Violinist, WSAF, Montgomery, Ala.; born Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1911; unmarried;
A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

Oust it Promptly With This
Fourfold Treatment!

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and any cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. So be sure to consult with your physician. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Adequate treatment of a cold—whether slight or severe—is important.

Radio Mirror

THRUS, Norman, opera and pianist, "Morgan Melodies"; KHO, Spokane, Wash.; born Selko-Woody, Wash., May 26, 1928; married; one son, unmarried; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1936. 7232 S.

TOTTEN, Hal, sports reporter and commentator, WJZ, Newark, N. J.; married Catherine Simon; one son, twins; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1934.

TOURRELLOTTI, Wezley, Organizer, "Twilight Revels"; KNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; married; one son, married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

TUCKER, Sophie, singer and mistress of ceremonies, WWO, Harrisburg, Pa.; born Jan. 1, 1887; formerly married; one son; does an occasional spot.

TURNER, Lucile, singer of many songs, WVAR, Richmond, Va.; married Walter Morgan; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1934.

VAN WART, Donald, pianist, "Phantom Furnaces," WCFL, Chicago; married William K. Tucker; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1931; married; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

WADDINGTON, Geoffrey, Musical director, CRCT, Terre Haute, Ind.; married Pauline Cleaves; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1930; married; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1932.

WANCHER, John, Staff, "Morning Musical Clock," WCAJ, Baltimore, Md.; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1929; married; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1931.

VICK, Albert, announcer and soloist, "Merry Blows," WTCI, Hartford, and NBC; born Springfield, Ill.; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1929; married; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1931.

VINYARD, Estelle, Pianist—accompanist, "Melody Arches," WNOX, New York City; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1919; married; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

WALDENSTEIN, Alfred, Violinist—outfit and musical director, WCNN, New York City; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1929; married; three children; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1932.

WATSON,, Billy, announcer, "New York, New York," WNOX, New York City; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1929; married; one son; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1931.

WELLMAN, Charlie, Baritone and master of ceremo- nies, WNAX, Charleston, W. Va.; married; one son; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1931.

WHEELAHAN, Edmund, Baritone, "Sweet and Low," WNOX, New York City; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1929; married; two sons; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1931.

WEIY, Jimmie, Tenor, KTRB, Shreveport, La.; born Shreveport, 1920; Station KTRB, Shreveport.


WILLIAMS, Winthrop, Tagen and master of ceremo- nies, WNOX, New York City; Nov. 7, 1899, 350 Gladstone Blvd., Greenlax, N. Y.; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1934.

WILSON, Elsie Eagle, Character actress; plays Marie Callas, "Hercules," WCFL, Chicago; married John Wilson; one son; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

WILL, James, Baritone, WNOX, New York City; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

WOOD, Russell A., Pilot, WXXV, Detroit; born Atlanta, Ga.; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1929; married; one son; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1930.

WRIGHT, Doris, Contralto, WMRF, Jacksonville, Fla.; born Jacksonville, Aug. 28, 1915; married L. W. Ml, Aug. 1, 1933; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1932.

YAFFE, Helen, "Brook's Mists of Malady," WNOX, Richmond, Va.; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

YAWAY, John, Baritone and announcer, WNOX, New York City; married; one son; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1934; married; one son; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1935.

ZEMP, Russell, Singer, whistler, and pianist, "Kp- koon," WNOX, New York City; married; one son; married; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1930; married; one son; debut over WNOX, New York City, 1934.
Facing the Music

(Continued from page 38)

instruments Hal Kemp plays when he is not flailing the air with a baton. From watching Hal himself, we find that he tends to play the saxophone and the clarinet mostly on the latter. The low clarinet interludes you hear are usually done by him.

Incidentally, this conductor's name is really James Harold Kemp. He signs his contracts, which are not bad this year, James H., and so forth.

By now you have learned that after all these years, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard have become man and wife. This takes care of the rumors you have been scouting ever since the two formed their engaging radio team.

This, then, is the time to add the information that Joe Reichman, whose orchestra is now heard from the Hotel Stater in Boston, Mass., has won the socially prominent Elma Bennett.

And if you're really interested in romances, Maxine Gray of the Kemp group is going to professional football games with Buzz Berries, 1934 all-American quarterback of the Navy team. Also, while we're on the subject, we might mention that Bob Allen, the baton you hear with Hal's orchestra, is very much interested in Miss Kathryn Burke of Yonkers, N. Y. We refuse, despite this information, to make any marriage predictions.

* * *

If you are wondering why you no longer hear Guy Lombardo over CBS on the late night broadcasts from New York's Place de l'Opera, we might explain. His sponsor felt that such sustaining programs detracted from his value on the Monday evening "Lombardo Road" hours. (Note to Helen Hayes Hemphill and the other members of the Carmen Lombardo Club of Los Angeles—We are sure you feel such action was quite unnecessary. Note to Jane Ross, Columbiana, Ohio, and to Bob Sherwood, Maplewood, Mo.—As a result of the agreement between Guy and his sponsor, the Lombardos have left the Place de l'Opera and are on tour during the winter season throughout the East and Middle West. Perhaps he will hit your city or one near enough for you to go to see him.)

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Bulletin! Guy Lombardo has added a musician to his Royal Canadians orchestra, the first change in five years. The new member is Wayne Webb, trombonist, of the orchestra. The last change was made when Victor Lombardo, baritone saxophonist, was brought into the group. Webb is from Cleveland, Ohio, which means that now ten members of the band are from London, Ontario; two from Cleveland.

* * *

FOR smooth, blue rhythm, there is an orchestra now heard on the Columbia network Fridays at 3:00 p.m., EST. It is under the leadership of Mark Warren and has the same personnel as the band he conducts on the Evening In Paris programs over NBC. Hence, you'll get more than an even break on this instrumental breakdown:

Four violins, three saxophones, two trumpets, trombone, piano, harp, bass, fiddle, guitar and drums. The vocalist goes under the name of Alice Blue on the Blue Rhythm programs.

Take your Laxative the CHOCOLATE way

Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take... so gentle—so effective

You can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent cathartic. But... why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness... constipation.

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GUARD AGAINST COLD!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolatey laxative.

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax...

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
THE "Seven Gs", the group you hear singing that unique theme on the Phil Baker programs, is a mixed sextet, organized and managed in Boston. Ross, Wakenshaw, Breeze, Brooks, Childs, and said the other members of the group are attributed to Smallie's system of orchestrating the voices.

THEME SONG SECTION
A ingenious person has discovered a terenbible stimulator who ever though never identified on the air, is the world's highest paid singer—for the amount of time he sings. His name is Myron Niesley, and he is heard on the Jack Benny programs. The catch is that Niesley trills only the top and final note of the Benny signature. The first four letters of the signature—J-E-L-L—are sung by Johnny Green's players. The comedian decided that final "O" was so special, he hired a special singer. For singing the "O" twice each Sunday night, Niesley gets $5000, or $25.00 a note. The ingenious person calculated the plot would be paid on such a basis, he would receive some $18,000 a performance.

Top that, if you will.

THE signature Red Nichols uses on his College Prom programs, is his own composition, "Wall of the Wind." (For John Trainor, Waynesburg, Pa.)

SHORT, SWEET AND LOWDOWN
M. Jane Ross, Columbus, Ohio—Watch the "Following the Leaders" section for your information on Guy Lombardo, and the explanation in this first part of this department. Sorry, we can't answer letters personally. Lottie Stokes, Albany, Ga. The foregoing answer covers part of your question. We published the orchestral anatomy of the Lombardo group in the November issue of RADO MINER.

Pills, of course. Fred, Pas.

Put this address under your signature. We published the orchestral anatomy of the Lombardo group in the November issue of RADO MINER.

For the address of this composer, we published the orchestral anatomy of the Lombardo group in the November issue of RADO MINER.

Pills, of course. Fred, Pas.

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Mail coupon today! Don't miss this exciting, colorful, sale catalog! Thrill at the NEW BEAUTIES of 200 styles and sizes of QUALITY Heaters, Ranges and Furnaces. See how easy you can shop direct at the factory, and make big savings—real, at little PRICES. Get Kalamazoo factory terms—at little PRICES. Get Kalamazoo factory terms!
WHY WIVES NAG!

Don't blame wives and mothers who get cross and irritable, nag and fuss and exhibit an unusual thirst for doing "everything" housework, look after children and manage the home, just because they are right. Often a woman neglects her health, ruins her nerves and becomes irritable with everyone and everybody—and doesn't realize it. Science, however, now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that is the real cause of these symptoms, nervous or physical. Your local druggist, in his capacity as a consultant—glands which control assimilation and metabolism and which, when they fail to work, prevent normal everyday food from building rich, red, nourishing blood, calm, strong nerves and the strength and energy women so badly need.

In Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, however, a way has been found to provide the regular ration of NATURAL PLANT IODINE needed to keep glands in perfect health. Kelpamalt contains 1200 times more iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source, as well as other precious body minerals which aid appetite, digestion and help to prevent the ordinary disorders which prove so annoying and often dangerous.

Try this amazing new mineral concentrate for one week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves. Notice how worn out, exhausted nerves quickly calm and grow strong. Here you gain flattering new pounds of solid, rich flesh. Over 3,000,000 people annually use Kelpamalt. Cost, but little to use. Be sure to get the original Bessemer Kelpamalt Tablets. At all good drug stores. If your dealer has none, send 95c for an introductory trial bottle of 6c tablets to the address below.

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We build, strengthen the vocal organs—

with amazing improvement in tonal range, voice flexibility, and ability to speak louder and higher. Send 25c for trial sample of "Voice Improvement" Tablet. Returned if not effective in 15 days. Sent on receipt of remittance.

PERFECT SPEECH INSTITUTE, 117-119.

64 E. Lake St., Chicago.

WHY WIVES NAG!

(Amateurs at Life (Continued from page 47)

tiny studio barely large enough to accommodate the orchestra, the master of ceremonies and himself. Jan sat in the control room where she could just see his head and shoulders in the lowered cutout.

She tried not to be excited, telling herself that it would soon be all over. The smallness of the studio helped. Its air of weariness and the impression were not of exactly too much of the performers it held, robbed Mickey, in the end, of her shakiness. She sang as Jan had told her to and was confident she had done well.

Jan confirmed her belief. "Swell," he told her. "You were even better than I had hoped." And Mickey's spirits rose. Jan was a wonderful antidote for the poison of Tad's not being around to see what she had been doing with herself.

He led her out to the street to a long, gleaming roadster that took Mickey's breath away. "I've never seen one like this expert in show windows," she exclaimed.

"Get in and I'll drive you home." It was almost a Roman procession, riding down Fifth Avenue to Radio City. The publicity staff had not labored in vain. Mickey was sure that every other woman on the street turned and stared after them. All she started to be about the most desperate curiosity the women showed.

COME to my broadcast this morning," he said as they drove up in front of the broadcasting house. "It'll be good experience for you. I'll tell you again how good you were today, if I thought it wouldn't go to your head. Young lady, you're off to a flying start.

He left with the words ringing in her ears. Who knows but those songs this afternoon were the spring board to a new career? If Tad wasn't careful, he'd be wallowing behind, hopelessly lost in the dust of her passage towards stardom.

When she arrived at Radio City the following evening, a page led her to the first dressing room off but showed that it was a "reserved" sign. This, she decided, was much more fun than being one of the entertainers. Now she could sit back and watch. The thrill of the freshness and seriousness at this broadcast that had blanketed Uncle Jim's program.

She had another ride in Jan's roadster after the Hour ended. "Up Riverside Drive, across the Washington Bridge?" he suggested.

Though she was alone Sunday, she didn't mind, for Jan called just before she went out to dinner. "Great news, Mickey." he said. "You're singing again on the same program you went on Friday. You did it all yourself this time. The fan mail was so heavy, they want you for tomorrow afternoon's show!"

She hung up the receiver with trembling fingers. It was the news of a lifetime! She had come to New York, had stayed in New York because of Tad. He had tried to send her away and she'd almost let him. But here she was making a success of herself!

Jan wasn't in the studio lending her encouragement at the second broadcast. It might have been the knowledge that everything was hinging on how well she did that made her hands shake and her eyes effort as she stood at the microphone.

It was only before she heard herself singing the last clear note, eons more before the announcer signed off with his customary advice to listeners that the next day at the same time there would be another show.

Just as she turned to go, she caught sight of Jan peering through the round porthole of glass in the heavy, soundproof door. He pushed his way inside and ran.

"Mickey, you were great! I didn't dare tell you until now—I've had two of my sponsors in the audition room listening. I think it's all set for you to go on my Hour!"

Mickey didn't want to be flippant, not at the most exciting moment of her whole life. Yet she couldn't very well say, "I don't believe you. Why, it's impossible—me, Mickey Crail, appearing on the Jan Parrish program. All she could burst out was, "Poughkeepsie girl makes good in big city."

Jan saw her look of incredulity. "It's true I swear, I wouldn't tell you unless I were sure."

And so Mickey had to make herself believe it, though it was quite as though the end of the world was visible from the top of the Empire State Building. A make-believe princess wandering through the magic world of radio, that was. But that stretched out in bed, she whispered to herself now, "Mickey Crail, amateur extraordinary.

She was still pinching herself when she appeared a rehearsed for the third time in the morning, the first of the week and more of a conference than anything else. It wasn't at all like the rehearsals Mickey had up to now attended. Everyone knew exactly what to do. There was no hesitation, no shouting over lost scripts or music.

Jan introduced her to a vice-president of the Public Relations Department.

"I haven't heard you yet, myself," he said, "but Jan's told me enough to convince me you're good!"

Then she met the production manager, the man who sat in the control room and decided whether things were being said with the right accent and whether the music was too soft or too loud. "You sing any way you like," he told her, 'and we'll control the volume accordingly."

Mickey searched for a word that would describe this rehearsal, Swank, she decided, fitted perfectly. The atmosphere reeked of importance, of authority, of the money, the monies, and the millions. The best show the audience had yet heard.

"Jan," she said, "remind me that I'm not Broadway's most successful star."

"Nope," Jan refused, "because that's just what we're going to make you be."

I WONDER," she thought, "what the great Byron will have to say for himself when that happens."

She was afraid it wouldn't last, afraid even before she called Uncle Jim and made a date to see him the next morning. Not that he did anything to stop it. It was what he said. He suggested it to his office and he was carving a fresh green ink pad into strips with an envelope opener while he talked.

"Mickey," he said, "you're doing exactly what other amateurs have tried to do and failed. You're going on the big time too soon. You get a taste of success and then plunge into the biggest spot in radio—the Jan Parrish Hour."

"Why not? Mickey answered.

"Because you haven't the training or the discipline to make it your job like that. You aren't ready for it, Mickey. In a year or maybe in six months, but not now."

TIED EYES?

Muirine cleanses and refreshes tired, irritated eyes.

For eye contact use it daily.

Valuable booklet, "A World of Comfort for Your Eyes" Muirine 5c, Dept. 10, Chicago.
"Perhaps," Mickey argued, "but I must have something to have them put me on the program."

"Sure. You have natural talent. It's good showman-hip presenting an amateur like you. They don't care what happens to you afterwards. Go ahead, if you think you can do it."

"Uncle Jim, it isn't just my wanting to be a success. I came down here with Tad. He's gone now, and I just have to keep on going. It may sound funny to you, but I made myself a promise—that I'd stay and show him. I won't forget how swell you've been. Thanks—and goodbye!"

She had to end it that way. She had been trying so hard not to think of the very things Uncle Jim said. If she did, she might lose this confidence she'd built up so carefully. Besides, if she were to run home now, Tad would never look at her again. "Of course, not that that makes any difference," she consoled herself.

Leaving Radio City, she remembered that this afternoon was to be Tad's debut on the novelty hour and decided she'd try to find him. She had something to tell him, something to show him. Wasn't she going on the Jan Parrish Hour?

They told her in the program department, "We haven't any record of a Mr. Tad Byron appearing on any program."

"He would!" she fumed. "Double cross me when I'm getting ahead by not showing up!" Obviously, though, something more than that had happened, or he would have appeared. Nothing short of an earthquake could have kept him away. It worried and frightened her a little, thinking about it.

KILLING time that day, she blessed Jan more than once for his companionship. That night he was taking her dancing, "at a fancy place," and when he had come and they were sitting in his car, she almost forgot to worry about Tad.

"Tonight we celebrate," he said, "Tonight we go to the Rainbow Room."

And Mickey answered, "That makes my waiting all day worthwhile. Let's hurry. I can hardly wait to see such a famous place."

It was exactly as she hoped it would be. A serving frown to check her, but she recognized the soft, haunting strains of "The Very Thought of You," the theme song of Ray Noble's orchestra.

After dinner, they walked through the lounge that looked out over the entire upper half of Manhattan to the entrance of the dance floor. A headwaiter met them and led them down three steps, around tables gleaming white in their fresh linen, to a place directly next to the band.

Without trying to hide what she was doing, Mickey stared around her. Not all the formality—men in tail coats, women in expensive gowns—not the obvious wealth to which the menu prices testified could make her feel out of place. Not with Jan sitting across from the table, her watching her as she drank in one of the most glamorous scenes of these post-prohibition days.

"You're beautiful tonight," he said, bringing her gaze back to him.

"If I am, it's because you've taken me here."

She turned to watch more people file in, talking and laughing. And then she saw him—coming towards her, in the middle of a large party. "Tad!" she breathed and prayed that he would notice her while he sat down and turned to the girl on his left—Marion Van Biddle, of course.

Color seeped up her neck, spread into her cheeks, as her heart doubled its beat.
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**RADIO MIRROR**

**What would he say when he saw her**

**her, recognized the man she was with?**

It didn’t really matter, she had so much to look for it was such a joy to him at last.

Jan stirred restlessly. “What’s so special,” he asked.

**Mickey**

**came back to earth with a start.**

“Nothing,” she said and managed to keep looking at Jan instead of behind her.

She was powdering her nose when she felt him standing beside her. “Mickey.”

She whirled to face Tad, her lips parted in breathless expectation.

**Hello, Tad,**

**whispered, smiling,**

and as Jan stood up, “Tad,” this was Jan Parrish. Jan, Tad, Byron.

**Aren’t you Miss Crall’s partner at the Center?**

Tad nodded brusquely. He was frowning when he said to Mickey.

“I can’t believe it,” she thought. I thought you were in Poughkeepsie.

“I know, I changed my mind the morning you moved.”

**Why didn’t you let me in on it?**

Tad growled. “You shouldn’t be staying here alone. I’d have been worried sick if I’d known. A swell way to treat me when I promised your dad I’d look out for you.

**Mickey**

**wasn’t sure whether he was**

**joking or not.** She hoped so when she said, “How could I tell you if you moved without leaving any address? And besides you’re not taking quite a sudden interest in my all.”

**She**

**knew the minute she had spoken that**

**Tad had been serious, that he was**

**angry with her. She wished she’d told anything.** Jan had been too late, the damage was done. Without another word, he turned on his heel and left.

“Very well, you thought of a minute for him to be going spakky.”

**He certainly acted that way,**

**Mickey**

**said, indignant and**

**hurt. You’d think I was a nautical thing in the act.**

Jan stared at her, the damage had been done. Before Tad and hit her lip to stop its trembling. After waiting so long to see him and then to have it work out this way.

**But cheer up,**

**Jan**

**replied, “I’m glad he’s gone. We have more important things at stake right now. I want you to meet old friend of mine. Jan, you’ll be thrilled with him.”**

Standing, he took her arm and they walked to the band stand, where Ray Noble was still playing.

**“Hi!”**

**Jan**

**greeted, shaking hands with the orchestra leader. “How are things going?”**

Pulled Mickey forward. “Ray, this is my new friend, Miss Mickey Crall.”

**Noble**

**howed and murmured, “How do you do?” then stepped out in a small circle of light in front of the stand.**

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight a talented young radio star—Jan Parrish!” To the accompaniment of applause, he motioned Jan to his side. “How about a song?” he asked. But Jan shook his head.

“Never mind,” he replied, “but if you people say so, I’d like to introduce my newest protege. Mickey Crall, a recent winner on the Uncle Jim Riley Amateur Hour.

**Noble**

**nudged Jan. “Then have her sing,” he urged.**

**Mickey**

**gasped, “Jan, no! Not me!”**

But Jan paid no attention. “Would you like to see a dress for a minute?” he asked the audience, and waited a minute for the clapping. “Okay,” he said, “and Noble signaled to the band, picking up his baton. It was only because she didn’t have to move that she was able to begin. The spotlight swung around, picked her out, and stayed there. In the blinding glare she felt a complete isolation that put her out of reach of those who were watching her. The orchestra beat out the steady throb of a popular tune and without effort, knowing that Tad was part of the crowd, she melted.”

**The applause was wonderful, any way you looked at it, for it was whole-hearted, spontaneous, warming. Jan helped her back to her seat.**

“Didn’t I tell you? They were crazy about you.”

While smiling her appreciation, her eyes were seeking out Tad. To make her triumph at all complete she must have his approval. He must say okay. And he didn’t appreciate it.

At least his hands barely came together and he was looking over her head, no recognition in his stare. How was she to know he wanted her?

“Not bad, little one, but why leave me out of it?” and how could she guess that her sudden rise to fame without his help was all right with him.

If Mickey had looked back when she reached the exit, she would have seen Tad give his feet to the others, and follow her. But an elevator was waiting for them and its door clanged shut before Tad could catch up. Jan fixed something of herself beside Mickey. “Let’s ride for awhile, before going home.”

“Okay, let’s,” Mickey agreed. They drove in silence most of the time, neither willing to make more than half-hearted attempts at conversation. It was nearly ten when they parted.

By then, the pain in Mickey’s heart had eased a little. “Thanks, mister, for a very comfortable ride,” she said.

She noticed a light in the downstairs parlor.

“Why, one by land—must be expecting the British. Maybe it’d better come in with you.”

Together they made their way up the worn stone steps. As Mickey reached to put her key in the lock, the door swung open. Standing before her was the militant figure of the landlady.

“Fine going on,” she muttered. “You got a caller in the living room. I wouldn’t let him in, only for his face. She pointed a gauntlet finger at the parlor. With Jan close at her heels, Mickey hurried into the waiting room. Who is it know who it is?”

“Tad Byron!” Mickey exclaimed.

**Tad**

**jumped to his feet. He had been**

**here since midnight, and the long wait had put his temper on short leash. It had never been his role before to do the sitting, wondering where Mickey was and why she didn’t come.”**

“**What are you doing here?**”

Mirr

**asked.**

**The directness of the question startled her.**

He hesitated, then blurted out. “I want to find out just why you stayed. After all, it was my fault you came to New York.”

**They**

**couldn’t believe this was really happening. She said, “Thank you very much. I really don’t need anyone to police me.”**

**Saying**

**Tad snapped, “I mean—you’re all alone—here—if anything happened, it would be my fault. I’d get the blame.”**

**Jan stepped forward. Wait a minute. Aren’t you just a bit cocky, what makes you think Mickey’s all alone?”**

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**68**
"You keep out of this, this is my affair," Tad snarled.

"Sorry, but I'm making it mine, too," Jan retorted.

"What?" Mickey said slowly. "Tad, you must be crazy. First you try to send me home and now you find out I didn't go. You're fevered all over town." "Say listen," Tad shouted, "I brought you here and I'm looking out for you as long as you stay."

"Why waste time arguing?" Jan said. "Send him away."

Tad's mouth clamped shut. He took Jan by the coat lapel and said, "I told you to keep out of this."

Instinctively, Jan pushed Tad away, not gently. It was the last straw. Tad's fist curled in a short arc. Caught Jan flush on the jaw, and sent him sprawling to the floor.

Mickey stared down, horrified. "That settles it," Tad barked. "You're going home if I have to take you myself. You're taking the six o'clock train and you're packing right now."

"Home?" Mickey repeated. "Say I'm going home? When I really wanted to go back, when there was some sense in it, you were so wrapped up in yourself and your career, you couldn't hear me. Now, when it's too late, you tell me to go.

SHE knelt on the floor beside Jan and held his head.

"Aren't you coming?" Tad asked, trying to make Mickey look at him. Without moving, she shook her head. She heard Tad turn and run, heard the door slam behind him as Jan groaned and sat up, rubbing a fast discoloring chin.

"I didn't know what I was getting into when I became interested in you," he said. "Look at me, I'm a mess."

He stood, picked up his hat from the chair, and walked with an unsteady gait into the hallway all over after him. "Jan, I'm terribly sorry."

"Forget it," he replied. "It's my fault. I should have known better."

As he opened the front door, she called.

"What time should I report tomorrow for rehearsal?"

Her answer was the door slamming a second time. She started after him, then checked herself. What was the use? And there, alone in the dark hallway without Tad or Jan, all her dreams crumbled down about her ears.

Does Jan's departure mean that Mickey's job on his Hour is lost? And Tad has gone—back to Marion? Read the thrilling climax of Amateurs At Life in the concluding installment in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR, on sale December 24th.

What Did the Stars Look Like When They Were Very Young?

In the next issue of RADIO MIRROR, you will find four full fascinating pages of pictures—each one of a star you know, straight from the family album. Don't miss this number!

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"I TAKE THE 3-MINUTE WAY!"

"At the first hint of blotchy skin...

Jack has another important person on his payroll at equally generous terms. Her name is Mary Livingstone.

I've found that blotchy skin due to constipation can usually be cleared up by taking the right kind of laxative. That means no more jolting, ranking, "all-at-once" cathartics. I take FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—the safe, common-sense way to relieve constipation. Just chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed at night. Its effects are easy, pleasant, and thorough—It goes to work gradually. And how the ladies love it. It's only 15 cents and 25 cents a box.

A THIRD marriage I have in mind is one that almost no one knows about. Certainly the public has never been permitted to hear of it. I mention it now because the peacock princesses of the bar-rails are beginning to talk.

Jack the girl with Annette Hanshaw and the boy is Wally Rose.

It is a Broadway legend that Wally's car broke down in front of the Hanshaw home in the Luxembourg, so several records were sold by the millions. Entering the house to borrow the use of the Hanshaw phone, he heard a teenage girl singing at a piano. It was Annette. In no time at all, he had signed her up to make records for his own company. And married her.

But the world at large didn't learn about it until after Jack the girl with Annette had sung in the world which took Annette to its heart and made her Campus Queen No. 1. I've seen Annette and Wally together in all the studios for four years, ever since she took her first assignment on Show Boat. In all that time, I've never seen any man who showed as much devotion to his wife and protege.

Wally Rose is Annette's manager—but he is more than that. This girl has been the head of her house since she was eighteen, is supporting her family and putting a younger brother through college. Annette is very sensitive. She is excessively shy, by all professional standards, and really needs the encouragement of her friends.

She loved radio in the early days when she sang alone into the mike. The advent of the big invited audiences began her period of fan worship and Jack the girl with Wally has brought her onto a platform and with her back turned to fifteen hundred people. I've seen her refuse to get up on a stage and sing, causing elaborate schemes to restrain her mikes, so she could broadcast from an inconspicuous corner.

What I'm pointing out is this: the girl Wally Rose married has needed much more than an average husband. How much more than even that Wally Rose has been and is today without a doubt. Every broadcast finds him on hand, a glass of water in his hand, a soothing word for any emergency. His job has been to shield and protect; he has often been misunderstood, even ridiculed. But he has taken the rap, doing what he knows is best for Annette. Once, when a certain radio host made an odious remark about the singer's hair, he changed his periscope on its cover, and made her hair red instead of its natural, dark blonde color, he hid that magazine for months, buying copies of it in a place where she passed so she wouldn't see it.

Well, the vultures can talk all they want about marriage. I know a lot what I know. And one fact is this: the Hanshaw career is one that wouldn't have lasted so long if her marriage hadn't lasted. But it has, and she has, too.

One of the tightest little knots in all radio is that which binds together Little Jack the girl with Wally Rose. Little Jack, the girl associated with the name of Tea, was introduced to her several years ago. It wasn't until much later that I learned she was Jack's wife. I had no idea she was associated with Wally Rose. It was one of those love-at-first-sight surprises that stamped eager young girls and boys into solemn vows. They had known each other for some time before they heard the pastor's "I pronounce thee."

And then, ironical, Little Jack became the Mackinaw's delight. Remember the years he spent at the Mackinaw? You didn't hear from radio. The months on end his solo sessions at the piano tinkled into almost every home in America. His fan mail in those days became terrific, and passionate, and tender. The Little voice, and the Little piano technique, it seemed, induced emotional flare-ups along almost every maple-lined avenue in America.

Purposely, the public never heard about Tea Little then, nor did it hear about her when Jack the girl with Wally Rose came to maestro a gaudy thirteen-piece dance band. I watched Jack at the Hotel Lexington's Silver Grill in New York. The debut was superb. But it might have afforded him a better look at the jazz of his own piano when he played, and begged for his autographs.

And I know that and the radio grass widows got busy again, predicting that another shipment of hitherto unruffled combiall was headed for the rocks. The research should have been undertaken. Jack the girl with Wally Rose, the Gregor McYor, the little white lady with a way of her own. Actually, she is Jack Little's partner and manager. When he makes an important business move, she directs it.

So you see why Tea Little has to remain in the shadows behind Jack. Let the world think they are just two friends. Let them send him flowers and notes. It means that she is doing a good job.

Can all that adulation threaten the happiness of Jack the girl with Wally Rose, and have they found together? Both of them will tell you, "Not in a million years." Can secret radio marriages last? Let the Little answer that for you.

Sometimes, one runs into marriages that even escape radio careers. For instance, remember the baby voice of cute Jeannie Lang?

She trotted about town like a gaga. Well, the gaga is out conducted by a hand. She led her always introduced as her brother. I took it all in for too many months. Finally, the news broke that Brother Lang was really Husband Lang. As, he had a responsible job as director of the choir of New York's Calvary Baptist Church.

Somewhere, after that news story, Jeannie Lang cut a picture. She and Buddy Rogers did a series from Chicago and then the networks lost track of her. So did I. Old friends often come out in the cold. I wanted to know what had become of her.

Several months ago, I happened to go to see a show at Calvary Baptist Church. That morning, I found the answer to all our questions. For there was Jeannie Lang, former hotch-potch singer of the kilocyclus, singing in the choir.
for instance, with its little dark stand, holds one of the most exquisite Oriental flasks that I ever saw. It had a white stopper, but the body of it contains an unusual and intriguing scent: water lily! Then that package which holds a large flask of skin perfume with its own attachable littleitizer bulb, is redolent of lilacs. Complete descriptions and prices of these, as well as a still larger selection of men's bath tubs, could be found in the list. I'll send you if you just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your enquiry.

And compacts, that most feminine of all frivolities! Both Kate and I were fascinated by one that you'll see in the illustration, the big flat one with its alternate bars of black and white enamel (or cream and midnight blue. If you prefer): the unusual case in which it comes is white and silver kid, and the vanity itself holds just enough compact cases and loose face, to accommodate 24. You'll also see a handsome box (though you can't see the crimson and gold of its contents) which is double as a compact and matching lipstick in black enamel and gold, in strikingly simple modernistic design. There are others, too, on our little list; we didn't have room to illustrate them all.

You should buy cosmetics and perfumes only for people one knows very, very well,” Kate advises. “I would never give powders or rouges haphazardly, without knowing what brand is that girl's part. For in different cases, one might give a girl's favorite, nothing is nicer than giving matched sets—particularly if the girl doesn't feel she can afford such luxurious extravagance herself. We've purchased a few of these beauty kits and ensembles for you. Of these, one is a simple but delightful set containing harmonizing face powder, rouge and lipstick; this set can be had, very reasonably, in two sizes. Another (the oddly shaped, rather triangular one) that Kate particularly likes, contains electrical gadgets; last Christmas she gave twenty or thirty special coffee percolators and the Christmas before she gave away as many hospitality trays with deluxe toasters. Take a tip from Kate, and look around your favorite department stores to see what specials they are featuring in electrically lighted make-up mirrors and similar accessories for the boudoir which make suitable presents in this season—which which also have magnifying mirror attachments are particularly practical, and there are convenient make-up trays which can be attached to toilet tubs and used while milady is soaking luxuriously in a tepid bath (this is a favorite Hollywood trick when one hasn't much time to dress and make up). Not to mention the unusual roll-top powder boxes now on sale. But these are things you can shop for in your own community and know the joy of discovering something none of your friends has seen yet.

I have a very complete Christmas shopping list, giving all the details about the products. I've described—and many, many—which I'll send you promptly upon receipt of your stamped, self-addressed envelope. And if you have any special beauty problems if you'll write and tell me your troubles!

HE CAN REVOLUTIONIZE YOUR LIFE!

The February RADIO MIRROR gives you the inside story of Dale Carnegie, whose books and lectures have meant happiness and fortune to thousands of despairing people.
process, and the handsome young Don was no millionaire's son; he merely looked like one.

He was a star in that small firmament immediately, playing leading roles in "Lilith," "Cradle Song," "Outward Bound" and "Sugar." He achieved success with such success that his ability made itself known even outside of the Wisconsin campus. When the juvenile lead of a stock company playing in Madison ran into a street car and came out second best, the company's manager, Don's fraternity house and had him summoned tointerpreted the part with which he could do the role that evening.

There were two sides to the part, but Don hadn't learned to study for reciting. A few hours of study application he made his professional debut—and was offered a twenty weeks' contract with the stock company on the spot. Of course he took it.

Honore knew what Don was doing, but only because of what she read in the newspapers. She learned, just once, that he was working in a hospital in Knoxville, Tennessee. She answered, but it was no Romeo and Juliet correspondence.

THAT spring Honore went back to Dubuque, to the Mercy Hospital, and Don Ameche went to Broadway. He played the juvenile lead in "Jerry for Short." He was the son of Fiske O'Hara, and that summer he appeared in various barn dramas in the wilds of Connecticut.

In the winter of 1931 he played the role of "Change the Practice" at the Playhouse in Chicago.

One night just before curtain time a friend of Don's called him on his dressing room phone. His mother, who had written Don's was in town, said, We would like to bring her back stage.

"Make it after the show," Don said recklessly, and we'll go out somewhere for a dance."

To this day he doesn't know what made him say it. He'd never liked blind dates, and this was practically the same thing: a blind date with an old friend. Well, this time he might get a break—he'd known a few cute girls at school, and a few. But this was the last thing that part of his mind, that part which had never forgotten, murmured "Honore." He did actually think of her that night, and resolved he would write her a letter the very next day.

And he did, too. Because the girl couple brought back after the show was Honore Pendergast. She had been offered to the Edgewater Beach to dance, and a very gay time was had by all. It might have been because Honore was so different, so soft and feminine by contrast with the women of the theater, or it might have been a warm spring moon. Certainly some blend of magic was at work that night. It wasn't because Frank had fallen in love exactly, but before they parted they realized that actually they had been in love always.

And so the next day, when Honore returned to Dubuque, Don wrote to her—and for many days thereafter. He had to leave things to the imagination, but they had liked most to stay. But he was booked to tour in vaudeville with Texas Guinan and her girl. Suddenly this trip, to which he had been looking forward for weeks, was the last thing he desired. He felt he was ready to settle down.

But how could a young man who had chosen a wife make a little doleful air? Perhaps he should have stuck to the law, so that he could stay in one spot and have a home. A spot just big enough for him and Honore—by now he was including her in his nebulous plans. And by long distance phone calls, special delivery letters and telegrams, he had seemed to get Honore in the same state of mind.

When the Guinan tour returned to Chicago, Don and Honore were very happy. He saw her for a very dear friend. She was Miss Bernardine Flynn, who had graduated from the University of Wisconsin to become a successful music critic. She had gone one step further—into radio.

It didn't take Bernardine long to persuade Don to try radio. After a short time with the station, he went straight to NBC for an audition, and was given his chance on "The Empire Builders."

This was in June. It had been three months. She had known he was in love with Honore, and he had seen her only briefly and occasionally several times since. Now he was terribly tempted to send for her at once and make it a June wedding. But he wanted to know that his position on radio was secure. The ideas had been on the air for several months. Don's was the leading role—or rather for the various roles, for a First Nighter hero as you may be anywhere. But it was a caballero to a bond salesman. He won acclaim. He has missed but four performances in five years as leading man of that particular feature.

By November he was firmly established in radio. When he asked Honore to name the day he said, "Any day." But it took Don longer to improve his work, and the couple had to wait. But in December Honore, as the wife of Honore's parents, wrote them that he would take care of the personnel for the ceremony, that they needn't worry about a clergyman. It seemed a little odd to them, but they knew Don must have a reason.

He did. It was one which proves that he is just as romantic as the roles he plays. On the morning of the great day, there was a distinguished call from the very priest who had introduced Dominick Felix Ameche to his make-believe princess, nearly eight years before. He became a Catholic in the University in Washington, D. C., and had come all the way to Dubuque at Don's request, to perform the ceremony.

He had planned as a boy, is still very important to Don Ameche. He now plays the lead in Grand Hotel as well as First Nighter. He wants always to improve in his work, and hopes he can be in radio forever. Not even the movies; which seem a distinct possibility at the moment, because radio seems to be in a bit of a raspberry and where he made a series of tests, will ever woo him entirely away from radio.

All right. Don has a lot of feminine fans, but they don't give him much of a flutter emotionally. He is distinctly a one-woman man, and he doesn't want any other at a time, either. He wants fame, and fortune, and fun—to pile at Honore's feet.

In spite of all this devotion, Don has a little time for Little Don. He is Junior age two. That isn't all. We don't think Don meant to tell, but he couldn't help it, he's that proud. Little Don will probably have a lot of feminine fans too.

I guess that'll fix you gals who think an Adonis cannot possibly be thoroughly domesticated!
his anger mounted. At last he said, all the pain in his heart spilling over into his voice:

"All right, then, go on the stage! But remember this, You are leaving your home and your children. If ever you come back to it—never again! When this show business has made a bum out of you living in some cheap hotel, hungry and sober, you'll remember what the home you could have had, if you'd had the sense to keep it!"

He added the ultimatum. Only one who knows the solidarity of true family life can realize what it cost him to defy his father and leave him in anger.

"All right, father!" Jack replied quietly. "But that isn't what I think about. If I get to be like you—a bum—it won't be because I went on the stage. It'll be because I haven't any home!"

The anger drained out of Kubelsky's heart. He had a swift, terrible vision of what Jack's life might be. Not the physical and financial hardships, they didn't matter. He'd had to endure them himself, when he was a boy in his teens, he had left his native Russia and come to America, to escape the long period of compulsory military service forced on everyone in East Europe.

But he had not left his parents in anger. That made all the difference. Through all the hardships of starting life in Chicago as a peddler, he had been conscious of his parents' love, even though they were thousands of miles away. He had not been so alone, somehow, not alone at all. Embittered Jack would be if he sent him away now. He realized that knowing he had a home, filled with sympathy and understanding, to return to if all else went to hell, might spell the difference between success and failure for his boy.

"You are right, son," he said. "I can say anything more. I wish you luck, but—but you will always be welcome, whatever happens, here with your mother and me."

So Jack took the surname of Benny and in company with another boy, a pianist, formed the vaudeville team of Benny and Woody. They played the circuits at first, of course. Jack Benny was not a conductor in those days—that came later, during the war, after he had made a totally unexplicable drop to the status of a "mural" in a Navy comic strip. The Benny and Woody act was straight music, but it was good, and gradually bookings became better and more plentiful.

Every week Jack sent a good part of his pay envelope home to his father. If he did not send as much as usual, he wrote and explained why the amount was short. Kubelsky did not use the money for himself; the understanding was that it was Jack's money, to be saved and invested in the business.

"Only once did Kubelsky draw upon the sum. That was in 1915, when he was declared a bankrupt and lost his store in Waukegan. A week later, Jack entered an engagement in Chicago. With shocked amazement, he learned of the disaster."

"They've taken my money," he cried. "Or wire and ask me for it, if you didn't want to take it?"

"I wouldn't take it without asking you first," he said, and Jack knew asked you, you would say 'yes' without hesitating, but I would not know if you meant 'yes.'"

"Well, you'll take it now," Jack insisted; and Kubelsky did, using it to establish himself in a new store in Lake Forest, where he is now."

"Tears came to my eyes," he confessed to me, "Yes I cried, a grown man, I could not help it."

The financial arrangement between father and son endured even after success had come to Jack, even until six years ago, three years after Jack's marriage to Vivien Livingstone. Not until then did Mr. Benny say that now, he thought, he could take care of his own finances.

Jack and Mary were married in January of 1927, just two weeks after Jack's sister, Florence, had become the bride of Leonard Fenchel. Florence's wedding had taken place in New York, while Jack was working in Chicago. A few days after his arrival, he told his father that he wanted to be married, too. There was a girl he'd met in Los Angeles.

Kubelsky said nothing for a day or two. Then, "I want you to ask this girl to come to Chicago in time for Florence's wedding. And for Sunday dinner with us."

The arrangements were made. Mary gave up her job in Los Angeles, came out to Chicago, was present at the wedding. The Sunday dinner, a ceremonial Sunday dinner, was accomplished. And Jack took Mary back home to Chicago.

When he returned to Los Angeles, his father said gravely, "Jack, I want you to do me a favor.""

"What is it, Father?" asked Jack nervously.

"I want you to get married before we go to Florida next week," Kubelsky said, letting drop the mask of solemnity he had worn, and grinning broadly.

When he had finished telling me this, Kubelsky smiled and reached for a slip of yellow paper lying on his desk. "I've made so happy yesterday," he said. "Look." It was a telegram, printed on a special Jewish New Year blank: "Happy New Year to Grandfather from his loving granddaughter Joan."

Joan is the baby girl Jack and Mary adopted a year ago, already, as dear to them as their own. Since she is not still several years short of being able to write telegrams herself, the source of the New Year's greetings was obvious.

As we sat there, Jack and I, his eyes grew misty with memories—memories of Jack's childhood and maturity, incidents which vividly revealed the man as only his father knows him.

He began to take music lessons when he was only six years old," Kubelsky said. "His violin teacher wouldn't let him play anything but scales for three years—scales and 'Home Sweet Home.' He said to Jack, 'When you get tired of scales you can play 'Home Sweet Home.' but nothing else.'"

"He wouldn't practice unless his mother and I would listen—no! And when his grandfather and grandmother came to visit us, then is when he was happy! He would line up a row of chairs in the parlor, and we would all sit and listen while he played his scales and 'Home Sweet Home.'"

"He was always so generous, just like he is now. Once when he was a little boy, he asked me and my grandmother to come to a movie. We gave it to him, and he went away, but in a few minutes he was back. 'Didn't you go to the movie? I asked him.

"'No,' he said. 'I asked you for a dime to get something to eat, so I gave my money to him.'"
He never used to riding his own bicycle, always he would have loaned it to some other boy. And once—you know, they beggars make marks on houses to show which ones they can find food at? I believe it, because always beggars would turn in at our gate. One time Mrs. Kubelsky told a man who came to the door to wait outside, and when she came back with some food he was gone. "He must have misunderstood me and thought I said no," she said; and Jack was so angry with her! Now, Mother, see what you've done!" he said, and went running down the street to catch the man and bring him back."

By the way, before I read this, Mayer Kubelsky will be with Jack, either in Hollywood or Florida. For years Jack has given his father several weeks in Florida every winter, and the very first thing Jack asks when he comes home is, "Often Jack is there, too," Kubelsky told me, "and every morning before he leaves the hotel, he comes into my room and kisses me good morning."

What's New on Radio Row (Continued from page 10)

The Monitor Man Says

A COSMETIC concern got the idea Count and Countess Covendaga of Spain would be a great attraction. And offered them $40,000 for a series of thirteen broadcasts. Asturias and his bride who are visiting this country politely rejected the proposition. They thought their appearance on the air under commercial auspices undignified, a stand applauded by deserving and talented entertainers unable to find sponsors.

Another sponsor has offered the services of little Shirley Temple, offering the sum of $3,500 per broadcast. It, too, was promptly declined by the Witts. Shirley can't read and it would require days for her to memorize the lines of a radio script. With her movie work it would be a physical impossibility for the child to undertake a radio series besides.

The Mutual Broadcasting System is a very elastic organization. An advertiser may take only two of the stations if he likes or a hook-up of fifty, or more stations. WOR, the Eastern outlet of the system, by the way, now has a new master telephone. It resembles a billiard ball in size and shape, the head being "shaved." It is mounted on a long, slender stand similar to a typewriter stand. Because of these new developments radio technicians call it the "Eight Ball Mike."

After a certain Thursday night show in Studio 8 A in Radio City a check-up revealed three microphones of the ribbon velocity type missing. Souvenir-minded members of the boys' group had walked off with them. Since then detectives stand at the exits examining departing spectators with a fine tooth comb or whatever it is that has been used under such circumstances.

As predicted here last month Paul Whiteman made the air lines shortly after January 1st with the best contract of his career. A soap company will pay him in a period of three years over a $110,000. Paul Whiteman has quite control over his program having final say not only to the type of music to be presented but also the other entertainers on the program.

Harry Engman Charlott, creator of "The Shadow," sinister figure of the radio and printed pages, was found dead in a cheap Bowery hotel under circumstances as mysterious to the police as any strange deaths he concocted for his fiction characters. An autopsy revealed poisoning. His heart failure was first ascribed as the cause of his demise. Detectives were still trying to solve the mystery when we went to press.

Burgess Meredith, last winter a big favorite with the dailies as "Red Davis," is big hit in the Broadway drama, "Wintersetter." The popular juvenile star stole the show away from the veteran star, Richard Bennett, of the three goddess Bennett brothers.

"Why isn't Roxy on the air any more?" is a question frequently asked of the Monitor Man. I dunno unless it is because he maybe he doesn't have to work. Recently Roxy received $179,000, settlement from the RKO-Rockefeller interests for being tossed out of the Radio City theaters despite a long-term contract. That sum ought to keep the wolf away from Roxy's door—for a time, any way.

Traffic reports week by week are the output of (Miss) Irene Phillips of Chicago. She concocts "Today's Children," "Welcome Valley" and "Masquerade" in all heard of. Produces "Today's Children" and "Masquerade" each appear five times weekly and "Welcome Valley," starring Edgar A. Guest, once a week, as does "The Shock of the Century." "Mother Moran" and "Katherine Crane in "Today's Children," you see Miss Phillips keeps very busy.

"Beverly Va-rities," is never seen without what appears to be a red carnation in his coat lapel. Over 20 years ago the real thing of course, the other substitute, a rubber bon tonniere. It is proving satisfactory to everybody but Shaw's florist. It is the number one automobile license plate. That's the number on Broadway where his offices are located.

I dare accuse Jane Froman of being promiscuous with her kisses. During the shooting of "Stars Over Broadway" she refused to meet lips with Jimmy Durante. Anybody but Jimmy can kiss any man but her husband, meaning Don Ross, of course.

You might call off your chapeau to "Jumbo," the musical circus at the New York Hippodrome, now being etherized every Tuesday night by Ed Wynne's former sponsor. It costs $125 to broadcast it each week—the most costly program on the air.
COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands on your throat and windpipe dry out, or else the phlegm irritates your throat, making you cough. It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "corresponds" the glands — loosens phlegm — soothes your cough away.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Inquiry Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

"Swim or Cry!" — NEVER FADES OR RUNS PERMANENT DARKER FOR Eyebrows and Eyelashes Absolutely Safe, Not a Mascara. — One Application lasts to 5 months. Trial size, 25¢. Regular size, 12 Applications. $1. Box.

Address "DARK EYES" Dept. A. 412 O'lint St., Chicago, III.

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With one of the finest perfume fragrances made in Paris, France. Sell regularly $2.50 to $10 the do.

Five choice fragrances

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2. ROSE
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For a full list of prices, send 25c for one of the following: Aromatic Oils, 1 oz.; 31-A. Fragnace Samples, 3 c.; VIM, 1 oz.; Quart Flasks, 6 c.

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Clear enlargement, black, full length or bust group, photos or home-made pictures, 11 x 14 inches, $2; for 1 c., $3; for 2 c., $4; for 3 c., $5; for 4 c., $6; for 5 c., $7. Send 25c for catalogue. Enlargements for Kodak, Mayo cameras, 3 c.

SEND NO MONEY!

3 c. 199

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Send 3 c. for 11 x 14 inch enlargement. Special price for 3 11 x 14 inch enlargements, $1.50. Beautifully done by long time professional. For 3 c., send 3 c. for 11 x 14 inch enlargement. Illustrated by beautifully copied frame patterns. Use your old photos and get new ones, in beautiful frames.

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Get a fine start in Home Art Craft. Send for free lesson. Work at home, in spare time, with materials furnished for children and grownups. Write for free lesson. Send 50c for illustrated catalogue.

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Rathe A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, due to riding horseback and playing tennis with a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A railroad man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 39 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We want your honest opinion in your own case, the Phile Burh Appliance is light, cool, greatly relieves pain and easily adjusted—how different from the old cast-steel, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of every one.

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Print your name, your case, so we can give you definite Information at once.

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ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller 50 cents, larger 75 cents. In every case, group, action, or group, includes all necessary finishing, mounting, framing and transportation of all your negatives.

SEND NO MONEY just show this ad with it and we will advance you the cost of your order. Take advantage of our special offer. Free use of latest enlarged sizes. Special offer for less than 100 cents.

BURLINGTON BUREAU, Div. H. L. B. Louis, Mo. Mention RADIO MIRROR for free catalog and special offers, stamp, 3c. 4c. 10c. 15c. REA ENT FREE.

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $20 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New Jersey, $90 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. Adams $300 for a few old coins. I want my old money and stamps, any kind, circulated, worn, rare or common. I pay big cash premiums, such as 500 for $1000 for a 10¢ stamp of the 1850's. Pay $100 for Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other rare and old issues for coins. Get in touch with me. Send for Large Illustrated Catalog and further information. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to:

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(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

fruit. A small price for a broker and an electric mixer with unbreakable, fireproof bowls also should be added to your list of costlier gifts.

In any event, if you would like any help with your gift buying, write to me and I shall be happy to serve you. And for last minute Christmas preparations, I have a list of holiday desserts and candies which I am sure will appeal to you. Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. And please don't forget to send that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Nino Martini's Hidden Sacrifices

(Continued from page 27)

themselves sacrificed their lives to artistic achievement? Besides, Nino was in a partnership, now. The Zenatello's had given up everything for him. He could not let them down.

For four long years he underwent a grueling preparation, this lessoning in Spanish, French, and Italian. Scales, and more scales. Dramatic. Musical history. And above all, voice control, that long-drawn, tedious and uninspiring exercise which now makes it possible for Nino to sing with equal success for the sensitive microphone of radio or pictures, or in the world of the Metropolitan Oratorio.

Then came his first professional engagement and with them the new problem of overcoming that first night fright. For Nino was very shy.

All this time he was straining at the bit to get to making money so that he could help his mother with the family. So when Jose Lasky heard him sing at a party in Paris and offered him what seemed to him fabulous money to go to Hollywood, he was in a quandary.

It was even going there where he would not be able to see his mother and his sisters for long months. It would mean being away from his adored parents, the Zenatello's. On the other hand, it would mean having money to send home for the first time in his life. He took the offer.

For the next few months Nino was a pretty miserable boy. He was homesick. His schedule denied him even the companionship he might have found at parties. Everything was strange to him, the language, the customs, the studios. He understood so little of it, except the essential fact that after one picture the next was always started, so that he never had a chance to materialize and he was on his way back to New York, disappointed, bewildered, and lonelyer than ever.

The Zenatello's came over. There was an audition for the Columbia Broadcasting System and presently Nino had found the way again.

Now there was radio with its long grinding hours of rehearsal, not substituted for his other routine, for a singer's preparation, new ends. He must train like an athlete. He must study like a scientist.

Then came the Metropolitan, and Nino's debut triumph. For him, this singer who had worked his way up doggedly through motion pictures and radio to the Golden Horseshoe, but for Nino the triumph was dimmed by the fact that his mother, his sisters could only learn of it second hand, when he had dreamed of having them present, so they could hear him.

By now he had his hands full. Even the few precious hours he had once had to himself were gone, over to the million and one odd details of an artist's career—interviews, photographs, contracts. Occasionally he had time to go to parties. Nino loves parties. He loves people, laughter, gayety. But when he was offered cigarettes, he must smile and say no. Often when he was offered a drink, he must smile and shake his head. He must decline invitations to sing lest he strain his voice. And no matter how merry the gathering, promptly at eleven-thirty he must say good night. For a singer must have all the sleep he can manage, eight, nine, ten hours.

But he hardly understood. Nino could not bear not to be thought a good sport. So except for special occasions, he gave up parties altogether.

In the years since Nino had first gone out to Hollywood, the movie people had learned how to make simple pictures. And they had learned to appreciate Martini. He went out this second time a conqueror. He was given a star's dressing room. The best talent available was commandeered for his picture, 'Here's to Romance.'

It was a great triumph, this Hollywood success, even the over-dramatic whom triumph had become a familiar experience. He arranged to go home for one of his visits as soon as the picture was over. He'd have something to tell them all! Perhaps, before long, they might even see the picture for themselves.

He engaged passage. Then he learned that his mother was seriously ill. The day before he was to sing his great Pagliacci aria, he received word that she had died.

Production had to go on. He sang Pagliacci as scheduled. Into it he poured all his sorrow. According to his other achievements, Martini is now being hailed as a great singing star of motion pictures. He is being rewarded for his years of self-denial with critical and popular acclaim. With the reassuring knowledge that his growth as an artist is consistent, steady and normal. No one could be more appreciative of these rewards than Martini. But no one knows better that success too has its price. For he pays it.

COMING SOON! The untold story of Helen Hayes and her marriage to that legendary figure, Charles MacArthur. Read all about their amazing relationship that has brought them so much happiness.
the people who take part didn't feel just as friendly toward you, the radio audience, as you do toward them, it would fail flat.

That's why the Barn Dance gets the sort of response for sponsors that makes sales managers smile right out loud—let alone, the untouchable, loyal to the idea. Don't think they don't know it. George Biggar, WLS program director, has had plenty of tempting offers to change the name and spirit of the Barn Dance in order to sell more time on it for commercial purposes. But unless a program of a lifetime is going to get a new name, the Barn Dance, he quickly realizes he will have to look elsewhere.

We know they are sincere, because we watched them the all-singing, all-dancing, all-leaping Barn Dance. They called it a rehearsal, anyway. We never saw one like it—nor, for that matter, a radio station like WLS. We climbed the stairs in the modest Prairie Farmer Building out on Washington Boulevard and finally found the young man who was to take us around. He wasn't much like the "radio man" that we had been expecting, for he was a little box of an office which looked as though it was really worked in, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. He didn't look much like a director, but shook hands and we went to work.

HERE was no black and chromium elegance, no buzzers and no minions to answer them. The studio walls were bare, the rooms small and full of people. When we met them we discovered they were radio stars, but they looked more like folks, visiting around, working on musical arrangements, or tuning up, getting ready to practice. (We can't say rehearse.)

This is one big reason the Barn Dance programs have that fresh, extemporeaneous feeling—the fact that there has never been a formal dress rehearsal. The gang just meets there to practice.

In one corner Verdie, Lee and Mary, (Lee and Verdie Hassell and Evelyn Wood), as cute a trio as we've seen in a year of radio interviews, were crooning "Gee Whiz, I'm Gonna Get Myself a Horseshot." In the Old Hayloft. Uncle Ezra, sans beard, with a complexion that looked as though he had just come in from plowing all day, was the singer. (WLS radio director.) Ralph Waldo Emerson towered over his little Haywire Organ. John Brown fingered over a piano patchily, and between them the harmonics Hilltoppers tried out a new-old song as we sat in the control room listening. Suddenly from behind us came the sound of a crackly rhythm. It was from the newest studio, so new it had no glass at the window. We turned to behold the Hooster Hotshots in full swing, a performance that had started just as near as the ear. We couldn't decide which ring to watch.

We have the bands with all four Hotshots, captivated by the native charm of Hez- zie, a tall, lanky chap whose real name is Kenneth Trietsch. It was his "zie" speaking with a pure country accent which looks like your washboard with Rolls-Royce accessories. We counted five kinds of horns, a cowbell and a bicycle bell, two green lights and a flashing cymbal.

Hezzie plays the zither with a small silver thimble on the end of each finger, on the other hand he gets as many effects as a Wurlitzer organ, plus a few Wurlitzer never thought of. There is something about this native Indianan music which no one can resist.

We met Henry Burrr, dean of ballad singers, whose melting tenor voice, in the grand manner, has sold 300,000 cylinder records of "Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night." We enjoyed talking with John Lair, and inspecting his fine library of Barn Dance lore. We learned that the Barn Dance is so appealing, when one who loves folk music as John Lair does is largely responsible for it.

After meeting the personnel of WLS, it is easy to understand why the Barn Dance has such a pull on the heartstrings of so many people. Almost believe the claim they make, which is true and yet is so fantastically unbelievable: Every twenty-five seconds somebody writes a letter to the 140-station network.

It may be a hick station, but it is the giant of the airwaves when it comes to mail. If it offers a photograph of a popular star or a much loved personality, from ten to 25,000 fans get out their pens and pencils to send that post card or letter. One evening an announcer wondered into the windows of the WLS store and stayed up after ten thirty to listen to the Barn Dance. Exactly 10,483 replies of "You bet we do!" were bunched up in a week. So mail does go to their heads—they're used to it.

But back in 1924, the tremendous response which came in after the first Barn Dance was broadcast from the old Sears Roebuck station in the Sherman Hotel did get them excited. They realized they had something, and have proceeded ever since to keep that something very close to their hearts throughout the years.

The station changed headquarters and ownership one or two times, yet it was always, as you know, by the Prairie Farmer. But the formula, the feel of the Barn Dance has never changed. It is still as simple as ABC, and this blessed simplicity is what makes it impossible to imitate. It has been tried with bigger and better names, but a nary a single imitation has the genuine, homely flavor or sincerity of the one and only original.

People have always had to attend the Barn Dance in person. The tiny Sherman Hotel studios were always stuffed on Saturday nights. When they moved to the Prairie Farmer Building it was the same. WLS radio director. So when they realized that tickets were reserved for seven months ahead they knew something must be done. So they rented part of a theater, and if there was a charge, those who really wanted to see the show could manage to do so.

APARENTLY everyone and his uncle, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts really wanted to come and could scrape up the necessary capital. They could have taken in the Eighteenth Street Theater that first night, for over a thousand people were turned away. The press has not been fair to People from all over these Delighted States and Canada came, and plenty more still make the quaint old theater south of the Loop their first stop in Chicago. And WLS studio moguls thought of it as a way of keeping crowds down!

When one tries to mention the people who have helped build the success of the Barn Dance, he gets into deep water. There are so many. George Dewey Hay, the Solemn Old Judge, was the first master of ceremonies. Marshall Field and Joseph Pulitzer, popularity; A. F. of L., are a pair of veterans at the job, and Jolly Joe Kelly is the present introducer.

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair

Cheat You

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It seems: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair number one be musted—it costs one a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on it, and afterwards only once or twice a week. It costs nothing. (Continued on next page.) Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imitates color and charm and abolishes gray hair forever. Gray hair remains healthy. Gray hair is more attractive in a week or two and users report the change in the face and hands in a month. Write for free samples.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak with our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK cold 25c today and send me a coupon to United Redi-Medical, Dept. 441, 80, 16th St., Chicago. We will deliver FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of RUBAK Shampoo.

BACKACHES
due to MOTHERHOOD

Having a baby puts a terrible strain on a woman, and if you are one who suffers years of suffering, Alcock's Floor Backs are just right. They help to relieve the tenseness of muscles and cause of years of suffering. Alcock's Floor Backs are just right. They help to relieve the tenseness of muscles and cause of years of suffering.

"Backache is, Osining, N. Y."

A

This wide mouth Nursing bottle and nipple are easiest to clean. Ask your doctor.

HYGEIA

BOTTLES AND NIPPLES

KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP

TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!

The scientific, new flashlight lamp revolutionizes night lighting! Automatic spark makes the lamp easy to light. Double burner, with the kerosene lamp, makes the lamp ideal for both gas and liquid. Makes hazy room bright. Can be used with flashlight lamp or lantern. The lamp burns even on a windy night. Easy to load. All parts readily removable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free samples.

30-DAY TRIAL IN YOUR HOME! What will happen? Try with no risk. Bids. Write for sample and list of dealers.

AGENTS!

Alertness makes opportunities followed. Write at once.

125 Lamp Blge.

ARON, OHIO
Ford and Glenn were once an act on the Barn Dance. Tony Wons wandered in soon after WLS started, begging for a chance to read Shakespeare. A lovely blonde girl who sang in the College Inn came upstairs one night to sing a song. Her name was Ruth Etting.

Bradley Kincaid and Gene Autry, since graduated to Radio City, first sang their sweet-sad cowboy and mountain balads against the backdrop of the Old Hayloft. The original Maple City Four, who are also the Sinclair Quartette, still lend their harmonies to the Saturday night festivities.

Lulu Belle, that red-headed rowdy in calico dress and hightop shoes, with braids down her back, is close to the top in a popularity contest in a weekly radio sheet. Lulu Belle sings as sweetly as any bird—old songs you wouldn't know unless your memory stretches back much farther than hers. She was born in Kentucky, and inherited from her native hills many old melodies which were popular in the fmely purple nineties. Then there's Skyland Scotty Wiseman, sort of going with Lulu Belle—or is it just that she's always going for him?

WE must make special mention of John Lair, director of the Ridge Runners, who is really a top authority on early American tunes. He also makes the sound you think is a bass viol. But (secret) that sound is really made by blowing across the mouth of an empty jug, a trick he learned some fifteen years ago in his native hills. John Lair comes from the real Renfro Valley in Kentucky, the very valley from which the imaginary scene of the Old Hayloft takes its name.

All of the Ridge Runners are authentic mountaineers, in or out of costume—including Home County, Michigan, the champion old-time fiddler of the South. "Swing er, Slim!" Hugh Cross writes many of the songs the Runners sing. He is a Columbus recording star, but around the studio's he's the "boy from Smoky Mountain." Hartford Connecticut Taylor is an authority on railroad music, and strums the guitar, while Taylor Davis is adept with the peculiar quaver in his voice.

They're some of the swellest people in the world. Someway that is the quality they manage to send out over the air. That's why, as one enthusiastic listener wrote in, "The Barn Dance is great! It's better than sulphur and molasses after a hard winter."

And much more palatable.

---

Arlene Francis, network dramatic actress.
Smythe, born in San Francisco and destined for a legal career, is a stage veteran. His father, born in Jugo Slava, ran away at nine to become a cabin boy on a sailing ship, and prospected for gold in California’s hills before owning several restaurants in San Francisco.

Mimetta Ellen's parents thwarted her childhood ambitions to become an actress. So she married and raised a family.

Both find sympathetic reaction to the RFC's plan. "Claudia, having had a family of her own, is right at home in mothering her "radio chicks," as she terms the other members of the cast.

"One of the script's most interesting and popular characters is Paul Barbour, played by Michael Raffetto, who was born in 1900 in Placerville, the Hangtown of California's early-day Mother Lode area. His pioneer family still owns the famous Placerville Inn, where covered wagons stopped to water the horses after crossing the plains to the gold fields.

He studied law at the University of California, then tried acting in Hollywood. Progress was slow. When talks arrived he gave drama to more successful aspirants. He has practiced law in the San Francisco Federal courts.

P A U L's oldest sister, Hazel, played by Bernice Bervin, is another University of California graduate. Prominent in dramas on the campus she later played in stage roles with Edward Everett Harin, Leo Carrillo, and Marjorie Rambeau. She has a two year old son and lives in the tallest apartment building in San Francisco overlooking the Golden Gate.

Perhaps the most glamorous real life character in the story is Beth Holley—played by Barbara Jo Allen. Her biography reads like a Cook's tour. Born in New York she was educated at the Sorbonne in Paris, and Stanford and California universities. She has lived much of her life in Cuba, Italy, Switzerland, Sicily and North Africa.

Kathleen Wilson, who plays sister Claudia, is a young Stanfordian whose father, Ben F. Wilson, is a well known lecturer and author. As a child she traveled with him through England, when he was working with Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden, during the youth of the British Labor Party.

The moral to the story, if any, is Morrie's own explanation that it is one thing to boost a program to the pinnacle, and quite another to keep it there. But judging from America's response to "Mrs. Man's Family," he's doing a good job of keeping it at the top.
COMING NEXT MONTH

$25,000.00 MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

You May Win as Much as $2500 for a Few Hours Work. Prepare Now to Take Advantage of this Splendid Opportunity

In accordance with our usual procedure there will be no Manuscript contest during December. But as you will have noted by the headlines of this page, a great new $25,000 Manuscript Contest begins in January.

There will be dozens of prizes ranging downward from a magnificent first prize of $2500 to the substantial sum of $250, which is the smallest amount that will be awarded to any winning story in this contest. In addition, in all probability we will purchase at regular word rates many other stories which, although acceptable for publishing, fall slightly below prize winning quality.

Get Your Share of This Money

Already we have paid upwards of a quarter of a million dollars for stories, for the most part to people who heretofore had never written a word for publication. The chances are that the major portion of the new $25,000 appropriation will also be paid to persons who have never before written for publication.

So, if you have lived one or more dramatic stories or if you know stories of this kind that have been lived by friends, relatives or acquaintances, by all means prepare now to submit them as early in January as possible and get your share of this money. In order to take fullest advantage of this opportunity your first step should be to sign and mail the coupon provided for your convenience at the bottom of this page. Immediately upon receipt we will send you 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. By acting at once you will be able to have your story well along or completely finished for submittal early in January.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
1926 BROADWAY ——— NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled—"What You Should Know About Writing True Stories".

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Name
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City, State

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Use This Coupon for Valuable Information
SAVE 50% by BUYING YOUR RADIO Direct from MIDWEST LABORATORIES

Glorious Tone Realism... World-Wide Entertainment Guaranteed! with New 1936 SUPER DELUXE

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WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

59 50 with New GIANT THEATRE-SONIC SPEAKER

TERMS AS LOW AS $5 00 DOWN

Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

JACK DENNY ENTHUSIAVES OVER TONE REPRODUCTION

My Midwest is a wonderful instrument. The tone quality is remarkably clear, and it surpasses any set I have ever owned. I sincerely believe that my Midwest is the finest radio available.

TODAY'S FINEST RADIO SAYS TED FIO RITO

My new Midwest is finest radio I have ever had pleasure of hearing. Bass-Treble control is marvelous... enables one to best ever instrument in orchestra.

METAL TUBES

This Midwest is engineered from the ground up to use either the new METAL tubes or glass-metal counterpart tubes. Outlet sockets and newest circuits permit use of either type... just as you desire.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG


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City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

Check here, if interested in Midwest All-Wave Battery Radio
Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an acceptable gift—such an easy solution of your problem. Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.

A Christmas special—1 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the welcome gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for themselves than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.
What a whirlwind money maker!

NEW! NOVEL! SENSATIONAL!

PORTRAIT RING

A GOLDEN HARVEST OF BIG, QUICK, EASY PROFITS

For Men and Women

This is it! The hottest, most sensational, most gripping selling idea of the year! THE PORTRAIT RING—the ring that recreates a beautiful old custom and brings it up to date! Men and women everywhere, rich and poor, young and old, want it to wear and to keep their whole lives long. Why? Because on this beautiful ring is permanently reproduced, in hand-tinted, lifelike colors, any photo, snapshot or picture of some loved one. Yes—reproduced clearly and sharply and made part of the ring itself so it can't rub off, come off or fade off. A tremendous hit! Men and women—even those without an hour's selling experience—are taking dozens of orders a day. Profits shower down upon them simply showing their sample Portrait Ring. And now, in your territory, YOU can cash in big, every day, with this sensational new success and make money so easily it will seem more like play than work.

A Priceless Remembrance—Sells to Everyone

Once women carried pictures of their loved ones in lockets; and men carried them in watch cases. Those days are gone, but the desire to keep with one always a life-like portrait of a beloved child, mother, sweetheart, father or friend is as strong as ever. Not until the amazing secret process for transferring pictures to rings was discovered, was it possible to revive this beautiful old custom and to satisfy the hunger of every human being to express again this grandest of all sentiments. How mothers and fathers will welcome this opportunity to wear a ring with the most precious setting of all—a picture of their beloved child! How happy every man and woman will be to keep alive the memory of a departed one by wearing with them always, night and day, this beautiful Portrait Ring!

LOOK!

$1.00 PROFIT FOR YOU EVERY RING

Never before has anything like this come your way. No competition from anyone—no looking for prospects (they are all around you)—no carrying a big stock or putting any money into goods. Simply showing this ring a few times a day, if you only start with your friends and neighbors, will be enough to give you an endless flow of customers. Every person who owns a Portrait Ring shows it to a friend, and soon you have an endless chain of orders. Hundreds of customers write they wouldn't take a fortune for their rings if they couldn't get others. $2.00 and even $10.00 would be a small price for the PORTRAIT RING—but the immense popularity of this starting idea has made it possible for us to make and reproduce it in this form at an absolutely amazing price. Any Photo, Snapshot or Picture Permanently Reproduced on a Beautiful Hand-Tinted Lifetime Ring Made to Measure to Fit Any Size

For only $2.00 retail—look what you offer! A made-to-measure onyx-like ring adorned with the most precious setting in the world—a reproduction of the picture of a loved one, in beautiful hand-tinted lifelike colors. The ring itself can't tarnish. It will wear forever with ordinary care. The picture of the loved one is clearly, sharply reproduced with surprising faithfulness and becomes an inseparable part of the ring. It can't wear off, rub off, or fade off. There is the beloved face on the ring, a constant companion night and day. Each ring is individually made to measure and shipped in beautiful Gift Box. Picture returned unharmed with ring.

All You Need Is a Portrait Ring On Your Finger

Just let your friends and everyone you meet see your sample Portrait Ring! That's all you need to do to take in dollars of profit by the handful! Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts—EVERYONE—wants it! Many folks order from you even from as far away as 12 rings to give to friends and family. 10 orders a day are an easy goal. Even 20 orders a day are not too much to expect. And only 10 orders a day will pay you $60.00 a week clear profit!

Just Mail Coupon for Your SAMPLE HAND-TINTED RING
You Don't Risk a Penny!

We cut away all red tape, we dispense with the wasted time of sending you circulars. We want you to send for a SAMPLE RING now and the minute you take it out of the beautiful Gift Box in which it comes, you are ready to go after the orders. Live wire men and women who sense the profit-power of the Portrait Ring will waste no time in writing letters, but will rush the coupon here for a sample ring. That's all the outfit you need. It will do all your selling for you. And we make it easy for you to obtain this sample ABSOLUTELY FREE OF A PENNY COST under our liberal offer. Don't wait. Rush the coupon at once for the sample ring on our NO RISK plan and see for yourself what a whirlwind money-maker this is for you. ACT RIGHT NOW!

PORTRAIT RING CO.
DEPT. E-31, 12TH & JACKSON STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO

SEND YOUR RING SIZE NOW

Your Ring Size is Absolutely FREE. Enter your initials here. No obligation of any kind, and nothing to do with your order. Mail coupon today. Your rings will be shipped to you. No charge. Our sample ring is a money maker.
"Shocking!" burst from a society leader. And she was shocked at this picture. Emphatically. Just as you'd be shocked by such primitive conduct at your own dinner table.

But modern dentistry disagrees sharply!

"Shocking?" would respond your own dentist. "That picture's not shocking. It's a splendid, scientific lesson in the proper way to use the teeth and gums. If more people today would only chew their food as energetically as this girl, there'd be a lot fewer gum troubles in the world."

It's only too true. Today we all eat soft foods that rob our gums of health-giving work. And without regular exercise, gums become lazy...weak...tender. It's no wonder "pink tooth brush"—a cry for help from ailing gums—appears so often.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush" may swing the door wide open to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea.

Take care of your teeth and gums the way modern dental science urges—with Ipana and massage. Each time you clean your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Soon you'll see—and feel—a new, healthy firmness to your gums.

For Ipana is especially designed to help combat "pink tooth brush"...to help keep teeth bright...to give you a sparkling, brilliant smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR

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In the March RADIO MIRROR
On Sale January 22

"How the Pickens Sisters Get Their Mon" — an intimate story going straight behind the scenes to discover the secret of popularity this beautiful trio enjoys . . . Beginning, a fascinating series, "Secret Chapters in Their Lives" which starts with an amazing, untold story about Lawrence Tibbett . . . Also, a new serial starts in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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Cover
—PORTRAIT OF NELSON EDDY
BY TCHETCHE
America's Finest Low Priced Rugs

Direct from the Factory

Write for Beautiful FREE Book in Colors, Tells How to Save 1/2 on Rugs

Decide today to mail the coupon and find out for yourself how you can bring your home luxuriously up to date with Olson Reversible Broadloom Rugs for less money than you ever thought possible.

By the Olson Patented Process, we separate and reclaim the valuable wools in your discarded rugs and clothing, merge, sort, steam, sterilize, pick, card, comb, and bleach, add new wool, then respin, reline, recut, and reweave in a week into beautiful new rugs that will enrich your home for years to come.

Olson Rugs are finer than ever! You can't get these rugs elsewhere. They are not ordinary, thin, one-sided rugs, but deep-textured, finely woven full-bodied rugs that can be used on both sides, that wear twice as long - are doubly soft, underfoot, no pads needed.

Special Sizes to correctly fit any room, stair or hall.

You Risk Nothing

Phone your local Railway Express or call for your bundle, or ship by freight - at your expense. We do the rest. If not delighted after a week's trial, we pay for your materials.


Olson Rugs and Clothing Saved Me About $20-

Largest Wavers of Rugs Dealing Direct With the Home

Olson Rug Co.

Chicago New York San Francisco

Sent Free

Just fill in and mail this coupon or a 1c post card for the fascinating 64-page Olson Hook on Rugs & Home Decorating, all in actual colors.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________

Town: ____________________________ State: __________

Mail to the Olson Rug Company
2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dept. T-33

Copyright, 1936, Olson Rug Co.
Eddie Cantor—never again to spend the last five or six minutes of his half hour indulging in overwhelming sentimentality, as he did one Sunday in November when a young boy cried and sang a Christmas plea for his mother, with Eddie taking a prominent part.

Fred Waring—never again to spend close to ten minutes playing one piece of popular music. Even if it is the big moment of the show, you get bored and nervous long before the finale.

The Magic Key of RCA—to stop being so impressed with its own showmanship that it fails to give interested listeners a humanized program. Too many stars without rhyme or reason for being presented spoil what should be real entertainment.

Jack Benny—to keep Kenny Baker or someone very much like him as the soloist and to keep away from using any warmed over skits that sound too much like last year’s programs. (You’ve been good about this, lately, Jack.)

Red Horse Flying Tavern—to make up its mind once and for all about the talent problem. It gets to be funny after a while having bulletins flying about announcing brilliant new stars every third or fourth Friday. The effort to find something good is commendable, though.

Lawrence Tibbett—never, in all the coming twelve months, to breathe one more word about American songs and their place in the music world. People might get to thinking that Lawrence had nothing else to discuss.

Major Bowes—never again, as long as the Amateur Hour continues, to let anyone sob and beat her chest over the air. No one but sadists really enjoy such goings on and besides, when tears pull votes everyone grumbles about a put-up job. This voting business, too, might be remedied some way or other. I’ve been told by friends that people call in saying they have votes for a party of 50. As far as can be determined the votes were accepted, though only three people were really represented.

Alexander Woollcott—to try, for at least four broadcasts, to use entirely fresh material. It is no longer amusing—only irritating—to hear the Town Crier drag out some seasonal story from the moth balls and try to work up listeners about it. You can even remember his inflections on words from the year before.

Ray Perkins—to give more auditions at hotel swimming pools for bath-tub singers.

Hollywood Hotel—to turn this program back into a musical show by not letting its drama run more than ten minutes of the hour. Movie stars are all right in their place, but Raymond Paige and Dick Powell are too good to be overshadowed by previews of pictures.

Fred Allen—to make more pictures as good as “Thanks a Million” and to think of some way of convincing his sponsors that he can be funny without using amateurs as stooges. It might be well, also, to think of one or two new comedy formulas, but I don’t want to seem picky about this.

Ray Noble—to get together with his announcer in introducing the musical numbers. As it is, you’re never quite sure who says what or why. Ray’s voice should be as authentic as his swell music, but it isn’t at present. And not because of the accent.

Camel Caravan—to think of some way to be funny both nights a week. No other program shows such inconsistency in its humor. Walter O’Keefe and company can be colossal at times, unbelievably dull at others. And for the life of me, I can’t figure out why, I just know something should be done.

All orchestras—never again to feature a musical tour of New York City, with the East Side, Chinatown, my Chinatown, gay, mad 42nd Street, and hotcha Harlem the very dull highlights. This old vaudeville gag has been trotted out twice lately over my shouting protests. Good music doesn’t need hackneyed stunts to put it over.

Sponsors and advertising agencies—to stop calling audiences “friends” in that INTIMATE way and to find some other means than dramatic skits with children in them to present the product.

The First Nighter Program—fine as this dramatic half hour always has been, it should henceforth resolve to forget history and stick to the present, with American characters and American settings as much as possible.

Show Boat—now that the first of the year is at hand, to stick to its earlier resolution and bring back the character Woolcott. There’ll be interest enough in her romance with Lanny Ross and we were told that was the only reason she was dropped in the first place. So why not?

Fred R. Sampis
Edna had too many pimples
but not for long

No, Sis, Thumbs Down on Edna!

Edna, remember when I had a lot of pimples? I cleared them all up with Fleischmann's Yeast. Try it!

Hello, Wally

Edna, remember when I had a lot of pimples? I cleared them all up with Fleischmann's Yeast. Try it!

Why, hello, Edna! Say, I know it's awfully late, but I've just decided to go to the Swank Stewart Dance—go with me?

See him stake!

I bet he's surprised to see my face all clear and nice.

Yes, I knew it would work. She certainly looks happy, now.

Well, you pulled it off, I see Edna's skin is lovely and smooth again.

Only a few weeks to the big Stewart Dance—and no ones asked me yet. Of course I couldn't go if I have all these pimples!

I found out why Wally won't take Edna to the Stewart Dance. It's her terrible skin!

Oh, heavens, if that's all! I'll see her about that... I know what to do for pimples.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

Clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
The introduction—he gives you the once over—do your eyes invite friendship?

The first date—he follows your eyes, searching for understanding, for more than friendship.

Then the fateful moment, when gazing into each other's eyes, the realization of love comes.

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes—as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

Instantly EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore... thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute creamy mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply... it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10c toilet counters.*

Other Winx Eye Beautifiers

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid—each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

* If new Creamy Winx is not yet on sale at your favorite store, mail coupon and 10c for full size tube to Ross Company, 213 West 17th St., New York City.

CHECK COLOR DESIRED [ ] BLACK [ ] BROWN [ ] BLUE

NAME: _______________________________________

ADDRESS: ___________________________________

CITY: ________ STATE: ________

The SIX STAGES OF LOVE
Behind Closed Doors

I WAS talking the other day to a radio script writer who was beating his head against the wall about the strange ways of censorship. One inside instance he offered had me beating my head too. In the Helen Hayes serial, the script called for Helen's discovering that she was to have a baby. The sponsor objected. It wasn't, he said, nice to have that happen over the air. So the battle began. No one but the sponsor knows whether Helen will or won't.

THE day this issue of Radio Mirror went to press the officials of the agency handling the Leslie Howard show held a conference to decide whether or not to keep the famous stage and moving picture star on the air. The story of The Amateur Gentleman had just come to an end. For several weeks I had known that the sponsors felt the program wasn't succeeding in selling their product to women listeners as fast as had been expected. Later in the afternoon of that same day I received a telephone call with the definite news that a new continued script would be prepared, and Howard would continue on the air. In an aside, I also heard that there was talk of having Howard make love to a new leading lady every week. By the time you read this, you'll know and I'll know just how much truth there was in that report. All I can do now is hope the sponsors and the agency change their minds about making Leslie divide his radio affections.

I MAGINE complaining because you have to listen to a Metropolitan opera star, and one of the most famous personalities on the air, sing! That's exactly what Lawrence Tibbett's neighbors did. He countered by having his library soundproofed, and now they don't have to listen to him practice.

JERRY COOPER was telling me something the same sort of unhappy story. Jerry used to play a saxophone for a living, and he's still pretty fond of the old thing—likes to tote it as a hobby. Lately he's had to move out of several hotels, having been asked either to stop tootling or get out.

I WAS up in the NBC studios the other morning a few minutes after Edward MacHugh's broadcast, and they told me something about him which made me realize what a relentless master this broadcasting business is. He's the Gospel Singer, you know, and he goes on the air six mornings a week. Just before leaving his hotel to go to Radio City for a broadcast, he coughed violently several times and seriously strained a muscle in his side. The pain was intense, but there wasn't time to see a doctor, so he went on to the studio. You didn't realize it, listening in, but there was a man standing beside him throughout the broadcast, ready to catch him if he fainted. By the end of his fifteen minutes his face was dripping with perspiration from the effort to suppress the pain. Afterward, he went to a hospital, spent the night there, and was strapped up so he could move around. He didn't miss a broadcast.

A FEW months in Hollywood, they say, change a radio star's appearance—but I know one who refused to be made over. The studio experts took Fred Allen in hand and parted his hair in the middle. When I saw him after his return to New York, though, it was once more parted on the side, the way he's always worn it.

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow...lovelier and lovelier

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier—week after week—under Camay's perfect care.

Sincerely yours,
Ellen Cooper Fernandes

November 2, 1935

This smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandes—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a live complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as you start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

LET CAMAY BRING YOUR LOVELINESS TO LIGHT.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women
WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

KEEP UP TO DATE ON LAST-MINUTE NEWS, FACTS AND FIGURES

DISCONTENT is fermenting among rank-and-file artists over the way things are breaking for them in the major studios. The headliners are not involved, for the elite of the other as ever, are sitting pretty.) The agitation hasn't reached the surface yet and crystallized into concrete action, but it is smoldering and threatens to burst into flame overnight. In the making is an organization, patterned after Actors' Equity, to protect the lesser people of the programs from alleged abuses in pay and treatment. The complaint is that salaries are steadily slipping. Actors who used to receive $75 on an hour-long show say they are now getting $50; the $80 once standard on half-hour programs has been cut to $55, and the $25 salary on quarter-hour periods has dwindled to $15 and $10. Script writers, too, claim salary slashes. A few months ago the minimum was $80, but now it is $55 and $25. Singers are resentful over similar cuts.

Another grievance is the custom of not paying for auditions. Attention to this sore spot is directed in a letter to this department from an internationally known orchestra leader. The fact that his communication was written when the maestro was without a sponsor may have some bearing on his attitude. But the situation he complains about is real enough. Here is how he describes it:

"In radio there is nothing to protect the artist who exhausts both time and talent for the benefit of vacillating sponsors, whose ideas of what they want are vague. In some cases these monied men seem to be out just for laughs, with no very serious intention of going on the air. So the weary routine of auditions for the small artists nets him exactly nothing. There should be an organization in radio that does for radio people what Actors' Equity Association does for legitimate players."

Did you know that when the announcement is made at the end of a broadcast, "This program came to you from the NBC studios in the RCA Building, Radio City," advantage is being taken of your better nature and you are being hoaxed? Officially there is no such place as Radio City. In the street map of the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, the section publicized as "Radio City" appears as Metropolitan Square.

More—much more—in anger than in sorrow a reader forwards to this column a letter pillorying Fred Allen. Maintaining the Town Hall Tonight comedian played a dirty trick upon him, he proceeds to call Mr. Allen all sorts of dirty names. Said dirty trick, according to the irate complainant, consisted of signing his autograph album with vanishing ink. The signature looked genuine enough when inscribed, explains the aggrieved one, but a couple of days later when he opened the book to show it to a friend nothing but a perfectly blank page was to be seen. While Fred Allen's name may have become invisible by design, the names his accuser calls him, also by design, remain very visible—but altogether too violent for reproduction in this fireside companion.

However, this autograph collector, a self-acknowledged stranger to Mr. Allen, shouldn't nurse a grievance against the radio comic. He should understand that celebrities have to protect themselves against people who sometimes solicit signatures for ulterior purposes. Forgers have been known to copy names from autograph albums to check for large amounts and persons so evil minded aren't above trying to cash them. In consequence, studio artists resort to various devices to circumvent possible criminals in groups besieging them for signatures after a broadcast. Olga Alberi, for example, disguises her handwriting. Lowell Thomas prints out his name in capitals; and Rudy Vallee signs himself with so many curlicues a bank teller would promptly call a cop if anybody presented a check bearing a facsimile of it.

WHEN RADIO WAS YOUNG

Harvey Hendrix and Earle Tuckerman, radio pioneers famous as the Gold Dust Twins and still going strong as the Striding Songsters, can remember way back—When Graham McNamee and Phil Carson were called the "announcer twins" be-

Below, showing how the stars of radio and screen recuperate from the strain of seven-days-a-week work. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell vacationing at Palm Springs.

Below, when John Charles Thomas went to Chicago to appear in opera, he entered his pet Schnauzer, Tony, in the dog show. Beside him is Joan Tennyson, soprano.
Death claimed another star of radio when lovely Kathleen Wells, an NBC singer for the past two years, was killed November 17 in an auto crash.

cause they were partners in broadcasting sports events and their voices sounded so alike. (Carlin is now Eastern Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company and is rarely heard on the air.)

When Bertha Brainard with her Broadcasting Broadway program was the first newspaper columnist to go on the air. (Miss Brainard now is also a high executive in Radio City, being NBC's Commercial Program Manager.)

When announcers were known by letters and not by names. For instance, Milton J. Cross identified himself as "AJN." His fellow announcers then at WJZ were Tommy Cowan, Lewis Reed and Norman Brokenshire.

When Billy Jones and Ernie Hare made their microphone debut in 1922 at Station WJZ, then located in a corner of the Westinghouse Electric Company's factory in Newark, N. J. (Continued on page 57)

Alois Havrilla, below, is the 1935 winner of the American Academy of Arts and Letters' medal for radio's best diction. Awarded yearly—except in 1934—it's one of the highest honors announcers can receive.

A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to pure Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through many washings!"
METHINKS some of you questioners have not been following Radio Mirror very religiously. So many of your queries have been covered in the feature articles published in the past issues of Radio Mirror, that the Oracle must come to the sad conclusion that you have been missing some of our numbers. However, I said I’d take care of your questions, no matter how many, so here goes!

Patrick R., Jamaica, New York—I’m sorry you had to wait so long, but your letter had to wait till its turn. The story about Jessica Dragonette’s romance did appear in the February issue and was entitled “How Love Came to Jessica Dragonette.”

Freda B. Wg., East Orange, N. J.—Winifred Wolfe plays the part of Teddy in One Man’s Family. Her picture appeared in last month’s issue of Radio Mirror, the January, with a swell story on the whole show. Little Celia Babcock plays the part of Tiny on the House of Glass show. Celia was born in New Haven, Conn, May 20, 1926, and made her stage debut at the age of five in the Metropolitan Opera Company. She’s proud of being a descendant of Gertrude Kellogg, distinguished actress of the 70’s and leading woman of Edwin Booth and Robert Barrett.

James L. B., Kingston, New York—Helen Choate is the girl’s name who plays the part of Daisy in Dangerous Paradise.

R. E. D., Sharon, Pa.—We do not have pictures of the orchestras to send you. Have you been reading “Facing the Music,” the department that tells you all about orchestras and their personnel? You’ll find some of your favorite bands listed with their addresses.

M. L., Bronx, New York—I think I answered this one before, but it’s been quite a while back and maybe you weren’t acquainted with Radio Mirror then. Lanny Ross reads and answers his own fan mail. At the present he’s devoting all his time to his radio programs, but who can tell what the future may bring in the way of another picture contract. Lanny’s brother Winston is about twenty-two years old and is a dramatic actor on the legitimate stage.

Lorraine M., Philadelphia, Pa.—No doubt you have been hearing Nelson Eddy on the Voice of Firestone program Mondays at 8:30 p.m. over the National Red Network. And speaking of Nelson, how did you like that story about him in this issue on page 32?

L. B., Summit, N. J.—My, my, L. B., give a fellow a chance! That was a gigantic list! Please be satisfied with just a few. Won’t you? James Wallington was born in Rochester, New York, in 1907. He’s six-foot-two and weighs around 200 pounds. He once studied for the ministry, but finally became an opera singer. He even tried musical comedy, and believe it or not, later sold furniture. Jimmy is a widower, his wife having died a year ago.

Miss H. I. H., Elizabeth, N. J.—Radio Mirror did not have a feature article on Abe Lyman. It did run an article on Frank Parker last April, entitled “Frank Parker, Radio’s Best-Dressed Man.” If you will send 20c with your request to the Sales Department, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, they will send you that issue. Did you read “Frank Parker’s New Year’s Resolution” on page 17?

Mike C., Prichard, Idaho—Mario (Loris) Cozzie was born October 28 in Florence, Italy, and is still in his thirties. He cultivated his voice in America. He’s tall and good-looking, married and the daddy of a fine boy and a lovely girl. (Continued on page 101)
The Roving Reporter...

disCOVERS THE surely, safe way to REDUCE . . .

. . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE!

Reduce YOUR Waist and Hips
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!

Make This 10-day Test at our expense!

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by every-one? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be thinner. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profits by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will appear smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches actually disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly
- The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet . . . No Drugs . . . No Exercises
- All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool
- The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!
See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, safe, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!

PERFOLASTIC Inc.
Dept. 282 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift, Brassieres, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name: 
Address: 
City: State: 

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.
What's the difference how many candles there are when they are on the Pastel Birthday Cake above? At right, Mrs. Allen with the Cheese Puff, which is one of her favorite budget dishes. Listen in on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 11 A.M. for her talks.

BUDGET COOKING with Ida Bailey Allen

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

With the Christmas dinner a thing of the past and the New Year's horn and bells stowed away until next year, most of you no doubt are making your annual attack on the household budget problem, resolving firmly to turn over a new leaf and really economize in 1936, end forever the warfare between these contending factors the budget and appetizing, well-balanced meals.

Of all the people familiar to radio fans I could think of no one better equipped to give advice on this important topic than Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen. You have accompanied Mrs. Allen and her Budgeteers on some of their mythical trips to cities throughout the country. Last week I went with her on a make-believe journey to Denver, and on our return I had the privilege of being her luncheon guest in her New York apartment. And such a luncheon! Tomato juice cocktail, icy cold; lamb chops, mashed potatoes and peas served on individual planks; croissant rolls, as delicate and flaky as a French pastry, and for dessert a delicious Spanish cream.

Now that you know one of the menus Mrs. Allen serves in her own home I am sure you will want her own recipe for each dish, and you may have all of them, if you will write to me for them.

"What are some of my budget shortcuts? Before we get to that there is another question which should be answered. What is our greatest national waste?"

"It's indigestion," she prompted. "It is terrible to think of the great quantities of food, of the money it costs, of the time spent in its preparation, only to result in—indigestion.

"There really is no excuse for it; its elimination is only a matter of the proper combination and preparation of foods, and this can be accomplished as well on a reduced budget as with one which permits the purchase of expensive foods.

"Three cardinal things to remember in the preparation of well-balanced and inexpensive meals are: serve twice the quantity of alkaline foods as of acid—roughly speaking, this means twice the bulk of vegetables and fruits as meats; base menus on foods which are in season and attend carefully to the details of preparing and cooking—use accurate measurements and cook at the temperature specified in the recipe you are following.

"Perhaps the most difficult items to cope with on a small budget are meats and desserts. There is a belief that only the most expensive cuts of meat are tender, yet the inexpensive cuts can be transformed into pot roasts, stews, soups and ragouts which the whole family will enjoy."

For first choice, though, in savory, economical dishes, Mrs. Allen selects French Pot-au-Feu, made as follows:

WIN A BUDGET COOKBOOK!

All you have to do is to send in your favorite, original and most economical recipe. The twenty best money-saving recipes will be selected by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, the winning contestants to receive a free autographed copy of her budget cookbook. Recipes will be judged on the basis of originality, economy and tastiness. You may be one of the lucky twenty, so send in your recipe early. Address your letter to the Ida Bailey Allen Budget Cookbook Contest, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, N. Y., not later than January 24.

(Continued on page 97)
MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE

Look, Mother bought me a little washboard and tub—it's just like hers!

Well, my mother uses a washboard to scrub clothes.

My mother says that's what ruins the clothes.

Smarty! How does your mother wash her clothes then?

With Rinso! It gives lots of suds that soak out the dirt. Mother doesn't scrub or boil at all.

Golly! That sounds easy. I'm going to tell Mother about Rinso.

My mother also says Rinso is like a magic wand for dishwashing...

My, it looks snowy—just like my clothes. Rinso certainly soaks clothes whiter and brighter!

Hang up my Dolly's dress, too, Mother. I just washed it in Rinso.

Next Washday, these richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands.

I'm getting to be like that girl in the ads. Men take me out once—and drop me by the way—did you ever read one of those Lifebuoy ads...carefully?

So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

Even on the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B.O." (body odor). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B.O." is instantly noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

Kind to your complexion

Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Bathe with Lifebuoy—and be safe.
COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CHICAGO
By Chase Giles

Mrs. Wendell Hall, wife of the red-headed music maker, had her vacation to California suddenly interrupted when a streptococcus infection laid low their seven-year-old son in Denver. Fortunately one of the Nelson brothers (once of the Chicago radio station WIBO, the Nelson Brothers Bond and Mortgage Company) is now manager for NBC of KOA in Denver. He was able to make doctor and hospital problems less annoying.

On one of his early broadcasts this winter Robert (Believe It or Not) Ripley told the story of an opera which has not been presented for years. In it was one spot where a singer vocalized, "May God strike me dead!" And so many artists died suddenly and inexplicably after each performance that superstition caused the artistic world to drop the opera forever. Harry Steele, Chicago writer for one of the radio magazines (Radio Guide), had a similar experience. He was called upon to write a story on Lily Pons. Because he didn't know much about her early life he decided to call upon music authorities for information. The people he contacted were Edward Moore, music critic of a Chicago paper; Carleton Hackett, long guiding spirit in Chicago's operadom, and Herman Devries, music critic for another Chicago newspaper. He made engagements with Moore and Hackett for a certain day. But within the four days between the time he made the appointments and the day of the appointments, both men suddenly died. It stunned Harry so, that remembering Ripley's story, he never did call Devries.

Not long ago the Lum and Abner scripts put Lum in jail on a government charge. In following scripts a couple of tough guys broke open the jail and, among other things, took Lum along with them. But the Ozark philosopher managed to return the convicts to the sheriff, hoping of course that the said sheriff would let him off.

She's Joan Winters, who plays the role of Alice Ames in the popular Girl Alone drama heard over WMAQ and NBC network Monday to Friday. Such was not the case. Lum went right back in the jail. Came a telegram which amused the boys who write and act out the parts of Lum and Abner:

"I HAVE GRANTED YOU FULL AND COMPLETE PARDON.

WALTER WINSHELL, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS."

Walter Winchell broadcast the sudden death in a motor car accident of Sidney Smith, Chicago cartoonist of Andy Gump on a Sunday night. It wasn't until the Monday morning editions went on the street that the Chicago paper for which Smith worked (The Tribune) could get the story into print. Incidentally, at Lake Geneva, swank watering spot of the mid-west, and such a beautiful spot out-of-towners who have toured the world are amazed to find such a place, is a huge gilt statue of Andy Gump on the Smith estate.

Pat Barnes of the NBC networks was very pleasantly surprised the other day when Mrs. Samuel Insull, Sr., stopped him to tell him how many pleasant hours his broadcasts had given her.

THOSE PALEYS

When Smiling Ed McCormick began his Columbia series from the Chicago studios of WBBM he auditioned every pianist around the station to find one he wanted to support. Having heard all the regulars, he stormed out of the studio wrathful that not one of them would do. A young lady, hearing his ranting, stopped him and said:

"But you haven't heard me yet!"

Ed was surprised. He decided however that one more couldn't make much difference and so decided to hear the girl. She turned out to be exactly what he wanted. The girl is known to radio as Lee Francis, but her last name is really Paley, a name very well known within the Columbia organization, since William S. Paley is the network's head man. Perhaps it was some of that Paley acumen which inspired her to take advantage of a situation which put her on a commercial network program. (Continued on page 63)

Carlotta King hails from San Francisco. The lovely little soprano is heard on several NBC programs and can warble in many languages.

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

Well, here's February again. And, of course, lots of these radio folks will be sending musical valentines.

What becomes of oboe players? Nobody seems to know. But take the case of Jack Taylor, oboe player at KJH. He just passed the state bar examinations but will keep on playing for radio at night and run his office in the daytime.

I was telling you about little ten-year-old Barbara Jean Wong, who does bits on the Strange As It Seems quarter-hour. She has added another characterization—Russian youngster.

... Notes from KFRC: Tom Brenceman, m. c., has a daughter, Gloria, aged six, and a son, Tom, Jr., aged two. Announcer Robert Bence's middle name is Vair and he went to school up in Eldorado County.

Gary Breckner, on leaving the San Diego Exposition's radio work, ambled over to KNX, where his versatility is a wonder.

Jack Dunn and his orchestra are back in the etherway with KFAC as their new spot. This twelve years since I first announced Jack when he was pianist with Anton Ladder's Louisiana Five. Wonder where the rest of the gang has drifted to?

Here and there: KMPC, Beverly Hills, has an electric moon. When the hill-billy tribe starts its program the switch is turned on. It takes exactly sixty minutes for the moon to rise over the hill top and drift away in the clouds on the stage. Eddie Guest is still taking it on the chin. Seems as though he went to one of his NBC broadcasts in soup and fish... all the others appearing in sweat shirts and such. KNX announcers now wear uniforms and the call letters are emblazoned on their manly bosoms... sort of like a subway guard or elevator starter. Jack and Adele (Ben Harkins and Adele Walker), music team on the KFWB fun show, used to be KOMO staff artists in Seattle.

His voice has been likened to Booke Carter's and Edwin C. Hill's. He's Stephen O'Donnell, commentator over station KFWB, sponsored by Philco.
Pauline Gale, publicity lady for KMTR, is also a script writer these days and does playlets for broadcast. Once upon a time she was in the story department at Universal Pictures.

* * *

When Peggy Wilson married Meredith Willson years ago all she had to do was add an "I" to her signature. Hubby is NBC music chief on the coast.

* * *

Hollywood’s radio gets a new recruit in Betty Healy, ex-wife of the stooge originator, Ted Healy. She has a part in the KFWB Thursday Nite Frolic Time until along about May. She does comedy stuff.

Donald Charles McBain is the newest KIJJ announcer and, gather closely gals, he’s single. The curly-haired Scotsman, was born in Brockport, New York, educated in Buffalo grade and Los Angeles high schools. He went to college in Los Angeles and found himself in a most impertinent condition (broke, to you) and thus became a radio announcer. The lad weighs 150 pounds, stands 5 feet, 10 inches in his socks, is an amateur fisherman, a student pilot and is taking singing lessons — Los Angeles’ most eligible radio bachelor at this writing.

Bobbe Deane is back in ‘Friscotown. She has been in Chicago about a year on the Orphan Annie series. Bobbe plays most anything from crying babies to tottering old ladies over the air. They say she has as many voices over the air as the late Lon Chaney had faces on the screen. The tawny-haired radio actress in private life is the wife of Ted Maxwell, NBC producer. Maybe, by this time, she is back with the coast NBC where she starred for a half dozen years before going to the mid-west.

* * *

You’d think most of these radio announcers would get tired of talking. Some of ’em do. But not Foster Rucker, of Long Beach’s KFOX. Why, the boy even talks in his sleep, according to the best available information. Now he has gone and won the Kiwanis Club oratory contest at the Monterey district convention. The high class gabfest brought him first place and (Continued on page 66)

Looking up some new plot! John Pickard and Natalie Park—Jerry Tremaine and Lois Liston of “Hawthorne House,” heard Mondays at 9:30 p.m. over NBC-KPO network.

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

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.) (At your druggist or department store)
Fight colds where they start—in the throat—with LISTERINE

Safe antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with sore throat and colds

Don't go on suffering with heavy colds that undermine your strength. Don't put up with painful sore throats. Go after these conditions in the sensible, scientific way.

Kills germs in the throat
Listerine attacks the germs associated with colds and sore throat. Almost immediately after gargling it kills literally millions of them in throat and mouth, before they have a chance to enter the body.

Scientific tests in 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1934 have shown this comforting result: those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-garglers.

Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first sign of a cold
Start using Listerine today. As you can see, it is an intelligent precaution against cold infections. If you feel your throat getting sore, or a cold coming on, use Listerine more frequently—every 3 hours is recommended. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

HONORS
For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry.

In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs, has been in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Bureau of New York City.

Listerine Cough Drops
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

- and see how it relieves Sore Throat
By HILDA COLE

TAKE a tip from Frank Parker. He's learned his lesson, and made a resolution.
No more work without play.
And it isn't one of those resolutions made on a bleak New Year's morning after. Frank's been trying the idea back of it for several months, and he knows just what he's doing when he issues his less-work ultimatum.

It wasn't long ago that Frank was the busiest tenor in radio. If you missed one of his programs, there was always another one just around the next time signal. He never turned down a chance to work.

Now you hear him just once a week, on the Atlantic Family, over the Columbia network every Saturday evening. And, Frank says, that's all you're likely to hear him, except for a very occasional guest appearance.

But let Frank tell you the whole story. He's learned a lesson that you—and you and you—should learn, too.

"I used to think I had to work every waking minute. I thought I had to rush from one program to another, and cash in on my popularity quickly. You get to thinking, in radio or the stage, that you should crowd a lifetime of work into a few frantic years, then sit back and have a good time with your earnings.

"Then it occurred to me that was exactly what a lot of people had been doing before the depression—rushing around like mad, working themselves into a nervous breakdown. And what good had it done them when the bottom dropped out of things? A big bank-roll was no assurance of safety.

"I realized that I was burning up the best years of my life, uselessly. I never had time to enjoy myself—no time to go to dances, parties, the theater; no time to read or to benefit by ordinary contacts and friendships with other people.

"There didn't seem to be much point to it all when I stopped to examine it. I realized that if I concentrated on one program, instead of spreading my energies over six or seven, my work on that one program would be much better. I could build up a solid popularity—and maybe I wouldn't have to retire after a few years, to find, perhaps, that I'd lost the ability to enjoy the money I had worked so hard to get.

"I made up my mind to try it for a few months. Last fall I signed a contract with just one program, the Atlantic Family, turning down several other offers. It worked! For the first time I'm enjoying myself and at the same time earning my living. I'd never realized how much difference a little leisure could make.

"So that's my resolution—my decision to take life easier. Though it isn't as conventional as the ones you've been making about cutting down your smoking, never losing your temper, and saving money, I think it shows just as much common sense. How about trying it?"
YOU pick up your newspaper and read that tomorrow morning the President is due to arrive in Fremont, Nebraska, to address an audience of farmers. You resolve to tune in this speech, knowing that by means of your radio you figuratively can go with the nation’s Chief Executive on each of his dashes from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

And you might guess that with you on this trip would be radio representatives, newspaper correspondents, and newsreel photographers, all intent on one job—to bring to a curious nation every vivid detail of the stops, the speeches, the crowds.

My share in Mr. Roosevelt’s latest trip—the one which carried him from Washington, down across the southern tip of the United States to San Diego, out into the Pacific—was to see that every scheduled broadcast of his actually reached the millions of waiting listeners and to introduce him to these vast audiences.

I joined the Presidential Special at Fremont, Nebraska, for the first broadcast of the trancontinental journey. It had not been an extremely pleasant trip—traveling half across the country all alone; and in the very early hours of that Saturday morning, standing beside the small table at the railroad tracks where our equipment was set up, I felt weary and not too enthusiastic.

Clyde Hunt, Columbia’s Washington engineer, had arrived before I did. Clyde doesn’t have a particularly leisurely time of it on a Presidential trip. It is his job to care for all the complicated and delicate equipment needed for the broadcasts. He must test, put into good condition, and then pack, some three or four hundred pounds of portable radio paraphernalia; he must go over the great metal-and-wood speaking stand the President always uses when broadcasting, take it apart and slip it into its canvas cases, and add its three hundred pounds to his equipment. And all of this goes wherever Clyde goes, not into the baggage car, for fear something would happen to damage it and prevent a scheduled broadcast.

Incidentally, if the President of the United States should ever come to your city to make an important speech which will be broadcast, look for this speaking stand I’ve mentioned. It is a large, solid, black stand, with a sloping desk top on which a manuscript may be placed. In case of wind, there are clips to hold papers firmly, and in case of insufficient light, there is a small concealed electric globe. However, the most important feature of the speaking stand is the hollow “shelf” for microphones; in addition to all the radio stations, the microphone positions will accommodate the newsreels and the public address system which amplifies the speaker’s words so that all within sight may hear. The microphones, you see, are sunk out of sight in the speaking stand, which ends the old nuisance of having a speaker half-concealed by a young forest of tall microphones on floor stands.

CLYDE, as I say, was at Fremont before me, and had everything ready for the broadcast. There is always so much preparation necessary that it seems almost imperative for him to be at the broadcast-point before the presidential party arrives. Yet, as you can see, it is only for the first broadcast that we can arrive ahead of time; afterward, we travel on the Presidential train, once it has caught up to us.

My spirits rose as the sun poked its way over the horizon. The number of people crushing their way to the sta-
tion increased; bands appeared and blared away; a Secret Service man stood quietly alongside watching with a keen eye; soldiers tramped down the tracks to keep the crowd in order. My stop watch ticked on.

That unmistakable ripple of excitement ran through the crowd. Past the red brick station puffed a locomotive and two cars—the pilot train. Immediately afterward, the Presidential Special rolled up; the drums beat and trumpets blared; we got the air, and weariness and lassitude vanished for keeps.

The rear observation platform of the train’s last car stopped in front of me. I had nothing much to do but talk until the President walked out to deliver his important address. Standing on the railroad ties, behind the car, I talked. Meanwhile, we hoisted a stand microphone up on the platform, so the President could speak from the train.

The instant that he had stopped talking, and the cheers began, we knew from experience that the business of the train stop was concluded; and the Special was impatient to be rolling again. (Continued on page 72)
EXACTLY what happens when you walk off the winner of one of the biggest talent contests radio has ever staged? How much fame and glory and fortune are yours? And how much heartbreak?

Jane Williams has all the answers. And in those answers she has a story to tell to all the young hopefuls who would leave jobs in quest of a pot of gold, all the stenographers, waitresses, bank clerks who dream of radio at the rainbow's end.

Today Jane co-stars with Phil Ducey on Wednesday evening’s Life Saver program over NBC. Fame, glory, and fortune are within her grasp because neither slights nor rebuffs nor disillusionment could lick her. They are not hers because she won first place a little more than a year ago in the coast-to-coast Hollywood Hotel contest to find a girl who could sing opposite Dick Powell.

It is this seeming paradox that holds the key to Jane’s present success and which makes her story a vital one to every person with radio ambitions.

Late in the summer of 1934, seven girls were brought to New York—all of them finalists in their sections—to compete for an award which would give the winner a cash prize and a contract to sing on the new, expensive, much ballyhooed Hollywood Hotel hour.

Jane was the winner from the midwest. Like the six other girls she came from obscurity—a bit player on Chicago’s stages and a sustaining singer on local radio stations. Like the others, she was eager, determined to seize this great opportunity which had been offered to her.

"It’s all like a dream—those fairy tale weeks I spent in New York during the contest. A wonderful room at the St. Moritz hotel, a car at our disposal, parties, receptions, pictures, stories about us."

"And then the finals. One awful moment waiting for the announcement, Suddenly having my name called, being told that I had won. From then on, I was the center of a whirlwind of photographers and reporters, people shaking hands, showering congratulations on me, wishing me luck."

Little wonder that from that moment, until Jane had boarded the train for California, her feet never once touched the ground. A week of sustained thrills before she was taken to the Grand Central station, handed her expense money and a ticket and congratulated one last time. Looking out the window as the train pulled slowly down the track, she saw the group of newly acquired friends wave and turn away. It all seemed like an enchanting dream. "It’s easy now for me to see where I made my first mistake,” Jane freely admits. Mistake, but no intimation of the grief and sorrow that lay ahead. No warning that the intoxicating excitement would soon wear off, leaving a hangover of misunderstandings and discouragements.

IN those few days it took to get to California I had nothing much to do but think. And I thought wrong! "You’re a success,” I assured myself. "You’ve arrived,” I didn’t stop to think that winning the contest over the thousands of other girls was only the beginning—that my success was still dependent on the future, on my work and on my luck.

Until that fateful morning when the train puffed to a stop at the Los Angeles terminal, Jane’s visions had been only of rainbow hues. Then, practically overnight, her whole horizon changed and the view was not pleasant.

The first intimation of disaster came as Jane stepped on the platform and waited for someone to greet her. “I’d expected some kind of reception, I guess. It was devastating to realize that I was alone, that there was not a single soul in the whole town who knew me or knew that I had arrived.”

If you’ve ever expected someone to meet you on your arrival in a strange city and been disappointed, you’ll
know how Jane felt, what it means to find a friendly face waiting at the end of a long journey. But Jane had stepped out of her fairy-tale world into a workaday one.

There she was, a stranger in a strange land. The sudden shock, the sobering realization that the fun was over, completed the feeling of desolation that had crept over her. She hailed a cab and gave the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood as the address.

The fare was exactly $4.85—Hollywood is many expensive miles from the Los Angeles terminal, as Jane learned watching the meter tick away the meager savings she still had in her purse. Finally, the cab shuddered to a halt in front of the hotel, her bags were brought inside, she was registered. Then she hurried to call up the director of the radio program, whose name she had been given, and told him where she was.

He sounded cross and busy. “You should have stayed in Los Angeles,” he informed her. “That’s where the studio is. Why didn’t they tell you that in New York?”

So forlornly Jane checked out again, picked up her bags and made the dreary trip back—this time on a trolley car. Her money was going too fast to afford the luxury of another taxi. For the first time since she had won the contest, during that ride across Hollywood, she began to doubt her ability. Fear assailed her. For a moment she nearly fled to the station to catch the eastbound train. But she gritted her teeth, found an inexpensive hotel near the Los Angeles broadcasting studios, and settled down to wait.

**WHAT** happened the next day and the next? Exactly nothing. Everyone, it seemed, but Jane, had something to do until rehearsals for the program began. In all that bustling city there was no amusement for her but to take long walks along Wilshire Boulevard, to sit in the parks, look into shop windows. And never once anyone to talk to.

Only the thought that soon she would be working, that soon she would again be the contest winner on one of radio’s biggest programs and not just another unknown in Los Angeles, kept her courage from failing completely.

At last the first rehearsal day arrived. Now everything would be different. Eagerly she went to the studio. Standing in the doorway she saw Dick Powell across the room, laughing and talking. Jane started toward him, expecting to meet him. But he was surrounded by people and though he looked past them once and smiled at her in a friendly way, nobody introduced her to him.

She waited, too abashed to tell anyone who she was, lingering on the fringe of every group of co-workers, waiting for someone to recognize her. It was not until afternoon that the program director found her, took her around to meet everyone. And by then the keen edge of her joy had been completely dulled.

When the director, speaking hurriedly, told her that another girl would double for her speaking voice, failing to explain that in radio even the greatest singing stars have doubles, for speaking parts, Jane thought it was because her diction was faulty, that somehow she had already failed, flopped miserably.

When, a short time later, she was told that she would sing one song each week, not (Continued on page 99)

Left above, Jane Williams today as the star of the Life Saver show and, left, as the winner a year ago of the Hollywood Hotel Contest. All you radio hopefuls should read her dramatic story.
Dave Rubinoff and his violin, an old and very valuable Stradivarius. For his program, sponsored by Chevrolet, turn to page 54, nine o'clock column.

Ray Lee Jackson
He had studied violin at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music—but he was earning his living by his ability to throw his violin in the air, catch it, and go on playing without missing a note.

He knew he could give people music they loved—but he was becoming known from one end of the country to the other as the stooge of Eddie Cantor.

Today, though, Dave Rubinoff can and has talked back.

"People call me 'The Mob Artist,"' he said when I saw him one Sunday afternoon four weeks after he had started the series of Chevrolet programs on which you hear him, his violin, and his orchestra every Saturday evening.

"That's what I am, and I'm proud of it. Don't people have a right to hear music they can understand played in a popular way? Why should music be understood and enjoyed by just a handful of people in order to be any good?"

We were in his pent-house apartment—a luxurious place, high above New York's Riverside Drive, done in cream, silver, and brown; glass, chromium, and lamb's-wool. The furnishings all spoke of comfort, ease, and wealth, but the sight of Rubinoff, in his shirt sleeves, sitting on the floor beside a portable phonograph on which he had just finished playing back a recording of his last night's broadcast for the criticism of his brother Phil, reminded me that it takes as much hard work to become a mob artist as a select one.

It was hard, in the midst of such surroundings, to realize that a few months earlier Rubinoff had voluntarily given up one of the best positions in radio, that of featured violinist with Eddie Cantor. I knew that when he and Eddie parted company, he had had no prospects for a program of his own. I wondered what had prompted him to make this drastic move. Had he and Eddie quarreled? Had there been jealousy between them, a clash of temperaments?

Later, I asked him, and what he told me proved how life can play tantalizing tricks, promising one thing and delivering another—or, worse, giving us what we want just long enough to whet our appetites, then snatching it away again. As he told the story I began to see, too, why a man should leave a program on which he has become popular and successful, refusing to sign a contract which meant thousands of dollars to him every week.

The story goes back a dozen years, to the time when Rubinoff came to Minneapolis, bringing with him the only weapon he had with which to earn his living, his violin. It had served fairly well so far—he had been leader of his school orchestra in Pittsburgh, where his family first settled upon coming to America from their native Russia, and with the orchestra he had made a cross-country tour. He intended to get a job playing in a theater and earn enough money to go on studying. After a time he did get a job—as soloist on the Finkelstein and Ruben circuit, which supplied specialty acts to moving-picture houses—but his work consisted of playing the hottest of hot jazz in small neighborhood theaters, and the reason for his popularity was that he could juggle his violin as well as play it. Even if you weren't musically inclined you could have a fine time while Rubinoff was on the stage.

He kept the job, though, and went on studying, learning more about music. Some day he'd be able to hold an audience with his music, without having to resort to vaudeville tricks.

You probably are familiar with the years between then and his radio debut; you know how he left the Middle West and came to New York, conducting orchestras and playing solos in the great Broadway theaters. It looked as though the day he'd dreamed about had come—and so it had, but only until the future was ready to uncork that other little trick it had up its sleeve.

Rubinoff's place on Broadway was secure in 1931, when he was given the job of staging a weekly radio show for Chase and Sanborn coffee. And right here is where he reminded me of something I'd forgotten.

"I began the Chase and Sanborn hour," he said. "It was a show something like the one I have now, all music—an orchestra, and solos by vocalists and me. After a while they began giving me guest stars, to make the show more elaborate, but mostly it was music, I was happy with it—I knew my music was reaching thousands of people, and from their letters I knew they were enjoying it."

Then the sponsors signed Eddie Cantor as one of the guest stars and his success on one appearance was so great that he was given a long-term contract.

Eddie's advent on what had been Rubinoff's program was in reality a milestone in the latter's life. It added to his fame, and also, quite by accident, it turned him into a comedian.

"One night, during a broadcast, Eddie made some kidding remark about me," Rubinoff said. "I don't remember what it was—maybe it was 'Rubinoff always closes his eyes when he plays his violin because he's so tender-hearted he can't bear watching people suffer.' Whatever it was, it wasn't in the script, just something Eddie happened to think of and toss off. The studio audience laughed so hard that the next week some gags about me were put in the script—and that's how the feud started. It was the first radio feud—long before Windhell and Ben Bernie started theirs."

That Rubinoff did close his eyes when he played, and did have an accent, after all his years in America, and did come from Russia, made Eddie's gaily libelous comments on him all the funnier. The script never allowed Rubinoff to get back at Eddie. Every time (Continued on page 9)

By Dan Wheeler

What is the story behind the Maestro's leaving Eddie Cantor to star on his own show?
Upper left, why Miss Harriet Hilliard!
That's no way to look—even at Ozzie. What would your mother say?
Upper right, that beautiful child to the left is Joan Blaine, ribbon and all, now starring on the Princess Pat and Mary Marlin shows. Left, Ozzie Nelson himself, all bundled up for an early winter. Right, Sir Launcelot (Lanny) Ross, done up in a starched collar and pretty darn dignified and worldly too, at the age of nine.
Lower left, Lowell Thomas, aged six, and his mother in a pose that stirs fond memories of home. Lower right, one year old and not enjoying herself very much is Elsie Hitz, Dangerous Paradise heroine. Elsie's hair is longer now, she's not half as fat, and her voice is one of the most perfect the microphone has found. And no one can say she's not as attractive!
Upper left,
"One milk on the house,"
thirteen-month-old Virginia Ver-
rill, now a CBS star, coyly signals.
Upper right, that old maestro Dave
Rubinoff without a violin, but with brother
Phil and brother Charlie. Nice posing,
David. Left, don’t seem so bored, Frank
Crumit. We know you’re handsome at the age
of five, but so is your dog. Right, if it isn’t
Bernadine Flynn and an older sister, all done up
for a party. Lower left, once a comedian al-
ways a comedian. No one with a grin and a
twinkle like that could be anything but funny.
Oh, it’s Al Pearcel! Lower right, Amos, aged
eight and Andy, aged six (months). Amos is
standing outside his school in Rich-
mond, Virginia, feeling very hand-
some in those short pants. But
Andy probably thinks
otherwise.
Upper left, Gale Page is pretty nearly as good looking now as she was at the age of six months.
Upper right, ole debbil sea had Phillips Lord (Seth Parker) in its clutches way back when Phil was seven. Left, Gertrude Berg was always a home girl (note the pigtails), so why shouldn't she write about home life? Right, watching with nonchalance while the photographer gives him the birdie is Wendall Hall, whose hair was even more red in those days. Lower left, Anne Seymour gets our vote for the cutest. Lower right, "Ah hah. Lay off that crooner stuff, see?" pouts master Rudy Vallee, aged five. And the same Rudy, aged one and a half, trying out a brand new thumb.
Were Very Young

Upper left, to think that Sunday nights Niela Goodelle has been overheard claiming she was a homely girl. Above, grasping the silver-plated growler is Art Van Harvey—Vic of Vic and Sade to you. The age is seven. Left, the East Side fashion plate, radio's best-dressed man, master Frankie Parker, who thought high-button shoes were the nuts. Right, when Jack and Loretta Clemens see this our life will be worth a lot less than the picture. Lower left, Harry Lillis Crosby, aged nine, and just about as romantic as he is now. Bing always did have a weakness for caps. Lower right, Prancia White didn't much suspect that she had a voice when this was taken, though we might from the pose.
MY visitor from out of town, head tilted back, studied the huge illuminated cabaret sign overhead at Broadway and 49th Street.

"I've heard of that 'NTG' somewhere," she said. "Hasn't he begun to broadcast lately?"

And there you have the peculiar position of Nils Thor Granlund, so much a part of the Broadway parade, so long and steadily one of its brightest lights, that his initials are enough to identify him; but known only vaguely or not at all outside of New York until recently when he became Master of Ceremonies on his own show, every Tuesday evening over NBC's Red network.

True, NTG has been broadcasting only a few months, but when he began his present series of programs he was returning to a field he pioneered long before most of today's big radio names were ready to take the crazy idea seriously. Some of them hadn't even heard of it at the time NTG was on the air for six hours a day, every day.

And as for the Amateur Hour—why, that was NTG's idea, and his was the first program of that kind ever to assault the air!

Back in 1915, NTG—only he hadn't acquired the nickname then—was press agent for the Loew Theaters. His job was to provide, and keep providing, capacity audiences for 25 houses in the chain. It occurred to him then, that if he were compelled to use people from the neighborhood now and again, in place of professional vaudeville performers, they would bring out their friends to see them. He tried the idea out and met with such instant success that it was put into effect over the entire circuit. Everywhere the "amateur night" was hailed with glee.

At first, weekly prizes were given. Then Granlund had another idea. He introduced a one-hour musical show with sixteen chorus girls and the principals all recruited from the neighborhood. This innovation too, was adopted for the entire circuit.

One day, somebody told him about a new gadget called a "radio set." You talked into the thing on one end, and on the other people sitting in their homes could hear your voice. Granlund thought he'd better investigate this radio thing to which people sat listening when they wanted them to leave their homes and come to his theaters.

George Shubel, owner of the sending station, was wrestling with the problem of securing entertainment to send out over the airwaves. Entertainers were not only skeptical, but frankly unbelieving; and Shubel was not in a position to pay for talent. When Granlund offered his amateurs, Shubel received him, his offer and his performers with open arms. Granlund was not convinced that the claims made for the contraption were bona fide; but it was in his make-up to try anything and everything once at least.

"If a single guy rings that telephone, I'll believe the whole thing," he told Shubel. Over the air he requested that those listening in telephone or write him which of the amateurs on the program was best so he could arrange an award
for the winner. Phone calls and letters came pouring in.  
Convinced that the contraption was on the level, Granlund hurried with his news to his chief. “This is a marvelous thing!” he told Loew.

That grand old showman demanded to know whether his press-agent hadn’t perhaps gone crazy? “If it keeps people at home like you say, it will ruin the show business! And you want me to sponsor it!”

“Just the same, Chief,” Granlund insisted, “it’s the coming thing in entertainment, whether you like it or not. Let’s take the station, buy it or rent it. Let’s put it on top of the State Theater Building, make it work for us and we’ll have something!”

Loew was convinced, leased the station for ten years and put it on top of the Loew’s State Building at 1690 Broadway.

“And did I have a good time!” Granlund reminisces with relish. “I hauled everybody who was anybody on Broadway into that studio and stood them up in front of the mike. ‘It’s a toy,’ I’d kid them. ‘Get up here and say something and I’ll show you a neat trick.’ After they’d finished their stuff, I’d ask for telephone calls.”

Nilstr Thor Granlund shipped before the mast and risked his neck in auto races before beginning the career that brought him fame. Below, auditioning one of the Broadway chorus girls whom he presents on the air every Tuesday night. At the right, rehearsing for the broadcast, they used to call a fresh supply of ammunition from the fan mail.

Al Jolson used the radio for talking to his wife at home in Scarsdale. He would come up to the studio between performances of whatever show he happened to be doing, and tell Mrs. Jolson that he would be detained downtown, would be home at . . . or would not be home till morning, sometimes!

Irving Berlin and Benny Davis sang all their new songs over “NTG’s” radio. He introduced them all as “terrible.”

“I dressed everybody down. It made people laugh. Once an audience has been made to laugh, it’s in a more receptive mood and the performer benefits. Besides, it was all in fun. We in the studio enjoyed ourselves, and if anybody happened to be listening, okay. They could enjoy themselves with us.”

It was his popularity which gave Granlund the nickname that has stuck ever since. Pioneer radio listeners, dinky ear-phones clamped to their heads, harassed by static and interference, couldn’t understand his name. And they wanted to know it, and wrote in to the station asking for it. So he simply announced “This is NTG,” which thereupon became his official title.

Even “big names” in those days received no pay for their radio work. All performers were amateurs, earning their living in some other job. One little girl came to the studio every Tuesday and Thursday for two years, rain or shine, like clockwork, doing her program for pleasure and self-expression.

Granlund laughs when he tells how most of the stars didn’t want to believe ‘even when telephone calls were received.

“IT’s a fake. You just fix those calls yourself,” Eddie Cantor insisted after his first experience before the microphone. The station was still on the air when he accused Granlund thus of playing a practical joke on him. Almost immediately the telephone rang.

“I heard you all right, Mr. Cantor and it’s no fake,” the caller assured him.

Cantor was not completely assured, however, until the next day’s postal deliveries brought him some 9,000 letters. He believed in radio then! Even got around to the point where he begged for a chance to sing!

So did Al Jolson, George Jessel and Harry Richman.

Granlund and Richman carried on a feud in front of the mike that had listeners taking sides and sending in the sort of letters that would help the good fight along. When the two contestants ran out of names to call each other.

“She was secretary to Caleb Bragg, famous sportman, and getting $35 a week,” Granlund said. “That was wonderful money for that time. But I thought she was good, and offered her a job in a night club I was interested in. She wouldn’t take it. She was afraid she’d be a flop as a professional entertainer and then be out of a salary altogether.”

Her name was Ethel Merman.

At first, entertainers had been intrigued by radio and had given their services to it gratis, or in exchange for publicity. Granlund realized that this sort of arrangement could not continue indefinitely. Besides, it was one of his tenets, as it still is, that anything acceptable in the way of entertainment should be recompensed. He wanted to pay his artists. But stations were expensive propositions to run. To pay artists, he would first have to make a station productive of revenue. The only advertising done on NTG’s station was for the Loew Theaters, so he decided to experiment with the radio as a medium (Continued on page 70)
By BILL STUART

THEY RISK THEIR LIVES TO BRING YOU THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING EVENTS AS SOON AS THEY HAPPEN

the ROVER BOYS of RADIO

It happened one day last summer.

A raging storm had howled over New York State for two days and millions of dollars and scores of lives had been lost as the devastating floods it brought virtually wiped out village after village.

Attendants at the airport in Syracuse, New York, hearing the noise of a descending plane above the whine of the wind, rushed out on the field in a frantic effort to warn it away. The field, being resurfaced, was covered with row after row of spikes. As they did, a vivid flash of lightning revealed the plane, gleaming and ghostlike, suspended above the sharp points. Then the brief glare was gone and through the grayness they heard the desperate coughing of the ship's motor, a crash, and the ripping of fabric.

When they reached the plane, the pilot was out, examining the tail, which had been caught by one of the spikes, and congratulating his two passengers on their luck in not having turned over. But Dan Russell and Charlie Rushon weren't paying much attention. They were unloading several canvas covered packages of NBC equipment and thinking of what they would say to millions of listeners about the destruction they had witnessed.

That is about the best way for you to meet two of the Rover Boys of Radio. In action! For that is how they generally are. Their adventures in bringing the world thrilling special events make insipid the exploits of those three brothers of fictional derring-do.

It happens that Russell and Rushon, who brought spectacular word pictures of those New York floods to your loudspeaker less than an hour after their near disaster at the Syracuse airport, are with the National Broadcasting Company and work under the direction of Bill Lundell, special events chief. That doesn't mean that Columbia isn't a similar department. Columbia has. It is under the supervision of Paul White; and some of the battles that have raged between the two great nets for scoop programs have added spice to the lives of these two men.

The announcers who do special events are good ones, chosen because they can bring drama and tragedy to your sitting room—and make it live—under the most hazardous circumstances. Imagine yourself giving, on the run, a detailed account of a bulldog chewing the seat out of your pants, and you'll get a vague idea.

The Rover Boys have never had to describe the nibbling of a bulldog at their posteriors, but that is about the only thing they haven't done. Each week they go forth without the fanfare of publicity and contribute new gray hairs to the worried heads of their insurance men and spare parts of their anatomy to hospital receiving wards. They do it blithely, with thought only to their dictio, never to their safety.

Several years ago, Columbia decided it might be an ex-
cellent stunt to cover a special meeting of 25,000 Socialists at Madison Square Garden in New York City. It was, although Paul Douglass, one of the ace announcers on the Columbia staff, almost had his ears knocked off while doing the job.

Douglass, with an engineer, was setting up his equipment in the huge arena and keeping close tabs on the movements of the cheering Socialists when the great doors broke open and 5,000 wild-eyed Communists poured in, determined to break up the meeting. The cheering gave way to yelling, the smack of the chairman’s gavel to the crack of heads and the crash of bodies against the rows of chairs.

Paul, his own eyes wide with excitement, went into action describing the scene. The battle surged about him as the police joined in; and though at one point he received a dizzying blow from a club, and at another he and the engineer had to do some lusty swinging themselves to protect their microphones, he finished the job all in one piece.

It was a Columbia scoop, well earned. Columbia has had a lot of them; and so has NBC. Always, the rivalry between the two is red hot. The (Continued on page 79)
It happened at the Grove Street School, in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1915. The gawky, gangling, overgrown boy with the ridiculous mop of golden hair was about to be expelled by the Eighth Grade teacher. The rascal had put honey in the ink-well again!

Today, honey in the inkwell. Yesterday, spit-balls. The day before, that maddening drumming on the bottom of the desk. And he thought she didn’t know who was responsible! Sitting there with that perfectly straight face, except at times when he thought she wasn’t looking. For months she had been giving him a “D” in deportment, but that didn’t faze him. When she reminded him of this disgraceful blotch on his report card, he only remarked that all the other A’s in reading, writing, ‘rithmetic, even history, sorta made up for it, didn’t they? Well, it had gone on long enough. A’s or no A’s, this young man was about

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

M-G-M photo
to be sent home in disgrace. The teacher had had enough.

"Nelson Eddy!" The command in her voice was not to be denied. That young innocent stood up.

At that moment the singing teacher entered the room. She spoke in a whisper to the Eighth Grade teacher. "Would you let Nelson be excused for a half hour?" she asked. "We have visitors in the singing class and I need him. He's the only one in the lot that can really sing. Please...?"

The Eighth Grade teacher saw this as a way out of the ordeal she had just set herself. "You can have him!" she agreed quickly.

The surprised singing teacher beckoned to her favorite, and, both gloating, they left the room.

This incident occurred only three weeks before graduation, and the teacher, thinking it over that evening, decided that she could put up with the Eddy boy, for his folks' sake, until then.

So, accordingly, at the age of fourteen, Nelson Eddy received a diploma from Grammar School. It was the last regular school he ever attended.

Shortly afterwards, Nelson's mother took him with her to Philadelphia, to live. Nelson knew the state of the family budget, and decided, of his own accord, that there would not even be a high-school education for him. But what did he care? He could make money. Hadn't he already made a little money, singing in the choirs of various Rhode Island Churches? True, the most he had ever received was $7 a month, but that was something anyway.

His uncle offered him a job of telephone operator at his company, and the boy started to work for $8 a week. In a few months he had taken on the duties of filing clerk, as well. Later he became shipping clerk. Finally, he got himself a night job on a Philadelphia newspaper. In turn, Nelson became a printer's devil, an obituary writer, and finally a cub reporter. From there he went to an advertising agency, wrote copy and later took over the duties of art director.

"All this on a grammar school education, you ask?" Well, not exactly, for though Nelson had left school for ever, he didn't stop studying, and hasn't yet. The diploma from Grove Street School is not the only diploma he has ever received. In fact, one of Nelson's prized collections today is a neatly bound packet of diplomas, authentic ones, by gosh, with gold seals, and ribbons and everything. One is from a music school which offers singing lessons, via correspondence. Another is from an art school which teaches drawing by mail. A third is from a school of foreign languages. And one of them, the strangest of all, is a diploma which Nelson drew up for himself, and awarded to himself, in the fanciest printing he was capable of reproducing!

But let's take these fancy documents one by one, in their proper order.

In school, Nelson had never made any great effort to study. If he did get A's, it was partly luck, and partly a remarkable ability to remember facts. But when education was denied him, when he was plumped down in the middle of a great thriving business world, he was suddenly seized with a great desire for self improvement. Something must be done about it.

He took stock of his abilities. He could sing, all right. And he could draw a little. He couldn't spend money for lessons on both. It would have to be one or the other, so Nelson flipped a coin, and drawing won. That decided, he began to look around for lessons in art. The fees were too high at the art schools in town, but he came across an ad in a magazine which seemed to promise everything for very little. Nelson clipped the coupon, received a booklet, and a week later enrolled for the course.

Nelson Eddy eventually graduated, not with honors, but with a diploma, anyway. That was after he had gone to work at the advertising agency, to write copy, run (Continued on page 67)

EVERY ONE OF NELSON EDDY'S DIPLOMAS CAME BY MAIL BUT NO ONE EVER LAUGHS WHEN HE SITS DOWN TO SING!

Success

By KATHERINE HARTLEY

Right, rehearsal at famous Lake Tahoe on location for Nelson's newest M-G-M picture, "Rose Marie," with director W. S. Van Dyke and Jeannette MacDonald.
YOU'VE doubtless wondered about the sudden return to the air of many orchestras playing in New York hotels. The answer to your reasonable curiosity is that the hotels have finally capitulated to the musicians' union and decided to pay the union tax of $3.00 per player per broadcast.

Now you are able to hear over NBC and CBS networks, such orchestras as Bernie Cummins at the Hotel Roosevelt; Vincent Lopez, Hotel Ambassador; Ted Fio Rito, Hotel New Yorker; Ozzie Nelson, Hotel Lexington; Hank Halstead, Park Central Hotel; Harold Stern, Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Enoch Light, Hotel Governor Clinton.

The tax had been ruled by the union in an effort to help unemployed musicians. The hotels said no pay. The union said no play. So for many months you heard bands from other cities, many of them unknown to you before, and many of those unknown pretty good at that. Certainly it did serve to bring new orchestras to your attention and to that of network officials.

The tension was really broken when the Fifth Avenue Hotel decided to pay the tax in order that Stern's orchestra might be heard over NBC. Shortly afterward, the Hotel St. Moritz decided to fall in line and permit Little Jack Little to be heard on CBS.

Unfortunately, soon after that, Little Jack fell ill from overwork, and he had to terminate his engagement. He is taking a vacation and a rest under doctor's orders. Just now, it is hard to predict when he will be back on the air.

* * *

BUDD Q. ORCHESTRAPLAGE

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD are all broken up, temporarily. But they're not mad at each other. Stoopnagle wants a rest, if you call an auto trip from New York to California a rest.

Budd Hulick doesn't want one. Consequently he's doing something he's always wanted to do. He's organizing his own popular music orchestra. Perhaps by the time this reaches you, you've already heard him on CBS. He is going to sing, at which he is quite as good as at being a funny fellow, and act as master of ceremonies. Not only may you be hearing him, but you may see him, if he happens to land near you on one of his one night stands.

The two expect to get back together as a comedy team sometime in January. Whether or not Budd will continue with the orchestra after that, remains to be seen—and heard.

KENNY FOR BENNY

YOU understand, of course, why Michael Bartlett was replaced by young Kenny Baker as tenor of Jack Benny's program if such a short engagement. Mike had to leave the mike to work on a new motion picture assignment with Grace Moore with whom he starred in "Love Me Forever."

It is said that Phil Regan, who left New York radio studios for Hollywood movie studios, was considered for the replacement, but that his price was too high.

As a consequence, Kenny Baker, who won Eddy Duchin's Radio Open Tournament over 1,000 other contestants in Los Angeles this summer, was selected after auditions. Kenny, a native of Monrovia, California, is twenty-three. He has already appeared in two films, "The World Moves On" and "George White's Scandals."

His singing voice is described as a lyric tenor. The speaking voice is—well, anyway, it isn't his natural manner. It's all in fun.
HEN Bob Crosby was about to start his new series on NBC, he was still so weak from an attack of pneumonia that the doctor ordered him to stay in bed. Brother Bing, hearing of it, immediately offered to take his place on the opening broadcast.

"Nothing doing," Bob said. "This is my big chance and I'm going to make good on my own."

Out of bed he popped and rushed to New York. It is characteristic of Bob that he refuses to trade on his brother's reputation.

You'll be interested in these comparative statistics on the two Crosby boys:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bob</th>
<th>Bing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>1904</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>Six feet</td>
<td>Five feet nine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>185 lbs.</td>
<td>165 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Color eyes</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Yes</td>
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<tr>
<td>First On Air</td>
<td>Chicago, 1930</td>
<td>Los Angeles, 1927</td>
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<tr>
<td>with Anson Weeks' orchestra</td>
<td>singing with Al Rinker</td>
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(Continued on page 93)

Frances Langford, opposite page, is winking at you from Hollywood, where she's making pictures for M-G-M. Above, a trio of maestros—Emery Deutsch and Ted Fio Rito and Ozzie Nelson. They've patched up their musicians' union difficulties, and now you can hear them on network sustaining programs. Left is Gogo DeLys, who has her own show every Thursday and Saturday evening on CBS.

WHAT THIS SPARKLING DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.
PEOPLE are always writing to me saying they can tell how happy and contented George is, just by the sound of his voice on the radio, and wanting to know how in the world I have made such a great success of my marriage.

So I have decided I ought to tell everybody my secret for successful married life. There are so many young brides in the world who would be grateful for some advice from an experienced wife like me that it seems selfish to keep it all to myself.

I am sure my marriage is a success because George often says I am proof a man can get used to anything. I only hope he doesn’t say that to all the girls he meets.

The reason for my success is simply this—I always have a campaign to keep George happy (sometimes I call it a system). Don’t ever make your husband worry over how to be happy; he has enough other worries on his mind. Of course, maybe your husband will be unselfish, like my Georgie, and not want you to have a campaign. You mustn’t let him fool you, though, because he doesn’t really mean it.

At first George tried to get me not to have a campaign, but that was only because he didn’t want me to worry myself. I know he loves it, because every time I stop he buys me presents. He does that so I’ll start again, because he’s too shy to ask me to.

One of the best ways to make your husband happy is to think up little surprises for him when he least expects them. For instance, Georgie never knows when I am going to bake a surprise layer cake for him. He loves them. I like to make layer cakes too, because that way I can cook three cakes in one pan at the same time. You know, one layer on top of the other.

Here’s how I make my surprise layer cakes.

I go into the kitchen and blindfold myself—and anything I pick up I put into the cake. Then we have a double surprise, because what George finds in the cake is as much a surprise to me as it is to him. What George likes most about the cakes is that whenever he has lost things, like collar buttons, old razor blades or cuff links, he almost always finds them in my surprise layer cakes.

Of course all wives aren’t good enough cooks to do that. But here is a surprise even young brides can accomplish.

I always hide the telephone in different parts of the house, so that when the phone rings George can have fun hunting for it. That takes him all over the house, and breaks the monotony.

But, just my luck, ever since I cut the telephone line so that I could hide the phone in (Continued on page 82)
Are they too hot for radio? Drew Pearson and Bob Allen, above and upper left, are the two newspaper men who wrote "Washington Merry-Go-Round," best-seller of a few years ago. Now they air their political comments on the Mutual network, 7:45 Tuesdays and Saturdays, and some of their stations carefully announce they're not responsible for what the boys say... Left, Patricia Gilmore, soloist with Enric Madriguera. She's nineteen, was born in New York, has been singing a year.
Above, Jimmy Donnelly and Janice Gilbert, the Collins children, who live next door to the O'Neills in NBC's popular afternoon show. Jimmy, nine, has been in radio since he could read a script. Janice, ten, specializes in imitating radio and screen stars. Left is Kay Weber, soloist with Bing Crosby's Jimmy Dorsey band. Born in Kansas, began radio career in Denver singing with orchestras. Fritzi Scheff, left below, gave up retirement to be featured in Tuesday night's Lavender and Old Lace over CBS. A beloved star three decades ago, she was the first to sing "Kiss Me Again." Vienna-born, she's red-haired, vivacious. Below, Freddie Rich, maestro on Red Horse Tavern and Penthouse Party. Began playing the piano when he was six, taught music in high school, has toured Europe with his orchestra. He conducted a command performance for the King and Queen of England. Likes to play golf. Below right, Johnny Augustine, orchestra leader for Saundra Brown and Marty May on CBS, made his début at the age of five, playing a violin. Studied medicine in school, but deserted classrooms and laboratories in favor of music and the vaudeville stage.
Jimmy Dorsey, above, won the coveted job of leading Bing Crosby’s orchestra on the latter’s new program. He and brother Tommy organized their band in 1934, seven months later were being acclaimed on Broadway. Now they have a band apiece . . . Don Hix, right, is the Old Skipper whose gang of talented kids comes to you over NBC Saturdays at 1:30. Has been a newspaperman, movie director and actor, cartoonist, still writes a column for children in a Baltimore paper. His eleven-year-old daughter acts in his shows . . . Rachel Carlay, below, singer on Sunday nights’ Manhattan Merry-Go-Round hour, was born in Brussels, went to Paris to star in the Folies Bergere and French movies, is unmarried, brunette, an excellent horseback rider . . . Below right, Teri Josefovits, guest pianist with Bert Stevens’ orchestra, Mondays at 4:30 on NBC. He’s Hungarian, came to this country as a child, has played in vaudeville and the concert stage from South America to Canada, studied under famous European teachers. You may soon hear him on his own sustaining program.
Elizabeth Love, below, is Leslie Howard’s leading lady in “The Amateur Gentleman,” Sundays at 8:30 over CBS. She’s from Florida, got her first stage job because of her real Southern accent, is an expert swimmer. Her hobby is psychology.

Senator Fishface, above, and Professor Figgsbottle, left, are Elmore Vincent and Don Johnson when they aren’t hiding behind all that shrubbery. They’re the comics on NBC’s Design for Listening, Sunday at 4:30. . . Elaine Melchior, below, besides playing the role of villainess Ardala Valmar in the Buck Rogers show, is also an artists’ model and painter.
THEY stood under an old gnarled tree on which apples hung October red, Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett; and the Justice of the Peace of that little Connecticut town, closing Raymond's big brown hand over Blanche's small white one, said, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

Blanche wore a beige crepe suit with fox fur and there was a spray of those yellowish, greenish orchids pinned on her shoulder. Dorothy Gish, who has been her friend since the two began their climb in motion pictures some years ago, stood up with her. And Raymond had his brother, Albert, for his best man.

A friendship which had woven itself haphazardly through a dozen years and a romance which had grown dear through as many months came to its happy ending.

It's curious, I think, how two lives will cross, how two people will meet, talk about a dozen things, say goodnight and part to be caught up in their own lives again. And how all this time they will be completely unaware that the patterns of their two lives swing closer and closer and that it's only a matter of time until they will merge and blend to become one pattern happier and more complete than either in itself ever was.

That's how it was with Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett.

They saw each other first at Catalina Island, off California's coast. Raymond and two companions, after a week-end on the island, had left for San Pedro in a small boat and had had to put back when a storm came up. Raymond was concerned because the following morning he had an early call at the studio and he knew there was little chance of reaching the mainland once darkness fell. Where upon the host of the small yachting party of which Blanche was a member invited Raymond to return with them.

Blanche didn't sit behind the canvas lashed along the side as protection against the storm on the way back. She likes the feel of the spray and the rain. And it happened Raymond does, too. They sat aft, alone, talking sometimes, sometimes silent while that gray, rainy Sunday settled into chilly darkness.

"I remember," Blanche says now, "that I liked the way Raymond reacted to things. Frequently in answering something I said he completed my thought for me. But when we docked at San Pedro and said 'Goodbye, be seeing you some other time perhaps,' that was the end of it."

The next some other time for them turned out to be a dinner party over a year later. The table was long and Blanche was only vaguely aware of a familiar face in the misty glow of the candles burning. After dinner she didn't see him at all, for he went off to the fights with some of the men.

MONTHS lengthened into years. Raymond, reading Blanche had signed with Metro, and Blanche, reading Raymond was to play with Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X" or appear in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," would remember the bite of spray on their cheeks and the smell of damp clothes and steamer rugs.

So it went. It was the year before they both arrived in New York to work in the theater and saw each other again. On Hollywood Boulevard this time. "There's Raymond Hackett," the friend driving with Blanche announced, nodding toward the young man waiting at the crossing.

After that, Raymond played with Lillian Gish on the New York stage in "No. 9 Pine Street" and "Camille." Blanche went on a vaudeville tour. She was preparing to open in Chicago—in fact the bills advertising her appearance already were posted—when her agent telephoned he had signed her (Continued on page 61)

They met a dozen different times without knowing that there was love between them.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP LED TO THIS STAR'S RECENT MARRIAGE
YOU'VE heard about it, talked about, maybe even read about it, but not until now have all the facts hidden by clouds of speculation and uncertainty been revealed. So, with the help of crossed fingers and a white beard, we're about to tell for the first time the whole story of broadcasting's latest trend—wired radio.

It's exciting, different, and it may soon usher in a whole new era in airwaves entertainment. It's—but you probably won't believe that it's possible for the plan to work, until you hear all the details.

Wired radio, in brief, is the following: for a certain monthly sum, you will have on tap in your home eighteen hours a day a continuous flow of three types of music of which you take your choice. It will come through a brand new loudspeaker and at no time will it be interrupted by announcements of any kind. No introductions, no advertisements, no identifications. That, my friends, is wired radio.

Practical? In Cleveland, Ohio, a goodly portion of that fair city already has been equipped with the necessary apparatus and for some time music, whole and true, has been flooding steadily into these homes, and two of the country's largest businesses are connected with this vast enterprise—the telephone companies and the electric light companies.

What artists will you hear? Imagine, if you will, lolling back in your easy chair of a cold winter's evening and hearing in succession the music of Ray Noble, Hal Kemp, Andre Kostelanetz, Glen Gray, Isham Jones, Johnny Green, Leon Belasco, Fats Waller, Louis Prima, Willard Robison, Joe Venuti, and Emil Coleman.

To this evening's entertainment there would be but one drawback—you'd have to guess whose band each one was. No identifying announcement would be made.

And what is the catch? This: it's up to you, the listening public, whether such a scheme of broadcasting

No advertising, no announcements, just a steady flow of music—that's what wired radio will offer if its plans are carried out. You may hear these stars soon on this new medium without identification. Left, Johnny Green, Gertrude Niesen; above, Hal Kemp, Glen Gray, and Ray Noble have already made many recordings.
will ever be a public institution of a sort. For, in place of sponsors who advertise their wares on the air, there will be the monthly sum charged to each and every one who uses this new plan. If you think it's worth it, then you can have it. And before long, too. In fact, according to plans disclosed to us, shortly after the first of the year, or just about the time you are reading this.

The sum? For smaller, more inexpensive types of loudspeaker, six cents a day, or roughly, two dollars a month. For the larger, easier-to-look-at speakers, fifteen cents a day or four-fifty a month.

If you're worried about initial expense, forget it. Your home will be equipped without cost to you. You will only be bothered the morning or afternoon engineers come into your living room to install the loudspeaker—one you've never seen, with several important improvements, we've been told.

This equipment you rent from the company as you rent the phone now. When you decide to discontinue the service, the company sends a man to remove the speaker. That's all. And don't worry about this interfering with your phone or light wires. That's taken care of, too, without cost to you and without a lot of electricians cluttering up your house for days on end. The mechanical side, in other words, is infinitely simple, once you make up your mind to spend that monthly sum.

WHEN the engineers leave, you will find close at hand a switch with which you can snap on one of three kinds of music. You can have the jazz music as played by the orchestras mentioned above, and many others for that matter. Or you can have the Victor Herbert type of music—you know, the kind you get in your local tea room, only better. Or third, you can have the semi-classical, the light Sunday evening music, not so heavy you can't digest it after a big evening meal.

One fact we haven't mentioned is, all this music will be electrical recordings. You know, records, played in one small studio in the center of town. Canned music, in other words, but just as good as live, if you are to believe what the engineers behind this project have to say. That's why you get all this music for so little money. The big orchestras can go right on broadcasting in New York, taking a day off now and then to make some records. For the past six months, incidentally, the companies have been building up huge stores of records of the well known stars.

There is a possibility that a few times every day you will hear the one and only voice of a person speaking. The plan is to bring short, to the point, news broadcasts every few hours.

But don't think that this is a sales talk intended to disparage or harm radio in its present form. A year ago, before these details were known, radio was trembling in its boots. It had heard of wired radio and envisioned in it some dire threat to its future happiness and security.

As a matter of fact, there will and can be very little competition between radio and wired radio. Only the present networks with their vast chain of stations and even vaster barrels of money given them by sponsors can hope to send you Major Bowes and Eddie Cantor and Phil Baker and Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard. In other words, any show that's sponsored today certainly will go right on being broadcast.

It is only for those times when you want pure, unblemished music that you will press wired radio into service. Such music is merely intended as a backdrop to your everyday home activities, something you can hear but not listen to, that won't interfere with your bridge or your reading but that will fill the room with melody.

Serious music lovers will still have to seek out the New York Philharmonic or the Ford Symphonic Hour or the General Motors Symphony. Wired radio does not intend to present any such pretentious programs. It doesn't ask, nor does it hope, that you will listen and do nothing else. You might far too soon sicken of (Continued on page 79)
Starting at the top left you find the king of accent, Louis McGillicuddy Sorin and Alice Frost, stooge of many nations. Next, Walter (Hatfield) O'Keefe hushing the boos. Above, Ted Husing, football's reporter, reporting how cigarettes NEVER get your wind. Left of Ted, Casa Loma's leader, Glen Gray; left of Glen, Walter again in tux with Deane Janis. And left, Kenny Sargeant singing with musical background.
YOU can own a radio station!

BY SAMUEL KAUFMAN

Broadcasting, today, is big business. However, if you are enterprising enough, you not only can enter the field, but can own your own station!

Of hand, it may seem as if we're discussing something that runs into the tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars. Well, yes! You can spend such amounts if you want to. But, if your location is suitable, your abilities versatile and your ambitions high, you've got the essential ingredients to turn out an honest-to-goodness commercial station with small capital. And we're not speaking of an amateur set-up. We mean a program plant in the same roster as WEAF, WJZ, WABC, WOR, etc. Sounds hard to believe, eh? Well, just read on!

Your chances of success are better if you live in a small town, preferably a considerable distance from a big city. At such a rural spot you have better odds of getting a government license. Metropolitan area quotas are virtually exhausted. But in small towns the chances of getting the permit are excellent.

A few years ago, there were so many obstacles in the way of the small town station that the start of such a venture seemed a foolish undertaking. But new broadcasting procedure, advanced technical developments and most important of all, the mechanization of programs gave the small stations new leases on life.

Taking it for granted that the little transmitter must be started at limited cost, you might wonder why we mention advanced technical developments. It's true that the latest types of equipment cost tremendous sums. But it's such new apparatus that gives the small station owner a break in keeping his expenses down. This is the way it works out:

With the advent of high-fidelity transmitters, new types of antennas, etc., the big stations, ever on the alert to have the last word in equipment, secure the most up-to-date apparatus regardless of cost and the scrapped equipment finds its way to small stations at bargain prices. Thus, technical set-ups that originally cost big city broadcasters virtual fortunes can be procured in a used state at a tiny fraction of original price.

Practical transmitters can be purchased as low as $700. They're not, of course, the handsome black and chrome showpieces found in a metropolitan station, but they're efficient instruments that prove their worth when called upon to serve a limited area on low power.

And then you'll need an operator—that is, if you're not a licensed commercial operator yourself. On the basis of the number of operators seeking work, the chances are that you can secure an experienced technician in or near your town who could be hired at a moderate salary.

And now we come to the subject of headquarters. Well, they certainly can be simple enough. We recently heard of a California station located in a barn—and it supposedly had a good local following. The transmitter space can be very limited. The apparatus can be mounted on a table or desk if the units are not already on a floor rack arrangement. Quite simple forms of antennae can be used.

You would have no need for Roxyesque page boys and comely hostesses. Auditorium-sized studios need never be considered and the worry of distributing studio passes just wouldn't exist. And the reason for this elimination of swagger and pomp is that there would be no programs that could be seen at the studio. And yet the station can boast of network-calibre programs—in some instances with the cream of NBC and CBS talent participating.

How can the little transmitter afford such talent? How can the artists' offerings be brought to the distant town without involving costly telephone wire charges and railroad fares? The answer to both questions is electrical transcription.

The electrical transcription (Continued on page 100)
Extreme right, Florence Baker chose this leopard-cat swagger coat with its very new and smart tuxedo revers, standing collar and muff cuffs of beaver. The jaunty hat is of brown felt, with its visor of leopard-cat.

One of I. J. Fox's most stunning evening wraps is this gorgeous three-quarter length snow-white fox cape, modeled by Tania Lubov (right). The skins run lengthwise and it is topped off with a flattering shawl collar.

Tania (at the extreme left) selected the dressy black moiré caracul coat with its outstanding square sailor collar of fine silver fox. She wears a skull-cap velvet hat with flare bow. Pretty Alice Reinheart likes her novelty fur coat of Bombay lamb. The interesting details are its jabot collar and buckle fastenings at the neck and belt. Her hat's black felt with dotted nose-length veil.
Far left, Florence is all set for a week-end at Lake Placid with her traveling coat of emerald green tweed and tuxedo collar of natural lynx. Her chic Tyrolean hat is tobacco brown felt with a pert green feather atop.

Left, Miss Lubov just couldn't resist this ivory caracul evening coat with silver fox collar. Below, Alice in a shoulder cape of fox, dyed a lovely shade of pale blue with its soft satin bow tie of the same pastel coloring.
All the tears that she had held back on various previous occasions in her life came brimming to her eyes.

By FRED SAMMIS

ALL Mickey knew the next few days was what she read in the daily papers. In the World-Telegram she bought Thursday noon, half way down the radio column, she caught sight of her own name.

"The guest appearance of Miss Mickey Crail (recent winner of an Uncle Jim Amateur Hour) on the Jan Parrish program Saturday night has been cancelled due to ill health."

A tiny grim smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. That was the answer she didn't get from Jan last night. Not that she blamed him. He'd probably gotten up this morning with a swollen, black and blue jaw, and infinite contempt for amateurs.

"Amateurs at life," Mickey said scornfully, "that's what Tad and I have been."

Well, there went that radio stardom of hers that Uncle Jim had said didn't belong to her. Yesterday it would have meant much more, but yesterday she hadn't lost Tad so irrevocably. She lived over last night's scenes again.

Even in the cold light of the morning after, she couldn't see how things might have worked out differently. She knew that Tad had been angry with her because she hadn't obeyed his orders. And she also knew that she would react the same way a hundred times, even if it meant losing Tad each time. No one could treat her like a naughty child as he had done and expect anything else.

She might have gone home then and there. The reason she didn't she would not admit to herself, but it was strong enough, nevertheless, to hold her in New York. Reading the World-Telegram, Tad might see the item about her, might realize what was happening to her, might come back, this time with sympathy and understanding of what she had been trying to do.

She clung involuntarily to that hope until Sunday noon. Then another, longer item—this one in the society section—wrote for Mickey the finale to a love story she'd been living for years without knowing it.

Underneath a two-column headline, the story began:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jerome K. Van Biddle announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion, to Mr. Tad Byron of Poughkeepsie, New York." Farther down, after a long list of the schools Marion had attended, it added:

Mr. Byron was one of the Uncle Jim Riley amateur winners a short time ago and has been offered contracts by commercial programs. Mr. Byron, however, announced yesterday his intention of entering the well known engineering firm of Shaw and O'Donnell in the near future."

"That," Mickey said, "is that," and all the tears that she had held back on various previous occasions in her life came brimming to her eyes, not this time to be denied.

There was at least the bitter consolation of having confusing points clarified. She knew now why Tad hadn't made his scheduled appearance on the novelty program. He had listened to the Van Biddles, evidently, and been convinced that engineering was, in the end, a worthier occupation than bird calling, something none of her arguments had done.

He had moved so that his guest (Continued on page 76)
Joyce Anderson sings on the Chesterfield show. See page 51—9 p.m. "Life Is a Song" with Countess Albani, sponsored by Real Silk—page 51—9 o'clock.

Joyce Anderson would like to tell you many more secrets—the Countess Albani’s skin care, more about Lily Pons’ cosmetics—or help you with your own problems. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope with query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York.

ARE you a brunette who worries over what shade of eyeshadow, rouge, nail-polish to use? Do you look longingly at clothes of certain colors, under the impression you can’t wear them? But—maybe you can!

It’s for you that two of radio’s loveliest women told Radio Mirror their own beauty hints—unconventional hints, some of them, but ones which have been proved successful by Lily Pons and Countess Olga Albani.

Suppose you are the same sort of brunette as Countess Albani—hair as black as true Spanish hair should be, eyes almost equally black, a pale, clear olive skin; a little above medium height, slender and stately. You probably think you must never wear blue. But listen to what the Countess says: “Contrary to established tradition, my type can wear this color. It’s one of my favorites. I’m very careful, though, to avoid purplish or greenish shades of it. Both vivid and gray blues are splendid.

“I’ve always believed that we brunettes overuse what we consider the Spanish type of colors, reds and oranges. They’re not only tiresome but actually dangerous. And I never wear scarlet. American Beauty and the wine shades, I think, are the brightest colors I should wear. Purple is also good, if it’s always warm and vibrant.

“It is very important in choosing the colors for your costumes, as well as for your cosmetics, to think of your skin rather than your hair. That is why brown is a particularly difficult shade for my type, because it has a tendency to deaden the skin. When I want to wear brown, I make certain it is a golden tint with plenty of life. On the other hand, I consider black a very good choice, but with it I wear brighter makeup than usual, since black robs the face of a certain amount of color.

“In choosing color schemes for my wardrobe, I pay great attention to materials, because I consider texture as important as shade. I seldom wear shiny materials, since the soft, feminine textiles are much more complimentary to the complexion. Taffeta and velvet I wear, but I prefer those materials which drape gracefully. For instance, I feel that I can wear any pastel shade, but only in the chiffons and delicate, sheer weaves. This is especially true of gray, a shade I wear frequently.

“I carry out exactly the same principles in my cosmetics. I use very little rouge, often none at all; it causes the pale olive skin to lose its delicacy. And I wear the same wine shades and warm raspberry tints in my lipstick that I advise for clothes. I use brown eyeshadow most of the time—even in daytime, for I believe that small faced or small featured women can afford to use such eye make-up in daylight. Occasionally I wear silver-blue shadow with black gowns in the evening.

“But, most important of all, you will notice I have emphasized the skin throughout. It is the feature I am convinced should be played up, when one has very dark hair and eyes; it is the heroine, so to speak, of the little drama of charm and fashion which we play.”

Would you like to have the Countess Albani’s skin care secrets? I’ll be happy to send them to you, just as she gave them to me. I can assure you that, once you have a skin like hers, you can’t help being a long way on the road to beauty, for she has the most exquisite complexion I ever saw. And I’ll send you the (Continued on page 83)
### HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)

2. Read down the column for the programs which are in block type.

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

### HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Concert; ABC—on the following pages—into Red and Blue Basic, and six supplementary groups—Southwest, Southwest Central, Northwest, Coast, and Concert.)

2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.

3. If your station is not listed on the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.

### 4 PM

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tr>
<td>1300 Philarmonic Symphony of N. Y.</td>
<td>Fri. 9:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<tr>
<td>1310 Happy Hollow</td>
<td>Mon. 8:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<td>1330 Three Little Words</td>
<td>Fri. 8:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<td>1300 Commercial Comment</td>
<td>Mon. 6:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<td>1315 Te at the Ritz</td>
<td>Mon. 6:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<td>1330 John Wayne</td>
<td>Mon. 6:00</td>
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<td>Sun. 5:15</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<tr>
<td>1315 John Hale</td>
<td>Mon. 6:15</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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### COLUMBIA BROADCAST

**We Have With Us—**

**RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE**

**LIST OF STATIONS**

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<th>BASIC</th>
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**COAST**

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**CANADIAN**

| CBFR | CBAC |

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**1:00 Church of the Air:** Sun. 1:00 hr. WABC and network

**2:00 Between the Bookends:** Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 2:00 hr. WABC and network

**2:15 Johnny Augustine with Patti Chaplin:** Sun. 2:15 hr. WABC and network

**2:30 Jose Manzanares and His South American Orchestra:** Sun. 2:30 hr. WABC and network

**3:00 Hoover Hop:** Mon. 3:00 hr. WABC and network

**3:30 Mark Warnow's Orchestra:** Fri. 3:30 hr. WABC and network

**You can travel to the stars, figuratively speaking, once a month this winter. Columbia has scheduled four more broadcasts from Hayden Planetarium in New York.**

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**12 NOON 1 PM 2 PM**

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<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 Salt Lake City Tabernacles</td>
<td>Sun. 12:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30 &quot;Mary Martin&quot;</td>
<td>Mon. 12:30</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45 Transatlantic Broadcast</td>
<td>Sun. 12:45</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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<td>13:00 Sisters of the Skillet</td>
<td>Sun. 13:00</td>
<td>WABC and network</td>
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**1310 Musical Footnotes:** Sun. 13:10 hr. WABC and network

**1315 Matinee Memories:** Mon. 13:15 hr. WABC and network

**1330 Joe Manzanares and His South American Orchestra:** Mon. 13:30 hr. WABC and network

**1415 Sisters of the Skillet:** Sun. 14:15 hr. WABC and network

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**1445 Sister Semmler:** Mon. 14:45 hr. WABC and network

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**5:00 Melodia:** Sun. 5:00 hr. WABC and network

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**5:45, Son of Fire:** Mon. 5:45 hr. WABC and network

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**6:00 Terry and Ted:** Mon. 6:00 hr. WABC and network

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**Columbia's new CBS children's program, daily of 5:00. It's the tale of a cruise in a super-automobile from the United States... Have you listened to John...**
LIST OF STATIONS

(Basic Blue and Basic Red stations)

SOUtheast

WFLA WRVA WMAL WEAF WMAQ
WDBM WTWB WMRT WWCW
WJWX WNCC WPTF

Northwest

KPRC KTHS KPRC WABA
WDCO KVFY KHYD WBEW
WQTC WGMQ WCCD

Coast

KDFL KHYQ KQO
KGK KOMO KGW
KPO

Supplementary

(Used by both Red and Blue networks)

WJZ WMAL WEAF WMAQ
WBAL WMT WENTE WBN
WBZ WREX WRC
WBBZ WSRY WSAI
WCKY WTJZ WHIO
WENR KDKA WHIO
WFIL KOIL WHIO
WGO KSD WJW
WHAM KWK WHIO
WLS KKYW

2:00 The Magic Key of RCA: Sun. 1 hr.
Basic Blue plus entire supplementary plus CCF Red
3:30 National Youth Conference: Sun. 3½ hr.
Network: Basic Blue plus network
Castles of Romance: Tues. 1½ hr. WJZ and network
Old Skippers: Sat. 3½ hr. WJZ and network
4:15 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. 1½ hr. WJZ and network
Golden Melodies: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association: Wed 1½ hr. WJZ and network
4:15 General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. 1¼ hr. WJZ and network
5:30 Melody Revival: Tues. 14½ hr. WJZ and network
Music Magic: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

1:45 and With Mon. Sun. Fri. ½ hr.

1:45 and With Mon. Tues. Fri. ½ hr.

2:00 Road to Romance: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Character Building Program: Mon. 45 min.
Cleveland Symphony: Tues. 1 hr. WEAF and network
The Magic Speech: Fri. ½ hr.

2:00 Bible Drama: Sun. 1 hr. WEAF and network
3:15 Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Sun. 1½ hr. WEAF and network
3:30 Words and Music: Sun. ¾ hr. WEAF and network
4:45 New York and De: Sun. 1½ hr. WEAF and network
Airbreaks: U.S. Music Guild: Tues. ½ hr. network
Weekend Revue: Sat. 1 hr. network

2:00 Sherwood Williams Program: Sun. 3½ hr.
Basic Red plus WEAF CFCF
3:45 The King's Jesters: Mon. Fri. ½ hr.
WJAR WEAF

4:15 Pine Mountain Merrymakers: Sun. ½ hr.
Basic blue plus northwestern minus WCKY WLS
4:45 Strolling Singers: Orchestra: Fri. 1½ hr.
WJZ and network
Fascinating Rhythm: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

All you gals can speak for yourselves on the "Let's Talk It Over" program, Mondays at 4:30. Emily Post, author of "Etiquette," Anne Hurd, writer, and Almo Kitchell, soprano, are featured.

5:30 Irish Dancers: Mon. Fri. ½ hr.
WJZ and network

10:00 Temple of Song: Sun. 1½ hr.
Basic Red plus WEAF and network

4:00 Sunday Vespers: Sun. 1½ hr. WEAF and network
Betty Bob and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus network minus WCKY WLS

5:00 Roses and Drum: Sun. 1½ hr. Basic blue minus WCKY WLS
Junior Radio Journal: Thurs. 1½ hr. Basic Blue minus network
American Medical Association Program: Mon. 3½ hr. WJZ and network

5:30 Bob Becker: Sat. 1½ hr.
Basic blue network
5:45 Gabriel Heatter: Sat. 1½ hr.
Basic blue network
5:45 Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue minus WLS WMT WREN KOIL KSYM

12:00 American Pageant of Youth: Sun. ½ hr.
WEAF WBFL WBYZ WBSB WCMF
12:15 Simon Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network
12:30 Radio City Musical Hall: Sat. Sun. 1½ hr. WJZ and network
National Farm and Home Hour Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1 hr. WJZ and network

1:00 Major Bowes' Capital Family Hy: Sun. once hr. WEAF and network
1:15 Honeyboy and His Dream: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1½ hr. WEAF and network
1:30 University of Miami Discussion: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network
1:45 Mary Pickford's Merry Mad: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WEAF and network
2:00 Chicago: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network
2:15 Character Building Program: Sun. 45 min.
Cleveland Symphony: Tues. 1 hr. WEAF and network
The Magic Speech: Fri. ½ hr.

2:30 Vespers: Sun. 3½ hr. WEAF and network

3:45 Grandpa Burton: Mon. ½ hr. WEAF and network

5:00 Penthouse Serenade: Sat. 1½ hr. Basic blue network
5:00 Baseball: Sat. 1½ hr. Basic blue network
5:30 Dream Drama: Sun. 1½ hr. WJZ and network minus WHO WSD CRCT OR "Radio City Orchestra Sun. 1½ hr. WJZ and network

5:00 Kenneth's Kindergarten: Sat. 1½ hr. WEAF and network
5:30 More by Richard Himes: Sun. 1½ hr. Basic Blue minus WBYZ
5:45 Carla Lu 'n' Em: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Basic Red plus extra supplementary list WEAF WJAR WEAF plus WJZ WBSB WCMF

NBC has great hopes for its little Scotch blues singer, Ello Logan, heard in "The Big Scoops from Town" Thursdays at 7:45 over the WJZ network. The rest of us started shouting over her when she first appeared on network at 8:30 on her hour last spring.

The Luden program which used to be "Music by Al Goodson" has been replaced by "Magic by Richard Himes." Goodman's time is pretty well taken up with two other NBC shows... And Lucy Monroe has replaced Vivianne Sagal on the American Album of Familiar Music.
AGE SIGNS

Start Underneath!

LINES around eyes and mouth!

COARSE PORES!

DRY SKIN!

Telltale skin faults go... when you stimulate your Under Skin

A MAN can size up a woman's age pretty accurately. It's the little things that tell him at a glance—"she's nearing 30"... "in the 40's"... "over!"

Little lines around your eyes, your mouth! Pores wide-open at close range! Even dry skin says, "she's aging fast."

Telltale signs of age—what causes them? If every face-pore were a window, you could look deep into your underskin and see!—Overactive glands loading up your pores, stretching them wide. Underractive glands parching your skin, drying it up. Tiny fibres losing tension—letting ugly lines form outside!

Skin Smooth, Line-free... Most skin faults start the same way—under your skin. Even blemishes and blackheads! But you can rouse those failing glands and fibres to a fresh start—see your skin faultless. Pond's deep-skin Cream is made for this very purpose.

The specially processed oils of Pond's Cold Cream go deep—releasing all the dirt, make-up, secretions wedged in your pores. Right away you see your skin clearer, fresher!

Now spread more Pond's Cold Cream over your deeply cleansed skin. Pat it in briskly. See how your color comes up! Instant proof that your underskin is getting active, young again.

As you keep on using Pond's this way, your skin sheds ugly age signs. Tired lines smooth out. Your pores soon become finer, hard to detect. Your skin takes on a soft feel, a smooth look—a fresh young-girl bloom.

Every Night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream. As dirt, make-up float out, wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly. Let it vitalize your underskin... keep your outer skin faultless.

Every Morning (and before make-up)—refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Note your skin's brighter color, renewed vigor. So smooth powder goes on exquisitely! Start this treatment with the special tube offered below. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

MRS. W. FORBES MORGAN
one of the Capital's beautiful young social leaders, says: "I never have coarse pores or blackheads—Pond's Cold Cream sees to that! It even makes fatigue lines disappear completely!"

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

Your First Step toward a Younger Skin!

POND'S, Dept. B31, 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 10c for postage and packing.
Here's Made-to-order Protection!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!

**IN THE BLUE BOX**
Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

**IN THE GREEN BOX**
Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower — is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

**IN THE BROWN BOX**
Super Kotex

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

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

**"CAN'T CHAFE"**
The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, doway cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

**"CAN'T FAIL"**
For security Kotex has a channeled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

**"CAN'T SHOW"**
The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton) 55
READERS, THIS PAGE IS YOURS!
RADIO NEEDS YOUR BRICKBATS
AND BOUQUETS. SEND THEM IN

She tapped her way from stardom in pictures to Broadway's musical success "At Home Abroad," and finally her dancing feet led her to radio.

$10.00 PRIZE
PLEA FOR PURITY
Is it necessary to have starved or to have sung in low dives, or have wandered down the winding trail, or something like that in order to be a radio star? Or is that all the work of the publicity department? You know, we may be peculiar in the places where I have lived, both large and small, but there are very few of these radio people that we would even associate with. Some of them we wouldn't even speak to. Of course all are not like that and the bad ones are not confined to radio, or the movies, but we would appreciate a few articles about some wholesome, nice young artists who have never had to go very long without eating, or have had to practically sell their honor in order to live. I know there must be some lovely and charming people who have come through unscathed and are just as interesting. Why don't we hear about these?

MISS SYBIL RESER, MANY, LA.

$1.00 PRIZE
PLEASE—NO CHANGES!
I know radio talent must keep changing to give variety and something new all the time, but why, oh why, must actors on the continued scripts be changed? The continued stories on the radio are so very real to me and it is a keen disappointment when someone that I admire very much is suddenly replaced by someone else who has a totally different voice and personality. Sometimes a change like this spoils the whole program.

MRS. WM. ROWLAND, ARGOS, INDIANA.

$1.00 PRIZE
CONTEST FAN'S COMPLAINT
I am the prize radio contest fan. I go without new silk stockings so I can buy some soap so I can answer a big money contest. I keep a pencil and paper always at hand, so I can jot down the contests. I answer all of them. Notice, I do not say much about how many prizes I receive.

But, I do think the sponsors should give the winners' names more than once. For weeks we listen daily to the same story about the "big opportunity" to make easy money. Then after the contest date closes there is such a profound silence about the contest that we begin to wonder if they really did have one.

Often the announcement is made that "Next Friday (or whatever day it is going to be) we will announce the main prize winners in our recent contest," if one happens not to be able to get to a radio on that certain time, it is just too bad. Of course, every contestant usually hears about his or her good luck before the (Continued on page 96)

**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?**

**DID you ever stop to think that you make the programs you listen to every day? Your wishes are the ones the sponsors and the networks want to consult? If you’re not satisfied yet, shout about it. Sit right down and write us a letter, explaining just what makes you mad. And, of course, we’d also like to know what makes you happy. Don’t forget, Radio Mirror pays for these letters, $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, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and mail it in not later than January 23.

This month’s winners:

**$20.00 PRIZE**
A LESSON IN LISTENING

A man who was looking at a modernistic painting turned to the man standing beside him and said, "What’s the matter with that picture?"

The other man answered, "There is nothing wrong with my picture except the people who look at it."

That just about expresses my opinion concerning the majority of radio programs today. Of course, every program does not appeal to the same audience, but when I meet people who say they find nothing worth listening to on their radio I feel very much like saying, "There’s nothing wrong with radio but the folks who listen to it."

In the first place, we enjoy our radio because we do not select our programs by casually turning the dial "around and ‘round she goes, and where she’ll stop, nobody knows."

After consulting printed radio programs we make a list of the programs we do not want to miss each week.

And, of course, we send penny "thank you" postcards to artists whose work we appreciate.

Our one rule for listening, is COURTESY—both to the performer and to other listeners. We extend the courtesy to the performers by tuning the radio properly to assure the best reception, and if the program does not interest us and there are others present, we either read quietly or leave the room unobtrusively, which is courtesy to other listeners.

MRS. H. F. YOUNG, SWISSVALE, PA.
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

Jones and Hare, without benefit of advance publicity and without pay, sang for an hour and a half straight and the program abruptly concluded when they collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

When John Gambling was an engineer at WOR... When Jessica Dragonette was beginning to attract attention with the Light Opera Company under the direction of Harold Sanford... When the Shannon Four, who later became the Revelers, most famous quartette in radio, were singing on a mayonnaise program... When Phil Cook was the Musical Chef, accompanying himself on the ukulele from a radio in Bamberger’s Department Store in Newark.

And when the first hook-up of stations was made, two being joined together for a broadcast and the event heralded as a triumph of radio engineering. It was in the winter of 1922-23 and the stations united were WJZ, where the program originated, and Col. E. H. R. Green’s private broadcasting plant in South Dartmouth, Mass. Today stations are linked together in hundreds but those were the days of the crystal sets, the horse and buggy era of broadcasting.

* * *

Did you know there is a real “Dick Huddleston,” the character frequently heard on the Lum and Abner program? And what’s more he is proprietor of a general store in Waters, Ark., which might just as well be Pine Ridge. Abner (he’s Norris Goff, in his proper person) recently was written out of the script while he went a-visitin’ the real Huddleston to absorb material for Lum and Abner episodes.

* * *

It must be that Hollywood influence. A chair bearing the legend, “Reserved for Mme. Pons” occupies a position of honor on the stage of the CBS Playhouse where the petite Pons airs her program... And speaking of Lily Pons, the name of Andre Kostelanetz naturally flashes to mind, their romance being so much discussed along Radio Row. Andre’s musicians put a fast one over on him the other day at rehearsal, adroitly turning to their own advantage a song title. Referring to the selections on his director’s stand, Kostelanetz said: “All right men, ‘Take a Number from One to Ten.’” Whereupon the band in unison yelled “Five,” laid down their instruments and walked out. The explanation: calling of “Five” means a five-minute recess from rehearsal, it being a musical custom for a conductor to allow a five-minute relaxing period in every hour of practice.

* * *

The scene is a health farm in the New Jersey hinterlands. The characters are Jules Nash, brother of Joey, and an elderly lady. The time is Sunday and they are listening to Major Bowes’ Capitol Family program. Joey Nash has just sung, “A Letter to My Mother.” “My, what a fine song and what a fine singer,” remarks the elderly lady, “I’m glad you liked it,” says Jules, “the singer is my brother.” “Well, I declare,” exclaims the lady, “the musical director, Waldo Mayo, is my son! Isn’t this a small world after all?”

Hey, Mom... Dyuh know what Mrs. Palmer said about my shirt?

“G’willikins! My shirt can’t talk, Mom, but Mrs. Palmer said it tattles like anythin’.”

“The trouble is, she said—you soap doesn’t really wash clean. Your clothes wouldn’t have tattle-tale gray, she said, if you’d only change to Fels-Naptha Soap.”

(Few weeks later)

“Whe-ee-e, Teddy! Mom’s so tickled she’s takin’ me to the movies ‘cause I told her how to get rid of tattle-tale gray.”

“Who wouldn’t be tickled! My clothes used to look as gray as a rain-cloud and now they’re white as snow! It’s wonderful the way Fels-Naptha’s grand golden soap and lots of naptha get out every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my finest silk things, too. And how nice it is to my hands!”

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray”

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The keyhole, peeper who snoops out choice tidbits of social chatter for this department confesses near-frustration this month. He claims Christmas shopping, or the holiday spirit of peace on earth to all, or something, has contrived to detour Radio Row's mind from such trivialities as social affairs. Any way, there is a surprising lack of scandal going the rounds and very little gossip worth attention here.

But the Cholly Knickerbocker of the air castles does want a metal plaque on him for forecasting the marriage of Ben Bernie to Dorothy Wesley, the Miami mermaid, and acquainting us with the details of their rather remarkable road trip. You may have forgotten it already but he did tip off Radio Mirror readers last month that the old maestro was plotting to make the Florida swimming instructress his bride just as soon as his divorce from the former Rose Harris had taken place. The aging maestro—he is all of forty-four and the new missus is twenty-one—were welded at midnight in Towsen, a suburb of Baltimore, Md., Bernie being in that neighborhood indulging in his favorite pastime of watching the ponies prance at Pimlico.

He had hoped to have the ceremony performed in the presence of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Balko, a thoroughbred now retired, but the preacher balked about going out to the Sagamore Farms stables in the middle of the night and a driving rainstorm. Bernie, the old softie, wanted Balko as a witness because that is one hangball he consistently won't go on; hence, he figured Balko would bring good luck to his second marriage. That arrangement, of course, would have added novelty—and publicity—to the event and the failure of the plan to go through seems to have discouraged the bandmaster. He bestowed cigars and handshakes upon all and sundry and observed all the formalities of the occasion—save one. He forgot to kiss the bride!

ELEANOR POWELL has returned Abe Lyman's $5,000 engagement ring and that's that. Remember, our Cholly Knickerbocker warned you weeks ago not to put any stock in that romance? . . . Johnny Green is going places with Arline Francis. She is a dead ringer for Carol Falk from whom he is separated . . . Harry Naughton, Phil Baker's bumbling butler, is preparing to marry a Westchester socialite . . . Is a romance budding between Alice Faye and Michael Bartlett?

Only a couple of months ago we were wondering what Clara would do, seeing as how her pals, Lu 'n' Em, have increased their families. Well, we won't have to wait long now for the long-legged bird is hovering this very minute over Clar's Evanston, Ill., home. . . . Anthony Patrick Downey is the name of the new little stranger in the Morton Downey-Barbara Bennett menage. He is No. 4. . . . Jolly Coburn, also, is a proud papa and Little Ryan, of Babs and her Brothers, soon will be. . . . And Andrew White, radio pioneer, recently wed Kay Alexander, a commercial artist. An odd angle to their romance is that years ago Miss White's picture from a magazine and has used it as a model to sketch from ever since. But they never met until a short time ago at a dinner party.

What bandmaster famous for his grin and his prima donna flair are having differences because he can't control his gambling impulses? They have quite broke, 'tis said, because of his betting losses. But what worries the Missus more is the jams hubby gets into because of his

• "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

• "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

• "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

• "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no oozes-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."

J ohnson & Johnson 58
A Clapp-fed Baby—and how she grew

PEGGY JANE NICHOLS, WESTFIELD, N. J.

Here's Peggy Jane at 4 months. She's a recent graduate from an all-liquid diet to cereal. On her five-month birthday she'll be promoted to Clapp's strained vegetables. And that's a real promotion—for Clapp's foods have substance. They're finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid—just the texture doctors approve for babies.

Peggy Jane's 8 months old now and going strong. At six months, Clapp's strained fruits and soups were added to her menu. Now she has the run of the whole Clapp list—the world's largest baby menu. She enjoys her varied diet of scientifically approved foods—and thrives on it.

Mother's—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, is now going on under scientific supervision. During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals. Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE booklet containing photographic case history of every baby who has completed the test, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding, will be sent you on request. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Department M-236, Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S
ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES
ALL RIGHT!
WHAT DID I DO WRONG TONIGHT?

SINCE YOU ASK ME...HERE IT IS!
YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THE DENTIST
ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

THE DENTIST!
WHAT IN THUNDER!

HE TOOK HELEN'S HINT
BILL, YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT.
I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM
REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST
BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH
SPARKLE, TOO.

RIGHT, DOCTOR!
COLGATE'S FOR ME!

COLGATE'S SURE IS
OKAY! MY MOUTH
NEVER FELT SO CLEAN
AND FRESH!

AT THE NEXT PARTY
DEAR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO
POPULAR...I'VE HARDLY
SEEN YOU ALL EVENING!

DON'T BLAME ME, HONEY...
BLAME COLGATE'S!

NEVER HAD
ANY TOOTHPASTE
THAT MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN,
EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins
with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath!
Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special
penetrating foam removes all the decaying
food deposits lodged between the teeth, along
the gums and around the tongue—which dentists
agree are the source of most bad breath.
At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient
polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.
Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush
your teeth...your gums...your tongue...
with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satis-
fied after using one tube, send the empty tube
to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will
gladly refund twice what you paid.

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much.

35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

an enamel figure soldered onto a platinum
bracelet bearing the legend in French, "I
Bring Luck Wherever I Enter." It is al-
ways on Miss Hayes' arm when she broad-
casts.

POSTSCRIPTS
Mary Pickford's return to the air was in
sight when this department was com-
piled... Fred Astaire, too, was scheduled
to resume broadcasting in January...
And there is talk the Red Davis serial
may return. The sponsor is willing but
can't obtain the time he desires... And
listen, Mr. Ripley: the man in charge
of the electrical transcriptions of the
March of Time is named Disque.
Josephine Dillon Gable, the first Mrs.
Clark Gable, is teaching diction to a num-
ber of radio artists... Alfred H. Gree,
the man who built and operated station
WABC, now Columbia's key station, is
death at the age of forty... Harriet Lee,
not so many years ago crowned Queen of
Radio, is now a song plugger for a New
York music publisher.
Dave Rubinoff likes to register at hotels
this way: Rubinoff and His Violin... Mildred
Bailey is married to Red Norvo,
conductor of the orchestra at the Famous
Door, popular New York nightspot... Sixty-one-year old Floyd Buckley, who
plays Popeye, the Sailor, directed Pearl
White in those hair-raising serials which
made history in the days of the silent
movies.

BESS FRALEIGH. New England char-
acter actress is Buster on the O'Neill's
program and Pal on Home, Sweet Home.
Miss Fraleigh is a specialist in animal
sounds, especially dogs, and simulates
the barks of any canine from a Peke to a
Great Dane... Which reminds me, Oscar
Shaw, singing m.c. of "Broadway Va-
rieties," has a profitable sideline giving
Pekingese at his Great Neck, L. I., home.
Vivienne Segal's manager, Mark Hanna
by name, used to be a songwriter. When
she was prima donna of "The Blue
Paradise" at the Casino he sold the music
of the show in the lobby of the theater.
Jimmy Farrell's real name is James
Larkin Phatiger. Do you wonder he
changed it for professional purposes?
Best simile of the month: Dave Freed-
man's. "It sticks out like a sponsor's
sweetie on a radio program!"

LIFE BEGINS AGAIN FOR
JIMMY WALLINGTON

There's a story about Jimmy
you've never read—a story you'll
find for the first time in the
March RADIO MIRROR. Until
now he has never talked about
what has happened to him since
his great tragedy. Read the
amazing change in his life, his
new philosophy, how he was able
to take over his old job with
Eddie Cantor. It's all brought
to you by a fine writer in a
strong, sympathetic feature
article.
Blanche Sweet's Love Story
(Continued from page 41)

to go on tour with "The Party's Over" and that she was due in New York immediately to go into rehearsal. She went to the vaudeville management and asked to be relieved of her Chicago engagement. They laughed at her.

"Surely," they said, "anyone who's been in show business all her life, like you, knows that is impossible."

Blanche did know it. But something that had nothing to do with reason, something pressing and urgent and frantic, impelled her. And at last she managed an appointment with the manager of the theater where she was billed to appear.

"If you'll relieve me of this engagement now," she promised him, "I'll come back later on and play a week for nothing."

It may have been her urgent voice, it may have been the blue of her eyes, or it may have been her yellow hair—it's hard to tell what makes hard-boiled business men kick over the traces and turn sentimental, sometimes—but he told her to go ahead and to come back and play for him whenever she could.

It was when "The Party's Over" went into rehearsal that Blanche and Raymond Hart took up the friendship begun that rainy Sunday years before. "Hello," she greeted him when they met in the big rehearsal hall. "Imagine seeing you here!"

And he grinned and said, "This is going to be nicer than I'd counted on."

They were as casual as you please. And it's just as well perhaps that they were casual while they could be. For it wasn't long before the one who got to that rehearsal hall first began to stand around a little tense and nervous waiting for the other to arrive. Raymond began showing Blanche bits of technique, glad to help her feel her way back into the theater.

The play opened in Philadelphia. "All my life," said Blanche, "I've heard a lot about baseball. And I've decided it's high time I saw something of it for myself."

She may have known Raymond was a fan and she may not have.

"I'm the man to explain the game to you," he insisted.

And he may have been the man to do this or he may have been up on the game with the help of the sporting page. However it was, afternoons found them at the game.

The first day, Blanche says, "we sat in a box and were very elegant. But later on we sat high up in the stands. I liked the view better from there and the hot-dog and popcorn men came around oftener."

However, for all Blanche's feminine interest in hot dogs and popcorn, I'm reasonably sure she gave Raymond all the warm attention that could be crowded into those dark blue eyes of hers. While he explained what the game was all about. And I'm also sure he frequently took longer than necessary to make his points for the sheer joy of those eyes and that warm curving mouth smiling up at him.

Swiftly now the patterns of both their lives were swinging together. Each was becoming more and more aware that for them to move apart would mean severing strands that would allow all the color and joy and happiness to run out of things.

After a while they returned to New York. They hurried through busy days to meet for dinner. Last winter, when Blanche began her successful engagement on Broadway with Leslie Howard in...
"I know Helen is thin, but she's so active we can't put an ounce on her"

Here's how thousands of thin, underweight children are adding a pound a week—or more

Is your child growing fast—but not gaining enough?

The Petrified Forest" and soon after that started her WABC broadcasts three mornings a week, she and Raymond had a frightful time arranging working schedules so every day would give them enough hours together.

Then Blanche sent to California for her family to come on. Her family numbers one, a grandmother more than eighty years old. The day her grandmother arrived she and Raymond planned that he would come in at tea-time. Over a cocktail they would surprise the old lady with their news.

Blanche met her at the train, and grandmother's eyes, hardly less blue than Blanche's, went searching this way and that.

"Looking for someone?" Blanche asked.

"No, no," the old lady said, "just looking about. Just looking about my dear."

When they reached Blanche's apartment she seemed to continue to look about even before they sat down to the coffee that was waiting for them. And she showed great interest every time the door bell or telephone rang.

"Are you expecting someone?" Blanche asked at last.

"No, no," she said. But she didn't seem any too sure.

Raymond came in about five. And at once the old lady's eyes brightened.

I've been waiting for you, young man," she told him, before Blanche even introduced them. "You took long enough coming, I must say. When you weren't at the train I thought certainly you'd be here waiting."

Blanche and Raymond looked amazed, a little disappointed, too. They'd been rather anticipating being a little dramatic about their news.

"But Mother," Blanche said, "I never told you I was about to present you with a grandson-in-law!"

The old lady shook her head.

"Living," she said, "you learn things. And when one letter from a girl is idiotically happy and the next is a little sad and it keeps on like that, well, when you're as old as I am, you know there's a man in the picture and you wait, knowing it's only a matter of time until his name will pop out."

She smoothed her skirts. "I wonder, my dear," she asked Blanche, "if you have any idea how many, many times you've quoted Raymond. But there, I'm sure you haven't."

Raymond Hackett thought it all too wonderful. He tilted back Blanche's chin, the better to kiss her. And said, "You never let me know you found anything I said worth quoting."

"I wonder," interrupted grandmother, "if we might have those cocktails now?"

And so they stood under an old gnarled tree on which apples hung October red, Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett. And grandmother, wearing silvery gray, and for once in her life as quiet as a little mouse, stood proudly beside them.

WHAT IS THE MISSING CHAPTER IN FRED ALLEN'S LIFE?

Coming in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR—a fascinating feature on radio's ace comedian that gives you the first authentic story of his childhood.

Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of the B. D. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 14)

Down in the West Virginia mountains is a little hamlet to which Mrs. Ted Weems has been Santa Claus for many years. Back in the days when she was Eleanor Logan, long before she married Ted Weems, adopted an infant son and set up housekeeping in Chicago's Jackson Park district, she happened into the hamlet to discover that Christmas and Santa Claus were simply words to the local kids. True, there was a general store in the town. But life, being a serious and often desperate matter there, that store offered only the essentials. No toys were on sale and the children had only home-made ones with which to play. So Mrs. Weems took over the job of Santa Claus. Every year since then she has sent down to that little mountain hamlet a huge box of toys and candies and always big heavy sweaters for every one of the children. As they grow up and marry she takes them off her list but adds their children. And so it went for many years.

Came the day when the Weems were in straitened circumstances. That big box cost them plenty of money every Christmas. And during that bad summer Eleanor almost decided to give up the practice. Then for the first time she took Ted down to see the kids. It was a scorching summer day. But despite the sizzling heat every kid in the town showed up wearing the heavy sweater Eleanor had sent him the Christmas before. With tears in his eyes, Ted warned Eleanor she must never, no matter what else they had to sacrifice, disappoint those children who, townfolk reported, gather at the store every day for a week before Christmas awaiting the arrival of the only Santa Claus they have ever known.

* * *

Walter Wicker, Chicago radio script writer and actor as well as husband of Irene (Singing Lady) Wicker, once wrote a short story about the Boxer rebellion when he was an eighth grade pupil. He called it "Nonentity," and his English teacher liked it so well she gave him an A for it. That theme became very important to Walter. At various later times he submitted it again to his instructors at Morgan Park Military Academy, the Phillips Andover Academy, the University of Illinois and finally the University of Florida. Each time it brought him a grade A!

* * *

H. Leslie Atlas is head man of WBBM and the Chicago office of Columbia. His home is equipped with special lines so he can hear without a radio what his station and network are broadcasting by simply dialing a special telephone gadget. Also, the same system permits him to listen in on the monitor wire and hear what the engineers in the central studios are saying to each other. Guests recently evidence surprise at the latter. They hadn't known that operators are connected together by special telephones. To demonstrate, he tuned in the monitor system. A program had just ended. The guests were horrified. Mrs. Atlas, mortified and Les amused at what they heard. "That was a lousy show," "Yeah, that — never did know how to produce a real show, the — !"
GOOD-BYE CHAPPING - HELLO DIAMOND!

THIS COLD WEATHER HAS CHAPPED MY HANDS SO I'M ASHAMED TO HAVE JACK SEE THEM

KEEP YOUR GLOVES ON, WOMAN, AND MEET ME IN FIVE MINUTES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

WHY - MY HANDS ARE SOFT ALREADY

THAT'S BECAUSE OF HINDS CREAMY EMOLLIENTS - THE KIND OF SKIN SOFTENERS YOU GET IN EXPENSIVE DRY-SKIN AND WRINKLE CREAMS

HERE - USE SOME HINDS, IT WORKS IN TWO SHAKES AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE YOUR RINGS OFF. IT ISN'T A BIT STICKY

FREE - HANDY DISPENSER CAP WITH EACH 50¢ SIZE FITS ON THE BOTTLE - NOT ON THE WALL

When Jack Hylton of dear old Lunnon came to Chicago to broadcast, the local orchestra leaders headed by George Olsen gave him a special welcome party. Of course, it had to be after working hours and so didn't start until 2 a.m. Present were Orville Knapp, Jan Garber, Hylton, Olsen, Seymour Simons, Earl Hines, Shep Fields, Horace Heidt, Leonard Keller, Herbie Kay, Enric Madriguera, and a few others. The party was quite a swell until 5 a.m., when many went home. Then it degenerated into a crap game which didn't end until 8 a.m. Shep Fields was the heavy winner.

To George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, broadcasting recently over WBBM and the Columbia network from Chicago, fan mail is really an interesting affair. With their healthy senses of humor they find many things to amuse and interest them.

For instance, there was the letter from a young fan who wanted two pictures of George Olsen and three of Ethel. In juvenile candor he went on to explain his desires.

"Please send me two pictures of Mr. Olsen and three of yourself, Miss Shutta. My pal has two pictures of Rin Tin Tin and he has promised to give me one of them if I'll get him one each of you two. I'll keep the other pictures of you people and try to swap them for something else later."

And just to show you how closely people follow what is going on this one amused Ethel:

I enjoy your broadcasts very much, Miss Shutta, and specially do I like the work of your husband, Don Bestor. Please send me Don's picture.

Of course, they aren't all amusing, these fan letters. There was one which enclosed a mortgage. The writer, feeling that the Obsens make so much money they couldn't miss a few hundred, wanted George to pay off the mortgage of $1,400.

Russ Hodges, WJJD's reporter of baseball, football and track, now spends his spare time emceeing an amateur hour on that station. Countess Olga Albani, now Mrs. H. Wallace Caldwell, wife of the Cook County (Ill.) commissioner, returned from a recent trip to New York where she was guest star on the Palmolive Beauty Box theater, prepared to completely refurbish the Caldwell home in Oak Park, Chicago suburb. While in New York she ordered complete new furniture featuring white leather for the rambling, fifteen-room house.

Kay Donna, who recently became vocalist on the Fibber McGee broadcasts Monday nights, was a department store song plugger.

Jeannine, song bird of "Lilac Time" over WGN in Chicago, WLB, Cincinnati, and WOR, Newark, had her No. II thrill when she was fourteen—just four years ago. It happened when F. Chase Taylor (since became famous as Stoopnagle and Budd) used her as guest on a children's broadcast over WHAM in Rochester, N. Y. When her number was over, the studio door flew open and in rushed a bare headed young man, napkin in hand. The studios were atop a hotel and obviously the chap had been dining downstairs. He demanded to meet the
singer, wanted her to sing a couple of tunes for him. He had heard her over the hotel's loudspeaker system. The chap was—and still is—Rudy Vallee.

* * *

CHILDREN—Janice, daughter of the Jan Garbers, has just received her first tap dancing shoes and is on her way to a dancing career with Eleanor Powell. The George Olsen boys, enrolled in school, were asked what their mother did. "Oh, mama sings. She is Ethel Shatta." Then they were asked about George. "Papa? Oh, he plays for mama's singing!" Seymour Simons left his orchestra at the Stevens Hotel long enough to telephone home the other night, it being his daughter's birthday. So he called his Detroit home to congratulate her and ask her if she had everything she wanted. No, she didn't have everything she wanted. "I have everything I want, Daddy, but one thing . . . you!"

* * *

Unable to speak even in a whisper, Donna "Margie" Damerel of the CBS Myrt and Marge cast was forced because of a bad case of laryngitis to give up her role in a recent broadcast from the Chicago CBS studios half an hour before the show was scheduled to go on the air. In desperation, production manager Bobbie Brown called in Sharon Grosinger, unknown Chicago radio actress, who took over Marge's part with only one preliminary reading in the studio. This was the first time in four years that either of the principals in the famous Myrt and Marge serial had missed a broadcast.

* * *

JESSE CRAWFORD, Chicago NBC poet of the organ, remembers his early days when he used to play in Grauman's Chinese Theater on the West Coast. At midnight, after the day's shows were over, Grauman used to hear the tryouts of talent aspiring to play his house. And Jesse would play the organ for the tryouts.

Occasional visitors used to come over from the movie colony, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin would drop in from time to time. Sometimes even after the tryouts they'd stick around just to hear Crawford's organ music. Chaplin, as Jesse remembers it, was a sucker for the more dramatic opera music.

Among those who came over for the tryouts was a couple named Coogan, professionals of the theater for whom things were plenty tough just then. Because of financial reasons they had to bring their young boy along. Many a night, as Jesse recalls it, the Coogan kid would sleep on the first row seats right behind his console while he played for the aspirants. One night Chaplin happened to notice the toupee-headed child sleeping peacefully.

As is often Charles Chaplin's wont, he made a sudden decision based upon a thought which struck him at that moment as he gazed at the sleeping boy. Chaplin would make a picture with that kid. "The Kid," that was the name for it. So Chaplin did make a movie called "The Kid," and the kid was none other than Jackie Coogan who started his rise to juvenile fame with that sudden inspiration of Chaplin's. Now, of course, Jackie is grown up, planning on getting married and has assumed command of the fortune which came to him with "The Kid" and the pictures that followed it.

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should feel better as well as look better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO.
1730 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

R.G.2-36
medals ‘n’ cups and everything. And the topic was a sort of highbrow one, "Adult Education as an Aid to Social Security."

* * *

Delia Waldorf sounds like a stage name. But it isn’t. She is a new K11 singer who is adding new laurels. Already she has done well for herself—the Lawrence Tibbett scholarship at the University of Southern California some years ago, and later first honors as a soprano in competition staged by the Southern California Federation of Women’s Clubs, and she is only twenty-two years old now. Miss Waldorf, strangely enough, is the only musical member of her immediate family.

* * *

Whoops m’dear, New Hollywood studios, instead of being labeled by numbers, are designated by colors of the decorations. But just think of instructing the page boy to show you the way to the cerise studio, or the Chinese jade room or even the desert brown lobby.

* * *

From KROW’s eavesdropper: Ken Burkard, new milkman, was born in San Jose and was graduated from Alameda High. Doretha Ulsh, ‘cellist, studied in the Conservatoire de Paris for a couple of years. Dud Manlove, announcing genius, speaks Japanese fluently. Dick Romain, newscaster, is a U. of Washington grad. George Andrews, tenor, is floral decorator. Frank ("Duke") Chamberlin, sound effects impresario, entered radio from railroad work.

* * *

It’s lots of fun to publicize the radio celebrities in and around Hollywood, but it doesn’t always pay. Witness the voluntary bankruptcy petition of Ed Perkins, who claimed liabilities of $21,279.70 and assets of $81,457.73. The assets were made up largely of debts assertedly owed Ed, including $2,350, said to be owed by orb leader Jose Nigatu.

* * *

My goodness. Aren’t radio folks forgetful sometimes? Take the case of Charlotte Woodruff, popular Los Angeles radio prima donna. She just won an annulment of her marriage to Guy E. Chewning, saying she neglected to obtain a divorce from a former husband before she married Chewning. Court records show she did not obtain a divorce from Harrison J. Woodruff until several years following her marriage to Chewning in Santa Ana in 1921.

* * *

And, would you believe it, Jack Benny’s new "wash rag" scarf got misplaced in the laundry and turned up in the kitchen where it saw service as a dish washer. Or so they say.

* * *

Speaking of washing somethin’ or other, Jim Lyons, NBC sounder upper in San Francisco, had to simulate the sound of a prospector washing clothes. So he did just that. Result: two pairs of socks and five handkerchiefs before the program was over. Terrible if his wife finds out he is a good scrubber upper.

* * *

Sydney Dixon, now on the NBC Hollywood sales force, is a big guy. So big that he orders three helpings of ham ‘n’ eggs before he gulps down a quart of coffee. Syd’s been taking a gander round Seattle, where he used to be a tenor, to fill the cavity left by his resignation a long while ago . . . At last Gene Koll, aged 22 and weighing some 237 pounds, got the KOMO vocal berth. The curly-haired young giant is the son of Swedish-born parents and was born in the Ballard district of Seattle which was also the birthplace of Syd Dixon.

* * *

Kenny Baker, 23-year-old tenor from Monrovia, is getting into bigtime and deservedly so. After school in his hometown, he went to the Long Beach Junior College . . . now studying with Edward Novis, brother of Don.

Newest coast station is KDON in Monterey. Though only a hundred watts, it covers the immediate locality well. Studios are in the Hotel Del Monte.

---

SEE CHAPPED SKIN

MELT

INTO SMOOTHEST TEXTURE

IMAGINE YOURSELF
—one minute with a dry, chapped skin that catches powder. . . . The next minute, skin so smooth you can’t feel a single rough place! That’s how fast a keratolytic cream softens your skin.

That chapped skin is just on top. It’s a layer of dried-out particles, always scuffing loose—"aching" to come off entirely. But they keep on clinging, getting harsher, until you take steps to—MELT THEM OFF?

A leading dermatologist tells how to do this. He says:

"Surface skin is constantly drying out. Exposure hastens this condition. When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, the dried-out cells melt away, revealing the smooth skin beneath. Vanishing Cream also preserves the skin’s natural moisture and prevents further chapping."

That’s why Pond’s Vanishing Cream is so grand for rough, chapped skin—so perfect a powder base! In an instant, it brings out your own young skin—exquisitely smooth, completely "unchapped."

For a smooth make-up—Never powder or rouge without first smoothing away roughnesses with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is satiny—powder goes on evenly without flaking. And even bitter-cold winds can’t cause new chapping!

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won’t shine—won’t smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you. So baby-soft!

Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II of Philadelphia, says: "Pond’s Vanishing Cream makes every little chapped place on my skin smooth out. Powder goes on beautifully!"

Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won’t shine—won’t smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you. So baby-soft!

8-Piece Package

Pond’s, Dept. BI35, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me special 9-treatment tube of Pond’s Vanishing Cream together with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Copyright, 1926, Pond’s Extract Company
Correspondence School Success (Continued from page 33)

errands, and do almost anything in general. Fortified with his diploma from the art school, and the thought of his dollars already invested, Nelson hied himself to the boss’ office, and asked to take over a job in the art department. He got it, and became an art director.

He had figured he would be very happy, once he had achieved the goal of an art job. But something had happened to spoil his triumph. That something was Nelson’s voice. It had begun to happen in a great big way, and Nelson was rapidly discovering that he would rather sing than eat. He also found that he could employ his singing as a means to eating if he wanted to. He had already been paid twenty-five dollars several different times to sing at the Ladies’ Aid Society, and at church festivals.

Nelson began to meet other singers, and pestered them to death with questions on how they learned, what they learned, and in general, how to do it! He read all sorts of books about singers and actors, and finally he met and made friends with a singing teacher. At a cut rate, Nelson began taking lessons.

BUT he was not satisfied that he was learning all there was to know. Always on the look-out for the perfect method, he saw the advertisement of a singing school which offered lessons by mail. The course promised to reveal to him the various methods and techniques which had been used by the great singers of all times. It also promised to teach him anatomy, something Nelson felt would be especially important.

So Nelson subscribed and in every test during the course, he received a grade of 100 except one, for which he only received 95 because he had misnamed a muscle of the throat!

He received word that he had passed the course with honors, and looked forward to his diploma. But none came. He wrote several times, received no answer, and finally gave it up as a bad job.

Less than a year after that, when he had a job in the Philadelphia Opera Company, this same school wrote him. They said they had been hearing of a Nelson Eddy who was making quite a name for himself in opera. They had the same name on their books, as a graduate. Was it possible that the two Nelson Ed dys were one and the same, and if so, would he allow them to use his name for a testimonial? Nelson promptly wrote back that he would not masmuch as they had never sent him a diploma. By return mail, he received his diploma, but the school never received its testimonial!

While Nelson was still at the advertising agency, singing on the side, more than ever he realized what he was up against in business competition with college-bred men. On the advice of his boss, Nelson investigated a famous correspondence school course in business methods. The price was not high, but it was too high for him at the time. So he went to a second-hand book store, bought the school’s books and pamphlets, and set about to digest the course himself. Each week he made out his own weekly test, took it, and graded himself. It took him three months to plow through this course, at the end of which, he drew up his own examination, awarded himself a fair 80, and accordingly drew up his own diploma—the one I have mentioned.

Want to know why my mama’s so smart?

A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he’s got a very smart mama. And he has.

She’s smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he loves to take—Fletcher’s Castoria! And does it taste good?

Mothers! You’ll be glad to know that Fletcher’s Castoria is made especially for children—even to the taste. You won’t have to force it between their protesting lips. And that’s important! For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.

Remember, Fletcher’s Castoria is safe! There isn’t a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is not a harsh purgative—won’t cause gripping pains. Fletcher’s Castoria is a child’s laxative pure and simple.

It works gently, blandly—yet thoroughly.

Depend upon Fletcher’s Castoria for your children—from babyhood to 11 years.

Get the thrifty Family Size bottle from your druggist. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Castoria Fletcher
The Children’s Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years
Ironically enough, he was fired from his job shortly after completing this business course. His boss had decided that Nelson's advertising and singing careers wouldn't mix. So Nelson was invited to take his choice.

The further he went as a singer, the more he realized that he must learn foreign languages. So he enrolled at the Berlitz School of languages. Later, of course, he went to Europe, and studied languages there. Today he speaks and sings in four languages, French, German, Italian, and of course, English. He also sings, but does not speak, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish.

NOR has Nelson given up his passion for learning, since he has become one of the musical sensations of radio, screen, and concert stage. His favorite reading matter at the moment is books about, and by, insane people. He also studies music constantly, and has in his living room, a phonograph, a radio, two microphones, and two tremendous pieces of recording equipment.

And that's the story of one correspondence school graduate no one laughs at when he sits down to sing.

**SCIENCE NOW PROVES THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THOUSANDS TO BE SKINNY**

Rich red blood, absolutely necessary to carry proper nourishment to body, is especially promoted by this new scientific discovery.

A strong, healthy, thoroughly normal digestion which gets all the food put at the food you eat, is the second aim of this amazing new body-builder.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons waste matter and thereby promote perfect health and normal body growth, in the third important process.

**10 TO 25 LBS. GAINED QUICK—SAY THOUSANDS**

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny". Even if they never could gain before, here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

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.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured live yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process it is concentrated 7 times—while 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

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. With new health and glorious pep you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very 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 guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222 Atlanta, Ga.

The result of betting on a football game! Frank McIntyre had to wheel Frank Crumit 38 times around Radio City on a push cart!
Rubinoff Talks Back!
(Continued from page 23)

Be sure the laxative YOU take is mild enough for even a little child

HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn’t cause strain and pain. Shouldn’t leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X—L-A-X.

GUARD AGAINST COLD! ... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds —get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON FREE!
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Address: __________________________

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When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time
I Travel with Roosevelt
(Continued from page 19)

I wish I had a picture of Clyde and me, knocking down our equipment and getting it aboard, but I know that a snapshot would show you nothing but two blurs.

It seems strange, a thousand miles or so from home, to step into a railroad train and immediately feel at home. Usually a train means to us new and foreign scenes and events. But the President's train is different. Cheering calls from every doorway, loud halloos from each seat. Even the porters, who are the same, trip after trip, have a faculty of never forgetting a face and they will greet you after a year's absence as if you had merely stepped off the train for an hour or so to look around.

In short, when we pulled out of Fremon, headed West, it was with that indescribable, but intensely real, feeling that the observation platform to greet them, had started at last.

The one fact that definitely marks the Presidential Special as unlike all other iron horses that gallop upon the moun-
tains and valleys of our land, is the pres-
ence of spectators for every mile that we travel. All day long, every day, people line the tracks. As we pass, they wave hats, handkerchiefs, hands, anything. When we stop, to take on water or fuel, they shout and cheer. Lock out the window at such times, and you will see the waves of people, on the roads, on roofs, at windows? They're the constant nation-wide audience which gathers as if to watch the President pass, even though that may mean nothing more than catching a glimpse of a great, ten-car train roaring past at fifty miles an hour.

SUNDAY we rode south from Staten Island, through Wyoming and Utah. When the townspersons of no matter how tiny a village gathered about the train at an operating stop, the President almost invariably appeared on the observation platform.

Monday we arrived at Boulder City, an artificial, man-made town, sprung up out of what was desert short years ago. We awoke to find the train parked on a clear rock. Ten miles away, down a curving, new highway, stood the dam, an amazing plug of concrete, tall as a New York skyscraper, wedged between the sheer, rocky walls of the Black Canyon of the Colorado. For the dedication of the world's most impressive water project, a wooden speakers' platform had been erected, nestled in the chocolate-colored rock of the cliff; flag-draped; and so ar-
ranged that the speaker faced the curving, graceful crest of the dam itself, which was crowded with visitors during the ceremonies.

After the broadcast, as soon as the long string of official automobiles had passed, the crowd, as never fails, closed in. You see, when you are in possession of equipment, it is frequently impossible to stay in the motorcade, as the equipment must first be packed—but it is most dan-
ergous to try to shut out of it! The business of attempting to keep up—or, perhaps, catch up—with the official procession of automo-
biles is frequently one of the most nerve-wracking experiences on any presidential trip. Almost everybody undergoes a hor-ible experience at one time or another on the trip in which I am almost missed—and once in awhile, someone ac-
tually does get left.

After lunch on the train, into automo-
biles for a long drive through the desert country of sagebrush and Joshua trees to the frontier town of Las Vegas. "Give the President of the United States

---

Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar, Thermometer. Also sample of Tums and NR. Send stamp for posting and postage to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 2518-59, St. Louis, Mo.

How to make Roses
and 22 Other Flowers
Right at home you can make gorge-
ous roses, delicate sweet peas, -10c
flaming poppies—any kind of flower
you wish. Make them for decoration, for
favors, for gifts, to sell. Dennison has a new
plan by which you learn with surprising
ease to create them of colorful crepe paper.
"How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers," a 32-page
book, contains simple directions for making 25
different kinds of flowers. Get a copy at once and
surprise your friends with the beautiful flowers
you make. Send the coupon for a copy of the
book by mail postpaid.

DENNISON'S, Dept. P-145
Framingham, Mass.

Please send me the new book "How to Make
Crepe Paper Flowers." I enclose 10 cents,
Name:

Street (or R.P.D.)...City...State...

Why not let us include some of those other Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

...New Dennison Crafts...New Crepe Paper Costume Book...Party Tunes,Stories & Verses...Crepe Paper Craft Book...New Shears and Announcements Book

DENNISON CREPE

---

EATS QUICK .
FEELS SICK . . .
TAKES TUMS . . .
WORK HUMS!

SOUR STOMACH WORRIES
BANISHED FOR MILLIONS

MILLIONS now know the smart thing is
to carry a roll of TUMS, always. Sour
stomach, heartburn, gas, and other symp-
toms of acid indigestion have a habit of
occurring at unexpected times. You don't
have to tretch your stomach with harsh
alkalis which physicians have long warned
may make the tendency toward acid indi-
gestion worse. TUMS, a real scientific ad-
ancement, contain no soda or other alkalis,
instead a wonderful antacid that simply
neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance
passing out of the body inert.

Try TUMS when you feel the effects of
last night's party, or when you smoked too
much. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a
roll. A roll in your pocket now.

---

Every Move I Made
was Torment

"I THOUGHT I'd go mad with the suffering I
had to bear in secret!"

That's the situation of the person who suffers
from Piles.

Almost always in pain yet dreading to seek
relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one.
Yet no ailment is more needful of treatment than
Piles. For Piles can not only ruin your health and
looks, but they can develop into something very
serious.

Real relief for the distress due to Piles is to be had
in Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly stops the
pain and itching and checks any bleeding.

Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect.
First, soothing, which tends to relieve numbing
and inflammation. Second, fabricating, which cases
drawn parts and makes passage easy. Third, astrigent,
which tends to reduce swollen parts.

REAL COMFORT!

Try Pazo and see how effective it is! Pazo comes
in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which
permits application high up in the rectum where it
reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo
also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Supposi-
tories are Pazo Ointments, simply in suppository
form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo
the most satisfactory as well as most economical.
All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Sup-
portories. Get either today and see the relief it
affords you.

---

Demison Crepe
a great big hand!" cries a hearty son of the West, through a loudspeaker placed in the streets. And the crowd does! They stamped from the sidewalk into the middle of the street, cluster around No. 1 car, and cheer. The long, dusty motor caravans stretch motionless through the sun-baked principal street. Suddenly, through the loudspeaker hoists the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," hats come off and everyone stands in silence; a typical greeting to the President from an American town.

The ten car special train was to roll at its leisure from Boulder City through the desert to Las Vegas, where we would pick it up. Meanwhile, we pointed our motor procession into the lofty peaks on the other side of Las Vegas, and headed in the general direction of Mt. Charleston. Speeding up into the hills over a broad modern highway built for fast traffic—western style—we watched Las Vegas drop lower and lower behind us into the level hot plain. Suddenly, with no warning, those of us in the middle of the caravans saw the lead cars in the parade cut off the highway and travel up into a mountainside and maneuvered into position, facing back down into the valley. The car I was in was the last car to struggle as far, that is, the place where the President's automobile was turned around. There were several stories I subsequently read and heard about this little adventure, but I have never been sure just what it was that lay at the never-to-be-reached top of that mountain road.

At any rate, those of the party who had remained with the train were relieved to see us as we slipped through Las Vegas now blazing with Neon lights, hours later than our schedule. It was many a day before I could get a comb through my gummy, "alcaline" hair; but as I hurried through the inevitable crush of people packed around the train, anxious to touch of cool water and clean linen on my skin, I could see the President standing on the rear platform, as cheerful as ever. Then we saw him surrender his seat with a great brown, ten-gallon hat; and in the flickering light of the station the President had presented to the delighted hundreds, who responded with another ringing cheer.

In Los Angeles, there was a purely local broadcast from the Coliseum, a great stadium in which the President addressed the crowd from the back seat of his automobile.

Clyde and I decided to ride to the Coliseum in the official parade. Unfortunately, our driver became confused and turned the wrong way as we emerged from the
EMPHASIS ON Heart-Appeal

Try This Simple Treatment for a Soft, Smooth Skin

Wherever you find "heart appeal"—you'll find a skin that is sublimely fair.

Do you know the quickest treatment for achieving such a skin? The answer is Italian Balm—the famous Original Skin Softener that is guaranteed (or your money back) to banish chapping, roughness, redness and dryness of skin more quickly and at less expense, than anything you have ever used.

Today, Italian Balm is the largest-selling preparation of its kind in the United States and in Canada. It combines sixteen scientifically-chosen ingredients. Its mellowness is obtained by an exclusive blending process. No hands ever touch the product while it is being made. Absolute purity is essential to any preparation for use on your hands and face—and absolute purity is one of the many things that Italian Balm assures you . . . At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles and in handy 25c tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Nickel Balm HOME DISPENSER—attach it easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses one drop when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can’t supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and photo cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Italian Balm

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

SAN DIEGO that night was a relief to us all, because we were to attain the luxurious state of sleeping in a hotel for the night. Across San Diego Bay, flecked with lights, we sailed in a private ferry boat to Coronado Island. Tired and hungry, the dignified old semi-tropical hotel seemed to us a supremely beautiful sight. The coconut-palm studded patio was ablaze with flood lights; the long cool, galleries running around all sides, seemed for an instant like trappings lifted from New Orleans or Natchez. The fleet was outside, in the bay, searchlights writing upon the black sky over the Pacific.

Next morning, we toured San Diego and its surrounding Army, Navy, and Marine Bases. We rode up the streets of the city, and through the lovely avenues of the California Pacific International Exposition. The President and the party had lunch at the Exposition, but Clyde and I spent our lunchtime in the San Diego stadium, where, in an hour, the final broadcast of the transcontinental trip was to take place.

On one end of the athletic field a large speakers' platform stood; on it, of course, the President's speaking stand and all our equipment. Following the same entrance procedure as at the Los Angeles Coliseum, the President, in the lead car, rode slowly all around the cinder track that bordered the athletic field in the stadium's center. Finally, the procession wound up at the speakers' platform, everyone left the automobiles and went up to the platform, the stopwatch moved around, air time came up, the Governor of California made ready to introduce the President, and by 2:30 in the afternoon, Pacific time, all our broadcasting was ended and we were packing up to leave.

Moving westward, away from the Capital City, the enthusiasm and vigor of the popular receptions had been growing steadily, almost mile by mile. In Los Angeles, where the unofficial figure of cheering spectators ran over a million—on every curbstone on every street for three hours—we thought we had seen the climax of city welcomes; yet smaller, more dignified San Diego easily matched the Los Angeles demonstration, allowing for the population difference.

With a different band crashing on every street corner, an endless column of soldiers, sailors, and marines stretching for a mile after mile, presenting arms or saluting, flags and banners draped from palms and welcome signs banked against buildings of warm, gracious semi-tropical design, the winding two-hour path to the stadium was a moving spectacle.

BY motorcade again from the stadium we filed through packed streets to the pier where the U.S.S. Houston, heavy cruiser which had taken the President to Honolulu last year, waited in her dock. Mrs. Roosevelt said good-bye to her distinguished husband on the gangplank, then was whisked by automobile to the aeroplane field to fly East. After a crowded week, the party was about to break up.

Joe Torre was the Carborundum band's most distinguished drummer. Joe has traveled around the world with his drums, has worked in Bornum and Bailey's Circus, and for years was the only man who could beat the traps well enough to please the circus' famed Lillian Leitzel.
Is there some one for whose benefit you’d like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your Kurlash and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with Lashtint. And shade the same eyelid with a little Shadette. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, black lashes. That’s eye beauty! You’ll never neglect it—or Kurlash—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Three of the news correspondents were to follow the Houston through the Panama Canal on the cruiser Portland; the rest of us prepared to separate and go back East by various routes.

On the clean, gray deck of the destroyer, Deskey, we other members of the party scurried. There was a sudden, methodical booming of guns—the Presidential salute had begun—then a minute later we saw the Houston which had been tied up on the other side of the enclosed pier sail proudly into the bay.

Lining the Deskey’s decks, we waved. And across the steel-gray water, on the Houston’s gun deck, under the shadow of a cannon, with Admiral Reeves, the fleet commander, at his side, the President of the United States, a tiny black speck to us now, waved his hat back and forth in a hearty nautical farewell. The trip was over.

**Your Announcer Is:**

**KELVIN KEECH**

As an announcer on 20,000 Years in Sing Sing this year, Kelvin is in the first ranks of NBC popularity. Born in Hawaii, he wanted to become a champion swimmer, was sent to Pennsylvania college to learn engineering instead. After graduation, he hit the high road of adventure. Touring the country as an entertainer on the ukulele, he was soon called into the war. Because he liked Paris, he stayed on after the Armistice, and organized a jazz band. The band was so well received it traveled to Greece, Turkey, and then to England. Keech there found work waiting for him at the BBC. The Prince of Wales heard him on the air, sought him out to learn the correct use of the ukulele. Meeting a young Russian refugee, Keech fell in love, married the girl. In 1928 the young couple came to the United States. After two auditions, he was hired by NBC, has been with the network ever since.

**Nurses tell of amazing benefits with “Wonder Cream”**

If your skin is marred by Large Pores—

I Blackheads—Pimples or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, here’s good news! Thousands of women are successfully turning to famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin—over 12,000,000 jars now used yearly.

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles. Nurses discovered how wonderful it is for Chapped Hands and Poor Complexions.

**HOW TO USE**—Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up, Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

* Do this for ten days and note the difference—see how much softer and finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema in suctionette helps reduce large pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and aids Nature in more quickly healing many disfiguring skin flaws.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can’t supply you, send 1c for a generous 2c jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Department 102, Baltimore, Md.

**Wonderful for CHAPPED HANDS**

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it’s a medicated cream that brings quicker relief than softening and whiteness overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.
For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleaning hits only the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you know a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because you see it happen.

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55¢. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, closer and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

The Story Thus Far

THE amateur team of Mickey Crail and Tad Byron, with Mickey singing and Tad whistling, from Poughkeepsie, was a sensation on the Uncle Jim Riley Amateur Hour in New York City. After a recent engagement two weeks later, they even walked off with first prize—a week at the Century Theater at a professional salary. But for both Mickey and Tad, it was hollow. She had discovered during the first week that she loved Tad, and on the heels of that discovery realized still was in grave danger of losing him. A debauchte, Marion Van Biddle, had come interested in their act and invited them to a party she was giving to the Vanderwachts. The party stretched out three days. Mickey became desperate. She had to get Tad back to Poughkeepsie to carry out his plans for becoming an engineer.

"I like to Mickey," he told her, "but this morning I got an offer to appear on a commercial broadcast. I'm going to stay in New York." Then came their second broadcast and following it the news that they had won the engagement at the Century. Before the party Mickey secured Tad's promise that after the week he'd return home with her. Time passed quickly. It was the day when, as a certainty, Aheron came to see Mickey, bringing with him the offer of getting her a radio job of her own. But she wouldn't say yes. It was better, she thought, to go back to Poughkeepsie, and she didn't tell Tad about the offer. Finally it was the last night of their week and the final performance was finished. Upstairs, outside her dressing room, she waited for Tad.

"Wasn't it swell?" she said, happy in the knowledge that at last they were leaving. But something in Tad's look warned her. "Listen," he blurted out, "I'm not going. I'm breaking my promise. I've got an offer for a regular afternoon program and a contract for three weeks. I can't go. But maybe it will be better if you return anyway, since you feel the way you do.

And before Mickey could change her mind Marion Van Biddle came up to get Tad and go out. Mickey went into her dressing room and at her dressing table in the mirror. Was it Poughkeepsie without Tad or New York? Love decided for her. She chose New York. Then she remembered that Les Aheron had said he had a job for her. Next morning, in Aheron's office, she met Jan Parriss, whose radio show topped every other program in popularity. And Jan said she had a future! Aheron had placed her as a guest appearance on a local station. All the way home, Mickey's heart sang with happiness. She ran through the town in front of the steps. "Is Mr. Byron up yet?" Mickey called. "Up and moved, bag and baggage, an hour ago," the porter called back.

Fighting off a roller coaster sensation in her stomach, Mickey ran upstairs. All her elation burst like a pricked balloon. She was not a child. She was a woman. What should she do now was to show Tad what a mistake he'd made. She'd have to make a decision, make some sort back to her with apologies. Her guest appearance the following Friday was a real success, and the studio offered her a repeat engagement the next week. Meanwhile, she was learning that Jan was not only a radio success, but also a charming young man. Then came the great break! His voice trembled with excitement for he told her that he had been made a guest star her on the Parrish Hour. Automatically she made a date that evening, taking one of the songs even one song on the Parrish program.

To celebrate, Jan and Mickey went to the Rainbow Room. Just as they sat down at the table, she caught sight of Tad coming in with the debauchte, Marion Van Biddle. When Tad saw her, he turned and hurried over. "What is the idea, staying here in New York alone for almost two weeks without letting me know," he scolded. And Mickey, flushing with hot anger, retorted, "How could I when you moved without leaving an address?" Tad turned abruptly and walked away.

Mickey's evening was ruined. She persuaded Jan to leave early. They went out, found Jan's car, and rode for what seemed hours. It was nearly two when they finally stopped and instructed Mickey's boarding house. Jan came inside with her. Mickey hurried into the living room. Tad was sitting in the chair that followed, Tad sitting alone, and knocked him down—then, without another word, stalked to the door. When they came out, Mickey put her fist out into the ball. Mickey called after him, "What time shall I report for rehersals tomorrow?" His answer was the slamming of the door.

Amateurs at Life

(Continued from page 48)

"Will you excuse me an old sentimentalist for butting in where he doesn't belong? I couldn't keep quiet any longer. What's been going on?"

"Nothing," Jan said, much as it as I do," Mickey replied.

"Maybe, but hadn't you better see me and me the whole story," Jan said.

Because it was, after all, Uncle Jim who had brought Byron and Crail to New York and because he had partly seen this the night before.

She caught the two-thirty-five train from the crowded Long Island waiting room for Bayshore where Uncle Jim spent his winters. Mickey went to the station when the train pulled in.

Something in his face—an expression Mickey never saw come back to her with her that she had in Uncle Jim a friend who would move heaven and earth to help where there was legitimate need.

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleaning hits only the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you know a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because you see it happen.

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55¢. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, closer and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!
He led her to his car and they drove down the electric-shielded street to the big rambling white house. "Start at the beginning," he said when they were seated on the porch. So Mickey told him, confessing how she had been in love with Tad and hadn't known it until the night of their first broadcast together, and then described the scene Tad had made in front of Jan.

"Are girls usually so stupid about loving someone?" she asked.

"Mickey, love's like a cold. You're the only one that knows when you're coming down with it.

"I can understand his getting engaged to Marion easily enough," Mickey went on. "Why, I liked her myself even when I knew she'd impressed Tad."

"Still," Uncle Jim granted, "the engagement wasn't announced until after you and Tad had quarreled that night. Mickey, said, 'Don't be silly,' and changed the subject.

"There's one thing more I want you to do for me," Uncle Jim ended. "Next Sunday I'm going to round up the best amateurs of the town and put on my show. Naturally I'll want you and Tad to be there. Will you do that much for me—sing your own swan song before you leave?"

"But Tad won't want to."

"If I can get Tad to, will you?"

Mickey nodded. "All right, Uncle Jim. But here's another thing. I'm sure I can do a lot of good by virtue of the fact that I'm working as there is of your selling him the Brooklyn bridge."

For that matter, not as much, she thought when she went to bed that night. It would be fun, though, singing "Down By The Old Mill Stream" just once more. "Something to think about while I knit." Mickey had driven her into town in the morning. In the afternoon he called her. "I sent Tad a letter. Don't worry. He'll come."

Mickey never knew how she managed to endure the thirty-six hours. It wouldn't have been so bad if she had been able to give herself any reason for waiting. Some people, when they want anything enough, can always think up reasons why they'll get it. Mickey could think of none why Tad should accept Uncle Jim's offer.

For her it was, as Uncle Jim said, a swan song—the end of her companionship with Tad, the end of her brief meteoric rise in radio, the end of her dreams of love. But Tad didn't have to sing goodbye to love or a career.

If—hopeless thought—she had only heeded the first premonition that followed her discovery that she loved Tad. She could have left New York, not listened to his arguments or Jan's, still later. She had known all along that she'd lose him. But she'd paid no attention. She had thought that intuition was sometimes wrong.

The Wednesday morning she couldn't stand it any longer. She called Uncle Jim and with the complete certainty of what his answer would be, asked if he had heard from Tad.

"Mickey, I can't understand it," he began.

He didn't really hear what else he told her. Tad had said no. While Uncle Jim rambled along, trying to ease the hurt, she was seething in overpowering numbness. Tad's refusal, coming when it did, was anti-climax and welcome annesia. She couldn't think any more, could only mechanically go about getting ready to leave for home.

After lunch she did manage to pen a note to Tad:

"Congratulations. I know you'll be happy. Marion, as you said, is a really swell egg. I'd ask you to name the first
...let Gerber's worry about the strained foods for your baby...

You can safely leave all that to us. Your baby's other needs, and your family's and your own, are too important to permit you to waste hours and hours in the kitchen—pushing spinach through a sieve.

Besides—and we say it with all modesty—we think we can do it better! Many baby-feeding specialists agree with us, too. That is because we are specialists. We use methods and equipment, and exercise a precision of scientific control, that the most complete home kitchen could not even approach.

 Saving Vitamins and Minerals

Most important of all, Gerber processes prevent losses of nutritious value that so often occur in home cooking. We are able to retain more of vitamin C, because we cook with air excluded; and we save valuable minerals that may be poured off with the cooking water.

Another point—all our vegetables are “fancy,” grown from special seed, picked at the peak of goodness, and packed in all their garden freshness. Then, we use a new process, “shaker cooking,” which insures thorough cooking in less time, so your baby may have fresher-looking, fresher-tasting vegetables to tempt his budding appetite. (Gerber’s are intentionally left unseasoned, so your physician may prescribe every detail of baby’s diet.)

Let Gerber’s 9 Strained Vegetables and Cereal solve your feeding problem and relieve you of work and worry. Read the names below—perhaps you have been using only two or three kinds. Your dealer will gladly supply all nine.

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods


Every Mother Should Have This Book!

A treasure-house of valuable suggestions on baby’s feeding, clothing, bathing, training, etc., with well-planned tables for filling in priceless records of baby’s progress and health. 32 pages 35c & 85c.

Gerber Products Co., Fremont, Michigan

(January 22)

Who’s Playing SANTA?

Yoo-ho! Fred Allen speaking to remind you that Christmas this year is the 25th of December. If it’s later than that when you read this, it still goes for next year. Incidentally, this Christmas suit was a present from Portland.
unadulterated music. That’s why it won’t compete with radio under its present setup.

There are lots of implications in this. For instance, the possibility that television will follow right on the heels of public acceptance of wired radio. Remember, the utility companies have already practically perfected cables that could bring wired images into your home.

But to stick to practicalities—for those of you who have residences in which, as yet, neither light nor phone wires have been strung, wired radio will still mean just a new-fangled apparatus to talk about after dinner. You’ll stick to your wireless and like it.

But those of you in densely populated districts that have progressive power and phone utilities may expect perhaps as a New Year’s present, one of the newest, most radical fields of entertainment yet devised.

The Rover Boys of Radio
(Continued from page 31)

Mohawk disaster last January is an excellent example of the difficulties the Rover Boys will endure to beat one another. It was another Columbia victory, mainly because of Bob Trout, a new announcer who had just come North from the deep South. Trout stayed up for hours that night, his feet encased in pillows, his lips cracked and blue, and introduced members of the Coast Guard to millions of listeners, who heard breath-taking, first-hand stories of the rescue work. Bob was not fit for work for a week thereafter.

Some time before that, on the occasion of Commander Richard Byrd’s first return from the South Pole, the National Broadcasting Company figured it could steal a march by going a hundred miles out to sea in a tug and meeting the returned explorer there.

UNFORTUNATELY, when they met Byrd’s ship a gale was blowing that made it impossible to transfer the equipment and the announcer, Jimmy Wallington. With their short wave apparatus temporarily useless, something had to be done. Wallington did it. He climbed into the crow’s nest of the pitching vessel. There, with the wind ripping at him with icy fingers, he signalled to Byrd’s ship with a flashlight. The message he transmitted this way made possible a show that thrilled you when you heard it.

When talking about rivalry on spot news stories, we can’t omit the occasion two years ago when James and Amie Molisson, England’s ocean hopping husband and wife, crashed just outside of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Frank Healy, NBC Rover Boy, was driving through Bridgeport when the crash occurred. He had been on the job preparing a broadcast from the tiny emergency room of the hospital for less than a half hour when Ted Husing, of Columbia, charged in with his engineers. Healy was talking on one of the two phones, relaying information to New York. Husing leaped to the other. One of the doctors interrupted them to say that one of the phones had to be clear.


Healy said, “Sorry, pal. I’m talking to Molisson’s representatives in London.”

NEW EASY WAY TO
Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 cup water
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring every boiling water five minutes until mixture

chickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly
blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish
with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

Use any other recipe, and it’ll take you 30 minutes’ cooking and stirring

and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don’t fail to clip this magic

recipe! But remember—Evaporated Milk won’t—can’t—succeed in this

recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name
Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! “Magic Recipes” is a thrilling new successor to “Amazing Short-cuts.” Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, dressings! Sure-fire custards! Easy
to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice cream (frozen and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc. Dept. MWO-26, 150 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name:
Address:
City: (Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.
RADIO MIRROR

Don’t use a 1/2 Way Toothpaste
have beautiful teeth

CLEANS TEETH
Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don’t wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan’s, the tooth paste that does both jobs—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS
Forhan’s is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere—under three conditions. It gives you two-fold protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan’s today.

IF YOU ARE SKINNY
WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN!

Thousands of weak, nervous, tense folk have found this new way to add 5 lbs. in 1 week
or no cost.

If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always, tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the substance needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new blood you need. Feel right now on the inside. Science has at last put right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can’t help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to maintain the body. The real trouble is an inability to convert digested food into solid flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building. These glands require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE. One ounce of fresh kelp contains a chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc., is the simplest and safest way to get this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt, the astounding new mineral concentrate from the sea. Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than spinach, lettuce considered the last source. With Kelpamalt’s new iodine, you could normalize your weight and strengthen bladdet organs, promote elimination, enrich the blood and build up your body to its utmost strength. Kelpamalt, too, contains twice other vitamins—vitamin D, which good digestion is impossible.

Kelpamalt—Get Kelpamalt today. Get Kelpamalt today.

If your dealer has not yet received our supply, send $1.00 for introductory size bottle of 60 tablets to the address below.

Kelpamalt Tablets
SPECIAL FREE OFFER

To all doctors, dentists, apothecaries, druggists, etc., who want to benefit their patients with a genuine tonic, a natural blood and strength builder, a new treatment, we are offering this book which contains the valuable information and facts you are sure to want. Get your free copy now.

NOTE:因文本内容过多，无法完全呈现。
their miraculous escapes and marvelous breaks, deserve mention. Ted Jewett, one of NBC's better announcers, hovered for weeks between life and death after he was injured rushing back to New York from his broadcast of the departure of the Lindberghs for the Far East. Jimmy Wallington was once trapped in a submarine escape chamber as he prepared for a broadcast off New London, Connecticut; Paul Douglas was flying directly above the J-3 Army blimp, when it blew inside out on the way to search for wreckage of the dirigible, Akron. The list goes on and on.

The rover Boys go on and on, too. That's the swell thing about them. You'll find, upon examining the qualifications of the best announcers, that they were once members in good standing, perhaps still are. If so, they were trained under fire.

And it may be that, with European war cauldrons simmering as they are, the rover Boys will be put to a further test under another, actual fire. They may be detailed to bring to your living room the horror of actual combat. If they do, you can be sure of one thing. Their skin may crawl, their hair stand on end, but... They won't stutter!

A NEWS bulletin just reached us about Wallace Beery. After running Shell Chateau several weeks for his friend, Al Jolson, Wally is retiring. Al will resume his job starting the first Saturday in January, according to the agency which handles this program. Jolson has been busy making pictures and until now didn't have the time to devote to the hour show. Wally's future plans haven't been decided definitely yet, but we understand that he will probably be on the air again before long.

A new and daintier technique for Feminine Antisepsis

Personal charm need no longer be threatened by a common and perplexing problem. Zonitors, a new technique in feminine hygiene, provide complete antisepsis to end persistent odors and relieve other embarrassing, mentally disturbing occurrences. Zonitors are little snowy-white and greaseless suppositories. The active ingredient is the world famous antiseptic, Zonite—high in medical esteem because completely effective yet free from "burning" danger to delicate tissues.

Quick, convenient Zonitors are ready for instant use. No mixing, fusing, or apparatus. They remain in effective contact for over eight hours (a requirement doctors stress) yet being greaseless, are completely removed with water.

Each dainty, white, odorless Zoniter is sealed in a separate glass vial, immaculately clean. Complete instructions in the package. At all drugstores. Mail coupon now for informative free booklet.

Zonitors, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. Send to plate enclose, free booklet: "The New Technique in Feminine Hygiene".
My Advice to Brides

(Continued from page 36)

more parts of the house, nobody's called up.

Another part of my campaign is to make George happy because his wife is different. All men like to feel their wives are different, they know. So, whenever George puts his hat on, he finds a shoe tree in it—and that proves I'm different.

There aren't many husbands that find shoe trees in their hats; do you think so?

And I always try to help George in the things he's doing. Even in the little things. I always say a wife should be helpful.

Whenever George leaves a bookmark in a book, I make it much easier for him and put a bookmark in every page. Because, then, no matter where he opens the book, he'll find a bookmark and he just starts from there.

One of the ways to make a man happy is to help him feel that comfort is waiting at his home to soothe him. No matter what time George comes home, I always have his bedroom slippers and smoking jacket laid out on the curb for him, so that as soon as he nears his home he'll sense comfort and a loving welcome. Of course, it's rather expensive some times, especially when it rains and the water washes them away.

But if you think of the fact that a man really happy, you've got to do things like that. I think too many wives take their husbands for granted, figuring that after they've got a cold there's no use standing in a draft any more. Or some old saying like that.

But I don't think that's right. I think every wife owes it to her husband to keep on pretending she thinks he's important, like she did when she married him.

There's nothing that proves a man's importance like having lots of people trust him. That means, public confidence, doesn't it? And now I'm making almost every merchant in town trust my George, and he's getting letters from them every day telling him how much they've trusted him.

Of course that makes me buy lots of things I don't bring home. But that's thoughtful, too, because I don't want him to worry about how he'll pay for them.

Keeping a husband from worrying over household affairs is another way to make him happy. It used to worry George to see the stubs of the checks he'd written on our joint bank account, and so I just stopped filling out the silly old things.

And I tore up the little slip about the over-draft that the bank sent; because it keeps George happy, thinking we still have a balance.

It's the considerate little things a wife does that keeps a marriage one long honeymoon. A man loves to have a wife to do things for him, original things. And they're not hard to do, if she just tries.

Sometimes in arranging George's clothes for him, I put his shirt's, collars, ties and garters in his socks; just to make it seem Christmas every day. Because George loves Christmas.

Not many husbands would expect that, either, would they?

I always think George is entitled to all the consideration I can show him, because he's so concerned about my welfare. Every time he comes home and finds his family there for dinner, he goes out to dinner himself; so I won't have to serve one more. He's the sweetest, most considerate man.

And I'm considerate, too. George is nervous when children are around. So,
when he’s working at home, I always bring in several little neighbor children, so he will be used to them when our little Sandra has her friends in.

I read once that the surest way to make a man unhappy is to let him have sufficient rest. A doctor wrote that, and he said a lot of women drive their husbands from home by trying to distraction.

But that never happens in our house because I also feel that George should have a lot of rest. So whenever he has to get to work at seven o’clock, I wake him at nine. So not only does he get two hours more sleep, but now he can sleep all day, because he lost his job.

And these are just a few of the ways I keep George happy.

Beauty for Brunettes

(Continued from page 49)

Countess’s cosmetic chart, as analyzed for her by a famous Fifth Avenue salon, showing exactly what shades of cosmetics should be worn by this light-skinned, Spanish type.

Vivacious, brown-haired Lily Pons, with her warm-tinted skin and great brown eyes, naturally has quite different advice to give. She, too, uses very little rouge—a beauty secret known to most beautiful women who have large, expressive eyes. But she advises suntan powder, all year round, for those of you who have chestnut or deep auburn hair. In contrast to the Countess, she loves yellow and it is one of her most becoming colors. As a matter of fact, she recommends all the nasturtium shades, ranging from yellows, oranges, tans, beiges and browns. In the pastels, she is fond of warm pink.

It’s a little difficult to give you her advice, word for word, for she spoke partly in French, partly in English, and always rapidly. She simply bubbles over with French vivacity and, it must be confessed, an engaging French coquetry. "The yellow," she said very earnestly, "it must not be too violent, but soft and rich. And the orange should be very warm. "There is one little point," she added,
Keep ALL your hair one even, lively, lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Most modern, perfected preparation for fading hair; cleanly, economically used in hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention not needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send in plain wrapping
M.F. 1
Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________
State Original Color of Hair

BY HER LOVELY COMPLEXION

True popular girl is the one who radiates good health, has a clear attractive skin and sparkling eyes.

Nature intended you to have these natural charms. If you don't have them, something is wrong; but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause broken out and sickly-looking skin, loss of energy, headache, run down condition.

Thousands of women find relief for these troubles in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should feel and see a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your old-time energy renewed! Stuart's Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at all drug stores. Try them—results should delight you! For FREE sample, send name and address on post card to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. F-2, Marshall, Michigan.

RADIO MIRROR

IN THE 30's YOU'RE STILL A YOUNG WOMAN

GRAY HAIR IS ONLY TIRED HAIR

"which I should like very much to impress upon women who are of the small type, like myself, whether they are blonde or brunette. In America—and in Europe, too—the tiny woman is too fond of frills. Because she is petite, she believes she must be very feminine, wear many little ruffles. That is not true; it is tailored clothes that she should wear, not these too-bouffant, too-girlish styles. Even in the evening, her dress should have the line, dignity, and not just fluffiness.

"Above all, every girl should bring to the fore whatever characteristic is her special charm, whether it is something in her face, her figure or even her speech, but it must be the one thing which is most typical of herself, and she should build the rest of her personality around this. It is much more essential that she should seek individuality rather than glamour."

LILY PONS also wears brown eye-shadow, but that's the only shade of make-up she has in common with the Countess. The keynote of a coloring like mine," she says, "is golden brown, and all colors should be chosen in that harmony. Orange tints for the rouges and lipstick, and be certain to avoid the dark reds here. Also, an all brown makeup for the eyes—never, never black for the lashes or brows." She herself uses an easily available but not so well-known brown eye-shadow which I'll tell you about if you send me a stamped envelope. She has an unusual trick, too, which you may be able to follow in your own city; she uses long colored pencils of bamboo which she obtains from the little Japanese shops for outlining her lips and brows.

Do you have trouble applying your own eyeshadow? Perhaps you haven't tried the little trick of brushing your fingertip across the surface of your cold cream before dipping it into eyeshadow. You'll find the color blends so much more smoothly, is less obtrusive, and gives a finer sheen to your eyelid. There are lots more secrets I'd like to tell you about this month, but what would you like to know? The Countess Albani's skin care, her cosmetic chart, more about Lily Pons' cosmetics—or do you have a problem of your own I can help you with? Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

WHAT MAKES A RADIO STAR?

What hidden formulas have your radio favorites used to gain the top rung of the success ladder? Each has his own secret. Next month, eight of the airwaves' outstanding personalities tell in their own words how they fought their way to stardom.

NEW CREAM MASCARA

needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Tattoo, the new cream mascara, actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; fat easier to apply than cake mascara! Simply squeeze Tattoo out of the tube onto the brush, whisk it over your lashes and there they are... dark, lustrous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smart. Absolutely harmless. Won't run or smear! Tattoo your eyelashes. In small, rubber lined satin vanity, with brush, 50¢ everywhere.

SEND FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Annex Ave., Dept. B-2, Chicago. No enclosed. Please and 50¢ state TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. 11 Black Clilown Li/ace (check color desired)
Name: __________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________

Stop Baby's COUGH

The "Moist-Throat" Way

Tender little throats should be healed the "moist-throat" way with Pertussin, which stimulates the flow of natural fluids, loosens phlegm and soothes the throat. Contains no harsh or injurious drugs. Will not upset the stomach or spoil the appetite. It checks coughs quickly and safely. Doctors have prescribed it for 30 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seck & Kade, Inc., 449 Washington St., N.Y.C. I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name: __________________________
Address: ________________________
R.M.2

84
R**O**SEMARY LANE and Bob Allen holding hands. Rosemary the beautiful young gal singing for Fred Waring. Bob's one of Hal Kemp's soloists—Snook's back on the air! Remember he was the Dixie veteran who once worked with Herman Timberg. She had one air program, but it was cancelled. Now Fred Waring has her on his show—at least for a while to fill Stoopnagle and Budd's shoes. If you like her, she'll stay on. Fred has promised.

**PROGRAM CHANGES AND SUCH**

Dangerous Paradise will have run its course shortly after you read this. But don't be alarmed. A new series is already in the oiling which will star Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. At least, so say the radio row gossips... And Buck Rogers—this is for sure—loses its present sponsor. By the first of the year, it will probably be bought up again. It's too popular a program not to be sold... Just as we hurried to press, we got a flash that Waldo Mayo, who for lo! these many years has been orchestra leader for Major Boves' Sunday morning show, starts a new program over CBS. The sponsor is Scholl, the other star, Ruben Goldberg. He won't draw cartoons over the air, but he will be funny some way or other.

**AH! HERE'S REAL NEWS**

Louella Parsons doesn't call Dick Powell "Dickie" any more on Hollywood Hotel. Dick protested that his friends were taking him for a terrible ride. Louella was a good egg and said okay, she'd forget it... Kate Smith has gone and done it—she has bought outright a professional basketball team. The last we heard she was rehearsing free shots instead of songs for her three programs a week... Bob Burns, the Arkansas traveler who wound up in radio, is reported on his way to the West Coast where he will be funny in the future for the Bing Crosby program. Bing, by the way, will soon be all on his own, after having Whitman with him his first three or four broadcasts.

**MORE GOOD NEWS**

The Little French Princess, one of the most popular of the day-time serials, and off the air for the past few months, is scheduled to make a reappearance right after the first of the year. Ruth Yorke will again be leading lady. As far as we could determine, it will again be heard in the afternoon... Terry and Ted is the name of a new kid show. When the program started, Terry and Ted were in Mexico, getting ready for a long trip in a super land cruiser. Whatever that is.

**RADIO MIRROR**

**LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES**

**Corns Or Callouses Lift Right Out!**

To loosen corns and callouses for quick, safe removal, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box. In a short time your corns or callouses will lift right out. This is the medically safe, sure way. One minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses or bunions relief will be yours! Pressure on the sensitive spot ends at once and sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes are prevented by these soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, and Soft Corns between the toes. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

**2 Kinds—New DE LUXE flash color 25¢ STANDARD WHITE, new 25¢**

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

**FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET.** Mail coupon to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 163, Chicago, Ill., for booklet, "The Foot and Their Care," and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for □ Corns, □ Callouses, □ Bunions, □ Soft Corns. Please check one wanted. (You can paste this on government penny postcard.)

**Nurses & Attendants Offered**

**No Experience Necessary**

**RECORDED GOOD JOBS IN INSTITUTIONS.**

**HOSPITALS, ETC.**

**Learn Photography at Home**

**With Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

**NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING For Only 1¢**

No greater time, money and labor saving invention ever introduced into homes than the sensational new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. Economical, the average family ironing can be done at the amazing low cost of 1¢. New convenience and economy for the housewife without electricity. Iron's even better than gas or electricity—at ½ the cost. Easier to use, longer wear, takes a very few cent. For 50c you can get a Diamond Iron, 2¢ and only ½¢ coppers kerosene (coal oil). All the drawbacks of old-fashioned ironing are banished between minute burn and hot spots, save $200 stamps every month. Woman's secret to quick, regulated, uniform heat. Always ready.

Actually cuts ironing time in half. Moreover the Diamond Iron is exceptionally handsome. Beautiful new Rosewood heatproof handles, latest double point design with new Button Ravel Edge. All parts heavily plated. Extra heavy CHROMIUM plate on bottom gives glass-smooth ironing surface that never needs waxing or polishing—never gets indelible, and simple can not rust. No wonder women are enthralled and delighted—don't want to let go of a Diamond Iron once they get it in their hands. You'll like it too.

**NO-RISK TRIAL**

Send coupon for full description and 30 days' Trial Offer with banked guarantee of satisfaction. Meet it today!

**BURNS 96% AIR**

**500 MACHINES IN 50 DAYS**

**Lend your successful opportunity to earn as much as $3000.00 per month.**

**BURNS 96% AIR**

**FRONT TUBULARS, 1/2 oz. $3.50, 1 oz. $3.00**

**BACK TUBULARS, 1 oz. $3.50, 2 oz. $3.00**

**500 MACHINES IN 50 DAYS**

**Lend your successful opportunity to earn as much as $3000.00 per month.**

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Send coupon for full description and 30 days' Trial Offer with banked guarantee of satisfaction. Meet it today!

**GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR RETIREES**

**MAKE YOUR OWN MONEY WITH THE NEW D**

**IAMOND SELF-HEATING IRON.**

**Mores**

**CSP 25c**

**30 oz. $3.50, 60 oz. $3.00**

**1 oz. $3.50, 2 oz. $3.00**

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**Lend your successful opportunity to earn as much as $3000.00 per month.**

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Send coupon for full description and 30 days' Trial Offer with banked guarantee of satisfaction. Meet it today!

**THE AKRON LAMP AND MFG. CO.**

**374 Iron Street**

**Akron, Ohio**

**MAIL COUPON TODAY for details of making money-making opportunity.**

**Name:**

**Address:**

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Read The Advice You Gave

JESSICA DRAGONETTE

HERE'S HOW YOU'VE HELPED THIS SINGER

SOLVE HER DILEMMA!

I want so very much to help Jessica. I've thought of many things, but always in the end I've come back to the original piece I had immediately upon finishing the article the first time. It being—Miss Dragonette should do whichever one she wants to do. That's her future at stake and can be handled much more safely, if not swayed by the multitude. Miss Dragonette has done wonderfully so far with her life and I'm sure any decision she makes now will be best for all of us.

To me, her happiness comes first, and I want her where she will be the happiest.

Tell Miss Dragonette to please herself—not the public. If the public loves her, they will follow wherever she goes. I know I will.

L. E. SMITH, Syracuse, N. Y.

With all the mail that you are receiving this letter from a young farmer will seem insignificant, but I have not kept in touch with any radio star as closely as I have with you, Jessica.

Due to my interest in you and my music teacher's interest in me (for I have done a great deal of baritone solo work for several years) she asked me to accompany her to Toledo, about eighty miles from here, to see you as well as hear you sing at the Blade festival. I was never so amazed as I was when I could see for myself that a radio star as popular as you are could have such a radiant personality.

You would make a splendid actress, but being an actress has many disadvantages as well as a few advantages over radio work. They are both a lot of work. If I were you I wouldn't go into movie work to a great extent. You're present popularity would increase, but if you stay by the mark your popularity will last. A tough spot you're in, I'll agree.

And now, Jess, whatever you do, do it with that same zeal that is in you and I am sure that life will hold as much for you in the future as it has in the past.

GERALD DODEN, Sherwood, Ohio.

I read your article in Radio Mirror concerning Jessica Dragonette and her problem.

Although I feel that my advice or opinion means little, may I say that in listening to Miss Dragonette for the past few years, I have built in my mind a certain picture of her, which, though I doubt it, might be spoiled if she were to go in pictures. I have always admired her resolution in staying out of pictures. Some time ago she made the statement saying

(Continued on page 88)
**Genuine Easy Bearing Roller Skates**

**Built for Hard Usage**

With built-in bearings, you'll glide through the tough terrain easily. And with solid hardwood construction, they'll stand up to the roughest conditions. **Send Today**.

**Household Clock**

**New Beauty!**

With a sturdy wooden frame and a smooth, polished finish, this clock is a perfect addition to any home. It's easy to read and will keep accurate time. **Send Today**.

**10-Piece Priscilla CURTAIN SET**

**10PIECES IN ALL**

This set includes 10 matching curtains in a variety of colors, perfect for any room. The curtains are made of high-quality fabric and are easy to hang. **Send Today**.

**The WATCH for MEN**

**Read This Remarkable Offer!**

A "squeaky" man's watch. Can you imagine a watch that squeaks? This one does! The "squeaky" feature is the result of a unique engineering design. **Send Today**.

**Radio Mirror**

**C'mon—BOYS - GIRLS**

**MEN - WOMEN**

**PICK YOUR PRIZE**

**FINE PRIZE SURE TO BE YOURS!**

For sending only 24 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cents, we'll send you a beautiful Radio Mirror! **Send Today**.

**Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set**

**Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen**

Convenient and sanitary, this set makes cooking a pleasure. You'll love the way it looks and the way it cooks. **Send Today**.

**Hawaiian Type Strumming Ukulele**

**5-Minute Instruction Book FREE**

Anyone can play this jazzy Ukulele, and you'll be delighted with the musical, mellow tone. Made substantially of strong music, ideal to last a lifetime. **Send Today**.

**Giant Spy-Glass**

**3FOOT TELESCOPE**

See moon and stars and people miles away. Give two pleasure. Always ready. Given for selling only 24 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cents each. **Send Today**.

**VIOLIN, BOW and Instruction Book Imported from Europe**

**Send Money WE TRUST YOU**

This violin is imported from Europe where they make fine musical instruments. It will make you proud of your playing. **Send Today**.

**JUNIOR GUITAR Imported from Europe**

**Send Money WE TRUST YOU**

This guitar is imported from Europe where they make fine musical instruments. It will make you proud of your playing. **Send Today**.

**Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH**

A big American watch factory worked three years to make this nice watch. See the gorgeous shape, the shiny silver dial, and the quality you'll be proud of. **Send Today**.

**The MOVING Picture Machine**

Here is the Greatest Prize of All! Boys, you can now show movies in your own home. This outfit uses the same lens and has all the features of the regular machine. Would make a splendid Christmas gift. **Send Today**.

**Guaranteed Vitamin C**

This guarantee is simply good for one year. If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle and we will refund your money. **Send Today**.
RADIO MIRROR

KILL KIDNEY ACIDS

Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Acids and potassums accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and dry—just as if you were 20 years older than you are. And what is more, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Uttering Up Nightly, Nervousness, Leg Pain, Lumbar, Sacral Joint, Rheumatic Pain, Distress, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headache, Frequent Chills, Burning, Snoring, Hiccups, and Arthritis.

The only way your body can clean out the Acid, potassums, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or Slills in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and potassums accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the discrete action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (premoupled Siso-Test), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. Geo. B. Kittel, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, when develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts the hormonal tube system right away and immediately, yet contains no harmful or irritating ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Batters, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Billionaire of London, also says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it to his patients for the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is guar- anteed with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Pharmacopoeia and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is In- tended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is safe, sure and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do for your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you feel and appear better and work to your entire satisfaction in 6 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and exclusive Judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at all drugstores, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with reputed. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (premoupled Siso-Test) today.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest well. It just clogs up in the bowels. Gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

(Continued from page 86)

that she only wished to be a voice. I think that if she went the "professional voice" the admiration of her fans will be greater.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to write this for you.

DOROTHY LINGA, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

* * *

Although the movie work will mean a great strain on you, I don't think it will hurt your voice. We have heard great opera stars, such as Grace Moore and Nelson Eddy sing on the screen. It hasn't hurt their voices, has it?

You are beautiful, almost as beautiful as your voice. Please, I am not trying to frighten you by saying this. I'd enjoy your voice twice as much if I could see you sing as well as hear you. Do sign the contract waiting for you at the Paramount.

THOMAS J. NIX, Casper, Wyoming.

* * *

I think any person makes a mistake to go against their first judgment or idea.

It is much better to go to the top in their profession first. Then their career is assured and there is still time enough to enlarge their activities if they so desire.

To be distinctive, exclusive and natural is about the best asset any singer or actor can possess. I say, do not cheapen that voice on a record or a moving picture screen. I say, stand pat.

P. M. TAYLOR, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

Your thoughtful appeal to your many listeners moves me to carry out the remark I have made on numerous occasions following your broadcast. When I am going to write that girl telling her how much I appreciate her singing.

Your movie proposition does not appeal to me. I believe the public is too aware of the trickery of the camera and in your case, you might not receive the just amount of credit due you. Even television would not suffice.

CHARLIE MUELENBEIN, JR., Belleville, Ill.

* * *

True enough, Miss Dragonette has probably built up through the years the illusions in the imaginations of her radio audience. Personally, I look upon her as merely a human being whom the gods have blessed with a rare and beautiful voice which it is her duty to cultivate. One of the most remarkable things to me is that she seems never to give up trying to improve it.

Now if she will go into pictures with the aim of furthering her musical career and not of becoming primarily just another movie actress, I believe that the public will benefit her in two ways: it will increase her popularity and it will give her a new and interesting field in which to work.

I would like seeing Jessica Dragonette on the screen very much, providing there isn't just a vast string of liberties interspersed by plenty of music and a suitable cast. Perhaps some of Victor Herbert's operettas or even a grand opera would go well.

FLORENCE SMITH, Jefferson, Ia.

* * *

By all means, continue your radio work.

Please do not run the risk of letting your radio work suffer because of the terrible physical and mental strain your work causes. Although the chance of acting in three fine moving pictures must appeal to you, you would most likely re-
gret writing finds to your appeal to listeners' imaginations later. I am hoping you will decide to continue simply as Jessica Dragonette, the radio singer.

Helen Janney, Muncie, Indiana.

* * *

Not to be able to tune you in on the radio at least one night a week would be almost unbearable for me. To be able to see you frequently on the screen in addition to hearing you on the air, as usual, would be, to put it mildly, simply swell.

I say, please do go into motion pictures, but don't ever give up radio.

Marian Cansifit, Lansing, Mich.

* * *

A voice as superb as Jessica Dragonette's should be in as many places as possible so it could be heard by as many people as possible, and I heartily approve of her going into the movies if she can act. But if her ability to act does not measure up to her ability to sing, she should run from the movies. It would be disappointing, almost heart-breaking, to see her fall on the screen.

Mrs. H. G. Gans, Louisville, Ky.

* * *

I think Miss Dragonette should try to make at least one picture. I am quite sure her countless fans would like to see her on the screen. I have met this very charming and lovely person many times and as yet she has not spoilt my illusion I had about her. Of course I would miss very much her Friday evening concerts until the picture was completed, but then I would be seeing as well as hearing her when the picture came out. Miss Dragonette, I am sure, is capable of handling any musical role suitable for her voice. I am waiting for the day when Miss Dragonette will star in Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste" on the screen.

Alice W. Arnold, Forest Hills, L. I.

* * *

You most assuredly should star in the movies. To be truthful, I found you to be much different from what my imagination, as well as your pictures, had conjured. Nevertheless, both imagination and reality were beautiful. Aside from that, the richness of your warm personality would be doubled when seen in action on the screen.

Herbert, Brooklyn, New York.

* * *

To me your voice is distinctive on the air and I hate to think of you joining the ranks in Hollywood to become just "another actress." When I first saw pictures of you I was not disappointed in your appearance. I like to think of you just that way. If Hollywood is your next step, they will find something about you that should be changed. Please stay your favorite on the radio, be individual and show us that you walk "Individual Avenue" instead of "Follow the Leader Street."

Miss Natalie Merriam, Stratford, N. H.

* * *

The screen, it is true, is far-reaching. But, it can never be as intimate as radio, or chance to hope to possess the human personal touch that is radio's alone. To sing over the air is to enter the home, or linger by the bedside of those who are ill or shut-in—and to them it is that you are a veritable ministering angel and inexcessibly dear, even as they have come to mean so much to you! To them, a screen career would mean the breaking of a thread of gold...

Mary E. Lauber, Phila, Pa.

STOP YOUR Rupture Worries!

Learn About My Perfected RUPTURE INVENTION!

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn now about my perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands of men, women and children by assisting Nature to restore the natural strength to the weakened muscles. You can imagine how happy these thousands of rupture sufferers were when they wrote me to report results beyond expectations. How would YOU like to be able to feel that same happiness—to sit down and write me such a message—a few months from today? Hurry—send coupon quick for Free Rupture Book, self-measuring chart, and PROOF of results.

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My invention is never sold in stores nor by agents. Beware of imitations! You can get it only from my U. S. factories or from my 33 foreign offices. And I'll send it to you on trial. If you don't like it—if it doesn't "work"—it costs you NOTHING. But don't buy now. Get the facts about it FIRST! Write me today. I'll answer in plain envelope with interesting information Free. Stop your Rupture Worries—send coupon now.

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Rush me your Free Book, self-fitting chart, Proof of Results, all without obligation, and in plain envelope.

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State whether for Man ☐, Woman ☐, or Child ☐.
"GIVE ME YOUR MEASURE AND I'LL PROVE IN THE FIRST 7 DAYS YOU CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!"

No Other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvements! Then as my weekly lessons arrive in your home I continue to rebuild, renew and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the rosy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, the breadth at your shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job. I'll send you a FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man!"

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim!

And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, skin blotches and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life!

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't desire you or doctor you. Dynamic Creation is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out.

48-Page Book FREE

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows, from actual photos, how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for you, too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN BE! Put your name and address on the coupon, or a post-card, and mail it today, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 58-A, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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I want the proof that your system of Dynamic-Toning will make a new man of me—save me a healthy, sturdy body and big muscle development. send me your free book, "Dynamic Tonig and Strength.

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RADIO MIRROR

LIGHTS OUT!

Feel in the mood for rattling chains or murder? Then tune in Lights Out over NBC some evening. In January this program celebrates its second anniversary, proving ghosts are still popular. Above, Forrest Lewis, Betty Winkler, Sidney Elstrom, Art Jacobson, Ted Maxwell, Helen Fox and Harold Peary. At right, Betty and Ted. The clutching hands make even actress Betty's screams genuine.

Above, the cast in another pose. The actors work in a studio that has but one small light over the mike which casts grotesque shadows on the walls.

Art Jacobson (left) directing a hair-raising scene from Will's Cooper's pen.
More Last Minute News

NOW that Elgin watches can't do any more advertising for Christmas, we hear that they are going off the air, which means you won't be hearing the Mills Brothers Friday nights, unless another sponsor steps in right away. How about having them guest star for Bing Crosby's new program? . . . Roses and Drums, we've been told, soon reaches the end of the Civil War. No plans for the future have been made. It sounds to us as though they'd have to start a whole new show, perhaps saving the title. . . .

You've already heard a broadcast of two of the Saturday night show over CBS. The one with Frank Parker and now with Bob Hope as the comedian. Frank and the sponsors decided they need someone else to be master of ceremonies while Frank stuck to singing. . . . Alexander Woollcott has been having sponsor difficulties and he may go off the air. As we go to press there are rumors flying thick and fast that the Buck Rogers sponsor may take over the bell ringer. The news ought to be out settling the whole thing one way or another very soon. Woollcott, by the way, is now out in Hollywood, far from the scene of the decision when it is made.

HERE's a hastily gathered list of what the stars do just before the broadcast:

Fred Allen—Looks like a lawyer coming into court with a brief case under his arm, from which he draws a script, then puts it aside on a music stand.

Helen Hayes—Gets a firm handshake from her husband Charles MacArthur, then steps firmly up to the mike.

Jack Benny—Bites the end off a fresh cigar, stuffs it in his mouth, and forgets to light it.

Johnny Green—Go's off in a huddle with Don Wilson and practices his dialects.

Don Voorhees—Always looks around hurriedly, then bends over and ties his shoe laces all over again.

We can tell you this story that comes straight from Harold Lloyd who is soon to make a new film, "Milky Way." In order to get atmosphere, Harold rode around for a week with his milkman, helping him deliver bottles. Every day this week was the Jack Benny mansion. Here's what was left each morning: two pints of thick Jersey cream; four quarts of pasteurized milk; two quarts of raw Holstein milk; two quarts of butter milk . . . and speaking of Benny, Jack has been a woodchopper. Out on Noah Beery's ranch, in Saugus, Jack sharpens an axe and goes after eucalyptus logs which he turns later on in his fireplace at home.

Helen Marshall, the soloist on the Sigmund Romberg program Tuesday nights, is being groomed for the Metropolitan, we hear, which is a long step forward in a short while.
Left, the piece de resistance of New York's greatest spectacle—the show that's both a stage and radio sensation. Ready for action is Rosie who plays the part of Jumbo. Below, Jimmy Durante himself, the Schnoz, who stars in this Tuesday night NBC half-an-hour broadcast.

It's STUPENDOUS! It's COLOSSAL! It's JUMBO!

Candid shot by Wide World

Left, Jumbo's singing stars—Donald Novis and Gloria Graf-ton. Donald has to sing one song while riding a horse. His partner is a well known Broadway star. Below, the scene of the broadcast, the remodeled Hippodrome, famous old opera house, where lions and tigers now perform for radio in a glittering ring of sawdust.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 35)

SHORT SHORT STORIES

Contrary to a story that got about, when Glenn Klavell, tenor, of the venerable Gypsies tenor, did not sing into a Radio City Studio and demand an audition, Ben had already been highly successful as a concert tenor and had been singing on outstanding sustaining programs in New York before he went with the Gypsies. . . . That orchestra you heard a few weeks ago, and Allen program un- der the baton of Jacques Renard, is really Vic Arden's band, and even has Vic at the piano. Recently, Guy Lombardo introduced a new song called "Blue Nile," the manuscript copy of which had been brought him by a music publisher and apparently written by Joe Lonside. Guy played it, approved, and was intro- duced to the composer. That composer was Carmen Lombardo.

THEME SONG SECTION

If you feel inclined to criticize the manner in which Hal Kemp's boys play their theme on these late night programs as "corny," as the musicians say, don't. The song, "How I Miss You Tonight," written by Hal himself, was the first piece his boys learned to play together ten years ago. That's the way they learned it then, and that's the way they're playing it now. Such sentiment.

A little startling to learn what song is requested most of Kate Smith. After a tabulation of listener requests, her mana- ger, Ted Collins, discovered that it was, of all things, her long-used theme, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." That signature, "Doodle Do Do" you heard on the Ed Sullivan Revue, Dr. L. R. Wallace of Los Angeles, was written by Art Kassel, orchestra leader of the program.

"La Ra Ra Boom De Ay," Margaret Nolan of Boston, was written by Henry W. Sayer. It belonged much more to the era of Oscar Hammerstein, grandfather of the Ted Hammerstein, on whose program you hear it used as a theme.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

One reader demands to know the name of the bell-like instrument played by Charley Price, drummer of Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. It really is one of the many effects which can be coaxed from the Hammond electric organ which Ted himself, not Charley, plays. Fio Rito, as you know, also plays the piano, as does Herb Samson. As for the rest of the orchestra, it aligns itself as follows:

Dubs Rhea, 1st trumpet; Eddie Ramos, 2nd trumpet; Bud Bestick, trombone; Paul McLaran, 1st alto saxophone; Vic Green, 2nd alto saxophone; Vic Garber, 3rd alto saxophone; Norman Boutnick, viola; Muzzy Marcellino, guitar (also baritone vocalist); Charley Price, drums, and Anzel Vick, tuba. Other vocalists in- clude Stan Hickman, tenor; the Three Debutantes, and Candy. (All this for Wilda Smith, San Francisco and E. J. Johnson, Long Beach, Cal.)

Another brother pops up in a band con- ducted by a brother, when you start to think. Ben and Herman Cummin's orchestra apart. Here's proof: Paul Blakely, tenor saxophone; Wallace Smith, saxophone; James McMullen, tenor, alto and baritone saxophones; Paul Miller, violin; Bill Gehhardt, trombone; Paul Roberts, trumpet; Erni Ma- plis, trumpet and baritone vocalist; Bernard Rochenstein, drums, Willis Diel,
BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

What girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Admit, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabness, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex, bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring golden blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

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Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.

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The All-Soaper, Sponges—Dishwashed
For Cleaner, Your, No Soaps, in quick fashion
and thoroughly all the work
you've looked upon as "Menial" for
years. There is no work that
for imitation. Why rub and scrub when
I lift and wash a dish and
oven-trim instantly. It
doesn't bother me to be
in "hot water"—
and
how it saves your
hands! I don't shred,
plaster or rust either.
I'm just a honest, work
like girl and I'm in a

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THOUSANDS of women praise MU-COL for feminine hygiene. Recommended by physicians; contains no harmful ingredients; famous for its soothing and cooling properties. No unpleasant odor. To know the greater dulness and hostility comfort MU-COL gives, send 10c for sample making 3 qts. MU-COL solution. Booklet free

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Send MU-COL sample and free booklet. 4 envelope 10c for posting and mailing.

Name

Address

RADIO MIRROR

string bass; Walter Cummins (the brother) banjo and tenor vocalist; Carl Radlach, piano, and Dorothy Crane, vocalist.

* * *

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

Here's your opportunity to go see some of your favorite orchestras you've heard so much over the air.

Let's hope that at least one will be within striking distance of where you live. These locations are where they are scheduled to be during January, but if they change in a very few cases, there's just nothing you or we can do about it.

Armstrong, Louis—Connie's Inn, New York City.
Bergin, Freddie—Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Mich.
Dailey, Frank—Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, N. J.
Ferdinando, Felix—Chez Ami Cafe, Buffalo, N. Y.
Flo Rito, Ted—Hotel New Yorker, New York City.
Gardner, Dick (Hot-Cha)—Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md.
Hall, George—Taft Hotel, New York City.
Hallett, Mal—On tour.
Halstead, Henry—Park Central Hotel, New York City.
Hamp, Johnny—Normandy Ballroom, Boston, Mass.

Holst, Ernie—El Morocco Club, New York City.
Hopkins, Claude—Cotton Club, Harlem, New York City.
Jones, Isham—Lincoln Hotel, New York City.
Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
King, Henry—Central Park Casino, N. Y. C.
Light, Enoch—McAlpin Hotel, N. Y. C.
Mansfield, Dick—On Tour.
Messner, Dick—Donahue's Restaurant, Mountain View, N. J.
Nelson, Ozzie—Arcadia Hotel, N. Y. C.
Stein, Maurie—Paramount Club, Chicago, Ill.
Tremaine, Paul—Gloria Palast, New York City.
Velas, Esther—Roosevelt Hotel, New York City.
Wintz, Julie—Top Hat Club, Union City, N. J.

YOU'RE TELLING US

And you should, in no uncertain terms, if there is any particular question you have concerning popular music orchestras and vocalists who are heard on the networks. You must remember, that in fair-

The Voice of Experience made a recent trip to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, Warm Springs, Ga., where he visited the President. He's shown signing autograph books for the patients.
Chicago, Direct; Scientifically
Allcock's, marvelous
25(*)
gone.

I want to know more about:
Orchestrical Anatomy:
Theme Song Section:
Following the Leaders:

John Skinner,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

Attention Fashion Contestants!

Next month we will announce the two winners in the Lane Sisters Dress Contest which RADIO MIRROR ran in the October issue.

So many letters came pouring in that the task of judging them was doubled for the Fashion Board.

Next month, however, the names of the prize winners will appear. Yours may be one of them. So watch for the March issue of RADIO MIRROR —out January 22

Old Book in Attic Brings Fortune to Woman

A Massachusetts housewife read an article about valuable old books and next day discovered one in the attic. She sold it for more money than she could save in a lifetime! The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the world, will pay $5,000.00 cash for each copy of this book. They also want to buy thousands of other old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) and old newspapers, magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you $50—$100—$500 or even $5,000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attic or basement? Better investigate now! Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. M-380, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you latest price list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay!...
Did Gray Hair

Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: You're getting old! To end gray hair headaches all you have to do is comb it once a day for several winters with a few drops of Kolor-Bak 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 and imparting color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears with a week or two and users report the change to be so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk in your home, go to your druggist or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak? Then under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of car-
ton to United Remedies, Dept. 472, 144 S. Wells Street, Chicago. Receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAX Shampoo.

LEARN TO DANCE 50c

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to the old favorites at home, in private without tuition, costume or partner. Complete course of old for 50c, or as simple as a child can masterfully. Read 'Dancing Through Life'—a 168 page book, includes Top Dancers, Trends, etc. $1.00 a copy.

FRENCH ROSE. Box 131, Vincennes, Ind.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller is desired. Please send plan or flash form, engraving, book plate, letter, etc. Enlargement is guaranteed. A single enlargement is $1.00.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo with request. You will be billed when the picture is ready. Pay for this advertisement in the Chicago Tribune, Jan. 22, 1927, 1 cent per word and we will pay your cost.

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Dept. 1564-B
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BIRTHMARKS, BURNS

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hidden easily...INSTANTLY!

No tester need an ugly blemish

in your beauty mark on the new Cover-

mark, a smooth, invisible correction

for admiring darkness! Whether you have a
dark hair mark, burn, brown or white mark,
dark veins, various scars, freckles or just a
yellow, bluish, skin, Covermark will trans-
form your appearance. Will not crack or rub
off. Guaranteed, harmless, approved by Amer-
ican Medical Assn. and Good Housekeeping.

Send for free trial color chart:

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FREE LESSON

Home Art Crafts

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME

A new way to get something in demand. Get two for $1 or three for $1.50. A hand-made gift that is sure to please him. Ends with simple "dying" method, and you can use the results for handsomely decorated postcards and similar handicrafts.

NO CANVASSING

Not at 60 or 80; not on the street. Write today for your own hobby kit. O. L. York, 1512 S. California Ave., Chicago, III.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES

Dept. 9-K, Akron, Ohio

RADIO MIRROR

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 56)

$1.00 PRIZE

BOUQUETS FOR SPONSORS

I've no prunes to throw, no slams, only loads of bouquets! If only all the sponsors could know what joy they bring to the bedridden. It's like Aladdin's magic lamp—prize! I'm in the Orchard Room at Hollywood Hotel or dancing to those delightful orchestras here and there; then the soothing voice of David Ross carries me to distant lands, knowing adventure and glorious imaginative places!

Can you blame me? Each and every sponsor I hear, I've written to. Whether or not they read my letters, I don't know. At least I've tried to convey to them that their untiring efforts bring so much happiness to one who misses the glorious world outside.

MARY L. ROGERS, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE

REPETITIONS!

Here I am way down on the Cape where radios are life-savers. I get all fussed up over continued stories and most of them are great, but there are two or three that get my goat in a big way.

The hero and heroine do not utter one sentence without sticking in one another's name. For instance, Betty, Betty, I didn't want to Betty, but Betty, I had to Betty, Betty, you understand Betty, say you do, Betty. And on and on, far into the program. It just spoils the whole thing. I've actually found myself counting the number of times they repeat themselves.

This happens every day and after listen-
ing three or four days in succession, it makes an after-dinner speech sound like a thriller.

MONICA E. BROWN, Cape Cod, Mass.

Sunday morning radio programs are dis-
appointing in quality and variety for those who do not dial religious services. I would suggest having some of the Sunday afternoon entertainment on Sun-
day morning.

After all, no one can listen to two pro-
grams at once. I believe more people are home Sunday before noon than after.

Here's to better Sunday A. M. presenta-
tions.

CATHERINE THRASH, San Jose, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Right at the program's very start a plug could come—that would be smart—
and then another at the end—that's what I'd call a perfect blend."—HELene MA-
lowe, Albany, New York.

"We of the West are mighty proud of our own Al Pinace. Nothing high-brow about that fellow—he's just plain folks."—Mrs. E. T. WINTER, Hollister, Calif.

"Why do most comedians think it ex-
cruciatingly funny when they throw brick-
bats at one another or have someone pipe up and tell them how bad they are?"—BETHIA L. COUZENS, New York, N. Y.

"Have you ever listened to Bobby Burns and considered him as a 'runner-up' for Will Rogers?"—Mrs. GLADYS SAR-
BATT, Oakland, Calif.

"In my opinion, the height of asinine is the recent innovation of a number of sponsors having questions from the studio audience answered by some so-called 'exp-
ert' on this or that."—Mrs. L. E. DAVIS, Springfield, Ohio.

"I feel that the radio in some measure has been an impetus to help bring back prosperity by acquainting us with in-
numerable products which make our homes and homemaking better."—Mrs.
C. L. MORGAN, Elkhon, Va.

"There could never be the least conflict between the Woolcott program and that of Jack Benny for the obvious reason that they do not appeal to the same people."—Mrs. G. C. SCHROEDER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Four of "Hollywood Hotel's" headliners, snapped informally by Hyman Fink at an afternoon party. Left to right, they are Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable, Frances Langford, and Jean Harlow. Jean's last appearance on the air was in scenes from her new picture, "Riff-Raff."
RADIO M RROR
I

Budget Cooking

^Wear^Suit!

{Continued from page

Be My local Agent
I

5E $12.
How

would you

!?

DAY
wear

like to

this fine,

made-to-measure, all wool suit at my
expense? Pay no money. Just promise

to show It to friends, and follow my
simple plan. Do this easy thing and earn
r Qpto$121n
a day, without canvassing!
Represent my bis, old tailoring company.
Make blRRest money of your life. I need

man In every town.
EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY
ACTUAL SAMPLES FREE

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for friends.

Write!
onstratlon

equipment

FREE

teaspoon pepper
cup flour
teaspoon granulated sugar
cup suet fat
cups sliced carrots
small peeled white turnips
small peeled white onions
small potatoes or 6 halved large po-

DEMONSTRATES

MARRIAGE HYGIENE

1

pound spinach

left in

1

cup leeks cut

in

bunches
lengths

inch

(op-

tional)
2 bay leaves

and opportunity

own suits
and overcoats FREE.
to get your

Write today.
H.J.COLLIN, Dept. B349,

Jzee

shin or shank of beef (boned)

tatoes.

Make money yourself.
Send No Money! Do It now. Get valuable dem-

Save money

lbs.

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teaspoons salt
/z

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12

send you absolutely free Rorgeous, valuable big demonstration equipment containing actual samples and
dozens of valuable surprises. Demonstrate these samples for me. Show World's Greatest Tailoring Values.

f

French Pot-au-Feu
5

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Progress Tailoring Co., 500 S. Throop Street, Chicago

CREDIT Given on
FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS

VINES,BULBS.EtC..,.
Easy
down payment
Small
books order.
terms on balance.
Apple & Peach trees, low as 5c. Grapevines 3c. Ornamental shrubs 10c, Evergreens 25c. Write for FREE Catalog.
Benton County Nursery Co.. Box 615, Rogers, Ark.

Follow This

Man

Secret Service Operator No. 88 ia on
the job Running down Counterfeit
Ganer. Tell-tale fingerprints in mux*
I

room. Thrill, Mystery.
The Confidential Report*
No. S3 made
Write for iU
Earn a Regular Monthly Salary
YOU can become a Finger Print Expert at home. In spare time. Write
dered

girl's

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¥Tl°tfkf>> of Operator
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1

for details if 17 or over.
Institute of Applied Science

1920 Sunny side Ave.

Dept. 79-12

Chicago,

Dust the beef with salt and pepper and
rub in the flour. Melt the suet or fat in
a good-sized soup kettle and brown the
meat in it, then add the bay leaves and
sugar. Cover with boiling water, put on

"HAVE USED

BORO-PHENO-FORMS

[j

the lid, and simmer until the meat begins
adding
to get tender about two hours
more boiling water as required. Add the
vegetables, except the spinach, and cook
until they are almost tender, adding more
salt and pepper to taste. While the vegetables are cooking, remove roots and
wilted leaves from spinach, and cleanse it
thoroughly, but do not separate the leaves.
Twenty minutes before the Pot-au-Feu is
served, put in the bunches of spinach.
The broth is served with the spinach, carrots and leeks in it, the meat and vegetables as the main course.

—

fOR

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17

YEARS AND

WOULD NOT

BE

WITHOUT THEM"
says MRS. A.

B.

IIU

fEFTOVER

meats and meatless dishes
an important part in budget
cooking, and for those of you who think a
cold roast must be converted into either
cold cuts or hash, this suggestion of Mrs.
Allen's will prove a boon. Dice or mince
cold meat, brown it in butter or suet or

* play

Be an ARTIST
$50 TO $100 A WEEK!
MAKE
of our successful students are now making
Many

bic money. Our simple methods make it fun to
learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and DesignNew low tuition
ing at home, in spare time.
for Pleasure
rate. Write for big free book
and Profit," today. State age.

"ART

STUDIO
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reheat

WASHINGTON SCHOOL
ST., N.W., WASHINGTON

862,

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Learn Public
Speaking

—in spare time — Many overcome
"stage-fright,* gain self-confidence and

it

in

its

own

gravy, and use

it

as

sandwich filling between two slices of
French toast. Serve hot.
Cheese puff is one of the most satisfactory substitutes for meat, according to
Mrs. Allen, and
am sure you will agree
with her once you have tried this recipe
I

Athome

in-

crease their earning power, through ability
to sway others by effective speech.
Write for free booklet, How to Work

2

WondcrsWithWords and requirements
North American Institute, Dept. 1 3 82
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, III.

Y

2 tablespoons shortening
teaspoon salt

teaspoon pepper
cup minced celery (outer stalks)
Y* lb. cheese (highly flavored) put
through chopper
3Y2 cups scalded milk
1

gives quick relief to

ASTHMATIC
SUFFERERS —

Send

for

TRIAL

FREE

package of 6 cigarettes prove at our
how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain
Asthmatic Compound soothes and relieves
The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. EE-18, Rupert, Vt.
expense

GREEN MOUNTAIN

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Cleans Cars

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NEW
A
GENTS! Gold Mine!
REVOLUTIONARY chemical

BPonge cleans cars like magic! Ban.
ishes auto-washing drudgery. Also
cleans linoleum, woodwork, windows without work! Auto owners, housewives wild about
it. Agents making phenomenal -profits!
SAMPLE OFFER-Samples sent at our risk to

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first person taeach
TODAY 1 KRISTEE MFG. CO., 432 Bar Street, Akron, omo.

Over 45 Years of Supreme
Satisfaction for Usersl

"jyjARRIAGE HYGIENE"— how much
depends on those two words. With so
health and happiness at stake, no
woman can be too careful in selecting the
method to use. Dainty Boro-Pheno-Forms
offer the ideal solution proved by 45 years
of unbroken success.
Originated as a
Boro-Pheno-Forms
doctor's prescription,
quickly swept to nationwide popularity.
Thousands have written of continuous
satisfaction for 5, 12, 17, 20 years or more.

much

Cheese Puff
cups white bread crumbs

Ya

PLEASANT SMOKE VAPOR

Doctor's Prescription
Wins Praise of
Millions...

for FREE SAMPLE which so
Boro-Pheno-Forms
demonstrates
Learn how convenient.
superiority.
No
bulky apparatus. Can be used in perfect
secrecy; no tell-tale antiseptic odor. Doubly

Send now

3 eggs
Y2 teaspoon baking powder
3 slices buttered bread

fully

Mix

the crumbs, salt, pepper, shortencelery and cheese, and stir in the
scalded milk. Add the beaten egg yolks.
Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the
baking powder to them, and fold into the
mixture. Place in a shallow greased baking dish, cover with the bread cut in
squares and bake in a moderate oven
(350° F.) until the puff is firm in the
center and well browned.
Serve immeing,

effective,

it

comes

to desserts."

everyone thinks of cake,
nominate the
and when thinking of cake
snow cake which was used with plain
creamy icing to make the pastel birthday cake used in our Denver demonstration this morning." No wonder it is Mrs.
1

Allen's favorite; it will be yours, too, I am
sure, after you try it, and if you want to
transform it into the delectable birthday
cake illustrated at the beginning of this
article, I'll send you Mrs. Allen's direc-

ef-

Send no money; mail the coupon for
and booklet, "The Answer," which sheds welcome new light on
"Marriage Hygiene."
Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. B-20
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Al-

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CONTINUED

FREE SAMPLE

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DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL CO.— Dept. B-20
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois

Rush me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form
FREE BOOKLET of Marriage Hygiene Fcvcts.

and

Name
Address
City

Stale

97


TORINO MIRROR

"I had to stretch every dollar!"

"Each week, I counted every penny for my children's needs. But I was hard pressed to stretch the last dollar. I was forced to borrow from friends and relatives to make ends meet."

SNOW CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
2/3 cup milk
3 egg whites

Cream the shortening, milk and vanilla in a bowl until light and fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold in last. Bake in a greased cake pan, at 375°F, about 1 hour. When cool, cover with Plain Creamy Icing.

PLAIN CREAMY ICING

1/2 cup shortening
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons hot milk

Cream the shortening, work in gradually one cup of confections' sugar and the salt and vanilla, add the hot milk. Add the second cup of sugar and beat until creamy.

The egg yolks left over from the cake may be covered with cold water and kept for several days in the refrigerator, or used for scrambled eggs, French toast or custard.

"Another dessert," Mrs. Allen added, "which is popular with everyone—with the dinners because it is so good and with the cook because it is inexpensive and simple to prepare—is made with toast. Cover a slice of hot buttered toast with your favorite jam or jelly, place a second slice of toast on top, spread it with jam and custard and continue until you have used four slices of toast. Cut into four small squares one for each serving, and serve with whipped cream, or a sauce made of the jam thickened to the desired consistency with warm water. Strawberry or raspberry jam is ideal for this dessert, or try two or more flavors may be used in alternate layers."

Now that you have these recipes of Mrs. Allen's, I am sure you will want the others contained in her Budget Cookbook, and here is the way you may obtain a copy for your own use. It is a contest, suggested by Mrs. Allen's experience last winter with a number of women whose families were on relief.

These women would write to me," Mrs. Allen explained, "telling me what their food allotment was for the week, and I would work out for them a week's menus. In return, many of them sent me original recipes they developed. Some of them were amazingly good— a clam pie, for instance, originated by one woman, is delicious."

Well, this gave us the idea for the contest by which you may win a copy of the Budget Cookbook. Simply write in your favorite, original, budget recipe. Mrs. Allen will select the twenty best recipes, and each of these twenty winning contestants will receive a copy of the Ida Bailey Allen Budget Cookbook, autographed by Mrs. Allen. Recipes will be judged on the basis of tastiness, originality and economy. You may be one of the lucky twenty, so get your recipe in early. Address your letter to the Ida Bailey Allen Budget Cookbook Contest, c/o Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York. Whether or not you enter the Budget Cookbook Contest, remember that you may have Mrs. Allen's luncheon menu recipes, her directions for pastel birthday cake, and the clam pie, all mentioned in this article, if you will write to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

Ida Bailey Allen with two of NBC's outstanding child actors, Charita Bauer and Bobby Mauch. Better read the cooking article and learn how to win one of Mrs. Allen's famous budget cookbooks.
Confessions of An Audition Winner

(Continued from page 21)

two as had been scheduled at first, she was sure that they had decided she was unworthy of being on the program, that they disliked her voice. No one explained that the program was to have two stars—the most famous people in Hollywood each week—and that the songs and music must be shorted to make room for them.

By the time the program actually went on the air, Jane's whole emotional setup had been shattered. From difficult Chicago, to her parents being run by her contest winner, back todiffident player was the work of a few weeks. Gone was all the thrill, the glow of praise, the warmth of congratulation. In their place, the cold of fear and the despair of lone-

lines.

When her option time expired, when she had sung the few weeks her contract stipulated, Jane left Los Angeles as quietly as she had arrived. All the way across the continent the clacking wheels sang on their rags: "You've failed—you've failed. You had your chance—but you failed."

Only one consolation thought. New York couldn't have forgotten her so soon. Back in the East, she would easily find a job. She told just the superlative genuinities to make dash that hope. People were kind, courte-

fully, but firmly they advised her to return home, to Chicago.

Go back? To humiliation, to the smiles of her acquaintances who had envied her good luck? The prospect of having to do that shocked her into realizing what she should have realized in the beginning. Success, she saw now, only after hard work, not docility after the winning of a contest.

She forgot she had won a contest, forgot she had been on a national program. Becoming just plain Jane Williams, standing out in radio, she began making the rounds. For months, while her money was only a pitiful sum for the weekly rent, while every corner drugstore walked to save care, she interviewed prospective bosses. By tracking down leads, auditioning, waiting, praying, she finally landed.

Early this fall she signed a contract for the Life Savers show. "And I'm glad that I got it that way. Fame, if it ever will come, will have to come through hard work. Winning a contest, getting a good job like the one I have now—they're both just beginnings."

And Jane, with her memories of twelve months of sheer, heartbreaking effort, knows where she speaks. And now how does that old job of yours look to you?

WHAT ARE THE HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF THE STARS?

Next month we begin a fascinating series, telling you of unknown incidents which have had far-reaching results on the careers of your favorites. The first is the story of how Lawrence Tibbett was on the verge of committing suicide—read it in the March RADIO MIRROR.
can best be described as a high-hat phonograph record. Its chief difference is its utility—it is especially made for broadcast purposes and is distinguished from phonograph records available to any private consumer.

Less than a decade ago, a small town station was considered a failure unless it held a tie-with-the-city station could supply it with "name" artists over the leased wire lines. Out of the 600 commercial broadcasters in the U.S., it was not practical, and in fact, would not be desirable for the station to be included in the chains and the eventual answer to the problem of talent was the transcription.

Because the radio disks are made especially for broadcast purposes, the Government overseers do not limit their use as they previously did with ordinary home recordings. Thus a station can now broadcast throughout the day just by changing the disks on the turntables and renting the disk on which they are recorded, which can be sold in quantity lots to the Main Street Dellacates and the Smithson & Giles Emporium.

A

AND don't think that the use of recorded programs is confined to the small town stations. With the exception of WABC, WOR, WEAF, WQXR, WRUL and WJZ, the NBC primal transmitters, the canned programs go on the air from whirling turntables at virtually every broadcast plant in the country. Thus, instead of elaborate studios, with observation balconies, military pages, etc., you can get along with two turntables and electric pick-up arms.

Virtually all great radio stars have entered the transcription ranks, but many artists use anonymous billings on recorded programs. If a station gets a letter after a transcription program saying, "The crooner I heard last night sounded an awful lot like the Country-wide Broadcasting System's stellar singer," the chances are they're one and the same person.

There are about fifty companies supplying recorded programs for exclusive broadcast use. Most transcription studios are in New York but there are several in other talent centers, especially Hollywood. Two kinds of services are offered—one for stations and one for advertisers. The station service consists of $100 monthly bill for $825 a month depending on the size of the transmitter, consists of a disk library with periodic supplements. A card index, plus punch cards, permits, enables the subscribing station to piece its own program together by drawing upon combinations of various types of recorded programs. The sponsors' announcements of complete programs, commercial announcements, et al., included in the disk.

In the latter case, the advertiser buys time on a group of stations and mails them disks instead of routing the program over network wirelines. Thus a synthetic network is created with the added advantage of selecting the stations in areas where the sponsor's product is distributed. One advertiser—Chevrolet—purchased a whole network for $300,000!

At first the recorded programs loomed as competitors to networks, but in time the chains entered the field by manufacturing their own programs and continuing its service on a bigger scale than ever, but CBS gives its occasional transcription assignments to outside companies. Many of the NBC recordings are made at the old key studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, which were deserted upon the chain's removal to Radio City.

Let's glance over the type of talent available to small stations from coast to coast via the turntable route. You will recognize some of the biggest names in broadcasting.

Among the orchestras on transcriptions are those of Little Jack Little, Xavier Cugat, Nat Brussoloff, Victor Arden, Bert Hirsch, Nathaniel Shilkret, Harry Reser, Rosario Bourdon, George Hall, Green Brothers and Fred Waring.

Boake Carter, the CBS news commentator, does his stuff for NBC as well as for the chain. NBC's crack organist, Richard Leibert, is also represented in the roll call of radio entertainment. And the turntables also boast of well-known script acts as The O'Neill's and Robinson Crusoe, Jr. Other names that stand out prominently are Ray Heatherton, the Westminster Choir, Loretta Lee and Dale Wimbrow. And there's a long list of stars—Johnny Green's orchestra and Marjory Logan, for example—who use other names on recorded programs.

IT can readily be seen how recordings have given long and prosperous leases on life to small stations, and that in every way the transcriptions have simplified the means of transmitters' existence.

Low-powered, small town stations have often been called by such undignified cognomens as "hamstrings," "hicks" and "air-pests," but the lowly phonograph, in new guise, came to the rescue to raise them to the height of locality audiences to the par of high-powered chain transmitters.

So, all in all, it's more than simple that you may have thought to operate a commercial broadcasting station. And, if you are ingenious enough to get such assigned call letters as "WADB" or "WEAG" you will rack right next to WABC and WEAF. Oh! We mean in alphabetical listings, of course!

Intrigue—mystery—romance—murder! These are the ingredients that have gone into the thrilling new serial which starts in next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR. Read how a young songsmith, caught up in the dangerous web of a double life, finds a perilous overnight success.

Watch for "Microphone Masquerade"

By RICHARD WORMSER
What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 10)

Bertha Ny, Belleville, N. J.—Bob Crosby is broadcasting at the present time from New York on his own program, at 8:15 Fridays over the NBC-WJZ network.

G. B. S., Selma, Alabama—Carmen Lombardo is very much alive and you can hear him every Monday night, singing with Guy Lombardo's orchestra. For his program, see page 51—a 10 o'clock column.

Gertrude J., Denver, Colorado—Your answer is coming rather late and Frank Parker no doubt has been thrilling you with his tenor voice over the Columbia networks in the Atlantic Family on Tour. His program is listed on page 51—7 o'clock column.

Helene M., Winina, Minn.—The Corn Cob Pipe Club has hold of its own again. After a short absence, over the National networks. You'll find the stations listed on page 54—10 o'clock column. The noted American humorist, Strickland Gil- liland is now being featured on this swell program.

Jean K., St. Paul, Minn.—Fred Waring was born June 24, 1900, in Tyrone, Pa. Why don't you write Mr. Waring for his exact address? Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Rosemary and Friscilla Lane hail from the town of Indiana, Ind.

Eta R., Machiasport, Maine—Rudy Val- lee has business offices at 111 West 57th Street. You can even hear from his photograph. Yes, Rudy is always making new records. I can't say whether Mr. Vallee would play a saxophone solo by request, but I don't think there would be any harm in asking him.

Jean, Everett, Mass.—The sketch called Red Davis has been off the air ever since early last summer. However, there is a rumor that the series will be resumed in the near future. You may not play the leading part is now appearing in the successful Broadway play, “Winterset.”

Pearl W., Youngstown, Ohio—Ralph Kirbey, the Dream Singer, is not married. He was born in 1900, so that makes him thirty-five years old. Is that correct?

Wm. P. S., Erie, Pa.—You can communicate with Seth Parker in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City. If you want to listen in on his program, refer to the listing on page 54—10 o'clock column.


J. A. B., Chester, Pa.—Wherever you get this news! Victor McLaglen is alive and well, what's more, you'll soon be seeing him opposite Mae West in "Kidnapped Lou."

Mrs. C. E. S., Overbrook Pgh., Pa.—address your letter to Wayne King in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.
COLLECT YOUR SHARE OF THIS MONEY
$25,000.
FOR SIMPLY WRITTEN TRUE STORIES

If you could use more money, by all means read this page carefully.

Macfadden Publications will pay $25,000 in magnificent cash prizes for the sixty-six best true stories submitted during the months of January, February and March 1936.

Already we have paid over a quarter of a million dollars for true stories for the most part to people who theretofore had never written for publication. The chances are the major portion of this new $25,000 appropriation will be paid out in like manner.

The reason for this amazing success of unskilled writers is that, with us, only the story counts—not literary craftsmanship.

So, here is your great opportunity. 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. Also, we strongly recommend that you immediately sign the coupon at the foot of this page 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.

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 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 $2500 first prize, the persons submitting the five next best will be awarded the five $1000 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.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000, or 50,000.

You may submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last-minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
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 ABOUT WRITING TRUE STORIES".

Name
Street
City State Spell name of state in full.

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 their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unsecured manuscripts.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscript will be returned.

Stories will be given first class postage in same container with manuscripts.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use this 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 (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailabe manuscripts, if first class postage or express of our contributors send them in in such manuscripts, but we may not be held responsible in such case or we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submited. Do not send us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after return of material.

Every story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for and 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 on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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 these stories, we prefer to have the contributors retain their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, March 31, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications, Manuscript Contest Dept., 25 Piccadilly, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

PREPARE NOW TO REAP A RICH HARVEST. USE THIS COUPON FOR VALUABLE INFORMATION.

RM-26
RIDING THE SHORTWAVES

By THE TUNER-INNER

EVEN if some of the thrill of actually tuning in a foreign station has worn off when you have tuned in plenty of other stations, there's plenty of excitement to be found in the nightly broadcast of news from across the Atlantic.

Here's what's happening: frequently, short-wave fans tuned to late programs have heard reports on events in this country and a day before American newspapers have come out with the story. Not long ago a scoop of this kind was recorded when details of a huge forest fire sweeping across Wyoming and Nevada were sent out over the air from Daventry that day.

France, until now noted for its peremptory changes of wavelengths at the drop of a hat, has finally settled down to two locations in the 12,000 megacycle range and thanks to a greatly improved antennae system, has entered into this war of words with her own news programs. You can identify French stations fairly easily at most times by the playing of their national anthem.

The following stations feature nightly flashes of the news in the English language. Tune them in. Perhaps you'll hear of some disaster in your own town long before newspapers are screeching the headlines under your window.

2RO Rome, 1181 "The American Hour," 6:00-7:00 a.m., EST.
FYA Paris, 1172; 6:00-6:15 p.m., daily.
DJD Berlin, 11,77; 7:15-7:30 p.m.
RW39 Moscow, U. S. S. R., Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday 4:00-6:00 a.m., EST.

The popular "Empire News Letter," repeated at the end of every transmission from the Daventry stations at 7:45-8:00 p.m., 5:30-5:45 p.m.; 10:45-11:00 a.m. and 2:45-3:00 p.m., completes, the bill.

Japan with her multitude of frequencies and almost as many transmitters has formed two new links in the chain connecting her with the Pacific Coast, (JBR, Kagoshima, 9:12 and JIB, Chureki Taiwan, Formosa, 10,535) heard from three until after six a.m. daily, EST. JVH 14,6, Tokyo, relays from The Land Of The Shining Sun' from seven until eight p.m. nightly and from one to three p.m. in the early afternoon, JVM, 10,74; JVN, 10,66; and JST, 6,75. (Familiarly known as the "Nazaki Triplets") entertain you from 1-7 a.m. EST at the time your milkman gets up.

Some other favorite Asiatics whose signals are frequently heard in this corner of the United States are: Radio Suva, Fiji Island, every morning from 12:30-1:00 a.m. EST. Operating upon 12,075 megacycles, playing American phonograph records and talking in hearty British style, CR7AA Laurence Marques on the higher wavelength of 3,549 is on the air Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday from 1:30-3:30 a.m. EST. VK3LR, the easiest Australian to log in the metropolitan area is heard well from 2:45-3:15 a.m. EST, playing records and offering stock quotations as well as offering interesting news reports.

Radio Narobi, Kenya Colony, Africa, a prize catch for any listener, has changed its wavelength to 49,02 meters or 6,11 megacycles. Its transmission can easily be logged by the roaring of a lion between medical selections.

The Tuner-Inner has taken you through the airplanes of the world. Where shall he take you next? Write to him care of Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, and tell him what country you want to visit. Bon Recopeion! 

Said the 121st Woman in Space Time:

"I have a fine business selling viewers and still spend my spare time as a correspondent. When a friend of mine suggested I move to radio, I thought it was a good idea and moved to Radio. I had never wanted to be a radio engineer or anything like that. I heard some of the programs and decided to move by myself."

Get the Free Book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon today for your copy of "Be a Radio Expert," a 32-page, full color, illustrated book about the opportunities in Radio. Money back guarantee. No obligation. Full details and free illustrated book will be sent at once.

Learn to Make $30, $50, $75 a WEEK. I'll train you at home in spare time.


Get the Free Book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon today for your copy of "Be a Radio Expert," a 32-page, full color, illustrated book about the opportunities in Radio. Money back guarantee. No obligation. Full details and free illustrated book will be sent at once.

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**RADIO MIRROR**

**THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH**

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

JUMBO. I've been a holder-out on Jimmy Durante, but for the first time I like him on the air. The part of Brainy Bowers fits him like his skin. Donald Novis and Gloria Grafton warble and patter the romance assignment without simpering. The circus script is full of Hecht-MacArthur whimsies and Rodgers-Hart meloditties, which makes it the best musical script on the air. But strange as it seems, the broadcast is disappointing to watch. If you want to hear the Billy Rose show, stay at home. If you want to see it, go to one of the regular performances.

**NORFORMS**

Nothing could be easier! Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and safest way to feminine hygiene.

**Norforms have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use...**

**THE O'MALLEY FAMILY.** Although credited to the same author, Anne Cameron, the funniest stories that have ever appeared in the Saturday Evening Post become just another program when diluted for the air. The casting is also disappointing, except for Gammel, the goat.

**ECHOES OF NEW YORK.** An interesting historical drama series, with pleasant harmonizing in the interludes.

**GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT.** The usual high-class music conducted by Erno Rapee, with an added attraction—short talks on careful driving, which are not at all amiss.

**CAVALCADE OF AMERICA.** There's plenty of drama in the building of a nation. There won't be any excuse for it if this isn't a hit show.

**BURNS AND ALLEN** are in the soup—program, along with Jacques Renard's orchestra and Milton Watson's vocal chords. The popular nut team has never been funnier, nor their cuckoo relatives more prolific. Ted Husing's commercials are in good taste.

**Jack Benny.** All we ask of you, Jack Benny, is to keep going on forever. How about some more of those burlesque movie skits? By the way, Kenny Baker and Johnny Green's orchestra aren't doing your show any harm.

**PHIL BAKER** seems even funnier than last year, but Beetle isn't so amusing. The program plays at a furious pace and is one of the three best comedy shows on the air.

**WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND.** This is a little too trivial in its present form, but it needn't be. More informality, please. Drew Pearson and Bob Allen, more information, and less effort to be cute in your banter about political bigwigs.

**Bob Crosby.** You can tell it's not Bing, but you can tell it's a Crosby.

**MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR**

Send for the Norforms booklet; "The New Way," it gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions.

**NORFORMS FOR MODERN FEMININE HYGIENE**

Send for free booklet and leaflet of instructions.

**THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH**

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**Bob Crosby.** You can tell it's not Bing, but you can tell it's a Crosby.
MAX MEHL IS THE LARGEST DEALER AND COLLECTOR OF OLD COINS IN THE COUNTRY. HE'LL SEND YOU A $200 CHECK FOR THIS PENNY BY RETURN MAIL. DAD HAS SOLD HIM LOTS OF COINS, SAYS HE'S A GREAT FELLOW! BOB, THIS EXTRA $200 OUGHT TO SEE YOU THROUGH THIS YEAR!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHO IS THIS MAX MEHL

MAX MEHL IS THE LARGEST DEALER AND COLLECTOR OF OLD COINS IN THE COUNTRY. HE'LL SEND YOU A $200 CHECK FOR THIS PENNY BY RETURN MAIL. DAD HAS SOLD HIM LOTS OF COINS, SAYS HE'S A GREAT FELLOW! BOB, THIS EXTRA $200 OUGHT TO SEE YOU THROUGH THIS YEAR!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHO IS THIS MAX MEHL

I Pay BIG CASH Prices for OLD MONEY COINS-BILLS-STAMPS

Post Yourself! It Pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent, Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar, Mrs. C. F. Adams, $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums. WILL PAY $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send the coupon below and $4 for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Send Today.

B. MAX MEHL, Director NUMISMATIC CO. OF TEXAS 360 MELH BLDG., FORT WORTH, TEXAS LARGEST MONEY COMPANY IN U. S. 

FILL OUT AND MAIL NOW!

To B. MAX MEHL, 360 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas Stamp Folder and further particulars for which I enclose 4c.

NAME: ____________________________
ADDRESS: _________________________
CITY: ____________________________ STATE: ___
Luckies a light smoke

OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT A LIGHT SMOKE
beginning "MICROPHONE MASQUERADE"—a thrilling novel
OW THE PICKENS SISTERS GET THEIR MEN
Colds are dangerous infections - give them Antiseptic Treatment!

- Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

**Fewer, Milder Colds**

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

**Kills germs on membranes**

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

**See for yourself**

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine
- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat
Two people meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration... Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS

Your dentist wants to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive...and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well. Back comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an unfailing part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

Ipana plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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In the April RADIO MIRROR
On Sale February 26

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—PORTRAIT OF MAJOR BOWES BY TCHETCHE
WHY SHOULDN’T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHEN THERE’S A MODERN SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That’s because Rinso’s active suds safely lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—even in hardest water. No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don’t have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn’t make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Here’s my true confession about “B.O.”

I opened it and found—a cake of Lifebuoy! My face flamed, in a flash I realized my trouble—“B.O.”

Of course I began using Lifebuoy at once. Never again have I been dismissed from a case, now I have a fine position in a doctor’s office—thanks to Lifebuoy!

I took care of a doctor’s wife with a broken hip. She always insisted on Lifebuoy for her bath. When I left she gave me a mysterious package.

Miss X., I never cease to marvel at the fresh clearness of your complexion! I can thank Lifebuoy for that!

Protect your complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow smoother, younger! “Patch” tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called “beauty soaps.”

A timely warning! This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a real warning to everybody. Use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops “B.O.” (body odor).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.
Come backstage at a

MAJOR BOWES audition

No program ever roused more intense curiosity about it in the millions of listeners who tune it in and yet revealed as little of its inside workings than Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Perhaps you have thought that you knew pretty much all about how an amateur audition, who listens to him, how he's notified whether he is one of the chosen few or just one of the called.

I did, until a short time ago when I made many phone calls and got my first real glimpse behind the scene, saw for myself the studio in which the amateur tries out, the control room where the Major sits and listens, the hallway for the amateurs who haven't yet been heard.

Not even the publicity men who work for Major Bowes have ever actually witnessed an audition. And no amateur, before, during or after his tryout, either sees, speaks to, or hears from the Major. And that's why neither you, nor I, nor the amateur, has ever known exactly what role Major Bowes has chosen to play in this game of hide and seek.

Let's start from the beginning as I did or as any of the six hundred amateurs a week do.

So onto the Radio City elevator, up to the second floor, into a huge reception room with lofty ceilings, natural paneled walls, luxurious rust colored carpets, and guides in glove fitting uniforms. Then straight into an indirectly lighted hall, down past closed, black enameled doors, and to the left, walking until you wish you had unwound a ball of string with which to find your way back out.

Finally, into a hallway (for all its carpets and stuccoed walls, no wider than four feet) where the amateurs of the day wait, sitting nervously on folding chairs. Most of them crowd around another of those black, sound proofed doors. Every few minutes a young man hurries out, signals another amateur, and hurries back in, leading the way. The amateur, past the door at last, finds himself in a square of blackness, ahead of him the door to the studio, to the right, still another door marked 2E—Private. The studio itself is bright with light and empty save for one microphone, a piano and the accompanist, a heavy, black haired young man wearing glasses.

It is that door, 2E, which opens on the sanctum sanctorum, past which no amateur has ever passed. It opens on the throne room where majestic Major Bowes sits and listens. It is this room about which there are so many whispers, so few known facts.

I got inside that room the afternoon I paid my visit long enough to see in the half dark, to remember the furnishings, and to get out. It's so shadowy in there that the amateur in the bright studio can't see through the heavy panel of glass which separates him from the Major. This room isn't more than ten feet long and not more than five feet wide. Just past the door is a wide, low slung red leather chair. It juts out far enough to let the messenger in and out, if he squeezes. The Major, by leaning forward—something he seldom does—can barely see the microphone and the amateurs. Overhead, not more than six inches from the Major, nailed against the wall, hangs a small fire extinguisher of the hand pump variety. To his left, leaning on a low shelf, sits the engineer, his lean hands twiddling the volume control dials. Straight ahead of the Major is a large, unbelievably large, loudspeaker out of which booms the contestant's voice.

Bowes signals the engineer with a grunt or wave of hand when he's heard enough of the amateur to make up his mind. He usually decides quickly, thinking of the long line outside still to be heard. The engineer has a table mike at his left hand. He presses a pearl button at the base which throws his voice into the studio. "That's enough, thank you." He has a formula speech which never varies and with which he cuts amateurs short. It's the kind of speech that doesn't let them know whether they have succeeded or failed. And they still don't know when they walk out into the hall, pick up their hats, coats, and music and leave. They only know when a telegram or special delivery letter reaches them the next morning, telling them to appear Sunday afternoon for rehearsal.

The longer you stay in the control room, the stronger the contrast becomes between these cramped quarters and the lavish reception room outside. Stranger still, the thought that Radio City's biggest, most popular program should have its auditions in the smallest, least favored studio in the huge building; (Continued on page 76)
I'm sure Jim likes me—yet he never takes me out anymore.

Boys can't be proud of a girl with pimply skin—

I'd so much rather take Nan—But those pimples!! It's got to be a swell-looking dame for this party!

There's Jim with a stunning looking girl. GORGEOUS SKIN! I thought Nan was his one and only.

Oh, Nan's a sight these days! PIMPLES ALL OVER HER FACE.

Why of course you can do something about those pimples. Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before meals—until your skin is cleared up.

Why, mother, how can I get my skin clear and smooth again? The girls say that last night, Jim....

We'll go straight to the doctor and find out.

Next day—Then I'll call for you tonight. It's going to be a swell party.

Sounds like fun! Well, I'll be seeing you.

Wanna and only

Clear these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again...

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep your boy friend away.

Pimples are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again...

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
LAST MINUTE TIPS: Marriage has caught up to radio. Arlene Francis, appearing with Helen Hayes in The New Perniperal, was led to the altar by Neil F. Agnew, of Paramount Pictures. Her real name, Kazanjian, appeared on the license.

Phil Baker's bungling butler Bottle, Harry McNaughton, married Jeanne Fairies, a Westchester county lass.

Babs Ryan, divorced from her trio partner, Charlie Ryan, became Mrs. Bobbie Merritt. He's the jockey she's been in love with for a year.

Practically by the time you read this, a little stranger will have been welcomed in the California home of the Fred Astaires. Fred's sister and former dancing partner Adele, now Mrs. Capendish, came from England to be present at the event. Fred was scheduled to broadcast during January, but postponed it to stay in Hollywood.

If you don't think society is radio-minded, take a look at some of the representatives of the 400 who have been taking tea at the Ritz with Margaret Sonty while Columbia audience listens to every sip: Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, Prince and Princess Obolensky, Lady Wilkins, and Princess da Braganza.

Jessica Dragonesque is all in a dither. A New York columnist spread the rumor that she is secretly married to a New Jersey physician. Jessica's denials are most vehement.

Marjorie Oelrichs has lost her standing in the New York Social Register. You remember she married Eddie Duchin last summer. Marjorie isn't worried, since she knows that names may be omitted from the society blue book for a variety of reasons: one, for instance, is neglect in filling out the information sheet for the compilers; another is failing to subscribe to the publication.

Frank Parker, the oh-so-eligible bachelor, has been singing refrains to Dorothy Love, Philadelphia radio editor. But Frank, I fear, is fickle. He's been squiring among others, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. And all the while he sings.

BURGESS MEREDITH, once Red Davis of the air serial of that title, now the juvenile lead in the stage play, "Winterset," was Renovated several weeks ago from Helen Berrien, a Montclair, N. J. dancing instructress. . . . Frank Lutner, estranged from Zora Layman, is finding Doris Day, the leading lady, a great comfort these days. . . . And they do say Dick Powell and Jean Muir are very congenial. . . . And also Ray Heatherton and Iris Herris, of the Gae Foster outfit.

Hoodlums in the employ of usury sharks have invaded Radio City. They entered an NBC studio and beat up a control-room engineer for failure to come across with interest on a small loan. Almost preventing, too, the launching on the air of one of those $10,000 coast-to-coast broadcasts. Detectives on the staff of Thomas E. Dewey, the demon prosecutor of New York racketeers, nabbed the gangsters and swift punishment resulted. But Radio City will be a long time recovering from the shock of learn
as big it still couldn't begin to accommodate the demands for admittance. That tells the story of the popularity of amateur shows more convincingly than a whole page of words. The network gets 40 percent of the pasteboards and the sponsor 60 per cent. The latter's tickets are distributed by the coffee salesmen mostly to grocers, restaurant men and other customers. They in turn pass them on to their customers, so the best way to get ducats for a Major Bowes soiree is to talk turkey to your storekeeper.

Eight years ago Kate Smith was supplementing her salary as a member of the cast of "Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling's musical comedy, by bobbing and trimming the hair of the show's chorus girls. Kate had a sign on her dressing room door at the old Knickerbocker Theater. "Hair Cut, 50 Cents." As that was two bits cheaper than most barber shops and beauty parlors, Kate got all the company's business. Today Kate Smith is one of the six millionaires made by radio.

Craig McDonnell is Gadget, Rube Goldberg's mechanical stooge. Or at least McDonnell is the voice of "Gadget," which amounts to the same thing. He is also Harka on the Bobby Benson program. Incidentally, did you know that Rube Goldberg recently lost a sizable sum backing an invention which didn't work? The irony of it is that Goldberg has made oodles of dough drawing goofy inventions and devices in cartoons.

Nearly 4,500 persons witness the Jumbo-Firechief broadcast every Tuesday night in the New York Hippodrome and the same number go away with those Firechief helmets as souvenirs. It costs the Texaco Company $175 a week for the advertising but they deem it well worth while. Indeed, the gas concern is so thoroughly sold on the gaudy headgear that they have distributed to date over 4,000,000 of them through their stations throughout the country.

Somebody has a grudge against Dolly Dawn, soloist with George Hall's orchestra, and is sending scurrilous letters about her (Continued on page 67)

Al Jolson, above left, with Sybil Jason, six-year-old film star, is back on Shell Chateau. Left, Kate Smith with the champion Celtic Basketball team which she has bought. Below, Margaret Santry interviewing Mrs. August Belmont on Columbia's swank Tea at the Ritz show.

"Let Camay open your eyes to
Your Own Loveliness"

From the very first time I tried it, I knew it was the beauty aid I needed. Camay can really open your eyes to your own loveliness.

Sincerely,

Boise, Idaho
September 3, 1935

Victoria Courtney
(Manager Building)

The "picture" of what every little girl hopes to look like when she grows up—describes Mrs. Courtney perfectly. Blue eyes, golden hair and a complexion as smooth and as fresh as a flower—a complexion Mrs. Courtney generously credits "to Camay!"

There's never any doubt about "Camay's beauty aid." You can feel those energetic little bubbles clean your skin in a way you know must be good for it. You can see the effect of its luxurious, creamy lather. You can fairly watch your skin grow smoother, clearer, and more attractive. Begin with Camay—today! Buy at least a half-dozen cakes from your dealer. The price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

Camay
The Soap of Beautiful Women
FROM every state in the Union, from farmlands and isolated coast hamlets, thousands of letters have been coming in. Some like what they get on the air and some don't, but they all have ideas and suggestions. We want yours too. Write your opinions, your suggestions and criticism to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42 Street, New York, in letters of about 150 words, and receive prizes of $20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and one dollar each for the next five letters chosen. All letters must reach the Editor not later than February 24.

Here are this month's letters:

**$20.00 PRIZE**

**Radio for Depression!**

We all know what a miraculous gift to civilization the radio is, and that it brought joy to hospital shut-ins and the world to isolated explorers, but I wonder if we realize what it has meant to the well people, those sound of mind and body, who are isolated in the very hearts of our cities, too poor to have any part of the amusements which are an integral part of our social life and well being. As a relief investigator, visitor to hundreds of families, all victims of depression, I have come to recognize the radio as almost the entire of these peoples' social lives, the only real source of pleasure they have, and so completely satisfying that they do not miss another. It has a therapeutic, healing value in their daily existence for which there is no substitute. . . . Even though they are short on schoolin', their education by ear will be a telling factor in the next election. They cannot afford to go to the theater yet the greatest of all symphonies and operas are now available to the poorest pockets.

Marjorie Burns, Milwaukee, Wis.

**$10.00 PRIZE**

**What a Disappointment!**

With the new fall and winter programs all under way, one hardly knows where and when to turn the dials. But I suppose that's all as it should be.

**HERE'S WHAT YOU READERS LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE STARS AND PROGRAMS**

Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll—Amos 'n' Andy to you—are really aviators even if this picture doesn't prove it. Correll (Andy) is a licensed pilot of over 100 flying hours. Gosden is still a student.

I think my greatest disappointment comes on Thursday nights when I hear The Westerners, new additions to Show Boat. I knew and loved them before they joined this show, but must confess that I would almost rather not hear them in their new spot. I'm sure that I'm not alone when I say that instead of the popular, up-to-the-minute ditties which have been their choice so far I would so much rather they live up to their name and give us those songs for which they stand, melodies from the "wide open spaces." Somehow I can't get used to hearing them do the same things that we hear every day at least a dozen times.

Me for The Westerners in their old loved tunes.

Mrs. Ruth Sours, Washington, D. C.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**Stirred to the Depths**

There is no program on the radio I enjoy so much as Edward McHugh's—the gospel singer. His voice is wonderfully adapted to the hymns which he sings. He has power to reach his listeners—to stir them to their very depths. His hymns are a sermon in themselves and they help and heal.

I have told my friends and neighbors of this program which is such an uplift to those hearing it, and now they all listen to Edward McHugh, even friends of mine out on the Pacific Coast.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation for this my favorite program.

Mrs. F. W. Baumann, Washington, D. C.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**Incapable Screen Stars**

There have been too many screen stars appearing on radio programs who are not capable. Many movie stars get the idea that just because they can act on the screen they can also perform over the air. Some of them seem to forget that it requires a different talent and technique over the airwave.

In a way, I can't blame the screen stars for wanting to capitalize on their names. The sponsors are really at fault and should not allow them to appear if the audition is not satisfactory. A big name may mean publicity to them, but if the screen stars haven't radio talent they are just a pain in the neck to the radio listener.

Arthur C. Beam, Colorado Springs, Colo.

(Continued on page 69)
"Change for Five..."

LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES
On May 28th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of quintuple birth had been recorded. In no other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from Infection.

GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant’s relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage hospital-clean with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of EMELIE, ANNETTE, MARIE, CECILE, and YVONNE. Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give your baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep your baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in your home.

"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children’s room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much cleaner—and may save you the heart-aches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RM3
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name:

Street:

City:    State:

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.
CHICAGO
By Chase Giles

EVEN though his main love was athletics while in college Horace Heidt sang on the University of California glee club and then studied under Frank La Forge to improve his voice.

SEVERAL years ago Kate Smith was a featured member of the cast of "Flying High," the Broadway show which starred Bert Lahr. When the troupe came to Chicago, Kate made fast friends with one of the young stage hands at the theater. Each admired the other's abilities and each predicted great mutual success. Recently, Kate returned here for personal appearances. She sang in a newly completed civic auditorium and then was taken to meet its designer, the same chap, who, a few years ago, directed back-stage mechanics at the theater where the famous singer was performing in a minor part. Kate, by the way, amazed everyone in the Chicago CBS studios recently by taking over the main floor reception desk, typing her own script, and answering questions of casual passers-by.

ART THORSEN, publicity director, novelty singer and bull fiddle player of Horace Heidt's band, spent ten months in research before starting to build a model of H. M. S. Bounty, British exploration ship of 1787, which was immortalized in the book "Mutiny on the Bounty." His model is the second perfect one ever to be built.

DICK HUDDELESTON, the real-life Arkansas storekeeper who is a character by proxy on the Lum and Abner show, once spent a two-month period making a nightly drive of forty-five miles with his family to hear Lum and Abner over the radio set at a Mount Ida, Arkansas, store while the Huddeleston radio underwent repairs.

JACK MAJOR, the whistling, singing, yodeling boy from down Kentucky way broadcasts over the Columbia net-

On Friday nights you hear the threesome below on the First Nighter program. They're Betty Lou Gerson, Francis X. Bushman and Don Ameche.

works Friday afternoons at 5:45 and over NBC networks Sunday at 2:45. Which of course, doesn't make a story. But the way he "got religion," first and into the entertainment business second is rather amusing.

It all goes back to the days when Jack was a caddy at a Kentucky golf club and a canny young caddy he was. For some reason Ivor S. Cobb took a liking to the boy, and the boy "took" Cobb whenever possible. Major had figured out a neat little racket.

Cobb wasn't much on accuracy but he could make a golf ball sail a goodly distance. Result was the caddy always reached the ball well ahead of the player. And as often as not Cobb's lunes left the ball in the rough. So Caddy Major would discover said ball and grind it well into the turf before Cobb was in hailing distance. They'd (Continued on page 61)

Isabel Voelk should be one of television's first recruits. She's heard in many of the dramatic productions over the NBC San Francisco airwaves.

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

A LONG comes March and thoughts of approaching springtime seep into the minds of radio people. For instance, Bill Sharles, of KNX, is going to buy some more horses for his rancho. They give him inspiration for his early morning radio program daily. Then there is KFI's detective story teller, Nick Harris (Nicholas Bolvin Harris), who is just about due to publish another story. His first one was dedicated to his wife who has a birthday next month. And KFWB's "Sons of the Pioneers," male quartet and hill billies, now on their third year, go outdoors in a big way and ride the range for recreation. They wrote music and did parts in the new Columbia picture called "Outlaw Brands."

VICTOR LINFOOT, now a WLW announcer in Cincinnati, used to be with KFWB, Hollywood, and with NBC in San Francisco. His middle name is Stuart and he was born in London, went to school in Canada and was five years overseas with the Canadian forces. Though best known for his speaking voice, he is also a baritone, pianist and organist. (Continued on page 61)

Below right: Sally Foster, pretty nineteen-year-old hill-billy ballad singer who gained recognition on the National Barn Dance Saturday nights.
Behind Closed Doors

I FOUND out all over again what a frank and unassuming person Eddie Cantor is, the other day when he returned to New York to broadcast for the rest of the season. With Jimmy Wallington and Harry Einstein (Eddie, by the way, always calls Harry by his radio name of Parkyakarkas whenever he speaks to on-air others) Eddie was guest of honor at dinner given in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and after the dinner he had a few words to say which would have opened the eyes of people who think radio stars are conceited.

BUT first let me tell you about the dinner. It was a stag affair, held in the Waldorf-Astoria’s “Crane Room,” right across the corridor from the office of the Waldorf’s famous maître d’hotel, Oscar. The gentlemen of the press were there to Eddie—magazine and newspaper editors and radio columnists—and the others were Eddie’s publicity representatives and men from the agency which handles the Pebeco broadcast.

EDDIE sat at the head of the table, of course—a quiet, soft-spoken little man with greying hair and eyes just as banjo-like in real life as they are in his pictures. On his right was Parkyakarkas, on his left Jimmy Wallington. Cocktails were served before dinner, but Eddie took only a small glass of wine.

AFTERWARDS, he stood up and invited disaster by telling everybody present to ask him any question they wanted answered. The first question, as you’d expect, coming from at least three directions, was “Why are you changing your air time from eight o’clock to seven on Sunday evenings?”

“Because Major Bowes is the hottest thing in radio right now,” Eddie answered without any hesitation. “There isn’t another performer who can compete with him. It won’t be any cinch bucking Jack Benny at seven o’clock, either, but it’ll be better than bucking Major Bowes. I haven’t any pride. I’d rather be put up against a number two man than a number one man any time.”

THEN Eddie told us about the contest he was just about to start on the air, and which will be in progress when you read this—his offer of a college education to the person who writes the best letter on how America can keep out of the war. This was the first prize that anyone closest to Eddie, had heard of it, and immediately he was bombarded with questions. How much would it cost—who was paying for it—and why?

“I’m paying for it myself,” Eddie explained. “Millions of dollars are being spent every year to combat disease. It seems to me I can afford something to help fight the worst disease of all—because that’s what I think war is. If anything constructive comes out of this contest, it’ll be more than worth it. And I didn’t have any education myself, so I wanted to make that prize. Whoever wins the prize can’t use the money—about $5,000—for anything else. It will be put in a trust fund, and can only be used to send someone to college.”

RADIO MIRROR

Reduce

your WAIST

THREE INCHES

AND HIPS

IN TEN DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

or it won’t cost

you one cent!

... Read how

Miss Jean Healy

reduced her hips

9 INCHES!

"Why Jean! What a
gorgeous figure, how did
you get so thin?"

"I read an ad of
the Perfolastric Co.
and sent for their FREE ladder!"

"They actually
allowed me to try
the Perfolastric for
10 days on trial...
"End in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"

"I really felt better, my
back no longer ached,
and I had a new feeling of
energy."

"The massage-like action did
it... the fat seemed to have
melted away."

"In a very short time I had
reduced my hips 9 inches and
my weight 20 pounds!"

"Jeans, that’s wonderful,
I’ll send for my girdle
today!"

You Can TEST the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

and BRASSIERE

FOR 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the
Perfolastric Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastric Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastric is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh.

at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

The Perfolastric Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at our expense! Don’t wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 283, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastric Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER:

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Use Coupon or send Name and Address as Post Card.

11
Snow and ice has lured radio's boys and girls. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Thomas and son, all set to go whizzing down the slope on their Pawling estate. Left above, Rudy Vallee, skiing at his camp in Maine. Left, George Burns and Gracie Allen, nutty enough to eat ice cream cones on a snow bank. Left below, Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson—Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering on the air—skating in Central Park. Below, a real family party is Ray Perkins, Cobina Wright, driver and Mary Eastman.
The stars have to find an indoor slide for their ski practice when winter brings rain instead of snow. Above, left to right, are singers Loretta Clemens and Connie Gates, their instructor and Mary McCoy, blonde NBC dramatic actress. Above right, Patti Chapin, Columbia's popular blue-eyed singer, proves she can take it with a smile even when her skis betray her and toss her into a deep drift. Newlyweds Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, right, seem to be in training for a trip to Alaska with that dog sled of theirs. This picture was taken in the north woods early this winter, before Harriet left for Hollywood. Below right, Pappy Walter O'Keefe and Maestro Glen Gray of the Camel Caravan take stooge Alice Frost for a sleigh ride past Manhattan's brightest lights. Below, Phil Duey, Mrs. Duey, and James Phillip, their son, go on a midwinter hike through the woods, clearing their way with a broom—and that shows a good pioneer spirit. You hear Phil's baritone voice on two shows these days—with Leo Reisman on the Philip Morris program and Rendezvous.
YOU may as well know right now what's been going on behind the business of song broadcasting. For by the time you scan this, the disagreement among publishers may have affected materially the variety of popular music to which you listen.

Five music publishers, under the control of Warner Brothers, are defying the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, the organization of song writers and producers which has an agreement to provide networks with American music which they control in return for substantial royalties.

The Warner Brothers companies want a separate agreement with the broadcasters. At this moment, it looks as though the broadcasters want to stick with ASCAP. If they do, it means that Warner controlled music will not be broadcast until things are ironed out. It means that you will hear a much more limited variety of tunes.

Unless some agreement can be reached, it also means that many artists who have identified themselves with theme songs for years, may be deprived of the use of such signatures. Among those stars who stand to be thus affected, are Rudy Vallee and his theme, "Your Time Is My Time," and Paul Whiteman, with the famous "Rhapsody In Blue."

A NOther storm in the business of song broadcasting is brewing, this time between the New York local of the Musicians Union and motion picture producers. They have resolved not to continue permitting the announcement on sustaining broadcasts from hotels and night clubs, of a selection from a motion picture or stage musical show, as being taken from that presentation. The union feels that it gives the producers free advertising. So the union is working to put into effect the plan which is already in force in Chicago. As a consequence, it's highly possible that listeners to New York stations will no longer hear such announcements as "The selection 'Cheek to Cheek' played on this program, was from the motion picture production 'Top Hat.'"

Not, that is, unless the producers feel like paying for the advertising.

WHILE on this business of internal strife, we might recall the efforts of Fred Waring to make local stations cease the practice of playing recordings of his music without recompense to him. It is his contention, and the feeling of other stars, that constant repetition of one artist's music tends to make the listeners tire of his creations, and that when his regular programs go on the air, their brilliance is somewhat dimmed.

With such stars as Ben Bernie and Guy Lombardo testifying in his behalf, Waring is now engaged in a suit against WNAS, in Philadelphia, in an effort to enjoin it from broadcasting his recordings. If this is successful as a test case, it is probable that a flood of others will follow.

HERE'S one inside situation which has finally been squared away. You may recall that Don Bestor, on completion of his series as orchestra leader for Jack Benny's programs, was suspended from the New York local of the Musicians Union. It was asserted that he had paid his men under the union scale. As a result, he was fined $1,000 and $490 for claims.

Don appealed the case and the decision was reversed. So now Don has been reinstated, and is signed to broadcast from the Mt. Royal Hotel in Montreal, over NBC and Canadian Radio Commission networks.

IF you didn't know why it was that Leith Stevens replaced Peter Van Steeden as orchestra leader for a time on the Fred Allen series, may we tell you that it was because Peter was seized with appendicitis and taken to the hospital for operation.

Another illness is reported in the person of Gogo Delys, who is confined to a sanitarium, and is permitted only to do her broadcasts over CBS, nothing else. And perhaps you recall Tommy McLaughlin, who sang on the air as the "Romantic Bachelor." He too is confined to a sanitarium, and may have to seek another climate before he can recover.

THERE has been some curiosity about the cost of putting on a broadcast, part of which originates in one city and part in another. Usually the wire line charges are
STRIKE UP THE BAND FOR A SWELL DEPARTMENT THAT HAS ALL THOSE MUSICAL FACTS YOU'VE ASKED FOR

a standard rate, but in special broadcasts they may constitute an expensive item. In the opening program of Bing Crosby's new series, when the audience was taken from New York to California and back again without the loss of a second, it cost $1,200 extra. This was because there was a special two-way set up, in order that not a moment be lost in switching over.

It is interesting to observe that, because of the number of amplifiers which are necessary along the way from one coast to another, the bass section of orchestras must be toned down. The amplifiers tend to emphasize the lower registers, and allowances must be made for this.

THERE are two radio singers who insistently deny reports of any secret marriage ... One is Jessica Dragonette, the other Deane Janis ... And it is also said that Lebert Lombardo's current romance is no longer in bloom ... The new accompanist for the Revelers Quartet is Jerry Sears, who also is arranger for the group ... Used to be Frank Black, who now has too many big things to watch over ... Leo Reisman has eight bands out on tour under his name right now.

Not that it sounds any differently, but the accordion Phil Baker plays is left handed ... Rudy Vallee, during the 1936 season, will make a tour of state fairs to play at open air grandstands ... This is the first outdoor tour he has ever made ... To help stifle (Continued on page 81)

Right above, Kay Weber and Jimmy Dorsey, in whose band she's the featured soloist. Center, Maxine Grey, Hal Kemp's lovely brunette singer. Right, Louise Massey, of the Westerners, on the Maxwell House Show Boat. It's whispered that Louise is being groomed for air stardom.
You'll soon be seeing Ozzie Nelson's singing star and bride in the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, "Follow the Fleet," her first Hollywood chore. She hasn't deserted radio, though, and will be back with Ozzie and Bob Ripley on The Bakers Broadcast.
Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the New Bright Cutex Nails

- If you want excitement, try the new Cutex MAUVE, CORAL, RUST or RUBY NAILS. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 8 lovely Cutex shades are created by the World's Manicure Authority. They're absolutely FASHION-RIGHT. • Cutex flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms—Crème or Clear. Rust is the newest shade—perfect with brown and green, and just right for sun-tanned fingers. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store, 35¢!

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 484-3, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2339, Montreal.)

I enclose 34 for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked below, sample of Lipstick and Polish Remover. Coral □ Cardinal □ Rust □ Ruby □

Name:
Address:
City:
State:

GLOOM

Goodness, you don't have to make a scene. I'll just cover up my dazzling Cutex nails.

Well, he's darn fresh the way he's staring at you.

It doesn't bother me a bit!

That settles it! I'm going to get rid of him.

If he's got st vitus dance, I'd be sorry to hit him.

Oh, let him alone -- I'm enjoying it.

Really, Elmont, you're not very flattering.

There must be something terrible the matter with him.

Don't you ever know that guy?

No, I never saw him before.

Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the New Bright Cutex Nails.
DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Miss Mary de Mumm

“Camel’s flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference.”

Miss Vivian Dixon

“I always smoke Camels—they’re so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that ‘I’ve been smoking too much’ feeling.”

Miss Mimi Richardson

“Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes.”

Mrs. Langdon Post

“Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves.”

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it’s only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don’t like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we’re sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you’ll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don’t find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL TOBACCO

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.
I'm going nuts.” Bob Burns said “I don't know who I am, or why, or when I was born, or anything much. I can't answer your questions!”

Did you ever try to get a man to talk to you while he was getting ready to go to Washington, Philadelphia, and Hollywood—all, as far as I could make out, at practically the same time? Right after he'd signed a contract to appear on Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall radio program? With the telephone ringing every two minutes by the clock? When, with the best will in the world, he couldn't think long enough, or consecutively enough, to put half-a-dozen words together?

If you did, I guess you know why Bob Burns said he was going nuts—and why I thought I might go with him.

He looked wildly around the room. And suddenly he had an inspiration.

“Hey!” he said. He dashed over to a pile of papers and dug out a battered black book. “Look—here's my scrap book. I've kept it ever since the war. There's things in it I've forgotten. You can find out all about me from it.”

So that's what I did, with Bob yelling answers to my questions about things I didn't quite understand from...
HOW THE PICKENS SISTERS GET THEIR MEN

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

I SAT in the Rainbow Room one night and watched the three Pickens Sisters come in with eight, no less, top hats and tails in tow. Three gorgeously gowned, glamorous Georgia girls with two and two-thirds handsome males each, getting rushed right off their custom-made sandals, while all over the place sat a lot of other luscious young feminine stars with a date apiece which probably represented Achievement.

"Those gals," I murmured into my consomme, "those Pickens are the outdatingest gals around these parts. How come they always have had more suitors and cuter suitors than most of the other radio stars put together? It's a way they have. It's a secret, and I'm going to find it out."

And I found out, too, when I spent a weekend at the Pickens apartment.

You have to see the Pickens three at home to learn what they're really like. Home is a mammoth twelve-room layout on Park Avenue whose rent bill would bowl you over, and whose interior is good old cozy colonial. There are three drawing rooms, a suite for the girls, and the rest of the place houses the other members of the Pickens menage who, when they all get in one room, make it look like a Macy elevator during rush hour.
There’s Mrs. Pickens—lovely, gracious and as young as any of her youngsters. Grace—thirty, the best-looking one of the bunch, and business manager of the trio. Billy, Grace’s chubby little seven-year-old son. Elenora, black mammy to the brood since Jane was an infant twenty-four years ago. Spanky, Welsh terrier pup Bob Simmons gave Patti, and Patti’s tropical fish. And twin grand pianos. With a mob like that nobody ever has to sort of wait around and see if Welcome’s on the doormat before buzzing the bell.

Which, to get back to the date angle, is one reason the girls have so many beau. He’s a rare young man who rates an out-and-out date with Jane or Patti Pickens. "Usually," they explained to me, "we just say we'll be glad to have him drop in during the evening, that a mob will probably be around and we'll all do something together. That's why you usually see such a gang of us when we go out at night. It's lots more fun than a two-some and we've met lots of attractive men that way too. You know, friends drop in to see us and bring along a chum or a cousin or fraternity brother or something and pretty soon we have a crowd."

So Secret Number One of the Pickens' popularity seems to be: Make your living room a gay, hospitable place and don't tie yourself down all the time to definite dates.

You have to see the Pickens three at home to find out what they're really un-like too. The thing they're most un-like is each other—and that's the surprising, attractive quality about them. They're the most different girls even to be kin to each other that I know; and if you ever want to make a hit with them tell them you think so too. They hate having to dress alike for radio, picture and stage appearances. They hate the way people are always harping on the bit of family resemblance they have. And it absolutely kills them to be painted as the lazy-daisy, puffed-up, fragile Southern belles they aren't and never have been. They're three modern-girl individuals; they will have you know, even if Publicity has always dressed them up in pokebonnets and Georgia drails.

Helen is the exotic member of the family. Helen goes for Russian blouses and gold cloth gowns and long cigarettes. She's been married a year, you know, to the son of an Italian Count—Salvatore Curione, and the whole Pickens family just adores Tore. He's a railway engineer and he can build bridges or dance the Piccolino or carve, as he was doing the last time I saw him, a woodcut for the trio's Christmas cards. He and Helen have a duplex in swank Sutton Place. Helen is soft-spoken, interested in dress designing and new coiffures and novels, and her drawing-room poise is something you wish you had. That's Helen.

Jane is the career woman of the family. Jane goes for tweeds and sweaters and straight hair and horseback-riding. Hers are the brains—and most of the dither and energy—behind the trio. Every morning at nine, no matter what, she's down in her cubby-hole studio in the basement of the apartment building, with a coat on over her pajamas and a cup of coffee on the piano, making the trickiest arrangements you hear the Pickens do on the air. She orchestrates their numbers for every single instrument in the hands that accompany them. She takes voice, dictation and counterpoint lessons. She's eternally getting herself tickets for speedling in her Packard roadster, complimentary scholarships at the Juilliard School, or worn out. She's crazy over composing and dramatics. And her best beau is a handsome young Manhattan lawyer. That's Jane.

Patti is the fluff of the family. Patti, dreamy and irresponsible, goes for new-moon eyebrows, and taffeta slip that rustle, and flowers in her hair. She's the baby of the Pickens brood and has a perfectly swell time being accordingly spoiled. She's interested in movies, dances, and sleeping late every day, and loathes cold showers and washing her own stockings. A beau-ly-beau description of her three New York years would read something like the telephone directory. But this time, right now anyway, it's Love, and he's good-looking Bob Simmons of the Revelers Quartet. Patti can't think or talk about very much else but Bob these days. So that's the youngest Pickens.

Here are three girls who believe in being themselves, their own individual types. Consequently each of them is fresh and interesting, each appeals to a different type of man, and the Pickens enjoy the flattering reputation of being personalities instead of carbon copies of each other.

So Secret Number Two behind the Pickens popularity is: Be your own individual type. (Continued on page 90)

Learn to play the games he likes—that's one way to get your man. say Helen, Patti, and Jane. All of them are experts at sports.

THEY ARE SOUTHERN,
GORGEOUS AND THEY
WOW THE OTHER SEX!
WHY NOT LEARN THEIR
SECRET OF POPULARITY?

21
ABOUT a block from the newest skyscraper in New York, the finest in the world, two young people were eating. They both worked in the skyscraper, they were two tiny cogs in the tremendous machinery that ran the world's largest broadcasting system. They were not aware that they were cogs, though. They were young, and the world revolved around them.

Madge Summers said: "Don't eat so fast, Jimmy. You'll get indigestion."

"Jimmy White said: "Aw, I thought maybe we could go for a walk before we went back."

Madge nodded, and worked harder on her lettuce and tomato sandwich. "Hey, Jim, old Danny asked me this morning what I thought of you."

Jimmy turned his head so she couldn't see him blush. "What did you tell him?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

He did know. Danny had told him while he shined Jimmy's half-soled shoes in the music library where Jimmy worked. It was old Daniele, the bootblack, who had brought them together, who had said to Jimmy: "Hey, there's a fine girl in the steno' room what's readin' thatta book," touching the book from the circulating library on Jim's desk. Intrigued, Jimmy had made up an errand to take himself into the stenographer's room; Danny had played Cupid once more.

As though she guessed his thoughts, Madge said: "I haven't read much lately."

"Gee," Jimmy said fiercely, softly, "It's been swell, hasn't it? Seeing New York with you. Remember the Staten Island ferry—"

"And the Syrian church—"

"And the boats in Central Park—"

"Hold on," Madge laughed. "We're not going away yet. There's lots we haven't seen—"

She broke off. "Here, give me the check. No, Jimmy, no. I will not have you buying my lunch. Please, Jimmy."

He handed her back her lunch check, sighing, "Gosh, I don't feel right, always going Dutch. It makes me feel like a cheap skate."

She touched his cheek quietly. "Don't be a siss. I make almost as much as you, so why should you pay for everything? Come on, let's take that walk you were talking about. We've got to be back in fifteen minutes."

"O. K. But he was saddened, suppressed. There was no sense in being poor when you're young and rich when you're old. Dumb, that's what it was. Because young people were the ones who needed money. When you were old there was nothing to spend it on."

They walked around to Fifth Avenue. A tourist nudged his daughter, and said: "There's Hal McCabe. They stared after Jimmy.

"They meant you."

"That's just a gag, my looking like Hal McCabe. Did you ever see him?"

"No," Madge said. "Just his fan pictures."

"He's twenty years older than I am," Jimmy said. "And he rolls his eyes like a cow when he sings." Jimmy threw up his eyes and warbled: "I'm comin', though mah head is—"

Madge nudged him. "People are staring at you."

"Here we are," Jimmy said. "This is what I wanted you to see." He stopped her in front of a jeweler's window.

"Look," he said. "One of the swellest jeweler's in the world, and they sell wedding rings. It's only fifteen dollars, too, I asked."

Madge's voice trembled, and her fingers tightened on his arm. "S-so what?"

Jimmy's voice cracked when he answered. "So we could afford fifteen dollars."

Madge said, hurriedly: "You're sweet, Jimmy. And—and thanks. But—but I guess when I get married I want to have babies and a home and—you know."

"Sure," Jimmy said bitterly. (Continued on page 84)
A FAMOUS AUTHOR BRINGS YOU BREATH-TAKING ROMANCE IN THIS SERIAL OF A BOY WHO FOUND HIMSELF LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

By RICHARD WORMSER

"This is what I wanted you to see," Jimmy said, stopping in front of a jeweler's window. "They sell wedding rings — only fifteen dollars."
THE MISSING CHAPTER IN
FRED ALLEN'S LIFE

WHEN you finally meet Fred Allen, you have to keep reminding yourself that you're talking to a famous comedian. No one ever looked less like one. What he really looks like is a serious, sensible New Englander in a good conservative business suit.

Fred was born, you know, in a house which stood on the boundary line between Somerville and Cambridge, Massachusetts. His first job, when he was fourteen, was in the Boston Public Library. Nobody in his family ever showed any inclination to go on the stage. His people were, and are, the sort to whom the world of spotlights and backdrops seems completely alien, inhabited by foreigners.

Yet today Fred Allen is a successful comedian, in radio, moving pictures, and the stage. How did it happen? How did he make the transition from public library to Town Hall?

The answer lies in the woman who molded Fred Allen's life—the one person who always thinks of him, and still speaks of him, by his real name of John Sullivan. Few of Fred's friends and business associates have ever seen her. Most of them, I imagine, don't even know of her existence. Yet she has had a profound effect on Fred's character and career, and even now, in everything he does, he is motivated by the wish to please her, to help her.

She lives in a Boston suburb, her name is Mrs. Elizabeth Lovely, and she is Fred Allen's aunt. You'd do better to call her his mother, though, because she's the only one he's known since he was four years old.

I visited her in her second-story flat just out of Boston—five sunny rooms, not very large, filled with comfortable, elderly furniture. "I've lived here for eighteen years," she told me. "John wants me to move into an apartment closer in to town, but you'll never catch me living in one of those little boxes."

I believed her, because I couldn't imagine Elizabeth Lovely doing anything she was convinced wasn't right and sensible. She is seventy-eight now, an alert, strong seventy-eight. Her near-sighted eyes indicate her humor and kindness, but the lines of her face, the firm chin, indicate her will-power.

And again, looking at her, I wondered how in the world Fred had gone on the stage when he was scarcely more than a boy. Surely his Aunt Elizabeth must have opposed it, not on any narrow-minded or intolerant grounds, but simply because of its hazards and insecurity!

As she told me her story, though, I began to understand. It's her story, and a part of Fred Allen's story that's never been told before, as well.

"John's mother—she was my sister—died of pneumonia when John was four and his brother Robert two," she said. "His father was busy all day in the Boston Library, where he was a book-binder, so of course he didn't have time to raise the boys. I decided it was up to me to take care of them, and their father too."

It was not a new sort of job for her. Her own mother had died when she herself was only fifteen, the oldest of a family of six. Already she knew how to rear a family, how to make a home run smoothly. She'd mothered her father, her brothers and sisters, since before she was old enough to put up her hair. In addition, a few years before, her husband, Michael Lovely, had been stricken with paralysis, and she had been caring for him. Childless herself, she still has had more cares. more responsibilities, than the average mother.

"I took in home dressmaking after my husband fell ill, but when the two boys and their father came to live with me, I didn't have time to do that any more. I looked around until I found a comfortable house in Allston, a suburb of Boston, and we all moved into it. One of my brothers and two of my sisters agreed to live with me and pay board, and all together, by managing, I was able to make both ends meet."

It was in Allston that Fred Allen spent his boyhood and went to school. It was the ordinary boyhood of an ordinary American boy, unshadowed, thanks to Aunt Elizabeth, by the lack of a mother. An ordinary boyhood, concerned with such matters as baseball, swimming, and school. Nobody, certainly not Aunt Elizabeth, attached any significance to the fact that a good deal of Fred's time was unaccounted for. Off playing somewhere, no doubt. She didn't know, then, how many hours he spent practicing juggling.

Then, when Fred was fifteen, and working after school in the library, a neighbor tossed a bombshell into the Sullivan-Lovely household.

"Saw John acting on the stage last night," he told Aunt Elizabeth.

"Acting—on the stage?" she asked, amazed. "How? Where?"

"Amateur night over at the Bijou," she was told. "They announced him as Fred Allen, but it was John all right."

Now right here is where you would have expected Aunt Elizabeth to call her nephew and register some serious objections. He had been performing in amateur night shows for some time, she learned, while she thought he was safely at work in the library.

"The idea at first did seem utterly fantastic to me," she said. "Why, John had been studying for a business career! But as I thought it over, I began to see his viewpoint..."
knew him so well that I could understand why he'd kept it all a secret. If he hadn't been afraid I'd forbid him to enter the amateur competitions, he'd have confided in me—and that he hadn't done so proved that entering them meant a good deal to him.

"Without saying anything to him, I found out the next time one of the theaters was going to present amateur acts, and went, sitting in the back of the auditorium where he couldn't possibly see me. I admit I was a bit excited.

"I guess I was a lot more nervous than he was when he came on the stage. He started his act with some juggling, and everything went along all right until somebody in the audience cried, 'Give him the hook! Give him the hook!' If it had been me, I'd have run right off the stage, but John just stopped and answered the fellow, 'No! Give me a show instead!' He answered up so quickly and so spunkily that I had to laugh myself, and the audience roared and clapped and told the heckler to be quiet. Then John finished, and everybody applauded.

"I went home and made up my mind that if John wanted to go on the stage—well, he'd just have to do it. I don't believe in trying to keep people from doing things they want to do, to make a living, as long as it's an honest living. Besides, John seemed to have a natural talent. Not many boys his age could have answered up to that man in the audience.

"I found out he'd been afraid of two things—that his father and I would object, and that he'd fail. Those were the two reasons he'd used the name Fred Allen.

"Of course, I didn't know then that he'd be as big a success as he has, but after watching him that one time I thought he could probably make a go of it. Anyway, I decided I wouldn't stop him from trying."

That's how it happened that Fred Allen entered vaudeville as soon as he'd finished high school. Fred's early days in the show business were about as precarious as those of others who are stars today, but no matter how difficult it was to get money, nor where he was, he

(Continued on page 101)

FROM BOSTON LIBRARY TO
RADIO CITY—WHO HELPED
PUT THIS UNTHEATRICAL
COMIC IN THE SPOTLIGHT?

Above, in a Boston suburb lives an old lady of seventy-eight who has had an amazing influence on Fred's life. Right, Fred with Portland Hoffa, his wife and his aggravating heckler before the mike in Town Hall Tonight.
DO WOMEN RULE RADIO?

Because of women listeners—Max Baer lost his contract. Your Lover never became a national program. Gertrude Niesen found herself out of a job, when the Big Show went off the air. Lanny Ross became a star. The glorification of criminals, gangsters and racketeers was forbidden in all the children's programs on the CBS network.

You might think offhand that men rule the airwaves, but do they? Maybe—maybe women do. Let's see.

Nearly all the programs on the air try first of all to appeal to women listeners, since advertisers know that 85 per cent of the buying is done by women. Women, too, have expressed their ideas about programs much more frequently and firmly than men. Seven out of ten letters received by the big broadcasting stations are from women!

There is very little doubt that women decided the ultimate fate of Max Baer on the air, in spite of the fact that he was advertising an article which was presumably meant chiefly for use by men. Unwittingly he antagonized a whole nation of women and embarrassed the broadcasters the night he lost the championship. Just after Jim Braddock had paid a touching tribute to his wife and children, Max Baer was called to the mike to deliver an impromptu message. His first remark, made in the bitter mood of a defeated man was—to many listeners—decidedly objectionable.

It was, they felt, a remark that should never have been made over the air, and it resulted in a storm of criticism. In vain Max Baer protested that he had had no time to prepare a message, that he had spoken without thinking. When on top of all this,

READ WHAT FEMININE AUDIENCES DID TO A ROMANTIC TENOR, A RING CHAMP, A MOVIE STAR!

SPONSORS LISTEN TO WOMEN ON THE WARPATH!
By DORA ALBERT

there was a misunderstanding between Max and his wife, and the newspapers printed a deluge of sob stories about his heart-broken bride. Women condemned Max Baer more loudly than ever. Consequently, when his contract came up for renewal, his sponsor decided not to renew it, because he had received so much adverse criticism.

On the other hand, women made Lanny Ross a star! When the Show Boat program first went on the air, Captain Henry was its star. Lanny was just another singer. Then Charles Winninger left the show to go on the stage, and Lanny became more and more popular. The sponsors of Show Boat learned about this in an amazing way. When surveys were made by telephone to determine the popularity of the program, a great many housewives said, when asked what they'd listened to on Thursday night, "I listened to Lanny Ross."

Not Show Boat, mind you, but Lanny Ross! Again and again this happened, till the agency behind Lanny Ross realized they had a star on their hands. And that's why you now listen to Lanny Ross presenting the Maxwell House Show Boat!

When Roses and Drums first went on the air, the broadcasters planned to have it cover the whole pageantry of American history, starting with the Revolutionary War. When they came to the Civil War, they decided to feature De Wolf Hopper as Stonewall Jackson. To string together the episodes in which he was to appear, they created the fictitious character of a beautiful Southern girl with two admirers, a Northerner and a Southerner. They planned to drop that romance in a few weeks. The wedding date was fixed for the broadcast of June 18, 1933.

But the romance which had been invented simply as a prop caught on! Women became far more interested in the fate of Betty and her two beaux than in the historical story behind the series.

To this day Betty is single, and the program deals chiefly with her love affairs. Because women wanted it that way!

Do you remember when Beatrice Lillie was on the air with her Auntie Bea-sop's fables and her brilliant, sophisticated humor? And did you know that her program changed completely because of what women listeners said? Groups of average women were asked how they liked her program. They said that they liked some of her sketches, but that they were bored stiff by the ones which dealt with British life or that satirized things very remote from their own daily lives—for instance, like the comedy sketch in which a group of bar-maids, instead of waiting on their customers, who were opera directors, sang to them in the hope of getting into opera.

The agency behind Beatrice Lillie asked her to change her style of humor. If she really wanted to make a hit with women, she must stop being so very, very British, they suggested. Let her deal with simple, everyday subjects, like women going shopping or the behavior of women in the beauty parlors.

Instead of being offended, Beatrice Lillie listened to the voice of her fans, and created just the kind of sketches that women wanted to hear. As a consequence, her program became much more popular than it had been in the beginning.

There are laughs and tears behind the scenes when the hand that rocks the cradle starts ruling radio. Stars are built up; other stars are torn down. Hopes are built up; hopes are smashed.

Some women listeners cannot bear to see anyone hurt by a facetious master of ceremonies. Remember when NTG first went on the air? That night he introduced over the air a chorus girl named Fay Carroll. Jestingly he said, "Here is the most beautiful and the (Continued on page 57)

Above, an artist's idea of programs women changed. Your Lover was bad taste; kids' shows too thrilling, Max Baer too outspoken, Miriam Hopkins too fiery.
BESS JOHNSON'S dramatic marriage story

BY MERYL FRIEDEL

WHEN THIS STAR FACED A CRISIS THREATENING HER HAPPINESS, SHE SCORNOED TRADITION AND LEARNED—

Rush Medical School and Bess worked to gain a foothold as an actress on the New York stage. She had made a place for herself on Broadway; managers were casting her for small parts; but the separation from Paul was too bitter. She returned to Chicago while he was still a hospital intern, determined to find some sort of work while making a new start in the Chicago theaters. Internes eat, sleep and live in the hospitals they serve, and they are paid almost nothing. The young couple could have only a few hours together each day, often not that. Bess worked at everything, selling in department stores, modeling clothes, posing for artists and commercial photographers—anything she could get. Sometimes there was no work, and no money. Then Paul, at the hospital, would go into the kitchen when no one but a friendly cook was watching and borrow some food to take to Bess’ shabby little furnished room.

But every intern eventually becomes a full-fledged doctor. At last Paul’s studies were finished, and he hung out his physician and surgeon shingle. Meanwhile, Bess had gradually built herself up into one of Chicago’s leading actresses. Financially, the future looked bright; and the seal was set upon the happiness of Dr. and Mrs. Paul Perry on Christmas Eve, 1928, when their little daughter, Jane Orr, was born.

More than a year of contentment followed until, one day in the spring of 1930, young Dr. Perry added up the accounts receivable on his books. What he learned brought him the shocked realization that he was allowing his wife to support him and his child. Worse, out of her earnings on the stage, she was paying for the upkeep of the two offices he maintained for his large but, he saw now, not profitable practice. Too many of his patients (Continued on page 96)
A new and beautiful portrait of a radio star whose popularity never dims. Her recital at the White House on January 28 marks the first occasion upon which a singer identified exclusively with radio has been invited to appear at the President's home.
While other members of the Show Boat cast come and go, its romantic tenor star stays on, growing more popular month by month. Lanny and his bride, who used to be Olive White, spend most of their time now on the lovely old farm they bought recently in upper New York State, coming in to the city only for broadcasts.
After an illness resulting from over-work, Eleanor Powell has returned to the Flying Red Horse Tavern show on Friday evenings. Her spectacular success in one movie, "Broadway Melody of 1936," brought her instant fame in radio and on the stage as well. At present she's featured in the Broadway revue, "At Home Abroad."
You've thrilled to his tenor voice on Fred Waring's show—but did you know that he also makes his own arrangements for those choral numbers in which he is the featured soloist? In spite of his frantic protests, he took on another duty not long ago, when Fred appointed him official photographer for the organization.
LAWRENCE TIBBETT was about to commit suicide. For Inez had turned him down, forgotten him completely. Now there was nothing to live for, nothing. No one would miss him when he was gone. Nobody cared if he lived or died.

He was alone in the world, friendless. An outcast, an inferior being.

It had always been that way, thought eighteen-year-old, gawky Lawrence Tibbett. Always, he had felt unsure of himself, abashed before girls. Everyone else seemed so much happier and more confident than he, who was afraid of almost everything. In his heart of hearts he knew he was a coward.

Why, his very first childhood recollection still burned him like a hot flame. When he was five, he had run home from school, crying at the top of his lungs. To this kind, brave father, he had confessed that some little boy had hit him. Lawrence was dreadfully scared, and had run away.

To this day he remembers his father's surprised, "Why, son, only cowards run away when they're struck. Go right back to school and stand your ground. Don't come home ever without putting up a game fight."

Trembling and sobbing, because he didn't dare disobey, Lawrence had dragged his creeping feet back to the school yard. Still afraid.

Always, that dreadful feeling of fright, that gripping feeling of inferiority, had dominated his every act. "When I was a little older," this tall, distinguished, slightly graying man told me, his blue eyes growing stern at the memory of that whimpering kid of twelve, "the boys threw stones at me, and called me sissy, scaredy cat. I was a skinny string bean then, almost six feet tall. And terribly weak physically."

Children are unconsciously cruel, and they never realized the reason that Lawrence couldn't jump as high as they, run as fast, or keep up in games of baseball, was because he just didn't have the physical stamina. How were they to know that the doctor, alarmed by his rapid growth and loss of strength, had advised his mother to take the boy from school, and give him a complete rest in the attempt to ward off incipient tuberculosis.

More and more young, wistful Lawrence, misunderstood by youngsters who idolize brawn, retired into his shell, became introspective, moody. Every waking hour he'd sit in his room, reading; till his mother, in despair, hid his books and chased him outdoors. For books were the only pastime he had that made his life bearable.

Had his brothers and sister not been a dozen years older than he, he might have found some understanding and help at home. But they were busy with their own affairs. And his widowed mother had her hands full running a boarding house and doing practical nursing on the side. Certainly she had no time for Lawrence's psychological problems.

When his health failed to improve, Lawrence's mother sent him to her brother Jean's ranch in the Tejon Mountains. Perhaps there he would gain some strength, eliminate the danger of the dread White Peril.

For three years Lawrence stayed at his uncle's ranch, three years that only served to accentuate his feeling of unhappiness, of unworthiness. For Uncle Jean, impatient with his nephew's timid ways, decided to knock them out of the boy, and to make a man of him. To young sniveling, quaking Lawrence, Uncle Jean seemed hard hearted indeed.

Without warning he would be upon Lawrence with some new torture. And there was no way out with Uncle Jean; Lawrence couldn't make excuses, as he could to his mother. There was the time, for example, when he decided on the spur of the moment that young Lawrence should overcome his fear of being alone in the open at night.

At three o'clock in the morning, one cold September day, he awakened the boy, stuck a gun in his hands, and told him to get dressed.

"The dogs have treed a coon," he said shortly. "You're to go out and kill it."

Lawrence, by this time, knew better than to complain or beg off. His teeth chattering, he pushed himself toward the barking of the dogs. He did the job; but the few hundred yards seemed miles. And I think he was as afraid of the wild-eyed, trapped little coon as of a Frankenstein!

"Poor Jean, what a man-sized job he had, trying to put some guts into me," Tibbett told me. "I was such a timid soul. I hated fights, hated shooting. My uncle insisted I learn how to shoot. 'You a Tibbett,' he'd say sneeringly, 'Your father was shot down while pursuing a bandit. Certainly we have no cowards on.'"
The LOWDOWN ON MY BROTHER PHIL

BY ELLA BAKER (HIS SISTER)

The first time Phil ran away from home he was twelve years old. After that it became a habit, and he averaged six disappearances a year until he was fifteen. We always knew when Phil was going to leave us, because in those days boys wore high, starched, detachable collars, and Phil never left without first demanding his collar.

He'd come into the house, grim and determined, and say to me or Mother, "Give me my collars!" Argument was useless. The only thing to do was give them to him. Then he'd leave.

When he was younger, he never stayed away very long, or traveled any great distance. He would go as far as his money would take him, and then start working his way back home. His jaunts generally lasted three or four days.

We were living on the east side, in New York City, so most of Phil's journeying was done in New Jersey. Once, though, he managed to get all the way to Boston. He landed there broke, and got a job in a restaurant washing dishes. It lasted two weeks, and he earned enough money to carry him half way home. At the half way mark he took a job in another restaurant. More dishes were washed, and Phil returned to the fold. Mother certainly hit upon a novel way of punishing him for that trip. She appointed him family dishwasher for one week!

Sometimes Phil's wanderings forced him to accept some very difficult jobs. He went broke in a small Vermont town, and had to work in a stone quarry. When he came home his hands were covered with blisters. He proudly displayed them to the family, and Rose, Ethel, and I broke into tears. He was such a little fellow.

The first two or three times that Phil ran away we all worried about him, but gradually we became accustomed to it. Mother just waited for the postman, and the postcard Phil always sent read, "Dear Mother, don't worry. I'm all right." We could tell what town he was in by the postmark on the card.

But once the card didn't come. Instead, there was a large envelope inside it was Phil's message, written on a piece of brown wrapping paper. It was the usual message, all right, but I knew something must be wrong.

"Mother," I said, "Phil's in trouble. I'm sure of it. He's never sent us a letter before."

It was instinct, I guess. Somehow from this slight change in Phil's routine I knew that he needed our help.

A police officer, a friend of the family lived on the floor below us, and Mother and I hurried down to him for advice. He looked at the letter, and the envelope which was marked Freehold, New Jersey. Then he put through a telephone call to the Freehold jail.

"Have you got a boy there named Phil Baker?" He listened a moment, nodding his head, then said, "I'll come right away."

Phil was in the Freehold jail, charged with breaking into a cottage.

The officer and I took the next train for Freehold, to find Phil and another small boy sitting in one of the cells playing checkers.

Phil and his friend had got themselves into trouble by taking too much for granted. The cottage belonged to a sea captain who, the other boy claimed, was his uncle. Phil and he had gone up to see the old fellow several times, but on this particular occasion, he was away at sea, and the two young imps had decided to impose upon his generosity by taking over the place. They had been living there three days when the neighbors reported them. The sheriff investigated, and then did his duty.

The officer and I argued with the constable for an hour before we finally persuaded him to release the boy.

I didn't lecture Phil. He appreciated that, and I was adopted as his pal. From that day on, he never caused the family another bit of serious trouble.

But what an untidy boy! His clothes looked as if he had slept in them. His face and hands were invariably filthy. He would be perched on the steps, a harmonica at his mouth, blowing away merrily, looking more like a street urchin playing for pennies than the street urchin himself.

It was about this time that I was being squired by boy friends. Very often I would hurry my puzzled escort out of the neighborhood before he could catch sight of Phil. Coming home at night, if he were on the steps, I would circle the block with my beau until my brother disappeared. If I had been forced to claim him, I believe I'd have died of mortification!

Of course, these were minor things. We were really always very proud of Phil. The other children in the neighborhood idolized him. He was their official musician, providing all the music for their May parties. It was tough entertainment, because the celebration lasted three or four hours. Phil kept things whirling by playing the drums. When his hands became tired, he would introduce the har-
monica. Ten cents admission was charged, and he received fifty per cent of the profits.

His first job was with the old Biograph studios, as a messenger boy. The whole neighborhood was regularly informed that he, Phil Baker, was the person who handed Mary Pickford her check every Saturday.

Phil liked the position, but it didn't give him any chance to display his musical talent. I had my hands full keeping him on the job. He threatened to quit as regularly as he paid Mary Pickford her salary. In his spare time, he could be found at the neighborhood's only second-hand music store. The proprietor liked Phil, and would let him practice on any instrument he chose. Phil tried them all. He would bring a different one home every week, and beg Father to buy it. We couldn't afford it, but Phil owned as many as five instruments at one time. Three of them were purchased on the installment plan. Father spoiled him. In fact, I'm afraid we all did. (Continued on page 92)

Phil Baker at home with his wife and two children. Radio work keeps him in New York all winter, so he sends the family to Florida while Ella watches over him.
S

EE that?” said Jimmy. “That’s the old church we visited on the way to Guatemala City. And here’s another picture—those are the funny little donkey carts they use in Colombia.”

Suddenly he looked up. “But you aren’t interested in all this. You’re just being polite.” When I shook my head emphatically, he laughed and picked up another scrapbook.

“Here are the snapshots I took in Central America. And those are the ones in Mexico.” And so he went on, telling me all the colorful, amusing details of the roundabout trip that took him from New York last summer to Hollywood and the Eddie Cantor show.

I marveled at the fund of information he had gained in such a hurried, eventful trip. “How’d you ever learn so much about so many places in such a short time?”

For just a moment Jimmy was silent. In that fleeting second I saw all the enthusiasm and enjoyment vanish from his face. Another minute and it was back. He shrugged and laughed: “I had to. I was a sick man when I left New York. Not physically, though I’d lost eighteen pounds, but mentally.”

Though the tone was light, I knew how true his words were. Eight months ago, Jimmy Wallington sat in a hospital room in which his wife was fighting for her life. That night, Anita Fuhrmann, Jimmy’s bride since August, died. Today, Jimmy is back on the air, back with Cantor, playing his old role of straight man to a comedian. Life has begun again for Jimmy Wallington.

There’s a story of courage, determination, and the discovery of a new philosophy behind Jimmy’s return to the Cantor program, a story he couldn’t tell until now because only in the past few weeks has he been sure of the ending.

Now when you hear his voice every Sunday night it is filled with all the richness and timbre of the voice you heard a year ago. It has lift and vitality. And when you talk with Jimmy in his home in Hollywood, the vitality is still there. And there’s a sparkle in his eyes, a smile on his lips.

The day I went to have lunch with him, he took me straight into the library of his house and it was while we were going over all the mementoes of his trip that I learned the story.

“That trip was more important to me than you can imagine,” he said. “I was scheduled to go on the air with Eddie in the fall and I couldn’t let him down. But I couldn’t laugh myself in those days, so how was I going to help Cantor make others laugh?

“You see, I’d been through a pretty bad strain.” Again there was that unconscious pause. Then a quick straightening of the shoulders. “But, thank goodness, I lived through it and now I’m beginning to live again. I’m learning to play all over again.”

It had always been Jimmy’s philosophy that work was the cure-all for every trouble. You already know what a shock his wife’s death was to him, how he tried vainly after the funeral to find solace in working twelve, even fourteen hours a day. He took every program NBC offered him. Surely, he reasoned, if he kept at it hard enough, he wouldn’t have time to think of his tragedy.

What you don’t know, what Jimmy has never disclosed before, is what took place in his doctor’s office one day. Discouraged, suddenly aware that overwork was only pointing to a breakdown, not towards the reconstruction of his life, Jimmy asked the doctor for help.

“You need a vacation, a long trip,” he was told.

A smile twisted Jimmy’s lips. He’d heard those same words so often before. It sounded so much like a stock remedy. He thought of long days with nothing to do but think, and he shook his head.

“I’m afraid that won’t do.”

The doctor shrugged. “It’s the only thing I can offer. It’s up to you. But I know that the trip will be a success,
Jimmy Wallington

READ THIS INSPIRING STORY OF HOW HE
HAS FOUND HIS WAY BACK TO HAPPINESS
AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HIS BRIDE

By KATHERINE HARTLEY

if you make up your mind to it"

As Jimmy left the office, he thought of what the doctor had said. Suddenly he realized the truth of the advice. It was up to him. And what better alternative could he think of, anyway?

"Right then," Jimmy told me, "I knew it was sink or swim. That night when I got home, I began packing. Just the thrill of knowing that I was going some place new cheered me up. NBC released me from the shows I was announcing and before I really was aware what was happening to me, I was on a boat, on my way.

Hearing him tell it, I could easily imagine his first few days away from New York. All the old, familiar sights—Radio City, his apartment, Fifth Avenue, Broadway—that called up such painful memories were behind. And when he landed at his first port of call in South America the first thing he did was to hire an auto and buy a camera.

"It was then that the trip started in earnest," Jimmy explained. "Every little town I visited, I'd get out my camera. Before we left, I had pictures of every building and street that caught my fancy. I knew the history of each monument and square. Here, for instance," he went on, picking up another picture, "is a live volcano. We flew right over it in a plane. The picture was taken right through the windows. That?" he said, pointing to a snapshot I was holding, "that's the shrine of San Pedro. There's his coffin I was telling you about. There's a glass over it—you can look right down into it."

Before we had finished looking at all his souvenirs, I'd practically taken a journey myself through South and Central America, Mexico, and Lower California.

"You can see, can't you," Jimmy asked, "what was happening to me all that while? Gradually, I was finding new interests, found myself looking forward to Hollywood, thinking about working with Eddie once more. Each night, I'd paste up the pictures I'd developed during the day and pack away in a suitcase all the funny little odd pieces I'd bough!"

I wasn't at the airport the day Jimmy landed, but I heard about it later. Eddie and Harry Einstein (Porky-karakas) were out waiting for the plane to land. The minute Jimmy was off the plane, the two men were at his side, shaking his hand, making him pose with them in absurd pictures for the cameraman they'd brought along. Jimmy didn't have time to feel lonely or out of place in a new town. After the picture taking had finished, he was rushed straight to Eddie's home. Soon the three of them were closeted in a study, going over plans for the program that was going to start later in the fall.

There, in Hollywood, the cure that the foreign countries had begun, was finished. Movie studios, going out to locations and watching Eddie make his new picture, "Strike me Pink," meeting other film celebrities, going with the program's cast to parties—everything combined to keep Jimmy so busy he actually had no time to think.

"Even at night I was so tired, I couldn't stay awake five minutes. And in the morning, the phone would be ringing before I was awake."

Jimmy's only real moment of doubt from then on was the opening broadcast. Would his voice have all its old fire and resonance? Or would the mike betray some lingering feeling of grief, some brief hesitancy? The answer to his fears was the flood of telegrams and phone calls from all over the country, congratulating Jimmy and Eddie on being together again and producing such a swell show.

A spirit of never say die had put this first program across. The same spirit, really, that made Jimmy a radio announcer in the first place, when he applied for a job making sets and was offered an announcer's post instead. You probably already know how he worked day and night, studying, practicing, until he had perfected a mike technique.

That's the kind of spirit that has kept Jimmy going on the path to recovery ever since the opening night. As he built his career step by step, so he is building his new life. The first step was his trip—filling his mind with new interests, so many that when you listen to him you get the travel fever, too. The second was getting through the ordeal of the first broadcast. The last step was forcing himself to become an active part of Hollywood's social life.

You can see him now, in Hollywood, going with his friends to restaurants, night clubs, and sightseeing in out of the way places. A short time ago, he wired for his father and mother. He's planning now to make his home in California, even though he may have to travel some.

Life, which less than a year ago threatened to engulf him in it's tragedy, is showing him a kindlier side and Jimmy once more has his feet on the ground.

Listen next Sunday to the Cantor show—hear for yourself. You'll know then what I mean when I say radio's favorite announcer is again himself.
YOU who have heard Vera Van on the air know her as the girl with a voice which is indefinably sad, wistful, and sweet.

To her fellow-workers at the Columbia studios, Vera is hail-fellow-well-met. Everybody likes her. She is even-tempered, anxious to please, and possesses a nice sense of humor. Her life has always seemed remarkably uncomplicated by her emotional entanglements. When questioned about romance, she usually retorts, laughingly, "Oh, I haven't time for boy friends. I'm working too hard."

And with lovely Vera looking you straight in the eye, you couldn't say, "Oh, yeah?"

It was quite by accident that I learned of Vera's romance—a romance which is over now—a story as tender and touching as any I have ever heard, spoiled with the clash between love and ambition. The memory of it probably has something to do with that poignantly wistful quality in her singing.

Unexpectedly, one day, I stumbled upon her secret. We were having lunch together. Vera had just signed a nice contract to sing on the Schulte Smoker and already she was receiving good notices on her part in the Broadway musical, "May Wine."

I noticed she was more solemn than one would expect on such an occasion for jubilation. I pressed her, perhaps more than I should have, out of journalistic curiosity, to find out the reason for her strange mood.

"It's what I've struggled for a long time to achieve," Vera sighed, toying with her fork. "It seems perverse of me that on the day of signing this grand contract I should be thinking, instead, about Bill."

Then the story began to come out. It began, way back when Vera was a child in long curls. Her family had moved to California from Akron, Ohio, for the sake of her health. She had been desperately ill since babyhood, and doctors decided that a change in climate was imperative and that dancing lessons would be beneficial in restoring strength.

She was sent to the Carl Curtis School in Los Angeles, where professional children learned their ABC's. And there this shy and frail little Alice-In-Wonderland met Bill Wells.

Bill Wells is not his real name, but he has a likeable American tag of the same sort, and under the circumstances it might make him uncomfortable if his complete identity were to be divulged here.

Bill took it upon his sturdy ten-year-old shoulders to play champion for shy little "Vee." He seemed very much of a man-of-the-world to her, for he had already appeared in "Our Gang" comedies and other pictures.

The first songs "Vee" sang were impromptu duets with Bill, applauded by their doting parents. It was through his encouragement that she made her first bow in the limelight. They were such a perfect pair that they were chosen for the leading roles in the Hollywood Children's Community Players production of Gilbert and Sullivan's H. M. S. Pinafore. Vera, as Buttercup, was such a success that she began to take her singing seriously.

Bill's devoted companionship (Continued on page 73)
FOUND: STARDOM ON THE AIR AND BROADWAY STAGE. LOST: THE ONLY MAN SHE HAS EVER REALLY LOVED

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. CARTER

Vera left her dog, Boy, with Bill. He promised to send him on when she was settled in New York City.
If only radio had a thousand ships for this "Dreamer of Songs" to launch! Dorothy came to New York from the middle west late last summer, after singing with some of the country's most popular dance bands, and now has her own sustaining program on NBC.
Kenny Baker, above, is the lad who divides his time on the Jello program, Sundays at 7 over NBC, between singing and being stooze for Jack Benny. Born 23 years ago in Monrovia, Calif., he paid for his musical education by working on Boulder Dam, won Eddy Duchin's amateur contest last summer. He's tall, slender, married ... Right, Fanny Rose Shore, brunette songstress heard in RADIO MIRROR's own Revue over WSM, Nashville, Monday nights at 6:45. She's 21, a former co-ed of Vanderbilt University ... Below, Kathryn Cravens, news commentator over KMOX, St. Louis. Born on a Texas ranch, she has worked in movies and on the stage, is married, and now is one of the few women news reporters in radio ... Below right, Lawrence Tibbett's maestro Don Voorhees, CBS's first studio orchestra leader, is tall and dark, has few interests outside of music.
Left, some of the "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" cast—Joe Latham (Mr. Stebbins), Alice Frost (Miss Hazy), Betty Garde (Mrs. Wiggs) and Andy Donnelly (Billy Wiggs)—and, next, Betty and Alice as they really look. Betty's radio debut was in 1933, she's been in more than 20 dramatic shows on the air, is unmarried, owns a cocker spaniel named "Mr. Wiggs." Alice is blonde, married, likes backgammon and clay modeling. She is the girl stooge on Camel Caravan, too. Joe Latham, a radio veteran, is married, the father of four children. Andy is 14, has been in radio seven years... Below, Billy Halop, Cecil Secrest and Harriet MacGibbon, the Kent family in "Home Sweet Home." Billy, who is also Bobby Benson, is receiving critical acclaim in a Broadway play... Left below, Arthur Jacobson, recently "Scoop" in "Girl Alone." When he isn't broadcasting or rehearsing, you'll probably find him sailing his own boat on the waters of Lake Michigan.
Top, Walter and Ireene Wicker, of NBC's Chicago studio. They play Bob Crane and Eileen Moran in "Today's Children," daily at 10:30 over the blue network. They were married while they were still in college, now have two children. Ireene—she's the Singing Lady, too—added the extra "e" to her name on a numerologist's advice. Above right, Lucy Gillman, who plays Lucy Moran on the same program. Nine years old, she commutes ten miles alone every day to the studio. Above, Patricia Dunlap—otherwise Nada in "Og, Son of Fire," on CBS at 5:45. Used to produce plays in the backyard of her Bloomington, Illinois, home, is dark, lovely, unmarried. Right, Betty Winkler and Joan Winters, of "Girl Alone," with Phil Lord, veteran actor. Betty's 21, made a stage debut when she was four. Joan started to be a dress designer, but turned to acting. Left, Virginia Payne and Marjorie Hannan, or Ma Perkins and her daughter Fay in the popular drama series. Virginia's a college graduate, writes poetry, and plays the piano. Marjorie failed on the stage, but found success in radio.
HOW did they get there? What are the principles behind their amazing success stories? What did they have that thousands of others do not possess? Was it luck? Courage in the face of obstacles? Or a simple formula?

Let the stars themselves tell you.

From eight of radio's brightest personalities come answers to these questions. Each has had his own formula—from long shots to loyalty—and each formula reveals the star in a new light, by showing us how and when his tide of fortune turned from the low ebb of adversity to the full flood of success.

Guy Lombardo told me about the days before his Royal Canadians had become a household word among modern music lovers. It was a simple story he related but it gave the clue to the band's rapid rise.

"If it hadn't been for the boys' loyalty to one another, we'd never have been given the break which led us to popularity," Guy said.

"We had come from Ontario, Canada, to Cleveland, Ohio, on the strength of a short term contract, determined to make a name for ourselves in the States.

"The brief engagement over, we found ourselves without a job. After about a week of searching we became very discouraged. Our only alternative, it seemed, was to pack up our bags and go back home. At least we could find some sort of work there.

"We were sitting in the hotel room discussing the best way to get there, when our first saxophonist walked in looking very disconsolate. We kept on with our discussion. Finally he interrupted.

"'Boys,' he said dolefully, 'I've discovered one of the most wonderful girls in the world. I want to marry her. I have a feeling that if we go back to Ontario, I'll never see her again. You know, Cleveland isn't such a bad place, and I believe that if we could give it just one more week's try, we might get something.' With that he arose, and left.

"That decided us. We all knew the girl, and what she meant to him. A poll was taken, and every fellow in the room voted to have another fling at it! Two days later we signed with one of the largest hotels in town! After that it was comparatively easy sledding."

Up in the National Broadcasting Company studios, a man with fine brown eyes and long sensitive fingers sat behind a desk fingering a sheet of music. His name? Frank Black. His formula for success? Hard work.

"I never thought much of recognition or success," he told me. "My thinking was all done in terms of my love for music. I couldn't have stopped working if I'd wanted to, because without work I wouldn't have enjoyed life.

"Before coming to NBC I did scoring for Broadway shows. It was necessary to accomplish things in a short space of time, and I found that the only way to do this was to draw on what I had already built up. It is important to have a reservoir of pent up knowledge and emotion that can be released at any time. The only way to obtain this is to study, and remember what you have learned.

"Every day, in my capacity as musical director, some new problem presents itself. I simply turn to the past and think of a similar incident that involved the same principle.

"My deepest sympathy goes to the men and women who are working at something they do not like. I work four-

By JACK SHER
WHAT ARE THE HIDDEN FORMULAS THAT HAVE PUT YOUR FAVORITE PERFORMERS ON TOP IN THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE?

WORK  TEMPER  LOYALTY

teen hours a day, and I love and enjoy every minute!"

Helen Hayes, star of radio, stage, and screen, has been using a method that will surprise those who have never seen her at work.

"My system has worked for me beautifully," Miss Hayes smiled, "not only in radio, but on the stage, and in pictures as well. You see, I have Irish blood in me, and whenever anything goes wrong I simply get angry. Yes, downright mad! After I blow up, and get everything said that is bothering me, I generally get the results I want.

"I realized that angry determination was a powerful incentive towards success during the making of my first picture, 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet.' I had studied the script for weeks in preparation for the role, and my tests had been satisfactory. Yet, the minute I walked on the set I became frightfully nervous.

"We tried several takes on one of the scenes. Mr. Selwyn, my director, was encouraging and patient, but suddenly a sarcastic remark just slipped out of the side of his mouth. It made me boil. I flared up, and before I could control myself, I had spoken my mind. He called for the take again, and I glared across at him, determined that this was going to be the best scene he had ever witnessed. It probably wasn't." Miss Hayes laughed. "but it was one of the best I have ever done. After that, the work went very smoothly, and Mr. Selwyn and I became fine friends.

"For about a week before my first radio broadcast, my husband, Charles MacArthur, and his colleague, Ben Hecht, kidded me mercilessly. An hour before I was to go on the air they succeeded in making me angry. If my part in the program held any interest at all, that was probably the reason!"

Frank Parker, the tenor star of the Atlantic Family, claims that the best way to get ahead is to play long shots.

"It's worked for me," he declared.

"When dancing in 'The Greenwich Village Follies' I gambled my job as a boober to get a chance to step into a leading part as a singer. I had practically no singing experience, and at the time it looked as if the odds were all against me. It turned out to be the greatest break of my life. Give me a handful of preparation, and a long shot. That is all I've ever asked!"

Phil Baker, who often wonders if he is still a comedian, swears by gymnasiums. "Physical condition," says Phil, "has more to do with getting ahead than any other factor. If I am feeling badly it tells on my broadcasts.

"When I was on the stage in 'A Night In Spain,' I noticed I was slipping. I worried night and day. I finally decided that it was my body, and not my mind that caused the trouble. I found an excellent physical instructor, and took myself to a gym for a workout. I kept it up for three months, averaging about five trips a week. And then—"

"And then?" I asked as Phil paused.

"And then," Phil replied, "I had a nervous breakdown!" He grinned, "Of course, I let myself go too far before I started taking the cure. Never again! It almost finished my career. If a fellow is in good condition he can lick the world.

"I've never cared what happened to me!" Lawrence Tibbett exclaimed. "As long as I was happy, that was all that mattered. When I started out on my career as a singer, I said to myself, 'You have until you're thirty to see what you can do. If you don't meet with some success by then, very well, there are other things in life that will give you just as much happiness and contentment as singing.' I've repeated this many times at crucial moments.

"My first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House didn't bother me any more than if I had been singing at a restaurant around the corner. I just went out and sang. I figured that if it didn't take, it didn't matter.

"I like that line of Stevenson's—'Life is too serious to take seriously.' That's the way I have always felt, and my advice to would-be singers is, 'Laugh and get what you can out of life.' You'll get there!" (Continued on page 60)
I had the most interesting talk with Benay Venuta this month, and I'm just bubbling over with all the beauty tips she had to pass on to you and you and you. Primarily, of course, she was talking about beauty for blondes, but the things she knows about cosmetics and beauty care are so helpful that any woman could benefit by them. And economical! This young singer, though her weekly salary has reached the four-figure mark, has hints on how to save money while being beautified which should help those of us whose monthly wages are—well, something less than that. As she says, "Because of their constant use of cosmetics, show girls have always known what is best, cheapest and purest in make-up."

Only two or three months ago, I gave you Jessica Dragonette's advice to the small blonde; this time, we're out to help the tall girl with light hair. Benay is five feet, seven and one-half inches tall, and glad of it! Her eyes are light gray-green, and she has lovely long lashes, but her hair, of course, is the thing you notice most—a lovely, silvery platinum which really looks so natural you're surprised when she tells you that she achieves the shade with a rinse!

"Color and style of clothes," she observed, "depend much more upon one's size and figure than on the shade of hair or skin. A tall girl like myself, for instance, looks better in dark shades and sporty clothes, or very simply-designed dinner dresses. If you have a full-bosomed, broad-hipped figure, you should avoid both mannishly tailored suits and vividly colored costumes. On the other hand, if you're very slender, you should avoid plain clothes which give you angular lines and very dark colors which make you look thin.

"A good carriage is perhaps more essential to the tall girl than to any other type, though it adds immeasurably to anyone's charm. I'm a firm believer in the theory that all girls above average height should take dancing lessons if they possibly can, either ballet or interpretive, because it gives one so much more poise, assurance and grace. I feel much more at ease walking on the stage today (Benay, you know, is one of the stars of the smash stage show, "Anything Goes," in addition to her radio work) because I've had thorough dance training.

"Simplicity is very (Continued on page 80)

It you would like the names of the products Benay Venuta recommends, the inexpensive hair tonic and cream which would be valuable to brunettes too, write Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., N. Y., enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.
LADIES and gentlemen, Strange As It Seems..."

Twice every week those words introduce a radio program that is unique in broadcasting annals, a program that depends on the country's fastest mail planes for its very existence, that must every seven days conquer fog and sleet and snow to reach your ears. It's a program that keeps everyone connected with it in a state of perpetual nervous tension, since it must necessarily court death, and at least once even felt its breath.

Stranger even than the facts it features, stranger even than most of the stories told by its author, John Hix, this program has a production story that sheds the first clear light on the most unpublicized phase of present-day radio—the transcription, or recorded show.

Fifty independent stations, linked only by the planes which deliver the Strange As It Seems records each week, carry this show which is produced in California and flown to every corner of the country.

A few hours before air time, special-delivery trucks wait at landing-fields, ready to pick up the arriving planes' precious cargoes—large, very breakable records on which have been transcribed the week's two programs. The trucks whisk the records away to the studios, where they are put on turntables and transformed into living entertainment.

Five years ago this show would never have been possible—five years ago airmail was not dependable and the time it took for a package to travel from Hollywood to New York could not be determined to the exact hours and minutes radio demands.

Even this summer, the sponsors of Strange As It Seems—those same sponsors who last winter brought you the Big Show—were doubtful of the possibility of supplying fifty individual stations with records made the same week in California. It took air express to sell them, just as it takes air express to broadcast the show.

Not until an actual demonstration was made, when a sample show was recorded in Hollywood and airmailed that same afternoon, reaching the New York audition rooms the next noon—not until all this was done successfully did the sponsors agree that the plan was feasible.

And yet, even with the sponsors' troubles over, the real headache for the program's producers was just beginning. Against all possible hazards and changes in weather, the same split-second schedule of delivery had to be maintained week after week.

Time, unrelenting in its demands, once nearly caused the death of one of the program's most important men, Julian Field, who writes the commercial announcements.

During the first week of the show, while the organization was still in a chaotic state, Field had to fly from New York to Hollywood to lend a supervising hand, returning the next day. A wire to the New York office confirmed his safe arrival in California. A second one announced his departure for the East, by plane.

The next morning, those in New York woke up to find newspaper headlines screaming about an airplane crash in the midwest. It was the plane Field had telegraphed he was taking.

Strange as it may seem, Field's secretary refused to believe he had been killed. While she was still telephoning, a wire arrived, blandly announcing, "Missed plane took next one following arriving this afternoon."

And thus radio's first airmail show was born, sold, and delivered, while Death stalked it from the air.

LEARN WHY THIS SHOW HAS BECOME UNIQUE IN BROADCASTING
LOW me down, mates, but look who's on the radio now. Yes sir, just flip on that old loudspeaker at 7:15 of a Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday evening over the NBC network (right after Amos 'N Andy) and ask me what you hear? A minute later, Here it is, "I'm Popeye, the Sailor Man...I yam what I yam..."

It's Popeye, all right, with his song, his frog voice, his seagoing language and all his gear intact. How did they ever get a salty old bloke like Popeye on the air? What goes into the making of a Popeye radio program, anyway? Well, mates, that makes a good yarn in itself, and if you'll roll into the foc'sle here I'll spin it for you.

They couldn't shove off and start the program until they found someone with that Popeye voice—you know, something like a bullfrog with a touch of sore throat. The radio producers are pretty smart guys. They went over to Coney Island and rounded up two bus-loads of carnival barkers, the boys who can charm the dimes right out of your pocket. They found some magnificent samples of that grand old American voice, the "whisky baritone," but there wasn't a real actor in the lot.

They tried radio actors, movie actors, stage actors; some sixty candidates in all before they found the right man. He is a large-framed, jovial member of that actors' paradise in New York, the Lambs Club; he has played in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and such stage hits as "Revenge With Music," and his name is Detmar Poppen. A good dopester would have picked him on form, Poppen to play Popeye!

Popeye the Sailor started out as a newspaper cartoon strip in 1926—then, as now, distributed by King Features Syndicate—later enlarged his audience by going into the cartoon movies, and now brings his stubby pipe, his rolling walk and his muscle to the radio.

You might wonder how they can put a "rolling walk" on the radio, but they do that and a lot of other things on this program. It's done with the orchestra. The men practically never lay down their instruments. No matter what is going on, you hear appropriate music. When Popeye walks, the music is heavy and rolling, it is light and mincing for Popeye's girl friend, Olive Oyl; and slow and dragging for Popeye's pal and stooge, Wimpy. When Popeye draws up his arm and raises his mighty musk-ke (it packs the kick of four mules, two steam locomotives and twelve Jack Dempseys) you hear shivery little whistles in the orchestra. All this comes from Victor Irwin's Cartoon Land Band. Vic and his boys have played for both radio and movies and know the tricks. Vic's band, in fact supplies the music for Popeye's movie cartoon antics as well.

Creating appropriate sound effects for the husky sailor-man is a good full-time job for each of the fourteen men in the band. Long before the program goes on the air, Saxophonist Ernie Watson studies the script and makes special arrangements of the music. These special arrangements—naturally, require more rehearsing than ordinary arrangements would. In addition, each member of the band must read the script and thoroughly familiarize himself with it.

The character of Popeye the sailor was created by L. C. Segar, who hails from Chester, Illinois. He started out in life as a paperhanger, and was very busy, although he had two arms and has never yet had the hives. He thought it would be a smart trick to make his living with one hand instead of two, and so he took a mail-order course in cartooning. His work attracted the attention of a friend of the family, R. F. Outcault, who created one of the very first of the colored funnies, "Buster Brown," back in the days when Dad was a-sparkin' Mother with a horse and buggy. Outcault helped him to get a job on a Chicago newspaper, and later he moved to New York. Segar now lives with his family in Santa Monica, where he smokes a stubby pipe, wears a sailor cap and sums up his own opinion of Popeye by saying, "There's onle one thing he likes better than peace and quiet, and that's a good fight."

Popeye used to train on spinach to develop his tremendous musk-ke, but now, in deference to his new radio sponsor, he gets up strength by eating a few bowls of Wheatena. Kelvin Keech is the announcer who introduces the program. The part of Olive Oyl is played by the blonde and pretty Olive Lamoy; Charlie Lawrence plays Wimpy; and the part of Matey, the newsboy adopted by Popeye, is played by one of the best known child actors on the radio, Jimmy Donnelly.

For Popeye, the Sailor, sponsored by Wheatena, see pg. 56—7 p.m. col.
COOKING FOR BABIES

THERE has been a lot of talk in this department lately about varied menus, budget cooking and such, but somehow babies always seem to be left out of it. So we decided to interview a newcomer to radio, Mr. Michael O'Keefe, on this important subject.

Michael, as you know, is the eight-months-old son of Walter O'Keefe, whom you hear twice a week on the Camel Caravan. Interviewing Michael was somewhat difficult at first, since Walter's tie and the family Scotty both required his attention, but finally our little subject got down to business.

"The old Grade A and malt sugar formula was all right when I was a baby," said Michael (at least Walter said that's what Michael's gurgle meant), "but when a man gets to be eight months old and has four teeth he wants something he can chew on.

"Breakfast is important because I have it at six-thirty in the morning after a twelve-hour sleep, so I start off with orange juice—and none of this nonsense about a spoon, either; I drink it out of a glass. Then comes a coddled egg and a cooked cereal with milk. It's a good thing I like cereal," he added, "because the cook is Scotch and you know how the Scotch are about porridge.

"I like a little bit of meat with my lunch—usually by lunch time I've been out in the park and the fresh air certainly gives me an appetite. I really prefer a drumstick—I had one Christmas Day, but Walt says Christmas comes just once a year so I suppose I'll have to wait until next year to get another one—but for every day meals there's nothing better than shredded chicken, lamb or sirloin of beef. I top off my lunch with half a bottle of the formula the doctor worked out for me.

"Supper is the time when I go for vegetables in a big way, for although I have three meals a day just like the rest of the family I don't want to overeat just before going to sleep. I like all kinds of vegetables—spinach, carrots, peas—everything.

"The vegetables have to be prepared just so, though, to win my vote. They must be cooked until tender in a small quantity of water, then run through a strainer; that way there are no lumps in them and they are easily digested. I also like fruit which has been prepared and served in the same way as the vegetables; apples and prunes are my favorites."

While on this subject of strained fruits and vegetables, do you know you can buy them in cans, specially prepared just the way Michael likes them? They are every bit as delicious as the fresh ones and just as good for babies. Also they save a lot of time for mothers since they are ready to serve from the can, and really I don't see how the people who live long distances from vegetable markets can get along without them.

These same manufacturers also put up meat broth and vegetable soups, and they are fine for either lunch or supper, not only for children but for convalescents who need light but nourishing food.

I DON'T go in for desserts," Michael continued. "My mother—she's Roberta Robinson, the actress, you know—and the doctor agree that fruit and milk are the best desserts for me. I guess they're right, too—with the diet I've told you about I've reached thirty-two inches and I weigh twenty-one pounds, and that's tops for my age."

By this time Michael's nurse was waiting to take him to the park so we had to cut our talk short, but if you wish more information about preparing food to Michael's taste, or would like the names of the canned strained baby foods referred to in the article just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Cooking Department, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, with your request.

NEW TIPS ON WHAT TO SERVE AN EIGHT-MONTH-OLD IN THE WORDS OF MICHAEL O'KEEFE

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON
J ust a minute,” she called in a voice that shook more than her knees, and ran to open the door. Tad wasn’t alone. At his side, smiling, her hand outstretched, was Marion.

They all began talking at once, Tad and Marion crowding into the room. Marion found the suitcase.

“You were leaving!” Mickey nodded.

“Then we caught you just in time!” She turned to Tad. “Aren’t you ashamed, not wanting to come at first?”

Tad tried to look chagrined, but he smiled instead. “Gee, it’s good to see you,” he exclaimed.

“But why did you come? To see me off on the train?” Mickey asked.

“No, to rehearse for the broadcast. Isn’t first rehearsal Thursday afternoon?”

Mickey just nodded, unable to speak.

“You know,” Marion said, “I wanted him to accept when he got the letter from Uncle Jim. He did, too, but he wouldn’t because he hadn’t heard from you. I never knew he could be such a little boy about anything.”

“Aw, now, listen,” Tad protested. “I didn’t have any idea Mickey was in on it. After the way I talked to her last week, I thought she’d never want to see me again.”

“See? It’s a good thing you wrote,” Marion added.

“I almost didn’t,” Mickey confessed. “But, Tad you shouldn’t have thought that. You know I’ll always want to see you.”

“Which, of course, goes for me, too.”

For a minute, if she had closed her eyes, Mickey could have believed that Tad and she were back on their old basis of friendship. The sound of his voice, the comfort of his presence somehow made everything right.

Tad started toward the door. “You can pack later. Let’s get going.”

Riding in Marion’s car to Radio City, he said to Mickey, “Still mad at me?”

When Mickey shook her head, he added, “What a temper!

I thought you were going to shoot me that night.”

Mickey made herself laugh. “I would have if there’d been a gun handy.”

“What’s all this, a secret?” Marion asked.

“You remember,” Tad told her, “the night we went to the Rainbow Room and I went chasing after Mickey.” Mickey found herself saying “Didn’t he have a lot of nerve, sitting up for me, and then lecturing me about being alone in New York?”

“Well,” Tad broke in. “I still think you deserved it. But that isn’t the only reason I came.”

“Then why did you?” Mickey asked, determined to know.

“I wanted to see how you were. I’d missed you. When I saw you that night, I wanted to talk to you.”

She couldn’t help saying, “You chose a funny way of doing it.”

“Listen,” Tad said, “I’ve had about enough of that. Can’t a guy even tell a girl he’s missed her without getting stepped on?”

“I’ve got what you’d call a ringside seat,” Marion said.

“Fight on, boys and girls.”

Mickey looked up, started. So intent had she been, she’d nearly forgotten where she was.

“Sorry,” she said, “you’d think I was the one Tad was engaged to.”

“Don’t stop,” Marion replied. “It’s fun. Maybe you’ll take some of that smartness out of him.”

While they parked, and walked into the main lobby, and rode up in the elevator to the eighth floor, no one said very much. It didn’t get Mickey until they were inside the studio. But the second they walked through the doors, she began to tremble.

“The old place hasn’t changed a bit,” Tad said, unconsciously holding Mickey’s hand and looking at the other amateurs scattered about the studio.

Mickey had thought, when Tad and Marion had come and said they were going to rehearsal, “I must go. I can’t let Tad down.” And she was here, but if she’d known it was going to be this hard, she never would have come.

She was conscious of sitting down and talking, much as a person in the dentist’s chair is conscious of taking gas and never going completely under. (Continued on page 71)
ANY of you promised the Oracle that you would not request personal replies to your questions, starting with the new year—and then what happens? The demand for personal replies increases in number; so much so that I must ask you one more time not to send The Oracle a self-addressed stamped envelope. Just ask your question and watch the future issues of Radio Mirror for the answer. Also, I want to tell you not to send money to Radio Mirror with a request for photos of the radio stars. We do not supply these pictures. You must write to the stars themselves.


Angelo I., Buffalo, New York—Sorry 'bout that personal reply. You can now reach Dave Rubinoff at the National Broadcasting studios, Rockefeller Plaza, New York and Guy Lombardo's address is in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

"Millie," Philadelphia, Pa.—Pinkie Mitchell and Jackie Heller are different people. Nick Lucas is not on the air at present. The last we heard of him, he was making some movie shorts.

Betty of Narberth, Pa.—The incidental parts in the Bill and Ginger program are played by Arthur O. Bryan who also writes and directs the show.

Miss Pauline S., Phila., Pa.—The 45 Minutes in Hollywood program has been discontinued for some time. Stella and her fellas are Stella Friend, Paul Gibbon, Charles Leitch and Roy Ringwald.

Anna B., Jeaneville, Pa.—Don Ameche is not on the Betty and Bob show anymore. However, he's still on Grand Hotel and First Nighter. Betty is played by Elizabeth Reller.

Mrs. R. J., Bartlett, Texas—The part of Eileen Moran in Today's Children is played by Irene Wicker and you can address her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Jean D., Omaha, Nebr.—Joey Nash is now singing with the Major Bowes' Capitol Family Sunday mornings. He's also on a new NBC program called Music in the Morgan Manner.

A Radio Bug, Brainerd, Minn.—Red Nichols plays for the Kellogg College From broadcasts over the National networks on Friday nights and of course he's sponsored.

Mary Boots H., Baltimore, Md.—Although I have already answered a query on Jerry Cooper a short while back, I couldn't say no to your plea. Jerry is in his middle twenties. His hair is brown, eyes blue and he's definitely good-looking. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Mrs. S. O., Waco, Texas—Ted Malone of Between the Book Ends is twenty-seven years old, weight 175 pounds, height five-foot-nine. Ted was born in Colorado Springs, Col., went to high school and college in Missouri; has light hair and blue eyes, and is married to his first date.

Leon M., Jr., Florence, S. C.—Phil Ohman and Victor Arden have split. Yes, Victor Arden now has his own orchestra and plays and directs for Columbia's Broadway Varieties. We heard that Phil Ohman is in California. One of the team of Arden & Arden on the American Album of Familiar Music program is Victor.

Mrs. R. Q., Miss Grace and Anna C., Bethlehem, Pa.—Anna B., of Jeaneville, Pa. asked first. Read her answer and find what you want to know.

K. McB., Mansfield, O.—The amateurs who go on the Sunday night Major Bowes Hour, are rehearsed Sunday afternoon. Did you read the Editor's Reflections in the Radio Mirror on page 4?

Mrs. Blanche J., Tempe, Arizona—As far as the Oracle can find out, Muriel Wilson is not married. The last news heard was that she was engaged to Fred Hufsmith, radio tenor.

Virginia D., Union City, N. J.—Write to James Meighan in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. I'm sure he'll send you his photograph.

Miss Tiny N., New Haven, Conn.—Ben Bernie and all the lads broadcast from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza. A letter addressed to Mr. Bernie there will reach him.

Unsigned, New York, N. Y.—I'd suggest that you write to Mr. Carlton E. Morse who authors the scripts of One Man's Family. He might help you in getting the preceding chapters of the story.

Miss Sue L., New Rochelle, New York—You were right about Peggy Allenby. Address her in care of the NBC Studios, Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. (Continued on page 98)
We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

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12 NOON 1PM 2PM

1:00 Church of the Air: Mon.-Fri., NBC network

Hosts Counsel: Mon.-Fri., NBC network

George Hall's Orphans: Mon.-Fri., WABC network and network

Bette Midler: Mon.-Fri., NBC network

Matinee Memories: Mon.-Fri., NBC and network

Savitt/Serenade: Mon.-Fri., WABC and network

1:30 Musical Notes: Mon.-Fri., NBC network

Pete Woolery Orch: 1:30, WABC and network

Between the Bookends: 1:30, WABC network

2:00 J4 Broadway: Mon.-Fri., 1:30, WABC network

2:30 The Big Band: Mon.-Fri., 2:30, WABC network

3:00 Radioshow: Mon.-Fri., 3:00, WABC network

4:00 Commercial峤: Mon.-Fri., 4:00, WABC network

Cleveland String Quartet: Tues., 4:00, WABC network

Salvation Army Band: Thurs., 4:00, WABC network

Simpson Institute: Mon.-Fri., 4:00, WABC network

5:00 Commercial峤: Mon.-Fri., 5:00, WABC network

6:00_television: Mon.-Fri., 6:00, WABC network

COLUMBIA BROAD

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)

2. Read down the column for the programs which are in bold type.

3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviated columns.

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list on the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Central, and Coast; NBC—the following pages—into Red and Blue Basic, and six supplementary groups—Southwest, Southeast, South Central, Northwest, Coast, and Canad.)

2. If the program reads the station list after it, and see if your group is included.

3. If your station is not listed on the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour column.

4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page.

5PM 6PM

5:00 Melodians: Sun., 5:00, NBC network

Terry and Ted: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., WABC network

Jimmy Farrell: Tues., Thurs., 5:00, WABC network

Clyde Barrow: Wed., Fri., 5:00, WABC network

5:30 Crumit & Sanders: Sun., 5:30, NBC network

5:45 The Goldbergs: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 5:45, WABC network

Julio Sanderson and Frost Crumit started their sixth year for the same sponsor on January 5. . . . Buck Rogers, under the sponsorship of the cereal company which once brought them to Hollywood, is now on a Monday, Wednesday, Friday schedule at 6. The cost is unchanged, with Curtis Amick, Art Briesch, William Melcher and others carrying their old roles, and possibly some from the point where their last sponsor left off.

The Goldbergs are back again—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 5:45, WABC network
Radio Mirror

7PM

6:00 Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun., 5 hr.
Basic plus coast, WAAB WOOC. WBGK WWOD.
166 WABC WEDC.

6:30 Bobby Benson: Mon., Wed., Fri., 3 hr.
Basic plus coast, WAAB WABC WGR.

6:45 Vanished Voices: Mon., Wed., Fri., 3 hr.
Basic plus coast, WAAB WABC WGR.

6:15 Fred Warings show became two shows around the middle of January, half an hour if it remained on NBC network.

7PM

6:00 Among some of the major changes, Columbia, instead of remaining on NBC this hour, has decided to show the program every Wednesday at 10:00 and stick to its original time, Thursdays.

6:05 Section Experience: Sun., 4 hr.
Basic plus coast, WABC WGR.

6:15 Fred Warings show became two shows around the middle of January, half an hour if it remained on NBC network.

6:30 Pick and Pat Mon., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WAAB WABC WWOD.

8PM

7:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun., 16 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

7:30 Oddfellowly: Mon., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

8:00 Guy Lombardo: Mon., 16 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

8:30 Red Horse Tavern: Fri., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

9PM

7:00 Johnny Newcomb: Mon., 15 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

7:45 Carole Lombard: Mon., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

9:00 Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun., 1 hr.
Entire network.

9:30 Fred Warings show became two shows around the middle of January, half an hour if it remained on NBC network.

10PM

7:00 Raymond Scott: Mon., 16 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

8:00 Patti Chapin: Thurs., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

11PM

6:00 Abbe Lane: Sun., 1 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

6:30 Bobby Benson: Mon., Wed., Fri., 3 hr.
Basic plus coast, WAAB WABC WGR.

7:00 Al Gaddin: Mon., Wed., Fri., 3 hr.
Basic plus coast, WAAB WABC WGR.

7:30 Patti Chapin: Thurs., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

8:00 Tunes of the Time: Mon., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

8:30 Fred Warings show became two shows around the middle of January, half an hour if it remained on NBC network.

9PM

7:00 Jimmy Durante: Mon., 16 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

8:00 Patti Chapin: Thurs., 14 hr.
Basic plus coast, WGR WDCX WABC.

9:00 Fred Warings show became two shows around the middle of January, half an hour if it remained on NBC network.
3 Common Skin Faults

with the same Starting Place—Your Under Skin

Ask any girl what skin fault bothers her most—a surprise, if it isn’t one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

All three have the same secret beginnings—in the under layers of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, where they start—and you have the key to getting rid of them.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are overworked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

But it’s simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty underskin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use of Pond’s Cold Cream. For, Pond’s specially processed oils sink deep—loosen that clogging matter. As you pat it in smartly, you reach your underskin—stimulate it deep down!

Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond’s Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Pat it in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond’s patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. Your whole face takes on new winning charm!

Pond’s Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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

POND’S, Dept. C131, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose ten to cover postage and packing.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City__________________________State__________________________

Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company
Do Women Rule Radio?

(Continued from page 27)

dumbest chorine ever introduced over the air. She can do anything but sing, and now she is going to sing.

And then Fay Carroll sang and sang well. She wasn’t unhappy over what NTG had said, for she knew he didn’t mean a word of it. But the women listeners that night were stunned and furious. Letters poured in condemning NTG for speaking so cruelly to the little singer. Was he trying to break the hearts of the girls on his program?

Of course he wasn’t. Instead he was doing everything he could to set them on the road to stardom. But he realized, from those letters, that the audience would not tolerate the sort of satirical humor which had clicked when he played in night clubs. And from that day on the whole tone of the program changed. NTG never “rode” the girls again, but was very gentle with them.

Women will not stand for any suggestive remarks on the air or even for the subtlest innuendoes. Broadcasters bend every effort toward keeping the air 100 per cent pure. At NBC, for instance, there’s a special department under the supervision of Janet MacRorie which is entrusted with the delicate task of seeing that all scripts are free of offense before they go on the air.

In spite of the greatest care, things occasionally go awry. For instance, once Miriam Hopkins broadcast a soliloquy by Dorothy Parker about a girl waiting for her lover to phone her. Remembering that several years ago another actress had read the same script over the air and no one had objected, the script acceptance department approved it. But this time, differently interpreted, the soliloquy of the heart-broken girl brought down a storm of denunciation. No sooner had Miriam Hopkins’ last impassioned appeal gone over the air, than the studio was flooded with protests. Telegrams and telephone calls poured in from irate women. No one can account for it. The general feeling, however, was that Miriam had given the story too serious and passionate an interpretation.

Yet in a few hours she must re-broadcast the program for the West Coast! And here were all these women protesting! There was only one thing to do. Change the script! And in those few brief hours, it was carefully blue-pencilled, so that when Miriam went on the air again, her script was completely inoffensive.

In one small town a local station put on a program advertising liquor. One woman, feeling that a program of this nature did not belong on the air, went to the owners of the station and said that if they continued to run the liquor program, she would organize all the women in town and persuade them to boycott every product advertised over that station. Her threat worked! The owner of the station went to the sponsor and begged him to take his program off the air.

Over at WMCA, a local station in New York, the executives talked excitedly about the program the Minsky Brothers had suggested, which was to introduce new talent from the burlesque houses. Rude songs, of course, would be barred. As soon as the idea was made public, women rose up in arms. They bombarded the executives of WMCA with objections. Was radio, they demanded, willing to be associated with burlesque? Discouraged by the avalanche of protests, the WMCA executives gave up the plan. The show

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds two marvelous dirt-looseners — richer, golden soap with lots of naptha added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out.

Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it’s easier on hands—because there’s soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer’s.

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray”

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
HEART-BROKEN
... until she took
her dentist's advice

WHEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...

SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?

RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROP-ERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!

I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO OLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.

NO USE STRIVING HER ALONG, SHE'S A SWELL GIRL... BUT HER BREATH!

I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!

IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...

LATER

BABES, LET'S GO OUTSIDE... I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.

I' D LOVE TO... WITH YOU.!

THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE!

AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE SURE you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue— which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel— makes teeth sparkle.

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

Colgate
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20c LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much.

35c

You see, it was this way. Introduced over a local station in New York, the program known as Your Lover stirred up a great deal of criticism. It seemed to many people that this program, with its imaginary love-making by an imaginary lover, was the ultimate in bad taste. It had such lines as this: "Hello—mine. You are mine—at least I think so. Care? Oh, it's grand to be here with you—you don't know how I've missed you. You know, this is just like calling you on the 'phone, only lots nicer. I'll say 'Hello darling' to you—and you say—well, what I hope you'll say—will you? 'Hello darling. . . you say it?'

The program sold many bottles of a liquid cleanser for its sponsor and brought in an avalanche of mail. A new sponsor now began to dicker for the program, with the idea of introducing it over a national network.

"Do you know what this program's star did?" an executive at NBC told me. "He brought in the fan letters he'd received and triumphantly laid them on the desks of the program executives. The letters were so hot they scorched the desks!"

The executives, putting their heads together, decided: "This program must never go out on our network as a national program! Of course there are women who will write in response to such a program as this. But think of all the women who won't even tune it in."

Consequently, Your Lover never became a national program. But perhaps the greatest radio upheaval caused by women was in the field of children's programs. Two years ago a group of women in Scarsdale, New York, organized against the blood-and-thunder children's shows.

Killer Kane was running rampant, shrieking, "Now I've got you, Buck Rogers, I will disintegrate you!" Little Orphan Annie was kidnapped by villains and imprisoned in a lonely hut in the woods. Jack Armstrong, "a typical American boy," encountered gangsters, counter-
feathers, smugglers and knaves and thieves of all kinds.

It was against this tendency that the mothers of Scarsdale protested. At first the broadcasting officials were inclined to disregard the handful of Scarsdale women who tried to tell them how to run their business. Secretly they believed that these women were a little hysterical, and that the children who could be harmed were few and far between. How were they to know that the complaint of the Scarsdale women wasn’t just a local idea? They learned soon enough!

Out in Michigan the Child Study Association met and decided that these shows were harming their children, too. And they sat down and told the officials about it in no uncertain terms. But wisely, they also wrote to the sponsors of the programs of which they approved, telling them how grateful they were for constructive children’s programs like the Singing Lady.

FINALLY the Women’s National Radio Committee was organized, with fifteen million women from women’s organizations all over the country. They, too, protested.

And so CBS began to clean up the children’s programs, under the direction of an advisory board and a noted psychologist, Dr. Arthur T. Jersild, assistant professor of education at Columbia University. NBC too, took action and added five new series of model programs for children.

And it’s you, women listeners, who have accomplished this!

Do you boss the air waves? Because you’re the paying customer, you usually are in a position to advise what shall and what shall not go out over the airwaves. You can use your power to build or weaken programs. Use it wisely.

**WHY LIFE IS EASY FOR THOSE EASY Aces**

In next month’s RADIO MIRROR — an intimate story about the couple who began their radio career as a gag. Did you know that they don’t care whether anybody listens or not? That they “throw away” their best lines? You’ll find a new slant on how comedians get that way when you read

"The Take-It-Easy Aces" — in the April RADIO MIRROR

---

**They also were lovely to look at... but**

**She was so Dainty... so Alluringly Fragrant**

**She knew this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . fragrant baths with Cashmere Bouquet!**

HOW wise to guard your personal daintiness this lovelier, more feminine way! Bathe with this exquisite scented soap that keeps you always fragrantly dainty!

Cashmere Bouquet’s deep-cleansing lather frees you completely from any danger of body odor . . . Makes you so immaculately sweet and clean.

Then — long after your bath — the delicate, flower-like perfume of this creamy-white soap still lingers . . . Clings about you gloriously, giving you new, appealing charm.

You will want to use this fine, pure soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

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

Why not order three cakes today? Sold at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

**NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size**

**Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet**

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING
The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are immediate, and it is amazingly economical.

Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the immediate result obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the same thing for the entire body.

And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine sandpapering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Success Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

Paul Whiteman believes in action, and a childhood prayer!

"It all started at Tate’s cafe in San Francisco. I was thrown out because I refused to play jazz. It sounded more like just plain noise to me. I soon realized, however, that if I couldn’t make a go of it, I would never get anywhere. So I began to arrange jazz in my own way.

"My big chance came when I was given an opportunity to appear at Town Hall. The elite of the East had gathered to hear what this fellow Whiteman had in mind when he spoke about the symphonic arrangement of jazz. In the half hour that preceded my appearance, I must have lost weight at the rate of a pound a minute. While walking about nervously, I suddenly remembered that as a kid, I had relieved myself in time of stress by saying a prayer. So I repeated one of my childhood prayers. It did the trick! Funny, but I believe that little prayer was one of the reasons our program was received so enthusiastically that evening. It surely quieted me. If I get in another spot I’ll use it again."

Be sure you have plenty of friends and relatives who will see to it that you don’t stop working, is Francia White’s favorite recipe for success.

"When I first started singing," Francia told me, "I was fortunate in having plenty of people who kept at my heels every minute. They were all twenty times more determined that I would amount to something than I was. They made me study; they screeched at me if I neglected even practising; they fought with everyone who told them I could never become a singer. There I was on a pedestal. I had to make good, or break a few dozen hearts.

"If you have any friends or relatives who think you have talent, believe them — and then go home and practise. You’ll succeed!"

So, like your choice. Choose any of these formulas you may fancy, and be assured something’s bound to happen.

NEXT MONTH:

WHAT AI PEARCE HAS DONE FOR HIS GANG

It’s a story you’ve never read — it’s heart-warming and eye-opening — the truth about radio’s only "family."

WATCH FOR IT!
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 10)

fail to find the ball and Major would later
recover it and sell it back to Cobb.

It was a really lucrative racket until Cobb
discovered it and decided to clean
up the boy's ethics. He pounded honesty
into the kid, made him join the Boy
Scouts, the Y, M, C, A, and the church.
A young minister caught the lad's fancy
—he played ball and rough-house with
the kids—and, boylike, Major made the
ingram's kid. Came the day when
the minister took over an executive posi-
tion in a southern church college. Major
decided he wanted to follow. But being
poor he had to raise the money, Cobb
and his friends provided funds and Major
entered the college. There he rapidly de-
developed his flair for entertaining. Local
theater men offered him a job on the
stage and he jumped at the chance, dis-
arding both religious training and college
education for the opportunity.

Cobb is very proud of the lad and still
takes a personal interest in his career.

* * *

WENDELL HALL is the only radio
headliner who consistently directs
his orchestra with his feet. The feet were
pressed into service when Hall found that
his contract for his new show called for
him to direct his orchestra, sing and play
the uke—all at once. Playing the uke
eliminated the use of his hands, and the
microphone technique of singing, his head.
So there was nothing else to do but use his
number twelves. They work fine, the
lanky, red-headed music maker says. But
vigorously swinging his feet, while seated
on a hard studio chair is the reason for
ordering an extra pair of trousers with his
suits.

* * *

GALE PAGE, NBC contractee, recently
was made Honorary Captain of the
122nd Field Artillery Lancers at exer-
cises staged at the Armory, Chicago
Avenue and the lake.

* * *

ONE taxi cab, in good running condi-
tion, is waiting in Chicago for Abe
Lyman, the celebrated maestro of radio
and "Ashes of Roses," and the writer
him in New York upon receipt of ship-
ing instructions . . . and his check to
cover transportation costs. Eighteen
years ago Abe, a Chicago boy, told a
joke about the streets of Chicago for the
Shaw Taxi Company, forerunner of the
present Yellow Cab Company. He was a
good cabbie, too, according to the man
who hired him because he was "honest
looking and polite."

* * *

MAJOR Edward J. Kelly of Chicago
and Barney Ross, welterweight
champion of the world, were among the
distinguished guests recently at the broad-
cast of the Greater Sinclair Minstrels.
The occasion was the debut of Gus Van,
former of the team of Van and Schenck,
as interlocutor.

* * *

ONE of Irma Glen's listeners has
written a book about Irma. It is
called "Ashes of Roses," and the writer
got her material from what she has read
about Irma in newspapers and magazines.

DON'T you often find yourself
being called a blonde by some—"not a
blonde" by others? This girl, too
Her hair still has some of its baby
blondeness. Her skin is very fair. Yet,
with the powder she used, she looked
mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a
blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It
made her over! Her skin brightened
with a delicate flush, a luminous look.
She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural
lights up my skin so much that even
my hair and eyes have more of that
true-blonde sparkle!"

New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes
—one of the other Pond's shades will do
for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible.
With an optical machine (see small pic-
ture above) Pond's color-analyzed over
200 girls' skin—all types. They saw
what Nature uses to bring beauty. Ac-
ual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A
hidden tint of brighth blue gives it that
dazzling transparency. While a creamy
skin gets its glowing enchantment from
a hidden note of brilliant green!

Now Pond's has invisibly blended
these beauty tints into new, different
shades of powder. Thus, you can powder

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find
hidden beauty tints—now blended in-
visibly in Pond's new powder shades!

"life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale
skins, sallow and florid—each gets the
very tint it needs from one of these . .

NATURAL brings a fine transparency
ROSE CREAM brings a brighter radiance
BRUNETTE brings soft, creamy clarity
LIGHT CREAM brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings.
Glass jars show shades, keep the perf-
fume. Prices reduced—35c and 70c.
Boxes, 10c and 20c, increased in size.

FREE

5 Lively New Shades
Mail coupon today
(This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C132, Clinton, Conn. Please
rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new
Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day
test.

Name
Street
City State

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
To spank or not to spank?

Would you punish a child for this?

Should a child be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working with the child—not against him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—Fletcher's Castoria!

Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. And that's mighty important. For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.

But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is...Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives, Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will never cause griping pains.

Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

ETHEL BARRYMORE, noted stage and film star, stopped in Chicago recently to witness the broadcast of "Grand Hotel." She was the guest of Anne Seymour, leading lady of the series. Many friends and autograph seekers greeted the famous actress as she emerged with Miss Seymour from the studio. "Miss Seymour's family and mine are related by theatrical tradition," explained Miss Barrymore in connection with her visit. Both Miss Seymour and her mother, also a noted actress, played with Miss Barrymore at one time.

WHEN former Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson was a colonel commanding the 31st Field Artillery at Camp Meade, Maryland, during the World War, he was very proud of that outfit's band. Its bandmaster was a youth named William R. Mills. Recently when the former cabinet member spoke over the Columbia network the "stand by" music came from Chicago. Director of that orchestra was the same William R. (Billy) Mills, who now is orchestral director in Columbia's WBBM studios, Chicago.

Miss Mary Marlin:

My mother is a faithful listener of your program which is now on at eleven-thirty, just the time I come home for lunch and starve. How about changing your program to an earlier or later hour, so my lunch will be ready when I come and I can get back to school and get a little exercise?

Thanking you kindly,

Bob Sivens, 2815 Whittier St. St. Louis, Mo.

It was the success of Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers at the Drake Hotel which decided that hotel's bosses to open up the Blackstone Hotel as a dine-dance spot. During his first few months in Chicago, Heidt broke all the records established at the Drake by predecessors and then he went right on to break his own records. Only two leading bands feature the harp—Horace Heidt in Chicago and Richard Himber in New York.

I CAN remember not so long ago when Niela Goodelle used to sing with Buddy Rogers' orchestra at Chicago's College Inn and over NBC stations from that spot. Nobody thought very much of her work there and then. Yet, later, the Broadway shows adopted her and shortly she had her own commercial network radio series—just goes to show you how much the experts know about the future of any entertainer.

ALTHOUGH Murray Forbes has been a bookkeeper, vodvil stock company actor, salesman in a store and finally a very successful stock broker until the crash of 1929 wiped out his paper profits, the thing that he has enjoyed doing above all else in his life has been playing the part of Al Hoftingham in "The Hoofinghams," Chicago NBC comedy show which became very popular with midwest radio audiences.

KATHERINE AVERY, who has been imitating Greta Garbo's voice with such startling realism in her Sentimental Selma series over WBBM, received per-
mission from the famous Swedish screen star to do so.

* * *

VINTON HAWORTH, who is Jack Arnold to Myrt and Marjorie fans, is the proud father of a baby boy, Vinton, Jr., born at the Woodlawn hospital. Weight 7 pounds, 14 ounces.

* * *

TIME was when Ethel Shutta and Jack Benny worked on the same commercial network radio series. In fact Ethel, who has been singing over WBBM and the Columbia network with her husband, George Olsen, and the Olsen band from College Inn in Chicago, was Jack's first lady singer long before Mary Livingston became famous.

It was during that radio series a few years ago that Jack asked Ethel if she minded if he brought his wife on the show for just a few lines. Of course Ethel didn't mind. So Sadie Benny was introduced as a goofy girl who was simply crazy over Jack Benny. She did only a few lines.

The next week the same thing happened again. Sadie was introduced under the stage name of Mary Livingston. Ethel left the series soon afterwards to fulfill other contracts. By that time Mary Livingston had suddenly become so popular that she had a radio fan following of her own!

* * *

DEANE JANIS, who recently became vocal star of Walter O'Keefe's Tuesday and Thursday CBS program was selected as the most popular air songstress by three Mid-Western Universities—Oklahoma State, Chicago and Ohio.

* * *

JACK BROOKS, Chicago CBS tenor, and Helen Keppler of the Chicago CBS music library staff, were married recently in Chicago with Howard Neumiller, noted Chicago CBS pianist, as best man. All plans to keep the wedding secret were disrupted the next afternoon when Milton Charles, organist, liberally sprinkled strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March" throughout his accompaniments of Jack Brooks' songs during the Old Setting Room Frolics broadcast over WBBM.

WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN YOU TASTE IT!

"A MILLIONAIRE'S DISH" is exactly right. If you had a high-priced chef in your kitchen, he couldn't prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato puree is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

Costs less than home-cooked

Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved.

No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes better than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

Delicious "economy" meals

Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king. And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The amazing story of the man who was the favorite of millions thirty years ago, when he was one of the first people to become a Hollywood legend through his lavish spending and vital personality. Why hasn't he made a picture for years, even though fans everywhere will never forget him? Learn the answer in THE TRUE STORY OF RADIO'S FRANCIS X. BUSH-MAN, in April Radio Mirror.
It's thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc...It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"...And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!
KNX is once more the address of eliminative Loyal Underwood who has been there for many seasons with cowboy groups as M. C. Now he is in the office but will be heard over the air once in awhile, though the cowboy raiment and ten gallon hat repose in the closet.

DAVE DUNN, slender, dark-haired KFI singer of twenty-five years, was born in this country but went to school in Canada with Moose Jaw’s Central Collegiate as his alma mater. Five years ago he began to sing in a Chicago nite spot and journeyed to the West Coast a few months ago.

HAROLD DANA has staged a glorious comeback. A delicate throat operation took him from the microphone a couple of years ago, but now he is with NBC again on the Coast, and spends a good deal of time in the garden of his Woodside home. He was born in Redlands, Cal., where he was a boy soprano in the church choir. He was a radio operator during the war and then became a baritone singer for a career.

MARJorie BEATTY, pretty vocalist with Paul Pendervis’ Orchestra in San Francisco, is on the air again. When she suffered a relapse from an appendicitis operation all the lads in the orchestra volunteered for blood transfusion. But none of them fitted the blood classification of Miss Beatty. So up stepped Griff Williams’ Orchestra from another hostelery and Buddy Moreno, singer, guitar player, was picked for the transfusion process.

TWO NBC drama ladies are coming back into the limelight of broadcast in the new Hawthorne House serial, which some folks think is going to rival the same network’s One Man’s Family some of these days.

Mrs. Sherwood, who presides over the destines of Hawthorne House, is Pearl King Tanner, who has been on the air since the early days of KGO. She was reared in an atmosphere of colorful romance. Her father owned the famous San Lorenzo Rancho, the center of which is now King City, Cal. Sarah Bernhardt often visited the hacienda on her trips to the Coast.

Olive West portrays Grandma Listen of Hawthorne House, the little old lady whose pungent philosophy has won a place for her in the hearts of the audience. Miss West is a direct descendant of Miles Standish and Priscilla Alden. She made her stage debut in 1879 at the old Grand Opera House in San Francisco at the age of thirteen. In 1926 she entered radio...earliest air hit as Jerusha Scroggins in Memory Lane.

JUSt discovered the name of Barney Gordon who has been helping out E. Cantor, Esq., on his CBS stint as the crazy Russian. He is Bert Gordon, known to vaudeville goers for a couple of generations.

ROUGH “POWDER CATCHERS” Melt Away

SKIN FEELS BABY-SOFT... SMOOTH
You know those flaky little bits that rough up your skin?—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers! They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off the top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin’s way of throwing off old dead cells.

Then how can skin come smooth?
You can melt away those powder catchers!
A leading dermatologist says:
"Although cells on surface skin are constantly flaking off, becoming hard, they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the young cells beneath come into view and the skin has the smoothness of a child's.

Do this yourself with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It has that keratolytic property which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond’s Vanishing Cream smooths skin so quickly!

Touch it to your face. Then and when you feel every roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Powder can’t "catch" on a skin like this!

For a smooth make-up—Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond’s Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catch ing roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly and clings.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you’ll find your skin decidedly softer!

Fornade of Pond’s Vanishing Cream melts away roughnesses...keeps my skin smooth for powder.

8-Piece Package

POND’S, Dept. CMA, Clinton, Conn. Rug, 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond’s Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. 1 enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name __________________________
City __________________________
State __________________________

Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, Granddaughter of Mrs. JAMES ROOSEVELT, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away roughnesses...keeps my skin smooth for powder...your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer!"
Las Joy, though Lew's name is really Llewellyn. They were born in Chehalis, Wash., and later moved to Seattle. Nine years ago, just as the youngsters were entering their 'teens, their father was killed in a railroad accident.

They worked their way through school by singing and then toured the north-west in theater work. They are new additions to the NBC staff with songs and a guitar. Though schooled in the classics, they don't hesitate to say they like popular tunes the best.

* * *

Bob Burns took his post with the new Crosby program the first of the year. Bob was one of the Los Angeles radio people who had to go East to be appreciated out on the Coast. Without copious notes, he has a homely philosophy and mellow humor.

Your Announcer Is:

Ted Husing

Born in New Mexico thirty-five years ago and christened Edward Britt Husing, Ted was educated mostly in New York City's Stuyvesant High School. After the Armistice was signed, Husing decided to see the world. He got as far west as the Kansas wheat fields, turned back and landed in Florida, flatter broke than usual. To get three meals a day and a pair of shiny boots, he joined the army aviation school. After an arduous practice period Ted returned to New York. For a while he took a hand at soap-box orating, then became a pilot again until he cracked up his first ship. He then decided to quit. At this time Husing got his first job at WJZ because he could talk longer than other applicants. In later years he distinguished himself as the best known sports announcer in the country, especially in football. He now announces Columbia's Burns & Allen program, the Camel Caravan and his own show, called Ted Husing and the Charioteers. Next month, incidentally, Radio Mirror will carry a new feature story on Ted which will answer all the questions you have been asking.
to radio columnists and editors. Why anybody should cherish evil thoughts against so lovely a young person as Dolly is beyond the ken of your correspondent. Nevertheless, we are ready to do our duty as a good citizen in this matter and volunteer our aid in helping to run down the culprit. Especially as Maestro Hall, justly indignant at the attacks upon his fair star, offers $1,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the vile wretch. You'd be surprised to learn what good use we could make of a grand right now.

* * *

Postscripts

Billie Burke, widow of the famous Flo Ziegfeld, in an aerial shot using the name of Ziegfeld Follies, was in prospect when this edition of Radio Mirror went to press. . . . Another new Metropolitan Opera Company quintet was also a possibility. Josephine Antone, soprano, Rose Bampton, contralto, Frederick Jagel, tenor, and Richard Bonelli, baritone, are the personnel.

Inmates of the Illinois State Prison at Joliet, III., have organized a broadcasting unit and go on the air regularly with a 35-piece band. Like all radio performers they have a theme song. It is “The Prisoner’s Song”—and that’s no gag, either.

Phil Baker, a south-paw, plays a specially constructed left-handed accordion, which is impossible for right-handed accordionists to manipulate . . . . Walter Winchell and Graham McNamee are left-handers, too, but it is about the only thing they have in common. They have been feuding for years.

Fritzi Schell, once “The Little Devil of Grand Opera,” is staging a magnificent comeback, thanks to the magic radio. But she still retains her old eccentricity—she absolutely refuses to pose for photographs unless she is wearing a hat. . . .

The jinx still pursues True Story’s Court of Human Relations cast. The eleventh victim, Bill Sweats, the producer of the series, sustained a fractured shin in a motor accident.

Lucille Singleton, who has charge of auditions for CBS, is authority for the statement that only one out of every 500 air aspirants who do their stuff for her ever get anywhere in radio . . . . Alfred C. McCosker, chairman of the Mutual Broadcasting Company and President of WOR, once was office boy to Arthur Brisbane, the editor, and Bruno Lessing, the popular author.

Fred Allen types letters to intimates in lower case like this: mr. m. haylesworth, president rbc, radio city, nyc. The reason: he doesn’t want to be classified as a Capitalist! . . . Don Bestor, back in the good graces of the musicians’ union, is now broadcasting from Montreal . . . .

Arthur Pryor Jr., advertising agency executive who produces The March of Time, used to play cornet in his father’s famous band.

Is Jack Benny on his way to the radio Valhalla, there to meet Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl and Joe Penner among other departed heroes of the comic kilocycles? Anxiety over Jack’s future was occasioned (when this was written) by three bad broadcasts in a row—and three is just two too many.

It is trite—and not quite true—to say the public is fickle, its fancy soon turns and it delights in toppling over idols. Benny’s own record in winning all kinds of polls over so many years disproves such
Women ask me why Kotex can’t chafe—can’t fail—can’t show

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of “Marie’s May’s Twelfth Birthday”

Can’t chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. This Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can’t fail

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

Can’t show

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

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>REGULAR</th>
<th>JUNIOR</th>
<th>SUPER</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.</td>
<td>Somewhat narrower—for some women and when less protection is needed. Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In BLUE BOX</td>
<td>In GREEN BOX</td>
<td>In BROWN BOX</td>
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WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellulocotton (not cotton)

contentions. Something, then, must have happened to make me feel the change—public sentiment. And to this observer one doesn’t have to look further than the scripts to find the cause.

However, that is only one person’s opinion and there may be other, and better, explanations. One commentator suggests Benny is trying to do too much, making movies, personal appearances in theaters and broadcasting all at the same time. Another advances the theory that the wit and humor have faded from Harry Conn’s continuity because he is now writing picture scenarios and hasn’t the time to concentrate as he once did on the Benny broadcasts.

A PROPOS of Benny’s plight, I am reminded of a crack made by Ray Knight, the cuckoo comedian. Ray saw Gracie Allen being escorted into a restaurant by hubby George Burns, his brother. Will, John P. Medbury, Eugene Conrad and Harvey Helm, all five of whom write the comedy that goes into a single Burns-Al len broadcast. “Gracie may be the nitwit of the network,” exclaimed Knight, “but I notice she likes to keep her wits about her!”

BAND leaders often get a mad on when they think a rival is infringing on their orchestral style. But the first feud ever to come to your correspondent’s attention because one bandleader didn’t imitate another is that raging between Fred Waring and Hal Kemp. It seems some time ago Waring, with considerable fanfare about it, conducted a concert in the Kemp manner. Then the Colonel (by grace of Phil Baker and the Governor of Kentucky), announced he would imitate Waring. That was weeks and weeks ago and still Kemp hasn’t imitated the Pennsylvanian on the air. The result is Men's, Kemp and Waring now pass each other in the corridors of the Columbia building without so much as a nod of recognition.

NAT ABRAMSON, head of WOR’s artist bureau, is in violent disagreement with the once much advertised notion that it is fun to be fooled. It is all because of a little trick played on him the other day by studio associates. Abramson was listening in his office to air aspirants being auditioned in another room beyond his sight. A tenor went on the air and at the conclusion of the number Nat rendered his verdict over the office loudspeaker. “Lousy,” he bellowed. “We got better voices on our own staff.”

And was his face red when he learned he had heard a phonograph record of the glorious voice of the one and only Caruso!

BEHIND the split-second precision with which the networks project their programs often lurks drama no listener suspects. Such was the case the other day when Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch went out on the ether amid circumstances far more dramatic than the episode itself. Due on the air at 11:30 a.m., the script didn’t reach the actors until 11:28. Without benefit of even a chance to read over their parts, let alone rehearse them, the players got under way. To make the tension more so, only the first few pages of the sequence had been received and the cast continued with messengers dashing into the studio, actually fetching a character at a time. Still the broadcast ended right on the nose, as the argot of the air castles has it, and the great listening public realized the ignorance of the near-tragedy behind the scenes.
In your pursuit of Beauty
give your skin

THIS GERM-FREE CARE!

Woodbury's Beauty Creams
stay lastingly germ-free...
help protect against blemish

Out for a jaunt in the crisp, cold air... home again to dress for a dance. Day after day a full program. But never can you neglect your skin... never permit the lines of fatigue to creep in, nor a blemish to destroy your charm!

That's where Woodbury's Cold Cream can help so much! It cleanses deeply... softens the tissues. Helps protect your skin, too, against dryness and blemish.

Woodbury's Cold Cream is germ-free! It contains a special element that destroys germ-growth. And this is important, for many blemishes are caused by germs.

Element 576, a second exclusive ingredient of this famous cold cream, aids in combating skin dryness.

For a finishing cream, a base for your powder and rouge, none is more flattering in results than Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream.

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

$1.00 PRIZE
A Vote of Thanks

A rising vote of thanks to Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Rudy Vallee and quite too few others who are bringing the legitimate stage to radio.

The music lovers have almost a complete monopoly. Radio's forgotten men seem to be those of us, not so vastly in the minority after all, who, although we have tried to love music, are without the necessary sensitiveness to harmony and tone, but are devotees of the other arts.

There is, I believe, a demand for cultural drama on the same high plane with the plentifully produced operatic and symphonic programs. Something certainly should be done to relieve its scarcity on the air waves.

Mrs. J. R. Preston, Jackson, Miss.

$1.00 PRIZE
Lord's Simple Country Philosophy

I do not know of any program on the air that does more real good and reaches a larger cross-section of radio listeners than Seth Parker and His Jonesport Neighbor.

Protestants, Catholics and Jews listen to this delightful program presented by the National Broadcasting Company. And people of no denominational faith listen in, folks who have "soured" on church-going and pleadings from the pulpit. Phillips Lord reaches this latter class, a group which churches find very difficult to contact.

I'm sure Lord's simple country philosophy rings in the ears of his listeners long after the skit is over. More power to Seth Parker and His Neighbor.

ELMER CARROLL, Detroit, Mich.

HONORABLE MENTION
"Why do some of the orchestra leaders insist on butchering the music written by our beloved composers?"—JANET CARLETON, Kenosha, Wis.
"Can there be a limit or restriction on how many times a certain popular song may be played?"—Mrs. Merle Morkoetter, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"What has become of those highly interesting crime programs Lucky Strike used to present? Nothing holds one with such spell-bound interest as an exciting rendition of a murder or kidnapping story."—Mrs. Elwood H. Parker, Richmond, Va.

"Heads or tails! By this method I decide as to which of my two favorite programs coming on at the same hour I shall listen to."—H. Bill Williamson, Lafayette, La.

"Why do the sponsors of such a charming little sketch as Vic and Sade insist upon spoiling it by so much advertising?"—Ruth Wing, Cranford, N. J.

"The people who are always complaining (loudly) about the quality of radio entertainment, are the same people who always turn on the radio first thing in the morning (loudly) and let 'er go all day long on one station regardless of the type of program presented."—Mrs. John R. Marrott, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Here's to the Lux Radio Theater! It brings my favorite actors in enthraling plays to me without the bother of my going to them."—Mrs. Lela Freese, Upland, Ind.

"If it wasn't for the amateurs of today, where would our talent for tomorrow come from?"—Ferry H. Tuppo, Mansfield, Ohio.

"There ought to be a law against imitators of Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante and Maurice Chevalier."—Anne Robinson, Baltimore, Md.

"If radio programs are getting something, blame it on the continuous stuff."—Donald J. Lefebvre, Chicago, Ill.

COMING—

A first story on one of Chicago's greatest radio personalities—Uncle Bob. Read the fascinating life of a man who has devoted himself to his listeners, who has formed boys' clubs whose membership has reached the amazing total of 800,000, who has turned down offers of a sponsored program over a national network because he knew he could do more for his listeners as a sustaining feature on a small independent station.
Amateurs at Life

(Continued from page 50)

She could hear what Tad and Marion said and she could answer. Yet everything that was happening was cloaked in a fuzzy unreality.

Uncle Jim noticed them and came over. "I thought you'd decided against this," he told Tad. "I'd be in a fine fix if I'd gone ahead and found another amateur agent."

"What you mean is," Tad replied, "that you were so sure I'd come you left a place open for Mickey and me."

Uncle Jim smiled. "There'd always been time later to get someone else."

Then Tad introduced Marion to him. "If it hadn't been for you," she said, "Tad wouldn't have come to New York and I wouldn't have met him. I owe you a vote of thanks."

Uncle Jim left after that and walked back up on the stage. "I guess you all know what to do by this time," he said to the amateur acts. "You may know your numbers by heart, but I want you to rehearse once more. I'll call your names off now."

Again Tad unconsciously found Mickey's hand and held it. Mickey allowed herself to close her eyes. It was the first Thursday they'd come to New York. She was scared and Tad was telling her it was not as bad as the day Colgate was ahead, 6 to 0.

Tad sat quietly. Once he stole a sidewise glance at Mickey. He couldn't get over how natural it seemed to be sitting next to her. Slowly his memory turned back to those first days he and Mickey had been here. It seemed months rather than weeks. It irritated him to think that he couldn't remember any good reason why he and Mickey had parted.

"Next—Byron and Crail!"

TAD and Mickey jumped up. "Let's show them, kid, just this once more," Tad whispered.

"Good luck," Marion called, staring curiously at the pair as they made their way down the aisle. That difference in height that should have been ridiculous and never was, Tad's fairness, Mickey's Celtic darkness. And when they began their theme song, the perfect contrast of their voices.

The minute Mickey's fingers found the first chord, she knew something was happening to the team of Byron and Crail. Never had they sung so well together. They finished the first chorus and began the second—the usual signal for Tad to whistle. Instead, he continued singing. The perfect duet went on.

Mickey was not the only one to sense that something unusual was occurring on that stage of Radio City. Everyone in the studio suddenly was watching the singers, their eyes drawn by some force they didn't understand.

The number ended quite as simply, yet quite as perfectly, as it had begun. Solemnly, Tad turned to Mickey and shook her hand. If it was meant to be funny, neither of them laughed. They looked at each other without merriment. Mickey was the first to move. She slid off the bench and hurried down the stage steps. Tad followed slowly.

Marion waited until they had reached their seats, her blue eyes clouded with the first tears they had ever known. When Tad came up, she said, "May I see you two outside in the hall?" They followed her up the aisle and outside. As the doors swung back, she said, "Congratulations," and hesitated a mo-
FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of Parabhydrecin—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Parabhydrecin kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR
Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.

Feminine hygiene made easy

Nothing could be easier!
Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

ment. Neither Tad nor Mickey spoke.
"I—I guess I knew all along without admitting it that this would never work out. There's something between you I could never break up, if I were married to Tad a hundred years."

Mickey knew now what had been happening while they sang. She and Tad had been finding each other, groping blindly for some connecting link that would bind them to each other. And it was Marion who was providing the link.

"I guess," Marion went on, "that was why I wanted Tad to come to this rehearsal. I had to find out once and for all."

Impulsively Mickey's arm went around her shoulder. Marion wiped away a tear that had escaped and was running down her cheek. She reached out and took Tad's hand.

"It's a good thing you had me. It would have taken you twenty years by yourself to find out whom you loved."

Tad started to speak then thought better of it.

"Goodbye and good luck," Marion said and slipped the diamond from her finger—the diamond that was to have been her married man in the fall—taking Mickey's left hand.

"This belongs to you."

Looking up at Tad, she finished, "That engineering job Dad got for you and me. I'm giving to you two as my wedding present."

THEN she was gone, half running down the corridor to the elevator.

Tad seized Mickey roughly. "Darling," he said, "what fools we've been not to have known."

"I've known for weeks." Mickey said. Before he kissed her, he replied:

"I must have known that night at the boarding house and I was too dumb to realize."

Escaping from his grasp, her cheeks flaming with happiness, she asked him:

"But how do you know you'll make good as an engineer?"

"Have I failed you yet?" he grinned.

What Mickey would have said, if Tad hadn't kissed her again, was:

"You're impossible. You'll never change. And that must be why I love you."

The End

ANNOUNCEMENT!
We are happy to announce the names of the two winners in RADIO MIRROR'S October Autumn Style Contest, in which Fred Waring's lovely Lano Sis-
ters, Rosemary and Priscilla, modeled the latest fall frocks.

We therefore extend our congratulations to

Mrs. A. F. Corey
Van Buren, Ind.

Adaline Lippincott
Sea Bright, N. J.
Vera Van's Lost Romance
(Continued from page 38)
did more to restore Vee's health and happiness than even the famous California climate. The children's parents were so delighted with their tap-dancing and singing performances together that they decided to book them in vaudeville. So Wells and Webster, blue-eyed and blonde, looking like brother-and-sister, worked as partners behind the footlights. Their parents chaperoned them up and down the Pacific Coast from San Diego to Vancouver. They drove to engagements in the Wells automobile.

"Bill's parents drove and mother and Bill and I sat in the back," Vera recalled, "very often holding hands, too! He was so thoughtful and sweet, not like most boys that age. For instance, he knew I liked to collect toy animals and he found one for me in almost every town we played. You can imagine what a collection I had by the end of three years!"

Then, after troupings around and learning the ropes Vera began to have dreams independent of Bill. She wanted to become an actress like Ann Harding, or a musical comedy star like Marilyn Miller. Also, growing older, Vera felt an added responsibility to amount to something, so she realized that her mother had given up a great deal to bring her to California. In 1925 came an opportunity to forge ahead by herself. Fanchon and Marco offered to sign her as a single in their West Coast theaters. Vera was sad leaving Bill, but it meant advancement, increased pay and an independent career.

BILL reluctantly changed to a double act with another boy, because he could not bear to work with another girl partner. Though Vera and Bill began to travel in opposite directions, now, they wrote each other long, detailed letters about their experiences. Vera remembers one message that was fifteen pages long which she mailed him when she played the Princess Theater in Honolulu from June to August in 1928.

CINCINNATI TRIO

One of America's largest radio stations, WLW, just across the state line from Kentucky, has three young girls of whom it's pretty proud these days. Billy, Ruth, and Marjorie DeVore have their own sustaining program late at night, and fan mail for them has come all the way from distant Australia.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—
A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By Lady Esther

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient.

By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—thoroughly clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required
To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

 Lubrication, Also
As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!
All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (21)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' 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.)

73
They were planning a gala reunion in Los Angeles upon her return. But Vera discovered that she had to rush straight to Chicago with her mother to close an important contract with the Balaban and Katz theaters. Bill, hurt and disappointed, put her on the train for Chicago. Neither of them had any idea it would be more than a year before they would see each other again.

When her absence grew prolonged, Vera began to receive very serious letters from Bill—letters she read over many times backstage in theaters in Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit.

"Tell me he was tired of the theater and its lack of home life," Vera reminisced. "He planned to leave it and get established in business so that when I returned he would be in a position to ask me to marry him."

It was December, 1930, before she saw Bill again. Good offers interrupted her plans to return to the Coast. Though she was homesick for Bill, cried over his letters sometimes, she felt that good contracts simply could not be passed up. So there was a Paramount Public Tour, then many weeks as featured singer with the Yale Collegians, closing triumphantly at the Palace Theater in New York.

There, offers from night clubs cluttered her dressing room, but at last she firmly turned them down. She longed to go home and join Bill at Christmas.

She found Bill happily working around Los Angeles as a press agent. She opened, during the holidays, at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood. First time, Bill sat in the audience and she sang "Alice Blue Gown," their old number, for his benefit. Afterwards he met her at the stage entrance with a fox terrier put on a leash. His Christmas gift—a mascot for "Vee." They named him Boy.

On her closing night at the Pantages Theater, Bill came bursting backstage and executed an excited tap-dance in her dressing room. Something was up.

"What's it all about?" demanded Vera, laughing.

"I've just been offered a job to manage the Paramount Theater—and, Vee, that means—"

"A coincidence," smiled Vera. "I have just signed up to play there!"

So, once again, Wells and Webster were working in the same theater. Only "Webster" had become Vera Van, a promising new star, and Wells was ensconced in the manager's office. That is, when he wasn't hanging around Vera's dressing room waiting for a chance to persuade her to marry him.

At first, they discussed it without strain. Vera said, "Wait awhile. We're both young, so let me get this ambition out of my system, first."

Then Bill grew sombre. "I can't spend my life waiting for you to come off stage. Vera could see that he meant it. Soon, they were quarreling bitterly. Vera was inclined to give in, but she thought it foolish to be married in such an upset and over-wrought state of mind, so she deliberately left town and opened at the Olsen Club in Culver City. It would give her time to think it over, weigh it carefully.

She returned to Los Angeles in June, for a return engagement at the Paramount, still undetermined. She admitted to no one how frantically she had missed Bill.

He had left the theater to work in an advertising agency, and was beginning to taste success.

They had a rapturous reunion in Los Angeles, but "Vee" refused to say yes immediately. Her own goal as a star was a...
A BENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Standing, Jello's favorite son, Jack Benny, of the Sunday-night Benny's. Jack is looking a bit distressed over the script which his high-salaried gag man, Harry Conn, is polishing off. This picture was taken in Hollywood just before Jack's recent return to New York. Incidentally, Jack gave San Francisco network and agency officials a large-sized headache when he broadcast from there. It seemed as if everybody on both sides of the Golden Gate wanted to attend the broadcast and—there just wasn't room!

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance...that rushes unassimilated food through your system...that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused.

But...we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are too graphic. This is a family magazine...not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is correctly timed. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only one laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

A joy to take!

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax...it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again...it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDs...

Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative. At all drug stores.

PLEASE TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Place 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., 720 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
Reflections in the Radio

(Continued from page 4)

that Major Bowes, commercial radio's most outstanding personality, should sit in a darkened four by ten control room five hours every afternoon.

Think too, after reading this, of your chances of succeeding in one of these auditions. Six hundred hopefuls pass in review in that studio every six days, between the afternoon hours of one and six. That's a hundred a day the Major hears and likes or discards. Out of those six hundred, sixteen draw the lucky number, and—this is a part of the discovery—now they're flown from a small airport and are at the studio for the broadcast. There's one first prize. Perhaps two—not likely—are selected for one of the amateur units that go on the road for as long as ten weeks.

While the Major sits in the corner of that control room, looking, noting names on a small piece of paper, waving to the engineer, the amateurs outside, timed up and down the hall, pack against the walls so that stray ushers can get by, wonder if Major Bowes is really inside, is really hearing them, or whether it isn't more likely that he's left this tedious task to an assistant.

FOR your information and that of any prospective amateurs, the Major has missed just two auditions since his program went on the network. Both times it was because he had left town for openings. Once, the opening of a new hospital—the other for the opening in Boston of his first amateur movie short. At sixty-one Major Bowes is radio's hardest working star.

Westbrook Van Voorhees, the Voice of Fate (the deep, booming voice) on the March of Time programs, in Lebus' Cafe. Watch for the fascinating story on Van Voorhees' colorful life, coming in an early issue of RADIO MIRROR.

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK—WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

AMAZING gains in weight are reported all over the country with this sensational new 3-way discovery. Even if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—in just a few weeks.

And not only has this new triple-acting treatment brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

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 digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building 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 blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinky limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeiters usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IT" stamped on each tablet.

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 guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 223, Atlanta, Ga.

DOCTORS NOW KNOW THOUSANDS NEEDN'T BE SKINNY
Introducing Bob Burns

(Continued from page 19)
northern France, and when the bazooka descended upon it, it had already had about all it could stand in the way of shocks, what with invading armies, air raids, and Big Berthas. It must have been the last straw when, one dismal rainy night, the good people of Nevers first heard a noise best described as a cross between the whine of an approaching squadron of airplanes and the moan of an outraged banshee suffering from a bad cold in the head.

Hurried investigations were made, and the source of the racket turned out to be Gunnery Sergeant Robert Burns, U. S. M. C., sitting in the back of his neck in a small building next to the Théâtre Républice, happily operating a contraption made-of pipe, some wire, and a tin funnel. One piece of pipe fitted into the other, sliding back and forth like a trombone. The funnel, as the name implied, was to give the bazooka tone—or timbre, as musicians say.

Relieved, the Neversites went back to bed, shaking their heads and muttering that they'd known all along one of those crazy Americans was at the bottom of the disturbance. But that night it was one for Sergeant Burns. He'd been trying to build an instrument which would have more jazz in it than a trombone, and out-tax any saxophone, since he'd worked in a plumbing shop in Little Rock, Arkansas—and never, until that night in Nevers, had he had any luck. The bazooka, as he finally put it together, was just what he wanted—and if Nevers didn't like it, that just showed Nevers' lack of artistic appreciation.

BOB was born, as you can't help knowing if you've heard him on the air, in Van Buren, Arkansas. The comedian in him came out early, in 1905, when he was head man of his high school entertainments, and in 1909, when he and his brother Farrar organized a two-man vaudeville act with which they toured the southern states.

After that, though, he decided there might be other professions in the world he'd like better. He moved to Arkansas and became a pilot on a river boat. For a while he worked in that Little Rock plumbing shop. Then, remembering that Horace Greeley had once said something pretty much to the point, Bob went out to Utah and worked on a ranch, riding horses and chasing cattle. At this point the comedian in him broke out again, and we find him on the stage with a Salt Lake City stock company.

The next thing we knew, thumbing through the scrap book, we had in Chicago, working for the advertising department of a newspaper. Hey! I yelled, "what did you leave the Salt Lake stock company for?"

"They wanted me to play Uncle Tom." Bob had been moving around the country fairly fast, but while he was in Chicago the war caught up with him. It was a made-to-order event for anyone who liked excitement as much as he did, and he was at the recruiting office before you could take your hat off your head and get ready to drop it. He rather expected to take the next boat to Ft. France, and they sent him to a training camp at Paris Island, which is in South Carolina, and put him to work teaching recruits how to fire their rifles.

A man can't spend all his time teaching other men how to shoot. After a while, that gets very tiresome. So Bob
organized the U.S. Marine Jazz Band, and that explains how he finally got to France. If it hadn't been for the band, he'd probably have stayed in Paris Island until the Armistice. The scrap book doesn't say whether the authorities of the United States or that it might make the boys in France so mad when they heard it. They'd go right out and kick every German in sight. At any rate, Bob and his fellow Marine-musicians sailed in the summer of 1918. In rest camps behind the lines, they gave shows and entertainments for the doughboys.

"But didn't you ever get to the front?" I asked Bob.

"N.O.P.E.," was his cheerful answer.

There must have been a front somewhere, but darned if I ever saw it.

It was in the winter following the Armistice that the bazooka was born, and after that Bob was an international incident to be reckoned with. Bazooka's first public appearance, if the scrap book is to be trusted, was at a concert given at the Grande Halle de la Léonard in Toulouse, on the 205th M. P. It was the bazooka, all right, even if the program does call it a "buzuke."

It took the thing touring with his jazz band, over most of Europe. The scrap book announces that he played it for the "friendly nations"—i.e., still friendly nations—because they had finished listening to the Bazooka, they must have been amiable indeed.

Bazooka invaded the United States in the fall of 1920, when Bob brought it back and installed it and himself at the Bal Tabarin, a Broadway cabaret. A contemporary account assures us that when its first strains fell upon the ears of the Bal Tabarin's patrons, ten waltzers became conscience-stricken and returned to the patrons approximately $100 which they had short-changed. Personally, I think that was exaggerated. It was probably only $75.

After that there were several years in which Bob and his bazooka moved aimlessly around the country. Bazooka appears under a number of different names—"jazzoo" in Los Angeles, "buzzoo" in Chicago, and even "mauzooka-boom" in South Carolina. It seems they'll stand for anything in South Carolina.

In 1921, while he was playing in a jazz band in Atlantic City, Bob married Miss Elizabeth Fisher, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. That's what the scrap book said, and all it said.

"How about when you got married?" I called.

Bob paused in his frenzied rushes from telephone to trunk. "She ran an amusement stand on Young's Pier," he said, "and I fell in love with her the first time I talked to her. I hadn't ever been in love before, and I'd get all bottled up inside. One night, though, she came into the restaurant where I was playing, with a party of friends, and I played the old bazooka as sweet as I could. People told me afterwards they hadn't realized a bazooka could make music like that. Well sir, it did the trick. She could tell from the way the bazooka sounded just how I felt about her, and by September she'd said she'd marry me. It was the bazooka that did it."

"Maybe, Myself, I think it's more likely that she took the only way she knew to stop him playing at her."

From 1925 to 1928, Bob toured the country in vaudeville, as half of the blackface team of Burns and West. In 1930, he was in the vanguard of vaudeville performers who went to Hollywood when talking pictures were young. When you hear him now, you probably don't realize you used to see him in the movies—among others, in "Young as You Feel," with the late Will Rogers.

In Hollywood, he did radio work too. You West Coast listeners heard him as Soda Pop on the Gilmore Circus. But it may as well be admitted right now that neither in the movies nor radio he was the smash success he has since become. Bob's gifts as a comedian can't fit their way through prepared scripts. He's at his best when he works spontaneously, without preparation, without a script. telling his stories about his home-town and state as he thinks of them.

He returned to New York last year, discouraged after a long period during which work had been scanty and unsatisfactory. Then came a guest appearance for Rudy Vallee, followed, so immediate was his success, by another engagement for the same program—a contract with Paul Whiteman on the Music Hall—and finally his present contract with the same sponsor, now that Bing Crosby has taken the show over.

R—no, that's wrong. Not finally. Because if there's one thing sure about this particular Arkansas traveler, it's that he'll keep on traveling somewhere—and this time he's going to be traveling to some pretty big places.
RAY NOBLE has come down to earth a bit. His arrangements are less Noble but more informal than in his first svelte broadcasts. His new shows don't distinguish him and his orchestra. CBS Wed., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

EDDIE CANTOR. Still featuring his fantastic plans, wacky machines, Parky-karkas and J. W. Wallington. And quite frequently running out of good gags. CBS Sun., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN. Rubinstein now has his own program. There's not a hint of comedy in it. It follows the common pattern of musicals, but the talent, which includes Virginia Rea and Jan Peerce, rates above par. NBC Sat., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

IRVING REIS DRAMAS. The young studio engineer who created a sensation last year with his first good radio play is now doing a whole series. I've got a hunch they'll be worth staying home for. CBS Thurs., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

MANHATTAN MATINEE. Georgia Backus should take the bows for scripting this smart bit of fluff. If you like a bit of sauce with your musical fare, this is your dish. The criss-cross banter doesn't make sense, a quality—or lack of quality—which doesn't distinguish it from most of the other afternoon programs and too many evening ones. But this one doesn't pretend to make sense, and therein lies its charm. A perfect setting for the sparkling twitters of Frances Comstock and Jimmy Briefly and Leith Stevens' melody moods. Larry Hardtke and Enterprise, including a respectable trumpet's inner urge to croon, and a music arranger's whim to capper oratorically as Prof. Moses McCormick. CBS Mon., 3:00 P. M., 30 min.

BING CROSBY. The Kraft hour gives Bing all the latitude he could wish for, and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra backs him to the hilt. This should be the crooner's biggest year yet. What with being tops in both radio and pictures, I don't know what there is left for him to do. Except maybe have triplets. NBC Thurs., 10:00 P. M., 60 min.

MINNIE AND MAUD. The serial of the month. The Pennsylvania Dutch sisters, with their queer talk and queer ideas, have something to give radio, and I for one hope they keep on giving it. Some of these sustaining script shows have a freshness of comedy situations and human appeal that have worn off the more successful commercial skits. NBC Wed., Thurs., Sat., 10:05 A. M., 10 min.

MATINEE MEMORIES. Good tunes that have died and gone to Heaven are reverently resurrected in musical reminiscences of the theater by Helen West and the organ. Jimmy Ague and Betty Schirmer, on alternating days, refrain from too many refrains. An ideal afternoon program. I could use another at least of the same quality. CBS Mon., and Thurs., 1:15 P. M.

JOSE MANZANARES holds to a poppy tempo for his Latin ear-treats. The orchestra has none of that languid uncertainty about whether to take a siesta or keep on playing, I like Jose's South American jazz and its tinkling accent. CBS Sun., 2:30 P. M., 30 min.

LISTEN TO THIS. A script-musical in which the singing team of Johnny and Dusty use part of their network's air time to "discover" radio talent hitherto buried under a bushel of local stations. I wouldn't say that this combines the best features of Bowes' and Valleé's hours, but it can stay. Lew Diamond's orchestra. MBS Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 15 min.

THE WIDOW'S SONS. Lulu Vollmer, author of "Moonshine and Honeydoodle," and the stage play "Sun-Up," has another pleasant offering about the hill folk. Comedy, pathos, romance, by a capable cast headed by Lucille Laverne. NBC Sun., 4:00 P. M., 30 min.

HERE'S THE ANSWER. For those of you who grew up and forgot to stop wondering why we do this and that. A delightful treatment of the origins of customs and other hidden dramas which we take so much for granted in our daily lives. The whole family will like these colorful tidbits of information. NBC Tues., 6:35 P. M., 10 min.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM. Still one of the most amusing script shows. NBC Mon. through Fri., 5:45 P. M., 15 min.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY. Two hours of high-class music without turning your dial—and you won't want to. Dr. Frederick Stock is the conductor. MBS alternate Saturdays, 9:15 P. M., 120 min.

PEROLE STRING QUARTET will delight you if you like chamber music on a Sunday afternoon. MBS Sun., 1:45 P. M., 45 min.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT now comments on his own numbers and achieves a more intimate effect than in previous years. Don Voorhees' orchestra. MBS Tues., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

LOG CABIN REVUE. Conrad Thi built in a smooth offering with Harry Salter's orchestra and several other singers. Tuneful and sweet, but commercials too windy. NBC Wed., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

GRETTA PALMER SAYS interesting things, but takes too many words and too much time saying them. MBS Mon. through Thurs., 4:30 P. M., 15 min, Sat., 10:00 P. M.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE narrates dog stories, with interpolated dramatized portions. MBS Sun., 5:30 P. M., 15 min.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE and mush. But really not enough to spoil the outstanding music. CBS Tues., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

**LONG, LOVELY LASHES**

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skinny, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful false eyelashes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, altering. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms— the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.

![Winx Mascara](image-url)
HER PIMPLY SKIN SCARED MEN AWAY

until she learned about a famous "Wonder Cream"

FINE FEATURES—beautiful clothes—an appealing personality—and still a poor complexion destroys a woman’s charm.

That’s why thousands of women today are successfully turning to a famous medicated skin cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin. First prescribed by doctors for the relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles, now over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream are used yearly.

How to use

If your skin is marred by Large Pores or Blackheads—by Pimples* or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, then by all means make this simple test and see if your skin doesn’t show a big improvement in a few days.

Apply Noxzema at night after removing mae-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective finishing oil.

Do this for ten days, note the difference—feel how much softer, finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema isstringent, helps reduce pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medicated soothes most skin irritations and helps Nature heal these disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can’t supply you, send 15¢ for a generous 25¢ jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 103, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it’s a medicated cream that brings instant relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema to one hand tonight. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

important to any blonde, large or small. Blonde hair attracts so much attention in the first place that the cost of one’s appearance should be played down as much as possible. Being one’s most striking feature, no matter what beautiful eyes or lips a girl may possess, blonde hair should be the highlight of your appearance. That’s another reason I believe in dark clothes, because the contrast makes hair appear even lighter. Black has always been the very best color for blondes; in addition, I’m very fond of luscious browns. But I seldom wear much navy blue.

At the time of our conversation, Benay was looking very handsome in a woolen dress of bright hunter’s green, though it’s a shade she considers more brilliant than she should wear. But you’ll remember that little Jessica Dragoneet is very fond of color, including combinations of red and yellow. She has a fondness for blondes, and has always been the very best color for blondes, in addition, I’m very fond of luscious browns. But I seldom wear much navy blue.

The same principle applies to make-up,” Benay continued. “A warm, dark make-up furnishes that same contrast which makes the hair even blonder.” Like Jessica, she answered the hot, pink-and-white ones, which she abhors.

“I use suntan tints myself,” she said, “with my suntan powder base for evening and a simple vanishing cream foundation for daytime wear, under my suntan powder.” Incidentally, she uses the same excellent powder base which the Miriam recommended to us a few months ago; if you didn’t hear about it then, I’ll be glad to tell you all about it, as well as the suntan products Miss Venuta uses and recommends, when you send me that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

“As for the rest of my cosmetics,” she went on, “I use a very brilliant powder rouge for my cheeks and two different shades of lipstick, light for daytime and crimson for evening lights. Never use a dry lipstick. I’ve very fond of the brand I use, and the containers are so attractive, too. We girls in show business have trouble with our cosmetics because of heavy cosmetics causes our lips to dry and crack; if any girl has a similar complaint, I’d advise her to do the same thing we do, leave off lipstick and use only the Venuta cream from the Venuta uses and recommends, when you send me that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

“Wish for the rest of my cosmetics,” she went on, “I use a very brilliant powder rouge for my cheeks and two different shades of lipstick, light for daytime and crimson for evening lights. Never use a dry lipstick. I’ve very fond of the brand I use, and the containers are so attractive, too. We girls in show business have trouble with our cosmetics because of heavy cosmetics causes our lips to dry and crack; if any girl has a similar complaint, I’d advise her to do the same thing we do, leave off lipstick and use only the Venuta cream from the Venuta uses and recommends, when you send me that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The cream which she uses is very economical (a really immense jar costs only fifty cents or thereabouts) and she says she can’t recommend it too highly. Chorus girls have used it for years, and it’s as pure as can be, because it’s the original base of all cold cream without the extra things added. Benay puts it on before taking a hot bath and lets it steam into her skin, removing all the moisture and cream with a Turkish towel afterward.

“Powder should always be patted on, never rubbed, and never advisable, and avoid the white or bluish shades. I think far too many blondes use blue eyeshadow, too; the cloudy gray tones are so much better. I invent my own lavender, and I like it. It should be used very delicately, since all coloring shows up so strongly in contrast to blonde hair. We all know that blondes shouldn’t use brown eyeshadow, but the same thing could be said about brown mascara, which always looks to me as though the poor girl has left powder on her lashes. Black mascara is far the best, though it isn’t wise to use a black pencil on the brows. A blending of black and brown pencils usually achieves their effect, and it’s as little as possible. Keep as much of your natural eyebrows as you can, to avoid that painted line, and keep them well-brushed. You may use an eyebrow brush just for this purpose—first, brush the eyebrows up on the forehead until the hairs are as straight as possible, then to run lightly along the top line of the brows to even them off. This should be done after you have used the pencils.

But please, please never lend your mascara and brush to anyone. Black mascara is the easiest way in the world to get granulated eyelids.”

Benay uses garnet nail polish for the flamboyant character she plays in Anything Goes,” but in real life she wears natural tints, again avoiding that overemphasis on color which makes a blonde too conspicuous or conspicuous.

As for the hair itself, Benay has grand advice for blondes, whether bleached or natural. “Blondes should be very careful how they wash their heads; in the instance, it’s a great temptation to wear it very fluffly, a style which is only becoming to the girl with a very small face or features. Particularly if the hair is bleached, it should be dressed simply and given constant care and attention so that it never gets dry-looking or has an unattractive part showing. If you are just considering bleaching your hair, be sure to choose a tint that will harmonize with your natural color. Also, use very rich or very pale color you have your heart set on.

I use a white henna compound myself and advise that you avoid the use of ammonia as much as possible. Be very careful about permanent waving on bleached hair and never use a hot curling iron, if you take good care of your hair and really try to train it, you’ll be able to keep enough curl in it through finger waves and comb waves. Frequent hot oil shampoos are necessary to keep bleached hair healthy, though oils have a tendency to darken naturally blonde hair and should be used only by the natural blonde whose hair is very dry. Personally, I use a very inexpensive but very fine hair tonic which is only about three times a week, as a brilliantine.

WOULD you like the names of the products? Benay Venuta recommends: The cosmetics she uses are the inexpensive hair tonic and cream, which would be valuable to anyone, blonde or brown-headed. I didn’t get the names of the cosmetics which Jessica Dragoneet recommended in December. I’ll be glad to send you that list. But please enclose a large self-addressed stamped envelope for answers to more than one query. And please mention just what you want to know, Miss Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.
The girl who's in love

You spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes... you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusion a man about a lovely looking girl as this. Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself—just its horrid odor.

Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

Radio Mirror

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 15)

rumors that Stoopnagle and Budl had split, let us say that the story concerning their temporary separation as publishers here was correct... Bud was just amusing himself with the band he organized while the Colonel was away on vacation... The two go back on the air as a comedy team about February first, having signed a new contract with CBS which runs into 1937.

Orchestral Anatomy

You're going to have a unique departure in the instrumental makeup of an orchestra this month because we've unearthed a remarkable band. It is the orchestra of Frank Novak, Jr., heard every Sunday morning on NBC in the Give Us the Funnies programs, dramatizations of comic strips. If you have listened to the shows you have doubtless been as tickled as we at the delightful color and movement achieved by the unusual instrumental arrangement of the orchestra.

Novak, who is master of twenty-three legitimate instruments himself, has built up an eight piece orchestra in which there are five men, themselves quite versatile. Thus he manages to get a wide range of effects. We list here, then, the anatomy of the orchestra which furnishes atmosphere and action for the radio-dramatized funnies:

Tenor saxophone—also plays bass clarinet, oboe, English horn, flute and piccolo. Also (1st) saxophone—also plays bassoon, clarinet, alto clarinet, flute, piccolo. Bass vio—also plays tuba and bass saxophone. Drums—also plays xylophone, vibraphone, traps, bells, chimes, and, of course, tympani. In addition to these, there are two brass players and a pianist who plucks music from the organ and the celeste when necessary.

Whenever an additional man is needed, Novak steps in with one of his twenty-three legitimate instruments. He also plays many achieved by the "non-legitimate" instruments: jews harp, ocarina—

that sort of thing. We haven't tried to count those.

The Curiosity Satisfier

HALP! They're after us. Those stout supporters of KTRM's Stuart Humble and his Covered Wagon Jubilee are firing letters at us, one right after another in an effort to convince us that this West Coast outfit is of network calibre. We ourselves can't say. We've never heard them. But to such members of Humble's fan club who have written to us, let us say that we will inquire into the network's interest in them (networks constantly scout single station offerings) and if there's anything encouraging to report, we'll let you know. So there you are, Iva Meryl Todd, Peggy Holmes, Claire Newby, Helena Mason, and all others whose mail we have not yet gotten to.

Oh Gracious Us!

We reported that Conrad Thibault was married on September 17th and that he was thirty-one (earlier in the year Lena Johnpool (that's the way her name looked, Lena) writes in to take us to task for the double error. Lena, you're quite right. Conrad was married July 17, 1935. He was born November 13, 1905. We're going to have a memorandum to our fifth assistant looker-

Cutex Lipstick

• Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing

If your lips are ever dry and rough looking... marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange... try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's definitively smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

How to combat CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE
LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES

6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

- Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Un- sightly skin shine! Of course you don't want
  them. Then use the face powder. 6,000,000
  women find combers skin-moisture—Luxor,
  the moisture-proof powder.

  Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of
  all, around the nose where glands are highly
  active and skin-moisture waits in each pore
  opening to mix with face powder. Thus caus-
  ing shine, clogged pores, hairy blemishes.

  So change at once to Luxor. It won't even
  mix with water in a glass, as you can easily
  prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix
  with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial
  will quickly demonstrate.

  Luxor comes in many smart new shades, mixed
  by scientists in our laboratories to flatter
  blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with
  gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal
  of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor
  does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

  Insist on Luxor by name and get

  FREE! 2 drams of $5 perfume

A sophisticated, smart French scent. La Richesse. Sells
regularly at department stores for $5 an ounce. An en-
chanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and
perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.

55¢

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor, Ltd., 1335 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 4-piece make-
up kit including generous amount of
Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Lux-
or Rouge, Luxor Special Formula
Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here
is 10¢ to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check:

- Powder: Rose Rachel ♡ Rachel ♡
- Rouge: Radiant ♡ Medium ♡
- Cream: Sunlight ♡ Pearl ♡
- Hand Cream: Blond ♡ Roseblush ♡

Name
Address
City

Radio's "Singing Neighbor"—in real life, Chauncey Parsons. His homely
philosophy and songs are heard over WLYW, Cincinnati, five days a week.
You're asking us

In fact, you're asking us so many things, that we can't possibly answer them all. On many occasions, those questions have been answered but an issue or two before. Often they're automatically answered in our news items. We hope you realize how utterly impossible it is to answer your questions personally. And in fairness to everyone, we must, in general, confine our answers to questions asked most frequently about artists and programs. But don't let all that discourage your curiosity. Just use the coupon below:

John Skinner,  
Facing the Music,  
RADIO MIRROR,  
122 East 42 Street,  
New York City.

I want to know more about:  
Orchestral Anatomy……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………  
Theme Song Section……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………  
Following the Leaders……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………  
Or……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………  
Name………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………  
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Kindergarten Capers

What are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

Scoop! An intimate glimpse of how not to act in a kindergarten, especially posed for RADIO MIRROR by the noted educator, Professor Kaltenmeyer, and one of his prize pupils, Marion Jordan. The Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten is sponsored now, Saturdays at 5:30 over the NBC Red network, Quaker Oats doing the pay-rolling.
"Sure. And on my twenty-two fifty a week you couldn't--"

Madge said kindly; "It's only for a little while, Jim. Gosh, you're working in the Building. Someone'll give you a chance to sing soon. And then—oh, Jimmy the world'll be our oyster!"

He looked down at her. "Boy," he said, "when your eyes shine like that, and you look up at me, I can't stay mad. But, Madge. I've been working in the radio business two years now. And I'll never get a chance. What'll I do, sing 'em the songs they ask me to get out of the files?"

"We're young, Jimmy. Let's get back to work."

Together they walked through the famous gardens that connect the Building with the rest of its mammoth group. Never had the carefully tended grass been greener; but it was gray to Jimmy and the plants were all dead and the water in the fountain was muddy. Just before they went inside, he said: "It's not going too apeshit, Madge. It won't. You'll meet somebody who's got money, who can give you a home and babies and everything you want, and why should you wait for me?"

Madge said he was silly but then they had to run for the elevator so as not to be late back to work. And it was in that bitter mood that Jimmy began his afternoon.

Jimmy hung up his hat in the library, and reported for work. One of the junior arrangers called out: "Hey, White, see what you can dig up on Bermuda. I gotta get three minutes that'll make a setting for the whole island."

Jimmy said: "Comedy, tragedy or travelogue?"

The arranger, Donfahey, grunted: "Honeymoon," and went on transposing a second violin part into a saxophone score. He swore and marched around. Someday he'd be an arranger too. A junior arranger first, like Donfahey, who'd take the three songs for songs that Jimmy brought him, and arrange them into a medley representing Bermuda. Their work was exactly like that of a scenery designer on the stage; they made an audible setting for the programs. Men like Donfahey were employees of the company, filling in music, sustaining programs; but the arrangers for the commercials used the library, too, and Jimmy waited on them as well. There were stories in the music library about boys like Jim who made a hit with some big shot arranger and jumped to glory overnight; they were more stories than fact.

He brought Donfahey a half dozen sets of music. The Irishman looked up. "How do the set for the scene for a honey-moon, Jim? Right hand playing sweet harmony, left hand impending storm? Tell me, White, I been married seven years and it's a kick in the pants."

He clipped the finished transposition together, and handed it to Jim. "Get this sent over to the Bond Building. It's a wonder some of these meek lads wouldn't hire a second violin for once."

Jim took the score and went down the room with it, singing: "You and I, we work and struggle, ain't we—wrecked with pain, Load that barge and—"

He passed a dozen desks where men were working over music, many of them humming the tune they were writing down. His singing didn't interrupt them. They would work in a room with ten pianos and never hear them.

He laid the clipped together sheets on the reception girl's desk, and told her to send them over to the Bond Building. "And heave that bale," he sang, "and get a little dinner and a drink."

"Singing the blues, McCabe?" the reception girl asked.

"Don't call me McCabe," Jimmy said, the grinning away. "She wouldn't have minded a date with Jimmy even if he was a file boy. "What do you sing like him for, then?" she asked. "Isn't him looking like that big pain in the neck enough?"

"I can't help singing like him," Jim complained. "Maybe it's because our heads and necks are shaped the same way." You gonna get a boy to take those over to the Bond Building or not?"

"On the way, McCabe," the girl said smartly.

Jimmy snarled and turned back to the door, "Let me get way from the Mississippi, let me get way from the white man's boys, I'm gonna get into these library. Singing the blues was right. No money and no chance of getting any fast, and your girl talking about home and babies and electric refrigerators. "Show me the way to the River—"

Old Golstein, who'd be a junior arranger, named his first, "Mr. J." Jimmy'd broke off his blues and turned. He bumped into old Danny Calmaria, carrying his shoe-blacking outfit over his shoulder, grinning his amiable, all-wise grin.

"Hi, young fella," Danny said. "You aska da girl?"

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "No soap."

Danny said: "Shu, they always say Shu the first time. You aska her again, huh?"

"No use," Jimmy mumbled. "I haven't enough money to marry on. He pushed past Danny, and went on to Golstein's desk.

Danny looked after him, his emotional Italian eyes filling up. Shu, it was too bad the boys couldn't make it for American. He and his Lucia, they'd gotten married in the old country when he was getting them a week, and he'd been happy too, and had losta de bambini. But if Jimmy's girl wanted de mon' Jimmy'd have to get it. Shu, ol' Danny could fix it. Jimmy and de bammies, they they'd getta marry, and have de bambini, and maybe they would name one lil' Danny. Not Danielo, but Daniel, that was a gooda American name, Shu."

He went about his shoeshining in a happy haze. There was nothing old Danny liked better than playing late.

Meanwhile, Jimmy filled and unfilled. Lovesongs and opera jazz and concertos he pulled out of the cases and put back. He got a chance to stand in position for one of the men, and usually that would have made him happy, but there was no breaking the cloud of his depression.

Outside, too, clouds were gathering over the river. Jimmy got a moment to look out the window, and stood there. Big black storm clouds were pouring in from the East, covering the city. Down below, the people were like toys, crawling about their business. Now they were moving faster, urged on by the black clouds to seek cover, as though the clouds were the omen of the end of time, and they had to hurry, hurry before it was all over.

"You're going nuts, Jim," he told
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other network if you feel like that. Kid, how would you like—"
McCabe broke in: "He won't do. He don't look any more like me than—"
"No," Loeb said. "He looks like you ought to look, if you didn't have those
bags under your eyes and that gray in your hair. A little make-up, and he'll
do O.K. O.K. I tell you."
"It's out," McCabe said. "My public
wouldn't stand for it. They'd know him
the minute—"
"I'll work it," Loeb said. "Or you can
get a new manager. I thought not. Kid, how would it look if—"
The man the big shot had called Tulin
said: "Chief, this is dynamite. It's su
icide, I tell you. This boy can black
mail—"
Jimmy found his voice. He said. "If
it isn't too much, I'd like to know what
it is I'm supposed to do. What's this
all about?"
Jake Loeb came forward slowly. "Just
this, kid. Just this one thing ought to
interest you. How would you like to
make a grand a week for two weeks?"

MADGE SUMMERS finished powder
ning her nose and turned away from
the mirror. The real Madge wasn't in
the mirror. There were two girls waiting for the
mirror, dancing from toe to toe, in a hurry to get out of
the building now that the day's work was
over, but not willing to
fall till they looked
their best. The girl who didn't get the
mirror smiled impatiently at Madge.
"Gee, you look swell, Summers. Your
steady waiting for—"
Madge smiled back. "Yes. We were
going to the Stadium tonight, but I guess
the rain fixed that."

The other girl's lumpy features broke
into an envious grin. "Wish I had a
steady."

Madge patted her arm and hurried
out. Jimmy would be waiting down
stairs under the porte-cochere. She didn't
want to keep him waiting. Waiting, wait-
ing. Jimmy was afraid that she'd get
tired of waiting to be married, that she'd
find somebody else. He didn't know how she
loved him, loved him till she almost
ached. Oh, if they only had money,
money to get married on, money for a
room in a smart house out in Greenwich. Jimmy
got mad when they said he looked like
the famous Hal McCabe, but he wouldn't
look like the singer after she'd
decided for him awhile. he'd lose
those hollows in his cheeks.

She got out of the elevator down
stairs, pushed through a crowd of tourists
waiting to be conducted through the
Building. Rain was lashing the street
outside. They could take the L, and
only have to walk a few feet, but she'd
get wet anyway. She looked around for
Jimmy.

He wasn't there. Madge sighed. But it
was dry under the porte-cochere, and some
of fun to stand there and watch the crowd
scourrying down the street, the men with
their coat-collars turned up, the girls' thin
frills whipping against their legs. So
many people, each so intent on getting
home.

Someone touched her elbow and she
turned. a bright smile, ourcroading
her face. But it wasn't Jimmy. It was
old Danny. "Waitin' for de boy fren'?" he
asked.

She nodded. She would have been more
alarmed if it hadn't been for the bright
smile on Danny's face.

"Maybe he be late," Danny said. "Ol'
Danny, he sen' Jimmy to see de big shot.
Shu, maybe Jimmy mka da mon now,
you see."

DID you know that when you eat
cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and wind
pipe dry or clog? The dryness of the phlegm irritates your
throat, makes you cough.

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bad cough next day!" wrote
Mrs. P. Fernandez, Pr ovi
dence, R. I. Get a bottle.
“What do you mean, Danny?”

Danny bent over her with an air of great secrecy. The light of true conspiracy shone in his eyes. “I was shammin’ da shoes in the day,” he said. “They say if they could finda da guy what double for Hal McCabe dey pay planata da mon. I go tell Jimmy.”

“You mean they wanted someone to double for McCabe?”

Danny nodded.

“It sounds crazy,” Madge said. “What would a radio star need a double for?”

Jimmy’s just then, and he didn’t look up in the library.

“You see,” Danny said, “Me, I wait too.”

So they stood there, the young girl and the old man. And fifteen minutes passed, twenty, half an hour. Madge said, abruptly: “I’m going to call the library.” She went into the drug store, Danny on her heels, and picked a nickel into the phone in the library. “Is Jimmy White there?”

“Naw,” one of the night clerks said. “We been worrying about him. He went out about fifteen minutes before closing time without his hat, and he hasn’t come back yet.”

“Where did he go?” Madge asked.

“I dunno,” the other clerk told her. “There were a couple of the arrangers yelling for him when he went out. The girl on the desk said he looked funny, too.”

MADGE rang off. She was scared suddenly. Some place, somewhere, she had read things about McCabe. He had a pretty bad reputation, was supposed to be owned by a couple of gangsters who had had him under contract in a speak-easy years before. There were so many things that—

She came out of the booth, her hand unconsciously at her throat. Then, frowning, she spun and went through the wide corridor toward the elevators. Crowds of workers coming out jostled her; she turned her head this way and that, looking for a sight of Jimmy. She didn’t get it.

The elevator let her out at the floor she worked on. She went past the music library, without stopping; then turned and went back, as the girl there, just putting on her hat, said Jimmy hadn’t come back.

She went past the stenographer’s room where she worked. But at the door of the Vice President’s office she hesitated. Gosh, to go baring into an official’s office without an invitation could get you fired! But Jimmy, Jimmy might need her.

She opened the door. The secretary’s desk was empty. There was no one in the outer room at all. But there were voices in the inside office.

Oh, she was a silly fool. If they had Jimmy in there at all, it was something good, an audition, maybe, or a promotion. She might ruin his chances by going in.

But she had to know. Ah, she had it. She whipped off her hat, put it and her handbag on the secretary’s chair, where they couldn’t be seen when the inner door opened. She’d knock, and ask Mr. Tulin, the V.P.’s assistant, whether he wanted a girl kept in the stenographic department late. The head stenographer often did that.

She tapped. She had to knock twice before she got an answer. Then the door opened, just wide enough to let a man come out. She couldn’t see in at all. The man said: “Yeah, baby?” No radio official had ever addressed her that way before.

“I want to see Mr. Tulin.”
“He’s gone home. The boss said we could use his office.” The man’s little, black eyes played over her. He grinned. “Won’t I do him a favor?"

"Is—it Jimmy White in there? There the library asked me to find out.” How had she ever gotten the courage to ask that?

“Naw. Who is he?"

“He works in the music library.”

“What does he look like, baby?”

“He—he looks like Hal McCabe.”

She shouldn’t have said that. The man’s face changed for a moment, and she was scared. But all the man said, was: “He ain’t here, I never heard of him.” He turned to go out of the office, and then he saw the hat and bag. He turned back, his eyes glowing. “You don’t work here, twist. Who ya lookin’ for? What’s ya want?”

“Yes I do. I do work here. Here, here’s my pass. She ran over to her bag, and showed him.

“O.K. Well, there’s no one here but me and some friends. I’m a sponsor, baby. You run along now.”

Under the compulsion of his voice she went to the door. He said, after her: “Wanta leavin’ your phone number?” He reached playfully into his inside pocket for a pencil.

When he did so, his coat slid back. And he was wearing a gun! Madge gasped: “No!”, and Red. Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, what’s happened to you?”

Who are the men in the executive’s office, and what does Jimmy have to do to get the fantastic sum of $1,000 a week? Who is the man who told Madge he was a sponsor—just before she saw he was wearing a gun? Don’t fail to read the next breath-taking installment of "Microphone Masquerade" in the April Issue.

On the Way To Press

N February 1 the New York World-Telegram will announce the result of its yearly poll of radio editors for the most popular air personalities of 1935. We’ve already cast our vote, and here we’re putting down what we guess are the best bets to win the poll.

Favorite dance orchestra: Guy Lombardo again, or—possibly Ray Noble.
Favorite comedian: Jack Benny.
Favorite radio commentator: Lowell Thomas.
Favorite sports announcer: Ted Husing.
Outstanding star of 1935: Major Bowes.

MARY PICKFORD’s first guests on her new radio program, which starts February 6, will be Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and they’ll be followed in ensuing weeks by an impressive list of the Hollywood great. Mary’s broadcast, you know, is to be called “Pickfair Party,” and will originate in that famous home where she has so often been hostess.

By the time you read this, Lawrence Tibbett will probably be presenting half-hour miniature operas, a decided departure from his up-to-now method of program presentation. Also, Phil Baker, who will be heard by this time, will have introduced his wife on his Sunday-night show as a regular member of the cast, and Jack Benny will be broadcasting from New York instead of Hollywood.
SUFFERERS—

Hidden Moments in Their Lives

(Continued from page 33)

our side of the family. How did a weakling like you ever get into the family?"

Finally, he succeeded in teaching the boy to handle a .22 caliber rifle, a

practical rifle of the type used in shooting galleries. Then, one day, he pulled a fast

one on Lawrence. He put a 12-gauge shotgun, a dangerous weapon, in the boy's

hands, and told him to aim at the tin can Lawrence used as his target.

"I pulled the trigger," Tibbett told me.

"Through a moment, one with terror, and

sobbing. I was lying on the ground. I was

sure I had shot myself. The terrific recoil

of the gun had thrown me over.

Uncle Jean lifted him up, and

made him aim again.

Today, Lawrence Tibbett is an expert

shot, and a fine horseman. How did he

learn to ride? "My Uncle Jean, yelling at

me to hang on, just picked me up and

put me on a bucking call," he confessed.

"I was so scared I fell off the animal im-

mediately. Uncle Jean yanked me back,

insisting I stay on. When I could hang

on for a while, he made me change to a

bucking horse.

Young Tibbett could milk cows, chop

wood, rustle cattle like a regular cowboy

before he was sent back home, tanned

and healthy.

But once in the city, his old sense of

inferiority asserted itself. The other boys

in school wore better clothes. The other

boys in school made friends easily. And

harder of all to bear, the other boys were

admired by the girls, the other boys even

took them out. Invariably, girls ignored

him, retreating Lawrence.

GROWN people underestimate the

power of female friendship for adoles-

cent boys," the singer told me soberly.

"It's of tremendous importance in making

a youngster happy and proud of himself.

At least, it was to me.

A little of the fight Uncle Jean had

instilled in him was still left. He tried out

for the football team, and flopped. He

tried out for the glee club, and flopped.

He flunked Latin, he flunked Algebra;

things no other Tibbett had done before.

Everything that transpired in his early

high school career covered him with

shame, and not glory.

But soon he found a consolation, the

one bright spot that made his life livable.

He was cast in minor roles in the school

plays, and met sweet, sympathetic Inez.

All the boys adored Inez; she was the

only girl who seemed to find Lawrence

interesting or worthwhile. It was she who

drew him out of his shell. It was she who

made him try again for the glee club, and

make it. It was at her instigation he tried

out for the track team, and kept at it till

he made the grade. It was because of her

he took up wrestling.

And it was through her cooperation that

he became the school's leading drama-

tic and musical light.

"I went after glory in music and act-

ing like a madman," he said. "Just to

please Inez, to make myself seem more

desirable in her eyes. Everything I did

was with the hope she'd love me. Had

she been within a mile of me at any time,

I would have jumped at the chance."

It was through Inez that Lawrence

Tibbett found for what proved to be

his salvation: his gift of song. And

strangely enough, it was because of Inez

that he came nearer to taking his life

than he has been at any other time.
"It happened when we graduated from high school," Lawrence Tibbert explained. "I was discouraged, anyway, for I had no job, and no prospects. Inez was my one ray of hope—and she failed me. Whenever I called her up, she was busy. I finally realized that now the common bond of school had been removed, she was no longer concerned with me. There were other boys who wanted to take her out, boys with money, boys with looks, with cars and prospects.

"But I had no right to feel that way. I felt she had deserted me, betrayed me. I had loved her so. And I kidded myself into believing my feeling was in some measure right. Now I desolate, alone. My only reason for living had been whisked from under me. There was just one way out—to cease from being. I made up my mind to commit suicide."

Had not a job in the singing world popped up about this time, I think Lawrence Tibbert would have gone through with it, as he had planned. And we would never have had the pleasure of hearing him lift his glorious baritone voice in song.

How the Pickens Sisters Get Their Men

(Continued from page 2)

That was a sort of off-weekend for the Pickens—sentimentally, that is. Jane's Big Moment was in Schenectady on a case, and Patti's Bob was merely in London with the rest of the Revelers, and Helen's Iore had been out of town three weeks on business so she'd come to stay with the family to keep from pining away. We sat around and hashed over all the things girls will talk about when they get together, and exchanged the changed tidbits of gossip we knew and about one in the morning the phone rang. Schenec-
tady was calling. Jane bubbled into the butcher's pantry and slammed the door and wouldn't let anybody in on a word.

Helen picked up a newspaper and turned to the radio column, while Patti suddenly got very quiet and started staring off into space with those wide eyes of hers. "Him," said Helen, reading aloud, "Patti Pickens is blue because Robert (Revelers) Simmons has sailed from these shores for theatrical engagements abroad."

"I don't have to read it in the paper," said Patti wistfully, "to know I'm blue. I'm so blue I could scream or yell or something. Why doesn't he call me now—like Paul's talking to Jane? Here I just sit, with only Spanky to remember him by."

"Don't be a baby, Pat," Helen told her, "you've had one cable today."

"Helen, for heaven's sake," she answered, "that was this morning!" —and Patti was called to call now I—" She got up and got herself a pear out of the icebox and ate it in silent rebellion against the fates that always keep him from calling when you think you'll die if he doesn't."

The next morning I woke up to the pouring down rain and the tune of the three Pickens in the living-room rehearsal. "Dinah," I thought. "They'd been azoo-azzoo for hours, they said, and I'd slept through it like a deadhead, for which I was sorry because let me tell you there's nothing quite as luxurious as Pickens breakfast music and

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The Lowdown on My Brother Phil

(Continued from page 35)

He always played everything by ear. We girls would sing the songs we had heard at the current musical comedies, “Spring Maid,” “Gay Hussars,” “Merry Widow,” and Phil would play them. Often we would come home late at night from some show, and find Phil waiting up for us. Regardless of the hour the songs had to be looped. The poetry doesn’t always go so pleased with this carrying on of the Baker family.

Phil’s next acquisition was a piano. It was another wedding present from Father until he bought it, again on the instalment plan. Our home was beginning to resemble a musician’s warehouse.

He never stayed at one instrument very long. At ten in the morning he might be playing the piano; at eleven, the clarinet; eleven-thirty would Phil have him pumping his old standby, the cornetina. When he knocked off for lunch, a trumpet would be substituted for the napkin.

The house was filled with a mad, chaotic din. We bore it as best we could.

It was a question of having Phil and his music, or not having Phil.

None too smart to be so busy, he expected that Phil would eventually become a celebrated performer. We humored his musical desires because they might help keep him out of trouble. Phil never said much about the future. We know now, that the long summer nights he spent on the steps practicing were not time well spent. While he must have had some sort of plans and dreams. I think he knew that some day a larger audience than a group of children around a piano would appreciate music. To us, he was just another East Side boy, sitting on the steps playing a cornetina. With the exception, naturally, that we loved him.

NE night, shortly after school opened, he was preparing for his recital, when my sister Ethel remarked that Phil hadn’t been around the neighborhood all evening. The collars were still in mother’s drawer. I knew he hadn’t left town. At twelve o’clock Phil came rushing into the house very excited. He had landed a job in a nickelodeon playing the piano.

Phil said he was too excited by the “sad tune” and his “happy tune.” Almost a month slipped by before the theater manager discovered his human sound effect could only play two pieces, and both of these by ear! Phil was fired.

A year later Phil left home to go on the stage. Every week he sent home half of his check. It was during this sojourn that he learned to play the accordion. His billing read: “A Boy From a Good Family.”

When left, Phil told Mother he was going to be gone only two weeks, but it was ten months before we saw him again.

An hour after his return home I heard Father say to Mother, “Phil may have left a bad boy, but he has returned a nice man.”

He didn’t stay home long. Show business was in his blood. It still is, after twenty-five years, and we haven’t had a single occasion since.

Phil feels that he will never be able to repay his family for the worry he caused us during his boyhood. He has spent a sizable fortune on every one of us. Recently he retired his father and mother, and he has always given me more than I’ve needed.

Phil’s radio work necessitates his staying in New York, but he has sent his wife and

SLAMPOO-RINSE washes hair 

2 to 4 shades lighter

BLONDES has your hair darkened to an unattractive, brownish shade? Don’t let it stay that way. Do what millions of other nature light blondes do. Bring back to dull, faded hair the fascinating, alluring lights so natural to the true blonde shamroo-rinse, BLONDEX, washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—IN JUST ONE SHAMPOO. And safely, too, for BLONDEX is not a harsh chemical or dye. Try BLONDEX today. And once again have hair that gleams with radiance and beauty. Get the new shampoo today—BLONDEX. At any good drug or department store.
They felt sorry for my little girl

—until she started to play

My little Barbara was attending her first party in Newton. The affair was a great success, each little girl was doing her bit to enter into the spirit, except Barbara who seemed sadly "out of things".

Suddenly the mother whispered, "What's the matter with that new little girl? Can't she do anything?" In spite of myself I flushed. But Barbara had heard, too—and without saying a word she sat down at the piano and played song after song, while the children crowded around her singing at the top of their lungs.

Barbara was the hit of the party. The other mothers deluged me with questions. I explained that Barbara never had a teacher, but learned at home through the U. S. School of Music—a simplified method which cost only five cents a day.

FREE BOOK AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

This story is typical. If you, too, would like to learn to play, send for free book and free demonstration lesson explaining this easy method. No tedious scales. No tiresome exercises. You learn real music from the start. Mail Coupon New! No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3067 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

3067 Brunswick Bldg., New York City


Name

Address

Instruments

Have You

On the CHORE GIRL

The All-Copper, Sponge-Cushioned Pet Groomer. The Big Moment in anyone's kitchen. I do all the things you don't like to do in the sink and clean and bright all those pots and pans (and oven glass) that are often getting gunky and girty and settle with all the other fat and dirt and grime—without a scrubbing brush or splash of water. It's no trouble for me to wash it all easy in fifteen minutes and save at least 25 minutes after each meal. I'm a gappen for work, yet I'm kinder on pans and other dangerous on hands because I'm a well-built, all-copper cleaner that doesn't shovel, scuttle or rust. I'm ready to move in and to work today. Melody: Be a month.

METAL TEXTILE CORP., Orange, N. J.

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METAL TEXTILE CORP., Orange, N. J.
THE LULLABY LADY HAS A

SPECIAL AUDIENCE OF HER
OWN TO WHOM SHE SINGS

NOBODY has ever known much about the Lullaby Lady. She has always been a mystic symbolic figure, like Wynken, Blinken and Nod. A song, a few spoken words, a soft cadenza from muted strings and she is gone... leaving only the memory of the lullaby she sang. A small sore spot in the region of your heart, if it happened that you hadn't seen your own mother recently.

It is always difficult for studio audiences at the Contended Hour to believe that Margaret Gent—that's the Lullaby Lady's real name—is old enough to be the mother of her favorite listener. But she is. He is a young husky with red hair who returned from summer camp at Culver Military Academy to enter sixth grade last fall.

His name is Andrew "Andy" Gent. He is ten and a half, or practically 'leven according to him. He is very proud of his pretty mother and never misses her broadcast. If he did he couldn't let her know. Here's why:

The Lullaby Lady creates the illusion that she is singing to you—and you. And me too. But actually, she's singing to Andy. She closes her eyes when she is on the air and pictures him as a baby; she remembers how important it was to get him to sleep, how worried she was when he seemed ill.

And so, though he is a big guy now and practically 'leven, Mrs. Gent hopes that in her mind Andy will never really grow up. Because then she would lose her. But now, when you hear the Lullaby Lady, you hear an actual mother's song to a very real little lad, her own son.

Margaret Gent has no glittering theatrical career behind her; neither is she a newcomer to radio or to the concert stage. Born in Worthington, Minnesota, she attended grade and high school there. Her life was serene; she found a typical happy Middle Western childhood. She can't even remember learning to sing. We think she must always have known how.

Her father and mother realized she had a fine and unusual voice. Whenever there was a musical treat available, Margaret got there somehow. She was only in grade ten when she heard her first grand opera—Mary Garden singing "Carmen." She still remembers the thrill of it. But she had no idea then that she herself would be a concert singer one day.

The first indication that anyone else liked her voice came when she was invited to sing on her own high school commencement program, with her own printed in Old English letters. She sang "My Ain Folk." Fortunately, Margaret's "ain folk" were able to give her the background and the necessary foundation for a musical career. She entered the Northwestern Conservatory of Music in Minneapolis when she was sixteen.

After a year of study she had to learn self-confidence as well as technique. As a first she was embarrassed; it seemed like reaching for the moon to try to make such a distant goal as the concert stage. But she soon acquired a quiet determination to justify her dear ones' faith in her talent.

Today she has the poise and charm of one who has achieved success after years of careful study, diligent practice and wise direction.

She graduated from the Conservatory, and in less than a year was married to Dennis Gent in Sioux City, Iowa. People thought it strange, unwise for a girl with so much before her to sacrifice her career for marriage. But the fulfillment of love meant no sacrifice of Margaret's ambition; her young husband understood that she would continue singing.

The Gents moved to Chicago, and it was with Dennis' approval that her lovely voice entered Northwestern's School of Music in Evanston. She has studied ever since, with the best voice teachers in the Middle West. Then Andy arrived, to be comforted to sleep by his own private Lullaby Lady.
Came the depression, which hit everywhere, even in the coal business, which is Dennis Gent's. "I didn't have to sing for financial reasons, exactly," Margaret says now, "but I was so glad I thought I did. I acquainted some church engagements, just to help out, and clubs followed. Everything seemed to lead to radio. So, I've kept on singing for money, ever since. I discovered that one can sing just as well for money's sake as for art's sake!"

Her lovely contralto has been heard in solo with the Chicago Civic and Symphony Orchestras and in chorus with the Swedish Choral Society and the Apollo Club. Her father died four years ago, in NBC's Vocal Varieties. Since, she has appeared often with the Northernettes Quartette and with the Music Keys, and is now a guest star of Morgan Eastman's magnificent Edison Symphony concerts.

A direct contradiction of the theory that careers dwindle as artists get older, she is an amazingly capable young woman. Take golf, for instance. Friends often urge Margaret to enter major golfing events, but she prefers to stay at home under the heading of diversion.

"If I took up tournament golf in a big way, either quitting or my game would suffer," she says wisely, "so I'll leave the cups to some other one."

STRANGELY enough, most of her public appearances date several years after her marriage, and the majority of them A. A.—after Andy, she smiles. Her home has never suffered. The eight room house in Evanston, a symphony in blue, is always spick and span and ready for guests, and the Lullaby Lady is always ready for some new game with her "baby."

Andy doesn't often appear in the studio when his mother is broadcasting. Sometimes he stays home to listen. But more often he's no farther away than the parking space in front of the big Merchandise Mart, where NBC's studios are located on the fringe of Chicago's noisy Loop.

The Gents live in a North Shore suburb, and Daddy Dennis and Andy often drive the eight miles to work. They go in, they park, settle back in the car and tune the dial of the automobile radio to the Contented Hour. When Mother finishes, she joins them downstairs again. They always have an ice cream soda before starting the drive home.

On one of these last summer the lullaby worked too well, (Andy might not like our telling this, but we can't resist.) Of course he was very, very tired, or it never would have happened. But that evening his mother's song had the same soothing effect it used to have on him when he was a little tyke. For when Mrs. Gent joined her two men downstairs after the evening broadcast, little Andy was fast asleep! He had nuzzled out during the first few bars of her song.

Young Andy does some fine publicity work for his mother. He is a member in position, to hoe he owns his own newspaper and runs it himself on his own small type writer. The paper has a sizable circulation among family and friends, and the Lullaby Lady gets quite a good deal of mention.

In spite of the fact that he seems to grow taller and more grown-up with every day that passes, Andy is still his mother's baby. That's the reason the Lullaby Lady is able to woo the Sandman so persuasively. Think of this next time you listen to her, all you grown-up babies. Look, isn't that sand in your eye—or is it, perhaps, a tear?

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Check [ ] Included in Midwest All-Wave Radio Radio
Bess Johnson's Dramatic 
Marriage Story 
(Continued from page 28)

just did not pay their bills.

Do you see what this knowledge must inevitably do for a boy’s and a girl’s sensitive 

life? Paul began to know a galling sense of inferiority, of dependence upon his 

wife. Before, he had thought of Bess 

stage. Paul was expected to keep her 

happy and alert, a hobby which hap-

pened to be profitable; and of himself as 

the provider. Now the situation was 

reversed. He was the one who was 

being allowed to continue his hobby 

while she made things easy. 

Probably, in his mind, he magnified the 

situation. Misunderstandings began to 

replace the former harmony and sympatheti-

cal understanding between him and Bess. 

At first puzzled, Bess became frightened. 

Eventually, like the straightforward per-

son she is, she insisted upon talking things 

out. When she learned what the trouble 

was, she gasoline.

"But, Paul," she exclaimed, "don’t you 

understand how happy it makes me to 

be able to help you? I hadn’t even thought 

of criticizing your work, but it is so much 

more important than mine, anyway! 

You cure people, I only amuse them!

But that, Paul insisted, was beside the 

point, which was that she was supporting 

him.

In the many discussions which followed, 

Bess offered arguments, and Paul, moun-

ting Paul of their plans for his career, 

pointing out that it takes years of struggle 

g to a physician to achieve any spectacu-

lar success. He felt that his medical work is so much 

more important than mine, anyway! 

You cure people, I only amuse them!

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him.
Fat is Dangerous

Fat enters the body when food is consumed in excess of one’s need; it can be removed by burning the fat making food intake or by normal starvation. There is no such thing as weight gain without food being added, or weight loss without food being burned.

All adiet fails of the body may sometimes fail to produce results—because the body requires proper nutrients and there is too much art about it. In his new book entitled “HOW TO BRACE WEIGHT” Bernard Macfadden gives you the complete regime for weight reduction, including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food combinations and reduction exercises. It is by far the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction.

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Radio Mirror

Willing to lend him money with only his character as collateral, No, Bess would still be supporting him and paying the expensive tuition and laboratory fees as well.

But Bess' faith in him, so much stronger than his faith in himself, would not let him refuse. She knew he would make good. Finally, her persistence, loyalty, and devotion won him over.

It was just five years ago that Dr. Paul Perry enrolled for the second time in college.

A year later, he was awarded a scholarship that carried with it a year in the medical centers of Europe, an opportunity any doctor would give much to have. Paul refused it because he didn't want to leave, even for a year, the wife whose courage and faith in him had brought him safely through the darkest weeks of his life. He was immediately offered a position on the staff of the University of Chicago as an X-ray therapy specialist, while continuing his special research. This post he accepted and still holds.

Dr. PERRY has more than paid back Bess' loan to him. They've put the money into a trust fund for Jane, to be used for her education.

Their friends say that a new sympathy, even swifter and finer than the old, has grown up between Paul and Bess as a result of the near catastrophe which Bess averted. It's based on mutual pride in each other's achievements, a mutual feeling that the other can be relied upon as a partner, not a competitor, in the knowledge, it may be, that no matter what comes their way in the future, they can face it together, and win.

When a woman proposes it's worth listening! And many a man is forging ahead today, earning more money and heading toward a brighter future, because a woman proposed that he acquire more training in his spare time. Such men are following in the footsteps of business leaders who attribute their success to mastery of I. C. S. Courses. Spare time is an opportunity! This coupon is an opportunity!

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Box 2265-G, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "The Wire and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X.

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VOICE

SAVE TIME—PROFIT

Do you feel you have a valuable invention—but can't get it before the right people? Are you going to the dark—working—which way to turn—getting nowhere?

Learn how other men with inventions have cashed in. Write for FREE Book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor," which tells you—fields where inventions earn big money if they are good patented ones.

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Sinclair Minstrels’

New Interlocutor

Sinclair Minstrels’

New Interlocutor

Gus Van, famous from the days when he toured the country in vaudeville, is the new interlocutor for the Sinclair Minstrel Show on Monday nights over NBC. His end men on the veteran variety show are Clifford Soubier, Bill Childs and Fritz Clark.

Address:

City:

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Present Position:

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

New! Engel

Pock-It Art Corner

The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Scans, etc., No post paid. Just put one in your pocket and open it anytime. Send 10c and 30c stamps.

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Neuritis

Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor’s Prescription MURITO. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist’s. Don’t suffer. Use guaranteed MURITO today.
Barber Finds Old Book In Trunk Sells It for $4000

A small town barber discovered an old copy of "Pilgrims Progress" in a trunk that had been unopened for years. He hoped to sell it for a few dollars. Imagine his joy when he was offered more than $4000.00 for that one book! The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the United States, will pay $4000.00 for each copy of this book. The buyer also wants to buy thousands of other old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) old newspapers and magazines. Many published over six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you $50—$100—$500 or even $5000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attic or basement? Better investigate today. Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 480, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you latest list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay!

RADIO MIRROR

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES!

THAT "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" number has been attracting instant applause. It has been played on the air. Radio royalties, you see, go to members of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, and Faerley and Ryle don't belong to that society. One of the rules of the organization is that members must have had five songs published, and "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" is this team's first. They're doing all right with the song, though, through sheet music and phonograph record sales, as well as personal appearances in vaudeville and night clubs.

WAS it a slip of Ozzie Nelson's tongue? Everybody who heard him come on the air at 12:15 New Year's morning is wondering. Ozzy wished the radio audience a Happy New Year and then remarked that he considered it a great honor to be the first band to play for the radio listeners in 1936. What was overlooked was that Isham Jones' orchestra had already been playing, over the same network, for the last fifteen minutes.

A HUNDRED dollars a month for the rest of your life—that's the first prize being offered in a contest conducted by the Eny Crime Clues program. The contest started January 7 and is to run for twenty-six weeks, with fourteen cash prizes being awarded each week in addition to the grand prize. Listeners are asked to write brief letters telling of some incident in their lives where the sponsor's product played a beneficial part.

JIMMY DURANTE has just notified the press that he is resigning from the "Jumbo" air program after January 21, although he is to continue in the stage production. Jimmy feels that the necessity of appearing for program rehearsals at 11 o'clock in the morning, three times a week, was getting to be too much for him. Incidentally, Jimmy was receiving $2,500 a week for his part in the broadcast.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

The Atlantic Family on Tour program has added a feminine singer to its cast, and—sshh!—said singer is one of radio's favorites, even if she doesn't receive any particular program. She's Patti Chapin, and her part in the Atlantic Family is to double in the musical portions of the role played by Rosemary De Camp.

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touch

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KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately at home. The delightful hairless freedom of mind and greater success. Reduced price of $25.00 successful all over the world. Send 25c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet.

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH

Your Elastic Starch IS A SPECIAL OFFER! This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages with know-how. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic-no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with hampy starch. Elastic is non-sticking and scorches. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 971, Keokuk, la. Send me your trial offer check good for $5.00 on the purchase of 2 bottles of QL Elastic. Enclose this card in your free folder, "That Wonderful Way to Hot-Starch."
How would you like to trade a few hours of your time for a check for $2,500 or $1,000 just as did Anthony F. Gallagher whose picture you see above at the left, published with his consent?

It can happen to you just as it happened to Mr. Gallagher. His attention was attracted by a Macfadden Publication Management test announcement just as yours is being attracted now. He studied the rules carefully, wrote a true story, sent it in and it was $5,000 richer in consequence.

Far from being a professional writer Mr. Gallagher is engaged in the contracting business. He is one of many thousands of people, most of whom had never written a word for publication, to whom Macfadden Publications, Inc., have awarded rich cash prizes totalling well over a quarter of a million dollars for true stories submitted in their manuscript contests.

If you could use more money there is no reason why you should not take part in these contests and, with reasonable success, add materially to your income. Certainly it is worth the trial. A great new contest is now in progress in which $25,000.00 will be paid for 66 true stories. Enter today.

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 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 $2,500 first prize, the persons submitting the five next best will be awarded the five $1,000 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 fail 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.

HERE ARE THE RULES—READ THEM CAREFULLY

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 their acquaintance, 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 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. Envelope 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 sent and have this written on the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) 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 express postage is enclosed 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 us stories which we have received.

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 decision of the judges will be final, therefore they will not appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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 these stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

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, Tuesday, March 31, 1936.

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New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled ‘Facts You Should Know About \Writing True Stories’.

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(Print name of state in full)
contributed regularly to the expenses of the family. It was no longer necessary, financially, for the family to live together, and gradually they drifted apart, until the war broke out. Aunt Elizabeth had with her only her invalid husband and one sister, Fred's father had died a few years before.

During the first years of the war, Fred was touring in Australia, but when the United States entered the conflict he returned home, intending to enlist. His brother Robert had already done so, and was in a training camp, preparing to go overseas.

But he found his aunt facing a crisis. Her sister had fallen ill with an incurable disease, and it was taking every penny she had saved throughout long years of economical housekeeping to pay for medicine and doctors for the two invalids.

For the first time in her life, she asked another person to make a sacrifice for her sake. She knew that Fred had already had two years of living in war-time Australia, met on every side by the question, implied or open, of those hysterical days, "Why aren't you in the trenches?" She knew how the suggestion that he was a slacker had galled him. Yet, because she could see no other way out of her trouble, she explained the situation to him and asked him to enlist.

Fred proved, then, that he hadn't forgotten his aunt's love and tolerance, that he knew of the years of her life she had given to him.

"Don't worry," he said, "of course I won't enlist. I'll go on working, and we'll get along fine."

But there was still the draft. Fred couldn't have anything to say about it if his name was drawn. Aunt Elizabeth determined to forestall any such event. She went to the draft board herself, without saying anything to Fred (he doesn't know to this day that she did this), and explained her situation to the officials. If Fred went to war, she concluded, there'd be nobody to take care of his family. I don't know, but it was very touching, indeed, old lady's plea had—but the fact remains that Fred wasn't drafted. Perhaps the officials were impressed, as I was, by her courage, her refusal to let life control her, and her determination to control it instead.

When I spoke of my admiration for these qualities in her, however, I discovered that I was talking of something beyond her comprehension. She simply didn't realize that in rearing Fred, so wisely, keeping the family going against continual odds, she had done anything out of the ordinary.

"But I've never been in want," she said. "I've had to economize, yes, but lots of people have to do that. You just do the best you can with what you have, and everything usually turns out all right."

Well, it has turned out all right for Aunt Elizabeth, and I'm glad. In her seventy-eighth year she is strong, healthy, full of interest in life and what it offers, and very pleased with Fred. With her sister she lives in Boston, doing all her own housework and on holidays gathering her family around her once more for a feast she cooks herself. Once a year, lately, Fred has treated her to a trip. Two years ago it was to Ireland, to see her parents' birthplace. Last year it was to South America, with her sister. On their way home they met another grand old lady named May Robson. This year it may be Florida, or Hollywood. She says she'd like to take another sea voyage, but her sister (who is several years younger) had about enough of the sea when they went to South America. They may take one yet, though. I've a suspicion that Aunt Elizabeth thinks it will be time enough to sit around home when she's old.

The candid cameraman sneaked up on Betty Lou Gerson while she snatched a bite to eat between rehearsals of the First-Nighter program, on which she is starred every Friday night at 10 o'clock over an NBC red. Looks as if Betty Lou's taste runs to toasted sandwiches of the chewier variety.
Grace and Eddie Albert, NBC's "Honeymooners," know the setting of their Greenwich Village scripts, because they actually live there. Above, at the window of Grace's apartment in Minetta Lane. Above right, in the studio of John Sloan who is the original of the painter in the air series.

Above, Grace and Eddie drop in at Emma Jane's Kitchen, a popular Village restaurant, for more atmosphere and a chat with its proprietress, Emma Jane herself. Left, Florence Darnault, noted sculptress, shows the honeymooners how to put finishing touches on a portrait in clay. Grace's "sculpting" career, in the radio series, gained additional technical details from the many hours during which she watched the sculptress at her work.
EVERYONE may enjoy Beautiful days in Cincinnati, Imagine you and your lady send deliveries. As lifelike as your pocket like magic! EVERYONE WANTS THE PORTRAIT RING. You simply wear and show your sample ring and take it in BIG CASH PROFITS so easily, you'll hardly believe your eyes! It's the money-making marvel of the age! And no wonder! Imagine—a beautiful, polished, onyx-like ring on which is reproduced in lifelike natural colors the actual portrait of someone near and dear to your heart. The portrait becomes a part of the ring itself—cannot rub off, fade or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts eagerly seize this chance to own a ring they will treasure with the rest of the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. The PORTRAIT RING becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be guarded and treasured for life.

AMAZING SECRET DISCOVERY MAKES PRICELESS LIFETIME KEEPSAKE OF ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

The PORTRAIT RING is new, novel, and the most sensational selling idea in years. By a special scientific discovery, any photo, picture or snapshot of any size is permanently, clearly and faithfully reproduced in actual, natural, lifelike colors, on a beautiful ring. The portrait becomes a part of the ring itself—cannot rub off, fade or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts eagerly seize this chance to own a ring they will treasure with the rest of the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. The PORTRAIT RING becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be guarded and treasured for life.

$1 PROFIT FOR YOU ON EVERY RING!

Never before has there been such a sensational, sure-fire money making opportunity for ambitious men and women. Folks pay any price to keep love alive. Customers write they wouldn't take $5.00 or even $10.00 and $15.00 for their Portrait Rings. But the tremendous demand enables you to take orders at a trivial price of only $2.00. And the thrilling news is that YOU COLLECT AND KEEP $1.00 ON THIS AS YOUR PROFIT—in advance of the ring's sale! You make no collections or deliveries. You get your profit on the spot.

SPECIAL OFFER

$3 RING WITH PICTURE IN COLORS—NOW YOURS FOR $1.00

All you need is a sample ring on your finger to bring your orders and dollars wherever you turn! As special offer, we'll send you beautiful Portrait Ring, with picture reproduced in lifelike colors—the ring for which thousands have paid $10.00—only for $1.00! A bargain you may never see again. Only 10 orders a day will pay you $60.00 CLEAR PROFIT a week. 20 orders a day is impossible. Rush your order for sample ring now—with any photo you want reproduced. You take no risk. You must be satisfied, or money is refunded.

Mail coupon for sample ring!
— and Chesterfields are usually there... they're mild and yet They Satisfy
Contrast her life with yours

HER life is outdoors... the wind... the sun... the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined... the home... the school room... the factory... the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours... well, you really don't know... you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)
In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it’s pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, “It’s simply savage!”

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn’t surprise you to hear any dentist say: “That’s a good, common-sense demonstration of the healthy way to use teeth and gums.”

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning “tinge of pink” eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

“Pink Tooth Brush” Tells the Truth
And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage... You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, or brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhrea and Vincent’s disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile’s sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.

Ipana plus massage is your dentist’s ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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Coming in the May Issue

On Sale March 25

Why do the Lombardos say they're better off alone? The answer is a story whose humanness will bring a tear to your eye. . . . Would you like to go on an honest-to-goodness treasure hunt to a tropical island, with John Charles Thomas for your companion? Watch for the exciting story!

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Cover

—PORTRAIT OF MARY PICKFORD
BY TCHECHET
A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE MOVED INTO THE SECOND FLOOR OF OUR HOUSE. ALTHOUGH THE YOUNG WOMAN IS LIVELY AND ATTRACTIVE, SHE HAD FEW FRIENDS. ALSO HER HUSBAND WAS HOME AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.

ONE DAY SHE ASKED MY ADVICE. I TOLD HER I'D NOTICED HER FAULTY "B.O." LONG BEFORE, BUT FELT I WAS TOO MUCH A STRANGER TO MENTION IT.

SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN USING LIFEBOUY AND IT HAS CHANGED HER WHOLE LIFE.

NOW HER HUSBAND TAKES HER OUT EVERY TIME HE GOES AND THEY HAVE HEAPS MORE COMPANY. SHE OFTEN THANKS ME FOR BRINGING HER HUSBAND BACK.

WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?

YOU CAN WIPE THAT PLATE FOR AN HOUR—AND THE GREASE WILL STILL CLING TO IT

I KNOW... I CAN NEVER SEEM TO GET RID OF THE GREASY FILM ON DISHES AFTER I WASH THEM.

AND JUST FEEL HOW GREASY THE DISHWATER IS. UGH! HOW I HATE DISHWASHING! AND HOW IT RUINS MY HANDS.

USE RINSO. ITS RICH SUDS ABSORB THE GREASE... MAKE IT VANISH. DISHES COME CLEAN WITHOUT A TRACE OF GREASE. AND RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH, TOO. IT'S ALL I USE BECAUSE—

Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that soak clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me—it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY HONEST OPINIONS? YOUR BEST LETTERS WIN PRIZES

Radio owes no man a greater debt than to the late Samuel Lionel Rothafel. It was Roxy who first lent broadcasting the warming quality of humanness—the basis of its popularity.

program and our live program would be on the air simultaneously!

That incident is not an ordinary one but it shows what can happen and it is a perfect example of why artists like Abe Lyman and Bing Crosby say it is unfair for their records to be put on the air while they're broadcasting. I wonder if you who tune in during the day to records of those bands and singers you like best, hear enough of their music to discourage you from tuning in their regular network programs. If you do, isn't it logical for these stars to want their records banned?

I've made fairly certain that Ed Wynn will be broadcasting some time in February, though not for his former sponsor. And Jack Pearl, too, should be on a national program in a short time. Strange that these two comedians, whose rankings while they were heard were in the top flight, should be plotting comebacks at the same time. It is even rumored that Wynn will change his comedy style, a suggestion I find it hard to believe. As Eddie Cantor pointed out to me, it takes years for a comedian to develop and perfect his style to the point where it is paying good dividends. And Eddie claims that it is suicide for him to change suddenly. So I think that when you hear Ed Wynn again, it will be the same Wynn of the past two years.

I want to quote from a pamphlet called Radio Review, edited by the Women's National Radio Committee, which represents a large part of all the women's clubs in America. What this pamphlet has to say seems to me significant:

"Just now we find that Phil Baker has caught up with and surpassed Jack Benny." Also, it says, the readers like the Southernaires Quartet, Hollywood Hotel, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Which ought to give you more about which to argue.

Jessica Dragonette starts her annual vacation soon. She wanted to fly to California but friends' pleas won out.

Fred Sarnoffs
PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!

DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I--

I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?

IT MAY SOUND CATTY--BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN!

SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY... 3 CAKES A DAY... AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP.

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH.

IMPORTANT GLANDS DEVELOP AND FINAL GROWTH TAKES PLACE DURING THIS TIME. THIS CAUSES DISTURBANCES THROUGHOUT THE BODY. THE SKIN BECOMES OVERSENSITIVE. WASTE POISONS IN THE BLOOD IRRITATE THIS SENSITIVE SKIN. PIMPLES POP OUT!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
News While It Is Still Hot and Gossip Before It's News

By Jay Peters

The news, like the music in the goofy song, goes round and around and comes out like this:

Certain big business interests, rallying to the Republican banner to wage war on Roosevelt and his New Deal policies, appropriate the biggest sum ever spent in a political campaign to reach the voters via the radio. But the Democrats have a man who doesn't have to worry about the cost of radio time. He, of course, is Franklin D. Roosevelt. As President of the United States he picks his own spots on the air and doesn't have to pay a penny for the privilege! The night he addressed Congress he chose the period from 9 to 10 p.m., thus preventing the coast to coast broadcasts of four commercials on the networks at an estimated loss—to them—of $35,000.

Television prepares to round that corner with a suddenness that will startle the country. An established success in the laboratory, the problem remaining is to decide upon the type of transmission and receiver to employ. Several different systems are being experimented with and to bring television successfully into the homes it is necessary to standardize the equipment. Realizing that sound-and-sight projection involves radical changes in style of entertainment, broadcasting companies, advertising agencies, engineers, artists and others concerned are experimenting, more or less secretly, with the "new art forms" deemed necessary.

Fred Allen, steadily climbing in public esteem to the exalted position as the ace comedian of the air, signs a new contract guaranteeing his performances on the kilocycles for three more years. Phil Baker, likewise in high favor with furnishing listeners, renews his contract for another thirteen-week period and his continuance in the studios until June is assured. George Burns and Gracie Allen, returning to Hollywood for more movies, play three weeks of vaudeville en route to the Coast and collect $10,000 per week. Four years ago their stage salary was $1,250 weekly. Popularity on the air is the explanation for their big boost in income.

W. C. Fields, restored to health and Hollywood again, is willing to do a few broadcasts at $8,000 per. And Groucho and Chico Marx say $8,000 weekly will lure them to an air castle again. At

Edgar A. Guest must have liked his Hollywood stay. Here he is with Valerie Hobson and Binnie Barnes.

At this writing no sponsors are in sight for either Fields or the mad Marxmen but you never can tell when one will bob up. Frank Fay, ballyhooed by Rudy Vallee as the most promising radio comedian for 1936, was being offered to sponsors at a more modest figure and seemed more likely to land when this was typed. Mark Twain is suddenly discovered by NBC as an author and a series of programs involving Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn is projected. Lou Holtz plots his return to the airwaves sans his Jewish dialect and enlists the aid of Ken Englund, topnotch scriptist, to design his vehicle for him. And George Givot, whose reputation was built on his claim to distinction as the Grik Hambassador, succumbs to an overwhelming ambition to discard his dialect for sophisticated comedy. Meanwhile, Harry Einstein, the ex-advertising writer and Eddie Cantor’s “Parkyakarkus,” finds the Greek dialect pays him handsome dividends and betrays no hankering for Hamlet or any other ham role.

Dick Paulin, youthful baritone who both looks and sings like Lawrence Tibbett, reaches Radio Row from the West and hosannas hailed him as the first real voice discovery of 1936 are heard. The Red Davis serial so popular a couple of seasons ago returns as Forever Young, written by the same author, Elaine Sterne Carrington, the novelist, but with a new juvenile lead in place of Burgess Meredith. He’s a new lead, yet an old one, for Curtis Arnall was Meredith’s predecessor as Red

Davis. Arnall, until recently Buck Rogers in the script of that name, in turn, is succeeded on that program by Matthew Crowley, who originated the role in 1932 and thus preceded Arnall. And, incidentally, Meredith, a big hit this Winter on Broadway in the Maxwell Anderson’s drama “Winterセット,” leaves for the RKO lot in Hollywood to make his movie debut.

Wayne King capitulates to the cinema and signs for a full length feature with an option on three more—if the fans like his first one. Network officials and the New York musicians’ union got into a huddle over a new contract to become effective March 1. Currently the harmonists on sustaining programs get $100 a week and those on commercials $140. The studios are demanding reductions in both classifications. Meanwhile, certain free lance instrumentalists in demand for their skill, dependability, pinhole-playing, or something, collect from $300 to $800 a week while thousands of their less fortunate brothers are on relief.

Right, the Ozzie Nolons were radio’s happiest married couple on Harriet’s return from Hollywood.
NBC gets a new president in the person of Major Lenox Riley Lohr, the electrical engineer who attained fame as a showman by his management of Chicago's World Fair or Century of Progress . . . His predecessor, Merlin H. Aylesworth, one of the most popular and able of radio executives, remains active in NBC affairs as vice-chairman of the board of directors. His retirement as president, however, gives him more time to his duties as chairman of the board of directors of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation . . .

A SMART ALECK?

Because he persisted in taking pot-shots at Mussolini and Hitler, Alexander Woollcott is no longer calling attention on the air to the nutritious properties of Cream of Wheat. Sponsors investing huge sums to win the good-will of the public don't like to antagonize even minority groups of customers by participating in controversial subjects, and you can't blame them.

Woollcott, having (Turn to next page)

Below, Harry Von Zell, announcer, for the Town Hall and Phil Baker shows, snapped with Mrs. Von Zell.

These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks! . . . And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll stay that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please) — and the safest!

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99 9/100% pure
established himself as a story teller par excellence on the ether, became arrogant in his attitude toward his benefactors and labored under the misapprehension he was the Omnipotent of the Air. This delusion was created in his own mind, more or less, by the success which attended his ballyhoo of books. His "While Rome Burns" of last year and his current "Woollcott Reader" became best sellers; he boosted James Hilton's "good-bye" to smut glory, and the tradition was built up that all Mr. Woollcott had to do was to spout a few words of honeyed praise and Presto! any book so honored was a commercial success.

However, the record indicates the literateur is not a prophet. He went into ecstasies extolling the virtues of Evelyn Waugh's "A Handful of Dust," but, perversely enough, Mr. Woollcott's public refused to respond to his enticements and the volume gathered the dust of its publisher's storehouse rather than the golden dust of the book-stalls.

ADVERTISERS spent $86,000,000 to exploit their products on the air in 1939, thus giving to commercial broadcasting its best year by $13,000,000. Naturally an industry which is so manifestly growing is attractive to investors and all over the country stock in radio stations is booming. Promoters are buying with projects for more networks and all sorts of schemes are under way to stake out claims in the ether Eldorado.

Among the new prospectors is Samuel Insull, former opera patron and aged mid-Western utilities magnate whose business empire collapsed, bringing ruin to thousands of small investors. Seeking a financial come-back, Mr. Insull has lined up a dozen or so minor stations in Illinois and Iowa and hopes to link them into a regional chain with more power and prestige.

Associated with the veteran operator is none other than Ota Gygi, the former vaudeville fiddler who promoted Ed Wynn into organizing the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting System a few years ago. Now Wynn is back on his former stage billing as "The Perfect Fool" by sinking a quarter of a million dollars in the enterprise.

NBC operates a school for announcers, selecting its students from pages and guides employed in the Radio City studios. It is under the supervision of Pat Kelly, chief of the announcer staff, and under the direct tutelage of Dan Russell. Two graduates who have already won their spurs as microphone men are Ellis Andrews, who was a tourist guide for two months, and George Ansbro, who left Manhattan College to become a page boy.

* * *

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The Boswell Sisters, harmony stars of the Columbia Broadcasting System having annexed husbands recently, atten-

Matthew Crowley is the new Buck Rogers, replacing Curtis Arnall, now that Cream of Wheat sponsors.

The best action shot we ever saw of Lanny Ross. The scene is New York State's swank Lake Placid.
Believe-it-or-not Robert Ripley caught by the camera while supping in an exclusive nightclub.

only woman in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra—the harpist.

Did you know that H. V. Kaltenborn, the Columbia news commentator, is called the Baron in the studies? It is because he is married to Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht, a lady of real nobility whom he met aboard ship on one of his many trips to Europe. Mr. Kaltenborn is himself of German parentage but was born in Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

A SINISTER SONG

"Tommy McLaughlin, who sang with Major Bowes on the Capitol Family program, is so ill he must go to a drier climate."

So read an item in a New York newspaper column the other day. Back of that line is one of the strangest stories of sinister coincidences that has ever come to your correspondent's attention. Tommy McLaughlin, heard by electrical transcription on some 300 stations every day as the voice of Chevrolet, is fighting for his life after tragedy, in the shape of a song, stalked him for years.

The song is "The Bells of St. Mary's." He first came in contact with it when he was learning to sing. It was taught to him by his elder brother, Leo. Tommy became so proficient in its rendition that "The Bells of St. (Continued on page 8/)

Hands that Go from Dishpan to Dance

For 60 years HINDS has been fairy godmother to hands that must work by day, yet look lovely at night. Just a touch of this rich creamy lotion smooths away all trace of roughness, leaves hands alluringly soft and white. It brings instant comfort to cracked knuckles and raw chapped wrists. Never smart or stings, even when used on irritated skin. Dries in, not off . . . and its benefits are deep and lasting.

Let HINDS work its magic for you right away. You'll find that it's richer, creamier, more quick-acting than ever. And you'll find that it's not the least bit gummy or sticky. Be proud of your hands tonight. Get HINDS today. 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

FREE dispenser with each 50c size. Fits on the bottle—not on the wall.

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

© 1934 LEVISON, INC.
HOW THESE THREE HOLLWOOD
Make-Up Secrets
Can Give You Beauty

New Hollywood make-up originated by Max Factor, make-up genius, will give you youthful loveliness too.

Hollywood’s Powder Secret Gives Skin New Beauty
Max Factor has created powder in original color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. Your color harmony shade will ennoble your skin with youthful beauty, and give you a lasting satin-smooth finish. Max Factor’s Powder, one dollar.

Rouge That Gives an Exquisite Lifelike Color
Like the powder, Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades for every type. When you use your color harmony shade you will agree with Virginia Bruce who says, “The creamy-smooth texture, and the color have a magic way of making the whole face beautiful.” Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents.

New Lip Make-Up Gives Lips Alluring Color
To give the lips an alluring, lasting color, Max Factor has created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades. May be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, lasting color. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

COOKING for LENT

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

HERE it is Lent again, and that means, for a lot of you, a revamping of the family cuisine to allow for meatless days. But you don’t want to lose the energy provided by meat, so you turn to other foods which provide it — milk, cheese and eggs. Use them in combination for main dishes, to give added richness to vegetables, for thick creamy soups and rich desserts.

I asked Fritz Scheff for suggestions for Lenten cookery. Fritz, you know, is Viennese, and as famous among her friends as a cook as she is to the rest of the world as the “Kiss Me Again Girl” and as the star of the Lavender and Old Lace program over CBS.

“Milk and cream dishes of all sorts,” she told me. “Noodles”—the Viennese influence — “with white sauce and cheese, eggs florentine, baked potatoes with poached eggs, rice pudding with chestnuts, scalloped oysters, zwetschken knoedel—” “Zwetschken knoedel,” she explained, “is a dessert made of fresh black plums, cooked in potato dough. Boil four large potatoes in their jackets, remove from the water and cool. When cold, peel and roll them until you have a soft, lumpless flour. Add a lightly beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough, and roll thin on a floured board. Cut the dough into squares and into each square fold a pitted black plum, pinching the dough together to make a little pillow. Cook in boiling water as you cook dumplings, until the dough is cooked through. Next, drain the dumplings and place them in a buttered casserole. Cover with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour.”

Although this recipe calls for black plums it sounded so delicious that I couldn’t wait for plums, but substituted canned apricots instead, and I don’t see how it could be improved upon.

Since white sauce is an essential ingredient in eggs florentine and in the noodle dish which Miss Scheff suggested, it will be helpful to include here a basic white sauce recipe: melt one tablespoon of butter over low heat; stir in one tablespoon of flour and mix to a smooth paste, add one-fourth tablespoon salt and pepper to taste. To one half cup of canned evaporated milk add one-half cup of water, and add to the mixture, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. (If you have difficulty in making a smooth sauce, try using a double boiler.)

You will notice that canned evapo-

For Lavender and Old Lace, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin, see page 53 — 8 o’clock.

She first won fame in Victor Herbert’s operettas as the “Kiss Me Again Girl.” But she’s famous as a cook too.

FRITZI SCHEFF BRINGS YOU SECRETS FROM HER NATIVE VIENNA FOR YOUR LENTEN MENU
rated milk is specified in this recipe. This is because it is easier to get sauce of the desired consistency by varying the proportions of canned milk and water, than by using fresh milk and varying the amount of flour. A thick sauce, of course, requires more milk than water in the mixture, and a thinner sauce requires a leaner mixture of milk and water. For cooking in general, in fact, many people prefer canned milk, for it is easy to keep a supply on hand, and if only part of a can is used at one time the remainder will keep sweet and fresh in your ice box until you are ready to use it. And now for the eggs florentine.

Drain cooked spinach and chop fine, then add one cup of white sauce for each cup of spinach. Fill individual buttered ramekins with the creamed spinach, making nests with hollowed centers. In each nest place a poached egg, cover with white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and salt and paprika to taste, and bake in a moderate oven until brown. If you prefer more cheese flavoring, add grated cheese to your white sauce just before removing it from the fire. The grated American cheese, which comes in sifter top containers, is excellent for this purpose.

The same cheese-flavored white sauce is used for baked noodles. Place a layer of cooked noodles in a buttered casserole, cover with the sauce, add another layer of noodles and repeat until the dish is filled. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs, grated cheese and paprika and brown in a moderate oven. If desired, alternate the layers of noodles with layers of sliced hard cooked eggs before putting in the white sauce. This same method can be used for preparing left-over vegetables so that the occasional difficult individual who "can't eat left-overs" will cry for more.

"What about your baked potato and poached egg dish?" asked Miss Schef. "That is a banner," I said. "How do you make it?"

"Cut the top off a large baked potato and scoop out the inside, being careful not to break the skin. Now break up the potato center with a fork, add salt and pepper to taste, mix with milk until the consistency is about the same as mashed potato, and return the mixture to the potato shell, hollowing it out on top. In the hollow, place a poached egg, cover with buttered crumbs or grated cheese, brown in the oven and serve piping hot."

Another dish for which Fritzi is famous is her (Continued on page 67)

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Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches in 10 Days with the Perfolastic Girdle

...or no cost!

THOUSANDS of women owe their firm, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled faddinness!

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You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at only the spots where surplus fat has accumulated.

Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

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"Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34 1/2 inches," writes enthusiastic Miss Brian. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.

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MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.
A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes, preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?**

**HERE’S WHERE YOU CAN TELL EVERYONE WHAT YOU THINK—**

**AND WIN A PRIZE!**

Father Charles Coughlin arriving at the White House in January to confer with President Roosevelt.

**THESE cold winter nights, radio has done more than its share to provide entertainment for the snowbound. What’s more, listeners have had time to pay attention to programs. We’ve received an abundance of complaints and compliments, but the contest still goes on—$20.00 for the best letter, $10.00 for the second best and $1.00 each for the next five selected. Why not write your letter today? Address it to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and mail it not later than March 26.**

Here are this month’s prize winners:

**$20.00 PRIZE**

Pardon My Southern Accent

The other day I turned on the radio just in time to hear a play. Its subject was the rivalry of a Northern spy and a Southern soldier for the love of a charming Southern girl. The play was well written, interesting and had plenty of action. I settled down to enjoy it but presently was aware that something was not just right. Soon I detected that the part of the Southern girl was played by a young lady from "Way Back East." Though the girl was painstakingly omitting all "r's," talking slowly and filling her accents with personal charm, she was not convincingly Southern. I expect that all her listeners in the East or North thought her very Southern, but she didn’t fool one of us South of the Ohio.

"Plenty of Southern girls sitting around waiting for an audition in that very studio," I said to myself, "It's too much to expect a youngster to throw overboard her mother tongue at each change of a script. The child is so intent on her "r's" that she forgets and clips each one short in the best Boston manner."

I place the highest value on sincerity, clearness, reality and wholesomeness and believe, with all my heart, that the programs with these qualities will remain popular and make radio listening a more important part of life.

**MELL JAMES, Louisville, Kentucky.**

**$10.00 PRIZE**

She Now Understands Boake Carter

Since reading an interesting account of Boake Carter, most of my antipathy to his too-English accent and my difficulty in understanding him have disappeared. He is a very fine news commentator, but his ability was almost lost on me because of my exasperation at his peculiarities of speech. Then, just because I seemed to become a little acquainted with him, understood his background somewhat, I have been better able to understand him. I wonder if that isn’t the reason we find fault with so many performers and performances?

**ETHEL B. SAGE, Eaton Rapids, Mich.**

**$1.00 PRIZE**

A Boost for Recordings

I didn’t like May Crowley’s attitude about stations consuming their spare time with phonograph records. I will admit that the real thing is much better, but when certain favorite orchestras and singers can be heard, records are very enjoyable.

May you’ve probably heard Kay Kayser and his music from the Blackhawk in Chicago, haven’t you? Well, he hasn’t been broadcasting since May 17 (not that I know of, anyway), but during the summer and fall I have heard him on records over seventy times. He is one of my favorite artists, and the records, naturally, entertained me. Hal Kemp and Jan Garber were on tour this summer and records were the only means of hearing them. One of my friends, since she saw Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, is simply crazy about them, so she enjoys hearing them even on records.

You, yourself, probably like Bing
Crosby since you mentioned him in your letter the way you did. Honestly, wasn’t it better to hear him on a record than not at all?

MARY SUE SIMMONS, Charleston, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
There’s Only One Mary Lou
I was a constant listener to Show Boat and Mary Lou. It was well written and one of the most interesting romances on the air. But why must we listeners accept substitutes for characters we have learned to love and admire? Such as Lanny and Mary Lou. They did beautiful work together and endeared themselves to us. I do not think it is fair to make us accept others in their place. What would Maxwell House think if people were to tire of their coffee and substitute some other brand of coffee? There is but one Mary Lou, namely, Muriel Wilson. She has the most restful voice one could listen to. If Show Boat wants to continue to live in the hearts of the people, bring our own Muriel Wilson back in the place that only she can fill.

LUCILLE HAWTHORNE, Columbus, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
Who’s Next?
As you already know, there is an annual custom in this country of selecting all-star baseball teams and all-American football teams. Therefore why shouldn’t some of us radio fans select an all-star dance orchestra composed of famous orchestra leaders and musicians? It would certainly be something new and inviting to have these same musicians get together and provide entertainment for a charity ball, and arrange for a special broadcast over one of the networks. This would be my idea of an ideal radio broadcast.

Here is what, in my opinion, would be a real all-star band: Piano, Eddy Duchin or Ray Noble; saxes, Wayne King, Ozzie Nelson, Jimmy Dorsey and Rudy Vallee; cornets, Clyde McCoy, Red Nichols and Louis Armstrong; trombones, Tommy Dorsey and Sammy Kaye; drums, Chick Webb; guitar, Nick Lucas; bass violin, Neil Buckley; male soloist, Bing Crosby; male quartet, Mills Brothers; female soloist, Loretta Lee; female trio, Boswell Sisters; maestro, George Hall or Paul White; master of ceremonies, Ray Perkins.

JIMMY MARION, Archbald, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
Just Home Folks
I have wanted to say for a long time that the radio serial Vic and Sade presented by the Crisco Company is the best serial heard daily here on the Pacific Coast. It is the only one that doesn’t leap from one dramatic climax to another. (Continued on page 87)
APRIL, Fool's Day will soon be here, and lots of radio people will be up to all sorts of tricks. There's Bernie Smith, KFWB news commentator. But he made a New Year resolution not to phone any of his friends and leave the police station telephone number... Dale Armstrong, KJH newsmen, can't toss empty pocketbooks out of the new Times tower, because the new "tower" is really an inside radio room with drapes 'n' everything along the walls... Lorna Ladd, KMPC interviewer, has been saving up old hats to pile on the sidewalk with bricks beneath. But the other day her husband, Mel Williamson, called the Goodwill people and had them carted away... Ted Galley, KGKR program director, recently married to Grace Glasser, head of her own radio agency, wants it known he is too grown up for childish pranks. And, besides, he can't think of a new April Fool's Day gag... So I guess that maybe after all the radio lads and lasses out on the Coast will be good on that day. Anyway, they have never been able to top KFI's gag of ten years ago when it did a murder hoax over the

PACIFIC
By Dr. Ralph L. Power

AIR, Fool's Day will soon be here, and lots of radio people will be up to all sorts of tricks. There's Bernie Smith, KFWB news commentator. But he made a New Year resolution not to phone any of his friends and leave the police station telephone number... Dale Armstrong, KJH newsmen, can't toss empty pocketbooks out of the new Times tower, because the new "tower" is really an inside radio room with drapes 'n' everything along the walls... Lorna Ladd, KMPC interviewer, has been saving up old hats to pile on the sidewalk with bricks beneath. But the other day her husband, Mel Williamson, called the Goodwill people and had them carted away... Ted Galley, KGKR program director, recently married to Grace Glasser, head of her own radio agency, wants it known he is too grown up for childish pranks. And, besides, he can't think of a new April Fool's Day gag... So I guess that maybe after all the radio lads and lasses out on the Coast will be good on that day. Anyway, they have never been able to top KFI's gag of ten years ago when it did a murder hoax over the

Out West, the 1936 beach costumes are in vogue already. Grace Cooper NBC actress, shows this one.

Red-headed music maker Wendell Hall recently completed a three-week engagement in vaudeville in New York.

By Chase Giles

Now that Samuel Insull has turned to radio, network boss of the old studios in the Chicago Civic Opera building will be back into their own. Studios were once used by WENR before NBC took that station over and since have been in operation only for a few NBC programs, specially those using an organ. NBC is expanding its Merchandise Mart studios and installing an organ there. WBBM and Columbia staff in Chicago were happily surprised end of the year by an extra week's check for each employee there more than one year. Irene Castle McLaughlin, the once famous dancer who recently did a radio series based on her memoirs, has as her present hobby the Orphans of the Storm, famous home for dogs. Surprising was the recent story that the kennels had been robbed, this despite several hundred varied and assorted canines within reach.

Lenox Lohr, new NBC president, included among his first duties in that post an a visit to Chicago NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart just to look the situation over... Clara, Lu and Em, the famous backyard gossip of radio, have been turning down new radio contracts because the serious illness of one of the girls necessitates a rest of several months. CBS has offered a contract and NBC an option but the girls refused both... Vic and Sade were surprised to discover in their fan mail a card of thanks and congratulation from Thelma Todd. It had been mailed in Hollywood just the day before the famous film actress was found dead. Al Pearce and his brother Cal were masters of ceremonies at a huge banquet tendered Amos 'n' Andy in California some years back. Thus started a friendship which led to A & A suggesting Al Pearce and his gang when their sponsor decided to add another radio act... Morey Amsterdam, comedian of Al Pearce's gang, is married to Mable Todd of the same gang, a fact which has not been publicized. And Tizzie Lish is really a man.

It's nice to write your own show. Take Katherine Avery for instance. She is WBBM's Sentimental Selma as well as author of that script. So when she wanted to go home for a visit recently she simply wrote herself out of the scripts for a few days and left the rest of the cast to carry on in Chicago... On his

first broadcast Charles Chaplin, although a film veteran, was plenty frightened by the microphone, according to Les Weinrott, who arranged the broadcast and is now author and director of WGN's Stand Thrills... Chaplin's hand shook so they had to paste the script onto cardboard to keep the noise out of the microphone... Announcer Truman Bradley has a colored maid and a Scotch terrier in his Chicago home. Imagine his surprise the other day to hear the maid threatening the disobedient pup thus: "All' ll send yo' to Ethiopia to fight for us if yo' don't behave!"

Up in a small Michigan town neighbors and friends installed a new high-powered radio in an old lady's home. Later some friends dropped over to ask how she liked it. "Well, it ain't so bad," she said, "but I think the old four party line is best!"

From his work interviewing the "man on the street" for Columbia, Announcer Pat Flanagan opines: Every woman laughs before answering your question and every man scowls; men back up when the mike is put before them, women step forward; women are better informed than men about current topics; women have cleaner teeth than men.

Billie Bailey, Chicago Columbia singer comes from a town named Table Grove, Ill... Truman Bradley, announcer, Pat O'Malley, Jack Hylton's Irish singer, Howard Neumiller, pianist, and other (Continued on page 94)
TOMMY THOMAS and his program at KJR, Seattle, a few weeks ago staged a gala program representing some half dozen frat and sorority groups from the state university for two cups donated by Lieutenant Governor Victor Meyers. Fans of several years standing will remember Meyers as a popular orchestra leader up in the northwest and a nightly radio favorite.

GEORGE GODFREY, one-time drama director at Seattle's KOMO, and Wilson Haff, former announcer there, had a reunion in Los Angeles. Haff joined KFI as an announcer, while Godfrey has been doing some work for the talkies.

DID you know that Bob Bench, a favorite KFRC miker, was "discovered" while announcing for rodeos and fairs? He was graduated from high school up in Eldorado County, famed region of the gold rush days, and replete with historical treasures and stories of earlier days. When sufficiently coaxed, he can also sing and do character work.

ROMO VINCENT, roly-poly master of ceremonies, after five months in Southern California at the Biltmore and over the air, is in Seattle. There he renewed friendship with Tommy Thomas, KOMO music (Continued on page 47)

Natalie Park, who plays Lois Liston in NBC's Hawthorne House serial, enjoying a sail on the Pacific Ocean.

Mary Ann Owens and Jimmy McNeill, whose fathers are Jack Owens and Don McNeill of the Breakfast Club.

THE OTHER—Soft brown hair. Eyes the same color, alight with mischief. Skin creamy, almost olive.

THE two girls are utterly different.
Who would think they could use the same shade of powder?

But look!—the blonde's cool coloring would certainly fade with too light a powder shade. Her skin lights up, warms—only with a certain brunette shade. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin!

It's Pond's lively Brunette shade that gives each one what she needs!

New shades enliven skin
Which type are you? That's a thing for your skin to decide—not your hair. See whether your skin needs brightening, clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing!—one of the five offered at right.

Every one contains new important tints that add life to the skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered these tints hidden in skin itself. Among them, the bright blue that makes fair skin dazzling! The brilliant green that makes creamy skin glow!

Now, these beauty-giving tints are blended invisibly into Pond's new Powder shades. Thus, they bring transparency and glow to any skin!

BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skin
ROSE BRUNETTE warms dull, faded skin
ROSE CREAM gives fair skin a radiance
NATURAL brings a blonde transparency
LIGHT CREAM gives a cool, velvety finish

Fine textured, Pond's Powder feels smoother on the skin. Spreads softly, easily. Never cakes or clogs. The larger sizes come in lovely glass jars—to show shade and texture, keep the powder perfumed. Prices reduced, 35¢ and 70¢, 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, increased in size.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades Mail Coupon today
(This offer expires June 1, 1936)
POND'S, Dept. D-132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough for each a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____________________
Street_____________________
City_______________________
State_______________________

Extract Company
The grandest picture of this movie and radio star we ever saw, taken just before the tenor began his season at the Metropolitan. Fans who have been hearing Nino regularly Saturday evenings, singing for Chesterfield, now can occasionally hear him in the Saturday afternoon operas over the NBC network.
CUTIE  SHE KEEPS HIM GUESSING

ELMONT, I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN GO TO THE SIMMONS'S BRIDGE TONIGHT... I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR!

I WAS ALL SET TO GO... WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE ON?

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHY I CAN'T WEAR THIS

WHY?

BECAUSE I WORE IT THE LAST TIME AND OF COURSE I CAN'T WEAR THE SAME DRESS TWICE IN SUCCESSION TO THE SAME PLACE

ALL RIGHT, CUTIE... LET'S STAY HOME!

THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, ELMONT. YOU HAVE NO PRIDE!

WELL, DON'T STAND THERE! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT! I'VE CHANGED MY NAILS TO BRIGHT Cutex CORAL AND THOSE KITTY CATS WILL NEVER REALIZE IT'S THE SAME DRESS!

TEN MINUTES LATER—

HOW DO YOU LIKE ME?

I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH

It's a fact—the New Bright Cutex Nails make your oldest dress look new!

LOOK at the best dressed girls in the theatres, at restaurants, at bridge parties, and see if they aren't wearing the new bright nails!

See if Cutex Ruby Nails don't pep up your oldest black "rap" and make it look new and important. Try Cutex Coral or Rust with green and Cutex Cardinal with navy blue this spring. You'll look twice as smart!

And Cutex never bleaches, you know. It flows on smoothly and evenly—and stays on your nails without cracking, peeling or chipping.

8 smart shades to choose from. Crème or Clear—$5 a bottle at your favorite store—stock up today!


Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14c!

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-104, 101 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2039, Montreal)
I enclose 14c for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Coral □ Cardinal □ Rust □ Ruby □
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name: _____________________________
Address: _____________________________
City: _____________________________ State: _____________________________
Unless Camels thoroughly please you—they cost you nothing!

Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel’s costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don’t agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (Above): “I notice that if I’m tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves.”

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (Above right): “Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I’m all tired out, a Camel sets me right again.”

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (Right): “Everywhere you go they’re smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos.”

Costlier Tobaccos!

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

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don’t find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
MAXWELL HOUSE Show Boat's new singing leading lady still can't understand how she ever got the job!

"If my bosses had known who I was they'd never have let me sing for them," she told me emphatically as we sat in her New York apartment, its walls lined from floor to ceiling with books.

"They didn't know, when they hired me for Show Boat," she went on, "that I was the same girl they'd fired once before from another of their programs. But they were quite right to fire me, that first time, because I was terrible!"

It's a real Cinderella story, this story of the tall, dark statuesque young woman you hear every Thursday night singing with Lanny Ross and Conrad Thibault on Show Boat. It's the kind of story one thinks can't happen, in these days when amateurs crop up by the dozens one day, only to fall back into obscurity the next. But sometimes it does happen, suddenly, amazingly, and yet casually, as it did with Winifred Cecil, whose first appearance on Show Boat last fall was under the fictitious name of Virginia.

When you hear the whole story, you'll agree with me that Winifred is the sort of person to whom such fairy-story things do happen, in just that way.

It's the story, too, of a modern romance between two people who were wise enough to choose the course which would be, ultimately, best for both. Some people will say that romance had an unhappy ending, but I'm not so sure. Certainly, if it had ended differently, Winifred Cecil would not be singing for Show Boat today.

To start with, there's the way in which she started to sing. She had just graduated from boarding school, and although she'd studied piano and violin since childhood, she'd never sung a note. Hadn't, in fact, ever even thought of singing.

She was at loose ends, living with her parents at their home in White Plains, New York. "White Plains was all right," she said, "but it wasn't New York. I was just at the age when I wanted some (Continued on page 57)

SHOW BOAT has a new SWEETHEART

By DAN WHEELER

WINIFRED Cecil's first appearances on Show Boat were under the name of Virginia. Here she is with Lanny Ross singing a duet on the deck.
FRANK PARKER WANTS

It as a fiddle and ready for love." That's Frank Parker. The platinum-voiced tenor is for the first time in his life contemplating marriage, although as yet he hasn't the remotest idea who the girl is whose life is destined to be haunted by that famous voice—not for an hour a week, but every day... over the breakfast table... on the telephone... in her boudoir, ...

Frank is reasonably certain that his future wife is a girl unknown to him at the present time, though perhaps she has listened and thrilled to his love songs over the air, without dreaming that fate will bring them together.

Last year the tenor had an entirely different attitude toward the bonds of matrimony. Not once did he admit, even to himself, that there was time or a place in his life for a 24-carat heart interest.

True, he's fallen in and out of love a hundred times, but in every case his fingers were crossed—not burned. Other radio magazines have made much of some of these "romances" which were in reality no more than dates, explainable by studio publicity needs or by the simple fact that Parker likes a good time as well as the next fellow.

Writers have tried hard to scent a romance in his friendship with Dorothy Martin, a former show-girl he has known for twelve years, but the very fact that their acquaintance is of such long standing is proof that he considers himself "safe" in her company. For whenever he has found an association getting a bit out of control, going beyond the companionship stage, Frank has slammed on the four-wheel brakes. Because he was afraid a serious romantic entanglement would take his mind off his work, and to Frank Parker, his work has been everything up to now.

I've known all along that while Frank was considered one of the best catches along Broadway, he simply wasn't in the marriage market, and society debs and shopgirls alike were throwing themselves at his feet in vain. He's been the despair of gossip columnists—by the time they could get the name of one alleged fiancee into print, he was being seen with someone else.

He gave one girl a terrific rush last year—a round of gay niteries and a sweet barrage of petty attentions such as would sweep any damsel off her feet. It was such a well-calculated campaign that it must, it seemed, inevitably end at the altar. And indeed it did—about a month later. The girl had met Frank while asking for his autograph after a broadcast, they had chatted, and before she knew it she had confided to the singer that the boy she loved kept forgetting to ask her the important question. Frank suggested that they enlist the god of jealousy in her cause—and it worked!

When Frank told me the other day, while waiting for his voice lesson in the Metropolitan Opera building, that he was going to get married, I thought it was a gag. I laughed. Frank is always kidding about something. You who think Jack Benny made a comedian out of Parker should hear him off the air, any day, any hour of the day. He's a born clown. During rehearsals, he continually cuts up—doing jigs, mugging at the mike, and ad libbing nonsense. He told me once that he does it to keep the cast feeling good, so they'll give a gay, carefree performance. Which isn't a bad idea, but my opinion is that Frank just wants an excuse for fumbling over with high spirits.

"Your new press agent should be best man, if he thought up this wedding bells stunt," I insinuated.

"You're the first one I've told," Frank insisted seriously. "King doesn't even know about it. He probably wouldn't let me discuss it if he did—you know, the old idea of a romantic singer's appeal being damaged when he goes out of circulation."

I do know the publicity man's phobia on that subject—I nearly came to blows once with a press agent who didn't want me to mention in a Radio Mirror story that Joe Penner was married, on the theory that his sex-appeal was keeping him on the air. But it took me several minutes to get used to the idea of Frank Parker suddenly tossing away the freedom he has cherished above everything else. Why should he get married? Well, why shouldn't he? But if that's what he wanted, why did he wait until now? Why didn't he marry five years ago—or ten?

He has been in the money for several years, so it wasn't a case of waiting for economic independence. It certainly wasn't lack of opportunity or unrequited affection, for Parker is in a position to meet the most dazzling society heiresses, the cleverest, and most glamorous women of the professional world. And he could rely on his devastating voice and personality to win the heart of any girl he might choose. Yet he is old enough to be paying alimony to several women, had he been matrimonially inclined.

I supposed of course that some stupendous new romance had entered his life to make him so far forget his scorn of the domestic urge. But I was in for another surprise when I asked, "Who's the lucky girl?"

"Without quibbling over positive or negative aspects of her fortune," Parker said, "I haven't the slightest idea who she is. She might be a waitress in a beanery, or she might be a countess. I am quite sure she (Continued on page 100)
A Wife!

When a wealthy tenor gets ready to settle down, he knows what he wants. Perhaps you'll fill the bill.

By Louis Underwood

For the Atlantic Family, starring Frank Parker, turn to page 53, 7 o'clock column.

Extreme left, Frank chats with Dorothy Martin, the girl he was rumored engaged to. Next, with Honey Chile, of his radio show, Alice Faye got a big rush for a few weeks. But this time he is really serious.
HOW Helen Hayes MADE HER MARRIAGE A SUCCESS
UTSIDE, the August night was sultry, threatening. Inside the stuffy projection room of Paramount’s Long Island studio the temperature was nearly 100. Helen Hayes sat quietly beside her husband, her fingers clasping a lace handkerchief. On the tiny film a few feet away flickered Charles MacArthur’s first picture which he had produced with Ben Hecht.

A carefully selected audience of New York newspapermen and magazine editors whose critical faculties were known to be sharp and honest filled the few remaining seats. The picture ran to an end and the lights flashed on. Applause — handshaking — spontaneous congratulations — followed. The film had scored!

It was Helen’s proudest moment. The man she had married six years before stood on his own feet, successful, responsible.

To every married woman, no matter how great her own success, happiness comes with the success of the man she loves. For six years, almost to the day, Helen had been waging, in private life, with characteristic patience, a struggle to bring Charles MacArthur to the complete fulfillment of his abilities.

Her own career of one fresh triumph after another on both screen and stage — the plaudits that came so bountifully with her performances in “The Sin of Madelon Claudet,” “A Farewell to Arms,” and “Mary of Scotland” — were only overtones in a life consecrated to her husband’s career.

Six years she worked unceasingly for the day when he would realize his almost limitless potentialities. With faith and determination she helped Charles MacArthur, playwright of newspaper row, become Charles MacArthur, producer, important figure in the motion picture world, without sacrificing any of his native charm or flavor, those priceless qualities that had won her love in the beginning.

A short time before the preview of that film she had been nearly ready to give up the struggle, had envisioned a future in which none of her further successes, if there were any, would taste of anything but the ashes of defeat.

But there is no shadow hanging over her this winter.

WHEN SHE MARRIED SHE WAS TO ASSUME A TASK FEW IF ANY WIVES EVER DARE FACE

For Helen Hayes’ program, sponsored by General Foods, turn to page 56 — nine o’clock column.

Below, Charlie MacArthur, Helen’s husband and one of the legendary figures of our time. Her daughter, Mary (right), is now five years old.
HE RUNS HIS SHOW WITH AN IRON HAND—YET NO MEMBER HAS EVER QUIT! HERE'S THE REASON WHY—

Fred loses that carefree grin of his when he starts in to rehearse. Left, reading down, Polley McClintock and Johnny Davis, Stella Friend, Brother Tom Waring, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. For Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, sponsored by Ford, see pages 53 and 56, 9 o'clock columns.
THE theater is dim, ghost-like. The seats that will be filled later in the evening with alive, pleased faces stretch emptily to the right and left through the shadows.

On the stage are thirty-one young men and four young women. The light gleams on their instruments and on the golden head of Rosemary Lane, who stands motionless near the wings. They are looking silently, and a little uncomfortably, at a slim, dark-haired man slumped in a chair before them. They have been looking at him like that—without a sound—for a full minute. For sixty emotionally-charged seconds.

Finally he raises his hand. "All right," he says in a voice bitter with weariness, "if you children are ready to act like grown-ups, we'll do this once again—and right!"

He lifts his hand and lets it fall. The light winks on the burnished brass and Rosemary moves quickly to a microphone. The incomparable rhythms of Waring's Pennsylvanians pulse and glow.

That slim, tired young man is Fred Waring—a Fred you have never met. One with his smile wiped off and his sleeves rolled up.

At work, he's a stern taskmaster who shows none of that gaiety you hear over the air. He learned, some twelve years ago, that an iron discipline and an adamant insistence upon perfection are required equipment on the road to the top. He acquired them.

He then learned that, though a person may practice that discipline on himself and have it show only in the degree of his success, he must expect the fur to fly when he practices it on others.

So ever since the time, years ago, when Poley McIntock walked out and started to drum for another orchestra, the fur has flown in the Waring rehearsals. Poley has been the only one to walk out. He returned within a month. There haven't been any more attempts, for the Pennsylvanians now take their bawling-outs like little men. They know they're good for them.

Aside from those brought on by technical errors, the most recurrent concerns the Glee Club. It is not generally known but a great deal of the Waring success lies in Fred's ability to mould untrained voices into a smooth, expressive unit. Listen to the Glee Club sing, and you'll hear they sound as though they mean what they croon.

On occasion, one of the musicians who make up the Glee Club will become a little proud of the quality Fred has discovered in his voice. He will take secret lessons from an expensive teacher, and the expensive teacher will impress him with the value of volume. Three weeks flit by, and the young man is ready to impress the Pennsylvanians. In the very first chorus, his voice rises high and clear above the others, until Fred frowns and raises his hand. It has happened a number of times and Fred always tells that person to cut out the vocal lessons. He doesn't like it.

Frankly, because of Fred's driving interest in the job at hand, there is none of the horseplay in his rehearsals that mark those of almost every other radio show. The thirty-one boys and four girls laugh rarely. Once, not many weeks ago, I sat for two hours in the theater while Fred whipped three songs into their final shape, and only once was there the sound of merriment. It was over something Johnny Davis, the scat singer, said—and everyone howled. Fred smiled. He said, "I've been trying to get sore all day, and now you've spoiled it."

And one of the members of the show, standing near me, said, "This is one of Fred's easy days."

THE Pennsylvanians are really a little proud of the criticisms that would curl the hair on a mohair couch. Fred has had Rosemary Lane almost in tears as he made her try again and again to catch a single voice inflection in a love song. But Rosemary calls him the grandest guy she has ever known—and means it. They all call him that. And all mean it.

For one thing, he is generous. At Christmas, his gifts to the members of his organization cost him a great deal more than three thousand dollars. More than that, the expenses of the troupe are paid every time it goes on the road. Birthdays are remembered, as are anniversaries.

He is friendly, too, though you'd never know it if you only watched his rehearsals. When there is no music in front of him, he loves to play. He prefers that he and the Pennsylvanians play en masse. One characterized him as a country judge watching sternly, yet wisely and fairly, over the lives of those in his little community.

Those are excellent qualities. (Continued on page 76)
Only twenty-one, Betty gets our vote as Chicago's best bet for the Miss America contest. She's cast as Patricia Rogers in the Girl Alone serial and takes a role in Lights Out, both NBC shows. She's been on the stage since she was old enough and tall enough to walk on and bow by herself.
There's no better key to the character of Fred Allen's charming wife than the clothes she invariably wears. This tailored sports suit is typical of Portland's wardrobe. Being married to a famous comedian and acting the dumb but oh so dumb stooge on the air hasn't yet spoiled her style taste.
Microphone 
Masquerade

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

JIMMY WHITE looked almost enough like Hal McCabe, the famous radio tenor, to be his young double, and he sang like him, but that didn't alter the fact that he was only a filing clerk in the music department of the greatest radio network in the world, receiving a salary too small to get married on. And Madge Summers, who worked in the network's stenography room, said they must wait until they could afford to marry. That's the reason why, acting on a tip from the building's Italian bootblack, Jimmy walked uninvited into the Vice President's office one afternoon. There he found a queer group of persons with the Vice President—Hal McCabe, middle-aged and looking ill; a man named Loeb who said he was McCabe's manager, and another man who said nothing and looked dangerous. Jimmy burst into the imitation of McCabe's singing he had given at parties, but before he could finish, the Vice President said sternly, "What's your name?" That meant, Jimmy knew, that he'd be fired for his impertinence, and he turned to leave the room. "Wait a minute," the man named Loeb said, turning to Jimmy, "how'd you like to make a grand a week for two weeks?" Meanwhile, Madge waited for Jimmy to meet her after work. Learning that he had gone to the Vice President's office, she followed him there—only to be met in the outer office by a man who said Jimmy White was not around. But as the man turned away, Madge caught a glimpse of a gun hanging under his coat!

JIMMY told Jake Loeb: "Two grand looks like heaven from where I sit. What do I do for it?"

Jake Loeb patted his fat paunch and grinned. "Nothing. Nothing, kid. It's like this. McCabe here has got a little sore throat. Nothing serious, y'understand, but he has a new sponsor. Audition in a couple of days, and then thirteen weeks. We can cover up on the audience, say that McCabe won't work in a big studio. And we can fool the sponsor, he's never seen anything but pictures of Hal. All you gotta do is stand in front of a mike and open and shut your mouth, and we'll pipe the sound in through a phonograph. In two weeks, Hal'll be singing
again. Maybe it takes practice, but what's practice when you're getting two grand? Huh?

"Nothing," Jimmy said. "Nothing. Only I can sing. Not like Mr. McCabe of course—" this, hurriedly, as the famous Hal half rose in his chair—but if I'm made up to look like him, and they see me, they'll think it's him.

The big shot got up. "I won't be a party to this," he said firmly. "Come on, Tulin." They swung out of the office firmly, gravely.

"When do I report for work?" Jimmy asked Loeb.

McCabe's manager looked at the man who sat next to the glowing radio singer. "He's reported, Jake. Starting right now. Get him over to the hotel, and keep him there."

Jake shrugged. "O.K., Maxey. You heard Mr. Corvallis, kid. What's your name?"

"Jimmy White. Look, I'll go get my hat, and—"

"A hat he should be thinking of when two grand hangs in the balance," Jake Loeb complained. "A hat, yet. You stay with us, White. A dozen hats you can buy when this is all over."

Jimmy grinned. This was screwy, but it was a chance, a chance to get enough money to get married on, to solve all his troubles. "O.K.," he said good-naturedly. "So I'll be with you in a minute. I gotta leave a message for my boss. No? I suppose Mr. Tulin'll look after me not getting fired."

There was a rap on the door. Jake Loeb looked at it as though he had never seen a door before in his life; McCabe looked at it; Jimmy looked at it; Maxey Corvallis slipped his hand inside his coat, and then smiled; not pleasantly; he got up and went through the door, without giving them a chance to see what was on the other side. McCabe said, huskily: "Utsy, maybe. He didn't sound happy.

Corvallis came back after a couple of minutes, frowning.

"Where you from, kid?" he asked Jimmy. "Not New York, huh? How many people you know well in this town?"

Jimmy said: "Just one. A girl. She—"

Maxey chuckled. "She was looking for you." He sat down, smiling greasily.

"Jimmy said: "But I have to talk to her. I have to tell her where I am. Do you hear me? She'll be worried—"

He grabbed for the door-knob.

Corvallis was wearing a heavy ring. He cracked Jimmy's wrist with it, hard enough to make the boy pull his hand back. "Tell her about it two weeks from now, boy. Hear me? For the next two weeks you're what the coppers call incommunicado. Get me, fella?"

Jimmy said: "Keep your job. I don't need the money bad enough to keep Madge worried about me for two weeks. I don't. I tell you. Take your job and—"

Corvallis, for all his bulk, was fast. The ring hand hit Jimmy flush on the jaw, sent him sprawling into a chair.

"Act your age, baby. Come on, Hal. Jake, you stay with the kid, and see he stays with you. No phone calls, you hear? Here's Utsy, now. Utsy, come in."

The man who came in was tall and husky, dumb looking as an ox. "Utsy," Corvallis said, "you stay with Jake and the kid. They're not to talk to anybody."

"O.K." Utsy sat down and lost interest in the proceedings. McCabe put on his hat, pulled it low over his face, wrapped a muffler around his neck, and followed Corvallis out.

Jake Loeb sat down heavily, facing Jimmy. "For five years I have been working for that Corvallis, and I do not ever get used to him. I will make it as easy for you as I can, boy, and when it is all over, we will get you a haircut so you will not look so much like Hal, and maybe I can make a singer out of you."

Ordinarily this would have delighted Jimmy. But he was thinking about Madge, poor Madge, worrying about him, waiting for a phone call from him.

"Do not think about your girl," Jake Loeb said. "Two weeks passes quickly, and I am telling you, boy, when you come back with the two thousand dollars, she will forget all about this. If she is a good girl, she will think how much you can do with two grand. And if she is not such a good girl, she will think how much she can do with it. I am telling you, boy, and I am pretty old."

Jimmy said: "Who's Corvallis?"

"Maxey the Greek. He had a half interest in a night club one time, and he hired me to handle his singers. McCabe was a success, only it ain't much to McCabe, because he is under contract to Maxey. Now Maxey is on the legitimate, he runs a hotel, he makes money off Hal McCabe's radio contracts, only some of his old ways he still has, like Utsy here and that ring. Well, boy, now we go to the hotel, and we practice. I can tell you this; you had better behave, just like I behave, because this Utsy he cannot be argued with. He is too dumb to get more than one idea in his head at a time, and all his ideas he gets from Maxey Corvallis. And that Maxey, he is a bad thinker. Come on Jimmy White."

Madge Summers erased and typed, typed and erased. There were blue circles under her (Continued on page 74)

Voices began to come through the loudspeaker. "You would not kill this kid for a little...?" Jimmy wondered if Madge would ever know what had become of him.

By RICHARD WORMSER

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE AND WHEN YOU NEED MONEY TO GET MARRIED YOU'RE SOMETIMES TOO WILLING TO MAKE BARGAINS WITH DEATH!

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY
If the learned gentlemen of the American Academy of Arts and Letters supplemented their annual diction trophy with a medal to radio's most unique personality, the chances are that Ted Husing would get the first award.

He's the only announcer who is able to demand and receive the right to preside over the microphone in his own way, with the minimum of supervision from network officials; who selects what football games he will report, and invites guest speakers of his own choice to talk between halves; who appears on any station he likes, whether it belongs to the Columbia chain or not—and does it all with the full approval of the Columbia network.

He's one of the few announcers who's also a star in his own right. His own new program, sponsored by Wildroot, on which he tells the vivid backstage stories of a long radio career, is proof of that.

And also he's the fellow who said to me, not long ago, "I'm getting ahead with less talent than any guy in radio!"

He has more freedom in his work than any other announcer on either network, for two reasons. One is that Columbia officials realize Ted is a man made up of frankness, stubbornness and initiative—the sort of man who works best without a check-rein. If they tried to hold him to the straight and narrow path of orthodox announcing, they know good and well that his frankness would boil over in unexpected places and very likely do some damage.

The other reason he has this freedom is that he just naturally takes it.

That frankness of Ted's! I've known him a good many years, off and on—ever since he was an announcer on WHN, a local station in New York City—and I've never

Below, an informal snap of Ted as he swaps radio gossip with some cronies. At right, he dons football attire and demonstrates some of his theories on the one sport he enjoys announcing more than any other, and in which fans recognize him as an uncannily sure prophet.

Ted Husing's heard on the Camel Caravan, his own show, and with Burns and Allen. See page 53 —9, 7 and 8 o'clock columns.
known him to mince words on an opinion. When he believes something is true, he says so, no matter what the opposition, no matter who holds a differing opinion, and no matter what trouble he is storing up for himself by speaking out in print.

His tall, lanky frame is filled with a nervous energy which shows itself in his quickness at reporting fast-moving sports events. Sometimes, in fact, he's even a bit ahead of the next move in a game he is describing to you over the air—listening in, you sense a touchdown before you hear the cheer which accompanies it.

I've even heard him announce a golf tournament and make it breathlessly exciting, a little trick that takes some doing.

But he says he has no talent. Well, it depends on what you mean by talent. Here is how Ted himself explains his success in radio.

"I love the business," he told me once, "just for its doggedness. There isn't any glamour to it. None at all. Just good hard work. I've been through a lot of it—and mostly it was digging ditches—but I've never got tired of it and I don't think I ever will. That's the only reason I've got ahead in radio—just because I like it so well."

That didn't entirely convince me that there wasn't at least one phase of his radio work which has always seemed glamorous to Ted. He loves football reporting with a love that comes pretty close to being idolatrous. If he looks unhappy around Thanksgiving Day, it's because there will be a wait of nearly a whole year before the next gridiron season begins. All of which is only natural, because it was his close association with football which brought him fame.

While he was connected with WHN he announced a whole season of Columbia University games, and created, while he was at it, a good-sized flurry among radio-football enthusiasts within range of the small station. He was introducing a new style of announcing—breezy and informal, accurate, and yet with a touch of emotionalism in it which took it out of the field of straight reporting. It scandalized some people, who thought Ted was too partisan in some of his remarks, but it pleased a great many more.

By the time the football season ended, Ted had made such a name for himself that he was in demand for other types of stunt broadcasts. The freakiest of these was his plan of giving a running account of a motion picture as it was being flashed on the screen. The picture was "Love"—the silent version of "Anna Karenina"—and Ted, without seeing it in advance, was to describe it at a special midnight showing. Just nutty enough, and difficult enough, to be the sort of thing he loved doing. But he never carried the scheme out. He resigned from WHN just before the date for the stunt broadcast was definitely set, and Nils T. Granlund (N. T. G.), then director of WHN, did the job instead.

After his resignation, Ted was out of a job for a while. By that time, radio was in his blood, and he didn't even try to find a different sort of work. He spent his time, instead, in visiting radio editors. He had frequent quarrels with them all, over differences of opinion, but somehow the quarrels never lasted long. Ted has the knack of regaining friendships, and in addition there was the fact that Ted was in those days a valuable news source. The industry was still in a chaotic state, stations changing hands with dizzying rapidity, new personalities being developed, and Ted always had the information on a news story before anyone else. That may have been one reason the writers swallowed his gibes at their criticisms of programs with which he disagreed.

He'd made too good a name for himself in his Columbia University broadcasts over WHN to be out of a job long, and eventually he was appointed assistant to Major J. Andrew White, veteran CBS sports announcer. At first Ted was second-string announcer, and was never used on any but sustaining programs.

It was partly through his outspoken criticism of something most of us would have been tactfully silent about that he started the climb in the Columbia network organization which was finally to make him one of the highest-paid announcers in the business. (Continued on page 66)
The True Story of RADIO'S

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Twenty years ago he was the idol of America's movie-going public. Eighteen secretaries were kept busy full time, in the elaborate white and gold reception room of his Hollywood mansion. It was their duty to answer his fan mail and to mail out prints of the photograph which adorns the opposite page to girls and women who couldn't see enough of him on the screen.

He received more adulation than Clark Gable does today, because in that still slightly mauve decade, adulation—like swooning—was in fashion.

Ten years ago they said he was through. Talkies came in, and it was assumed that the flicker stars' voices would not suit this new medium. Also a new type of screen hero emerged, and a sensitive face was no longer considered a valuable attribute for a male star to possess.

So—Hollywood said he was through. And when Hollywood says you're through, it's apt to mean you're finished—in pictures. Many stars of the silents were forgotten almost over-night; today their names evade recollection and even their faces stir the memory but slightly, as a curtain is ruffled by an errant breeze on a sultry evening.

But you haven't forgotten Francis X. Bushman.

Arthur Brisbane once said of him, "His name and face are probably better known than those of any living American." . . . And this is still true—in spite of the fact that it is all of ten years since Bushman was starred in a picture.

His almost-too-perfect profile stamped on the head of a coin would be more recognizable to most of us, even today, than the heads of many past presidents of the United States. Hear his name, and try to keep from seeing his image on the screen of your consciousness. . . . No, you haven't forgotten him. Nor will you have forgotten him ten years from now.

Yet today Francis X. Bushman works in comparative obscurity, making his living by the very quality which the movies scorned—his voice.

You can no longer see that leonine profile or watch those suave gestures on the screen. Bushman could be doing character bits in pictures, but he never has. For he has found a new world to take the place of the tinselled backdrop against which he once emoted.

"It's a strange world, radio," he booms, and his bright blue eyes shine like an eager boy's. "You act into a little black mouthpiece, and try to make a million people see what you're doing.

"Your face doesn't matter. We used to think that was the all important thing—looks. But I know now that we were wrong. An actor's true personality shows only in his voice."

Bushman believes this. That's why he doesn't mind starting all over again financially. The quality, whatever it was, which made him so popular in silent films, is still his. Only now he has but one way to transmit it: his voice as it comes to you over the air.

He has no bitterness in him against the industry which took his youth and energies and, finally, his fortune. For it was the lavishness with which Hollywood forces its darlings to live and give which impoverished the actor. He has gone through three immense fortunes, and would do it again if he had the chance. He believes in doing things in the grand manner.
Even now he cannot help surrounding himself with the quality of mystery. He is always difficult to reach in person. You phone him... There is no Mr Bushman at this number. You explain your mission... We might be able to get a message to Mr Bushman.

In the end he calls you back. He has been out exercising his dogs in the park, probably. He is sorry he has been so difficult to reach.

He loves to talk, and his story, which covers a great deal of the history of the picture industry, reads like fantasy.

Francis X. Bushman has been thirty-six years in the theater, twenty of them in the movies. Counting the ten years which have passed since Hollywood elected him the Forgotten Man to be beaten down by a terrific majority, this takes us back thirty years in screen lore.

When Bushman was sixteen years old he left a Jesuit college because he hated to study. He worked at thirty-seven jobs in the next two years, but still had not found his niche. He could find no job in which he could successfully avoid work. And he frankly admits he is very lazy. That’s one reason he likes radio; he doesn’t have to learn a line.

He figured that the stage would give him an easy existence, so he joined a stock company in Baltimore, which was owned by George Fawcett. You may remember Fawcett in the silent pictures.

Bushman left the stock company as soon as movies loomed on the horizon. He quickly became the most popular male star of silent pictures. He was a non-professional “strong man” around New York at the time, and his muscles soon became known from Coast to Coast. He was, as you remember, gorgeous looking.

In those days Hollywood was nothing but a scrap heap. In fact there was no Hollywood, if you can imagine that. Bushman made dozens of pictures in New York and dozens more in the old Essanay Studios on Argyle Street in Chicago. His contemporary stars were William Faversham, Ethel Barrymore and her brother Lionel, the Drews—Sidney and wife—Emmy Whalen, May Allison and Elsie Ferguson. Not bad names for a baby industry.

Bushman was producer, actor and promotion man rolled into one. As the latter he was full of “stunts.” He conducted a story contest in Ladies’ World Magazine and then made an eight reel picture from the winning manuscript, acting in it himself. But he had difficulty in selling it, for it was too long. He cut it to four reels and it went over in a big way. It was one of the first feature length pictures.

Bushman holds the world’s record in that he has played in more pictures than any other film star, living or dead. Four hundred and eighteen, to be exact. Three hundred and fifty of these were made in the East, B. H.—before Hollywood, that is.

He was making $25,000 a year with Essanay when they started a company called Metro. He joined with them in the venture. It was his suggestion that California might be a good place to shoot some scenes. (Continued on page 69)

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
HOLLYWOOD’S FIRST GLAMOUR HERO
CROWNED KING OF THE MOVIES, HIS STAR HAD APPARENTLY SET—UNTIL
RADIO OFFERED HIM A NEW CAREER

For left, Bushman in costume for his last picture, “Ben Hur.” At the left, this picture was given to thousands of fans in the days when Bushman was a great Hollywood star.
IF RED NICHOLS HAD KNOWN
WHEN HE WAS LICKED HE'D
NEVER HAVE WON HIS WIFE!

Dorothy, Red Nichols' little daughter, shown below with her mother, is older now than her father was when he made his stage debut in his hometown of Ogden. Bottom, Red as he appeared then.

By NORTON RUSSELL

Red Nichols is on Kellogg College Prom. See page 56 8 o'clock column.

HE NEVER TAKES No FOR AN ANSWER

ERNEST LORING NICHOLS, much better known to his friends and several million other people as "Red," sat in the orchestra pit of the Earl Carroll theater and gazed yearningly up at the stage, where the chorus of the "Vanities" was dancing.

As far as Red was concerned, there was only one girl in that chorus.

She was the most stunning brunette on earth, and her name was Willa Stutsman.

But as far as she was concerned, Red Nichols wasn't in the orchestra pit, or in the theater, or anywhere. He just didn't exist.

For months Red had been sending her notes by one of the other girls in the chorus. Pleading notes, kidding notes, serious notes, short notes and long notes. But when you boiled them down they all asked the same question: "Can't I have a date with you after the show?"

Not one of them had ever had an answer. Not once had Willa Stutsman showed even by a downward glance at the orchestra pit, that she'd ever received one of them.

Willa had ideas of her own about musicians. They were all erratic, and most of them were out-and-out crazy. There was no solidity to them; they were here today and gone tomorrow. Naturally, it followed that if all musicians were that (Continued on page 68)
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TRACE JAZZ BANDS BACK TO THEIR HUMBLE START

The JAZZ TREE of radio

NOBODY knows exactly what little acorn this mighty oak grew from. Some say it was the primitive rhythms of savage people. Others that jazz developed out of the unwritten tunes men and women sang as they worked. And a few insist that it's simply the melodies composed by great musicians years ago for opera and symphony, dressed up with syncopated dance tempo.

Anyway, there it is, the Tree of Jazz, poking its branches into every corner of the world where men can go. They listen to jazz over the radio in Little America, and they listen to it on the phonograph in Tahiti.

The old tree has grown a good deal since the days when a cowbell and a tin pan were the most important features of a dance band. It has history and tradition now. Some leaders, by their talent and originality, have added new branches to it, and trained other men to add new branches in their turn. They're the big names in dance-music history.

Above, Radio Mirror presents the result of a tough spell of research into the genealogy of jazz. It meant a lot of hanging around places where musicians congregate, but we found out who the men were who pioneered in jazz, nursed it along, improved it, and passed their knowledge along to their pupils.

Of course, we may be getting ourselves into trouble. Somebody's likely to insist that this musician or that belongs on another branch entirely—and jazz enthusiasts can get pretty violent over a question like that. But our investigations tell us we're right, and that every branch is in the correct place.

Condensed into a couple of glances, the history of jazz is here for your information and interest. Perhaps you'll want to add a couple of branches of your own.
Hidden Moments in Their Lives

Even today Stella Friend doesn't like to think of the night which changed the course of her career

By MARY JACOBS

But let me tell you just how it happened.

Now lying around and doing nothing but resting for six months is enough of a good thing for any normal girl. As soon as Stella was on her feet again she found something to keep her busy. She'd go to her sister's Mexican kitchen in Wilmington, and help out. She loved watching the Mexican women prepare the steaming native dishes at the open hearth; she loved setting the crude wooden tables, shaped like tree stumps; she loved arranging and rearranging the colorful Mexican pottery against the brushed white, rough walls; she loved painting the chairs with brilliant designs. And most of all, she enjoyed meeting the tourists who dropped in, the famous Hollywood folk who stopped on their way to the San Pedro Harbor, where their yachts were moored.

It didn't take Stella very long to make up her mind. She, too, would go into the restaurant business. Since her long illness had eaten up her savings, her brother-in-law, glad that she had found something to be interested in, offered to finance her.

"All I needed to get started," she told me, "was $300. I found just the place—an old shack at Laguna Beach, in the heart of the art colony. The rent was only $20 a month, and since I've always been handy, fixing the place up was easy. I went around picking up bargains. In one place I got two dozen chairs with leather strips for $1 apiece; rude tables which I painted with bright, huge flowers. My floor was to be red tile, my curtains red and white checked. Everything was all set."

Then came that awful Saturday night, at her sister's place, La Concinita. "Mother, my sister, Fred, and I were sitting talking about my plans, enjoying a midnight snack before closing up. All the help and customers had gone. It was deathly quiet. The nearest house was a mile away from the restaurant, and Wilmington Boulevard, at this spot, is very dimly-lit. The lights in the store were dim, in keeping with the Mexican atmosphere."

"A young Philippine, wearing smoked glasses, came in and asked for two hot tamales. I got up and gave them to him. He handed me twenty cents and walked out. I rejoined my folks and thought (Continued on page 91)
Above left, Mary Morgan, whose talks on charm and personality you hear on the First Nighter and Grand Hotel programs, with her two secretaries. She has been around the world three times, lived abroad fifteen years... Left, Joseph Bell, who plays Steve Van Brunt in Helen Hayes' serial, "The New Penny," on NBC. He was born in Kansas City, is a college graduate, was a lieutenant in the world war. He's dark, married... Left below, the Ford Symphony Orchestra's conductor, Victor Kolar. Born in Hungary, he speaks five languages, is married, likes to fish and cook... Louis Gress, below, used to lead the orchestra in the Ziegfeld Follies when Eddie Cantor was its star. Now he leads it on Eddie's air show. Born in New York, he studied music in Germany, where he conducted his first grand opera at the age of eighteen.
Here are a few of the brand new crop of entertainers radio's producing for the future. Pat Ryan, above, twelve years old, was Columbia's first child actress when she made her debut six years ago. She writes and directs plays for the Let's Pretend programs besides acting in them . . . Above left, is Joyce Walsh, six, who's on the True Story, News of Youth, and Lux shows as well as Madge Tucker's NBC children's programs. Sings duets with her sister Jean, too . . . Walter Tetley, below left, started six years ago with Madge Tucker, doing Harry Lauder imitations. Now he works on Show Boat, Helen Hayes, Buck Rogers, and Fred Allen shows. He's sixteen, a constant cut-up in the studio, enthusiastic over his latest hobby, taking amateur movies . . . Eight-year-old Patricia Peardon, below, takes leading parts in Columbia's Let's Pretend series, and is also heard on the March of Time, World Peaceways, and Cavalcade of America. Besides acting, she also sings; came to radio when she was five.
Lester Jay and Jerry Macy, above, play Terry and Chico in Columbia's Terry and Ted series. Lester made his debut in the movies when he was six, playing with such stars as Barbara La Marr and Ben Lyon. His hobbies are football and making model airplanes. Lynn Mary Oldham, right, came to New York from Louisville, Kentucky. You hear her in several of Madge Tucker's NBC shows. Below right, Estelle Levy, talented as both actress and musician. She takes old-lady parts in Let's Pretend, plays saxophone and piano, and sings. Eleven years old now, she entered radio when she was six. Like most of radio's child stars, she goes to the New York Professional Children's School. Twins Billy and Bobby Mauch are as alike as twins can be, but Warner Brothers picked Billy to play Anthony Adverse as a boy in the movie of that name. Bobby, to his disgust, is working as Billy's stand-in during the filming of the picture in Hollywood. They were born in Illinois ten years ago, have taken juvenile parts in many programs on both networks during the last three years.
That time-honored institution, Lloyds of London, will insure you against practically anything from chilblains to triplets, but they would throw up their collective hands in dismay were you to ask them for a policy covering the traditional uncertainties of show business. Show business, where you are on top of the world today, borrowing cigarette money tomorrow, and higher than ever next week. Programs of social security may guard against the hazards of old age, unemployment, and illness, but there was no program of social security for show business—until jovial, boyish, blond Al Pearce set tradition by the heels and proceeded to lay forever that bugaboo of the entertainment world—the lay-off problem.

The professors in Washington may juggle with the alphabet to their hearts’ content, but seven years ago, while they were still teaching freshmen to grasp the rudiments of life’s stern realities, Al Pearce had his own NLO—“no lay offs.” And it worked. It brought Al and his gang out of the depression; a depression they were in following a series of set backs that would have disbanded forever the average entertainment group. It brought Al Pearce and His Gang to the enviable position of being the highest paid daytime show on the air.

Last April National Broadcasting Company talent scouts managed to impress upon network officials that here, at last, was a real find. From far-off California came the word that this variety show was setting coast listeners by the ears. The network officials went into a huddle, and emerged with an offer to Al Pearce to bring his gang to New York for a network spot—sustaining, of course.

There it was dangling before them, the prize to which all embryo radio stars aspire. To the average radio star, such an offer would mean, “Come on, show us what you have. Maybe you’ll be lucky. Maybe a sponsor will like you. Maybe you’ll go back where you came from. But here’s your chance.”

It didn’t mean that to Al Pearce and His Gang, however. For Al, instead of snatching greedily at the offer, counseled, “I’ll trade you. You give us the time, a half-hour spot every day except Saturday and Sunday, and you can keep your money. We’ll finance ourselves.” Here, at last, was something new in show business. A unit that was not hard up for cash!

For five months, from May 7 to October 7, Al Pearce and His Gang broadcast every day waiting for a sponsor to evince interest. They never received a penny for their services, but every Saturday night each one of the fifteen
men in the gang and Al himself received his regular pay check! Then came their present tooth-paste sponsor, and a commercial program for $10,000 a week. Broadway wise-aces smirked and said, “Sure, he’s a smart guy. But anyone could have done the same if he had a gang that would stick by him.”

It’s true Al’s gang stuck by him, but they stuck because they could afford to. Loyalty isn’t such a rarity in show business; the rare thing is to find anyone in show business who can afford the luxury of loyalty. Hope won’t pay the landlord. Promises won’t feed the wife and kids. But Al’s gang didn’t have to rely on hope or promises; they relied on their weekly pay checks—and every week the checks were waiting for them. That’s how the gang stuck.

The weekly payroll during that long period during which Al’s gang worked without sponsorial recompense was about two thousand dollars. Approximately $40,000 Al and his gang gambled on their ultimate success. A wonderful thing to have such faith? Yes, but more wonderful still to have the $40,000 with which to gamble.

In case you have scented a rich uncle who chose a timely moment to bequeath Al Pearce a fortune, you are wrong. Nor was he born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth. The answer to the riddle is far stranger. Al Pearce is that rarest of rare combinations—an entertainer with business acumen. To understand, you must go back ten years, to the very beginning, in San Jose, California.

Al and his brother Clarence (Continued on page 81)
The hour is approximately 1:45 P.M., on Saturday afternoon in New York. 1935 is old, 1936 is new. In far-off Hawaii, luxuriating beneath tropical skies, people turn on their radios as they settle themselves for breakfast and the opera from the Metropolitan. Short wave sets prepare to send the music around the world. Some ten million people comprise the great audience. Most of them have never seen the historic opera house, some of them are not familiar with the romantic traditions concerning it, but music is ever the cosmopolitan spirit that steals into the hearts of men and joins them in one common interest.

For instance, among the fan mail that pours into the National Broadcasting Company concerning the opera, is a letter from a man in Idaho:

"I want to thank you for the season tickets to the Metropolitan. I have never heard an opera in that house, but the pure and undistorted broadcasting of the performances makes me feel that I am one with the audience there."

Today, the ever growing number of opera fans wait impatiently for television. But until that day, here is an invitation to the Metropolitan matinee. Our seats, through the courtesy of NBC, are in the box next to the broadcasting engineer and directly in the middle of the house. The view is excellent and simultaneously, we can follow the performance on the stage and the mysterious business of broadcasting.
WHEREVER YOU LIVE, THE ONLY TICKET YOU NEED TO AN ORCHESTRA SEAT IS A FLIP OF YOUR RADIO DIAL

An exclusive picture of the Metropolitan Opera on a gala opening night. Left, Lily Pons in her "Lakme" costume; next, Kirsten Flagstad, greatest discovery of two seasons; next, the Met's new director, Edward Johnson; bottom, NBC's engineers in the control room.

A few years ago people said that opera was a thing of the past. Music lovers sadly shook their heads and waited for the fateful day when the Metropolitan would close its doors forever. Then suddenly, new blood and new hope were injected. Edward Johnson, newly elected and genial manager of the Metropolitan Association, himself a singer, has progressive ideas. When he took office last year, he put some of these ideas into work.

The old house was rejuvenated. New wiring for lighting and broadcasting was installed and, for a final touch, fresh paint was applied. Before all this, the old house had fallen into such bad condition that it was said that if someone slammed the stage door, the old stage sets would topple down on the singers.

So we are off to the opera, the old house with the new spirit. Filing through the doors onto red carpets, grandchildren stream in, tracing the footsteps of their parents' parents. Today, however, they step from taxis and subways. (Continued on page 85)
Invitation to the Met

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So we are off to the opera, the old house with the new spirit. Fliming through the doors onto red carpets, grandchildren stream in, tracing the footsteps of their parents' parents. Today, however, they step from taxis and subways. (Continued on page 85)
GET THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW A CRAZY SONG HAS SWEPT THE NATION IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS

FACING THE MUSIC

WITH JOHN SKINNER

THIS is the stark, austere Alice in Wonderland fable of two Irish lads, the sensations of swing music, Eddie Farley and Mike Riley and how they came to write "The Music Goes 'Round and Around," that elfin tune which sneaks up and twists your tongue and brain about insanely. It's being told because it gives an inside picture of America in the grip of a new craze. Somehow it seems significant.

So many tales have gotten about as to how it all started, you should read the story as we got it from Eddie Farley himself. After that we won't say another word about it.

"We push our pencil down. The words go down and around, Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho, and they come up here."

If Eddie and Mike hadn't been on tour in Pittsburgh and hadn't gone into that shop there—well, anyhow, they came out with a musical instrument strongly resembling a combined trumpet, uncomfortable octopus and the scrawlings on a telephone pad. Now one night as they were playing with the other members of Riley's jam band in New York's Onyx Club, haunt of radio musicians and assorted celebrities, a girl dancer swept to a halt as Mike was wildly tootling this creation of some mad genius.

"What," she demanded with reasonable curiosity, "is that business?"

Riley bravely blatted out seven or eight bars of an unfamiliar strain, then started to sing, tracing the intricate curlicues of the horn with his index finger:

"I blow through here; THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND AROUND. Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho and it comes up here..."

The band swung into the music, as jam bands will, and some thirty bars later, the tune was composed. Ah, but for some lyrics. Red Hodgson, another jam bandleader, leapt forward with pencil and paper. Ten minutes later the lyrics were scribbled down. One minute later the new song was being rendered—or rent, as you will—by the orchestra while Mike blew, blared, and took the horn apart and put it together again as he played. Two weeks later, a bewildered, delirious country was singing, dancing, playing the mad tune—and still is.

Every morning as we pass the doorman at one of the NBC Studio entrances in Radio City, he's humming the mad song. He keeps staring at the revolving doors as he does so.

Eddie and Mike call their silly trumpet a three-valve saxophone. You figure that out.
Sophisticated studioites were convulsed recently when David Ross recited the words to the crazy creation in his best Keats and Shelley manner. Perhaps you heard it.

Every new guest who comes to the Rainbow Room, the beautiful night club on the sixty-fifth floor of Radio City's RCA Building, points to the revolving dance floor. Poor things, they think they're saying something new when they titter:

"The music goes round and round..."

Farley and Riley are now playing in New York theaters to capacity audiences. And it looks as though they'll be whirling 'round and around the stage circuits for some weeks. Perhaps they'll spin your way.

If you've seen that little spiral gadget which people are attaching to their lapels, you should know that it's really a paper clip. A representative of the firm which manufactures them saw the possibilities of a wide distribution early in the first wave of popularity of the song. Some ten thousand are said to have been distributed within a month.

And if all this gets your brain reeling go out and buy a record of "The Music Goes Round and Around" and play it backward. That ought to clear everything up.

**ADD TO UNKNOWN FACTS**

Her real name is Sarah Elizabeth Schermerhorn, and she's featured over the WEAF-NBC network as one of the singing stars of the Philip Morris Cigarette broadcasts.

Sarah was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., where the Schermerhorn family trace their lineage back to Hendrik Schermerhorn, one of the earliest Dutch colonists in America and an aide of Peter Stuyvesant.

Only three years ago she received her first opportunity to sing before a theater audience. As Sally Singer, she won a radio audition contest in Albany and a professional engagement of one week at the Palace theater in that city. An audition at WGY followed and she began her radio career.

Her voice won the attention of several nationally-known band leaders and in short order she was singing with such orchestras as Johnny Johnson's, Kay Keyser's and Teddy Black's.

In the summer of 1933, while attending a private party on a showboat on Lake George, Sally was invited to sing by Leo Reisman, famous bandleader, whose orchestra was engaged for the occasion. It proved a great opportunity. Reisman invited her to go to New York, Sally accepted and was soon auditioning for the Philip Morris Cigarette program. She got the job.

Although she has very little time to play, Sally can be found every morning, before breakfast, riding in Central Park. At the family estate in Glens Falls, she has a stable with two riding horses and several pedigreed dogs.

During rehearsals she loves to dance. Even during broad-casts she can't make her feet behave when the orchestra plays. Her greatest ambition is to become an actress. She plays a crackerjack game of polo. She's an early riser. She is not superstitious. She never gets mike fright. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 120 and has gray eyes and light brown hair.

**SHORT SHORT STORIES**

Harry Reser, a broadcast veteran now returning to the popularity he once achieved, has great hopes for the pretty seventeen-year-old rhythm singer heard on his new series ... He discovered her singing with a dance band in a New York hotel dance spot ... Returning the next evening, he offered her an audition and a contract ... Result—Lynne Gordon on with the Eskimos every Sunday night.

The true satirist among radio musicians is Mark Warnow. He can tuck a violin under his chin and look dreamy-eyed with the best of them ... Despite his depth of feeling at any particular moment of playing, (Continued on page 71)
YOU CAN'T WIN BY

DON'T try too hard!” is Goodman Ace's motto and advice to others. “Don't aim too high, or better still, don't aim at all, and don't give any task all you've got.”

An heretical formula for success, and you glance at the author of Easy Aces expecting to see a twinkle in his blue eyes. But he is serious. He believes an over-zealous person is much more apt to bungle his work than one who takes it calmly, refuses to worry about anything, is even a bit flippant and devil-may-care about his job.

"The fellow who spends sixteen hours a day on his job and the other eight hours worrying about it isn't heading for success," Ace contends. "He's heading for a nervous breakdown.

"When comedy programs on the air fall flat, it isn't because they haven't had enough preparation. In most cases, it's because they've had too much. The comics are all punching too hard, trying to outdo each other. They have long conferences with a staff of writers and work themselves into a dither over whether it would be better to substitute the word the for a on page eight.

"Say, we couldn't work up a respectable dither if we lost page eight. Easy Aces isn't that important—to us or anyone else. We broadcast on the assumption that nobody is listening. The minute we're through, everything we've said belongs to the sparrows!"

It is no pseudo-modesty that makes Goodman Ace thus deprecate what many intelligent people believe to be the funniest script show radio has ever offered. He is perfectly honest in his don't-care attitude. The show is slapped together and broadcast with less ceremony than a weather report.

Goody spends about an hour banging out a script, if he is in the right mood and there are no interruptions. He never reads over what he has written until broadcast night, and he has never rewritten a script. He does Tuesday's and Wednesday's scripts the preceding Sunday night and Thursday's on Monday night, often sitting down to the typewriter without an idea in his head.

Many times he can't remember where he left off, and has to phone his advertising agency to find out. He can't be bothered to make a carbon copy, so if he forgets how much Jane paid for the desk in the last script—as he is very likely to—he has to call the agency again and have it looked up in the only copy he has written.

A script has never been lost on the way to the agency, but if one ever is, Goodman Ace won't even explode. He'll remark, "Isn't that awful?" and sit down and bat out another one. It will be an entirely different episode, because he won't be able to remember much about the other one, but he may remember then to buy some carbon paper.

The Aces arrive at the studio less than an hour before broadcast time, read the script through once with the other actors, who have never seen it before, time it, and then broadcast. They don't bother to take off their hats. They don't bother to stand up to a microphone—Goody had a mike built into a bridge table so they could sit down and relax. He is always smoking a cigar and chewing gum at the same time.

"I used to fret about these scripts quite a bit," Ace told me. "It took me five hours to write an episode and I would slave over every line to get the proper turn of each phrase. But I soon discovered that I was overshotting my mark. I worked my head to the bone to think of wrong words for Jane to use, and had the script so full of wise-cracks that the public got sick of them. Luckily we ran short of malapropisms before I had worried myself into an early grave or at least off the air.

"We settled into an even stride, going in more for character and situation humor than gags, and got along just as well without so much strain. The show has become a sort of marathon, but with the new system, instead of working my way through a lunatic asylum, I now have good prospects of outlasting the listeners.

"Some days our show is pretty good, and some days we tip-toe out of the studio after the broadcast and try to pretend we weren't there. Last week we had good scripts, this week they turned out terrible. But why worry? You're shooting in the dark, anyway. People's tastes differ so much that, no matter what you write, someone may like it. There's no such thing as an 'unpopular' script show. It's impossible to write one so bad that no one will like it.

"Effort is a much over-rated virtue," Ace says. "By itself, it doesn't mean a thing. He tried hard" in essence.

THEIR ATTITUDE IS DEVIL-MAY-CARE AND THEIR WAY OF GETTING AHEAD IS HERESY!

BUT THAT'S THOSE TAKE IT EASY ACES!
TRYING

SAYS GOODMAN ACE

By WELDON MELICK

a condemnation for failure. I 'tried hard' the other night to think of something clever for a columnist who asked me point blank for a bon mot. I couldn't think of a thing. There was nothing praiseworthy about that effort, because it was barren. Had I tried a little harder, the effort would have been actually harmful, because I would have thought of a very bad pun, the columnist would have used it, and people would have said disgustedly, "Does he think that's funny?" Instead, I changed the subject and forgot his request.

"Later, while we were discussing income taxes, I remarked that Jane and I had figured out that it would be cheaper to go to prison and pay the line charges for our programs from Atlanta for a year than to pay our income tax. The columnist laughed and used that in his column. You see, I wasn't trying to create a masterpiece. I was just talking.

"When you try too hard, you always spoil something. Remember the Kaiser? There's a guy who overshot his mark. Too much ambition is always worse than not enough. We have a friend who was doing well with a garment concern until his wife nagged him into quitting his job and going into business for himself. He lost his shirt and all his other garments.

"I don't mean you should lie down on the job. Keep punching, but pull your punches. Save your strength if you want to stay on your feet. If you rush the game, you may get your big opportunity before you're ready for it, and make a colossal fizzle.

"We don't punch hard even on the air. When we do have a good line, we never point it. I write 'throw away' in the script, so it will sound ad libbed, spontaneous. The effect is better than if we made a big fuss over every joke."

I wanted to know how this delightful small-town sketch got to the air, if its originator didn't struggle to achieve success and thought the conventional tremendous struggle was a lot of wasted energy.

(Continued on page 78)
BEAUTY FOR REDHEADS

S
O
you're a redhead! Lucky girl, to be blessed with that unusual crowning glory which carries its own marks of beauty and distinction with it. True, you do have your troubles when it comes to choosing your wardrobe, because color combinations becoming to coppery tresses are so limited. But, if you watch your costume and cosmetic color harmonies—which is just what we're going to help you with this month—you have a head start (no pun intended!) on the rest of femininity in the race for outstanding loveliness.

Of course, there are redheads and redheads. There's the strawberry blonde with red gold hair and blue eyes, like Deane Janis. There's the darker auburn beauty with mahogany colored hair and green eyes, like Carol Deis. And, in between, thousands of variations. Dark or light, you'll find your color harmonies bound by much the same rules, and this month we persuaded Carol Deis and Deane Janis to tell you about those rules.

First and foremost, avoid all reds. Carol and Deane say they couldn't impress this too strongly. That goes for pink, too. Ice cream pinks and baby pinks are absolutely out. The nearest to this shade which you can wear is flesh color, and both Carol and Deane are fond of this. The darker-haired Carol also wears peach shades, but Deane draws the line at any form of yellow as well as pink. However, Deane wears henna tones which complement the much lighter color of her hair, though these shades are not becoming to auburn heads. So it all evens up eventually!

"Actually, the color of your skin is most important in choosing the colors you should wear with auburn hair," says Carol. "For instance, the ruddy-complexioned redhead doesn't have the color range of the redhead with white skin. Blues and blacks, ordinarily the best of colors for this type of hair, might be very trying to pink or ruddy skins. I wear a great deal of black myself, usually relieved with white for daytime, and designed with very sophisticated lines for evening. And I wear a lot of blue, particularly light and electric tints, and aquamarine. I like golden tan and brown, which are apt to be a bit trying for auburn hair with its own hard-to-match brown tints. Carol likes brown, but she limits herself to golden and ginger shades. Generally speaking, the (Continued on page 80)

By JOYCE ANDERSON

and canary yellows, but I'm very careful to avoid any yellow with green in it, just as I avoid green with yellow in it. Green, though, is probably my favorite color—any shade except the yellowish ones like chartreuse or olive."

Deane, too, is very fond of black and green. "I feel very much at ease in black," she says, "and probably wear more of it than anything else. It's an excellent contrast to light red hair, of course, and because my hair is light (Deane is quite blonde in coloring, but with a definite coppery tinge to her hair), I concentrate mainly on dark shades. Green is excellent, too, but I choose the vivid or dark greens, never pastel tints. The same is true of blue. I wear white occasionally, but not much except in summer. And I nearly always have touches of white or color on my black costumes."

The only pastel shades which Deane has in her wardrobe at present are evening gowns in flesh and gray. She is very fond of steel gray, since bluish grays provide a becoming contrast to reddish blonde hair. She achieves this bluish effect in her present gray costume with accessories of navy blue. On the other hand, though Carol likes blue with gray, she wears oxblood accessories with her gray suit, an effective color combination which she discovered quite by accident.

As for brown, Deane wears a great deal of both

I'll be glad to tell you the name and price of the special shampoo and cologne Miss Carol uses and the eyeshadow and dependable mascara which Miss Janis finds so satisfactory. Send your enquiry or other beauty problems to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York.
Leonard Berman, of Abe Lyman's band, was on the receiving end of Leap Year's first proposal, while his boss looked on. The bride was Martha Pomeroy.

Lucille Manners. He's registered as being born June 1, 1909. For Ray's program, see page 56—10 o'clock column.

Butterfly, South Bend, Ind.—Lennie Hayton was born in the heart of New York City on a cold day in February—13th, 1908 to be exact. The theme song for the Hit Parade program is "Happy Days Are Here Again." He got married last year.

Mrs. E. D., Massillon, Ohio—Mrs. Billy Batchelor is played by Alice Davenport. Mrs. Raymond Knight is not a radio star but she and Raymond Knight who plays the part of Billy Batchelor, have two children in real life.

Betty F., St. Petersburg, Florida—The Honeymoons are Grace Bradt and Eddie Albert. Grace was born in Minneapolis, Minn., June 19, 1908 and Eddie was born in Rock Island, Ill., on April 22, 1908. Kathleen Wilson plays the part of Claudia in One Man's Family.

H. G. H., Lowell, Mass.—Joe Penner never attended Lafayette College and doesn't belong to any college fraternity.

Thomas M., Kansas City, Mo.—I'd suggest that you write to Pat Kelly, Supervising Announcer at National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, outlining your qualifications and experience in detail. Best of luck, Tom.

Neil, W. A., Van, Chicago, Ill.—The Carborundum Band has been on the air for some time. You'll find the stations listed in Radio Mirror's program guide on page 53, in the seven o'clock column.

Dolores S., Chester, Pa.—Gloria La Vay might have appeared on the Cheerio program as a guest but she is not a regular member of this program. Address her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Mimi P., New York, N. Y.—Lewis James is the Revelers' second tenor. Lewis hails from Ypsilanti, Mich. He won a scholarship to the Institute of Musical Arts and was Dr. Frank Damrosch's choice to sing with the Musical Art Society. Has sung with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and the N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra, singing tenor solos.

Jack Sisson, Wharton, Texas—Ned Wayburn has only one dance studio and that is in New York—625 Madison Avenue.

Mooneen, Buffalo, New York—I'm sorry to have disappointed you. When I wrote that Tito Guizar was off the air, he was, at the time of writing. He returned to the air about the same time the August issue was published. Now, could I help that?
### BASIC SUPPLEMENTARY

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### Voice of Experience

- **Mon.** Tapes: Wed. Thurs. Fri. 9 hr.
- **Sat.** Tapes: Fri. 13 hr.
- **Sun.** Tapes: Sat. 7 hr.

### Musical Reveries

- **Mon.** Wed.: Fri. 13 hr., Sat. 8 hr.
- **Mon.** Sat.: Fri. 13 hr., Sat. 9 hr.

### KOIN Eastern Hour

- **Mon.** Chronicles: Wed. Thurs. Fri. 13 hr., Sat. 7 hr.
- **Mon.** Stars and Stripes: Wed. Thurs. Fri. 13 hr., Sat. 7 hr.

### Transatlantic Broadcasts

- **Sun.** 13 hr., Sat. 10 hr.
- **Fri.** 13 hr., Sat. 9 hr.

### "Five Star Jones"

- **Mon.** Tapes: Wed. Thurs. Fri. 13 hr.

###são of the Mind

- **Mon.** Wed.: Fri. 13 hr.
- **Mon.** Sat.: Fri. 13 hr.

### RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

#### LIST OF STATIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Call Letters</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>WABC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>WJZC</td>
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<tr>
<td>ABC</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>WJZT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UPN</td>
<td>WHKF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>WJZC</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### How to Find Your Program

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Run down the column for the programs which are in color block type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

### RADIO MIRROR

#### HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, and Canadian; NBC—on the following pages—into Red and Blue Basic, and groups—Southwest, South Central, Northwest, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour column.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page.

### 5:00 PM

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Call Letters</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CBS</td>
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### 5:30 PM

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### 6:00 PM

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### Columbian Broadcast

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### Find Us

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<tr>
<td>CBS</td>
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</table>
At the top of the document, there are several radio station announcements. The text seems to be a list of various radio programs scheduled for specific days and times. The content includes announcements for networks, news, weather, and other information typical of a radio schedule.
### LIST OF STATIONS

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#### SUPPLEMENTARY (Used by both Red and Blue networks)

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#### NATIONAL

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#### SOUTH CENTRAL

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#### NORTHWEST

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#### CANADIAN

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### BLUE NETWORK

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### NATIONAL SUPPLEMENTARY

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**SUPPLEMENTARY**

*Used by both Red and Blue networks*

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**kanemeyer's kindergarmer**

*Sat. 1. 34. Basic plus WJZ, KSD, CCFU repeat WJZ, KSD, CCFU*
Have gnawing fears and worries withered the bloom of her romance? Or did she discover “Lysol” in time?

LIKE every woman, you started out with certainty that your marriage would be different. No misunderstandings. All harmony.

Some marriages do succeed in preserving those ideals. You might be surprised to know how often they owe much of their success to “Lysol”.

Doctors know that back of most marriage failures is the old, old story of a woman’s fear—bred of misinformation and half-truths about marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more and more women today are learning the facts...that much of their fear is needless. “Lysol” has earned the confidence of the millions of women who have used it.

Two special qualities of “Lysol” make it exceptionally valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. First, it has the property of spreading, of reaching germs in folds of tissue where ordinary methods do not reach. And second, “Lysol” remains effective in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, pus, etc.)—when some other antiseptics lose their germ-killing power partly or even totally. Yet the dependability and gentleness of “Lysol”—in the solutions recommended—are such that leading doctors commonly use it in the delicate operation of childbirth.

You will find that the use of “Lysol” brings you a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But more important—it relieves your mind of that constantly recurring worry, fear and suspense, which no husband ever really understands.

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The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”
1. SAFETY...“Lysol” is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS...“Lysol” is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other antiseptics don’t work when they meet with these conditions.
3. PENETRATION...“Lysol” solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
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5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears immediately after use.
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NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of “Lysol”. Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

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Please send me the book called “LYSOL vs. GERMS” with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of “Lysol”.

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Show Boat Has a New Sweetheart

(Continued from page 19)

excitement. So when fall came, I decided I ought to go to Barnard College. I came in to New York, with a hundred dollars in my purse for the registration fee, and was on my way from the subway station to Barnard when I passed the Institute of Musical Art.

"I saw the sign, and right then I knew one thing—I didn't want to go to Barnard. I walked right into the institute and asked them what you had to do to study singing there.

"Oh,' they said, 'you have to know a lot about it, and have a good voice to begin with.'

"Well, I didn't know a thing about it, and I hadn't any idea whether I had a good voice or not because I'd never tried it, but I bluffed them into letting me have an audition. The audition was for Dr. Damrosch—Walter Damrosch—and as soon as I started to sing he cried, 'Open de door!'

"I didn't know what he wanted me to open the door for, unless I was making so much noise the room couldn't hold it all, but I stopped and opened it for him. Then he began to laugh, and finally explained that he meant for me to open my mouth and sing out, not keep the sound bottled up in my throat.

"I couldn't very well go on pretending that I knew anything about singing after that, but Dr. Damrosch said my voice was good enough to warrant lessons, so I gave them my hundred dollars and enrolled in the institute."

I was at the Institute of Musical Art that Winifred met Mrs. Theodore Toedt, who has taught and helped her ever since—except for a year or two which I'll tell you about later.

At first, she didn't really have any intention of studying music seriously, as preparation for a career. She didn't think her voice was that good, for one thing. Studying at the institute was just an excuse to come in to New York twice a week.

But as she went on, and learned more, she became more and more interested, and finally her father cast the deciding vote by declaring that all this music business was nonsense, and he wasn't going to go on paying for it.

No restless modern girl, just beginning to find something which interested her, could be expected to stand for that.

"I told him he didn't have to pay for it, but I was going to go right on studying. I got the institute and Mrs. Toedt to help me find a few odd jobs of singing—churches and an appearance on a local station now and then—and the money I got from them was enough to cover my fees, if I was careful."

Then came her first big break. It was just luck, she herself admits: one of those Cinderella-like bits of luck I mentioned before.

Someone suggested that she write to Mme. Marcelle Sembach, who had been a famous opera star before her retirement, asking for permission to sing for her. Winifred didn't expect anything to come of it, but one day when she had nothing else to do, she wrote. For two months there was no answer. Then came a note asking her to come to tea.

"I walked in, expecting to see a big, imposing woman with a grand manner. Of
course I was scared to death," Winifred confessed. "Instead, here was this little, sweet old lady, inches shorter than I, and tremendously gentle and kind. She didn't say a word about music. We sat and had tea and talked about different things, and then finally she said, 'Now you can sing for me, you are not nervous any more.' "

She smiled and nodded her head while I was singing. Then we talked some more, and she asked me a few questions about myself. And then, without any warning, just as I was leaving, she asked, 'Would you like to come and live here, in my home, and let me teach you?'

"So for nearly two years I lived with Mme. Sembrich. She was the loveliest woman I've ever known."

It was while she was with Sembrich that Winifred fell in love. Even today, years after it ended, it hurts her to speak of this chapter in her life.

He was a musician too, you see—like Winifred, faced with the problem of creating his career. Deeply in love as they were, there was still room in each of their hearts for the egoism no artist can be without and still succeed. There were clashes of temperament, periods in which each took a savage pleasure in making the other unhappy.

"I learned then," Winifred said, "that musicians must never marry. It was a continual fight for supremacy between the two of us. We never knew when there would be an explosion. It was hurting our work, too, and in the long run we both knew that it was the most important thing in the world to each of us."

THEY knew, too, that it would be years before they could marry; and that even marriage might bring them small happiness. In all likelihood it would mean nothing more than a repetition of the quarrels which were marring their love for each other even then.

One day, realizing that it was the only way out of their difficulty, they brought their romance to an end.

New York was unbearable to Winifred after that. She couldn't go out or meet her musical friends, for fear she might meet him too. The streets where they had walked together, bars of music they had listened to together, everything seemed to conspire to remind her of him. There was only one thing to be done: leave New York; and only one place, for a singer to go: Europe.

"The way Mme. Sembrich acted when I told her I was going to Europe shows how big and generous she was. She knew that if she hadn't taken care of me and paid all my expenses I couldn't have saved enough money to go. I felt as if I were deserting her, but I was overwrought and hysterical. I had to go. The day before I left, we had a long talk."

"You'll never see me again, Winny," she said. 'I know that. I just want you to remember one thing. Whatever happens to you, don't ever stop singing."

"I never did see her again, either. When I returned, she was in a coma, and soon after that she died."

By the time Winifred had bought her ticket and some necessary clothes, she had just thirty dollars, she said helplessly. Her father, still insisting that a musical career was nonsense and a trip to Europe even worse, had refused to help her, but while she was on the Atlantic he relented and cabled an additional $300.

She stayed in Europe for two years, singing in England and other countries and studying all the time. If it hadn't been for a mixup with British immigration officials, she might today be a star of
Watch him grow...

HE'S A CLAPP-FED BABY

THOMAS MALEK
OF WESTFIELD, N. J.

Tommy—aged 3 months
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He has gained 4 pounds and grown 2½ inches in 4 months on Clapp's foods. He agrees with doctors that the texture of Clapp's foods is ideal for babies—finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid.

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He doesn't give a thought to the vitamins and minerals that pressure-cooking keeps in Clapp's foods... He just knows they taste good. But pearly teeth, firm baby flesh, and a record of steady growth testify that he's found the foods he needs on the Clapp baby menu.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of every baby who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M4-36, 1328 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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16 VARIETIES
SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.
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Accepted by American Medical Association and Good Housekeeping Institute
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Make sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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

BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH... AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

How Helen Hayes Made Her Marriage a Success

(Continued from page 23)

yoke of coercion. And Helen had a temper that was already famous. Only her unbelievable tact and level-headedness helped her see her dreams come true.

When Helen first met him he had one foot across the threshold of dramatic fame. He had helped Edward Sheldon write "Lulu Belle." But always he worked as a collaborator, one who leaned on others, one who wasted more than he produced, giving away priceless lines of dialogue, epigrams, in his conversation which more canny writers learned to treasure.

They met at a party at the beginning of the 1926 stage season when she was a ranking comedienne and he was a movie critic on an evening paper who wrote plays in off moments. Their meeting of necessity was casual, inconsequential. But some spark must have struck between them for then, for Charlie began to call and ask her for dates.

Helen was prepared to be amused. She had heard of her future husband's eccentricities—his love for hats and hats, and when she went with him that first night she had been amply warned.

She knew for instance of his latest bit of whimsy. Maddened by interviewers of Hollywood stars, because they always begged for autographed portraits, it seemed that Charlie, at his views for his paper, would ask the star if she would like his picture. Tapped, the star would mumble a surprised yes. Thereupon Charlie would whip out a rubber stamp, a picture of himself, and endorse it whimsically, "I love you—Charles MacArthur!"

And, she recalled, back in Chicago they still said that he had been accustomed to taking early morning rides with Dion O'Barron, last of the midwest's great gun killers, with Charlie at the wheel, singing, and Dion shooting out arc lights for practice.

Helen's first clear insight into his true nature came the next time they met, when they discussed the possibility of her playing the lead in Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."

Here was a curious circumstance. Charlie, who never considered himself worthy of a serious thought, gave Helen the advice which meant real, country-wide success.

"Take my word for it," he counseled, "the time is ripe for you to break away from comedy. Get into drama, take the lead in this play of Barrie's."

And Helen finally accepted. The play began out of town. When it arrived in New York, she was hailed as the best young actress in America. She saw Charlie for the third time in her life on the opening night when he fought his way backstage with his congratulations.

By now Helen realized that she was falling in love with this erratic genius. It was paradoxical, she knew, for a girl who had worked hard all her life to love a man who had never settled down for more than a month at a time. But there it was, and whatever forebodings she might secretly have had, she became engaged to him in the winter months of 1926.

She must have felt that some time, some way, Charlie would leave off his nomadic wandering, his sporadic plunges into work, set a goal for himself and strike out. And she would help.

Then he started his collaboration on
"The Front Page." Helen herself was starring in "Coquette," a dark tragedy which was sending audiences home from the theater, their eyes still wet with tears at her moving performance.

It was then, August 17, 1926, that they were married. And it was the wedding ceremony: unplanned, unexpected, that showed Helen how much was left before she could see the man she loved secure at the top, his instability left far behind.

One hot afternoon Charlie picked up Helen and they went out for a soda. Afterwards, they strolled into an office building on 42d Street to escape the stifling weather.

"I've got a friend on the eighteenth floor. It's always cool there. Let's go up," Charlie suggested.

It was pleasant, refreshing in the office. Helen sat down with a sigh of relief. Suddenly Charlie jumped to his feet, rushed to the phone with a great air of excitement. In the next five minutes he had called Helen's mother, Alexander Woollcott and Ben Hecht, urging them all to come over at once.

"Well, I mean —" protested Helen, "what's all this mystery?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Charlie replied. "We're going to be married. Where's a minister?"

What follows sounds like the veriest kind of a fairy tale, but every witness in the room has vouchedsafed for it. In the next few minutes Helen's mother and the two witnesses assembled. And at that moment, a magistrate of New York city, a mutual friend, strolled in. Charlie grabbed him by the arm.

"You're going to marry us—right now," he said.

At first, Helen couldn't believe he was serious. But Charlie, she objected, "married this way—without any announcements, any attendants, not even in a church? Besides, I'm not certain I want to marry you."

"What!" Charlie exclaimed. "After making these people come all this way in such weather? You can't back out now!" And then, riled by his mocking words, she made up her mind. She would marry him! And together, they would bring Charlie MacArthur down to earth. So, knowing full well the risk she was assuming, Helen was wedded to Charlie without further delay.

Although there were no money worries for the WASP couple, far more serious problems came to them short months after the wedding.

A contract was in the mail one day, offering Charlie a stupendous salary to come to Hollywood and adapt stories for the screen. Charlie was inclined to turn down the offer. Hollywood, from which his friend returned with caustic comments, didn't sound at all enticing. He had also heard there was hard work to be done out there.

Helen realized that he would be away from her most of the year, if he accepted. But the work he would do was more important than the pain of their separation. Attendance, day in and day out, at a studio might bring him closer to a realization of his powers.

"I'm not even going to answer," he told her and got up to leave the room.

"Wait a minute," she pleaded and then, with infinite tact, careful to avoid any pressure, she persuaded him to sign the contract. She went to the depot with him, saw him off and trudged back to work. She was not to hear from Hollywood in regard to her own services until later.

Before that, she was to have a daugh-
As swift as light

The Magic of the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. 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 use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America’s loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

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ter, blue eyed, flaxen haired, with her mother’s frailty and her father’s sense of humor. The child was born in February, 1930. Shortly after that, with Charlie already back on the West Coast, Helen was sent her first offer from the movies, a long term contract, with options for renewals.

She was reluctant to accept. Her first love was the stage, and she was not at all sure that she'd be anything but a flop in Hollywood. Still, she might be able to help her husband, being at his side more of the time.

So she sacrificed her own interest, risked her future on the stage, and went West. She was happy at first, because the picture she made was written by Charlie. It was "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Not enough can be said about the effort Helen made to insure the film’s success for the sake of her husband.

For a while, working almost hand in hand with Charlie, Helen thought that he was straightening out on the road to permanent success. Then occurred the first of several incidents which shook her belief, nearly made her desert Hollywood.

An afternoon came when Charlie disappeared from his studio office. He was not to be found anywhere.

For two weeks, no one heard from him, had the least idea where he could have gone. Suddenly, he reappeared, just as quickly as he had departed.

He explained to Helen, who was in tears with fear and worry: "A decorator came into my office and wanted me to pick out some drapes. It sounded too darn much like permanence, so I got out."

Charlie and his closest friend, Ben Hecht, who was also on the Coast, shared a genuine dislike for Hollywood. Soon they began to cast longing eyes towards the legitimate stage. Charlie became more and more restless.

Finally, roused by working pitch, the two of them left for New York, where they wrote the play, "Twentieth Century," at Hecht’s home in Nyack.

After a successful run Charlie sat back, content with a Broadway life of hand-shaking, shop talk, cocktail parties, and first nights, with an occasional flurry of work.

It was not, however, what Helen wanted for him.

FROM her work in Hollywood, she had a growing faith in the film industry. Its possibilities seemed limitless. Charlie should be on hand, ready for a chance when it came.

Then she heard that he and Hecht were wanted in Hollywood for the adaptation of "Twentieth Century" to the screen. Again Charlie balked at work in the movie capitol. Summoning up all her faith in him, Helen quietly, unobstrusively, persuasively, once more led him to accept the job.

In the meantime, taking advantage of her contract which allowed her six months out of every year for stage appearances, Helen went back to New York.

It was not until the next spring, in 1932, that she and Charlie took their first real vacation since they married.

They went abroad for five weeks, touring England and France at their leisure. During the past winter, Charlie had not only adapted his play with Hecht, but had produced other work. He had actually kept busy most of the time.

Now, in Europe, he and Helen were closer than ever. Gone, it seemed, was his restlessness, his inability to stick long at any one thing. He appeared almost anxious for his return.

They talked over plans for a house,
a more permanent structure than their Manhattan apartment. Enthusiastically, Charlie agreed that a place far from the city would be the thing to have.

Upon their return, Helen took him by the hand and led him up into the country, at Nyack. There she pointed out a huge ramshackle house she wanted to buy and rebuild. And Charlie consented.

No one would believe Helen when she came back to New York and said that Charlie MacArthur was spending money to buy a house. She had never been more happy. Her dream of furnishing a real home was coming true. In the midst of moving, Charlie was recalled to Hollywood.

Even then he was not yet ready for the work Helen knew he could do. Inertia again seized him at the studio, where he sat for days without turning out a page of copy.

Called upon one day by his supervisor to produce what he had been paid to write, he hastily wrapped up several sheets of blank paper in the likeness of a manuscript and went into the producer's office.

"I'm sorry," he began hurriedly, "but I've decided that is not up to my standard for scripts."

Without another word, he tore the blank pages into tiny pieces, threw them temperamentally into a wastepaper basket, and strode out.

To Helen, when she heard this, it was almost the last straw. Would Charlie never do real work? She had waited five years. She wondered a bit shakily on just what she had based her faith and confidence.

It did not surprise her that he and Hecht, a few weeks later, dramatically canceled their contracts which called for approximately $100 a day and left Hollywood the same afternoon.

When she met him at the station on his return, she knew that they were rapidly approaching a climax in their marriage. She herself was still working in the Theatre Guild production of "Mary of Scotland," hailed as the finest piece of drama on Broadway. Charlie, straight from Hollywood, seemed to have no plans for the future.

WORDS of reproach came tumbling to her lips. He had thrown away all his chances. What was left him? How could he expect to go on? But still she could not quite believe that her faith in him was really lost.

"Welcome home," she greeted, and Charlie caught her in his arms. Cheerfully, tenderly he kissed her and hurried her into a cab. Not a frown crossed his tanned face. Driving home he chatted aimlessly about inconsequential things.

"Something's coming up," he said, but Helen, discouraged, didn't encourage him to go on. She did not see him often in the next few days. He was gone all the time, mostly with Ben Hecht. Always he was gay, happy. He seemed not to have a worry in the world. She thought a lot those days. More and more her battle seemed lost. She was close to tears those days.

Suddenly, one day, he came racing home, his face broken in a wide, triumphant grin. Breathlessly he told Helen the good news.

He and Hecht were going to produce their own movies! They had rented the old Paramount studio on Long Island and had come to terms with the former owner. Paramount would release all their productions.

At last! Her husband his own producer! With no outside help, by his own decision, Charlie had arrived at productive work,
and plunged willingly into a job which took all his time and energy.

Somehow, all her doubts, her worries, vanished into thin air. And it mattered not whether the first production were a success or not. It only mattered that Charlie was doing the work, wanted to do the work. She knew, then, that the marriage was a success.

The surprising record they made in shooting their first film, "Crime Without Passion," proved that Hecht and Mac-Arthur were no amateurs in the field. These two madcaps, the bad boys of Hollywood, cut a day off their shooting schedule, spent $80,000 less than they had anticipated—almost unheard of in movie circles.

The night of the preview on Long Island, when the curtain was rung down and the audience applauded wildly, Helen stood proudly by, willing to wait until later to offer her private congratulations. It was enough just then to share the ovation.

As a happy sequel, Helen left shortly for Hollywood with the knowledge that her next picture would be "What Every Woman Knows," the play that marked the beginning of her love affair with Charlie.

When she left, Charlie was at the station to say goodbye. His plans had already been made for his next picture, a comedy starring Jimmy Savo. They parted with that perfect understanding and complete security which was Helen's six-year-old dream come true.

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**GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR**

Women are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

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Is this the way you expected Tizzie Lish to look? Oh, it is, is it?
The eminent cooking and beauty expert of Al Pearce's gang is Bill Comstock when he—or she—is off the air. The gang's in Chicago now, broadcasting twice a week for the Pepsodent Company on the NBC chain.
RADIO MIRROR

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN
JEAN ARTHUR
George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglas Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret McIntyre • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer
A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by
Robert Riskin
From the story by
Clarence Budington Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT
FRANCHOT TONE
Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn • Victor Jory
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by
FRITZ KREISLER
Screen play by
Sidney Buchman
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!
STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY
FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music
Douglas Dumbrille • Lionel Stander
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Music and Lyrics by
Lew Brown—Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger

Screen play by
Jo Swerling
Story by
Sidney Buchman
There's No Holding Husing!
(Continued from page 31)

The late Morris Littmann, a New York retail merchant and one of Ted's closest friends, had set a precedent in radio by buying up all the time on WHN. His was the only commercial program the station carried for a long period of time. All day long, WHN's listeners would hear the repeated strains of the Littmann theme song, interspersed with announcements of bargain offers at the Littmann store.

That was too much for Ted. When Littmann asked him his opinion of his broadcasts, Ted gave it to him. "They're blatant and over-commercialized," he said. "You're taking advantage of the listeners by buying too much time. Besides, it isn't good business. You're antagonizing a lot of prospective customers by plugging at them too much."

Littmann rewarded Ted's bluntness by telling William S. Paley, president of CBS, that the chain wasn't fully realizing the announcer's value by keeping him on sustaining programs. The result was that Ted got a raise.

He's similarly outspoken in his football broadcasts, and for a very good reason. He believes that good sports announcing demands frankness.

"I try to be honest with myself as well as with every listener," he says. "I've been criticized for being partial to one team in a game, but a radio announcer, like a newspaper reporter, can't be impartial and frank at the same time!"

When I enter a stadium I just unleash myself, let go of all restrictions. Sports announcing is all emotional, and my emotions must be free. Impartiality would kill the flavor of a broadcast. If a player looks good to me when he comes out on the field, I'll say so, and if I don't like the brand of football a team is playing, I'll say that, too."

Just once, you'll remember, this policy of Ted's got him into difficulties. In the 1931 Harvard-Dartmouth game he characterized two of Dartmouth's players as 'putrid.' He was ruled off the Harvard field. Although he usually sticks to his opinions, Ted realizes now that the term was excessive, and is sincerely sorry he used it.

Unpleasant as the incident was, it still had its good effects. It gave Ted what amounted to a publicity scoop. There was talk of a mechanical gadget to delay announcers words after they had entered the microphone long enough for a copy-desk of 'editors' to delete objectionable phrases. Most of the editorial comment was in a similar jocular vein, and did Ted no real harm.

Today, gridiron fans look forward to Ted's prophecies, and respect them. He never makes predictions on hunches, but takes into consideration the physical condition of individual players, comparative ability, and, whenever possible, his own first-hand observation of competing teams.

You know his ability to prophesy football results, but he has another talent, equally valuable, known only to those intimately connected with the radio world. Behind the scenes, he's known as radio's best picker of future stars.

When Rudy Vallee was tooting the saxophone on a local jewelry store program over WMCA, New York, Ted told his friends, "This Vallee fellow has the best orchestra on the air. Watch that guy. He's going to be one of the biggest names in broadcasting." It was the same with Amos 'n Andy. When the two blackface comedians were

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**Which is best for your child?**

Yes...you can make your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him?

Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.

The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—Fletcher's Castoria.

**Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it.**

Fletcher's Castoria is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only Fletcher's Castoria. For your baby—for your other children...all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer...but because you get more for your money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon Fletcher's Castoria. Get a bottle today at your drug store.

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**RADIO MIRROR**

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signed by PepsiCorp for their first network job after a long period of local Chicago broadcasting as Sam and Henry. It was Ted who called the attention of New York radio scribes to the new stellar show looming on the horizon. His persistent boosting in the early days was a large factor in both Rudy's and Amos 'n' Andy's success.

He's especially sharp at picking hit bands. Freddie Rich, Duke Ellington, Jack Benny and Red Nichols are but a few of the musical maestros he praised long before you or I had ever heard of them.

I asked him, the other day, who were the coming stars now.

"There are loads of youngsters who are headed for stardom," he said. "For example, Irene Beazley, of the networks, and a kid named Larry Taylor, of WAAAT, New Jersey. But the days when unknowns skyrocketed, as Vallee and Amos 'n' Andy did, are past. Radio's gone beyond creating its own stars now. Instead, we're headed for a period of big names from other fields—in it now, as a matter of fact, to a large extent.

Ted's independence in his relations with his bosses, the Columbia network, is responsible for the booking of a number of radio taboos. He never draws network lines, in or out of working hours. He's likely to pop up anywhere in radio, whether his show is on with him or not. When NBC opened its old Times Square studios Ted, who was present unofficially, drew as much attention from the audience as any personality of the chain running the event.

He even broadcast, once, over both networks simultaneously. When Milton J. Cross, the NBC announcer, won the first radio diction medal in 1929, both CBS and NBC broadcast the proceedings from the Academy of Arts and Letters. Ted presided over the CBS mike while Phillips Carlin handled the job for NBC. The two miles were Rice by side by side in a small room, and it was obvious that "cross-talk" couldn't be avoided. So Carlin stepped aside and Ted's words, aimed at the CBS microphone, actually went out over both networks—and radio was treated to the unprecedented spectacle of an announcer reporting an honor being given to an announcer of a competing organization, over the competition's own stations as well as his own.

Ted often goes on local stations, whether they are CBS outlets or not, in the cities he visits on assignments for his own network. And when he had his own weekly sports commentary spot, he broke the rules by inviting sports announcers of competitive stations to his program.

For a long time Ted was in demand as a master of ceremonies at band openings in New York hotels. But there was likely to be rough going when Ted presided over a premiere. The last time he officiated in such a job was at the Taft Hotel. He had just given a complimentary introduction to some celebrity when somebody in the audience yelled derivatively, "So what!"

Ted told him what, and although his remarks were greeted with applause from the audience, he swore off master-of-ceremonies' jobs, saying, "I'll leave that job to someone with entertainment value," he says.

Cooking for Lent
(Continued from page 11)

top-of-the-stove rice pudding, which is quicker to make than the old-fashioned baked rice pudding.

The proportions are one cup of rice, to five cups of milk," she told me. "Soak the rice in warm water for half an hour, then dry it in a towel, or in the oven with the flame turned low. When it is entirely dry and thoroughly mixed with the rice, rubbing it between your hands over the cooking milk. In this way the grains of rice will be separated. Add a pinch of salt and sugar, and a little of the milk. Stir the rice until the sauce is cooked through, when it should have absorbed all the milk. If the milk hasn't all been absorbed, pour off the excess, for you want the pudding to be firm, not liquid. Remove from the fire and add a teaspoonful of vanilla, then pour into a dish which has been rinsed with cold water and let the pudding cool. When it has cooled, set it in the ice-box until ready to serve. Before serving, sprinkle with cinnamon or grated chocolate, or cover with a puree of chestnuts which has been made by boiling chestnuts until tender and running them through a food chopper. Serve with whipped cream.

Lentil dishes or no, no interview with Fritzi Scheff would be complete without her recipe for Hungarian goulash—"Real Hungarian goulash," she insists, "not one of those stews done up with tomatoes and all sorts of other vegetables and spices"—but this one's as close as any more. So if you will write to me I'll be glad to send you her recipe, as well as those for the creamed soups and scalloped oysters mentioned in the article, and a delicious caramel custard I'm sure you will love. Fritzi is also famous for her candy recipes, and I'll send those, too, if you will mention them when you write me. Address your letter to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, care of Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

If YOU and YOUR BABY could look out through our windows

You would see some of the fields where the vegetables for Gerber's Strained Foods are grown—fertile gardens under our own control to produce the finest possible specimens for feeding your baby. Raising "Home Grown" vegetables is not enough. Harvested exactly when they offer the highest food value, they are rushed to our kitchens to prevent the loss of vitamins that occurs when vegetables are exposed to the delays of transportation and storage. And every one of our farms is less than an hour's trucking distance away!

Add to this care in growing, a process that protects the essential vitamins and minerals, and you have the reasons why Gerber's wins the praise of experts in baby feeding. Ask your doctor about Gerber's.

Gerber's Are Shaker-Cooked
For the same reason that you stir food as you heat it, every can is shaken during the cooking process to insure thorough, even temperature throughout the can, thus permitting a shorter cooking time and giving Gerber's a fresher appearance and flavor.

Gerber's Strained Tomatoes, Green Beans, Beets, Carrots, Peas, Spinach, Vegetable Soup, Also, Strained Prunes and Cereal.

Join a Treasure Hunt!

Join a treasure hunt for real pirate gold, buried on a tropical island off the coast of Florida. Go aboard John Charles Thomas' private yacht and speed with him over the bounding main in as rollicking an adventure story as you'll ever read. It's all yours in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR.
way, one who played the brand of insane, pulse-wracking jazz that Red Nichols produced on his trumpet must be that way multiplied by ten.

The life of a chorus girl isn't the gay, glamorous butterfly affair you may have been led to believe. It's hard work, hard, physical work. When she goes home at midnight, a chorus girl is likely to be a lot more tired than a typist when she goes home at five. That's one reason why chorus girls aren't any more anxious to fall in love with crazy, unstable playboys than typists are.

The months went on, and Willa went on answering Red's fervent notes.

She didn't know Red. She didn't know, for instance, just how persistent he could be, nor that thus far in his life he'd always managed to get what he wanted. There were a lot of things she didn't know.

Red's father was professor of music at the University of Utah. He loved music so much that he had made it his profession. He taught Red to play the trumpet when he was only eleven, and he took him — not the usual fifty to seventy, but the whole family — to the State Industrial School Band, which he directed.

BUT though he loved music, he was determined that Red and his other children must not be professional musicians. It was his own experience that brought him to this determination. His income from his duties at the university, plus that from directing the Industrial School Band, amounted to exactly $850 a week. Eighteen-fifty on which to bring up a family of four children. As far as Professor Nichols could see, poverty was the only way to make a success of it.

As a sideline, music was a different matter. You could use it to give yourself and your friends pleasure, and to add, now and then, to your net, for food, clothing, and incidentals. Red made his first public appearance in the Civic Auditorium of his home town, Ogden, when he was five years old. He played "America" on his trumpet. At that he was in constant demand around Ogden, at local entertainments and now and then on street corners. He also has the yellowed clipping from the Ogden Standard of February 8, 1916, telling of his appearance at an Elks' show: "Master Susskind, the precocious eleven-year-old cornetist, was required to play two numbers, instead of one. In fact, the audience did not wait for the conclusion of both of his numbers to express its appreciation, but applauded almost continuously while he was playing..."

Summers, Professor Nichols, Red, and his two sisters helped out the family pocketbook by traveling through Utah, appearing as a vaudeville act in various theaters. The band played almost any kind of instrument you'd care to mention; and Red sang and danced in addition to his trumpet.

One thing, though, was always taken for granted. Red's real business was going to school, not playing the trumpet. When ever it was a question of missing a day of school to play somewhere, school always won out.

When he was fourteen, Red won a scholarship to Culver Military Academy, in Indiana. It was a musical scholarship, too, and at Culver he played in the band, which was the best band he had in two years there, to his way of thinking. He didn't care much for military training, maneuvers and tactics. He cared so little for them that it was a tragedy to him when he passed his examinations for West Point. He hadn't expected to pass them, hadn't wanted to, and had only taken them to please his father, who had settled on the Army as practically a perfect career for his son.

Red graduated from Culver and went back to Ogden, out of duty to wait the time to enter West Point. All the time, though, he knew he wasn't going to West Point. Neither was he going to follow the career his father had planned for him. — West Point, army, and a progression to the rank of general by easy stages. And, by golly, he wasn't going to limit his musical activities to playing in a military band!

They argued about it at first. Red and his father, and the arguments had a way of getting noisier and more bitter every time. Finally Red quit arguing. He borrowed a few dollars where he could, saved what he could, and worked hard in crafting fifty of them together. Then he quietly boarded a train for a small town in Ohio, where one of his former Culver schoolmates lived.

During the year and a half that followed, Red and four ex-members of the Culver band, all of whom lived in neighboring Ohio towns, among Ohio and Indiana, calling themselves the Syncopating Five and playing for dances. From the first they were popular, and after a few months the profits would amount to as high as sixty dollars each.

All that time, though, Red was working toward an invasion of New York. He'd won his point with his father—a few weeks after he'd landed in Ohio a letter had come, with the key to the Nichols home enclosed. "You can use this whenever you like," Professor Nichols had written. "I still don't think music is any profession for you, but if you want it that is it so much, I guess you'll have to do it."

Red saved up enough money to keep him in New York for several months if he didn't work, and left the Syncopating Five—which, deprived of its guiding spirit, promptly disbanded.

He needn't have worried about finances, though. He'd been in New York only a few months when he got a job playing with "the Utah Boys," the vaudeville band of Charles S. Wills, of the Bradley & Susskind agency. He made his first phonograph recording, and with Jimmy Dorsey, Miff Mole, Arthur Schutt, Vic Burton, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang and himself in its personnel, and made his first phonograph recording by himself.

Red Nichols and his Five Pennies burst upon a startled world in 1925. The Five Pennies were the same as the Syncopating Five, minus Joe Venuti. In his Five Pennies records Red introduced the kind of hot jazz music which has become his trade-mark. Even today, Red is a bit of musicians' slang meaning to play the Nichols type of music.

The Five Pennies recording of "Ida" is a case in point. It sold as many records and is still selling. It illustrates Red's method of making a hit sound which had been popular years before and reusing it, making it virtual it, reusing it, making it virtually his own. When you think of "Ida," you think of Red Nichols.

And that brings us—and Red—up to 1929, the "Vanity Fair" incident. He hadn't got that far, you see, by being an erratic, crazy musician. He'd known all along just what he wanted, and how to get it.
Not knowing this, Willa paid no attention to his notes. For nine months, through one entire edition of the "Vanities," he went on sending them to her. Then a new edition of the show was prepared, in which Earl Carroll tried the new and revolutionary idea of using the chorus girls as usherettes and program girls. They had to come down to the auditorium before the show and get their programs.

That was exactly the chance Red had been waiting for. One night he suddenly popped out at Willa as she came into the lobby.

"Say," he said, "is it possible for a fellow to have a date with you tonight after the show?"

Willa looked at him, hesitated, then relented. "All right," she said. "You've certainly tried hard enough."

"And after that," says Red, "it was strictly romance." They were married a few months later, with Paul Whiteman, whose orchestra Red had just joined, as best man.

Today they have a lovely home in Forest Hills, which they took when their little daughter Dorothy was old enough to want to run around out of doors. Red, with his band, is star of Friday night's Kellogg College Prom, and he has been there ever since. His group, the Red Nichols Orchestra, is one of the finest in the world. It's hard to believe that he's only twenty-four, but the world is very much aware of his talent."

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The True Story of Radio’s

Francis X. Bushman

(Continued from page 33)

Shortly thereafter the whole outfit packed up and went out and founded Hollywood. Bushman made half a million dollars in that first year. This was during his Lavender Era. He drove around in a magnificent lavender limousine, attended by a chauffeur and footmen uniformed to match his lavender suits and orchids, and his great house was a symphony in shades of purple.

He was called "King of the Movies" during the World’s Fair in 1915, and also at the San Diego Exposition. He traveled abroad, a great deal, and enthusiastic crowds greeted him wherever he went. In those days American movies were the only movies there were, so the whole world was his audience—and his oyster.

It was said he had started the custom of divorce in the movie colony. At least he was the first to indulge in that luxury. It was not known generally that he was married. With women all over the world kissing his picture good night, the studio felt that Bushman’s wife and five children should be kept very much in the background.

But Bushman insisted on having them near him, so the family lived in a great house close to the studio. When Francis X. used to carry an infant around in the conventional happy fades-out of his films, more often than not it was one of his own children. It finally got out that The Great Lover had been married for a number of years. His fan mail dropped perceptibly, and from that moment on his popularity waned.

His last picture was "Ben Hur." It was a

YES! DENTYNE IMPROVES YOUR TEETH. Dentists know why Dentyne is such an aid to sounder, more beautiful teeth. Because, they say, Dentyne’s specially firm consistency induces more vigorous chewing — gives your gums and mouth tissues stimulating exercise and massage. It stimulates the salivary glands, too, and promotes natural self-cleansing. Chew Dentyne — make it a daily health habit — and see how it helps you to a healthier mouth, and teeth more lustrous-white!

A "DIFFERENT" AND DELICIOUS FLAVOR! A tingling delight to your taste! A little spicy — a lasting flavor — altogether refreshing and satisfying! The Dentyne package is different, too — made conveniently flat in shape, to slip handily into your pocket or handbag (an exclusive feature).

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

5¢ KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM
that almost all of the shots in which he figured prominently were cast aside. He had not worked all those years to become the face on the cutting-room floor. He couldn’t understand it then, but could tell you the reason now. He makes no secret of the fact that he is blacklisted in Hollywood.

For a while he cared. He stayed on in Hollywood, not working, raising fancy live stock of one kind and another—peasants, pigs, horses, dogs. Victor McLaglen’s famous wolfhounds came from the kennels, as did Marie Dressler’s. He used to bring his pets home from fairs dripping with blue ribbons.

The major studios would not hire him. Finally even the independents couldn’t use him. And so his third fortune dwindled away, and he found out who his real friends were.... But he spent his money anyway, because he had the habit.

He worried then. He doesn’t mind any more, because he doesn’t care for Hollywood as it is today. This is not sour grapes.

"It used to be a lot of fun," he remembers, "when none of us knew what it was all about. We had a great gang in those days. But now it’s just a cold, grim business proposition.

He went East with a vaudeville act, the hardest work he had done in years; finally he was playing stock in outlying theatres. It was in one of these houses in Chicago that he was first tapped for radio appearances. When they tried to reach him for an audition he was hard to find. But when they found him he liked the idea of more pay for less work than he was doing in vaudeville or stock. So he appeared on the Armour Hour for fourteen weeks, and has been on the air more or less steadily ever since.

NBC wanted him to sign an exclusive contract, but he refused because they wanted him for bits until something better would turn up. There is something in Francis X. Bushman which ballyhoo at bits.

More to his liking is the gallant, wrangling role of Michael Dorn in The Story of Mary Martin in which you hear him, mornings, over CBS. For NBC, he enacts the role of the First Nighter in the weekly programs of the same name. Also he has his own favorite broadcast, Hollywood Mask, a fifteen minute gossip feature about cinema stars at WGN, which he would not have been able to keep. So he remains a free lance actor.

And a great actor, Hollywood or no.

There is a fire, an earnestness in his radio work which must be contagious to younger actors who appear on the same casts with him. It may be old school acting, but it’s tremendously effective.

How does he look? He looks like Francis X. Bushman. He’s a bit hefty, which annoys him. His hair is a little thinner and has a coppery glint, which annoys us because he would be so utterly grand looking with a silver thatch. He has shoulders like a stevedore, and wears blue shirts to match his eyes. He has lines in his face—but who hasn’t?

And there’s something about him I can’t forget and you haven’t forgotten either.

ATTENTION, LOMBARDO FANS!

Coming soon—the story you’ve been waiting for—the story of the secrets the Lombardo Brothers have never told.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 47)

he can laugh about it a moment later . . .
Perhaps that accounts for the amusing
criticisms of music which he expresses
through his orchestra on the Lois Long
broadcasts Sunday evenings . . .
who should know, was John
the concert master
under Arturo Toscanini.

There is one theme song which won't be
affected by all the copyright to-do about
which we wrote last month . . . It is
the oldest song used on the air today, as a

So far as that's concerned, Guy Lombardo
has no copyrights to worry about.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

For years listeners have been reading
how Rubinoff rehearses his orchestra in
sections before he tries it out as a whole.
None of them, however, have ever been
told exactly what it is that makes up the
complete orchestra. We found out and
we're going to tell you. Were you to stand
in the studio during a rehearsal, you
would be able to count:
Nine violins; four saxophones; three
trumpets; three trombones; two
violas; two cellos; two violas; two
and each of harp, bass, guitar, flute,
oboe and tuba.

Even before Rubinoff goes into rehearsal,
his program of music has gone
through the hands of his five special ar-
rangers.

THEME SONG SECTION

Long as we're talking about the music
and his Violin, we should add that
Rubinoff's theme song, "Give Me a Mo-
ment Please," is the one he has been using
since Vallee brought him to the micro-
one five years ago.

IN REPLY WE STATE

Benny Gordon, Bristol, Conn.—Suggest
you write Tommy Dorsey care of Colum-
bia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison
Ave., N. Y. C. Shirley Baumgard, Chi-
cago; Elsie Irish, N. Y. C., and J. A. Case,
Hamburg, Ill. We published a photograph
of Hal Kemp's orchestra in the January
issue of Radio Mirror. We took his or-
chestra apart and put it together again
in the issue before that. We're sorry, but it's
impossible for us to send photographs
ourselves. C. E. Hall, Cincinnati—You
can write Glen Gray at the address given
above for Tommy Dorsey.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

Perhaps some of your favorite orches-
tras listed below will be nearby enough
for you to go and dance to their music.
At any rate, we give you the schedule
of where some of them plan to be during
the month of March. If you don't find
one or two of them where they're
posed to be, don't get mad at us—growl
at the booking agents.

Berrens, Freddie—Florida Hotel, Miami
Beach, Fla.

Busse, Henry—Chez Paree, Chicago.

Cugat, Xavier—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel,
N. Y. C.

Dorsey, Jimmy—Palomar Ballroom, Los
Angeles.

Flo Rito, Ted—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y.
City.

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HE'S SO IN LOVE WITH HER
NOW—AND YET...

Only a year ago everyone felt so
sorry for Ellen. She was terribly in
love with Bill, yet she knew how
indifferent he was.

I told her this complexion trouble
develops when powder and rouge
are not thoroughly removed. She
began to use Lux Toilet Soap . . .

I was the one who had courage to be
frank with her—"You have really
lovely eyes and hair, but I'm afraid
you're getting Cosmetic Skin" . . .

Don't risk Cosmetic Skin!

LOVELY skin wins romance. You
don't want to lose out!

If you're worried about Cosmetic Skin
—coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes—
use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather
removes cosmetics thoroughly, guards
against dangerous pore choking. Use it
before you put on fresh make-up—
always before you go to bed.
MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

HALSTEAD, Henry—Park Central Hotel, N. Y. C.
JOHNSON, Johnny—Commodore Hotel, N. Y. C.
KASSEL, Art—William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh.
KEMP, Hal—Arcadia International House, Philadelphia. (Due in early March after Eddy Duchin and Buddy Rogers have played there. To be followed by Ted Fio Rito.)
LITTLE, Little Jack—Morrison Hotel, Chicago.
MESSNER, Dick—Essex House, Newark, N. J.
NOBLE, Ray—Rainbow Room, N. Y. C.
OSBORNE, Will—Blackhawk Cafe, Chicago.

YOU'RE ASKING US

We can't possibly tell you everything you'd like to know about music on the air—but we can tell you a good deal of it if you'll let us know by the coupon below:

John Skinner,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42 Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:
Orchestral Anatomy
Theme Song Section
Following the Leaders

Or

Name
Address

The hatchet isn't buried yet! Walter Winchell just brought it along with him when he went to the station to say goodbye to Ben Bernie.
If you had X-Ray Eyes

You’d never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative you take is correctly timed

You don’t need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you’re shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night...undisturbed! In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you’ve taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No “upset” feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children...for every member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. And refuse to accept a substitute. Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that’s a quarter.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Try Ex-Lax at our expense!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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

F-46

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., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal
redden eyes, from fatigue, and her hands shook so that she could hardly hit the keys of the typewriter. She never typed a line, looked at it, and saw that it made no sense at all. She tore up the page and started all over again.

The phone rang, and the head stenographer answered. She put down the phone and called Madge. "They want you in the music library, Summers," she said. Madge gasped, and her hands went to her throat. Then, without a word, she turned and ran out.

The head stenographer looked after her curiously. "I wish someone would invent a stenographic machine," she sighed. "Girls! She made the word an epithet. It was some years since it would have fitted her.

Madge's heels drummed on the composition flooring, irregularly. She felt terribly warm and icy cold at the same time, and this was silly, because she had gone to the library plenty of times to take charge of the farm. But maybe they'd heard from Jimmy. Maybe he was back, with some simple explanation for what had happened.

Maybe—

The girl receptionist in the library was waiting for her. "In the head arranger's office," she said. She looked a little shaky, too.

**IF Perspiration were a TIGER**

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

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

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

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

**Kleinert's T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.**  
**DRESS SHIELDS**

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**Radio Mirror**  
**Microphone Masquerade**

(Continued from page 29)

"No," Madge said. "No, I was to meet him in front of the building when we both got the last night. He never showed up.

The arranger said: "Fifteen minutes before quitting time he walked out without his hat. Goldstein, one of the arrangers, was calling him the time. He said White just looked at him and stamped away, through the door. That's all we knew.

Madge wondered if she should tell about old Danny, and what he had said about Jimmy going to the big shot's office. About the man with the gun, the hero. But before she could say anything, Flaherty cut in. "It's open and shut," he said. "When I was on the cops, we handled it all the time. His gun throws him down, and so he doesn't see any sense in working any more. So he goes on the bum. Two years later, he turns up in Denver or on the Bowery. Open and shut. I'll tell the Missing Persons Bureau. What did he look like?"

"This," the arranger said. He went over to a filing cabinet and got out a sheet of popular music. It had a picture of Hal McCabe on the cover. He handed it to Flaherty.

Flaherty picked it up, swore. "This 'a Hal McCabe, the singer."

"That's right," the arranger said. "The kid's almost a double for him with twenty years off."

Flaherty said: "Oh. That McCabe—listen. Maybe I shouldn't say this. I was on night duty the other night. See? This McCabe came in the artists' entrance. He was with Maxey Corvallis, and a Yale girl, of Maxey's named Usy Goldberg. A guy that would trail with muggs like that—he, hey some of the people that don't like Maxey started after his girl. You see, they was after—well, it was—what cops call mistaken identity. Now—"

A PAGE boy came in and laid a sheaf of memos in the head arranger's desk. He started to push them aside, but something on the top one caught his eye. He laughed, but he also registered for nothing, he said. "The kid was fired last night. He walked out because he didn't want to talk to the boys about it. Look." He handed the slip to Flaherty. Madge read it over the detective's shoulder.

**Memo to the Chief Arranger:**

James White, an employee of the music library, forced his way into an executive's office last evening and was unprecedently rude to those present. Therefore I took the liberty of discharging him on the spot. If he reports for work, pay him off up to the day of dismissal.

J. L. Fulin,  
Asst. to the Vice President.

"That's that," Flaherty said. He rose, dusted off his knees, and went out.

"But," Madge said, "why didn't he gotten in touch with me? Why?"

The head arranger reached out and patted her hand. "He will, my dear. Think it over. At noon, you said you'd marry the gorilla. Maybe he's lost his job altogether. He's ashamed to see you. He'll get over it, he'll call you up. When he does, tell him I think I know where there's a job for him.

Madge nodded, and stumbled out. Maybe the arranger was right, maybe that's all there was to it. But she still felt sick and scared. The head stenographer
Jimmy nodded. He pushed open the connecting door into the other room. There was a loud speaker in there; for three nights, now, Jake had had him singing through a mike in the other room while Jake himself stood behind the mike. He groaned as he landed; he was still sore from the time the other night when he had tried to phone Madame and Utsy had heard him and knocked him down.

He shut his eyes and tried not to think about Madame. Maybe she was not worrying any more, maybe she believed that he had run away because he was tired of her. He was, he hoped so, he thought. He would rather she thought anything of him than be worrying about him, and as Jake said, when he showed up with the two thousand dollars and the explanation, she would forgive him; they would get married. Jake was going to get him a job singing, and surely that would pay more than being a file clerk had.

Exhausted, he fell asleep.

Will the gangsters who hold him prisoner let Jimmy escape with his life—or does he know too much? Will he be able to keep that kid in this spot two weeks without him tumbling wise to what this is all about. And when he does, Jake will not have any singer to build up. 

Jimmy held his breath... Jake said: “You would not kill this kid for a little—“What do you think?” 

“Of course,” said Miss Mary Augusta Biddle. “The minute Pond’s Vanishing Cream touches my skin—roughness gone!”

EVEN when your skin is rough “just in spots”—it’s enough to spoil your whole make-up. And ruin your evening, too! You feel so self-conscious—you just can’t be your own gay self.

Yet you can melt rough spots smooth!

That roughness is only a dead layer hiding the smooth skin beneath. Look at skin magnified—you see the flaky particles sticking out. Really old dead skin cells!

As a leading dermatologist says: “Surface

ROUGHNESS

BRING OUT NEW FRESH SKIN
-SMOOTH FOR POWDERING

MISS POND'S VANISHING CREAM

MISS POND'S VANISHING CREAM

GRAND POND'S VANISHING CREAM EYES THAT

HATE TO MEET TOW WITH THIS ROUGH

FRESH SKIN

SECONDS LATER

WELL HAVE A WHEEL TIME.

SKIN SMOOTHENED NOW

For a smooth make-up—Put on Pond’s Vanishing Cream—just enough to film your skin faintly. You can’t help but like the new pearly softness of your skin—and the smooth way powder goes on.

OVERTIME FOR LASTING SOFTNESS—After cleansing, leave Pond’s Vanishing Cream on overnight. Greaseless, it won’t smear the pillowcase. All night long, it brings your skin a finer softness, a more youthful look.

8-PIECE POND’S, Dept.D155, Clinton, Conn.

Rush 8-piece package containing 1 special tube of Pond’s Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 96¢ for postage and packing.

Name

Street

City State

Copyright, 1936, Pond’s Extract Company
I CAN'T GET OVER HOW SKINNY YOU WERE A FEW WEEKS AGO

NOW I KNOW THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING SKINNY

Amazing Gains in Weight With New "7-Power" Ale Yeast Discovery

Even if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way— in just a few weeks! Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds to hosts of skinny men and women, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the same reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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

Try it—guaranteed

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this additional 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 guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.

Fred Waring—Benevolent Tyrant

(Continued from page 25)

but he has one more quality that soothes the small wounds his sarcasm leaves where gifts couldn’t. Waring’s intense loyalties to them he believes in have won him greater admiration than even his exceptional generosity and artistry deserve.

For Fred is, above all else, a loyal friend. Two people, Kay Thompson and Hal Kemp, have reason to know. They have benefited by his faith and devotion that has never before been known. I doubt that you ever heard of Kay Thompson before she came to the Pennsylvanians as conductor and star of her own girl choir. Three months later, on the night you first heard her (and sat up to say "Ah!") you heard Fred as Kay wanted to organize a chorus of girl voices for his program. Fred liked the idea. He told her to go ahead.

Kay went ahead all through those three months, trying voices and blending them together. She tested high school students and college co-eds, ribbon clerks and stenographers, until she finally found fifteen who combined to make a great companion for Fred’s own male chorus.

They fanned the embers, except for the fact that, on their first appearance, their dresses didn’t blend as well as their voices. Fred gave them a dressing down for that. Then he ordered one of New York’s better designers to dress them up. At his expense.

For several months, the light swing of their harmonies, together with Kay’s tantalizing voice, wove an intricate and delightful pattern through the Waring broadcasts. Then Kay, who (like all of Waring’s artists) was under contract, signed as featured soloist on a new Saturday night series.

Fred was very happy that his belief in her ability was being upheld. It was a little different several weeks later when Kay came to him and said her new sponsors would prefer it if Waring did not use her name in his broadcasts.

That explains pretty well the mysterious jealousy that cloaked Kay’s sudden departure from the Waring hour. She didn’t really depart until long after you thought she had; for Fred kept her on for the shows, meant more to him than her name. When she finally did leave, of her own volition, to devote her time to her new job, Fred did his best to replace her so that he could hold together the girl choir she had collected. It was impossible. So now a few of the ribbon clerks and stenographers and students have gone back to their ribbon counters and typewriters and books. About eight are still trying hard to make the grade. You hear their high, sweet harmonies once in a while.

To Hal Kemp, Fred is probably the very Prince of Loyalty. It was Fred’s belief in Hal’s capabilities that hurried the Southerner’s arrival at the peak.

They met in 1925, when Fred was visiting Hal’s home town. Charlotte, North Carolina, Fred took an immediate liking to the tall, serious-minded young man. Kemp talked about what he hoped to do and dwelt for hours on his theories of dance music. Before Fred left Charlotte, he said, “If ever I can do anything for you, Hal, I will.”

It’s a nice thing to promise help like that. But it’s much nicer, because it’s so much rarer, to come through with the help.

Fred’s opportunity to make good his
promise didn’t come for almost a year. He was playing an engagement at a theater in Buffalo, New York, when it did. The manager came to him two nights before he was to close.

"Al," Waring said, "I haven’t anyone to take your place. Would you like to stay over?"

Fred Waring remembered, "Why don’t you call Hal Kemp in?" he asked.

"Never heard of him," said the manager. "I’ll get him," offered Fred. "You’ll like his stuff!"

So Hal Kemp, the drabbling Southerner, moved into his first big engagement. And, though all the versatility and cleverness that marks his music now may have been present then, he failed to click.

"Don’t be discouraged," Fred advised. "You’re new, I’ve arranged things so that you follow me into a theater in Toronto."

He did more than that. He left Fred Culley, who is still his assistant conductor, behind to help Hal polish up his presentation. They worked hard for a week. Their second successive failure was even more bitter.

But if Fred, as I have said, had nothing else to offset his acid criticisms, there would still be his faith in his friends. He had a month’s vacation coming, and he used to take Hal Kemp and Hal’s whole band back to his own home in Tyrone, Pennsylvania. There, he acted as host while Hal and the boys went to work. He advised them; then he secured local dance jobs for them so that they could test their ideas. Host, nothing! He acted as godfather in general.

Fred continued to build for Hal during the years that followed. He was instrumental in bringing Hal to New York and in securing his first radio account. When you had only a vague idea of the Kemp style, Fred announced songs this way: "Broadway Rhyme, as Hal Kemp would play it." He imitated Hal’s band more than any other, and after a bit you began to want to hear Kemp in the original.

But that’s the kind of guy he is: acid-tongued when it counts; patient when it counts; loyal, whether it counts or not.

He is married. He has a year-old daughter named Dixie for whom he would cheerfully cut off his right arm. He met Evelyn Waring, his wife, in 1928 when she came to New York to appear in "Hello, My Name Is," the musical in which he was featured. They eloped to Chicago and were married there on September 24, 1939.

And, incidentally, though five years elapsed before they married, it must have been love at first sight. For, she tells me, never once during all the time she appeared with the Pennsylvanians, did Fred give her a good, sound, Waring bawling-out.

She’s Hollywood’s Greatest Hostess!

When you hear Mary Pickford on her new program, do you wonder what her secret of entertaining is? In the May issue you’ll find the story straight from Hollywood that gives you the real lowdown on Pickfair Parties.
**Radio Mirror**

"You Can't Win By Trying," Says Goodman Ace

(Continued from page 49)

He got famous to spite Jane, his wife. Tie that one if you can! He loves to prove she is wrong. She said he couldn’t write a column. So he started a daily column in a Kansas City paper. She said it wouldn’t last. It lasted twelve years. And only stopped then because she said he couldn’t write a radio act. He wrote Easy Aces. She said that wouldn’t last. It’s in its sixth year and going strong. Proving Jane wrong is sometimes a laborious business. But a profitable one. And somehow I’ve a sneaking hunch she isn’t as dumb as the character Goody makes her in the script.

At first Easy Aces ran on a local station for a year. It added $30 a week to the columnist’s income. When he got tired of doing it, he asked for a $50 a week raise. The station squashed his plans of retiring from radio by forking over the $80 a week without a murmur. Almost before he could recover from his surprise and raise the ante, he had a network offer to take it to Chicago for $300 a week.

He was beginning to agree with Jane now that it wouldn’t—couldn’t—last beyond the first option. He would take the offer, it would enable him to pay off all his debts in Kansas City. But he wasn’t going to be left jobless after that first option. He obtained a leave of absence from the paper and sent his column back every day without salary, just to keep his job open.

The first option was renewed in thirteen weeks, and he felt independent enough to wire his paper that he was going to send his column in only twice a week thereafter—still without pay, however. He didn’t resign from the paper until the second radio option was taken up, and then he settled down in earnest to prove how wrong Jane was about Easy Aces not lasting.

It was in Chicago that Marge, the third permanent member of the cast, was acquired in a most peculiar way. They needed a girl with a distinctive laugh. The studio sent Ace a seasoned Thespian who fit the part like a glove—on your foot.

"She's terrible," Ace complained to the boss as they strolled through the lobby of WGN. "I could take a rank amateur—I could take any girl and get a better performance than she gave. I could take that girl there," and he pointed to the hostess at the information desk! So he took her, just to prove his point, and Mary Hunter, who had never before

---

**Eye Deas by Jane Heath**

Nine women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you’ll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your Kurlash and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with Lashtint and put a little Shadette on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You’ll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking... softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You’ll know then why the loveliest women use Kurlash daily. ($1 at good stores.)

At the same window you’ll have a chance to see how naturally Lashtint darkens and beautifies your eyelashes... without looking “made-up” either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to assure even applications, $1, also. And the same holds true of Shadette. Even in the daytime it isn’t obvious—just glamorous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.

*Have you tried Twissors—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.*

Write Jane Heath for advice about eye beauty. Give your order for personal beauty plans. Address Dept. MG-4.

---

Here he is, as jovial in real life as he is on the air—Irving Kaufman, known to millions as "Lazy Dan." You hear him in his own show over the Columbia network and as part of Hammerstein’s Music Hall on the NBC net.
spoken into a microphone, now draws just ten times the salary she did when de-

tiny—and Goodman Ace—pointed a finger

t at her.

Ace's big struggle is just starting. It's not

t how to be a success, but how to avoid

being a success—or rather, a celebrity. He

has a horror of being a big shot in radio,

being followed by autograph hounds and

having to make personal appearances.

He's proud of the fact that he and Jane

aren't sufficiently in the public eye to be

recognized in a crowd, and that they re-
cieve only about ten fan letters a week.

They usually start "This is the first letter

I've ever written to a radio star" and are

sent by doctors, lawyers and professors.

Goodman related with glee an incident that

happened the evening before while he

was talking to Fred Allen after the lat-

ter's broadcast. A boy approached and

asked for his autograph.

"Who shall I make it from," asked Ace.

"Just Herb," replied the youth.

"No, that's your name," Ace explained.

"I mean whom do you want it from?"

"You've got me there, stranger," replied

the kid and vanished in confusion.

Ace has turned down eight offers since

last February to star in more pretentious

programs at more money than he is mak-

ing now—one of them at twice as much

—because the change would throw them

more into the limelight. He doesn't want

the limelight, he doesn't want to be a

celebrity and sit uncomfortably on a

pinnacle.

LAST year Goody took a half-page ad

in Variety to advertise that fact that

Easy Aces had never (up to that time)

been among the twenty most popular

programs in a national popularity poll.

But this year, during such a poll con-
ducted by a radio magazine, a repre-

sentative called him up and told him his

program was twelfth on the popularity list.

"So what?" asked the comedian. It seems

that Easy Aces could be moved up to

sixth if he was interested. Was he in-

terested?

An emphatic "No!" nearly shattered

the receiver. "The fellow didn't know

Goodman Ace. Had he offered to show

him back to eighteenth, he might have

done business.

Ace recently turned down an offer of

$4000 a week for personal appearances

because of his creed against punching too

hard. He felt his other work would suffer

if he accepted. Being Goodman Ace on

the radio already pays better dividends

than being President of the United States,

and there is also a sizable income from a

movie short every month. So he says to

all tempting offers, "We're doing all

right."

He's seen too many stars lay an egg be-

cause they killed the golden goose. He's

seen radio writers turn out five insipid

scripts a day where they could really

shine if they concentrated on one. Greed

—or punching too hard—call it what you

will, but Goody will have none of it. He

knows when he's well off. He says no

other agency or sponsor or film studio

(yes, some of his offers emanate from

Hollywood) could be nicer even if they

paid him more money.

He is one of the fortunate radio stars

who is never harassed by mandatory

"suggestions" from his sponsor. He's never

even met his sponsor! He is allowed full

rein to run the show as he sees fit, and

doesn't hanker to change that ideal set-

up.

Only twice has he been asked to change

a script. Once the objection was to a line

of dialogue which read "What do you

think of the Ethiopian question?" That

provocative subject was taboo.
EYES...!
that fascinate!

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It’s the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of Winx Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

Winx Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try Winx today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

Winx Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-amarring.

You can obtain Winx Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in Introductory Sizes at all 100 stores.

If you find it more convenient, you may order a trial package of Winx direct. Send 10¢ to Box Company, 213 West 45th Street, New York City. Check whether you wish

\[ \text{CARE or \(C\) CREAM} \]

\[ \text{BLACK or \(B\) BROWN or \(R\) BLUE} \]

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

Street .................................................................

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

State  ...............................................................
What Al Pearce Has Done for His Gang  
(Continued from page 41)

they weren't concerned with radio then. They liked to sing and play the guitar and cut comedy capers, to be sure, but that came under the rubric of amusement, and could not be let to interfere with the serious business of life, which was making money in real estate. At twenty-five, Al was nearly a millionaire. At twenty-eight, he was penniless, with a wife and little girl to support. It is not only in show business that you gain ups and downs. It's just that they come faster in show business. It cost Al nearly a million dollars, just to learn one lesson, but he had learned it well. He had learned that it isn't enough to make a lot of money; but that the important thing is to hang on to at least some of it. Then and there he took a vow that the next time, if there was to be a next time, he would have any money, he would put a part of it, no matter how small a part, into a bank.

Al and Clarence soon found that job hunting when there aren't any jobs is a pretty futile undertaking, so they decided to stay onwhat hitherto had been merely a social asset. They tucked their guitars under their arms and set forth, singing and playing at banquets, social affairs, and small cafes. Finally they managed to land a spot on an obscure radio station, an achievement which, while significant now, wasn't very important at all, in those days, radio performers took out their pay in glory.

W H E N A L heard that the Fresno Auditorium wanted a variety show, he gathered together the odds and ends of poorly paid talent around the studio and offered them at $3 each. Admission was fifty cents, and the show, to Al's amazement, grossed $3000, which left him with $1000 profit after the auditorium had taken its cut and the performers' salaries and other expenses had been paid.

That was the first thousand dollars Al had seen since the palmy real estate days, but it boosted him up so much that a thousand dollars had looked thin. However, he had learned his lesson, and he kept it in mind. He took some of the thousand and tucked it away in the bank.

Obviously, he reasoned, the public wanted and was willing to pay for more shows put on by radio talent. Why not try the same thing on the air? And so what Al claimed was the very first radio variety show was born. That was seven years ago. Week by week, month by month, Al Pearce's Happy-Go-Lucky Hour grew in popularity until it became the most famous air show on the West Coast.

In addition to their radio work, they toured up and down the coast giving shows, and frequently obtained theatrical bookings. At one of the shows, Al met the present Mrs. Pearce, who came as a spectator and went away with a song in her heart. He had been away from his first wife, whom he had married when he was a mere boy, and had the custody of their little girl, whom he sent to school while away from show business.

The faster the money came in, the more of it Al tucked away under the rainy day he knew would one day come along. The term "rainy day" is used figuratively, for at this time, you will remember, Al was in California. Summer was coming, and with summer would come idleness in show business. Al didn't want the gang to
How Pepsodent Antiseptic helped 774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF COLDs
TWICE AS FAST!

The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

Half gargled; the other half did not!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds!

● A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They are the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor's report

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

To kill germs, ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

RADIO MIRROR

WHEN your baby suffers from teeth ing pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within 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 almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the customary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

In a single year... OVER 1,000,000 PRESCRIPTIONS were filled for PERTUSSIN—because it relieves Coughs safely

OVER a million doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year. This estimate is based on the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Assn.

When you cough, it's usually because tiny moisture glands in throat and bronchial tubes have clogged or daged. Infectious phlegm collects, irritates—executes.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out moisture freely. Sticky phlegm loosens and is easily removed.

Get a bottle. All druggists.

PERSUSSION
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
Seek & Kade, Inc., 480 Washington St., N.Y. C. I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quickly!

Name...
Address...

RM-4
RADIO MIRROR

PAR-I-O-GEN
(Pronounced PAR-FO-JEN)

TABLETS

Sound reasoning and common sense recommended the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes, each tube containing twelve convenient tablets which are immediately effective and dependable. PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets have been available for years and are sold by progressive drug stores nearly everywhere. A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-astringent, non-staining, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a positive fact that they offer the practical, common-sense answer to the problem of:

FEMININE HYGIENE

The price of the Regular Size Tube of 12 Tablets is $1.00

FREE OFFER: If you can find a Druggist who does not have PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets when you ask for them, send us his name and address and we'll send you a trial package FREE. Simply address:

AMERICAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 164, 420 S. Sixth Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM:

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ACNE OR SIMILAR SKIN IRITATIONS

Let PSORACINE help you. This remarkable, harmless principle in one application has brought relief from skin sufferers to many people who thought their case hopeless. To obtain quick relief from the misery and embarrassment of YOUR skin disorder, try PSORACINE. Write for in return FREE information on skin disorders.

ILLINOIS MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 208 N. Wells D-55, Chicago

Larkin invites you!

HERE'S an invitation to be a Larkin Club Secretary. Just by introducing our new Edna May Dress Club you can earn charming frocks for yourself, as well as other big Rewards. Get our new Edna May Dress Folder just off the press. Bring it to your nearest Larkin Club to examine the greatest dress bargains like the smart little frock in this advertisement.

Mail a postcard today. Just say, "Send me the Edna May Dress folder and Club information."

Larkin Co. Inc.
660 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

heard the record, and voted to bring the girls to New York for a trial. If they fit in with the troupe, they will be given contracts, and will become shareholders, as it were, in the Pearce enterprise. It isn't enough merely to be a competent artist. To qualify as a member in good standing of Al Pearce's gang it is necessary, first and foremost, to enter into the spirit of "all for one, one for all."

How does the system work?

Well, Tony Romano, Monroe (Lard Bills) Upton, T. G. Wright, and Johnny Johnson have been with the gang for seven years, since its inception: Morley of Amsterdam, N.Y.; Three Cheers, Harry Foster, and Bill (Tizzy Lish) Comstock for four years; and Arlene Harris for three years.

And they say you can't secure with this current thirty-nine weeks commercial at $10,000 a week—and with $4000 of that being salted away every week to form a reserve fund that will see them through a long period of adversity, if one ever happens along unexpectedly.

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

Mary's" was spotted on his first concert program as his pièce de résistance. After a rehearsal of the song, so moved by Mr. McLaughlin's singing of the number, declared: "I feel the choice of selecting my time of death and knew that this were the day, I'd like to die after hearing Tommy sing 'The Bells of St. Mary's.' An hour later the speaker dropped dead!

Two years ago a young soloist was appearing at the Roxy Theater, New York. He sang "The Bells of St. Mary's" and left the stage to be handed a telegram. It announced the death of Leo, the brother who had taught him the song!

A few weeks ago McLaughlin was in the World Broadcasting Studios making a recording of "The Bells of St. Mary's." Before he could finish the number he was called to the telephone by an urgent message. It was from his father announcing that his mother was gravely injured by a fall and was not expected to survive!

Overcome with emotion McLaughlin didn't try to finish the recording at that time. He did try, however, several weeks later. Then his voice broke, coughed back his body and Tommy made preparations to go away to that drier climate the newspaper item mentioned. He never wants even to hear "The Bells of St. Mary's" again, let alone sing it.

* * *

POSTSCRIPTS

This department is advised by a man in position to know that the income of Lily Pons this season from opera, screen and radio engagements will reach the amazing sum of $400,000. . . A gorgeous mink coat, a snappy roadster and lingerie too sublime to be mentioned here were gifts bestowed upon Harriet Hillard by husband Ozzie Nelson—the maestro was that pleased when she returned to him from Hollywood whence she had gone to make a picture practically on her honeymoon night.

AFTER all the hullabaloo over claims of "fake and misleading advertising" on the air, the Federal Trade Commission reports only ten per cent of the radio commercials examined can be construed as coming within that classification. The Commission analyzed 376,330 broadcast
The Honeychile heard with Bob Hope on the Frank Parker Saturday night program on CBS is not the original Honeychile. The creator of the role, Patricia Wilder, didn't have to apologize for her Southern accent, being a true daughter of the Southland, in making pictures for RKO. ... Sales of receivers in the United States last year exceeded five million, the biggest year in the history of the radio industry. A million of these were radios.

KATE SMITH likes to go shopping for good investments to take care of her surplus income but hates to shop for clothes for herself. But in the natural course of events, and especially with one of Kate's activity and avoidipous, dresses, stockings, and underwear wear out and it becomes necessary to renew her wardrobe. So twice a year Kate barges into these emporiums specializing in stylish stouts and stocks up for a semester. But, gosh, how she dreads it!

VINCENT LOPEZ is still very much concerned about numerology although you don't hear much about it any more. Sensing his interest in the occult was misunderstood by the public, he has self-occurred reference to it. But in High Lopez carries on with numerology. Even to the extent of applying the science to whatever it is—song titles to determine hit potentialities. If a ditty which fails to meet the maestro's number test proves popular nevertheless. Lopez charges the song writer up to his bad arithmetic and lets it go at that!

You've been listening to Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher ask their dizzy questions for quite awhile now, on their Vox Populi program Sundays over NBC. A little while ago they sent this column their favorite answers from the man on the street. Here's a sample:

Q: Who is Emily Post?
A: The daughter of the aviator who flew over the North Pole and was killed.

Q: How many cen stamps are there in a dozen?
A: Twelve.
Q: How many cent stamps are there in a dozen?
A: Four.

CAPTAIN TIM HEALY has just started his third full year of broadcasting, and his press agent records for us some astonishing figures. Since he began conducting his Stamp Club he's started off as collectors more than two and a half million people, young, old, and middle aged. Even his control engineer, production man and his announcer have taken up the hobby.

There's a hidden moment in the life of Eddie Cantor, that brings you a clear insight into the character of this beloved comedian. Watch for it in the next issue.
RADIO MIRROR

Invitation to the Met (Continued from page 43)

where their grandparents had stepped from elegant carriages. Up the broad red stairs we wander and, having a few minutes before the doors open, pop into the cafe on the Grand Tier floor for coffee. The room has been redecorated in cheerful modern fittings, but ices are being served to the ladies, while the men sip more sturdy substance from glasses, as in Victorian days. The atmosphere of the room is quaint and historic.

Being guests of NBC, we must be in our box a little early, so as to disturb Milton J. Cross, veteran grand opera announcer, who is preparing to introduce the performance to radio listeners. His booth, or vestible to the box, and ours adjoining are glassed in to be soundproof, installed in a second set of equipment for broadcasting ready to carry on in case of a breakdown.

From our box, the gold-painted horse-shoe glints in reflections of lights. We watch the house filling up, even to the standing room space. The "Met" has always drawn its share of opera-goers, who annually and enthusiastically stand through the longest of the operas at minimum cost. Along the Grand Tier, the famous box where society chatterers quietly. Then the lights fade.

DOWN in the pit, the conductor taps his baton for attention. The house is dark for a moment before the curtain rises. Only two small lights shine in the box next to us. One of these is over the control board at which sits Mr. Charles C. Grey, the engineer responsible for feeding the opera to the air waves. Beside him sits Herbert NBC, the production manager. Both men adjust the headphones strapped to their ears. As the curtain rises, almost unseen, buried in the highlights, two microphones can be detected. These pick up the singing of the actors upon the stage. Hidden among the orchestra are four more microphones. The conductor gives the signal. In the box, Mr. Grey likewise nods his head, and the opera is on its way.

As the action of the operas, Mr. Grey's hands play constantly over the myriad of electrical switches and pushbuttons, following Liveredge's signals. As the music swells and the conductor is heard from a piano score of the opera, raises his brand to warn Mr. Grey of the full-volumed notes to come. Grey then selects and blends the microphones. This cutting in of microphones is one of the most important features of the opera broadcast. For instance, a soprano, too near the mike, could smash the whole effect. Readily blow it up. And this constant blending, accenting of soft notes and tuning down of loud choral effects, makes possible for the man in Idaho to hear the opera clearly. The radio audience now hears a quality as pure, melodic and undistorted as that which is heard by holders of the favorite boxes at the Metropolitan.

On the stage the brightly costumed stars and chorusmen. Perhaps the only calls for the exciting and famous Metropolitan ballet, or perhaps we shall be lucky and witness the debut of a new dancer, who will give an historic performance. Should that happen—as was the case with Lawrence Tibbett's debut, even though he couldn't make the High School Club's baton, back in Los Angeles—the staid Metropolitan audience will seem to go crazy and will stop the show for a quarter of an hour or more, while the new star is applauded and cheered alike.

You've waited years for a dainty GREASELESS way to FEMININE ANTISEPSIS

NOW IT IS HERE! Zonitons, snow-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but also completely removable with water. For that reason alone, thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothingly pleasant to use, containing no mixing or elaborate apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for dry applications. 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 Zonitons for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitons for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitons make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle, favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Complete instructions in package. All druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.


Address...

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all-in" complaints. But when he saw in his frequent colds, his "fogged out," "on-edge" condition the very trouble she had to handle, his constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy) as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrompative works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the entire tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Take in box tonight.

Two in box tonight—25c—at druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

THE BEAUTY LAXATIVE

GIANZ ZINNIAS 32ct. 10¢

Send Giant Zinnias—We give a Rainbox of 20 dazzling colors and more metallic flowers, which make a dramatic color background. Fifty cents a box. Pack Giant Asters—Wall-flowered 6 colors. Four post each. Two for 25 cents. Two for $1.

F. B. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 10, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Now Only 10¢ Day AFTER 10 Day FREE Trial Money Back Guaranteed

Learn Typewriting Quickly

Learn Typewriting Quickly. No tuition. Cost of the course $5. Send 50 cents for catalog. Just study, make the test, try a day. Best for beginners or typists of any experience. Write for examination card. 8vo. 100 pages. New and improved. No typewriter is needed. Fully guaranteed.

Learn Quick Typewriting

Works beautifully, less than 50 cents a day. 40 lessons. Two hundred words in three months. Free trial. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents.

Learn Typewriting Quickly


Learn Typewriting Quickly

Special lessons for nurses and teachers. Easy to learn. Free trial. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents.

Learn Typewriting Quickly


Learn Typewriting Quickly

The world's best known and most practical. Learn at home. 50 lessons. 1000 words. Free trial. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents.

Learn Typewriting Quickly

300 different lessons, 3500 words. Designed for the high school student. Free trial. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents.

Learn Typewriting Quickly


Learn Typewriting Quickly

Best known and most practical. Designed for the high school student. 350 lessons. 7000 words. Free trial. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents. 25 cents.

Learn Typewriting Quickly


Learn Typewriting Quickly

TO THE GIRL WHO WISHES SHE HAD

A DATE TONIGHT

The popular girl is the one who radiates a good health, energy, has a clear attractive skin and sparkling eyes.

Nature intended you to have these natural charms. If you don’t have them, something is wrong, but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause broken out and sickly-looking skin, loss of energy, headache, run-down condition.

Thousands of women are finding quick relief in Stuart’s Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should see and feel a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your energy renewed! Stuart’s Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at drugstores. Try them. Results will delight you or money refunded.

FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. F-107, Marshall, Michigan.

THE BEST

GRAY HAIR

Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe:

Half pint of water add one ounce rum, a small box of Barbe Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost.

Apply the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbe imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

SILK HOSE

Sensational Chamois Cloth SENSIBLE TO WEAR WITHOUT HOLE OR NEW HOSE FREE!
What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 13)

These "bone folks" are so natural that they are startlingly real. Episodes in their lives are exaggerated just enough to bring out the humor in the commonplace situations. Vic, in a rage, is an artistic triumph. Sadie is so common in small towns of America that she might have stepped out of a Sinclair Lewis novel. Rush is a typical, lovable, "nice" high school boy.

Why can't we have more dramatic skits of this type?
NORMA YOST, Port Blakely, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Why the Deafening Applause?

Have you listened to Eddie Cantor's new program lately? I tried to one Sunday and all I heard was thunderous applause during all of it. They certainly did well if they intended to drown Eddie out. And trying to listen to Eleanor Powell's tap-dancing is quite impossible. Why, oh why don't sponsors do away with that applause? I for one think it ruins their programs.

MILDRED KAPLAN, Albany, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION

"I get a big kick out of these people who complain about the stale programs week after week and at the same time knock the amateur hours."—DOROTHY F. CROUSE, Creston, Ohio.

"What a comfort and joy the radio is on Sunday night! It unites the family closer than any other tie—sharing each other's pleasure."—MRS. LAMM K. FAUSCH, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I don't like so much advertising chatter but then I realize that is why the programs are broadcast, so I just grin and bear it."—JOYCE O'HARA, Detroit, Mich.

"I wonder if we could curb slightly, the crime-wave that seems to be jamming the airwaves."—MRS. J. A. SCANNAN, Kansas City, Mo.

"Old man Hard Luck will have a hard time getting us down as long as we have a radio."—BEN GRAVES, Pottstown, Pa.

"Radio sponsors are trying to make their advertising more interesting. Why not give them credit for what they are now doing?"—MANUEL RACHNER, Brooklyn, New York.

"I wouldn't give up radio, not for all the mistakes they make, not for all the yodels and boot-boop-boop-songs, no, not for anything."—MRS. BASS B. KIMBALL, Colorado Springs, Colo.

"What doth it profit a person who, in all probability, worked countless number of hours to originate a swell, entertaining program, only to have his merits diminished by the imitators or copy-cats?"—JOHN ANTONOWICZ, Boston, Mass.

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," my grandmother used to say; and I do wish some listeners would remember this when they howl about advertising."—MRS. AGATHA FORREST, Rye, New York.

5 Years Younger

There is no excuse today for dry, rough lips that ripen the face.

Cutex Lipstick can't dry or wrinkle your lips. It's warranted to contain a nourishing oil that leaves your lips marvelously smooth.

Try it—you can look 5 years younger! Infinitely more desirable! 50c in 4 smart shades—NATURAL, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.

CUTEX Lipstick

Northern Warren Sales Company, Inc., Dept. 0-B-151 Hudson St., New York (In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 50c for trial-size Cutex Lipstick in shade checked. Natural □ Coral □ Cardinal □ Ruby □

Name______________________________
Address______________________________
City________ State________

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffy nose—bad breath—sinus irritation—phlegm—sinusache. Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer. 45,000 Druggists sell Half-Centhrats Medicine. 25c year in business. Write today!

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 234, TOLEDO, O.

Goodbye GRAY HAIRS! FREE Test (shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every fadied strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde, just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE—We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
3366 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
SINGER BY ACCIDENT

HELEN MARSHALL WANTED TO BE A VIOLINIST BUT A SUBWAY CHANGED HER DESTINY!

THOSE New York subway doors! You come running down the platform, headed for the train—its doors are sliding shut—you make a last frantic leap—the door, still on its way to close, catches you in the middle—you wince and push, full of unpleasant thoughts about being cut in two—the guard takes pity on you and opens the door—and you're inside, but pretty uncomfortable.

But once the guard didn't open the door again, thereby changing a violinist into a singer.

You hear Helen Marshall now on the Swift Studio Party, singing with Sigmund Romberg's orchestra, but if it hadn't been for that subway door, she might know her as the greatest feminine violinist of the day. That's what she started out to be.

"I began to take violin lessons about the time I started grammar school," she told me. "I can remember playing for the Parent Teachers Association when I was eight. Everybody wanted to help the little Marshall girl keep up her courage. They all kept telling me not to be frightened and as a consequence before I even walked out on the stage, with a three-quarter-size fiddle under my arm, I was scared to death. When I lifted the bow to play, though, the fright disappeared."

"All through my school days I had just one ambition, to be a famous woman fiddler. After I graduated from high school my violin teacher told me she had done all she could for me and suggested Paul Kochanski at the Juilliard School in New York as the next logical teacher."

Now, this taffy-haired soprano is a modest person, so I'll have to tell you what happened after that. She left Joplin, Missouri, her home town, and went to New York to take the examination for admission to the Juilliard School, playing for Kochanski. And when the great teacher delivered his verdict, it was not just for admission—it was a recommendation that she be given a three-year scholarship.

"For two years I worked, thought and dreamed violin. One day I decided that I wasn't getting enough fun out of life. All work and no play was boring me to death. So—"

So what did she do? A young musician's idea of fun must be more work, because she went to Albert Stoessel, conductor of the New York Oratorio Society, and sang for him for a place in the society. What's more, she was accepted.

A few months later Stoessel had dinner with Kochanski, and in the course of the evening told the violin teacher that his pupil had a remarkable voice and that something ought to be done about it. Something was. The Juilliard School awarded Helen a second scholarship, this time for voice training. It was the first and only time in the history of the school one pupil has held scholarships for two different branches of musical training.

Helen continued both studies until the strain began to tell on her health and strength. Her teachers advised her to concentrate on one or the other. The only problem was that half of her teachers were teaching singing and the other half violin, so naturally half voted one way and half the other.

Helen herself didn't know what to do. Since her teachers, to whom she looked for advice, couldn't agree, it looked as if the decision was entirely up to her. The violin was her first love, and she had trained for it all her life. On the other hand, feminine violinists didn't seem to appeal to the public much, while a good singer could always get a job.

This is where the subway door comes into the story. It happened this way.
Helen ran for a subway train, and caught it; but the door caught her finger, too, and dislocated it. It was on her left hand, the important hand for a violinist. After the doctor had bandaged the finger up in splints, he told Helen that it would be weeks before he could be sure whether or not the finger was permanently injured. That's why Helen decided to be a singer. As it happened, the finger did not stiffen, and there was no obstacle to keep her from taking up the violin again, but once her mind had been made up, she found herself more and more happy over the decision.

SHE was singing the role of Polly Peachum in a Juilliard School version of "The Beggar's Opera" when Sigmund Romberg heard her. She didn't even know he was in the audience. But when, a few months later, she took an audition for his program, he remembered her and called her Polly and gave her the job.

Perhaps those hungry subway doors do a bit of good now and then after all!

---

**THAT MAN'S BACK AGAIN!**

After an absence that was altogether too long, Ed Wynn has returned, to the delight of his radio followers. His perfect foolishness in his present series of broadcasts takes new form. Without the fire chief's hat—he has a different sponsor—he is portraying a character famous in the English language, Gulliver, of "Gulliver's Travels," by Dean Jonathan Swift. As Ed himself might put it, "Just a giant among a lot of Lilliputian funny men." The time of his program is 9:30, E.S.T. on Thursdays.

---

**PRETTY SMART**
..the hostess who uses Royledge Shelving at a nickel!

The smart hostess today lets her neighbors waste time and money on fancy shelf edgings that have to be tacked up and torn down for laundering; she invests one nickel in Royledge... and trims 9 feet of shelves so that they're something to look at and talk about!

This new shelving can be laid in a jiffy; it protects the entire shelf and decorates the edge with bright, crisp, colorful patterns. The firm double edge will always hang straight, never curl up in dampness, nor become a catch-all for dust. It lasts for months.

"Royledge" is for sale nearby. Five-and-ten, dept. and neighborhood stores carry it in many decorator-designed patterns. Just look for the large Royledge package... 5c for 9 full feet... or in 10c sizes. Made by Roylace, 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Royledge**
"Feel the Edge!"

---

Don't let your bathroom be talked about

Why take chances? You can insure a clean-smelling, sanitary bathroom by using Creolin regularly. Creolin banishes bathroom odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet bowl and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, basin and tub. As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. Get a bottle, with full directions, at your drug store.

Write for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many other household and personal uses of Creolin. Merck & Co. Inc., Rahway, N. J.

---

"I Liked Her Home But My Dear!"

"I Know... That Nasty Bathroom Odor—Someone Should Tell Her About Creolin."
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

NEWS OF YOUTH. Some of the dramatized news events concerning children pack as many thrills and comedy wallops as March of Time, which this program frankly imitates. Stick to that formula, Mr. Soft Bun Bread, and the adults will listen, too. But Laddy Seaman's interviews with kids champs in person aren't as real or as interesting as the faked stuff which he introduces in his guise of boy editor. My advice—skip the inconsequential sport news and guest stars (unless you can get Freddie Bartholomew).

CBS, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 6:15 P. M., 15 min.

THE GOLDBERGS. Gertrude Berg's "House of Glass" proved too fragile to stand forever, though she handled it with care. So she resurrects her favorite family (and yours) and again we have with us eagle-eyed Molly of the stodgy composition, her proud, striving husband, Jake, inquisitive daughter Rose, and typical son, Sammy. Without benefit of an Irish Rose, this show had a run of five years last time; this time it will probably last forever.

CBS Mon. through Fri., 5:45 P. M., 15 min.

TED HUSING AND THE CHARIOT- EERS. When is an announcer not an announcer? When he has his own announcer—Paul Douglas. Ted-Years-Before-the-Mike Husing is an okay yarn spinner, but I hope all the announcers won't go arty on us—how will a poor diater know whether he's tuning in a commercial or a program? Between songs by the hotcha quartet, Ted tells surprising anecdotes concerning the development of radio. Worth lending an ear or two to, too. (Don't say I didn't test for you, Ted.)

CBS Mon., 7:15 P. M., 15 min.

KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN. This schoolroom burlesque has been trying for three years to get out of the second grade. It is now second-rate and has acquired a sponsor, the same company that brought us "The Donnellys," "The Doughboy," "The Doughboy's Alumni," "Curtin's Westward Ho!" and the "Father of the Bride." It is, however, a gem of TV burlesque. Miss Kaltenever plays the teacher, and is a gem. NBC, Mon., 8:15 P. M., 15 min.

An Ink You Can Spill With SAFETY!

A housewife writes The Parker Pen Co.: "When my husband spilled a bottle of your Quink on our new $400 rug, we were lucky. The day before this accident we had thrown our old ink away and got your WASHABLE Quink. I had read that Quink would wash out without trace! And it did exactly that. You'll do women a great favor if you'll tell them about this."

So, Parkers, ladies. But be sure you get WASHABLE Quink. Don't get our permanent Quink, unless it's for everlasting records. For PERMANENT Quinks is permanent as the paper. For use at home and school, the only safe ink is WASHABLE Quink at 15c and 25c. Get Quink today from any store selling ink. It is rich, full-bodied—with a brilliancy of color.

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARN $400

$400

Mrs. F. Meff (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $22 a week while learning their "first" nursing. However, she read the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. She completed the sixth lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $144.10.

Think of the things you could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, of home and of spare time, for the distinguished, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete home equipment included. Early training means higher pay. Apply to Chicago School of Nursing, 604 S. denom., Chicago, Ill., for information booklets and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can earn $400 and more-

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dee., 161, 160 East Ohio Street, Chicago, III.

Please send free booklet and sample lesson pages.

Name

City

State

Age

90
Nothing more of it."

A few minutes later the door was flung open. The same man was back, with a furious glare and a smoking revolver. They didn't mince words. "Stick 'em up," they said. The gun was pointed at the horrified group.

Stella sat petrified. Her mother, hoping to be able to phone the police, ran through the swinging back door to the tiny office behind the restaurant. Whiz . . . a shot rang out. Those holdup men meant business. Fortunately, they missed her.

There was no use resisting them. Immediately, Stella's sister opened the cash register and stood aside to let them get to it.

Perhaps they were nervous, perhaps—anyway, instead of moving toward the register they moved with the glasses moved toward slight, dark-eyed, dark-haired Stella.

That was too much for Fred Ridge's self-control. He jolted upon the banister. Immediately the second holdup man joined the fray, and jumped on Fred. Back and forth they rolled in the eating house, throwing over the pottery, chairs, leaving a trail of broken glasses, broken dishes and brio-brac. Stella stood still, too scared to move.

FINALLY Fred, a husky fighting Irishman, succeeded in landing a blow on the bespectacled bandit that knocked him out cold. The gun-wielding robber, now desperate, fired again and again at Fred. Five times he shot at him. One shot struck his shoulder, another his back. One hit his side with a sickening thud. Another went into his head.

"I just stood there, half-fainting, watching," Stella told me tensely. "My sister dragged herself to the phone. But she was so unnerved all she could do was sob into it."

In a moment, the bandits were gone. Realizing he had no more bullets, the Philippine dropped his smoking revolver, dragged his prostrate pal along, and disappeared.

Then Stella recovered her poise. She ran to the phone, grabbed it from her trembling sister, and called police headquarters. Immediately, they sent an ambulance.

"The doctors didn't think Fred would live," she told me, twisting her hands nervously. "I used to go to see him at the hospital every day . . . it was horrible, but he refused to let go of life. Today, he's alive and well except that one leg is inches shorter than the other, and he limps.

Though Stella went to the Rogues Gallery to try to identify the bandits, and the police did all they could, they were never captured.

And as to Stella—"I let my deposit on the carova back drop. The restaurant business was not for me. I decided. After all, I had never been held up in the singing game. Now, comparatively, that seemed a quiet field."

So, after a month or so, she went to the famous voice coach, Allen Ray Carpenter, for instruction. It was the first time in her life she had taken singing lessons. And today, she's back on the air.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to End Pain Instantly and Remove Corns or Callouses Quickly and Safely!

NEVER use anything on your feet unless you know it is medically safe. Feet can easily be infected. Be on the safe side—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end pain of corns, callouses or bunions in one minute; stop nagging pressure on the sensitive spot; prevent sore toes and blisters and ease new or tight shoes.

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Discs, included in every box. In a short time they will lift right out! No risk, no pain, no bother.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are easy to apply; do not come off in the bath. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store. Always insist on the genuine Dr. Scholl's.

2 Kinds—New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢ • STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢.

Every Good Boy Deserves Fun to learn music this way

Just see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D. Inscribe the Sentence "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun" (E-G-B-D) on a piece of w. Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is E; whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is G. And the spaces are just as easy to remember. The four spaces are all ways F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it?

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way. No "tricks" or "secrets"—you learn to play real music from real notes.

You simply cannot go wrong. Over 700,000 people have studied music this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Just read the list of instruments in the panel and decide which one you want to play.

Send for Free Book

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. Art NOW.

Mail coupon today and they will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.
THERE was a break for Francis, too. If he'd stayed in school there's no telling what might have become of him. As it is, he's the South's favorite dance maestro, heardon Nashville's WSM, and nationally on NBC's Magnolia Blossoms program which originates in WSM every Monday night at 11:30.

The other four people whose careers were influenced by that decision are pretty well known too. They're James Melton, Phil Harris, Irene Beasley, and Kenny Sargent.

The name of James Melton was known only to his classmates in the student body of the University of Georgia in 1923, when Francis Craig's orchestra came to town to play for the junior prom.

Jimmy asked Francis for a job as saxophonist. Francis was sympathetic—he'd been out of school himself for only a few months—but he didn't need a saxophonist. He needed, he said, a singer. Whereupon Jimmy sang for him.

That's how James Melton happened to leave school and join the Craig band.

He stayed with Francis for five years, during the last two of which Francis encouraged and helped him to take voice lessons. And it was on the money he earned during those five years that he came to New York and got a job with Roxy and his gang.

Kenny Sargent was James Melton's successor as singer and saxophonist in the Craig orchestra. Francis heard him playing with an orchestra in Memphis a few weeks after Melton had left, and signed him up immediately.

A good many people today think Kenny has a voice to be proud of, but in the summer of 1930, while the band was playing at the Craig Hotel in St. Louis, Kenny's singing almost got him fired.

After the third day of the engagement, the manager of the hotel said to Francis, "I like your orchestra. I want to keep it here all summer. But it will be impossible unless you muzzle that excitable saxophone player of yours. We can't have singing like that going on in this hotel."

For eight weeks Kenny Sargent played saxophone for Francis Craig, without singing—by request. And he was so grateful to Francis for keeping him on instead of firing him that later he took him five weeks to make up his mind to accept a job with Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra, despite the offer of a much higher salary.

Way back in 1925 Francis had a young girl singer named Irene Beasley. She was a school teacher in Memphis, and every weekend she would travel the two hundred and fifty miles to Nashville, appear on WSM radio programs on Saturday and Sunday, and be back in Memphis in time to call roll, correct papers and spank sassy pupils on Monday.

Most dance bands, in those days, were clear of girl vocalists, but Francis Craig persistently urged Irene with his orchestra on his radio engagements, and it was his patience and help which finally brought her to the point where she could give all her time to radio and leave the pupils to other hands.

A Nashville boy, Phil Harris by name, kept pestering Francis for a job as drummer in his orchestra. He was too much of a clown, though, and Francis wouldn't hire him. This went on steadily for two years, until one day Francis' regular drummer failed to show up for work, and finally Phil got the job.
"He was a wow, too," Francis admits now.
Phil kept the job he'd worked so long to get for just nine weeks. Then he heard about a band that was going to Honolulu and needed a drummer. Honolulu! At top speed, Phil went to Francis and asked to be relieved of his signed contract.
"I don't understand you," Francis said, "but I won't hold you against your will."
So Phil followed the well-known prescription and went West—with well-known results.
But if Francis helped these four stars on their way, they helped him, too. He's held the top-notch position among Southern bandleaders for some years—almost ever since he left school twelve years ago—mostly because he's been able to spot unusual talent and feature it in solo spots. Right now he has a fifty-four pound colored boy, "Pee-Wee," who has a personality which would steal the spotlight from almost any star.
I wonder whether that dignified chancellor of Vanderbilt University knows how many people he played good fairy to when he offered Francis Craig those two alternatives?

**NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION**

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Mother 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach, try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 5c at any drug store.

**TUMS FOR THE TUMMY**

---

Can you write a line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st price—$100.00; 2nd price—$60.00; 3rd price—$25.00, five prizes of $1.00 each; fifty prizes of $0.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

**SIMPLE RULES**

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted must be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborations will not be considered. Only skill writes which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries will be returned. Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be post-marked not later than midnight of May 31st. 1036. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 25-A, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

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**A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters**

**WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE**

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**Can You Finish This Single? In Cash**

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**MIRROR**

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**The All-Capper, Sponge-Cushioned**

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**I'm the CHORE GIRL**

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**Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide**

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**A New Service For A Better Home**

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**Mention the MIRROR...**

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When there's a party at Pickfair all the stars go. Here is Leslie Howard dancing with the hostess, Mary Pickford, herself, at a dinner given in honor of Lady Mendel.
NEW CREAM MASKARA
TATTOOS LASHES!
Needs no water to apply ... really waterproof!

Columbia bachelors held a leap year party at College Inn recently, each swearing to remain single simultaneously featured in the amateur film a group of Chicago boys recently showed to local film critics were shots of the National Barn Dance as WLS presented that famous feature at the Century of Progress some time back ... Recent visitors of Joe Sanders, the orchestra leader, were five Smith brothers, boys who traveled all the way from Watkins Glen, N. Y., just to meet him.

* * *

CONSCIENCE stricken husbands and stay-at-homes, take notice. Here's the newest slijk on record. Louis Roen, NBC announcer, showed up one morning with a slightly black eye. Questioned severely and warned not to come up with the "I ran into a door" sort of excuse, he finally broke down and admitted that his eye collided with a polo ball during a workout on the tennis court. He has Harlow Wilcox to thank, however, for the recollections that Louis took a terrific cut at the ball, with another player rushing towards him. He said he felt a sudden headache, it bounced straight off the hoof of the onrushing nag, and bounced straight into Louis' eye.

* * *

THEY cried "Faker!" at Morgan Eastman five years ago. Even then the conductor of the Edison symphony and Carnation Contended orchestra was sold on radio. He knew it was a coming thing. But it seemed no part of the world didn't agree with him. Finally he arranged a demonstration of radio before the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, a special broadcast from his studio. He hooked up all the wires and gadgets, but nothing came in save squeaks and squalls. And the business men of Chicago cried "Fake!" and "Faker!"

A few days later he tried it again, for a different group of Chicago business men. This time he did some of the music but not all. He added a few strains and then it would fade away, only to return a few minutes later. And again, the music came from a hidden phonograph, they cried "Fake!" and "Faker!"

Finally radio did arrive and they began to realize Morgan wasn't crazy after all.

Morgan, an expert musician, began broadcasting concerts and his own talks about music and musicians. One day he tried to see if the microphone, so like a stethoscope, would pick up his heart beats. It would and did. So on his new music lecture he used it as a gag. The papers of the country picked it up widespread. They captioned Morgan's "His Heart Beat Was Heard Around the World."

Thousands of letters came in, mailbags full of testimonials of the heartbeat stunt—but no one of them mentioned the thing closest to his heart, the lecture on music!

* * *

WHILE he was broadcasting from Chicago, Enric Madriguera featured on certain of his dance programs, better known classical compositions. The fans liked the program so much they telephoned him from Texas to get the correct spelling of a Debussy number. One listener failed to understand the introductory title, basically the title of classical tone. He wrote congratulating Enric on your new tune. But I'm afraid you'll have to change the title. People won't understand it. Try something like 'Shandy Town' or 'Red Sails.'
JAN GARBER, once a concert violinist himself, like nothing better than listening to the fiddling of Heifetz... Dr. Frederick Stock was conducting the Chicago symphony in the Overture to "William Tell" in a youth people's concert when certain of the kids recognized in it the theme song of The Lone Ranger who has made "Heigho, Silver!" so popular with our young ones. For reasons best known to himself a Chicago doctor took a shot at an announcer from WGES and hit an announcer from WSBC. Both are stamps Chicago radio stations.

MRS. MURIEL TIERNAN, who said her husband became enamored of her voice on the radio and later married her after a whirlwind courtship, was divorced in Chicago recently. Because she's always money she asked for alimony. In radio land she is known as Muriel La France. . . . Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby's wife, got her professional start by winning an amateur singing contest in Chicago for which Ruth Etting was a judge. Bing still likes Chicago. For the ten thousand letters he gets a month about one-fifth come from Chicago. . . . Holland Engle, one-man song-and-piano of WBBM, recalls that two years ago he lost his song and was informed by his doctor not to sing a note for two years. At that time, Holland was on the air with ninety-eight broadcasts a week. Now that he has his voice back he will limit his singing programs to seven weeks, although his dramatic activity already run far beyond this.

M ANY years ago the Chicago Theater started giving Sunday afternoon concerts. First they offered a large symphony. Then they added Jesse Crawford, NBC's poet of the organ, and finally they expanded even more variety by occasional presentations of opera in English. Crawford still remembers one young lady whose voice even in those days was exceptional. The producer of the operas in English noted it and tried to give her a lift from the minor parts she played with that company. She's done quite well since then. Her name is Gladys Swarthout.

HAVING looked over the American orchestras of Chicago and heard those broadcasting on our networks Jack Hylton, London's pride and joy who was im- pressed for commercial series over the Columbia network on Sundays, frankly doesn't see any reason why America needs him. Your American bands are plenty good. I wonder why they didn't give this job to one of us, is the way he puts it to local orchestra leaders. . . . Don McNeill, master of ceremonies of a breakfast club, has been on the air for seven years, but it wasn't until the other day that he received his first real fan letter. It was written on a Japanese fan by only one character in the Lum and Abner scripts which neither Norris nor Chester Lauck will admit doing... that is Cedric Weehunf, whom the boys describe as "none too bright, you know." . . . Horace Hidley's first job was as a gason station attendant in Utah. . . . Early in a life of poverty Wayne King decided that to be happy you must have enough money to be comfortable; to be happy, harder, better and the other fellow: what you get from life is what you give life. . . . Whenever Kate Smith comes to Chicago she stays at the Edgewater Beach Hotel on the city's north shore. Being
IN THE 30's YOU'RE STILL A YOUNG WOMAN
GRAY HAIR IS ONLY TIRED HAIR

Keep ALL your hair one even, lively, lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
A daintier, more modern, perfected preparation for fading hair; cleanly, economically used in hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention not needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Send in plain wrapping.

Name.

Street.

City.

State Original Color of Hair

RADIO MIRROR

strictly a home girl Kate likes the idea of getting away from the turmoil and the bustle of the Loop, likes the quiet and soothing ripple of Lake Michigan’s waters murmuring in her rooms.

* * *

WHEN Frank Mullen moved from Chicago to New York the boys pulled a gag on him. Frank left his job as Chicago director of agriculture for NBC to become head of the RCA department of information in New York. Naturally he wanted to meet the New York newspaper writers. An old friend, now doing publicity on Broadway, promised to line up all the boys for him. So Frank engaged a suite at the Waldorf, got a lot of liquor and sandwiches and waited. Finally the friend and his newspaper pals began to drift in. It turned out that everyone of them had once been a newspaper man but not one of them still was! Most of them were doing publicity for various enterprises at the time of Frank’s party. So $100 of RCA money was thrown away on rival press agents!

* * *

A DETERMINED effort to dispel early-morning blues is being made by St. Louis’ station KWK in its new local show, Bugle Call Review, which goes on the air Monday through Friday at eight o'clock. Allen Anthony, a recent addition to KWK's announcing staff, writes and enunciates the program, sandwiching time signals and weather reports in between musical numbers. The KWK artists who trek down to the station every morning are the Basin Street Blues—Linda, Bill, and Jack—Harry Babbitt, Linda Kaye and her Escorts, and Al Dietzel’s orchestra.

$25,000.00
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Macfadden Publications Inc., are conducting a great manuscript contest to secure true stories of the kind that you can write. They are offering $25,000 for sixty-six stories, the prizes ranging in size from $250 up to the magnificent first prize of $2,500.

Judging from past experience, the bulk of this money will go to persons who have never before written for publication. Why not get your share? On behalf of the many persons who submit experiences from their lives in story form to Macfadden Publications Inc. we have printed a manual describing the technique which according to our experience is best suited to the writing of true stories. Entitled “What You Should Know About Writing True Stories,” it easily may be your introduction to a new source of substantial revenue. By all means sign the attached coupon today and send it in. Full particulars regarding the big $25,000 contest and a copy of the booklet will be sent you at once.

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Please send me full particulars regarding your $25,000 Manuscript Contest and my free copy of your booklet entitled, “What You Should Know About Writing True Stories”.

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Wear your coat and vest another year by getting new shoulder and lapel patterns. With over 100,000 patterns to choose from, we can make your suit fit and pattern. Send one or more of your old coats and we will estimate your new suit with patterns. Send one or more of your old suits and we will estimate your new suit with patterns.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 707-9 Victor Bldg., Muncie, Ind. C.

Gladys Swarthout became as ardent a sun addict as any other Californian while she was in Hollywood.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 15)

director, who was leading a band at the Brown Hotel in Louisville years ago when Vincent was m.c. there.

KAY VAN RIPER, blonde young University of Minnesota grad, has again left KFWB with the avowed intention of watching a stage play in New York consumption. Her Coronets and other historical serials met with wide coast favor and, contrary to most "heavy" programs, usually found a ready sponsor.

BILLY MAUCH, ten-year-old drama star (Court of Human Relations and others) has gone back east after several weeks in Hollywood to play the part of "Anony Advers" as a boy in the Warner Brothers act "Tobacco Road." You'll remember that he was the boy soprano in Chicago with Frederick Stock’s choir ever so many years ago.

BILL SHARPLES, who has conducted an early morning KNX program these many years, was on that other day. But "Willie" carried on the program okay. He is Sterling Tracy, sixteen-year-old Los Angeles schoolboy, who has been on the broadcast for some time.

RANSOM SHERMAN, "Dr. Right" in the NBC Carefree Carnival from San Francisco, met his wife on a blind date at college. "I was love at first sight.

JIMMY BITTICK and his orchestra are on the air again. This time from KJIH. At the age of fifteen, Jimmy blossomed forth as a drummer and juvenile ork leader at the old Empress Theater in St. Louis.

ELVIA ALLMAN, coast character actress and singer, sent out a thousand New Year's cards on account of its being Leap Year or what gal.

MAIN STREET SKETCHES, which had a run of many years on WOR, Newark, is now on KNX, Hollywood, as Hometown Sketches where its author, Leonard E. Cox, is a program executive. The homely program not long ago celebrated its eighth anniversary. Two of the original cast are still with the program, Lela Van Harte, Maggie Spin and Francis Trout as Cap Albury. Ralph Scott, who was the French lieutenant in the original Trazz, subscription series, is Lem Weatherbee, mayor of Centerville.

GENE ENGLANDER and his orchestra in the bay region and over the air nightly on NBC now have a boop-boop-a-doop gal with 'em. She is Ruth Haven, born in Chicago, who started on her career by winning top honors in a Helen Kane contest there.

MURIEL VALLI, known as Aunt Val with her daily program for youngsters at 2GB, Sydney, Australia, but heard on the Pacific Coast when weather condi-
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning "Rarin' to Go"

THE liver should pour out two pounds of bile into the ileum daily. Qualitatively, if this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes these 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. Suddenly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores.

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Every week your 85,000,000 is watched by sponsors of shows, statisti-
calistic, etc., etc. We are fighting for your vote in the radio war. 

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GRAY HAIR
If you are bothered with your hair turning into snow, a simple French method KNORRAY. Any shade from one bottle. Not permanents. Color to your heart’s content in the home. Entirely different from anything you have known. Free book. Mrs. Marion Torn, Dept. 178, 116 W. 35th St., N.Y. C.

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Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Send for full price sheet. Will do for any reproduction of any size by any process. 100% satisfaction guaranteed. Rush service. FREE ENLARGEMENT OFFER. 10 x 8 for 50c, 8 x 6 for 25c, double size for free. Return for free. You get photo for size you send in. Money back if not satisfied. A full guarantee. Free card for photographica. STANDARD ART STUDIOS. 303 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 154456. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Make up to $5 Weekly! Hang our FREE CIGARETTES
Show Men New Way to Smoke and earn a good smoke, sell a good smoke, sell a good smoke, sell a good smoke.

THE Crockett quilt at KNX is really a whole flock of bedcovers these days. Once upon a time the famed Crockett family were CBS headliners in the East. Then on KJH in California. Now with KNX. Mr. Crockett asked fans to send in a small bit of cloth so she could make a quilt that would represent scores of fans. She has made a half dozen, and will appreciate it to send in pieces of cloth to sew into the quilts. The moun-

ations are good, is now Mrs. Herman Bre-

dero. The marriage took place outdoors in the Castle Hills district in a glade then renamed Crockett Park in honor of the ceremony. She continues her radio work.

* * *

RAYMOND PAIGE, music director of the CBS Hollywood Hotel, first had a yen to direct when he was leading a Sunday school group in San Diego. He put on a phonograph record of the Lon-

don Symphony and used a whisk broom for a baton. After a few “rehearsals” in the family workshop, he was ready for his first public recital.

KFWB’s sons of the Pioneers, hillbilly tribe, is getting ready for this year’s hillbilly contest. It won the 1935 contest in December with flying colors not only as a group, but also for two or three of their soloists.

* * *

CYRIL ARMBRISTER, producer of the Strange as it Seems series, was born of English parents in Bermuda, went to school in Bermuda and prefers the English, rather than the Ger-

erman, accent in pronouncing his name.

* * *

JOSE MANZANARES and his South Americans, now a popular network attraction in the East, used to play at the exposition in San Diego and over local stations there. Their orchestra created a sensation in coast circles.

* * *

And did I tell you that Nola Day, NBC singer in San Francisco, is really Mabel Mlesness, one time Seattle waitress who was auditioned in Seattle and did her first radio work on KJR there? She was born in Reykjavik, Iceland.

* * *

NBC’s second coast chain is doing well these days. Until a couple of years ago, the network had two hookups out here. The secondary chain, known as the gold network, was then off the air when difficulties arose with northwest outlets. But now they have their regular outlets known as the red network, plus the new secondary chain called blue.

* * *

The Crockett quilt at KNX is really a whole flock of bedcovers these days. Once upon a time the famed Crockett family were CBS headliners in the East. Then on KJH in California. Now with KNX. Mr. Crockett asked fans to send in a small bit of cloth so she could make a quilt that would represent scores of fans. She has made a half dozen, and will appreciate it to send in pieces of cloth to sew into the quilts. The moun-

tainers are headliners on the station’s weekly barn dance and other broadcasts.
NOW that the premieres of the new NBC Hollywood studios and the new KNX building have gone down in history, up pops KROW with its new Oakland studios which are vastly, though of course on a somewhat smaller scale.

**Bill Davidson** is doing well for himself up at KFRC in San Francisco these days. He traveled there via KTSP, St. Paul, and KMTR, Hollywood. Besides straight announcing, he is sold in for Swedish dialect on fun and frolic programs. A year or so ago, Bill was married in the historic San Juan Capistrano Church, Carlsbad, from San Diego, one of the most romantic settings for anybody's marriage.

**Cliff Arquette**, Thaddeus Corrigan, on the Mytty and Marge program, is celebrating the latest arrivals in his family in Chicago. Lots of coast fans recall his antics on the oldtime KFWB hi-jinks. But he really started to town before that one. In KEFJ, Los Angeles, he was Aunt Addie, the anemic evangelist. Cliff used a false nose and a few rolls of black muslin and, to and behold, he looked like something—but just what nobody ever seemed to know. Lots of folks used to think he was imitating Sister Aimee Semple McPherson. But, to tell the truth, he was funnier than sister.

Those O'MALLEYS, spotted all over the country on a score or more of stations, is recorded in Hollywood this week. The Juvenile lead is fourteen-year-old Billy O'Brien from Angeles school boy. The slim, blond lad has been in the talkies. Maybe you heard him as George in "Dinky," as Perzinger in "Music in the Air" or the sheep boy in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

**One** of the newer coast network features is Drums on the Don Lee System, with William Farnum in the lead role. It was written by Vera Oldham, co-author (with Harry A. Earnshaw) of the far-famed Chandu serial.

**Meet** Count Cutillo. KJH's new sound effects man extraordinary. Gaetano Mazzaglia Cutillo, of Sicily. Now towards which end is the count a master of mechanical sounds, but is also no slouch at doing imitations himself.

**Seems** as though the oldest studio sustainer in KLA, Oakland, is the station's mixed quartet, J. M. J. Goodman, Edna May Parker, Adelaide Carothers and L. G. Franck.

**Add** to true names department: Nick Angelo, Los Angeles radio tenor, is Nicholas T. Smurro, late of Helena, Mont. He was a district Atwater keeper there several years ago before moving to Southern California.

Did you know that radio has given cripples new life? Has brought happiness into the lives of desperate widows? Those are just two of the miracles that are worked. In the May issue you'll find a story revealing the power of this vast modern of healers.

**Learn** DANCE 50¢

Why be a dusty, unpolished wall-flower when you can learn all the secret dances from the smart modern to the old favorites—at a couple of dollars—but all for the ordinary, modest or portly? Complete course of old favorites, including Turkey Tarsus, etc., only 50¢. No single dance or a child runs quality and character. Skillfully taught through dance lessons. H. W. F. BOX 132, Chicago, Ill.
SLENDERIZE
Your Fingerips

Frank Parker Wants a Wife!
(Continued from page 20)

is someone I haven’t met yet. However, I rather favor the little waitresses. That is to say, I would be less surprised to find my dream girl living in the ordinary world than in the so-called upper social strata.

“My wife must have a sympathetic under
standing of my work, my problems, my ambition, and I would like very little encouragement. She must prac
tically share my moods. A girl with a background similar mine—hard, busy cares and responsibilities—is more apt to have such an understanding nature than a girl who has learned noth
thing except how to be pretty in large quantities. The girl cradled in luxury may be charming and highly intelligent, but she is selfish, and I want to be the selfish one in my family. I have built my life on an ideal which I cannot give up now, so I need a woman who is willing to de
vote herself to the same ideal, whatever music my ideal happens to be. Of our life must be one life, not two.

“As for the in-between class, career girls, they have brilliance and glamour too, and that goes among them, but I doubt it. These girls are out for what they can get. I’ve met plenty of them and am critical in every one. They cultivate my acquain
tance because I know people, because they like the limelight associated with the en
tertainment world, whereas I have no ambition themselves. That’s all right, but they won’t get to first base with me. I’m looking for a helmathe, not a parasite.

DON’T misunderstand me. I don’t mean that my wife will wait on me hand and foot or lose her identity, but she must. But I have to keep on with my career, so it’s vital that she be interested in it enough to help me if we are to get along. I will need her advice, her criticisms, and I want to have faith in her judgment.

“I don’t care whether my wife is a musician or not. I don’t care whether she is older than I am. I want her to be her chances are she won’t be. I don’t care if she isn’t an outstanding beauty. But there is one thing she must not be: possessive. That single factor I think is the only weakness of the marriages I have seen go on the rocks. And it’s preventable just by remember
ning that your partner is a human being.

“I may sound as if I want everything under the sun from my wife, and expect to give nothing in return. It’s true I expect a great deal of her. If I didn’t, I wouldn’t look forward to the experience with so much elation. But I hope to be able to contribute as much to my wife’s happiness as mine contribute to mine. The woman I want will be deserving of a lot of attention, and it will make me happy to do everything I can for her.”

“No woman will take from me more than I give to her—under the sun from my wife, and expect to give nothing in return. It’s true I expect a great deal of her. If I didn’t, I wouldn’t look forward to the experience with so much elation. But I hope to be able to contribute as much to my wife’s happiness as mine contribute to mine. The woman I want will be deserving of a lot of attention, and it will make me happy to do everything I can for her.”

“A Woman may Marry Whom She Likes!”
—said Thackeray. This great
author knew the proper
man must be better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such
powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the book of "Fascinating Womanhood’s" daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man’s psychology.

Don’t let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 50c and we will send you the book: "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interest
ing synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 25, E 655 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
into believing in his importance. I don't think a woman fits into the picture then. Fathers and mothers have to be there for the child's ego and his driving ambitions.

"Later in the career, marriage has just the opposite effect. It acts as a road to new achievement at a time when it would be easy to sit back and enjoy life, to live for today."

"I have reached that point now. My professional career is running along smoothly, my natural wants are satisfied, and there are a million temptations to take things easy. I need a studying influence now, and for five years ago, when my ambition kept me nose to the grindstone.

I still study daily with my voice teacher, so perhaps I don't have to be locked in a room with my music for three hours every day (one famous singer has a wife who is that devoted to his interests) but I do need the sort of woman who will keep me home and take enough interest in my work to make me want to keep on making progress for her sake.

"I have gone far as can through my own efforts. If I make any further progress as a singer, beyond the five or six years' favor I may have as a radio entertainer, it will be due entirely to the inspiration and the spiritual cooperation of the right woman."

AND now, for the first time, I have potentialities, as a perambulating house, since I have sufficiently established myself in my profession to throw off my protective armor—the egotistical 'front' I spoke of. Woe to a marriage if the artist forgets to discard that false front!"

If I meet the specifications for the woman I can adore forever except the color of her eyes and hair, and the typography of her torso. Of course I am assuming a mutual physical attraction. That is necessary, but I am not worrying about it. If she has the other attributes, surely she won't have any difficulty falling in love. Falling in love is the easiest thing I do. But love doesn't have to be blind. You can control it, and I believe to do so is contrary to my nature."

And believe me, when I am fall for keeps, it's going to be with my eyes open.

I was in the studio during one of Frank's broadcasts. He had given me the foregoing intimate and revealing glimpse of his inner self, his hopes and aspirations regarding the thing which he now believes matters most important than, and even vital to, his career—marriage.

He sang a hit song from his picture, 'Sweet Surrender.' There was a new, touching vibrancy in his voice as the words flowed out from a heart aching for a woman's altruistic affection. "Take this ring and make it a lovely dream come true, with this ring I bring my love to you.

"I couldn't help wondering what Columbus' powerful transmitters were prophetically pouring those tender words into some far-flung loud speaker at which listened the unknown girl who is destined to bring Frank Parker all the ecstasy he has recently begun to dream of."

HE'S A NEW STAR

Who is the young singer who offers only three months on the air is already being hailed as one of the most important of the new year's crop of personalities? There'll be an exclusive story on him in next month's RADIO MIRROR.
The candid cameraman came along just as the stars you see here were getting into action at the microphone. Left, the Singing Knights, quartet on Real Silk's Life is a Song program. Below, the Ranch Boys—you hear them with the Morin Sisters and Gene Arnold. In circle, Comedian-maestro Budd Hulick. Left below, Ben Bernie with the Nicholas Brothers, snapped during a Radio City broadcast. Right below, a close-up of Charlie Gaylord leading his orchestra.
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COCONUT MACAROONS

\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk} \]
\[ 2 \text{ cups shredded coconut} \]
Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

Chocolate Frosting

\[ 2 \text{ squares unsweetened chocolate} \]
\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk} \]
\[ 1 \text{ tablespoon water} \]
Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake (bought or home-made). Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

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FRANCES ROGERS, Research Investigator
145 95th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
January 3, 1936

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