Beginning

THE STORMY LIFE
STORY OF

PHIL BAKER

TRUE STORY OF MY
TOUR WITH

NELSON EDDY
Revealed by NADINE CONNER

STRANGE THREAT THE
FUTURE HOLDS FOR

BOBBY BREEN

ALICE FAYE
Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe says:
"Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE TABLE SYRUP

Rich in DEXTROSE - The Food-Energy Sugar
Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums

— ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show... let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her dull, dingy smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she could have—can have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness... a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and does something about it!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—see your dentist. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—and safer!

Remember a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

Ipana Tooth Paste
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COMING IN THE JUNE ISSUE
On Sale April 23

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
NO USE, MISS Scrub-Hard.
No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won’t really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE containing IRIUM
The modern way to remove film and win flashing new luster on teeth

• Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing thoroughly effective! It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste—removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—ends Scrub-Hard disappointment. It obliterates the harsh abrasion of older methods—provides a smooth, gentle washing-action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like magic. Now proper brushing gets results—in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth
If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only half the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds instantly to your brush—penetrates between teeth—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that shows up old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!
TUNE in on the NBC Red network any Sunday noon, eastern standard time, and if you listen closely you'll hear the rumble of an approaching revolution. A revolution in radio, that is.

Only a couple of weeks ago NBC turned over a weekly half hour to the Paramount studios in Hollywood, on a sustaining, non-commercial basis. Paramount, with all its vast entertainment resources to draw on, is filling that half hour as it pleases. And from a sustaining show of this sort, as I see it, it's only a step to sponsorship.

-For some time, sponsors and picture studios have been trying to get together. A few months ago it was Henry Ford and M-G-M; a few weeks ago it was General Mills and 20th Century-Fox. Warners, as reported elsewhere in Radio Mirror, has a show all ready to sell to some bank-roller. And now along comes Paramount and actually breaks the ice by putting its whole studio on the air.

* * *

The whole business of studios entering radio in a body indicates a complete right-about-face in their viewpoint. It wasn't so long ago that the movie boys were sticking out their tongues at radio, claiming that it hurt their stars at the box office to be on the air so much. Perhaps, in his modest way, Walter Winchell has had a good deal to do with this reversal of opinion. (Continued on page 73)
JOSEPHINE: Poor Lizbeth . . . she simply hasn’t any men friends.

CAROLYN: It’s the same old trouble* . . . she can’t hold her friends because she can’t hold her breath.

*For halitosis (unpleasant breath), there’s nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?

by SUSAN BROWN

Is it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes “Yes,” but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn’t suspected at all. I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?

BE POPULAR; GET RID OF BAD BREATH

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won’t tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE \[the quick deodorant\]
Above, Chester Lauck, the Lum of Lum and Abner, Bob Burns, Don Amache, and Norris Goff, the other half of Lum.

SPORTS writers will tell you there is nothing unusual in a phoney fight, which is exactly what this widely ballyhooed war between moving picture exhibitors and radio sponsors over the use of guest stars seems to be. The studios would have you believe the exhibitors are squawking because they claim guest star appearances by big picture people hurt the box office. The real low-down as I get it is that the studios themselves are inciting such complaints because they want to collar some of the important money for themselves.

Within two months you will see major film studios breaking out in a rash of sponsored radio programs emanating directly from the movie lots. Warner Brothers already has led the way, by sending a celluloid "audition" of Dick Powell in Movieland to New York where it was viewed by three prospective sponsors, including a cigarette concern which came back
with a definite offer. The sample pro-
gram consisted of Powell as emcee, Leo
Forbstein's band, the Dudley Chambers
chorus of forty voices, and Edward G.
Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey
Bogart in a scene from "Kid Galahad."

* * *

ESPRIT DE VAUDE—When Block
and Sully came to Hollywood for a
guest spot, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor
and Burns and Allen, all of whom used
to work in vaudeville with the veteran
team, pitched in and helped them pre-
pare material, constituting Hollywood's
highest priced battery of gag writers.

* * *

HOUSE FOR SALE—It is a fact
that Charlie Butterworth and the missus
have definitely separated. The house
Charlie is building in Holmby Hills
will be put up for sale when it is com-
pleted.

* * *

POINTS OF VIEW—The New York
gossip columnist who likes to talk
about himself tells friends movie work
is arduous and nerve wracking, but
Irvin S. Cobb, who ought to know, con-
tradicts with "I like to work in pictures
because, although it is a little hard on
the feet, it affords complete mental
relaxation."

* * *

WHAT'S MERE MONEY? — Al-
though he could make a lot more
money by staying in Hollywood, Joe
E. Brown loves baseball so much he's
going to stay in Chicago from April to
October to broadcast the ball games
locally for a breakfast food concern.

* * *

PREMONITION — John Milner,
vetern Hollywood character actor,
went to see "Rainbow on the River"
with his friend Basil Rathbone. Mi-
tern was so impressed by Bobby
Breen's singing he said to his friend:
"When I die I'd love to have that boy
sing my requiem." Three days later
Milner was killed by a hit-and-run
motorist—and Rathbone got Bobby to
sing "Ave Maria" at the funeral!

* * *

WEDDING BELLS—Joy Hodges
will marry Don Barry, of RKO, as
soon as he finishes work on "The Wo-
man I Love." He's given her an engage-
ment gift of a pair of silver foxes.
There will be a job for a preacher
shortly too when Barbara Luddy and
John Gibson set out to live cheaper
than one. They have been shopping
for a San Fernando valley homestead.

* * *

HE'S OFF—Joe Hernandez' work
in calling the races at Santa Anita over
a local station landed him a CBS net-
work job of broadcasting the $100,000
handicap, a well-deserved tribute to the
best race broadcaster your correspond-
ent has ever heard.

(Continued on page 95)
COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

Richard Svihus and Ann Shelley, above, who play Pinkie and Joan in One Man's Family, carol their Easter greetings to this program's loyal fans.

By RUSS KING

Al Heifer, above, the 250-pound sports announcer at WLW, Cincinnati, is Floyd Gibbons' closest rival in rapid-fire delivery.

HOLLYWOOD: If you are a Southern Californian, you can tune in KECA's twice-weekly and KFI's once-weekly Headlines from Home program, and sit back while your home town news trickles through your loud speaker. News coverage for these programs is determined by the old home towns of Southern California's million out-of-staters. If news from your home town is being omitted you only have to write KECA and KFI about it, and they'll be very happy to put some on the air as soon as they can.

Des Moines, la.: Not only does it pay to advertise but it pays to know what you're advertising, as Qwen McCleary, women's radio director for the Iowa Broadcasting System, learned when a local women's shop decided to go on KSO with a stylist. The shop chose Qwen for the job because she had been purchasing all her clothes there and was best acquainted with the merchandise.
How would your laxative rate with the doctor?

YOUR DOCTOR is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about little matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry you. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

Consider the various points listed below. Will the laxative you now use meet every one of them?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:
- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
- It should not form a habit.
- It should not over-act.
- It should not cause stomach pains.
- It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND
You need not memorize the list above. But remember this: Ex-Lax checks on every point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves and give it to their own families. For more than thirty years, mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST OF EX-LAX
Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax is mild, is gentle, is thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. You'll observe that it does not over-act or upset you. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting purgatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking Ex-Lax. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name:__________________________
Address:_______________________
City_________________________Age_________

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)
NEWS—THEME SONGS—PERSONALITY SKETCHES—ALL THE THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE MEN WHO BRING YOU THE SWINGY RHYTHMS OF MODERN DANCE MELODIES

Girl vocalists! To be or not to be, that is the question the country's leading radio bandsmen are asking. Just recently Alabaman Hal Kemp decided to do without the services of lovely Maxine Gray. Yet Red Nichols, who never in his career hired a feminine warbler, saw the handwriting on the wall this year and hurriedly hired a girl vocalist. The Nichols' singer, Arlene Owens, got the job when she auditioned by long-distance telephone from her home in St. Louis. Red listened to her in Cincinnati. Two of the nation's top dance bands, Guy Lombardo and Wayne King, never employ gal singers. Shep Fields, Freddie Martin, Ted Weems, Emil Coleman, Eddie Duchin, and Don Bestor second the motion. But Horace Heidt, who uses no less than five women in his setup, and Ben Pollack, George Olsen, Nat Brandwynne, George Hall and Enoch Light consider them invaluable. (Continued on page 97)
WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE
YOU CAN BET IT IS!

If their beauty fails they're out of a job... those radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

Why not for you?
Why not give your mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness... your teeth the radiance, flash, and brilliance that others enjoy?
Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

Satin-Soft Cleansers
Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.
Risk a quarter and try it yourself. See what a difference it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.
BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

**New kind of cleansing**

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream many times more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

**Make this simple test**

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just $1.00.

**Daggett & Ramsdell**

**GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM**

---

**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?**

We want your huzzahs and your hisses, so sit down and write your viewpoints on radio and let the chips fall where they may. You'll feel better when you're finished and remember—once the letter is in the mail, it's on its way towards winning a cash prize. The best letter is awarded $20.00, the second best gets $10.00 and there are five additional prizes of $1.00 each. Address your letter to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., not later than April 27.

This month's winners:

**$20.00 PRIZE**

**IS RADIO GOING VAUDEVILLE?**

The surprising mid-season changes in radio programs are causing much speculation among listeners. Certainly there are far too many sixty-minute variety shows on the air, and the effort to keep going and maintain the desired pace for an hour seems to be causing many headaches. Radio programs, like many recent films, seem to have gone vaudeville in a big way; they are just a succession of specialty acts. After listening for many weeks, I feel convinced that most of them would be twice as good if they were just half as long. In spite of the enormous sums expended by sponsors and all the advance ballyhoo last fall, programs this year are on the whole less enjoyable than in other seasons. And when I say enjoyable I speak as a listener for whom the superb singing of that distinguished artist, Nelson Eddy, represents an all-time high in radio entertainment, but who also seldom misses the inspired clowning of such stars as Eddie Cantor and Burns and Allen. In other words as a listener of varied tastes.

**LYDIA KING,**

Drexel Hill, Pa.
HAIL TO FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

Where have they been all these lean years? I mean Fibber McGee and Molly. How we ever survived the depression without laughs from these incomparables is a mystery to me. Just when I was becoming so bored with the stale comedy that infested the airlines, up sprang McGee and Molly with a brand of humor that even keeps grandpa up past his bed time. I actually think it’s a radio renaissance. If they’re not headlining radio row soon, well, I miss my guess.

T. J. Boland,
Kansas City, Kansas

$1.00 PRIZE
WHAT DOES FATHER SAY?

"What will your father say?" You never can tell what Father Barbour will say. It is because of his inconsistencies that Father Barbour appeals to me as a very human character. The ideal father of books and the movies deals out opinions and judgments that are Solomon-like in their wisdom. But this is not the father we meet every day in our own families, or in One Man’s Family. Father Barbour makes mistakes. Father Barbour’s judgment is not infallible but his heart’s in the right place. He finds it difficult to understand his “bewildering offspring,” grieves over their mistakes, and laments the demise of the ideas and ideals of his own generation. But his kindness, his unselfishness, his old fashioned philosophy and sense of discipline win the respect of this One Man’s Family and of the radio audience. Long may he rule, and long may “Fanny” rule him.

Mrs. Harry King,
Ann Arbor, Michigam

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72
YOU CAN LEARN IT FROM THESE YOUNG STARS OF RADIO AND THE THEATER

The lovely young actresses who work on the stage as well as in radio must learn how to make up for behind the footlights and on the street, besides. Above, Rita Johnson, of the CBS Workshop show.

Another Workshop actress is Elizabeth Love, left. From Jane Cowl she learned an eyeshadow trick to harmonize with her golden blonde beauty—a stage practice, but easily adaptable to your evening use.

The actresses who work under Irving Reis on the CBS Workshop, radio's experimental drama program that tries anything from a sound picture of the characters in "Gulliver's Travels" to the sound of the human heart in a story like Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart," are versatile young ladies. Beside their radio engagements, most of them appear also on the Broadway stage, and of course they know as much about make-up for both stage and street wear as they do about how to speak into a microphone.

Three of the loveliest are Rita Johnson, Elizabeth Love and Tanya Cherenko. Rita makes quite a distinction between the make-up she uses on the street and the one she uses for her part in George M. Cohan's play, "Fulton of Oak Falls." Off-stage, in daytime, she wears very little
Joyce Anderson

make-up, just rouge and lipstick and powder. She uses a much darker powder than do most blondes, for she knows that these fundamental cosmetics must be matched to the underlying tone of one's skin, rather than one's hair.

Behind the footlights, she wears an even darker grease paint under her powder. Carrying out this same principle, she uses black, rather than brown, eye make-up (wax, not cake mascara). And here's one trick of stage make-up magic which you might well borrow from her for your own use—a brush for your lip rouge to give you a delicately modeled line and smoothly blended texture!

Elizabeth Love has a trick with eyeshadow that she learned from Jane Cowl. It consists of using two shades, green on the lid and brown under the brow—a very successful combination (Continued on page 85)

Tanya Cherenko, above, also has a double career—radio and the stage. Recently she opened in a new play called "Marching Song."

CLOSE-UP, ALL RIGHT! IS MY POWDER SHOWING TERRIBLY?

YOUR FACE lighted by the bright spring sunshine! Does he see it "soft and fresh"? . . . Or "all powdery"?

The answer is in your powder!

Pond's Powder is "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light—never to show up "powdery." True skin tones, they give a soft look in any light.

Try Pond's for yourself—in the brightest light. In a recent inquiry among girls, Pond's got more votes than any other powder for not showing up in bright light!


FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires July 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PE, Clinton, Conn.

Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name___________________________________________
Address_________________________________________

FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires July 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PE, Clinton, Conn.

Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
Vicfor Moor* and Heion Broderick, two of RKO's zaniest comedians, have become radio's Twin Stars and are heard now over CBS in place of Nelson Eddy.

The picture left above shows them trying to get a joke for their half hour. Helen is waiting for Victor's suggestion. Above, he gives her a good one.

What's this? Helen comes back with another that tops Victor's. It takes him off guard and he's not so sure he likes it. Obviously, though, Helen does.

Okay, says Helen, then think up a better one yourself. Rats, snarls Victor, I just did. Will they ever be ready for their broadcast? Tune in and see.
How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

It creeps up on you without warning...this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

So right now is the time to watch out...to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.

Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty ingredients...a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years. Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHosen exclusively for the Dionne Quins!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"

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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Chaswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York
Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. Rufus Fales Spaulding III, Pasadena

FOR DIGESTION’S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!
MARTHA RAYE’S RISE TO STARDOM PROVES THAT BEAUTY ISN’T EVEN SKIN DEEP IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

By DOROTHY BROOKS


And threading her way through the maze of tropical vines, camera equipment, and dancers on the set of “Waikiki Wedding” in which she is starring with Bing Crosby, Martha Raye came towards me.

A prop boy, like a magician who drags rabbits from a high silk hat, produces a canvas chair from nowhere and snaps it open. Blazoned on the back in bright yellow paint is her name—MARTHA RAYE—in letters that big. Stars, come to watch, call breezy hellos with the deference Hollywood always shows to success.

Of all places to find beauty paying homage to talent! Hollywood, where beauty is supposed to be the open-sesame to everything desirable in the world, (Continued on page 82)
TRUE STORY OF MY TOUR WITH Nelson Eddy

REVEALED BY Nadine Conner

DID HIS LOVELY CO-STAR CAPTURE NELSON'S HEART WHEN SHE WENT WITH HIM ON HIS CONCERT TRIP?

The rumors drifted eastward almost as soon as Nelson Eddy and Nadine Conner had left Hollywood on Nelson's concert tour. That's all they were—just rumors. Nobody knew how they had started. Nobody would even guess at their truth. But still they persisted. They might so easily be true. A handsome and romantic man, a lovely and charming girl, sharing the same interests, thrown together for long hours in the intimacy of Pullman cars while trains whisked them from one city to another, discovering together the delights of strange places and strange cities—they might, one reasoned, so easily have fallen in love.

I wondered. I half believed, myself. Had Nadine Conner captured the heart of radio's most romantic star? Had she done what no other girl has ever been able to do, penetrate the Nelson's tops in singing, as everyone knows, and to Nadine he's tops in everything else.
By LYNN BURR

Her co-starring engagement with Nelson meant the high point of Nadine Conner's career. Below, the famous baritone in costume for his new picture, "Maytime."

When her agent rushed her into the CBS Hollywood studios for still another audition she didn't even know what program she was trying out for. She was the picture of composure as she stepped up to the microphone and waited while her accompanist riffled through his music for the right piece.

But upstairs in a private office, three men were anything but composed. Nelson Eddy was haggard and worn. Josef Pasternack, the Open House conductor, paced the floor, and the sponsor's representative chewed on a cigar. These men were tired. They were tired of sopranos. For days they'd listened, to good ones and bad ones, to loud ones and weak ones, trying to find a girl to sing duets with Nelson on the program. It seemed hopeless. The (Continued on page 86)
Always," Sally Breen told me, dropping her voice so that Bobby, busy on the other side of the room, wouldn't hear—"always I prayed that something good would happen for us quickly—that we'd get to Hollywood before it was too late. . . ."

Even then, when Bobby was five and a half years old, when his sister Sally realized for the first time that he had a phenomenally beautiful voice, there was that shadow on his future. Even then, there was need for haste. The shadow is larger now for the time when his voice must change is nearer.

The time when his voice changes . . . I can remember the time, in my own life, when that was funny. My parents, my teachers, everybody I knew, smiled at the ludicrous squeaks and sudden tumbles into basso-profundo my voice indulged in.

It will not be funny to Bobby Breen nor will it be funny to the thousands of fans who love his voice. For when that time comes it will take away everything he has. For a year or more there will be uncertainty and doubt, while he waits to see if destiny will give him the same chance it gave the greatest
Bobby loves baseball, but the picture at the left is a posed shot—he actually has little time to play. Above, taking a lesson on the harmonica from his friend, discoverer, and foster father, Eddie Cantor.

singer who ever lived. It's such a slim, frail hope—but on it Bobby must build all his dreams for the future.

Bobby is nine years old. Nine years old, and the possessor of a voice that must be as nearly like the voice of an angel as we will ever hear on this earth. It has brought him fame; it has brought comfort and ease to his beloved family; it has brought him the homage of glamorous grown-ups from coast to coast.

And in a few years this immeasurable treasure will be snatched from him by the processes of an inexorable nature, to be replaced by—what? No one knows. No one can tell.

No wonder Sally, his sister, was driven by a burning impatience in the days when she took the five-year-old boy on her lap for the bus ride from Montreal to Chicago because she couldn't afford two tickets. Bobby must have his chance, the world must have its chance to hear him, before it was too late!

Bobby has had his chance, and he has won—but the years are still to be reckoned with. The great question of his life remains to be answered. Will his glorious boy soprano voice mature into an equally glorious tenor? Will it be baritone, or bass? Will it be no more remarkable than the voices of any dozen competent singers you can name?

Or even less remarkable? What will the future hold? Musical and medical history have no way of answering these questions in advance. Before the days of radio, you see, there were almost no famous child singers. Operas had no parts for them. If children possessed the potentialities of stardom, there was no chance that the world would ever know it; and the lack of reliable records from the past makes even an expert's opinion as to Bobby's future largely guesswork.

Estelle Liebling, America's foremost voice teacher, who has had such people as Galli-Curci, Jeritza, Hempel and Jessica Dragonette as her pupils, told me that not every boy who has been a great child singer develops an equally great man's voice.

"He might be a high soprano in childhood, ending up as a basso—or he might be an alto as a boy, and turn out to be a tenor," she said. "In the case of a boy like Bobby, he has the advantage of an affectionate supervision by Eddie Cantor, a great artist, and once a boy prodigy himself. The chances are he will get the right advice and the right training. But—" and she shrugged her shoulders regrettfully—"his chances of coming to maturity with a voice changed to his advantage are not one in (Continued on page 58)
LUCILLE MANNERS is living a romance that every girl, every modern woman—who is not too old to dream—thinks might come to her, like the magic ball at which Cinderella was the main attraction. He has no name, he is neither tall nor short, blond nor brunette. For this is 1937 romance and there is no man, nor love interest in it. Yet it is romance filled with the highest thrills, excitement, and adventure.

It is the romance of a new star flashing across radio's heaven, of a girl suddenly swirled out of obscurity onto a jeweled throne, queen of a full hour program heard coast to coast, the Cities Service broadcasts. It is the romance of a comparatively unknown singer chosen for stardom and then made over, from her littlest toe to the last ringlet on the top of her head, to fit the new role. The romance of being made a star in appearance as well as in name. And with every one of the glamorous, exciting trimmings.

This romance deals, not with moonlight walks and stolen kisses, but with new evening gowns designed by Dorothy Couteaur, suits, furs, hats and shoes; new make-up, new hair-dress, and new photographs. A new mode of life—the life of a star.
WAS MADE

By
HAROLD DESFOR

NEW CLOTHES, NEW PERSONALITY... NEW COIFFURE, NEW APARTMENT.
NO MORE ROMANTIC OR THRILLING STORY THAN
THIS CAN EVER BE TOLD

Lucille supplied the voice and the knowledge of music. A host of experts, men and women whose lives are devoted to making attractive women breath-takingly beautiful, supplied the finest accessories for that voice.

Four weeks before the old year was out, Cities Service decided on Lucille as the successor to Jessica Dragonette. It left two months for the magical transformation that was to lift her completely out of the life she had known into a strange, sparkling, mystifying new world.

There were so many questions to be settled. What sort of gowns was Lucille to wear? Was she wearing her hair in a style best suited to the demands of her personality? Was her figure slender in the right spots, curved in the right places?

Was she getting enough rest? Was she taking exercise of the right kind? Did she use the right shade of lipstick? What color rouge did she apply? How did she walk? How did she stand?

The number of questions, the amount of work to be (Continued on page 77)
SHE'S the feminine counterpart of Boake Carter or Lowell Thomas. She spends her days in a whirl of activity—flying around the country to wherever news is in the making, meeting the glamorous great of the stage, politics, radio, movies, nosing out the moments of tense drama everywhere from Park Avenue to the tenements of the East Side.

She's Kathryn Cravens, golden-haired, charming, who broadcasts the News Through a Woman's Eyes three times a week on CBS—the first woman network news commentator. On the air she brings you the drama of the world about her—but what of the drama in her own life, the thrilling incidents that happen every day to a woman who reports the news?

That story—the story of Kathryn's backstage life—is even more exciting than the stories she tells on the air. What better way of reading it than to turn to the intimate pages of the diary she began keeping the day her sponsors brought her to New York from her home town of St. Louis?

Here is a week of that diary, with thrills enough for a life time packed into seven full days. It's history in the making, it's—but read it for yourself.

Monday—Boxes of flowers...long distance telephone calls...invitations to teas, to dinners, to luncheons...life has been one mad whirl here in New York. Not only am I running all over town, interviewing everyone from the Mayor to fortune tellers on the street, but I've been dashing down to Philadelphia, Washington, out to Detroit and up to Hyde Park and a few little places like that.

Tomorrow I fly to Washington to interview J. Edgar Hoover and on Wednesday Emanuel List—he's a very famous basso at the Metropolitan Opera—has invited me to tea; and in between I have broadcasts and dozens of other things to do.

It was funny the way I met Mr. List. I smiled at him the first time I saw him. I liked his round, jolly face and was amused by his evident self-assurance. He smiled back at me and I guess he would have made up some excuse to talk to me—like "Are you looking for someone? Perhaps I can help you," if Doris Doe hadn't come along and introduced us properly. It was backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Doris and List were rehearsing in "Die Walkure." I wasn't supposed to be behind the scenes at all, but I managed to get in when I told the people in charge that I simply had to get the story for my broadcast.

After listening to Kirsten Flagstad at the rehearsal—and what a glorious voice she has!—I grabbed a cab back to Columbia for my 5:30 rebroadcast to the West Coast. When I came out of the studio I ran into my old friend, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, looking very smart (Continued on page 68)
Tony Martin loves Alice Faye, the girl on the cover, which is only fitting, since they both stepped to movie success by their work in radio. Tony, or Anthony, was just another player in a San Francisco orchestra about a year ago. Then he went to Hollywood, found work in movies, and signed a contract for the Burns and Allen program, the signal for him to do more screen jobs than ever. Alice, by means of the Rudy Vallee program, has risen by leaps and bounds towards film stardom. Her latest is "Wake Up and Live," the film with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. Winchell, by the way, says Alice isn't sure she's ready yet for the preacher.
If they don't become movie stars via the radio route, they become radio stars via the movie route—and that's what Fred MacMurray did. Breezy and informal, he's been keeping the fireside guests of Hollywood Hotel happy and contented ever since Dick Powell relinquished the job of host. As to his screen work, after "Champagne Waltz" and "Maid of Salem," you'll see him in "Swing High, Swing Low," co-starred with his old sparring partner, Carole Lombard. While we're on the subject of sparring partners, why wouldn't it be a good idea to team up Fred and his Hollywood Hotel heckler, Frances Langford, on the screen? The idea is Paramount's for the asking!
Lovely Yvonne King is the youngest of the four King Sisters who make tickets to Horace Heidt's broadcasts something to be fought for. This sixteen-year-old bundle of energy had only been away from home a few months when Heidt's band moved into the New York Biltmore Hotel and scored a resounding hit which was heard all up and down Park Avenue. Now the band—and Yvonne—are signed up to stay in the Biltmore for the next two years. Incidentally, two of Yvonne's sisters are rumored engaged to two of the boys in the band—Louise to Guitarist Alvina Ray and Donna to Singer Charles Goodman. Hear Yvonne sing over CBS every Monday night.
CAN YOU PICK FAVORITE SONGS

THERE'S A FIRST PRIZE OF $250, A SECOND PRIZE OF $100, SIX PRIZES OF $25 EACH, AND 25 GILLETTE RAZORS—A GRAND TOTAL OF $750.00 IN PRIZES

YOUR ENTRY COUPON

1. _____________________________
2. _____________________________
3. _____________________________
4. _____________________________
5. _____________________________
6. _____________________________
7. _____________________________
8. _____________________________
9. _____________________________
10. ______________________________

The ten songs I have listed above are, in my opinion, America's favorite songs of all time, and are therefore my votes, in the order given.

Name___________________________
Address_________________________

HERE'S a contest you won't be able to resist! Can you name America's ten most popular songs of all time? It's worth trying! First prize is $250 in cash and there are thirty-two other prizes for runners up!

The Gillette Community Sing program wants you to choose these all-time favorites so it can include them all in a special gala program which will be broadcast after the contest closes.

All you have to do is write down the names of those songs you decide are the most popular and fill them in on the coupon provided for that purpose on these pages. Then send the list, with your name and address and a fifty-word statement on what your favorite song means to you, to the judges.

Vote for the songs you think will last the longest. Don't pick a current hit. Choose
AMERICA'S TEN OF ALL TIME?

Comedian Milton Berle

the old favorites which have had a chance to prove their popularity, songs like "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

Now, for a hint. Tune in Sunday nights to any station of the Columbia Broadcasting System and listen to the Gillette Community Sing program. Hear the songs sung by Billy Jones and Ernie Hare and the others the studio audience sings under the direction of Wendell Hall. You'll be entertained by a lot of grand comedy, too, when Milton Berle steps to the microphone.

Of course, not all the songs you hear on these programs will be winners. Perhaps none will be. But listening to these old songs will remind you of others.

Best of all, the ten winning songs will be decided by your own votes! The judges will tabulate each vote sent in. That is how they will tell which ten are America’s most popular songs.

CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Gillette Safety Razor Company, Radio Mirror, and members of their families.

2. While it is not necessary to tune in the Gillette Community Sing broadcasts, hearing the old-time songs under the leadership of Wendell Hall will undoubtedly help you in preparing an entry.

3. To compete, prepare a list of the ten old songs which you prefer beyond all others. Then study your list and write in not more than fifty words, an explanation of "The song I have named that means most to me, and why."

4. The ten most popular songs will be decided by a tabulation of the total votes of the contestants. The entry listing the greatest number of the ten most popular songs, accompanied by the most convincing statement of preference will be awarded a first prize of $250; the entry listing the next greatest number will be awarded the second prize of $100; and there will be six prizes of $25 each for those next in line. Each of the twenty-five next best entries will be awarded a $10 Gillette Razor set.

5. List your selections on the official contest coupon clipped from this page. Only lists on the official coupon will be considered. Paste the coupon on the top of the sheet on which you write your statement of preference.

6. All entries must be received on or before June 23, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

7. Send your entry by First Class Mail to Radio Mirror—Gillette Popular Song Election, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Radio Mirror after the contest closes.
ROUGHNECK, ROWDY, GAMBLER! THAT WAS PHIL BAKER AS A BOY—
BEGIN THIS HISTORY OF A TOUGH WHO FOUND THE RAINBOW’S END

Turn to page 54 for
Phil Baker’s broadcast time
PHIL BAKER, aged five and a half, was on his way to deliver his father’s lunch. He held the bail of the battered tin bucket tightly in his fist as he stood on the curb and gazed across the twisting, savage traffic of the Bowery.

He looked, as his mother complained twice a day, exactly like a ragamuffin, a little bum. His shirt had freed itself from its confinement under the waistband of his pants. His hair, if he’d removed the shapeless cap which covered it, would have turned out to be ragged and uncombed. And his face was very dirty.

He was not a cute little boy, although he could have been, with those huge, expressive brown eyes. Even at the age of five and one-half, he was a tough little mugg. He knew how to dodge under the wheels of the lumbering horse-drawn trucks which made the Bowery impassable for more timid souls, and how to shuffle in and out between the seven or eight street-car tracks. He knew how to get his father’s lunch to the shop on Bleecker Street before the bowl of hot soup that was in the pail had had time to grow lukewarm. He knew how to keep anyone from stealing the lunch from him. And those were the important things.

Simon Baker looked up from his workable in the dark back room of the Bleecker Street shop, and smiled as he saw his son coming toward him—his only son. He hadn’t realized it was lunch time; somehow, when you did his kind of work you learned to deaden your mind so it didn’t watch the passage of time. You had to.

Simon was at the bottom of the fur business ladder. His job was to stand at a table for twelve hours a day, sorting the scraps of fur which came from the fashionable fur cutters uptown. Some of the pieces weren’t as large as the palm of your hand; some were of queer and irregular shapes. Simon took them all and felt them and inspected them and put them in the proper bins. Later they would be pieced together, stitch by patient stitch, into low-priced garments.

The air in the shop was stale and old, and a thin fume of mixed dust and hair rose constantly to Simon’s nostrils from the fur he handled. Six dollars a week was what he earned, and on that sum Rebecca, his wife, managed somehow to feed and clothe the family—Ella, Ethel, Phil and Rose.

Simon and Rebecca didn’t complain and certainly the children didn’t. Their world was small, it was bounded by Stanton Street, where they lived, the Bowery, and Bleecker Street. In all its area it contained no luxuries and if your world contains no luxuries you don’t miss them. Life, to Simon and Rebecca, meant simply getting along on what you earned. America hadn’t precisely fulfilled all the glowing reports that had brought them from the Russian village where they were born, but perhaps it would. Perhaps it would, for the children. Perhaps Ella, or Ethel, or Phil or Rose—or all of them—could have their chance in this big country to become rich or even famous.

Dreams like this don’t often come true—but for Simon and Rebecca Baker they did. They have lived to see their boy Phil grow rich and very famous; they’ve lived to enjoy all the luxurious homes in New York and Florida and all the trips abroad that he has been able to give them; best of all they’ve lived to know that he and his sisters are happy. It makes no difference to them, now, that the years of poverty took their toll—that the thin dust Simon breathed for so long has permanently affected his lungs, or that her task of keeping a tenement flat clean and four children fed, turned Rebecca into an old woman while she was still in her thirties. Those things don’t (Continued on page 92)
“Tell you about Bing Crosby?” Bob Burns tilted back in his chair and pulled at his pipe. A cloud of blue smoke floated towards the ceiling. He hitched his pants, put his hands in back of his head and began a story few are privileged to hear—the story of a star who worships in his heart another star with whom he shares honors on a hit program.

“Well, mister,” he said, and pulled again on his pipe. “if you’ve got half a day to spare pull up a chair and we’ll scratch the surface of the subject. If you want to cover it thoroughly come around when you have a week to kill.”

WHAT “The Birth of a Nation” is to pictures, Bing is to actors. He’s the epic of the profession. He is so different from what you would expect a star of his position to be that it’s hard for a person who doesn’t know him well to realize that the Bing they meet away from the movie studio or broadcasting station is the real Bing.

We go down to his ranch for a week-end and it’s very seldom there are any actors in the crowd. There are some fellows around there named Bill and Fred and Joe and they come over and we sit around and gab. A stranger dropping in and listening to the conversation would never know there was an actor in the crowd—although Bing and I would both take bows if anyone called us actors.
One of Bing's chief charms is that you can talk about anything in the world to him and he's interested in it. There's only one subject he won't discuss and that's Bing Crosby. You could no more get him to talk about himself than you could get some actors to talk about anything else. Occasionally when we sit around the fire at his home in Hollywood and start spinning yarns about our days in the theater—the days when he was with Whiteman and the Rhythm Boys—Bing will tell about some of his experiences. But he'll never tell about the time he wowed 'em in Keokuk. Oh, no! He'll tell, instead, about the time he went to a town expecting to fill a theater engagement only to find it had been canceled. The manager of the theater he'd played in the week before had wired ahead that Bing had about the worst act he'd ever seen. And he'll tell about the time, in Louisville, I think it was, when he (Continued on page 80)
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Bob Burns
Really Talks
About
Bing Crosby
We, The People brings such persons as this former negro slave to the mike. He has treasured the Confederate flag many years.

Albion Clough (with Phillips Lord, at left) came to radio because he was the world's champion woman-hater; Irene Crites, below, wanted only one thing in New York—the spread on her hotel bed.

Actually, it's likely to happen to you any minute. Tomorrow or next week, you're likely to find yourself on a streamlined train or air liner, a radio contract tucked in one pocket, liberal expense money jingling in the other, speeding towards the radio networks of New York.

You—an unknown—may find yourself being met in New York by a crowd of welcomeers, being photographed, interviewed, and taken to a fashionable hotel. For three or four days you'll live the glittering life of a celebrity, wined, dined, partied, introduced to the stars of radio, rehearsed, shown the town, an important person in a very important world.

Your importance will reach its zenith the night your program goes on the air. A studio audience will be eagerly waiting. For five unspeakably thrilling minutes you'll stand at a microphone and talk about yourself while your home town and a whole nation listens. Millions of people will
chuckle and turn their dials up in keen absorption. The music will swell to a crashing climax and applause will roar down on you in a mammoth finale.

When the last light has been turned out in the studio, the last autograph seeker turned away from the door, and your last new acquaintance has said goodbye, you'll pick up your bags, step into a taxi and wave a goodbye to New York.

You'll have had fame for five minutes—a new, dizzy kind of fame—and you'll be on your way back, a tidy sum in your purse, a thrilling experience to relive a thousand times.

A year ago it was the Hollywood guest-star rage and the amateur epidemic. This year radio has a new fad that's spreading among its biggest programs like pink-eye in public school—interesting unknowns. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public and family are having their day at the nation's microphones, and, unlike the amateurs, they're having it in a great big (Continued on page 88)
JOLSON’S SILVER FOIL—Sid Silvers is five foot three and shops for his clothes in the boys’ department, but he’s married and has a daughter. He’s one of the few stooges who ever became a star with his name in electric lights. Brooklyn born, Sid never had time to go to school in the thirty-two years of his life, but he’s had a lot of fun being a foil for famous comedians like Phil Baker and Jack Benny, as well as dancing and spilling his own gags in the movies. You might remember Sid as the stooge who sat in a box and heckled Phil Baker on the stage. Now he’s featured on Al Jolson’s show.

LUCKY PORTLAND—Mrs. Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa to you, says she has been under a lucky star ever since the day she was born in the Oregon city whose name she bears. She admires her husband, jester for Town Hall Tonight, above all other men and prefers being on his show to continuing the stage career which she began by appearing successfully in two hits on Broadway a few years ago. The fact that she’s Fred’s wife, she says, is simply proof that she’s lucky. Her ambition is to become a household word to radio fans, something she’s already gone a long way toward accomplishing, if you judge from the delighted chuckles her cry of “Tally-ho!” evokes as she walks on to the Radio City stage.

FIBBER’S FIBBING GREEK—Bill Thompson, the popular juvenile of the NBC Red network, known widely for his Nick De Popolus with Fibber McGee and Molly, is Indiana born. Bill takes his dialects so seriously, that he even learns the rudiments of the languages which he later burlesques. Once, in a sketch entitled “An International Broadcast,” he spoke ten dialects! His radio career began in 1934 when he won the prize audition conducted by the Century of Progress Exposition and NBC. Just now he’s busy learning Egyptian and Assyrian so he can add their dialects to his list.

PERSONALITY
MURINE'S DOTTY—Kay St. Germaine's the feminine half of the Johnny and Dotty team that co-stars on Mutual's popular Listen to This program. This slim, dark haired girl plays golf, rides horseback, and had pluck enough to broadcast while she was suffering from appendicitis. Kay was born in North Dakota and began her radio career as a singer in the Anson Weeks orchestra. She was later the first woman ever to sing with the Sinclair Minstrels. Last spring she left the orchestra to stay in Chicago and take up her present network job.

MURINE'S JOHNNY—Kentucky-born Jack Brooks paid his way through two years of college at the Ohio State University by singing with an orchestra. He's been entertaining people ever since, in vaudeville, movie shorts, and radio. His co-starring part as Johnny in Mutual's Tuesday night Listen to This, was his first big part on the air when he won it after auditions in 1935. Jack is a composer and pianist as well as a singer and actor; his hobbies are golf, tennis, and traveling; he is in his middle thirties, and his only pet is his wife, with whom he lives in Chicago.

THRILL SPECIALIST MARTIN—The producer of the thrilling real-life dramas on the Philip Morris programs is Charles Martin, and although he's only twenty-six, he's known already as one of radio's most brilliant directors. As long as he can remember Charles has wanted to direct plays for a career. In radio, he was one of the authors and producers of the March of Time, and also created Five Star Final. Experienced actors admit they've learned many dramatic tricks under his guidance. He was born in New York and went to City College; and so far he's not married. He inaugurated his new series, Circumstantial Evidence, which is based on actual fact, as a part of his sponsors' new Saturday CBS program.
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LUCKY PORTLAND—Mrs. Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa to you, says she has been under a lucky star ever since the day she was born in the Oregon city whose name she bears. She adores her husband, jester for Town Hall Tonight, above all other men and prefers being on his show to continuing the stage career which she began by appearing successfully in two hits on Broadway a few years ago. The fact that she's Fred's wife, she says, is simply proof that she's lucky. Her ambition is to become a household word to radio fans, something she's already done a long way toward accomplishing, if you judge from the delighted chuckles her cry of "Tally-ho!" evokes as she walks on to the Radio City stage.

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS
SUNNY ITALY'S VIVIAN—Miss Della Chiesa's grandfather was a symphony conductor in Italy, her mother an accompanist. Vivian started her musical training when she was three, and though she's grown blonde, very pretty, and twenty-two, her big ambition is unchanged—she still wants to sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company. She made her air debut in 1935, the winner of an audition contest over hundreds of other girls. This led to a CBS contract, but a few months ago she became an NBC star, with several programs of her own over the network. In the middle of the past winter she won the coveted solo role on the Carnation program, broadcast every Monday night, and is now well on her way toward seeing her ambition come true.

PERSONALITY

BOY BARITONE EVERETT—By his announcing on NBC's Farm and Home Hour, friendly and sincere Everett Mitchell has won a host of listeners who are loyal to his five broadcasts a week on this show. Born in a Chicago suburb in 1898, he had begun his career of singing before he'd finished high school, by joining up with Billy Sunday. Later he tried the insurance business, but before he had made more than a promising start, he began singing again—this time in radio. Soon he was writing scripts and later he found himself announcing programs he sang on. He's married and sings in church on Sundays.

NBC'S PET VILLAIN—When you hear a villain sneer and laugh on an NBC script program you can bet it's Willard Waterman and nine times out of ten you'd be right. Willard is the favorite bad man of them all. He has never been late to a single one of the thousand broadcasts he's been in since he left the University of Wisconsin. He was born near the campus at Madison, and studied public speaking and music. After college, he went into a summer stock company. This led him to radio and announcing, and then into his present career of acting the part of top villain.
FROM RING TO RADIO—Handsome is twenty-four-year-old Del Casino, a young singer of whom the CBS network is very proud. He is heard on sustaining now and soon the sales department hopes to have him on a big commercial program. Del was born in Brooklyn and took to athletics as naturally as a duck to water. He won countless trophies in baseball, but boxing is his favorite. He found work in Wall Street as a runner and later as a stock loan clerk. The depression sent him to the Hollywood Restaurant Revue on Broadway. Here he waited, singing his heart out, for a break. It came the night a CBS executive found him and signed a contract. Now he’s a network feature and is studying voice under a famous teacher.

SIX-FOOT TINY—Born in Crawfordville, Indiana, in 1899, genial Tiny Ruffner has traveled a long, rocky road to fame and his present jobs as announcer of the Gang Busters program on CBS and the Show Boat broadcasts over NBC. He was christened Edmund Birch Ruffner, proving nothing except that he is actually a full six and one-half feet tall. Tiny’s been on the air over 9,000 times. In his dark past are days he spent as a radio singer, and also as a stage director and actor. His proudest achievement was getting his wife to marry him, after she’d consistently refused him for years.

NBC’S KINGSEY—Annette King was born and brought up in Illinois, which is only fitting since she is now an NBC singing star in the Chicago studios. When she was very young she was put into the church choir. She liked this type of group singing so much that when she went to college she tried out for and won a place in the chapel choir. After graduation, it seemed natural to try for a job on the air, and needing experience, she sang five times a week for a year on a small local station. Her efforts were rewarded when NBC signed her up for the Breakfast Club and other programs.
SUNNY ITALY'S VIVIAN—Miss Della Chiesa's grandfather was a symphony conductor in Italy, her mother an accompanist. Vivian started her musical training when she was three, and though she's grown blonde, very pretty, and twenty-two, her big ambition is unchanged—she still wants to sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company. She made her air debut in 1935, the winner of an audition contest over hundreds of other girls. This led to a CBS contract, but a few months ago she became an NBC star, with several programs of her own over the network. In the middle of the past winter, she won the coveted solo role on the Carnation program, broadcast every Monday night, and is now well on her way toward seeing her ambition come true.

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Editor's Note: Because the sponsors of Gang Busters are unable to grant the requests of thousands of listeners who have written in asking to hear the outstanding broadcasts again, Radio Mirror has arranged to bring these programs to you here, complete in story form.

THE rock pile of the State Reformatory at Granite, Oklahoma, lay a hot, dusty white under the sun. Youthful figures bent over the stones, hitting them with languid strokes. They were just boys, none of them out of their teens, yet among them were many who were destined to grow up and become the gangsters—bank robbers, kidnappers, murderers—of the middle west.

One of them, who was to be a merciless, conscienceless killer, was thinking just then of nothing more important than how to get out of work. His name was Lawrence DeVol, he was sixteen years old, and he was no stranger to the Granite Reformatory. He'd already served one two-year term there, for burglary, and now he was well into his second.

He knew that he would be in and out of penitentiaries most of his life. Coldly, he realized that his would be a career of crime. He had begun stealing when he was ten; he would go on stealing until he died. Or until he was killed.

"I'm not goin' to be put to work every time I hit a Pen," he muttered to himself. "I got to fix it so I can't work hard. These other punks—they'd be scared. But I can do it. I got to, if I don't want to be put to hard work every time they lock me up."

He laid his left ring finger over the edge of a big rock, looked at it a few seconds. Then, catching his breath, he
picked up a stone in his right hand and brought it down with all his strength on the finger—again and again, until the finger was crushed into a bloody pulp. Then he fainted.

He accomplished his purpose. They took him to the infirmary for treatment; but he could never use that finger again. For the rest of his life it was deformed, and he could not bend it. It helped get him out of working in prison. And, eventually, it led to his death.

In a way, the story of that finger typifies Larry DeVol's life. He had strength of character and intelligence enough to plan a dangerous course of action and stick to it. He planned and carried out the most audacious prison break ever executed. He was a much more dangerous criminal than his friend, Alvin Karpis, member of the Karpis-Barker mob which kidnapped Edward Bremer. DeVol was always a killer, while Karpis was only a criminal weakling. Yet in the end, DeVol came to his death through carelessness and over-confidence—and an accident which he should have foreseen.

It was in the Hutchinson, Kansas, Reformatory that DeVol met Karpis. DeVol had been arrested for burglary in Pittsburgh, Kansas, on January 7, 1926, and he arrived at the reformatory on March 25. Karpis was already there—had been there a month. The two became good friends. Karpis was sixteen, willing and anxious to become DeVol's pupil. As for DeVol, he was twenty-one, and considered himself a veteran of crime. Perhaps he wasn't so far wrong.

For three years DeVol and Karpis were chums in the Reformatory, and then they escaped. DeVol had smuggled a saw out of the machine shop, and one night they sawed a bar out of their cell window, and dropped down to freedom.

A month later, however, DeVol was right back in the Hutchinson Reformatory. He'd been arrested in Chicago as a suspicious character, identified by his fingerprints, and sent back. But now he'd outgrown reformatories. He was so unruly and abusive that the authorities decided to transfer him to the State Penitentiary at Lansing.

At that, he almost escaped again. While he was being moved from Hutchinson to Lansing he jumped from the (Continued on page 99)
MOSl EXCITING
BROADCAST
IN COMPLETE STORY FORM

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One of them, who was to be a merciless, conscienceless killer, was thinking just then of nothing more important than how to get out of work. His name was Lawrence DeVol, he was sixteen years old, and he was no stranger to the Granite Reformatory, he'd already served one two-year term there, for burglary, and now he was well into his second. He knew that he would be in and out of penitentiaries most of his life. Godly, he realized that his would be a career of crime. He had begun stealing when he was ten; he would go on stealing until he died. Or until he was killed.

"I'm going to put to work every time I hit a bank," he muttered to himself. "I got to fix it so I can't work hard. There other punks—they'd be scared. But I can do it. I got to, if I don't want to be put to hard work every time they lock me up."

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Above, Jack and his mother return from Honolulu, where she had an even better time than he did. Left, another characteristic pose. He has many pet names for her, but the one he likes best—and so does she—is "The Spook."

For broadcast time of Jack Oakie's College, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, please see page 54, Tuesday column.
Jack can't even read in peace nowadays because sooner or later he starts worrying about his mother. Since she made a picture with him and followed it up with a successful personal appearance, things haven't been the same. And now his bride of a year wants to go on his radio show!

Jack is in hot water up to his neck and it isn't going to help a bit to print this story.

The whole thing began back in 1932 and when Jack signed for his new Tuesday night radio program it got worse than ever. The tragedy of it is, life should hold so much joy for Jack. He has this program, his beautiful bride of a year and his new picture, "Toast of New York." But he has, too, the finest, swellest mother in the world.

And that is Jack Oakie's secret sorrow, the lightning that strikes twice in the same place and makes him like it, the fear that haunts him by day and keeps him awake at night. That finest, swellest mother in the world.

Her name is Mrs. Evelyn Offield. She has beautiful white hair, is plump and sixty-eight years old.

To Jack, she's the Spook, or the District Attorney, or the Uptown Branch, or My Little White Mammy. No one ever looked less like a menace. When she smiles, your heart melts. When she laughs, everything is funny.

Yet the unescapable truth is, Jack Oakie has Mother trouble. He had it four years ago and now, in the spring of 1937, he has it so bad he's desperate.

The Spook is threatening to put her son Jack out of business. She'd be on the air with him every week, she'd have a part in all his pictures, she'd even have a radio program of her own, if only Jack would be more reasonable.

Jack doesn't want any part of it. He wants his mother to sit back and enjoy the comforts he can give her now. He wants her home where he can watch over her. He remembers the long years when she had to work for her living and he wants it to be his turn (Continued on page 62)
Above, Jack and his mother return from Honolulu, where she had an even better time than he did. Left, another characteristic pose. He has many pet names for her, but the one he likes best—and so does she—is "The Spook."

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Emil Coleman, whose music is broadcast on a late-at-night schedule on NBC's networks, has used this melody as his theme song for seven years.
PRESENTING COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC
OF EMIL COLEMAN'S EXOTIC THEME SONG,
PUBLISHED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

Knew
I gave my whole heart to you.

Darling there was I building castles

By the stream.

One last kiss -- they you shattered

Every dream

You told me we must

Past forever by the shal -- i -- mar

Note: The page contains sheet music and lyrics for the song "Exotic Theme Song."
At home, Gladys Swarthout is a graceful hostess in a costume like the one below. They are really pajamas, but are cut so that the trousers fall into the lines of a skirt when not in motion. The chartreuse sash adds a charming contrast to the pearl gray of the pajama, with gray lacings through silver eyelets.

Spring is here—and so is the tailored suit as glamorized here by Miss Gladys Swarthout, recent star of Paramount’s “Champagne Waltz” and now star of the new radio show for the Country’s Leading Ice and Ice Refrigerator Companies. In the above pose, Gladys wears a gray tailored suit with a brown Rodier Linen shirt, a gray suede hat, a pouch bag to match, and brown shoes. The long inverted pleat is interesting.

The above two-piece suit can be worn way into the summer months with changing accessories. The material is a beige-tweed home-spun with green, brown and beige threads. The skirt is of solid beige. A selvage edge serves as a finishing touch to the top. Gladys wears a high crown fedora in beige felt, and a brown bag.
LOVELY GLADYS SWARTHOUT RETURNS FROM HOLLYWOOD WITH A WARDROBE THAT GIVES THE SPRING SEASON A BRAND NEW MEANING

Travis Banton designed this billowing gown, below, for dinner wear. The skirt is gray-green changeable taffeta, with inverted pleats. The jacket is of a rare, rich brocade from Bianchini in Paris. The design was inspired by old Persian documents. The tiny evening bag is fashioned from the same material.

For traveling, Gladys Swarthout wears a charming sports costume (above) of Indigo blue homespun striped in beige. The coat has a novel, interesting cut and Miss Swarthout’s hat is an amusing version of the pancake beret in brown yarn with an under-chin strap. Brown suede pumps and sport gloves finish the costume.

A light and dark gray study—with a dash of brown. Above, another of Miss Swarthout’s new spring suits. The fabric is an imported English woollen. The panelled treatment of the skirt provides a novel type of flare, and the rounded one-button jacket is quite new. For accessories, Miss Swarthout has chosen a gray felt hat with dark gray grosgrain band, brown shirt, gloves and shoes, and tops it off with a scarf of sable skins.
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LOVELY GLADYS SWARTHOUT RETURNS FROM HOLLYWOOD WITH A WARDROBE THAT GIVES THE SPRING SEASON A BRAND NEW MEANING
Hallelujah! A New Way to a New Figure

From Ben Bernie's Sister Comes a Message of Hope to All Women Who Are Seeking Slenderness and Beauty

By Judy Ashley

Ben isn’t the only remarkable member of the Bernie family. I realized that when I met Rose Bernie, his sister. For here is a woman who hasn’t been content to bask in her brother’s fame, but who has struck out for herself and demanded of life not only one career, but two. More than that, her history contains a chapter which brings new hope to every woman who is overweight, chronically tired, or burdened with more responsibilities than she can carry.

Sometimes great things happen in this world, and nobody knows about them until long after they are accomplished facts. For instance, I’ll wager that few readers have ever heard of a milk reducing farm—or if they have, they’ve only the vaguest notion of how one operates—just as few of Ben Bernie’s fans know of his sister and the wonderful (Continued on page 102)
"Worth stopping for!"

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel...3 rings of performers...clowns...animals...acroats...elephants...music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. See it when it visits your city.

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel...3 rings of performers...clowns...animals...acroats...elephants...music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. See it when it visits your city.

You can taste the difference Quality makes.

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating...doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

Fry Beech-Nut Candies in your favorite flavor. Four Drops, Lusser Mint, Spice or Assorted.

You can taste the difference Quality makes.

BEECH-NUT GUM

SEARS, ROEBUCK & COMPANY

JAVA BEACH-NUT CIRCUS
From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a special world. Everything he gets is made especially for him.

...special soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.

...special foods to keep a youngster thriving.

...special dental care to keep young teeth sound and straight.

...special toys to keep the mind growing.

...and a special laxative to keep the body healthy...Fletcher's Castoria.

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

Everything made especially for him...even to a special laxative!

Yes, even a special laxative.

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn’t sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative...even when given in "smaller doses."

That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Fletcher's Castoria. For, as you know, Fletcher’s Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and only for children.

It couldn’t possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs...no narcotics...

nothing that could cause cramping pains.

It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is safe...mild...yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist said he couldn’t write a better prescription than Fletcher’s Castoria.

It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That’s why even the taste of Fletcher’s Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in your home? You can never tell when you’ll need it.

You can buy Fletcher’s Castoria at any drug store. Ask for the Family Size Bottle. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on the red-bordered band on the box.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children.
Are you fussy about your child's food? You can cure this headache with the new strained and canned fruits and vegetables.

It's a cinch to feed the baby

Do you have a daily battle with that ole debil, sieve? In other words, have you a baby whose daily menu is made up of vegetables, fruits and cereals which you must run through a strainer?

If you have, you are the person Eleanor Howe is looking for.

Miss Howe, whose Eleanor Howe's Homemakers' Exchange, sponsored by the National Association of Ice Industries, you hear twice weekly over CBS, has plunged deeply into the subject of infant feeding and has come up with such valuable information that I can hardly wait to pass it on to you. I am sure you'll find it helpful.

"The whole business of canned strained foods for babies is a fascinating one," she told me. "The first ones were put up in glass jars and sold through drugstores.

"Then came the day when a young mother said to her husband, as no doubt many of you have said, 'This business of straining vegetables every day for the baby almost has me licked. Considering the small quantity he needs daily and the length of time it takes to run them through a sieve, it's the hardest job I have. Here, try it yourself and see if you don't think it's work. (Continued on page 87)
SUNDAY
All Time is Eastern Standard

10:30 A.M. CBS: Church of the Air. NBC-Blue: Coasters Ball. NBC-Red: Sabbath Anthems.

MONDAY
All Time is Eastern Standard

10:00 A.M. CBS: Betty and Bob. NBC-Blue: Mrs. Wiggs. NBC-Red: Betty and Bob.
11:00 CBS: Modern Cinderella. NBC-Blue: Miss Perkins. NBC-Red: John's Other Wife.
12:00 CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns. NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family. NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill.
1:00 NBC: News. NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade. NBC-Red: Today's Children.
2:00 CBS: Humpty Dumpty. NBC-Blue: The O'Neill's. NBC-Red: David Harum.
3:00 NBC: News. NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill. NBC-Red: David Harum.
4:00 CBS: East and Damko. NBC-Blue: Personal Column. NBC-Red: Backstage Wife.
5:00 CBS: Big Sister. NBC-Blue: Vit and Sado. NBC-Red: How to Be Changing.
6:00 CB: Dr. Allan R. Dade. NBC-Blue: Edward Harding. NBC-Red: Voice of Esperance.
7:00 NBC: Noon. NBC-Blue: The Gene. NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
8:00 CBS: Ted Malone. NBC-Blue: Mary Martin. NBC-Red: Romance of Helen Trent. NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour.
9:00 CBS: Rich Man's Daring. NBC-Blue: Hotel Daring.
11:00 CBS: Rich Man's Daring. NBC-Blue: Hotel Daring.
12:00 CBS: Golden Moments. NBC-Blue: The O'Neill's. NBC-Red: Home Spun.
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6:00 CBS: Rich Man's Daring. NBC-Blue: Hotel Daring.
7:00 CBS: Five Star Revue. NBC-Blue: Personal Column. NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
8:00 CBS: Rich Man's Daring. NBC-Blue: Hotel Daring.
9:00 CBS: Golden Moments. NBC-Blue: The O'Neill's. NBC-Red: Home Spun.
10:00 CBS: The Gene. NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill. NBC-Red: David Harum.
11:00 NBC: Noon. NBC-Blue: The Gene. NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
12:00 CBS: Ted Malone. NBC-Blue: Mary Martin. NBC-Red: Romance of Helen Trent. NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour.
1:00 CBS: Rich Man's Daring. NBC-Blue: Hotel Daring.
2:00 CBS: Golden Moments. NBC-Blue: The O'Neill's. NBC-Red: Home Spun.
3:00 CBS: The Gene. NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill. NBC-Red: David Harum.
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PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

By Norton Russell

NEW HEADLINES AND NEW ADVENTURES IN MANCHURIA, SHANGHAI, AND ETHIOPIA CLIMAX THIS THRILL PACKED LIFE STORY

Conclusion

THERE Floyd was, that winter of 1931-32, in Manchuria. His job was to keep on good terms with the Japanese armies who were busy moving in upon the Chinese in that territory, whether the Chinese concerned liked it or not. Mostly they didn't, but they had no regularly constituted army to express their resentment.

Officially, the Japanese army was supposed to be advancing against the Chinese army. Actually, the advance was a series of skirmishes, with long periods of marching over frozen ground in between. The skirmishes occurred when the Japanese came across one of the bands of disorganized Chinese soldiers that roamed the territory. There was fighting going on somewhere most of the time, but no one battle was particularly important. In fact, the Japanese had already virtually established (Continued on page 66)

Floyd was on vacation in Yellowstone Park when a forest fire broke out nearby. Above, as he gave up his holiday and prepared to fight the blaze.
When Britain's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

**Every night,** smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream— briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

**Every morning**—(and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

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

POND'S, Dept. SRM-CE, 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 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________
State__________________________

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**Britain's Coronation**

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

**Duchesses, Countesses Viscountesses and Ladies guard their Loveliness the Pond's way**
Strange Threat the Future Holds for Bobby Breen

(Continued from page 23)

five hundred thousand.”

Medical opinion is no more encouraging than musical opinion. I talked to a prominent throat specialist, and he told me that during a boy’s change of voice the vocal cords grow much faster than any other part of the body. It is the change in their relative size that causes the voice alteration. No one can tell in advance how much or how little the cords will grow, or what the result will be.

Sally Breen must have known years ago how small a chance there was that Bobby’s voice would survive his growth to maturity. She knew that and Bobby were like two people who have found a great treasure that must be used at once before it faded away.

The situation has not changed—if anything, it has grown more acute. In the midst of uncertainty and doubt, Bobby is still gambling with time, gambling with his future as the stake.

It was winter when I last saw Bobby. He had come to New York to make personal appearances at the Radio City Music Hall in connection with the premiere of his latest picture, “Rainbow On the River.” On his trips from his hotel to the theater he rode in a luxurious, heated limousine which had been lent to him by friends, but even in its warmth he was swathed in layer upon layer of mufflers and coats. His own doctor made daily inspections of his throat. Every possible precaution was taken against even the hint of a cold.

The truth is that Bobby can’t spare a day to be ill. He can no more spare the time to be ill than he can spare it to play. Into four or five years he must crowd the equivalent of a lifetime.

That is the reason he will make as many pictures as possible from now until whatever time his voice changes, and the reason he will sing as much as possible on the air.

Other child stars in Hollywood have faced a similar problem, but never has it been so acute, or so personal, as it is in Bobby’s case. Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans—their gagging adolescence meant only that they might wait until the awkward stage passed. But while their childhood fame came from their innocent alienability, there were all the time learning valuable lessons in acting which would stand them in good stead later on. Their knowledge of the acting profession could never be taken from them. Bobby’s fame comes from his voice first of all, and all his lessons in singing and acting may be worthless if it should go.

Since this is the case, Bobby and the adults who have his career in their hands have chosen the only possible course. They must see to it that Bobby has everything that’s coming to him, in fame and in money, while he can earn it. There is no danger, except that if his voice to capacity now will have any bad effect upon it after the change, as long as ordinary precautions of health are observed.

But even this course of action, necessary and obvious as it is, carries its own unique penalties. Bobby must lead a very busy and full a life as any adult—busier than most. His days are taken up with practicing, rehearsing, performing, applying make-up, studying, seeing people who simply must be seen. There’s no time for the ordinary pleasures of childhood. Because of his singing and the constant need for rehearsal, Bobby has even less leisure time than the average child movie or radio star. All his friends and acquaintances are older than he is, naturally he talks to adults on terms of equality.

For all the normal interests of childhood he has substituted a singing, acting, and rehearsing career, which has become part of him, just as it becomes part of any great artist. If it is ever impossible for him to bend all his thoughts and energies in that one direction, he will face a problem of adjustment that would stagger most adults.

Because he now spends all his time with adults he will find it difficult to understand and sympathize with children his own age. Because his days are now filled with work, he will find play dull and uninteresting, and childish games silly. Because he has grown used to applause, he will find life empty without it.

Killing Bobby’s voice he will be able to make the adjustment if it becomes necessary. But it will cause him unhappiness.

There is the one possibility, the one chance in five hundred thousand, that he will never be forced to step down from the platform that has held him up. One chance that, great as his voice is now, it may some day be even greater.

Enrico Caruso is the only child singer who ever grew to be a greater singer as a man. From the time he was six until he was fourteen, Caruso was much in demand as a boy contralto soloist—so much in demand that school teachers, preachers and priests and teachers gave him all the money he needed. He won two silver medals for singing during this period, and was considered the greatest boy church singer in Naples.

It was accident that saved his voice for the world, and that may point the way to save Bobby’s! When Caruso was fifteen, his mother died devotedly so that he found it impossible to sing after her death. For more than a year he did not sing a note, either in practice or in public. It was during the period of despondency that his voice changed. When finally he did sing again he was surprised to find that his voice had become a thin tenor instead of the former contralto. With increasing maturity and care, the thin tenor became the greatest tenor of all time.

It’s possible that the same thing may happen to Bobby Breen, if only the warning signs of the coming change are observed in time to stop him from singing—and if only he can go through the agonizing year or so of awaiting without singing a note. Throat specialists agree that the complete rest Caruso gave his voice in his sixteenth year was responsible for its beauty later on. But they do not say that such a rest guarantees a beautiful voice.

Perhaps the unearthly beauty of Bobby’s soprano as we listen to it on the air is but a thing for us to enjoy for as long as possible. Or perhaps...? Only the years can tell.

And still they come! Get the June issue of RADIO MIRROR for the words and music of another famous radio theme song, "Let Them Honk!

I have to wipe this wheel first!"

Front Seat Drivers... Back Seat Drivers... adopt the KLEENEX HABIT

• It’s the thing to do—keep Kleenex Tissues in the car to clean wheel and windshield, to wipe hands and greasy spots so clothes don’t become soiled. ... And during colds, the Kleenex Habit saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Use a tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Kleenex in Every Room—Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creases and cosmetics...To apply powder, rouge...To shape and blot lipstick...To dust and polish...For the baby...And keep a box in your kitchen.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)
Do You Suffer Vitamin Shortage?

People Don't Know Whether They Get ENOUGH VITAMINS with Their Meals—Until Ill Health Shows It

But—by Adding ONE FOOD to Your Daily Diet, You Can Be Sure of a REGULAR SUPPLY of These 4 VITAMINS Every Day

Lack of Vitamin D

SOFT BONES followed by bowlegs and knock-knees often result from too little Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN. An ample supply of this vitamin is essential to babies and young children. To assure her child having a good foundation for straight bones and good teeth, the mother should have ample Vitamin D in her diet during pregnancy and while nursing. Fleischmann’s Yeast contains a rich supply of this BONE VITAMIN.

Undersupplied with Vitamin A

YOU CATCH COLD more easily and more often if you are not getting enough Vitamin A. For without enough of this vitamin, membranes of the nose and throat are weakened, and your general resistance lowered. Eat Fleischmann’s Fresh Yeast daily to assure yourself a regular ADDITIONAL supply of this important vitamin.

MANY PEOPLE today are the victims of chronic ill health because their everyday meals do not provide enough of these 4 essential vitamins—A, B, D and G.

A shortage of even one of these important food elements can undermine your vitality and lower your resistance to disease.

But, by adding one SPECIAL food to your ordinary diet, you can be sure of getting a regular EXTRA supply of these 4 vitamins in addition to what your meals supply.

That one food is FLEISCHMANN’S fresh YEAST. It is the only natural food that furnishes such an abundant supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Start today to build up your vitamin health this simple way. Order 2 or 3 days’ supply from your grocer. Fleischmann’s Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox.

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IF YOU DON'T FIND ALL THE INFORMATION YOU WANT IN THE STORIES ABOUT STARS AND SHOWS, WRITE AND ASK THE ORACLE FOR HELP

Raymond Johnson is one of NBC's busiest Chicago actors, but finds time to help Ruth Lyon, lyric soprano, translate a Swedish folk tune.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

ORACLE NOTES—Curley Mahr is the new pianist and arranger for NBC's Landt Trio. He formerly played with Irving Aaronson's Commanders. He replaces Howard White, who died suddenly a few months ago. Portland Hoffa has her hair freshly set every Wednesday; a few hours prior to her broadcast with Fred Allen. Sandra Burns, small daughter of Gracie Allen, is gloriing in her wardrobe—just like mother's—ranging from lounging pajamas to a skiing outfit. Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford is looking over property at Lake Arrowhead for the right kind of cabin.

Now, for the questions of the month—

Frances H., Berkeley, Calif.—Just write to Benny Goodman in care of the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, New York, and see if he won't send you his picture. Billy Idelson who plays Rush in the Vic and Sade broadcasts, can be reached at the National Broadcasting Studios, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, III. In case you might have forgotten to purchase your copy of April Radio Mirror—there was a dandy picture of Billy in the scrapbook section.

Joseph Bruno, Torrington, Conn.—You gave me a big order, Joe. I didn't know which orchestras you wanted, but I picked some at random: Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue,

Marie P., Phila., Pa.—The Jello maestro is Phil Harris. He was born in Indiana but lived most of his life in Nashville, Tennessee. Phil started his musical career as a drummer under his father's training...he's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. The theme song of the Jello program is J-E-L-L-O. Remember?

S. E. M., Ionia, Michigan—You've waited a long time, but you promised to be patient. Radio Mirror ran a picture of Kay Kyser in the January issue, in the Facing the Music department. As for Freddie Martin, his picture was in last month's issue. Freddie was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He became an orphan when still a baby and was placed in a foundling home in Springfield where he discovered the first indications of his flair for music.

Mrs. James L. D., Fayette, Mo.—"Vagabond Dreams Come True," the autobiography of Rudy Vallee, was not published in the pages of Radio Mirror.

Kenny Baker Fans, attention! A new fan club has just been formed with the personal consent and permission of Mr. Baker. If you're interested, get in touch with Allan L. Smith, 12 Wyeside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass.

Miss X. Y. Z., Youngstown, Ohio—Didn't you know that the Oracle only answers questions on the network stars? I'd love to be able to help you, but it's really impossible to keep up with all the local stars. I'm sure if you'll write to the local station in Greensburg, Pa., they'll be glad to send you any information they may have on Ray Pearl's orchestra.

Al G., Brooklyn, New York—If you want a picture of Stoopnagle and Budd, write and ask them for one, addressing your inquiry in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; for Rudy Vallee, use the same address; Joe Penner and Ken Murray can be reached at the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

J. T. S., Buffalo, New York—Won't you write to station WKBW of your city for the information on Peggy Mann? They'll give her address.

Igor Gorin fans, attention.—Are you an Igor Gorin fan? Then get in touch with Lilian Bloom, President of the Igor Gorin Club, 822 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

Winston-Salem—Lucy Laughlin and Lucy Monroe are the same person. I guess at first Lucy wanted to make good on her own and didn't want it known that her mother was the one-time popular actress, Anna Laughlin. And then, when her mother appeared on the same broadcast program with her, she was proud and wanted everyone to know that she was Anna Laughlin's daughter, Lucy Laughlin.

Nick T. F., Oneonta, N. Y.—A letter addressed to Mr. Richard Crooks, in care of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, will reach him.

Mrs. Betty McC, Phila., Pa.—I've tried to find out the whereabouts of Lawrence Goulds, but to no avail. Maybe some one who knows may read this little item and will write and tell the Oracle where he is. Such things do happen sometimes.
“JACK. I haven't the heart to go to the dance tonight. Look! A blemish!”

“Dear, isn't there some way to prevent those peaky spots?”

“YOU LOOK GORGEOUS tonight, dear! What a lovely complexion!”

“I TRIED THE GERM-FREE Woodbury Creams. My skin's been free from blemishes ever since.”

Have Clearer, Lovelier Skin with these Germ-Free Beauty Creams

Your skin can better resist blemishes and dryness with Woodbury's... and now Vitamin D in this famous Cold Cream helps keep skin youthful!

It's far easier today to have a satin-smooth complexion. You have Woodbury's Germ-free Creams, the products of skin scientists, to help you.

Fine emollients in Woodbury's Cold Cream help restore dry skin to moist freshness. And when this germ-free cream is on your face, it arrests germ-growth... stands guard over tiny cracks and fissures in your skin that have opened the door to the germs which cause so many blemishes.

Besides, this famous cold cream now contains Sunshine Vitamin D. In order to maintain its health and youthful vigor, your skin must take up oxygen at a rapid rate, breathe quickly. That is why Vitamin D has been added to Woodbury's Cold Cream... to coax new life and loveliness into "tired" complexions.

Woodbury's Facial Cream forms a flattering base for your make-up. Protects your skin, too, from wind and dust. With all their benefits to clear skin beauty, these exquisite germ-free creams are each only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢, in tubes.

His "Spook" Won't Stop

Haunting Jack Oakie

(Continued from page 45)

to do the supporting. The Oakie pride is hot with resentment over a mother of sixty-eight who won't stay put but goes gallivanting around, causing her son all kinds of worry.

It started back in 1932. That's when Jack made his first big mistake. For a long time the Spook had been pestering him to do some picture work. She'd never done any before, but she claimed it wasn't too late to start even if she was sixty-four.

"If you come right down to it," she argued, "my hair is no whiter than Jean Harlow's. So why not?"

Jack in his innocence thought it would be fun, and when his next picture, "Too Much Harmony," came along with a white-haired mother's part in it, he asked the director, Eddie Sutherland, if the Spook could play it. Eddie agreed.

"Have her come in at noon," he told Jack. "It'll only take an hour and there's no sense in making her get up early." The Upstairs Branch walked on the set promptly at the stroke of noon. Some-where she'd found somebody to make her up just the right way and there she was, her hair waved smartly and the correct shade of grease paint on. She looked wonderful.

But Eddie took one look at her and drew Jack aside. "She's grand," he said, "she looks swell... but she won't do. She looks too peppy. The mother in this picture's old and tired and your mother looks as if she were about thirty-five."

Tell her to calm down," Jack suggested.

"How you going to calm that down?" asked Eddie. "She couldn't look or act tired no matter how hard she tried." Eddie finally apologized to her and said her scenes would be shot the next day. "Better come in at eighty-thirty with the rest of us," he said. And privately to Jack, "We'll fix her."

At eight-thirty, the Spook arrived, still dapper and full of vigor. Eddie informed her there had been a change in the schedule and it would be a long wait until her scenes. Would she mind? Of course she wouldn't. Eddie let her wait all day long. About noon she began to sag, but not enough. Finally, late in the day, she began to doze in her chair.

"Okay now, we're ready. Mrs. Oakie," Eddie snapped, all business.

The Spook blinked, meandered onto the set and went through her scenes still half asleep—giving a wonderful impersonation of a tired little old lady. She was so good they didn't have to shoot the scenes twice—which was lucky, because when she might have had time to wake up.

As it was, she was right in her stride by the time her work was done. Coming off the set, she sat down in the director's chair, with his name on it. The chair tipped and deposited the Spook on the floor. Before anyone could help her she was up, dusting herself briskly and saying, "Humph! that chair must have thrown me just because my name wasn't on it."

With the District Attorney's filing at picture work out of the way Jack thought he could sit back and breathe easily. His troubles were just starting. Two weeks went by, and the studio told him he was to do a preview of "Too Much Harmony" on the air. Came the day set for the broadcast and Jack, all unsuspecting, was
leaving the house, when the Uptown Branch asked:

"What time are we supposed to be there?"

"What do you mean we?" asked Jack, his hand
horribly clutching at his heart. "You ain't goin' nowhere. They don't have an audience for this show.

"But I'm going to be on it too," answered the Spook. "Call up the studio and ask them."

Sure enough, Mr. Oskie's Little White Mammy was expected at the studio. What's more, she trotted through her part like a veteran, loving it.

Worse was to come. A week later she calmly announced that she was going to New York to make a personal appearance with the picture. "It's all arranged," she said. "I told that nice man at the studio I thought I could give the picture a good boost and he said he thought I could too, if anybody could, so they're going to send me."

Jack could have started an argument, but it would have been silly. You can see for yourself it would have been silly. The Spook was going to town, and nobody was going to stop her. Having tasted this thrilling show business, she wanted more.

The train Jack put her on, headed for New York, looked like a nice, ordinary, efficient sort of train, good for a safe and quiet trip across the continent. Never were appearances more deceiving. This staid-appearing train had Maurice Chevalier aboard, and Chevalier's chief task in those days was dodging reporters who wanted to know whether or not he was going to marry Kay Francis.

At the first stop a dozen reporters swarmed through the train until they located Chevalier. The Spook had located him long since, and by that time they were well into the middle of one of those life-long friendships you form on trains.

What about it, the reporters wanted to know—was he or wasn't he going to marry Kay Francis? At which Chevalier stuck out that under lip of his, grinned, put his arm around the Spook's shoulders, and reported:

"Zees een my only sweetheart!"

Then he kissed her, and somebody set off a flashlight bulb, and the picture was in every paper in the country the next day.

Publicity? The Spook rolled into New York in a blaze of Chevalier glory. She had won, it seemed, all the fame in the world. She was sixty-four years old, and she'd never had so much fun in all her life.

She was at the New York Paramount Theater for the week, and Hollywood audiences loved her. All she did was come out and talk about her boy Jackie, only sometimes she forgot and called him Lewis because that's his real name. But it didn't make any difference. She could have gone tongue-tied and silent, and they'd still have liked her, just because she was there.

Back home in Hollywood, of course, Jack was going nuts. The telephone rang at all hours of the day and night, with agents calling from New York to tell him how terrific she was and saying, "Now, you just give me an exclusive contract with her and I can book her into Pittsburgh next week. Then we'll take her on to Philly, with a percentage of the profits."

"But this is my Ma," Jack would wail. "I can't let her go traipsin' around the country like a side show... I don't care how good a time she's havin'. She's comin' right back home as soon as that Paramount date is over."

He sent her a series of telegrams and, reluctantly, she returned to Hollywood, getting off the train looking sheepish and pleased with herself at the same time.

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I USED TO BE AT MY WIT'S END TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE JUNIOR FOR LUNCH until I discovered Franco-American Spaghetti

GEE, MOM, I COULD EAT PLATES AND PLATES OF THIS!

Children Love This Delicious, Nourishing Dish that costs less than 3¢ a portion

A PIPING-HOT plateful of Franco-American Spaghetti, a glass of milk, some fruit—there's a perfect lunch for a husky boy and a lunch to help keep him husky!

And so easy for you to prepare. No cooking, just heat and serve. So economical, too. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. It would cost more to buy all your ingredients and prepare spaghetti and sauce at home.

Yet Franco-American is a regular "millionaire's dish," as different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti, with its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients. Serve it for dinner tonight in place of potatoes or have this spaghetti meal.

Savory Spaghetti Platter
In center of hot platter arrange one can heated Franco-American Spaghetti and surround it with ring of crisp bacon strips. At each end of platter put mound of cooked vegetables (peas, carrots or string beans). Serves 4. Cost (according to vegetable used), 4¢ to 50¢.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE EXTRA GOOD SAUCE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and that was that.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind.

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself. Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe!

Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS
Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"This is the end," Jack told her firmly. "No more show business for you. You don't know where to stop, and it's too hard on you.

He must have been pretty impressive, because he was able to keep her under control for a couple of years.

But all that was pictures, and personal appearances, and now I'm in radio, so the whole thing starts over again," Jack complained to me. "See, she was an educator when she was young—she had a school of her own for eleven years, and then she taught in New York. After she stopped teaching she did go on the radio one year, for some candy manufacturers, so you can imagine how it is. She was on the radio then, and she didn't see why she shouldn't be on it now. She just loves to get up in front of an audience or a microphone, and boy, that night she was on the program with me she was all dressed up in a white evening dress, like it was graduation night in Dixie.

Oh, yes, the Spook has beaten down her son's determination to keep her off the air—several times she's beaten it down. The trouble is that Jack gets absolutely no cooperation from sponsors. By going to them over his head she can always get on a program. And no wonder, it may be instinct, but she knows how to make a broadcast twice as funny as it was written.

Once, according to Jack, she read her opening line into the mike, then stopped, chuckled, winked at the audience, and said, "I rehearsed that line forty times!"

And in that little line she made every listener feel that this wasn't just an ordinary broadcast, but the grand adventure she felt it to be.

I'm not gonna have her work!" Jack said. "She's worked most of her life and now it's time for her to button her mouth and let little Jackie do the larder filling.

Anyway, she's got her clubs. They keep her busy enough. There's that one she belongs to with Joan Crawford's mother, and Jeanette MacDonald's mother, and Gene Raymond's mother and Woody Van Dyke's mother—eh, a whole passel of them and they call themselves the League of Fallen Women. Not because of what they are, but because of their shoving spills and getting their shins scraped up. I don't know exactly what the purpose of the club is except to get together and brag about their offspring. And believe me, there's not one of their children have a picture showing, they all get together for luncheon and then go see it.

And she's got her scrapbooks to keep.

Me, I never kept a clipping about myself in my life, but she's got enough stuff saved to paper Radio City. She gets them from China and Japan and Europe—all over. She's got all her ex-pupils from the Scudder School in New York at work—they're all millionaires and always writing articles and letters—sending her stuff about me from all parts of the world. Every day she spends at least an hour on those books, and she is not even according to pictures and programs and it really is something! Quite a clipping bureau I got that Scudder School for Girls, Oakie, the debutante's delight, you know?

And at that moment, in the doorway, stood Mrs. Jack Oakie—Venita Varden until about a year ago. Very pretty, very young, but at that moment, pouting just a little. "Jack, I've just been over to Columbia, talking to that man from the public-relations agency. I was asking him what he thought about that idea of mine—you know, about going on the show with you next Tuesday night, and he said—"
moaned, "Not you too, Pigeon! Not you!"

"But Jack, if you let your mother do it ... I don't see why ..."

It seemed like a good time for me to retire. "Well, thanks for coming up," Jack said at the door. "Keep in touch with me. If anything turns up, I'll let you know." And the despairing look he cast in Venita's direction indicated that something was quite likely to turn up, and soon. Venita Varden, none other, on her husband's radio show!

**PROGRAM DOTS AND DASHES: Jack Oaktie's College**

On the airwaves Tuesdays at 9:20 p.m., over CBS and arch rival for your attention, with Fred Astaire's NBC stanzas ... The new set-up with cellulo-oid comic Oaktie started Dec. 23, replacing Rupert Hughes, who in turn succeeded the old O'Keefe-Casa Loma Caravan for one of radio's strongest sponsors, Camel cigarettes ... The Oaktie College is the only oil show that uses two studio audiences, 3,000 miles away from each other ... The main portion of course, originates in Hollywood before a real professional audience (most movie stars like to see Oaktie clown anytime, anywhere and come out in regiments for the air show) and the eastern onlookers see only singer Benny Goodman ... The simultaneous switch you hear when Jack turns the show over to the clarinet king is the last word in engineering technique. They use a double wire line for this perfect switch-over... On other network shows which divide their programs in East and West, there is usually a few seconds' wait ... When Oaktie isn't talking about the show he's raving about his new bride, Venita Varden ... Venita goes to all the rehearsals but shuns the actual broadcasts. "I listen to them here," she says. "Jack makes me nervous when I see him performing in person." On his birthday Oaktie's frock gave him a set of electric trains ... After the show Jack rushes to a phone and calls her. "Well honey, what do I get on my repart cord?" She's yet to give him on "A." ... Oaktie wasn't surprised when sponsors gleefully told him radio listeners mostly recognized his voice ... "Hmph, why shouldn't they?" he asked. "I've been in 85 talkies in the last five years." ... Although he wears a checkered cap and gown for the broadcasts as Professor Oaktie, underneath this cloak Jack usually dons a red-colored sport-shirt, sneakers and slacks ... John Hammond of the Wm. Esty ad agency has a most unusual job in connection with this program ... He hops around the country signing up the college glee clubs and singing talent ... He has yet to hear the actual broadcasts ... "I'm always on a train somewhere." ... Hammond really worries during college semester and examination weeks ... "When they're 'cramming' they don't feel like singing, and when they have a few days off, they rush home to see the folks," explains Hammond. ... On these occasions the graduate University Glee Clubs are substituted ... Mostra Georgia Stoll gained fame as Bing Crosby's first radio orchestra leader. ... Tall, curly-haired Bill Goodwin is a favorite California announcer ... Show & Lee, radio's only double-talk act have been together so long, in vaudeville and musical comedy, that they are dressed alike, live alike ... But recently at the Santa Anita racetrack, the boys decided to bet on different horses. Imagine their surprise when the nag they bet on finished in a dead heat! ... Benny Goodman has been playing clarinet since he's been 10, rose to fame at the nation's swing thing ... After the broadcast, the whole company turned in at Al Jolson's repert show ... Radio is really a strange medium ... Here's Jack Oaktie, professor at a university, on a program aimed for college appeal and the comic never finished high school!
"MY DEAR! HOW THIN YOU ARE!"

And how easily, how comfortably is such slenderness achieved with a smart *Sturdi-flex Reducer designed by Kleinert's!

They themselves in Manchuria.

Floyd faced danger enough, but it was a less spectacular kind of danger than that of machine guns and bombs. It came from the intense cold.

Field hospitals were full, but not only with men wounded by shells and bullets. Many of them were suffered by soldiers whose arms or legs had been frozen, necessitating amputations.

Marching was torture, but sitting down at the side of the road to rest was fatal. A drowsiness attacked you, and unless a comrade forced you to your feet again, you might never wake up.

At night Floyd slept with the army in barracks where the beds were long shelves built along the walls. Steam pipes ran beneath the shelves. They didn't do any good.

Floyd's broadcast from Mukden on the morning of January 20, 1932, was the first war broadcast ever sent to America from a foreign country. It took place from a house on the outskirts of the town at six o'clock in the morning while fighting was still going on in Mukden.

The contract with International News on which Floyd had gone to Manchuria ran out the end of January, and his news-getting duties in China were presumably over. He should have started home. Instead, he went to Shanghai, entirely upon his own responsibility. And such is the luck of the Irish that upon the very day he came up the Whangpoo River toward the city, the Japanese began to bombard the Chinese settlement, Chapel.

Things had been very quiet around Shanghai the week he hadn't been there. But there was any sign that the Sino-Japanese dispute would center there so suddenly and dramatically. The result was that Floyd got a lot of credit in the newspaper world for inside knowledge of just when and where excitement would start. He didn't deserve any credit at all. The only reason he'd gone to Shanghai instead of back to the United States was that there was a girl there he wanted to see.

The siege of Shanghai made Floyd's Manchurian weeks seem like a high school graduating class picnic. He was in a reporter's paradise, for one thing. On one side were the Japanese, on the other the Chinese, and he was in the International Settlement in the middle. He could visit either army, and when he came back to write his story he could pit it on the cables without fear of censorship.

Ominously, the U. S. S. Houston, flagship of the United States Pacific Fleet, was standing to in the river—perfectly neutral, entirely at peace with all the world while Chapel was being blown to bits. The sight of her, riding there at anchor, worried Floyd. He'd heard rumors that the Chinese were going to mine the river, and it would be so easy for one of these floating mines to bump up against the Houston, instead of the Japanese ships they were intended for. And if that happened, America would be drawn into the war, just as it was drawn into the Spanish-American war when the Maine was blown up.

He wrote several dispatches, which were published in his American papers, pleading with the Secretary of the Navy to order the Houston out of Shanghai before something awful happened there. The Houston stayed where she was. And then, two weeks after Floyd had begun to worry about possible bombs in the river, one did go off, right under the stern of a Japanese ship, a quarter of a mile from the Houston. Not long after that the Houston cruised out of Shanghai and went on about her business.

Floyd was in his hotel room one morning, banging out copy about the Sino-Japanese war, when a page boy handed him a cablegram. He opened it, stared at the words, then stared at the dots. It was a portable. "This war is over as far as I'm concerned," he said. "Nobody back home is going to care a whoop about it any more.

The cablegram, you see, announced the tragic kidnapping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., and Floyd had written—right through the Japanese dispute moved off the station's front pages.

He returned to America, to a relatively quiet period of three years or so—only relatively quiet, because when Floyd is preparing a broadcast his combined home and office resemble General Headquarters during a war. Suddenly telegram in files, messenger boys arrive and depart on mysterious errands, telephones ring, and Floyd works in an obscure cubbyhole of a room until three or four in the morning.

Italy decided that the blessings of civilization should be brought to Ethiopia, and Floyd was off to Rome. First he went to Rome, to interview Mussolini. The purpose of the interview was not so much to get information from Il Duce as to convince America that Italy wanted to be told what was happening in Ethiopia, Italy, at that time, was not allowing any foreign newspaper correspondents in the battle area.

Floyd's personal charm, of which he has plenty, worked well on Mussolini, and the result was that he preceded other correspondents into Azmara, in Eritrea, by several weeks.

But the Italian invasion of Ethiopia was too much like the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, except that here the weather was hot instead of cold. The advance of the army was less an advance than a series of skirmishes, none of them individually decisive, but adding up into the same old story—the eventual defeat of a primitive race by a modern war machine.

After a few weeks of it Floyd fell ill and returned to Rome. He was feeling well—nobody felt really well in Ethiopia—but he wasn't really ill. It was a diplomatic move, frankly, to get himself filled with suspicions of the Italian officials. Naturally, while the subjugation of Ethiopia was still incomplete, censorship of news dispatches was strict, and the war office wasn't too anxious to let correspondents who had learned as much as Floyd had, out of their jubilation.

The illness accomplished its purpose, however, and Floyd returned to the United States—to set out again, the following summer, for Spain.

He's been in New York all winter. He hasn't been idle, by any means. First there was the Nash Speedshow, and then he visited his friend, the Thirty Eight, at the Chicago World's Fair. Thursday night at ten on CBS—and two weekly radio programs keep a man plenty busy.

When he's in New York Floyd lives and works in a midtown hotel. His offices occupy two large suites, and he himself lives in a third. The office suites are bare and businesslike, filled with desks, filing cabinets, bundles of newspapers, and scrawling secretaries. Floyd's own apartment is filled with mementoes of countries he has visited, stories he has covered. An ash tray presented to him at West Point. A

The Personal History of Floyd Gibbons, Adventurer.

(Continued from page 56)
Radio Mirror

shawl, cobweb soft, he bought in Spain. A glassed-in colony of live ants purchased at a Manhattan department store. Framed originals of the drawings which illustrated "The Red Knight of Germany" and "The Red Napoleon." In a place of honor, a portrait of Clarence Darrow, one of the particular Gibbons idols. A wicker-work footstool, handmade and sent to him by a fan he's never met.

All sorts of people come up to this apartment. In one day, while I was talking to Floyd, he had the following callers: a well known playwright, a newspaper woman whom Floyd addressed in terms of affectionate insult as "Sob Sister," an American business man from Spain, and a mysterious, blonde, and very beautiful German girl Floyd suspected of being high up in Nazi councils. All were his friends. He'd worked with them, played with them, done favors for them or asked them to do favors for him—somewhere, sometime, in the past.

Downstairs, in the office suite, there is activity all day long and usually far into the night. Floyd's half a dozen secretaries think nothing of working for twelve hours at a stretch. After all, they have Floyd's example in front of them. Floyd likes the True Adventures programs better than anything he has done on the air for a long time. He likes the Speedshow, too, but he was uncomfortable at it at first. "I'm no master of ceremonies," he complained. "I'm just a reporter—a story-teller!"

His is the story of a man who represents, as nearly as any man can, the modern counterpart of the wandering troubadours of old. They went around their little world on foot, gathering news and retelling it in the form of songs. Floyd goes around his big world—though perhaps by this time it doesn't seem so very big to him—by airplane, train, and fast motor-car, gathering news and retelling it in the form of type and brisk, clipped prose over the air. The difference is only on the surface. Down underneath, Floyd and the troubadour are the same—romantics, wanderers, restless pryer into what ever excitement is going on.

But though he's having a good time with his two radio shows, he knows and all his friends know that he's been in one place about as long as the Gibbons temperament can stand. Almost any day now, something's going to happen, somewhere in this world, that Floyd Gibbons will feel he just has to see. And when it does—whiff!—the radio will suddenly be minus a roving Irishman.

Program Dots and Dashes: Floyd Gibbons. . . Heard 10 p.m., EST on CBS every Thursday starting staccato-voiced Floyd Gibbons and sponsored by Colgate. This giant company also sponsors Jessica Dragonette, Myrle & Marge, and "Gang Busters," all on CBS . . . "Hunting for Headlines" was almost rushed into production by advertising agency Benton & Bowles. Though it sounded like a snap-judgment idea, Gibbons and the agency actually nursed the program idea for five years . . . "I've been talking about myself for more than six years and I always wanted to talk to another guy a chance," explains Floyd. The agency always wanted to present the ace reporter on the air, but not until they had a new idea . . . A series of conferences between B & B & Gibbons finally resulted in "Hunting for Headlines" . . . Program is designed to show that very dramatic and exciting things can happen to anyone . . . Following the current air trend, you, you and you are the stars of the show . . . Three real life adventures are presented weekly. Two are dramatized, the third told by Gibbons . . . Floyd pays $25 for each story used submitted by listeners. The best one used each month is rewarded with a bonus at $250 . . . Gibbons is sale judge . . . Originally it was decided to bring the person to N. Y., along with his story. But when yarns came in from Spokane, Miami, & Puebla, the sponsors decided rrr. fore would be too expensive . . So actors pinch-hit . . All Gibbons' scripts are written on a special typewriter which has a much larger type than ordinary machines . . Regulation typewriter are used for other actor's and announcers' scripts . . . Floyd claims he must have larger type, because he talks too fast . . . "I'm a newspaperman, not a radio actor," he says constantly. Another problem Floyd's lighting affects is script writing. Floyd won't let anyone write his material for him. He claims his tempo is too fast for any one else to attempt . . . Rehearsals and broadcasts for "Hunting for Headlines" are unusual, informal . . . Seldom more than 25 people in audience. Most are client's friends, and contestants . . Gibbons sits in the middle of the studio at desk. At his side is a secretary and script boy . . . The reporter wears a deep-blue shirt and battered felt hat . . . He wears the hat through broadcast . . . As soon as Floyd enters studio, he dominates all the action, shouting directions, directing program . . Opening night, sponsors were really worried . . Announcer Jean Paul King was missing 10 min. before broadcast time . . . He soon scurried in, explained he was quite used to radio premiers . . . After broadcast, winners present, step forward to Gibbons' desk, where his secretary writes out the $25 checks, while Floyd congratulates them . . Most of them are amazed how dramatic their adventure really was, when they have it portrayed on the air.

If She's Coming Over

I'm Going Out!

But you promised to teach Jean that new dance step, that's why she's coming!

That was before I knew she didn't read the toothpaste ads!

What's the matter with me lately, do? Haf's not the only one who acts as if I had bad breath or something!

Say, why not talk to Dr. Mason about bad breath, Jean?

Most bad breath comes from decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

Most Bad Breath Comes from Decaying Food Deposits in Hidden Crevices Between Teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decay-

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decay-

Colgate
Ribbon Dental Cream

NOW—No bad breath behind her sparkling smile!

Then—Thanks to Colgate's

I'm afraid my brother has fallen for you, Jean!

You bet! I have... and in a big way!

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!

Then—Thanks to Colgate's

Now—No bad breath behind her sparkling smile!

Colgate
Ribbon Dental Cream

20¢
Large Size

25¢
Giant Size, over twice as much
if i hadn't made that
"armhole-odor"-test, i wouldn't be here

if moisture once collects on the
armhole of your dress, the warmth
of your body will bring out stale
"armhole odor" just when you
want to be most alluring!

sometimes the minute you see a
new man, you know he is wonderful.
But that's all! he can't forgive your
careless neglect of that little hollow under
your arm.

Don't let it happen to you. No mat-
ter how smartly dressed or how charm-
ing you are, you cannot expect to be
socially acceptable unless that small
underarm area is kept not only sweet,
but dry.

Creams that are not made to stop perspi-
ration cannot give the complete protection
you need. Unless your underarm is kept
absolutely dry, some moisture is bound to
collect on your dress. You may make your-
self sweet again, but your dress will betray
you every time you put it on.

Test your dress tonight. Many girls test
the underarm by smelling it and never think
of the dress! When you take off your dress
tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole.
You may learn why many people who
seemed to like you became cool and distant.
You will understand why so many careful,
well-groomed women take the extra time
to use liquid odorono.

a few extra seconds make sure

there is no slapsdash, quick way to com-
plete personal daintiness. But those few
minutes of waiting for liquid odorono to
dry, while you do other little personal
things, make all the difference between of-
fending and the assurance of pleasing.
Your physician will tell you odorono is entirely
safe. And there is no messy grease to get on
your clothes. You are saved the expense of
large cleansing bills, the waste of ruined
frocks and stained coat linings.

odorono comes in two strengths—regular
and instant. regular odorono (ruby
colored) need be used only twice a week.
Instant odorono is for especially sensitive
skin or quick emergency use. Use it daily or
every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.
To double your charm, send today for
sample vials of the two odorones.

send 8¢ for introductory samples

sunday—i'm still breathless; after in-
terviewing j. edgar hoover, exploring
the entire federal bureau of investigation
building, and ending the day with dinner
at senator hattie carraway's house.

i think without doubt hoover is the
most interesting person i have ever talked
to. He smiled across the desk when i
came into his office and shook hands in
a firm way that immediately makes you
feel he's genuinely glad to see you. after
an exchange of greetings he started talk-

radio mirror

and efficient as usual. she had just fin-
ished interviewing "popeye" for her
column in liberty magazine. we both
stopped rushing long enough to have an
early dinner together and to talk over
old times.

then i came back to the hotel to put
on a lovely new evening gown i just
bought—it's a lurid shade of blue that
really does things for my eyes—and
i had a rhinestone spider on one of the shoulder
straps. rather a creepy idea but i must
say it's dramatic . . . i was all set to go
see my friends at the opera from "out
front" by the time clara bell wallach
and her party arrived to take me to the met-
ropolitan. we got there early but there
was already such a crush that we al-

...
ing about his favorite subject, crime prevention, and of how we should all enter the battle against crime. He talked for about two hours, and I was interested in every word he had to say. I promised to broadcast his plea that all of us combat the crime that goes on in America. Statistics prove that a crime is committed every five minutes.

When the interview was over and America’s No. 1 G-Man went back to his job of capturing public enemies, he called up a guide to take me through the building.

Up and down long corridors we walked until I felt like a regular tourist on a sightseeing expedition, except that I was getting a look into rooms that visitors usually don’t see. We went through the Identification Division where hundreds of clerks were bending over endless files classifying and comparing the finger impressions of criminals. In the technical laboratory I watched an expert examining a shotgun shell under the comparison microscope. They have all sorts of scientific gadgets to use for testing everything from fabrics to hair—even X-ray equipment.

Our last stop was in the gun room, stacked with every variety of firearm, from tiny pistols to huge machine guns. My guide was a crack shot and took me to a little alley where you can shoot without danger of hitting anybody or even damaging the ceiling or floor. He pushed a button and pop, down came a target at the end of the alley. I think he said it was about thirty feet long. He picked up a revolver, and hit the bull’s eye. Then the target automatically came down to us on a wire pulley. The whole performance seemed like magic.

I got pretty excited because I used to shoot rabbits in Texas and wanted to see if I could still aim straight. Finally my escort let me have a try—he knew I couldn’t do any harm anyway. Maybe it was beginner’s luck but I came so close to the center that he cried in surprise. “Gee, lady, you sure can shoot!” He gave me one gun after another and let me end up with a machine gun. You have to hold it against your hip and shoulder, it’s so heavy—and then, bang, bang, bang, it shoots six hundred times in one minute!

When I looked at my watch I discovered it was nearly seven o’clock. I had spent five hours in one building.

I dashed back to the hotel and just had time to wash and dress before my Congressman brother-in-law, Ben Cravens, and his wife came to take me to dinner with them at Senator Caraway’s home.

She is a sweet and very keen minded person and we had a nice chat together before dinner. I was pleased to see how devoted she and Ben were to each other. He kept calling her “My Senator,” and she called him “My Congressman,” and they didn’t seem to have any of the antagonism you expect between a man and a woman when the woman occupies the more important position—I guess because they are both very swell and very bright people.

Wednesday—Up as usual on broadcast days at 5:30 a.m. to write my script. And then at nine off on a sightseeing expedition. I had promised Mrs. Julius Walsh that I would go with her to Bellevue Hospital to see the children she helps with charity dinners. We drove through the slum section near the river to the hospital and there visited the children’s wards.

With their arms and legs in plaster casts, their faces pinched in pain, those unfortunate boys and girls tried to smile.
Rachel Made Her Look Like This!

By Lady Esther

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

Do You Use the Right Shade of Face Powder?

Beige

Face Powder

Made Her Look Like This!

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Pleas send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, also a pre-cut

FREE

You can paste this on a young postcard.

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, also a pre-cut
tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name____________________

Address___________________

City_______________________

State______________________

If you live in Canada, write lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
room in the house was the kitchen which glistered with all sorts of new household appliances—another evidence of the First Lady's practicality as well as her artistic sense.

After lunch I romped on the lawn with the dogs, and heard all about the state of Sarah Roosevelt's dolls from the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt. The whole visit was really grand fun. F. D. laughs and jokes and would probably be the most attractive man in any group, even if he wasn't President. His mother, eighty-two years old, was there, and was just as quick to laugh as her handsome son. They're certainly a marvelous family, and even though they're as unpretentious and friendly as the folks back home, it was pretty exciting being in the midst of such famous people...

Friday—This was another crowded day, with a visit to Mayor LaGuardia and a chat with W. C. Handy, who wrote the "St. Louis Blues" and "Memphis Blues," sandwiched in between my two broadcasts.

Stanley Howe, the Mayor's good looking and gracious secretary, arranged the appointment with New York's First Citizen, and I really felt quite privileged, being taken through City Hall to meet the busiest man in town. He, like J. Edgar Hoover, is interested in the youth of America, and is always working on some new project for a playground or park or recreation center to make the city's poor boys and girls happy.

Our talk was short as the Mayor had important matters to attend to, and I had the problem of getting uptown through Manhattan's crowded traffic, in twenty minutes. LaGuardia certainly was considerate and helped me out by putting his chauffeured limousine at my disposal so that I was able to get through in the quickest possible time.

I stopped in the midtown office of W. C. Handy... And I recalled my trip to Beale Street in Memphis and of how the rambling thoroughfare had looked at sundown. It was like a carnival. The air was pungent with barbecued pig and fried fish. Out of the double row of old buildings came intermingling sounds of gay laughter, of rolling drums, of saxophones moaning, trombones gliding weird notes... and from that Carnival land I found myself in a New York skyscraper, meeting the man who had pored out his soul in music.

Today W. C. Handy, sixty-three years old, is busy with a book about his strange life that began in a log cabin. He was going to call the story "Fighting It Out," but has since changed the title to "From Beale Street to Broadway." He played the "St. Louis Blues" for me while his daughter sang. Then he changed to a negro spiritual while his son sang in a deep baritone, "I've Heard of a City Called Heaven."

Well, well, it's been a busy and exciting week and I must confess I'm a bit tired after so much running around. Tomorrow I'll fly out to St. Louis and spend the weekend quietly at home playing at being a lady of leisure for a change. Being a network commentator is very thrilling but we always have to pay a price somewhere for the good things we get. I hate being separated from Wuss (Editor's note: Kathryn's pet name for her husband who was "the wuss one in the family," but the opportunity was just too good to turn down. And who knows—maybe we'll be able to have that long-for trip to Europe this summer—and that will be fun and excitement for both of us.

Most mothers are on guard! That's why Gerber's Strained Foods for Baby are used by MORE mothers than any other brand*

• Baby is YOUR care, mother—and what pride and thought you bring to the task of keeping him happy and well!

And what pride and thought Gerber brings to the task of providing you with strained foods which make guarding this vital part of your baby's diet not merely—but certain!

For instance—our vegetables are grown from especially pedigreed seed in rich and scientifically prepared soil. Home Grown! Right under our very noses, so to speak. Which means that they are gathered at the moment of perfect ripeness: are rushed to our nearby shining show kitchens so that all food values are preserved in a high degree.

Shaker-Cooked—What It Means To Your Baby...

Special equipment takes the coarse fibres out of fruits and vegetables much better—really—than you could with a kitchen sieve. Air is excluded—temperatures are exactly right—minerals and vitamins are protected... and then comes the Shaker-Cooking method, ours exclusively. Each can, as its contents cook, is shaken 140 times a minute. The result is a rare, thorough cooking— fresher flavor—better color!

Your doctor will advise you on feeding your baby these fine Gerber Strained Foods. In fact, much of the success of Gerber's is due to the recognition and support given them by the medical profession.

*According to a recent survey. Particulars on request.

Millions of mothers know this lovable, healthy and wholly fascinating Gerber Baby. This famous picture symbolizes a mother's loving care—a mother's intelligent effort; a mother's wise discrimination. The Gerber Baby is on every can of Gerber's Strained Foods.
SEE THE DIFFERENCE
WHEN SKINNY PEOPLE
GAIN NEW POUNDS

Well-Known Artist Shows by Dramatic
Comparison How Extra Pounds Can
Transform a Skinny, Unattractive Figure
to Normal Alluring Feminine Loveliness

GIL CREIGHTON
One of New York’s best-known
Poster Artists and Art Consultants

What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 13)

$1.00 PRIZE
IT’S A QUESTION OF SWING!
I am a Senior in high school and love
to dance to swing music. The tempo of it
would give anyone dancing feet. But, why,
oh why, swing everything? Not long ago
I heard a popular dance orchestra singing
some of our semi-classical numbers such as
“Pale Moon” and “The World Is Wait-
ing for the Sunrise.” Both are beautiful
numbers, but certainly are not when they
are swung. Also, I heard one of the great-
est bands swing a Christmas Carol. Isn’t
that going to the extreme? Let’s put swing
in its place and show a little more music
appreciation.

Kathleen Baird,
Peerless, Montana.

$1.00 PRIZE
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!
These many years I’ve twisted my dials,
hoping against hope for something differ-
ent.
And when Irvin Cobb’s Paducah Plant-
tation was announced, I thought ‘I’d find
it. Well, a grand show it promised to be!
Cobb’s inimitable humor and philosophy
against a background of cigar box fiddles,
banjos, tin whistles and harmonicas,
shuffling feet and close harmony—and
authentic negro spirituals.
But no. Just the same old thing, the
same jazz band, the same jazz singers.
Cobb tries bravely for atmosphere but
he’s licked before he starts. Plantation—
night club version!
Regretfully I come to the conclusion
that radio program get-up-singers are
exactly like Hollywood movie producers
—scared to death to risk being different.

Mrs. M pipeline
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
WON’T YOU PLEASE BE HUMAN,
HELEN TRENT?
For our sake, for her sake and for
goodness sake, will you who are in truth
our “Vision” and our hope, instruct us how
to go about it to implore Helen Trent’s
sponsors to employ some one to teach her
how to speak. Personally, I am so weared
of hearing her catch her breath and hold
it in suspense whether supposedly de-
lighted, frightened, or frightened. I want to
shake her soundly and see if she can be
made to speak as a human being
under natural circumstances.
Taught how to talk, she would be inter-
esting but permitted to go on as she does
now, she will become such a confounded
bore, we all shall simply turn the dial
when we hear her.

Louise Davenport,
Dearborn, Michigan.

$1.00 PRIZE
WHY ALL THE FUSS ABOUT POPEYE?
The fuss my neighbors make about the
Popeye the Sailor programs brings out
my temper full blast! They never let their
children listen to Popeye—but do, and
here’s why.
Popeye’s adventures are all good, healthy
fun. Popeye gets into difficulties of course,
but he always wins out before each eve-
nings’s broadcast is over. There is no mur-
der, no bloodshed, no gruesomeness.
I for one, never listen to the Popeye pro-
grams as the best on the air for children.

Mrs. Bernice Meehan,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Why Thousands Have Gained
10 to 25 Pounds—Quick!

If you look like the picture on the left—skiny, rundown, unattractive to the
other sex—don’t think for a moment
that your case is hopeless. Thousands of
men and women who never could put
on an ounce before have gained 10 to 25
pounds of good, solid flesh in a few
weeks with these wonderful new Iron-
ized Yeast tablets.

In addition to their new normal att-
tractive curves and feminine allure, they
also boast of naturally clear skin and
lovely color, new pep, new popular-
ity and joy in life that they never knew
before.

Scientists recently discovered that
thousands of people are thin and run-
down for the single reason that they do
not get enough Vitamin B and iron in
their daily food. Now one of the richest
known sources of Vitamin B is cultured
ale yeast. By a new process the finest
imported cultured ale yeast is now con-
centrated 7 times, making it 7 times
more powerful. Then it is combined with
3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast
and other valuable ingredients in little
tables known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements
to aid in building you up, get these new
“7-power” Ironized Yeast tablets from
your druggist today. Note how quickly
they increase your appetite and help you
get more benefit from the body-building
foods that are so essential. Then, day
day after day, watch fat chest develop and
skinny limbs round out to natural at-
tractiveness. See your skin clear to nat-
ural beauty. Note new pep and energy.
Soon you feel like a different person,
with new charm and new personality.

Money-back guarantee
No matter how skinny and rundown you
may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B
and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast
tables just a short time and note the
change. See if they don’t aid in building
you up in just a few weeks, as they have
helped thousands. If not delighted with
the benefits of the very first package,
money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!
To start thousands building up their
health right away, we make this abso-
lutely FREE offer. Purchase a package
of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, eat out
seal on box and mail it to us with a clip-
ning of this paragraph. We will send
you a fascinating new book on health.
“New Facts About Your Body.” Remem-
ber, results with the very first package
—or money refunded. At all druggists.
Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 229,
Atlanta, Ga.
Walter, you know, has just finished making a picture. "Wake Up and Live"—in fact, you must know it because rarely has any picture received so much advance publicity. Publicity due entirely to Mr. Winchell and his frequent mention of the picture on his air program and his newspaper column. There ought to be a ready-made audience for that picture right now, and it hasn't even been released yet.

**THE CHASE AND SANBORN PEOPLE HAVE SETTLED ON A VARIETY SHOW WITH NELSON EDDY FOR THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.**

That leaves the problem of what to do with Do You Want To Be An Actor? still unsolved. As I write this, it's long past the time when the sponsors should have decided whether or not to keep the show on the air through the summer, and they still haven't made up their minds.

Everybody has been wondering whether or not Fred MacMurray will remain on Hollywood Hotel as its master of ceremonies. It's still too early to be certain, but here's a prediction based on the excellent old Hollywood grapevine telegraph: Fred will remain until early summer and his place will then be taken by Tony Martin. Young Anthony seems to be groomed for big things by his movie and radio bosses.

**JOHN HELD, JR., QUICK, CLASS, WHO WILL BE FRED MACKAY WILL MANAGE STAR AT THE GRAND OPENING OF THE 1937 DEPARTMENT STORE.**

He was the cartoon figure which made her fame famous. Arna and his creator is a radio star, master of ceremonies on the Pontiac Varsity Show every Friday night, he swears he'll never draw another cartoon. He's been told by cartooning, says John, never liked it so well to begin with. He may turn out a woodcut now and then, because he's convinced that they like it, but most of his time will go into the service of radio and into other projects he's always wanted to do and never had the opportunity.

One such project is a little job for Radio Mirror. John still knows what makes a typical American girl, and he's going to pick one from among the scores of lovely girls in radio, and announce his choice in the pages of this magazine. John gets around a good deal, since he arrives on each campus in which a Varsity Show is broadcast four or five days before the Friday night of the broadcast itself. He meets the students, listens to auditions, arranges for interviews, and works the show into final shape; so naturally he has plenty of opportunity to look Miss 1937 over more closely.

He promised Radio Mirror to come back to New York in a few weeks and pick the star or starlet of radio who typifies all that's best and most modern in feminine. We have our favorite photographer tuning up his camera now to take her portrait for us to publish.

**FORMAL statements flew back and forth across the telegraph wires. Bobby Breen was going to appear on the air over NBC, in a dramatic serial called The Singing Kid, written by Mrs. Gertrude Berg. No, he wasn't! Yes, he was! No, he wasn't, because Eddie Cantor had exclusivte rights to his radio appearances! About that time this department's head began to swim and lose interest. The whole affair was a good illustration of one of radio's favorite tricks—to issue two sets of conflicting statements, of which, obviously, only one could be correct. NBC said that its Artists' Bureau had Bobby under contract; Bobby's manager, Sol Lesser, said he hadn't. Somebody was wrong, but who? Well, in radio there's only one way to tell: as long as Bobby is heard on the Cantor show and no other, NBC is wrong; if he starts an NBC dramatic series, it's Mr. Lesser who is wrong; and if there is a sudden suit for breach of contract, they're both wrong.**

**IN THE MIDST OF ALL THE EXCITEMENT OVER THE JACK BENNY-FRED ANLEN FEUD, THERE IS ONE IRONICAL LITTLE FACT PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY HAS MISSED.**

Some weeks before the feud started a gag writer came to Fred and asked for a job. Fred writes his own material, and couldn't use the boy, but he sent him out to Hollywood with a letter of recommendation to his friend Jack Benny. Jack hired him, and it's this gag writer who went to work a few weeks later thinking up insulting things for Jack to say about Fred.

**HERE ARE A FEW THINGS, MOSTLY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TELL YOU. BILL BACHER, FAMOUS IN RADIO CIRCLES FOR DIRECTING THE OLD SHOW BARK, AND THE PRESENT HOLLYWOOD HOTEL, HAS BEEN CALLED IN TO LEND HIS EXCELLENT DIRECTION TO PROGRAM SERVICES TO A SHOW WHICH WASN'T DOING SO WELL.**

And one reason the Al Jolson program wasn't doing so well is that Sid Silvers didn't live up to his advance build-up as a super-colossal comedian... John P. Medbury, who used to be a radio star himself, is writing the scripts for Helen Broderick and Victor Moore... In spite of their frequent chores on the air, most movie stars do not listen to the radio. They aren't interested in what comes over the air, and can't be bothered to lend an ear to it. Of course, you can't entirely blame them, because they naturally look on movies as their profession and radio only a sideline, but on the other hand it does seem funny that they shouldn't take every opportunity to learn something about an industry which provides them with nice fat checks every now and then.

**THEY HAD ANOTHER TELEVISION DEMONSTRATION UP IN PHILADELPHIA LAST MONTH, BUT IT DIDN'T TURN OUT VERY WELL. MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS. SOMETHING WENT WRONG, NOBODY SEEMED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT, AND THE TELEVISION IMAGES BLURRED AND FADED ALARMAingly. BUT WHAT IMPRESSED US MOST WAS THE SAME THING THAT HAS IMPRESSED US BEFORE—THE IRONY OF THE SITUATION. HERE THE PUBLIC IS DEPENDING ON THE PERFECTION OF TELEVISION UPON THE VERY PEOPLE WHO HAVE MOST TO LOSE FROM TELEVISION—THE MAKERS OF RADIO SETS AND THE BROADCASTERS OF RADIO PROGRAMS. BOTH SETS OF GENTLEMEN WOULD BE MIGHTY NICE TO SUGGEST TO THEIR BUSINESSMEN AND REVISE THEIR NEW BUSINESS SETUPS IF TELEVISION SHOULD BECOME AN ACTUAL FACT.**

**DROPPED in at Rex Chandler's workshop the other day. It's a big room in the hotel where he lives with his wife and daughter, and in it he makes all the musical arrangements for his Ford dance program on NBC. All very business-like, but...**

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**WHEAT**

**WHEAT**

**WHEAT**

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except that in one corner was his little daughter, busy with a handful of modeling clay. She’s studying to be a sculptor and uses her daddy’s workshop for her own. And the clay was rapidly taking on a hawkeyed and completely unflattering resemblance to her father . . . The whole Chandler family speak French among themselves, Mrs. Chandler being a native Frenchwoman and Rex being half French.

If things go on like this, the poor movie stars will be forced to sneak out back of the wood shed when they want to smoke. One of the big cigarette companies, which has a network radio program, offered Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone $5,000 each for a three-minute appearance together on the air and signed testimonials praising the cigarettes. All they had to do on the air was to say how nice the cigarettes were, which was an easy chore because they like that brand anyway. Everything was all set when M-G-M, which has Mr. and Mrs. Tone under contract, stepped in and sternly forbade them to accept the offer. Maybe it didn’t want the Tones’ public to get the idea that they smoked—you know how fast the least little bit of scandal gets around.

Harriet Hilliard stepped into a Hollywood-bound Pullman car a few weeks ago, leaving husband Ozzie Nelson and son David Ozzie to their own masculine devices in New York—and nobody was any too happy about it, either, although Harriet was looking forward to her work in RKO’s “New Faces” with Milton Berle and David Ozzie is pretty fond of the nurse who has been with him ever since he was born. Harriet won’t be gone long, though, and this will be the last separation he and Ozzie will have for some time to come. Harriet will return this spring, she and Ozzie and the baby will spend the summer vacationing together, and then in the fall they’ll all go to Hollywood together to stay. The Bakers Broadcast is moving West at that time, and Ozzie’s new contract provides such a handsome raise in salary for him that he can sit back and accept or reject dance-spot offers for his band, just as he pleases.

I can’t see any good reason why this radio secret shouldn’t be brought out into the open. The trio on Rex Chandler’s Ford half-hour on NBC is the Landit Trio, well-known on other programs by its own name. The Landit boys are also the composers of the song they sing on each Ford broadcast, “The Nut that Holds the Wheel,” and they write the new set of lyrics for it each week. The title and lyrics of the song are humorous, but the Landits take the whole thing very seriously as a safe-driving campaign.

Lanny Ross has a new hobby—though I don’t imagine it will take so very much of his attention once that baby, due in another month or so, is born. Lanny has been reading up on two varieties of conservation, soil and game, and he’s putting all he’s learned into practice on his New York estate. He wants to make the estate a refuge for all the neighborhood wild life, as well as landscaping and painting it so scientifically that nobody will ever dare to whisper “soil erosion” around there for hundreds of years to come.

Nobody gets more fun out of broadcasting than Beatrice Lillie, unless it’s the people who broadcast with Beatrice Lillie. At rehearsals in NBC’s Studio 8-G, Bea goes in heavily for comfort and in—
formality—the comfort of a plain little dark dress and the informality of sitting on the edge of the orchestra platform to go over a song.

She may be Lady Peel, but title or no title, she can't help clowning. The only person whose gravity is never ruffled at a Little rehearsal is the sound-effects man who takes his Art seriously and frets if he doesn't slam a door at exactly the right split-second.

Ordinary scripts, typed on white paper, have a nasty trick of getting all mussed and mixed up for Bea, so her script is pasted up on heavy manila cardboard, and she handles it as if it were a deck of huge cards.

The elopement of Patti Pickens and Bob Simmons, late this winter, was a surprise and it wasn't. Everybody knew they'd wanted to be married for at least two years, but everybody also knew that Patti's mother still thought she was too young to marry. Anyhow, they're married now and everybody is happy, even Mrs. Pickens. They won't be able to go on their honeymoon until this summer when Bob takes a vacation from the Cities Service Concerts. Meanwhile, Patti is still studying singing and dancing and has acquired a personal manager with the idea in mind of getting herself a real career of her own.

Just one of the crazy things that happen in radio: Professor Quiz, who started a new sponsored program early this month (8 P. M. Saturday is the time), is a Man of Mystery. Pictures of him show him in make-up or with his face hidden by a microphone, and his real name is a carefully guarded secret. The idea, of course, is that listeners should form their own mental impression of what he looks like. Which would be all very well, except that there's always a radio audience at his broadcasts, and everybody present gets a fairly good look at him.

Professor Quiz got his sponsor, I hear, because as a sustaining feature on CBS he was on the air at seven o'clock Sunday nights—and the sponsors figured that anybody who could compete with Jack Benny and at the same time establish a record for Ian maus was worth their money.

Parker Fennelly is one of radio's more active gentlemen. He's Pa Baxter in the Ma and Pa sketches on CBS five times a week and Hiram in the Snow Village Sketches on NBC Saturdays, and between radio jobs he somehow found time to write a play, "Fulton of Oak Falls," which George M. Cohan bought and is presenting on Broadway to considerable hand-clapping. But Parker couldn't find time to pay much attention to the play after Cohan had taken it over, it played in Newark, just across the river, before opening in New York, but Parker decided he'd wait until it settled in Manhattan before going to see it. And it had been running in New York a couple of weeks before he dropped in one night to look it over. He gets half of the author's share of the profits (Mr. Cohan gets the other half, for doctoring the play up) but he never goes around to the theater to find out how the boxoffice receipts are stacking up. And here's another funny thing—Parker demonstrated his writing ability by turning out this and several other plays, but he doesn't write his own radio scripts.

Those rumors about a disagreement between Truene and Walter Wicker seem to have been exaggerated. The disagree-
ment, if there is one, is between Walter and radio. He just got tired of microphones and went to Florida, where our Everglades spy reports, he is busy writing a book. Meanwhile, Irene is very busy in New York with her singing Lady programs. They correspond frequently and regularly, and Irene sent him pictures of herself and the two junior Wickers for a Valentine's Day present—which doesn’t sound a bit like domestic arguments.

FOUND at last! The source of many a rousing sea story that’s broadcast on the air. In New York, there’s a home for retired seamen called Snug Harbor, and you’d be surprised to know the number of radio stars and writers who make a practice of calling on her every now and then to pick up a new yarn. It’s an inexhaustible mine of maritime lore and legend, and radio is making the most of it. Not that the old sailors at Snug Harbor don’t make the most of radio, too—and without any arguments over what program to tune in, either! In their big recreation room there are four large booths—old-fashioned, high-backed benches like those in Ye Olde English Tea Room. Each booth is labeled with the call letters of one of New York’s big radio stations, and supplied with a battery of earphones instead of loudspeakers. The four veterans come in with the booths are left on all the time. When an old seadog wants to listen to a program coming over WABC, for instance, he sits himself down in that station’s booth slip on a pair of earphones, and listens in peace and quiet.

PHILLIPS LORD, busy microphone and loudspeaker man though he is, is like a small boy in a toy shop when it comes to choosing scripts and acts for his two radio shows, Gang Busters and We, the People. Everybody in his well-populated office works overtime to prevent him from seeing more than one good script at a time, because whenever he’s faced with the problem of making a selection he waves back and forth, unable to make up his mind, until casting directors tear their hair.

AL PEARCE is one of those long-distance commuters these days. After his Tuesday-night network program, every week, he travels out to Detroit, where his sponsor requires his services as master of ceremonies on a program on the Michigan network. This schedule places a serious handicap on Al’s beloved hobbies, which we can jump under the general heading of Food—Cooking it himself, finding new and delightful places where other people cook it, and talking about it. Al’s the sort of restaurant patron who likes to poke his way into the kitchen.

W. J. CAMERON, who gives those intermission talks on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, is a modest man and dislikes publicity. Not long ago a network photographer took some pictures of him and these were sent out to newspapers and magazines. It was a slip-up, the network being under the impression Mr. Cameron wouldn’t mind. He did mind, though, and frantic wires were sent out to all the newspapers and magazines asking them not to use the pictures. A few days later one small country newspaper regretted that it had already printed the picture. But, offered the editor, he’d kept all the pictures in the shutter, for he didn’t distribute it to the subscribers. Wouldn’t the radio people like to buy the whole edition at five cents a copy?
How Lucille Manners Was Made Beautiful for Stardom

(Continued from page 25)

done, was staggering to Lucille. From the first heights of exaltation, she plunged to the deepest abyss of dejection. Like any other ordinary romance, there was pain as well as joy.

There was, in the first place, the matter of clothes. Until that moment when, with shaky fingers, she had signed a contract with her sponsors, Lucille had spent practically all her time on other matters. She had, like you, or almost any woman, bought clothes when she needed them. Had reserved a few days in the fall, a few more in the spring for shopping.

With Lucille, it was even more difficult. Every extra dollar she ever had went for voice lessons. Never, for her, a new pair of stockings until the old developed a run. Never a new coat or hat until the papers carried news of a big sale. It all meant buying first because she had to have something, second because it was a bargain, and only third because the coat or hat or dress was so becoming she simply had to have it.

And so, as it would have happened to you, Lucille found herself with a wonderful starring contract in her pocket book and at home a very limited, hastily chosen and well worn wardrobe—dresses that had seen many seasons' wear, hats she'd never have bought if she'd had more money, all clothes she bought only because they were practical and could be worn day in and day out.

But the wheels that spin to bring the world a new star turned fast and Lucille's dejection lasted about as long as it takes two lovers to sit on opposite sides of a bench, then come back to each other's arms.

For back at her apartment, waiting, were a living room full of those experts, all ready to wipe out Lucille's doubts, banish her fears, and—with a shout—pitch into the business at hand.

There was Betty Goodwin, NBC's Fashion Editor, a representative of the advertising agency handling the program, Eddie Senz, Paramount Pictures' ace make-up man who has been responsible for so many screen successes, and Dorothy Couteaur from Paris. There were, too, experts in graceful walking, health diets, and sane exercises.

The romance had really begun!

First, in order, Lucille's personality. After a look at her golden hair, lovely blue eyes, and slim figure, it did not take these experts long to decide. Henceforth, Lucille was to be an All-American girl.

With that as a foundation, the rest of the questions were no longer difficult problems. Lucille forgot her first apprehension, cast her doubts to the wind, and entered into the conference whole heartedly.

Next was the type of gowns she should choose. So that her versatility should not be strained, both severe sophisticated gowns and extremely coy gowns were taboo. Because she was young, she must not add years to her age by wearing styles that were too mature. Nor must she lose the saucy quality about her turned up nose and wide eyes. Such piquancy is lost with either flinky clothes or fussy ones.

Then came the question of photographs, just about the most important in many ways. Already there had come to the publicity desks at NBC a flood of telegrams and letters from newspapers and magazines all over the country asking for pictures of the new Cities Service star.

Every editor was clamoring for Lucille Manners, a year ago a sustaining artist whose publicity could have been pasted up in one page of any scrapbook!

The fashion editor offered to take Lucille shopping.

"But how much will it cost?" Lucille asked. Fearfully she thought of the wardrobes a complete set of pictures would require. Dinner dresses, formal gowns, lounging pajamas, sporting outfits—all the things she had wanted so many times and had never been able to afford. After all, even stars are not paid in advance.

The fashion editor laughed. "Don't worry about that. All sorts of shops and designers have been calling up to know if you'll pose in their clothes. Remember, you're famous now. One of New York's biggest furriers has called twice. He wants to know if you'd be kind enough to wear his newest emline coat to your first broadcast."

"Kind enough?" Lucille whispered. A week ago she had been scanning the papers for a mid-season sale. Now people were asking her please to wear their emline coats!

The glamor and excitement of the situation swept over her in one vast, engulfing wave. Without another pause, she

(Continued on page 79)

Popular Young Things guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way—

Lovely girls everywhere keep their skin smooth and clear the easy Hollywood way.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—frees skin of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—with the soap the screen stars use. Use it regularly before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. You'll find it works!
$5,000.00

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submitted

this month

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME PRIZES

1st Prize, 2 at $1,000 .............................. $2,000
2nd Prize, 4 at $500 .............................. 2,000
3rd Prize, 4 at $250 .............................. 1,000

TOTAL 10 PRIZES ................................ $5,000

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 manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on first class postage in full; otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container as manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT - HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE, AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting as foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unsolicited stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone wherever 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, check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us directly. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an 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, Friday, April 30.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 31C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 31C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories".

Name ..............................................
Street ...........................................
Town ...........................................
State ...........................................

(Print name of state in i-eading.)

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.
took the fashion editor’s arm and dashed out to the elevator.

They found in that never to be forgotten afternoon of shopping that Lucille was blessed with a perfect fashion figure. Youthful and slender, she was able to wear sleek streamlined gowns as well as fluffy, demure styles. She was tall enough to wear large prints, yet small enough to wear romantic pastel or tulle and chiffon gowns as well.

By nightfall Lucille had her wardrobes. One for which she didn’t have to pay—the one to be used for photographs. Another, more interesting one, the wardrobe she chose happily.

With the clothes problem settled, Lucille turned to the vastly important question of make-up. Now it was the turn of Eddie Leonard, director of make-up for Paramount. He has his own studio where he puts the finishing touches on the lovely models you see in magazine advertisements. No one could have been more qualified for this job. Before his brightly lighted mirrors passes a parade of celebrities.

Lucille was warned in advance to pay strict attention to any of Senz’s advice. “If you want to bring out your hair,” she was told, “listen to him. He’s not a hairdresser, but he designs many of his clients’ coiffures. To him hair is a frame for the face, and he has something to think about in terms of photographic angles. If he thinks the shape of your chin or forehead or nose calls for a different arrangement of your hair, believe him.”

Lucille came away from this conference with her head brimming with ideas and—best of all—with a new hair style that she longed for her. She liked it so well from the first day, that she hasn’t changed a wave or a curl.

Senz, with a few deft strokes, parted her hair in the middle. Brought it flat and smooth down to the temples, and then turned it around her face in combed out ripples. If you like Lucille, have a slightly broad jaw, you’ll find this style happily becoming. But if your forehead is higher than yours, choose the curls off top of your head. Senz warns you to confine them to the back and sides only.

Other pointers Lucille learned from him she was worth passing on to you. Don’t wear much rouge if you’re the fragile, blonde type. Pale rose is best for you and medium lipstick—dark rose rather than a pink. Give the eyes more light blue eyeshadow under artificial lights, but never put it any place except along the edge of your upper lid.

Always brush and re-brush your hair after it’s been waved. Tight curls are never flattering and are, in the case of delicate blondes, about the worst thing possible.

If you’re blonde, wear delicate flowers or bows in your hair, but never elaborate ornamental such as birds or Jewels. Blonde or brunette, vary the color of your nail polish. Lucille, when she wears quite a bit of red, uses silver iridescent or mother of pearl polish to offset it.

Neither a new wardrobe, a new hair dress, nor new make-up, finished the romantic development of Lucille as a star. There was also the matter of health. Lucille took it seriously at first that anyone should be concerned. She felt wonderful. She had new sparkle in her eyes, new color in her cheeks.

The experts thought differently. So did Lucille. She called her first week of rehearsal all the additional work of more lessons, posing for pictures, giving interviews left her exhausted. She saw for herself that the six or seven hours of sleep she had been getting were not enough. Now she never has less than eight and more often ten hours of sound sleep.

In the matter of food, she was already ahead of the experts. Wisely she sticks closely to a fresh vegetable diet. She has never had any reducing problem and no, upon advice of counsel, is drinking lots of milk with her food to boost her one hundred and ten pounds a little.

Thus the basis for her stardom was established. Before she could experience any letdown, newfrills to her were added. She must know how to walk gracefully onto the stage. Luckily, she had been hard at work on that problem since last spring when she was chosen by Cities Service to substitute for Jessica Dragonette while she was on her vacation. So in Lucille’s case, it was largely a matter of polishing.

Gloriously, one last thrill, completely unexpected, Exclusively designed gowns for Lucille’s Friday night broadcasts, gowns no other woman could get by hook or crook, gowns designed by many of the world’s leading stylists.

Nor did Lucille neglect the problems involved in the designing of these gowns. There was the problem of color, for instance. The stage of the huge NBC studio where the broadcast takes place is hung with tangerine colored draperies. Back of the orchestra is a huge green and white Cities Service emblem. The orchestra itself provides a black and white background for the prima donna. A red dress was out—it would clash with the draperies.

Solid black wouldn’t do because it wouldn’t show up against the background of tuxedos. Purple was eliminated because it’s too old for Lucille and not flattering to her golden hair and fair complexion.

A dress that was just too tight around the diaphragm might interfere with her singing. A stiff taffeta would make a rustling sound that would be picked up by the microphone. A beaded gown might lose some of its beads and if these fell to the floor during a solo they would sound like rain on a tin roof.

This, obviously, was the time for Dorothy Court, the only American woman to hold an important position with one of the greatest Paris dressmaking houses, to give advice. Dorothy Court first visited the studio and asked Lucille to walk out on the stage as she would during a broadcast. She tested the lights, noted the background colors and then, while Lucille waited on the stage, called in her artist to make water color sketches for exclusive Lucille Manners designs.

When these sketches were finished, they were sent to Lucille’s apartment for Lucille’s selection. Then she was shown samples of new fabrics—silks, satins, and velvets.

It was more like a dream than ever to the girl who had thrown up her job as a stenographer five years ago to devote herself to a career of singing, who a month before had put a new feather on an old hat so she could spend her Christmas money on mink furs.

Many gowns were finally selected. One of the first that were chosen was a blue or rayon satin. Blue matches Lucille’s eyes and it doesn’t clash with the studio background.

The second was a bright colored print.
to be made along bouffant lines into a
gown both gay and youthful.
You must be careful of prints," 
Dorothy Couteau warned Lucille. "They
must be bright enough to show up well
and yet not so bright that they will dim
the brilliance of your hair."
The one they settled on for wearing
during March has shades of sapphire,
coral, and yellow against a black back-
ground. The edges of the bright colors
are blurred as in a water color, giving
the whole fabric a soft effect.
Another gown is classic simplicity—oys-
ter white crepe with a huge bustle bow
and long sash of white with brilliant bands
of emerald green.
As to jewelry, Lucille has adopted the
rule that she will wear as few pieces as
possible. Never earrings, necklaces, or two
rings at the same time. Always simple
jewelry—a pair of bracelets and a clip; a
ring or a clip. But never many things
and never showy ones.
The last and the first of the exclusive
gowns arrived a few days before Lucille's
debut. The romance of preparing for star-
dom was nearly over. The engagement
period, when everything is new and so
many things happen one on top of the
other, was drawing to a close.
Friday night and Lucille in a beautiful
gown, a spotlight pouring down on her, a
breathless audience sitting forward in their
chairs in the studio, lifts her voice into
song.
Her marriage to stardom has begun.

Bob Burns Really Talks
About Bing Crosby
(Continued from page 35)

and Harry Baris were pulling cheesy gags
instead of singing and how the manager
of the theater, after warning them to cut
down, rang down the curtain in their
faces when they were right in the middle
of a joke. Those are the things Bing
tells on himself.
Another of the things I admire most
in Bing is the fact that he not only
doesn't gossip himself, he hates to hear
other people gossiping. More than one
person who used to be a frequent visitor
at Bing's home has found the Welcome
Mat drawn in when he arrives because
all he did was put people on the pan. Bing
never pans anyone. If a person has done
something Bing doesn't like, Bing is
through with him. And when he's through
with a person, it's really through. He
wants no part of him. It's someone
who hasn't done anything to Bing who's
on the pan. Bing will always find a good
word to say about him.
A lot of people think that because Bing
has a happy-go-lucky nature that he is
incapable of deep feeling. At heart he's
one of the few real sentimentalists I know.
And he has one of the most understanding
natures you'll find anywhere. When my
wife passed I went out of town with my boy for a week and try to
forget the ordeal we'd been through. So
we went up to Lew Ayres house at Big
Bear. When I got back to town you
could imagine I was still pretty upset and I
was trying, for the boy's sake, to keep my
mind off of it. As we got to the broadcasting station, everyone began
coming up and putting his arm around my
shoulder, saying, "Gee, Bob, I was sorry
to hear about it." Everybody but Bing. I
know blamed well that down in his heart
Bing was sympathizing with me just as
deeply as anyone else but he happened to
be understanding enough to see what I

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was trying to do. He never referred to his loss at all but started kidding with me, the way we always do with each other—just acted as though nothing had happened. He'll never know how much I appreciated that.

**SPEAKING of those rehearsals, we have more fun there than any place we go. Every day is a new adventure—nothing could ever be very formal where Bing is. But we have never had a dress rehearsal. We rehearse on Thursday afternoon before the broadcast and that is all there is to it. They ask each member what time it would be convenient to rehearse. Bing stays there the whole afternoon and just the part of the program that whoever happens to be there is in. I work on my stuff by myself and never rehearse it. So even Bing doesn't know until we're actually before the mike what I'm going to say. That's why it's so often happens we're both talking at once, trying to get in a word edgewise. That part is all ad libbed on the spur of the moment.

He kids around the place all during the rehearsal and all during the performance. That's what gives it such spontaneity.

Two of the things I never get over wondering about in connection with Bing are his flow of fancy English and his ear for music. Last week, for instance, for his old song he chose "Kaluja" from an old musical called "In a Morning." Of course, I know Bing didn't see the show and I don't believe he'd ever heard the song before. When he came to it in the rehearsal, someone gave him the lyrics and he sang it with all his boo-boo-boos as though he'd been singing it every day of his life.

And his language! Those jaw-breaker words he uses impress me—when I can understand what he's talking about. Of course, he just does it for a gag but he never misses a word and he never uses a word of one syllable if he can find one of four that means the same thing. If he can't find a long word he arranges the short ones in the fanciest English imaginable. I remember his mother showed me a letter Bing had written her the first time he was away from home. I think he was fifteen or sixteen at the time. He was hoping he could go back to school that fall and expressed the wish that some day he might make his mark in the world. He concluded with, "That, however, is in the laps of the Gods. One can but wait.

When we go out to shoot golf, we usually go over to his house for dinner afterwards. When we come in Dixie will ask, "Well, how did you do today?"

And Bing will come back with, "Well, my little penguin, on the first nine I shot a stylish thirty-six and on the second nine I had a svettle thirty-five.

Those week-ends I've spent on his ranch with him will live with me if I reach a thousand. We don't do anything much. Maybe go hunting for rabbits or quail or wild pigeons or whatever happens to be in season. Or we might go fishing. Lots of times we take long hikes or fool around the pastures where his brood of mares are. We don't do anything in particular but we have a swell time doing it.

You know, it's a funny thing. They applied himself to acting (he didn't have to) but there are hams in every walk of life—writers, painters, salesmen, doctors, lawyers—every line of endeavor. The guys who like to show off, in the limelight and turn on the personality.

Bing is farthest from a ham of anyone I have ever met in my life. As I said, he won't talk about himself. He cares nothing about occupying the centre of the stage. He can get a lot more enjoyment out of sitting back listening to someone else than he can out of having people gush over him. When he turns down photographers and when he says he doesn't care about interviews, the guy is telling the absolute truth. He doesn't.

Those horses of his are something else. I can't understand about him. He's crazy about them. I tell you a story once. We were in Connecticut. He kidded him about his riding until one morning in desperation he went down with her to a riding academy, got on a horse and walked him around the paddock a couple of times and got off. "There," he said, "I guess that'll shut you up. You can very plainly see that I am a most expert equestrian."

He went on back to the hotel and when Dixie came in from her ride an hour and a half later, Bing was still in the hands of a masseur.

He has probably done more for old friends, and said less about it than anyone in Hollywood. His loyalty can only be measured by the size of his heart. He tried a long, long time ago to get me on his program. He'd heard me and thought I would add something to it. I had no name at the time and his sponsors would have none of me. So I went back to New York, played my harp and a broadcast, and happened to make a hit. The program was hardly over before Bing was sending wires and telephoning to his sponsors to sign me up.

He—well, anyhow, you have a rough idea of what I think of Bing Crosby. When I start talking about him I don't need a dictionary—I need a book of superlatives!
Don't Let Homeliness Break Your Heart

(Continued from page 19)

has capitulated to a girl who has everything but looks, whose face, frankly, if it were her fortune, would never permit her to eat three square meals a day.

Not even her best friends would call her pretty. Martha herself says she's downright homely. Yet here, in the star's chair, sat this unquestionably plain girl, with all around her dozens of other girls, each more lovely than the other, went through their unimportant dance—extras on whom no one wasted a second glance—just props, like the thatched huts, the palms and the tropical flowers.

Fame, wealth, admiration—normally tributes paid to great beauty—were all falling into Martha Raye's lap. The ugly duckling has in real life, as she did in the fairy tale, stolen a march on her swan sisters.

There is an astonishing secret of success that this plain girl has found. Not without heartbreaks and moments of blackest discouragements, but with such a happy ending all the torment was more than worth the price.

It's not easy to ask anyone, especially a movie and radio star, how she found her success when her outstanding characteristic is homeliness. I would resent it myself if someone asked me, except that I haven't yet found such success.

But Martha's large mouth grew larger in a friendly smile that ended in a rumbling laugh. "Did I ever hit it over?" she said, "with a face like mine?"

For put it over she has. Not only is she Paramount's pet find of the year, the girl with the brown, curly-haired dolly ATA's "Rhythm on the Range," "The Big Broadcast" and "College Holiday,

But Jerry and Martha, I know, are still deeply in love, even though they may not be married for some time. The ring was there when I saw her, and one day it will be there again.

Certainly, no one better than Martha has the right to say, "Don't let your homeliness break your heart." What better love for a girl with too many freckles, or too long a nose, or too big a mouth is making your life miserable. If Martha has done it—and you don't need more proof to be sure she has—you can do it, too, because Martha didn't even know she was homely!

She didn't learn until she was fifteen, until she saw a Brownie Troop out there, she tried out for a grown up part and was turned down, not because she wasn't talented but because she wasn't pretty. "Rule one, Martha told me gravely, "for a girl who isn't beautiful is to face the fact that she isn't and then forget about it. I did it, whole yet, the toughest year I ever spent, but I learned and it was the beginning of my career."

Martha was only fifteen—although a very precocious fifteen—when she first came face to face with the appalling fact that she was definitely a homely girl. It was a bitter realization. Especially bitter to her because she had fondly nursed a dream that one day she would be a star of the stage. Especially bitter, too, in the humiliating circumstance under which the realization came to her. Meredith was, to employ an overworked phrase, "born in a trunk." She was a butch chorus girl. Her parents took the vaudeville act to a brief vacation while Martha first saw the light of day in Butte, Montana. It wasn't long, however, before Pete Reed and Peggy Hooper were back on the four-and-a-half, and infant Martha with them. She learned to toddle in the dusty backstage of numerous theaters. She lived in dingy hotels and abord grimy trains. She took her naps on piles of scenery. What child wouldn't, under those circumstances, dream of one day seeing her name on Ziegfeld's marquee, or Hammerstein's or Belasco's? As soon as she was old enough, a part was found for her in the act for her, and she started toward her goal.

When she was fifteen, she decided it was high time she took a step closer to the Ziegfeld—or the Hammerstein or the Belasco—marquee. The act was laying off in New York, so the time was propitious. Without a word to anyone, Martha slipped out and bought an outfit of really grown-up clothes.

"I thought I looked like a certified check," she recalled. "I had one of those times when a fever hit me and I figured if Earl Carroll passed me up he must be going blind.""I was the blithe spirit of the youngster who made her way into the dank, cavernous theater where impresario Carroll was casting his current 'Vanities.' She felt at home. She even looked perfectly at the dozen or so different girls who were there on similar errands.

Her turn came at last. She sang. It was good, and it was hot. She saw Carroll's white face respond approvingly from the blackboard of the dressing room. But when she looked up, and he shook his head. How people are blunt. "Sorry, but you don't do," the producer said, simply. "Too much like a Homeliness—"but you haven't the looks. Better try some other racket." She stumbled from the stage, and wept noisily when one of the other girls titled.

"That nearly broke my heart," she confessed. "You know how a kid is. I'd never thought much about my looks one way or another until then. You see, I never went to school with other kids, or played with children. If they had they'd have told me, and it wouldn't have been such a shock to learn I didn't have the looks."

But then there was the thing that saved me was that crack he made about trying some other racket. That made me mad, and when you're in the state I was in, the best thing that can happen to you is to get mad. Clean through. Try some other racket! Why the guy was crazy! How could a girl with such a background try any other racket. I think I made up my mind then that I'd show him!"

For any rate, broken-hearted little Martha went back with the vaudeville act for another year. She didn't tell her mother and father of her bitter experience until a long while later. During that

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year, though, she accustomed herself to the idea that she wasn't beautiful, and never would be.

"Anyhow, I figured there were a lot of people who weren't exactly beauties but who were managing to get by just the same," she said. "If they could, I could, too. I decided if I couldn't be a prima donna, maybe I could be a comic singer. Comediennes weren't supposed to be beautiful.

"And you know, by golly," she said earnestly, "just thinking and thinking and thinking about it like that must've made it happen! Anyhow, the first thing I knew, I got a break with Paul Ash in Chicago. It wasn't much, but it was a start—and I did all right."

She was still only sixteen when she teamed up with Benny Davis in a double act. Davis, who had been a famed single, had seen her work with Ash, and saw her possibilities, Jackie Heller, Hal LeRoy, Sonny O'Day, Buddy and Vilma Ebsen were with her in another act. That skyrocketed her, and just as in fiction story, she suddenly found her great ambition realized.

Earl Carroll, who had seen her in the act, fell all over himself to sign her for his forthcoming "Sketch Book!"

"So there," she said simply, "you are." My eyes fell once more toward the sparkling diamond.

"Oh, that," she said again. "Well, by that time I was pretty popular with men. I always got along all right with 'em anyhow. After all, any girl can if she will just be herself. Just be natural and don't worry about whether a man thinks you're pretty or not, and things will take care of themselves.

"You know, there are a lot of girls who think they aren't popular with men because they aren't beautiful. That's baloney. The reason they're not popular with men is because they themselves are so busy thinking about how they're not being beautiful they're not much fun to be with — so the men leave them alone.

"Stop and think. How many times have you seen the handsome and most eligible man, who always runs around with the raving beauties, run off and marry some nice, plain girl who can cook a tasty meal together and who understands him?

"Don't get me wrong, I don't mean to say that being good looking is any handicap. I guess if I'd been consulted about it, I'd be so good looking you'd have to wear smoked glasses whenever you got near me. But what I'm driving at is that being good looking is like being rich. It's nice if you are, but it isn't fatal if you're not.

"All a homely girl has to do is to be neat and dress becomingly, and not try to hide the fact that she isn't beautiful. Why? Call attention to your worst features by trying to hide them? For instance, wouldn't I look like a dope if I tried to paint a tiny Cupid's bow over this mouth of mine? I use as little rouge as possible, and if boy friends notice I have a mouth that's too big by my face, they must all be doggoned polite, because none of 'em ever says anything. Another good idea for a homely girl to remember is that if she keeps her boy friend interested enough in other matters, and keeps him mind occupied, he isn't going to have time to think much about how she looks. Personally, I think a man would rather spend his time with a good sport than with a dumb beauty. When a man takes a girl out, he takes her out to have a good time, not to look at her. It's up to the girl to see that he does have a good time. If she's successful, she gets asked again—and I don't care how homely she is.

"And it's a cinch to make a man have a good time. It only takes a little thought. For instance, if he's the big outdoor type, you be the outdoor girl. Whether you like it or not he'll love you if you have a whale of a good time whenever you're with him, and then he'll have a good time too. Don't be afraid to let him know you enjoy being with him. That flatters him. However, never, never know more about anything than he does. Men like to help you. That's how Jerry and—"

She caught herself and blushed becomingly. But it's no secret that her romance with Jerry Hopper was born on the Paramount lot. Martha was snatched from an engagement at the Trocadero and hastily cast by Norman Taurog into "Rhythm on the Range." Jerry wrote and arranged her songs. He coached her and taught her screen technique. He helped her over periods of the jitters. Martha gives him credit for her screen success.

Martha's mother is afraid that marriage just now, or even a formal engagement, might upset her daughter's career. But Martha doesn't mind waiting. Jerry is handsome and popular. He is much sought after in Hollywood. That doesn't bother Martha. She isn't afraid some Hollywood beauty will steal him away from her. She knows beauty won't get you places.

"Why, take that palm tree there," she pointed to the towering trunk. "That palm tree's beautiful, all right. But you never heard of anybody marrying a palm tree, did you?"
“You are good company now”

—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it.

Faded... with a sad looking skin... no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation... you may have to face it too.

Overwork... worry... undue strain... colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition... a weakened body... a poor complexion.

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up wireless telephony. The program tonight, prepared by Morgan L. Eastman, to be sent out from the Westinghouse Radiophone studio in the Edison building, follows. . . . "Quaint?"

Well, that was the opening broadcast of the last of the coast-to-coast series, now heard over Chicago's WENR each Sunday evening. It has been broadcast regularly since and will complete fifteen years in May.

And further check on the records tells us this: Morgan L. Eastman, the first conductor, has served throughout the fifteen years in that capacity.

We hope to spot more closets for you by next month.

**ROMANCE, INC.**

San Francisco: Following a Palm Springs honeymoon, Carlton E. Covyen, KBJs sales manager is back on the job. The bride: Miss Olive Johnson, popular Mills College graduate.

**Make-Up Magic**

(Continued from page 15)

with her brown eyes; this is essentially a stage practice, but you can adapt it nicely, with your own choice of tints, for glamorous evening wear. Take another tip from Elizabeth Arden and prepare to write your own "make-up magic." All the skill in the world cannot hide the fact that your skin is not well-balanced for, has been allowed to become too dry, too sallow, too oily or discolored. Soap-and-water is still a necessity for cleanliness of all skin, and there is condition present which demands care in your choice of cosmetics (prescription), but this should always be supplemented by use of the proper creams.

**CLEANSING** cream should be used to remove all traces of cosmetics while washing your face or applying a new make-up. If your skin is oily, choose a very light-weight, quickly liquefying cleansing cream. If your skin is dry, be sure to use a good nourishing cream, as well; put it into your skin generously, removing excess with cleansing tissues, and then leave it on over night. If your skin is wrinkled, use a tissue cream and carefully follow the instructions given.

In applying creams to the face, all movements of the hands should be upward and outward—don't encourage those delicate tissues to droop or sag. "Brisk but gentle" is a good rule to follow: a hard pounding will break down the tissues you're trying to build up, and slow motion will not give the desired result. "Brisk but gentle" is half the benefit of cream applications. Don't stretch the skin with your fingertips and pull it till it is raw. If you're cautious about it, you can relax tired eyes wonderfully by running your well-camouflaged fingertips gently around the eye sockets, inward and outward from the nose—but be sure to keep your fingers off the eyelids.

There are many marvelous foundation creams on the market today. You will have to decide for yourself which type you like best. Whether you choose a light one or a heavy one, moisture-proof or fling-proof, choose a cream rather than a sort of powder base if you want your make-up to have those qualities of pearliness and permanence which are so important.

Now you have been assured of your face. Ordinarily, this should be selected by following the color of your skin, not of your hair or eyes—with one exception. Red-haired

(Continued on page 91)
girl they wanted didn't seem to exist. Suddenly a voice came over that loud speaker, rich and clear. Just that suddenly, the girl they wanted was found.

Cautiously, they listened to her sing again and again, and with each new song their conviction strengthened. At last Pasternack flew over Friday night to see Nelson. "Miss Conner," he said with a smile, "we've decided you're it. How would you like to sing opposite Nelson Eddy?"

Nelson Eddy said he didn't seem true. It didn't seem possible that the one star she'd admired through all the struggling years behind her, was now stood there in that room, smiling and asking her to share in his glory on the air. Her heart hardly realized she was singing, singing with him her favorite piece.

It wasn't until she had left the studio and was on her way home that she began to see all the responsibility before her, the importance of her task. At first she pinched herself to make sure she was awake—and then she started to get frightened. She could feel herself tightening up inside.

PUT yourself in her place. Suddenly she realized she had been given the position which every girl in America would envy. Her job seemed so big. A thousand mental goblets tortured her. Suppose she couldn't measure up to Nelson's and Pasternack's requirements—suppose she failed, or her voice broke, on the first broadcast.

She was trembling without Nelson Eddy. She was going on the assumption that he was a great star, and no more than that. She didn't know what she knew now—that he is also a kind and understanding gentleman.

"I'll never forget that first visit to Nelson's home, where the program rehearsals were always held," she told me. "The house itself sits way up on top of a mountain, overlooking Hollywood, and the Pacific ocean. It's so high up that the wind blows a continual gale all the time. And that night as I stepped out of the car, the wind howling and screeching through my very bones, the stars were so close, it almost seemed like I could reach out and touch them. At my feet was Los Angeles, all of it, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, stretched out for miles as far as the eye could see, a million twinkling little lights like some great jeweler's window.

"And then suddenly the huge oak door swung open, and Nelson came running out to meet me. All smiles, like someone you know is glad to see you. He led me inside, and pushed the door shut behind him. It was then that I realized how cold and lonely it was out there, how warm and friendly it was inside, behind those strong walls and massive doors.

"As he led me into the huge living room, he put his arm around my shoulders, and a funny lump came in my throat. I suddenly realized I was no longer scared, or nervous, or worried. It was warm and comfortable; lovely logs in the big fireplace, the warmth of smiles from friends. There was his mother, sitting in her rocking chair by the fire. There was Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the program director and announcer. They all seemed to tell me, without words, that I was welcome, welcome to Nelson Eddy's "open house.""

"But Nelson did more than that to make me feel at home. If you think he's tops in singing, you should see him clown when he's alone among friends. He's the best comedian I know. He was just like a small boy as he showed me around the house, vigorously brought out all his knock-knacks.

"The star attraction of the evening was a toy dog someone had given him for Christmas. Then they'd gone out and went with it, with a special spring inside. You put the dog in the house, up against the spring, and then you make a noise. The dog of a moment later he'd release the catch inside, and the dog jumps out. In other words, if you say, "Here Fido!," out jumps "Fido." We were all in stitches over that thing.

"And when we started rehearsing our numbers, he continued to clown and joke, to do everything to make what we were doing seem like fun, instead of work. He'd purposely sing off pitch and make everyone laugh, trying to show me, in his own way, that if I made a mistake, no one would care. Is it small wonder that I sang better than I'd ever sung before?"

When we started on this nationwide tour a few weeks later, the fun really began. But once again it was Nelson who made the fun. What from what might have been an endless round of homework, into something thrilling and exciting. You see, this is the first time I've ever been away from home and from what might have been an endless round of homework, into something thrilling and exciting. You see, this is the first time I've ever been away from home and from what might have been an endless round of homework, into something thrilling and exciting.

THERE he was with his hat on sideways, and a large police badge the mayor of Portland had given him, pinned on his coat! And in each hand he held a present for us both. No, it wasn't candy, or flowers or jewelry; it was something far better than that. It was two huge bags of popcorn! Honestly, I never had a better present in my whole life.

He had his manager and conductor with him and we ordered sandwiches and coffee and had a grand little party right there in the studio. I thought I see I was still a little homesick, for pretty soon he slipped out. A few minutes later, the telephone rang. It was my mother. Calling from home.

"And I didn't know until later that she hadn't called me. Nelson had called her! We must have talked for a half an hour, but he didn't sound like a politician. That's the way he is. He doesn't want thanks when he makes someone else happy.

"After that I noticed on our tour stop was one grand round of thrills and excitement. I'll never forget the night we left Portland for Salt Lake. Of course, everywhere Nelson went there were women and
It's a Cinch to Feed the Baby

(Continued from page 53)

Something ought to be done about it!

"Well, her husband took the straighten and went to work. He agreed that it was not at all something that should be done about it. And something was. For the husband was a canner, and he immediately began the series of experiments which enables mothers everywhere today to buy canned strained vegetables, cereals and fruits for their babies with the assurance that they are not only saving themselves time but trouble; but to every mother this, of course, is, the vital point—that they are providing for their little ones more wholesome, nutritious, and delicious food with old-fashioned methods of preparation.

"In the first place," Miss Howe went on, "there is the question of the absolute freshness of your baby's food. How many of you mothers are sure that the vegetables you are giving your baby are absolutely fresh? Very few of you unless you live near your yard gardens and live in a climate where such gardens flourish the year around.

"Yet this guarantee of freshness the canners can, and do, give you. The vegetables for one of the manufacturers of canned strained foods are all grown within 25 miles of the plant. This means that they are picked when— and only when—they have reached the exact degree of ripeness that scientists have determined is their most nutritious; that they are delivered to the canner and strained, canned and cooked before they have lost any of their goodness by exposure to the air. Why, the whole process, from picking to the canned product ready for your baby's dinner, takes only a couple of hours.

"Another condition under the control of the canner is this: Contracts for the raising of the vegetables are let only to farmers fulfilling certain requirements. This means that all vegetables are grown from tested seeds in soil which has proved its ability to produce crops of the highest quality, which is treated so as to ensure continued high quality; and that during the growing season crops are regularly inspected by supervisors of the canning factories.

"I wish you could visit such a canner. It would delight you to see the hygienic conditions under which these foods are prepared. Each of the vegetables are delivered to the kitchens where they are washed, washed and rewashew—no sand in spinach, no bugs in bean; the heads have been reduced to a minimum; and everyone taking part in the preparation and cooking is as germ free, so to speak, as any doctor or nurse in a hospital operating room.

"Along about here," Miss Howe smiled, "some mother is going to ask, 'What houses, storming after him in an attempt to get his autograph, but that night in Portland was the funniest.

"We all got out of our cars and started leisurely through the station toward our train. Nelson had hardly gone inside when we heard a whoop, and saw women—their way was for them.——The train was more or less crowded, and we managed to make a dash for it. And he nearly broke his neck trying to jump all the steps in one leap, and luck himself in his compartment without turning the corner.

"Our gang, altogether, is pretty hard-hearted, and because he knew we'd kid him, he stayed locked in for an hour. I'd go out on the observation platform to enjoy the sight of snow for the first time in my life—miles on miles of it. Pretty soon he came out and sat down. We talked a while, and then, to the rhythmic click-click of the wheels, we started singing.

"The Nelson Eddy few people know, a star who can sit out in the dark and the cold. singing just for the joy of it.

"One night we were walking down the main street of Kansas City, and stepped into a drug store for a soda. Nelson has a special pair of glasses he wears, and he can walk down the street without one person in a hundred recognizing him. But the drug store he stepped over to buy a bottle of brillaintine, and there was one little girl he didn't fool. I could see she recognized him the minute she saw him.

"Nelson knew it too, when she dropped the first bottle, but he never cracked a smile, or let on that he knew her.

"Yes, there's a little devilement in him too. He had that poor girl nearly crazy, bumping into shelves and dropping bot-

R A D I O M I R R O R
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"A girl's best friend is her eyes... and her eyes' best friend is WINX." For WINX Mascara darkens your lashes — makes them look twice as long and twice as beautiful. It gives your eyes allure in a lovely natural way. Always ask for WINX — solid, creamy, or liquid — because WINX Mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smearing and tearproof.

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**WINX Eye Beautifiers**

**Tint away the STREAKS of GRAY**

(Test Bottle FREE)


**FREE TEST — We send complete test package free. Snip off a lock of hair... Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.**

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**Fame for Five Minutes**

(Continued from page 37)

way. Radio is bringing Joe Doe and Susie Smith to Manhattan for a one-time ether appearance and Joe Doe and Susie Smith are riding in a joy train. A swell time is being had by all.

What kind of person do you have to be? How do you get your chance of the air? What does it mean to you? How much will you be paid? How long can you stay in New York and who'll show you around? Will the big producers gripe over your boss to let you off? How much can you spend at night-clubs? Suppose you should get m-i-k-e-fright and couldn't perform at the last minute? These are the questions listeners are asking.

It's entirely possible that you're an interesting unknown and don't realize it. Scores of five-minute stars, shocked by sudden radio offers, have found that they were brought to the attention of broadcasters through hear-say, friends, newspaper or magazine clippings. If something about you is interesting to the general public, if you have an unusually interesting job, or have had an unusual experience of some kind, you're apt to get sure-fire mike material.

Most five-minute stars never dreamed they'd ever have any such indulgences in that direction. All of them have learned what it means to be lifted out of obscurity, made very famous for a very few minutes, then dropped back into obscurity again.

You can hear these stars you never heard before — and will probably never hear again — four out of five winning shows:

Phillips Lord's We, The People which has brought him such personalities as a professional eater, a Confederate slave, a Grand Central Station redcap, a dance hall hostess, a boy hobo; a dwarf, a traveling salesman, a cotton-picker, a bald-headed man, a sailor's wife, a Central Park bum, a blind woman, a lumber jack, a dying woman, a lad with enormous feet, the mother of a kidnapped child, an umpire.

Floyd Gibbons' Your Everyday Adventure series and Charles Martin's dramatized thrills on the Philip Morris program — programs present, programs past. Have you had your fill? Do you want to hear some unusual adventures. Survivors of fires, explosions, floods, shipwrecks, earthquakes, accidents etc; heroes or heroines of those who have no luck in very unique ways; people who have caught law-breakers, solved mysterious crimes, served prison terms for offenses of which they were later proved innocent, discovered gold or hidden treasure; people who have been the central characters in odd situations of coincidence.

**ROBERT L. RIPLEY'S Believe-It-Or-Not**

Not presents living believe-or-nots—personals possessing unusual or mental qualities or unusual bravery — a man who breaks rocks on his head, a man who raises rattlesnakes, a "human adding machine"... If you can match any of these, if you believe that you have a worthy contribution to make to any of the programs, write direct to Lord, Gibbons, Martin and Ripley. That's the way you get on the air. A Bedford, Indiana, housewife wanted to tell women how to hang out clothes correctly — mother from the heart of the Ozarks wanted to give the listeners a true picture of life in the backwoods; a man who claimed to be a champion woman-hater. All of them were brought to New York.
With the rage for interesting unknowns catching on like wildfire, the broadcasters need suitable personalities and are spending vast sums of money to seek them out. So your letters are really requested and welcomed.

Officials have even gone so far as to intercede with the bosses of their prospective performers to let them off from work to make the trip. So anxious was We, The People to secure Roy Regels, the football player who ran for the wrong goal in the Rose Bowl game a few years back they paid a substitute to take over his job while he journeyed East from California. A New Hampshire school teacher couldn't secure a leave of absence from her classes; Floyd Gibbons dramatized her adventure story anyway and mailed her a check.

From the moment you step on the train in your home town until you step off again, back safe and sound, you are the guests of the sponsor. All your expenses are paid. You may take your choice of plane or train. If you're minors you may bring a chaperone. Some programs send welcoming committees to stations and airports, others send uniformed messengers to see to it that you're safely guided through the city's confusing traffic. Room reservations are made in advance at hotels convenient to the networks.

From the moment you leave until the moment you're back you're also, frequently, the headache of your sponsors.

**TUNE IN— TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS**

Unless you are already a listener—on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

---

**Blondes! and "Browns" too!**

*Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse* — *3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.*
two to four days in advance of their debut. Several hours of each day are required for rehearsing, but the rest of the time there’s free to be thorough and do the job the way they wish. Some programs allow their participants five dollars a day for meals and spending money. They’re required to sign food checks at their hotels, another throws in five dollars per evening for entertainment.

Carl Erickson, who had spent nearly all his life in prison at Salt Lake City, wanted to see the ocean. Charles Martin himself took him to Coney Island, walked with him for miles along the deserted boardwalk until the ex-convict had his fill of wonderment at the tall waves.

MOLLIE TICKLEPITCHER, an elderly lady from Turnip Top Ridge, Tennessee, was curious about night clubs. Program officials entertained her royally at the swank French Casino but Mollie was not nearly so impressed with her gilded surroundings as she was by the strange, savage, and indescribably glamorous way they were wrapped in paper. Commented Mollie, watching the nude floor show, "If I were my daughter Id throw their hides clean off!"

A young girl from the Tennessee mountain country was crazy for an orchid and a store-fixed some money on the orchid, complete with fern and gold ribbon; the wife of the sponsor took her to Macy’s and outfitted her in a smart hat and dress.

Mrs. Irene Critics, who had never before been out of the Missouri Ozarks, wanted only one thing; the bedspread off her bed at the Waverly. Of course she couldn’t have it, but she was given another almost as good.

Program officials and their assistants are kept busy rating the requests of their visitors. Taking them sight seeing, shopping, to theaters and museums, ocean liners. They’ll even go so far as to help them locate forgotten relatives in Brooklyn.

At the microphone, unknowns are required to sound more than being just capable of doing. If your acting ability and intelligence are good at the first rehearsal, you’ll find yourself cast in the role of some character from history for play or pleasure; left to your own devices. You may read or recite a speech for yourself or you may be reduced to saying a mere "Yes thank you," or simply "Thank you."

The Ripley show once found itself confronted with a Greek gentleman who couldn’t even speak English. But he could say the word "no.

Hastily the entire script was rewritten so that he’d have to say nothing except "no." And the man was stationed beside him to follow the script; when the moments came for the Greek gentleman to say "no" the man would squeeze his arm and he’d say it.

Mrs. Robert Browne, from Detroit, was making a plea for her kidnapped child who had had a case of appendicitis nine weeks. At rehearsals the production men gave up hope of getting her to speak her plea with expression in her voice. But when she finally began to broadcast, and the realization of what that broadcast might accomplish came over her, she sobbed and screamed her words with the microphone, with all the expression of her tortured heart.

Persons who can’t read or pronounce words distinctly may have a chance. An old Confederate slave was taught to speak his piece by heart, with a prompter standing nearby in case he should forget. Almost weekly a best of dialects must be ironed out into pronunciations the radio audience can understand. Mike-fright gets them all to an extent, although everything is done to avoid it. In the first place, program writers are thoroughly and pathetically rehearsed until they can’t possibly be in doubt. They’re allowed to stand out or sit down on a table at the microphone in any position they find comfortable. They wear their own everyday clothes so they won’t feel ill at ease in the strange room where their name is known. Frequently, they are rehearsed before an audience to accustom them to on-lookers. Many have the support of knowledge that it is impossible to come to their rescue in case they fail. And still they get mike-fright.

A middle-aged lady was so overcome at hearing her childhood rescues from a shipwreck she burst into loud tears and hysteria and had to be carried out of the studio without giving her performance.

An ex-liber from a southern penitentiary was brought all the way to New York to say a mere "Thank you" on the program. The buxom terrier who sits in her mouth and tried his best for several seconds to get the words out, but they wouldn’t come. A radio actor had to step in quickly to finish the show.

A gentleman from Kentucky, hailed as the most rapid mathematical calculator in the country, was asked to perform wonders of addition and multiplication quite smoothly at the Ripley rehearsals. On the air he went blank, was given several more chances to do the thing, then went blank. The mike had him so stymied he actually couldn’t add two and two.

NO is mike-fright the only item that may fizzle a performance. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public have turned out to have just as much artistic temperament as the famous radio stars. A certain lawyer, whose best suit had not come back from the cleaner’s on time, had to be soled over by several frenzied program officials before he would step up to the microphone in baggy pants. A society matron staunchly refused to broadcast unless she wore a furrier cap in her lap while she did so. And what began as a friendly little head-butting session between two men with the "radio world turned inside out" became an honest-to-goodness fight.

Then there’s the ever-present possibility that the unknowns, accustomed to the strict punctuality required of radio artists, may be late for the broadcast. A rancher, who had come in at four in the morning and gone to bed at nightfall, fell asleep in a Radio City ladies’ room after dinner and was finally found just in time to be put on the air. An unsuspecting farmer got into the hands of a steward who kept him in hiding until the last minute in an attempt to stop Charles Martin paying a ransom or going on the air without any guest-star. Now, the broadcasters corral their talent a good six hours in advance of time, keep them in the studio and keep an eye on them.

On the whole, however, the stars of the John Q. Public miniatures are very much like radio stars. They’re willing and appreciative and serious about their jobs, they take the tedious rehearsals and the mike-fright and the thrill of giving a performance in stride. It’s only after they’ve gone back home that they can’t take it—when the fan mail and congratulation are pouring in. And when their day as a local celebrity is waning, their fees are spent, and there’s nobody left who can listen afresh to the stories of their experiences.

Then they neatly write letters to their sponsors and beg to be invited back.
New Cook Book
Ida Bailey Allen’s

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of Radio Mirror, has selected this 196-page volume for printing in a special edition for Radio Mirror readers. This new cook book not only contains over 1500 recipes, but also answers all your questions on marketing, meal planning, correct table service, measuring, temperatures, diet hints, etc.

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A new kind of flexible wire binding allows this cook book to lie flat when opened; it will not flip shut or lose your place. The book lies flat even if doubled back on cover hinges, and takes only half the usual space on your crowded mixing table.

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Designed by a cook, for cooks, the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is specially indexed to allow turning immediately to any desired recipe or table without time-wasting hunting for page numbers, or searching of the table of contents.

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Let Ida Bailey Allen, Food Administrator for the U. S. Government, give you her marketing advice in this, her latest book. The 20c cost of this book will be returned to you a thousand fold as you follow her tips on how, when, and what to buy at the grocer’s, butcher’s and baker’s.

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Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor,
Radio Mirror Magazine
205 E. 42nd St., New York City

(Continued from page 85)

Girls usually have to make a few concessions to their vivid coloring here. Golden red hair requires rouge and lipstick in yellowish-red tones; auburn hair calls for a bluish-red shade. For other types, a safe rule to follow is: orange-red shades for golden skin, blue-red for pink-and-white or russet complexion, and true red for neutral, in-between complexions. But the method of application, of course, is dictated by the shape of your face and features, not the color. Analyze your features carefully, then apply these simple suggestions to your own case:

1. Broad face. Rouge should be placed high on the cheekbones, close to the nose (to break up the broadening highlight at the center of the face), and extended downward along the cheek to conform with the “laughter lines” of the face. In no type of face should the rouge actually extend into these laughter lines.

2. Oval face. Rouge should follow natural contours of the cheeks, which ordinarily means putting on a triangle of rouge on the cheekbone between the temple and nose and extending downward slightly.

3. Thin face. Rouge away from the nose and rather heavy on the cheek, avoiding color at the center of the face (this creates a highlight here which gives the face breadth).

4. Heartshaped face. Rouge high on the cheekbone and close to the nose, carrying the color well down the cheeks. Rouge should be heaviest under the eyes and near the nose.

5. Mature face. Blend rouge well up under the eyes and toward the temples. I follow checks should never be rouged, and this is particularly true of the older face. Avoid rouging all expression lines.

6. High cheekbones. These should be rouged to make them prominent, but rouged lightly, so as not to attract attention to them.

7. Prominent temples. Rouge these delicately, too, to shadow them.

8. Miscellaneous tricks! A slight touch of color on the lobes of the ears will add width to the face. A triangle of rouge on the chin shortens and broadens the face (and nicely emphasizes a dimpled chin), while just a touch of it between the nostrils will shorten a long nose. If the eyes are large and brilliant, rouge more heavily; if they are small or pale, use rouge sparingly. And always, always, be careful to blend the outer edges of your rouge pattern unobtrusively into the rest of your make-up, avoiding a harsh “ring.” Cream rouge is preferred by most cosmetic experts (applied, of course, before your powder).

There’s a right way to apply powder, too—very simple, but very important! It should be patted on never rubbed in, and should be applied first to the less prominent portions of the face (such as the forehead and lower cheeks) so that not too much of it will cling to the nose and chin, which always have a tendency to look too heavily powdered if one isn’t careful. Powder and eyebrow brushes are absolute necessities to whisk away unnecessary film.

Yes—You can be more beautiful

Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be—and then discovered a new way to greater beauty? Wouldn’t you act—and act quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn’t give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that “painted, artificial look.”

• Now, let’s see about Princess Pat rouge. You’ve good reason to change to Princess Pat —if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it’s duo-tone . . . an undertone and an overdose make each shade. Not just another rouge, but utterly different.

• When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amusingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn’t that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Princess Pat, Dept. 795, Chicago.

PRINCESS PAT Rouge

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" Red Network NBC every Sunday 6:30 P.M. Eastern Time

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin. cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.
matter. This is the story of the things that do matter—of how a boy overcame every disadvantage and handicap of his environment; of how he fought his way up from something much worse than mere poverty.

There are schools for crime all along the East Side of Manhattan Island. Any boy who has never been in them—districts must either attend them or sit at home, for their only tuition fee is a desire for companionship. And Phil never liked to sit alone.

They called themselves "gangs"—the Stanton Street Gang, the Seventy-Third Street Gang, the Hummert'n-Eighteenth Street Gang, and Phil belonged to each of them in turn as the Baker family slowly worked its way uptown. In the summer they swam in the East River, in the winter and fall they built bonfires in gutters or under sheltered walls; in the spring they played baseball in the street; and in all seasons they ran wild and did about as they pleased.

YOU had to be tough to get along. Phil learned that on almost the first day he was old enough to go out of the house alone, and whenever he was in danger of forgetting it, a new lesson came along to remind him.

There was the time his uncle, who owned a second-hand store, gave him the baseball bat. It was the most wonderful baseball bat ever made—strong and of exactly the right weight, and handly used at all, so that the varnish still shone over nearly all its surface. Yet it gave him pride to have it; he took it proudly outside, for he was the only boy on the block who owned such a bat.

The rest of the gang gathered around him, admiring, looking, touching. Suddenly one of the bigger boys grabbed the bat and streaked down the street, Phil wailing, started in pursuit, but the other boy's legs were too long. The bat was his, now.

Phil waited. He waited several days, and then, when he knew his enemy was busy somewhere else, he started to search. He looked everywhere the bat might be. In all the stores, and even among some small boys, and at last he found it. It had been put carefully away inside an old length of pipe which lay on the ground near the rail on the street.

Phil took the bat and started for home as fast as he could go. Never again would he bring it out into the street, not until he was big enough to fight for it and keep it.

But there was a sudden patter of feet behind him, and before he could turn the bat was snatched out of his hand.

"Gimme that bat!" said his enemy.

This time the bigger boy didn't run. He stood there grinning as Phil came after his property. Then he administered a sound and thorough licking to Phil, and kept the bat. It was his by right of conquest.

Yes, you had to be ready to defend your property and your reputation as well. The gangs had him that way.

When Phil was eight, Simon began to make more money—two dollars a week more—and the family moved uptown into the Seventies. The same three dark rooms opening one into the other, but the building was a little newer. And the street gang was the same, even if the boys were different.

Paddy McCarran was the leader of the gang, and Paddy was a tough guy. His theory was that a boy had to be beaten, humiliated, and slapped into submission before he could be received into the fold. Phil soon lost count of the number of licks he received at Paddy's hands.

In summer they all went swimming in the river. The water of the East River isn't appetizing, but it's cool. Like a lot of the boys, Phil swam as often as he could, while, then crawl out to dive once more.

But Phil swam out too far, out past the gentle eddies near the shore to where the full current of the river caught them and began to drag him down toward the Battery. He screamed in terror. A white figure flashed off the dock; he could see a powerful swimmer racing through the water toward him. He tried to hold out, keep himself afloat, but he couldn't. Water filled his mouth and nose.

He went down again—and came up to find Paddy McCarran's strong arm around his neck, towing him to land.

The next day Paddy gave him another good licking for being such a fool as to swim out too far and almost drown.

Phil doesn't know, today, what ever became of Paddy McCarran. He wishes he did, because when a fellow saves your life you sort of like to keep in touch with him. He's lost track of many of the boys who made up those gangs, but he does know that some of them are in prison.

One freezing winter day Phil stood on the river front with some of the boys. The wind cut through their thin clothes, but still they stood there, watching the slanting eddies of the river.

"Dare you to jump in," one of the boys said to no one in particular.

"No, I'd be scared to jump in the gang. I'll go out there."

Shivering, laughing a little, they all stripped to their worn underwear, poised themselves on the edge. The water seemed to drive all the life out of Phil's body. He gasped, floundered, and lost control of himself.

One more boy entered the river, and the other, and the next, until it had been some huge monster, but this time it slammed him against one of the big pilings a few feet from the shore, scraping him against it and tearing a long gash across his leg.

The shock gave him strength enough to get back to land and clamber up. He was afraid to go home and tell his mother what he had done, so one of the other boys dressed quickly and ran home to sneak some adhesive tape. With this Phil partially closed the edges of the wound. Then he went home. Not for many years did he tell his mother what had happened—and he still carries the scar on his leg.

Of course, he went to school—theoretically, that is. Actually, Phil was too bitter a dog for the teacher to swallow. When he wasn't playing hokey, which was most of the time, he amused himself by disrupting classroom work.

For a while Herman Bernie, Ben's brother, was Phil's classmate, and the two of them spent all their time writing each other notes and bedeviling the teacher with putty-blowers.

For a while the teachers sent notes to Phil's mother, and for a while an honest, kind and household duties to call at the school and reinstate Phil in the teachers' good graces but eventually they stopped writing to Mrs. Phillips. It was the same, good and dignified. They were all good, and only wanted both the teachers and Rebecca's time. Phil was going to be in continual trouble, either from acting
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25c

PROOF!  
PROOF!  
PROOF!

SKINNEWS!

HIDES  
DIMPLES  
CONCEAL SKIN  
BLEMISHES!

FRECKLES, SCARS,  
SPOTS, BLEMISHES  
COVERED BIRTHMARKS!

HIDE-IT!

TRIAL-Clark-Miller Co., 666 State St., Chicago.  
Address:  
Check shade:  
Light  Medium  Brunette  Sun Tan

Name  
Address  

Now up in school or not being in school at all,  
and everybody had to make up his or her  
mind to that.

Phil was about nine when he happened to  
hear the girl next door practicing on  
her piano—the only piano on the block.  
She went over and over and over the  
piece endlessly, with just no  
margin of time. No matter how much she played it, 
never learned to play it any better.  
It got on Phil's nerves.

"I'll bet I could play that piece as well  
as she can, right now," he said to his mother.

"Don't be foolish," Rebecca told him,  
"You've never touched a piano in your  
life."

So dare was ever refused in Phil's gang  
—and if this wasn't precisely a dare, it was  
as close to one as Phil's mother would  
ever come. Phil's answer was to go  
into the next flat, interrupt the girl, run his  
fingers over the keys a few times, and  
make good his boast.

After that he wanted nothing in the  
world so much as a piano. He might as  
well have wanted the Brooklyn Bridge.  
How could his father pay for a piano  
out of eight dollars a week? And for a  
long time nobody believed he really wanted  
one. It was only a childish notion; it  
would pass.

It didn't pass, but in the meantime Phil  
grew himself into a boy with more serious  
difficulties. The gang had discovered  
the delights of dice. For hours on end  
a group of boys would huddle in an  
area where they could not be seen and  
throw any of them pennis to gamble with;  
usually marbles were the stakes.

ELLA: Phil's oldest sister, knew about  
the crap games. She had started working  
when she was fifteen, as a filing clerk in  
an office downtown, and on her way to  
and from work she'd work for her mother  
that. She knew that Phil spent most of  
his free time rolling dice, and it worried  
her—not for the present, but for what it  
would lead to. Privately she spoke to  
Phil, but it did no good, and at last she  
took drastic action. She told the  
policeman on the beat to put a plainclothes  
detective after the boys.

"They always hide the dice when they  
see you coming," she explained, "but a  
detective can catch them. This has got  
to be stopped, even if you have to arrest  
your brother."

Arrest her brother is exactly what the  
detective did. One day Rebecca was  
surprised to come to the station house  
and identify her son, who had been picked  
up with a half-dozen other boys for  
gambling in the room of the home  
where Phil was, and the policeman said,  
"We're not going to arrest him, but I'll  
have to ask you to whip him yourself  
with this cane, Mrs. Baker."

Rebecca was more angry with her  
son than she had ever been in her life,  
but now as she picked up the cane and  
looked at the forlorn, dirty little boy,  
tears blurred her eyes. She tried to strike  
him; one or two blows fell; then she threw  
the cane down.

"I—I can't," she said ashamedly to  
the policeman.

The policeman glanced at her, and then  
asked Phil, "All right, Phil, what do  
you think of this?" "Perhaps he's been  
punished enough so he won't shoot  
any more crap."

It turned out that he was right. The  
sight of his mother, there in the  
station house, had punished him enough  
for Phil. Shooting craps was one  
particular crime he never committed  
again.

Another thing Phil wouldn't do was  
to race with the other members of  
the gang past fruit and vegetable stalls,
snatching oranges and apples and disappearing around the corner before the storekeeper could even identify the robbers. But he had to defend his refusal to do this against the robbers, who called him a coward and a sissy for it, and the battered condition in which he would often return home helped to increase his reputation to such an extent that he was never even cheap enough to be caught in the act of doing anything with.

Still he wanted a piano, and at last his father agreed to let him have one. But it took them two years to pay for that piano, and although Phil helped out when he could by earning a dollar a week and then selling newspapers for the local supermarket, all the same he was being a wonder and a delight. He played it for hours on end. He'd listen to the tunes the organ grinder played down in the street, and then reproduce them by ear and instinct on his keyboard.

At first they'd had a teacher to give him lessons. Simon was sure that even if Phil's playing sounded all right, it couldn't really be right unless a teacher had showed him how to do it. But Simon and Rebecca knew the full extent of the sacrifices its purchase entailed.

It was a battered old upright, and its tone and pitch would have satisfied nobody but Phil; but to him it was a wonder and a delight. He played it for hours on end. He'd listen to the tunes the organ grinder played down in the street, and then reproduce them by ear and instinct on his keyboard.

After a month the teacher quit. Phil, he complained, would listen while he gave the girl her lesson, and would then play the whole lesson back to him without waiting for instruction.

"What do you do with a boy like that?" he asked helplessly. "I don't know—may—be some day I'll grow out of it, but now I can teach him nothing."

Possession of the piano didn't make Phil a model student. Often he ran into trouble with the gang, who'd try to frighten him away from his studies, but that same year the next door girl had, and Phil's lessons always followed hers.

AFTER a month the teacher quit. Phil, he complained, would listen while he gave the girl her lesson, and would then play the whole lesson back to him without waiting for instruction.

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MOTHERS!

Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely-printed book on Baby-Motherhood? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous "Infant Care" that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America's five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children's Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at 10c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

Radio Mirror has been authorized to accept its readers' orders. We make no profit, and return no part of the purchase price. Send 10c in coin or stamps to:
Reader Service Bureau, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

MORSE NEWS

(Continued from page 7)

MORE SCOOPE—W. C. Fields will come to the airwaves as soon as his health permits him to take on the additional work.

Several sponsors nibbled at the movie star but were dead-set against it on the grounds that the comedy monarch usually insists that the doctors and nurses are keeping him there solely because he owns the only radio in the place.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST—Conrad Thibault and Norris Goff (Lum 'n Abner to you) whose pleasant, likable personalities make them two of radio's most popular stars. There's a snigger, though, in their inauspicious arrival. They motored from the station to NBC's offices and found a message there to call Mr. So-and-so on a local newspaper. Flattened Broderick, and expecting an interview, they called—and found it was an advertising salesman, who nicked them for $12.20 worth of space.

HYAH, BOYS!—Hollywood was enthusiastic in its welcome to Chester Lauck and Norris Goff (Lum 'n Abner to you) whose pleasant, likable personalities make them two of radio's most popular stars. There's a snigger, though, that the two are not all that they appear to be. They motored from the station to NBC's offices and found a message there to call Mr. So-and-so on a local newspaper. Flattened Broderick, and expecting an interview, they called—and found it was an advertising salesman, who nicked them for $12.20 worth of space.

JUST A HOME GIRL—in Hollywood, when a beautiful girl turns down a movie offer, that's news, so it must be worth chronicling that Ora Moore, daughter of funnyman Victor, has turned down no offers to date, but several. She prefers to stay at home and keep house for her father, who is still grieving over his wife's death two years ago.

DIZZY WORK—Most complicated of all air shows from an engineer's standpoint is that of Amos 'n Andy, which originates from eight different points during its fifteen years to Los Angeles from Palm Springs to Los Angeles to Hollywood, back to Palm Springs, to Hollywood, to Los Angeles to Palm Springs to Hollywood. Let's see you draw a diagram of that!

ODDS AND ENDS—Dorothy Page and Carlton KaDell are so much that way about each other he helped her decorate her play room. . . . At a recent Hollywood party, a rich movie-radio star won all the cash in the place shooting craps . . . . then lost it all the very next day at the race track . . . Elinor Harriot, whose Rivers is Andy, Roman in Andy, Skunks with Louise Summa, whose invaluable secretary, at Palm Springs . . . Then the next time you see Don Wilson ask him to tell you the story of "White Moon" he beat a dog, that's news . . . . If you want to find Barbara Stanwyck, go to a Victor Moore-Helen Broderick brownie . . . She's always there and has been in Broderick's closest pal for years . . . The smudged pots drove Franci White in from Covina to North Hollywood . . . Honor Ame—

More News

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than a day go by without doing something to assist Nature. Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15c, 30c, 60c. All druggists.

WANTED: NEW WRITERS!

Earn while learning! Write for magazine, books, newspapers, etc. FREE literature! No obligation!

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- Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemishes outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Your skin will look 20 years younger than it ever did before. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

MOSCO REMOVES THEM

Complete package

Generous Sample for Thorough Test

THE MOSS C0., Rochester, N. Y.

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemishes outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Your skin will look 20 years younger than it ever did before. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. Popular scientific magazine cover. Full page."
GLADYS SWARTHOUT, on the air Wednesday nights at 10:30 on NBC's Red network, is another martyr to radio's current obsession with a star and must be folksy and chatty as well as good singers. Give me Gladys Swarthout singing, and I can burn the house down around. Give me Gladys Swarthout, or any other great singer, talking, and I hunt for the nearest dance band. Nobody has ever yet been able to write master-of-ceremonies dialogue for an opera star that doesn't sound inane and more than a little conceited. I wish they'd all quit trying. Maybe you don't agree with me; maybe all the talk doesn't bother you; and if that's the case you're lucky, because when Miss Swarthout settles down to sing a song she gets out of it all the composer put in, and a little more. Frank Chapman, Miss Swarthout's husband, has his first weekly radio assignment in a long time in this series, and handles it well.

PONTIAC VARSITY SHOW, broadcast Fridays at 10:30 P.M. on the NBC Red network, has an idea which should provide a more entertaining program than the one that finally emerges. John Held, Jr., acting as master of ceremonies and presents the show from a different college campus each week, using the cream of the local talent. The trouble is that it's all too solemn. There's too much description of the noble aims of Old Studyvick U. Fine stuff for the alumni of whatever college serves as the scene for the evening's broadcast, but is it good enough for the rest of us? Most people, when they think of colleges, think of light-hearted, youthful gaiety and pep; and that's what this program needs more of. Not that it doesn't have spells when it's very, very good, but it needs more of them. More of the same quality of nonsensical gildiness which used to distinguish its famous master of ceremonies' flipper cartoons.

JOHNNY PRESENTS is the new, revised, and expanded Philip Morris program. You can listen to two different Philip Morris shows now, on the NBC Red and Blue networks. The program on the Blue network will begin at 10:30 on Wednesdays and on CBS Saturdays at 8:30. Both have Russ Morgan's music, which has become sweet,
Facing the Music

(Continued from page 10)

Perhaps one reason Kemp and Maxine parted was that the lanky leader's cigarette show on CBS stars Kay Thompson and there was hardly room for another girl vocalist.

* * *

YOU can count on your fingers the radio talent to be found in the clerical, publicity and office divisions of the big three networks, and yet so far away, no outstanding detheroery was found pouting a typewriter or frowning stamps right under the noses of the talent scouts.

But a ray of light now appears in this direction. The other day, Roy Collins, a Mutual network page boy, popped up on Ed Fitzgerald's coast-to-coast program singing his own tune, "That Man Is Here Again.

Chick Webb, noted colored maestro, heard the tune, liked it, and is now featuring it on his NBC broadcasts from the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

The page admitted that he was Sampson, composer of "Stompin' At the Savoy," collaborated with him. Roy is still paying but he is serving warning here and now to Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

Once a year NBC lets its page boy staff broadcast a half-hour show, but none of them has turned up with an embryo Bob Burns or Bing Crosby.

* * *

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MAESTROS

ARNOLD JOHNSON is continually fingering his tie and rubbing his chin while conducting... Jimmy Lunceford's usually immobile face lights up when any of his band's numbers is "jamming." Then he shakes his extra long baton wildly... Guy Lombardo sways to his own music while conducting... Shep Fields gets the attention of his men, not by shouting or tapping his baton on the music stand, but by puckering his lips and whistling like a teaserm.

* * *

SHORT SHORT STORY

RED WILLIAMS, crack but eccentric trumpet player heard with Lenby Hayton's new orchestra, had a falling out with the pint-sized maestro. "Take your notice," the usually placid Hayton said. That afternoon Red stepped on the stairs of his home and sprained his finger. Lenby had to put through a hurry call for a substitue musician. Red stayed home and tuned in his boss' orchestra.

Next morning the trombonist sought Hayton out. He was sheepish and softvoiced: "Gee, Lenby," he said like a disciplined schoolboy, "Give me another chance. I didn't know we had such a terrific band!" He got the rest of his story.

** * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

FREDDIE MARTIN plays the Cocoanut Grove this summer, returning to the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago in the Fall... Kay Thompson is now the wife of Jack Jenny, ace trombonist who has been blaring away seven nights a week in one week with the various radio orchestras... You can now hear Clyde Lucas and Hugo Mariani over Mutual... Paul Ash (remember when you used to sit in the first row of
the gilded movie presentation houses just to get a better look at perfect Paul) is attempting a comeback. In New York, with a new band ... Teddy Wilson is the champion checker player of Benny Goodman's outfit ... Wolf, swing singer with Abe Lyman's orchestra, now touring the state of Texas, tips the scales at 280 pounds. That's a lot of rhythm to carry around. Dick Ballou is the only orchestra leader who plays an oboe, and he plays it in the Arcadia Ballroom, New York, via CBS ... Jimmy Lunceford, latest colored craze in the orchestra world, has left for an extensive tour of Holland, Norway, France, Denmark, England and Sweden.

**SHEP FIELDS** has done the unusual again. He turned down an offer to appear in the smart Hotel Plaza in New York, for a lengthy road tour of ballrooms and college dances.

"I want to get out of the 'society band' aura," explained the 'rippling rhythm' batonner. "I'm playing one night stands so I can meet people. I like to hear from time to time the radio fans. They know a tricky arrangement or a good tune when they hear one."

Shep was formerly the debutantes' delight before he made "rippling rhythm" the envy of every glass blower in the country. But it wasn't until Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Squeadunk, Ark., heard his music that the Brooklyn lad stepped into the big money. And Mr. and Mrs. Smith's offspring were the Junior Prom if it hit them in the face.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

For Mrs. L. K. T.—You want to know about Joy Hodges, the sweet singer (as distinguished from the Penner himself) on Joe Penner's program. She was born in Des Moines on November 29, 1916, and got her first chance at the age of seventeen when she won a "beauty-singer" contest. The first prize was a trip to Chicago and an audition there with Paul Ash. Joy shatted all precedent by passing the audition with flying colors, and Paul put her up to work at "The Chicago Daily."

From Buffalo she progressed by uneasy stages to Hollywood and Mr. Penner's show.

For Ann Marie—Ozzie Nelson himself wrote the song, "Good Night, My Love," that Harriet Hilliard sang on a Bakers Broadcast several weeks ago. He writes most of the special choruses she sings, as a matter of fact. Ozzie Nelson, who will be five months old the day this reaches the news stands, gives promise of being a husky infant. At three months he weighed fourteen pounds and had blonde hair. Ozzie's favorite song is his theme, "Loyal Sons of Rutgers." You can write to him at his office, 1756 Broadway, New York City; and for answers to your other questions see the item about Harriet in the "What's New?" section of this issue.

For everybody who has been asking about Jan Garber—Jan is on tour now in the South and Southwest, but will return to Californis for his annual engagement at the Catalina Casino in June. He hasn't any radio plans right now; in fact, he's a little bit independent about radio. The reason is that his particular type of sweet music doesn't lend itself to every kind of commercial program, and he's been holding off until he has the proper set-up. Here's the anatomy of the Garber orchestra: Violin, Jan Garber; piano, Rudy Rudelski and Douglas Roe; saxophone and clarinet, Fred Large, Jerry Large and George Fortier; saxophone and flute, Ken Large; cornet, Fritz Helbronn and Norman Donahue; drums, Lew Palmer; trumpet, Dick White; arranger, trumpet and guitar, Don Kroop; banjo, and back vocal, Charles Ford; vocalists, Russell Brown and Fritz Helbronn.

**ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY**

THERE are two newcomers in Kay Kyser's band since he replaced Ted Weems and his boys at the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago, with a Mutual wire. Nancy Nelson, Boston society charmer, has taken the job of featured girl soloist formerly held by Virginia Sims; and Harry Batz, a new vocal find, has Arthur Wright's old job.

Ray Noble is collecting a brand new band out in California, having disbanded his former musical group.

Ted Weems' band, as you hear it on the Fibber McGee and Molly programs on NBC, is made up of the following instrumental experts: Trombone Ted Weems and Pete Bellman; trumpet, Art Weems and Art Winters; violin, Red Ingle and Charlie Cove; guitar, Parker Gibbs and Dick Cumplife; banjo, Al McHargue; bass fiddle, "Country" Washburne; guitar, Elmo Tanner; piano, Jack O'Brien; drums, Orville Downes; vocalists, Perry Comio; whistler, Elmo Tanner.

**THEME SONG SECTION**

THERE'S no satisfying you people, you're too hungry for the names of theme songs. The trouble is, sometimes you want the theme songs of orchestras which aren't on the air, and those I can't supply. Here is a batch of those you've been asking for, however.

Jerry Blaine—an unpublished original by Jack Matthews.

Lennie Hayton—an unpublished original by himself.

Hal Kemp—to open his CBS show, "Let's Raise the Curtain," and to close it, "But I Miss You When Summer Is Gone." Both are by Hal himself.

Andy Kirk—"When the Real Thing Comes Along," to start, and "Clouds" to close.

Fred Astaire's Packard program—an unpublished original by the show's maestro, Johnny Green.

Mal Hallett—"Boston Teapotry," Leo Reisman—"What Is This Thing Called Love?"

Use the coupon below when you write in to ask for the answers to your questions about bandleaders and vocalists.
**Gang Busters' Most Exciting Broadcast**

(Continued from page 43)

automobile in which he was riding with two guards, and started to run. One of the guards shot a hole in his cap, and he stopped and let himself be recaptured.

DeVol served a minimum sentence in Lansing, and on January 6, 1930, was paroled. He knew exactly what he wanted to do. He’d heard that Alvin Karpis had joined Mr. Barker and her boys, and was doing all right for himself. Why not team up with the gang? Chances were they needed another good man. He remembered the thrilling obedience Karpis had given him in the old Hutchinson days, and thought with satisfaction that he could probably become the leader of the Karpis-Barker mob within a few months.

For almost a year he roamed about the country, trying without success to make connections with his old pal. Karpis himself was wanted by the police, and was lying low, moving from place to place and covering his tracks as he went.

At five o'clock on the morning of November 17, 1930, DeVol, driving a stolen automobile, stopped at a gasoline station in Kirksville, Missouri.

"Just a passing fellow," said a voice at his elbow as he waited for the attendant to fill the car. "We'd like to ask you a couple of questions."

"Oh—excuse me, Mr. DeVol," said politely, as he turned and saw two uniformed Kirksville policemen standing beside the car. "I didn't see you come up. Looking for somebody?"

TWO stores were broken into last night," the policeman said.

"Hope some of those guys that did it." "What you doing, so early in the morning?"

"Going hunting," DeVol said carelessly. The policeman was still suspicious. "I'm sorry," he said, "but we have to ask you to step out of the car while we search you—and it.

"Sure," DeVol agreed. But as he reached for the catch on the door his hand slipped into a side pocket. Quick as a flash it came out again with a gun. He shot five times, killing one policeman and seriously wounding the other. Then he roared out of the station in his stolen car.

Toward the end of that year DeVol finally located Mr. Barker and his gang in St. Paul. Ma Barker was the possesser of the most vicious, dangerous, and resourceful criminal brain this country has produced for many years, and with her two sons, Doc and Fred, and Karpis, she was well on her way in the career which later took her to climax in the kidnaping of Edward Bremner.

Karpis greeted his old cellmate joyfully, but Ma was dubious. To all of Karpis’ praises she would only say: "I don’t want anybody with us that ain’t a killer."

"Don’t you worry about DeVol, Ma,” Karpis answered.

"I don’t mean a man that kills just because he’s scared," Ma said, looking straight at DeVol. "I want a man that kills for fun—to see them squirm. If you can do that, you’ve got a place here for you. But not if you can’t."

"I told DeVol he was in,” blustered Karpis, "and he’s in!"

Ma’s answering reply, "Karpis, you may be big stuff to the police and the G-Men, but don’t you go to shooting the breeze around here. I’m boss of this mob and what I say goes."

"Aw, Ma," Doc Barker said soothingly.
“WAS A WRECK WITH PAIN…”

I Couldn’t Sit or Take a Step in Comfort!

What a rotten time we’re having! They plague you by night and day and make life a misery.

Because of the delicate nature of the subject, many people hesitate to do anything about Piles, yet there is no cure more in need of treatment because Piles can become something very serious.

Whether Piles be internal or external, whether they be painful or itching, or both, real relief for the discomfort is in the Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain, itching and bleeding. Pazo is dependable because it is of threefold action — soothing, lubricating and astringent.

Real Results!
Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Piece which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the equal of any other as well as the most economical.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. A trial tube will be sent on receipt. Just mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Dept. 38-MC, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and postage.

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NEURITIS Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

In the cell next to Devol was Donald Reeder, whom he had first met long before in the Lansing Prison. Together they planned their escape. Reeder was to do the simple-minded DeVol was to go stark, raving crazy.

Reeder was incredulous at first. “Don’t you see,” DeVol patiently explained, “we’ll never get out of this place, but if we can make them think we’re nuts, they’ll send us to an asylum, and it’ll be simple enough to get out of there. It ain’t going to be easy, they won’t let us go, but if we have our nerves, they’ll give us to prove we’re sane. There ain’t no guy in the last ten years who’s pulled a crazy act and survived it.”

“Then how can we?” Reeder asked.

“I’ve read all about it in psychology books,” I know all the tests they’ll give us, and we can’t win any of them. Maybe it’ll take two years, but we’ll get out of here. I ain’t going to think of one sane thing until they let me out. And I’m going to start right now.”

With a high-pitched, blood-curdling laugh, DeVol threw himself head foremost against the bars of his cell, cutting a deep gash in his forehead.

For two years DeVol, and to a lesser degree, Reeder, went through agony to prove that they were nuts. DeVol would attack guards without reason, batter his head against the wall, scratch his face until it was almost un-
RADIO MIRROR

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 to keep you in robust health. All you need is a few health habits in making bile flow freely, and you feel feel sassy, and the world looks pink.

Laxatives are only makehumps. 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”. Handless, gently, yet amazing in making bile flow freely, Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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Say goodbye to risky razors and corn-pads. A new liquid NOXACORN relieves pain and forms a thin protecting film over the corn. Then the corn (or callus) loosens and comes out with ease. Absolutely needless. Contains are ingredients including camphor, iodine, castor oil. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Drugists refund money if it fails.

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WAKE IN THE SURFACE.

The food you should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily to keep you in robust health. All you need is a few health habits in making bile flow freely, and you feel feel sassy, and the world looks pink.

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WAKE IN THE SURFACE.
What made their hair grow? Here is the answer

"New Hair came after my father began using Kotalo, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalo. Yet for years her head was bare. She declared, "It was almost as bare as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been discontinued, new luxuriant hair growth has been obtained, where roots were alive, after using Kotalo for a short space of time.

Are your hair roots alive but your head covered? Or why not use Kotalo? Encourage new growth of hair to live on sustenance available in your scalp. Kotalo is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalo, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

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

Full Address......................................................................................................................................................................................................................

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Hair OFF Lip Off Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin, it was shaved, ... discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids ... ever worse, nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands found it work, too. My FIVE BOOK, "How to Overcome Superﬁcial Hair," explains the method and gives actual success. Mailed by postpaid. Abolish hairline. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzetti, P. O. Box 4001, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 221, Chicago.

minum of self-discipline.

But first I must tell you about the milk reducing farm. Until recently I didn't know there was such a thing myself. In order to tell you how one operates and how it points the way out of your other problems, we must go back seven years in Rose Bernie's own life. In 1925 Rose Bernie, a real estate broker in Cleveland, was a phenomenally successful business woman, making a profit of $25,000 a year. She was, at that time, extremely fat—as you can see by looking at the accompanying illustration, taken several years before the period of which I'm telling you.

Now, many women, in her position, would have stopped worrying about over-weight. She was a widow, with three children to bring up. She had no desire to

“INFANT CARE” 10¢

Printed by the U. S. Government as an Official Handbook for Mothers; written by and edited by outstanding baby health specialists in America, and edited by the Federal Children's Bureau child hygiene experts. 138 pages, generously illustrated, and indexed.

We are authorized to solicit and accept orders (which will be directed to Washington). Send 10¢ in coin or stamps to:

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Women, more than men, are the victims of excess acid in the system, due to poor kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and coarsen the skin or cause Getting Up Night Burning and Guttering, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Fatigue, Headaches, Lahumps, Swedish Acne, Under Eye or Rheumatic Pains. Help yourself, remove this source of Acids and Wastes from your system each day. For just one week with the magical Cystex, $1.25 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, is behind the guar- antee that Cystex removes fix you up and make you feel and look younger or slimmer, faster. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sis-teks) today.

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Acidity Makes Women Look Older

Kidneys Often to Blame

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RADIO MIRROR
They will talk for hours on end among themselves about rich food, murmuring wistfully about how much they wish they could have something good to eat—but when the next glass of milk is brought to them they gulp it down and go on talking.

Rose told me that after the first three days of the milk diet most women begin to take it for granted and gradually lose their desire for more solid food. Indeed, after a month of dieting, it becomes a real effort to eat a hearty meal. Many women have left the farm and gone straight to the most luxurious restaurants they knew, only to find that after the second course they had no more appetite.

This is because the human stomach, as less demand is made upon it, grows smaller and unable to receive what Rose says is the unnecessarily large amount of food most people eat. Rose herself does not eat much, although she no longer places any special restriction upon her diet.

Cigarettes are not taboo, but after a week or so at the farm you begin to forget your desire to smoke. A cigarette no longer tastes so good, and you may involuntarily and without thinking about it cut down your smoking from a package to three or four cigarettes a day.

Once a day every guest must spend some time with the registered masseuse who is always in attendance. This is absolutely necessary, for one important reason. Strict observance of the diet causes loss of weight at an average of a pound a day, and this is too rapid a loss for the body to endure without some aid.

Without massage, the flesh grows soft and begins to sag, particularly above the abdomen, so that an apron-like fold of flabby skin is formed. Massage prevents this by keeping the body firm and resilient, even while the surplus fat is being removed.

Other than these few rules, the only "must" at the farm is that all patients are to be in bed by 9:30. The rising hour is left to their own judgment—but when you go to bed, and to sleep, at 9:30 you're pretty apt to be up and around again by 9 the next morning.

For five summers Rose operated the farm, closing it during the winter. She was successful beyond all her hopes, but she wanted a "farm" in town, too, a place where she could continue her work during the winter, and last January she opened it.

One advantage of the farm was the beautiful and peaceful countryside in which it was set, and this, of course, she could not duplicate in the city. But the diet, the restful days, the exercises, and the discipline were things she could give her clients even in the midst of the city's skyscrapers.

On the fourteenth floor of a building on Fifty-third Street she found a suite of rooms with a forty-foot terrace running along the entire southern exposure. The terrace is an important part of her "town farm," for on it her clients can lie and rest all day long, just as they do in the country, the only difference being that instead of the rustling of leaves and the chirping of birds they hear the muted sounds of traffic from below.

Even cold weather doesn't prevent Rose from sending her clients out on this terrace for at least a few hours. Well wrapped in furs and blankets, lying on padded deck chairs, they are as impervious to cold as if they were in a steam-heated room. For You will need more self discipline to keep strictly to your buttermilk diet than do the women who are given the culture milk, but, otherwise the results will be the same.

Rose realizes that in the familiar environment of her own home a woman may eat her way back to health. A week of buttermilk, fruit juices, bouillon, and nothing else. Hence she has hit upon a compromise which she has put into effect in her own farm. After a week on this diet her clients may return home to a reasonably hearty dinner of meat and vegetables. It's a better diet, but it's not so strict, and the woman who can't maintain her complete relaxation the farm affords would probably be wise to modify her diet in this way.

Your own common sense will tell you how much food you may safely allow yourself at this evening meal, and what kind." Rose told me. "Deserts, starches, and the like are of course taboo, but broiled meats, fresh vegetables, cooked or uncooked, and fruits including berries, stick to the energy-producing foods, and you will find that you get nearly as good results as if you limited yourself to the milk and fruit juices.

"On the other hand, if the responsibilities of your home or business are light, and you have plenty of time for rest, you can easily go on this milk diet for a week or two at a time."

Next is the problem of rest. Eight hours of sleep every night is the absolute minimum for the woman who is on a diet; ten is better: and twelve hours two or three times a week are best. In a week you can get a couple of hours' rest, if not sleep, every afternoon. You may read or sew, but you should relax utterly. And it is at all possible, take your rest in the open air.

As to exercise, Rose avoids the more strenuous varieties. A brisk walk of three miles every day is the best of all, and when Rose says "brisk," that is what she means. Don't stroll. Keep your head up and your shoulders straight. Keep your legs freely from the hips. Breathe deeply. Stride along as if you were going somewhere.

Tennis—not too hard-fought a game of it—and golf are also good exercises. Swimming is good exercise, but it tends to develop muscles and in the dead of winter you'd rather have a flattering slenderness," Rose said, adding, "The best time for your exercise, incidentally, is just before your afternoon dinner."

Rose warned me that the services of a masseuse twice a week during the dieting period are an absolute necessity. You will be losing weight too fast to do without the massage. You'll find that any registered masseuse knows her business and will do your good.

The system can be varied to suit your individual requirements, too. For instance, if you are only five pounds overweight, you could let yourself have another five pounds at one stretch of dieting. If you must take off ten pounds, you would be wise to go on the milk, or milk-and-water, diet for several weeks, then return to three meals of non-fattening foods for another week; and then go back to the milk diet, and so on. You can't overdo it. Your own strength will tell you when it's time to suspend the diet for a while. Take off a few pounds and keep them off; then take off a few more, and keep them off.

There's the regimen, the same regimen, in every respect, that Rose followed seven years ago herself. You can follow it, too—this milky way to a new figure.

Orchestra leader Enoch Light has a hobby that really means something. He collects children's books and donates them to orphanages and hospitals.
Beautiful Eyes for You
easily with
Maybelline

Famous Maybelline
Solid Mascara, Black,
Brown or Blue, in brilli-
ant metal vanity, 75c.
Refills 35c.

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Cream Mascara, Black,
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brush in dainty zipper
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Eyebrow Pencil. Black,
Brown, Blue.

Creamy Maybelline
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Blue-Gray, Brown,
Green, Violet.

Ravishing Rochelle Hudson uses Maybelline to reveal the exquisite natural beauty of her eyes which has endeared her to millions. Give your eyes the chance to express you. Choose the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara—or the glorious new Cream form Mascara, which is so easy to use without water. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Never beady or theatral looking. Tends to make lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and Creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow in flattering shades that harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous purse sizes at all 10¢ stores.

Try Maybelline TODAY—discover why 10,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer this simple way to loveliest beauty of eyes.

Rochelle Hudson
featuring in
"She Had to Eat"
20th Century
Fox Production.

SO ALLURING, so expressive is the love-light in your eyes when you darken your lashes
into long, luxurious, silky fringe with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline.

Try Maybelline TODAY—discover why 10,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer this simple way to loveliest beauty of eyes.
After a man's heart...

...when smokers find out the good things Chesterfields give them  
Nothing else will do.
Scoop! Don Ameche tells “Why I’m Quitting First Nighter”

Radio Mirror
JUNE

READ - “MY STORY”
ACTUALLY WRITTEN BY DEANNA DURBIN

WHAT CAROLE LOMBARD TAUGHT FRED MACMURRAY
JIM: "Not leaving? It's the very shank of the evening."
FRANK: "You'd leave, too, if you had to dance with the girl I brought. She's got It*— the wrong kind.

*Nothing offends like halitosis (bad breath); nothing remedies it so well as LISTERINE.

Cute but Careless

By Jane Brown

At a recent house party, to which I was unlucky enough to be invited (I had a good book at home to finish), my attention fell on an exceptionally attractive young girl—the kind of a girl you'd think men would simply lose their minds about. Yet everywhere in that gay crowd, she seemed a sort of fifth wheel.

Young men would drop down beside her for a moment, then dash off. Occasionally they danced with her, wearing expressions indicating acute martyrdom.

I couldn't understand it, so I asked my hostess about her.

"Marjorie?" she confided, "of course she's cute... but she's also careless."

"Certainly not about her clothes!"

"Not about her clothes or her manners, but about her breath. It isn't... well... nice, and nobody has the heart to tell her about it."

I suppose I should have been shocked, but in my work I've come in contact with so many girls, so many women also, with exactly the same trouble, that I merely shrugged.

For the life of me, I can't understand why any woman in social or business life dares to assume that her breath is always beyond reproach, when so often the reverse is true.

And when it is true, what a terrific hurdle the woman has ever before her.

As I said, I can't imagine any woman, or man either, running the risk of offending others when a good mouthwash like Listerine will take care of an unpleasant breath so promptly.

ACTS TWO WAYS TO SWEETEN BREATH

Don't expect tooth paste, powders, or digestive tablets to cure halitosis (unpleasant breath). What you need is a safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against halitosis for two reasons: First, it quickly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth and mouth surfaces—a major cause of breath odors. Second, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

After you have used Listerine Antiseptic your entire mouth is fresher, cleaner, more hygienic, and your breath is sweeter and hence more agreeable.

Never go forth to a business or social engagement without first using Listerine Antiseptic; it is your assurance that your breath will not offend others.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks Halitosis
She evade close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—an opinion is formed, an impression made.

And then—she smiled! What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—protect your smile! If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It may be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is emphatically something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—but your dentist should decide. Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, under-worked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need work, more stimulus—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—lovely, captivating!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday. NBC Red Network, 9 P.M., E. D. S. T.
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COMING IN THE JULY ISSUE

One of the most daring features ever published! Next month Jimmie Fidler becomes Radio Mirror's movieland reporter, bringing you his own column of exclusive news with all the fearlessness that has made his Hollywood broadcasts famous.
It's their Birthday..but Your Gift!

Mothers—ACCEPT THIS
"DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

The whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their third milestone—"bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for you! Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! Free with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one free to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings hygienically clean...one of the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your own baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings hygienically clean with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in all your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" today and ask your druggist for a free copy of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!

FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. 6-R. M. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

Name ________________________________
Street ________________________________
City ____________________ State ________

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Left, the Babe is back, Babe Ruth in person, on CBS Wednesday and Friday evenings at 10:30.

Right, lovely Lucille Manners was so swell in screen tests she may have to go to Hollywood.

The newest recruit for day-time programs is Edwin C. Hill (above) who broadcasts news.

WHAT'S NEW?

WHAT of the 1937 summer season? From the windy viewpoint of spring it looks as if the hot days would be just about as full of entertainment as the cold ones. On most of the big programs that lose their stars to the vacation urge, sponsors will provide substitute shows of merit.

So hold your hats and we'll knock off a list of who's coming and going and even why—

The end of June sees the exit of Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Phil Baker. All three stay off three months, while other talent keeps their programs going. Jack and Mary Livingstone may go to Europe; Fred and Phil will both be in Hollywood making movies.

Fred Astaire leaves his program the end of June, too, and right now nobody knows whether the show will continue with different talent or take a summer rest.

Beatrice Lillie leaves her Wednesday night program in early summer, but the show goes on with a new comedian, Ed Wynn's on until the middle of May. He'll spend the summer on his yacht, thinking about a musical show he wants to produce on Broadway.

Bing Crosby stays on most of the summer, with brief pauses of three or four broadcasts while the rest of his company keeps the show going.

Ozzie Nelson and Bob Ripley leave the Bakers Broadcast after June. Bob, who has other radio plans, doesn't return when Ozzie does in September. The show then comes from Hollywood, possibly with Edward Everett Horton as Ozzie's co-star.

The variety show which soon replaces Do You Want to be an Actor? will go through the summer with Don Ameche as its star singer and master of ceremonies. Come fall, and his place may or may not be taken by Nelson Eddy.

Grace Moore's contract with the Nash people calls for just fifteen broadcasts, so she'll be with us no more after June 19. Colonel

(Continued on page 62)
WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE

YOU CAN BET IT IS!

KAREN SUNDSTROM, Swedish beauty, of New York, and 21, says "It gives teeth the flash that studios demand—a real Beauty Bath."

GRACE ROWLAND, of Virginia, says "A perfect Beauty Bath for teeth—and it gives the mouth a feeling of dewy freshness."

BERNICE GREEN, of Indianapolis, says "So many girls in the studios use Listerine Tooth Paste that I heeded their advice and use it myself."

If their beauty fails they're out of a job.... these radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good-looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

Why not for you?

Why not give your mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness... your teeth the radiance, flash, and brilliance that others enjoy?

Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

Satin-Soft Cleansers

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of sat-in-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Risk a quarter and try it yourself. See what a difference it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.
FREE $30,000 CASH
and 15,000 PAIRS of $1.35 Silk Stockings

GOVERNMENT-GOING—GOING—a simply thrilling
table of prizes! 30 chances to win
$1,000! 7500 chances to win 2 pairs
of luxurious Gotham Adjustable al-
ways sold at $1.35 a pair’

Come! Here’s a chance to tell what
you know about the extra-safety of
pure Ivory Flakes! You probably
know from personal experience how
gentle Ivory Flakes are to colors,
how safe they are for stockings be-
cause Ivory’s famous purity keeps
the silk springy and strong.

So don’t hesitate. This is such an
easy contest! Enter now—
enter each week. Only 25 words
or less may bring you one of the
7500 generous prizes!

Such an easy contest!

Why, a sentence-ending as simple as
this one can win one of the 5 thrilling
$1,000 cash prizes offered each and
every week: “I use Ivory Flakes for
washing my silk stockings because
my stockings keep their color and
they wear longer, too, when they’re
protected by the purity of Ivory Flakes.”

See how easy it is! Just sit down and
let yourself talk. It’s your experience
we want, not fancy words. Write as
to a friend. Because Ivory Flakes
are your friend—made from Ivory,
the soap that mother probably used
for you in your baby days! And
today Ivory Flakes give you 7500
chances to win a thrilling prize!

GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES—
exquisitely sheer—yet durable
because of extra-elastality. Also
“Adjustables” feature patented
stretchy garter strain. The lovely
color “Radiance,” selected by
editors of Harper’s Bazaar . . . See these
$1.35 stockings at your local
Gotham dealer’s . . . style No. 654.

WIN! START NOW!

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

“I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk
stockings because . . .

(IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

GOING—GOING—a simply thrilling
table of prizes! 30 chances to win
$1,000! 7500 chances to win 2 pairs
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editors of Harper’s Bazaar . . . See these
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Gotham dealer’s . . . style No. 654.
EVERYBODY knows columnists peep through keyholes—but did you ever hear of one peeping through a monitor board? No? Well, you have now. Your correspondent, sitting in the control room in NBC's Hollywood studios, one Sunday, just before Winchell's broadcast couldn't help hearing the Broadway chronicler, speaking in a low tone to some friends, say that in the future his appearances in New York would be merely visits; Hollywood was his real home henceforth. The monitor board was open, and the softly spoken words boomed into the control room like a broadcast!

* * *

MISS PAGLIACCI—Town's heart-breaking sight is Martha Raye displaying a dazzling collection of new gowns, hats, and furs—AND one very handsome and costly ring with twenty-eight rubies and twenty-four diamonds. "Makes me feel better, when (Continued on page 91)"

Right, gun toting Buck Jones of Hollywood becomes a radio star. Below, Vera Marsh is the new heart interest on the Joe Penner program.
What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and soft, silky texture. Dry, rough lips do not tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient — "Theobroma" — which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!... Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Right, one of the most talked about youngsters in the nation. Her name is Baby Yvonne — read her story in this department.

THOUGH THEY ARE NOT FAMOUS NETWORK STARS, YOUR LOCAL FAVORITES WIN MENTION HERE

RALEIGH, N. C.: Seeing them in the studio you're certain they are Hillbillies. Certain, that is, until you hear them play and then you're just as certain they are swing music makers. And you're right on both counts because when you put the two together you have Swingbillies and that's just what these newest WPTF mountain musicians call themselves.

When Earl O'Neal and his buddies in Durham, N. C., heard of station WPTF's search for new talent, stressing that ordinary hillbilly bands need not apply, they selected their choicest folk tunes, gave them a modern swing touch and, complete with a hillbilly "scat" singer, gave the WPTF audition department
something to clap-hands about.

Appropriately named, the Swingbillies are heard over WPTF each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 P.M. And you listeners weary of the standard hillbilly versions of old stand-bys such as "Sour Wood Mountain" or "Take Me in the Life Boat" should give an ear to these Raleigh Swingbillies. We think you'll enjoy their new slant on the fascinating mountain music.

Fort Worth, Texas: WBAP, with eleven-year-old Andrew Howard as the master of ceremonies on a program which boosts Dickie play suits for boys and girls, lays claim to the youngest garment salesman on the airwaves when Andrew and his musical assistants broadcast each (Continued on page 71)

"Camay gave my skin its April Freshness"

SAYS THIS CHARMING KANSAS BRIDE

Above, one of California's favorite script programs—The Newlyweds. This month learn all about the show.

"Camay has been my complexion's truest friend," she says.

And your complexion, too, will welcome Camay's gentle, deep-cleansing care. For Camay's luxurious lather is so thorough, so searching. Its tiny bubbles cleanse down to the very pores—leaving your skin smooth, refreshed—bringing a glorious, new radiance to your complexion! And tests show that Camay is definitely, provably milder than all other leading beauty soaps.

Give yourself a glamorous Camay complexion. Order six cakes of Camay from your dealer today—its price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

As daughter of an army officer, I have lived all over the world. And everywhere I have found Camay always kept my skin lovely and glowing with an April freshness.

(Signed) Norma Yarborough, (Mrs. William P. Yarborough)

March 1, 1937

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women
COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

THOUGH THEY ARE NOT FAMOUS NET-WORK STARS, YOUR LOCAL FAVORITES WIN MENTION HERE

RALEIGH, N. C.: Seeing them in the studio you're certain they are Hillbillies. Certain that is, until you hear them play and then you're just as certain they are swing music makers. And you're right on both counts because when you put the two together you have Swingbillies and that's just what these newest WPTF mountain musicians call themselves.

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"Camay gave my skin its April Freshness" SAYS THIS CHARming KANSAS BRIDE

TOPEKA, KANSAS

As daughter of an army officer, I have lived all over the world. And everywhere I have found Camay always kept my skin lovely and glowing with an April freshness.

—Shawna Norma Yarborough, (Mrs. William P. Yarborough)

March 1, 1937

MANY a pulse must have leapt at sight of this glorious bride in white lace, with her gold-brown hair, her flower-like complexion. "Camay has been my complexion's truest friend," she says.

And your complexion, too, will welcome Camay's gentle, deep-cleansing care. For Camay's luxurious lather is so thorough, so searching. Its tiny bubbles cleanse down to the very pores—leaving your skin smooth, refreshed—bringing a glorious, new radiance to your complexion! And tests show that Camay is definitely, provably milder than all other leading beauty soaps.

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Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK .50¢


Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient witch keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five amber and indelible shades. Next "Air Span" Rouge-Sly. Torrents of air blend its colors to lipstick's celebrity.

Above, beautiful Christine, WMAQ pianist, is announced only by her first name. Few know her last name is Caton.
Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic!

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Mrs. Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr, "Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?"

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!
You appear inches smaller at once, and yet you are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just those spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

1. You do not have to risk your health or chance your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

2. See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW?

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 255, 41 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City __________________ State ____________
(Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Prompt Postcard)

Above, Tommy Dorsey and Edythe Wright, his vocalist. Tommy's orchestra broadcasts over MBS on a late night dance spot and on Fridays he's the maestro on Jack Pearl's show.

WHETHER YOU DANCE OR JUST LISTEN
HERE'S NEWS YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW

ONE of the largest dance halls in the world is Chicago's Aragon Ballroom and Dan Cupid is its sponsor.

Built about ten years ago by Andrew Karzas, who believed a respectable ballroom, located in a residential neighborhood, and sans dime-a-dance customers, would click, it soon won a reputation with radio listeners from coast-to-coast as the home of good dance music.

It fostered the career of a young Chicagoan named Wayne King. "The Waltz King" played the Aragon Ballroom for five consecutive years. Business became so sensational that Karzas soon built a sister building in Chicago's South Side, naming it the Trianon.

At present Freddy Martin is at the
Aragon and Kay Kyser is musical host at the Trianon. But the twin mammoth dance halls are even more famous for their romances than for their radio bands. Every Tuesday night Walter Stephany, a crack teacher, gives dance instructions to more than two-hundred and fifty couples—at no extra charge.

The dancers have not met before, but when the last waltz echoes through the block-long auditorium, many have formed lasting friendships.

Do any of these boy-meets-girl matches turn into the real thing? Listen to Mr. Stephany:

"In 1936, twenty-five marriages resulted from chance meetings at the Aragon."

** **

GLEN GRAY is now leading the Casa Loma band.

This may sound like old news to a lot of radio fans, but this is the first time the president of Casa Loma, Incorporated, has ever wielded a baton.

Mal Jennsen, first violinist, was the original conductor until he left the organization. Now Glen's duties are three-fold: maestro, first saxophonist, and president of radio's first cooperative dance band.

** **

WATCH OUT FOR

ADELE GIRARD, the world's only feminine swing harpist, who is the current (Continued on page 74)

BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just $1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Emery Deutsch's music comes to you twice a week over NBC from the Rainbow Room in Radio City.
HOW often have you wished you could burst into a broadcasting studio while a program was on the air and tell the performers or the sponsors exactly what you thought of them? How often have you snapped off your receiving set, fuming inwardly because nobody but you knew that you had turned it off?

Well, if the plans of a New York inventor work out as he hopes they will, it won't be long before you can tell the broadcasters what you think of them—and when you turn your set off in the middle of a program everybody connected with the show will know it. And what's more, when you listen to a speaker on some topic of public interest and importance, you can talk back to him and tell him whether you agree absolutely with what he says, or think he's just plain crazy.

The invention—which its inventor, Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins, says has been perfected—is so small and insignificant you wouldn't know it was part of your radio set unless somebody pointed it out to you. The littlest things sometimes have the most far-reaching results; because if this tiny electrical gadget is ever put into general use it will turn broadcasting upside down and stand it firmly on its ear.

It will make it possible, for the first time, for the listening audience to practically run radio. If enough people have this device—it's called a radiovoter—in their sets, they can wreck an established star's career or shoot an unknown up into immediate fame. They can order a sponsor to rewrite his commercial announcements, and get their orders obeyed, too. They can practically elect a President—or at least they can tell a Presidential candidate weeks in advance whether or not they're going to elect him on voting day. They can tell congressmen and senators exactly how they feel about controversial public issues. They can, in fact, make radio the most democratic institution in the world—because they'll be running it.

The gadget which is capable of causing all this havoc is very simple. At least, electricians say it's simple, and I'm willing to take their word for it. I came away from an hour of having it explained to me with my head chock full of fancy technical terms and a pretty good idea of how it works.

A little box, the radiovoter, fits into the back of your radio set, where you can't see it. In the box is a reed, something like the one in a saxophone, set so it will vibrate to a certain musical tone. When the radio station wants to find out how many sets are tuned in to its program it broadcasts the musical tone which starts the reed vibrating.

As it vibrates, the reed sets off a very small motor which uses up a very slight amount of extra current from the power line which feeds your radio. In the broadcasting station there's a special meter which registers the extra power load from all those motors on the radio sets which have been tuned in to the particular program that broadcast the musical tone. All the station has to do to learn how many sets are tuned in, is to divide the meter reading by the amount of extra power each motor takes.

Get the idea? I admit it sounds like something Rube Goldberg whipped up in an odd moment, but they tell me it works perfectly.

The talking-back machinery of the radiovoter is a little push-button which is attached to it. It has just one drawback. You can criticize a program only when your advice and opinions are asked for—but that's certainly something.

Suppose the broadcasters ask you to tell them whether you want to hear a certain song or not. At a prearranged signal from the announcer you press the button to indicate that you do want to hear the song; a few seconds later, at another signal, you press the button if you don't want to hear it. By pressing the button you are adding to the power load which registers on the meter in the studio, and
GET WISE, Miss Scrub-Hard,
Good brushing isn’t enough! You need
the right dentifrice too!

Change to
PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
containing IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film... Wins flashing new luster on teeth

- Now a thrilling dental discovery ends Scrub-Hard disappointment—makes your daily brushing amazingly effective!
- IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—lifts up the cleaning power of tooth paste. Because it provides a smooth, gentle cleansing action that speedily loosens dingy film and foams it away like magic. You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets results—in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only half the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds instantly to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that shows up old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You’ll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

whichever side of the question registers the most power wins.
That ought to be enough of an explanation of what the radiovoter is. What it can do to broadcasting, if manufacturers start putting it into receivers as they make them, is something else again.
Sponsors and program builders have always had to go along pretty much in the dark about how well they were pleasing the public. They haven’t even known how many people were listening in to their programs. They’ve been able to estimate, of course. There are telephone surveys which call up a few hundred people in each of several large cities, and rate the commercial programs according to the number of people they called who were listening in. These surveys are useful to broadcasters because they do provide a sample idea of what you and I, the many-eared radio public, like to listen to. But it’s only a sample—not the whole thing.

THE radiovoter, if put into general use, would tell the broadcasters not only how many people were listening in, but when. They could count their audiences at the start of a broadcast, in the middle, and at the end—and if there were fewer listeners at the end than there were at the start they’d know that there was something drastically wrong with the show that had to be fixed. They could ask audiences directly about their preferences in performers and music, and get answers they could depend upon as being the exact truth.

In fact, the radiovoter would usher in a new era of listener-participation in radio programs. Imagine the flood of strawvotes we’d have by means of radio! Listeners would get their chance to vote for or against everything from their favorite movie stars to a new President. Voting for Major Bows’ amateurs could be conducted as part of the program, and the winners could be decided before the show went off the air.

The life of a radio star would no longer be one to envy—for there’d be no telling when a sponsor might take it into his head to ask for an audience vote on the popularity of his headliner. And if the vote happened to be taken on an evening when the star hadn’t been quite up to par, it might very well mean the end of his association with that program, or the end of his association with radio altogether!

Or, at the other end of the scale, the listeners can, by their votes, catapult some minor member of a show’s cast into immediate stardom.

The method of voting would be cast-iron, too. No stuffing of ballots or voting twice with the radiovoter, because in order to make your vote effective you have to press the button on your machine at the exact instant everybody
$5,000.00 FOR TRUE STORIES SUBMITTED THIS MONTH

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during May, 1937, as per the liberal rules shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet described below and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $500.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the ten best true stories will be awarded the ten big $500 prizes as set forth in the liberal offer above.

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 the provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript, send it in. By so doing you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

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. The evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not submit 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. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER LEFT CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send too many stories which we have returned.

LAST CHANCE UNTIL SEPTEMBER

Ten Big Prizes of $500 Each

Do not delay. Send in your story not later than May 31st. No True Story Contest at September, but we do consider stories for straight purchase at our liberal word rate the year round.

LONG-WINDED COMMERCIALS can be banned entirely—and they would be, too, if a lot of listeners got into the habit of turning off their radios as soon as the announcer took a deep breath and launched into lengthy eloquence. Why, sponsors would get so they'd be afraid to say more than ten words at a time about their products!

Do you think these predictions sound too fantastic—too much like Buck Rogers in the 25th Century? A month ago I might have agreed. But now I know of certain plans that are being laid to introduce the radiovoter to the public, and I'm not so sure that everything I've forecast here won't come true.

This fall, five thousand radiovoters will be installed in the radio sets of a certain New Jersey city. It may be the city you live in, because it hasn't been chosen yet. It will, however, be one in which the programs of the Mutual Network are received. Mutual, with its key station, WOR, has been co-operating with inventor Hopkins.

ONCE the radiovoters have been installed in this test area, at no expense to the owners of the radio sets, a public forum program is to be inaugurated on Mutual, with prominent guest speakers debating public questions on the air. Listeners in the test city will be asked to listen in and help to decide the questions which are debated by casting their votes on radiovoters. It sounds like a lot of fun for the fellow who has a radiovoter in his receiver, and it is just this fact that the owners of the invention are depending upon to create a public demand for the gadget. They believe that if my neighbors have a radiovoter and can take part in a program run for people with radiovoters, then I'm going to want one too. And I guess maybe they're right.

Only—and here I'm getting in my place—every listener before things start happening—let's not be too ferocious when we get those radiovoters. Let's not wreck too many careers. If a sponsor asks us to vote on the popularity of his star, let's give the star a break. There's something awfully cold-blooded and off-with-its-headish about pressing a button for a vote against somebody who's trying hard to please us.

It's a fantastic, revolutionary picture of radio that the idea of the radiovoter brings to us. Fantastic, yes. But not impossible. It can happen—and from the looks of things, it's going to.
WHAT
DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

YOUR letters of praise and protest are making this department famous. College professors are asking for the magazine. Dentists and doctors contribute their ideas. Sponsors read and act on what you have to say. So sit down and toss some more rahas and razzes at programs and stars.

Best letters win cash prizes—$20.00 for the first prize, $10.00 for the second and there are five additional prizes of $1.00 each. Address your letter of criticism to the Editor, "Radio Mirror," 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York, and mail it not later than May 28.

$20.00 PRIZE
JUST ONE WOMAN’S OPINION

What I’d like to know is why the majority of the fif-teen-minute daily continued stories are chuck full of hard luck.

For instance, Houseboat Hannah is mixed up in a murder trial. Kitty Keene, Inc. is headed the same way, Danny O’Neill has been in the hospital for weeks and poor Ma Perkins must be utterly weary of all her burdens by this time.

On the other hand, Vic and Sade are always ready to hand anyone interested enough to listen, a good, hearty laugh.

Surely, we all have enough troubles without suffering with our radio friends daily, and it seems to me, continuously. There is, of course, much suffering and want all around us and it doesn’t do anyone any harm to hear of others’ troubles occasionally, if only to show us how well off we are, but a (Continued on page 79)

It’s easy to see why Jack Oakie seems so cheerful on his Tuesday broadcasts, with a secretary like Miss Joy Penny.

MELT Flakiness Away—
in One Application

DULL and dead looking, or tight and shiny... Dry skin needs the flattery of powder! Yet powder just won’t stick to it!

Try softening that dry, "tight" skin with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then see how beautifully your skin takes powder!

A distinguished dermatologist explains this instant softening: "A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells. Then the smooth, underlying cells appear, moist and young. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly. Vanishing Cream regularly applied also preserves the softness of the skin."

Use Pond’s Vanishing Cream for more than just holding your powder. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won’t smear.

Lady Smiley
"I use Pond’s Vanishing Cream as a foundation. It holds powder on so long!"

For protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won’t rough up!

For flakiness—A film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream softens skin, adds luster, and preserves the softness of the skin. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

8-Piece
POND’S, Dept. 88M, Yonkers, N.Y.

Package
8 Special tube of Pond’s Vanishing Cream, generous sample 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 1937 Pond Extract Company
NO NEED TO MISS THE YEAR’S
MOST BRILLIANT SPECTACLE—
USE YOUR RADIO TO RESERVE
A GRANDSTAND SEAT FREE OF
CHARGE AND THIS PAGE FOR
A LESSON IN HOW TO LISTEN

THE Coronation! The event of the year—the event, indeed, of our lifetime. Not again, while most of us live, will England bow down in homage to a new king. Not again will all the glory of the Empire on which the sun never sets be concentrated in all its ancient panoply within the tiny radius bounded by the River Thames, the West End, and St. James Park.

Already, as this is written, London is overflowing with visitors who have come to see King George VI follow his beloved father to the throne of the Empire. Colonial governors and agents, planters from Malaya, ranchers from Australia, lumber magnates from Canada, representatives from every great nation and tiny island that owes allegiance to England, are crowding the hotels and streets of the great city.

Accommodations in (Continued on page 95)
Growing lovelier day by day...
The Dionne Quins use only
PALMOLIVE
the soap made with Olive Oil!

NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH, TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO' FOR YOU!

HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT, SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!

WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY, MADAME, BY USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING ENOUGH FOR THE QUINS' UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SKIN.

YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO. ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE SOOTHING—BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED FEAR DRY, LIFELESS, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY THE COMPLEXION SOAP FOR ME!

IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?

Are you sure the soap you're using is as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

That is why Palmolive gives your skin such matchless beauty care... Why more than any other soap, it brings you the promise of a lovelier, more alluring complexion.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS
Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

Miss Joan Belmont, New York. It’s enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel’s delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. POWELL CAROT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, Jr., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL-DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNISIAN III, Baltimore
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., New York
MRS. RUPUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, Jr., Chicago
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN BENNSVELDER, New York

(above) In the Tuck Room. Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand ‘lift’... make me feel glad I’m alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves.”

Costlier Tobaccos

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

Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton — with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

For Digestion’s Sake — Smoke Camels

Copyright 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.
IN LESS THAN A MONTH
DON MUST LEAVE THESE
BROADCASTS THAT MADE
HIM FAMOUS! HERE ARE
THE DRAMATIC REASONS

The country's most popular half hour dramatic program is losing radio's most popular leading man. Two old and very loyal friends are saying goodbye for good. Few have known this very long, if at all. Even fewer understand the reasons.

To most of those few who have learned that shortly after the middle of May Don Ameche is leaving NBC's First Nighter program it appears that the man who has catapulted to movie fame is forsaking the medium that has brought him this fame and the money that goes with it. Those people know only what might appear on the surface.

They don't know that, though Don Ameche is leaving the First Nighter show, he continues to star in radio, that before this issue of Radio Mirror goes off sale, he will have started a new Sunday program for a new sponsor.

Nor do any of his fans realize the months of indecision, of trying to make up his mind, of actual unhappiness that lie behind the notice he sent the sponsors of First Nighter.

To Don Ameche, (Continued on page 85)
Once upon a time radio was something to bring into my home, a well-mannered friend who kept me company and didn't start yelling the minute my back was turned.

That was in the old days, before somebody got the idea that it helped a radio program if an audience was present in the studio and if the audience applauded.

But today! Today, my radio hasn't been on five minutes before my living room is invaded by a pack of hysterical ticket-holders clapping their hands off and cheering and whistling. And no matter how much I want to listen to whatever program I've tuned in, I have to turn the machine off before I go nuts and start in yelling myself.

This applause business, which all started innocently enough a few years ago, has become a racket, a racket that threatens to alienate many of us who used to think that radio was our best friend. If it isn't checked soon, we will become convinced that programs are no longer built for our pleasure and enjoyment, but for the amusement of a handful of people in the studios. Already I often feel as if I were a mere incidental eavesdropper on a Broadway show—and naturally, having grown to look upon radio as something for my home, I resent the feeling.

Because I live in New York and have had the opportunity of going to many a broadcast, I know how these bursts of frantic enthusiasm you hear on your loudspeaker
This beautiful camera study of Gladys Swarthout seems to catch all the elusive loveliness of her performances in radio and the movies. Her program, sponsored by the National Ice Advertisers, Inc., Sunday nights, seems destined to go off the air soon, because Gladys is planning to spend her summer on Hollywood's Paramount lot.
Bing Crosby is smiling because he is pleased that his new race track is proving to be so popular with the folks in the movie colony. His Thursday night program is going to remain on the air, but now that summer's on its way, his sponsors, the Kraft people, are wondering if Bing will get that vacation urge—and so are we.
Too long absent from radio's family circle, Grace Moore has returned in behalf of the Nash Motors, Saturday nights, replacing Floyd Gibbons, and incidentally, adding another half hour to the list of Hollywood programs. Grace had planned to spend the summer in Europe, but cancelled her passage in favor of this new show.
Never let it be said that Paramount's photographers aren't on the job. When the wind blew, their shutters snapped. Martha Raye was reading reviews of her newest picture, "Waikiki Wedding" and didn't notice, but we'll bet that when her ex-fiancé, Jerry Hopper, sees this, they'll be engaged again. Want to join our committee to give Martha more time for singing on Al Jolson's broadcasts?

That smile of Jimmy Melton's deserves a prominent place in our Pictures of the Month any time, but especially now that he is a regular radio star again—master of ceremonies on the Saturday Night Party, over the NBC network. Jimmy is having a grand time these days, buying all the things he couldn't have when he was a boy—even a toy electric train.
Handsome is as handsome does, goes that old saying and it certainly fits Johnny Green, whose music makes the Fred Astaire program on Tuesday evenings one of the week's melodic high spots. What you read about Johnny's dating a different movie star every night in the week is really true—so true that even his friends can't keep track of him.

Fresh from her triumph in RKO's "That Girl From Paris," Lily Pons will spend the summer months with the man that she is popularly supposed to be engaged to, Andre Kostelanetz. Together, they are going to keep the hot evenings full of sweet music with the Chesterfield program, Wednesdays on the Columbia network. Between broadcasts, Lily retreats to her home in beautiful Connecticut.

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HOW HOLLYWOOD TURNED THE

He used to sit in a tiny New York radio studio, talking into a microphone; or in his newspaper office he’d turn out his daily column. Millions of people heard what he said and read what he wrote, and he had every star in Hollywood at his mercy. He could set the whole country to laughing and talking about Fern Flutter’s new heart, or Clive Clinch’s misstep in the Brown Derby the other night. With a few words he could turn dignity and glamour upside down and make them into slapstick comedy, while all the time he himself stayed safely in his newspaper office or his radio studio.

And then he agreed to act in a movie.

Well, Walter Winchell made his movie, and he left more friends in Hollywood than he found there, but Hollywood had its innings just the same. Hollywood had its chance to laugh at Winchell, for a change. It had its chance to see the High Mogul of Gossip toppled from his throne and turned into just another amateur actor, as pathetically eager as anybody else to do what the director told him to do. Not since Elinor Glyn moved her tiger-skin rugs out West has Hollywood had so much fun.

Turning the tables on Walter cost Hollywood $75,000.
IT COST $75,000
BUT EVERYBODY,
EVEN BEN BERNIE,
THINKS THAT THE
PRICE WAS WORTH
EVERY LAST CENT

which is a lot of money just to pay off old scores with, but
the way things look now the $75,000, plus some more, will
go winging their way back to the West Coast in the form of
profits from the Winchell picture.

Even more important, when Winchell gave Hollywood its
chance to get back at him, he was doing something which
was to cause a far-reaching change not only in his own life,
but in the life of another gentleman you wouldn't expect
him to do a favor for. I mean Ben Bernie.

Ben did a little table-turning on his own account. He had
more than his share in the grand game of making Winchell
uncomfortable. Ben had been waiting for his chance just as
long as Hollywood had, and he took advantage of it. But
wait until you've heard the whole story—one which will go
down in Hollywood history as one of its gayest and bright-
est chapters.

Winchell walked into enemy territory with his eyes open.
When scouts for 20th Century-Fox came after him with
preliminary offers of a part in "Wake Up and Live," his
immediate and instinctive reply was "No!"

He knew well enough what he'd be letting himself in for
on the movie lots. He's no stranger (Continued on page 97)
Hollywood Turned the Tables on Winchell!

By DOROTHY BROOKS

He used to sit in a tiny New York radio studio, talking into a microphone; or in his newspaper office he'd turn out his daily column. Millions of people heard what he said and read what he wrote, and he had every star in Hollywood at his mercy. He could set the whole country to laughing and talking about Feri Flutter's new heart, or Clive Clack's misstep in the Brown Derby the other night. With a few words he could turn dignity and solemnity upside down and make them into slapstick comedy, while all the time he himself stayed safely in his newspaper office or his radio studio.

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Winchell walked into enemy territory with his eyes open. When scouts for 20th Century-Fox came after him with preliminary offers of a part in "Wake Up and Live," his immediate and instinctive reply was "Not!"

He knew well enough what he'd be letting himself in for on the movie lots. He's no stranger (Continued on page 67)
THIS winter, Jessica Dragonette received a shock—one so deep and profound that it caused her to say to me: “No, I don’t want to think that my life will always go on as it is going now.”

It was the hour between daylight and dusk, the hour that invites confidences. Jessica and I sat in her apartment in New York, the firelight flickering across her face, striking red-gold tints from the yellow gold of her hair. We had been talking about her work, her new program, the myriad activities which make up a star’s life... And then, suddenly, came this admission, an admission I knew Jessica had never made before.

She looked up at me, away from the fire, and went on, “Don’t misunderstand me. I’m happy—my work keeps me happy. I don’t want you to think that I’ve made any great sacrifices for it. But still—isn’t it natural that there are times when I feel as if life can give me more than even my career, no matter how precious that career is to me? Perhaps not now, but in a year or two—”

She broke off. Then she said, “But so far, it just hasn’t happened.”

“Perhaps,” I said, “you’ve made a bigger sacrifice than you realize now.”

She nodded. She understood what I meant.

For more than seven years her radio work has taken up most of Jessica’s time—and I think I may honestly say that it has also taken up all of her thoughts. You remember her rule on the Cities Service Concerts, that she must never repeat a song in less than six months’ time. It was a self-imposed rule, and one that she kept rigidly, even though it required her to master a list of songs which for number and variety is much greater than the repertoire of most concert and operatic singers. They can repeat one group of songs or one operatic role over and over, but for Jessica each program was in itself a new problem, to be

By JUDY ASHLEY

A PLEA FOR THIS BELOVED STAR TO THROW ASIDE HER SHROUD OF WORK AND SEEK FULFILLMENT OF HER LIFE
attacked as one from the very start.

Now that she is the star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater every Wednesday night, she must work even harder in some ways. Besides singing, she must act her roles in these capsule operettas, and many times must also help with the stories and continuity.

Jessica has always thrown herself heart and soul into her work. To her, all the meaning of life has been expressed in music. A bungled song is as much a black mark in her day as a quarrel with a well loved friend would be in yours or mine. And so, until recently, that work has been enough for her. She hasn't wanted the things other women cherish—neither the love, nor the companionship, nor the protection, of a husband.

Being Jessica, she could never have accepted both love and her career, for she has always believed firmly that love is a career in itself, and that she would have no right whatever to divide her energies and interests between a home and a radio studio. Many times she has said decisively that if she were to marry she would give up singing in public, make a clean break with everything and start out afresh to be a wife, and only a wife.

Yet, somehow, you always felt that in her heart she believed that if she married she (Continued on page 89)
When Fred had to play a trumpet in "Swing High, Swing Low" Carole hid its mouthpiece so he couldn't practice too much.

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

IT'S such a happy story, yet it might have had such a different ending. When you mix such opposite ingredients as Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray you can't tell until the last explosion what the result's going to be.

That it worked out as it did is a tribute to Carole and the reputation she has won in Hollywood. For it was the reputation, as much as anything, that accomplished the change. Fred's winning his own reputation
SHE NEARLY MADE A NERVOUS WRECK OF HIM BUT HE LEARNED A LESSON THAT WILL EARN HIM A FORTUNE

Above, a fight scene from "Swing High." That's Carole on the right, her mouth all open and ready to yell, and Fred is the warlike guy in the linen suit. Scenes like this one used to worry him to death—until Hollywood's number-one practical joker started in to educate him.

now, too, but unless you knew all about it, you'd swear the two had nothing to do with each other.

The fact is, Carole and her reputation have taught Fred MacMurray how to really live. He was a young man with his first big success behind him, but still so scared he was heading straight for Hollywood's exit gate when Carole caught up with him. Now he's on the other road, the one that leads to more permanent fame and real happiness.

That lesson in living was a tough one to learn, but it has guaranteed him success in movies and just as important, it has won him a starring role in radio. It began a little over a year ago with the picture "Hands Across the Table." It ended a few weeks ago when Fred finished "Swing High, Swing Low" and signed a contract with Campbell Soup to be back on Hollywood Hotel October first after a summer vacation.

Some lessons in living you can learn in an hour, others in a day or a week. But the kind Fred learned usually takes years, if it works at all. The fact that he's come out of it in such a short time with a new outlook, a new philosophy and a new grasp on fame is tribute enough to Carole's quickness of action.

(Continued on page 82)
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That it worked out as it did is a tribute to Carole and the reputation she has won in Hollywood. For it was the reputation, as much as anything, that accomplished the change. Fred's winning his own reputation now, too, but unless you knew all about it, you'd swear the two had nothing to do with each other.

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Her name is Phyllis, so tiny a strong wind could sweep her off her feet.

In Hollywood, where many a strange story has never been put into type, there is none stranger than the story of what Phyllis Astaire means to her husband. None stranger... and none sweeter nor finer.

Not that the gossips can see it that way. They have another explanation of all the surface facts. They've never bothered, it may be, to look below the surface and discover the truth about the things that are common Hollywood knowledge.

For it is true that Phyllis sits on the moving picture set all day, watching every move Fred Astaire makes. It is true that she goes with him to every rehearsal for his Packard radio program. It is true that one is never seen, at any social function, without the other. It is true that very few of the theatrical folk in Hollywood have entree to the Astaires' beautiful hillside home. And on these facts Hollywood places its own interpretation.

"She stays at his side, my dear, because she's so dreadfully afraid Fred will look at another woman."

"She just wants to keep him under her thumb, that's all."

"She pretends she can't stand Hollywood people, simply because she wants to remind everybody she was a wealthy

By Nan Campbell
Those are the explanations you hear. And they are utterly false.

The truth is so tender and brave that I am proud to be able to put it down on paper for you to read.

The story has its beginning back in the days before Fred and Phyllis had met, back in the days when Fred and Adele, his sister, were the most beautiful and sensational dancers on Broadway.

Even then Fred was not a Broadway boy. He didn't belong, somehow. Oh, yes, his career was part of the New York pattern. His work took him into theaters, put his name on the tongues and pens of all the gossipers and columnists. But his real life, the personal part, was set apart from Broadway.

He and Adele were two of the few theatrical entertainers who were admitted into the inner circle of "society." Their friends were Blue Book, Social Register. There was a welcome for them in every exclusive home on Manhattan. And when they married, both of them chose mates from that same charmed, exclusive circle.

Everything was different when Fred came to Hollywood and became a sensational success on the screen. Literally, the sudden glare of publicity and ballyhoo which was focussed upon him shocked and staggered him. He felt as if he were under constant surveillance from hundreds of prying eyes. His life away from the cameras was no longer his own.

That was bad enough, but there was something else which was even worse to a person as naturally and unaffectedly modest as Fred Astaire.

There was no one in Hollywood who would criticize him.

On the stage there had always been plenty of people to tell him the truth—that a dance routine didn't quite come off, that a piece of stage business was slowing up his act. But in Hollywood . . .

Because he was a big star and daily growing bigger, he was surrounded by yes-men and yes-women (who were much worse). They said everything he did was perfect. They watched him dancing and immediately clamored that he was the greatest dancer (Continued on page 67).
Her name is Phyllis, so tiny a strong wind could sweep her off her feet.

In Hollywood, where many a strange story has never been put into type, there is none stranger than the story of what Phyllis Astaire means to her husband. None stranger...and none sweeter nor finer.

Not that the gossips can see it that way. They have another explanation of all the surface facts. They've never bothered to look below the surface and discover the truth about the things that are common Hollywood knowledge.

For it is true that Phyllis sits on the moving picture set all day, watching every move Fred Astaire makes. It is true that she goes with him to every rehearsal for his Packard radio program. It is true that one is never seen at any social function, without the other. It is true that very few of the theatrical folk in Hollywood have ever entered to the Astaires' beautiful hillside home. And on these facts Hollywood places its own interpretation.

"She stays at his side, my dear, because she's so dreadfully afraid Fred will look at another woman."

"She just wants to keep him under her thumb, that's all."

"She pretends she can't stand Hollywood people, simply because she wants to remind everybody she was a wealthy society girl before she married Fred."

There are the explanations you hear. And they are utterly false.

The truth is so tender and brave that I am proud to be able to put it down on paper for you to read.

The story has its beginning back in the days before Fred and Phyllis had met, back in the days when Fred and Adele, his sister, were the most beautiful and sensational dancers on Broadway.

Even then Fred was not a Broadway boy. He didn't belong, somehow. Oh, yes, his career was part of the New York pattern. His work took him into theaters, put his name on the tongues and pens of all the gossipers and columnists. But his real life, the personal part, was set apart from Broadway.

He and Adele were two of the few theatrical entertainers who were admitted into the inner circle of "society." Their friends were Blue Book, Social Register. There was a welcome for them in every exclusive home on Manhattan. And when they married, both of them chose mates from that same charmed, exclusive circle.

Everything was different when Fred came to Hollywood and became a sensational success on the screen. Literally, the sudden glare of publicity and ballyhoo which was focused upon him shocked and staggered him. He felt as if he were under constant surveillance from hundreds of prying eyes. His life away from the cameras was no longer his own.

That was bad enough, but there was something else which was even worse to a person as naturally and unaffectedly modest as Fred Astaire. There was no one in Hollywood who would criticize him.

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Because he was a big star and daily growing bigger, he was surrounded by yes-men and yes-women (who were much worse). They said everything he did was perfect. They watched him dancing and immediately clamored that he was the greatest dancer (Continued on page 6).

Fred won't like this story—even though it puts to rest all Hollywood's gossip about Phyllis's role in his life.
FAMILY'S ORGANIST—When "Destiny Waltz," the theme song for One Man's Family, rolls out on the airwaves, Paul Carson is the man at the console. He also has several programs of his own originating in San Francisco. Born in Illinois, Paul served three years overseas during the war. Seven years ago he joined NBC's San Francisco staff. He is married to a well known writer, and has a country house near Los Gatos which he calls "Peep o'Day." His hobby is collecting old and rare Chinese art treasures, and one room of his home is completely furnished with them. He is also a composer.

DAVID HARUM'S SUSAN—Christened Eleanor, pretty Peggy Allenby was brought up by a grandfather who called her Peggy. Governesses educated her, but she learned by herself how to imitate famous actresses. One day a friend saw her take off Minnie Maddern Fiske, got her a job in a stock company. Peggy's toured with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. Five years ago she made her radio debut as a bit player, met John McGovern, and settled down to the triple career of wife, mother, and broadcasting star.

PERSONALITY
DAVID'S AUNT POLLY—It's not often in radio that you find someone who has a perfect reason for playing a particular part, but Eva Condon could not have been better cast. For two years, on the road, she took the feminine lead of David Harum and now, as Aunt Polly, in the radio version, she brings to her part a ring of conviction. Eva started at the top in the theater and went on from there. She began with John Drew at the Empire Theater, and since has been in vaudeville and movies.

PARADE STAR NESBITT—In the grandson of Edwin Booth you have a brand new network star. John Nesbitt, handsome, dark, tall, broke into the select circle of radio's stars in less than a year of broadcasting and with no background of similar work. His show: The Passing Parade, heard every Monday and Tuesday night over NBC. John began his program on a modest scale over a San Francisco station and saw it suddenly catch on in popularity like a prairie fire. He's a different sort of commentator because in giving you the news, he puts on a one-man show. The theater is his one great passion.

AND DAVID—Wilmer Walter is the man who portrays one of radio's most beloved characters, David Harum. He brings to radio many years of experience in stage plays such as "Ben Hur" and "The Man on the Box." Born in Philadelphia, he was in the wholesale leather business when he happened to fill in on the stage for an actor friend who was ill. He liked the work so well he gave up leather and started a new career, which he's stuck to ever since. His hobby is carpentering and he owns a cabin in the Maine woods which he built himself. He is a descendant of Thomas U. Walter, the architect who designed the dome on the Capitol in Washington. In the early movie days he was leading man for Madge Kennedy.
FAMILY'S ORGANIST—When "Destiny Waits," the theme song for One Man's Family, rolls out on the airwaves, Paul Carson is the man at the console. He also has several programs of his own originating in San Francisco. Born in Illinois, Paul served three years overseas during the war. Seven years ago he joined NBC's San Francisco staff. He is married to a well known writer, and has a country house near Los Gatos which he calls "Peep o'Day." His hobby is collecting old and rare Chinese art treasures, and one room of his home is completely furnished with them. He is also a composer.

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PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

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JUDY'S BROTHER ZEKE—Right, Zeke Canova is the third member of the comedy trio on the Rippling Rhythm Revue over NBC Sunday nights. The others, of course, are sisters Judy and Annie. Zeke's real name is Leon, and he was born in Florida on the last day of the year 1906. His first radio appearance was with Rudy Vallee in 1933, but he'd already been in musical comedy and the movies by that time. His first appearance on any stage was when, at the age of eight, he stood on his head to whistle a solo. He isn't married, and his ambition is some day to retire from the air and become a farmer. In the meanwhile, he lives in the city, which he doesn't like, with his most prized possession—a Texas steer's six-foot horns.

CALL BOY JOHNNY—John Roventi, above—you know him as Johnny the Call Boy on the two Philip Morris programs—holds radio's only lifetime contract with his sponsors. Johnny, who weighs 52 pounds and is 43 inches tall, is in his twenties and lives with his parents in Brooklyn. He left school to support his family and because of his small size got a job as a hotel bell hop. An advertising agency executive saw him, was struck by his poise, and hired him to advertise cigarettes. Johnny, besides his air work, is also the model for all his company's posters. His contract provides a car and private chauffeur for his use.

SINGING STAR LUCAS—He's one of the Duke of Windsor's favorite entertainers, but the biggest thrill Nick Lucas (above) ever got was his first broadcast, back in 1926 when he was only a banjoist in Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. He got his start when a talent scout for a phonograph record company heard him sing with the orchestra. His first recording sold 100,000 copies and paved the way for smash successes in vaudeville, movies and night clubs. Now he's singing on Al Pearce's CBS show Tuesday nights—his first radio commercial.
SHELL SHOW CHEF—Little Joe Cook cooks up a weekly dish of varied entertainment for his Saturday-night Shell Show on NBC, presenting everything from opera stars to wrestlers. Joe started life in Chicago under the name of Lopez. Both parents had been in show business, but he was left an orphan when he was four, and was adopted by a family named Cook in Evansville, Indiana. (He sometimes mentions this town on the air.) He began learning to juggle when he was a boy, and got his first job, in a medicine show, at the age of twelve. When he grew up he became a vaudeville juggler and was soon famous, but nowadays, on the air, he mostly juggles words. He lives on an estate he calls "Sleepless Hollow."

CLOSE-UPS

ASTAIRE’S TRUDY—When Fred Astaire signed Trudy Wood (above) as a permanent member of his program Tuesday nights over NBC’s network, she was getting her first big radio chance at an age when most girls are still wondering what they’ll do when they leave college. Although Trudy was born in San Francisco her family moved to Hollywood soon after the event, and that’s where she has lived since. Three years ago, after winning an amateur contest, she began singing professionally. Now she’s singing duets with Fred himself.

DRESS REHEARER PINKIE—Pinkie Lee, who plays "Squash" on NBC’s Sunday morning Dress Rehearsal, lisp's in real life as much as he does on the air. In fact, he had to give up studying law at the University of Minnesota because everyone laughed so when he got up to speak. He’s 30 years old, and is married to a New York girl whom he won after a three-day courtship. His two-year-old son also lisp's, and so do Pinkie’s cousins, of whom he has quite a supply. Pinkie has been in vaudeville and radio since he left college, and had his own program on the Coast before coming to New York. He’s just finished a movie comedy short.
PERSONALITY

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The Story So Far: Phil Baker had to be tough to grow up on New York's East Side. When he was little more than a baby he was carrying his father's lunch across the Bowery, dodging trucks and street cars, to the underground fur shop where his father worked. Simon Baker made only six dollars a week—barely enough to feed his family and give them lodging in tenements. As Phil grew older he played in the streets with other young ragamuffins, learned to shoot craps and play hookey from school. Once he was arrested for gambling, and taken to the neighborhood station house. He hated school and all sorts of discipline, but he did love music—loved it so much that he persuaded his father to buy him a battered old piano. But he could never be bothered with music lessons. He preferred to play by ear the tunes he heard the organ-players grind out on the streets. Almost before he was in his teens, Phil left school and went to work in an office downtown—only to learn that he hated office work even more than school. He and another boy in the office filled their minds with stories of Wild West adventure—and one day they made up their minds to run away and go West themselves.

Part II

The freight yard was a place of eerie sounds and disturbing flashes of light through the darkness. Somehow an engine snorted, slammed into a line of cars, and pulled them after it with a great clanking noise.
Red and green lights winked here and there. Steel rails curved off into the smoky night.

Phil Baker and Bob Michaels crouched beside a box car, wondering where to go, what to do, next. They had run away from their jobs and their families in New York that morning, and now here they were, somewhere in New Jersey, hungry, and more than a little frightened. When they crossed the Hudson River and boarded a westbound freight train they hadn't expected it to end up in this forsaken desert of steel and cinders. Their thirteen-year-old minds had bargained for a long ride and a very different sort of desert at the end of it—a long rolling sweep of sand and bushes, with Indians behind every rock and gold in little pockets under every bush. And now they didn't even know what town they were in.

"Well, we can't stay here all night," muttered Bob at last. "We better get out of here and find something to eat."

Gingerly they began to pick their way over the rails toward a cluster of lights they thought might be a roundhouse. Once there, they figured, they would be able to find their way out of the yard.

A man with a lantern in his hand popped out from around the end of a freight car.

"Hey!" he bellowed in a giant's voice. "Get out o' here—before I shoot!"

Both boys leaped as if they'd been stung and started to run, stumbling over the rails and slipping on the sharp clinkers. Phil's heart was thudding so hard he couldn't hear any other sound. He didn't know whether he was being followed (Continued on page 56)
We were on our way to Alaska when a whale began following us, trying to wreck our ship. To save our lives, an old lady who sat in a rocking chair persuaded us to toss her overboard, chair and all. The whale swallowed her and disappeared. You'd never guess where we found them both again.

My Greatest

The World's Greatest Liar Has Become a Reporter for Radio Mirror! So Hold Your Sides and Read All About His Travels That Could Never Happen to Anyone Else

The fish weren't biting the day I went casting in Florida, but luckily I had a jug of liquor on board. I dipped my minnow in this before dropping him into the water. A minute later there was a tremendous tug, almost pulling me out of the boat. I began to reel in the line—to be astounded by the sight that met my eyes.
The ship’s mascot was a cat with one wooden leg which hampered her very much in her efforts to catch rats. One of the sailors, however, had a brilliant idea—to attach roller skates to her other three feet. This was done, and soon the rats found they had an enemy who kept them hopping for their lives.

**American ADVENTURES**

By Baron (so help me) Munchausen

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Ed’s Note: Now that time has warped his memory sufficiently, Jack Pearl has set down this exclusive account of what happened to him when, as the Baron Munchausen, he first came to America. As the Baron points out, any similarity to actual persons the reader might know can only be blamed on the reader himself. Perhaps in the near future—unless somebody with courage enough does something to stop him—he may report the trip to Europe he took last summer with Mrs. Pearl. In the meantime, for more tall stories, tune in Friday nights to his weekly NBC program.

Shortly after I had outgrown my knee-breeches, I experienced a passionate desire to see the world. My parents, unfortunately, would not hear of it, so I didn’t tell them.

I knew a garbage man, who knew a tailor, who knew a kindergarten teacher, who knew a ship’s captain. This intimate contact, and a thorough knowledge of seamanship, gained me a passage aboard a small vessel bound for Alaska. Nothing out of the ordinary happened on this trip—so I will tell you about it.

The ship’s mascot was an unique creature. She was a cat who had met with an accident on an earlier voyage and, as a result, had lost her right foreleg. In its place, the crew fashioned a wooden limb. For a long time, the cat had considerable difficulty in combating the rat menace aboard ship.

Knowing that their enemy was severely handicapped, the rats emerged from their holes and taunted the poor cat until she was nearly driven mad. The cat’s wooden contrivance made it impossible for her to pursue them.

A meeting of the crew was held, and it was decided that the cat should be equipped with three small roller skates. From then on, it was easy sailing for Toby. When a rat appeared the cat swiftly skated up to it, and with one fell swoop of her wooden limb, knocked the rodent unconscious!

On board this ship, in addition (Continued on page 51)
DREAMY . . . HAUNTING . . . HERE
ARE THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF
THE LOVELY THEME SONG YOU HEAR
WHEN YOU TUNE IN TED WEEMS

Words by
WALTER HIRSCH

Music by
HARRY SOSNIK

CHORUS (Slowly and with expression)

Like a flame, dear one, you
came to me out of the night. Like a

song, you came along, to be my one de-
NIGHT

Like a pray'r, you still were there, when dawn came into sight. Like the

dawn, I found you gone, out of the night. night.

Copyright assigned 1936 to WORDS and MUSIC INC., New York, N.Y.
Bing Crosby's new lead in "Waikiki Wedding" and singer on the new Ken Murray show, wears a fringed yellow crepe square round her neck and three squares of the same color are braided for her bandeau. Below, Shirley in a gray sheer wool skirt with tuck-in dusty rose angora sweater. The belt is braided string.

For summer comfort Shirley likes silk linen slacks. Two dotted kerchiefs add color, one as a bandeau for her hair, the other trailing out of her pocket.
IT'S A KERCHIEF SEASON AND
HERE'S RADIO'S NEWEST STAR,
SHIRLEY ROSS, TO PROVE IT

THE STARS

At the right, Shirley's tricky scarf was made by braiding three chiffon hankies of yellow, rose and green. It can also be worn as a head-band. This cool-looking dress, below, is made of sheer crepe, dotted with dainty black flowers and topped off with a youthful gray pique bow piped in black, worn high up on neckline.

Listen to Shirley Ross on the new Ken Murray show—see page 52.

Cretonne is Shirley's choice for a beach coat. Its long skirt flares fully and it fastens at the high waistline with a huge green button.
IF you haven't begun this contest yet, there's still plenty of time to get started. If you've already mailed in an entry, try again. You've probably thought of a whole new list of songs that you think may be winners. For the benefit of all you late comers who want to know how to win, here's all you have to do to try for $500 in cash prizes or 25 Gillette razors — just write down on the coupon provided for that purpose on this page the names of the ten songs you think are the most popular America has ever known. Don't pick the current hits, but time-proven favorites like “Old Black Joe,” “Dixie,” or “My Old Kentucky Home.”

After you've completed your list, write a fifty word statement on what your favorite song means to you, attach it to the list and mail it to the contest judges. That's absolutely all there is to it.

The winning songs will be decided by your own votes! Each song you send in will be recorded by the judges and those of you who submit the most nearly correct list with the best statements will get the prizes.

You can see what fun you can have trying for cash or 25 ten-dollar sets of beautiful Gillette razors. And here's a tip for you — you can have just as much fun any Sunday night by tuning in to your nearest CBS station and listening to the Gillette Community Sing. Hear the swell jokes of Milton Berle, the grand community singing led by Wendell Hall, and the comedy and singing of those old favorites, Jones and Hare. Listen to the songs the studio audience sings — they're the kind you should include on your list. Of course not all the songs you hear will be winners. Perhaps none of them will be. But listening in will refresh your memory and remind you of a lot of old songs.

Now, if you'll read over the rules carefully, you're ready for the grandest contest of the year, with fun for all and swell prizes for many.
Did you ever stop to think that one of the most beautiful possessions a woman can have is not a question of mere feature or figure? It’s a simple matter of expression—for no one can resist an enchanting smile. It’s the greatest attribute any one can have. But a smile is still only as good as the material from which it’s made. How are you caring for that material? What are you doing for your teeth and lips? And (let’s not whisper about it) your breath?

Just the other day I was discussing these vital matters with Natalie Bodanya, the beautiful brunette singer whom you’ve heard with Frank Munn on (Continued on page 69)
**SUNDAY**

All times are Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M. | Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell, Melodies
NBC-Red: Barbara Stanwyck

10:30 | CBS: Radio City Music Hall
NBC-Blue: Orson Welles, Negro Melodies
NBC-Red: Mister Peabody

11:30 | CBS: News
NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw and His Orchestra
NBC-Red: Jack Benny

12:00 Noon | NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw and His Orchestra
NBC-Red: Jack Benny

**MONDAY**

10:00 A.M. | Betty and Bob
CBS-Blue: Edward J. Healy
CBS-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:30 | Modern Cinderella
CBS-Blue: Ma Perkins
CBS-Red: John's Other Wife

10:50 | Betty Crocker; Hyenas
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

11:15 | NBC: News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cabin
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:30 | NBC: Heiner, Magazines
NBC-Blue: The O'Neill
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:45 | NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:59 | Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sadie
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

12:00 Noon | NBC: The Gunman
NBC-Blue: Red River
NBC-Red: Allen Press

12:30 Noon | NBC-Blue: Dan Harding's Wife
NBC-Red: Farm and Home Hour

1:00 P.M. | NBC-Blue: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Red: School of the Air

1:15 P.M. | NBC: Myrt and Margo
NBC-Blue: Personal Column

1:30 | Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family

1:45 | NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins

2:00 | NBC-Blue: Salt of the Earth
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

2:15 | NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

2:30 | NBC-Blue: The Guiding Light

3:00 | NBC-Blue: Junior Nurse Corps
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie

3:15 | NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

3:30 | NBC-Blue: The O'Neill

3:50 | NBC-Blue: Your Health
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:00 | NBC-Blue: Danny Thomas
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:15 | NBC-Blue: The Guiding Light

5:00 | NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps

5:15 | NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:30 | Wilder's Road

6:00 | NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie

**TUESDAY**

10:00 A.M. | Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Edward J. Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:30 | Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:50 | Betty Crocker; Hyenas
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

11:15 | NBC: News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cabin
NBC-Red: Today's Children

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NBC-Blue: The O'Neill
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:45 | NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

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**USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAM**

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**Notes:**

- All times are Eastern Daylight Saving.
- Programs are subject to change.
- Check local listings for specific times and channels.
HERE'S A REAL ANSWER TO THAT SPRINGTIME DESIRE FOR SOMETHING TEMPTING, A LIST OF NEW RECIPES WITH A FRUIT OR TOMATO JUICE BASE

HINTS FOR MENU HOUSE-CLEANING

NOW that spring is here and you're out of doors most of the day, drinking in the sunshine and fresh air, your mind is filled with thoughts of new clothes and spring house-cleaning. But along with bringing new freshness and sparkle to your wardrobe and house, what about doing the same thing for your menus? Meals, you know, can and should be revamped for warmer weather, just as clothes and draperies are.

Make fruit juices your standby for spring menus. There are many grand ones on the market now and a well stocked fruit juice shelf will work miracles in your meal planning. Vary the breakfast order to include orange juice, grapefruit juice, mixed grapefruit and orange juice, tomato, prune, cranberry, pineapple and apricot juice—they all come in cans and a can or two should be kept in the refrigerator at all times. Having tried them for breakfast, you will want them for luncheon and dinner cocktails, as well, and for long cool drinks to serve when friends drop in of an afternoon or evening.

For breakfast use, plain tomato juice is usually preferred to the spicier cocktail, but here is an excellent cocktail which I am sure you will use again (Continued on page 93)
THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond’s." "Pond’s Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:

**Every night,** smooth on Pond’s Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond’s Cold Cream—*lightly,* till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

**Every morning** (and always before make-up)Repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond’s treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it... Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

---

**Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!**

**Sitewed) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster’s recent visit to New York.**

---

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

Pond’s, Dept. 8RM-CF, 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 $ to cover postage and packing.

**Name**

**Street**

**City**

Copyright, 1937, Pond’s Extract Company
"I was run-down—"

"... looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

"My intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite... improves digestion... restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength... re-store your appetite... and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonics especially designed to build sturdy health... its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

The Stormy Life Story of a Black Sheep

(Continued from page 43)

or not; he didn't know what had happened to Bob. He was afraid to look behind him, afraid to do anything but keep his eyes on the ground and go on running. He didn't even know that left behind he rails behind and was running through weeds and grass.

Suddenly he stopped, Stopped in his tracks, as if a hand had reached out and grasped him by the shoulder.

There was no sound except his deep breathing. No was his sighing as the sight was in relief. Anyway, he wasn't going to be shot. But what had made him stop so suddenly? He didn't know. He took a tentative step forward, then drew back sharply. Only a foot or two from where he stood the ground dropped straight away in a sheer fall. He peered over the edge, trying to see the ground below, but it was shrouded in darkness. He'd have been killed if his headlong flight had carried him over the edge of that precipice.

Phil Baker's belief in fate, in some kind of Providence, dates from that instant. Some unknown force halted his feet while other forces were still urging on by fear, yet in doing so, saved his life. He doesn't know what that force was, but he still believes in it.

He turned and began cautiously to retrace his steps. He hadn't gone far when a low whistle came from his right. It was Bob, who hadn't run as far as Phil had.

"Got an Idaho," he said when Phil had joined him. "Let's go around this way, and I think we can get into town. Then we can buy something to eat and go back to the yard and maybe find a train that'll take us to Hazlitt."

"Hazlitt?" Phil asked. "What do we want to go there for?"

"My uncle lives there, but he probably won't be home—he's captain on a ferry boat and only lives in the house when he isn't working—and we can get into the house and stay a while."

"But I want to go out West."

"Well," said Bob, "Hazlitt's on our way. And it'll be fun."

Phil had no alternative plan, so he let himself be guided by his companion. As things turned out, Bob was a good guide. He managed to steer the two of them around the railroad yard in a sort of circle, into town, where they ate in an all-night restaurant, paying for their food out of the ten dollars they had between them. Then they went back to the freight yard, and Bob boldly asked a man who looked good-natured if he wouldn't show them a train that would go through Hazlitt. Surprisingly, the man did so, warning them jovially to keep out of sight of the brakeman, and the next morning they were in Hazlitt.

Bob's uncle's house stood on the outskirts of the little town—a neat and comfortable-looking white frame dwelling. And sure enough, it was boarded up and deserted.

"We can't break in now," Bob said importantly. "We want to wait until it's dark, when nobody'll see us."

So for that day they lolled around Hazlitt, having a good time, reading in a restaurant, walking down the main street, lying in the grass. When night came they pried the boards off one of the windows and broke in.

It was a fine house, completely furnished, even to a stock of jam and preserves in the cellar. They stayed there a week, being cautious enough not to light any fires or show the flame of their candles at night. Daytimes they played out-
I'd heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
good and mad, and lost no time in letting the two boys know they were in disgrace, but they stood up for them in consternation. A week later—on a certain occasion—After all, as Mr. Michaels told the judge, the house had belonged to Bob's own grandmother, and he had taken anything but a few jars of jam.

Phil returned to New York with two things knocked out of him—his wanderlust and the idea that Bob had never taken any trouble about Phil. The wanderlust was to return, but from that day to this he's never seen Bob again.

His job was gone, of course, but he found another one, as errand boy for a brokerage house. It was a hateful job. He rose at five, got up, and dressed and washed in a sink. He would dress up in his best clothes and go down town, to spend the day delivering envelopes from one office to another. His salary was five dollars a week, and that didn't seem adequate compensation for doing work he hated so much.

He was an accident which lifted him out of this drudgery. In the evenings he used to go to a tiny neighborhood movie house. It showed pictures continuously from noon until noon. One night, a thin, pale girl sat at the piano and pounded out a musical accompaniment. One sullen evening June evening she fainted during the film and just fell off the piano stool in exhaustion.

In the midst of the commotion that followed, Phil, regular patron of the house that he was, asked the manager if he'd like him to fill in for the evening. The manager assented gladly, and Phil sat down to play his repertoire of three pieces over and over, with variations to suit the audience, for the rest of the evening.

The girl's doctor said she needed a complete rest, so Phil got her job—and it was as glorious a job as the other had been disastrous. He went back to it until noon, and it really wasn't work anyway—and best of all, he got twelve dollars a week! He gave his mother ten, and kept two for himself, which was un- told wealth.

The only difficulty was that he knew only three pieces. He could improvise on these endlessly, so that they sounded like more—that is, they sounded like more unless you listened for twelve hours a day, which was the lot of the waitress, who discovered Phil's weakness after three weeks, and fired him.

The fall was tough. A friend of the Baker family, who owned a box factory at Haverstraw, New York, had made up his mind to run an open-air movie theater there for the summer, and he offered Phil the job of supplying the incidental music. He didn't mind if Phil knew only three pieces.

It was the best summer Phil had ever spent up to that time. He worked only at night, and had the rest of the day to do what he wanted. He didn't make much money, however, as he invariably lost all he had playing pool with the local champions.

Autumn came, and the Haverstraw theater was closed, and Phil returned to New York, really jobless this time. He couldn't find even a position as errand boy, and he was hanging drearily around home, going up in the afternoons to a boys' club in Harlem where there was a good piano he could play. The boys had no trouble on the floor and people used to stand outside on the sidewalk, listening to Phil play. He got a little reputation, but no money. He got a ticket of New York, Phil moved away again, a few days after his year's probation was up. For some reason, which proved to have no basis in fact at all, he thought he could find work in Boston. It only took him a week to discover how wrong he was. He wandered out of Boston, to Fall River—and in Fall River, Phil Baker, the vaudeville and radio star, was born.

One of the theaters in Fall River was advertising that they would play any song they had, if they had it, even then. Phil was broke and desperate, so he entered the competition, playing the piano and singing. The first prize was twenty-five dollars but Phil heard he did win one of the minor prizes, one dollar in cash. That in itself isn't so important. What is important is the fact that he spent past the moment when the regular vaudeville acts were being paid off for the week. The manager was handling a campaign for a song-and-dance team. Probably it really wasn't such a lot of money, but it looked like a lot to Phil. His eyes popped at the sudden realization of what a wonderful career he could have on the stage.

He loved music all his life, he played the piano for two years, and it had actually never occurred to him before that he could make a living by doing what he so loved to do. "Geek!" he thought, "this is the upshot of it, have the people clapping for you, and get all that money besides!"

He spent ninety cents of his dollar on a big dinner and an opportunity for a night's lodging in a flop house; and the next morning he told a member of the Fall River police force he was broke and wanted to get back to New York. The policeman sent him to the city wood yard, where they put him to work earning his fare on the 10:00 A.M. boat. It was one of the best of the city's work, but he got the chance to be first.—the boy club and played the piano again.

Phil's return to New York was different this time. He knew what he wanted to do, and it wasn't long before the opportunity came. The fellow named Irving Belzack used to visit the boys' club in Harlem. He'd done a little vaudeville work and now Phil suggested that the two of them work up an act and try to get it booked.

The surprising thing was that they succeeded. For two years, after another, a third, the partner, named Eddie Janis. It was still a musical act—violin, accordion, and piano. He grew from a youngster in long trousers into a man of seventy, and Bertram to those four years of vaudeville work. He learned how the inside of every small vaudeville theater and cheap hotel, all along the coast, was stocked with tickets. He thought, at seventeen, that he was very much the sophisticated trooper. But he was still young enough to have one great ambition, and to thrill when he achieved it—to team up with Ben Bernie.

EVER since his kid days, Phil had known the Bernie family, and for most of that time Ben had been a glamorous and romantic figure to Phil. It was the success of a man in vaudeville. After he himself went on the stage, Phil still looked up to Ben and pestered him at every opportunity, hoping that some day he would be as good enough to be Ben's partner. That day came at last, and the team of Bernie and Baker toured for almost another two years.

Working on the same key of roses, however. In all his stage work, Phil had never been able to overcome his fear of the leakage of the piano and the accordion, but when he was on the stage he couldn't say a word. Ben, besides playing his violin, delivered a comedy monologue and sang, and he made up his mind that Phil must be trained to be his straight man.

His method of training Phil to talk on the stage was along sink-or-swim lines. He'd work out a routine in which the two of them spoke in dialogue, and teach it to Phil. Then, when they got on the stage and Phil ran off the line, he would go over to Phil and say, "Dinner off, leaving Phil in the middle of the stage trying desperately to think of something to say. Phil had loved Phil's discomfort, thinking it was part of the act. But the system worked. Eventually Phil learned to say something—anything—and there was little he lost his stage fright. A few years later, this training of Ben's was to pay off, for it showed Phil the way to organize his mind. Phil left the act to join the Navy shortly after America entered the war, and proceeded to spend the most miserable years of his life. Nevertheless, he seemed to him to be the very prime of life, the perfect age for service overseas, but the Navy had different opinions. He was sent in the Navy nor out of it, but was kept on this side of the ocean, chafing for action and not getting it. Because of his youth, officialdom saw fit to keep him on the reserve lists throughout the war.

Not long before the Armistice, he was playing in a Navy benefit when the great sheik, Morris Gerstein, mentioned his work. Later, Gest gave him a featured part in his Century Roof show, although with such results. Bob and the Bowlin and Ray Dooley; and soon Phil was one of Broadway's big musical comedy stars—and not yet well into his twenties.

It was about this time that the famous Baker heckler-stooge, the forerunner of his "groan" became. He always came into being, and used to take part in a performance on the Winter Garden roof every Sunday evening, and one of the waiters there simply would not wait on him. His was a shirtless individual named Jojo. That was all—just Jojo. He also sang, upon occasion; but when Phil was doing his act all Jojo could do was hurl insults at him, Phil carried them good-naturedly, and Jojo came right back with more; and between them they kept the audience in hysterics. Finally Phil hired Jojo for twenty dollars a week.

JOJO was unable to stand prosperity. He was with Phil a year and a half, and during that time he struck at least once a month for a dollar raise. He had a formula for it. "Boss," he'd say, "my wife is having a baby. Got to have a dollar a week more.

I always come to you for help, and you told me that his wife had had fifteen babies and he was getting thirty-five dollars a week. Then Phil struck, and refused to pay more. Jojo went away.

Next day he was back. "Make it fifty cents," he suggested.

"What's the matter?" Phil asked. "Only half a baby this time?"

"It was a very small one," Jojo explained seriously, "Only eats half as much.

But he didn't get the raise, and Phil found another stooge. Phil was playing on the Ziegfeld roof, with Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor, when he fell in love. She was one of the dancing chorus girls, very slim, very slender, very young. She was named Vivian Vernon.

He first noticed her, really, when he saw that her mouth was always full of sugar while he had never waited for her at the stage door. Other girls had their white-tied and tasseled gallants. Vivian refused all escorts and sat alone, with her mother. It was obvious that he'd never get to go out with him unless he made friends with Mrs. Vernon first—so that's what he did.
Within three months they were madly in love, wanting to marry. Mrs. Vernon approved, but long before, Phil had promised his parents he wouldn't marry until he was twenty-five—and that was two long years away. It had been easy to make the promise, but now he didn't see how he was to keep it.

He didn't keep it. One day he and Vivian ran away to Philadelphia and were married, secretly. Phil bribed license bureau and city hall officials to keep quiet about it, and thought, in his innocence, that his secret was safe. A week later they went on their honeymoon to Europe.

It was the strangest honeymoon there ever was. Still hoping to keep his marriage a secret, Phil booked a separate stateroom for Vivian, under her maiden name. They boarded the ship separately—just two people who happened to be sailing on the same ship.

They'd hardly passed quarantine before Phil realized his mistake. Vivian was the prettiest girl on board, and since she was apparently unmarried, there wasn't a man on the passenger list who didn't want her to dance with him, drink cocktails with him, and sit on the deck in the moonlight with him. Phil was just another suitor, as far as they were concerned, and they didn't intend to show him any particular consideration.

There was nothing Phil could do about it without letting the secret out. So he punched somebody in the nose. The men simply swarmed around Vivian while he stood helplessly by, and the only time they could be alone together was late at night, when Phil would scuttle furtively down the deserted corridors to Vivian's stateroom.

The miserable voyage was over at last, and they landed at Southampton—to be met by a cablegram from Phil's parents, full of shocked surprise that he had broken his promise. Variety, the theatrical weekly, had somehow got hold of the marriage, and had published it.

At least, there was no longer any reason for keeping the secret—the fact that they were Mr. and Mrs. Phil Baker, and for three months they traveled in Europe, happy in each other's company and in the first vacation either of them had ever had. Like the two kids they were, they romped from pleasure spot to pleasure spot, dancing, laughing, playing—forgetting that all this couldn't last forever, unaware that even just being together wasn't always going to be enough. They didn't know, then, how pitifully brief that ill-starred marriage was to be.

Phil Baker sees his first, romantic marriage come to failure, but out of his unhappiness he learns how to build a new life of success and deep contentment—in the conclusion of this dramatic story.

My Greatest American Adventures

(Continued from page 45)

to the crew, and the other passengers, was myself—and a cargo of oranges for the Eskimos. Three days after we had set sail, a storm blew up, and churned the waters dangerously. To make matters worse, a whale appeared. He started to follow our small craft, threatening the ship, and all aboard, with imminent destruction.

Seeking to appease the hungry monster, and divert him from our course, the crew tossed several cases of oranges overboard. These the whale gulped down, and continued to lash his tail furiously.
storm, moreover, did not decrease in violence. The crew drew lots and one less fortunate sailor lost and was thrown overboard. The monster devoured him, but this sacrifice did not save the ship or his purpose. Two more sailors were thrown to him, but this only seemed to increase his appetite.

**There** was an old lady, of some ninety-nine years, among the passengers. She had the idea that if she were sacrificed, the ship, and those aboard, might be saved, so she very lovingly offered to die on the deck of the men. She sat on the deck all day long and rocked back and forth in an old rocking chair she had brought aboard. She reminded the sailors of home, and mother. When she begged the sailors to throw her overboard, they could not refuse her plea, and prepared to consign her to the deep.

She attached only one condition—she said she had always loved her old rocking chair and wanted it with her when she departed this earth. So, after tying her to the chair, the sailors threw her to the whale, who guileled her down, rocking chair and all. The whale immediately disappeared, and in a short time the vessel was again safely on its way—the storm having subsided.

We awoke later, we arrived in Alaska. Almost simultaneously, a tumult was created by the natives when the rumor got around that a great whale had drifted ashore. We rushed down to the shore, and the sailors, recognizing the monster as the same whale that had caused us so much worry, got axes and proceeded to cut him open. There, in the whale's stomach, was the old lady calmly rocking back and forth in her rocking chair, and selling oranges at a nickel apiece to the three sailors! (Was you dere Sharlee?)

Life among the Eskimos was indeed pleasant. All we did the livelong day was fish and hunt. The fishing was particularly enjoyable as it involved no work at all on our part. The tribe of Eskimos, among which we lived, had trained goldfish to act as educated bait.

The fishermen would tie a string to one of these goldfish, and by holding up a certain number of fingers would indicate to the pet how many fish he wanted. He would then drop the harnessed goldfish into the water, and watch it proceed in search of its victims. The large and ferocious game fish would be attracted by the glittering goldfish, and would snap its jaws around it and gulp it down.

The goldfish, on getting into the gullet, would sither out through the gill, having the game fish on the line. The goldfish would continue fishing in this manner until he caught the desired number of fish. It would then swim around the entire line of fish, and with the slack of the line, tie a knot. This was necessary, because if the fisherman pulled in the line—without a knot in it—the goldfish would be pulled through a dozen or so gills, and would be injured, in addition to losing the catch. So when the knot was tied, the goldfish would let up a few bubbles as a signal, and the fisherman hauled in the day's catch!

Hunting in the Arctic was a thrilling experience, because it was really fraught with danger. Only once, however, during my entire stay, was I faced with death. My ingenuity saved me.

It was a bitter cold day. A blizzard had come up, and the temperature had gone down to several hundred degrees below zero. I had gone out hunting and after using up all my bullets, I was making my way to our igloo, minding my own business, when I was suddenly confronted by the largest and most ferocious looking bear I had ever seen! The animal was preparing to pounce on me, and I had no bullets!

I began to think how my mother would miss me, and wept at the thought. The tears froze almost as soon as they left my eyes. Suddenly, I received an inspiration. I jammed the frozen tears into my gun, and used them as bullets. When the tears penetrated the bear's brain, the heat of his body melted the solidified liquid and the bear died of water on the brain! (So, vas you dere?)

Alaska was too tame, so I proceeded on a journey southward and arrived in Flin Flon, Canada, where I struck up an acquaintance with a Northwest Mounted Policeman. We became fast friends. He shared his quarters with me, and indeed proved such a hospitable host that I was loath to depart, and remained with him for almost half a year.

**The** Mountie had a remarkable bird dog. The dog, reared among the mounties, had developed a peculiar fascination for the wigwagging squad. He spent hours with them every day, watching them wigwag messages with their flags.

When the hunting season opened, the Mountie, knowing my reputation as a hunter, lent me this dog. Together, with a gun, we entered a sparsely wooded area. The dog preceded me by several hundred feet and trailed back and forth in search of game. Suddenly he stopped, and his tail shot upward. The tail began to wiggle. He was wigwagging a message! It was: 'Jack—have—you—any—buckshot?—if—not—run—like—mad—because there's—a—big—brown—bear—up.
here—and he's—coming—your way!” (Was you dere?)

When I left for still farther southerly parts, my friend insisted upon giving me this remarkable pointer—he was a pointer—as a keepsake. Out of sentiment, I accepted the dog even though he was somewhat of an encumbrance when I arrived in New York.

ONE afternoon, I was walking down Sixth Avenue with the dog trotting behind me, when suddenly I missed him. After searching frantically, I found that he had come to a beautiful point at one of the busiest corners in the city. I looked around for a bird, and finally came to the conclusion that this dog had gone batty as a result of New York life. I was just about to give him a sound thrashing, when I suddenly discovered what he was pointing at. It was a large sign with gold letters, reading: “A PARTRIDGE Hardware!”

So I next took a boat to Jersey. Running short of funds, I joined the State Police. A criminal, who had long been sought by the law, was finally caught shortly after I joined the force. He was a shoplifter with a peculiar mania—he never stole anything expensive. He was a cheap crook, and the cheap items were good enough for him.

One day he was spotted leaving a big department store with a number of cheap cotton shirts. He managed to temporarily elude the police, but with my sleuthing always on the job, he was quickly trailed to his home and bailed up. He was ordered to come out with his hands up, but instead of complying it bandied taunted us by putting on one of the shirts he had stolen and parading up and down in front of the window.

Florida was the place I liked the best. I suppose it was because the fishing was always good there. I can remember only one occasion when the fish weren't biting. But fortunately, I had a bottle of Scotch along. I dipped a fresh minnow into the bottle, and put him on the end of the hook figuring that the big fish might be attracted by the scent of the liquor. Made a cast, and in a few seconds there was a vigorous tug at my line. It took all my strength to haul in the line, but it was well worth the effort. On the end of the line was a huge sea bass which was fighting desperately. The minnow had the bass by the throat, and was throttling him! (Was you dere, Hemmingway?)

One of the worst experiences I ever had was walking across the Mojave Desert with an old prospector who called himself Jake. We got right in the middle of the desert, and ran out of water. We went three days without a drop of water, and finally Jake got so thirsty that he couldn't walk another step. I was on my way to California, and nothing would have made me stop, but Jake just had to have water. “Baron,” Jake moaned, as he sank into the scorching sand, “I'd give my life for one glass of water.”

I thought about this for over an hour and finally arose with a solution. I reached into my knapsack and pulled out a tremendous onion. Then I procured a small pan, and holding the onion under Jake's eyes, I proceeded to make his eyes water. In less than a minute, Jake had wet the pan full, and after drinking the water we walked briskly on our way.

When I got to California, bad news awaited me. There I found a message from home informing me that my aged grandmother was mortally ill. The letter urged me to return home so that she might have a last glimpse of her grandson before departing this earth.

I quickly prepared for the trip. Not having sufficient money for train passage, and being in bad with the passport authorities, I purchased a pair of water wings. I filled them with air and after a week of strenuous swimming, I finally landed in the home land and rushed to my grandmother's bedside.

I REMOVED the valve from the water-wings, and made my grandmother breathe in the California air with which they were filled. Before you could say, Jack Egan, she was out of bed and kicking a football around. I was home safe again.

to Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

Don't wait another day! Start right now to save yeast labels for the wonderful book of 20 dance lessons by Arthur Murray.

This book is not for sale. The only way to get a copy is with Fleischmann Yeast labels.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Write to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include your name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 31 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted on plain paper.

DANCE CARDS SAVE YEAST LABELS—STICK 'EM ON THIS AND YOU GET A FREE BOOK OF DANCE LESSONS

Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says:

"STICK TO IT, and Fleischmann's Yeast will help to correct ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."

Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—providing natural growth of the face. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimples by clearing these skin toxins out of the bloodstream. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about 1 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

"Always worth stopping for"

Most popular gum in America - Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECH-NUT GUM

BECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating—doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new orange flavored gum that aids good health and helps fight mouth acidiy. "Chew with a purpose."

SPEARMINT

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

What's New?
(Continued from page 4)

Stoopnagle and Budd call it a season the end of May. So does We, the People.
Eddie Cantor and Kate Smith both start holidaying at the end of June, to be absent two and a half months while their shows continue without them. Lanny Ross intends to stay aboard Show Boat all summer. He took a long European trip last year, and a family vacation is his responsibilities.
The two big automobile manufacturers take summer rests. General Motors' present spring series takes it up to the end of June, and it's a good bet that the sponsors then suspend operations until fall. Mr. Ford's Sunday Evening Hour definitely packs away its instruments in summer moth-balls June 27.
Jack Oakie and Rubinoff stay on the air until July. After that, Jack may turn his college over to some other wise man; Rubinoff may also rest until fall. Even if the maestro takes himself and his violin off the network you'll still hear his programs. He's made hundreds of electrical transcriptions for Chevrolet, featuring guest stars.
If your favorite star or program isn't listed here, be glad.
It means that he, she, or it will probably remain on the air throughout the summer.

It should double your pleasure in listening to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's radio talks to know what happens to the money she makes on them. Ponds is reputed to pay her two thousand dollars for each broadcast, and this money goes directly to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, without the First Lady ever seeing it at all. Even more, there goes into a work that's very close to Mrs. Roosevelt's heart. It is used to repatriate workers in the depressed areas of the Eastern states—such regions as the mining districts in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The American Friends Committee buys small plots of land, settles out-of-work miners on them, and helps them to get a new start. The basic idea is to give each family some land on which to live and raise some food, at the same time working whenever possible. It would take radio to make a part-time farmer out of a miner, wouldn't it?

PLENTY of stars have missed a broadcast now and then; Jessica Dragonette was forced by illness to miss the first program of her present series, and last fall Fred Astaire was a week late in joining his own show. But Nelson Eddy, I guess, is the only star who ever missed the last program in a series. The laryngitis attack which forced him off the air for his final scheduled performance, Vicks was partially a result of his throat operation a few weeks before. It's not serious, despite rumors. Nelson canceled concert engagements for a couple of weeks, but is planning on resuming them soon. He is booked solidly on his concert tour until the end of May, after which he'll go back to Hollywood for another picture.

REMEMBER our vague speculations about Professor Quiz's appearance and identity last month? Well, here's a later bulletin. At the broadcasts the Prof. reveals himself to be a heavyset, once handsome man who makes you feel he could talk you into buying the Brooklyn
Bridge to jump off of. He has eyes that hold your interest until you believe whatever he says—and like it.

** MILESTONES section: Mabel Albertson and Ken Englund announce their wedding, which took place last November 2. Mabel is Countess Kleptomania on the Sunday morning lodent Dress Rehearsal, and Ken is a script writer for the Helen Broderick—Victor Moore show, among others . . . Eddie Cantor buys an estate in Beverly Hills for the nice rounded sum of $133,000 (reputed) . . . Judy Canova is being co-starred with Jack Benny in the picture he's making now. It's not her debut, however; she was in “Caliente” last year . . . Rita Johnson, late of the CBS Workshop dramatic program, is another who has gone Hollywood, via the dotted-line route on a Sam Goldwyn contract . . . Jerry Belcher, master of ceremonies on Our Neighbors, sold his program to General Tires just as his wife, the former Ruth Love, presented him with a baby daughter. Jerry had time to kiss the baby before flying out to Chicago to discuss time and network . . . CBS will break ground within a year for two mammoth, modern radio centers, one in New York and one in Hollywood, to replace its present rather crowded quarters in both cities . . . Mervyn Bogue, Ish Kabibble in Kay Kyser's orchestra, says it's a boy . . . Frances Langford was ill in the hospital, just when we wanted her to pose for a picture. The big hearted camera man offered to go into the sick room but the nurses wouldn't let him go to all that trouble.

** NBC will weep tears of mortification when we publish this, but we can't resist. Show Boat is broadcast on NBC from nine to ten Thursday nights. Floyd Gibbons' True Adventures program goes over CBS from ten to ten-thirty the same night. The same advertising agency produces both shows. It's impossible for agency officials to get from Radio City to the Columbia building in time to sit in the control room for Floyd's program, so as a special favor they NBC picks up its rival network's show and broadcasts it to the control room of Studio 8-H, where the agency man can sit around and listen.

** BRIEF bulletin on the never-ending debate over whether or not movie stars ought to go on the air: When Hollywood Hotel put “Love Is News” on the air the picture had already been released, and its exhibitors were warned to watch box-office receipts closely and see whether the broadcast helped them or hurt them. What did they find out? In some places the box-office receipts were larger after the broadcast, in some places smaller, and in some they didn't change at all. And anyway, it didn't matter; the picture was a hit to begin with.

** ON the other hand, at least one radio star has decided he ought to stay in the movies. Jimmie Melton, singing star and master of ceremonies on the Saturday Night Party on NBC, voluntarily bowed out of the Hollywood picture when he was asked to be released from his contract with Warner Brothers. The contract was torn up, although it still called for two pictures for two more years, and Jimmie now plans to devote all his future time to radio. You'll see his last picture, “Melody for Two,” in May.

** “Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!”

** “Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful.”

** “There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!”

** “Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!” And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!
LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADeS OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely “glamour-ize.” They create a new “YOU”!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

**A Dramatic Shade for Day**

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

**A Romantic Shade for Night**

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

**At My Expense**

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That’s why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

**FREE**

(You can tax this on a personal postcard)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

Name:
Address:
City State:

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

JUST for the record, here’s the explanation of how Lucille Mannet’s “good night” speech at the end of his broadcast. Every Sunday, you may have noticed, he says “Good night,” and adds a different girl’s name. It doesn’t mean that Joe has a new sweetheart every week—Joe’s securely and happily married. It’s just a gag. He always uses a rather common name, like Dorothy or Helen, figuring that all the Dorothys and Helens in the audience will sit up straight and think he’s talking to them. The idea seems definitely dangerous to us, but Dorothy is married, and her husband wakes up out of an after-dinner daze to hear a disembodied male voice bidding his wife good night? What’s he going to think about it all, Mr. Penner?

THE wonderful adventure that began for Lucille Mannet when she was signed by Cities Service to take the place of Jessica Dragonette has taken a new and exciting turn. A story published in last month’s issue of Radio Mirror told you how Lucille has been groomed for stardom—taught to dress, walk and talk, all gloriously. Well, it was a successful campaign, perhaps too successful for her sponsors, who may lose her because of it to the movies. Lucille was screen-tested a few days ago by Warner Brothers, and reports have it that the results were terrific—well, anyhow, colossal.

THAT twenty-fifth anniversary celebration the Girl Scouts put on last month—at least, the part of it that was broadcast—showed how the girls can put it all over the male sex when they want to. Ever hear of a Boy Scout celebration which was able to line up an array of talent like this—Elizabeth Rethberg, Mary Chamlee, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Rene Maizon, Kathleen Norris, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt? They all went on the air for the Girl Scouts.

YOU’re likely to miss one of radio’s most interesting programs if we don’t tell you about it, because it is broadcast only once a month. It’s a musical show, lasting half an hour, with a cast composed entirely of blind people. The National Bureau for Blind Artists arranges the programs, and NBC puts them on as sustaining shows. Radio is a perfect medium for these people to use in overcoming their handicap and becoming recognized entertainers—so listen in, the first Friday of each month, at 3:15, on the NBC-Blue network. Such a famous person as Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, has already appeared in one of these programs, and similar talented people are promised for the future.

FRED WARING starts April 10 on "Varsity Show." That’s what the item in a New York radio journal said, but it was news to everybody in Fred’s office. It was news to everybody connected with the Public Varsity Show on NBC, too, and it had them worried. Had their sponsor suddenly decided to fire them all and sign up Fred and the Pennsylvanians instead? You never can tell, they said sadly, what will happen in radio. Fred was out of New York, touring, but his office said it didn’t think he had any radio plans—he was supposed to make a picture. At last the explanation bobbed up. The name of the picture Fred will make this summer is "Varsity Show."
WE'VE heard of expert gag writers and directors being called in to doctor up a radio show, but Will Alexander is a new kind of specialist. He's a band doctor. A graduate of the musical department of the University of Pennsylvania, Will makes his living by rearranging orchestral arrangements, adding a saxophone here, subtracting a violin there. Benny Goodman's is one of the bands upon which Will has worked his specialized magic, and they do say that he is responsible for much of Benny's present success.

* * *

WHEN is a busted career not a bust? When it's a smash, of course. And the oddest things sometimes turn it into the smash. There's the curious case of Natalie Bodianya, the girl who sang duets with Frank Munn on the Sweetest Love Songs program—and more important, the girl who recently lost her petticoat on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera just as she was hitting a high note. It was her first big role, and right when everything was going well that petticoat had to come loose and fall on the floor before the amused eyes of a brilliant audience. Natalie saw her budding career crumble with the petticoat, but she gallantly went on singing and ended up by kicking the offending garment off the stage as she made her exit. But she was still sure that they'd never let her sing at the Met again.

The next day she woke up to find herself famous as the girl who had provided the only excitement at that dignified old temple of song since the night Jertiza tripped and had to sing an aria lying flat on her stomach. Instead of ruining her career the petticoat had made it a sure thing. She was even interviewed by a London paper on the trans-Atlantic telephone.

* * *

LACK of a suitable script is delaying the entrance into radio of a dazzling new personality. New, that is, to the air, but one of the stage's first First Ladies and no small potatoes in the movies. Ina Claire has been flitting with the broadcasters for several months, but so far just hasn't been able to get a script whipped up into shape for her to take a shot at. She's been trying to make a move sooner, so perhaps by the time that is finished all the difficulties will have been smoothed out. Miss Claire ought to be a regular one-woman show on the air—she won a prize for perfect diction not long ago, she's an accomplished comedienne, and she used to sing in musical comedy.

* * *

RUDY VALLEE, always one of our most travel-minded citizens, hits a new high in commuting early in May. Right after his April 29th broadcast he grabs a fast liner for London, arrives there in five days, broadcasts his May 6th and 13th programs from the Coronation city, hops another fast boat, and is back in New York for his May 20th show, without missing a single Thursday. It will all mean a two-week vacation for the Connecticut Yankee, since Rudy will go alone and use an English band, plus the cream of the talent in London for the Coronation as his guests.

* * *

PICTURE of a radio star refusing to be done out of a vacation: Fred Allen has told his intimate friends that he doesn't plan on returning to radio, once he's left it in June, until January, 1938. Fred, you know, is to spend the summer making a picture in Hollywood, and evidently he plans on taking that vacation when it's finished.

CASHMERE BOUQUET

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

NOW HER DATE BOOK TELLS THE STORY! WHAT A DIFFERENCE SINCE SHE KNOWS THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Not such nitwits! When George Burns and Gracie Allen moved their program to the NBC network, Monday nights, they got a big salary increase.

WHAT some of your favorites were doing before taking to the air, according to Radio Daily: Jack Pearl was a song plugger, and the Oracle knows someone who "vas dere"... Russ Morgan was a miner in the mine his father was foreman of... George Olsen used to saw lumber... Jan Peerce sang with Cantor Rosenblatt... Ralph Kirbery was a flour salesman and Jerry Cooper used to toot the trombone in a New Orleans cafe.

Hazel M. B., St. Petersburg, Fla.
—The Melody Treasure Hunt conducted by Pat Ballard is now off the air. However, you still can get in touch with Mr. Ballard by addressing him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Miss Kay M., Kingman, Arizona
—The latest Show Boat theme song is "Dream Boat" by Al Goodman. For Margaret Speaks' program, the theme song is "In My Garden." by Mrs. Harvey Firestone, Sr., and the First Nighter's theme is "Neapolitan Nights."

Lily Pons fans, attention!—Is there a Lily Pons fan club? Thesba Yeaton of Derby, Vermont, wants to know.

Mr. Roy Robert Smith, Denver, Colorado—Percy E. Appleby, of 421 Osborne Avenue, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, asked for your local address, but not having it, we thought that this notice would prompt you to get in touch with him.

Ernest H., Guatemala, South America—Sorry you had to wait so long for your answer, but it took a long time to discover the whereabouts of your friend. (Continued on page 76)
the world, had ever seen—which Fred doesn’t believe is true. They listened to him sing, and burbled that his voice was “marvelous, simply marvelous”–which Fred knows very well isn’t true.

Panic seized him. Wasn’t there anyone to tell him the truth? Suppose he grew to believe these people—only to discover, some day, that he had been slipping, and that now his skill had gone entirely? He knew that sometimes he did things wrong. But how could he tell? He couldn’t see himself dancing, couldn’t listen to himself singing.

There was one person who could help him, who was willing to help him. Phyllis saw his confusion. She watched him worry. And because she loved him, she decided to do something about it.

Phyllis doesn’t like the theatrical side of Fred’s life any more than he does, but she did realize that he needed her to counteract the effects of the constant adulation and “yessing” that goes on at the studios. So she began doing something few wives would care to do. She began the program she has steadfastly carried out ever since.

In the morning, when Fred arrives at the studio, she is with him. Over in one corner of the set there is a quiet, tiny figure—a little thing that has a good strong puff of wind could blow away, and yet so sturdy, so steadfast. You don’t notice her unless someone points her out. Apparently, she isn’t watching Fred; but actually, she isn’t missing a single gesture he makes.

When he has finished a dance routine or a scene he bounds over to her and for long minutes their heads are together in earnest conference. What she is telling him is whether, in her opinion, his work was good or could be improved upon. She is giving him that valuable thing so few stars can have—criticism. And Fred respects her opinion and her judgment. She gives him constructive guidance from one who has no part in the theatrical world, one who has his interest at heart and nothing else. It is something most intelligent stars would give half their incomes to purchase, if it could be purchased.

Phyllis usually disappears from the set just a little before lunch time. She returns to his dressing room, a few minutes later, with a picnic basket and a couple of thermos bottles. In the basket is a delicious luncheon, hot and nourishing. Phyllis spreads it out on the table. Soon Fred runs in and shuts the door. The shutting of that door is symbolic. During this brief luncheon hour Fred and Phyllis shut out not only the sights and sounds of the studio around them, but all the studio stands for as well—all the complicated task of making movies. Many other people in Hollywood can—and do—live, breathe, eat and sleep motion pictures. But Fred is too highly keyed to think about his work all the time. His nerves would snap if he did. He must have a complete break from it, utter relaxation.

So as they have their luncheon Fred and Phyllis talk about everything but the movies. Theirs is the warm, intimate chatter which two happily married people love. They talk about the baby—his latest trick, his newest tooth. They talk about their home, their friends, their plans for the future.

Lunch time is over. Refreshed by this touch of reality after the unrealities of picture making, Fred goes back to the set. And so does Phyllis, back to her post.

Then there is his radio work. The yes-men are in the broadcasting studio, too, ready to laugh at everything he says, hang on every word in the hope it may mean a better job. Once more it’s Phyllis’ task to suggest, to criticize, to keep him from going the way of so many who have nothing but yes-men around them.

That’s the rehearsal. But on the night of the show, when the Packard hour is actually sent out over the airwaves, Phyllis is not in the studio. And that fact alone is proof enough that the gossips who say she dogs his footsteps to keep off infuriated women are wrong. If they were right, would she be likely to leave him during the actual show, when he is besieged by fans after the broadcast is over?

Throughout the Packard broadcast Phyllis is at home with the radio turned on, listening to every word Fred says, every note he sings. From this position she can tell much better how things are going than if she were in the studio. She has heard the rehearsal. She knows the pattern the broadcast is to take. Now she hears what comes through well and what doesn’t.

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**I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!**

**THAT NIGHT**

That fortune teller was certainly right about that dark-haired man. Sure! I haven’t seen tom in weeks!

I think I know why, Ann! And if you’ll take some sisterly advice, you’ll see Dr. Lane about your breath!

Ann, tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath, and tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Let me tell you...

**“HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH”**

"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath...of dull, dingy teeth...and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

**THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE’S**

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate’s!

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

...and no bad breath since I began using Colgate’s.
"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I didn't do it"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

When the program is over he comes home, and his first words are usually, "How did it go?" Then the two sit down and analyze it from her viewpoint—the viewpoint of the listener.

No one but Fred and Phyllis has ever been present at one of these discussions. For Phyllis never, never advises him when others are around. And she never, never butts in on someone else who is part of the show. What she does is for Fred, for Fred alone and because Fred wants it.

Only the Astaires' intimate friends know the true reason for Phyllis' constant and devoted watchfulness, for only to these few friends have Fred and Phyllis ever explained. It isn't entirely Hollywood's fault that the wrong interpretation has been put upon this watchfulness, for it's a human enough failing to criticize what you don't understand.

Another thing about Fred and Phyllis which Hollywood doesn't understand is their insistence that they should be allowed to choose their own friends. Only a few of the picture people—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are two—are ever invited to the lovely hillside home, with its tennis court jutting out like a pier over the canyon. And Hollywood takes this to mean that Phyllis is stuck up, still the snobbish society girl.

There are two reasons why most of Fred's and Phyllis' intimates are chosen from outside the picture-making crowd. Really, they are the same reasons which prompt those quiet lunches on the set. First, Fred wants to get away from pictures and radio in his social life. In that way he hopes to keep a clear perspective in the blurred Hollywood mirror. Don't forget that Fred is a worrier, that he is extremely sensitive to moods and atmosphere. So when they entertain at home, when they take their friends to their box at the Turf Club at the Santa Anita race track the conversation is so broad and general and stimulating that, if you overheard it, you wouldn't for a minute realize Fred was a star.

The second reason is just this: Fred and Phyllis are in love with each other. Their love is very private, very real, and they insist upon keeping their hours of relaxation together free from outside influences which could endanger it. When they are with other people, they treat those people to be real friends, not mere acquaintances whom it is good politics to entertain. It simply happens that the people they like best are often not connected with the business of making pictures at all, just as in the Broadway days Fred's best friends were not of the theater.

The pathetic thing about all this is that Hollywood invariably blames Phyllis for being snobbish, interfering, overwatchful of her husband. People in the studios know Fred, like him, and think—mistakenly—that they understand him. Almost no one knows Phyllis, and so almost no one realizes that whatever she does, she does for her husband. If he didn't want her on the set or in the story, she wouldn't be there. If he wanted to entertain lavishly and often, she would help him to do so. Hers is a complete and selfless devotion.

She takes the rap for Fred, and she doesn't care whether the rest of the world understands or not. She will even, if necessary, be a little displeased over the appearance of this story. But I've taken my chances on her resentment, because I think it is time for the truth to be told—time for everyone to know what a swell wife Fred Astaire has.

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.
Put Beauty In Your Smile

(Continued from page 51)

Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung, as well as in guest appearances on other programs, Natalie has many sound ideas on the subject, as her own flawless teeth and charming smile prove.

It isn't often that a girl, no matter how talented, achieves the spectacular success which is hers at the age of twenty-three. For a whole year now she has been playing principal roles at the very hard-to-crash Metropolitan Opera, in addition to the radio work which has made her name known to thousands. And, in the former achievement at least, there's no doubt that part of her success has been due to her attractive appearance as well as to her voice. With her amazingly slender figure, she is rapidly challenging Gladys Swarthout as the Met's "principal boy"—because she looks so well in tight's!

Off-stage she's even more attractive, and so young. Characteristic of modern youth, too, in her disdain for sham and false modesty.

"Why not talk about these things?" she queried earnestly, curled up like a kitten on the floor of her studio apartment. "We hear so much about lipstick, and so little about the all-important things like tooth paste and mouth wash! Few people talk about bad breath, though everyone fears it, in themselves and others, and certainly nothing can more quickly destroy the illusion of beauty.

"Since most singers neither smoke nor drink and have to watch the type of food they eat, they aren't troubled so much with that phase of the problem. No, our greatest bugbear is the fear of something happening to our throats. That's why we know the value of gargling regularly—and redoubling our efforts during bad weather.

It's really just a question of common sense, I, as a singer, have never gone to any throat specialist for a special gargle or treatments. There are so many excellent brands on the market, and singers I know who have gone to doctors have had these reputable, ready-made mouth washes prescribed for them.

Natalie is really qualified to speak on the subject. She hasn't missed a single performance in her career so far, either at the Met or on the radio—though she's just superstitious enough to avoid the knock on wood when she tells you about it!

"No one knows better than singers, too," she continued, "the value of teeth to beauty. A charming smile is such a large part of a gracious personality, and teeth are so important to one's smile. This is true for all people who face large audiences, but doubly true for singers, whose every performance focuses attention on their teeth. The dentist today is one of our most important beauty specialists, and proper dental care at home is an integral part of any beauty regime. Best of all, it's health insurance, too.

Natalie's teeth are particularly sound and white. She attributes much of this to an early childhood habit. She admits it sounds ridiculous, but insists (and dentists will bear this out) that it works. "Ever since I was a baby," she laughed, "I've loved to chew on bones. Why, when I have chicken I don't really feel as though I've had chicken until I've gnawed a bone or two! I know it sounds rather like those advertisements which read: Shocking, say etiquette authorities—Marvelous, say the dentists,—but then I don't really indulge in the habit in public.

Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to guard from blemish and to soften lines. Vitamin D ingredient stimulates the skin to breathe.

Germs are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface to set up a blemish-infestation. So use a beauty cream that is germ-free . . . Woodbury's Cold Cream!

Less chance for germs to cause ugly blemishes when Woodbury's softens your skin. This cream arrests germ-growth.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains another protective element that all skins need . . . Sunshine Vitamin D. Vitamin D wakes up the quick-breathing process of skin cells. And when the skin breathes fast, takes up oxygen quickly, it retains its youthful vigor.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base, to hold make-up smoothly. Each of these lovely creams $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

RADIO MIRROR

Your Skin Responds

with Beauty
to this GERM-FREE care!

"I was heartbroken about my blemished skin. Then my aunt, whose skin is smooth as a girl's, begged me to try Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream."
Exercise is so necessary for teeth health. That's why the choice of a toothbrush is so important, as it should be the right shape and size to massage the gums and stimulate circulation. By the way, are you brushing your teeth properly? Do you have a long-bristled brush? Do you avoid brushing into the gums? The proper stroke to use, you know, starts with the sides of the bristles against your gums: then you whisk the brush over the teeth with a flick of the wrist. The bristle points should never touch the gums, but should be turned at just the right moment to scrub the eamed surface. If you haven't tried this yet, you may find it a little difficult at first, but once you get the knack it will take no longer than the older, less reliable ways.

When you've taken care of the inside of your mouth, then is the time to start worrying about lipstick, that so essential finishing touch. Here's where Natalie has another grand tip for you that she learned while making up for screen tests recently. As you know, the camera picks up all sorts of idiosyncrasies in one's face which even our best friends (or worst enemies!) have never noticed before. And one thing the camera did to Natalie was to make those gleaming teeth of hers look as though they protruded! "That was easily fixed with make-up, however," she added, "and perhaps other girls with the same problem would like to know how it's done."

"The make-up artists widened the bow of my upper lip with lipstick, so that the two curves didn't come so close together. He explained that this avoided that puckered look. Naturally, a poity effect would accentuate the teeth at that point. I've been making up that way ever since and have been so surprised at the real improvement it makes in my appearance."

We all know what wonders can be worked with make-up, and this is particularly true with lipstick. Why not experiment a bit for yourself? Try changing your lipstick line (slightly, of course, since exaggeration is never beautiful) as Natalie did. Try varying your lipstick shades for day and night, and for different costumes. If your mouth is large, don't cover its entire surface with rouge—and be sure to use rouge more sparingly. If your mouth is small, make use of every bit of surface. And, above all else, in making up your lips, avoid creating an effect of turned-down corners! After all, you want to smile for beauty, so prepare your mouth for the loveliest smile you can achieve.

There are two grand new beauty developments I'm particularly eager to tell you about this month. One is a marvelous new cream made to actually melt away a pound or two of fat whenever you use it—and melts it away from the very spots where you want to reduce! The other is a handy complexion soap developed by one of America's foremost beauty authorities. It's a tremendous improvement on the old, inefficient pumice stone and works miracles with all types of skin troubles, even stubborn cases of acne. If you'd like more information about these products, just write Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Television by Christmas! Read this startling prophecy of a television expert in the July RADIO MIRROR.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

Sunday at 4:30 p.m., WBAP's staff orchestra makes the music for this interesting quarter hour and Wayne Dunlap, Texas college student, is the featured vocalist.

St. Louis, Mo.: Coming from KFPW in Fort Smith, Arkansas, announcer Thomas Reid had filled only a month of his microphone assignment at stations KWTO and KGBX in Springfield, Missouri, when he was offered his present broadcasting job at KSD in St. Louis. Definitely a superior commercial announcer, Reid became one of the most popular newscasters ever featured on the Springfield stations during his brief stay.

In Springfield and everywhere this popular announcer has broadcast, his many friends have predicted great things for him on the airwaves and presto—here he is in the Highlights.

** * * *

DOWN MELODY LANE

ALTHOUGH very few of her radio fans know it, the last name of Christine, the talented pianist-singer of WMAQ in Chicago, is Caton. In two words, Christine Caton.

A native of Winfield, Kansas, Christine has literally a musical life story. From the age of four, when she played duets with her older sister, aided by a pile of books on the piano bench so that she could reach the keyboard, until she won the Kansas State piano contest at the ripe old age of fifteen, life was one long series of piano lessons and recitals. Then followed more piano study at Kansas State College and solo work with glee clubs.

Her first broadcast was over the former Brinkley station in Kansas in 1924. After many tours, playing before music clubs throughout the midwest, she came to Chicago in the spring of 1935 and signed with WMAQ about a year ago.

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD HIT

THREE thousand fan letters in ten days is a lot of mail in anybody's mail box, but that is the story of Howard Swart, author of 'The Newlyweds' over KNX in Hollywood. And Howard should know what he is talking about because he doesn't get very far away from 'The New-

By in Jackson, Michigan, thirty-eight years ago and educated in Ohio, Howard went into vaudeville and played most of the theaters from coast to coast for twelve years. Then, sensing the part radio was to play in the entertainment of the future, he became interested enough to do a few broadcasts on a local Los Angeles station. He liked the new medium and he also liked writing humor. Thinking of the two in connection with each other he conceived the idea of 'The Newlyweds' and landed the program on KHJ when that station was a member of CBS. Some time later he and the show moved to their present spot on KNX.

According to the program's author and leading man, 'The Newlyweds' is a combination of several ideas, not least of which is good clean humor. Whatever the combination it must be the right one as attested by that ten days' mail previously mentioned.

Assisting Howard in 'The Newlyweds' cast are: Elvia Ellman playing the parts of Miss Knapp and Mildred McDonald; Charles Lung, known as 'The man with a hundred voices,' in the 'Mac' and 'J. J. Wilson' parts; and Mary Lansing, who has appeared in several stage successes and voiced many animated cartoons, as 'Mary.'

Radio's Gertrude Niesen is featured in Universal's hit, "Top of the Town." Here she is singing with Russell Wade, Walter Coy, and Michael Fitzmaurice.
Don't Meet that New Man

Until You've Made This “Armhole-Odor” Test

If any moisture at all collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will draw out stale “armhole odor” and you may want to make a good impression.

Pretty Clothes, appealing charm and amusing conversation may win a new man's attention. But your first exciting meeting will never ripen into friendship if you have carelessly neglected that little hollow under your arm!

If you have been deodorizing only, even though you feel sure of your personal cleanliness, don't meet another man until you have made the “Armhole-Odor” Test.

As you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be shocked and surprised to find that your dress has a stale “armhole odor.” That is the way you will smell to everyone you meet!

When you deodorize only, although it is quick and easy to do, you do not stop perspiration and do not give yourself complete protection. Perspiration occurs after you deodorize, and the moisture is immediately transferred to the fabric of your dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of stale perspiration.

Girls who have tried all ways to master the art of personal cleanliness know that one way is sure—complete dryness. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods, which do not stop perspiration, are unreliable. They insist upon the complete protection of Liquid Odoron and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use.

Odoron is entirely harmless to the underarm skin, yet by keeping the underarm always dry, it insures both wearer and frock against the slightest possibility of offense.

Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odoron. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odoron comes in two strengths. Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odoron (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toiletries counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive “armhole odor,” send today for sample vials of the two Odorons and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

RUTH MILLER, The Odoron Co., Inc.
Dept. 607, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2405, Montreal)

I enclose 81., to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odoron and descriptive leaflet.

Name
Address
City State

Checking with Cupid

Cupid is either terribly busy these days or else the little fellow isn’t on the job at all. Anyway, whatever he’s doing he hasn’t whispered many wavelinkings in our ear the past month.

The only knot-tying job he has confessed so far this month was out in San Francisco, where Bill Fuller, KJBS producer, announcer, actor, and script-writer, made the former Fay Howard, also of San Francisco, his wife. And the little fellow with the wings had to fly in a hospital window to put that job over.

When Bill entered an Oakland hospital with acute appendicitis, he got rid of that all right, but he came out with a cute nurse holding onto his heart strings. Miss Howard was the nurse, of course, and the wedding followed as soon as Cupid got around to put the finishing touches on the romance.

But out in Chicago we got word of some near weddings—which, after all, is better for our report than no weddings at all.

There, Bob Fullen, WMAQ’s King’s Jesters and other night programs of WMAQ and WNER, has popped the question to Marjorie Morin of the Morin Sisters vocal duo. The announcement came on Bob’s birthday anniversary and it’s hinted the wedding bells are to ring on Marge’s.

The other Chicago engagement became known when Janet Fargo of WBBM’s continuity department traveled to her Ripon, Wisconsin home and announced it from there. Bucking from Gunn, radio producer in Chicago, is the bridegroom to be.

And to carry the great experiment a few steps farther, this generation which always follows it, we are here to tell you that eleven-month-old Linda Lou Wiseman, daughter of WLS’s Lulu Belle and Albert and Scotty, took her first steps yesterday. Or maybe it was the day before, but anyway that’s early stepping—and incidentally, an early press notice too. Linda Lou... Billy Joe McCluskey, sixteen-months-old son of WSL’s Milly Good and Bill McCluskey, has fully recovered from a recent skirmish with an open safety pin. Bill thought it looked good enough to eat... WBBM announcer-producer Phil Bowman’s five-and-a-half months son cut his first tooth recently. Ouch!... The recent arrival of a ten pound little map at the home of KNX’s “Happy” Joe Kay was the reason for those close and the happy family so proudly passed around the studio...

... And Eileen Wright, six-year-old daughter of Chicago’s WLS Home Adviser Mary Wright, appears to be following in her mother’s kitchen-steps. Eileen treats all of her young friends to candy of her own making. Is it really good, Eileen?...
over your local radio station, then you are acquainted with radio's latest sensation. If not, keep your eyes and ears open because in company with her mother, Princess Yvonne, her father, and manager Harold Rose she will no doubt visit your town and amaze you with her mental wizardry.

Baby Yvonne started her sensational career last summer when watching a performance of her mother's in Philadelphia. Her mother, famous on the stage for her "mind reading," was slightly nettled when her six-year-old daughter hinted the performance left a good deal to be desired. Informed that she could do any better she could "go to it" Baby Yvonne did, with results that startled her parents and led to her present tour.

* * *

RADIO MIRROR

BECAUSE George McElwain, NBC Field Technician at KPO in San Francisco, is a short wave enthusiast we have this paragraph and a father has written for the beginning.

Talking with an eighteen-year-old amateur in Los Angeles by short wave, George learned the boy was seeking his father whom he hadn't seen since he was two years old, and whose whereabouts were unknown to him. And the very next night (here's where the Ohs come in) McElwain fell into a short wave conversation with another "ham" who confided he was seeking a son under similar circumstances. Notifying the Los Angeles boy and giving him the man's call letters, the lad contacted the man and (Ahs) sure enough they were father and son! And this one, enjoying a weekend off, rolling along over a mountain road one hundred and sixty miles from Charlotte, North Carolina, the driver of the car suddenly let out a moan as the voice of Charlotte's WBT announcer Arthur Whiteside came over the car's radio.

"The program originally scheduled for this time will not be heard," the voice announced clearly.

"Why the moan?" asked the driver's companion.

"I have the key to the filing cabinet and he couldn't get the script," the driver announced, moaning another moan.

* * *

OUR HELPING HAND DEPT.

AFTER dropping our own Helping Hand department last month to tell you of a real one conducted by Hal Stiles over KHJ at Los Angeles, where he brings unemployed and employers together, in his Help Thy Neighbor programs, we have learned of a similar Job Clinics program on the Iowa Network as well as other programs proving helpful to the unemployed. With all that in good hands we are now going ahead with our own H. H. D. unashamed. And here goes:

Nashville, Tenn.: Those sweet and glowing letters you Tim Pan Alley song-pluggers have been getting WSM's Cecil Bailey, singer with Francis Craig's band, are all right. That is, the nice things you say about the way your songs are sung are all right, but Cecil would feel a lot more complimented if your letters were not addressed to Miss Cecil Bailey. Catch on? The man's a guy.

Chicago: Tommy Bartlett of WBBM's Meet the Missus program loves a good roast. The culinary kind, of course. George Clare, WBBM's mail department head, had to reserve ice box space in the Wrigley building restaurant to keep the turkeys, geese, and ducks in when Tommy announced his weakness on the air recently. Don't mention it, Tommy, just be sure there's something on ice next time we drop in on you.

Raleigh, N. C.: Carl Goehr, WPTF's unusual radio personality heard nightly at 6:30 in his Doings in the Legislature broadcast, is breaking mail records from the standpoint of distance as well as in numbers. In fact, if it weren't for just one little thing Carl would think his name a household word down in Dixie. But when in one day's mail letters come in addressed to Karl Gurtch, Carl Gertiz, Carroll Gurtch, and Carl Girt it naturally makes him a little skeptical about that household word business. Carl admits he's even beginning to misspell his name himself and that's what made us think it was time for our H. H. department to lend a hand. It's C-A-R-L G-O-E-R-C-H, fans, and don't let us have to speak to you about this again.

Fort Wayne, Ind.: An open-letter to Eddie and Dot, station WOWO. Dear Eddie and Dot: It has occurred to us that while you are so busy answering any and all questions about radio and its stars for fans on your Question Box program weekdays at 1-45 P.M. EST you have neglected to answer many questions about the two microphoners you know best. We know your listeners would like to read something about you two, and see a picture showing just how your Question Box looks in action. How about it? Do we get permission, picture, and information?

New York: Your Coast-to-Coast Highlighter likes to hear any and all news of your local radio boys and girls. So don't forget us, you station Boswells.

Avoid Offending...

Many attractive girls lose out on friendship, romance, because of one unforgivable fault—perspiration odor in underthings. Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor without injurious cake-soap rubbing or harmful alkali. Protects fabrics—saves colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Removes perspiration odor... Saves colors
**Quest...**

**is completely effective on sanitary napkins**

- Why take chances now that complete protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

*Quest* is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate skin or clog pores!

Try *Quest* today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. *Quest* is unscented, so can’t interfere with the fragrance of perfume.

And *Quest* costs no more than other kinds...only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it today at any drug counter.

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**Radio Mirror**

**Facing the Music**

(Continued from page 11)

sensation of New York's hottest artistry—Fifty-second Street. Youthful, beautiful and a real musician, Adele tackled the harp "because I like to master difficult things."

When not harp-swinging, Adele is winning medals as a champion swimmer and figure skater. The whole Girard family is musical: Adele’s father was Victor Herbert’s concert master for fifteen years, her mother is currently singing with the San Carlos Opera Company, and her brother is one of Isham Jones' crack arrangers.

**SHORT, SHORT STORY**

**For** the last few months Shep Fields has been touring the Southland, popping back to Radio City only for his Sunday commercials. Naturally the "rippling rhythm" maestro tried to find some good local talent. Not until he reached Atlanta did "something different" turn up. Up from the dancing crowd to the bandstand, stood an itchy girl, accompanied by an exuberant male companion.

"Say, Mr. Fields, listen to my girl friend, she’s terrific!"

In a few minutes Shep was listening to the lean Georgian. By midnight he had her name signed to a contract. When Shep returned to New York he told his friends about the "southern sensation."

"What's her name?" they asked.

"Marilyn Duke."

Then the storm broke; Marilyn Duke, they told the amazed Fields, used to sing over WOR in New York, returned to her home town, when she was convinced that she could never become a big star.

Far from disillusioned, Shep is convinced Marilyn can make a comeback by doing two things: Changing her style of singing, and getting a new coiffure.

**ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MAESTROS**

**H**al Kemp never wears a hat... Don Bestor, who became famous as the bespectacled orchestra leader, never wears glasses at home... Emil Coleman seldom sleeps more than five hours a night... Al Goodman is thrilled by height, so he rented an apartment on the twenty-fifth floor of one building, and an office on the twenty-fifth floor of another... Mark Warnow is the champion handball player of CBS... Nat Brusiloff is one of the funniest maestros off the air and was recently engaged by a cruise company, not to conduct the ship orchestra, but to act as master of ceremonies.

**OFF THE MUSIC RACK**

**Henry King** has replaced George Hamilton and "Music Box" at Chicago’s Palmer House. He has a Mutual wire... You’ll hear the Casa Loma crew this summer from Los Angeles’ swank "Paloma" sight... Red Nichols’ gold-plated Bennies replaced Roger Pryor’s orchestra at the College Inn in Chicane Tool. When Tommy Dorsey had his first stage appearance recently in New York, they broke the Paramount Theater’s box-office record. After the first performance it was impossible to put the feature picture on the screen, until the Goodman gang “swung” some more. Claudette Colbert’s celluloid image was greeted with “We want Goodman!” from the audience... Hear Tom Lewis again—on the Mutual airwaves... Ben Bernie’s announcement that he was dropping his big band is setting the music world talking... news to those of us who liked to hear Colonel Manny Prager and Billy Wilson, the Old Maestro’s two top vocalists... Johnny O’Keefe is back, singing in Virginia Beach... What promised to be a star radio dance band is heard from no more. It was the orchestra of Dick Barrie, heard over the air last season, from a former Cincinnati. Following their Queen City engagement, Dick was booked on a tour of one-night stands, only to be left stranded and a sorry hamlet.

**NBC, it is rumored, has asked many dance orchestras, heard on its airwaves, to cut down the many choruses sung by various musicians and soloists. The Radio City orchestra is the only one unshowmanly and that most of the lads have poor voices and should open their collective mouths only when they blow through instruments.**

This will find favor with one faction; disfavor with another.

How many good dance arrangements have you heard recently that were spoiled by poor solos? Yet, there are many who believe that it is the vocalist in a good many cases who turns an average band into a distinctive one.

Imagine hearing Ted Weems’ band without the romantic voice of Perry Winters (who incidentally is named for pictures), Harold Stern’s outfit minus the vocal aid of baritone-drummer Bill Smith, Casa Loma sans the chirping of Kenny Sargent and Pee Wee Hunt, Horace Heidt’s Brigadiers bereft of Jerry Bowes’ cheery voice, Freddy Martin’s music without Harry Feldkamp and Teddy Shand, and Giny Lombardo’s inimitable melodies with Carmen Lombardo absent.

If NBC’s planned ruling had gone into effect a decade ago, listeners might never have heard Bing Crosby, Art Jarrett, Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris or Ozzie Nelson. These three were all considered as musicians in dance orchestras and gained attention by singing the vocal choruses.

**THE DORSEYS may not speak when they pass by, but they’ve both proved that they’re capable of making independent success, and that ought to make them feel more kindly toward each other. It was a couple of years ago, you may remember, that Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey broke up the fraternal partnership that had brought them fame in decadence. The wise boys shook their heads and allowed that both Tommy and Jimmy were smart youngsters but that they’d have been smarter if they’d stayed together. Then, Jimmy got the job of handling the orchestral end of things on Bing Crosby’s program, and did right well at it. Tommy took longer to fight it out, and he’s still an independent promoter, but he’s done it too.**

Besides being Jack Pearl’s music-master and the bandleader, Tommy leads a band that’s doing sensationally well in the Hotel Commodore, New York—better, they say, than any other band that ever played there. You hear it over a Mutual wire... Meanwhile, Jimmy stays on the coast.
ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

FRIDAY'S MARTIN'S orchestra: Joe Poreta, first saxophone; Elmer Feldman, vocals and second saxophone; Russell Klein, clarinet; Bruce Yantis, first violin; Dave Polakoff, second violin; Fred Heward, third violin; Mike Renzulli, first trumpet; Harry McKeen, second trumpet; George Jean, trombone and accordion; Terry Shand, vocal solos and piano; Jack Fina, piano and organ; George Green, bass viol and tuba; Bob White, drums; Freddy Martin, conductor and third saxophone. Theme song: "Bye Lo Bye Lullaby." Horace Heidt's Brigadiers: Ernie Possoja, trombone; Sidney Mear, Norman Kingsley and Jerry Bowne, trumpets; Walter Bradley, Frank Devol, Bob Reidel and Ed Hellman, saxophones; Bernie Mattison, drums; Gene Knotts, piano; Dick Morgan, guitar; Art Thorsen, bass viol; Alvino Rey, electric guitar; Lysbeth Hughes, singing harpist; Larry Cotton, Charles Goodman, Bob McCoy, vocalists; Marvin Newport, Myron Earmheart, Rollin Butts, George Holleman, Ray Serrington and L. C. Smith, Glee Club; Horace Heidt, conductor. Theme song: "I Love You in My Dreams."

CORRESPONDENCE

Betty Burt: You are right about the setup of the Benny Goodman quartet. It's Gene Krupa on the drums, Teddy Wilson tinkling the piano, Lionel Hampton swinging away on the xylophone and the bespectacled Benny playing the clarinet.

Evelyn Davies: Fred Waring and his pensive Pennsylvanians are in the land of movies to make a feature picture. On the way out they stopped off to play several one-night engagements.

Mary Tomkins: Emil Coleman, currently heard over NBC from the Hotel St. Regis in New York, is the only Class A band that uses no brass or vocalists. It seems the society trade like their music that way. Sammy Kaye's "swing and sway" music is heard over Mutual from Bill Green's Casino in Pittsburgh.

Catherine Reilly: Helen Ward, Benny Goodman's former vocalist, is now heard on her own programs on WMCA in New York. Incidentally she has just married. The groom is Al Marx of Manhattan.

Alice M. Reinhardt: Rudy Vallee was born in Islandtown, Vermont, in 1901. The Vallee orchestra heard over NBC has twenty-five pieces.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden, 
FACING THE MUSIC, 
RADIO MIRROR, 
122 East 42nd Street, 
New York City. 
I want to know more about: 
Orchestral Anatomy 
Theme Song Section 
Or .................................................. 
Name ........................................... 
Address ........................................

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN 
made from Callucation (not cotton)
If You Suffer From Asthmatic Attacks

FOR 70 YEARS thousands suffering from asthmatic paroxysms have depended upon Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR...drug which, throughout the world has recommended and sold it as a quick and dependable aid to relief. You, too, should experience the same beneficial results. Try it now! Ask your druggist for Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR - in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or need for FREE supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California. 

Don't Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter.

Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Brennes Pratt Notary Public

"I am a secretary and due to long hours of sitting and lack of exercise I became run down by constipation and indigestion."

"A friend advised me to try Yeast Foam Tablets."

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief. Such remedies merely bring about a drastic purging action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are badly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is almost completely lacking. When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular - complete.

Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore the eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to B complex deficiency.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type 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 will not put on fat.

LAXATIVES? I NEVER NEED THEM ANYMORE!

NOTE: The above letter is not new but is in typical of many others that it was these justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 60)

Mr. Alfred Herz, the famous conductor, A letter will reach him addressed in care of the Memorial Opera House, San Francisco, California.

Andrew M. Schenectady, New York— For letter addresses of Vincent Lopez, Benny Goodman and George Hall, address them in the Columbia System, 458 Madison Avenue, New York City. Fred Waring has his own office at 1097 Broadway, New York, and so has Paul Whiteman at 17 East 48th Street, New York. Write to Ina Ray Hutton in care of Mills Artists, Inc., 797 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

James Melton is thrilled!— Since publishing a query from one of our readers in regard to a Jimmy Melton fan club, we've been deluged with letters from Jimmy's ardent fans telling that there is such a club with Louise Mitchell as acting secretary. Her address is Box 1148, Hollywood, California. There are several clubs throughout the country and the fee for joining is 50¢ a year and in return for dues paid, each member receives a photo of Mr. Melton, personally autographed. Each member also receives a membership card, a Melton Club pin and the Club News.

J. & D. M., Brooklyn, New York— Alan Courtney and his Jomakers is heard every day at WNEW in New York. Courtney picks on people in the audience to interview. All the questioning is impromptu. Alan is 27 years old. He has a complex and has a swell smile. If you want to become a member of the mythical club, "Jomakers," just ask to join. Frances Laramie's attention! This business of fan clubs! Here's another young lady who wants to know if there's a Frances Langford fan club and says that Frances is one girl that deserves all the attention that can be given her. This anxious-to-be club member's name is C. Lambert, 471 Bosworth Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Walter C., Wilder, Minn.—At the present time, Guy Lombardo's orchestra is playing at the Roosevelt Theater in New York City. I'd suggest that you write him there and ask for a picture.

James W. B., Jr., San Marino, Calif. — You'll find Paul Whiteman's address mentioned in Andrew M's reply, above.


Miss Walter A., Nashwauk, Minn.—Today's Children is not an electrically transmitted program, but you're right about Lady Esther and Frances Moran being played by the same person, and she's Bess Johnson.

Mrs. R. D. G., Long Beach, Calif.—It's been a long time since you asked me about Myrt and Marge, but in case you haven't discovered it for yourself, they've been back since the early part of the year on the Columbia network, every day at 2:35 p.m., except Saturdays and Sundays.

Fanny Lorraine G., N. Tiverton, Rhode Island—As soon as Buddy Rogers returns from England, he will resume broadcasting, playing for the same program that stars Helen Broderick and Victor Moore.

Are you a Kenny Baker Fan?—And still more fan clubs! At 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass., claims he has just organized the only official Kenny Baker Fan Club. Get in touch with him if you want to join.
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 15)

steady diet of grief is depressing. I'm for cheerful scripts, with a dash of trouble if need be, but withal, happiness as the main ingredient.

MRS. R. C. SEE
St. Louis, Mo.

$10.00 PRIZE

WHAT ABOUT OUR PRIVATE LIVES?

Should radio "let down the bars" as Dan Wheeler advocates, (The Curious Case of Radio's Hidden Censorship, March Radio Mirror) then radio would be no longer the great thing it is. The restraint that the censors wield is highly commendable. The press with its privilege of printing anything and everything should satisfy the less discriminating. The American public enjoys little enough privacy—cameras rushing in where angels fear to tread—so why should the private lives of the great be aired?

MRS. FRED N. TURNER
Washington, D. C.

$100.00 PRIZE

HE WANTS A "STORY-TELLER"

Today our radio brings us almost everything. Music, both classical and popular, drama, opera, comedy, wit, news, all of these in abundance. But sorely lacking is the story-teller.

J. TIMOTHY PAPPAS
Memphis, Tenn.

$100.00 PRIZE

SHIVERS RUN UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE!

Every Wednesday night I have a standing date with Horror. Shivers run up and down my spine, my heart beats quicker, my hands tremble as formidable voices emerge from my radio around the magic hour of midnight.

Mad scientists performing amazing experiments; heartless criminals plotting wholesale murder; crafty Oriental magicians weaving insidious spells over helpless victims all come to life on Bewitched Wednesday. It's the night of nights for me!

The sound of fire, thunder and rain; the cries of wild beasts; the screeching voices of witches and goblins form the gruesome sound effects for my weekly tour into this strange realm of the mystic and unnatural.

If you have heard it but once you know I speak of Lights Out. It is a program that is an innovation in thrill entertainment.

MRS. NELSON BING
Anderson, Indiana.

$1.00 PRIZE

HATS OFF TO PHIL LORDI

Since listening to that swell program, We, the People, this drab old world has become a very interesting place in which to live.

We find heroism cropping up in the most unexpected places, hear of strange dwellings actually lived in by seemingly ordinary people, and meet folks in all walks of life—lawyers, bums, philosophers and many with almost unbelievable occupations.

Hats off to Phil Lord for creating one of the most human and most interesting programs ever offered to the radio world.

W. L. THOMPSON
Beacon, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE

AMATEURS VS. COLLEGE AMATEURS

Not being from the metropolitan East,
Helps keep you popular and beautiful

TO ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM EVERY DAY

THIS MUCH MORE IN A SHELVADOR

SAFELY END CORNS

QUICK, SURE RELIEF!

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain vanishes. Used with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box, your corns or callouses soon lift right out. Just the pad itself on a sore toe, caused by shoe pressure, will stop a corn before it can start! No other method gives you this remarkable triple-action, so don't accept a substitute. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are medically safe, easy to apply; don't stick to stockings or come off in baths. Suits for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Sold everywhere.

RADIO MIRROR

many say our chance of voicing an opinion is almost nil. However, I believe that an entry that merits attention will receive recognition no matter what part of the country it is from.

When Jack Oakie went on the air, many said he was no good and wouldn't last. I am glad that he has made these wise ones take a back seat. In my humble estimation, Jack Oakie's College program is one of the best in that kind of entertainment.

The program is doing a good thing for the colleges in the United States. To joke about colleges is to boost them. Besides, he is giving the radio listeners a better type of amateurs. They are amateurs seeking college degrees. Many of them have received fine training in the particular field they broadcast in. Then, too, they have more knowledge, poise and common sense on the whole. We have had enough poor amateurs and Jack Oakie's College amateurs are a welcome addition to the air lanes.

C. O. ARTHUR,
Casselton, North Dakota.

$1.00 PRIZE

A LISTENER WHO'S "FED UP"

I am ready to declare a sit-down strike on radio feats. For a time they were amusing and different—Ward versus Bernie, Allen versus Benny. But, now, too many persons are getting mixed up in this low class form of entertainment and enough has become too much. Such programs have well-nigh become insulting to an intelligent public. They have degenerated into mere piffle. I marvel that the sponsors tolerate it, but perhaps they gloat over the fact that their representatives are mentioned on other programs. Well, I think the people should be the judges. The sponsors' products may suffer in the shuffle. It seems to me there is enough interesting and entertaining material to be culled from over the world for one weekly broadcast without resorting to these time and patience killers. It is a lazy man's way out.

Mrs. V. C. JUNG.
Austin, Texas.

HONORABLE MENTION

"My husband and I seldom listen to the dramatic programs nowadays because the men and women nearly always sound as though they were taking parts as dramatic as any Shakespeare ever wrote, even though to an outsider the part seems to call for far less emotion and anguish."

—Mrs. Rachel Goss, Augusta, Maine.

An Ode to My Radio

Seated by my radio
A King of Kings I heard; I listened to him breathlessly, I wouldn't miss a word.
He asked me to believe him, That he renounced his throne, Nor for any other reason but for love and love alone.
And when he finished speaking, I softly breathed a sigh.
Ah! I wouldn't ask for crowns nor gold if such love were for I, And tho' such great devotion mine perhaps can never be.
I'm thankful for My Radio which brings such things to me.
(Inspired by the talk of Ex-King Edward on his abdication)

By EDNA SODRA OSMAN, New York, N. Y.

"If hearing a farmer's wife tell how she hangs the family wash on the line is either entertaining or informative, I per-
sonally fail to see it. It only proves how gullible the public is."—Miss Elva Weiland, Binghamton, New York.

"Where is the lovely organ music that accompanies and introduces Amos 'n Andy? The organ, the theme song. Amos 'n Andy are inseparable in my memory."—Mrs. Virgil Lovelace, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Thanks to radio, more folks are finding it easier to live alone and like it."—Andrew C. Rabneer, Doylestown, Pa.

"I want to give three rousing cheers for the best little announcer in the U. S. When her voice comes over the airwaves my household worries are forgotten. If you are discouraged with your household duties, whose voice cheers you up? Bee Baxter on KSTP, St. Paul Minn."—Mary Evans, Saint Paul, Minn.

"Just a word of appreciation. For one, whose unselfish kind deeds, Have endeared him to all the nation, Irrespective of race or creed! He has stretched out a friendly hand, To help many over tough breaks, Where there's deserving demand, Eddie's ready, with what it takes."—(An Ode to Eddie Cantor by Mary Battiscione, Berkeley, Calif.)

"There may be some differences of opinion on the quality of Bing Crosby's voice, but there is no gainsaying the fact that as an M.C. he brings a refreshing personality and charm to the radio that few others radiate in equal degree. And that trick breathlessness in his delivery serves to accentuate his unique and entirely distinctive style."—Wm. Cuccia, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Congratulations to Palmolive for selecting Jessica Dragonette to present their new series of programs on Wednesday evening. The Beauty Box Theater is indeed a rare musical treat."—Gertrude Cleaver, Anita, Iowa.

"Radio is looking up! When our entertainers begin exercising the ingenuity and resourcefulness evidenced by the tie-up of the programs of Fred Allen and Jack Benny, we know we are never going to be bored by radio programs."—Mercedes E. Squires, Maplewood, Mo.

"All week, from Saturday to Saturday, at 9 p.m., Pacific Standard Time, I wait for a blissful eight minutes, when I can close my eyes and be transported to an ecstatic haven of pure harmony that puts my whole being in perfect rhythm for another week—only eight minutes, but with a magic touch of a master upon a violin this miracle is produced.

"Who is Shandor to whom I make this acknowledgment?"—Mrs. G. S. Towsend, Santa Monica, Calif.

"Why so much feud and criticism on the air? Why not start a Booster Club and get some of the star knockers or cynics to join, and forget feuds?"—L. C. Geyer, Hamilton, Ohio.

"Sunday night holds no radio arguments for this family as we're all dialing to hear one of our own Georgia gals that's reached the top and deserves it—Judy Canova."—Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Jr., Savannah, Ga.

"Dialectics is a disease prevalent among radio listeners. The symptoms are turning the dial to tune out commercial advertisements, the patients not realizing that the sponsor of the program is footing the bill in return for a few minutes in which to broadcast the merits of his product."—M. Beak, St. Louis, Mo.

"Wonderful isn't it? Radio is primarily entertaining, but what a big help in raising our children, and educating ourselves."—Mrs. Emil Scoville, Manhattan, Kansas.

"I think Major Bowes is one of the greatest men on radio today. My opinion is based on the fact that through him there are many boys and girls realizing their ambitions, owing to his kindness and understanding."—Mrs. Alma Hess, Gratiz, Pa.

"If Benny played his fiddle, If Gracie found her brother, If Jessie got no answer, Next time he phoned his mother— If Cantor quarreled with Ida, If Ed Wynn's aunt should die, If Jolson lost his mammy, If Pearl forgot to be, If Winchell did a broadcast Without insulting Ben— The radio would get new stars And I'd tune in again."—C. C. McMillan, Oakland, Calif.

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**Popular Young Things guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way**

YouNG Things are enthusiastic about this simple care that guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes! Before they renew make-up—ALWAYS before they go to bed—they use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather rinses deep, frees the pores of every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

9 out of 10 famous screen stars use this fine complexion soap.
"As a lover of good modern music above all else radio has to offer, I would like to band a bouquet to Horace Heidt and his versatile band."—FREDERICK JOHNSON, Red Wing, Minn.

My average wife has asked me to mention one thing. Why do household programs come on at her busiest household hours when she would be delighted to have some nice music or light banter to help relieve her mind of the actuality of the duties surrounding her? If this practice is to continue, why not wait until the middle of the hard day's work and then broadcast to her a long dissertation about milling machine operations? Wouldn't he go for that?—LESTER CAMPBELL, Logansport, Ind.

"No, I wouldn't say radio is 'doomed' for television at any stage of its progress will be just an annex, an extension of radio. But with actors as well as their voices coming to us through the air as swiftly as some of them I predict the time is less than a decade away when our present-day radio sets will be getting scarce."—ELLEN G. MELLOON, Dorchester, Mass.

"So many people today depend upon radio speakers for the correct pronunciation of words that it is sad to note the number of errors even the so-called best broadcasters commit."—MARY ELIZABETH HARRINGTON, Quincy, Mass.

"There has been a lot said about whether screen stars should appear on the radio. To those of us who live where we can get a peek at our favorites now and then it is not such a hair raising, but to those who are denied this privilege it must mean a great deal to hear their voices. It makes them seem more real, more human, and not just characters in a story as they appear on the screen."—M. H. WALKER, Los Angeles, Calif.

"The Lux program is one that everyone can enjoy. His or her favorite stars take part sooner or later, and it always offers a variety of plays. Some have thrilled me and the rest made me laugh at the end."—MISS LEONA MORLOCK, Carlington, N. Dakota.

What Carole Lombard Taught Fred MacMurray

(Continued from page 3)

You've read of Carole as Hollywood's biggest joker, the gal nothing can faze, who deliberately laughed herself to be hardboiled, to talk hardboiled, to find crazy things for hobbies, to scorn executives, dress outlandishly and get the biggest stars to fall in love with her. It's all true, but until you see what she did for Fred MacMurray you won't believe it. He appreciates this Hollywood bombast at all.

A little over a year ago, Fred MacMurray walked onto the set of "Hands Across the Table" to begin the first day's shooting. He was as nervous as he always was the first few days of a new picture. It took him about two minutes to discover that his costar, Miss Carole Lombard, was all he heard she was and more. Soon he was wishing the ground would open up and swallow him.

If he'd felt like a novice in this game before, imagine how he was feeling then, trying to be nonchalant in front of the sophisticates of the movie world. He watched her laughing, shouting, joking, frowning, crowing and wondered how anyone could ever be so blessed with naturalness.

For the truth is, Fred was a shy, painfully shy, young man who couldn't believe in his success and was so sure it wouldn't last that he was saving all his money and spending all his leisure time rehearsing lines over and over. His opportunities that were beginning to open up seemed more like responsibilities and they weighed heavily. In those days, Fred was afraid of his own shadow, his shadow on the screen, and his fear made him unhappy.

It made him envious too. He'd look across the set at Carole, sitting with her arms draped over the back of a chair, her legs swinging comfortably under the table, her hair in her eyes, her merry voice booming on, and marvel at her complete composure.

With himself, it was so different. When someone pointed him out and whispered that he was the new star of the hour, he'd blush and worry whether his tie was straight, his hair combed and his suit pressed. He'd remember he was just an inexperienced guy who'd been playing saxophone in a band a little while ago.
she doesn't like. From then on, every joke she made at his expense, he took as a compliment.

And then came the happy day when Fred actually cracked back at Carole when she'd made a funny remark. Carole sat up, grinned and said, "Now we're getting some place. That Freddie fellow is taking off his earmuffs."

About that time, the only scenes Fred felt uneasy about were those he had to make without Carole.

Still, all in all, people who recall Fred in those days remember that he was pretty much a sober, sombre young man. And everyone in Hollywood knows that is exactly the wrong way to make a success in movies. A few gags might show that he was learning, but he'd have to change faster than that. There's no place in the whole world where the old saying about "All work and no play" holds as true as in Hollywood. Fred had to change, if he was to stay.

He has learned in time, though. Look at him today, the Fred of "Swing High, Swing Low." There are plenty of examples to show you what I mean, to prove how much more natural and relaxed he is.

For one thing, he had to play a trumpet in this picture and he hadn't touched one since he was a kid in knee pants. It took plenty of special practicing before he could get it in tune enough for the picture. Now the old Fred would have done his practicing in a sound proving room, away from everyone, even his wife. But the new Fred—

The new Fred, inspired by Carole's example—in "Hands Across the Table" she had practiced manicuring on every prop man in the picture—did all his practicing right on the set. In fact he finally went too far and too loud and, in self-defense, Carole herself had to steal the trumpet's mouthpiece and hide it. She kept it until they did the last scene of the film. When director Mitch Leisen complimented Fred on his trumpeting, Fred knew Carole was right. Here he'd made a joke of learning to play the trumpet again, had his mouthpiece stolen, and ended up by getting a compliment from his director.

Another thing was the costume Fred had to wear in that picture. It was a light, cream colored affair with a bolero type of jacket and a wide red sash, plus—sidesburns! Exactly the kind of costume that would have embarrassed him terribly in the past. As it is, the new Fred, like Carole, has learned to shrug and joke about such things.

He even wore the costume, sidesburns and all, when he ate lunch in the Paramount restaurant. People stared at him and remarked about his clothes, but there wasn't a blush in Fred's make up. And, if you need any more proof that he's no longer self conscious, there's the remark he made on Valentine's Day. He actually had the easy humor to say that he was putting himself in an envelope and sending himself to Lillian. His costume was just about as fancy as that.

He has learned to add his own lines to the dialogue—and any director will tell you only seasoned and skillful actors ever do that successfully. One afternoon they were working on the proposal scene and Fred was complaining that the last line didn't seem quite right.

In the scene itself, the proposal comes as quite a surprise to both of them. It's strictly one of those on-the-spur-of-the-moment things Fred asks her to come up to and she stares at him for a moment, terribly happy but scarcely able to believe him.

"Darling, you're not sick, are you?" she asks him, and Fred's answer was supposed to be, "No, I mean it. I'm serious." After they'd done the scene that way several times, Fred was still doubtful, still not satisfied.

"Well, toes," said Carole, in that honest way of hers, "how did you feel when you proposed to Lillian?"

"I had a funny feeling in my stomach," Fred admitted.

Carole laughed. "There's your line then, my boy!"

And so it was. You'll hear it in the picture: "No, I'm not sick but I've got an awful funny feeling in my stomach." No one was more pleased with this new line than Mitch Leisen, better known by Carole's nickname of "Pops." As Pops told me, "It's a good sign when an actor begins doing that. Of course they can go to extremes, but you see what it means in Fred's case, don't you? It means that at last he's reached the place where he can throw off his self consciousness and really feel the character..."

"In Hands Across the Table" Fred was one of the most difficult actors to direct that I had ever handled. For one thing he used to have a tendency to talk his lines too fast. It was because he was scared of them, of course, and wanted to get them over as quickly as possible. But not any more. Working with him is a pleasure now."

So for Fred, the end of worries and frettings was in sight. He wasn't thinking all the time now about the day he'd be fired, and he was able to study a part through once and put it down pretty much correctly. He would be able to do it well. And then came the news that Dick Powell...
Don't be a hollyhock!

SAYS

Jane Heath

- Hollyhocks are always standing around by walls. Any girl would rather be a daisy... with lots of bachelor-buttons clustering round. Men love glamorous eyes, with mysterious, appealing lashes; and whatever you were born with, you can have them. Strong spring sunlight demands long dark lashes. Darken your lashes with Lash-Net Liquid. They will look twice as long and alluring, but completely soft and natural. Water-proof; dries instantly. Try it today. Brown, black, green or blue. $1.

- Never omit this

- Every day curl your lashes like daisy-petsals!

More light enters... and what flattering shadows the lashes cast on your face! Use Kurlash, the little implement that curls them perfectly within 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. $1 at all better stores.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: Jane Heath, Dept. E-6
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3
Please send me free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.
---

Eye... Hair... Complexion...

Name: __________________________
Address: _______________________
City... State...

(Please print plainly.)

Don't miss the inspiring conclusion of Phil Baker's life story—in the July RADIO MIRROR.

Read how he found the secret of his success.

All too unfortunately for thousands of innocent victims, this dramatic, true account of the charming high school classmates Laura and Alice, and the unclean man they both loved, could not have been published a few brief years ago. At least the stark truth could not have been completely told. Only recently has an ever-growing social consciousness of responsibility for the ghastly horrors visited upon the victims of the so-called "social diseases" made a frank discussion of the subject possible.

Prudery, which nurtured and spread the very things it sought to stifle by its silence, has had its disastrous day. Governments are speaking out. Municipal authorities are responding to the challenge for action. And Physical Culture Magazine, for three decades a leader in the fight for the protection of American womanhood and babyhood, sees its campaign at last awakening personal and community alarm.

That is why it fearlessly publishes the startling and thought-provoking true life story of Laura and Alice and the disastrous tragedy that came to them through loving blindly and in ignorance. Here, in actual life, you have two case histories bearing directly on the courageous discussion in last month's Physical Culture of what every woman should know about venereal disease. If you were impressed by that forceful, forthright warning, you will find ample substantiation in this month's revelation.

"My Daughter Became Damaged Goods" Every father, every mother, every young person considering marriage now or in the future should read this page from the book of living. It may well prove the deciding factor not only for your health and happiness, but even for your life itself!
Don Ameche Tells "Why I'm Quitting First Nighter"

(Continued from page 19)

quitting the program on which he has starred for six years is the biggest thing that has ever happened to him. It has been said about him that no one owes more to radio and admits it so willingly. It lifted him by his bootstraps out of obscurity, poverty, and black depression until now, after six years, he is one of the most promising newcomers in Hollywood, furnished with bigger parts in each succeeding picture he makes. Twentieth Century-Fox, which holds his contract, has no player of whom it is more proud or hopeful.

Little wonder that when I asked Don to tell the whole story of his decision to quit, the first thing he said was, "The people who make up the radio audience brought me whatever success I've had and I shall be eternally grateful. Whatever else you write, please make that clear."

As I have said, he is not leaving radio permanently. More likely, it will be a matter of days or a few weeks at the most, after his final First Nighter program, before he begins his new broadcasts. And no matter how far up the ladder of movie success he may go, he will never forget that radio gave him his start, nor refuse to go on the air when the chance comes. That is why this decision was so hard to make. For months during this past winter, he saw that it was inevitable. But he fought it off. First he tried not to think about it, then he tried to convince himself he could find a way out. In the end, he gave up the struggle and did the only possible thing—notified his sponsors he would have to stop broadcasting at the end of his thirteen weeks' option.

He didn't know then that within a short time he would slim for a new program. There was then no new sponsor in sight. The moment after he had handed in his notice, he wished he could take it back. He was tired and discouraged, and deep in his heart he was feeling that he had taken a step he shouldn't have taken, a step that would only lead him to problems harder to solve.

Even worse, he must leave a program which had been practically synonymous with his name for so many years without being able to offer an explanation to his followers! For that is the way radio is conducted. He knew that on the final night of his First Nighter broadcasts, only the briefest statement would be made to the effect that Don was leaving. What little explanation was made couldn't possibly be enough to tell the story as it should be told.

And so Don talked to me, asked me to tell everyone who tunes in the First Nighter program why he was leaving. When you know the reasons you will understand why he had no choice.

"Have you ever broken up with a close friend you've known for a long time?" he began. "Then you know the funny feeling it gives you inside. I lost just about the oldest friend I had. I would never have done it, if it could have been helped. It couldn't.

"First of all, I'm sure I've been with the program too long. All winter I felt that I had given it all I could. And then when I saw, according to surveys, that the program was more popular than ever before, I knew it was the time to step out and let a new voice come in to bring the show still greater popularity."

Would anyone who did not hold this program deep in his affections feel this way and talk this way about it? Would he make up his mind to leave only after he was sure that the change would not materially affect its popularity?

There were other reasons," Don went on. "In six years' time, I have had just four weeks' vacation. Two of those were during my second year on the program and the other two a year ago. No matter how much you like your work, you get pretty tired of it with only two brief vacations in six years."

And Don was tired. I had seen him a few weeks before at an open house he had given. I saw, behind all his efforts to appear as gay as he had ever been back in our Chicago days, a shadow of unhappiness, of listlessness.

Then, too—and personally, I feel that this was the strongest motivating force in the whole set of circumstances—Don wasn't happy with the stories that were being selected for him to appear in every week. At first, he had argued with himself that he was imagining things. But soon, in confirmation of his own opinion, his fans began writing. Every week, after a program he was dissatisfied with, huge bags of mail poured in complaining about the parts he had been assigned.

Nothing could have made Don more unhappy. Some of these letters even suggested that it would be better if he didn't appear at all if he couldn't play other

---

Don't gamble with happiness!

Bath regularly with Lifebuoy and know you're protected! Its glorious lather contains a special purifying ingredient—not in any other well-known toilet soap. It stops "B.O."... And makes your body feel refreshed, extra-clean.... Lifebuoy is a superb-mild complexion soap, too... Helps bring fresh, natural beauty to the skin. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

---

They weren't Fooling When They Said "Don't Bring LULU"

What's wrong with me, may? NO ONE EVER WANTS TO TAKE ME PLACES

You're swell, Lulu. You just need a little friendly advice... Here goes... Switch to Lifebuoy

I couldn't have "B.O." in bath plenty and with a well-known brand of toilet soap

But it doesn't contain the special purifying ingredient that's in Lifebuoy

And Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called Beauty Soaps. "Patch" Tests prove it

I'll give it a try

---

Two Weeks Later—

You were right, m'm! My skin is loads fresher and I feel much better since I've been using Lifebuoy!

Yes, Lifebuoy's a real health protection, too! I always use it for my hands... it keeps germs as well as dirt off...

At the club

A grand old tune... but I'd change the words! I'll bring Lulu every time I she's the sweetest girl in town and she's mine

Don't bring Lulu
parts. There are, too, other possible explanations for the growing dissatisfaction among his listeners. Perhaps the increased audience attracted to the First Nighter program by Don's movie work, or the fine parts he has had on the screen, was responsible.

Whatever the cause, it was there. And, almost like the climax of a three-act play, Don learned that the film company to which he owes allegiance was beginning to doubt the wisdom of having him continue broadcasting under the circumstances.

There was, in addition to all this, another feeling that had been growing stronger in Don with each passing week. He wanted to expand his radio activities. After six years, he was ready to widen the scope of his air work. His brief experience in movies had sharpened that hunger. Yet, if he stayed on First Nighter, he knew he couldn't satisfy this desire. For one reason—he knew that his close association with his program made it unfair for him to do other work on other programs. That, too, he owed his listeners.

So, with new evidence piling on new evidence, the verdict could only have been rendered one way. Quit the First Nighter, leave the program to which he owed so much, send in his notice—and see what happened.

"The First Nighter, naturally, will continue," Don told me. "I have a hunch you'll like the new leading man. In fact, I suspect you'll like the whole program all over again."

I think so too. I also think you had better be tuning in your radio Sunday nights on NBC. Don Ameche's new program is going to give him full scope as a master of ceremonies, a dramatic actor and even—it has been promised—a singer. After all, he is shining again for Don and everyone who wants him on the air.

### The Studio Applause Racket

Broadcasting's Ruin?

(Continued from page 21)

The audience claps dutifully, but the announcer pretends to be dissatisfied. He proposes a little game, a contest between the orchestra floor and the balcony, to see which group of people can clap the loudest. Finally he has everybody all steamed up, just one big happy family, ready to tear up the seats and shatter the carvings of the outside listeners when the announcer gives the signal.

Different announcers have different signals. Maybe you thought that the old APPLAUSE cards, which the announcer holds up for the audience to see, had been laughed out of existence. When they first appeared a few years ago, newspaper photographers took pictures of them for publication, and radio columnists kidded them, and pretty soon you didn't hear any more about them. But they're still used on some shows. Getting pretty dog-eared and gray, they are, but you can still read the word APPLAUSEon them in big black letters.

The applause card is too tame and old-fashioned for some programs, though. They have announcers who can get better applause as collegiate cheerleaders any day. They make wide sweeping motions of their arms, or clap their hands above their heads, like prize fighters entering the ring, or toss their arms up into the air, imploring the audience to give.

Usually the job of whipping up the

### TUNE IN—TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

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**Radio Mirror**

**Take No Chances**

with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

"I'll certainly use Forhan's from now on!"

**Get Double Protection This Way—**

Your dentist will tell you that to keep teeth white and sparkling, gums must be firm and healthy, too. To do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums—an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan's Tooth Paste.

When you brush your teeth with Forhan's, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the new big tube saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. Also sold in Canada.

**FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.**

**Forhan's**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

**Color Your Hair The New French Way**

Shampoos color your hair at the same time they wash it. (No bleach or other harmful substance is added.)

**How Old Is Your Mouth?**

5 YEARS YOUNGER

A special oil in Cutex Lipstick helps make your lips look smoother, more alluring—5 years younger! Natural Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try it! ONLY 50¢

**Cutex Lipstick**

**TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS**

Every FRIDAY Night

**Tune in—True Story Court of Human Relations**

**City** | **Station** | **Local Time**
--- | --- | ---
New York | WEA | 9:30 PM EDT
Boston | WNAC | 9:30 PM EDT
Harford | WTIC | 9:30 PM EDT
Providence | WJAR | 9:30 PM EDT
Worcester | WTAG | 9:30 PM EDT
Portland, Me. | WCH | 9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia | KYW | 9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore | WFFR | 9:30 PM EDT
Washington | WRC | 9:30 PM EDT
Schenectady | WGY | 9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo | WBEN | 9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh | WCAE | 9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland | WTAM | 9:30 PM EDT
Detroit | WWJ | 9:30 PM EDT
Chicago | WMAQ | 9:30 PM CDT
Minn.-St. Paul | KSTP | 8:30 PM CDT
St. Louis | KSD | 8:30 PM CDT
Des Moines | WHO | 8:30 PM CDT
Omaha | WOW | 8:30 PM CDT
Kansas City | WAAF | 8:30 PM CDT
Denver | KOA | 9:30 PM MDT
Salt Lake City | KDYL | 9:30 PM MDT
San Francisco | KPO | 8:30 PM PDT
Los Angeles | KFI | 8:30 PM PDT
Portland, Ore. | KGW | 8:30 PM PDT
Seattle | KOMO | 8:30 PM PDT
Spokane | KHQ | 8:30 PM PDT
*Cincinnati | WLW | 6:30 PM EDT

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*Sunday*
If all this built-up hand-clapping and cheering made the broadcast any better, I wouldn't care. But it doesn't. A certain amount of applause—just as much as an audience would give if it were left to itself, and no more—does brighten up a show. It helps to introduce the performers on a variety program, and it covers up dead spots while people take their places at the microphone. Rudy Vallee's program, on which applause is neither encouraged nor discouraged, is a good example of how much of this dangerous ingredient you can safely put into a broadcast. Rudy and his guest artists never do more than briefly acknowledge applause, and nobody ever whistles it up, so as a result, it is never prolonged to the point of listener-irritation.

Rudy, bless him, doesn't pay much attention to the people in the studio. They can come or not, it's all the same to him. I'd swear that often he completely forgets they're there. If only stars on other programs would do the same, and remember only that their job is to put on a good show to a million or so tuners-in-tiers! But you can't blame a star for remembering an audience when said audience is so carefully coached to make noise that only a deaf man could forget it.

It's natural for a comedian who has worked on the stage all his life to play to the visible audience. It's part of the act for him to remember that unobtrusive little microphone when there are flesh and blood people present, ready to laugh and—with a little urging—clap. I don't blame the performers as much as I do the producers, but an incident such as the one which happened just the other night makes me mad, no matter whose fault it was.

I was listening to the Community Sing program, and missed what was apparently the funniest thing Milton Berle said all evening. Whatever the joke was, he threw it at the audience so hard it missed the microphone completely. The audience howled (and clapped) and I ground my teeth so hard I chipped one of them.

I've missed lots of other lines, too—when a comedian makes a funny face, wears a funny costume, or indulges in a bit of pantomime. I can't see what he's doing, but the audience can, and it laughs simply because that noise drowns whatever is said into the microphone.

**Radio Mirror**

THAT's one big advantage radio should have by rights have over the theater, and it is this—the listener should be able to hear every word that is spoken for his entertainment. Studio audiences, with their clatter, have ruined this advantage. Just another instance of adding to the audience's enjoyment at the expense of the listener.

The idea, as expressed in so many announcer's opening pep talks, that the people in the audience are part of the show, is nonsense. They aren't—that is, they shouldn't be. We listeners tune in to hear the performers, not a bunch of people like ourselves clapping and cheering. You'll never convince me that anybody who's never in on Kate Smith's program simply because he knew he'd hear a lot of applause.

Nor are the comedy and variety programs the only ones that go in for noise. Some musical and dramatic shows are just as bad, with a little less excuse. A few of our oh-so-dignified symphonic hours are not above letting the audience clap and clap after a number until the poor listener, who has got his radio adjusted exactly...
right for the music, has to jump up and
cut down the volume before the blasting
defeats him. To do them justice, these
symphonic hours don't use applause cards
or cheerleaders, but they have their au-
thorized well enough to applaud for
the five-minute intermission talks.
There's nothing that strikes a listener
quite as harshly as applause for what is
obviously a thinly disguised commercial
blur.

These musical program audiences have
a perfect right to applaud the great artists
they hear. But why don't the sponsors
have the consideration for their unseen
listeners to insist that the man in the
control room must cut down the volume
of the noise during the applause period?

Instead, there have been times, on pro-
grams of all kinds, when I've strongly
suspected the injection of increasing the
volume so that the applause sounded even
noisier than it actually was.

ONE of the dramatic programs—the big-
gest one—makes me mad, too. The
Lux Theater employs all the skills of fa-
namous actors and actresses, talented
musicians, and the skilled men to create
an illusion in my mind and carry
me mentally to the scene of the story
being dramatized. And then, at the end
of twenty minutes, they shatter the
illusion and bring me rudely down to earth
with a loud burst of applause. It takes me ten
minutes of the next act to get back into
the spirit of the play—only to have the
same process repeated. Small wonder if
I get to feeling that it isn't worth while to
give the producer an attention.

Don't give me the argument that in a
regular theater there are intermissions
which break the continuity of the play.
I know it, but the situation is different.
The acts are much longer and I
have sight as well as sound to help create
the illusion that I am actually living the
play.

Comedy, music, drama—it's getting so
they all have the applause, and the
noisiness, apparently, the better. But not
for me. Come on, sponsors, let's be
friends again. Let's go back to the old
days when a fellow could listen to his
radio all evening and not get the fixed
impression that modern broadcasting con-
sists mostly of clattering noisy noise.
After all, think how hard everybody
worked to eliminate the static. Isn't it
foolish to introduce something that's just
as bad?

Pores really clean
SKIN made FRESH

with

Pompeian

Milk Massage Cream

• Discover the miracle of clean pores—
FRESHened skin—with this weekly home
facial. Each 7 days, manage with Pompe-
ian, the "milk diet" cream
—70% milk. One trial will
be a revelation to you.

AT ALL DRUG, DEPT.,
AND 10c STORES

The Pompeian Company, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J.

KEEP SKIN Young
with

Gray Hair

• Quickly and safely you can lift those streaks of
grey to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.
BROWNTONE and a small brush do it. Used and
approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed
harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.
Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting
will not wash out. Simply reouch as new grey
appears. Imparts rich, beautiful edge with amazing
speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own
hair. BROWNTONE is only 5c—all dyes and toilet
counter—always on a money-back guarantee.
Let Alka-Seltzer help you keep feeling your best

When you suffer with a Headache, Acid Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will usually bring prompt relief and also help correct the cause of your trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. You'll like Alka-Seltzer because of its pleasant taste and because it is so effective. Don't let common ailments keep you from feeling your best—alcalize with Alka-Seltzer.

All Drug Stores
30¢ and 60¢ Pkgs. (Slightly Higher in Canada)

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES
Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth

Everybody knows everyone is talking about De Miracle. Its name seems to have started when it became known that the miraculous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbler new growth.

No Razor—No Damage hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby’s. Leave no dark hair stubble and do not make hair grow faster, coarser or stubbler. Try it today.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

DeMiracle
Special Now 67¢ $2.00 Size
$1.00 sizes. 67¢ now $1.33
At All Drug and Department Stores

RADIO MIRROR

Is Jessica Dragonette Losing the Right to Love?

(Continued from page 33)

would be giving up the greater career for the lesser. Now, with that admission she made to me in the fire-lit room, comes the first hint of a changing viewpoint. No, not the least bit more than a hint, as yet, but it seems to me to indicate the beginning of a realization that work, fame, the satisfaction of a job well done—that none of these are eventually enough.

When that realization becomes complete, I am afraid, for Jessica’s sake. I am afraid of what she may discover.

I am writing this article for two important reasons. First, I want her to read it, because in a sense it is a warning. I can say more in it than I could say as we sat talking the other afternoon. Second, I want all of Jessica’s fans to read it. I want all of us to have grown to love her for the pleasure she has brought them to add their voices to mine. Jessica does pay heed to what you, her fans, write; and you be doing her an immeasurable service if you will send her a letter when you have finished reading this. You can help her to see where real happiness lies.

Bluntly, I am afraid that when Jessica is ready to accept love, she will not be able to find it. That is what it will amount to if she follows the path she has walked on for the last eight years. All her adult life, Jessica has given herself completely to one serious pursuit—music. She has resolutely disciplined herself until she lost the need for gayety and laughter.

There were certain things she had to deny herself. When she goes out in the evening, does she go to a hotel or night club to dance? Not often. Instead, you are apt to see her at a concert in Carnegie Hall, watching with rapt attention the technique of a singer or instrumentalist. When she takes herself on her infrequent vacations, does she set out for a smart hotel or sail on an ocean liner for London or Paris? No. She goes to her brother’s ranch in the West, for a month or two of complete relaxation and rest.

It has been necessary for her to do this, if she was to give herself wholeheartedly to her music. She has had to keep away from smoky, stuffy night clubs; she has had to learn all she could from other musicians; and her vacations, when she took them, had to have had to be real rests.

But love doesn’t grow in an atmosphere of solemnity and opacity. It thrives in the midst of pleasure and laughter. It doesn’t come to a lonely desert ranch, but to a crowded holiday spot. And I am afraid that some one will publish herself, court from love because she has forgotten how to play.

Her sister, Mrs. Naife Lutoski, who is as animistic as Jessica, is, is aware of the problem. She told me that she gives Jessica one more year before she comes to the full realization of how much of life there is in life than she is getting from it now. To prepare for that realization, she is constantly urging Jessica to go out more and meet new people. Dances, cocktail parties, pleasure resorts—anywhere the brilliant people of New York meet.

Jessica’s instinct is to hide herself from such gatherings, to be with the few intimate friends whose interests are the same as her own—proof that her life is in danger of becoming one-sided. She shuns

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the mental hazards of coming in contact with new views and holding her own in a sparkling, competitive social environment, preferring to conserve her energies for the pursuit of her musical career.

As long as she believed that a career and only a career was all she would ever ask of life, this regime was the right one for Jessica Farrar. But just before last midwinter came as shocking an event as had ever happened to her. It was the event which produced the first shadow of doubt in her mind. That shadow would grow, and as it grows she must revise her whole scheme of living, before it becomes too late.

After several years, Jessica left the Cities Service program, to find herself the star of an entirely different sort of program. For Cities Service she had built up a smooth-running weekly routine. She knew her problems in advance, sometimes five weeks in advance. Probably, until she left it, she herself did not realize the regularity with which her work was ticking itself off.

Then, as star of the Palomitive Beauty Box, she was faced with insurmountable new complexities. Once again she was acting as well as singing. Each weekly show must tell a story instead of composing a well-balanced bill of music. It was not so much that the new problems were more difficult than the old—but they were new. And they were challenging.

It was inevitable that the change of occupation forced Jessica to take stock of herself. She had been drifting into a routine in her work which she was not drifting into a routine in her life?

As if this were not enough, just before the new program was due to go on the air, Jessica fell ill for the first time in her life. A tiny germ, so small you couldn't even see it, attacked the one thing that meant more than anything else to her—her voice. She couldn't fight it, she couldn't banish it. All she could do was wait.

How could she help scrutinizing her own life more closely in those three weeks of enforced idleness before her recovery? There was no one she couldn't ask. She couldn't lay the proof of what a slender thread supported her career, that career she had given her life to. Some day another microphone might attack her throat, leaving her voice impaired while she was helpless to fight against it. And then...what would be left? So I believe, the first doubt entered her mind.

Because of her conviction that it is impossible for her to follow two careers—to be a singer and a wife as well—Jessica now is hesitant, uncertain whether she would accept love if it should come. But she need look no farther than the woman who has always been her ideal to know that it is possible to combine stardom and love. Since she was a child, Jessica has admired Geraldine Farrar more than any other woman. And certainly Farrar has lived life to the full, without sacrificing any of her career. Farrar, it's true, suffered disappointments and heartaches in her private life, but they made her a greater artist.

Jessica is too lovely to let life pass her by. Underneath her serenity, which I believe is cultivated rather than entirely natural, runs a current of warmth and vitality. She is acutely receptive to everything the world has to offer her, and she must not let her vitality grow withered and old in the service of that childish ideal, a career. Geraldine Farrar and dozens of other great artists like her have shown Jessica the way to real happiness. I hope—and I am sure all her fans will follow it in time.

**Radio Mirror**

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A dress for liberal free sample.

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tical Ear Drum. He never can eat and write. They stopped his head program, and Way is invisible at better, Washington Bldg., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Kansas, for fifty years. Won new
ted. 719 McKeough Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

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Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how your skin freckled easily—how her lovely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

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Ornate powders may give your skin a coated "old" appearance. See how Tangee Magic Color Change Principle brings your skin the underglow of natural youthfulness...Use Tangee Face Powder for a fresh, clear, youthful looking skin. Famous Magic Color Change Principle brings softening underglow that matches your own skin tones. No coating to hide your natural color. Tangee ends shine. Scientifically blended with superior-super texture, Tangee stays on. Economical because you use less. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and $1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for the "Two-Shade Sampler."

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Please mail new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powders for Sampler. 2 envelopes 10¢ (stamps or coins)
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DARING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE MINE? I GUARANTEE TO TREAT YOU FINE! FOR INSTANCE, LOVE ON. I'VE COMES... I'LL OFFER YOU MY ROLL OF TUNS!

GUARANTEE. long complaints. I'm feeling low, to go on a buying spree," she confided. And as for the ring—it replaces the square cut diamond Jerry Hopper put to there, and which Martha was wearing last time I saw her. Jerry's ring is gone; the engagement, you know, was broken. And Martha is selling her self-shopping. But her heart is still Jerry's—even though her family broke up the romance.

GIDDAP, NAPOLEON!—Ben Bernie, noted far and wide as the bookmakers' delight, will stop betting on other people's horses, and bet on his own, for a ring of $500,000. Jerry, he might as well know how it's lost. The maestro is accumulating a racing stable.

BUCK JONES RECORDS AGAIN!—Speaking of General Mills, however, one of the bravest members who signed the signing of Buck Jones, hoss opera star, to do a series of recordings at a rate said to be the highest ever paid for such a job. Dixon will be talking about Buck Jones' Rangers of America, a boys' organization sponsored by the actor said to have membership nearly as large as that of the Boy Scouts. Principle of the organization is "a good deed a day, but deed would have to go some to be as good as General Mills' deed the day they set the figures they're paying Buck.

FINANCIAL NEWS—If Don Wilson owes you any dough, you'd better collect it while he still has some left. The rington announcer has been playing golf with Norris Goff and Chester Lauck (Lum and Abner) since their arrival, and Lauck says the foursome with an aide, Jimmy Fidler, at Lakeside, have already paid for the foundations of the house he's building.

RICH GUYS WORRY—Haven McQuarrie used to be one of the most care-free guys in Hollywood—until success came his way. Now his brow is creased. He is always looking before all these high-priced script doctors went to work on the show," he waited to me the other day, "it was doing fine. It must have been. They bought it, didn't they? Now since it's been all fixed up, all I hear is complaints."

Haven will learn it first when he reads it here, but the lowdown is that the reason Chase & Sanborn renewed him was that they had contracted for the time and could find nothing with which to replace him. Do You Want To Be An Actor? Have ever, as soon as the show is dropped. Warner Brothers, who hold a long-term contract on Mr. Chase, will spot the show on their Trans-America channel.

SOCIETY NOTES—New version of "going slumming" in Hollywood consists of getting all dressed up and taking a party to Milton Berle's Community Cafe. The other week Miss Constance Bennett thus entertained the Countess di Frasso, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Mr. Man Mountain Dean, the rassler, and Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Whitney have more money if not to thrill you when he admires? — And your rouge is so important!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, artificial, but Princess Pat rouge—duo-tone—ah, there is beauty!

Let's discover the Princess Pat rouge duo-tone secret. In Princess Pat rouge there's an undertone that blends with an, someone, to change magically on your skin. It becomes warmly beautiful. Unbelievable as it may sound—the color actually seems to come from within the skin; just like a natural blush. You can be more glamorous personality—try Princess Pat rouge today and see. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Princess Pat, Dept. 796, Chicago.

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE
TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" Ted Nico NBC every Sunday 6:30 P.M. Eastern Time


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takes on new color

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No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray streaks take on a friends with an, someone, to change magically on your skin. It becomes warmly beautiful. Unbelievable as it may sound—the color actually seems to come from within the skin; just like a natural blush. You can be more glamorous personality—try Princess Pat rouge today and see. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Princess Pat, Dept. 796, Chicago.

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than Mr. Man Mountain Dean, but Mr. Man Mountain Dean has more whiskers than both of them put together, which makes it a Mexican mockbull.

* * *

QUICKIES—Rudy Vallee's deal with Warner Bros. has curdled . . . Jean Colber, who did the announcing job on the Winchell show from Hollywood, is about to commit matrimony . . . Velma McCall, sec'y to Lum and Abner, is the only outside voice ever used on their air . . . Marion Talley has bought a Beverly Hills home, and it's goodbye forever to native Kansas . . . Ditto Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, except, of course, for the Kansas part . . . Mike Pecorovich, Gonzaga football coach, and old congame chum of Bing Crosby, has a part in Bing's picture, "Waikiki Wedding," and Bing by the way, has lost eighteen pounds with what his new race track, his picture work, and his broadcasts . . . Joe Penner has bought his family a San Diego bungalow . . . Marjorie Marsh (used to be Marshall), new heart interest on Penner's show, appeared in musical comedy with Joe y'ars and y'ars ago . . . No matter what this is, it's not serenades between Fred Astaire and Charlie Butterworth, and maybe the lid will blow off before this gets into print . . . Kenny Baker is tied so tightly by his Kiskey contract, LeRoy contract he practically has to ask permission to sneeze, and the lads on the bunion show with his left foot and his right wet-nurse . . . Mrs. Phil Harris is doing very well, thank you, on the Warner Brothers lot, where her pay checks are made out to "Betty Ross" . . . Andre Kostelanetz was slated for Republic's "Hit Parade," but he lost the spot because his name is identified with Chesterfield "trade" is tied in with Luckies . . . The lady with Mrs. Conrad Thibault at rehearsal the other day, whom everyone thought was her twin sister, was only her double, Mrs. Edward Burns, of Pasadena—and no relation . . . Conrad, by the way, heads eastward the minute his contract expires in June, because he hates Hollywood . . . Gary Breckner, who does the radio announcing in "Wake Up and Live" is a KNX stall player . . . Bobby Breen, who appears with Dr. Franz Hochstrater's Peasant Choir, from Vienna, in his next picture, "Boy Blue," . . . Georgie Stoll becomes a full-fledged director at Paramount . . . Shadley and Lee are signed for RKO's "Revels of 1937." When television comes, watch for Penny Angel on the Jack Oakie show, if you like an eye-full . . . Joe Metzger, of KNX, left there to go into the jewelry business in time to get a good buy on a solitaire for Natalie Can- tor . . . Duane Thompson, the telephone girl on Hollywood Hotel, and William Johnson also have an appointment with a preacher . . . Milton Berle's forthcoming film will be "Everybody Sing," starring Tony Martin and Leah Ray . . . Fred MacMurray has recovered from a severe case of makeup poisoning . . . Gene Austin has dropped fifteen pounds for film work . . . Bernie drove Director Lanfield nuts on the "Wake Up and Live" set because the cast listened to Ben's Santa Anita tips more attentively than they listened to Lanfield's direction . . . The radio company that signed Gladys Swarthout's performance in "Champagne Waltz" has been barred from Paramount previews . . . Al Jolson presented a jockey at Santa Anita with a Buick car because the boy's good ride won the mammy man a fat bet . . . Don't shoot crap with Clarence Muse, whose new automobile license is $777777 . . . Finis (Latin for "that's all").
Hints for Menu

House-cleaning

(Continued from page 54)

and again for other meals.

**Tomato Juice Cocktail**

4 cups tomato juice
1 tsp. salt
1 tbl. minced onion.
4 cloves
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. vinegar
1 tsp. lemon juice

Combine all ingredients and simmer together for ten minutes. Strain and chill. If you like it stronger, vary it next time by using a tablespoon of minced celery tops in place of the cloves.

Aside from the delightful drinks you can make with them, tomato and pineapple juice impart new and delicious flavors to other foods—you’ll never know how good that old favorite, liver and bacon, can be until you’ve soaked the liver in tomato juice (along with a clove of garlic, if you’re a garlic fan) for half an hour before cooking. Vegetables cooked in half water and half pineapple juice tell a new story. Canneled celery juice gives new zest to soups and gravies, and so do a few drops of canned lime juice to the mashed butter served with broccoli, cauliflower, asparagus and Brussels sprouts. You can even use canned onion and garlic juice which will assure piquant flavors without odorous hands or smarting eyes.

Three excellent menu spring cleanings—tomato timbale, tomato juice aspic jelly and cold pineapple soup—have canned juices for their basic ingredients.

**Tomato Timbale**

2 cups tomato juice
1 small onion, minced
½ cup fine bread crumbs
3 eggs
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 bay leaf
2 cloves
1 large celery stalk, minced

Simmer the tomato juice with the seasoning ingredients for five minutes. Strain and add the slightly beaten eggs and the crumbs. Pour into lightly buttered custard cups or into ring mold and bake in a moderate oven, the cups placed in a pan of water, until firm. Unmold and serve with white sauce to which one-fourth cup of sliced olives has been added for every cup of sauce.

**Tomato Juice Aspic Salad**

3 cups tomato juice
1 slice onion, minced
1 stalk celery, minced
½ green pepper, minced
1 tbl. parsley, minced
1 clove
1 tbl. sugar
pinch of salt
1 envelope gelatin
½ cup cold water

Simmer tomato juice with seasonings for ten minutes. Strain. Soak gelatin in juice for five minutes. Add gelatin to tomato juice and pour into individual molds or custard cups which have been rinsed in cold water. Allow to cool, then place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Serve on nests of lettuce leaves and top with mayonnaise.
COLD PINEAPPLE SOUP

2 cups water
\frac{1}{2} cup sugar
\frac{1}{2} lemon rind
1 pinch
4 tbl. tapioca
2 cups pineapple juice

Boil together 2 cups sugar and lemon rind. Remove rind, add tapioca and cook until clear. Stir in pineapple juice, remove mixture to glass or earthenware jar and allow to cool. Serve in soups plates or on boltin cups with a garnish of whipped cream topped with a cherry.

And now to move our spring cleaning activities from the menu department to the rest of the house. Does your house have that tired-after-a-hard-winter look? Are you bored with your color scheme? Do laundring, mopping, polishing and dusting seem unending chores? Cheer up. Something can be done about all these things—easily and inexpensively, too.

Start with the windows. Just as beautifully dappled over the eyes the most important feature of the face, so do some decorators insist that windows are the most important features in a room. Rooms, of course, vary, but the windows, are not gay and sparkling as they should be, dress them up in new shades patterned in your favorite colors. It is not a pitiable task at all, for these attractive fiber shades may be purchased at your local five and ten cent store.

THEN consider the draperies. Heavy folds, elaborate valances and tiebacks are fine for winter but now, remember, you are letting in the spring, so substitute simple curtains which hang straight at the sides to frame the new blinds.

Next, what about lights? Good lighting is just as essential in summer as in winter, of course. You may move the lamps along with the other furnishings—and what woman ever cleans house without rearranging all the furniture?—be sure that you are not cutting down on the supply of light needed. Check over the bulbs, getting new ones if the old ones are not giving sufficient light, and using different sized bulbs to create the desired effect. Put away ornate lampshades with the draperies until fall—they’ll only get dusty in the sunlight and windows with the windows wide open—and substitute simply patterned ones. By considering these three additions, blinds, curtains and lampshades as a new or unit you can vary your color scheme without changing your basic color or furnishings.

There are other inexpensive ways of adding color to your surroundings in your spring renovating. Consider, for instance, those dark-colored or patterned linens which are so smart now, and usually pretty costly. One of the leading paper manufacturers is now duplicating these in heavy dyes the hues of the dark green, navy, doubenet and brown.

My favorite combination is brown cloth and napkins with white pottery dishes, but clear glass and a combination of shades can create an equally charming table, as will any patterned china used with a dark brown or blue as the predominant shade in the china design.

For a final touch, you can have these tablecloths and napkins monogrammed, though you will have to look your local printer to do this for you.

If you prefer service mats instead of full tablecloths for summer, they also come in paper—frugal, icy mats in white and pastel shades, an amusing one patterned with a map of the world, and just the right size for use in the kitchen.
cross stitch mats in red and in blue, which look like the samplers your grandmother made on coarse linen. These mats also make attractive bureau scarves for summer use.

Now that the spring cleaning is done there is the problem of daily cleaning to be considered, so back again to the paper manufacturer for our final purchases—dust cloths, scouring cloths and a dust mop, all of specially treated paper. They not only take most of the pain out of cleaning but practically eliminate the cleaning equipment parking problem.

I have other fruit juice recipes which I am sure you will like—southern tomato boy-bolin, tomato bran muffins, basic recipes for simple fruit ice and mousse which can be made with any fruit juice, and pineapple gelatin cubes. Also if you are unable to purchase the paper products mentioned in your local stores, I’ll be glad to send you the manufacturers’ names.

I want a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Guide to the Coronation

(Continued from page 16)

London are at a premium. A view of the Coronation is only for the visitor who has money to spend lavishly. A seat in the best grandstand, opposite the entrance to Westminster Abbey, alone costs a quoted minimum of $94.50. At the prices you would actually have to pay to get one it would be twice or three times that amount.

Yet in your own home, without spending a cent, you are transported to every advantageous point along the streets and around the Abbey, will pass through. You are even carried into Westminster Abbey itself, where none but a few important British subjects have the hereditary right to go.

Radio spares you all the discomforts of the crowded London streets. It brings you the whole panoramic picture of the Coronation, instead of the small section which is all that can be seen from the most expensive grandstand seat.

You can sit back in your armchair and hear it all: the procession of the Royal Family through the Mall to Westminster Abbey, the booming of cannon, the clash of sabers, the call of trumpets, the solemn ceremony within the Abbey, the triumphant procession through the heart of London back to Buckingham Palace again; and finally the address of King George to his Empire.

The only price you pay is the setting of your alarm clock for an early hour on the morning of Wednesday, May 22 —for Coronation Day will begin at 10:30 in London, and there is five hours’ difference between England and the eastern United States.

American networks will go on the air at 3:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on that momentous morning. Just remember— if your city is on Eastern Standard Time—the starting hour is sixty minutes earlier; if Central Standard Time, 3:15; Mountain Standard Time, 2:15; Pacific Standard Time, 1:15.

Here is how you can listen to the long broadcast and get the most enjoyment out of it.

Across the nation are pictures of three important Coronation scenes—Buckingham Palace, the Horse Guards, and Hyde Park Corner, used with perfect confidence, leaves hair soft, lovely, lustrous, NATURAL and youthful in appearance. Easy as a maneuver in hygiene of private home; odorless, greasless; will not rub off or interfere with curling. $1.35. Sold everywhere.

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SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

PREPARED IN FRANCE

Make your lashes a long sweep of silvery, dark beauty—perfectly natural-looking because of the extra-creaminess of this mascara! Smudgeproof, permanent. Apply it withor without water. In black, brown, blue, green.

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New Pocket Radio

Music Sports Entertainment

Beautiful Clear Tone: Direct from Pocket Radio

All new units—just like the big sets, but weight only 4 lb. 8 oz. 2 big pockets, Brilliant color, small, gold dust, 6 transistors, 2 VHF tubes, 4 automatics. Aluminum enclosure, solid wood base. Imitation rosewood.

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Radio Mirror

If You Seek—

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CLEANSE the pores daily with warm water and Resinol Soap. Its rich, Resinol-filled lather gently removes clogging waste and surface grime, making your skin feel really clean-lined refreshed. Especially agreeable to sensitive skin. To relieve the itchy soreness and aid healing of surface pimples or like irritations, apply soothing Resinol Ointment.

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Make your lashes a long sweep of silvery, dark beauty—perfectly natural-looking because of the extra-creaminess of this mascara! Smudgeproof, permanent. Apply it withor without water. In black, brown, blue, green.

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Resinol products sold at all drug stores. For free sample write to Resinol, Dept. 2-B, Baltimore, Md.
which is the very hub of London. There is also a map showing the route of the Coronation procession. Look at the map, study it, and as you listen, keep in mind the map, and you will find your radio where you can refer to it. The dotted line shows the route of the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey, and the solid black line shows the route back to the Palace following the Coronation ceremonies.

At 5:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, the King and Queen will drive through the gate at the right of the picture on page 16. It will take them about three-quarters of an hour to reach the Abbey. At 6:15, the reading of the Rubrics, the ancient Coronation ritual, will begin outdoors before the grandstand in front of the Albert Memorial. The King will move into the Abbey, and from then on for the next two hours and forty-five minutes the radio listeners will be privileged to hear the Coronation ceremonies while the vast throng in London streets must wait. There will be no radio commentators within the Abbey, but in strategic positions will carry to the listening world all of the ceremony with the exception of the Communion by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This will not be broadcast.

You will hear the words spoken as the glimmering Crown of St. Edward is placed upon the new King's head. This crown is never worn in the open air, and when King George leaves the Abbey to ride through the streets in the golden coach of state with Queen Elizabeth at his side, he will be wearing the Imperial State Crown.

At nine o'clock, one of the most colorful features of the ceremonies will begin—the procession back through the winding London streets to Buckingham Palace. As you see by the map, the route makes a wide detour to go along the Embankment, past historic Trafalgar Square where Lord Nelson watches over the city he saved, through Pall Mall and St. James Street to busy Piccadilly Circus, past the great shoppers of Regent Street, along Oxford Streets to the Marble Arch of Hyde Park, famed vantage point of soap box orators, through Hyde Park itself to Hyde Park Corner, and finally to Constitution Hill where three attempts were made upon the life of Queen Victoria and one upon the life of King Edward.

All the pomp of Empire will be represented in the parade—the Horse Guards, the Coldstream Guards, troops from the Dominions, the regiments from overseas. Microphones will be placed at all the important points along the line of march, to bring you every aspect of the spectacle. It will be almost ten o'clock in New York when the King and Queen are back in the Palace. They will appear for a few minutes on the balcony to receive the homage of their subjects, and will then retire to rest.

Until three o'clock there will be further word-pictures of Coronation Day in London, drawn by you announcers of the British Broadcasting Company as well as CBS and NBC men who have been sent to England for the event.

At three, the climax of the day will be reached with the address of the King to his Empire—the first time the new King's voice has ever been heard in this country.

The Coronation of England's King will then have gone down in history. In London the lazy days begin and the weary throngs who line the streets, hoping to catch one glimpse of their ruler. But we, in our homes, will have seen it all, through the voices of the famed announcers and the magic of radio.
**RADIO MIRROR**

**How Hollywood Turned the Tables on Winchell**

(Continued from page 31)

...to either Hollywood or the movie cameras; for the last few years he has made a practice of spending several months in California, and he has made one or two short subjects. But a featured part in an important production was something else again. It meant that he had to act!

Walter had watched enough amateur actors to know that ridiculous nine out of ten of them appear—and a man who earns as much as a thousand dollars a week for fifty-two weeks a year by taking pot-shots at the foibles of the great can’t afford to be made to appear ridiculous himself.

He couldn’t afford to flop. It would ruin my reputation.

But when Hollywood makes up its mind to hire somebody it doesn’t give up easily. The movie people kept raising the ante until finally they were offering Winchell $75,000 if he would give it a try for a beginner. Finally, more to end the matter than for any other reason, Winchell began to demand ridiculous conditions—that is, he thought they were ridiculous.

“Well,” he pretended to waver, “if I could have a star’s bungalow done in red plush and gilt, and tea every afternoon at cocktail hour, and a private secretary, and top billing, and not have to make up, and if there were at least three places in the story where I’d get to punch Bernie in the nose... then, maybe...”

“Okay! Sign here,” the 20th Century-Fox man said, taking all the conditions in his stride. And somehow or other, there the Winchell signature was, on the dotted line.

But Winchell didn’t know, then, what he’d let himself in for.

The first disaster was the screen test they made of him a few days after he reported at the studio. Winchell took one look at the test as it was run off in a private projection room, and pulled an emphatic Garbo. “Ay tank ay go home,” he declared. The worst of it was that even the most enthusiastic of the studio executives who had kept after him to sign the contract had to agree with him that the tests were far short of being even merely terrific. Bluntly, they were low—well, bad.

A make-up artist was called in, despite the clause in the contract that Winchell need not use make-up. After seeing those tests, he wanted to. They did things to his eyes and nose and chin. They darkened his gray hair. They performed the familiar Hollywood miracle on the Winchell face, even if they didn’t feel the Winchell ego.

Then came the first day of shooting. A horrible day. A bosh day. Just ask Walter, and he’ll tell you the same. For he had been advanced case of jitters. He was all nerves, and the camera was a demon. Out of consideration for him, I’m told, they cast Winchell in five pictures, with no opening scene of the picture first, a thing not often done in Hollywood. It was to show Winchell broadcasting, and all he had to do was to spout our talk—every Sunday. But it took two weeks to get that scene right!

What made it so much worse was that Winchell looked as though he was the stage all the time leering, ready at every opportunity to let fly with some caustic jibe to further embarrass Winchell.

The Bert the Winchell book has gone on for five years now, and although it started

---

**Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?**

Now comb away gray hair. This Easy Way to comb away gray hair is simple, yet it really works. Just comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once a week or so... and the comb will be swatting a pile of gray out of your life. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artifically coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and makes gray hair disappear. Grayness disappears within a week or two; and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk to a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

**FREE** Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK and today and send top cap of ec.

1 ton to United Remedies, Dept. 444, 1141 S. Wells, Chicago, and receive FREE AND POSTPAID 50¢ box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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**Unwanted Hairs Wash Off with simple application**

Nothing kills romance so quickly as hair on a woman’s arms or legs. Now there is an easy way to remove this hair—without shaving. Simply use NEET, an exquisite toilet accessory that leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a petal.

Like a cold scream in texture, you merely spread NEET on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water; that is all. NEET is the dainty, feminine way of removing hair—quick, easy and safe. It avoids the re-growth of sharp-edged bristles that follow shaving. Millions of women use it. NEET is sold in drug and department store; handy trial size at 10-cent stores.

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**Is YOUR baby a “Smiler”??**

When you buy SOFTEX, you are buying real COMFORT for your baby! Kleinert’s *SOFTEX Baby Pants are made of soft transparent SILK, fully waterproofed. They weigh less than an ounce—and are unhesitatingly durable.

*SOFTEX is a SILK fabric, waterproofed without the use of rubber.*

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Double Value! Two Summer Necessities Selling Regularly at 50c each BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF One

ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream needs no introduction to hundreds of thousands of women. It instantly eliminates every vestige of hair and permits you to enjoy wearing all the newest, briefest, shirest summer clothes without embarrassment; permits the modern swim-suit to reveal your radiantlly beautiful skin.

Now comes ZIP Cream Deodorant—a new kind of cream which not only removes body odors, but also STOPS PERSPIRATION for one to three days. Packed in a large attractive container. Ideal on sanitary napkins.

Ordinarily these preparations cost 50c each. For a short time I am offering both of them to you for the price of one.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT. The only registered Epilator. Actually destroys superfluous hair. Quick, Ideal for face.

ZIP Facial Hair Remover—Odorless. No caustics. No sulphides. Large opal jar.

Let it be hot! Let the penetrating solar rays do their worst to try to make us uncomfortable—but without avail this summer. You can be cool, hair-free, care-free, and wholesome, with these two delightful toiletries at your command.

Let us know if you need more free samples and the prices and we will be happy to help you.

Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in the July Radio Mirror!
Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Unusable?
In 14-day Test, 8 Popular Brands of Polish Evaporated 35% to 60%

New Cutex Polish is usable to the last Drop

 TRY THESE
New Smoky Shades

MAUVE—A soft, misty lavender pink. Perfect with all blues and grays, and with delicate evening pastels.

BUST—A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone. Perfect with green, deep brown, beigé, orange and copper—and this summer with sun-toned fingers.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusty rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

ROBIN RED—A new, soft deep red everyone can wear. Goes with everything, day or evening. Very sophisticated with black and white.

NEWEST SHADE
BURGUNDY—A brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white, cornelian or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

IN an actual test—14 days of exposure to the air—8 popular brands of nail polish evaporated 35% to 60%. Became so thick and gummy as to be practically impossible to use.

Amazing Contrast . . . But the New Cutex Polish—both Crème and Clear—came through this same test with less than half as much evaporation. Standing for 14 days in uncorked bottles, it ended up as smooth flowing and easy to apply as ever!

Cutex offers you a distinct and worthwhile saving. There’s practically no loss by evaporation or thickening!

And this new economy feature is just one of Cutex’s many advantages. It’s already famous for its finer lacquer, higher lustre, easier application and longer wear—for its freedom from peeling and chipping—and for its 11 smart shades, including 5 new “smoky” tones. A grand value, any way you look at it!

The New Cutex is still only 35¢ a bottle—Crème or Clear—at your favorite shop. Stock up today!


CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-6
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 1900, Montreal)
I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked.

Mauve □ Rust □ Old Rose □ Robin Red □ Burgundy □

Name:
Address:
City
State
Alice Roosevelt Longworth says
"They're a light smoke, kind to the throat"

"I often lunch in the Senate restaurant
at the Capitol and the number of Sena-
tors and Representatives I see with a
package of Luckies is quite surprising.
Off and on, ever since 1917, I myself
have used Luckies for this sound reason:
They really are a light smoke—kind to
the throat. It's simply common sense
that these Senators and Representatives,
whose voices must meet the continuous
strain of public speaking, should also
need a cigarette that is considerate of
their throats... a light smoke."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

In a recent independent survey, an overwhelming majority of law-
yers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc., who said they smoked cigarettes,
expressed their personal preference for a light smoke.

Mrs. Longworth's statement verifies the wisdom of this preference,
and so do leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera, whose
voices are their fortunes, and who choose Luckies, a light smoke.
You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke,
free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's
Toasted". Luckies are gentle on your throat.
GENEVIEVE: "Why, Lucy, you're not leaving—the party's just begun."
LUCY: "You'd leave, too—I came with one of those 'it' boys... the wrong kind of it..."

* Nothing spoils an evening, breaks up a pleasant association, or loses a friend so quickly as a case of halitosis (bad breath).
Nothing conquers this condition so quickly as LISTERINE, the quick deodorant.

SHOOT YOUR MAN
at Sunrise

BY JANE JONES

I DON'T care whether he looks like a Greek god, makes love like an Italian, or writes out a six-figure check for his income tax,—I say, shoot him at sunrise—or even earlier—if his breath is objectionable.

Too long have men gotten away with the idea that women should be grateful for their mere presence, without any consideration of what kind of presence it is.

In my opinion, a man whose breath isn't what it should be, is nothing short of a Grade A bore and nuisance... and should be so informed as adroitly as possible.

How to do it is a problem. After all, the subject is delicate. If hints do not work... if the power of suggestion flops miserably... you can, as a final resort, send him a Listerine ad—of course withholding your name.

Perhaps because of the heinousness of his offense, anonymity is justified. If after all this he still doesn't take the hint, dust off your revolver.

I know any number of women who feel as strongly about bad breath as I do and who, by a campaign of clever suggestions, have transformed walking nuisances into really agreeable suitors. A bow to Listerine for its aid in this matter.

BAD BREATH
WORST FAULT OF MOST MEN

There's no doubt about it, men have halitosis (bad breath) far oftener than women. That is only natural. Men smoke more, drink more, go at a faster pace, and are less fastidious than women. Many large concerns, recognizing that bad breath is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life, insist that their employees use Listerine Antiseptic—especially before making important business calls.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and on the teeth (the major cause of breath odors), then overcomes the odors themselves. After you have used it, your mouth feels cleaner, fresher, more wholesome; and your breath is therefore sweeter and purer.

Keep a bottle of Listerine at home and office and use it before social and business engagements as a precaution against offending others needlessly.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
checks halitosis
EVEN a magazine has its dreams. Two of those dreams have come true for Radio Mirror. They have come true with two new features beginning in this issue, features created for just one purpose—to double your listening pleasure.

On page 11 of this issue is the Radio Mirror Almanac, eight new pages that place at your finger tips an actual day-to-day record of program listings. Read about what you are listening to, while you listen. Each day in every month will have its own facts, its own small feature story, and last minute news. It couldn’t be done in a monthly magazine? Pages 11 to 18 are the answer.

Hollywood, most complex, most dramatic city in the world, has drawn radio into its fascinating grasp. Few understand Hollywood, fewer still have the knowledge, the capability to report its daily occurrences. Radio Mirror could think of just one man for the job of bringing its readers a clear picture, free of distortion, of what goes on backstage of radio in Hollywood. Radio Mirror got that man.

On page 22 you will find "Behind the Hollywood Front" by Jimmie Fidler, an uncensored column written with the same biting and searching honesty that distinguishes his broadcasts every week on NBC, written with the same fearlessness that has won him the respect of Hollywood’s biggest stars, and with the same sparkling style of his daily newspaper columns and weekly news-reel features.

Follow "Behind the Hollywood Front" each month as it appears in Radio Mirror if you would know radio in Hollywood.

So we herald two innovations for doubling your listening pleasure—dreams into realities.

Fred A. Hammer
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COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

On Sale June 25

A new career has been launched to threaten a new romance. Now that Jerry Cooper has left New York to star on Hollywood Hotel, what will become of the girl he left behind? Don't miss the dramatic story next month which tells how Jerry is meeting this all-important crisis in his life.

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SHIRLEY ROSS—PAINTED BY TCHETCHET

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Danellen, N. J.
"What has happened to us, Dear?

Why are we Drifting Apart?"

How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect—a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness—had made her almost repulsive to him?

F unhappy couples would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband’s love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your own sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man’s love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend “Lysol” disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

The fact that “Lysol” disinfectant is used by many doctors, nurses and hospitals—for many exacting antiseptic needs—is your assurance that “Lysol”, in the correct solutions, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. There are many other valuable household uses for “Lysol”.

The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”
1. Non-caustic...“Lysol”, in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkal.
2. Effectiveness...“Lysol” is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration...“Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy...“Lysol”, because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use.
6. Stability...“Lysol” keeps its full, dependable strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. 7-R, M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.
Please send me the book called “LYSOL vs. GERMS,” with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of “Lysol.”

Name: ____________________
Address: ____________________

(You’ll find the answers on page 58)
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR INSIDE INFORMATION ON RADIO'S PASSING SHOW, YOUR SEARCH CAN END ON THESE FACT-FILLED PAGES

Above is handsome Jerry Cooper, the newest Hollywood Hotel star to try and fill the shoes of Dick Powell. Left, Fibber McGee and Molly are in Hollywood now to star in the films.

AFTER weeks of uncertainty, it’s been decided that Nelson Eddy will join Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy the dummy, and Werner Janssen’s orchestra on the Sunday night Chase and Sanborn show. The date is even set—August 8. And here’s the amusing story behind the delay in the negotiations. Nelson liked the program, liked the salary, liked everything about it, except—he had a wistful desire to be the master of ceremonies as well as the singing star. But the sponsors had Don Ameche under contract, and wanted him to be the master of ceremonies. Deadlock, conferences, indecision. Finally Nelson philosophically gave in and agreed to join the program as soon as he has taken a short vacation after his concert tour. You never can tell about these singers. Sometimes they’re yearning for a master of ceremonies job they can’t have; sometimes they’re eating their hearts out because they have one they can’t get rid of.

A RADIO comedian’s life is a tough one. Week in, week out, he has to be funny. That’s not news, but Phil Baker’s plan for rescuing the poor comedian is. Phil told me he’d like to arrange with a sponsor to hire two comedians instead of one, and broadcast their shows on alternate weeks. Thus each funnyman would have time to get his breath before buckling down to work on next week’s script. The only catch is that the plan, if it were put into practice

4
on all comedy shows, would require twice as many comedians as there are now—and as it is there aren't enough to go around! Phil even had the scheme lined up and almost in working order once. He and another comedian were to alternate on the Good Gulf programs. But fate intervened. The other comedian was Will Rogers.

What a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted... popular, fresh-looking... be sure that your bowels move regularly. And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

**Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system**

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel clean. You'll feel more alive. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

**FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F77, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

When Nature forgets—remember **EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued on page 80)
COAST-TO-

Above, Hal Styles directs the personnel for "Help Thy Neighbor" over KHJ.

SPECIAL EDITION — As big-time a local program as you'll ever find away from the networks is Borden's Special Edition, broadcast every Friday at 1:30 P.M. Just one station carries it—the same station at which many of NBC's biggest network shows originate, WEAF in New York. Another unique thing about the program is that it is strictly for women only. Men aren't supposed to listen, not even casually. Special Edition is as near to a women's newspaper as you can put on the air. It has four star editors—Gabriel Heather, Fanny Fitzwater, women's editor of the New York Herald Tribune; Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, famous child psychologist, and Janet Howell, noted Hollywood writer—and between them they give the ladies news, fashions, advice on home making and raising children, Hollywood...
COAST HIGHLIGHTS

by Russ King

gossip, beauty hints, and a resume of what's happening around town. It isn't often that a sponsor goes to all this expense for a local program, but on the other hand, a lot of people in and around Manhattan listen to it. And if the New York program keeps on being the success it has been so far, probably it will be extended to other cities where the sponsor sells his milk.

If your radio can, by hook or crook, tune in this show, your Highlights reporter advises a sample listening. You'll get the habit.

RALEIGH, N. C.: All radio stars have their own ways of gaining fans but it took the Three Tobacco Tags, daily nighttime stars over WPTF, to discover a new fan-getting method when returning to Raleigh recently from one of their nightly show dates at a nearby town. Coming upon a burning farmhouse, George, Luke, and Reid stopped their car, and while one of the boys aroused the sleeping occupants and got them safely outside, the others found water and went to work on the flames. Result: No deaths; a home saved from ruin; and a grateful farmer's family pledged as life-long fans of the Tags.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.: The Hollywood anti-Nazi league has taken time on KFWB Saturdays from 7:30 to 7:45 p.m., and Thursday's 9:30 to 9:45 p.m.

The fifteen minute period features "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," well known to Americans as the comedy characters in two of Donald Ogden Stewart's books. Mr. Stewart donated "The Haddons" to the league and is writing the present series which takes the family through Germany and Europe in general. The league hopes to place the program on a nation-wide hook-up.

* * *

WHEELING, W. VA., Nobody seems to know whether Shorty Hobbs, WWV'A's eccentric banjoist with Frankie (Continued on page 60)

Meet "Letsy," youngest of the Happy Pickards, of station WWL. It's her daddy at her side.

THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD P^OWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE

SKIN SMOOTH... THEN POWDER CLINGS

IT DRIVES A GIRL NEARLY FRANTIC WHEN POWDER WON'T GO ON SMOOTH—WOULD'T STAY ON! NO WORRIES LIKE THIS IF YOU USE POND'S VANISHING CREAM! "A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes makeup beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They always use it for perfect makeup before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it for Powder Base - A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight - Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft.

For Protection - Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!
WHAT

DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

$20.00 PRIZE

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, SOMETIMES!

HIGHLIGHTS of the news! Repetition of the news would be a better suggestion. News commentators should have to listen to each other and maybe there would be a little variety.

If the 10:00 a.m. broadcast of news flashes are about someone landing somewhere, or a woman getting tipsy on the jury, you hear it at least five times during the day, and end up with Lowell Thomas telling it all over again at 6:45 p.m. for news—and by that time it's history.

True, I don't have to listen, you say, or I can turn the dial, but often when I am too busy to leave my work to change the station, or perhaps waiting for a program, there is no escape; the newscasters go merrily on in spite of everything.

Radio programs could be improved by having a little psychology injected into them. Take this for an illustration:

I am listening to a pipe organ and the rendition of a series of church songs. A masterly voice has inspired me, lifted me out of my hedged-in environment and, as it were, transported me to a higher plain of living and thinking. Just for a moment my existence is changed, I have lived in another realm where things are different—not real.

But suddenly the tones of the organ die away, the voice recedes, and as if by the lifting of a jesting eyebrow, or the trick of a sleight-of-hand, my cathedral surroundings vanish and I am snatched up into a jazz syncopation, blatant and bizarre. I can almost hear the bells jangling upon the clowns' costumes, see their grimaces, and smell the peanuts that are being tossed to the animals in the circus ring.

(Continued on page 56)
No gathering of the smart younger set is completely lovely without the willowy, blue-eyed Nancy Harrar—one of the outstanding New York debutantes of this last season.

Whether she's doing 18 holes of golf or playing Chopin for her friends, Nancy has the knack of making a charming color picture of herself.

Part of this glamour picture are her tapered musician's hands that she makes still more interesting with the new Cutex "smoky" polish shades. "Even the deep shades are soft and smoky," she says. "You can do a lot more with them as color accents than with ordinary glancing polishes."

See just how she uses three of the Cutex "smoky" shades by cutting out the figures above. Now work out several clever Cutex color schemes for yourself! There are 12 smart shades to choose from—Old Rose, Burgundy, Rust, Light Rust, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Ruby, Robin Red, Cardinal, Natural, Colorless. Cutex is more lustrous, too—wears for days, won't thicken up in the bottle, won't fade!

Start right now to accent your personality with 3 or 4 glamorous shades. Only 35¢ a large bottle, at any shop!

---

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in gleaning white satin boldly splashed with primrose bouquets and belted with chartreuse . . . worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it's so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian, and, above all, blue.

En route to London

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitania—Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusty nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is gorgeous with green, beige and copper, as well as gray. "And it's absolutely the nail color when you're sun-tanned!"
Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr. aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

Young Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (right) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

These distinguished women also prefer

Camel's mild, delicate taste:

MISS JOAN BELMONT, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DIXELL III, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS C. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

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

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels
A great innovation in radio publications: Eight pages of day-by-day program listings and news—vital information for the whole month. Read while you listen and find each day's highlights—guest stars, new shows, special broadcasts—all in your Almanac.

Stations and Where to Tune Them In

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ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING
SUNDAY

MAY 30, 1937

I T S Memorial Day, and the second day of a long weekend. Enjoy your vacation. For the second day of the holiday make you forget its purpose. Officially, the day is observed this morning in Washington, D.C., at the Lincoln Monument. In the afternoon, the National Guard will parade the streets of the capital city. At night, a fireworks display will be held in the area around the monument.

**Motto of the Day**

By Andre Kostelanetz

He who knows not the love of fine music is only half alive.

JUNE 6, 1937

I T S the day for staying home and resting up from the long automobile trip. It's a good day to listen to music. You can choose to listen to your favorite music on the radio or go to a concert. This is a great day to take a break from the daily stress and enjoy some music.

JUNE 13, 1937

Pianist Mischa Levitski has sold out two tours in the United States.

JUNE 20, 1937

Ford Salo Sol Joseph Antone made his Metropolitan debut in January of 1936.
MOTO OF THE DAY
By Phil Spitalny
Laughter is artless, but knowing when not to laugh is an art.

MAY 31, 1937

STILL a holiday, for you and you and you, but not for the men and women at the microphone. Holiday or not, their job is to keep the air filled with mirth, news and melody. The First Eleven radio matches at Forest Hills go into their concluding day, and you'll want to be in at the finish as the United States and Australia fight out the question of which has the best tennis players. Ted Hoisington, who is covering the matches for CBS, thinks tennis is the best game in the world, but if he were announcing football today he'd hand the palm to it, for Ted thinks any game you're watching is the best in the world. Ted spent a quiet winter, mostly in Florida, but now that the out-of-doors games are here again, he'll be a frequent visitor to your loud-speaker vicinity. It's no secret that he considers him the sports announcing line. . . . Don Bestor picked tonight for opening the tennis season at the Forest Hills Hotel, New Orleans, and tonight and in the future you will hear him broadcasting live from that city television spot. . . . Farther north, Clyde McCoy is settling down tonight to the Hotel, Memphis, to give the citizenry a taste of his "Sugar Blues." . . . For your birthday file—Fred Allen was born John Sullivan just forty-three years ago today in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Don Ameche is twenty-nine and Ben Bernie is forty-four. It's Bob McCoy's birthday too. He's the baritone in Horace Heidt's orchestra, on CBS tonight.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1937

The sunny-day-old Alma Adams is the tuba player in the Hour of Charm band.

JUNE 14, 1937

YOUR novelty program for the day is something that at first glance holds only a fair promise of something exciting. It's the proceedings of the World Petroleum Congress in Paris, short-waved to NBC's network. There wouldn't seem to be many thrills connected, but there is certainly some reason for NBC's spending so much money. Better listen in and see what it's all about. . . . Today's the birthday of a man who ought to be a radio star everywhere but who, for some reason known only to him, is—John McCormack, born in 1884 in Athlone, Ireland. It's his Bowes' birthday, too. The fleeting years seem to hold no fear for this amazing ringmaster of radio's amateurs. Today the Major will sit down to a birthday cake with sixty-three candles on it, if he can find that big a cake. You should know this because he was born in San Francisco of Irish parents. . . . Short, sweet and important are the words for Chesterfield's sports resume, broadcast tonight and every night except Sunday at 6:35, E.D.S.T. It lasts only half an hour, but it hits practically all the CBS chain of stations. Paul Douglas has the coveted 'newspaper'—but he earned it, too, because for a long time he conducted a similar sports program as a sustaining feature for WABC. Now he's announcer for Alexander Woollcott, the Friday night Chesterfield program and the Saturday Swing Club besides his own program.

JUNE 21, 1937

THERE's tennis in the air again today, if you are in the mood for sporting thrills—the most aristocratic form of grass court game, championship lawn tennis as played at Wim-bledon near London. The short waves again do their part to bring the details to NBC and your ears. For a lesson in genteel sports announcing, if for nothing else, better tune this in. . . . Are you a Pepper Young's Family devotee? It's hard not to be these days, because the sponsors give you twice the usual opportunity to hear the program. It's on the NBC Red network at three in the afternoon and the NBC Blue at 10:30 in the morning, five days a week, and if you don't think that's often enough you ought to ask the actors. You could even ask Butch, the baby, and you'll get an intelligent answer for Butch is none other than Madeleine Pierce, a dark-eyed and very beautiful young woman. Her job is something that could happen only in radio—she grew up in baby noises. She can play an infant mood from the smallest sleepy cry to the loudest milk-hungry wail. For eeries she muffles her mouth with a pillow. For gurgles and coos she uses no pillow. Madeleine was born in Philadel-phia and learned her art by imitating her brothers and sisters. When she grew up she got married, but she still amuses her friends by chuckling and cooing. Three years ago she took an audition and a week later was as busy as the quintet's nurse.
MOTTO OF THE DAY
BY EDDIE CANTOR
Everyone raises his hat to the success of a man who can rise above success.

TUESDAY

JUNE 1, 1937

BACK to work after the week-end—
but remember, the working week is one day shorter than usual, so the one you have lost up . . . Over in Moscow, they're having an event today you won't be able to see on the
box cast, but it's important just the same. The Russians are holding a radio and television exhibition which opens today. No telling what new developments in your listening habits may result. It's the first of its kind that has ever been held . . . Set an hour aside tonight right now. It's your very last chance to listen to Fred Astaire being heckled by Charlie Butterworth—the program goes off for the summer and there's no telling if it will be back next fall . . . From 10:00 to 10:30 tonight you can become eclipse expeditions. At least you can listen to the program of news and entertainment NBC is broadcasting for the special anniversary of把 who have gone to a tiny Pacific island to watch the total eclipse of the sun on June 8. This broadcast will mean a lot to these temporary exiles, and NBC hopes it will tell you the birthdays for you to remember today. Hugo Mariani, dance orchestra leader, was born on June 1, 1899, in Montevideo, Uruguay, South America. Ray Hecht, theorist, on the other hand, was born in 1920 in Jersey City and only had to cross the Hudson River to be a radio star . . . Eddie Duchin begins his summer engagement at the Palmer House in Chicago. You're invited to join the festivities by tuning in MBS.

JUNE 8, 1937

I ancient times, when the sun went into an eclipse, everybody hid in the woods until it was all over, being sure that they were receiving punishment for their sins. Nowadays, scientific knowledge of the heavens is having a fortune in going to Enderbury Island, the one spot where they can see the eclipse. Can you believe it? They stayed at home. They know it's going to happen again before they're a year. The whole thing is that a telescope was not to work. The peculiar thing about this eclipse is that, through radio, you can hear it described while it is happening, twice in the same day. At Enderbury Island, where NBC watches it, the eclipse happens at 3:15 New York time, but in Peru, where CBS men are on the job, it happens shortly after 6:00 p.m., New York time. So you'd better lend an ear to both broadcasts. NBC has sent three men—George Hicks, announcer, and Marvin S. Adams and Walter B. Brown, engineers—to Enderbury Island to report what goes on, and CBS has two in Peru, for the same purpose. They will both take radio to spend all that time and money to see what it looks like before you can't see anything. George Hicks has taken this assignment very seriously. He studied astronomy before he left by painting the important members of the solar system on an umbrella. Freckle broadcasts are all in the day's work for him. He's broadcast from the bottom of the sea and in the cockpit of an army bomber.

JUNE 15, 1937

WHO’s the mysterious Cobina Fencwicke of Myrt and Marge? Is that her real name? Well, no, frankly, it isn’t. Her real name is Frances Woodbury, and she’s the possessor of one of the few perfect radio voices in the world. She has a full career on the stage behind her, and it’s an honorable career, too, in spite of Cobina’s villainous maneuvers. Frances was born in New England and reared in Boston. It was her participation in school plays at the Bradford Academy in Haverhill, Massachusetts, that led to dramatic courses at the Emerson School of Drama in Boston and later, the New England Conservatory. For several years she was a leading lady in stock companies in New Orleans, Portland, Oregon, Halifax and Atlanta. In New York she was featured in the same play that brought Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney to fame, “Maggie the Magnificent.” Then she went to Chicago and into radio. You heard her in The Romance of Helen Trent, The First Nighter, Betty and Bob, and other dramatic shows. When Myrt and Marge moved to New York this winter, Frances moved too, but on the occasions she’s Myrt’s most dependable villains. People to doughnuts you’re missing a show that would give you a solid pleasure if you’d listen. It’s John Nesbitt’s Passing Parade, on NBC at 7:45 tonight and last night, following it as a local show out in San Francisco, and it gained quick success.

JUNE 22, 1937

Radio’s second expert practitioner of baby sounds is Frances Reynolds. (The first is Madeline Pierce whose name we told you about in yesterday’s section.) Frances’ most famous part is that of Marcy’s baby in the Myrt and Marge series, which you will listen to at 2:15 this afternoon; but like Madeleine, she’s always on call for this and many other programs that need an infant. Network shows have to use baby imitators, since there’s an ironclad rule against using any recorded sound effects. A number of unsold songs like trains, automobiles, egg beaters, and the like. There’s some good reason for this, too, we’re not going to disclose. However, there has been on the stage most of her life. She uses to do children’s acts in vaudeville and Chautauqua, and her experience swapping then has stood her in good stead since she got into radio via Major Bowes’ old amateur show on a New York station. Unlike Madeleine Pierce, who often imitates children and adolescents, Frances sticks pretty closely to infant roles. She was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and her home name is Womelsdorf. If you come from Pennsylvania, you’ll recognize that as the surname of a fine old horse featured. And—one for our friends Robert Ripley—there’s even a small Pennsylvania town named Womelsdorf. Just one for you to remember today—Phil Dusey’s. He was born in Mary, Indiana, thirty-five years ago.

Frances Woodbury is the mysterious member of Cobina Fencwicke of Myrt and Marge.

Another infant impression is Frances Reynolds, also of Myrt and Marge.

Motto of the Day

Everyone raises his hat to the success of a man who can rise above success.

Radio’s second expert practitioner of baby sounds is Frances Reynolds. (The first is Madeline Pierce whose name we told you about in yesterday’s section.) Frances’ most famous part is that of Marcy’s baby in the Myrt and Marge series, which you will listen to at 2:15 this afternoon; but like Madeleine, she’s always on call for this and many other programs that need an infant. Network shows have to use baby imitators, since there’s an ironclad rule against using any recorded sound effects. A number of unsold songs like trains, automobiles, egg beaters, and the like. There’s some good reason for this, too, we’re not going to disclose. However, there has been on the stage most of her life. She uses to do children’s acts in vaudeville and Chautauqua, and her experience swapping then has stood her in good stead since she got into radio via Major Bowes’ old amateur show on a New York station. Unlike Madeleine Pierce, who often imitates children and adolescents, Frances sticks pretty closely to infant roles. She was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and her home name is Womelsdorf. If you come from Pennsylvania, you’ll recognize that as the surname of a fine old horse featured. And—one for our friends Robert Ripley—there’s even a small Pennsylvania town named Womelsdorf. Just one for you to remember today—Phil Dusey’s. He was born in Mary, Indiana, thirty-five years ago.

Madeleine. Romantic he that gained leading. Over. telescope smart infant. You 9:30 7:30 6:45 4:30 3:15 2:15 1:00 12:45 11:30 10:45 10:30 7:45 7:30 6:45 4:30 3:15 2:15 1:00 11:30 11:15 11:00 10:30 10:15 10:00 9:30 9:15 8:45 8:30 8:15 7:45 7:30 7:15 6:45 6:30 6:15 5:45 5:30 5:15 4:45 4:30 4:15 3:45 3:30 3:15 2:45 2:30 2:15 1:45 1:30 1:15 0:45 0:30 0:15 0:00
**WEDNESDAY**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

*By Lanny Ross*

It is better to lose a fortune than a friend.

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**MAY 26, 1937**

YOU’VE started your listening day and month off right by tuning your Radio Mirror Almanac to see what you mustn’t miss on the air. Get the Almanac habit . . . and you might just have the best time to look over the Almanac right after breakfast to see if there aren’t some early programs you just have to hear . . . Today’s special oc-
casions come into being, but that’s no sign you’ll always have to wait that long . . . It’s Glen Gray’s opening night at the Palomar in Los Angeles.

That’s the big dance hall out there which, like Chicago’s Aragon, is win-
ing such a reputation by hiring America’s ace dance bands. Glen and his Casa Loma boys are there for an extended summer engagement and you can join in the fun by tuning in on the Mutual network. Glen’s actual-
ly leading the band himself. You’ll re-
call that always before he was simply playing the saxophone and just occasionally wave the Iaton . . . Gala opening night two years later in Detroit.

If you loved Harry and his Eskimeses—and who didn’t—you’ll want to be on hand to see when today they make their bow to the motor-makers. Harry has an NBC wire to your home . . . For that experimental mood, why don’t you tune in on France on your short-wave equip-
ment? At 5:10 E. S. T., this afternoon, turn your dial to 25.24m—11,885 Kc. Or, if you prefer, to the German station DJH, 10.74m—15,200 Kc.

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**JUNE 2, 1937**

Out in Los Angeles, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra open at the Palomar.

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**JUNE 9, 1937**

REMEMBER the girl who used to speak Mary Lou’s lines on the old Show Boat? Those were the days, weren’t they? Well, Mary Lou is no more, but the girl who created her is still very busy. You hear her tonight, in fact, but unless your ears are sharp to recognize voices you won’t know who she is. Her real name is Rosaline Greene, but she does the announcing for Mrs. Roosevelt under the name of Virginia Barr. She flies from New York to Washington and back for her Washington date at the White House. On Monday nights she’s busy too, anon-
ouncing for Phil Sheridan’s Hour of Charm program. By this time each June Rosaline is spending every free weekend in the Great South Bay, off Long Island, where her family live and where she has a yacht to cruise around in.

Complaints have been coming in from listeners that Rosaline’s too solemn on her Hour of Charm program and ought to pep up her announcements. What do you think about it? Listen in next Monday, and see what you think.

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**JUNE 16, 1937**

TONIGHT, for just about twenty seconds, you’ll hear the possessor of radio’s queerest contract, Marilyn Stewart, on the Mutual program. Mar-
llyn has a long-term personal agree-
ment, in writing, with Ken to do only one thing, cry “Mama, that man’s here again!” at the beginning of each pro-
gram. That he, retires, the next day, and does it seem a shame that as lovely a blonde as Marilyn shouldn’t have more things to do on the program.

Better listen to Lily Pons tonight. Marilyn Stewart is calling her back to Hollywood and next week is her last broadcast. In July, her place will be taken by Mary Menken, former Miss Kostelanetz and his orchestra will re-
main. June 23: It’s Fred Allen’s next-to-the-last broadcast for a very long time, so be sure to listen. He won’t be back on the air in the fall—and maybe he won’t be ever back, unless some sponsor succeeds in getting him to change his mind. Why? There isn’t space to tell you here, but read the story on page 19. And, for some-
thing to remember him by, here’s one of his most recent script jokes, taken straight out of the script for a Town Hall Tonight broadcast: “Fred Allen: You say Miss Barrie has received your divorce? Actor Yes, Elaine is returning to the stage. Allen: Which name will she use, Barrie or Marlene? Actor: Barrie. Barrie, all there is. There isn’t any more.”

Today’s Mary Livingston’s birthday.
TUESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY
By Kate Smith

After the verb To Love, the most beautiful verb is To Help.

MAY 27, 1937

Emil Coleman and his orchestra open their summer season tonight and you can tune in.

JUNE 3, 1937

JUNE 10, 1937

JUNE 17, 24, 1937
H E R E ' S a gala day whether you like dance music or symphonies. The dance bands are settling down into their summer spots, and tonight there's a bumper crop of them. Nye Mayhew, who has a new band but know body knows much about, is opening at the Glen Island Casino; he has dates over Mutual. Nye must be good, because no less a person than Hal Kemp manages him in his latest engagements.

The Hudson-DeLange orchestra, which will go down in history as the outfit which started the vogue of "Organ Grinder's Swing," will keep the crowds at Playland Beach, Rye, New York, happy tonight and every night from now on. Your radio will have to tune in on the nearest NBC station to keep step.

And for CBS tuners-in, there's a lot more. Late tonight—Shep Fields, the Rippling Rhythmist himself, at the Surfside Beach Club, Atlantic City with what's Long Island. To wind the list up, Happy Felton goes into the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, and you listen on Mutual. Jerry Cooper has hit his stride as the new male star of Hollywood Hotel, and he's going to get around to listening to him yet, tonight—your choice. Leave the radio tuned to the same station, and you go right from Hollywood Hotel to the Philadelphia Orchestra's first broadcast on its old series since returning from its coast-to-coast tour.

June 4, 1937

W E L C O M E tonight to a new star. Lester Tremayne makes his bow in radio's toughest job—successor to Don Ameche on the First Nighter programs. Barbara Luddy continues as the leading lady of these exciting month-long melodramas. Lester's one of those actors who are practically born in a theatrical trunk. His mother was Dolly Tremayne, a movie star in England before and during the war, and Lester was born in 1913, a little more than a year before London became a target for enterprising Zeppelins. One of his earliest recollections is of the time he cuddled in a darkened room, waiting for a bomb to drop on the house. It was almost the end of the war when Mrs. Tremayne took Lester and his younger brother to the United States, where Lester grew up and went to school. He first went on the stage, but has been on radio since 1932, starting as an announcer in a Chicago station. Motoring, he thinks, he could do for any nucleus of audience in the world, and his idea of a vacation is to climb six thousand miles in two weeks. He isn't married.

Tonight may be your last chance to listen to Jack Denny's orchestra. It's the last of their engagement at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, over NBC and CBS. Jack followed Paul Whiteman into that opulent tavern, on a four-week contract, and tonight is the last night of the contract—Don't forget your 9:30 session with the True Story Court tonight over NBC. These true-life yarns become more interesting every week.

June 11, 1937

S C H O O L in your town will soon be out for the summer, if it isn't already, and you'll be faced with the job of keeping the children busy all day. Here's a tip for Fridays particularly, but for every other week-day too. Irene Wiker, the Singing Lady, comes along at 5:15, E. D. S. T., Friday afternoons, 5:30 other afternoons, and on Fridays she lengthens her program to a full-half hour, with one of her famous music-stories. These are the plays she has listed for producing in the next month, though necessarily in this order: "Jack and the Beanstalk," written by the Singing Lady with music arranged by Milton Rethnburg; "The Cobbler and the Fairy," an original play by the Singing Lady; and an adaptation of Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin." Guaranteed to keep any youngster quiet, or at least interested... Tonight, Jimmie Elder brings you the fourth in his new Friday night series—same time, same network as his Tuesday newcasts. You simply can't keep up with what's happening in Hollywood unless you listen to James Marion Elder—nor can you keep up on Hollywood unless you read the master's own columns in the Los Angeles Times. Your convenient broadcast bulletin: Washington vs. Chicago on WJSV; Washington, Boston vs. Detroit on WWJ, Detroit; Chicago vs. Philadelphia on WCAU, Philadelphia, except for rain.

June 18, 1937

T H E soldest program on the air—that's what the critics called it after its first broadcast, anyway—is recommended for you tonight. Louis Armstrong, Eddie Green and an all-colored cast covet for your pleasure on the show at nine o'clock. It's their next-to-last time on this hour, because on July 4 they move back to the stage. Giggle and trumpet into the show which now stars Ozie Nelson and Bob Ripley. This is definitely a promotion for the boys from Harlem. You may not like swing music or a lot of noise in your radio shows, but you have to admit the Messers. Armstrong, Green, and the rest get more fun out of performing at a mike than any twenty white stars you can name. "O! Satchmo!"—that's Harlem's name for Louis Armstrong—just loves to play the trumpet... Leave your set tuned in to the same station you hear Satchmo on, and you get Deems Taylor and Robert Armstrong's orchestra. Nobody would ever expect a music critic and composer to turn radio star, but that's what Mr. T. has done and done. His comments on the Philharmonic Symphony broadcasts last winter were twice as entertaining as some of the music. Now up he bobs on a commercial program, demonstrating what a lot of fun can be had with music, and acting as if he'd been born under a microphone. It's very peaceable, after the Armstrong show—but Deems will fight if you say it's more highbrow.
SATURDAY

MAY 29, 1937

W HAT'S the program for the week- end? Have you had the car oiled and filled up for that jaunt into the country? Switch on the dashboard radio and here we go . . . First, there's the opening day at the Davis Cup tennis meet at historic Forest Hills, to be broadcast on all networks. But don't get too interested as you drive. It's heavy traffic today and that guy ahead is some fancy driving up his sleeve . . . The hotels are freshening up with new bands tonight. Charlie Bordenberger replaces Guy Lombardo at New York's Roosevelt. Hear his music on the Mutual system. These stations also give you Bert Block from the Statler Hotel in St. Louis . . . From the world's largest ballroom, an ichthyologist, but plenty of fans are glad he never achieved his ambition. Born in Mansfield, Ohio, he was the son of a singer and an artist. Before he found out what an ichthyologist is (it's a scientist who's an expert on fishes) he wanted to become a social worker or a doctor. From the time he sang at church socials at the age of a year and a half he was destined to be a singer. He attended several colleges, from many of which he was sent home for being class clown, but finally he ended up signing a Phi Beta Kappa key. He's a radio veteran, having made his debut in 1923 and his debut in 1928. Before that he'd been a chorus boy in musical comedy at the age of 21, and worked at selling real estate.

JUNE 5, 1937

B I G going's afoot in Oslo, Norway—and Your Almanac means afoot, because there's a parade and public dancing. It's Norway's Oslo Day, which happens to be the boys in Oslo as the Fourth of July does to your son. There are carnivals, speeches, and all sorts of popular festivities, and NBC is bringing them to you intact.

In our own country, baseball again rules undisputed by everybody except the weather man as king of the sports calendar. For Cleveland and its radio radius, Jack Granny is well on his fifth season of describing Cleveland Indian games into a WEK microphone. Jack knows what he's talking about; he played left field with the Indians when they won their only pennant back in 1920 . . . On many stations of NBC's Blue network (though not on all of them) there comes a half hour of real pleasure for all you question bee fans, for at 7:30, New York time, Uncle Jim brings you this version of this popular new radio fad. Uncle Jim is Jim McWilliams, now a church elder at his home in Virginia Beach, and formerly a partner of Frank Crumit when he toured in vaudeville. With your head buzzing with questions, switch right over to CBS, where Professor Quiz holds forth. There's a mystery about the Professor. He won't allow his picture to be taken and he has a clause in his contract prohibiting any personal publicity. Your Almanac believes he is a big business executive.

JUNE 12, 1937

Y O U R baseball schedules for today: In the American league, Washington at Chicago, New York at St. Louis, Boston at Detroit, Philadelphia at Cleveland; in the National league, St. Louis at Boston, Pittsburgh at Brooklyn, Cincinnati at New York, Chicago at Philadelphia; in the International League, Syracuse at Rochester (and it's a double-header), Buffalo at Newark, Montreal at Baltimore, Toronto at Jersey City. All of them—need your Almanac add—their permitting . . .

Turn your radio on early today for Richard Maxwell and his Songs of Comfort and Cheer on CBS at 10:15 Eastern Daylight Saving time. He's a radio singer who likes tropical fish and always wanted to be an ichthyologist, but plenty of fans are glad he never achieved his ambition. Born in Mansfield, Ohio, he was the son of a singer and an artist. Before he found out what an ichthyologist is (it's a scientist who's an expert on fishes) he wanted to become a social worker or a doctor. From the time he sang at church socials at the age of a year and a half he was destined to be a singer. He attended several colleges, from many of which he was sent home for being class clown, but finally he ended up signing a Phi Beta Kappa key. He's a radio veteran, having made his debut in 1923 and his debut in 1928. Before that he'd been a chorus boy in musical comedy at the age of 21, and worked at selling real estate.

JUNE 19, 1937

F I you're still enough of a kid at heart to wish you didn't have to go to work on your birthday you'll be glad today for Virginia Payne. You know her better as Oxyda's Ma Perkins. This is her birthday, and it's also one of the days in the week she doesn't have to work on the air. Ma Perkins in real life is only 27 years old. Born in Cincinnati, Virginia is the daughter of John Leon Payne, a physician, and when she was four she registered her desire for acting and actresses by walking out on Maude Adams' performance of "Peter Pan." Two years later she began her study of elocution, however, and found that acting was more fun than she'd thought, and harder work besides. She is twice a college graduate, holding both an A.B. and M.A. degree from the University of Cincinnati. Before she was out of school she was working at station WLW and also on the local stage. One of her leading roles with the Stuart Walker players was movie star Tyrone Power, but he wasn't famous then. She created the part of Ma Perkins when it was a local WLW serial, and moved with it to Chicago and the networks in 1933 . . . Two more birthdays to celebrate are Guy Kibbee's and Emil Coleman's. Your day's baseball schedule includes Chicago-New York, St. Louis-Washington, Cincinnati-Philadelphia, St. Louis-Philadelphia. Always, remember the weather permitting.
ANOTHER FIRST! Radio Mirror Brings You the True, Exclusive Answers to the Most Important Questions of the Month

FRED ALLEN'S Through with Radio
LANNY ROSS is Quitting Show Boat
SHOW BOAT is Going Hollywood

By NORTON RUSSELL

THERE'S revolution in the air, and open rebellion's the order of the day. Soon—though you listeners aren't supposed to see behind the curtain of publicity headlines that has been drawn across the war-torn scene—the second most popular comedian will be gone from the radio scene forever (he insists), a grand old favorite, one of the first of all big programs, will have bedecked itself with new frilleries, and a young tenor whose voice you've learned to love on his Thursday night program will be gone, to what he hopes are greener pastures.

No one knows what is really in a star's heart, but when you hear him talking to his best friend, you can pretty much get the general idea of what's going on inside him. That is why I can tell you that Fred Allen is through with radio, for reasons which, in spite of your dissatisfaction at losing him, you can understand and sympathize with.

On the other hand, everyone on Radio Row has known for a long time about Show Boat's troubles—the lengthy conferences, the carloads of cigars consumed over the writing and rewriting of scripts, and the hundreds of auditions. All have had just one purpose—to keep Show Boat afloat! And now, Lanny Ross is really quitting—walking ashore for good—and Show Boat's going Hollywood! With a bang! New guest stars, new story, new actors, and one familiar, dearly loved face. Charlie Winninger, the one and only Cap'n Henry, is coming back.

That's revolution enough, rebellion aplenty, for any radio season. And it leaves questions that have to be answered, questions involving two of your favorite entertainers and one of your best loved programs.

Why, first of all, is Lanny quitting Show Boat?
The answer to that question lies in just three words: to justify himself.

When Lanny got his first big chance, on that same Show Boat program years ago, he was an unknown youth. He was not a star, but only the tenor singer on the show, a member of the cast. As Show Boat grew more popular, Lanny's personal popularity kept step. Then came the day when he stepped into the starring role. It was Lanny Ross' Show Boat now.

As Show Boat changed, so did Lanny. He grew older, less carefree; and he took new responsibilities upon himself when he married. He began to want to become a serious singer, and he worked and studied to master difficult songs—German lieder and operatic arias which could find no place on the light-hearted Show Boat programs.

Once, during those years with Show Boat, Lanny appeared in a moving picture. Even his friends had to admit that his performance left much to be desired, and that experience left a mark on his character which has remained. He set to work studying acting as well as music and made a silent vow that some day he would return to Hollywood and wipe the slate clean of that early failure by turning in a smash acting performance.

Now all those years of work and study have combined with the gradual change in his (Continued on page 78)
FOR THE FIRST TIME A GREAT STAR MAKES FULL CONFESSION OF HER WORST FAULT— AND DEFIES ANYBODY, EVEN FATE, TO FIND THE WAY TO STOP IT

By
JACK SHER

Grace Moore today is the same high-tempered girl who ran away from her dull school life, and got a job as singer in a Greenwich Village cafe. She still insists on her own way.

CALLING Grace Moore a little bit temperamental is like calling the Atlantic Ocean a nice little body of water. The Atlantic can be very friendly and accommodating when sun and wind and tide are right. It can make you forgive it for the times when it raises the dickens—but if you don’t forgive it, the Atlantic doesn’t care. Nor has it ever been known to stop raising the dickens. In all of which Grace Moore resembles the Atlantic Ocean.

There are temperamental stars, hard-to-handle stars, short-tempered stars and downright aggravating stars—more even than you would suspect. But there are almost no stars who will sit down and admit they’re like that.

Grace Moore was smiling sweetly the day she admitted it to me. She was sitting in her luxurious New York apartment, in an exquisite flowing red gown. She looked very gentle, very mild, very calm. The same kind of beautiful calm that makes sailors run up storm warnings.

"I have always been hard to handle," she said. "I've often been accused of showing temper, and it's true. I know that
I'm temperamental. "But," she shrugged, "what of it?"

What of it? What of the ships lost at sea? What of the many brave souls asleep in the deep? What of the Coast Guard? Any number of people could have told Grace what of it—her father, her old school chaperone, Claudette Colbert's husband, a couple of motion picture directors, three radio production men, and her own husband, to name a few.

Even me. Right about then, I could have told her what of it.

It had taken me just two weeks to get into what I began to call The Presence. She'd broken three appointments with me. I called up her apartment, and a voice which I knew good and well was Grace Moore's with artificial guttural overtones, answered, to tell me that Miss Moore was out. Later I called again, and asked to speak to her husband. The same voice said, "He's in Europe. Goodbye"—and hung up.

So I went to one of her rehearsals—and was sorry because they wouldn't let me smoke closer than three floors away from the one on which Miss Moore (Continued on page 73)
Editor's Note: Seldom has any feature given this editor as much personal pleasure as this first of a series of articles by Jimmie Fidler, Radio Mirror's new Hollywood reporter. All the biting honesty and searching truth of his radio broadcasts can be found in this exclusive magazine feature. This is Hollywood and radio unadorned, brought you by the man who never hesitates to tell the news you have a right to know.

Because of the freedom of expression granted to Jimmie Fidler, opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the magazine and its editor.

Those on the grapevine network are wondering out loud if any friendliness remains between Charlie Butterworth and Fred Astaire. Fans of the two read between the airwaves a growing dissension. Both are masters of their craft and those in the know whisper that Astaire can pick up a cue or step on a laugh along with the best of them. If you are looking for an open feud you'll be disappointed, but you might listen and draw your own conclusion.

* * *

SLUMMING around Palm Springs I found George Burns and Gracie Allen sunning themselves and their two kiddies during the first vacation they have had for three years. "We're between sponsors," chirped George. "Yeah," Gracie came back, "we got ten days to go from soup to nuts." George corrected her: "It wasn't soup, Gracie, it was tomato juice."

"Aw, what's the difference, you drink 'em both," came the typical Allenism.

* * *

SHIRLEY ROSS knows she's lucky. Some business matters in New York forced her to delay her trip west to work in the Ken Murray show. She canceled reservations on the transcontinental plane that crashed and killed all on board. She arrived in Hollywood a day late—but she arrived.

* * *

BOB BURNS has gone serious because a feminine scribener who keeps tab on Hollywood and who is noted for making mistakes, rumored in her column that Bob might soon marry his secretary, Harriet Foster. Burns burned plenty at that, and he hotly denies there is romance in his busy world. Miss Foster was the closest friend of Mrs. Burns, who died last year, and she has been a pal of the family for years. When Bob goes where he should have a companion, he takes Miss Foster. It's too bad everyone isn't as honest as Bob is.

* * *

LITTLE Judy Garland has a watchdog on her stomach—well, maybe not exactly on, but never very far away. When she sang a fan song to Clark Gable over the air, Clark heard it in his hunting camp, so he sent Judy some venison steak, which her mother wouldn't let her eat. And the other day I saw Judy and her mother coming from rehearsals in the NBC studios. "May I have a nickel, mother, for an ice cream cone?" I heard Judy ask. The answer was "No." And Judy makes a thousand a week!

* * *

THESE amateur radio performers bob up in all sorts of unexpected places. Last week Haven MacQuarrie went into a Hollywood store, selected a pair of brogans and handed the clerk a check. The clerk eyed the signature, gulped a bit, and said: "Gee, Mr. MacQuarrie, I'm on your show next Sunday."

Jeanette MacDonald's appearance on Hollywood Hotel surprised even Gene Raymond.
HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By JIMMIE FIDLER

LOUELLA PARSONS has broadened her domination of filmland to include radio, and woe be to those who dare to flout her authority. A few of the brave have tried it, but “Lolly” rarely comes out second.

Some time ago, La Parsons invited Jeanette MacDonald to appear on Hollywood Hotel—gratis, to be sure, for Louella draws a fat fee for influencing film stars to appear on her program without pay. But, the Metro singing star nearly sent “Lolly” for the smelly salts when she said she would be glad to appear for $1,000. Now this was lese majesty, no less, and from that time on the name of Jeanette MacDonald was conspicuously absent from the widely syndicated column of Dame Parsons.

Then the other day came word that Jeanette would be Louella’s guest on Hollywood Hotel. “What happened?” mused those who keep an ear to the ground for the latest dirt. It would set a dangerous (to Louella) precedent to pay a film star to appear on a Parsons program.

Those who know the worth of publicity can see $5,000 of value in the nice things La Parsons is saying about Jeanette now in her Hearstian screeds. It was a case of cash or trade and apparently Louella is paying Jeanette’s price—but not in cash.

* * *

LIKE to find people who don’t go high hat when they get up with the gods. Don Ameche is that kind of fellow. While Don’s been adding hosts of new friends by skyway and picture, he hasn’t forgotten those of the days when the Ameche stock was lower. He often entertains those “who knew him when.” Right now, his guest is Mark Tobin, who went to school with him in Wisconsin. Don makes lots of friends—and keeps them.

* * *

SINCE Jack Oakie added “president of Oakie College” to his list of accomplishments, students of various universities have been firing all sorts of questions at him. One from Yale asks: “Do wine, women and song rule the world too much?” Oakie says these questions are getting him down.

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ANY of Milton Berle’s fans may believe Jolly Gillette is actually the daughter of the sponsor, but they find it harder to believe she is only ten (Continued on page 82)
BEHIND THE
HOLLYWOOD FRONT
BY JIMMIE FIDLER

Radio Mirror proudly presents the first of an exclusive new series—a frank and fearless column by the man who dares to tell movieland's secrets.

Editor's Note: Seldom has any feature given this editor as much personal pleasure as this first of a series of articles by Jimmie Fidler, radio Mirror's new Hollywood reporter. All the biting honesty and searching truth of his radio broadcasts can be found in this exclusive magazine feature. This is Hollywood and radio unadorned, brought to you by the man who never hesitates to tell the news you have a right to know.

Because of the freedom of expression granted to Jimmie Fidler, opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the magazine and its editor.

Those on the grapevine network are wondering out loud if any friendliness remains between Charlie Butterworth and Fred Astaire. Fans of the two reside between the airwaves a growing dissonance. Both are masters of their craft and those in the know whisper that Astaire can pick up a cue or step on a laugh along with the best of them. If you are looking for an open feud, you're disappointed, but you might listen and draw your own conclusion...

Sulking around Palm Springs I found George Burns and Gracie Allen snoring themselves and their two kiddies during the first vacation they have had for three years. "We've been sponsors," chirped George.

"Yeah," Gracie came back, "we got ten days to go from soup to nuts." George corrected her: "It wasn't soup, Gracie, it was tomato juice."

"Aw, what's the difference, you drink 'em both," came the typical Allenism.

Shirley Ross knows she's lucky.

Some business matters in New York forced her to delay her trip west to work in the Ken Murray show. She canceled reservations on the transcontinental plane that crashed and killed all on board. She arrived in Hollywood a day late—but she arrived.

Bob Burns has gone serious because a feminine scribbler who keeps tab on Hollywood and who is noted for making mistakes, rumored in her column that Bob might soon marry his secretary, Harriet Foster. Burns burnt plenty at that, and he hotly denies there is romance in his bosom world. Miss Foster was the closest friend of Mrs. Burns, who died last year, and she has been a pal of the family for years. When Bob goes where he should have a companion, he takes Miss Foster. It's too bad everybody isn't as honest as Bob is.

Little Judy Garland has a watchdog on her stomach—well, maybe not exactly, but never very far away. When she sang a funny song to Clark Gable over the air, Clark heard it in his hunting camp, so he sent Judy some venison stew, which her mother said she didn't eat. And the other day I saw Judy and her mother coming from rehearsals in the NBC studios. "May I have a nickel, mother, for an ice cream cone?" I heard Judy ask. The answer was "No." And Judy makes a thousand a week!

These amateur radio performers bob up in all sorts of unexpected places. Last week Haven MacQuarrie went into a Hollywood store, selected a pair of brogues and handed the clerk a check. The clerk eyed the signature, gulped a bit, and said, "Gee, Mr. MacQuarrie, I'm on your show next Sunday."

Yes, this is the same same Judy Garland who stands at a piano in Brooklyn."

Louella Parsons has broadened her domination of La Cadm ia to include radio, and woe be to those who dare to flout her authority. A few of the brave have tried it, but "Lolly" rarely comes out second.

Some time ago, La Parson s invited Jeanette MacDonald to appear on Hollywood Hotel—gratis, to be sure, for Louella draws a fat fee for influencing film stars to appear on her program without pay. But, the Metro singing star nearly sent "Lolly" for the smelling salts when she said she would be glad to appear for $3,000. Now this was less promptly, no less, and from that time on the name of Jeanette MacDonald was conspicuously absent from the widely syndicated columns of Dame Parsons.

Then the other day came word that Jeanette would be Louella's guest on Hollywood Hotel. "What happened?" moved those who keep an ear to the ground for the latest dirt. It would set a dangerous (to Louella) precedent to pay a film star to appear on a Parsons program.

Those who know the worth of publicity can see $5,000 of value in the nice things La Parsons is saying about Jeanette now in her Herald column. It was a case of cash or trade and apparently Louella is paying Jeanette's price—but not in cash.

I like to find people who don't go high hat when they get up with the gods. Don Ameche is that kind of fellow. While Don's been adding hosts of new friends by skyway and picture, he hasn't forgotten those he had when he was the Ameche stock was low. He often entertains those "who knew him when." Right now, his guest is Mark Tobin, who went to school with him in Wisconsin. Don makes lots of friends—and keeps them.

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Many of Milton Berle's fans may believe Jolly Gillette is actually the daughter of the sponsor, but they find it harder to believe she is only ten (Continued on page 82).
Don's saintly expression in the picture above, at the age of seven, is one that always signaled trouble for his teachers.

When just a tiny baby, Dominick Amici was a trial to his father and a continual source of trouble to his mother.

Even at the age of eleven, Don was a star performer. He won the junior championship in basketball. When the picture above was taken (he's the one in the middle), Don was attending Berchman's Academy, in Marion, Ohio.

This story could happen only in America.

Picture an extremely decorative young man, with hordes of friends and feminine admirers. He is an alumnus of four college campuses. He dresses like Esquire and is somewhat of an epicure, dining in a different café each evening. Lucky in love—and everything else he touches.

If this were fiction, you'd be sure by now that it concerned a millionaire's son; especially if you had looked at his photograph. For Don Ameche looks exactly as the scion of a wealthy family should look but seldom does. It is hard to believe he was born without a silver spoon in his mouth, a poor man's son.
BEGINNING—THE INSPIRING LIFE

STORY OF DON AMECHE, WHO FOUND

THE PATH TO FABULOUS FORTUNE

But this happens to be a fact story, the true life story of the son of an Italian immigrant who worked years as a day laborer, finally supporting his large family as a saloon keeper in a small Mid-western town. Thereby hangs a tale—a tale, which, we repeat, could happen only in America. And one in which radio plays an important part.

Don Ameche's father, Dominick Felix Amici, was born and raised in a small village north of Rome, Italy. At the age of twenty, with practically no luggage or money, but with great expectations, he came to this country to seek his fortune.

He never found that fortune, except in terms of happiness. But his son was destined to be radio's first true matinee idol, and to find the pot of gold at the foot of the movie rainbow while still in his twenties.

The elder Amici worked in coal mines and iron works and stone quarries all over the East. His work finally took him to the coal fields at Springfield, Illinois. There it was he met and fell in love with a pretty fair-haired girl, a German-Scotch lass with a quaint name—Barbara Etta Hertel. Today Barbara Etta is "Mama" to their eight children, and looks not a great deal older than their oldest daughter. She can put before her husband as savory a bowl of spaghetti as though she had been born in his native Italy. It was one of the first things he taught her.

Soon after their marriage, they migrated to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where, thirty-odd years ago, Mr. Amici ran a small grocery store. Like most Italians, he planned for a large family, and he wanted to provide well for them.

A daughter named Betty was the first born. Two years later, Don arrived and was christened Dominick Felix, after his father. (Not until years later, when he began his career, did he change his first name to Don and adopt the phonetic spelling of Amici.) Passage of another two years brought another son, Louis; and it became (Continued on page 70)
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With fame and fortune his, Don Ameche can relax in his beautiful California home and marvel at his success.

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Lovely Mary, fresh from movies, made her radio debut on Paramount on Parade over NBC.
Glamorous Dorothy, fresh from radio, has become one of Paramount's best new picture bets.
Glamorous Dorothy, fresh from radio, has become one of Paramount's best new picture stars.
Amid ornate surroundings, dancers hurry to check their wraps and be ready when the instruction starts at 8 o'clock sharp. These girls came alone, but will probably end the evening with escorts.

Above, the sign on the Aragon's marquee is an invitation to the shy, lonely or inexperienced dancer who has no partner. These pictures are all actual scenes taken at a recent class night.

Above, the amateur instructors who show the latest steps are known as the 400 club. They are turning in their free passes. Strict attendance and behavior are required of them.

Before the

Instruction over, dancing begins. Stephehn stops blundering couples (above) and shows them how; while (right) a girl 400 member rescues a beginner.

Above, a 400-er basks in the glory cast by his membership badge, which lets him dance with anyone he likes.
After checking in, the men and women line up on opposite sides of the dance floor. The lines meet and form a Grand March; then move aside to wait for instruction.

Broadcast

RADIO is responsible for an amazing American institution—Chicago’s Aragon Ballroom. Built ten years ago, it became famous at once for its dance music broadcasts and when Wayne King began a five-year engagement, listeners stormed the doors in such numbers that a sister dance palace, the Trianon, was opened for the overflow. Tuesday draws the biggest crowds, for Tuesday is Class Night, Chicago’s most unique vogue. Tuesday patrons get ninety minutes of free dancing instruction from four hundred expert amateurs who are paid for demonstrating the latest steps by being admitted free. Romance blooms in this atmosphere of chance meetings, and last year class nights fostered twenty-five weddings.

Photos made especially for Radio Mirror by Wide World

Above, the Aragon even hires a first-class professional teacher, Walter Stephany, who, with the aid of 400 Club members, stands in the middle of the floor to demonstrate the new steps.

Left, the broadcast begins, and dancers put into practice all they’ve learned. Above, a bride and groom who first met at Class Night in 1936.
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Above, a bride and groom who first met at Class Night in 1936.

Before the Broadcast
When Rudy Vallee toured the South he saw in plain little Frances Langford of Lake-land, Florida, a possible star. Above is the chubby face of the small-town girl who sang on the Vallee Hour, February 12, 1931.

Frances had just arrived in New York when this picture was taken. Rudy saw what so few others ever do—a glittering future for an eighteen-year-old blues singer just out of high school. Another Vallee appearance, June 18, and then—

Left, Frances' transformation was complete by the time she was in "Broadway Melody of 1936." From ordinary looks and restrained cars, she went in for glamor and this type of custom-made, streamlined sports model.

SEE FRANCES LANGFORD'S AMAZING SUCCESS
Three years of radio stardom made Frances rich but it remained for Hollywood to bring out the beauty of her face. Her real transformation began in 1934 when she sped West to sing on Hollywood Hotel, sharing honors with Dick Powell.

Her success on the new program was sensational and immediate. Walter Wanger put her under contract and she got her first expensive car. Then Wanger sent her over to MGM for her first big musical picture.

Above, a house accompanied her second car, in the best Hollywood tradition. Built on a lovely estate, it's complete with badminton courts. Right, the finished product—fame and beauty hers in six incredibly brief years.

STORY COME TO LIFE IN THESE PICTURES
WAR is nothing but an admission of the fact that nations get to the point now and then where they cannot talk to one another except with guns.

If you are old enough, you can remember how it was in 1914, when that fatal shot was fired at Sarajevo and war exploded over Europe. We know now that no government wanted war. No people wanted war. Diplomatic notes flashed back and forth between the European ministries. Kings and statesmen telegraphed to one another. But all appeals, all pleas were vain. Reason was moribund. Passions were alive.

Not one government, not one king or statesman, knew how to speak words that carried conviction. What one government said, another treated as a lie, or a sly hypocrisy. Since there were no words that carried the accents of truth, the guns had to talk—and the guns talked destruction. Yet many students of history believe even that monstrous conflict could have been averted if the European telephone in those days had been the highly perfected instrument of communication it is today.

If it were even barely possible that a modern telephone system could have prevented war in those tense days of July, 1914, how much more possible is it that today’s radio can become some day a truly great instrumentality for peace.

Do you wonder how a medium of communication can save the whole world from forces which would tear it to pieces? When you understand what causes wars, the real underlying reason behind them, it will be obvious that radio some day may be the blessed
—and providential—peace maker of mankind.

It will be obvious, too, what an important part the women of the world will play in averting another world tragedy, because they are by nature disposed to peace, rather than war. They are the ones who suffer most through war.

Remember, too, that the people are more nearly in control of all the great governments of the world today than ever before. Even the so-called dictatorships exist only because the people allow them to exist. The king business has pretty well gone to pot. Kings and queens who once held power “by divine right” are practically gone from the face of the earth. They are entirely gone from the Western world.

The people of America, France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, do not want to go to war. But their nations are disputing one against the other. Everywhere, the nations are like armed camps—distrustful, suspicious, nervous, frightened, ready at any moment to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. Each nation is consumed with its own problems, and indifferent to the problems of other nations.

Long ago, a wise French philosopher said, “Tout comprendre, c’est tout pardonner”—to understand all, is to forgive all. Another philosopher expressed the same idea when he said you cannot hate a man you really know. The late Elihu Root once told me that peace would come when the peoples of this earth really got to know (Continued on page 64)

Mr. Hill broadcasts the news for Lucky Strike on Mondays through Fridays, on CBS, at 12:15 p. m.
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(Continued on page 4)

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Temperament—or simply fright? They were one and the same for Jean Harlow, right. She wasn’t able to get conviction into her lines, until the Lux director talked to her in movie language.

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich, below, has her “moods”—which all movie directors know and respect. When one of them popped up at a Lux rehearsal it didn’t last two minutes, for a very good reason.

AT LAST—THE LOWDOWN ON LUX THEATER’S SECRET BATTLES WITH THE STARS, TOLD BY THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WINS THEM

ONLY a few options ago, as time is reckoned in Hollywood, a radio producer was as self-effacing as a lady movie star’s husband. If the darlings of the screen thought of him at all, they thought of him as a young man with a stop watch and an insatiable desire to interrupt their art for plugs of his sponsor’s product. Furthermore, he usually committed the cardinal sin of earning less in a year than they earned in a month. Then along came Frank Woodruff, dynamic supervising director of the Lux Radio Theater.

A short, stocky young man with a leonine mass of black hair and a soft Carolina drawl, he cracks the whip over
Frank Woodruff, Lux Theater's director, in circle, is a miracle-worker with headstrong stars. He even got Ginger Rogers, left, to turn in an outstanding performance in a play she didn't like at all.

Appealing to her sense of humor is one way to lick a star's temperament. Woodruff found that out when Claudette Colbert, below, threatened to hold up an entire rehearsal over a line she didn't like.

filmdom's pets—and makes them like it! He is blandly indifferent to big names and six figure incomes. He takes in his stride outbursts of temperament that would send seasoned picture directors scurrying for the smelling salts.

Marlene Dietrich's "moods," the importance of Paul Muni, Joan Crawford's nervousness—all are a part of this young man's daily work. For him, stars come and go. A new show each week. New names. New manifestations of temperament. He has a lot of headaches, but the show always goes on.

No stage or movie director ever had tougher handicaps to overcome in dealing with his stars than this young man. He only gets acquainted with them at the first rehearsal, which must usually be held at night, when the stars are worn, weary and nervous after a hard day on the movie lots. Combine this fact with the condescending attitude the stars take toward a youthful radio producer, and you have an obstacle it (Continued on page 76)
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ONE Wednesday evening last month a girl with violet-gray eyes and hair the color of a newly-minted penny stepped out of the wings of the Hollywood Music Box theater and up to a CBS microphone. A minute later she had poured a new personality voice out upon the air.

If you were tuned in on the new Campbell Soup program that night you heard Ken Murray introduce her as—"the one and only Shirley Ross!"

Ken wasn't kidding. Neither am I when I second the motion. Only Ken meant one thing and I mean another. He meant there was only one Shirley Ross whose husky, full, low-registered voice has a way of taking words and music and making them sound as if they'd never really been sung before.

I mean Shirley Ross is the one and only actress in Hollywood who has fought her way to top success in two mighty tough leagues, movies and radio, through the biggest flock of jinxes that ever ganged up on a girl.

It was just a song she sang that night, but it was also a farewell, she hopes, to a run of hard luck and heartbreaks that has haunted her career from the day she first tried out before a camera lens.

Shirley started out to be a concert pianist but Hollywood changed her plans.

It all began not long after Shirley Ross came out of Hollywood High School, still calling herself by the name they'd given her back in Omaha, Nebraska—Bernice Gaunt. The Gaunts had moved from the Middle West because their young daughter wanted a career. Hollywood seemed like a good place to prepare for it.

It wasn't a movie career she wanted. She was to be a concert pianist. But even if Shirley and her parents had known then that it was a screen and radio career she'd eventually seek, I doubt if they would have changed their plans. They wouldn't have guessed in a million years what everyone in Hollywood knows to be a fact. That any Hollywood girl who tries to crash a picture career is behind the eight-ball six deep before she starts.

Why? Don't ask me. I can't tell you. No more than I can tell you why when one movie star dies, two more will die before the month is out. Death strikes in threes—you can't crack Hollywood from the inside. Superstitions? Sure, but superstitions that seem to work, somehow.

When you mention this to Shirley Ross today she laughs and says, "How silly!" And maybe she's right. Just the same, trouble was piling up. Only a girl with courage and brains and a drive like Bill Tilden's forehead wallop could have crashed through.

The first time Hollywood became aware of Shirley, enough to build her up so it could bat her down again, was when Gus Arneheim, the dance band maestro who used to pay Bing Crosby's salary, picked her out of the University of California at Los Angeles. He moved her into the

A GALLANT HEART AND THE HIGHEST COURAGE AT LAST

HAVE BROUGHT HER THE REWARDS SHE RICHLY DESERVES

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO MEET

until, well, only a few days before her debut on the air.

Just a few hours before the red light flashed the start of another Hollywood coast-to-coast program Shirley Ross sat with me at late lunch in the Bamboo Room of the Hollywood Brown Derby. I say late lunch because it was three o'clock and we were supposed to have lunched at noon. But you know how it is backstage on the opening day of a new air-show. Time doesn't mean anything. The show's the thing. Calls for "another dress... let's iron out that last medley... not enough sock... all right, let's do it again..." And before you know it such mundane matters as food and rest are forgotten.

I had seen Shirley sing into the box so many times that I wondered if any voice would be left for the evening's show. I'd seen her sit down at the piano and painstakingly go over each bar of her number until every inflection, every breath, every note was round and perfect. Obviously she was taking no chances.

At lunch I learned why. Along with a whole lot of other things about this amazing girl whose even more amazing career has had more ups and downs than a jockey in the Grand National.
While singing in a cabaret, Shirley was signed for movies, but it took radio to lick the jinxes that pursued her.

Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, then a big favorite of the movie crowd. It was only a matter of days until a big-shot saw her and she was signed, sealed and delivered to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Shirley was as surprised as anyone. You see, she still didn’t have the slightest intention of taking a serious crack at the movies. She still wanted to be a concert pianist, and as for her voice—that to her was a big joke. She had a trick double voice—she still has—a natural high soprano, and a husky, low-register blues voice. But she couldn’t and still can’t slide from one into the other. The job with Gus Arnheim was a lark, that’s all. Now she was signed up to sing—and she couldn’t really sing; to act, and what did she know about acting? All she knew was how to play the piano.

Right then things might have stopped, and the screen trade papers might have printed an item like this: “Metro Drops Co-Ed Canary.” Only the Hollywood jinx likes to build up for an awful let down. An M-G-M executive saw Shirley hanging around the lot doing a whole lot of nothing. He saw her going to all the studio schools of dramatic technique and voice culture and this and that, but not getting a chance to show what she could do, not getting any seasoning or breaking in in the only thing that brings talent out or kills it—performance.

“Give me this girl,” he suggested. “Let me take her East for a few months and I’ll (Continued on page 53)
CHATTERBOX ARLENE—A new way to radio success was found by Arlene Harris, left, the rapid-fire comedienne on Al Pearce's CBS program Tuesday nights. Her husband's really a doctor, and after a hard day at the hospital he used to enjoy her impromptu comedy monologues. Then the depression came and Arlene decided to capitalize on her talent. She went to Los Angeles' Station KFWB, auditioned, and was put on a sustaining program. When Al Pearce heard her he put her under a long-term contract. She thinks up all her own gags and never listens to rival comedians for fear she might unconsciously be influenced.

CANTOR'S HELLO GIRL—Eddie's contest for a name for his chattering telephone operator is over and Helen Troy, who plays her role, is now called Saymore Saymoore. You may remember Helen as the girl who played Sally of the Cecil and Sally broadcasts. She was born in San Francisco December 22, and has been in vaudeville since she was three. She's been in movies too—her last picture was MGM's "Born to Dance." She's married and has two children, Troy, 14, and Jane, 10, and a cocker spaniel, Susie, who goes everywhere with her. In spite of her job on Eddie Cantor's Sunday night show, she's scared to death of telephone switchboards. Her favorite occupation is watching passersby.

PRETTY KITTY KELLY—you'd never believe it from her perfect Irish accent, but Arline Blackburn, left, who plays the role of Kitty, was born in New York City. Arline was a full-fledged actress before finishing her education. At the age of two-and-a-half, she appeared with Lionel Barrymore in "Copperhead." When she was fifteen she left the stage for a while and finished her schooling. In 1929, she made her radio debut on the True Story Hour. Arline's pet hobby is collecting toy dogs, and she says the most exciting moment in her life was when she was called to take Claudette Colbert's place in a radio play.
CLOSE-UPS

JUDGE HUGO STRAIGHT—He's the one who says "Who's excited?" on the Community Sing broadcasts, Sunday nights. His real name's Tommy Cecil Mack and his birth-place is in the Bronx, political hotbed of New York. That's why he feels at home in his character of Judge Straight. A song plugger for Leo Feist at the age of eleven, he took up splits and kicks behind the footlights. He even did a dance routine once with George Raft. Tommy has two dogs which he picked up in the street and trained to go in an act with him should he return to the stage. Eddie Cantor introduced him to radio in 1934. He's married to a Palo Alto girl.

CHILD STAR JUDY—You probably first paid heed to Judy Garland when you saw "Pigskin Parade." It's hard to believe she is actually only thirteen. Now, Judy is going strong on the air singing in Jack Oakie's CBS program Tuesday nights. She began her career almost as soon as she was born in Tennessee to Frank and Ethel Gumm, vaudeville people. Her early ambition was to be an attorney, but she lost it when her two older sisters formed a trio with her and worked at the Chicago World's Fair. Without employment at the age of twelve, Judy went to MGM and demanded work. She got it, making her film debut in a short. She's Sophie Tucker's protégée and thinks chocolate cake is swell.

GRACIE'S COWBOY DICK—Right, the lusty young baritone on Burns and Allen's NBC program is Dick Foran. He's played cowboys in movie after movie, but really he has never been closer to a cowboy's life than his youthful days in Flemington, N. J., where he rode a Shetland pony. He attended Princeton University, but left school to go to New York and have a whirl at radio. It didn't turn out so well, and he set out for Hollywood, where he had three screen tests. Nothing happened so he went back to New Jersey—to find a contract at the Fox lot waiting for him. That was in 1934, and this is his first big radio job.
WHAT fate takes away with one hand, she sometimes returns with the other. Somehow, the ledger is balanced, the accounts kept straight, the eternal law of equality observed.

It has been that way with Bob Burns. From his greatest tragedy came his greatest happiness. In one soul-shattering day his whole life was changed. It was the day he lost his wife—and found his son.

Bob's friends knew, and sympathized, when his wife died, only a few months after Bob had begun to make enough money to insure her a good, comfortable home. But they would never have known, never been able to sympathize, if he had been unable to avert the second tragedy that threatened him that same day. For it was on that day Bob learned for the first time that he and his fourteen-year-old son were strangers. He had left his son entirely to the care and companionship of his wife, the boy's mother; and now the mother was gone, there was no meeting ground for the boy and the man.

Bob has never told anyone but me the story of how he faced that realization and conquered it. If it hadn't been for Bob's early days in Hollywood, when no one except a few friends knew who Bob Burns was, I would never have heard it either. Bob was stranded in Hollywood, doing a very little radio work and even less picture work, and he used to come up to Lew Ayres' house in the evenings to talk.

He'd sit around by the hour—Lew, Ben Alexander, Bob, and I—talking about everything under the sun, just good friends. He was cheerful and pleasant then, just as he is now, even though he sometimes didn't have the twenty-five dollars for the rent on his house when the first of the month came around. Not that he ever let us know that. He never spoke of his private affairs—in fact, it wasn't until months after I'd met him that I knew he had a wife and child to provide for, as well as himself.

Bob isn't one to wear his heart on his sleeve. He wasn't then, and he isn't now—now that comfort and financial security and fame have replaced the poverty and obscurity of those old days. But neither is he a man to forget a friendship, and when I told him I wanted to write this story for everyone to read, because I believed it was something everyone should read, he agreed to let me.

Less than a year ago, Bob's wife died, as you know. The girl who had stuck with him through years of poverty, of knocking about from carnival to vaudeville circuit to circus to movie lot to broadcasting studio back to carnival again—she died just after success had at last come into her husband's grasp. With a life of ease and happiness ahead of her, in her sight, she died, still young.

It was a brief illness that took her. Bob, Jr., had said good night to her, that night she was taken ill, and gone to bed in his own room. He didn't hear the sudden stir in the house, the arrival of the doctor, the whispers—and, at four o'clock in the morning, the abrupt hush. He was asleep.

He still slept, through the cold hours before dawn, while his father sat in that other room, beside the quiet form on the bed, alone for the last time with the girl he had loved and married.

Little Bob woke early, to see his father standing beside his bed. "Come on, son," he said. "Get dressed. Your mother—isn't feeling so well, and we're going out to get breakfast."

It was a great event even in Bob's young life. He hadn't been out with his father, alone, more than half a dozen times since he could remember. The sun was shining, it was a beautiful day, and his father was going to take him to a real restaurant for breakfast.

They went to the Roosevelt Hotel, to a room filled with sparkling silver and glass, smoothly clean linen, and bowing, respectful waiters. Bob ordered a huge breakfast, and didn't even notice that his father had nothing but orange juice and coffee.

"Are we going back home now?" Bob asked after breakfast, but his father hesitated and then said:

"No, let's drive out to the beach. I've got to—let's just spend the day having a good time by ourselves."

Never before had anything like this happened to young Bob. His father had always been too occupied with his own business and his own friends to spend any time with him. He was happy, but one thing bothered him. At last he gave in to his conscience: "I guess I better be getting to school," he said.

"Never mind, son," said his father. "I'll write the teacher a note for you tomorrow."

(Continued on page 88)
THE STORMY BLACK

Above, Phil in a scene from one of his most successful shows, "Artists and Models."

Above, an actual broadcast shot with Phil making faces at the rest of the cast and putting aside his script to ad lib an unrehearsed line.

Left, the girl in whom Phil has found his life's first real contentment. Peggy Cartwright Baker became a mother for the third time in March.
LIFE STORY OF A SHEEP

DIVORCE AND COSTLY PARTIES, A FRESH BEGINNING WITH A SECOND WIFE, THEN RADIO AND—HAPPINESS AS PHIL BAKER COMES TO THE END OF HIS RAINBOW TRAIL

By DAN WHEELER

Conclusion

PHIL knew, when he married Vivian Vernon, that marriage and the theater don't mix. He'd even vowed, beforehand, that he'd never marry. But somehow when he fell in love he forgot his convictions and his vows in the optimistic belief that things would be different for him. Things weren't different for him. They were precisely what he'd been afraid of.

He and Vivian returned to the United States after a three-month stay in Europe to find that his parents had forgiven him for breaking his promise not to marry, and that there was a good part waiting for him in the Greenwich Village Follies, which was soon to set out on tour. There was no part in the show for Vivian, though—nothing but a place in the chorus.

It bothered them both, to have Phil starring while his wife was only one of the chorus girls, but they wanted to be together and they didn't feel they could afford, just then, to pay Vivian's traveling expenses, so she took the job. It worked out fairly well, while they were on tour, but when they returned to New York a year later Phil made the first big, irreparable mistake of his married life.

He was to star in the Music Box Revue—the gayest, wittiest, most glamorous musical show of the year—and once more they offered Vivian a place in the chorus. But this time Phil refused. It had been barely possible to have his wife in the chorus of his starring show on tour; on Broadway it was inconceivable. A star simply does not allow his wife to linger in the ranks while he takes the spotlight.

Vivian had wanted to take the job. With feminine directness, she saw no reason for Phil's attitude. She was a show girl, and not ashamed of it. They had their first quarrel, but Phil stood firm, and the Music Box Revue opened with Mrs. Phil Baker sitting in a good orchestra seat instead of dancing in the chorus.

The quarrel did not last, of course, but the resentment in Vivian's heart did, and it added to the boredom of a life in which she had nothing to do while her husband's days were filled with work and applause. She stood it for a few months. Then she joined the chorus of the Follies.

That was really the end of their marriage, although outwardly it continued for another two years. You can't say it was the fault of either one of them. They were both too young to realize what was happening until it was too late. Life went on, and then, one day, they woke up to the knowledge that their interests and their thoughts and their friends were not the same, that they had nothing in common except that they shared an apartment and sometimes saw each other at breakfast. And—what was worse than anything else—that they didn't care. There had been love between them, but somewhere, somehow, it had gone.

Their separation came three years after their marriage; their divorce two years later.

First, after the separation, Phil went to live at his club. He was through, he declared, with both marriage and women. He was going to devote himself entirely to working hard and becoming the greatest star of the American musical stage, and nothing in the world was going to get in his way again. For six months he steadfastly rose early in the mornings, worked out at a gymnasium or rode in the Park, practiced his accordion and worked on new comedy acts, appeared at the theater, came straight back to the club for a brief drink with whatever other members happened to be around, and went to bed soon after midnight.

For the first month it was all right, and after that it got progressively more awful. He began to dread going up to that lonely room of his, and he grew to hate the sight of the men he saw night after night at the club. And his program didn't seem to be doing his career much good, either. His work was dead and without sparkle.

Finally he gave it up, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme. He took an apartment and became New York's party man. Every night, after the performance, his apartment was filled with people—some of them slight acquaintances, many not even that. Phil provided the liquor and sandwiches, and there was never any lack of guests to consume them. At least, now, he never had time to think that he was unhappy.

There was one girl who used to come in now and then, not so often as some. She was different from the rest—young, red-haired, with a calm, sweet face and eyes that seemed to look at the truth without fear. She'd been at his apartment several times before somebody told her her name was Ruby Stevens, and that she was a hoofer in a Broadway chorus.

One night she sat down beside Phil. "Why don't you tell us all to get out?" she asked. "You're not really having a good time."

"I'm not? Do I look so bored?"

She looked around the noisy, smoke-filled room. "No. But I'd hate to think you were enjoying yourself, with all this."

You couldn't pretend, with this girl. "I'm not," he admitted, "but it's better than sitting alone, doing nothing."

She nodded, as if she understood perfectly. It was the first time in years, it seemed to Phil, that anyone had spoken to him frankly and sincerely. They became friends—affectionate, unsentimental, not in (Continued on page 65)
THE WORLD LOOKED ON THEM AS FAILURES BUT THE BARN DANCE MADE THEM STARS BY PROVING ONE SIMPLE FACT

Below, Uncle Ezra has practiced what the Barn Dance preaches for more than twenty years. This program taught Henry Burr and Sally Foster, above, how to find success the only lasting way.

TEN years ago a dinky little radio station in Chicago went on the air for the first time. Their studios were nothing more than a garage, and appropriately enough, their very first broadcast was a barn dance.

Today that radio station, WLS in Chicago, is one of the most powerful outlets in the middle west, and the little old hayloft broadcast which they inaugurated has become the National Barn Dance, a favorite feature over the NBC Blue network every Saturday night from 9 to 10 p.m., EST.
Behind the steady growth and progress of the National Barn Dance is a story, not of one man, but of many; not of one or two entertainers, but the blending together of many personalities, making a radio show which is powerful enough to possess a character of its own, a subtle force which preaches in bold letters, "Be Yourself!" It has dictated to every person who takes part in the show's presentation, it has made such stars as Tony Wons, Ruth Etting, Sally Foster, and many more, and it has built the National Barn Dance from a local, one horse program, to a Saturday night dial setter from Maine to California.

Perhaps you doubt that a radio program can possess a personality, like a human being, but it's true. And in the case of the Barn Dance, it's a pretty good personality, too. It believes that the lasting things in life are the simple things, it believes the old songs are the best, but that a good modern tune, swung with lowdown rhythm, is good for the soul, too. It shuns anything superficial, striving for humanness and a closer relationship with the soil, the real foundation of the American people. But of all, it says, "Be Yourself!"

This last characteristic of the Barn Dance is the thing which has made it successful, which has changed the course of Henry Burr's life, of Sally Foster's, Lulu Belle's and Scotty's, of (Continued on page 84)
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"I'M NOT FORGETTING"

BY DON BESTOR

I'm not forgetting the apple you gave me at school,

The smile that you gave me too,

I'm not forgetting the lecture for breaking the rule when I was to blame not you.

We're both just a bit older and times seem to have changed.

Look all around you and
EXCLUSIVE TO READERS OF RADIO MIRROR! WORDS AND MUSIC OF DON BESTOR'S LOVELY THEME SONG, WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE

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see as I do — Ev'ry thing's en-tire-ly dis-ar ranged — I'm

not for-get-ting the day that I left you a lone and now I am aw - fl y

blue. — I love you tru - ly I can't for-get it.

And I still re-gret 'cause I'm not for - get - ting you.
A ROMANCE, A THRILLING COME BACK, AND THE
NEWEST NEWS—THEY'RE ALL PART THIS MONTH
OF THE TRIP BACKSTAGE TO RADIO'S DANCELAND

There's a new personality on the air these days—a versatile fellow who sings, leads an orchestra, and writes all the material for his own program. His name is Jack Berch, and he's the star of the CBS Fels-Naphtha program, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at one o'clock.

Jack was born in 1908, in the very small town of Sigel, Illinois. His father ran the Sigel general store, and Jack must have inherited his knack for salesmanship as well as his mother's love of music, because he started out in life as a musician, switched to salesmanship, and now combines both professions.

While he was in college he washed dishes and played the drums in a dance band. There wasn't enough money in either occupation, so he took to selling tea and coffee from house to house in Youngstown, Ohio. He did pretty well, too, and got to know every back door and every housewife.

He's the ladies' Singing Salesman, Jack Berch, who sells his wares over CBS, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Read his romantic story.

Wide World
in town. This knowledge came in handy when he landed a job as announcer on the local radio station. When he announced a number he'd dedicate it to one of his tea-and-office customers, which made business just that much better.

Now that he's a network star, he still looks upon himself as a salesman first of all. Every word he writes for his program is designed to please the housewives he used to sell tea and coffee to back in Youngstown—and the thousands of other housewives like them who listen in to him today. He thinks, in fact, that his door-to-door selling was what taught him to be worth his sponsor's money.

ASK any veteran maestro and he will tell you that if you don't keep up a good front and get your name before the public, radio and its fickle public will soon forget you. That is why the majority of our tune titans hire press agents, use costly advertising in trade papers so that Radio Row won't forget them.

But the unusual story of Angelo Ferdinando, long a favorite ether conductor, contradicts all these traditions. Ferdinando not only dropped out of the radio picture, but changed his name and fired his band.

He was tired of temperamental musicians who were easily susceptible to flattering offers from rival orchestra leaders. He was fed up with the hypocritical hangers-on who said they were his friends. Oh, he wasn't through, not by a long shot. He'd come back, he vowed, but with a new outlook on life and a real band.

True to form, radio did forget Angelo Ferdinando, now known to a few intimates as Don Ferdi. He began wandering around the broadcast studios listening to bands. He visited a number of universities, talked to young undergraduate musicians, told the sincere ones of his new idea.

While the Duchins, Davises, and Dennys monopolized the spotlight Don Ferdi mapped out his Three-Year-Plan. Finally Ferdi announced the time was ripe to inaugurate his new band. He quietly consulted NBC officials. Then he recruited a fourteen-piece (Continued on page 68)
FACING THE MUSIC

A ROMANCE, A THRILLING COME BACK, AND THE NEWEST NEWS—THEY'RE ALL PART THIS MONTH OF THE TRIP BACKSTAGE TO RADIO'S DANCELAND

THERE'S a new personality on the air these days—a versatile fellow who sings, leads an orchestra, and writes all the material for his own program. His name is Jack Berth, and he's the star of the CBS Peps-Naphtha program, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at one o'clock.

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He's the ladies' Singing Salesman. Jack Berth, who sells his wares over CBS, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Read his romantic story.

Edith Holder, above, is the new attractive blonde singer on the Mutual Broadcast- ing System, who's heard Mon-day and Thursday afternoons.

A striking candid shot of Frankie Mouters directing the new Edgar A. Guest show, "It Can Be Done," on Tuesday nights over NBC.

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While the Dachini, Davies, and Dennys monopolized the spotlight Don Ferdi mapped out his Three-Year-Plan. Finally Ferdi announced the time was ripe to inaugurate his new band. He quietly consulted NBC officials. Then he recruited a fourteen-piece (Continued on page 68).
NOT long ago, no matter how hot the weather, ladies trailed about in veils and petticoats, protected by frilly parasols and huge hats from the sun. The belles of bygone days languished in shady nooks and sparkled only when evening came, their white shoulders fully exposed to nothing more glaring than glamorous candlelight. But freedom for women has brought about one unexpected result! Today, we know how much more attractive the glow of health and vitality can be. Beauty has truly found its place in the sun, part and parcel of the gaiety and camaraderie and surpassing loveliness of summertime.

But there's a technique for beauty in the sun. Nowhere in the world have they developed that technique so completely as in Hollywood, where (Continued on page 90)
"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
HERE'S A NEW SUMMER DIET WITH WHICH YOU CAN LAUGH OFF THE WORST HEAT-WAVE AND KEEP DOWN YOUR WEIGHT AT A TIME WHEN IT NEEDS THE MOST CAREFUL WATCHING

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

COOL OFF with COLD CEREALS

HAVE you got spring fever? Don't blame it all on the weather. Watch your diet and you can snap your fingers at a soaring temperature.

It's a simple diet trick that you need if you feel lazy and listless, for the chances are, though you've gone from winter woollies to summer silks, you haven't thought of changing your eating to warm weather foods.

So change now to a summer diet and see the difference in the way you feel. And, just in case you want more convincing proof, I've discussed this subject with Betty Wragge, the beautiful and energetic young star of Pepper Young's Family, the girl with the intriguing voice who takes the part of Peggy.

Now Peggy really has two jobs, the five-day a week broadcast and the job of understudy for the feminine lead in the successful Broadway play "Dead End." It takes stamina to keep going, especially when New York lies stagnant under hot and humid air. (Continued on page 72)
Three guests were there... and so was a GHOST!

GUEST #1 Sue saw the ghost when she picked up the tea napkin. A dull, dingy shadow! "People will whisper, if Madge doesn't get rid of this ghost," thought Sue. But she said—nothing!

GUEST #2 Betty saw the ghost—lurking in the curtains. The same dingy shadow—"tattle-tale gray." "Poor Madge!" thought Betty. "She'll never get rid of this ghost if she doesn't stop using lazy soap. Her clothes are only half-clean."

GUEST #3 Then Laura saw the ghost dimming a lovely towel. And she spoke up! "Change to Fels-Naptha Soap the way I did, Madge. Its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get clothes so clean and snowy, there isn't a chance for tattle-tale gray. So why let it linger in your house—when it's so easy to chase it out?"

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
"Always worth stopping for"

**BEECH-NUT GUM**

You can taste the difference. Quality makes the difference.

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 5 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music & everything!
Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

---

SHIRLEY had no idea what the jinx was cooking up for her.
She was two weeks along in production, film shot, still portraits made, wardrobe fitted. Then it happened. Over at Paramount "The Big Broadcast of 1937" was having star-trouble. The singing star, half way through the picture, didn't work out.
Paramount, looking around desperately for a substitute remembered Shirley in "Anything Goes." They got in touch with her. Would she do it?
"No," said Shirley. "I won't. I can't. I'm doing a picture."
"But," they argued, "this is your big chance!"

Shirley didn't believe that. Last year's "Big Broadcast" hadn't been so hot.
"Read the script, anyway," they pleaded. "We're sending it over."

WELL, when she read the script, there wasn't any question about it. She had to do it. It was made for her. It was her big chance. But—

No demon could have dangled a more mocking morsel before her eyes. She had to, but how could she? Signed for a picture and doing it. Signed because a friend who believed in her had personally pleaded for another chance. How could she throw him down now? How could she even dare mention walking out on his picture? And yet—

Paramount had to know that night by seven-thirty. Yes or no. Even if she could, even if by some miracle they'd let her walk out on a picture in production, would it be the thing to do? Suppose "The Big Broadcast" was a flop. M-G-M would never let her on the lot again! Then she'd really be through!

If the Hollywood jinx was chuckling to watch Shirley Ross stew on that maddening spot, the chuckle died in his throat.
She looked him in the eye and tightened her lips and made up her mind to gamble everything. She was through fooling. She would bend her bad luck or else. She went to her friend, Bernie Hyman. "This is it, Bernie," said Shirley.
"How do you know?"
"It's got to be it," she told him. "Can I do it?"
If she thought she was crazy, he didn't tell her so. And Shirley will always love him for that. "I'll see what I can do," he said.

It was late afternoon then. Not until seven twenty-five did he talk the studio into the unheard of—releasing an actress in the middle of a picture to do a part for another studio!

Five minutes before the deadline Shirley Ross dialed Paramount Studios. The next morning without any preparation, she went through ten pages of dialogue and a couple of songs. "I don't know how," she told me, "I was in a daze for three weeks. Jack Benny kept telling me funny stories and kidding me out of my nerves, or I'd never have made it."

You know what happened? "The Big Broadcast" was a smash hit. After three
long years, Shirley was on her way, without any local Indian sign hanging around. You know the rest, how she followed through with "Waikiki Wedding," certain to be one of the year's big popularity sensations. How Ken Murray grabbed her for his new Campbell program and a radio success that looks as big as anything Hollywood can offer.

But what you don't know, perhaps, is that just a week before she answered her cue on the Campbell program she was telling them she couldn't do the show! That jinx again, or at least his shadow, hovered around the start of her air career. Shirley had already turned down a solo spot on Shell Chateau. Then she had fought for a radio clause in her contract and finally she got it. But when the Campbell offer came, Adolph Zukor, that grand old man of films, called her into his office.

"You'll worry," he told her, "about this radio program and it will hurt you in pictures. Why not stay in pictures?"

"I won't worry," said Shirley, and she wasn't speaking to Zukor, but to that old familiar ghost looming over her shoulder, "I'll just work, like the devil!"

That's bad news for any jinx. That and what they used to call sand. Shirley has plenty of that, too. She showed that the first time she hit Broadway. At the Capitol she started to run off the stage after her first number, tangled her toes in the mike cord and fell flat on her face. The heavy mike crashed down on her head and she was out like Lottie's eye. When they brought her to, the audience was still clapping. Her knees were buckled under her like Lon Errol's and the house was just a tossing sea of blurred faces. But she did her encore and then collapsed.

AND, closer to home, I remember a time not too long ago when her personal world crashed about her head. When, only hours apart, her engagement to Hank Fonda broke up, and her best friend, Ross Alexander's wife, Aleta, committed suicide. No one knew then or will probably ever know, just how both personal tragedies rocked her to the roots of her being. They never knew because the next day she started an important picture with the pain hidden deep inside where a trouper has to hide it.

At twenty-three Shirley Ross has the looks and energy of a kid and the keen career-wise brain of twice her years. Calamity will have a hard time hooking a ride from now on. She has faith in her judgment. She knows when to say "yes" and when to say "no." She knows how to rise above disappointments. She knows how to separate her personal life from her career. She knows how to take care of herself. She lives with her folks and goes to bed at night instead of to Hollywood's night clubs. She was just old enough when the talkie panic struck Hollywood to learn a lesson from the stars who tumbled from paradise to the poorhouse; she's driving a Ford, but she's got a nice annuity all paid up.

Maybe a jinx isn't such a bad guy to have around after all.

But as I said, Shirley doesn't hold much truck with jinxes, Hollywood or otherwise. It's entirely too practical by now. So look at it her way.

"Of course it's hard to get a break in Hollywood," she assured me before she ran back to rehearsal. "The smartest people in the world are in radio and movies. That's not your fault.

"But it is your fault," she added, "if you finally get your foot on the ladder and then let it slip off!"

Which, she inferred with a confident toss of her chin, she had absolutely no intention of doing.

• "Hiya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?... You can't change 'em?... Say, that's tough!"

• "Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"

• "Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"

• "Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth."

... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!

55
Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours—instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara—to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature—your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft natural appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands—eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world—by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands—the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eyeshadow—it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Your Eyes have Told Me So

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 8)

It doesn't happen that way in real life. The transition is too sudden. Why should it happen that way on a radio program if it is to be a vital, living thing?

MISS MYRTIS PENSEL
Lyon, Miss.

$1.00 PRIZE
SHOULD THEY BE PUT OFF THE AIR?

These community sings, spelling bees, and question-and-answer programs are the most inane nonsense to be wished on the public in a long time. Why do sponsors think they can get away with such stuff? It's silly, foolish, and utterly disgusting. Who cares if New York is farther west than Los Angeles? Who wants to hear a thousand yaps yelling at the tops of their voices, and be told by some gullible announcer that they were singing? Who cares if some brat in some jerkwater town can outspell all the other brats in the country? Such programs should be put off the air. Like all nuisances, they will soon wear out their welcome, but what can the public do until then? Nothing but turn off their radios.

THOMAS NATAN PAPPAS
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE
ITS AN EDUCATION!

I like spelling bee programs over the radio because they are educational and a necessity; we learn how to spell properly; we improve our vocabulary and correct our own mistakes. No matter what grade of spelling bees we hear over the radio, whether for young people or grown-ups, it's always interesting and educational. Give to me, at any time, spelling bee broadcast programs. I love them because they are also instructive and entertaining.

ROBERTO TAVANI
NEW YORK, N.Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
INVENTORS, ATTENTION!

It would be grand if an instrument were invented which could convey to some sponsors the volume of groans which rises from listeners grouped along the airplanes when certain nuances are committed upon these sponsors' programs. The nuisances in question are as follows:

1. Applause in studios. Sponsors should listen to Kraft Music Hall program, and note that there is no studio applause permitted. This is one factor that helps to account for the popularity of that program.

2. Maladroit, stupid, obvious, bromidic manner in which advertising is worked into a program. For the reverse, sponsors should note how cleverly advertising is inserted in the Jello program.

3. Announcers who say, after introducing a celebrity, "Come on, let's give him (or her) a great big hand!" Even an Emily Post would feel, in such a case, like kicking the bird right where there is the most tension when he stoops over in his dress clothes.

FRED B. MANN
DANVILLE, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
A BOUQUET FOR "LET'S PRETEND"

Why doesn't Let's Pretend get more attention and publicity? Although they are put on for the children, I never fail to enjoy these programs. The boys and girls playing the roles
are, in my opinion, as good as some of the older actors, if not better. Their programs go along as smoothly as any of the big network shows.

I have not talked to a person yet that has heard the program who doesn’t fully enjoy it.

So I repeat. Why doesn’t Let’s Pretend get more credit for all its splendid child actors and clever plays?

MISS FLORENCE HARRIS, Steubenville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

A DISAGREEMENT

In your April issue of the Radio Mirror, Mrs. G. T. Rowland wrote of her annoyance at many well known radio programs, wishing to know whether they were getting inefficient or lazy.

For example, I will take Mr. Cantor’s program. When our dial is turned on his program we hear two children singing. It is a great pleasure to hear such angelic voices as those of Dianna Durbin and Bobby Breen. If this is thought to be inefficiency or laziness on the part of Mr. Cantor for letting such splendid talent on his program, I think the one complaining of such a program has no love for music or knowledge of it.

As for Mr. Cobb’s, Mr. Hill’s and Amos ‘n Andy’s programs, I think they are more educational and interesting in the manner in which they are now carried out.

ANN BRADY, Exeter, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

“Who laughs last laughs best. Last summer I wrote to you regarding the fact that Emery Deutsch’s new Streamlined Rhythm was slightly terrific. I guess you didn’t take me very seriously, because the letter never appeared in print. But recently that same Emery Deutsch was chosen from among thirty-five name bands for the swank Rainbow Grill in Radio City. And is he making a hit! Toodles in sometime! Now do I get that last laugh.”—MARJORIE GOETTSCHIUS, New York.

“Imagine me, advertising pays. I get so curious about things a good announcer raves about, I’m not satisfied till I try them.”—MRS. IVA DUNHAM, Masontown, Pa.

“Just a short criticism of two major programs: I’d give my Jack for Benny but I’ve had my Phil Baker.”—JOHN HARDMAN, New York, N. Y.

“It isn’t his grand personality, or his thrilling voice that makes me admire Rudy Vallee, it’s his contribution to radio. I am one of his many fans who enjoy his and his stars programs.”—FLORENCE GANSLIER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

“May I express my opinion about the one and only Phil Baker? The Phil Baker brand of humor which he has been dispensing over the ether waves and also the footlights of the theater, has won for him many listeners. It is indeed a far cry from an East Side street urchin to reach the pinnacle of fame in the entertainment world. A brilliant wit, and clever jokesmith, and when Baker delivers a joke over the air, it clicks in spite of ‘Beetle’s’ remark get off the air.”—WAL- 

LACE HANSEN, Racine, Wis.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.
C. M. Buck, Toledo, O.—You can now find Professor Quiz listed in the Saturday column of the new Radio Mirror program guide on page 12. The reason it wasn’t listed in the May issue was that the program was only on a sustaining basis then.

Mary Rogots, Akron, O.—I’d suggest you write to Fred MacMurray in care of Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, California, for his photograph.

E. A. Brown, Grays Mills, Wis.—James Hall was on radio for a short time, but left to appear in a legitimate show, “Lady Chatterley’s Lover,” which I believe is now on tour. I couldn’t find very much information on James, except that he has one brother, is married and has no children. A letter addressed in care of the Theater Guild, New York City, New York, might reach him.

Mrs. D. C. Curtis, Louisville, Ky.—The Oracle humbly asks forgiveness for erroneously publishing that Don Ameche never played the part of Bob in Betty and Bob. Upon digging up the old files, the secret was discovered. The reason you can’t get Five Star Jones on the air any more, is that he has been dropped.

Geo. W. Burns, Hardin, Mont.—You can get in touch with Bud Linn by writing to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Jerry Cooper and Frank Parker fans, attention! In the February Radio Mirror, the Oracle stated that Annette Shier was President of the Harmony Club. This was a mistake. Annette is really co-president. Alice Alligood is the original founder and president. She would like to have some new members. So write to Alice in care of the East Carolina Teachers College, Greenville, North Carolina.

Helen Radzewick, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have just what the doctor ordered. You’ll find a short story on Jack Berch on page 48. Write to Don Keir in care of station WMCA, 1607 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Edna Mulberry, Pawtucket, R. I.—Zeke Manners and his gang are real hillbillies. Zeke was born in Marshall, Arkansas, and they say that he was so musically inclined in youth that he made his first accordion out of several old harmonicas. Zeke’s present “Pappy” is played by Zeb Tourney and he comes from Joplin, Missouri; Ezra learned his three R’s in Little Rock, Arkansas; Gabe Dake, nineteen-year-old singer comes from Claremont, Oklahoma. Ace Giddens and Hank Culpepper are cousins. Didn’t you know that Jack Randolph was Jerry Cooper? However, Jerry has dropped that other name now.

Peewee Hunt and Kenny Sargent fans, attention! Theresa Daniels, 159 Caroline St., Derby, Conn., is interested in a Peewee Hunt fan club and Anna Vincent, 11 Hawkins St., Derby, Conn., is interested in a Kenny Sargent club. How’s about it?

M. A. O. Leary, Winchester, Mass.—I really couldn’t answer all those questions at one time. I hope you’ll be satisfied with just two for a while. David Carrara and Andy Gump are played by the same person—Wilmer Walton. If you bought the June issue of Radio Mirror, you must have seen pictures of some of David’s — Zeke Swinney, played by Arthur Maitland; Susan, played by Peggy Allenby and David’s Aunt Polly, played by Eva Condon. Bob White plays the part of Jonathan in the story of Mary Martin.

A Radio Fan, Buffalo, N. Y.—I’m sorry that I can’t give you any more definite information on Stuart Churchill. He’s in New York at present with several shows in the fire and as soon as a radio contract is signed, you may be sure Radio Mirror will print the news.

Miss Yetta Schwartzman, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Gertrude Berg is not on the air at present. She just finished writing the script for Bobby Breen’s next movie and will be in New York for about two months, during which time, one news slicket says, her radio contract will be signed.

Catherine Mulligan, Brooklyn, N. Y.—I’ve forwarded your inquiry to James Melton and I hope he will answer your question as soon as possible.

The Westerners fans, attention! Anyone interested in Louise Massey or the Westerners are invited to join the club. For information get in touch with Agnes Kramer, 1529 Ninth Avenue, Harvey, Ill.

XYZ, Boston, Mass.—Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians are scheduled to make a tour but their dates have not been definite. However, you will be hearing from them time to time in guest spots.

Miss Mitchell, Dayton, O.—Deanna Durbin just finished making her second movie picture entitled, “One Hundred and Twenty Men and a Girl.” She’s really only fourteen years old. Did you read her own story in the June issue?

Radio Mirror

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Answers to Professor Quiz’ Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Marion Talley.
2. Kate Smith.
4. “Howdy Stranger!”
5. Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
7. Harry McNaughton.
8. He is in London, where he is a successful radio and vaudeville performer.
9. Vaughn De Leath—and she’s still singing, on NBC.
11. One—Mary MacArthur.
12. Yvonne—the only blonde sister.
14. His father—because he didn’t want his son to be a reporter.
16. “That the program is finishing early on time.”—On the C.
17. The abduction speech of King Edward VIII.
E. N., Hawaii—Address Tommy Dorsey and Edythe Wright in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. James Willington's address is in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Seventh and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.; the same address for Jerry Cooper, who now lives on Hollywood Hotel, Address Ben Bernie and Pinkie Tomlin to the National Broadcasting Company, Hollywood, Cal.

Robert Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.—In addition to broadcasting work, Edythe Wright is singing with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra at the Commodore Hotel in New York City.

Josephine Kropowski, Jersey City, N. J.—Ginger Rogers can be reached at the RKO Radio Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Bing Crosby fans, attention!—You are cordially invited to become a member of the Bing Crosby National Fan Club, organized by its president, Bill Noonan, Jr., Lock Box No. 79, Brant Beach, N. J. The dues are very inexpensive and each member receives a membership card, a personally autographed phonograph and biography of Bing, plus periodic club activities. A year's subscription to the Bing Crosby News is also included. Get in touch with Bill Noonan if you want to join.

Lillian Hall Seattle, Wash.—Eddy Duchin opened at the Palmer House in Chicago, III., June first and is scheduled to play for dancers there during the summer months.

Ned, Springfield, Mass.—The part of Dick Huddleston is played by Lum. There are no other players on the Lum and Abner show. The boys take all the parts.

Myrt and Marge fans, attention!—Mrs. Edith Derickson, 238 W. 88 Place, Los Angeles, Calif., wants to know if there is a Myrt and Marge fan club. Lazy Dan who is Irving Kaufman, is singing over the Mutual Broadcasting System, Sunday mornings from 11:30 to 12:00. Tune him in on station KHJ. Address him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Peggy Woods, Chicago, Ill.—For a picture of Shirley Lloyd, write and ask her for one in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Kay Kyser fans, attention!—In case you don't know about it, there's a Kay Kyser Fan Club of Pittsburgh, being conducted by Miss Mary Wilson, 917, Eighth Street, West Park, McKees Rocks, Pa. Get in touch with her if you want to become a member.

Miss Mary Wilson, McKees Rocks, Pa.—For information on Ted Weems, write to him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Miss Dorothy Chase, Glendale, Calif.—You certainly said some nice things about Radio Mirror so I'm going to be extra nice to you. Here's a brief biography of Jesse Crawford. He's called the 'Poet of the Organ,' born in Woodland, California, December 2, 1895. Started to play the mouth organ at the age of three... he's stocky, has thick dark brown hair and his snappy blue eyes are always smiling. He's married and has a ten-year-old daughter.

S. B. Stack, Jamaica, L. I., New York.—Russ Morgan was born in Scranton, Pa., April 29, 1904. Russ always wanted to be an orchestra leader. His father was a pianist who played with his father in vaudeville before he decided that the coal mines of Pennsylvania would present a more substantial sort of a living. Russ had a taste of the coal mines too before taking his first musical job as pianist in a Scranton movie house. He's six feet tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes. His hobbies are playing old coins.

Vera Ayres, Oakland, Calif.—Here's what you've been waiting to know about Eddy Duchin. Eddy was born in Boston, the son of a druggist who thought his son would follow in his footsteps, but a chance engagement with Leo Reisman's orchestra ended that career and started him on his present one. He's married to Marjorie Oelrichs, of the society register.

Nelson Eddy Fans, attention! For information about joining the Nelson Eddy Club, get in touch with Mr. R. B. Wilkins, 510 N. 12th Street, Kansas City, Kansas. Details will be sent immediately.

Anna Marie Satek, Quakertown, Pa.—Nino Martini is not broadcasting now. He's in Hollywood. You can address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Seventh and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bobby Breen and Donna Durbin fans, attention!—Percy E. Appleby of 421 Osborn Avenue, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, wants to know if there are fan clubs for these two young stars.

Joseph Stanke, Simpson, Pa.—For a picture of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, I'd suggest that you write him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. To get in touch with Jimmy Lunceford, address your letter in care of Mills Artists Inc., 797 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
More's Log Cabin Boys, and Grandpa Jones, daily solos on the same station, got their feudin' idea from Logan County's famed Hatfield-McCoy feud or from the more up-to-date Winchell-Bernie and Fred Allen-Jack Benny knock-kicking matches, but anyway word comes from the Virginny hills that Shorty and Grandpappy "is a dark-haired, one-eyed, and things, Shorty, in whose act Cousin Emmy appears, stood it just so long and then started polishing his shootin' irons. The grand finale took place in the there under the direction of William Ziegler Nourse with the WMAQ players. Then followed dramatic and music teaching back in a home-state conservatory; five years of coast-to-coasting with summer Chautauquas; and winter tours with the Bob Pollard university players. All of which landed her in Norfolk, Nebraska, where she had her first flag at writing and presenting half-hour original plays give WJAG. Then came 1933 and her KFAB association in Lincoln with that station's Little Theater of the Air. Jettabee got the idea for the Jangles program from a party guest, a bride of two years who was in tears because every bite she ate, her young husband reminded her of her increasing pounds and repeatedly compared her weight with that of other women. So started the fictional life of Newleyweds Jack and Jerry with all the troubles of the average young married couple. Because much of the program's appeal depends on the inclusion of current local news in the script, the writing is a daily job in itself. Currently sponsored by Haskins Brothers, the thousandth broadcast of this month through Friday 3:15 p.m. (C.S.T.) program was recently celebrated with the author playing the roles of Jerry, the young wife; Jennie, the small daughter of a poor relative; Buddy, a little ripped boy; Helen, the mother-in-law; and Fannie, a hack row ex-chorus girl. John Shafer, KFAB's assistant program director and the young husband, Jack, and also Uncle Charlie, the friendly, philosophical old uncle.

The Babs and Betty program, at present sponsored by Million Dollar, is also a five-day-a-week program and has been on the air continuously for two years. But this versatile writer-director-actress practically loafs on Sundays. On that day for the past two years all she has done is present her original fifteen-minute plays, several of which have been published.

When asked what her hobbies were, Jettabee glanced up from her busy type-writer and answered, "My friends call me Jerry." Okay, Jerry, we understand.

** A WINNER **

Life may be only a game to some of us, but to dark-eyed, fair-haired Betty Cameron, new KPO songstress in San Francisco, life has been mostly a contest.

When eight years old, Beryl danced away with her first prize among a hundred juvenile dancing contestants at the Princess Theater in Honolulu. That was the beginning of a career that for several years made her unknowingly a professional. A professional, that is, at winning amateur contests. The daughter of a navy officer, Beryl got around when a child, and given
the opportunity to win various amateur contests in Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, and other Western cities she seized opportunity whenever it knocked and won medals and prizes at all schools she attended.

Facing her first microphone three years ago, she continued her winning habit to the extent of landing the soloist job with Tom Brown’s orchestra at San Francisco’s famous Bal Tabarin restaurant. But even then, a full-fledged professional, the contest habit was so much a part of her life she couldn’t resist taking a try at bigger and better things. Not accustomed to anything except winning, Beryl was chosen from a large group of applicants as featured singer on the recent Chevrolet program from KPO. But there her contesting ended when NBC signed her as a regular KPO staff member at the finish of the series.

Still a youngster in years and with her career of contests behind her, she lives in the country with her father, now retired. She drives to her studio or her voice lesson daily, and due to her serious study her voice with its sweet, low undertone is equally at home in both popular songs and the more difficult scales. Busy as she is, she still finds time for her favorite diversions, yachting, dancing, and listening to every radio singer she can find on the dial.

* * *

TUNING IN WITH CUPID

Omaha, Neb.: Arthur Peterson, actor in WOW’s Guiding Light program, recently married Miss Norma Ransom, a former classmate of his at the University of Minnesota.

Cincinnati, O.: Ruth deVore, member of WLW’s famed deVore sisters’ trio, and Fred Thomas, WLW news writer, recently announced their wedding for February sixth. Ruth and Fred took their vows at the time when both were devoting long hours in the Ohio flood crisis. Fred handling bulletins and his bride-to-be singing on flood relief programs in addition to her regular broadcasts.

Another WLW recent wedding was that of Miss Frances Jensen of the accounting department and continuity writer Robert Maley. The bride is a native of Cincinnati.

Los Angeles, Cal.: When Sam Pierce, writer and producer of KJH’s Calling All Cars program, announced to his friends that “she was entirely too swell a program to be allowed to roam about on an unsponsored basis,” he was referring to the former Miss Georgianna Parker, Riverside debutante. So “sponsors” Sam posed the question and those recent wedding bells heard at Laguna Beach were the result. The newlyweds are at present residing in two places—Hollywood and abord the Pierce yacht which now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pierce.

Chicago, Ill.: Miss Wilma Kuehn, WBMM receptionist, and Walter Wicky, Chicago manufacturers’ representative, were recent marriage license users, too.

As ventured last month, Bob Casey, King’s jokers string bass thumper over Chicago’s WMAQ, and Marge Morin of the NBC Morin sisters’ vocal trio, are now Mr. and Mrs. Bob Casey. That puts Cupid on record this month with two hits in the harmony ranks of sister trios. Maybe the little fellow resents intrusion in the harmony business.

New York: Although wedding bells are still another thing of the future, Cupid says “so far, so good,” and he credits Uncle Sam with an assist in the engagement of WHN’s Elena Jimenez and Charles Redlick who is in California. The L. S. mails carried the question and answer.

For Extra Comfort on active Summer days

DEMAND KOTEX

KOTEX CAN’T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN’T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

KOTEX CAN’T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

* 3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
Don't See Him Again Until
You've Made this
"Armhole Odor"
Test

No matter how sweet and fresh you are, if moisture has ever collected on the armhole of your dress, a stale "armhole odor" will be noticeable to others.

THAT MAN you just met will never explain why he doesn't ask you to dance the second time. He can't. Wildered and hurt, how will you know that it is just your carefree neglect of that little hollow under your arm that is losing you a wonderful new friend?

If you have been deodorizing only, before you see him again, take the precaution, no matter how certain you are that you never offend, of giving yourself this "armhole odor" test.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be painfully surprised to find that your dress carries a stale "armhole odor."

Single-action preparations, that deodorize only, though quick and easy to use, cannot give you absolute protection because they are not made to stop perspiration. In spite of them, perspiration occurs and the moisture is absorbed by your dress. Your dress gives off a strong odor, and people believe it is you. Girls who want to avoid any humiliation insist upon the scientific double action of Liquid Odoron, and gladly invest the few extra necessary minutes to use it.

They know that Liquid Odoron not only keeps the underarm surface odorless, but completely dry. With all moisture banished, your dress can't develop an "armhole odor"; you can't offend. Fastidious women are safely using millions of bottles of Odoron every year.

Wardrobe Insurance

With Liquid Odoron you have absolute clothes protection, too. There will be no sudden need to replace a dress ruined by perspiration. And frequent dry cleanings to remove underarm grease or perspiration stains are eliminated.

Oodoron comes in two strengths. Regular Oodoron (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odoron (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to insure complete daintiness and freshness, send today for sample vials of the two Odorones and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.,
Dept. I37, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2130, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odoron and descriptive leaflet.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

TRAILING THE STORK

Cincinnati, O.: The little man who recently arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Don Foster has been named Donald Lee, and Papa Foster, WLB sound effects technician, is telling the world about it.

Chicago, Ill.: It was candy and cigars recently at the WBBM studios and a seven pound lad at the Emil Waeltris home. Emil is the engineer on the Poetic Melodies program.

Charlotte, N. C.: We neglected to salute little Alice Leslie, an early 1937 arrival at the Charles Crutchfield home. "Glock," WBT program director, and Mrs. Crutchfield, when interviewed, expressed great happiness with the new family member, but Alice Leslie wasn't certain. All she said was "Go"—or maybe it was "Boo!"

OUR POETRY DEPARTMENT

Although a little bird had warned us Spring was here we were still skeptical until the postman arrived with the following poem. The title must have been lost in the mail, because it arrived titleless—but we fixed that, with apologies to the writer, of course.

SATISFIED

From hearth and home
I'll never stray.

With a set
That can get
KDKA.

—Pittsburgh Peggy

Okay, Peggy, and attention: Pittsburgh's KDKA. In case the Highlighter, doesn't get around to pay you a personal call soon, how about shooting him some inside information on your many satisfying local programs and stars?

And all you Radio Mirror tuner-iners: What favorite local station program and stars would you like to see and read about in Coast-to-Coast Highlights? Let us know and we'll do our best to satisfy, too.

LOOKING BACK

We've been turning back the clock on radio folks again and there is hardly a trace of the hand by which we uncover some past that we didn't know existed before.

Did you know Jack Meakin, KGO's Big House Rhythm conductor in San Francisco, has written sixty popular songs, twelve piano solos, ten ballads, twenty ballet suites, four concert works for orchestræ, three complete Bohemian Club shows, thirty theme songs and is nearing his thousandth arrangement—and isn't thirty years old yet? Where? Well, we didn't either.

And in New York, Marion Melton, WHN's high-powered blues and swing singer, was once a student of Bud Rainey, the same New York station's Dixie Deacon, has held the U. S. Army record for sixty but no wonder—Bud scored 996 out of a possible 1000.

Charles Gerard, the Sidney LaCrosse in One Man's Family on San Francisco's most practiced dentistry for several years before getting the radio bug. But having never applied for a California license he reluctantly turns down friendly prospective customers with aching teeth. Incidentally, going way back, we find Charles' first money making job was one we admit a secret liking for. He got paid for sleeping. When the home town banker learned he could reduce the bank's insurance rates by putting some one in the bank at all hours, Charles moved in for the night shift.

KHJ's attractive eighteen-year-old vocalist on the 1937 Radio Show in Holly-
wood is Christina Lind, But Christina used to be Jean. In full, Jean Peterson. She did it this way: name of the great Swedish queen, Christina; name of the Nordic country's greatest singer, Lind. And there you are, or rather there is Christina Lind, . . . Dick Quine, talented youngster who plays the title role in KKH's Tom Sawyer program, first ventured into business as the proprietor of a lemonade stand. But Dick, who was seven years old at the time, says he likes radio much better.

And to prove you don't always have to go "way back when" to uncover forgotten things of the past, there are the six extra pounds, WBT's program director Charles Crutchfield used to carry around down in Charlotte, N. C. "Chock" lost 'em in the athletic rooms of the local Y. M. C. A.

FROM HERE TO THERE

Although we knew tuner-inners took great pride in distant programs they could pull in on their individual sets—the greater the distance, the greater the pride—we weren't aware stations had the same pride from the sending end until we accidentally stumbled onto it through our own boast of a distant reception.

"If you think you had distance, take a look at these," replied Cecil Carmichael, digging into his WBT press files in Charlotte, N. C., and coming up with a fat full of letters from all over the world. "WBT literally reaches around the world for its listeners," he added, spreading the proof out on his desk. And after glancing through them we agreed our distant reception was only across the street in comparison.

One writer, an American soldier stationed in Honolulu, wrote of listening to WBT regularly with perfect reception. Adding it was interesting listening to the Hawaii Calls program originating there in Honolulu and relayed back to his loudspeaker from WBT.

Another listener, a United States Army lieutenant-colonel stationed at an American consulate in France, told of getting a dance program from the Hotel New Yorker through WBT "as clear as from a local station." His location was 4800 feet above sea level in the French Alps, five hundred miles southeast of Paris. "The radio," he added, "in case anyone interested, is a five-tube Philco, model 37-604."

Mr. Marquardt, technical director of Chicago's WCFL, is another who has developed into an international correspondent. In one day he received letters from Honolulu and Frying Pan Farm, Chal-leymead Melksham Wells, England, reporting perfect reception of a WCFL program. While J. B. Clark, station Boswell for WPTF in Raleigh, N. C., informs us he has records of WPTF listeners in every county in North Carolina, every state in the union, and in Australia, Canada, and Great Britain.

Don't Miss the Thrilling and Intimate Story of Don Ameche's Romance in the Second Installment of "Rainbow's End," in the August Radio Mirror.

Don't let your face become a desert!...prevent destructive "skin-thirst" with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection

Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost...

In this same way, nature's beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry — the charm of youth begins to fade.

Guard your precious complexion from dreaded "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder. By a special patented process each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size . . . .50c

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.
In spite of her daily bath
she's an
UNDERARM VICTIM!

E\V\E\R\Y day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes special care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for that day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Sothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do — prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an underarm victim! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Radio — Instrument of Peace

(Continued from page 33)

each other well. It is an idea which applies in special force to the relationships between nations. Probably there always will be disputes between and among nations.

Every nation involved in such disputes will maintain passionately that it is right and its opponent wrong. And the reason a nation can see only its own side of an argument is that it seldom hears the other side. It gets the other side from stiff, formal diplomatic communiques issued in terms which only trained diplomats can understand, and frequently deliberately untruthful or provocative. When these communiques are published in the newspapers, you and I, the ordinary citizens, seldom take the trouble to read them. They are dull documents, dullest than mud.

We simply don't get the human side of the other fellow's argument. And so, not understanding, we are usually willing to go to war — simply because there has been no common language for ourselves and the people with whom we may have a mad on.

That is the picture as it would continue to be without radio. With radio, there is hope, at least, that it can be changed!

When a manufacturer has a message he wants to give the world, he buys time on a radio chain and uses it to state his case. Why can't nations do the same thing? It might work. Or it might not. But it would be a swell experiment.

S\U\P\P\O\S\E President Roosevelt bought radio time on the networks of France, and told the French people, in the most intimate way he talks to us in his fireside chats, how America feels about the war debts; and then suppose Premier Blum or some other great Frenchman spoke directly to America, putting France's sincere belief that it should not pay those debts before us. Would we feel more like love and kisses or would we want to take a hearty sock at Johnny Frenchman? The chances are at least equal that direct, simple talks exchanged by the leaders of the two countries would create better understanding.

In radio the world has a weapon for peace potentially greater than any it has ever known. A word said by the telephone can girdle the globe in one-tenth of a second, and everywhere it is heard it is warm and alive and direct to the minds and hearts of its listeners. In this tenth-of-a-second world, it seems rather absurd for nations to speak to one another with guns.

A start has been made in sending words flying across national borders. The Pope speaks to the members of his Church everywhere; they hear his voice and then a translation of his words. Premier Mussolini and Chancellor Hitler have been heard in this country on the air, and no one who listened to King Edward's abdication speech can ever forget the feeling of kinship it brought.

Maybe I am shooting at the millennium. Maybe the world—Europe especially—is such a mess of old jealousies and hatreds and frustrated ambitions, so internally mean and ornery, that nothing much can be done about it. Maybe statesmen will even corrupt the good angel of radio and use it to heighten rancor and intensify their cat-and-dog squabbles. Even now Russia accuses Germany of throwing hostile propaganda across Russian borders by air. The French shake their fists at Mussolini for the same reason. Nevertheless, the opportunity is here for radio to attempt a service of vast benefit to humanity — the only agency that could accomplish it. More power to it!
The Stormy Life Story
of a Black Sheep
(Continued from page 43)

the least romantic—and it was to Ruby that Phil went for the truth when he first learned what Broadway gossip was saying about him.

Broadway is one vast backyard fence, and it gossips as much over the stars whose names are in electric lights as you or I do over the family across the street. It was saying about Phil that he was drinking too much, so much he couldn't break the habit. And the reason, said Broadway, was that his wife had left him and he couldn't take the rap.

Ruby told him this, and she showed him what he had to do. "Your show is closing in a week or two, isn't it?" she asked. "Why don't you get out of town, take a vaudeville tour or something, and stay away long enough so that when you come back you can settle down to a sensible way of living? Keep at it long enough, and this party life will get you."

She was right, he knew, and he followed her advice. He booked himself into a long vaudeville tour, starting in San Francisco a few days after the Music Box Revue closed. In his bag, for the long train journey across the continent, he packed a bottle of brandy and one of rye. This was an idea of his own. He wanted to see if the gossips were right.

Ruby came down to the train to see him off, and stood on the platform waving as the train pulled out. He never saw Ruby Stevens, the little hoofer in Broadway shows, again. By the time he returned to New York she had become Barbara Stanwyck, a woman and a star.

All the way across the country those two bottles stayed in Phil's suitcase, handy but untouched. The gossips were dead wrong; and he arrived in San Francisco feeling better than he'd felt in years. There were three days in which to prepare for his opening at the Orpheum. He spent them playing golf and whipping his act into shape with Sid Silvers, whom he had hired to sit in a box and heckle him.

At his opening performance he felt all the old sparkle and zest that had been missing for so long, return to him. The audience, a capacity one, was with him heart and soul. He had them rocking in their seats with laughter, and he forgot he was working. It was such fun to feel himself once more master of a theatre full of friends that his eyes danced and he laughed with pleasure.

In fact, he had too good a time at that first performance. Afterwards he had to spend half an hour in convincing the manager of the theater he wasn't drunk. The manager, while pleased at Phil's success, was sure that nobody who had been having such an obviously high old time on the stage could possibly be sober, and before Phil managed to prove his innocence he had received a long lecture on the evils of strong liquor.

Phil stayed on tour for six months before returning to New York, and in that time he learned the wrong-headedness of both his former designs for living. He made up his mind to be neither a monk nor a rake.

Twenty-four hours after he landed back in New York he broke his word for the first time in his life. He is still ashamed of it. On the train, coming in from Boston, he had promised George White to appear in White's new production of the Sbandits. The next day the Shuberts offered him a long-term contract, and the thought of years of security was too much for him to resist.

Now SHE Has Glamour

...SCENTED WITH GENUINE IMPORTED FRENCH PERFUME

I rom Paris, where life is gay and glamorous—where women are fastidious and fascinating—comes the exquisite perfume that gives to Djer-Kiss Talc its enchanting fragrance . . . . Here in America it is the daily choice of lovely women who have discovered its ability to enhance personal charm, with a haunting touch of magical allure.

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.
for his promise. He signed with the Shuberts, and though he stayed with them for six years and was starred in hit after hit, he's never felt quite right about it all, and still wonders sometimes when the long-deferred punishment for breaking his promise will catch up with him.

In the years which followed, while his success on the stage was becoming a solid, assured thing, Phil fell in love more than once, but never enough to forget and come home again. He wasn't going to get married again, ever. His fear of marriage was by this time almost an obsession. He was what they call a "confirmed" bachelor.

Yet, somehow, he didn't get the pleasure he should have out of planning a course of conquest, tricking it to him, didn't get any pleasure out of it all, to tell the truth. There was a big gaping void in his life, and subconsciously he knew it.

ONE night he and a friend went to the musical show, "Americana." After wards they were going to take a couple of the girls in it out to supper. The girls were acquaintances of Phil's friend—English girls—Phil didn't know them and didn't particularly care. But there was one little brown-haired ingenue who might as well have been on the stage alone, for all the attention Phil paid to the rest of the show.

"Who is she?" he asked, nudging his companion.

"Peggy Cartwright—one of the girls we're taking out to supper," was the answer, made as calmly as if it weren't the most earth-shaking piece of news imaginable.

When they went backstage, after the performance, and Phil met Peggy Cartwright, a terrible thing happened. He, the man about town, the Broadway squire of fair ladies, suddenly became tongue-tied in front of a shy little thing who'd arrived in New York from England only a few weeks before.

Where were the witty speeches, the compliments, the wisecracks? Where was even some word that would make her look up and smile at him? He couldn't think of anything—and desperately, in a panic, he blurted out the only words his paralyzed mind could find:

"You and I," said Phil Baker, "are going to have a baby!"

She looked up, all right. She gave him a long, cold look. She said, "You absolutely mad. Please take me home."

He took her home, apologizing all the way into an empty silence. When he left her he couldn't think of a single word he could see her again, but he knew he had to, or the earth would stop turning.

The next day he heard that "Americana," after an unpromising start, was going to close. Just another Broadway flop.

He rushed up to see the producer and made him see a puzzled gentleman an astonishing offer.

"Keep the show going," he said, and I'll go into the cast. I don't want a salary. Just give me the just given percent of the box office receipts. Ten—five per cent, I don't care. I'll even pay for my own comedy script and my stage.

The producer thought Phil was crazy, because he knew Phil had been paid $5,000 only the week before for a seven-day vaudeville appearance, and he knew the ten per cent of "Americana's" takings, the way things were going, wouldn't be more than $250. But if Phil was crazy, he didn't see why. He was crazy too, so he accepted the offer.

"Americana" ran another seven weeks with the boost Phil's presence in the cast gave it. Then it closed in a discouraged manner, but by that time Phil didn't care.
demented actors and writers, and irregular hours. Because Phil's sponsor was the Armour Packing Company, somebody had the bright idea of sending him a live baby pig, and it frolicked through the rooms with the dogs and cats owned by the other members of the company.

But the program was a success. Harry McNaughton was Phil's Bottle, then as he is now; and Hank Ladd was his Beetle, the ever-present and impolite ghost. Phil has changed Beetles twice since then, incidentally, and you never realized it.

For two years Phil and Peggy lived in the midst of the Evanston bedlam. They even added a third member to the Baker family there, little Margot. But suddenly, while his contract with the Armour people still had several weeks to run, Phil knew he couldn't stand it a minute longer. He couldn't understand why he hadn't gone crazy long before, but he knew if he didn't get out of Chicago, and particularly Evanston, he would go crazy.

He went to the sponsor and told him he was leaving, going to Italy, and he didn't know when he'd be back. The sponsor might have argued, but he took one look at Phil, sighed, and agreed.

It would be fine to tell you that Phil and Peggy and the baby went to Italy and spent their time, rolling on sun-warmed sands, leaning out of palazzo windows while gondoliers sang sweet melodies. It would be fine, but it wouldn't be true. Phil's strongest recollection of that trip to Italy is of a scene that took place in the baggage car of a train between Paris and Rome.

Peggy was back in their compartment, worn out by a day of traveling and the more recent strain of trying to find some warm milk for Margot. Italian trains, it seemed, weren't equipped to heat milk for babies. But Phil, with the aid of the baggage master and a porter, was solving the milk problem. Down on the floor of the baggage car knelt two train officials, heating a pan of milk over the weak flame of a little oil lamp and crooning to themselves in Italian. Above them, with Margot in his arms, stood Phil Baker, the great American comedian.

Suddenly the incongruity of the situation struck him—that he, once of the East Side, more recently of Broadway and the Bright Lights, should be standing over two Italian peasants while they heated milk for his baby, in the gloomy baggage car of a train. And he began to laugh.

I think that's as good a place as any to leave him, because right there, it seems to me, was a period put to the stormy part of this black sheep's life story. Surely no one can ever think of him as anything but a family man again.

The Bakers have their home in Florida now, and another in Mamaroneck, New York. It was in Florida that their third child, Michael Conway, was born on the fourteenth of March, this year. Their second is another boy, Stuart, who is three years old now.

PHIL still grumbles, now and then, when he has been working too hard, and hints at another characteristic Baker upheaval. But I don't think these grumblings will ever amount to more than vague threats. He'll go off the air soon, and set out for Hollywood to appear in the "Goldwyn Follies," and when he returns he'll be all ready for another season on the air—because if there is one thing true of Phil Baker, it's this: he can swear he's tired of working until he's blue in the face, but he's never really happy any other time.
MOMMY, HURRY I WANT MY FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, TOO...

-and you'll love the handy GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS for fruit cups and salads

They're cooling, refreshing, far more appealing on hot summer days than rich, heavy food. And so much better for you—so quickly and easily prepared.

Have Florida grapefruit often. Serve it chilled for breakfast, choice sections or tangy, golden juice straight from the can. Drink it any time of day you're thirsty. Give it to all the family. It not only quenches thirst but alkalisizes, helps you stand the heat better. Add it to fruit punches for sparkling new flavor. Serve grapefruit appetizers, salads, desserts.

Always have several cans chilling in the refrigerator. Buy some Florida grapefruit and grapefruit juice today.

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.

Buy a dozen cans at a time—Sections or Juice

TRY DELICIOUS CANNED FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE

Facing the Music (Continued from page 49)

night stands. His charming wife and vocalist, Anita Boyer, is with him... Art Kassel's band will entice Memphis dancers when he begins his engagement at their Hotel Claridge this summer. Jacques Fray returns to the swank St. Regis Hotel roof in New York... Atlantic City visitors and natives of ace bands this summer at the world-famous Steel Pier ballroom! Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey lead the sweet and swinging parade.

GOULD IN THEM HILLS

A THIN bespectacled lad named Morton Gould has been conducting a program called Music for Today on the Mutual network these last two years without much nationwide acclaim. The blue-shirted batoniere, who has just passed his twenty-second birthday, is a triple threat man—he not only conducts, but scores all his own arrangements and compiles modern American music. He shied away from publicity stunts and romance, preferring to sip milk in the control room before his broadcasts and devote all his time to music.

Then a man came into his life—a very large, double-chinned man. His name was Paul Whiteman. For the last year Paul has been looking for some young genius to succeed him as director of his bat orchestra when the King decides to abdicate. Whiteman wants his band to continue even though he lays aside the baton. The former Denver viola player heard of Gould, then got busy straightening out the minute details with Pappa Gould, Morton's father.

Today Morton Gould is in an enviable position as heir apparent to the throne of King of Jazz. He is preparing arrangements for Whiteman and is listed as assistant conductor.

How They Conduct

HAL KEMP holds his baton face down; he strides quietly to the rhythm of his own orchestra... Richard Himber never uses no baton; prefers a clenched fist... Isham Jones tucks his back on the dance floor and conducts as if he were a symphony, majestically ignoring the customers... Mal Hallett gesticulates wildly, spends more energy in one dance set than the laborer... Ruby Newman frequently pulls aside a dancing couple to ask their candid comment of the tune he is currently thumping out.

Watch Out For:

AUSTIN WYLIE, who is currently making music at the Hotel Commodore Perry in Toledo. Being an Irishman he's got rhythm and a good business head. Listen to his advice to young maestros: "When people are eating they don't want to be bothered with swing music. For dinner hour we like something soothing. When they're sipping cocktails at the supper hour, then go to town."

The Dixie Deb's, a trio of Southern girls who could play, has a number of songs, "Gone with the Wind" slicker, because you can cut their Georgian accents with a bread knife. They're currently heard with Arnold Johnson's New Yorkers.

Orchestral Anatomy

PAUL WHITEMAN: Violins: Mischa Russell, Harry Strubel. M A L M A N C H , Bob Lawrence; saxophones: Al Golladoro,

RADIO MIRROR

band from among the students of N. Y. U. and Columbia University. He took this green group and worked and sweated with them, patiently, thoroughly. Before a man was hired they made this solemn vow to Ferdi:

"I promise to make music my livelihood as long as I live.

The majority of the newcomers were physically handicapped. Some cannot use their bodies to the utmost advantage. It was music that gave them an out from a dreary life.

Today the band is heard in a night club near Broadway and 44th. They have an NBC wire. They are far from perfect, but they play as one man. At the present, the hours from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. are still devoted to practice sessions. Professor Ferdi instructs the boys as if they were in a classroom. The boys walk together, live together and love and breathe music. Girls are out, for the time being.

NBC has given Ferdi three years to develop this strange band. If they have reached their goal within that time, network commercial programs will be offered to them.

"It must work out," Ferdi says confidentially. "It will work out. These boys are sincere. They will not desert me."

Only time will tell the results of Don Ferdi's arduous task, a bored bandman who, sick of bright lights and small talk, became a Svengali of Swing.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

MARK WARNOW is spending his summer in Hollywood and presumably won't be surprising to this reporter if, while there, he makes a connection that will keep him in the cinema capital permanently. His picture is to be heart again with Hal Kemp's orchestra when the band goes into New York's Hotel Astor. The Louisiana-born lark has been ill and recently went home to Shreveport to rest up.... Maxine is a dead ringer for Kay Francis.... Hal also released Glenn Miller in a trombonist-adventurer so that he can join his brother Nye Mayhew at Glen Island Casino.... Larry Marsh, CBS orchestra leader on the Al Pearl program, is promoting with a new idea in dance bands—an orchestra without drums. He is arranging for tempo and beat to be supplied by the left hand of the pianist, the bass violin, and the guitar.... Johnny Green penned a new tune in the five-minute recess of the Fred Astaire program; it's called "Five Minutes Alone."... Carmen Lombardo worked for four weeks before he could play his own hit tune, "Boo Hoo." Other maestros cleared the network rights to play this number before the composing Canadian could get around to it...

WHERE THEY'RE PLAYING

EDDY DUCHIN will be in the Palmer House in Chicago shortly.... Johnny Hamp can be found at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City. Ben Kayser is sighted at present but is tickled pink because he just grabbed off a big Mutual network program for an auto spon-

sor, Henry King is now at the Hollywood Hotel in San Francisco while Leon Belasco hies to New Orleans for a session at the Hotel Roosevelt. Dick Barenfine and his orchestra, who put up a report as stranded, are back in business again, swinging out on a tour of Ohio one...
Frankie Trumbauer, Jack Cardo, Jack George Bamford, Murray Cohn; trumpets; Eddie Wade, Charlie Teagarden, Goldie; trombones: Bill Rank, Jack Teagarden, Hal Matteww; piano: Roy Bargy; banjo: Vincent (Mike) Pingatore; drums: Larry Gomar; basses: Art Miller, Norman McPherson; vocals: The King's Men, who are Ken Darby, Red Robinson, Jon Dodson, Bud Linn. Theme: "Rhapsody in Blue."

* * *

RUDOLPH FRIML, JR.: Violins: Fred Baron, Jack Wechsler; bass: Edward Feldbauer; viola: Maurice Pollack; cello: Caesar Pascarella; saxophones: John Dotsbich, Fred Chiarelli, Rocco Gaurino, Foster Morehouse; cornet: James Sexton; piano: Bert Stevens; drums: John Sorin; guitar: Mickey Mote. Theme: "Huguette Waltz."

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Edward Reighard: Dave Rubinoff's theme song is "Give Me a Moment, Please." He reads and answers your fan mail when you write him care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 455 Madison Avenue, New York, or at his own offices in the Paramount Building, New York. A recent issue of Radio Mirror printed some "facts you should know about Rubinoff." If you ever vacation at Atlantic City, N. J., you'll probably see Rubinoff pacing the boardwalk. It's a hobby.

Len Fraser: That was certainly a healthy list of America's top-notch orchestras you sent me. But you can't stymie an Alden. Here goes: Write to Music Corporation of America, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, for pictures of Larry Lee, Abe Lyman, Wayne King, Clyde Lucas, Henry King, Eddy Duchin, Guy Lombardo, Shep Fields; NBC for Nat Brandewyne, Phil Harris, Johnny Green, Dick Stable, Don Fedei; CBS for Isham Jones, George Hall, Bob Crosby, Claude Hopkins, Lenny Hayton, Fats Waller; Dave Alber, 1619 Broadway, New York for Don Bestor, Emil Coleman; Rockwell-O'Keefe, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York for Al Donahue, Ray Noble. Whew! That's over. Shep Field's theme song is "Rippin' Rhythm."

J. P. Rice: Larry Taylor is twenty-one years old, has been singing since he was fifteen and has recently started a commercial series on WOR for Esquire. He started his radio career as an office boy at WDEL, Wilmington, and signed for his first singing job when he was sixteen by Phil Emerton, New York, England maestro. He was a protege of Roxy. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall and is still single.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to answer all the questions.

Ken Alden,

FACING THE MUSIC,

RADIO MIRROR,

122 East 42nd Street,

New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy

Theme Song Section

Or

Name

Address

---

IT'S A REAL JOB to select the ideal place for a cool summer outing... but no trick at all to pick the best transportation!

FIRST—Greyhound reaches far more popular vacation spots than any other travel system—serves all America and much of Canada. SECOND—you can go farther, see and enjoy more thrilling places, return an entirely different route—all without stretching the modest budget. Only 1/5 the cost of driving, without the fatigue—far lower fares than other transportation. THIRD—complete and courteous information on trips anywhere, from the nearest Greyhound agent—or the coupon will bring bright pictorial booklets and all the facts.

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

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BREEZY PICTORIAL BOOKLETS, INFORMATION—FREE

Just mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed above) if you want information on interesting pictorial booklet and travel facts about any of the following: NEW ENGLAND, MICHIGAN, ATLANTIC COAST CITIES, GREAT NORTHWEST, CALIFORNIA, GREAT SMOKY MTNS, NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA RESORTS, COLORFUL SOUTHWEST, ATLANTIC BEACHES (check which one). If you want rates and suggested routes for any trip, jot down place you wish to visit on margin below.

Name

Address
AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

A FRANK, INTIMATE CHAT

Mary Pauline Callender
author of feminine hygiene

Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories. You have my word for it that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Extra Comfort
Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Wonderform belt, especially designed to wear with Kotex sanitary napkins. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure claps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance — you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Choose from two types: Wonderform at 25 cents; the Deluxe at 35 cents.

For Personal Daintiness
Don't pass up Quest deodorant powder — completely effective on sanitary napkins! Use it also for under-arms, feet and after your bath. It's a positive deodorant that assures all-day-long body freshness — doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. And being unscented, it doesn't cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. Buy Quest for only 35c — a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For Pain Relief
A doctor I know told me about Kurb Tablets — the new discovery to ease “periodic” pain and ordinary headaches. As proof of safety the formula is right on the package so your doctor may check it. Kurb Tablets are small, white, tasteless and non habit-forming. See how quick relief is and you'll always want them handy. Only 25c for 12 Kurb Tablets in a smart purse-size container.

For the Last Days
Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invisible sanitary protection of the tampon type — and the name is Fibs. A product of the famous Kotex laboratories — the best recommendation I know for hygiene safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs tampons when less protection is needed. They may be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25 cents.

an old family custom thereafter to celebrate christening every two years or so. Until eventually there were eight fine, healthy, strapping (and scrapping!) boys and girls, hungry and noisy and demanding.

Soon the father felt the need of getting into one more lucrative business, so he would be able to give his children many things he himself had missed — among them, excellent schooling. So he sold the grocery store and opened a modest and orthodox bar-saloon. But he wanted much more than this sort of thing for his own boys. Nothing was ever too good for his kids, his banqueting room, his dinners; they were all taken to them with one hand but gave them gifts and pats on the head with the other.

Dominick's christening was celebrated with a real fete. He was the first boy, the one to carry on his father's name, and he was a beautiful baby. Prodigious amounts of food and wine were consumed, lavish congratulations and gifts bestowed. This little Dominick would do great things. The prediction was more prophetic than his proud parents then had reason to suspect.

BUT Don was by no means a model child. Smart as a whip, to be sure, but destructive and mischievous. A trial to his father, who expected so much of him; a wild one who looked paucity for him and wept when he had to be punished.

None of her other children had Don's undue nervous energy nor his ability to get in and out of trouble. He drove his young mother to the verge of nervous breakdown many times. She sent him to kindergartens — he was old enough to enroll, and replaced the furniture he ruined in his baby days.

In school, he got good marks without apparent effort. But the worry spared his mother was visited on his long-suffering teachers.

The Amici boy will come to no good end,” they said, shaking their heads; at the same time grins at his ingenuity. For he was a strange blend of deviltry and angelic thought. He was a man who manages, in spite of all, to be “teacher's pet.”

His mother often thought her Dominick was headed for reform school; but the next day she would decide he was so brilliant that one day he would surely be president. The worst of her boys, and the dearest — you see, he always had that smile — so she made valentines for him to give his small sweethearts, and bound up his bruises when he fought.

One point of discipline he never fought, however; going to church. He sang in the choir, looking like an angel; and in church he was one, for his badness always seemed to slip off like a magic cloak the moment he came into contact with religion. Even after a day passes when he does not attend church.

But as a younger he was full of restless energy and curiosity, difficult to satisfy in the baffling manner of a small boy. Given nickels for ice cream, he and his brother Louis would decide they would also like to go to the movies and would go downtown and eat. Mr. Amici mother had sent them out for coffee but had given them no money. With the quarter he hastily handed them (thinking maybe at last in his place of business) they would run off gaily to the movies, eating ice cream cones luxuriously and much to the disgust of the three others.

But eventually their father discovered the truth. There was talk of whipping, they had lied to him.

"Ah, Felix, they're just babies." Mother would plead. So he merely sent the boys to bed without supper, ate his own spaghetti and returned the rest of the evening. One night, having done this, he came home unusually early to find the two culprits sitting at the table eating. Father was waiting on them. She was as bad as the children, he complained; he should punish all three of them! In the end, they were punished and they all had coffee together.

Don won the junior championship in basketball, was always star performer on school and church, a good student; but good marks in deportment eluded him. He was forever instigating mass rebellion or perpetrating some giant hoax.

It was the custom then as now to put pupils through a sort of intelligence test, Puzzled, at first, the father finally realized it was not the teacher who was at fault.

"Hey! Dominick!" he roared out suddenly, and Don's hearing returned with a bang. This was the last game; it was another part of his anatomy with which he had trouble the next few months. For he got the spanking he richly deserved.

A LTHOUGH cousins to his younger brothers and sisters, he disliked "minding the baby" as much as any youngster does. One day, when there was a big marble game down the street, he roiled a younger sister's baby carriage down a plank into a deep hole where builders were excavating. His mother rushed out screaming, but the baby was unhurt and much amused with the trick.

Yes, Don was always lucky... He ran away only once, then turned back to the edge of town, deciding he would rather risk returning late for supper than go out and brave the world alone.

But a day came when he did leave home, for boarding school. He was eleven and Louis nine when it was decided that they would go to St. Benedict's Academy, a Catholic school at Marion, Ohio.

In spite of her boys being such a trial to her, their mother was sad as she handed them to the school ships for their names in new underwear, mended and laundered socks and shirts. Finally came the day when all the little trunks stood in the dining-room of the small house. Piles of clean clothes stood neatly
about on the table, ready to be packed by loving hands.

But the mother, in getting the boys off to school, could not neglect the rest of her family. She and Don's sister, Betty, were putting up tomatoes. Bushel baskets of them stood about the room, to be made into tomato paste, an important ingredient of real Italian spaghetti.

Then Louis and Don stamped in. What a mess! The mother was away! They really should celebrate. Don glanced at the tomatoes, then back at Louis, who was quick to get the idea. A tomato fight! Ripe, juicy tomatoes flew through the air and landed in splashes on walls, ceiling and carpet. But worst of all the clean garments on the table looked as though murder had been done. The red destruction was complete when their mother entered. Her heart-breaking work of days—all undone!

THAT night the lights stayed on very late in the Amici house. Don and Louis were made to take up the carpet, clean away the stains and hang it outdoors, then put it back again. They had to wash the walls and floors, too, before they could retire. So they paid dearly for their few frantic seconds of fun.

But their mother and sister bore the brunt of the whole thing, because they washed and ironed all those clothes again and packed them in readiness for the train trip the next morning. They should have been glad the boys were leaving, those two big nuisances! But when they left for the depot, Mrs. Amici wept as any mother does when her boy leaves home for the first time.

At boarding school Don and his brother cut a wide swath. The other boys hung around admiringly as they un-packed. Being new, they had pairs of new socks; the others had been wearing socks so old and so many times darned that finally it had become necessary to sew in whole new feet. And Don was the proud possessor of a brand-new basketball, which was given him for winning the championship back home. A new basketball at school—unheard of!

“Rich kids,” the other boys sniffed, and prepared to dislodge the Amics intensely.

But after his first few days there, Don was the darling of St. Berchman’s. He could think up more crazy things to do than any other pair of boys, and he was fearless. But he was to learn that he could not get away with everything short of murder with the ease he could at home. The nuns who were his teachers were very strict, and he no longer had his mother to alibi for him.

He soon learned to respect rules for the first time in his life. Disobedience meant sure punishment—and public punishment—if you were caught. Everyone knew why you had to wash dishes, or sort laundry. They had probably done the same thing!

However, he continued to live up to his reputation. There was the time he started a pillow fight in the big dormitory. There were a hundred and fifteen beds in the dorm, made up painstakingly by the boys themselves, with no wrinkles tolerated. When the fight was over, the dormitory was a mess and the beds turned upside down. “Meche,” as he was now nicknamed, and his best pal were the ringleaders, and for punishment they had to make every one of those one hundred and fifteen beds up before they crawled into bed exhausted. No help from the sisters—and no wrinkles allowed. There were no more pillow fights.

But Don earned commendation as well as punishment at boarding school; he sang in the choir, played piano in the orchestra, and took part in religious plays. He played the role of the Blessed Virgin once in the Christmas pageant—since there were no girls in school—and played it nobly. It must have been a picturesque performance, since he had a peacock of a black eye at the time!

Since the boys' ages ranged from six to fifteen, smoking was strictly taboo. So of course they gave cigarettes a try; and one day eight of them were caught smoking. They were off the grounds, but the rule still held. There was a conference, and talk of expelling all eight boys. However, this would have proved embarrassing, since Don was one of the chief offenders and he was just on the eve of being presented with a special medal for eloquence as well as an award for excellence in Latin. Consequently, all eight of them got off with severe reprimands, and smoked no more—or at least were never caught again!

ST. BERCHMAN’S was, however, a good influence on Mrs. Amici’s boy Dominic, and he made there several close friends whom he still sees often. One is Mark Tobin of Chicago, who also went to Columbia with him. Another is Gabriel Van der Dorpe, a Belgian boy, now right-hand man at Don’s Hollywood home. “Gabe” could hardly speak a word of English when Don first took him under his wing as a mere youngster. It is beautiful to hear Don speak of the nuns who were his teachers—particularly Sister Cornelia, now Mother Cornelia at Mt. Mercy in Cedar Rapids, where two of Don’s sisters are enrolled now.

Mrs. Amici came often to visit her boys;

Sally’s in a whirl these days

... she’s learned how to guard against Cosmetic Skin

WISE girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—with Lux Toilet Soap. Its Active lather removes from the pores every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. To keep skin attractive, use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!

HOW ABOUT A DATE FOR FRIDAY?
WHAT! ALL DATED UP FOR A MONTH?
WHEN CAN I TAKE YOU FOR LUNCH?

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

JEAN ARTHUR

71
**Radio Mirror**

**Doctor Says—**

"And now it's time to put Baby on Gerber's"

I've been recommending Gerber's for years. Their vegetables are Home Grown; their scientific cooking preserves important vitamins and minerals in a high degree. All Gerber's strained foods are uniformly high in quality.

It's easy to understand why Betty told me that, "With two Pepper Young broadcasts a day and my 'Dead End' assignment I just can't take any chances on not being at my best all the time, or it will show in my work. Well, the best way I know to be sure of keeping fit is to eat the foods that keep me that way." "I have to be at the studio every morning at nine-thirty for a Pepper Young rehearsal, and I've learned never to turn up for rehearsal without first tucking a good breakfast under my belt—not a heavy breakfast, but one that will provide sufficient energy to see me through my work.

"I start out with fruit or fruit juice, then have cereal and milk. In the winter I like a poached egg, but I find that during the warm months fruit, cereal and milk is the best breakfast for me." Betty is right, of course, about the importance of a good breakfast for starting off the day right, and about the importance of cereal in that breakfast. Cereals are valuable for a number of reasons. They are nourishing and easily digested, they satisfy your appetite without giving you that food theyMcC stuck feeling, they provide roughage you must have and their cost is so small that you can afford a box each month. Best of all, they are delicious in flavor. The old favorites, of course, are the wheat biscuits, the crisp flakes of corn, wheat or bran, the puffed grains and the nutty varieties, but don't overlook the new varieties coming into the markets with their new combinations of flavors.

Don't get the mistaken idea that these crisp cereals are breakfast foods only. They are excellent as luncheon or supper dishes, or in combination with other foods for those meals that you wish to cut down on starches.

Betty Wragge doesn't eat potatoes or other starchy foods, she told me, but she realizes that starch should not be eliminated entirely from her meals so she takes it in the form of cereals.

Cereals play an important role in two other desserts which Betty rates as tops—cereal puff pudding and cereal flake custard.

**Cereal Puff Pudding**

1 tsp. grated lemon rind
4 tbl. butter
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
3 tbl. lemon juice
2 tbl. flour
4 tbl. cereal (nutty variety)
1 cup milk
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Add lemon rind to butter and cream well. Add sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add egg yolks and beat thoroughly, then lemon juice. Add flour and beat thoroughly. Fold in egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and place in pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) for fifteen minutes. When done, pudding will have crust on top and jelly below. Serve cold with plain or whipped cream. Serves six.

**Cereal Flake Custard**

3 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
4 cups milk, scalded
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. mace
½ cup finely cut shredded coconut
¹⁄₂ cups cereal flakes
Combine eggs, sugar and salt. Add scalded milk gradually, mixing thoroughly. Combine remaining ingredients and fold into custard mixture. Pour into greased baking dish. Set dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour and fifteen minutes. When knife inserted into custard comes out clean. Serves six to eight.

There's just space enough for one more recipe—a nut bread roll, all made with uncooked cereals. If you would like to have these recipes, send a stamped, self addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., with your request.
Who Can Tame Grace Moore?

(Continued from page 21)

was running over her numbers. Seemed that some of the nasty fumes might tickle the Moore nostrils and throat.

I’d just given up seeing Grace Moore at all, when her secretary called me and very politely said Miss Moore had consented to talk to me—but of course for only twenty minutes.

Well, I got to the door of her apartment, in a fit mood to kick that smooth surface of a mahogany-painted steel in. There was the deadest sign over the bell. It read, "Knock, don’t ring." What a temptation that was! I wanted to ring that bell loud enough to wake her husband in Europe out of a sound sleep. So I knocked. And I knocked. I knocked on that door for a full fifteen minutes before anyone bothered to answer it.

At last a bespectacled gentleman, whom I recognized as Grace Moore’s radio production man, peered out and let me in. He walked on tiptoes as he led me into the drawing room. And I sneered to myself—Who was this Grace Moore anyway?

She was a gracious, lovely lady who sat and talked to me for two hours, giving me as utterly frank and fearless a confessional as I have ever heard. She told me things about herself I wouldn’t have expected her worst friend to whisper. If she didn’t precisely justify her own outbursts of temperament and stubbornness, at least she admitted them and blamed herself for them, which is more than most people, star or no star, would do.

EVEryone knows, I suppose, about the time she ran away from the exclusive finishing school to which her father had sent her. It was the start of a great career, and as such, has been told time and again. But not everyone knows the sequel, which is a complete pay-off on the Moore character.

She told me how she ran away from Nashville and came to New York, where she got a job singing in the Black Cat, a Greenwich Village cafe. That was in the days when Greenwich Village was something and the Black Cat suited the high-spirited Miss Moore right down to the ground. It was filled with artists and writers, all penniless and all quite mad. She loved them, and lectured them tartly when they didn’t applaud loud enough for her songs.

Then, one night, she saw one of the teachers from the Nashville school creep timidly in at the door. A spy! A spy come up from Nashville to check up on the runaway. The poor woman, it later developed, was simply in New York for a vacation and had dropped into the Black Cat to see how her one-time pupil was getting along.

Most girls would have ducked into the dressing room. But not Grace. She not only went on singing; she stepped off the orchestra platform, lifted a glass of red wine from the nearest table, and sat her half in the direction of the teacher. She was the gay, mad cafe singer—flirting, coqueting, and singing that most daring of songs, "Kiss Me Again!"—and giving it all she had into the bargain. She drew up to the teacher’s table without even a nod of recognition, whirled around and deliberately spilled her wine on the table.

It must have been a magnificent performance. It’s a magnificent performance still, when Grace tells about it.

The poor teacher scuttled for the door
SKINNY, WEAK RUNDOWN, PALE?

Make This Famous 1-Week Test
That Has Shown Thousands of Even Naturally Skinny Folks How to Add
5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost . . . !

Don’t be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired-out, sickly—unable to gain on your diet; don’t despair! No matter what you eat, sooner or later you will lose weight. But don’t eat just because you are not hungry; eat to satisfy your appetite, and still not able to gain weight or strength.

In Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, you can get these minerals so essential to the normal chemical processes of the body in their naturally occurring form. Ameliorate your iron, copper, manganese, chromium, molybdenum, potassium and magnesium to bolster up the supply of these minerals needed for decay prevention and vitality. The body weight, fatigue, and strength of every American woman is extremely critical and today Kelpamalt’s natural iodine (not to be confused with or- orange coloration) is an iodine-deficient nation. Iodine is found in the blood, liver, and plants, and is vitally important to the normal functioning of the thyroid.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE NO-COST TEST
Try Kelpamalt Tablets for 1 week. See if, like thousands of others, you don’t feel better, sleep better, eat better, and gain weight. In 1 week. If you don’t, the trial is free. It costs nothing to try. Get Kelpamalt Tablets today. It costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold at all drug stores. A bottle of 100 tablets costs only $1.00. Ask your druggist for a free sample today.

TESTS BY THOUSANDS PROVE THAT KELPAMALT:
1. Improved Appetite
2. Improved digestion
3. Added at least 5 Lbs. first week
4. Helped Brain Sounder Sleep
5. Gave New Strength and Energy
6. Helped Clear up Skin

and was seen no more. Grace’s father was though. The teacher’s report brought him to New York by the end of the year. Not that it did him any good. He spent a few hopeless days trying to talk his willful daughter out of her newly found care and ended up by discovering what many another has discovered since—that nobody stops Grace Moore from doing what she wants to do.

Her voice teachers found it out a few years later, when after she had been singing in musical comedy they told her her voice was never going to make the grade for opera. Grace laughed at them and made a bet with one of them that she’d make her debut in the Metropolitan Opera House five years less than two years of study in Milan, when all her teachers advised vigorously against it. Grace outlived them, and opened at the Met just two weeks before she was two years up! She was a sensation.

Call it “stubborn ambition.” You might as well. That’s what Grace Moore calls it. Or maybe it’s just stubbornness.

That is undoubtedly what you’d call it if you were a producer on Grace’s radio program. A Moore rehearsal is something unusual in radio, because it is not a rehearsal. Grace comes, whispers a few numbers—the musicians don’t know how she will sound against the background of their music. Sound engineers don’t know where they have to cut down the volume of their transmitters because they don’t know when Grace plans to unleash her glorious voice to its full strength. Nobody knows much of anything, except the serene, untroubled Miss Moore.

The reason is that from her point of view, Grace Moore is right and everybody else is wrong and nobody has yet been found with courage to convince her otherwise. “They’ve all said seriously to me,” that if I give a good performance at rehearsals my broadcasts are bad. This is always true, so I have refused to give good performances for musicians and sound men.”

If she could once be convinced that she’s taking a private trip into space, I’m not saying that in this case she is—that Grace would yield gracefully, and more than that, would punish herself for her obstinacy.

“When I am wrong,” she admitted, “it makes me twice as angry at myself as at the people I sometimes take my anger out on. I always punish myself by going into a room alone and fighting out my battle with my own temperament. And it isn’t so sweet.”

But, she added, “when somebody else is wrong, and fails to do his job, when he is really capable of doing it, I revolve. I want to do things right. I have a consuming desire to progress, and I expect others who work with me to feel the same way.”

Her eyes flashed as she spoke.

I’ve never met Grace Moore’s husband, Valentine Parera, but I’d like to. Judging

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Written by America’s five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children’s Bureau experts. To make this publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at 10c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

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from what she told me about him, and from what I already knew, he must be a wise man. Because there surely can't be any greater wisdom than a willingness not to give advice when it isn't wanted.

After rehearsals and after broadcasts, Grace and Valentin retire into a corner and hold long, voluble, low-voiced conversations in Spanish. Grace listens when Valentin talks, and everybody around the studio believes she takes his advice.

On the other hand, Grace told me herself that when she runs up against a problem she feels only she can grapple with it summarily sends him out to play tennis. And he goes! Valentin Parera must be quite a hand with a tennis racquet by this time.

If a husband can't tame Grace Moore, who can? Perhaps old Mother Nature herself? But even she has tried and failed. There was a time, last spring, when the old lady summoned up all her forces and cracked down hard on her rebellious daughter—only to retire, utterly defeated. Grace told me about it herself, and I know she was inwardly chuckling over the way she had defied Nature on her own grounds and come off scot-free.

A few weeks before her last-year's Vick's contract was to run out, Grace began having voice trouble. Someone developed weekly. It hurt her to sing. Vick's gave her a vacation to see what was the matter.

She was plenty scared, but game. Valentin was sympathetic and anxious to be helpful, but she sent him out to play a lot of tennis and began going to see doctors. They all said it was tonsils, but refused to take the responsibility of operating and possibly ruining her voice.

Gladys Swarthout came to the rescue, and sent her to see Claudette Colbert's husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, when he had finished looking at her throat. Dr. Pressman asked Valentin, who had come along, to leave the room. Valentin refused at first, but Grace asked him to leave, and he did. Then Dr. Pressman told her brusquely that she had an abscess on her left tonsil, that he must operate, but that he could not tell what might happen to her voice.

Of course, there was only one thing to do—submit to the operation. Afterwards, Grace and Valentin left for Palm Springs. Dr. Pressman gave Valentin strict orders that she must not attempt to use her voice for at least three weeks, not even to talk more than was absolutely necessary. He was very grave about it, and told her frankly that he didn't know what was going to happen if she followed his orders, but he did know what would happen if she disobeyed him: she'd have no voice left!

Five days at Palm Springs dragged by Grace couldn't stand it any longer. She sent Valentin up to Los Angeles, called in her colored maid, Anita, and sang.

When she finished: "Well," she asked, "how do I sound?"

Anita scratched her head and admitted miserably: "That she don't sound laky to me!"

Then they both began to cry.

Grace knew she had strained her voice, and put in a long-distance call for Dr. Pressman. There was quite a fuss when he arrived. In no uncertain manner he told Grace Moore that her behavior in ignoring his orders was opening the gate for complete loss of her voice.

He left a very chastened and subdued prima donna behind him when he returned to Los Angeles, but in another week she'd got into the old Grace Moore stride again. She defied the fates once more! She went to a little piano teacher at the other end of town told her name was Mrs. Parera, and asked her to play an accompaniment for her.

The piano teacher, who keeps up on her movies, recognized Grace Moore, and told all her friends about it. Just as she began to sing Grace caught sight of a face peering in from the hallway. She turned, and there was another at the window. She tried to continue, fighting against the sudden terrifying clutch at her throat.

Only squeaky, unrecognizable sounds emerged.

Grace Moore fainted. She had at last learned her lesson—whether too late or not, she did not know. For three weeks, until she went back on the Vick's program, she did not sing a note. That was one time she really did have to whisper at rehearsal.

When she stepped to the microphone nobody knew what was going to happen—least of all Grace Moore! Purposely, she sang three of the most difficult arias in the soprano repertoire. Her voice never failed once. It was almost a miracle!

I BOW down before Grace Moore for telling me about that chapter in her life, with never an attempt to disguise the revealing sidelights it throws upon her character. It takes a real person to admit her temper, her stubbornness, her actual foolishness in disobeying orders even when it means courting disaster. You just can't do anything with a woman who can break all the rules and, by confessing it, make you like it.

That is, you can't do anything but admire her—and wish to goodness she'd get it in the neck, just once!

---

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BOTTLES OR TUBES

10c and 25c

Wherever white cleaners are sold
Daniel in the Lion's Den

(Continued from page 35)

stars who have had little or no stage experience often get extremely nervous when they face a microphone, because they realize suddenly that there's no take; that the scene as played is final. Often they verge on hysteria.

Joan Crawford, for instance, went through rehearsals for "Chained" like a little major. But at the Monday dress rehearsal, she blew up completely. Her hands shook so that she couldn't hold the script, and Woodruff, always the soul of sympathy with genuine nervousness, suggested she do the part sitting down. That was no better.

Finally Joan threw the script down and declared flatly she couldn't do it; on someone else would have to play the part. But that was impossible; it was too late. Woodruff calmed, reasoned, encouraged, all to no avail. Finally he hit upon the solution. He took her by the arm. "Come on in here," he ordered, leading her into the wings. Quickly he had another microphone set up—and from the privacy of the wings, Joan broke through the part like a seasoned radio veteran.

NATURALLY when Jean Harlow bobbed up with the very same difficulty in "Madame Sans Gene," Woodruff thought it would be just like taking care of a baby. Hadn't he coped successfully with a similar situation before? The woman had trouble—but another howling problem immediately presented itself.

"It's all flat now that I'm alone," Jean objected. "I can't seem to get anything out of it but words."

Hollywood's top problem solver was, for the moment, between the devil and the deep sea. But then he hit upon the idea of describing the scene minutely, down to the color of the imaginary dresses and chairs, and giving Miss Harlow her directions as if she was on a movie set instead of in a radio studio. Then she felt at home. Probably you recall her finished performance.

That temperament is just fear was proved again when Lily Pons did "Conversation Piece." She came only after much persuasion that she even accept the role. She had never before tried to speak English on the radio. She admits she had licked that time. Whatever credit is due, he passes along willingly to Andre Kostelanetz. But it was Frank who had the idea of calling in the maestro.

At rehearsal, he had Andre's New York broadcast piped into the Music Box Theater control room, and called a half hour recess while Lily listened to her piano in the three thousand miles away. She felt better then, and went on with the rehearsal. Meanwhile, Andre boarded a plane for Hollywood. When he arrived Woodruff told Lily to ask him to attend the dress rehearsal—and it was his presence and reassuring help that carried the star through that night on the wetting night at the performance.

It is not generally known that at a rehearsal which occurred between the first and the dress rehearsal hysterical and wanted to leave the program. Woodruff cleared the stage, took her to the dressing room and motioned her to sit down. He gained her promise to remain by giving her own promise that Andre would direct the orchestra for her last numbers.

Not all cases of temperament arise from such excusable causes, however, as those of the Misses Crawford, Harlow, and...
Pons. Now and then a star accustomed to her own way on the movie lot cannot grasp the idea that the Lux Theater is another matter altogether.

Marlene Dietrich, after snubbing the entire cast, decided that a rehearsal must be called off because she was "not in the mood."

I don't believe you'll do for this part," he told her icily. She flew into a rage, and used very un ladylike language. Woodruff flew into a bigger and better rage. She was so surprised at being topped that she immediately subsided, and went on, a very chastened young woman.

"But this is a first, I'm reasonably sure, when the way is something to watch. Take it from no less a personage than Olivia de Havilland. Olivia told me about an eruption of the Lux director quite by accident one day. She had seen one while rehearsing for 'Captain Blood.'

"It was magnificent. Awe inspiring. Never in all my life have I seen such wrath," she declared. "I stood before my mirror night after night for a long while trying to register anger like that."

I sctened something peculiarly sinister to have caused such a monumental eruption. Inquiry revealed that there had been. It seems that Errol Flynn was playing opposite Miss de Havilland in the show, and Lily Damita, his wife, was present. Now everyone conversant with Hollywood's major domestic infelicities knows that second only to Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, Lily Damita and Errol Flynn have—well, call them spats. They were having a spat during the rehearsal.

So Woodruff erupted. His ire made the spat as innocuous as two kittens playing with a woolen string.

"An actor cannot give a good performance and battle with a wife at one and the same time," he stormed at the embattled Mr. Flynn. "Now you will please do one or the other—preferably the performance."

Woodruff was to be sorry a few weeks later that Robert Taylor, as well as Olivia de Havilland, had not been present at the Flynn-Damita outburst. The script of 'Saturday's Children,' in which they were appearing together called for the portrayal of a married couple emerging from the honeymoon stage with the stern realities of married life. They were supposed to be irritable, to snap at one another. But neither Bob nor Olivia knew just how to do it. Neither had had actual experience.

Woodruff dismissed the rest of the cast and kept the two stars after school. Lying prone on the floor, they went over the script for hours. Finally Woodruff became irritable. He yelled at Taylor; snapped at Olivia. Suddenly he sprung to his feet.

"There you are!" he cried. "That's what we're after. Imitate me."

"Bob was taking himself too seriously," he commented afterward. "Like many young actors anxious to prove they are not merely matinee idols, he had a tendency to overact. The lines which were supposed to sound indifferent and irritable sounded instead like someone about to commit murder. However, he is still one of the best radio bets in Hollywood. His voice is as romantic in timber as his appearance on the screen, and all he needs is a sense of humor."

Offhand, you'd think Woodruff himself must have been a great actor had he ever essayed a Thespian career. Yet he wasn't. To put it bluntly—the way he himself puts it—he was a flop. He even didn't make a go of touring vaudeville houses as an assistant to a magician, nursing pet rabbits to be pulled out of hats and things like that.

But he did pursue relentlessly and unwaveringly a career in the theater. When he found he wasn't cut out for an actor, he decided perhaps he'd make a director.

That was because I never seemed able to mind my own business," he explains. So he went abroad and studied. Then he returned and studied some more at the Yale dramatic school. He studied every phase of the theater. Today he could be a stage electrician. He could make the wigs for a costume play, He could design the settings. He could take over the carpenter's job, or the property man's.

And he can direct radio shows. If you don't believe that, walk down Hollywood Boulevard. Stop the first male you see wearing a beret and a camel hair coat, or the first female you encounter wearing greasy paint. Ask them. They'll tell you—for all Hollywood knows Frank Woodruff the star tamer.
If an ugly, broken out skin makes you unpopular, and you're denounced also by the itchy, stinging soreness—you owe it to yourself to try Resinol Soap and Ointment before giving up hope of relief.

For more than 40 years the bland medication of Resinol has been found effective in the external treatment of common skin outbreaks. It soothes the irritated oil ducts where most surface pimples start and helps nature heal them over rapidly.

Resinol Soap is a ready aid to Resinol Ointment because it cleanser so well, yet is gentle enough for the tenderest skin. Resinol products are all drugs. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve. For example of each, write Resinol, Dept. 2-D, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol gets your complexion glowing

Why?

(Continued from page 19

personality to take him away from Show Boat. Lanny's last Show Boat broadcast will occur within the next few weeks. Then he will be free to satisfy one—or all—of the other ambitions which have been his for so many months. Already he has started negotiating with a Hollywood film company, and the probability is that he will make a picture this summer.

Secret conferences were carried on early this spring between Lanny and representatives of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. No one knows what their results were, but their purpose was to start Lanny in a mammoth Broadway show musical like "The Great Waltz" and "White Horse Inn."

It's certain that Lanny will be back on the air in the fall, but it is also certain that whatever program secures him for its star will be widely different from Show Boat. It will have room in it for some of the more serious songs Lanny wants to sing as well as for the familiar or popular melodies he has sung so well on Show Boat. And there will be no attempt to cast him in the role of master of ceremonies. He hasn't enjoyed his master of ceremonies job during the last few months, and you can't blame him. It isn't exactly fair to ask a man to introduce his own tenor solo.

The last reason for Lanny's desertion of Show Boat is inextricably tied up with the fate of the beloved old craft herself. For Show Boat's old Cap'n Henry is coming back on board!

That's Why Show Boat is going to Hollywood!

It's an open radio secret that for the past year Show Boat has had its seams caulked, its boiler flushed, its engines overhauled, its crew changed, endlessly and continuously—and that nothing has done any good. Never, since Cap'n Henry left, has Show Boat been the glamorous, exciting program it used to be when it was its star. The program directors did everything they could to change leading ladies and then they changed plots; and finally they threw both leading ladies and plots overboard entirely, changing the program to a stock variety show with Lanny as master of ceremonies introducing famous guest stars.

No good. Lanny's romantic singing appeal was, perhaps, too much in a role which made him uncomfortable; and in becoming a variety program competing with all the other variety programs on the air, Show Boat had deliberately thrown away the quality which had made it unique and delightful.

There was only one thing to be done—go back to the old days and recapture the old sparkle and listener appeal. Bring back Cap'n Henry as the important first step. Everything that will happen to Show Boat late this spring hinges on that one decision.

Charlie Wimbush, Lanny's old man in Hollywood, and wants to stay there, so when he rejoints the program it will originate in the movie capital. Not that the Show Boat directors were reluctant to change the broadcast point from New York to Hollywood. Of late years it has become a radio belief that

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in August 

RADIO MIRROR

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair
Cheat You

Now Come Away Gray This Easy Way

O.KAY hair is gray. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair nowadays you have to do is to comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week. Kolor-Bak hair lossing, Kolor-Bak is a solution of artifici- 
ally colored gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair weaknesses. Grayness is a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk- ing a single cent? Then go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it in a corner of your house so that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay you back your money.

FREE: Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of car- ton to United Resinols, Dept. #47, 1424 W. Erie St., Chicago, Ill., and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shimmering Hair Paint. This Beautiful Lifelike

PHOTO FINISH

NEW WASHABLE COLORING AID

Real hair colored to match your own with Kolor-Bak Shimmering Hair Paint. Instantly and invisibly changes your hair without damaging it. 

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 174-H, Chicago, Ill.
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C.S.N.

MOTHER OF THREE EARNS $32-$35 A WEEK

()"TRAVEL TO CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and housekeeper, write Mrs. A. E. Waters, Gurn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of well and young who have discovered the way to a well-filled bank account.

C.S.N. trained nurses all over the country are earning as much as $35 to $50 a week. They have better starting positions in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nur- sery homes. This varied and unlimited career, success- ful for 28 years and endorsed by physicians everywhere, is now being opened to young women who have been thwarted in the common school and high school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy living arrangements.

Demand me to read for "SPEAKING DEPOT" or "NOVAREX," which shows how you can win success as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING Dept. 257, 180 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

City State Age

FREE BOOK: Write today for FREE booklet and FREE Magazine: "How to Make a Million Dollars in Your Spare Time." Full text your favorite investments in and write name and address plainly on your letter. U. S. School of Music, 36th Bennett Bldg., New York, N.Y.
A move to Hollywood peps up a sagging program and gives it new life.

A few months ago it would have been impossible to persuade Charlie Winninger to rejoin Show Boat. It isn't generally known that when he quit the program three years ago he did so largely because of his differences of opinion with two men who were then prominent in its production and direction. One of these men left Show Boat shortly after Winninger did, the other last winter. Because I know Winninger's belief that his ideas differ from theirs so greatly that it would be impossible for him to work with them, I am sure he would never have returned while they were concerned with the program.

DO you see how the decision to bring back Cap'n Henry made it impossible for Lanny to stay on the show, even if he had wanted to? Since Cap'n Henry left, Lanny has become a star. He couldn't step down from stardom to the supporting role he used to hold.

Show Boat isn't the only program that must undergo a radical change. One of radio's finest jesters has announced that he will not return to his old program in the fall. He has told intimates friends that he hopes never to return, to any program.

Fred Allen's decision to retire from radio comes just as he has set his foot upon the peak of his profession. It comes at the end of a steady climb in popularity of his program, Town Hall Tonight. His relations with his sponsors are perfectly friendly.

Why, then, is he leaving radio?

To anyone who knows Fred Allen at all, one reason comes at once to mind. Though it is not the only reason, it is an important one. For some years Fred's health has not been good, and its condition can be traced, in a large degree, to upset nerves.

Radio is the last place in the world for a nervous man. Everyone who has ever had anything to do with the nerve-racking business of preparing a script every week, rehearsing it, cutting it, getting it past the studio censors, and seeing that it goes on the air in perfect, smooth-running form, knows this.

A weekly turn in a broadcasting studio, particularly a comedy turn, can change a mild case of jitters into an upset stomach, a galloping headache, shooting pains in the back, and chronic insomnia. This is not exaggeration, but sober fact. The microphone becomes an ever-present menace in a sensitive and conscientious star's mind, haunting him until he never has a moment's peace from worrying about his next program.

Until this year, Fred has always been able to take a long, restful vacation in the summer and return to the studios refreshed and ready to cope with the drain upon his strength the winter of broadcasting would bring with it.

But this summer he is under contract to act in a picture for 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood. There were two things he could do: return to his program in the fall, without his vacation, or ask his sponsors to do without him until the first of the year.

He chose to do neither. It didn't seem fair to Fred to ask his sponsors to hold his program open for him only until he was ready to return, filling in with substitute talent in the meanwhile. From their point of view, he knew it would be much better for them to build a complete new show. That is why he explained his position to them, and announced he wasn't contemplating sudden departure.

There are other reasons for his decision.

Few people know that one of Fred's ambitions is to write for the stage, but it's a fact. He would like to spend the next year doing nothing but study play-writing, and at the end of that time, try his hand at concocting a Broadway success.

The financial problem, fortunately, presents no difficulties. It's ironical that radio, to which Fred has given all his energy for the last five years, has left him no time to spend the money he earned from it. He has actually had no time to travel, buy cars or homes, go to night clubs, or do any of the things which cost up money.

The result is that he has enough saved to make retirement and a play-writing gamble possible, even without the money he will earn from his picture work this summer.

He would like to have time to make more movies, too, when he feels like it. There won't be many of them, because he doesn't intend to act in them except when he wants to, and when he likes a script.

SO radio stands to lose a genius—for that is exactly what Fred Allen is, one of the great comic spirits of modern times. The air waves won't be as bright without him; but what radio loses the stage will gain, if he goes ahead with his play-reading plans. It is only the thought that this is happening to him that haunts me. Will Fred, when fall comes and he's feeling good again, be able to resist a new contract calling for a huge salary? I could make money if I knew.

Rebellion, revolution—change—they're in the spring breezes. Yet behind each such notion you understand it, there is a reason.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS OF GIRLS WHO HAVE NO SEX APPEAL

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 to 25 LBS. QUICK, WITH IRONIZED YEAST

BUT BEWARE OF THE MANY SUBSTITUTES FOR THIS TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL FORMULA. BE SURE YOU GET GENUINE IRONIZED YEAST.

THERE'S no use shutting our eyes to the fact that sex appeal—an attractive, well-developed figure with all its feminine allure—is a big contributing part to a girl's happiness and success. And here's a new easy treatment for slim, scrubby girls 10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh, pleasing normal curves—just a few weeks' time.

Furthermore it has become normally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, loads of new friends and more. Numerous girls, everywhere, are finding this ironized yeast their salvation for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their diet. Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported English ale yeast. This special ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, matured whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in 'Three Lively Tablets.' And these Three Lively Yeast Tablets have helped thousands to gain long-wished-for pounds—quickly.

Make this money-back test

If you, too, need this formula, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then watch flat chest develop and skinny rails round out to natural attractiveness. See natural beauty come. Now you feel like a different person, with new pep, charm and personality. And, if you are not delighted with the results of thirty days, your money back instantly. So start today and watch the wonderful change. Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. This is not an imitation substitute.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. For just the cost of mailing, send in the coupon below. Within 10 days we will send out the sample or mail it to us with a coupon of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new food on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—if money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 227, Atlanta, Ga.
Pain INSTANTLY Relieved!

Remove your corns by using this famous triple-action, scientific treatment, Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads, and then keep ’em off. It’s easy, safe, sure. Just these soothing, healing, cushioning pads alone on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions give you the most grateful relief imaginable— instant. Put them on tender toes caused by friction, pressure of new or tight shoes and you’ll stop corns before they develop. Used with the separate Medicated Disk, included in every box, Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads quickly remove hard corns, soft corns between toes or callouses.

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don’t stick to stockings or come off in the bath. Easy to apply. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl’s life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman’s ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman’s Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Look at her now. Beautifully freckled, lovely. It’s a real experience that will bring hope to you.

Goodbye FRECKLES

50c FREE BOOKLET SEND COUPON OR POST CARD

THE STILLMAN COMPANY
364-721 Florida Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Stillman’s FRECKLE CREAM

RADIO MIRROR

What’s New?

(Continued from page 5)

There is a distinct coolness cast in the Barrett direction by the Valley forces. Seems it was largely a misunderstanding. Sheila had a new act for Valley Varieties, and sort of took it for granted they wouldn’t want her without new material.

WHO said Babe Ruth would never feel at home in front of a microphone? He’s broadcasting now, twice a week on CBS, and to watch you’d think he’d grown up singing words instead of baseball bats. He’s hit his pet method of tuning up his voice before a broadcast. He takes a drink of Bromo-Seltzer and says it works fine. The Babe wouldn’t have the slightest guess at the game any more. You’d think a below or not, Babe still know his baseball, and has definite opinions about it. As early as the start of the season he’d picked the pennant winners, and broadcast his championship; In case you missed hearing that particular broadcast, here they are: New York Yankees to win the American League championship, St. Louis Cardinals to win the National League championship; Yankee to win the World’s series.

GOOD news for Tony Wons fans is that after an illness of more than a year he will make a radio comeback next fall. Time was when Tony and his Scrapbook combined to make one of the air’s star attractions. Then he dropped out of sight briefly on a midwestern station, and disappeared again. The explanation, which none of the microphone fans for the knox, was that he was suffering from the recurrence of a throat ailment which he contracted during services in the World War. Neither his health nor his work was good enough to return, and that’s exactly what he’ll try to do in a few months. Network sponsors, please note on your calendars.

THE sweetest case of sponsor-co-operation we ever heard of came to light with the announcement that Kate Smith would change sponsors when she returns from her vacation in September. Just so you and I won’t have to get used to listen to Kate at a different time and on a different network, her old sponsor and her new one went into a huddle, with the result that A. & P. agreed to let General Foods, Kate’s new bosses, take over the eight o’clock spot Thursday nights on CBS.

There is a little racket in radio that could bloom nowhere else. Few are the stars who haven’t tried it on them at least once here. The way it operates. The more popular the returns from the racketeer is late at night, after a repeat broadcast. He hangs around outside the studio until he sees an important star come out. The next boss up, explains that he is Mr. Montmorency Blank, assistant production man of the agency which handles the star’s program, and says that he’s short of cash and needs the fare out to his home in some distant Long
Island or New Jersey town.
The star doesn’t recognize either the face or the name, but the big agencies have so many men connected with them he can’t be sure. And he doesn’t want to offend anybody in the agency because, after all, the agency is his boss. So he usually comes across with the “loan,” even though he’s morally certain he’ll never see Mr. Montmorency Blank again. Lanny Ross was saved from being victimized in this way only the other evening by the opportune arrival of a bona-fide agency man.

* * *

One person whose head can’t be turned by sudden success is Ray Heather-
ton. He’s been all through this fame business once too often. Ray’s career began when Paul Whiteman heard him sing at a party and gave him a job on the Old Gold program. That was when Ray was seventeen and in high school. The job came his way so easily he naturally thought all jobs came that way.

When his Old Gold contract ran out, Ray wasn’t worrying, because he thought he’d arrived. Instead, he couldn’t find another job anywhere, couldn’t even get anybody to audition him. He went to work for the company to make a living while he tried to break into radio again. At last he succeeded, to the extent of a sustaining series on NBC.

He worked harder on that program than he had ever worked before in his life. It was the first step on a long slow climb which finally landed him in a secure radio position and a leading role in the hit Broadway musical show, “Babes in Arms.” The day after “Babes in Arms” opened a scout from every movie company in Hollywood was on his doorstep, offering Ray screen tests. Ray didn’t go crazy over this, his second big success. The first one evaporated so fast he can’t be sure this one won’t do likewise. And the last time I saw him he was busy auditioning for another commercial radio program and worrying for fear he wouldn’t get it.

* * *

VITAL statistics: Helen Jackson is the first of Kay Thompson’s Rhythm Girls to follow her boss’ lead and take unto herself a husband. Yes, you know, was married a few months ago to Jack Jenney. Now Helen is the bride of Art Millett, announcer on the General Mills and Dumke program. She isn’t going to quit her job, however... Paul Douglas, celebrating his acquisition of the Chestfield daily sports program, broadcast over CBS every night except Sunday at 3:35, is a bridesgroom. The other half is a girl who isn’t connected with radio at all, except by marriage. Lucy Monroe will remain off the air for another month or so, resting up in an effort to recover from the recent shock of her mother’s tragic death. No doubt you read about it in the newspapers. Radio Row’s unanimous sympathy went out to Lucy, and when she returns she can be sure of plenty of friends to welcome her.

* * *

It’s not only a nice, friendly gesture on Jack Benny’s part to take Bill Mor-
row and Ed Beloin, his script writers, with him on his European jaunt this summer, it’s a good way of insuring another spot on that Benny season next year, as well. Jack is modestly aware that the comedy material Bill and Ed have written for him has been remarkable in much of his popularity, and he doesn’t want to take any chances of losing them by going away and letting them wander around Hollywood unattended.

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages;—

1. Cannot rot dresses, cannot irritate skin.  
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.  
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—keeps armpits dry and odorless, saves dresses from perspiration stains and offensive odor.  
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.  
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

TRIAL JAR; Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for a generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products Inc., 56 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

Skin Itch Kills Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itching pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other irritations resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson’s Ointment. 35¢ at all drug stores.

Write for FREE SAMPLE to Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. 3F-6, Buffalo, N. Y.

Blondes With Darkened Hair!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natura1 "Spin-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh1 Starch or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant liveness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Rinse that makes it 3 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous gold shades lighter and lighter—shades lighter that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex consists but a few pence to use and is sure to make your hair lighter on brown blouses of girls. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and helps tame wild, unruly highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package: shampoo with FREE RINSE, for sale at all stores. New size at all the counters.

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Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant liveness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Rinse that makes it 3 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous gold shades lighter and lighter—shades lighter that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex consists but a few pence to use and is sure to make your hair lighter on brown blouses of girls. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and helps tame wild, unruly highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package: shampoo with FREE RINSE, for sale at all stores. New size at all the counters.
Behind the Hollywood Front
(Continued from page 23)
years old. Well, she isn’t the sponsor’s daughter, but answers to the name of Eileen Barton. Papa Barton showed me "Jolly’s" birth certificate to prove that she’s only ten, and he’s mailing photostatic copies of the certificate to all directors this week. I don’t think the boys are hard to convince. They look at the certificate as just a publicity stunt, but I assure you that "Jolly" doesn’t look more than ten.

FRED WARING is making a picture for Warner Brothers, for which he will be paid $160,000—the biggest price ever paid a band for a film. Fred wanted $200,000, but he was laughed down to $160,000. Paul Whiteman is the one when he thinks how much less he $160,000 he got for "The King of Jazz."

THE spectre of television has this town in the shivers. No matter where I go, it is the topic of conversation—at Lakeside Golf Club, Brown Derby, Troughton. Well might the movie great shiver in their timbers, because regardless of these scoffers who say television is ten years away, it really is not more than two years away. And when it comes, who can tell what it will do to the motion picture industry? Right today theater owners are bowing before the high heavens above them, and the inroads radio has made into business. All those empty seats in theaters, claim the owners, are due to folks sitting home listening to Jack Benny and Fred Allen and Bing Crosby. I might here add that the theaters are simply packing out Tuesday nights, when new broadcasts. At any rate, if theater owners howl now, how much more will they howl when television takes one hundred per cent entertainment from their audience—right into people’s homes? Television is going to demand perfection for the first time in the history of the drama. The stage does not demand it, because the audience is too far from the actor to see whether he mugs or not. He can, if he chooses, express himself. On the stage, voice and pantomime are vital. The screen does not demand perfect acting, because an imperfect screen may be remedied. Radio acting is just as bad as stage acting, because only the voice counts, and performers read scripts. But television will combine stage, radio, and screen. It will bring the actor closer to the audience, therefore his facial expressions must be rigid. It will bring his voice, as does radio. But it will mean an end to reading scripts, therefore it will mean that an actor must not only have the appearance and voice, but he must be able to go through his program with memorized lines.

Now do you see why the spectre of television hangs over Hollywood? Easy times will go, and tedious work will come, when television arrives.

ThE candid camera, which doesn’t mind the work done by television, is now in Hollywood. The way that it does to the world’s great, has been invading the NBC Studios in Hollywood, so you’ll soon be seeing such microphones as Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, Bing Colossus, Bing Crosby, 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SANLAE

Radio Mirror

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LOOK OUT . . . those wrinkles, that crepey neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner which works wonders. It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind, SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific finds in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results. They call it a “Face Lifting without Surgery,” others say it is the “enemy of pimples, wrinkles and blackheads.” Send your name and address TODAY and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a booklet that tells all about this treatment. Calmas Products, Dept. 38-A, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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MR. SIMPSON, Food Editor of Radio Mirror, asks us to tell you that at last she has found the cook book for which you and she have so long been searching. From the thousands of letters she receives Mrs. Simpson knows, as no one else can, exactly the sort of cook book her Radio Mirror readers need and want. When she saw the book she had selected we knew she was right, and immediately we ordered a special edition printed for Radio Mirror.

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Correct Temperatures for All Types of Cooking
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New York City

were no squawks from the big ones, but a group of fiddle players and one announcer felt the presence of a candid camera pointed at them interfered with their act—AND SAID SO. 

SUDDEN wealth that has come to the gal Al Jolson calls “Moutha” Raye, promises to give her indigestion from fur wrappings. Fans of Martha are as hard to resist as a candy display to a child. A year ago Martha was “singing for her supper” in a hooch when her weekly earnings have hit four figures, she’s gone on a fur-buying jag. With summer coming on, Martha’s going to have to find a new yen.

EDDIE CANTOR is responsible for a feud among the special delivery boys at the Hollyco office. Entries in Eddie’s contest to select a name for Helen Troy, hizzoner’s gum-chewing telephone operator, kept on coming in by the bushel, and among them were a hundred or more special delivery letters each day. Canton has four places where he gets his mail, but only one makes pictures. KNX, the Texaco headquarters, and at his home. Letters in the contest came addressed to “the Mayor of Texaco Town, Hollywood.” These could be delivered to any one of four of these zones served by different delivery boys and each boy, eager for the nine cents per letter fee paid for delivery, was fighting for his individual rights. Uncle Sam finally had to turn Solomon and rule that the Cantor special should be split four ways, each delivery boy getting his share.

L U M and Abner may break down and take a try at pictures and if they do I predict they’ll find they will have much to do with turning out their objection to screen work will be Frank Lloyd, one of Hollywood’s ace directors. Lloyd is a Lum and Abner fan and he met the boys in the NBC Studios after he had made a guest appearance on Elza Schlacter’s program. The talk among the pictures and I overheard the boys tell Lloyd an idea he outlined to them for a picture debut sounded good. I know these two Arkansas characters are better than ever before. They came to California, not too get into pictures, but to end working nights. The difference between Central and Pacific time makes their broadcasts fall so that they have their evenings free for doing what other folks, with leisure after dark, do. The same reasons apply to the shift from Abner’s to Andy from Chicago to California.

WHEN Don Wilson waddled off the train in Los Angeles after a trip east with Jack Benny, he carried a broad grin. “Boy, am I glad to be back!” he greeted friends at the station. During the handshaking he felt a paper in his hand and one glance at it wiped the grin off Don’s face. He had accepted a summons on an “overlooked” traffic citation.

AL JOLSON’S air programs are born on his ranch at Encino. Gag men, writers and players, bound Al’s swimming pool, dive in often, and every once in a while come up with an idea. Al would like to broadcast from the ranch too, but his weak flesh-and-blood audience would put too much wear and tear on the Jolson habitat.

THOSE who think Bing Crosby’s academic style is just a pose to impress his air fans are wrong. Big words are as natural to Bing as they are to a dic- tionary, and have been ever since he was studying at Gonzaga. You can take my word for it, Bing doesn’t use thirty-five
cent words just to impress. Why, they are so much a part of the crooner's usual conversation that he even uses them on his twins—and he knows what the words mean, too.

**AIR**

Fans of the Sunday night Community Sing hour may join in the songs but the boys and girls who pack the CBS Playhouse in Hollywood to see the program can't be depended upon to do more than just see—and laugh. Sometimes Wendell Hall's best efforts haven't been productive of much enthusiasm, so the producers put acting up their sleeves. They spot fifty dusty voices through the crowd and pay them $10 per night, just to make sure the mike brings you plenty of song.

VIA WIRE—Reports you may have heard about Bobby Breen leaving Eddie Cantor are not without basis: Bobby's contract with Eddie runs until June, when the program for the summer. While, of course, some, the producers will be glad to have Bobby sing his farewell to Cantor on the final panel in June. . . . At this writing, there are hot rumors that Dick Powell has been signed for Show Boat. Dick tells me the story is untrue. He is the center of a brilliant one-hour show that has been built by Trans-American, which is owned by Warner Brothers. I will be surprised if this show is sold this summer, but I will be even more surprised if it fails to land with a full fall. "All the Lads," who went on their own when the old maestro closed his Coconut Grove engagement in Los Angeles, have found new homes with other orchestras. Ben Bernie retained only five of his old bandmen, and around this quintet he has woven a new set . . . . Answering about a million inquiries, Rudy Vallee will soon quiet your life New York, and transfer his affections to Hollywood. He has signed plans for a new estate among the film colonists . . .

Richard Humber, who is having sponsor troubles, is flitting with several Radio and night club offers. He may do a turn at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles . . . Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner and other CBS choppers took their steam shovels in hand April 27 to break ground for the new CBS studio in Hollywood . . . NBC has taken an option on ten acres for another Radio Center, which will be equipped for telecasting . . . Nelson Eddy has been tagged at $5,000 a week as singing partner for the new Chase & Sanborn show starting August 8th . . . Benny Goodman's Swing Band will broadcast from the Palomar in the Hollywood area when Ted Fio Rito bows out of that spot in June.

Be Yourself!

(Under Ezra's; yes, changed the lives of everyone on the show, even to smiling Joe Kelly, the master of ceremonies.

Joe had been a crooner for many years, but he's been "Joe Kelly" for only a very few months. And like the old sage's prediction: "A little child shall lead them," it was a little child who showed Joe the way to real happiness and the key to his present radio success. While handling a child's funny paper broadcast some months ago Joe conducted an
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Your eyes can seem to be natural beauties!

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Thackeray said “Men are help- less in the hands of women who really know how to handle them.” A woman of ordinary intelligence, beauti- fully made up, has a much better chance to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from “Fascinating Womanhood,” an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men’s psychology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don’t let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled “Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood,” an interesting synopsis of the revelations in “Fascinating Womanhood.” Sent in plain wrapper.

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those graying, ailing, painless backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief of taking exces- sive acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass as few as 3 pint a day at 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste molecules stay in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheu- matic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and en- ergy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and diarrhea.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Dean’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tube flush out poisonous waste from the blood.

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Easy tip to use Venice Home Message. Heals many cases of leg compres- sion, varicose veins, swollen legs and in- turns or no feet for Hts. If it fails to show results in 10 days, destroy the name of your trouble and get a PILL BOOK.

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amateur contest one Saturday morning for the children. But just before going on the air, he cast a critical eye over his group of juvenile entertainers; took one look and threw away the script. For every one of those children had stage fright almost to the point of complete paralysis, and Joe knew it was the time for original measures. So as the first little girl, with trembling feet, stepped up to the microphone, Joe caught her off her guard.

"Say," he exclaimed with a smile, "that’s a beautiful little dress you have on!"

It took the tiny tot a few seconds to realize this nice fat man was referring to her "new" dress, the one Grandma had made her. But after that pause there was no holding her. She told him all about it, with the sparkling effervescence of her age. Disgusted, Joe studdied with "Do you know's" and accentuated with Joe's astonishing "You don’t say," she was the hit of the broad- cast. But she made a hit in the heart of Joe Kelly. Her simple, whole- hearted naturalness showed him the seeds of radio. He could imagine the ensuing months, all the staginess of show business, and, a short while later, he became the ideal announcer and master of ceremonies for the National Barn Dance.

Pat Barrett, who, as Uncle Ezra, is the star of the show, learned to be himself long before the program went on the air. long before there was a radio when, as a very young actor back in 1911, he paid his admission price to see David Warfield in "The Music Master." Young Pat has a revelation that night. He saw the dawn of a new era in the theater. Schooled in the old repertoire company where actors posed and gestured, where the audience hissed the villain and cheered the hero, Pat sat enthralled to see a master and a pioneer dare to step out of the stage and live his part, to make his characterization human and alive.

After creating his now famous character of Uncle Ezra, Pat filed a trial for over twenty years on the stage and radio, Pat never forgot this lesson. To-day, you people might call him an actor but you can have that with me in his dressing room you would know that Pat Barrett, as Uncle Ezra, is being no one but himself. Pat and I talked while he changed clothes and put on his make-up. It is so gradual, that change, the whiskers, the old cut-away coat, the wig, the glasses—that it almost surprises you when it is completed. Suddenly you realize that no longer are you talking to Pat Barrett; you are listening for the witty aphorisms of old Uncle Ezra. For with the simple act of putting on his make-up, Pat really becomes Uncle Ezra. When he goes on the air he’s not acting. He’s living, he’s natural, and he’s being him- self.

Henry Burr, too, has long been just himself, and the story of his joining the cast of the Barn Dance goes back many years. It includes the height of success and the emptiness of failure. It is the story of a man who grimly stuck to a lot of old fashioned ideas because he believed in them.

During the period when Victor records afforded the only popular music in the American home, Henry Burr was their outstanding artist. Over three million of his recordings were sold, his voice being heard all over the world.

But with the perfection of radio the phonograph was out dated, and appar- ently the golden voice unusual singing style of Henry Burr were forgotten as well. At any rate radio officials forgot him, if some of his recording audience (Continued on page 87)
The man I had just sworn to love placed a wedding ring on my finger and took me in his arms. His lips reached my lips and succeeded in brushing my cheek as I turned and began to sob. Tears ran down my face because I was frightened, although the friends and relatives who crowded the church thought I wept with joy.

Thus begins "Why My Honeymoon Was Tragic", the starkly honest and vividly illuminating story of a girl whose marriage was nearly ruined by the malign influences of puritanism and emotional poisoning that surrounded her girlhood. Told graphically and dramatically in her own words, it will grip you from the very beginning.

Not only a great story but because of its intimately revealing nature, a great life lesson, it may easily save thousands of other girls and young women the anguish and heartache that this girl endured before she discovered her solution to the problem of happy marriage. By all means begin it today in the big July issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE now on sale!

No matter what your personal problem may be, PHYSICAL CULTURE, the absorbing personal problem magazine is sure to point the way to its solution. Below are a few of the twenty-eight vital, helpful features which constitute the contents of PHYSICAL CULTURE for July.

OTHER FEATURES IN THE BIG JULY ISSUE

Why Sex Crimes Increase, a revealing discussion of a rising tide of menace to women and children by Edward Doherty—Ginger Rogers' Health Way to Womanly Charm by Adela Rogers St. Johns—Streamline your Face by Madame Sylvia—How Much Can You Influence the Sex of the Unborn by Aram Scheinfeld—Beautiful Baby Page—Daintiness First for Feminine Attractiveness by Carol Cameron—Control Kidney Disease by Diet by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Women Think Faster Than Men by Daniel Mann and many other helpful and entertaining features.

JULY

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did not. He seemed to have been outdistanced by crooners.

In the years that followed Henry Burr tried for only seven years in radio. Too many auditions ended with the same story. He was told his singing was out of date, asked why didn’t he try something else, and to his consternation he was told of one of his own first love, the ‘boop-a-oo dees’. But just a little stubbornly, he would always refuse.

A few years ago a friend persuaded him to enter for the National Barn Dance, and Henry Burr, who had then retired from professional life, reluctantly competed.

He sang that day as he sings now, as he has always sung—wholehearted, masculine, singing deep and rich and joyous. And he still has the air he had on singing that way. Now, in his second year with the Barn Dance, never a day passes that Henry Burr’s mail box isn’t filled with letters, letters from people all over the country who ‘remember’.

It may not sound plausible to say that the famous Hoosier Hot Shots, with their washtub bass, fiddle and cajon, have ever been anything else but themselves, but there was a time when people did think so.

Fresh from the farm, the boys started out more than fourteen years ago, doing just what they were doing today—being themselves, only they didn’t realize it at the time. And top they broke up their partnership to start out separately, each one with the firm conviction he was going to be terrific in a tuxedo and a stiff shirt.

What made it harder later on, was that they were a success. Each made good on his own. Ollie was known as Gabe; Bob, ‘Red’; they went out, put a board in his spine, plastered grease in his hair, climbed into a dress suit and made good.

When Henry Burr’s Barn Dance Song came in, and vaudeville, small orchestra, and musicals went out, the Hoosier Hot Shots, from the four corners of the United States, came back together again. But this time it was different—they were more reserved and sophisticated; their music was all dressed up, rural rhythm trying to be civilized.

During their audition for the Barn Dance, they made one mistake, and that miss was the salvation of their success. It was旧 old Hezzie’s fault. He, as usual, was fooling around with his washboard and horns, making eyes at the girls, and then skipped off to somewhere and any attentions to what was going on. So with the producer waiting in the booth, the boys turned in the song.

‘Are you ready, Hezzie?’

He was, and to prove it he turned around and immediately started off with a root-toot, and a rub-a-dub-dub.

The rest of the boys, trying to catch up with Hezzie, forgot to be reserved, forgot to be dignified, and, automatically reversing to their early married happiness, they got hither and yon in a wild dash for the finish.

Two very few puzzled young gentlemen marched back to their hotel, sat thoughtfully on the bed, pulled out a long-term contract, and started to figure how the devil they were going to know then, but they do know now. ‘Are you ready, Hezzie?’ has started off every one of their broadcasts, everyone of their records, from the day it started with the Barn Dance, and determined never to be anything else but themselves. And no one has ever doubted it, no one has ever regretted it.

Little Sally Foster, who has risen from obscurity to stardom on the Barn Dance, had to learn this first valuable lesson which is the byword of the show. She had to learn to be herself.

When she auditioned for the program, about a year ago, she was just a naive little country girl with many misconceptions about the show business. Having traveled on the road with a second rate barn dance unit, playing four or five times a week throughout the Middle West, she felt she was an accomplished ‘hill-billy’ artist, twang and all.

As she sang ‘Bells on Fire’, the producer winced with pain to hear a beautiful girl with a naturally beautiful voice, forcing herself to groan like a lonesome warbler. He stopped her almost as soon as she started.

‘Wait,’ he interrupted, ‘that’s not what I want at all. I want you to relax, forget all about those Ridge Mountainers, be yourself, and sing!’

It took months of patient work and training before she could understand that people might be slightly interested in just plain Sally Foster, who used to live on Elm Street in Milwaukee. Today, she is rapping at the top, but she remains unchaged and unspoiled.

She has been trained to be just herself, and she is still a little mystified that it should pay such high dividends.

So it has been with every member of the show. As the Maple City Four put it, ‘When you’re four fellows like us, you don’t have to sing about yourself. Heck, we ain’t actors, and we sing for two reasons; cause we like to sing, and cause we hate it.

It is only natural that the boisterous rural comedy and songs of the barn dance should be supplied by Lulu Belle and Mrs. Wiseman. Their love story was one studded with hardships and disappointments and they attained their present success only after they, too, had learned the lesson which every Barn Dance star knows so well—

Lulu Belle and ‘Mrs. Wiseman’ are born and raised just over the ridge, in the neighboring town of French Lick. There children not ten miles apart in the Carolinas, hills, they were brought up with the same background, but were destined not to meet until many years later in the reception offices of the NBC studios in Chicago.

There sat Scotty, who thought he was one of these highbrow announcers, and Lulu Belle, who had been under the impression she was a concert singer, and wasn’t. As they waited telling each other that there was nothing open.

Lulu Belle muttered something about wishing she’d never left Boone, North Carolina. That gave Scotty his cue to get acquainted, and he more than took advantage of it. A few months later they were married.

There was only one thing that marred their early married happiness. As Scotty put it, ‘We never had any privacy. The wolf moved in, bag and baggage, and stayed all winter long.

It was only after they got sick and tired of being broke, fed up with posing as something they weren’t, that they finally realized how blind they’d been. All those old folk songs they’d known and sung as children, why not sing those on the air? Why not relax and be themselves! So this sudden day turned up face brought them instant recognition and a rapid rise to stardom.

Little Sally Foster, who produces and directs the Barn Dance, I realized that he, too, knows the secret of the show’s success, and that it has been forcefully brought home to him in his personal life.

A few years ago Mr. Jones was a young
ambitious producer. His accomplishments at that date, although few, were the last word in sophistication. To look at him today, you would never know that he was a home-grown product, an ex-country boy from a small Illinois farm. And when he came to Chicago as the new director of the National Barn Dance he was inwardly a little ashamed that he, who had produced only the highest type of entertainment—symphony programs, classical music, and sophisticated dialogue—should be producing a barn dance.

That was nearly four years ago. Today our Mr. Jones is Bill, a regular guy who takes his coat off and rolls up his sleeves when he goes to work. It didn’t take the Barn Dance long to snap him out of his drawing room complex, to make him realize that down deep inside he was still akin to the soil, a country boy at heart.

“There’s something about working on the show,” he confessed, cocking his feet up on the desk, “that takes all the super-

icialities out of a guy. For one thing, there is no pre-broadcast nervousness on the Barn Dance, because a person is only nervous when he is about to make an all or nothing possible mistake. On the Barn Dance a boner is only good for an all around laugh, so everybody just relaxes and has a darn good time.”

So the Barn Dance also taught its director to be himself, blended his desire to produce a program that would appeal with his boyhood love of the simple things in life, making the barn dance show you listen to today, a hayloft party that uses symphony music to play “Turn key in the Straw,” “Cary Me Back to Old Virginia” and other old favorites.

“We don’t put on a ‘hill-billy’ show.”

Bill explained, “never have and never will. The goal we strive for is to present the simple songs, like those of Stephen Foster, to prepare them as skillfully as if they were a Brahms’ symphony.” And to this end they have assembled one of the finest groups of musicians on the air today.

In its eleven-piece string orchestra are two former first violinists from the Chicago Symphony and three former violinists from the Metropolitan Opera Company. The pianist, John Brown, was formerly with the Civic Opera Company, accompanying such stars as Lucy Gates, Francis Ingram, and Hazel Eden, while the musical director for the show, Walter Steindal, has for many years been conductor of the famous spring concert of Singverein.

All these, to play music for a Barn Dance.

To step backstage at the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago where they broadcast is to walk into an old fashioned barn dance not only in fact, but in spirit. You see, not a formal gathering of stiff shirts and evening gowns, but rather all the old gang and friends, now overalls and gingham they’re as unpretentious as the good old kitchen sink, yet master artists all. You listen, not to names, but to people, you know them in their homeliness like their greatness, in their simplicity will be found their show. So they have enjoyed national popularity for nearly ten years. The soil has been close to the American people for many times ten years, and the National Barn Dance, its roots planted deep in that soil, will continue on long after other programs more lofty have faded to haziness.

The Strange Way Bob Burns Found His Son

(Continued from page 40)

After that the day was perfect. He played on the beach all morning, and at noon Bob bought him hot dogs and ice cream, and afterwards they drove around some more. For the first time in his life—there were so many first times today!—he actually talked to his father as man to man, telling him what he thought of things and asking his father’s questions and getting sensible, masculine answers. He can be forgiven, it seems to me, for failing to see that sometimes his father didn’t understand him, and that sometimes he turned away his face.

A ll day long Bob Burns tried to find courage to tell his son that the mother he adored was dead—and all day long he failed. He said, now, that he and his son were almost strangers, certainly no more than acquaintances; and a stranger has no right to break such bad news. All the boy’s life he had looked to his mother for protection, advices, comfort, the occasional affection. Bob Sr. had believed his responsibility was ended when he paid the bills. Now he saw he’d been wrong. He didn’t know his own son—the one person left for him to love.

Late in the afternoon, just as sunset, he stopped the car on the summit of Mt. Lowe. Clumsily, he said what friends, and Bob Burns, could say. He watched horrified disbelief change to grief on the boy’s face; he saw the tears well up and heard the voice of grief which proved he was already learning to know his son, he said, “Don’t cry, Bob. I’m in the same boat you are. We’ll just have to make it together.”

Young Bob set his jaw. He did not cry.

Right after the funeral, old Bob and young Bob went up to Lew Ayres’ cabin at Big Bear. They stayed there a week, and when they came back they were friends. They were a very different pair from the two who had set forth so solemnly seven days before; they knew they had only each other to depend on.

If, before his wife’s death, Bob had always lightly waved aside every responsibility of paternity except the financial one, he never realized how much he was throwing away. Now everything is changed. His son comes first.

“That boy will always be a responsibility to me,” Bob said. “For a week or so, when I was talking to him about this story, ‘he’ll never be a problem. I’ll have a moment’s worry over him, except to make him enjoy himself. He knows what it is to be without money, so he can’t realize we have enough now and that he can spend more.”

As far back as the boy can remember, the Burns family always had what they called a “change drawer,” filled—whenever Bob was a boy—almost daily, with the paper carriers, milkmen, and so forth. Bob used to go to the drawer every day for lunch money. He could take as much as he needed, but he always knew he must never take more than that.

Not long ago he wanted to go to a cinema, and Bob gave him a dollar. He looked at it a while, then shook his head and handed it back. “I need that money. I can’t take my own money and then I won’t spend so much.”

One day the boy lost his glasses. Bob gave him a dollar to buy a new pair. A few days later the boy laid these down somewhere and stepped on them. Bob bought a third pair, and a week later the boy hit young Bob in the eye and broke these glasses, too.
He was afraid to tell his father. He was conscious that glasses cost money and that Bob always贈ing painfully. And in fact, when he did confess, Bob's first impulse was to grow angry. Then he remembered.

When he himself was a boy, back in Van Buren, his father had never permitted an argument. Mr. Burns was always right, because he was older; and inconceivable to him that a little boy could have any sensible ideas. Once Bob had nearly cut the tip of his finger off. It dangled there like the flap of a envelope; and he still has the scar. He bandaged it up and said nothing, but during the night it began to throb and he went into his parents' room, scared and unhappy. His father, without looking at the finger, said, "You're making a big hulabaloo about a little cut. Why, I could cut my whole hand off and never cry."

Bob, in his pain and fright, said, "Aw, that's what you say! And his father, in a sudden burst of anger at his impudence, tried to slap him. Bob ducked and ran—and kept on running. He didn't go back to Van Buren for two years.

With the renewal of his irritation over the broken glasses, and he realized that the important thing was not the glasses at all, but the fear in Bob's face when he confessed.

LISTEN, son," he said, "when you lose your glasses or break them carelessly, or treat the other things I don't like it much. But when you break them playing, that's something you can't help. To show you how much I care about those glasses, I'll make a date with you. Every afternoon about sundown, when it's getting too dark to play, you and I will go up on a hill and watch the sun set. Just about the time it goes down I'll take a rock and break your glasses. Then you can say to yourself, 'I might have well broken them playing because now they're broken anyhow.'

It was one of the few times Bob has ever kissed her father.

The boy has never forgotten what his father said, up there on the summit of Mt. Lowe. "I guess we'll just have to look after each other, Bob. It's carrying out a part of the bargain. He worries about old Bob and his work as much as if he were the father.

Since Bob began writing a daily newspaper column, he is busy all week long, and seldom goes out of the house at night. But because the boy knows his father is under a severe nervous strain on Thursdays, the day of his Kraft Music Hall broadcast, he insists that after the broadcast Bob must go out and enjoy himself. That's his night out, and young Bob complains if he comes home too early.

Thems is a beautiful relationship, one seldom possible under ordinary circumstances between boy and man. It would not be possible for them, except that each feels the need to make up to the other for which both have.

And yet—not quite lost. There is something of Betty Burns still in that modest little bungalow, for they are living there she would have wished them. There is only one other thing to tell. It explains why there is no picture of Betty Burns always wanted to keep herself and the boy in the background, and in the first days of Bob's radio success she steadfastly refused to allow the publication of any pictures of either of them. Perhaps I could have persuaded Bob, now that she is old, to let me have a picture of the boy. But I didn't want to. He is carrying out her wishes in so many things. Let him carry them out in this, too.

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According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot. Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

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Beauty's Place in the Sun

(Continued from page 50)

sun-bathing is a cult and beauty is a byword. That's why I went to some of the loveliest girls in radio, who spend their leisure hours in the sunshine of the California beaches, for their summer beauty secrets.

Joy Hodges, for instance, the charming vocalist on the Joe Penner air show, has a word of caution of her own. She warns, "Unless I'm going through the early stages of tanning (by which I mean a daily sun-shower of no more than five to fifteen minutes) I try to cover a cd or some sort of bandanna over my hair. The California sun is usually too intense to risk drying out the scalp with an overdose of ultra-violet rays. I'd be very grateful to anyone who'd create a hair-preparation that would act as a sort of protective covering." So far, I've found a slight dampening with chilled olive oil, just before going to the beach, is rather effective. Still, a scented oil of some sort would be more fun to use.

PENNY GILL, "secretary" to Prexy Jack Oakie of radio's mythical Dixie College, urges the tan-seeker to do her own affair near a convenient shelter of some sort so that, at the first danger-signal of too-redness, she can get back inside or under the cover. "Another thing," she adds, "don't have so much of a lark romping around on the sand that you forget what a strong sun-gale may be on your eye. If you've got to that grand stage of tan where you've just the right permanent bronze then forget the sun glasses. They are so easily available, why not take advantage of their defense against the reflected glare from white sand or wave tips, if you're going to spend a whole day at the beach?"

Not everyone can achieve that "permanent bronze." To tell the truth, it's darned unbecoming to some of us. For instance, the person with too-pale eyes should avoid a too-dark tan just as assiduously as the girl whose delicate skin can't stand too much "weathering." Of great importance, also, are the reliable remedies for preventing or removing freckles. For these purposes, there are preparations to protect the skin and permit plenty of playtime on the beach without attempting to achieve a rich mahogany coloring. Most of us, however, like Martha Raye, can afford to use the splendid oils and lotions which allow the sun's rays to affect the coloring of our complexes without injuring the texture.

"What are my do's and don'ts about acquiring a suntan?" Martha repeated.

"I haven't anything but do's! I like sun any time and all the time, and I take my brother's word for it that women look more attractive even when they're a bit too red from scaring about in the sun! Plenty of oil so that the skin doesn't scorch, and you can be one of those girls who can take her sun or leave it alone. Personally, I take it." Lately, she's been able to combine her fun-in-the-sun with her work on Jolson's broadcast series, since Al decided to remodel the Junior Jolson's nursery and make a rehearsal room of it. As the weather grows warmer, they've undoubtedly have open-air rehearsals on Al's lovely estate.

It was Gertrude Niehen who brought up one very important matter. She firmly believes that a place in the sun is the only right one for any girl who wants to look her best during warm weather, but no one realizes better than she how hard it is for the city girl to find that place in the sun.
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NEW DAY-BY-DAY PROGRAM GUIDE—See page 43
JIMMIE FIDLER COVERS HOLLYWOOD—See page 20
HE'S ASKED ME OUT ON HIS YACHT FOR DINNER TUESDAY. HE REALLY SEEMS SERIOUS. OH! I WISH....

I COULD DANCE FOREVER WITH YOU!

I'M SORRY TO DRAG YOU HOME THIS EARLY, BUT MY HEAD IS SIMPLY SPLITTING. FORGIVE ME.

ADA TAKES A HINT

ADA! HOW NICE! YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND THAT WENT TO AUSTRALIA?

NO, BUT ONE MUCH NICER. HE'S BEEN RUSHING ME ALL YEAR. I REALLY THINK I'VE GOTTEN YOU TO THANK FOR THAT HINT YOU GAVE ME.

ADA TAKES A HINT

2 YEARS LATER

TO REALLY LOVE A MAN AND LOSE HIM OVER SOME TRIVIAL FAULT THAT ONE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT... WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME? WHY Didn'T YOU?

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NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time your tooth brush shows that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist and see him promptly. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the waking stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many American dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start today to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—radiant, winning, lovely!

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AUGUST, 1937

Radio Mirror

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Cover—Gladys Swarthout—Painted by Tchetchet
How could he say—"You've been careless about feminine hygiene"?
Husbands can't be expected to know about "Lysol".

It would be much easier, she thought, if he'd burst into a rage, instead of this indifferent kindness that hurt her so.

Family doctors—and too many husbands—know that one of the causes of discord between husband and wife is neglect of the feminine hygiene that is so necessary for intimate cleanliness.

If you are in any doubt regarding a wholesome, cleanly method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many physicians and is used in many hospitals, for many antisepic needs. Here are good reasons why:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. Non-caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is an effective germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when other types of disinfectants may not work.

3. Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.


6. Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW


Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright 1937 by Lysol & Fisk Products Corp.
Many of you KSO early morning dialers would like to meet serenader Dick Teela.

She's WHN’s blues singer on the Joy C. Flippen Melody Hour. Meet Ethel Shepard.

Harry Burke is announcer and director for all programs on station WOW, Omaha, Nebr.

CHICAGO: Elected again to the high position of President of the Bath Club by one vote—his own—R. Calvert Haws, WCFL's program director, has the popular, fast moving Friday Night Bath Club off to a good start. In a Friday evening spot at 8:15, conveniently timed for those who can’t wait until Saturday night, the Bath Club melodies float through the air with the greatest of ease sponsored by the makers of the soap that floats in your bath with the same buoyancy.

Teeming with melodies of the moment interpreted by Peacock Kelly and his orchestra's steaming brand of frothy rhythm, Judy Talbot, Dion Craddock, Phil Kinsman, the Air Masters, Bob Kirk, the Jennings ensemble and the Hamiltonians, the club is an airwave shower guaranteed to be 99 44/100 per cent pure entertainment.

Raleigh, N. C.: Stressing world-loved hymns selected from requests by her innumerable air fans, Edith Arnold, lovely WPTF artist, is now starred on her own Tuesday and Thursday morning gospel songs program. Mrs. Arnold, whose Tuesday evening Sweet Songs of Long Ago broadcast has long been a WPTF choice hour, is accompanied at the console by studio organist Raymond Cosby.

WOW! Out in Omaha, Nebraska, where WOW is a radio station, there is an announcing program director who his colleagues and listeners will tell you is tops in the entire mid-western area. And with that introduction from the home grounds, ladies and gentlemen, we give you Harry Burke.

Harry has been with WOW since 1931, coming there as an announcer from his home town, Norfolk, Nebraska, where he was manager of WJAG for four years. Not only a capable microphoner, he is a program manager, who believes detail supervision important, and the consistent high quality of his station’s programs and announcing speak for his ability. At present he is handling special programs where the sponsor demands commercialo with that Burke microphone (Continued on page 77)
THE REVIEWING STAND

BY SELECTOR

T

HE CHASE & SANBORN PRO-
GRAM, on the air Sunday nights at
eight o'clock, E.D.S.T., over the
NBC Red network, is a multiple threat
not only to programs which are on the air at the same
time on other networks, but to all variety programs and
all comedians. From now on, they'll all have to measure
up to the entertainment concocted and served by the Messrs.
Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Charlie Mc-
Carthy and Werner Janssen, Miss Dorothy Lamour, and
assorted guests. But then it should be good—the weekly
talent bill is estimated at around $20,000, and you have to
tell a lot of java to make that much money. Fields is,
as far as I'm concerned, the leading light of the show, with
Bergen and the manikin McCarthy running a close second
in the comedy division. You could even say Bergen and
McCarthy came first some nights, and I wouldn't quarrel.
Don Ameche makes an excellent master of ceremonies—
though he should do something about that laugh of his—
and can turn himself into a topnotch leading man in any
dramatic sketch. The beautiful Miss Lamour has allowed
Hollywood to improve her singing considerably, though
looks are still her strong point, and Werner Janssen's music
is both impressive and novel. Not that there aren't weak-
nesses. The program hasn't yet discovered the trick of
moving as smoothly as Rudy Vallee's, and Fields' script
writers have a little difficulty in turning out as colossal
material on a week-to-week basis as they produced for their
boss' first program. But admit all that, and you still have
something to quell that Sunday-night itch to leave the house.

* * *

Manhattan Merry-go-round, Sunday nights at nine
o'clock, E.D.S.T., on the NBC Red network, has Bert Lahr
as its star now. Bert Lahr is a very funny man behind foot-
lights. On the air he is not funny at all. Rowdy he is, and
noisy, and awfully energetic, but hard work doesn't invari-
antly produce good humor. Bert—and it pains me to say
so—also commits the cardinal radio sin. He makes no
bones of playing to his visible audience instead of his in-
visible one. On the air he's been known to run through his
repertoire of comical faces, panicking the people in the stu-
dio but leaving you and me distinctly chilly. Other
comedians do the same thing—as Jimmie Fidler so bitterly
complains in his open letter on page 57—but they don't do
it as openly as Bert does. The rest of the program has
become secondary to Bert—Rachel Carlay and Pierre Le
Kreeun sing a song or two and Abe Lyman's orchestra plays
with all its old vim, but Manhattan Merry-Go-Round is
Bert Lahr's show now, and no doubt about it. Too bad
the sponsors felt they had to enter the Sunday-night comedy
parade instead of leaving their program the pleasing musical
half-hour it once was.

* * *

Tic Toc Revue, Monday nights at seven, E.D.S.T., on
the NBC-Blue network, is just what you need when you come
home after a hard day's work, to relax you and make
you decide the world isn't so bad after all. You won't laugh
at it, and you won't thrill to it, but you'll have a good
time and maybe get a little drowsy. If that's a left-handed
compliment, I don't mean it to be. Tic Toc Revue presents
one brand new star and one well known one. Jean O'Neill,
the newcomer, does nicely on her first commercial, singing
today's songs in a sweet, slightly husky voice. Baritone
Barry McKinley, a dependable for (Continued on page 82)

Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
Sunlight (luster)
Sunlight (dark)

Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades catch only the
softer rays of the sun...flatter your face, soften
its look in the hardest glare! Three glorifying
shades completely away from the old sun-tan
powders—Try them at our expense.

Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more
flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us
back the box, and we will refund purchase price
plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-
top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight
Pond's Dept., 309-311, Clinton, Conn. Please
mark me FREE, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight"
Shades, enough of each for a 3-day test.
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1937)

Name.
Address.
City State.

Copyright, 1932,
Pond's Ibidex Company.
Above, Martha Raye's attending a lot of parties these days, since she ran off and acquired a husband. He's a young and handsome gentleman named Buddy Westmore.

Right, a happy foursome formed by Charles (Andy) Correll, Ken Carpenter, Molly and Fibber McGee. Hollywood's got Fibber and Molly who may stay there permanently.

By TONY SEYMOUR
NEWS WHILE IT'S STILL HOT, GOSSIP WHILE IT'S STILL FRESH, SERVED UP, GARNISHED WITH LAUGHS, BY OUR DEMON REPORTER

W. C. FIELDS came to the rescue of radio by giving it a new comedian at a time when all the old-line funnymen were preparing to take that summer rest—but it's not generally known that radio also came to the rescue of W. C. Fields. Fields' illness was so expensive that by the time he had recovered from it most of the savings he had stored up from his picture work were gone, and the money he was getting from his radio appearances was more than just small change to him. It's an important bridge between convalescence and the good health he must be in before he can go back into the movies.

* * *

Dixie Lee is redecorating the nursery of her home in pink! Can it be she is hoping to coax the stork into bringing a baby sister for the three young Crosby males?

* * *

When Eddie Cantor gave his daughter Natalie in marriage to Joe Metzger recently he made up his mind to take this business of being a father-in-law seriously. Today Joe's new antique shop—sounds funny, but the antiques are really old—is groaning under the weight of an immense Neon sign which announces: "Eddie Cantor, Incorporated. Gifts and Antiques." And business is booming!

* * *

Courting disaster, your reporter is going to present a list of hoped-for programs for this fall and winter. Some are only rumors, some slightly more than rumors, some may go on the air any day now, and some may not go on the air at all. Anyway, grab your hats; here we go!

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie company, undaunted by Paramount's dismal attempt to concoct a radio show, has a program of its own all ready and waiting for a sponsor. Script, musical and dramatic talent—everything's ready for the payroll to show up. All of M-G-M's contract players are said to be available for the program except Norma Shearer and—but of course—Greta Garbo. The only condition M-G-M will make to an interested sponsor is that the show must not be put on the air on Saturday or Sunday nights. People like to go to movies on those nights if they haven't anything better—such as listening to an all-star radio show—to do.

As soon as she gets back from her W. C. Fields (above) may get ribbed every Sunday by Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's famous dummy, but it's worth a fortune.

George Burns, wife Gracie Allen and bandleader Ray Noble, celebrate with a laugh Gracie's new lending library for dolls.
honeyoon with Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald may affix her signature to a contract to broadcast for the same people who hired Nelson Eddy for your pleasure last year. Jeanette has long held out against radio's lure, but they say she's beginning to weaken.

Ina Claire, of the stage, is still trying to get a script in shape for a weekly dramatic show. Last we heard, it had got to the point of rehearsing for an audition. Bert Lytell, another stage and screen personality, is also just over the horizon. Just how far over, nobody seems to know, but there are those who care.

Warner Brothers is another movie firm which has a program all ready, willing and able to exhibit itself to the customers. Every now and then this crop springs up in the news, and seems about to make its bow, with Dick Powell starring in it—but then the excitement dies down again and nothing more is heard for a month or so. Perhaps by this winter it will make the grade.

Nope—no plans for Shirley Temple or the Quintuplets.

* * *

"Unusual" California rains dampened his guests' ardor when Buddy Westmore entertained the other night with an old-fashioned hayride in honor of his fiancee, Martha Raye. (Yes, Martha and Buddy are married now.) Buddy, a resourceful lad, wasn't stymied. He brought the straw from the wagons into the living room of his ranch home, and the party carried on from there.

* * *

Fred Allen's off the air, but Fred Allen stories keep cropping up, and some of them are too good to forget. Here is a whole batch of them. At the half-way point of an hour network program, as you know, there is always the "station-break"—thirty seconds during which the network studio is off the air while the member stations broadcast their call letters. Fred found a way to use these thirty seconds that delights the Allen heart. For the last half-dozen broadcasts before he left the air he'd turn to the studio audience and deliver impromptu wisecracks that he knew studio censors wouldn't allow him to broadcast.

For instance, on a repeat broadcast for the West Coast, around midnight New York time, he turned to the audience and gravely announced, "Ladies and gentlemen! You can all go home now, because we won't have to broadcast the second half of this program. That man out in Pasadena who always listens to us has gone to bed."

Once, just after the station-break chimes had run, he interrupted the dead silence in the studio with the remark: "They don't answer—just like when Mrs. Simpson called Buckingham Palace."

Mrs. Simpson jokes are, of course, absolutely taboo on the air, which is probably the reason Fred followed this off-the-record gag a week later with another one. Wearing his best dead-pan expression he stood solemnly on the stage during the station-break and asked, "Is there a Mrs. Simpson in the house? There's a fellow calling on the telephone who says his name is Edward."

We still can't tell you who Professor Quiz is, but we can tell you one story about him that ought to make you wonder if he isn't some sort of a magician. One day the Professor performed a trick for the rest of his Question Bee cast. He thrust a long scarf-pin through the fleshy part of his forearm—clear through, so it came out on the other side. While the pin was still in the flesh, and without appearing to be in pain at all, he asked, "How many spurts of blood would you like to see when I take this pin out?" One of the bystanders said, "Three." The Professor smiled, nodded his head, and took out the pin. Blood welled out of the wound in three distinct spurts. Then it stopped, and didn't bleed any more at all. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley. The Professor's explanation is that he has such perfect control over his body that he can will the blood to come or stop.

* * *

But then, the Professor isn't the only remarkable guy on his program. Arthur Godfrey, his announcer, is a walking miracle too. Ask any of the doctors who took care of him six years ago when he was frightfully injured in an automobile accident, and they'll tell you that. Godfrey had so many bones broken that even today he can't give you a complete list of them, and the doctors at first said he couldn't live. He did, though, and then the doctors told him he'd never walk again. That made Godfrey mad, and he swore he would. When the nurse left him alone he'd get out of his wheel chair, support himself on the back of it, and take a few steps. One day they caught him at it, and after they'd finished scolding him they decided to give him some crutches.

Godfrey used the crutches, on the sly, like canes. Today he doesn't even limp, except when he is very tired. The doctors told him he could never ride a horse again, or fly an airplane—so he rides horses all the time at his farm near Washington, and has about six hundred flying hours to his credit.

* * *

Harry Von Zell, one of radio's most popular gentlemen, is having his first crack at stardom these summer evenings—but at a price. Harry is taking Phil Baker's place on the Sunday-night Gulf program, thereby, at last, getting an important part on one of the shows which he has always done a good deal to make successful. Only those connected with the programs he announces know just how many of Harry's suggestions and ideas have gone into them. As a pinch-hitting stooge and actor in Fred Allen, Phil Baker and Stoopnagel and Budd skits, Harry revealed an unsuspected talent for comedy, and now on the Gulf show he's getting his reward.

But that price he has to pay for his chance at stardom—All winter long Harry has been telling Phil Baker that this summer he intended to take a month off and visit his parents in California. He's thought of nothing but that trip home. And now Phil has gone out to California and Harry has to stay in New York to run Phil's show. Baker gets the last laugh, but he says that's only fair—he's the best comedian!

(Continued on page 83)
I'll tell you why I'm going back on Show Boat," said Charles Winninger, "because I belong on that program. Because that program needs me. Because radio is the greatest outlet for entertainment in the world and I miss the millions of old friends I used to talk to every week. Because I haven't had any real fun, or," he grinned, "any fights since I left it. But mostly because I think we can bring Show Boat back to the greatest program on the air—as it used to be!"

He tossed his curling and silvered locks and pounded a hearty fist against the wall. To the left Gypsy Rose Lee almost jumped out of what was between her and pneumonia and to the right the Ritz Brothers dived under the piano. The whole row of beaverboard makeup cubicles quivered and shook like a grade A earthquake. This was in Hollywood, on the set of "You Can't Have Everything" at 20th Century-Fox Studios, and naturally what followed were angry shouts of "Quiet!"

"Quiet!" grunted Charlie. "How the devil can I talk and keep quiet too?" A nervous assistant director popped his head inside, "Gosh, Cap'n Henry," he admonished, "We're shootin' pictures!"

"Sorry," said Charlie, suddenly mollified, "Hear that?" he said, "that's what they all call me—Cap'n Henry!"

Almost three years ago Charles Winninger bowed out of one of the most beloved characters that ever existed on the air, "Cap'n Henry" of the Maxwell House Show Boat. He had his reasons then for leaving and he didn't mind telling them. He has his reasons now for going back and he's just as frank about them. Three years off the air and outstanding Hollywood success haven't changed him one whit, haven't changed his ideas, or his love for radio and that particular part of radio still close to his heart—Show Boat. Apparently, too, those years haven't dimmed the memory of all those who have flooded him with letters since his return was announced, of those who still call him—"Cap'n Henry."

"That's what I mean," said Charlie Winninger, "when I say I belong on that program; that's what I mean when I say I miss my old friends. Listen—"

As he talked, I realized just what all this was meaning and could mean to radio and Thursday night's old time favorite program. There had never been a greater or more popular figure in radio than Charlie Winninger. When he quit so suddenly, three years ago, half the pleasure of listening died for many, many listeners.

Nor has Show Boat been very happy since it saw Cap'n Henry walk down the (Continued on page 68)
Two years ago a young man, little more than a boy, came to Chicago and went to work in radio as "just another actor." He was so quiet and unassuming that few people who worked with him then can remember anything about him now. He played nothing but small parts, kept very much to himself, and in less than six months he left as quietly as he had come.

Today he is a star, the most sensational young newcomer Hollywood has seen in the last year. His name is spelled out in electric lights in every town from coast to coast—TYRONE POWER, the name of a great actor being carried over into the second generation. Yet radio, when he was part of it, hardly knew he was around. Even today, most of us who gathered with him around a microphone two years ago don't know what happened to Tyrone Power during that dark, bitterly cold, discouraging winter he spent in Chicago.

I probably wouldn't know either, except that, I have known Tyrone Power all my life. I went to school with him, was raised with him as a child in Cincinnati, and—most important—I shared, to some extent, the adoration for a great man which has been the guiding star of Tyrone's life. That is why, when the editor of Radio Mirror asked me to write this article, I was happy to do it. I want everybody to know why Tyrone left radio so abruptly, because when you know that, you know as well why he is famous today.
No one could possibly understand Tyrone Power without knowing about his mother and father. They have always been the foundation of his life, and one had only to meet either of them to understand why. His father, the idol of two continents, and brilliant actor though he was, was even more brilliant a personality. His mother, for many years a star in her own right, was, and still is, the essence of feminine charm. No boy, aspiring to stardom, ever inherited more. And no young man, fighting his way to the top, ever held that inheritance more sacred.

I remember, when I was a girl, the first time Tyrone hustled me proudly over to their house to meet his father. He had come to Cincinnati for a short visit between engagements, and I remember Tyrone literally had to pull me through the huge library doors. His father, stately and poised, sat there in the big armchair.

"Father," Tyrone said eagerly, "this is 'Ginny'." I curtsied, as gracefully as I could, and stood with my eyes glued to the floor. That was the kind of man he was. There was a kingly, regal air about him when you first met him which made me, a small girl who wanted to become an actress, stand in awe.

But not for long. A moment later I felt a large hand take hold of mine, and I was seated beside him, in the big armchair by the fireplace. Tyrone was leaning eagerly over the opposite arm of the chair, his eyes agleam with pride.

Then the elderly man smiled and began to talk. I don't remember what he said. He could have talked about as dull a subject as arithmetic, and still held us spellbound. His voice seemed to come from deep inside of him; when he was in a room, no one else mattered. It was easy to understand why he was one of the (Continued on page 74)
A GREAT RADIO STAR WRITES ABOUT THE MAN SHE GREW UP WITH AND TELLS THE SECRET INSPIRATION WHICH LIFTED HIM TO BRILLIANT SUCCESS

TWO years ago a young man, little more than a boy, came to Chicago and went to work in radio as "just another actor." He was so quiet and unassuming that few people who worked with him then can remember anything about him now. He played nothing but small parts, kept very much to himself, and in less than six months he left as quietly as he had come.

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The others laughed and kidded Tyrone about being a fresh-air fiend when he walked to the studio through a blizzard. The truth was that he didn't have the money for carfare.

"Father," Tyrone said eagerly, "this is 'Ginny.'"

I curtseyed as gracefully as I could, and stood with my eyes glued to the floor. That was the kind of man he was. There was a kindly, regal air about him when you first met him which made me a small girl who wanted to become an actress, stand in awe.

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A HAPPY BRIDE WHO HAS LEARNED A POIGNANT LESSON IN THE ART OF REAL LIVING WANTS TO HELP THE MAN WHO HAS NEVER DARED FALL IN LOVE

Right, Nelson, Jeanette, Gene Raymond, Anita Louise, and James Stewart—at "the happiest party" Jeanette ever attended.

By Jack Smalley
THOUSANDS of fans once clamored for a real life romance between the lovely heroine and romantic hero of "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie" and "Maytime." They knew what they wanted. They believed that if only Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy could find love, they would discover the real happiness all their followers wished for them.

The happiness of Jeanette MacDonald was assured when Gene Raymond, with his gay laughter and tender smile, came riding over the hill and into her busy life.

And what about Nelson Eddy? Jeanette had often said she would never marry. She changed her mind. Nelson Eddy has frequently declared he is too busy to find love. Can anyone change his mind?

Jeanette learned her poignant lesson in life through a picture she and Nelson did together, when they enacted, for the screen, the tragic story of lovers separated by careers—the story told in "Maytime."

That story strengthened a decision that had been so heartbreakingly difficult for Jeanette to reach; could she marry and still have her successful career? She hadn’t been able to decide when she was cast to play in "Maytime" the tragic role of a woman who passed love by and died regretting it.

Like this heroine, Jeanette had believed that there was no place for marriage in her career, that there was no time for any outside intrusion upon a life made up of constant devotion to a goal set long ago. With all her energies devoted to the demands of her career, with singing lessons and language lessons, with concert tours, pictures, and radio programs, she thought her life lacked nothing.

That was before the right man came along.

Now Jeanette knows how empty her life—that had seemed so full—really was before she met Gene Raymond. Because the parallel between Jeanette’s life and Nelson Eddy’s is so striking, it is inevitable that Nelson should learn, through Jeanette, the truths that she had discovered and which she wants to tell him.

For Jeanette wants Nelson to know what she has learned from love, the dramatic lesson in living it has taught her. She knows that Nelson Eddy, too, has said that there is no place for marriage in his career, so full of road tours, radio programs, movies and the always constant study.

That is why a woman in love wants to advise a man who is afraid to be.

"We are great friends, Nelson and I," Jeanette said, "and I do not believe I am overstepping when I say we are confidants as well.

"For a long time I thought as Nelson does and sincerely believed that there was no place for marriage in the life of a person who had dedicated every moment of her life to the exacting demands of a singer’s career. "A career like mine could not be casual. A dismaying amount of preparation must go into it. Nelson and I are singers. Therefore, we encounter the same problems.

"A singer never is satisfied, always is striving for improvement, always bending every (Continued on page 79)."
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For a long time I thought as Nelson does and sincerely believed that there was no place for marriage in the life of a person who had dedicated every moment of her life to the existing demands of a singer's career. A career like mine could not be casual. A decisive amount of preparation must go into it. Nelson and I are singers. Therefore we encounter the same problems.

A singer never is satisfied, always is striving for improvement, always bending every...
JERRY COOPER always knew the day would come. Though it would open the door to new fame and success for him, still he dreaded its coming. He knew he would have no choice but to accept what that day brought. Even if it meant the end of things between him and Joan Mitchell.

The day came. The producers of Hollywood Hotel called Jerry to the West Coast for one of the star parts in that top radio show. It was Jerry's big chance. It would have been criminal not to accept it—and Jerry, realizing that, accepted.

When you listen to Jerry singing on Hollywood Hotel next Friday night, think a little of Joan Mitchell, the girl he left in New York. One thing is certain: Jerry will be thinking of her too, and wondering if he chose the right course. But what other course could he have chosen? No matter what the outcome, he took the chance he had to take.

On the one hand, Hollywood Hotel, money, fame, probably a movie contract—and separation from the girl he loves. On the other, moderate fame, fairly good money, a chance to be with Joan every day...
—but still no opportunity for the marriage both of them desire with all their hearts.

Joan and Jerry have not been the luckiest lovers in the world. Ever since that night a year and a half ago when they first met, circumstances have always conspired to keep them from finding happiness together. Now they are separated by the width of a continent, but this separation may, in the end, solve the problem of their lives in the way they want it solved. For it was not only to further his own career that Jerry Cooper went to Hollywood. He went, also, to pay a debt he owes the girl he loves.

Joan and Jerry, as you may already know, first met when Jerry was singing in the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway. Joan was one of the girls in the chorus of the floor show. From the time they first exchanged a few words of conversation, there was nobody else on earth for either of them.

But their world was an unstable one. Who knew how long a job would last, how soon it would be before they were eating in automats and living in hall bedrooms? Jerry was on the way up—but how could he be sure something wouldn't happen to change the course of his career? There is something of the gambler in everyone who takes the stage or any of its branches for a livelihood. There has to be. But Jerry and Joan weren't willing to gamble with their love for each other.

No doubt you supposed that Jerry was already a high-salaried star before he received the Hollywood Hotel offer. True, he was a promising star; he made enough to pay his expenses and save a little. But he did not make enough to give him the feeling of security his nature craves and must have before he can consider marriage.

Then, too, both Joan and Jerry had their individual responsibilities. Joan is the chief support of her family, with whom she lives, and she earns the money to pay for her invalid sister's medical care. She couldn't forget the people who were dependent on her, and she is much too proud ever to allow Jerry to take over the financial problem they present. Still another obstacle, until recently, was the opposition of Jerry's mother to his marriage. Mrs. Cooper wanted them to wait, because she was afraid they could never adjust the differences in their backgrounds. Joan, after all, is a New York girl, Broadway to her finger-tips—and Jerry, despite a thin veneer of city sophistication, is still the country boy who came up from New Orleans a few years ago. Could two people, raised in such different atmospheres, be happy together? Mrs. Cooper wanted them to be sure they could before taking any irrevocable step.

That was the argument she offered against marriage, but I believe the truth lay deeper than anything she ever said. A tragic experience of her own—her marriage to Jerry's father broke up when Jerry was twelve—bred a fear and distrust of marriage in her heart. She didn't want Jerry to suffer as she had suffered. She believed he would be happier, as she had been, alone. So Joan and Jerry waited, waited on their financial position and on Mrs. Cooper's wishes. Waiting brought its sacrifices. It brought them to Joan, not to Jerry. Twice in the last year Hollywood scouts have come to her offering movie contracts. They were not dazzling opportunities for stardom, but to a girl as wise in the ways of show business as Joan, they were all the more attractive for their moderation. She could have gone to Hollywood on a fair salary, and there she would have been trained, given small parts at first, and gradually coached for a screen career. What Hollywood was offering Joan Mitchell was a chance to make good.

Joan refused both offers. She had only one reason for doing so: she wouldn't leave Jerry behind. They didn't discuss these movie opportunities much, between themselves. What was the use? Each knew that for her own sake Joan should accept them, but Joan knew she wouldn't. And Jerry hoped she wouldn't. He couldn't help it. New York would be too dreary a place if she were to leave it.

They were both learning, too, how much Jerry needs Joan, and will always need her. Jerry is still a guileless and trusting soul, in spite of his Broadway (Continued on page 62)
Youth, vitality and authentic Southern charm blend to make Durelle Alexander the perfect camera subject. Not yet twenty, she began her career in movies when she was seven. Long with Paul Whiteman, she is now a CBS star and was supposed to be engaged to Gil Bundy, famous cartoonist, though no one really knows her heart.

Hollywood's great photographer, Hurrell, took this picture of exquisite Joy Hodges who, with Jimmy Grier's orchestra, has won a contract renewal for Joe Penner's program. She's on the Fibber McGee show, too.
Typical of the perfect and rare American beauty is the golden loveliness of Florence George, an NBC coloratura soprano and member of the City Opera of Chicago. Already, Hollywood scouts have under option this Dayton, Ohio girl who began by studying piano and who won the title of prettiest co-ed at Wittenberg College.

Maurice Seymour

Charm that extreme youth never possesses is the keynote of this new camera study of Jessica Dragonette who grows more lovely with each passing year, even with all her hard work on the CBS Beauty Box programs.
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With her younger sister, Patti, safely married to Bob Simmons, Jane Pickens has returned to New York and the program which she left last fall when she went on the road with the Follies. When she left it, the broadcast was called the Saturday Night Party but now it's the Sunday Night Party, having changed its time to Sundays on the NBC Red network. Though Patti has found a husband, Jane is determined to stand by her career.
Harriet Hilliard than whom there isn't a lovelier young singer has finished work on another picture for RKO and you will be seeing her shortly in "New Faces," the movie which has those comedians Pakyakarkus, Joe Penner and Milton Berle. Miss Hilliard is doubly happy these days now that she knows her man is going to be in Hollywood for keeps. Meaning that Ozzie Nelson junior will once more have a papa to whom he can say goodnight.
Editor's Note: Once more Radio Mirror gives you its new Hollywood reporter, famous Jimmie Fidler, whose broadcasts you hear Tuesday and Friday nights on NBC. This is Hollywood and radio undressed, brought you by the man whose reputation has been won by the biting honesty and searching truth of his news. Because of the freedom of expression granted him, opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the magazine and its editor.

Fred Astaire's limelight fever has jumped to a dizzy degree of late. He understands the dollars and cents value of wholesale adulation as well as any entertainer in the business. But always, with his permission, the background of those spotlights blazing on him warmed the lesser members of his cast. When they turned in swell performances, Freddie was among the first with congratulations.

But that part of the dancer's makeup seems to be missing these days. I told you last month about the apparent dissension between Astaire and Charlie Butterworth. What looked like harmless bickering on the part of two high-strung artists, now grows serious. I get it straight that if Astaire does leave the Packard program permanently, there will be but one reason—Charlie Butterworth.

When the show increased in popularity, as evidenced in
recent surveys, the comic Butterworth was credited with the program's growing success. Those handling publicity for the show, emphasized each week what Charlie would do. Astaire felt himself slipping into the background on his own bill.

I understand that his producers are now pleading with him to let bygones be bygones. That everything will be different on the next series. But I hear that Freddie won't believe them unless Charlie hies himself off to another program. If the comic does leave the show, I think Freddie will be back. Otherwise, he is almost a cinch to be missing from that familiar Tuesday night spot. By the time you read this, the summer cast of Johnny Green, Trudy Wood and Buddy Blair will have taken over the show.

Can't quite visualize Grace Moore doing her warbling as she bumps around the country in a trailer—even if that trailer does have a miniature piano in it. But that is exactly what she is doing these days. Hubby Valentin Perera bought one of the swankier numbers, so they are hitting the gypsy trail and communing with the great outdoors, probably as you read this. Don't be alarmed if you awaken some a.m. and find a strange trailer parked in your back yard, and "Madam Butter-fly" arias exuding from its windows.

I hear rumblings of discord in the cast of "One Man's Family," that satisfying serial that airates from San Francisco. Seems that all sorts of (Continued on page 37)
TIC TOC'S SINGER—Sensational is the word for the rise of youthful Jean O'Neill, left, who sings on NBC's new Tic Tac Revue, Monday nights. A year ago Jean was graduating from a Brooklyn high school. Last winter she was in a music publishing house trying out a new song, and Scrappy Lambert of the Town Hall Quartet heard her. He was so impressed he brought her to Fred Allen's program for her network debut. That was in January, and now, after a return engagement on Town Hall Tonight, she's the featured soprano soloist on a sponsored network show. Jean is just eighteen, and won her new job in competition with a dozen other singers.

QUIZ' MAN GODFREY—The quizzing assistant to CBS' quizzing Professor Quiz is Arthur Godfrey, who in his thirty-four years has held at least that many jobs. Arthur was born in New York, the son of a veteran newspaper man, and has always tried to carry out his boyhood ambition to see everything and do everything. He's been an office boy, coal miner, Navy radio operator, taxi driver, vaudeville performer, and cemetery lot salesman. Just now he's one of radio's highest paid announcers. Besides his Professor Quiz show, he announces the popular Sun Dial program in Washington, which has eighty-five sponsors. In his spare time he fishes, pilots an airplane, reads the latest biographies, and swims expertly. He also wants to learn all about farms.

GUIDING LIGHT—The brightest light of NBC's serial, Guiding Light, is Mercedes McCambridge, right, who plays Mary in the story. Hers is also the role of Diana in another NBC serial, Dan Harding's Wife. Mercedes is one of the members of the 1937 graduating class at Mundelein College in Chicago. She was born in Joliet, Illinois, and came to Chicago in 1927. She won a scholarship to Mundelein from forty other contestants—and it was a lucky scholarship, because an NBC scout heard her doing a solo part in the Mundelein verse speaking choir last June, and gave her a contract with his network. Her part in The Guiding Light is her first leading role. Mercedes has never let her radio work interfere with school, as was proved by her Phi Beta Kappa key when she graduated from College a week or so ago. She collects penguin models as a hobby, and likes tall, dark, not handsome, men.
CLOSE-UPS

HIGHLAND ELLA—Eddie Cantor chose Ella Logan, right, as one of the pinch-hitting stars for his program while he takes his summer vacation. Ella, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland, was a dancing and singing star in Europe when she was only eleven. By the time she was fifteen she was giving command performances in the homes of royalty and dancing at parties with the Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor. In 1932 she came to America for a part in the Broadway musical, "Calling All Stars." Then she went to Hollywood for her screen debut in the Universal hit, "Top of the Town." Her latest picture is "A Young Man's Fancy."

MANHATTAN'S OWN BERT—Back on the air once more, Bert Lahr, right, is the comedy star of NBC's Sunday-night Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. The name of the program is appropriate, because Bert is Broadway's favorite son. Born in New York, Bert served his stage apprenticeship in vaudeville, and then, in 1927, scored a personal hit in a musical revue called "Delmar's Revels." Since then he's kept first-nighters happy every year, and just now he's co-starring with Beatrice Lillie in "The Show is On." Broadwayites recognize Bert in the wintertime by his massive tan fur coat—there's never, they say, been another one like it. He's married, has one son, and when he's playing in New York lives at a hotel in the theater district, so he can be near his friends.

HOLLYWOOD'S OWN ADELA—Reporter, novelist, scenario writer, radio star and a colorful personality is Adela Rogers St. Johns, who broadcasts her own news program on NBC at 9:45, E.D.S.T., every morning except Saturday and Sunday. She was born in San Francisco, the daughter of Earl Rogers, the most spectacular lawyer of his day. As a child she attended all his trials—experience which was later invaluable when she started life as a reporter. She became Western editor of Photoplay when it was the only moving picture magazine published, and began to write Hollywood fiction around her experiences. Adela is married to Patrick O'Toole, an aviation executive, and she is the mother of five children. She is credited with having discovered Clark Gable but says she only suggested him for a leading role in "A Free Soul," which she had written.
THE FRANKNESS FOR WHICH MRS. ROOSEVELT IS FAMOUS IS ALL HERE IN THIS AMAZINGLY HUMAN STORY ABOUT HER
Above, the President's wife and daughter, Mrs. John Boettiger, who discussed family affairs as cameramen took their pictures.

Mrs. Roosevelt wanted to see her daughter, Mrs. Anna Boettiger. Anna was in Seattle, so Mrs. Roosevelt jumped into an airplane and set out across the continent. The weather was bad, and she was grounded twice and stuck in the mud once, so that when she finally did arrive in Seattle it was almost time for her Wednesday night broadcast. Not until broadcast time was near did she realize she hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast, so she sent a page-boy downstairs for a sandwich. Between mouthfuls, the wife of the President rehearsed her fifteen-minute program—casual, unruffled, and perfectly happy.

Something rather special had been arranged for that particular broadcast. Mrs. Boettiger was to interview her famous mother on the subject of how to raise a twentieth-century daughter, and the Seattle news photographers were out in full force. They were kept at bay until after the actual broadcast; then they were admitted into the studio. The photographer from one of the papers had been mysteriously delayed, though, and hadn't arrived yet.

"We'll wait," Mrs. Roosevelt said, and smiled. "I don't mind. He'll come along pretty soon."

When the missing photographer arrived and all the cameras were set up, one of them suggested that it would be a nice idea if Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Boettiger would pretend to be chatting informally. Mrs. Roosevelt is never one to waste time. Immediately, she began to tell her daughter how things were going with the family back in Washington. The two women might have been alone, for all the embarrassment either of them showed.

"Gee," said one of the photographers regretfully. "I'm sorry our cameras aren't wired for sound!"

Mrs. Roosevelt laughed. "I'm sure our family affairs wouldn't sound well if they were (Continued on page 66)"
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I T S a lot easier—and safer—to try changing a leopard’s spots than it is to try changing a husband’s habits. With a leopard you’re at least sure of one thing. He may swallow you whole, but he’s not going to give you a nice crop of chocolate-brown spots exactly like the ones he had years before you came on the scene. But a husband’s habits are like the measles. They’re catching. Take it from Dorothy Wesley Bernie. Dorothy knows.

Dorothy and Ben Bernie have been married for two years now, and Dorothy has to admit that she hasn’t accomplished a single thing she set out to accomplish. She’s a defeated woman, if you want to be harsh about it. But she’s having a grand time.

In that rosy, sort of moonstruck period before the wedding, Dorothy used to sit back and look at Ben and think about all the changes she was going to make in his manner of living. Oh, she wouldn’t nag, of course! Nothing like that. But gently, tactfully, quietly, she would lead him into a more normal life. It would be all for his own good, and later he’d realize this. Those appalling habits of his! They’d certainly bring him to an early grave, or a nervous breakdown, or—well, something pretty awful.

Dorothy Wesley herself was a swimming champion, and she knew all the rules for correct living. Early to bed, early to rise. A few hours of relaxation every day. Regular, balanced diet. She knew them all, and what’s more, she practiced them! Every one.

On the other hand, Ben didn’t even know them. He couldn’t sit still for two minutes at a time. He smoked enough cigars to heat all Labrador. He couldn’t get to sleep at nights, or never bothered to try, but sometimes he’d be found taking a nap in the middle of dinner. He thought nothing of working all day and half the night and then playing bridge the rest of the night. He spent money by the fistful at the race track. His balanced diet consisted principally of hamburgers.

But of course the poor dear didn’t know the harm he was doing himself. He needed a wise, understanding woman to help him learn how to live, and Dorothy was that woman. Like any bride, she was filled with beautiful, beautiful dreams. She had the future all mapped out, and it was going to be perfect—perfect with her idea of perfection, naturally, but Ben would like it too, once he saw the light. It wouldn’t be difficult. All she needed was a little tact.

Chock-full and running over with tact, she began her reformation campaign with the little matter of a dog. She wanted a dog, and Ben wanted a dog. Very good. But it seemed that Ben’s idea of a fine animal to have around the house was something the size of a young cow—a Great Dane or a police dog. A great hulking thing with an appetite for bedroom slippers and a way of knocking you flat when it wanted to prove how much it loved you.

Dorothy swung briskly into action. “But don’t you see, Ben?” she pointed out with sweet reasonableness. “We’re traveling around the country so much, living in hotels and apartments—it wouldn’t be fair to the dog. He’d always be cramped and unhappy.”

“Um—yes, I see what you mean,” Ben agreed. “Maybe you’re right. How about a wire-hair, then?”

B Y R U T H G E R I

"Well, no," Dorothy said. "I'd planned on a Manchester terrier."

Ben hadn't any idea what a Manchester terrier looked like, but he went along with his bride to a pet shop to look at a litter of them.

"Why, I'd just as soon keep a pet rat around," he scoffed when Dorothy exhibited her idea of man's best friend. And in fact a Manchester terrier puppy is about the size and general attractiveness of a rat, to the masculine mind at least. "But go ahead and buy him, if you want," Ben said cheerfully. "He's your mutt."

You see how easy, Dorothy thought, it's going to be to get Ben to do as I tell him? Left to himself, he'd have had a dog that would have chewed up every shoe in the house, but he'll be just as happy with the one I picked out.

Ben did grow fond of the Manchester. He christened the mincing little animal "Killer," and likes to carry him around in his pocket.

From dogs Dorothy progressed to horses. And ran straight into a brick wall. Gently but firmly, Ben refused to stay away from race tracks.

"Come along, if you don't believe me," he'd urge. "Maybe then you'll understand what a lot of fun it is."

"Fun! To watch a lot of horses run around a track?"

However, she finally went along, taking her embroidery because she was dead certain she'd be bored. It was a mistake. She should have stayed at home, if she wanted to get that embroidery done and preserve her superior attitude toward horse-racing; because she was not bored. First she found Ben's enthusiasm creeping into her own veins, like some contagious disease. Later she found herself watching those horses and yelling for a (Continued on page 55)
It's a lot easier—and safer—to try changing a leopard's spots than it is to try changing a husband's habits. With a leopard you're at least sure of one thing. He may swallow you whole, but he's not going to give you a nice crop of chocolate-brown spots exactly like the ones he had years before you came on the scene. But a husband's habits are like the measles. They're catching. Take it from Dorothy Wesley Bernie. Dorothy knows.

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The story so far: His birthplace was Kenosha, Wisconsin, his father was Italian, his mother German-Scotch, and he was their first son. Like most first sons, Don Ameche was anything but a model child, even if he did get good grades in school without half trying. Good grades didn’t make his teachers forgive him for the pranks he was always up to. They sighed with relief when, aged eleven, Don was sent to a Catholic boarding school, St. Berchman’s Academy, in Marion, Ohio. There, Don went on thinking up ways to get himself into trouble—pillow fights, undercover smoking, and leaving school bounds without permission. But the punishment in St. Berchman’s was severe and certain, and he learned a respect for discipline he’d never known before. His harassed father and mother, back in Kenosha, began to hope that after all he’d be the President they were sure his brilliance could make him, and not the scapegrace they were afraid he’d be because of his mischievous spirit. Don left St. Berchman’s when he was thirteen, and entered Columbia Academy in Dubuque, where he was to meet two people who have had a profound influence on his life. One was a priest. And the other was a girl.

Part Two

Don Ameche was not among strangers when he entered Columbia Academy at Dubuque, Iowa, in 1922. For many of his
former classmates from St. Berchman's were also prepping for college there. Since the schools were so close, he was almost back on his old stamping grounds.

He captured Columbia's junior basketball team, which was known as the "Teeny-Weenies"—all former St. Berchman boys. When they went to Marion to play the old school team, he slept again in the familiar dormitory. It was like going home.

But now he was growing up; he sat at the head table and ate three Sunday desserts, remembering how he used to conspire to get even one extra helping. He laughed with the sisters about the time he gave a reading called "The Going of the White Swan" at a school program. He talked about where the team would go to play next weekend—perhaps all the way to Davenport!

It was through basketball that Don met the man who was to influence his life greatly and be woven time after time into the threads of his destiny. Though even then he was Father Sheehy by title, this priest was not much more than a lad himself at the time. Recently ordained, Columbia was Sheehy's first post. He is now assistant to the Rector of the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C.

The boys on the Teeny-Weeny team were Father Sheehy's special charges. He coached their play, supervised their school work and acted as their spiritual adviser. A boy's man, they adored him, as (Continued on page 71)
School pictures through courtesy of Columbia Academy

Don was captain of the 1925 Columbia Academy basketball team. In the last row is Father Sheehy who helped mold Don's destiny. Right, the promising young actor in his first starring role when a sophomore.
GIVE ME A

Rubinoff's on the West Coast these days, making pictures, but you still hear him on Sunday nights over CBS.

MUSIC BY
RICHARD A. WHITLING

WORDS BY
LEO ROBIN

From the Paramount Picture, "Monte Carlo"

ANOTHER FREE THEME SONG FOR RADIO MIRROR LISTENERS! THAT CHARMING WALTZ MELODY WHICH INTRODUCES RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN

REFRAIN

Tempo di Valse

Gmi Eb Cmi
un poco rall.

Give me a

un poco rall.

Gmi Eb Cmi

REFRAIN

Bb7

Bb7

Bb aug 5 Eb

Bb aug 5 Eb

smile, one thrill. Let me en-fold your charms, Within my

Let me en-fold your charms, Within my
arms, You should, you must, you will. I nev-
er

knew that one like you Could bring me to my knees,

Lift me and let me rise to Para-dise, For just a mo-
ment,

Please, give me Para-dise for just a mo-
ment please.
1. The plot hatches as Joe Penner and Parkyakarkus plan to steal Milton Berle's funniest gag, a feat any comedian would be proud of.

2. Penner is elected to do the dirty work—that night at a broadcast he tries to get a good look at his unsuspecting victim's script.

3. His scheme fails! Berle proves himself too much of an old hand at this game to be taken unawares, and the guilty Penner is caught.

4. Parkyakarkus, hearing that Penner has been trapped, tries to get away, but Berle hires detectives who catch him crossing the border.
5. Sunk in gloom, the two culprits blame each other for their failure, while ahead of them looms a court trial and stiff prison sentences.

6. Penner, cracking under the strain, decides to double cross his pal and get out of town, but his flowers fail to fool the station master.

7. Parkyakarkus reads of his friend's perfidy and realizes there is no honor among thieves. His girl, Harriet Hilliard, soothes his nerves.

8. The jury's verdict: "Not Guilty" because there's no corpus delicti. Berle didn't have a joke for them to steal in the first place.

THE YEAR'S PHOTO-MYSTERY WITH MILTON BERLE IN THE TITLE ROLE. NOT A SINGLE CLUE HAS BEEN LEFT OUT—JUST TRY TO FIND ANY IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART
Above, Donna Damerel, the Marge of Myrt and Marge, is all set for that shutter to click.

Below, there’s drayma in this pose taken by Rex Chandler about to direct his orchestra.

Above, looking at the birdie, is Vivian Della Chiesa. Or is it just an airplane?

Coo, Durelle Alexander, for such a pose. And you can be so glamorous at times, too!
WHOOPS MY DEAR! JUST LOOK WHAT THE CAMERA DID TO THESE EXPERTS IN GLAMOR WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE POSING FOR PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Above, poor Bing's just too tired out to give the lens that old personality umph.

Right, another gallery favorite, Joy Hodges, more than matches Durelle's coyness.

Above, is the mighty maestro, Dave Rubinoff, giving the mike everything he's got.

Below, Helen Jepson proves it's a cinch to be just too, too dramatic in a pose.
In Hollywood it is the director who does most of the behind-the-scenes work. Yet only two directors, Cecil B. DeMille and Frank Capra, merit billing above the title. The rest content themselves with plaudits among the profession.

On Broadway, the forgotten hero of the theater and night clubs is the dance master who cracks the whip over the heads of the precision dancers. Yet the audience applaud only the chorines, not caring who devised their routines.

Radio Row also has a group of men who are seldom talked about by listeners. Yet they can make or break your favorite band. They are the arrangers who concoct the styles which send a nation tripping the light fantastic to such rhythmic novelties as “rippling rhythm,” “slide music,” and “bell music.”

These men are paid an average of fifty to a hundred dollars an arrangement. The majority are free-lance artists who prefer to work for a batch of bands. Temperamental in many cases, they like being their own bosses.

Crack arrangers like Ned Freeman and Harold Rubinstein work on this theory and write for Ted Fio Rito, George Hall, Rita Rio, and on the side, hold down jobs with recording companies. On the other hand, maestros like Andre Kostelanetz, Hal Kemp, and Abe Lyman sign these men exclusively and pay staggering wages. Joseph Nussbaum is Kostie’s chief orchestrator. Ernie Watson, who also doubles as a band leader in his own right, holds down a similar job with Rubinoff. Elliot Jacoby writes Rudy Vallee’s outstanding arrangements. Tom Bennett is the man beneath the lead sheet for (Continued on page 60)
To guide those dancing feet, you must keep pace with the ever changing Bandland scene.

Leith Stevens, above, in a typical pose while leading the Saturday Night Swing Club orchestra at seven o'clock on CBS.

Left, Carmen Lombardo has composed a successor to his hit song, "Boo Hoo" with the very tricky name "Toodle-Oo."
IN Hollywood it is the director who does most of the behind-the-scenes work. Yet only two directors, Cecil B. DeMille and Frank Capra, merit billing above the title. The rest content themselves with plaudits among the profession.

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The Only Man Who Knows Tells—

Will Vallee

A DRAMATIC AND REVEALING PREDICTION FROM A FATHER WHO FEELS SURE HE KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR HIS SON

Above, Charles Vallee, so like his son in many respects. Below, Niela Goodelle, and, right, Alice Faye. Did Rudy ever love them?

SOME day I'm sure Rudy will find the girl he needs, and marry again."

Charles A. Vallee lit a slender cigar and leaned back in his chair, puffing contentedly. Ruddy-faced, white-haired, short and chubby, he didn't look like his famous son—didn't even look like a forecast of Rudy thirty years from now. But "Like father, like son," wasn't said of physical resemblance alone, and Charles Vallee is in himself the key to an understanding of Rudy.

Rudy has built up around himself a wall of silence and behind it he hides with all his dreams.
Right, Valeren Woodward, who gossips whisper might be the second Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Rudy, in a mood far from romantic, puts his orchestra through its paces during a rehearsal.

his hopes, his plans for the future. Last winter, for the first time, he refused to say anything for publication on any subject which concerned his personal life. Publicity, he decreed, must deal exclusively with Rudy Vallee the radio performer. Never again did he want to give an interviewer a story which dealt with Rudy Vallee the man.

Immediately, when I heard this, I wondered. Had Rudy lost the zest for life which was responsible for so much of his success? Had the tragedy of his marriage to Fay Webb, and the shock of her death, embittered him so that he was turning his back on everything except work? I saw how it could happen, and I saw too that the first impulse of a man to whom such a thing had happened would be to say, "Let's have no more publicity—no more linking of my name with this girl or that. Let me be just a singer, an orchestra leader, a voice on the air, and no more than that."

Rudy, I knew, wouldn't tell me. But his father, out of his intimate knowledge of his son, could and would. And did.

"I hope Rudy will marry again, and I believe he will," Charles Vallee said. "Rudy isn't the sort who lets anything embitter him permanently. He never has been like that. Even when he was a boy he'd flare up in a temper for a while, get it out of his system, and then be all right again. I remember once, when he was (Continued on page 61)
MAYBE you haven’t heard about charm insurance. We all know lots today about various forms of beauty insurance, though perhaps not by that name—the special soaps and creams and harmonizing make-ups that insure the beauty of your skin, hair and general appearance. But what price beauty without charm? The charm of clean, shining, fragrant femininity?

Benay Venuta, lovely blonde star of both stage and radio, is one real glamour girl who doesn’t hesitate to talk friendly about this all-important subject. As she says, “Cleanliness is almost a religion with me all year ‘round, but in summertime the rites of bathing, cleansing and freshening the skin become something close to an obsession.

“I’m glad to see that we modern girls have learned the necessity of changing their cosmetic shades, and even their styles of hairdress, to suit the changing seasons. Aside from the question of suntan, the brighter sunshine of summer days requires an entirely different type of make-up to be effective, and the carefree indulgence in summer sports calls for a simpler, easier to handle coiffure that will still look attractive when blown about by wind or exercise.

“At the same time,” she emphasized, “I think it would be of still greater benefit to every girl if she made a mental memo of the fact that now—at the same time she is choosing new cosmetics for warm weather—is the time for her to double the number of baths and showers she takes, to stock up on such charm insurance items as eau de cologne, bath powder and deodorants and anti-perspirants for every occasion and purpose.

“These things needn’t be expensive. Charm insurance doesn’t cost much money and the little extra time required pays such big dividends! For instance, you can find the kind of deodorant best suited to your needs by experimenting with dime store sizes. Incidentally, these miniature jars and bottles are invaluable for keeping in your office desk, country club locker, or weekend cottage in case of emergency. Certainly you should have some convenient form of deodorant which you can carry in your purse for a long day away from home and bathtub.

“Perfect body cleanliness isn’t enough, either, for at this time one absolutely must pay more attention to the condition of one’s clothes. Personally, I’m afraid I’m a bit extravagant in the matter of cleaning bills, but there are many other ways of achieving the same results. If one can’t

Benay Venuta is singing star and mistress of ceremonies on MBS Variety Hour Show.

(Continued on page 85)
so you want a lovely complexion, too? well, you called the right number!

the dionne quins give you their "beauty secret"

you see, we have very sensitive skin

"if you think your complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! for we've always had such sensitive skin. and if it hadn't been for dr. dafoe, good sense knows what troubles we might have had!"

we must use the most soothing soap

"when we were tiny babies, dr. dafoe bathed us only with olive oil. so when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients,"

Dr. Dafoe said only Palmolive

"Dr. dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

why Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive

because the quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement: "for some time after their birth the Dionne quintuplets were bathed with olive oil. when the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive soaps exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for you? doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for our tender skin, it must be best for yours, too? Well anyway, our advice is, only Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

so don't you think Palmolive is best for your complexion, too?

why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again

beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. that's why its lather is different-rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier, younger-looking!

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS
The Happy Moment
— when the show is over

BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new bitter-tasting gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 5 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.
A great innovation in radio publications:
Eight pages of day-by-day program listings and news—vital information for the whole month. Read while you listen and find each day's highlights—guest stars, new shows, special broadcasts—all in your Almanac.

## Stations and Where to Tune Them In

### Columbia Broadcasting System

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### All Time Given Is Eastern Daylight Saving
MOTTO OF THE DAY
by WENDELL HALL

Don't forget those setting-up exercises for the soul—prayer.

Sunday, June 27, 1937

JACK BENNY and his gang—Bob Ripley and Ozzie Nelson—Marion Talley—Phil Baker, Bottie and Boots—Frank Parker—there's a steady parade of departing stars today. Even Joe Penner may make a last-minute decision to call it a season, so you'd better listen in just to be safe . . . . But two of the boys will be back at least before you know they're gone. Bob Ripley no sooner leaves his Sunday than he begins his new programs for a Friday-night program soon to hit the air . . . . Frank Parker bops up next Wednesday replacing Lily Pons as the Chesterfield star . . . . Back on his old stamping grounds of last summer, Paul White man operas tonight at the Texas Exposition. You'll surely want to be there, via NBC, because Oom Paul was just about the attraction's biggest attraction last year—and no reflection on his figure intended, either. . . . Your Almanac's still between you and the Columbia Workshop plays Sunday nights, too. Their director Irving Reis, is think ing good-tempered—but excitable . . . . Your Almanac wants to point out that it does its level best to be absolutely correct on all the dates it gives you—but radio changes its mind overnight sometimes and your Almanac isn't going to take responsibility for a sponsor's whims. If you find a few cases where we're wrong, blame earthquakes, hurricanes, or heart failure.

CBS's Columbia Workshop plays are all di rected and some are written by Irving Reis.

Jane Froman makes her radio comeback tonight as one of the substitutes for Benny.

Sunday, July 11, 1937

HARRY VON ZELL should have something pretty special on his Gulf program on CBS at 7:30, E.D.T., tonight, just by way of celebration, because today's his birthday. Thirty-one years ago in Indianapolis, was where and when Mr. Z. began his career. He went to Los Angeles just after he graduated from high school. Before becoming an announcer he was a bank messenger, a payroll clerk, studying singing on the side. He's married, calls his wife Mickey, and has an eight-year-old son . . . . Fred Feibel, CBS staff pianist in New York, opens the network every morning, was born on exactly the same day as Harry, but in Union City, N. J . . . . Hal Kemp, who is going to be on the Friday-night Chesterfield show all summer, bows in tonight as maestro-in-chief at Manhattan Beach, N. Y. You can hear him on both CBS and MBS—at different times, of course. . . . And lest you forget, that Universal Rhythym show you used to hear on Saturdays is now on CBS to 9:00, in the same spot its sponsor used to use for a symphony program. The talent's the same, and so is the formula—plus a vocal chorus and guests. The show lasts a full hour now, instead of the half-hour it used to occupy in its Saturday position . . . . Keep tuned to the same station for the Community Sing.

Announcer Harry Von Zell gets a crack at stardom by taking the place of Phil Baker.

Sunday, July 18, 1937

THEY'RE bringing you music all the way across the ocean today, in two installments. NBC offers half an hour of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with your pal Eugene Ormandy, who conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in the winter, directing. Then, at 4:00 E.D.T., NBC tunes in to Rome, where you hear an art set of the orchestra's program: "L'Elisir d'Amour," by Donizetti . . . . The Glenn Miller Family is having nothing today but fun. It's Harriet Hilliard's birthday, and Ozzie has arranged just the right music to write a present . . . . Don Ross and Jane Froman are in their third week as the stars of the Jello show, at 7:00, E.D.T. S. T. NBC. Don, you know, is not only Jane's co-star, but her husband too. His stage career began right after he left Ohio State University—he and a friend went on a barnstorming vaude ville tour. Stranded in Chicago, they bummed their way to New York, and managed to book their act into a string of theaters. On this tour they were heard and hired by the manager of a midtown radio station. Later Don went to Cincinnati, where he and Jane met, much to the delight of both. At 9:30, still on NBC, Frank Munn sings with Jean Dickensen, the young Don plays programs some of you have written in to complain had been forgotten by the networks. She hasn't, at all. And on the contrary, this is her big break. Her contract has just been renewed, so you'll be hearing her all summer.
MOTTO OF THE DAY

By T. E. D. C. O. L. L. I. N.

Start the week by being blue and you'll end it in the red.

Monday, June 28, 1937

The radio can't bring you outdoor sports it brings you indoor deliberations. That's what you get today, but don't blame your Almanac if you don't like it. NBC has its short-wave equipment all tuned up to receive and broadcast the proceedings of the International Chamber of Commerce convention being held today in Berlin, Germany. Your Almanac is laying no bets on whether or not Hitler makes a speech. Another Farrell today when the Lux Theater rings down its curtain for the summer. What, afraid of hot weather? Remember, people still use soap. It will be back in September... If the Berlin broadcast, earlier in the day, whetted your appetite for things German, you can listen in on your own short-wave receiver to some news broadcasts at 9:15 and 11:30, E.D.S.T. If you want to see the proceedings these broadcasts out, in English, directed at the North American continent. Tune in DJs or DJs, 25-200 Kc. or DJD, 25.70 Kc... Two of your radio friends are celebrating their birthdays today—Ann Leaf, the pint-sized organist, who was born in Omaha in 1906, and announcer Kelvyn Keck who is 29. If you're listening to the program and in Grace's fickle radio affections as well.

Monday, July 5, 1937

The new track cost a million dollars, and the promise of this summer's meet. Steve Hannigan, promises it will see the fine drivers and cars in the country... Prefer horses to automobiles? All right, Mutual has some for you. The Empire State Stakes. Tonight, Ted Lewis opens a season at the swanky Astor Hotel in New York, coming on to you. In the high-hatted tradition of song is making a comeback this year, and is doing right well at it too. Nonnie McGee and Molly tonight on NBC at 9:00, E.D.S.T. Tonight's the first entry in their new five-week contract— but Molly isn't sure. She's afraid it's just another of Fibber's pipe-dreams, made worse by the California climate.

Monday, July 12, 1937

KATHRYN CRAVENS starts a brand new contract with her sponsors today. It will keep her on the air at her usual time—2:00, E.D.S.T., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays on CBS—through the summer. Kathryn will do a lot of commuting this summer between New York and St. Louis. Her husband's a St. Louis businessman and they're very much in love. But Kathryn wants to keep on working, maybe in the hope of making a million dollars. She once said if she had that much money she'd buy her husband a baseball team... Speaking of family affairs, Dan Landau's infant son is exactly two months old today. Dan and his two brothers entertain you every morning, Monday through Friday, at 9:45 on NBC—and they hear them under other names on this show and that begins tonight. Your Almanac recommends, for cheerleaders, Uncle Ezra, NBC, 7:15; the Passing Parade, same network, 7:45, either Horace Heidt, CBS, or Burns and Allen, NBC, at 8:00; Pick and Pat, CBS, 8:30; Fibber McGee and Molly, NBC, 9:00; and the Contented Pro, NBC, 10:00. Nobody ever stays up that late, Francis Craig's orchestra, on NBC at 12:30, deserves more than an ear... Or, a little bit earlier, on the same network at midnight, you can hear fine oral singing... You're going to find the Fibber Tucker Chorale in a large, hearty way. Somebody ought to put these on earlier.

Monday, July 19, 1937

Another varied assortment of news, personalities, music, and drama is being "published" today by the Hearst Magazine of the Air. CBS at 11:00, E.D.S.T. Let your radio flip its pages for you. Did you know that the fellow who plays Roger Byron in the Heinz Magazine's serial, Trouble House, is one of the busiest radio actors in the country? His name is Ed Jerome, and maybe you heard him this spring when, as himself, he was on Phil Lewis' Wo, the People program, telling how he'd lost his voice and spent years as a clown in Spain, unable to talk. His voice is one of the best on the air now, though... Losing his voice hasn't been the only tragedy in Ed's life. Once he invested all his savings in Florida real estate, only to see it blown away by a hurricane... When you hear Stalin speaking on the March of Time, that's Ed too... Did you know Elder Michaux was back on the air? Ten O'clock, E.D.S.T., on the Mutual system tonight. You'll remember him better, perhaps, if your Almanac reminds you that his theme song is "Happy Am I"—just about the catchiest theme song on the air... The Voice of Firestone is still on the air, 8:30 on NBC. It was going off for the summer, but the sponsors, your Almanac hears, decided to stay on for a while longer...
Tuesday, June 29, 1937

MOTTO OF THE DAY
BY AL JOLSON

When hunger comes in at the door, love finds out it's love.

Tuesday, July 6, 1937

DIG the gunpowder out of your hair and get back to work—not that radio can't still make your day a holiday, but that devil work doesn't interfere with your enjoyment. . . . One of the good daytime programs, for instance, is Lorenzo Jones. Monday through Friday at 4:00, E.D.S.T., on NBC. Lorenzo himself is played by Karl Swenson, a blonde and handsome young man who was born in Brooklyn, New York. He attended Randolph-Macon Military Academy and Marietta College, and studied dramatics under famous actor-coaches. His first stage-fright attack came when he was 14 and had a piece to say at a Sunday-school entertainment. It hasn't bothered him since. Karl gave his first radio audition in 1929, and nothing happened for five years. Then he came to NBC to play in a series of dramas written by Peter Dixon. He's almost six feet tall, is married and has one son, and his hobbies are football, photography, and reading. . . . You can leave your set tuned in to the Lorenzo Jones station, and get, in quick succession, the Personnel Column, Polly O'Niles and The Guiding Light. There's an hour's good entertainment for you. . . . At 7:45, just two months ago, you received the most dramatic shock radio has ever given you—the announcement of the Habeas corpus disaster. . . . Tonight, on NBC, be sure to listen to Bob Crosby's opening at the Rite Carton in Boston.

Tuesday, July 13, 1937

Best you haven't listened yet to the show's newest personality—Jimmy Blair, featured baritone soloist on the Packard hour with Johnny Green's orchestra and Trudy Wood. NBC at 9:30. Fred Allen's responsible for Jimmy's place on this program. He discovered the young man last February on one of his new talent programs. Jimmy celebrated his twenty-first birthday just a few weeks ago. He was born in Boston, coming from a long line of New Englanders, which goes back to John Hancock and Massachusetts' Governor Winslow. He began singing in church choirs when he was a small boy—Phil Lord was one person who heard him then and predicted a big future for him. In 1934 he sang with a dance orchestra, working days as an office boy in a roller bearing factory. Then he won a Boston amateur contest and was hired by NBC's Boston station. Last winter he came to New York, auditioned for Fred Allen, and won first prize on the Town Hall show. Right after he got the job he told Allen that the lanky comedian had worked for his grandfather in the Boston public library, but that then it was too late for Allen to take him back to the prize. So, after thinking of Phil Lord, today's his birthday. . . . It's also the day for you to listen to Al Pearce and his completely nutty gang, at 9:00 tonight on the Columbia network. They've finished their cross-country journey and are in Hollywood tonight.

Tuesday, July 20, 1937

TURN your radio on this morning in time to hear Malcolm克莱尔's program at 8:00, E.D.S.T., on NBC. He broadcasts songs and stories for kids, but your Almanac likes them too. Malcolm's real name is Williamson, and he's a Southerner, from Alabama. He was married in 1928, made his radio debut in 1936, and is an expert impersonator, comedian, and animal imitator. Tonight's another chance to hear Johnny Green's music, Jimmy Blair, and Trudy Wood—or 9:30 on NBC. Last Tuesday your Almanac mentioned told you about Jimmy, and today's Trudy's turn. You remember her from the same program last winter, when Fred Astaire was on it, but she didn't have as much to do then as she does now. . . . Born in San Francisco, September 23, 1916, Trudy never intended to sing for her supper until after she graduated from Beverly Hills High School. She won a vocal contest and entered a talent contest in a night club. Then she toured with a dance band for nearly two years. An audition for a place in the Packard chorus got her the solo position instead of the typical chorus girl. Trudy's so pretty several film companies have offered her contracts, but she prefers to wait until she's earned more about singing and acting. . . . Your night-cap: Your Unseen Friend, dramatic sketch, at 10:30 on some stations, although not all—of the stations on the Columbia network.
WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY BY WALTER O'KEEFE

The surest way to cure your unhappiness is to cure someone else's.

Wednesday, June 30, 1937

DON'T make any plans to go out tonight. There's just one thing you have to do—and that's listen to Fred Allen on the radio. You may never hear him again, and you certainly won't hear him for a long time, because he's making plans except to stay off the air. When will some sponsor persuade him to return? Not even Fred knows.

Tonight's guest is Walter O'Keefe, who is taking his station on Town Hall Tonight for the summer. . . . You won't hear the most interesting performance of any radio star today. Dr. Charles M. Courseon, the Mutual system's prize organist, is playing for the Roosevelt-Du Pont wedding but it's NOT broadcast. . . . It's Leo Reisman's last night at the Waldorf-Astoria, and good o' NBC lets you in on the fun. Leo's been alternating with Xavier Cugat there, and his men will be on their way to play at the Paris Exposition. . . . Frank Porter makes his bow at the Chesterfield field program at 9:00—E.D.S.T., of course—on CBS, Frank, whose real name is Ciccio, always wears a bow tie and when he was only a kid he joined a church choir, but his tough New York pals kidded him out of the idea with cries of "sissy"—which was a good thing, because his voice was changing then and he might have injured it. Later he studied singing here in Milan, Italy, and sang in musical comedy.

DON'T go to the movies tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Vecchio have decided to head New preening genius of the Town and campal pol, Walter O'Keefe.

... New preening genius of the Town and campal pol, Walter O'Keefe.

Wednesday, July 21, 1937

IT'S Elise Hits' birthday today, and she's celebrating by doing just what she does every other day from Monday to Friday—playing in Follow the Moon on NBC at 4:30. . . . It's Mary Eastman's birthday, too, but she's lucky—she doesn't have to work today. . . . Did you know that the title role in Young Hickory, NBC at 5:15, E.D.S.T., Monday through Thursday, was played by a young man whose radio career shot up like a skyrocket? Many years ago, twenty-four-year-old low-Iowan, came to Chicago from college last February. On April 8 he landed a minor role in Young Hickory—two days later he took an audition for the lead—a week after that he signed his contract—and on April 20 he made his debut in the role. If Young Hickory's script ever calls for a burst of song, he can handle it too, because he's a good bass baritone. He's six feet tall, unmarried, and writes plays on the side. . . . On CBS, tonight, there is a solid hour of good singing, starting at 9:00 with Frank Porter and the Chesterfield program continues at 9:30 with Jessica Dragoneite and the Beach Theater. . . . Jessica's newest hobby is the same kind that of a lot of people these days—taking color pictures. Her brother's ranch in the southwest would be a fine place to experiment on this, but from the looks of things Jessica gets no vacation this summer. Her sponsors plan to stay on the air.

Young Hickory's star, Macdonald Carey, got his radio job in world's record time.

... Young Hickory's star, Macdonald Carey, got his radio job in world's record time.
THURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By GUY LOMBADO

Nothing runs faster than Time, but anyone can catch and kill it.

Thursday, July 1, 1937

THERE’S one awfully nice thing about summer and the departure of some of your favorite stars. You no longer have to wring your hands and wonder which one to tune in when you are on the air at the same time. The night, for instance, you can listen to Rudy Vallee with a clear conscience, and not be afraid you’re missing something swell on Kate Smith’s show—because Kate Smith’s show is off the air. . . . There are sentimental doings scheduled for Show Boat tonight, and many a tear will be shed, for Lanny Ross is going ashore for the last time. Lanny’s future plans are still vague, but one thing is sure—radio will play a big part in them . . . Xavier Cugat, who has been traveling for the last couple of days, opens tonight at the Cleveland Exposition, with an NBC wire . . . While Guy Lombardo takes up his residence at the old Cugat stand, the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria—also on NBC . . . While you close your eyes and this is what you’ll see—you’ll picture a fantastic, music-filled room, definitely tropical in its decorations. Overhead, electric stars twinkle brightly. The color of the room changes every five minutes, because the Roof’s electricians are magicians . . . And if your imagination is good enough, you can also imagine you’re eating one of the Waldorf’s excellent duck dinners. But don’t imagine you’re paying for it, or your daydream may change into a nightmare.

Thursday, July 8, 1937

The high point of today’s listening is the return to the air of Charlie Winninger as Cap’n Henry on Show Boat, 9:00, D.S.T., on NBC. The program’s coming from Hollywood tonight and every night in the future, and the sponsors hope it’ll have all its old glamor . . . And the reason Charlie Winninger decided to come back is told in a grand story on page 9 of this issue . . . Show Boat won’t keep you from listening to two programs that are just your dish if you think of radio as a medium of education. At 6:00, New York time, NBC has the University of California Chamber Music concert . . . And at 10:00 the same network broadcasts a special America’s Town Meeting of the Program from the University of California. The subject is “Can America Remain Neutral?” and the speakers are Senator Nye of North Dakota and Clark M. Durrell, president of the League of Nations . . . Donna Pavel, who joined the Marge of Myrt and Marge, is celebrating her birthday. She became a mother herself, for the second time—you know—two weeks ago. In the morning (10:00, D.S.T., on CBS) there’s that fine old dependable serial among serials, Betty and Bob. Did you know that the same woman plays both Mrs. Cary and Mrs. Hendrix on this show? She’s Grace Lockwood, and she doesn’t hesitate to admit she’s sixty-two. A long—forty years—stage career brought her at last to radio. She’s mother of radio actor Bob Bailey.

Thursday, July 15, 1937

REMEMBER Admiral Oliver Perry and his famous command, “Don’t give up the ship”? You’re listening to one of his descendants today at 12:30, E.D.S.T., on CBS, but she’s a good actress, so you hate her. Janet Logan is the descendant, and she plays the part of Clara Blake, dark, dark, villainous in The Romance of Helen Trent. She doesn’t look like a villainous type—though, more like Janet Gaynor. One of the smallest girls in radio, she’s barely five feet tall. In her Chicago high school she was voted the most popular girl. Out of school, she worked on the stage and in movies, then came back to Chicago and entered radio. She is unmarried, and lives with her parents in Chicago’s exclusive South Side. Around the house she wears hair ribbons and collects old books. If last night’s experience with the supernatural and Light on Earth made you want more of the same, there’s the Witch’s Tale, on MBS, at 10:00 o’clock. It just celebrated its 22nd anniversary, making it the oldest serious program on the air. . . Too bad it’s on the air at the same time, though, because he’s just as much of an institution, and just as hard to miss. In this kind of weather Bing’s bound to be away vacationing, but his side-kick, Bob Burns, will be around, carrying on merrily. He always deserts his title of Keeper of the Music Hall while Bing is Away on Vacation—a title so big it ought to bow even Bob’s broad shoulders.

Thursday, July 22, 1937

The start of the Wagnerian Opera Festival at Bayreuth, Germany, is your high spot musically today, NBC officiating at the short-wave controls. There’s also another chamber music concert from the University of California on NBC at 6:00 P.M., E.D.T. . . . Another special musical event is yours only if you live on the West Coast. Ferde Grofe has flown out West to conduct at the Hollywood Bowl, and will fly back tomorrow for his Friday-night program sponsored by the Southwest banks. Ferde Grofe was never in an airplane before, and doesn’t like to travel. On this trip he flew over the Grand Canyon, about which he wrote his famous Grand Canyon Suite. . . . He’d never seen it before. . . . There’s that Spelling Bee on NBC at 10:00. Don’t listen to it unless you are a good speaker or have strong nerves—otherwise you’ll get so mad at yourself for the mistakes you make that you won’t be able to sleep. . . . Maybe you’d better just take a half-hour dose of the Spelling Bee, and then switch to CBS and the March of Time. You can get mad at the way the world is going, listening to it, but that’s better than getting mad at yourself. . . . At 11:05, NBC gives you your choice of a night-club or John B. Kennedy’s news comments—and that ought to satisfy you in any mood. . . . Your Almanac’s parting injunction: Reserve your copy of next month’s Radio Mirror now—it will be out tomorrow morning.

NEW YORKERS—and you too—dance tonight as Guy Lombardo plays at Waldorf-Astoria.

You’d never guess that cute little Janet Logan is the menace in Helen Trent’s Romance.

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FRIDAY
MOTTO OF THE DAY
By ROBERT L. RIPLEY
The five senses are useless without the one we call Common.

Summer's in full swing, and so are the sports events. Today you stay-at-home sports fans can be at the Amateur Athletic Union's 75th anniversary meet in Milwaukee... Glenn Cunningham will be the boy for you to keep your eye on in the mile and two-mile runs; Gene Venzke, who gave him so much trouble last year, isn't in the meet. And your Almanac can put on its white beard and make predictions. Been four years since Junior College is going to burn up the cinders in the short events, while Glenn Varoff of Oregon, Olympic champion, will do something pretty fancy in the pole vaulting department... The networks will be at it in full force. If you tune in CBS you'll hear Mr. Huising telling you about it... Turning from music to music, NBC has the Jacques Dalcroze Music and Dancing Festival from Geneva, all ready for you via short-wave... To your last chance to hear tall stories, Munchhausen and the Marquis of Pearl's leaving on a vacation... Another bowser-in is Kay Thompson, who is leaving the Hal Kemp show on CBS... The King's Jesters, that popular group of Southern college series on NBC, late at night, from the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. Later in the summer they're going on a tour... And don't forget P. Sanders Longford at Hollywood Hotel at 9:00, E.D.T. Frances is dilly, twenty-four, and likes college boys.

Friday, July 2, 1937
Radio can carry you across thousands of miles—and it can also carry you across hundreds of years. Today it does both. NBC is broadcasting an revival Pacific Race from Siens, Italy. It's one of this old city's oldest traditions, colorful, exciting, and quaint. You'll want to hear about it... Near home, there's another change to listen to George Rector on CBS at 1:30, New York time. The famous restaurant man can make your midday water and the dramatic news stories he presents can make you laugh and cry which is even better... Rosemary Decamp, who plays leading parts in the sketches George Rector offers on CBS.

Friday, July 9, 1937
Balanced radio ration for the day: Serial drama, John's Other Wife, 10:15 A.M., NBC; news-variety, Heinz Magazine, 11:00 A.M., CBS; home-making variety, Farm and Home Hour, 11:30 P.M., NBC; music, CBS Concert Hall, 3:00 P.M.; kids' serial, Don Winslow of the Navy, 5:30 P.M., NBC; sports, Paul Douglas' resume, 6:35 P.M., CBS; humorous serial, Ma and Pa, 7:15 P.M. CBS; musical variety, Cities Service Concert, 8:00 P.M., NBC; drama, True Story Court, 9:30 P.M., NBC; movie news, Jimmie Fidler, 10:30 P.M., NBC. All times are E.D.S.T. Follow that program and your Almanac guarantees a good time, some things to think about, and sweet dreams... You'll hear one busy actor twice—Fred Bar ron, who plays the part of T. Marshall Wayne on John's Other Wife, and as a title in the True Story program. If tonight's play has a doctor or a minister in it, that's Fred. He has performed the wedding and burial service, on the air, in every known English church denomination... Fred was born in 1887... He walked the streets of Melbourne in 1889. He took a Merchant Marine Officer's examination when he was twelve, but switched from sailing to acting at sixteen. In 1907 he made his American debut in San Francisco, and entered radio in 1932. He also writes a number of radio scripts, and his favorite sports are boating, riding, and pitching horseshoes... His hair is gray and his eyes blue.

Philadelphians know Bill Dyer as the man of the mile for all home baseball games.

If you hear a minister or doctor on the True Story Court, it's probably Fred Borr on.

FRIDAY, July 16, 1937
He's been in radio four years. Round-faced and chubby, he has a secret fondness for sketching members of the cast on his script during rehearsals. Alice Frost is a stately blonde, married to Robert C. Foulk, and a native of Minneapolis. She was on the stage until she gave it up for radio four years ago. Haila Stoddard, also a blonde, is small and vivacious. She is a professional nurse who saved her life... Martin Gable also plays the part of Neil Young in Easy Acres. Last-minute reminder: First Nighter, with Les Tremayne and Barbara Luddy, at 10:00 on NBC and the first of Ripley's new shows at 9:00 on NBC.

Keep your ears open as Glenn Cunningham's running is described from the A.A.U. meet.

Friday, June 25, 1937
SUMMERS' in full swing, and so are the sports events. Today you stay-at-home sports fans can be at the Amateur Athletic Union's 75th anniversary meet in Milwaukee... Glenn Cunningham will be the boy for you to keep your eye on in the mile and two-mile runs; Gene Venzke, who gave him so much trouble last year, isn't in the meet. And your Almanac can put on its white beard and make predictions. Been four years since Junior College is going to burn up the cinders in the short events, while Glenn Varoff of Oregon, Olympic champion, will do something pretty fancy in the pole vaulting department... The networks will be at it in full force. If you tune in CBS you'll hear Mr. Huising telling you about it... Turning from music to music, NBC has the Jacques Dalcroze Music and Dancing Festival from Geneva, all ready for you via short-wave... To your last chance to hear tall stories, Munchhausen and the Marquis of Pearl's leaving on a vacation... Another bowser-in is Kay Thompson, who is leaving the Hal Kemp show on CBS... The King's Jesters, that popular group of Southern college series on NBC, late at night, from the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. Later in the summer they're going on a tour... And don't forget P. Sanders Longford at Hollywood Hotel at 9:00, E.D.T. Frances is dilly, twenty-four, and likes college boys.

Friday, July 2, 1937
Radio can carry you across thousands of miles—and it can also carry you across hundreds of years. Today it does both. NBC is broadcasting an revival Pacific Race from Siens, Italy. It's one of this old city's oldest traditions, colorful, exciting, and quaint. You'll want to hear about it... Near home, there's another change to listen to George Rector on CBS at 1:30, New York time. The famous restaurant man can make your midday water and the dramatic news stories he presents can make you laugh and cry which is even better... Rosemary Decamp, who plays leading parts in the sketches George Rector offers on CBS.
SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

BY JOHNNY GREEN

The way to learn thrift is to learn how to spend.

Saturday, June 26, 1937

YOUR air sports events today are still highlighted by the A.A.U. track meet in Milwaukee. It's the second and last day of the meet... Tonight, radio says good-by to Grace Moore, and vice versa. La Moir's program, which started out last fall as Floyd Gibbons' program, go off the air. Grace has a picture to make this summer, but says she'll be back on the air in the fall, broadcasting from New York. Sponsor? Answer comes there none... Emerson Gill, one of Society's favorite bandmasters, opens tonight at Tybee Beach, Savannah, Ga. Savannah people will have to dress up in evening clothes to enjoy him. All you have to do is roll up your shirt-sleeves and tune in the nearest NBC station. You can even chew gum and put your feet on the table while you listen. Liberty Bell, we call it... In the mood for more dancing first-put? Then there's Johnny Johnson, who opens at the Paradise Beach Club in Virginia, with a Mutual network wire to help you listen in; and Dick Stabile opening at Coney Island, also with a Mutual wire... If you don't feel like dancing, and you happen to know, don't—there's the Shell Show at 9:30, E.D.S.T., that you ought to listen to. It may not last all summer... Both Uncle Jim and Professor Quiz, complete with questions, are yours at 7:30 and 8:00, E.D.S.T. respectively. Think you know all the answers? Tune in and think again.

From symphony to jazz came Jan Savitt, who plays tonight on NBC from Atlantic City.

If you're a Texan, probably the only thing you'll want to think about today is the opening of the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition in Dallas. That's what Rudy Vallee is thinking about too—he opens there tonight as one of the Exposition's main attractions, with the networks strongly in attendance that you can't miss joining in the festivities. NBC has set the period from 3:00 to 4:45, E.D.S.T., aside to broadcast descriptions of the Anglo-American track meet in Harvard Stadium, Cambridge, Mass. The best athletes of Harvard and Yale are tangling with the pick of Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England, and some records should be broken or at least cracked. Music will be mixed with the sports—the winner of each event will be saluted with a few bars of a school song from the school he represents. Bill Stern's your NBC announcer... And Mutual has another of its coast-to-coast horse racing broadcasts... Tonight Johnny Hamp moves into the Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City, for a week's stay. Johnny just closed a week at the Rainbow Grill. The luscious girl singer with him is Millicent Hope, who left a school to be a photographer's model and became a singer instead... If Johnny plays "Melancholy Baby" tonight, Jan Harlow's listening in. It's her pet song and he's her pet leader. Everyday she hears him she wires a request for it—or so press agents say.

Johnny Hamp is the next maestro to lead his band into a week of Atlantic City work.

Saturday, July 10, 1937

IT'S some time since we've had any sports, but today there are plenty. Through radio, you can be in such widely separated spots as Wimbledon, England, and Chicago, on the same day. Over in Wimbledon, they're playing the first day of the International Zone Davis Cup tennis matches, and from Arlington Park, in Chicago, comes the Arlington Classic, one of the oldest horse racing events in the country. All the networks will cover this little number, with Glenn McCarthy doing the chores for NBC. No wonder they're so interested—maybe your neighbor is one of the millions who have a few dollars up on the result of the race. Or maybe the bet is even closer home than that—your Almanac isn't saying... Should horse-racing pall, listen to a few programs that are broadcast only on Saturday: Your Host is Buffalo, 2:00, NBC; Golden Melodies, 3:30, NBC; Down by herman's, C.B.S., 3:00; Nickelodeon NBC, 6:05. These shows don't get all the attention they merit, and they're good... Clyde McCoy, the "Sugar Blues" maestro, who starts a week's engagement at Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City tonight, was born on a farm near Ashland, Kentucky. By the time he moved to Louisville he was ready to play the cornet in the high school band... He'd learned on a cornet somebody'd given him for a Christmas present. Your Almanac wishes somebody would give it as profitable a gift.
DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN—IT INVIGORATES!

• The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

*Every night*, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—* briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

*Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

---

Miss
Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."

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

Pond's, Dept. 88M-CH Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 6 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.
WHEN is a salad not a salad?

When it's jellied tomato and you can serve it as a first course or a relish with meats as well as in salad form.

In fact, gelatin, with its wide variety of uses—as soup, salad, entree, dessert—is such a menu lifesaver that it's no wonder it is becoming a standby in homes and restaurants all over the country. It's also why you should pay particular attention to its hot weather uses, whether you are planning a family dinner, a party or a picnic.

If your family picks at dinner, sneak this jellied tomato salad over on them. It is a leading item on the menus of the Schrafft Restaurants in New York, and to those of you who live or visit here, that is sufficient recommendation, I know.

Schrafft's Jellied Tomato Salad
3 cups canned tomatoes, stewed and strained
1 tsp. powdered sugar
1 tsp. salt
2 tbls. gelatin
½ cup cold water
Soak the gelatin in the cold water for ten minutes, then add to the hot strained tomato together with the salt and sugar. Strain into small individual molds which have been rinsed in cold water and chill in refrigerator until firm. Turn each mold out on a bed of crisp lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise, French or Russian dressing. Garnish with asparagus tips, cold hard boiled egg slices, stuffed eggs, grated carrot, green pepper rings or parsley.

For an appetizer, pile tomato (Continued on page 81)
WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn’t long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me... I wouldn’t take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

The snapshots you’ll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don’t take chances... use it always...

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak film—which only Eastman makes.
“Be Mine” cries Bob Burns to Martha Raye in “Mountain Music.”

$20.00 PRIZE
A SUMMER TONIC

SPRING is here and with it a grand tonic named Tizzie Lish. Tizzie happens to be on the Al Pearce program Watch the Fun Go By. And how the time flies when Tizzie rambles off his Famous Recipes, as only Tizzie can in that inimitable, elegant, smooth-flowing Niagara of his. Yes, Tizzie hits the hookworm, especially this time of year when our vitality is below par, our heads loggy, and our feetsies, as Tizzie might say, are ready to go on a Sit-Down Strike. Tizzie starts our surplus avoirdupois wobbling, our mouths stretch from ear to ear, while our dining room furniture is in danger of being uprooted, and the eyes send a copious lake of tears down our cheeks, emptying into little rivulets of muscular jaw wrinkles as Tizzie continues to shake us up and shake us down to rid our tired systems of that nasty grouch we’ve been carrying around for some time. It takes Tizzie to put us on the spot of real laughter. Don’t you (Continued on page 86)
He Who Laughs Last

Laughs Besta

(Continued from page 27)
certain one to come in first—simply be-cause she couldn’t help herself.
Well, you can have an understandable liking for horse-racing without making a fool of yourself over your food. You can bet on horses and still eat something besides hamburgers. Dorothy thought so, anyway.
Slyly, she’d set before Ben the choicest dishes she could think up; or she’d take him out to the finest restaurant in the town they happened to be in at the moment. Ben would munch the food absently, or he’d explain that something he didn’t feel very hungry and eat almost nothing. A few hours later a big bag of hamburgers would suddenly make its appearance beside him, summoned there by a telephone call.
"But I like hamburgers!" he’d expostu-late. "They’re the things I like best of all. Sometimes I can’t eat anything else."
As if to prove it, he told her about one time before his marriage, when he was playing a engagement in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. A sudden craving had come upon him for one of Dinty Moore’s hamburgers. If he didn’t get one, he knew he’d starve to death. So he actually sent a taxicab from Pottstown to New York to bring back half a dozen Dinty Moore specials to him.

DOROTHY realized that she’d been defeated in the hamburger campaign, but she resolved to retreat gracefully. At the next opportunity she wheedled Dinty Moore’s chef out of his hamburger recipe, and now, wherever she is, she keeps a supply of it handy in case Ben gets the craving. Which he does, at unholy hours and in the most unexpected places. But at least she can supervise the hamburger situation. That’s not much, but it’s something.
Having accepted defeat over the hamburgers, she began to regulate Ben’s life so he’d get some rest and relaxation. She bought a home in Florida—restful and soothing even to its name, which was "Hammock Park." It was in reality the foundation of Dorothy’s most devilish plan. Once Ben got down there and found out how much fun it was, he didn’t want to leave and spend the soul to peace, it would be a simple matter to persuade him to retire entirely. They’d live a life of simple dignity, there in this modern Eden. No noise, no nightlife, maybe a day at the races now and then, but nothing more upsetting.
Ben loves fine music, and Dorothy installed a good phonograph and a huge library of expensive records, thinking happily, as she did so, about the long hours they would spend together listening.
It was a very fine plan.
Ben talked a lot about spending a good long time in Florida, but somehow or other he usually had to be somewhere else—Hollywood, or New York, or on tour. And when he did go to Harmony Acres he brought along as many people as the house could hold. He had to have them, he explained, to play bridge and golf with. Besides, it was selfish to enjoy this lovely house all by themselves.
Whatever Ben was in the house, there was so much noise nobody could have heard Dorothy’s records even if she had played them. But Ben liked the records. Indeed he did. He roused Dorothy one morning at five o’clock, so they could listen to them together!

"It was worse than a slap in the face"

A few weeks ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.

When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.

It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.

So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I GLAD! How those gentle suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
Now So Easy—
with these GERM-FREE Beauty Creams
to have Smooth, Supple Skin

"LOOK! A blemish! Tonight, of all times, when I'm going out with Tom!"

"EDITH, why not try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream? It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."

This Germ-free Cold Cream Helps Guard from Blemish, Dryness ... now contains Vitamin D to Aid Skin Breathing

YOU'LL know that Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream is best for your complexion by the flattering results. You'll see your skin become smoother, freer from blemishes ... more radiantly alive.

The special ingredient that keeps this cream germ-free, destroys germs on your skin ... the cause of many blemishes.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains Sunshine Vitamin D to stimulate the skin to breathe. Quick-breathing skin is young skin. While the cells take up oxygen at a rapid rate, the day when aging lines show up in your face is being postponed.

Use this lovely cold cream at night to soften your skin. During the day use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream to hold make-up smoothly. Each cream $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

A FEW WEEKS AFTER:
"EDITH, you're one girl I can always count on to look lovely. Your skin's so soft, I'm tempted to kiss you here and now!"

Sleep! Dorothy developed a hunted look in the first few months of their marriage, over that sleep problem. She began to wonder if Ben had found some magic spell to keep him alive, because he certainly had practically no sleep. Never once, to her knowledge, has he slept more than three hours at a time. Instead, he takes cat naps all day. He can sleep for a half hour standing on his feet in the midst of a rehearsal, with the band going full swing. But put him into a bed, turn the light out, and make everything nice and peaceful, and he complains he can't sleep.

Perhaps it was lack of sleep that finally broke Dorothy's spirit. After all, when a girl doesn't get her rest she's likely to let the world have its way with her.

Ben's idea of life is rushing somewhere to catch a train with three minutes to spare, writing his radio script in the taxi on the way to the station, rehearsing on the train, and hurrying and scurrying over the face of the earth. All right. Dorothy married him, and now that's her way of life too. It makes Ben's blood tingle to be always on the go—and it makes hers tingle, too.

Women who expect to change men after they're married are fools," is the way Dorothy explains it. "All a woman can hope to do is to go a man one better, if I made a fuss about Ben's golf or bridge or racing or hamburgers or cigars it would only create discord and we'd both be unhappy. So I've learned to out-golf him, and out-bridge him.

I've decided it's a wife's job to adapt herself to her husband, not make him conform to her ideas. Ben's a sixteen-cylinder motor that runs at top speed all the time. The more he does, the better he does it. He does everything intensely, even relaxing. When he relaxes, he relaxes more in ten minutes than the average person could in as many hours.

That's how Dorothy is standing the pace, too, these days. From being an athlete who did everything regularly—eating, exercising, sleeping—she has become a girl who does nothing regularly, and still looks the picture of health. Things must be happening for her every minute of the day or night. If they're not, she'll make them happen. She has learned to drink frequent glasses of the brand of mineral water to which Ben is addicted, and which he insists, will cure anything from dandruff to a broken leg. She can—and always does—pack in ten minutes for a trip from Hollywood to New York via Spokane, Miami, and Chicago. In a word, she's learned her lesson.

No, that's wrong. She's still learning it, and sometimes she backslides. It was due to her urging that Ben disbanded his orchestra and cut out the one-night-stand and night-club work. She wanted him to do nothing but radio and movie work, because these are less of a strain than all the old yern to get him to relax, you see.

Hardly had he disbanded the lads before he was at work getting a new orchestra together, and working harder at it than he would have worked if he'd kept them together in the first place. And he doesn't think he wants to become a full-fledged movie actor, either. Too monotonous. He'd rather take the new band on the road as soon as possible.

Like all Dorothy's other efforts to remodel the Old Maestro's life, this latest one has gone down to inglorious defeat. Of course, she should have known better. Scratch away at the leopard until your arms ache, and those spots will stay right where they are. My private opinion is that Dorothy is lucky that Ben hasn't drafted her to play the drums in the new orchestra!
Behind the Hollywood Front
(Continued from page 21)

petty jealousies are running rampant among the players who evidently are too inexperienced in the ways of show business—and life—to overcome their wrecking influence. The fact that such jealousies are common in households throughout the land may account for a few of them playing their parts too close to the real thing.

OUT in San Fernando Valley, a few minutes drive from Hollywood through Cahuenga Pass, is a mushrooming village that is fast becoming a small Radio City of the west. Don Ameche was one of the first settlers; then came Lum and Abner. Now, Don Wilson, that six-delicious-flavored heavyweight, is colonizing in the vicinity.

OPEN letter to Martha Raye, Al Jolson, Milton Berle (and others whom the cap fits):—Dear Short-sighted Ones: I, for one, am utterly weary of your "mugging" for the benefit of studio audiences. Listening to your air programs I always feel that I am being cheated, because over the air come riotous sounds of people laughing. Yet I never hear anything funny. Of course, I know they're screaming at your facial contortions. But I can't see those things, and you've no idea how annoying it is to me not to be let in on the fun. Quit that "mugging." Remember, you have outside audiences of millions—your sponsors hope!—and you were hired to amuse those millions. Get over your stage training! Enter into the spirit of this new business called radio! You only have your voices—and it's up to those voices to entertain several million people.

You can do it. You have the talent and showmanship. During those moments when you manage to forget the few people seated in your studio, you get your share of outside laughs. Yours for more fun in the voice—and less fun in the studio.—J. M. F.

MARY LIVINGSTONE debated with herself a long time before accepting that picture offer from Paramount. It seems people were continually ribbing her about her shnozola, explaining that unless she was photographed properly, she might be mistaken for Fanny Brice (in profile). Quite a sensitive lady, Mary took it to heart. That's why she may undergo a plastic operation any day now. It has been done by greater stars than La Livingstone. Incidentally, Television will send a lot more of them on the long parade to the face remodeling factory.

IT was really the high price tag on Hollywood players that scared "The First Nighter" all the way back to Chicago. When $900 weekly was offered Tyrone Power to step into the Don Ameche spot, laughter was so loud it sounded like an earthquake. Nowadays, no player of importance will listen to a figure under $1,000 a week.

JACK BENNY'S broadcast is the hardest to crash in Hollywood. Several unidentified smoothies, burned at being continually turned back at the doors,

- "Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say... It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"

- "You don't tell me!... You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on... Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!... Well, I must say you've got something there!"

- "Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder... no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"

- "Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth." Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root... Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY
hit upon a device that one Sunday threw the whole studio into a turmoil. By simply printing some counterfeit tickets of their own, they got past the guards. The stunt would have worked many Sundays, too, had not the dopes passed out so many dozens to their friends. Some fun for the ushers, when they found two occupants for nearly every seat. But it was too late, because there was no way of telling who had passed off the phonies. The genuine duets are now printed with as much embellishment as federal currency.

Eddie Cantor's idea for a boy has finally been answered. After one of his recent broadcasts, good wife, Ida, surprised Eddie by hanging a copy of Gainsborough's "Boy Blue" in his dressing room. Ida is resourceful. It might not be a bad idea to let her take a hand in gagging up the broadcaster's program. Sometimes I think it needs better gagging!

Idol Chatter: When Dave Robinoff signs the hotel register he always appended—"...and violin"... Gene Austin has christened his new Hollywood home after the song which made it possible, "My Blue Heaven". Casual observation: How does Martha Raye keep from swallowing the mike, when she gets so close to it?... "Tizzie Lish, Cooking and Health Expert" was kidding when he tried out that high-pitched voice which is now his stock in trade... Frantic urge: To use an oil can on Andy Devine’s throat... Judy Garland has promised that she’ll never bite her nails again, and proudly displays a neat manicure... Lud Gluskin is the most opulent stick waver of the air maestros, boasting a castle in Monte Carlo, residences in Paris, New York, and Hollywood... A field day for the tax collectors: Bing Crosby’s new radio contract, running until 1940, gives him $4,900 a week the first year and graduating until it reaches $7,500... Barbara Luddy’s most cherished possession is a battle-scarred boomerang, sent to her by an Australian parliament member... N. B. C. studio soundmen simulated the neighing of Dick Foran’s horse, Smokey, so perfectly that it lost the doubling cowboy three ten-gallon hats, at $50 a piece... Raymond Paige considers himself a yachtsman, since that new $12,000 skiff of his won its first race... A duck named “Goo-goo” made Joe Penner famous, but it was the bull from he speared as a boy in Hungary that brought him money to come to America... Freeman Gosden (Amos of Amos ’n’ Andy) found his new $150,000 Beverly Hills estate overrun with wild rabbits the day he moved in...

Ken Murray and Oswald (Tony Labriola) are through playing benefits. A few weeks ago they were asked to do a performance for the Governor of California, who was getting a party for the state’s legislators. Pressed for time, after their broadcast, they were rushed to the train under police escort. They hopped the train, but a speedy search failed to reveal the promoter of the affair whom they were told would have the tickets. A quick checking of funds raised only $9 between them—not enough for the fare. They were tossed off at Santa Barbara and had to cool their heels for five hours in the depot before Murray’s chauffeur could be reached to fetch them back to the city. Yes—they had boarded the wrong train.

VIA WIRE—Al Jolson sang one of his
own compositions, "Golden Gate," at dedication of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. Gertrude Niesen back from her personal appearance tour ten pounds thinner than when she started. Earning cash while losing a waistline is better than Hollywood diet any day. When orchestra leader Andre Kostelanetz came to Hollywood to conduct the orchestra for the movie "Artists and Models" he brought twelve specially made batons, expecting to break at least half of them before finishing the picture. Jerry Cooper, maître de Hollywood Hotel, getting movie tested. Olivia de Havilland taking all the radio offers in sight. Says radio has made her voice-conscious as never before. Experiments with television must be getting somewhere. All new contracts have television clauses. The Ritz Brothers are still saying no to radio offers, but more weakly. The Bing Crosbyables have won five races to date this year. Bing can't explain his sudden success. Bing's buddy, Bob Burns, married his secretary, Harriet Foster—in spite of what I told you last month. Kenny Baker, who plays dumb on Jack Benny's program, has his first big movie chance in "Mr. Dodd Takes The Air." He's doing so smartly that Warners are starring him. Grace Moore furious about rumor cropping up again that she is in danger of losing her voice—says it isn't so and radio broadcasts prove it. The Screen Actors Guild may bar any stars appearing on the air as "guest stars" gratis. Mary Livingstone is a movie actress now—on the same lot with Jack Benny, but not in the same picture. Charlie Correll, better known as Andy of Amos 'n' Andy, has been bumped by so many wild California drivers recently, he wishes he could stay up in his plane permanently. Fibber McGee and Molly are in Hollywood to stay, between movies and radio. Lila Lee getting a nice break with fifteen-minute drama recordings—over of them. Vinton Haworth, once Jack Arnold on the Myer and Marge program, is thinking of changing his screen name to Jack Arnold if there aren't too many legal tangles. Don Ameche doesn't expect to get a vacation for the next four years, between screen and radio tie-ups. The Ameches dine out every night in the week. A different place each night, so that Don can have a little of that sensation of "getting away."

Prelude to Allure...

A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely...keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 37)

Ozzie Nelson. Ken Sisson is Al Goodman's tune-titan. Fabian Andre handles the more important scores for Horace Heidt and Hal Kemp's Musical Man. Friday is Harold Mooney.

It takes the average Tin Pan Alley arranger three hours to pen a workmanlike tune. Most arrangers like to write their music in the early hours of the morning over a piano sticky with cigarette butts.

Bandmen are constantly raiding each other's arranging staffs and good men are at a premium, with some top-notchers averaging over $800 a week.

Strange as it may seem, few arrangers desire to be maestros.

"Why, they ask, 'bother about all that responsibility?'

* * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Nat Brusiloff is reporting leaving his Mutual network sustaining chores for commercial work on other stations . . . Carmen Lombardo has written a successor to his hit tune, "Boo Hoo," entitled "Toodle-Oo" . . . Hollywood's first swing concert was held recently to aid the ailing pianist, Joe Sullivan. Sponsored by Bing Crosby, it kept going for five hours and featured besides the Bing, Jimmy Grier, Martha Raye, Georgie Stoll, Jimmy Dorsey, Dorothy Lee, Young, Earl Hines, and Ted Fio Rito. Our old friend Paul Tremaine is hitting the comeback trail with a barstorming tour throughout New England. Mario Bragagatti is planning to sail for Italy where he has a bid to write music for one of Mussolini's motion pictures . . . Paul Whiteman broke the house record at Chicago's swank Hotel Drake and as a reward, returns to this hostelry November 5 . . . Keep your ears tuned to Bill McCune's orchestra, now delighting Brooklynites atop the Hotel Bos-sert Roof. Bill began his climb to fame last summer up at Murray's in Westches-ter. The band sounds a lot like Duchin's . . . Emil Coleman has six brothers, all in the music business. Three of them are in his own band. Another, Joseph, is di-rector of the famous Perale String Quar-tet . . . Freddy Martin and Ted Weems return respectively to the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms September 1, after road tours extending to the West Coast . . . Kay Kyser is grooming his band for television work. On their new Mutual commercial, "Surprise Party," Kay in-sists that his vocalists register emotions facially even when on the air. The chirpers are giving their facial muscles plenty of exercise on account of this command.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

SHEP FIELDS: George Kramer, Shep Fields, Charles Prince, Melville Lewin, saxophones and clarinets; Lou Halny, trumpet and arranger; Charles Socci, guitar; Sebastian Mercurio, viola; Sidney Greenfield, drums; Salvatore Gia, piano; George Rolo, bass and clarinet; Max Miller, violin. Vocalists: Sidney Greenfield and Charles Socci. Theme song: "Rippling Rhythm."

BENNY GOODMAN: Benny Good-man, clarinet; Jess Stacy and Teddy Wilson, pianos; Gene Krupa, drums; Vido Musso, Hyman Schertzer, Arthur Rollini, George Koenig, saxophones; Allan Rouse, guitar; Harry Goodman, bass; Red Ballard, Murray McEachern, trombones; Gordon Griffin, Harry James, Harry Finkelman, trumpets; Lionel Hampton, xylophone. Vocalist: Peg La Centra.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Geraldine Clardy: Henry King's orches-tra "needs a man in the Mutual network from Chicago's Hotel Palmer House. Ozzie Nelson's nose was broken in a football game while attending Rut-gers. Dudley Dick had been seven pounds when born. Gus Arnehm is now at the Hotel New Yorker, Phil Harris is scheduled to play an engagement this summer at the Dallas Fair.

Andy Douglass: The Casa Loma crew are currently in California engaged in ballroom work. They have a bunch that before they leave the coast they'll be playing before a camera.

Margaret Shean: Benny Goodman is currently on tour. Bunny Berrigan replaced him at the Hotel Penn in New York. Benny is single, though currently carrying the torch for his new vocalist, Peg La Centra. Peg replaced Frances Hunt who left the band to marry maestro Lou Bring. Recently Helen Ward left the band for a same purpose. Her groom is a Wall Street broker.

Clare Carway: Morton Gould recently married. He will shortly become affiliated with Benny Goodman as assistant conduc-tor and arranger.

Lois Fleck: Bob Crosby and Grif Williams, file into the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago following Freddy Martin, while at the Trionan, Red Nichols, Bill Carslen and Anson Weeks head the summer line-up. Harry Babbitt who sings the "titles" for Kay Kyser, is a native St. Louisan with a streak of Indian blood running through his veins.


Carrie De Moy: That's a lengthy list you sent in and we could hardly print them all. But the best tip to you is to write those stars care of their three major networks. Fan mail departments immediately forward the letters to the personalities. Most of the stars you mentioned answer their own fan mail.

* * *

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.
helping me in my drug store, one of the clerks at the fountain put chocolate syrup in the lemon syrup container. Rudy found out about it, and got so mad he wanted me to fire the clerk. When I wouldn’t, he walked out of the store and wouldn’t come back all day; but when he did return, he and the clerk were just as good friends as if it had never happened.

RUDY’S always been one to get his own way, ever since he was a boy. He’d never admit that something couldn’t be done, and so I don’t believe that after one unfortunate experience with marriage he’d admit he was licked and be afraid to get married again—if he found the right girl.

But even Rudy’s father admits that the right girl for Rudy is a rather special sort of person. He knows so well what kind of a girl any future Mrs. Rudy Valley must be that he can describe her exactly, as if she were somebody he had met.

“She has to be tolerant, most of all, because though Rudy loves a home, he can’t stand being tied down. Why, when he comes up to visit me in Westbrook, at first he’s like a different boy. You can see him relax and expand. Then, after a day or two, he begins to get restless and tense up again. He can’t stand the inactivity. He wants to be back at work. That’s what I mean when I say his wife would have to be tolerant. She’d have to be willing to give him a home without tying him to it. Maybe there aren’t many women like that—but I’m sure there are some. Rudy’s mother would have been willing to do it.

“Rudy gets his quick temper from me, and so I know just how much tact and forbearance his wife must have. She can’t afford to fly off the handle herself, and she must know how to understand and sympathize with Rudy’s losses his temper.”

Again and again, we talked the similarity between Rudy’s character and his father’s became apparent. Rudy is a marvelous showman, so is his father. Nothing delights the elder Valley more than to be invited to a dinner at which Rudy is one of the guests of honor. He knows that the usual procedure is to ask him to say a few words, after Rudy has spoken. Whenever this happens, he runs away with the show. Rudy, from being the star, turns into a mere added attraction.

For Charles Valley is just as happy and comfortable in the spotlight as his son. No mumbling of a few words for him—when he makes a speech, he makes a speech! He has an inexhaustible fund of funny stories, a store of apt quotations, and the wit to turn them all to account when needed. With a little more knowledge of music and microphone technique, I am sure he could step into Rudy’s shoes on the Valley hour any night and make a creditable showing.

He has loved the theater all his life, and even used to manage and act in a stock company at one time. There is no doubt that Rudy gets his love for the stage directly from his father.

It is significant, too, that at sixty-five Rudy Valley’s father is still as full of energy and the zest for living as a man half his age. Life is a lot of fun for him. Part of the year he lives quietly at his home in Westbrook, and part of it he spends in Florida, but wherever he is he always holds himself in readiness to respond to a telegram from Rudy telling him to meet him in New York, Chicago, or Hollywood. When I talked to him, he was in New York for a few days on his picture, and his time was filled with appointments for dinners, luncheons, and the theater. He had no intention of sitting quietly in Rudy’s apartment waiting for something to happen—instead, he went out and created his own excitement!

It isn’t likely that Rudy, so like his father in every other respect, would differ from him in this. No matter what happens to him I am sure that always he will welcome life as eagerly as his father does. He may hide his real feelings from the world, but inside he will have the same youthful, joyous spirit.

THERE is one more reason for believing that Rudy will marry again. Though it is the last, it is an important one. In his father, Rudy has a constant reminder that there is such a thing as a perfect marriage. Mrs. Valley died several years ago, but the memory of the beautiful relationship between her and her husband remains, and it cannot help but color Rudy’s viewpoint. How could he possibly be embittered against marriage when he hears his father speak, as I did, of his mother? "She was the loveliest woman I ever knew," Simple words, but the tone in which they were spoken brought to life a whole world of happiness, a lifetime of love.

If Rudy has once heard his father say those words, he hasn’t lost his faith in marriage.
"You have an enemy—a beautiful blonde

IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It's you, yourself, my dear!"

... The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is herself. For it is her own failings which defeat her—of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything—beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back—a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm—

that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too—you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS Here's nothing quite so effective as Mum—and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Chance Jerry Cooper

Dared Take

(Continued from page 15)

experience. It's his habit to take everyone he meets at face value. If a man says he's Jerry's friend, Jerry needs no more than that statement to accept him as one. Joan is different. She can see beyond the surface into reality. Several times, in the last year, Jerry has met some new person, liked him, and enthusiastically brought him around to meet Joan. She has watched the new friend, listened to him, been polite and pleasant—and later has said decidedly, "He's a phony, Jerry."

In Joan's vocabulary there is no more damning description than that—"He's a phony." It means just one thing, don't trust him. Every time she has applied it to someone, she has been right. Once Jerry scoffed at her judgment, and his later cost him a large sum of money.

Even as Joan loyalty refused to desert Jerry and go to Hollywood, he knew that the day would come when he would face a similar problem, and that he himself couldn't afford to decide as Joan had decided. He would have to go. Jerry's eyes are set unwaveringly upon the peak of success. Nothing must be allowed to turn him aside.

That is why, when the Hollywood Hotel offer came at last, Jerry accepted it, though it meant leaving Joan behind in New York. For how long? Jerry couldn't tell.

ONLY Jerry knows how many sleepless nights that dazzling offer cost him, before he discovered the way out.

"It wasn't that I was afraid of what would happen while I was gone," he told me when I talked to him a few days before he left for Hollywood. "Joan and I are two of each other, understand each other too well, for me to be afraid of losing her to someone else. I'll miss her like the devil, of course, and I'll be unhappy every minute we're apart, but I trust her absolutely not to forget me.

"No, it wasn't that. The worst thing was that I'd be leaving her after she turned down two good opportunities which meant she'd have to leave me. On the surface, I knew it looked as if money and fame meant more to me than—I as if I was willing to throw her overboard for them. And that's something she'd never do to me.

"But that's only on the surface. You see, the way things were before this Hollywood offer came along, we just weren't getting anywhere. We saw each other every day, but we couldn't get married. So I decided I had to take this chance. I know it's a risky thing to move three thousand miles from the girl you love, and if things go wrong, somehow, it may be all up with both of us. But if things go right, if I'm lucky, we can be married."

Then Jerry told me that, most of all, he wants to accomplish in Hollywood. To be an overwhelming success on his radio shows. To get a fat movie contract? Neither of these things.

"It's funny," he said, "but neither of the companies which once offered Joan a chance in Hollywood will give her the same chance now. Maybe they haven't the money budgeted for new talent any longer. I don't know. The chance is gone now, anyway. What I want to do when I get out there is to create the chance all over again.

"I've had a lot of new pictures taken of Joan, here in New York, and I'm going to take them around to studios and agents,
tell them what a good dancer she is, and sell her to the movies. I'm going to turn myself into her personal agent, and bring her out to Hollywood on her own, just as she would have gone out if she had accepted one of those other offers. It's something I owe to her. It may take a month or a year, but it's got to be done. And when she gets out there, we'll be married.'

Jerry knows, well enough, the magnitude of the task he has set himself. A newcomer to Hollywood, with his own career to attend to, undertaking to persuade some studio to give an unknown girl a chance! His friends have told him it's impossible, that he will be wasting time he ought to be spending in making his own position secure, that Hollywood contracts must be made in New York, not Hollywood.

He admits that perhaps they're right but—it's something he has to do. Only by giving Joan the chance she gave up for his sake will he feel he has the right to ask her to be his wife. The debt must be paid before they can start life together.

Ironically, one of the obstacles that prevented their marriage a year ago has been removed in the meantime. Jerry's mother has withdrawn her objections. Six months ago Jerry's younger brother Jimmy was married, and now Mrs. Cooper, Jimmy, and Mrs. Jimmy are living together in New Orleans, very happily. That marriage of her younger son's did something to Mrs. Cooper. Perhaps Jerry best expresses what happened when he says Jimmy "sort of broke the ice" for him. Living with Jimmy and his wife, watching their happiness, Mrs. Cooper has come to realize once more what her personal tragedy had made her forget—that marriage can bring joy as well as sorrow. She must have that her sons have a right to work out their own destinies, to try for happiness in their own ways. At any rate, she is willing—more than willing—to see Joan and Jerry be married.

WHAT will Hollywood bring Jerry Cooper? He has two jobs to do out there and of the two, singing for Hollywood Hotel is the one that worries him the least. Singing into a microphone holds few terrors for Jerry, no matter what the surroundings; but re-arranging his life without Joan, without the friends he has made in New York—that's a different matter. Most important of all, he must create that chance for Joan.

If he could only have taken her along, could only have had her there with him while he tried to get her a movie contract, everything would have seemed easy. But Joan couldn't toss her responsibilities aside and gamble on a vague chance of work in Hollywood, and neither would she let Jerry shoulder those responsibilities. So Jerry went alone.

I hope it won't be for long. If ever an attempt to get a girl a job in Hollywood deserved to succeed, this one does. Only a man who is very much in love, and very much alive to a sense of what he owes that love, would be taking the chance that Jerry Cooper is taking.

### Olive Oil

Olive Oil is a "Fountain of Youth" for your Skin...

Just as thirsty plants welcome drops of rain, your complexion craves the protecting touch of olive oil. Guard against destructive "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder — each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

### Outdoor Girl

The face powder blended with Olive Oil

Don't let Summer-Drought get You!

Fields that were fresh and green in the springtime become parched and dry as summer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

In this same way, the tender skin of your face, exposed to hot sun and drying wind, loses its fresh radiance and youthful attraction. Don't risk this tragedy! There's a way to guard this vital skin moisture.

Protect your allure this magic way—with Outdoor Girl Face Powder, which brings you the tried and true beauty aid—Olive Oil!
I  n Paris, the woman of glamour turns instinctively to Djer-Kiss to in-
crease her charm . . . To her cousins in America this precious French perfume is now available in Djer-Kiss Talc. To make yourself fascinating, use this exquisite Djer-Kiss Talc, every day.

In drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

Mary Carlisle wants to know what Bing Crosby's doing. It's all just a scene from the new picture, "Double or Nothing."

Jeanne, Detroit, Michigan—Jackie Heller is really little and that is why they call him Little Jackie Heller, but I imagine you'll be surprised to know that he has over eighty-five trophies that he won for athletic prowess. Jackie was born in Pittsburgh on May 1, 1908, the son of a cantor. As a boy he sang in the choir and sold papers in the streets. He won a medal for saving a girl from drowning—she was thirty-five pounds heavier than he was. He sang in Texas Guinan's night club and when Ben Bernie saw him he signed him up for two years. Jackie weighs 114 pounds and has dark brown hair.

Charlie Hays, Miami Beach, Fla.—You asked for a good deal, Charlie, but your wish is going to come true. Here are the birthdays of the Lombardos: Guy, June 19, 1902; Carmen, July 16, 1903; Lebert, February 11, 1905; Victor, April 10, 1911. All four were born in London, Ontario, Canada . . . they are all married with the exception of Lebert who is at this moment reported engaged and may even be married by the time you read this. The youngest brother, Victor, is the only one who has a child.

Jane Walbridge, Detroit, Mich.—During the past year, the famous Met-

Answers to Professor Quiz' Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Edward G. Robinson, when he was guest star on Kate Smith's Bandwagon.
2. According to a CBS survey, 24,500-000 families. And sets are sold at the rate of 28 per minute.
3. Fred Allen.
4. Jerry Cooper—he was born in New Orleans, and grew popular on electrical transcriptions under the name of Jack Randolph.
5. The One Man's Family theme song is played on the organ, by Paul Carson.
6. Dorothy Lamour — sponsor, Chose and Sarbon.
7. Edgar Bergen's is the voice you hear as Charlie McCarthy's.
8. Edna May.
10. Marlyn Stuart—the "Mama, that man's here again!" girl on Ken Murray's program.
11. Myrle Vail, of Myrt and Marge, has her son George Damerel in the cast.
12. "Zombie."
13. Darothy Janis.
15. George Reutter—only the kitchen job was really an apprenticeship in the restaurant business.
16. Miriam Batista—she was heard not long ago on Your Unseen Friend.
17. Mallasses 'n January.
18. Jim and Marion Jordan.
19. Auld Long Sync.
20. Good Will Court.
Valencia, the State of California, was the birthplace of Deanna Durbin, the famous film actress and singer. Durbin was born on Christmas Day, 1921, and is a direct descendant of the famous Borgias of history. She is five feet, seven inches tall.

Ruth Rosenthal, Phila., Pa.—Jerry Cooper is now the master of ceremonies of Hollywood Hotel and you can reach him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Wilbur Vreeland, Murray, Iowa.—Did you know that Molasses 'n' January were also known as Pick and Pat? Pat Malone was born in Ladonia, Texas... his first job was property man in a Durant, Oklahoma theater... is dark-haired and swarthy and very superstitious. Pat Padgett was born in Bogard, Georgia... is sandy-haired and fair. Both boys greet each other by the nickname of "Willie."

Margaret Kinder, London, Ontario, Canada.—Ted Husing, one time actor, soldier, hitch-hiker, policeman and aviator and now an ad announcer, was born in Deming, New Mexico, in 1901. Ted is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes... is an out-of-doors man, loves tennis, golf and handball. He has been married twice. His second marriage occurred a little over a year ago.

M. C. Goodrich, Bloomfield, Conn.—After going off Hollywood Hotel, Jean Dickerson went on suspending. She's now heard on the American Album of Familiar Music every Sunday at 9:30 p.m., over the NBC-Red network. Jean has been on that program since the end of April.

Marchesa MacDonald, Monroe, Michigan.—Nelson Eddy's next picture with Jeanette MacDonald will be "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Eddy is 36 years old, having been born on June 29, 1901, in Providence, Rhode Island. By the time you read this, Jeanette will have been married to Gene Raymond, the date being June 16.

Just Another Radio Fan, Oklahoma City, Okla.—You say you are an ardent fan, and you mention the story of Milton Berle in the April issue of Radio Mirror called "Life Stacked The Cards." Since then we've run several pictures of Milton, and in this issue I'll find him in the picture spread called "Who Swiped That Joke?" Now do you feel we've neglected your favorite comedian?

J. B. W. F., Bel Air, Md.—For a picture of Deanna Durbin, I'd suggest that you write and ask her for one. Address Deanna in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Nelson Eddy fans, attention! Beatrice Lipsitz, 310 Whitney Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, knows if Nelson is a Nelson Eddy fan club in her vicinity.

Jean Paul King fans, attention! Phyllis Burton, 9140 Ation Road, Palmwood, Detroit, Mich., wants to join a fan club.

Virginia Verrill fans, attention! If you want to know all about the Virginia Verrill fan club, get in touch with Louis Weiner, 1000 Faile Street, New York City.

Don Ameche fans, attention! Corrine Izzo, 15 Ambrose Street, Revere, Mass., is very anxious to join a Don Ameche fan club. Don't answer all at once!

A CORRECTION

In the June issue of RADIO MIRROR, it was stated that the sponsor of Buck Jones' program is General Mills. The sponsor of these broadcasts is General Foods.

If the slightest moisture once collects on the armpit of your dress... the warmth of your body will bring out a stale "armhole odor" and destroy your charm...

YOUR eyes meet his. And suddenly there's something electric in the air. You talk. Every word seems to draw you more irresistibly together. You're going to be so happy. And then the spell is broken! He can't forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm.

So many girls make the terrible mistake of thinking that merely to deodorize is enough. They never stop to realize that single-action preparations are not made to stop perspiration. Only the double action of Liquid Olorono can keep your underarm both sweet and dry.

As long as you use single-action preparations, you will continue to perspire. Moisture will collect on your dress. And your dress will give you away time and time again.

Let Your Dress Tell You! It's only human to think, "I am not like that!" But, just to be absolutely certain, test your dress tonight. As you take it off, smell the fabric under the armpit. You may be horrified at that stale "armhole odor"! And you must face the fact that that is the way you smell to others!

Do you wonder that women everywhere, who make any pretensions to refinement and social standing, are so faithful about taking the little extra time and trouble to apply Liquid Olorono? So much depends on those few seconds of waiting for Liquid Olorono to dry... your peace of mind, the safekeeping of your charm.

Gentle, But Sure

Liquid Olorono merely diverts the perspiration from one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. And it leaves no greasiness on your frocks.

With Olorono, dresses and coat linings can't stain. Cleaner's bills go down. In two strengths, Regular and Instant, at all toilet-goods counters. Double your popularity by sending today for sample vials and leaflet offered below.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Olorono Co., Inc., Dept. 8B7, 191 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2270, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Olorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name ________________________________________________

Address ________________________________________________

City ________________________________________________ State ____________________________
The First Lady Makes Them Blush!
(Continued from page 25)

recorded," she said. And the reporter blushed.

People are always blushing when they come in contact with the First Lady—and for a peculiar reason. It isn't that she embarrasses them. It's that they expect her to be still and somehow frightening, and she never is.

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt hasn't overawed a single person connected with her radio program—that is, not after she has once met them. The agency which handles the commercial account which is sponsored by her is greatly impressed, and so is NBC, whose stations carry the programs. Nobody is allowed near the studio during broadcasts. The names and whereabouts of the people connected with the show are revealed only with reluctance.

But the two people who work most closely with Mrs. Roosevelt unite in calling her a simple, unaffected, witty, natural person, a good trooper and a good sport.

They are Rosaline Greene, whose voice you hear on the program as Virginia Barr, and Phil Mygatt, the agency production man. No one else in the radio world except technicians is ever behind the scenes at one of Mrs. Roosevelt's broadcasts, so carefully is she guarded from prying eyes. No one else can tell what an exciting experience it is to work with her.

Rosaline flew to Washington to do her first broadcast with Mrs. Roosevelt. Naturally, she was nervous over this first performance, and it didn't make her feel any better when her plane was grounded, making her half an hour late to the Washington flying field. The men at the field laughed at her concern. "If anybody understands your lateness," they said, "Mrs. Roosevelt will."

Mrs. Roosevelt did. She laughed when Rosaline told her what the airmen had said. "I've been grounded myself so many times I've lost track," she said.

A Roosevelt broadcast is brisk, informal, and apt to be punctuated with laughter. When the First Lady was in Seattle with Mrs. Boettiger—whom she calls "B)—everybody in the studio joked and kidded throughout the rehearsals and even the broadcast. It didn't seem to make any difference that Mrs. Roosevelt was tired after her transcontinental flight.

While they were actually on the air, Phil Mygatt, the production man, walked up to Mrs. Boettiger and gave her the signal to speed up by twirling his finger. She twirled her right back at him, then turned to her mother. Mrs. Roosevelt had seen it all out of the corner of her eye while she was talking. Now she smiled, silently formed the word "Okay" on her lips, and twirled her finger at Phil too.

A little later on in the program Phil walked in front of the two women and put his index finger on his nose. Mrs. Boettiger had understood the previous signal, but this one was new to her. She didn't know it meant the program was finishing exactly on time. She began to laugh and almost choked. Nudging her mother and still smothering her laughter, she pointed at Phil. Mrs. Roosevelt looked, and had all she could do to keep from bursting into laughter herself.

After the program she capped the joke with another by gravely explaining to Mrs. Boettiger that Phil had only been brushing a fly off his nose.

Nothing that happens ever bothers the First Lady at all. In fact, she has many times the poise and assurance that any-
body else on the program has. She never sees her scripts, once she has written them and sent them in to the agency, until just before she goes on the air, yet she never stumbles over them.

As a rule, she walks into the studio about ten minutes before the program is due to begin, says a few words to everyone present, sits down at the microphone, picks up her script, smiles, and says, "Shall we go to work?"

Sometimes she doesn't even bother to look the pages over before going on the air. A few weeks ago she came into the Washington studio with a party of six or seven friends. After the usual greetings she sat down at the microphone, but instead of picking up the script she took some proofs of the autobiography she is writing out of her briefcase and calmly began to correct them.

There was dead silence in the studio. Phil looked at Rosaline; Rosaline looked at Phil. Nobody dared say anything. Had Mrs. Roosevelt forgotten where she was? The men in the control fiddled with their controls.

THE hands of the clock glided around and around, while Mrs. Roosevelt worked on, apparently oblivious of them. Just thirty seconds before 7:15 she briskly folded up the proofs, slipped them back into the briefcase, and said, "Shall we go?" A few seconds later she was talking calmly.

Radio veterans who always stand around the studio just before broadcasts, their eyes glued to the clock, gaped at this feat of the President's wife. It seems to have an instinctive sense of timing. Not only did she know when it was time to lay aside her proofs, but she is able to speed up or slow down her delivery so that she always finishes on the dot.

Now and then her voice becomes too high, but when Phil signals her she immediately lowers it, with no loss of composure.

But if Mrs. Roosevelt takes her radio job in her stride, you can't say the same for the President or the Department of State. Her script must always go back to the President and the officials of the State Department for a thorough reading, particularly when it contains some reference to either of them. Often it is changed. Mrs. Roosevelt, as far as anyone knows, never protests any changes, but they do amuse her. She has indicated to the people on the program that sometimes Washington is a little overfussy.

"There isn't anything I say over the air that could possibly harm anyone," she said one night, "but my Washington advisors must see my work. Men are so much more squeamish than women about this sort of thing!"

Even after they have seen and approved of her scripts, the President and officials of the State Department listen in to her broadcasts—probably because they know, as many a radio performer has found to his cost, that things which look innocent enough in the reading often take on an entirely new meaning when they're heard on the air.

If Mrs. Roosevelt never dresses particularly for her broadcasts. Rosaline, who should be a good judge, says her clothes are always in the latest style, simple, and effective. Invariably, she dresses in blue, to harmonize with her blue eyes.

She may wear street clothes or evening dresses, depending upon what she has been doing before the broadcast or plans to do after it. At the second broadcast of the series she wore evening dress, but only because she was going on to a formal government function immediately afterwards.

Once she hurried into the studio with her petticoat hanging down.

Once in a while she has a particularly attractive dress, and if one of the people in the studio comments favorably on it she is as pleased as any woman would be.

The radio agency never directs the subjects of the First Lady's broadcasts, and she can talk with perfect freedom about anything she pleases, as far as the radio people are concerned. The agency would not even make corrections or suggestions on the manner of delivering her material that she didn't ask them to, but she welcomes criticism from people who know more, she realizes, about radio technique than she does.

SHE is a more than conscientious reader of fan mail and likes a letter just as well where it congratulates her or condemns her. She has made a rule that the week's radio mail must be brought to her at a certain time each Tuesday, and she expects it to show up at that time. Once it didn't, and she sent a boy to get it.

There are never any bodyguards at her heels. She refuses to be bothered with them, and laughs at the suggestion that she is in any danger. Unless she brings a few friends with her, she arrives at and leaves the studio quite alone.

Nobody ever knows what she is going to say or do next, which adds to the excitement and zest of being around her. She is a grandmother and the most important woman in the United States—yet to those in the studio she often seems like a young woman and a co-worker as earnest and humble as they are themselves. No wonder they have their own special way of referring to her which they use among themselves. Not "Mrs. Roosevelt" or "the President's Wife" or even "Mrs. F. D. R." No, their name for her is simply—"That lovely Mrs. R."

It's the main show on millions of breakfast tables—crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat swimming in wholesome milk—sprinkled with sugar. Try it!

"YES, JUDGE, I'LL WELCOME HER BACK WITH ALL MY HEART IF SHE'LL JUST GIVE ME SHREDDED WHEAT AND PEACHES EVERY MORNING!"

The season's perfect match—Shredded Wheat and peaches—order this grand flavor combination from your grocer today!

"WELL, THE SMOKY BASTARDS TOLD ME SOMETIMES TO TRY A POPPYSEED BISCUIT, BUT I HAD NONE OF THAT. I'LL TRY YOUR BISCUIT, UNNEEDA."

"YES, I'M GOING TO TRY IT!"

"DID YOU SAW SHREDDED WHEAT AND PEACHES? WHERE?"

Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. You get all the vital food essentials that nature put into wheat—the essentials that help build energy and keep you active and alert.

Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa turn over their program to Walter O'Keefe
Cap'n Henry Tells "Why I
Decided to Come Back"

(Continued from page 9)

gangplank. New stars have come and gone but never, since the night Cap'n Henry said "Goodnight," has the program's popularity been as high.

Now, Show Boat's greatest star is coming back. With him comes the old zest, the old flavor. The event was Show Boat, for Charlie Winninger, and certainly for every one who tuned in this broadcast.

So I think I'll let Cap'n Henry take it from here, with no more kibitzing than necessary.

"The original Show Boat grew to a great program, the greatest on the air," he said, "for five important reasons—we shared the show with all the listeners; we kept it believable, we kept it romantic; we kept it on the river; and we kept the show together. When those things slowed down, so did the Show Boat. The only way to bring Show Boat back is to make it which it ought to be is to bring those things back. And that's what we're going to do. If I didn't think we could, I'd never have come back."

I'm not bragging when I say that I could have gone back to Show Boat two years ago. I could have gone back several times, in fact. I've always been friendly with the company, in spite of what you (you do not know, and with the people who run the show. I've heard all sorts of things—that I didn't get along with Tiny Ruffner, that I didn't like Bill Bacher, that I was jealous of Lanny Riss that I was this and that I was that. Rubbish! Why, Tiny and I are good friends; I was out with him just the other night, and Bill Bacher did a lot—a whole lot for Show Boat. Anybody who knows me knows what I think of Lanny. I couldn't think more of Lanny.

"The only time I ever flew off the handle in all the long years on Show Boat was one Christmas night. Cap'n Henry chucked me out of the show, he said, 'I'll never forget it. I was to recite The Night Before Christmas. We rehearsed it with a great musical background, bells and everything. I thought it was great, so did Bill Bacher, the producer, so did everybody, it seemed. Well, I went out to dinner and when I came back the dress rehearsal was finished, I missed the dress rehearsal. There were three stanzas cut out of the night."

"Well now, every kid knows 'The Night Before Christmas' backwards and I wasn't going to go to show business by leaving out half of it. I blew up. Bill just looked helpless and pointed to the control room. So I burst out and saw a fellow standing there I hollered into him—'Who in Blazes did this?' I yelled, 'You—why you blankety-blank Michael, you keep your hands off this show, etc., etc.'"

"Say, do you know who he turned out to be? The vice president of the company! Yes, it's a funny thing—we've been pals ever since! It turned out he didn't have a thing to do with it. And here's the topper—I just had lunch with the fellow who's arranging for me to come back."

"No," Cap'n Henry pulled a cigarette reflectively, "I didn't mean Show Boat by cause of personalities. I'll tell you frankly why I quit. It was money. I had a stage offer that I couldn't afford to refuse, and there was no way of persuading the program to offer me more to stay.

"I won't say, though, that I didn't have definite opinions about the way the show should be presented. I
still have them. And I've had them all along. That's why I've never gone back until now. I didn't think there was any use going back without a good chance for the old Show Boat to come back. I knew we'd have to make an interesting hour out of it. I wanted the atmosphere of the river back, I wanted the romance back, and the listening audience taken into our confidence again. I wanted the elements restored that built Show Boat into the great program it was. Until recently there was always something that stood in the way of that, but I've always felt that sooner or later things would turn out as they have. I've steered clear of a lot of radio programs just because I felt some day things would turn out my way.

LET me explain what I mean. When Show Boat started it clicked right away. It clicked even before it started. I remember that first audition. I was still on the stage. Three hours after I'd read the part the show was sold, million dollar contract and all that. I don't mean I sold it. The show sold itself. We changed the name of the characters but there was still a lot of the rich flavor of the Edna Ferber show in the script. I had played the show on Broadway for four years and everybody knew Captain Andy; it wasn't hard to get them used to Captain Henry. Lanny was wonderful then. The show started simply. We were just a sweet, interesting family going along the river, and we rang true. We were believable. And we were right.

"Yes sir." Captain Henry lowered his voice cautiously as another "quiet!" floated across the set, "we had something then very rare and precious—show business. We had an illusion. Someone once asked Harry Houdini to what he attributed his success. He answered very simply 'I know how to keep my secret.' When we tossed the Show Boat illusion overboard, we tossed success with it. "Why, there used to be an old river captain in Muscatine, Iowa, who'd save me out every time I'd blow the whistle the wrong way. He'd raise the ditches when somebody mentioned docks—they don't have docks on rivers, they have landings. There were thousands like him, too, who liked to picture us right on that river. More than once when we were supposed to be at a certain spot, big crowds would be there to meet us—actually—that's how real our show was.

"Then, too, we worked real life romance into the romance of that story. We had a believable romance between Lanny and Mary Lou. Remember how I used to say, 'Maria, look at that moon over the river—and—shh—look at Lanny coming around that water barrel with Mary Lou—you know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised.' Remember? We'd work up jealousy. Once when Lanny was away, out here in Hollywood making a picture, we had Conrad Thibault pay attention to Mary Lou. You ought to have seen the letters! I remember one from a lady sore as an owl. 'If you let that Thibault play up to Mary Lou while Lanny's away,' she wrote, 'I'll never buy your coffee again!'

Well, those were the things that made Show Boat—romance and the river and bringing the fans in on it. I knew it because I was in touch with those people; I was the one they wrote to. And I had been in show business since I was seven years old for nothing. I've done everything from selling blood purifier and worm eradicator by gasoline flares to grand opera. And believe me a beautiful show functioning as perfectly as Show Boat did is one in a million.

"No," Cap'n Henry shook his white head vigorously to my question, "it wasn't my leaving that started things drifting. Show Boat got its first jolt when they let Annette Hanshaw, our blues singer, go. At least, I felt it; people wrote me about it. That started the perfect organization breaking up. You know, when you've got a wheel that rolls along smoothly and you knock out a spoke, you'll begin to hear some squeakin'—then you try to plug it, and from then on you're always plugging up the darned thing.

"Then turmoil started within; too many fingers in the pie; too many opposite ideas; too many arguments. They began to forget the people who really were Show Boat—the fans. They began to forget they were on the river. I guess it was necessary from a commercial standpoint to take the boat all around the country, whether a boat could get there or not, but it sure raised Ned with the illusion. For instance, we went to Biloxi, Mississippi, when a real trip out in the Gulf would have swamped any river show boat.

"They said the people wouldn't know that. I'm afraid I said, 'Oh, won't they!' And I was right. But we went anyway; everywhere from Oshkosh to Topeka, whether a boat could get there or not. And the people didn't believe us any more.'

CAPN HENRY frowned faintly. "It's going to be tough," he said, "going back to take the wheel again without a Tiny Ruffner, a Lanny Ross, a Conrad Thibault or a Mary Lou. But we're going to take the public right in on board the boat again and let them in on building the show again. I'm going to look over and sort of edit the script again, like I used to at the start. Now don't get the idea that it's all going to be me. But I do have a few ideas. For one thing, I'm planning a

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**Melts FLAKINESS AWAY**

IN ONE APPLICATION

ANN'S made a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

Popular girls use Pond's Vanishing Cream. As a famous dermatologist says, "A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away harsh, dried-out surface cells when it touches the skin. Instantly the skin becomes fresh and smooth."

Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

For powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it smooths your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish....

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!

---

**That was a swell steering about Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now my skin's smooth powder stays on.**

8-PIECE PACKAGE

Pond's Dept. 8 BMV-8, Clinton, Conn. Rush 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. I enclose 10¢ for postage and handling.

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ardent color. ne
ever

lipstick 

parching

big reunion—everyone in the original Maxwell House Show Boat in a big get

gether. How does that sound? And another thing I'd like to do is take scenes

from my pictures and put them on, right on the Show Boat. That is," he added,

"if I ever get to do the things I want to in pictures.

Charlie Winninger has scored one of the

biggest successes of any character actor to hit Hollywood in recent years. I asked

him what he meant.

"I want to do some old down-to-earth, homespun plays on the screen," Charlie

Winninger confessed. "Then I want to do them on the air. Things like 'The Poor

Relation.' 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' 'The Music Master,' 'The Vinegar Buyers.' I'm just

a supporting player now, I could

star in those—they'd be great entertain-

ment, too.

"But look—movies will never take the

place of radio with me," he said. "They

aren't as much fun. They don't pack the

thrill of putting on a big air show, know-

ing that that very minute you're having

maybe twenty-five to fifty million people

for an audience. That's a feeling you can't

express. You've been asking me why I

decided to go back on the Show Boat, Well,

right now I'm thinkin' of a letter I got one

from a woman down in Alabama. I've forgotten the exact words, but it went

something like this:

'Dear Captain Henry—My son, Robert,

ran away from home last week. I don't

know where he is, but he always listens

to your program. Please tell him to come

home. Tell him he won't have to go to

teach any more if he doesn't want to. But

tell him to come home.'

I read that letter over the air on

Mother's Day. Robert came home. And

I couldn't tell you who was the happiest,

that mother, or Robert—or me!

"Cap'n Henry sighed. "Come right down
to it," he declared, "it's missin' that char-

acter of mine and the people he met that's

really pulling me back to Show Boat."

There was a rap on the door. "Cap'n

Henry," said a voice.

Charlie Winninger started. "Sorry," he

didn't say, "making too much noise again?"

"No," said the voice, "but we're ready

for you.

"Cap'n Henry said goodbye and stepped

toward the door. Halfway through he

turned.

"You tell the folks," he said, and his

voice was earnest, "I only hope they'll be

glad to get me back as I'll be to get

back, and tell 'em," he shouted as he hur-

dled across the set, "that Show Boat is

going to be a real show, or my name isn't

Cap'n Henry!"

IN THE SEPTEMBER

ISSUE

Another sparkling feature

by Jimmie Fidler, Radio

Mirror's Hollywood Repor-
ter, who brings you the lat-
est news with all the daring

honesty that has made his

NBC broadcasts famous

Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills! But remember, too, that

lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not


Get protection along with warm color by

using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special

softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept

soft and smooth. In five indelible shades.

New! "Air Span" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of

air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!... Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lip-

stick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Radio Mirror
did everyone else on the campus.

Columbia is a co-educational school, so all Father Sheehy's young friends were not masculine. In fact, it was he who introduced Don to his girl. Of course Don had a girl! Not a sweetheart, though he called her "Honey" as did every one else. Her real name was Honore Prendergast, and Don hadn't the least idea that the first time he met her he had fallen in love for the first and last time in his life.

For he had many great and important things on his mind, beside which love, at the age of fifteen, looked pale and distant and uninteresting. He played on the second football team, under the coachship of the great Elmer Layden, of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen, now Director of Athletics back at Notre Dame and still Don's very good friend. Don was hurt just before the first big game or he could have made the varsity.

There was always basketball, his first love in sports—and his fine friendship with Father Sheehy. There was study, of course, which began to pall; he no longer got excellent marks. But he went in heavily for various activities, appearing in all class plays and competing in every oratorical contest.

He boned especially hard for one of these contests, choosing an essay on Mussolini, written by himself. "Learn it so you can say it backwards as well as forwards," his instructor told him, and Don did. However, his roommate was one of the contenders, with a piece on Coolidge, and he won, while Don had to be content with the second prize.

But those who expected him to be disappointed were disappointed themselves. With his usual light-heartedness, he declared, "I'm glad Joe won, because this is his last year in school. I have two more years, and I'll win before I leave, too."

**Young Ameche had just passed from prep school into Columbia College when it was predicted that he would have a successful career on the stage—and by a priest. Archbishop Howard, then Columbia's young president, was especially fond of the theater. He often went to Chicago to see a fine play. After one of Don's school performances, he talked a long time to the boy.**

"I see a marvelous future for you in the theater," he said earnestly. "But it will take years of work and study. Stick to it, my boy. Some day you'll remember this talk and know that I was right."

Don was embarrassed, but the glowing prophecy failed to make him self-conscious, because he had no intention of taking the priest's advice seriously. Later on, however, he was to be reminded of it many times. When things looked dark, it was encouraging to recall that at least one person had genuine faith in his ability.

But he was far from serious now. He liked Honey Prendergast mostly because she was a lot of fun. He often got the laugh from the gang when he "ditched" class early so he could walk home with her. For Honore lived off-campus. They took the long way, of course, Honey suffering in her first high-heeled slippers. They often went to movies together, but were too engrossed in the current serial thriller to think about being stage-struck.

Saturday afternoons were always big dating times because there was a tea dance, admission fifty cents per person. Since Don had little spending money, Honore often slipped him her admission fee when he called for her. Then they would drive off happily in her father's car. Nobody would have thought of calling boys who accepted such favors "gigolos." The word was unheard of then in Dubuque. And besides, all the girls understood and were glad to help out—if they liked the boys.

However, Don was not above doing a bit of chiseling. For instance, why use one of his own scarce nickels to phone Honore, when he could go down to the power-house and that with the workmen a bit, then suddenly remember a call he had to make? He did a little wagering now and then, too; but the stakes were nothing like money. Sunday night desserts, like shortcake or angel food cake à la mode, often served as stakes for the amateur gamblers.

Don and Honore sometimes talked about the future, but never of a future together. She was much interested in medicine and nursing, having already begun the study of dietetics. Her dreams were of white hospital corridors and snowy starched caps—and later they came true.

It was much more of a youthful friendship than a love affair—a companionship thoroughly approved, occasionally sponsored and often championed by their mutual friend Father Sheehy.

Resident students were not supposed to leave the dormitory at night. But Father
Sheehy, a great friend of the Prendergast family, sometimes took Don there to call in the evening. Sometimes the boys, to embarrass Don, would phone the Prendergast home and ask for him; whereas Father Sheehy could drive him back to school at once, to avoid any possible trouble.

During summer vacations in Kenosha, Don vaguely missed Honey's companionship. Still it was fun to be home again with his big, exciting family. And now he was expected to earn his own spending money, so he had various jobs to think about. His mother would fuss over him, scold him because he was so bad about writing letters, check over his wardrobe and wonder whether he had a girl...

"Dozens of 'em!" Don would say airily, as he kissed his mother good-by and went back to school.

He retained his great facility in getting in and out of trouble. He had more than one run-in with the Master of Discipline, or Dean, a large gentleman nicknamed "Kootch" by the boys. Kootch spoke with a great voice, in a rich Bohemian accent. One of Don's most embarrassing moments happened in the big auditorium one day. He was putting on a big act, imitating that Bohemian accent to a T, when suddenly that great voice—the real one—bellowed:

"Ameche! You traitor! You young hypocrite! You have yet to learn that the doors of this institution open outwards as well as inwards! And one of these days you, my fine fellow, are going out with them!!"

On Sunday mornings they had "silent breakfast," the customary clamor and merriment absent as some student read aloud for the edification of all at the table. One morning Don was assigned to read. The subject was manners. He read with much expression from a very proper English volume on etiquette.

"A young gentleman was guest at a friend's home for luncheon. Suddenly, drawing a forkful of salad toward his mouth, he perceived something in it. Do you imagine he put the fork down, or showed in any way that he had noticed anything unusual? No indeed!"

Warming up to his subject, Don read triumphantly.

"Instead, he—" but suddenly his voice ran down like an old phonograph. He turned slightly green as he finished the sentence weakly. "Instead, he folded the caterpillar neatly within a piece of lettuce and—realigned it!"

With this, Don laid the book down shakily and fled from the table—the only time he ever failed to eat the hearty Sunday morning meal!

Although he was now a college "man," he still wasn't above a boyish prank or two. He enjoyed a pillow fight as much as anyone. He was at one social-wrecking party, which went through the dormitory rooms like a cyclone, leaving ruin in its wake. If there was penance, the fun was worth it.

Naturally he was often made the scapegoat when he was entirely innocent. There was the time the basketball team played Loyola University in Chicago. At event, this. There were special cars to carry the team, coach and loyal Columbia Rooters to the big city.

Though this was the Varsity, Father Sheehy accompanied the guy party, for the now big-shots had once been Teeny-Weenies, and this was to be the biggest game of their basketball careers.

Since the rooters were by no means all masculine, separate cars were provided for the boys and girls. But there were gay games, get-togethers and songfests all the...
way to Chicago. Honore and Don were, as usual, an inseparable pair.

There's always someone trying to take the joy out of life; this trip was no exception. When the game was over, team and supporters back at school, defeated but happy, trouble popped. There were rumors about the fellows and girls spending so much time together on the train; rumors which inevitably reached Honore's father.

"That Ameche boy, for one, ought to be expelled—and your daughter knows plenty about that trip, too," the busybodies buzzed.

Naturally Mr. Prendergast questioned Honore, who said readily that the boys and girls had been together a great deal and why not? Besides, hadn't Father Sheehy been with them? A talk with the young priest set her dad's mind at rest, but Father Sheehy himself was annoyed at the gossip. He hastened to state that he would be most happy to describe the trip in detail to all who showed so lively an interest. The busybodies subsided and there was no more talk of expulsion.

When Don transferred to Marquette University, his good-by to Honore was casual and it was not a sad parting. She was also leaving school, to work at the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago.

Don was now eighteen, six feet tall, strong—and like his father, his hands were calloused, because he spent that summer with a road gang, repairing city streets.

But his stay at Marquette was a short one. For his entire family, except his brother Louis, were injured in a serious automobile accident, and he was called home. His pretty mother, who had thrown herself in front of the windshield to protect the 3-year-old baby sister, Anna, was badly cut. It was a miracle that all came out of it alive. Don at that time had a chance to prove the efficacy of prayer.

He remained at home until his father was well again; they had many serious talks. Now Don felt new responsibility, and it sobered him. He wished to leave school for good and get a trade. But Mr. Ameche would not consent; he still wanted his son to be a lawyer.

So Don entered Georgetown University. For a year he buckled down, burying himself in law tome. But his heart could not warm to Blackstone, and when the year was ended he again announced that he was through with school.

"Please, one more year," his father pleaded. "Go to Wisconsin. They have a fine law school.

Both these statements were true; but the fun won out with Don. He took the law course, and also became a part of Madison's gay social whirl. This led naturally to participation in dramatics.

Don became a member of Wisconsin Players, under the direction of Bill Troutman, then dramatic coach. Troutman, a fine producer, liked Don and gave him every chance to prove himself. Later on, too, the coach helped the young actor by long distance. At one rate, Don soon became Wisconsin's matinee idol.

"I'll spoil him sure," people said, but it is true that he was as genial off-stage as on; he wore the same size hat. He wasn't learning to win law cases, but he was winning friends and admirers—plenty of them feminine. Yet he was fancy-free, or so he thought. He didn't think about his old girl when he heard a love song. He had written her only once.

Oddly enough, it was another automobile accident that turned Don seriously into theatrical channels. An accident to the juvenile lead of a stock company played in the Garrick Theater in Madison. The company manager called for help.

Nobody told him about young Ameche, who had been won in leading roles in "Lilom," "Cradle Song," "Outward Bound," etc. Told him in glowing terms.

"He can't be that good," said the cynical manager, "but I'll try him."

A phone call brought Don post-haste. He learned more than 20 pages in no time and after several curtain calls the manager realized that here was a leading juvenile who lived up to his advance publicity. He crossed his fingers and prepared a modest contract.

When Don signed the 20-week contract, "salary $40 a week," he signed it before the manager could uncross his fingers. All right, if people kept insisting he was good at acting, he would be good. It looked pretty easy. Lots of fellows were years getting where he was now—and he hadn't even tried! It looked like a cinch.

So, gloomily, he entered on his first real stage engagement, doing bits and second leads in a string of plays—"Excess Baggage," "Coquette," "An American Tragedy," etc. He was making more money than he had ever made in his life.

But he was soon to realize that 20 weeks is not a very long time, that life moves on...and that it was to take all the stick-to-it-iveness he could summon up to keep on following his dream. For Lady Luck did not always ride in the rumble seat of Ameche's chariot to fame, as she did in the year 1929.

The road to the rainbow's end was not so easily come by as it seemed to Don in those first weeks of radio success. There were darker days ahead than any he had ever known—but also there were happiness and a love he had forgotten. Read the inspiring climax of "Rainbow's End" in the September issue of Radio Mirror.

OVER HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!

Dresses absorb perspiration odor... Avoid Offending

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses often. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor completely—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.

FOR DRESSES
son out there before the footlights. It was the first time he'd ever seen him on a stage, and he was so proud he had to keep swallowing hard to hide his emotions.

A few minutes later Tyrone, finishing the scene, stepped off the stage, and his father grabbed his hand firmly. They just stood there for several moments, looking into each other's eyes. No words were spoken, but none was needed. Then, with a little cough, his father placed a hand on Tyrone's shoulder.

"Now son," he said, "tomorrow night I want you to go a little further towards the table before you turn."

THAT was all. But I think in that moment I fully realized the strong bond which held this father and this son so closely together. Later when fate, with its unknown way of shaping our destinies, suddenly parted these two, I don't think anyone fully realized the extent of Tyrone's loss. It was as if his whole reason for existence had been snatched from him.

After Tyrone graduated from high school his father sent for him to join his company on tour.

The season that followed was a happy one for Tyrone, working side by side with his father, and was climaxed by an offer from Hollywood for Tyrone, Sr., to star in "The Miracle Man." But just before it was completed Tyrone Sr. succumbed to a fatal illness.

It was so sudden, so severely cruel that Tyrone couldn't understand what had happened at first. One minute his future was assured, the way paved before him by his father; the next minute all this was gone, and with it the one man he had really been living for. What made it even harder, Tyrone was just eighteen, at that uncertain age between boyhood and manhood. He was too old for juveniles, too young for leads. His father, although he had made great sums of money in his life, had been too generous with his money, and after his death. He'd always been too quick to reach into his pocket, to peel off a ten or a twenty to help some fellow actor less fortunate than he. Thus the bottom suddenly seemed to drop from Tyrone's world.

Only one thing was left him, but that he treasures today more than any other possession; a curled bit of celluloid, the unfinished half of "The Miracle Man." It had gone to Chicago, and made some progress in radio when Tyrone telephoned me.

"What," I exclaimed in surprise, "are you doing in Chicago?"

He laughed. "Well, I started for New York, but I only got this far."

That was how Tyrone Power came to radio.

We had dinner together that night, and despite the fact that we were glad to see each other, despite his efforts to hide the truth from me, it wasn't long before I realized how discouraged he was. This was in the fall of 1934 and Tyrone was only twenty, but he was very much depressed because he hadn't seemed to accomplish as much as he thought he should have. By this time he'd fully realized he was on his own that his father's name in the theater was not a means to pave the way for him, but a high goal, an exalted state of perfection which he, the son, would be expected to live up to. Not that Tyrone didn't believe in himself, but up to that time he hadn't had the opportunity to prove that belief. We talked for some time, and finally decided he should audition for radio.

With his training in voice, enunciation, and diction it was a simple matter for him to get a contract. But a radio contract to an unknown is often no more than a one-way proposition in which the artists' bureau puts the artist's name on a "preferred list" and agrees to give him as much work as possible. Unless the artist is already established as a definite character on some sponsored program, the work is sometimes very scarce. It was thus with Tyrone. He took an inexpensive furnished room near the studio, went on a strict budget whereby every nickel was accounted for, and started in to spend a very cold and disappointing winter.

Tyrone has always been very expressive; when he is happy there is no one for blocks around who can't tell it in his face, and when he is despondent that is all too apparent as well. But during that winter, in which he missed many a meal, walked some fourteen blocks to and from the studio every day, and took it on the chin week after week, no one knew what he went through. He had few clothes, but these he wore like something out of Esquire. He carried out his bluff so well that everyone at the studio thought he was a wealthy young man with an outside income. This led to many situations which we laughed about later, when I was out in Hollywood last month visting him and his mother. But it wasn't funny then.

GINNY," he said, "do you remember the time I came up to your apartment about ten o'clock one morning to rehearse a script, and you were trying some ham and eggs?"

I said I did.

"Well," he continued, "although you didn't know it at the time, I was very much surprised. It had been so long since I'd eaten anything but doughnuts and coffee for breakfast, I thought the

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**WHY DID HE CALL ME "A COLD WEATHER GIRL"?**

I heard Jack say I was a "cold weather girl" and no good on summer parties.

I'm sorry he hurt you, Alice...but you should be more careful in hot weather.

I am very careful! I bathe every single day.

But are you using Lifebuoy? We all need its very special protection in hot weather.

Lifebuoy contains a special purifying ingredient not in other well-known toilet soaps.

If it really stops "B.O., Jane, I'll try it!

---

WHAT GLORIOUS LATHER—I NEVER FELT SO THROUGHLY CLEAN IN MY LIFE.

HOW DO YOU KEEP SO FRESH AND DIGNITY IN ALL THIS HEAT?

CROSS MY HEART—I JUST REGULAR LIFEBOU BATHS!

AND YOUR SKIN'S SMOOTH AS CREAM.

THAT COMES FROM USING LIFEBOUY, TOO!

Lifebuoy freshens, cleans, helps condition dull, tired skin...And it really flattens skin already lovely...For Lifebuoy is mild—More than 20% milder by test than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Do you know that more American women—men and children, too—use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap? It's a fact—revealed when 8 leading magazines questioned 120,000 women!
bans had stopped laying eggs!"
He did a lot of reading that winter, and his greatest extravagance was the three cents a day he spent at the rental library for books. And after the morning walk to the studio through a good old Chicago sub-zero spell, he got the reputation for being the very windiest.
A group of us were standing in the lobby when he got off the elevator, looking like something just blown in from a polar expedition, pick up a newspaper. "Say, was that you I saw walking down La Salle Street a little while ago?"
Tyronc, throwing out his chest, tried to appear rugged, even though he was half frozen. "Oh," he replied, "it isn’t bad... and besides, I like to walk.
But as he stepped over past me to check his coat, he muttered, "Oh boy, Ginny, what I wouldn’t give to be back in good old sunny California."
I know that Tyronc had a few dollars in his pocket that morning, but he had put himself on a budget, a budget which didn’t include carfare. So, he walked.

THAT winter in Chicago was the blackest, most discouraged time Tyronc Power ever spent. Not only was he poor, often cold and hungry, but he had an ever-present sense that he was not accomplishing the write things. His father would have wished him to accomplish, and this was worse than all the other things combined, Always before him there was his father’s memory. He seemed to feel that somewhere, in the Valhalla of all great actors, his father was looking down at him, believing in him, but sorrowing because he had not come to his heritage.
He was under obligation to show the world that the name of Tyronc Power had not died—that his son, would carry it on to even greater heights. And that was something he was not doing.
That was the real reason he finally left radio, to go to New York. It wasn’t because he couldn’t adapt himself to radio technique. During the short time he was on the air he learned all the little tricks there are to know about speaking into a microphone. Nor was it because no one in radio believed in his talent.
No, he left for one reason only. He was Tyronc Power and he couldn’t afford to sit and wait for his chance to come. He had to go out and make it, in radio or on the stage. He had to go to New York and camp on the doorstep of every agent on Broadway until he forced one of them to cast him in a play. He had worked on himself—his voice, his physical appearance, his gestures, his expression. As long as he remained in radio he was using only part of his abilities.
It was the following year that Tyronc returned to Chicago, not as a hopeful radio actor, but as a star in Katharine Cornell’s production of “Romeo and Juliet.” Even those of us who were his staunchest admirers were surprised when we saw him. It was the first time that the diffident young man we had known in the broadcasting studios was this poised, sensitive young actor, giving a performance that it brought in the praise of both the theatergoers and critics. For the first time, we realized how right Tyronc had been in the long, slow fight for radio recognition.
It was his guiding star—his admiration for his father—that led him through those Chicago streets, to New York, to his rightful domain, the stage. Now he has left even that behind, but I know his father would approve of his work in the movies. For to him, it is really telling the world that the name of Power isn’t dead.
touch, and his most recent claim to announcing fame is the advertising character he portrayed in television programs for the NBC network's western half.

Harry is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and the last thing your Highwaymen thought you might do was back in those days was a radio announcer, but there he is—and a good one, too.

* * *

A SINGING SHEPARD

When Ethel Shepard, torrid blues singer of New York's WHN, crashed the airwaves, it was no surprise to those who were familiar with the Shepard family tree. Ethel's father is Sam Shepard, whom no doubt you will remember as the popular vaudeville and radio star of the day, and her uncle, Irving Kaufman, is radio's well-known Lazy Dan.

Born in Syracuse, New York, Ethel spent most of her life in New Rochelle before starting her tour of Loew Theaters four years ago. It was from the Loew stage she stepped to radio, appearing in such musicals as Stage Door, as the Pageant of Youth, Lady Next Door, and Fred Allen's hour of fun. She then joined the cast as featured soloist with Irving Aaronson's orchestra and her current broadcasts where she is the warbling queen on Jay C. Flippen's Broadway Melody hour on WHN.

* * *

THE LOWDOWN ON HIGH

You early morning KSO tuner-in's who recognized the high-voiced tenor at 8:15 weekday morning to be the same high voice that originally scaled the heights in the well-known team of High and Low on the Iowa Network were right. It is none other than the romantic tenor Dick Teela, who is soloing in that spot from Des Moines.

A native of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Dick was formerly with Ray Miller's orchestra, making recordings and varying baton of his own. In 1931 he joined NBC in Chicago and was featured on that network's Breakfast Club. That first year he hung up a rhythm record when he sang on more than two thousand network shows, appearing on the Climatone Carnival, Palmolive Singing Strings, and Car-

the name is: "Lon" a among others.

This early morning serenade is a busy man in the tall corn state, being traffic director and chief of the Iowa Broad- way Junior Pageant, and soloist in addition to his warbling chores. The time that's left over for recreation Dick divides between golfing and hunting. He still looks back on the days of the popular High and Low team as his happiest and rates his first program under that name as his greatest thrill. That was shortly after Gwyneth Neil, a third of the Neil sisters trio which appeared on Phil Baker's Armour Hour and other network programs, not only became the "Low" of the team but also Mrs. Dick Teela.

* * *

CUPIDOINGS

Chicago: "The Romance of Helen Trent" became realism when Virginia Clark, leading character in that WBBM program, recently became Mrs. J. O. Houston. Mr. Houston is a Chicago business man.

Kathryn Campbell of WBBM's Bachelor's Children program was the bride's attendant. It was June wedding bells for Geraldine Amsdell, daughter of actor Bill Amsdell of WBMB's Sunbrite Junior Nurse Corps program. The proud daddy flew to New York before the ceremony and made all arrangements for his wedding gift—a completely furnished apartment with a year's lease paid in full. More wedding bells when Henriette Brown, secretary to WBBM program director Bobby Brown, became Mrs. Clifford Whittier. Announcer Douglas Fleming of Chicago's WCLF wasn't certain it was his wedding day until he had been kept waiting at the church for ten minutes by his bride-to-be, Miss Marian Murray. But the sixth minute found Marian there complete in a princess cut, floor-length wedding gown of white angel-skin crepe with a rough woven cotton lace jacket (How 'm I doin', Emily?) and six bridesmaids to assist while the preacher tied the knot.

Des Moines, Iowa: The entire staff of WHN who turned out en masse when Jack Schellenberg, assistant WHN news man, and his bride, the former Miss Catherine Fletcher of Boone, Iowa, departed recently on their honeymoon from the Des Moines airport. Everything was going per schedule with the air filled with sincere best wishes from all when suddenly a woman crashed through the crowd and throwing her arms around Jack's neck, screamed, "Jack! Jack! You can't leave me this way." As candid cameras clicked, staltarf defenders of the

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT?

SKINNY ? THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS
THIS NEW EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS
-gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

Are you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit because you're too thin and scrawny-looking? Then here's a wonder-ful new food product. The skinniest men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh with the wonder-naturally alluring curves, with this new scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds so quick

Doctors and scientists tell us that millions of people are thin and run-down because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of health-building Vitamins B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world- renowned for its medicinal properties. Now by a new and original process the vitamins from English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their original strength. But that is not all! This powerful vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, in-organic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable natural ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and re-test to make sure its full vitamin strength.

No wonder these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets, which cost only a few cents a day, have helped thousands of people to gain just that needed extra pounds, body development, health and pep they longed for in just a few weeks.

But you've got to be on your guard! So remarkable have been the results, and so popular have these wonderful little Ironized Yeast tablets become, that you'll probably find a medicine group "Iron and Yeast" substitu-ites in any drug-store. Don't take substitutes.

Try it without risking a cent

Get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today, and if you are not, too, need their vital food elements, watch how quickly flat chest develops and skinny limbs round out to pleasing natural fullness. Yes, nature comes to your aid in this, with digestive, constipation and tired feeling, with the normal body curve. So soon you feel like a new, different person. Your money will be instantly refunded if you're not delighted with your new figure. And no other Wash out for cheap substitutes. The only sure thing is with the very first package. So try today and watch the wonderful change.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets for 25 cents, and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very best red meats or money refunded, by druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.
Men Thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They can’t stand a “painted look”. Tangee is one lipstick that isn’t paint, the only lipstick with the famous Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to luscious blush-rose, inviting romance. Always use Tangee Rouge for radiant clear color in cheeks.

AT BEDTIME, TOO, apply Tangee Natural Lipstick. Its special cream base softens, soothes lips while you sleep. Tangee won’t rub off on bed linen. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness. 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee’s Miracle Make-Up Set.

THIS SUMMER use Tangee Creme Rouge, Waterproof! Tangee’s natural blush-rose color never fades or streaks even when you’re in swimming.

Men Thrill

TIME SCOPS ON

New York: As the old age goes, there may be nothing new under the sun, but you can’t say there’s nothing new under the microphones. Anyway, you couldn’t if you had been with Special Features Announcer Dave Driscoll and his Mutual Broadcasting mike when he described the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus from Madison Square Garden in New York. Because there was an elephant under that microphone.

Driscoll aired his review of the “greatest show on earth” from his studio atop the pachyderm’s back, being played its part in the opening parade.

Charlotte, N. C.: There was a trailer under a WBT microphone when the Castleberry Food and Initial Castleberry Musical program went on the air—on a series of 8:45 A. M. broadcasts.

The company host to a number of WBT staff girls and while the girls made away with the piping hot food from the trailer kitchen, Announcer Clair Shadwell added to the hunger of his audience by holding the microphone close to the trailer table and airings the yums coming from thereon.

Los Angeles: A rush that hit our roaming ears as straying from the usual was the interior decorator Katherine Muselwhite’s, when she announced her fifteen minute broadcast to go on the air as “Dressing the Bed.” But, as she explained, since the average human spends approximately one third of his life in bed, it was something to consider.

And indeed it was, but up until then this Highlighter had simply thought his bed was either for in it, and what of it? If it wasn’t, and generally it wasn’t, he had to lie in it anyway. Thanks for the tips, Katherine.

Chicago: But it took WBBM to come through with the improbable if not the impossible, when that station’s Nutty Club produced the one and only four-handed pachyderm, and had it do the dozens such as it lumbered along doing its part in the opening parade.

And indeed it was, but up until then this Highlighter had simply thought his bed was either for in it, and what of it? If it wasn’t, and generally it wasn’t, he had to lie in it anyway. Thanks for the tips, Katherine.

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Jeanette MacDonald's Advice to Nelson Eddy

About Love

(Continued from page 13)

effort toward that elusive goal of perfection. All that tends to shut others out of your life.

There's nothing to be done there, but it's hard to visualize the distant future. Yet that is exactly what you have to do. So, frankly, I see no reason why marriage should not be the best possible thing for people like Nelson and me.

Marriage should not prevent one from thinking solely of one's self. I used to feel that the quickest route to accomplishment lay in barring from my life any interest that might deter me from my goal. Now I know that love and marriage are part of the way to that goal.

Thinking of another person opens new channels of understanding. In becoming conscious of one other, you become conscious of all others. That makes you alive to humanity. It gives you an intimate kinship with the hopes and fears and aspirations of other human beings. And it fends off that danger of becoming absorbed solely in yourself.

"Naturally, Nelson's plans for his future are none of my business. Some day, if he awakens, as I have, he will marry and Mrs. Nelson Eddy will be a very lucky girl.

YOU know that old saying about a bride being the greatest matchmaker in the world. I don't know why I should turn out otherwise.

"When Nelson finds the right girl, he will have to go through the same mental struggle that I did in so important a decision, and he will have to make up his mind for himself. I escaped many a match-making friend before I found my own happiness without their help."

Those are Jeannette's revealing beliefs about marriage, and what she believes about it must apply not only to herself but to Nelson Eddy.

Nelson," Jeannette warns, "must be prepared to change many of his habits and make many adjustments. The first requirement of marriage is an open mind and a willingness to accept many inevitable changes.

"There's something I've observed from watching my married friends. It seems like a good rule to me—that is, don't bring your career into the home. A perfect example of it is Fay Wray, who, from the moment she leaves the studio, completely becomes Mrs. John Monk Saunders in thought, attitude, and deed.

"Why shouldn't the same rule apply to husbands? If they let their problems be behind in the office, wouldn't they have more time to devote to their wives?"

So, it seems necessary to me to firmly shut out the workaday problems and concentrate on enjoying fully the companionship of marriage.

She feels that Nelson Eddy should have no allusions about his future, should he marry.

"He has a remarkable capacity for carrying many problems on his shoulders, without showing the weight of the load in the slightest. He can shut out the workaday world as completely as if he were walking out of a room and shutting the door.

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES
Without Danger of Coarser or Stubble New Growth

Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its fame seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg and arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbier new growth.

How to use De Miracle:

1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days.

Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID
39c a jar

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration.

How to Remove

Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES

Without Danger of Coarser or Stubble New Growth

De Miracle

De Miracle

Special Now 67¢ $2.00 Size...
$1.00 Size....

Arrid

Arrid

39¢ a jar

At All Drug and Department Stores
Many Never
Suspect Cause
Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many suffer relief in a few days when they
realize quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their
trouble may be a case of backaches.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the
excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people
pass about 5 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages withsmarting and
burning show there may be something wrong
with your kidneys or bladder.

An agony of acids or poisons in your blood, when
due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause
of kidney backaches, rheumatic pains, hangdog, leg
pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights,
swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and
diabetes.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean's Pills,
used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They
give happy relief and will help the 10 miles of kidney
flush out poisonous waste from your blood.
Get Dean's Pills.

IF I SEND YOU THIS FINE SUIT—

Will You Wear It and Show It to Friends?

There's nothing to lose, but everything to win when
you send for this handsome suit. It is a

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical
information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 549
New Brunswick Ave., N. J.

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$1 PER BOX OF TWELVE

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, bug's
bites, chafing, eczema, and other externally
caused skin affections quickly yields to cooling, anti-
septic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Original form
by Doctor Dennis. Greenlessness and stings. Soothes
the irritation and quickly stops the most intense
itching. A 5
c. trial bottle, all drug stores, proves it
— or money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

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5 YARDS EXTRA

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Look Yar
Younger

APPROVED WAY TO TINT

GRAY HAIR

— Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray
to frowned shadows of blonde, brown or black.

BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and
approved by thousands of twenty-four to fifty-)
year-olds. It is "male proof." Rub on, sleep, wash,
— and it will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray
appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with
growing speed. Easy to prove by tincting a lock of your
own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug
and toilet counters—always on a money-back guaran-
Gelatin’s Your Menu Life-saver (Continued from page 52)

gelatin in bouillon cups and serve with sliced lemon and a light dusting of paprika. To use as a relish with hot or cold meats, simply cut it into small squares and serve on lettuce leaves. Another gelatin dish popular with Schrafft patrons in general, and with Freene Wicker, the Singing Lady, in particular, is jelled chicken salad. Although called salad, it is nourishing enough to serve as an entree, and it is a most welcome variation of the cold meat-and-salad formula for summer suppers.

JELLED CHICKEN SALAD

2 tbs. gelatin
4 cups chicken stock
2% cups cooked chicken breast cut into half-inch cubes
3 tablespoons vinegar
1% cup French dressing
Salt and pepper

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 10 minutes. Bring chicken stock to a boil, add the gelatin and stir until dissolved, then strain through double cheesecloth. Pour the container in pan of ice until the jelly starts to stiffen. Pour the French dressing over the cubed chicken and allow to stand for fifteen minutes. Stir the chicken into the gelatin, turn into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water and chill until set. Unmold on crisp lettuce and sprinkle lightly with French dressing. Garnish with sliced tomatoes, cold asparagus tips and watercress, and mayonnaise.

If your last picnic was a nightmare of squashed pie and limp salad dripping mayonnaise all over the sandwiches, be sure to include one or two gelatin dishes next time. A gelatin desert or salad can be made the night before and transported to the picnic ground in the mold in which it is chilled, and there is an end to your problem. The basic recipe given below can be used for fruit dessert or fruit salad, or for a salad using chopped vegetables or a combination of vegetables and diced cold meat.

Basic Gelatin Recipe

1 tbs. gelatin
1 cup hot water
1% cup cold water
1% cup sugar
% tsp. salt
1% cup mild vinegar or lemon juice

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 10 minutes, then add hot water, sugar and salt and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add lemon juice or vinegar and mix well. When the gelatin begins to stiffen, fold in two cups of any desired fruits or vegetables, turn into mold, and chill. Jelled soups are gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds, and I feel certain that once you have tried Schrafft’s Jelled orange soup it will become a repeater on your menu.

JELLIED ORANGE SOUP

2 tbs. gelatin
4 tbs. cold water
3 cups orange juice
% cup sugar
2 tbs. lemon juice
1 cup orange diced mint sprigs

Soak gelatin in the water, then combine with one cup of the orange juice, which has been heated in a double boiler, and the sugar. Cool, then add remaining fruit juices and transfer to mold. When it

OUT COMES THE CORN!

No Waiting—Pain Instantly Relieved

Get rid of corns by using this famous triple-action, scientific treatment —

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads—and then keep rid of them. It’s easy, safe, sure. Just these soothing, healing, cushioning pads alone on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions give you the most graceful relief imaginable—instantly. Put them on tender toes caused by friction or pressure of new or tight shoes and you’ll stop corns before they can develop!

Used with the separate Medicinal Diks, included in every box, Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads quickly remove hard corns, soft corns between toes or callouses. Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don’t stick to stockings or come off in the bath. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Once a day keeps your bathroom sanitary and odor-free

Be on the safe side—use Creolin regularly to banish bathroom odors. Pour it into toilet bowls and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floor, walls, basin and tub. As a reliable disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant it has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. At all drug stores with complete directions. Get a bottle today.

★ Write for Free Booklet, “Home Hygiene,” giving complete information about the many other household and personal uses of Creolin. Merck & Co., Inc., Dept. RM-8 Rahway, N. J.
Radio Mirror

Getting Rid of Hair

You can be rid of embarrassing hair forever by new home treatment. Absolutely safe and permanent. No re-growth, no chemicals, no two-day operation. Screen stars have spent fortunes on this formerly expensive method. Now available to YOU at home at low cost! Have the smooth, soft skin that men admire! Claim your right to Romance! Only method approved by medical opinion. Mail coupon today for FREE illustrated booklet and details of trial offer.

Beautiderm Co., Dept. 126, 1451 Broadway, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send free booklet "The Secret of Permanent Hair Removal" and details of 30-day free trial offer.

Name:
Address:

Patent Your Idea

Mr. Harry Hagen's Spelling Bee is the choicest radio program on the Columbia network. Its bowels are a treat every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. E.D.S.T. Dr. Harry, who pronounces the words, gets the credit for reviving the old-fashioned vowel-and-consonant marathon as a social event and means of entertainment. There isn't much to say about spelling bees, except that you like them or don't like them. Me, I'm a punther for them. Find myself silently spelling the words, usually incorrectly, picking the winners in advance, and rooting for the whole thing more likely to win. Dr. Hagen intends to confine his spelling bees to children's teams for a while, but later he'll branch out and accept adults as contestants. Listen in some Sunday afternoon, even if you don't think you like spelling bees. You may find out different.

**Please, Mother!**

Mother, if you crave comfort and happiness for your baby, freedom from chafing, use the baby powder that contains olive oil. Due to the olive oil, Z.B.T. forms a protective, moisture-removal coating that clings and soothes for hours longer than other powders. Z.B.T. is more effective against diaper rash, prickly heat and skin irritations. Leading hospitals use it. Large 55c and 100c sizes.

For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to Z.B.T., Dept. F-5, 80 Varick Street, New York City.
What’s New? (Continued from page 8)

There’s a story, too, behind the replacement for the summer of Jane Froman and her husband, Don Ross, on the Jack Benny show. The marriage of Jane and Don, one which has survived at least two great crises. They were married a few months after Don, then a high-priced star, had given Jane her first chance on WLW, out in Cincinnati. After their marriage they came to New York, and Jane’s fame began to outstrip Don’s. Many another man couldn’t have stood having his wife become more rich and successful than he—but Don stuck to Jane, and she to him. Then they went to Los Angeles, and they didn’t break very well for either of them. Jane did some movie work and made some guest appearances on the air, and Don became the hero of wild-west movies—“quickies,” they call them out in Hollywood. Lean month followed on the heels of lean month, but it made no difference to these two. Neither of them for the March of failure could come between them. Their big break this summer is a well-deserved reward.

When Al Jolson and Warner Brothers decided to call the whole thing off, Ruby Keeler settled her Warner contract too, so she’d be free to join Al on a European tour during his summer radio holiday. Al will be back in September.

Now that Gertrude Niesen has returned to California after her personal-appearance tour in the East, Craig Reynolds is happy again. Craig’s only “date” during Gertrude’s absence was the night he took her mother to a movie preview. Devotion, too, blooms out in Hollywood.

Sandra, the little daughter of George Burns and Gracie Allen, looked around her nursery the other day and decided she had too many dolls. So she packed them up and gave them to the Assistance League—and now is the three-year-old patroness of a unique new doll lending library which loans dolls to tots on a turn-in-and-exchange basis.

Speaking of tots, one is expected soon in the James Wallington home. Jimmy has just bought a ranch in Santa Monica for his attractive wife and the expected heir.

The Columbia network could have had the most talked-about broadcast of the spring, if it hadn’t been afraid to break a rule it made itself. Perhaps you heard the record which was made by a Chicago announcer’s voice as he watched the Hindenburg come up to its mooring mast and then break suddenly into flames. It was undoubtedly the most dramatic recording ever put on wax. Its owners first offered it to CBS for rebroadcast, but because of a studio rule against using records for anything but mechanical sound effects, CBS said “No, No,” and put its hands behind its back. Then NBC was offered its chance at the record and snapped it up quickly, and to the dickens with rules.

Success story: Irwin Shaw is the young playwright who wrote “Bury the Dead” last year and saw it achieve sensational critical acclaim on the New York stage. It won him a Hollywood contract, plus another contract with CBS for a number of Columbia Workshop dramatic scripts. One of the clauses in Shaw’s CBS agree-

Don’t be a Wash-out!

Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than attractive! (Lashtixt, alas, is the secret of summer sirens) There’ll be no more streaky cheeks or pale, sun-bleached lashes—this mascara is really water-proof! It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green, 5.10.

The girl with an eye to conquest understands the allure of a subtle touch of eye shadow to give her eyes depth and color under a strong, white sun, or to put glimmering highlights on her eyelids at night. Shadette comes in ten subtle daytime shades to match your gay vacation clothes, and in gold and silver for evening. 75c.

That the basic secret of all beautiful eyes is a frame of glorious curling lashes. Just slip your lashes into Kurlash, the handy little ratchet and never forget.

There have been no 5-year-olds who could outgrow a Kurlash booklet.

Kurlash

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Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

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Copyright 1937, The Kurlash Company, Inc.
ment is that all of his scripts must be broadcast on a coast-to-coast network, so he can listen to them out in Hollywood. In other words, Irwin is writing his own ticket these days, as well as very artistic and class-conscious plays. Not much like the old days. Two years ago, before "Bury the Dead," he used to turn out five scripts a week for the Gumps, and he didn't much care whether or not they were broadcast where he could listen to them, because he was too tired anyway.

Benny Goodman worried a long time over two offers from the West Coast for a summer engagement. One was from the snooty Coconut Grove, the other from the college kids' haven, the Palomar. Benny finally chose the Palomar because, as he said, "I can't let down those kids who made me." * * *

There's a man out in Kansas whose whole life has been changed by Floyd Gibbons. He has been the owner and proprietor of a small retail business for many years. Just after the depression his health began to fail and he had to have an operation which wiped out his savings and left him nothing to live on in the bad times which followed. For several years he was able to provide his family only with a bare existence.

For a man as ambitious and self-respecting as he had always been it was torture to realize that he was getting deeper and deeper into debt, nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. He lost his confidence, became sullen and depressed.

Then, one night, he sent Floyd Gibbons the story of an adventure which had happened to him many years before. Floyd accepted the story for broadcasting, but more important than that, he invited our hero to New York to be on the program. The experience changed the retailer's whole outlook on life. He came back singing the praises of Floyd and telling how royally he had been treated.

Once more he felt that he was a personality. His neighbors spoke to him respectfully. Best of all, they came into his store and bought more goods. With the twenty-five dollars Floyd gave him he bought some presents for his family. He discovered that life was worth living after all. And, just to cap the climax, his story won the monthly prize of $250 which Floyd awarded.

* * *

Speaking of Mr. F. Gibbons, one of his true adventure heroes took the start out of him the other day. Whenever possible, Floyd brings the people to whom his true adventures have happened, to New York. He always takes the visitors around and shows them the town—and a Gibbons-conducted tour of New York is something to remember. But one visitor was disappointed. "Oh, yes, he admitted, New York was all very fine, but it really wasn't particularly up to date. Why, back home," he pointed out, "we scraped all the Firestone cars long ago and put in buses instead."

* * *

Mrs. Charles Correll is filing suit for divorce in Chicago against her husband, whom millions of Americans know as Andy of Amos and Andy. They've been married ten years, and have no children. According to their close friends, neither has any plans for remarrying, and Mrs. Correll is charging incompatibility.

* * *

Bob Burns, it is nice to learn, has not forgotten those not-too-far distant days when he had to count his pennies. He tried to keep this quiet, but we heard...
from an inside source that when his stand-in, Ted Dante, became the father of a baby recently, Bob presented him with a check for one hundred dollars to cover expenses. The grateful parents have christened the baby Robin.

Another unheralded gesture was that of Joe Penner, who paid all the hospital bills, amounting to several hundred dol-
ars, when his stand-in, Freddie Welsh, a young ex-pug, was severely injured in an auto accident. Who says that Hollywood has no heart?

Relives summer teething

in 1 minute

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—the undermutter upsetting due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress. Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by applying on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it. "I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day."—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

Don't Let Your Charm Insurance Lapse

(Continued from page 40)

afford such outside extravagances, a summer wardrobe can still be planned around clothes which are easily washed or cleaned at home. But don't be fooled by dark clothes for summer which apparently don't show wear so quickly as light linens and cottons! After a wearing or two, you're apt to find them a bit musty when you take them from the closet. And, of course, you'll wash your undies after every wearing and never, never wear a pair of stockings twice without a washing. That's the unforgivable sin.

Plain, down-to-earth talk, this, but if you could see Benay as I saw her that afternoon, you'd know how well charm insurance pays! Simply dressed in a tailored sports frock without frills or furbes, she looked as demure, and dainty, as the proverbial sweet girl graduate.

"There's a deodorant for every purpose," Benay points out. "For example, in a recent Broadway show I wore a very fragile purple chiffon evening gown. As you know, stage lighting is very hot, even the lighter theatrical make-up now is rather heavy, and the constant motion in dancing and acting stimulates excessive perspiration. To protect this particular gown, I used copious quantities of a liquid anti-perspirant. On the other hand, before playing tennis, I always rub my feet with a cream corrective which makes one's shoes feel much more comfortable during strenuous exercise."

"Oh, and another thing I'd like to emphasize. That's dress suits for the protection of summer dresses. I think they're invaluable, and I have some type of shield in every single dress or blouse I wear during the day. These, of course, are detachable and washable. As a matter of fact, when you rang the bell I was attaching shields to three blouses I had just bought today, to be sure they'd be ready the moment I want to wear them. And by the way, I always buy shields put out by a reliable manufacturer, regardless of price."

Thanks to Benay and her courage in tackling one of those subjects that "even your best friend won't tell you about," we've been able to touch on some of the problems of feminine daintiness. In any event, when purchasing your summer beauty supplies, don't fail to get a complete equipment for charm insurance!

Would you like to know about all the products Benay uses and recommends? There's one bath preparation in particular of which she's very proud and which I'm sure you'd like to know about. There's more information about deodorants, de-pilatories and dress suits, too, in my August booklet on charm insurance. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

This New Silk-Sifted Face Powder is so "fine" that even Caresses won't spoil its Lovely Effect... Give your skin the smooth allure that only Tangee Face Powder brings! Its super-sheer texture blends with your own skin tones for a fresh, natural finish—never coats skin or gives an "old" look like ordinary coarse powders. Tangee ends shine, and gives your face appealing charm. Try Tangee. In two sizes, $5.95 and $1.10. Make this new loveliness yours! Tear out and send the coupon below for Tangee's Miracle Face Powder Test.

Tangee World's Finest Face Powder

TEAR OUT—SEND FOR 2 WEEKS' SUPPLY

"Miracle Face Powder Test" 45c

THE GEORGE W. LIFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please rush "Miracle Face Powder Test". (Includes miniatures Tangee Lipsticks.) I enclose 50c (stamps or coin) (life in Canada...SEND sampler checked:

Sampler #1

Sampler #2

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Contains

Pink and

Light Pink

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COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, at any druggist, no harm, new color, no harm, no oil. Color Fast—Wax Insoluble. "AT LAST! Aカラー" \"WAX\" color! Color Fast—Wax Insoluble. "AT LAST! Aカラー" \"WAX\" color!

Keep Skin Young with Mercorized Wax

Mercorized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful under skin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercorized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs: Cleansers, Softens, Beautifies, Protects.

Start using Mercorized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercorized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

What Do You Want to Say? (Continued from page 54)

ELEANOR SMITH, Maplewood, Mo.

$10.00 PRIZE

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MARY MARLIN?

"Same time, same station, same story"—but to me it is a complete flop! One of the most interesting things about the air is in the wastebasket as far as I am concerned. I have listened to the Mary Marlin story for about two years. How can they do this to it? If a movie was half over, then a change made from Jean Harlow to Janet Gaynor in the leading role, there would be as many persons attending showing as there would be at a car convention. If actors of leading parts had to be changed, why didn't they get a new story? They may get enough new listeners interested, but as for an olderman, when I hear, "Same story, etc."—it is time to tune in a different program. Joan Blair was by far the most attractive part of the Mary Marlin story. What has become of her?

MRS. JOHN ROE, Willoughby, O.

$1.00 PRIZE

ONE PREACHER'S OBSERVATIONS

How many radio performers are really natural? Ministers who read sermons? Crooners who croon from manuscript? Comedians even give themselves away sometimes by evidence of reading their lines. Famous advertising announcers are becoming very prosaic and formal and every listener knows he is being talked at, and not being talked to. It is a real relief when someone talks to us as in a real life drama. I have actually heard some conversations over the radio which seemed so real any blind stodgy who was born be convinced, on entering the room, that these speakers were actually present.

REV. E. L. ECKERLY, Redkey, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE

AM I A CRANK?

Perhaps I am just another "crank," but I have a grievance—and it is against one of my favorite programs, too. It is the Vic and Sade skit—so popular because the stories are so often woven around everyday people and everyday situations. But the minute Rush speaks, the illusion of the "average family" is blasted for me. They all seem to be the student of an up-to-date high school or junior high with principal, teachers, arts, social activities, etc., and then put the most fantastic English into the boy's conversation. "I seen it"—"He done it"—"Them boys ain't never gave me nothin'"—"Mom ain't come home yet." We are all accustomed to hearing the average mother pictured as an ignoramus from the backwoods, when actually, the average mother of a fifteen-year-old is the exception if she didn't go four years to high school and, quite likely, to college. However, in my association with school life, I do not recall ever hearing such ridiculous English usage.

Perhaps we native Californians speak a different language, as I said at the beginning, perhaps I just another "crank."

R. DALLAS TOUSEY, Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

PHOOEY TO DAILYT SaveING TIME!

Every year we go through the same agony of having the radio torn end to end just because some nut thought his brainchild, Daylight Saving Time, a marvelous idea to humanity. And what about the states and cities that don't observe Daylight Saving Time? Our citizen ought and their programs are an hour earlier. Therein lies the source of the rumrus and mix-up. Then, in the fall, we go through the same old thing. We just get settled nicely when we have to start all over trying to adjust ourselves.

Suppose you are keeping up with a most interesting network at 10:30 A. M. On a local station you are listening to another program just as interesting as the first at 9:30 A. M. You wouldn't dream of missing either of them for the world. Now, look what happens. Along comes Daylight Saving Time. The network program moves back an hour to 9:30 A. M. But the skit on the local station fails to move. Hence, two good programs on at the same time. Phooey to Daylight Saving Time!

CAROL RICHARDSON, Houston, Texas

$1.00 PRIZE

"DEY HOLLER AN' DEY SHOUT!

Has anybody here seen—I mean, heard—Tibbett? I haven't been to Mandalay or to Danny Deever's hangout in ages. Frankly, I'm running out of something to do. I've almost completely forgotten the open Pagliacci is all about. Couldn't I please hear the prologue just once more?

You guys that make perfume, gasoline and laxatives—have a heart and give Larry a job. Think of his wife and kids! How'd you like to be moping around twiddling your thumbs when your mouth and throat are full ofGallows and you're even taken to shaving with the Toledor these days, and how are you going to feel when Danny boy takes a chunk out of his Adam's apple and ends up on De Glory Road?

There's an appreciative audience out here and we're about ready to start stamping our feet and giving a few catcalls. We miss you Mr. Tibbett. Please come back.

CHARLES M. ESTES, Louisville, Ky.

$1.00 PRIZE

LET US BE THE JUDGE

We all admire good sports and anyone who's willing to acknowledge another fellow's good points. But, lately, the epidemic of bouquet-throwing that's been going on among radio stars is really too much. On almost every program it seems somebody has a "swap" for somebody else, who will duly respond to his next program with an equally flowery compliment.

Now, we all have our favorite radio friends and know the good. And we like to feel there's a friendly atmosphere like one big family at the broadcasting studio. However, we still prefer genuine appreciation and solid performance to this mutual orchid-pinning. Leave that to us fans.

MISS M. R. STEWARD, Germantown, Pa.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.
"INFANT CARE" is the best book for mothers that the U.S. Government, with its limitless resources and the cooperation of America's greatest child specialists, can produce for you.

Five outstanding American medical authorities on child health, in consultation with the experts of the Federal Children's Bureau, collaborated in the preparation of "Infant Care".


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- About Crying
- Sunbaths and Play
- Protection Against Disease
- Clothing Needed
- Bathing Baby
- Care of Teeth, Nose, Eyes
- Breaking Bad Habits
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- Nursing Instructions
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- Feeding of Solid Foods
- Early Signs of Illness
- Care of Sick Baby
- Traveling With Baby
- Selected Parents' Books

Especially Selected

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of RADIO MIRROR, has arranged for a special Radio Mirror edition of this best selling cook book by America's most famous authority.

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Though approxmately 1,500 recipes are given, the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is far more than a mere collection of dishes. Get the world's most expert advice on:

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- MEAL PLANNING
- DIET HINTS
- COOKING TERMS

BAKING TEMPERATURES
- OVEN COOKERY
- ROASTING
- DEEP FAT FRYING

196 Pages

Stiff Cover, good quality paper, large, open-spaced type makes the book easy to read at a glance.

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Radio Service Bureau, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Check below the book you desire. If you want both books, enclose total of 30 cents.

☐ 10c enclosed herewith for "Infant Care"
☐ 20c enclosed herewith for Ida Bailey Allen's Service Cook Book.

Send stamps or currency, carefully wrapped.

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

Address ........................................
Boake Carter says: "My throat decided on Luckies"

"SMOKING is one of the greatest pleasures in the world, but it can be utterly spoiled by throat irritation. My job's tough on the throat and I have to be careful to keep my voice clear. Long ago I found that Luckies are easy and smooth and don't catch your throat."

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc., smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow that, if Luckies are gentle on their sensitive throats, they will be gentle on your throat, too? So enjoy the throat protection of a light smoke that is free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection
AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH
You can’t hear it but you can read it—

JACK BENNY’S ‘VACATION BROADCAST’

It’s a howl!

JOAN RAWFORD’S DRAMATIC RADIO ADVENTURE

COMPLETE DAY-BY-DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS AND NEWS

DOROTHY LAMOUR
**A BREATHLESS EVENING**

**DID YOU NOTICE HELEN'S BREATH AGAIN TONIGHT—SICKENING!**

**HELEN'S! HELEN'S AND HERBERT'S WOULDN'T YOU THINK THEY WOULD USE LISTERINE?**

**THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY OFFENDERS. IT'S EVERYBODY THESE DAYS TOO MUCH SMOKING AND DRINKING.**

**WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT SUCH FRIENDS—BUT WITH ALL THEIR FAULTS I LOVE THEM STILL.**

**GRACE GETS AN IDEA AND CALLS THE CARPENTER**

**CAN YOU COME RIGHT UP, MR. THORPE? YES, I WANT MY BRIDGE TABLE ENLARGED**

**MAKE IT TWO FEET WIDER ALL AROUND—SO PEOPLE CAN'T GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.**

**OK, LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS NUTS TO ME.**

**NOW LET THEM COME, HALITOSIS OR NO. IT'S SO WIDE WE'LL NEVER NOTICE THEIR BREATH!**

**CORKING, DARLING! MAYBE WE HAD BETTER MAKE THE FIRST PRIZE A BOTTLE OF LISTERINE.**

---

**WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY?** Modern habits explain why so many people have halitosis—(bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times for social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

*For Halitosis (bad breath) use LISTERINE*
Pampers her skin with costly lotions but she ignores her tender, ailing gums

**ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING**

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . .
give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. **And rightly so!** Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and captivating—but not until she learns the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush!

**Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”**

“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he’ll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. “More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums” is the likely verdict—and, very often, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don’t wait for the warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

**LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.**

Remember,a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

**IPANA Tooth Paste**
September, 1937

Radio Mirror

Ernest V. Heyn
Executive Editor

Wallace H. Campbell, Art Editor

Belle Landesman, Asst Editor

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Cover—Dorothy Lamour—by Frank Van Steen

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A short, but frequent, story... "Lysol" disinfectant made the ending happy.

Judy and Bill grew up together... were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "They'll be happy.

But... in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them both into the world, discovered the real story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman seldom knows she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how not to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleansing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"
1. Non-caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
Lysol Products Corp., Dept. 9 R.M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS" with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Copyright 1939 by Lysol & Pink Products Corp.
Frank Crumit returns to the air as a non-singing master of ceremonies on Universal Rhythm. Below, with Rex Chandler.

IT'S UP-TO-THE-MINUTE AND DOWN-TO-EARTH—A COMPLETE CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH'S BIG EVENTS IN THE MICROPHONE WORLD

The love bug is making a concerted attack on Horace Heidt's orchestra. This fatal germ has vanquished one King sister and one member of the orchestra, and its victory over another King sister and another of the boys is only a matter of time. Louise King and Alvino Rey, the electric guitarist of the band, were married just before the organization took its two-week vacation, and Donna King is engaged to Charles Goodman, Horace's top baritone singer.

By Tony Seymour

Not one, but two important things have happened to Ed Wynn. First, he married Frieda Mierse shortly after Mrs. Wynn received a Reno divorce. Second, he reached a decision about his own future in radio—which is that he doesn't care whether he ever goes on the air again or not. He has told intimates that he thinks the day for his specialty—puns—has passed, as far as radio is concerned; and that he'll leave the more elaborate type of comedy to others. Meanwhile, he wants to write a daily newspaper column and produce a musical show on Broadway.

Ray Noble, now that he's become a comedian on the Burns and Allen show, is also getting into the good old American swing by turning into an inveterate prize-fight fan. Every fight night in Hollywood, he's on hand in a ringside seat. Daresay he dashes off a cup of tea and rushes to yell, "Give 'em the axe!"

It was a slightly belated honeymoon that Martha Raye took with her new husband, Paddy Westmore. Picture work kept her in Hollywood until a week before the last
Joelson broadcast. Absolutely radiant, she rushed direct from the next-to-the-last broadcast into Buddy’s waiting car, returning just in time to give out the closing hi-de-hi’s on the next Tuesday’s opus with Palsy-Walsy-Asly. A few days later she was scheduled to be off for a ten-week personal appearance tour.

The sympathy of thousands of fans and radio workers goes out to the Lanny Rosses. Their eagerly awaited baby died at birth.

One of Hollywood’s showiest show places is Joe Pender’s new home, formerly owned by Tito Schipa. When visitors go through it they are particularly impressed by the elaborate servants’ quarters, equipped with showers, a private dining room, and windows which open on the garden. “Yep,” is Joe’s explanation, “I want everybody in this house to be comfortable and have plenty of room. Why, we even have a room for hot and cold running termites.”

Georgie Stoll’s being seen nightly at Hollywood’s Famous Door night club—but not for the purpose of showing any Hollywood lovely a good time. No, Georgie goes to the Door to listen to the torrid rhythms of Stuff Smith and his hot fiddle. The syncopating violinist has every musician in town fascinated, but Georgie seems particularly intrigued. Maybe he’s thinking up some innovations for his fall appearance on the Camel show.

Frank Gill, one of the scribes for Eddie Cantor, as well as for the Texaco summer show, is a proud new father. He’d sort of hoped for a boy, but when the baby turned out to be of the feminine sex he thought up such a good gag he didn’t mind the disappointment. He sent out wires to all his friends: “Guess it’s the Cantor in me.”

So you thought Eddie Cantor was on vacation? You wouldn’t if you were around the studio during rehearsals for the summer Texaco show. Eddie rushes over, watches from backstage, and gives advice mixed with the irresistible Cantor grin—then runs back to the movie studio for another take on “Ali Baba Goes to Town.” A nice, restful vacation.

Charlie Winninger’s enthusiasm on the Show Boat program, now that he’s back as its star, is as real as your enthusiasm over that two-week summer rest. It’s not generally known that during the last year or so, since Charlie began making great strides in movie popularity, he turned down some half-dozen offers to go on the air in other programs. It (Continued on page 78)

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by
Deanna Durbin
New Universal Pictures’ Star

THEY’RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they’re sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: “Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier.” Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . .
colors bright . . . because they’re pure
• Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can’t tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I’d heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

• FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

• Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

Dorothy Alt, right, sings with Harold Green’s unique International Orchestra made up of thirteen different nationalities.

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL: Although Minnesota’s twin cities don’t always see eye-to-eye on everything, they did get together on a daily sport-spieler to represent them on the air. Selecting St. Paul’s KSTP as the station outlet, the sponsor, Hamm’s Beer, chose Minneapolis’ outstanding sports writer to do the talking. And if you’re a Twin City sports follower you’ve already guessed that Dick Cullum is the man at the mike. Spotted at 5:55 p.m. seven days a week, Dick doesn’t attempt to give all the sports news of the day, but instead treats the major items editorially in much the manner of his popular daily sports column in the Minneapolis Journal.

Dick’s previous radio activity has been limited to a weekly question and answer program for his paper during the football season. Preferring football and boxing in the line of sports, Dick was the organizer of the Minneapolis Journal Downtown Quarterbacks Club last year. The club has a membership of some five hundred of the city’s most prominent citizens who meet every Monday during (Continued on page 88)
THE PACKARD SHOW, for the summer, is featuring Johnny Green's music and the voices of Trudy Wood, Jimmy Blair, and Jane Rhodes. The time and network are the same as when Fred Astaire and Charlie Butterworth were at the helm—Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., E.D.S.T., on the NBC Red network. If you think, as I do, that Johnny Green is one of the smartest maestros in the business, this program's exactly right for you. If you want comedy, you're out of luck; there isn't much and what there is, is only good for mild chuckles. But then, laughing too hard in the summertime only makes you hotter. The three young vocalists blend nicely with Johnny's music—which means that none of them stands out particularly. There are, perhaps, a few too many commercial announcements for comfort.

YOUR NECK O' THE WOODS, on CBS at 10:30 p.m., E.D.S.T., every Monday, is something really new in the way of programs. You ought to like it. Carl Carmer, the author of that non-fiction best-seller of a few years back, "Stars Fell on Alabama" (and I don't mean the song), is the master of ceremonies and narrator who tells you all about the local traditions and legends of every part of the United States, a different part each Monday. Comedy, fantasy, history and tragedy are all grist for the Carmer mill, and he presents them in an amusing and interesting way. He's not above mixing in a bit of music now and then when it's needed, either. Listen in, and if you're an old-timer around your home town, you may find yourself groping back into your memory for an old story to contribute to Carmer's collection of American lore. Think back now.... What was that old story Grandpa used to tell?

which its sponsor formerly used for a symphony orchestra. It will stay there until fall. Frank Crumit is the most important addition to the cast, with Richard Bonelli, Carolyn Urbanek, Alec Templeton, and Rex Chandler's orchestra remaining in the show. Frank's a genial and pleasant master of ceremonies, and keeps things moving at a pace that isn't too slow for a Sunday-night program. I understand he won't sing at all, which seems a pity. The sponsors rate a bow for giving us such generous helpings of Alec Templeton every week—he's one of the finest entertainers I know. Richard Bonelli and the orchestra are, of course, dependable, and Miss Urbanek seems to be a real find in the sweet-singer department.

ELDER MICAUX, SOLOMON LIGHTFOOT, is back on the air after a long absence, broadcasting this time on a coast-to-coast Mutual network, Monday nights at ten o'clock, E.D.S.T. Maybe I'm all wrong, but it seems to me that the years have done something to the worthy Elder and his congregations. Haven't they all become less excitable, more reserved and dignified? I don't seem to hear that loud and fervent chorus of "Yeah man!" in the background any more. The Elder's oldtime fans may not entirely approve of this modern restraint, but otherwise the program is just as good as it used to be back in the days when it was on CBS. The Elder is just as cunning as ever at linking a snatch of sermon with a snatch of music, the sermons are just as homely and inspiring, and the music just as fresh and beautiful.

THE REVIEWING STAND

BY SELECTOR

UNIVERSAL RHYTHM is a full-sized hour show now, having moved over to the Sunday - night spot — nine o'clock, E.D.S.T., on CBS—

Glare-Proof! —to flatter you in hard sunlight

Pond's 3"Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

This year Pond's has three "Sunlight" shades! Choose your shade according to your tan. Blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun. Pond's "Sunlight" Shades soften the hard glare of the sun on your face. Flatter you outdoors and in!

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight
Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept.56M-PI Please rush me, free Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 3-day test. (This offer expires Nov. 1, 1937)

Name
Street
City

Copyright, 1937, Pond’s Extract Company

Pond’s FACE POWDER

Strong sunlight throws a hard light on your face

Pond’s "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun—soften your face
Summertime always makes me more interested in radio programs. Some of my friends say they don’t like the summer shows because most of the big stars are off the air, but to me it’s all the more interesting to see what the substitutes can do. Many a fill-in has made good and been given a break during the summer when people are not always in a receptive mood. You know, I’m pretty fed up with some of radio’s big comedians, and a change will do me good, and a vacation will do them good. Maybe if all we dialers could get together and really listen in this summer, and send in our bouquets and huzzahs, we might be rewarded with extra fine entertainment this winter.

The hot, sticky days won’t stop me from tuning in—not with that new automobile radio we’re going to buy Dad for Father’s Day.

Janice Brown, Washington, D.C.

$10.00 PRIZE
THE TURN-OFF STRIKE
Arise, ye members of the Day Time Listeners’ Club, organize a sit-down or “turn-off” strike against sponsors of the various women’s programs who “talk down” to us kitchen mechanics of Local No. 50,000,000 of the Homemakers’ union. We demand shorter hours of announcements directed toward child minds, and higher pay in the form of intelligent programs advertise— (Continued on page 76)
ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS

CLaire, you look simply beautiful! I've never seen a bride with a lovelier complexion. It's so soft and smooth...so radiant!

THANK YOU, MARY! Haven't I been lucky? Think how dry and old-looking my skin was just a few months ago!

AND NOW YOUR COMPLEXION'S GORGEOUS! HOW DID YOU DO IT, CLAIRE?

WHY, MARY! I thought you knew! I went to Ben of Fifth Avenue, and he told me to change to Palmolive...because it is made with Olive Oil!

SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR NEW SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION! THEN PALMOLIVE FOR ME, FROM NOW ON!

DON'T RISK "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

BY BEN OF FIFTH AVE., FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT

"Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightly coarse-looking? These are the first signs of 'Middle-Age' Skin—the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.

"Like thousands of other beauty experts, I advise the regular daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with a priceless beauty aid—Olive Oil. That's why its lather is really different—rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics—softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive natural color."

The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier!

TO KEEP THAT 'SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION' USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS
WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton (foreground above) looks charmingly cool in white sharkskin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy...gives me the grandest lift!"

TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. Alkaline digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. ANTHONY J. DIXEL III, Philadelphia
MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR., New York
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DIXEL III, Philadelphia
MRS. ROBERT C. CORMACK, New York
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. APPLETON M. WOOLSEY, New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., Chicago

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS!
IT TOOK MORE THAN THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS THEY'LL PAY HER EVERY WEEK TO LURE THAT MACDONALD GIRL TO THE AIR

"If only," sighed one sponsor after another, "we could get Jeanette MacDonald!"

But they never could.

Even luring the little lady into a broadcast studio for a guest appearance was considered to be something in the line of a major victory. As for signing her up on a regular weekly program—well, that was just out! Jeanette simply didn't care for radio. She'd said so, often enough, and apparently she meant it.

Until she changed her mind. A few weeks ago the sponsors of Vicks' Open House show announced with quiet pride that they had the MacDonald signature on a contract and that she would begin a weekly series in September.

It was enough for the sponsors that they'd scooped the whole radio industry in getting Jeanette as their star. Not for them to inquire into the reasons for a lady's change of mind. They could afford to be satisfied with the fact that she had changed it. But if they'd looked a little deeper into the situation they'd have uncovered an explanation so utterly and delightfully feminine (Continued on page 73)
With an armful of Mary Carlisle, the sun shines bright on Bing Crosby as he sings for Paramount's "Double or Nothing." Bing's gone (on a vacation) but not forgotten.
Ah Romeo, wherefor art thou Benny? Gail Patrick, above, is Jack's heartbeat in "Artists and Models." Though he's off the air, turn the page for a hilarious "summer show."
With an armful of Mary Carlisle, the sun shines bright on Bing Crosby as he sings for Paramount's "Double or Nothing." Bing's gone (on a vacation) but not forgotten.
EDITOR’S NOTE: Here is a new idea—Radio Mirror’s own Radio-broadcast. You can’t hear it, but you can read it, and get thirty minutes of the same fun you have when you tune in America’s number one comedian. On these pages you will find some of the best laughs and playlets that have made Jack Benny’s program the most popular in the past three years. It’s all based on material furnished by Jack Benny himself, and skilfully blended to make a perfect program—Jack’s “Vacation Broadcast.” Watch for his second Radio-broadcast next month.

THOUGH Jack Benny’s off the air, Radio Mirror magazine is bringing you a full Benny program! All you have to do is lean back in your favorite easy-chair and tune in to this magazine. The reception is good—the dials are set just right—are you ready? Then imagine that it’s Sunday evening. If you live in New York the time is seven o’clock. If you live in a daze, it’s seven o’clock anyway. There go the chimes, and the announcer saying, “This is the National Broadcasting Company.” Another voice, hearty, robust—it’s Don Wilson:

“The Jell-O program! Starring Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone and Phil Harris and his orchestra. The orchestra opens the program with “September in the Rain.”

(Close your eyes and listen a minute. Sure enough, it’s Phil Harris leading his men in the charming music of “September in the Rain.”)

DON: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Jack, Mary, and all the rest of us are sailing for Europe on our summer vacation. We’re all here on board the good ship Jell-o, which is due to get up steam and start out any minute. And now we bring you your friend, my friend, and Jack Benny’s friend—as fine a fellow as ever stooped to pick up a cigar butt—Jack Benny! . . . Uh, where is Jack, anyway?
Phil: Jack just called up, Don. He said he and Mary were on their way over to the ship now. They ought to be here any minute. (... Listen. There's the sound of an automobile motor and an auto horn. Somebody's in an awful hurry. Now they're talking. Remember that high-pitched voice of Mary's, and that worried one of Jack's?)

Mary: Watch out, Jack. You nearly hit that dog.

Jack: Mary, I'm driving this car, and I've got to step on it. We're late.

Mary: Watch out! You nearly hit that bakery truck.

Jack: Hey, you big palooka, why didn't you put your hand out?

Truck Driver: If I did, I'd put it on yer jaw.

Jack: Oh yeah?

Truck Driver: Yeah!

Jack: (He starts the car again). Oh well, it's a good thing for that mugg I'm in a hurry.

Mary: It's a good thing for you, too. Careful, Jack, you're on the sidewalk.

Jack: How did I get up here? A fine place for the city to put up sidewalks.

Mary: Oh look, Jack, a fellow wants you to stop here.

Jack: Who is it?

Mary: He's got a uniform on and he doesn't look like a sailor.

Jack: Well, I can't stop now. (We hear a police whistle).

Mary: Look, Jack, he's running after us and he's got a motorcycle under him.

Jack: Oh, that's different.

The Cop: Hey, you, pull over there to the curb! (We hear the car and the motorcycle slow up and stop)

The Cop: What's your hurry and where's your driver's license?

Jack: Why, officer, it isn't at (Continued on page 68)
THOUGH Jack Benny's off the air, Radio Mirror magazine is bringing you a full Benny program! All you have to do is lean back in your favorite easy-chair and tune in to this magazine. The reception is good—the kids are set just right—are you ready? Then imagine that it's Sunday evening. If you live in New York the time is seven o'clock. If you live in a daze, it's seven o'clock any way. There go the chimes, and the announcer saying, "This is the National Broadcasting Company." Another voice, hearty, robust—it's Don Wilson:

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Don: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Jack, Mary, and all the rest of us are sailing for Europe on our summer vacation. We're all here on board the good ship Jolly, which is due to get up steam and start out any minute. And now we bring you your friend, my friend, and Jack Benny's friend—as fine a fellow as ever stooped to pick up a cigar butt—Jack Benny! . . . Oh, where is Jack anyway?

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Jack: Driver: If I did, I'd put it on yer jaw.

Jack: Oh yeah?

Driver: Yeah!

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Driver: Hey, you, pull over there to the curb! (We hear the car and the motorcycle drive up and stop)

Driver: What's your hurry and where's your driver license?

Jack: Why, officer, it isn't at it (continued on page 68).
THE contracts were signed, to everyone's satisfaction. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were to be co-starred in a brief air version of Maxwell Anderson's great play, "Elizabeth the Queen," on the Camel program. Joan was delighted with the part of Elizabeth. Dramatic, stormy, poetic, beautiful—it represented, to her, a chance to do something fine and unforgettable.

Then somebody mentioned the studio audience. Joan's face went white. "Audience? But of course there isn't going to be one! I can't play in front of an audience!"

But, they told her, there had to be one. There always was, for the Camel show. Besides, it would only be for ten minutes.

"Then I can't do it," Joan cried. "Walking out on a stage in front of all those people would be just like walking to the electric chair. My legs simply would not hold me up—not even for one minute!"

Nobody who saw the stark fright in her eyes at that moment could have thought for a minute that she didn't mean what she said. Yet Joan did play Elizabeth in front of a studio audience. And later, on one of the Lux Theater full hour shows, she played Mary, Queen of Scots—again for a studio audience.

In those two radio appearances lies the story of how Joan Crawford overcame her greatest handicap, licked her greatest fear. Radio did what no amount of sympathetic advice from Franchot Tone, her husband, or careful coaching by teachers, could do. Radio cured her of an actress' most dreaded terror—stage fright. For that, simply, was what it was.

More even than all that, radio taught her how to accept many things in her life, the life of a star, which always before had made her sick with nervousness. And finally, it opened the door to her greatest (Continued on page 59)
A new portrait study of M-G-M's charming Mrs. Tone, taken just after she won the first round of her greatest battle.

*Hurrell*
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A new portrait study of M-G-M's charming Mrs. Tone, taken just after she won the first round of her greatest battle.
CHARLIE McCARTHY, as full fledged a ventriloquist's dummy as was ever put together with wood and glue and dressed in the finest top hat and tails, really lives. In fact he lives a much fuller and happier life than do most of us mortals, because Charlie does everything and says everything he wants to and never worries about getting a punch in the nose.

It's the darndest story I ever told. The funniest, too, and the most revealing. It's the story of how Charlie McCarthy is the real Edgar Bergen, who says what Bergen is really thinking and who does what Bergen really is yearning to do. It's also the story of how Charlie has finally brought his owner and master fame and fortune by being the hit of the Chase and Sanborn program, Sunday nights.

And if you don't believe me, you should drop around some time. You should have been there the day, for instance, that Charlie and Edgar took a day off from radio and went to the movie set to make a comedy.

Rehearsals were over and they were getting ready to shoot the scene. Edgar and Charlie were sitting at the bar. On the stool next to them was a very beautiful girl in a very low gown. Edgar looked. Then, as a gentleman should, he turned away and nibbled on a pretzel.

But Charlie, Edgar's real self, wasn't so easily restrained. Casually, Charlie turned in the girl's direction. His eyes rolled. He leaned towards her. He looked, long and hard. Then he positively leered.

"Um-m-m, um-m-m!" he murmured. "Um-m-m-m, um-m-m-m-m!"

Edgar Bergen had spoken, with Charlie's lips and Charlie's gestures. Once more, Edgar had stifled an instinctive remark, only to find Charlie coming to his rescue.

Lots of people have the wrong idea about Edgar Bergen and Charlie. They think because Edgar is a ventriloquist, he talks for Charlie. Actually, as I'm proving to you, it's Charlie who talks for Edgar. Really, he's Edgar's subconscious personality, and not so subconscious at that.

During the filming of the same comedy, there was trouble with Charlie's carrot colored wig. It wouldn't stay on straight. "I'll fix it," said a property man and without further ado, he did, driving a nail into Charlie's head with three sharp blows.

"Why you—!" screamed Charlie, reeling under the blows. It was Charlie talking, but it was Edgar saying what he really thought of all the property men who have barked him in the shins and bumped him on the head while rushing past with tables and chairs.

Of course Charlie's a person. He's the Edgar Bergen the rest of the world doesn't see unless it's lucky enough to be around when Charlie swings into action. Even then, it's impossible to appreciate what's going on unless the whole story is understood—as hard as it would be to understand why, when radio engineers get the mike ready for Edgar to speak his lines they put it in front of Charlie.
For fifteen years now Edgar and Charlie have been side partners. And in Charlie, Edgar has a partner made to order. Charlie was copied after a little Irish newsboy Edgar greatly admired. Carrot-colored hair, high cheekbones, a big mouth and bold eyes. The newsboy's name was Charlie. The workman who wrought this spirit of free youth from wood was Mack. Edgar supplied the ending.

It was natural that Edgar's dreams for Charlie and himself should be concerned with the theater, for he had been in and out of the theater—and in it as much as possible always—ever since he was twelve years old. In the theater he found the excitement and adventure and romance other boys discover in tales of cowboys and soldiers.

The theater in Decatur, Michigan, where Edgar first worked was small and crude. On those nights when there was a performance it was Edgar's job to start the fire, turn on the lights, take the dust covers off the chairs, and make the place ready for the customers who eventually would stroll in.

One night when no performance was scheduled the woman who owned that theater passed by to find the lights on and the price sign out. She slipped inside to discover the twelve-year old Edgar at the piano. His fair hair shone under the light and he was playing with what he felt were professional flourishes. His antics amused this woman who once had been an opera singer. But his playing impressed her. He had a way of dramatizing the melodies he coaxed from the black and white keys.

"Hello there," she called. Edgar jumped. "Don't be alarmed," she said, "I saw the lights on and came in. And I'm glad I did. How would you like to be the piano player around here in the future?"

It was a couple of years later, quite by accident, that Edgar learned he could, as he calls it, "diffuse" his voice. He explains the mysterious business of ventriloquism very simply, incidentally.

"When you're a ventriloquist," he says "you speak from your stomach instead of from your throat. In Latin venter means stomach and liquor means speak. In this way you see, you aren't obliged to move your lips. Consequently the eyes of those who watch help create the illusion that it is your dummy speaking. For they see the dummy's mouth open and close while your mouth remains still and they register this fact with the brain."

It was his mother Edgar fooled first. One summer afternoon he was sitting in the kitchen watching his mother bake an apple pie when he decided it would be fun to make her think there was someone at the door.

"Hello in there," he called in the muffled voice he had been practising because the sound of it seemed to come from no place in particular. And while he spoke he tapped on the bottom of his chair.

When his mother went to the door he couldn't conceal his delight.

(Continued on page 91)
CHARLIE MCCARTHY, as full-faced a ventriloquist’s dummy as was ever put together with wood and glue and dressed in the finest top hat and tails, really lives. In fact he lives a much fuller and happier life than do most of us mortals, because Charlie does everything and says everything he wants to and never worries about getting a punch in the nose.

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"Hello in there,“ he called in the muffled voice he had been practicing because the sound of it seemed to come from no place in particular. And while she skipped she leaped off the bottom of his chair.

When his mother went to the door he couldn’t suppress his delight.

(Continued on page 11)
Lovely Claudette Colbert of the screen becomes a full-fledged radio star in October. She will do a series of four broadcasts, and maybe more, for the International Silver Company. Claudette's latest Paramount picture is "I Met Him In Paris," and if you hear anybody saying that a double was used for the ice-skating scenes, tell 'em it isn't so. She's Mrs. Dr. Joel Pressman in private life and her next picture will be "Tovarich" for Warner Bros., with Charles Boyer.
Lest you forget—that Dick Powell is typical of everything that makes a top-flight radio star—we're proud to present this distinctive new portrait study. There's still hope that Dick will be back on a coast-to-coast program in the fall; meanwhile, you'll see him in his newest Warner Brothers picture, "The Singing Marine," with none other than Doris Weston, who got her start on Major Bowes' Hour, as his leading lady, and Hugh Herbert in the cast.
At a Fidler party: Allan Jones, Mrs. Fidler, Jimmie, Mrs. Jones (Irene Hervey).

**AGAIN NBC'S MOST DARING**

**HOLLYWOOD BROADCASTER**

**SCORES HERE FIRST WITH**

**NEXT MONTH'S HEADLINES**

Bitter rivals are Martha Raye and Ella Logan, the Scotch chanteuse. So you might imagine the charged atmosphere when Ella replaced Martha on a recent Jolson broadcast. And it might explain why Ella poured more umph into her vocal dynamics than ever before.

* * *

Milton Berle can never be as funny on the air as he was at the Trocadero just before leaving for New York. This zany's imitation of Gypsy Rose Lee actually laid people in the aisles. (Those who weren't already under the tables.) And speaking of Community Sing (Berle's program), Jack La Rue's young sister Emily was one of the forty paid singers in the audience to give vocal support to the last Hollywood program. Despite the fact that stooges are planted in every Sing audience, Milton doesn't let them come to rehearsal. He hopes his gags will strike them spontaneously funny, too.

* * *

Funny Saying Dept.: Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen call Eddie Cantor "Daddy" over the radio but in real life, he's "Uncle" to them. Sort of a case of Double Edidentity. (Hmmm!)

* * *

It's a real love match between Conrad Thibault and his beautiful blonde wife. (She was Eleanor Kendall of New York). After the marriage she gave up her 'Blue Book' position and devoted herself to her husband's career.
Right, Mrs. Chester Lauck is determined that Chester must get enough to eat. He’s Lum, of Lum and Abner. Below, the Jack Oakies—without the dog that raised Jimmie Fidler’s ire against Venita Varden Oakie.

with admirable self-sacrifice. She’s at all of Conrad’s rehearsals and is truly his most valued critic. Probably the Paul Munis are the only others who parallel this type of marriage, with the wife responsible for so much of the husband’s success without herself coming in for any public credit.

** **

BING and Dixie Crosby are certain the new child will be a girl; hence the pink decorations in the nursery for the December bundle from Up There. Incidentally, the Crooner has wagered more than two grand the next one will be a Miss.

** **

CHESTER LAUCK (of Lum and Abner fame) has been caught recording the bright sayings of his 4-year-old. Apparently this stealing of gags from infants should be called to Milton Berle’s attention.

** **

DON’T try to sit in on a Chase and Sanborn rehearsal. Only Ann Harding is allowed—aside from the cast, of course. She sits in the same second row seat left and is always addressed as Mrs. Janssen...never as “Miss Harding.”

** **

FIBBER McGEE and Molly still rate at the top of the comedy ladder but I don’t consider them as funny to see as to hear. However, I’ll be glad if I’m wrong, and if their forthcoming movie “This Way Please” is up to the comedy standard of their air-shows, you’ll hear a whoop of happiness out of me. This is one team of comics that has come to Hollywood without going Hollywood.

Incidentally, Honore and Don Amche, Lum and Abner and their wives, together with Fibber and Molly, are all Chicago alumni; they’re all on the radio, all happily married with children, and all run around together out here. (Continued on page 83)
Walter O'Keefe's keeping Town Hall Tonight a-goin' while Fred Allen's away.

Jane Froman and Don Ross are Jell-O's summer stars.

She's Trudy Wood who sings on the Packard summer show, Tuesdays.
The Sunday night Cantor show now brings Igor Gorin's voice.

Big timers

Harry Von Zell's subbing for Phil Baker on Sundays.

These hot Fridays you hear Alice Faye singing for Chesterfield.
The Sunday night Con- 
tor show now brings 
Igor Garin's voice.

These hot Fridays you 
hear Alice Faye sing 
for Chesterfield.

Hot time

Walter O'Keefe's keeping 
Town Hall Tonight a-goin' 
while Fred Allen's away.

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O's summer stars.

Harry Von Zell's 
singing for Phil 
Baker on Sundays.

She's Trudy Wood who 
sings on the Packard 
summer show, Tuesdays.
W. C. is a specialist in a funny fall—but once one became a tragedy.

NEVER did like the idea of being buried alive," Bill Fields said.

I sat in the warm afternoon sunlight watching Bill try his strength by gently decapitating dandelions with a mashie-niblick. Only a few weeks before he had lain in a sanitarium patching himself together again after the worst two years of multiplied miseries that ever swooped down on anyone, let alone a professional funny man.

Only a few days before, he had padded out of the wings of the NBC studio in Hollywood and at once become the newest sensation of the air.

He had set Radio Row, Hollywood, the whole country talking about the great comeback of as great an artist and gentleman as ever hit the airwaves. But in all the talk in all that was being printed and said, there was no mention of the amazing true story back of Bill’s return to public life. In their excitement, their eagerness to talk about the obvious, the columnists and the writers had missed the
greatest story of all—the story I am proud to be able to reveal here.

The truth is that you and I owe the return of Bill Fields to radio. It was radio which did what all the king's horses and all the king's men—and many of Hollywood's highest-priced doctors—couldn't do: put Bill together again. It was radio which, one night, roused the old Fields' fighting spirit and made him so mad he couldn't take time to die. But even before that night, radio had given him a reason to go on living—a way of enjoying life even in a hospital.

Even now—though many people do not know this—the story of Bill's recovery is not finished. He is still a sick man. He must spend nearly all his time at home, resting, while two secretaries protect him from over-solicitous friends and casual interviewers attracted by his sudden new success. He is not strong enough to attend the dress rehearsals of his program. His doctors sternly forbid him to exert himself more than is absolutely necessary. (Continued on page 78)
WHEN Mrs. Mabel Jones of Strawville, Iowa, develops a good, healthy, old-fashioned hate for Mrs. Hazel Smith of down-the-street, it may not be news to the rest of the world, but it keeps Strawville telephones working overtime breaking dates, taking sides and planning shooting parties.

But when the same thing happens in Hollywood, the four corners of the world, not of Strawville, make up the squared circle for the big battle. Especially when all the principals and seconds are not only movie stars, but radio stars as well.

Well, sir, that’s exactly what has been going on under the sun-blessed sky of old Hollywood. And it’s kept the town rocking on its heels with laughter.

It’s been funny, all right, to those looking on. But a lot of others are having a harder time seeing the humorous side.

Just about everyone you ever heard of has gotten mixed up in it. Jack Benny, for instance, because he’s Mary Livingstone’s husband. Shirley Ross because—well, everybody gives you a different reason there. Mary Livingstone because—and everybody has still another reason here. Martha Raye, Fibber McGee and Molly. Jackie Coogan. Betty Grable. Need we go on, or is that an all-star cast? Maybe it’s enough to say that a brand

Shirley Ross, who began the battle.
new star is in plenty of hot water, that a nice romantic engagement has got new worries, that three shiny new careers may be jinxed, and that there's bound to be plenty of weeping into pillows at night.

Right now, Shirley Ross is sitting under the watchful eyes of all Hollywood, because, with just three pictures to her credit, she walked out on the fourth one—and walked out flat. The reason? Mary Livingstone, says Shirley. The picture? “This Way Please.” The rest of the cast? Well, Fibber McGee and Molly. Mary Livingstone. Buddy Rogers and Ned Sparks. And now that Shirley has left, Betty Grable.

Don't think the whole thing took Mary Livingstone by surprise. She'd been warned—by one who'd already crossed swords with Shirley. So, to make what might become a Hollywood epic into a short story—

It wasn't all right, but it wasn't a matter for worry, either, when Hollywood first learned that in comparison to Shirley and Martha Raye, Wally Windsor and Stanley Baldwin were bosom buddies. Martha and the Ross girl worked on the same lot together. Worse yet, they were cast in the same picture together, “Waikiki Wedding.” But the on-lookers felt that this beautiful new singing sensation was entitled (Continued on page 92)
WHEN Mrs. Mabel Jones of Strawville, Iowa, develops a good, healthy, old-fashioned hate for Mrs. Hazel Smith of down-the-street, it may not be new to the rest of the world, but it keeps Strawville telephones working overtime breaking dates, taking sides and planning shooting parties.

But when the same thing happens in Hollywood, the four corners of the world, not of Strawville, make up the squared circle for the big battle. Especially when all the principals and seconds are not only movie stars but radio stars as well.

Well, sir, that's exactly what has been going on under the sun-blessed sky of old Hollywood. And it's kept the town rocking on its heels with laughter. It's been funny, all right, to those looking on. But a lot of others are having a harder time seeing the humorous side.

Just about everyone you ever heard of has gotten mixed up in it. Jack Benny, for instance, because he's Mary Livingstone's husband. Shirley Ross because—well, everybody gives you a different reason there. Mary Livingstone because—and everybody has still another reason here. Martha Raye, Fibber McGee and Molly, Jackie Coogan, Betty Grable. Next we go on, or is that an all-star cast? Maybe it's enough to say that a brand new star is in plenty of hot water, that a nice romantic engagement has got new worries, that three shiny new careers may be jinxed, and that there's bound to be plenty of weeping into pillows at night.

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Golden wealth and happy marriage are Don Ameche's in this exciting climax of his romantic life story.

"Honey," his schoolday sweetheart who finally became Mrs. Ameche, and young Dominick Felix, junior, show Don around.
CONCLUSION

THANKSGIVING Eve of 1929 marked Don Ameche's debut on the legitimate stage, and he remained a member of the stock company through the winter in Madison. It was grand experience—a new play each week, old-timers in the company to watch, and his own college dramatic coach, Bill Troutman, to give him pointers.

When the company pulled out in June, Don stayed on and played in four university summer school shows. He was marking time now, because Troutman intended to drive to New York early in the fall and had invited Don to accompany him. Also, it gave him a chance to go home and explain to his father that he would soon be in the big money on the stage.

In New York, it looked at first as though this might come to pass, for without too much delay Don's agent placed the young man in a Fiske O'Hara show called "Jerry for Short." He played a butler, true, but a butler on the Main Stem was better than a lead in the sticks.

After only six weeks, the show went on the road and Don was going the rounds again. He took a short swing at the barn drama, in a Greenwich, Connecticut, theater where new shows were tried out. Among his co-actors were Rollo Peters, Georgette Cohan, Johnny Breeden, and Sylva Breamer. It was fun, but not very lucrative. He was soon "on vacation" again.

Then came his best break so far, a good part in a show called "Illegal Practice." When it left New York, he too went on the road. He got good notices, and felt that this was his real start in show business.

When he played Chicago, he phoned the Michael Reese Hospital and asked for Honore. But he hadn't kept close enough track of her—they told him she was now working in a Nashville, Tennessee, hospital. He dropped her a note, which she didn't answer. The romance seemed definitely cold.

When "Illegal Practice" closed, Don returned to Broadway and a long stretch of thin months. He hadn't saved his money; hadn't made a lot, for that matter. He lived in a modest theatrical hotel in the midtown section, and actually learned for the first time what (Continued on page 6)
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GOLDEN WEALTH AND HAPPY MARRIAGE ARE DON AMECHE'S IN THIS EXCITING CLIMAX OF HIS ROMANTIC LIFE STORY

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

CONCLUSION

"Honey," his schoolboy sweetheart who finally became Mrs. Ameche, and young Dominick Felix, junior, show Don around.
THE VILLAINNESS—Janet Logan, left, who plays Clara Blake on the CBS drama, The Romance of Helen Trent, sounds more villainous than she looks. Janet is a newcomer to radio and this is her first job. She was born in Eldon, Mo., on February 3, of a mother who was an elocutionist and a father who played the violin. In High School she excelled in basketball and as leading lady in the school plays. On a vacation trip to Los Angeles, Janet won a beauty and talent contest and was given a role in a stock company. She made several RKO movie shorts as a dancer. Then she returned to Chicago and for two years played on the Show Boat, “Dixiana,” anchored in the Chicago River. She has brown hair and eyes; weighs 95 pounds.

SHOW BOAT BARITONE—Thomas L. Thomas, right, admits the most thrilling moment in his life was when he was picked a winner in the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. The L in his name stands for Llynfnwy. He was born February 23, 1913, at Maesteg, South Wales, came to America quite young, settling in Scranton, Pa., with his family. He became radio minded after winning the Atwater Kent audition. His first radio job was in the Show Boat choral group, and now he’s won a contract on the same show. Tommy likes shrimp salad and dark blue suits.

PRIMA DONNA JEAN—Jean Dickenson, left, is the lovely young soprano of NBC’s Sunday-night American Album of Familiar Music, with Frank Munn. Jean’s radio fame began last summer when she sang on Hollywood Hotel while Anne Jamison (opposite page) was vacationing. She was born in Montreal, Canada, December 10, 1913, and because her father is a mining engineer was educated in such far-apart places as India, Africa, San Francisco and Denver. She learned Hindustani, from her native nurse, before she could speak English. Her radio debut came in Denver, over NBC, while she was still going to school. After she came to New York, Lily Pons selected her as a protegee. Jean’s eyes and hair are brown, and she dislikes red fingernails.
CLOSE-UPS

EMOTION EXPERT—Anne Stone, right, was born Aneuta Zukovsky at Geneva, Switzerland. Her mother was Rosa Zukovsky Stone, concert violinist who made her debut with the late, famous Mme. Schumann-Heink, and she's the niece of the noted Russian poet, Helemsky. She came to Chicago with her parents in 1910 and decided to go on the stage. Began studying under Anna Morgan. Then played in stock companies on the West Coast. She even had a role in John Barrymore's picture, "General Crack," and finally got her break in radio without an audition. Since 1937 she's played in NBC's Young Hickory, Your Health, the Piccadilly Music Hall, and Lights Out. Anne is five feet two and loves to swim.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—Bruce Kamman is the Old Professor of NBC's Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, broadcast late Saturday afternoons. When ten, Bruce resolved to become a great cornetist, an ambition that led him into show business and thence to radio. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, February 18, 1899. Later the family moved to New York where he took his cornet lessons. He soon became a jack of all trades in the show world until he joined WHB in Kansas City, in 1920. In 1932, he invented the Kindergarten and his "poopils."

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL'S VIRGINIA—Anne Jamison, right, is the little girl with the lyric soprano voice who's been singing on the Hollywood Hotel over two years. She was born in Belfast, Ireland, January 24, 1910. Her father was a British army officer. Anne sang when she was a child but only began to study voice seriously when her family migrated to Canada. A few years later she came to New York to study with Estelle Liebling, and a few days after her arrival she was given a successful audition which ended in a contract to sing as Virginia opposite Dick Powell. She's small, has red-gold hair and her favorite dish is Indian curry which she makes to perfection. She could earn a living as a dramatic actress or secretary, if her voice ever went back on her.
BYE-LO-BYE

FOR YOUR OWN HOME—FREDDY MARTIN’S FAMOUS ARAGON THEME MELODY

REFRAIN

Slowly and with feeling

Bye lo, go to sleep, my baby,

Every little bird is in its nest,

Bye lo, go to sleep, my baby, Just you cuddle

down and rest.

Little dream-boats sailin' for the

Swa-nee river shore, Hear the sand-man knockin' at our little cab-in

Words and music by Terry Shand
Lullaby

To the Bye-lo - bye lul-la - by.

Close your eyes, my hon-ey, -
don't you cry, my

hon-ey, -

To the Bye-lo - bye lul-la - by.
Nowhere will you ever find a radio program that's as much a social event as the Grand Ole Opry. Every Saturday night, the broadcast hall is packed with four thousand people. They've arrived in every kind of farm conveyance from hundreds of miles.

Above, the barn-like hall where four thousand men, women and children crowd in to stamp and sway to the music they find so intoxicating. But just now Cameraman Ed. Clark has their interest.

Left, Do Ford Bailey, whose half talking, half playing on the harmonica makes him a favorite with Opry fans. He boasts of being a member of the original cast along with Uncle Dave, Paul Warmack, and the Possum Hunters.

The Possum Hunters, right, have opened every Opry program. They carry on, despite their leader's death last August. Every week day they till the land and dream of Saturday.

Left above, a family pulls up in Nashville, having driven over dirt roads in the same truck they use to haul produce to market. Above, dressed in their best, another family comes early for good seats. Not only Tennessee, but Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia contribute to the colorful audience.

IT'S MADE
For hours before the broadcast begins at eight o'clock, eager fans line up outside the hall. Here is a typical group below, with a mother adding a last touch to her child's finery. Note the man on the far right, in his shirtsleeves and slacks. Special policemen, stationed on the highways, are necessary on Ole Opry nights, to route the heavy traffic to the Opry hall.

The broadcast's in full swing and only one member of the audience fails to pay attention. Four hours of folk music—the longest regular program on the air—is barely sufficient for these mountaineer critics.

**RADIO HISTORY**

DEAN OF TENNESSEE PROGRAMS, WSM'S FOUR HOUR LONG GRAND OLE OPRY BROADCASTS ARE BECOMING AS BELOVED A SOUTHERN TRADITION AS CORN PONE

Left, King of the Ole Opry is sixty-eight-year-old Uncle Dave Macon, "The Dixie Dewdrop!" His son, Doris, plays with him. Above, as unique a group as radio can boast—the Rockfield Jug Band, which can coax weird tunes out of weird instruments.
Gene Krupa is Benny’s ace drummer. He has played with most of the top-notch dance orchestras in the country.

A candid shot of one of Benny Goodman’s hot trumpet players, Harry James “in the groove on a hot lick”.

Left, Peg La Centra, the Swingman’s singing attraction in his recent sensational tour of one-night stands.

When Benny Goodman brings his orchestra to town the first thing the local police do is call out the reserve traffic officers, the riot squad, the fire department, and any stray volunteers who happen to be hanging around the station. They can’t ever tell. They may need them. Wherever Benny Goodman is advertised to play, there’s a crowd, and sometimes the crowd does unexpected things—like the audience in the New York Paramount Theater, which was so enraptured over the Goodman music that some people actually got up and danced in the aisles.

Because Benny Goodman started from less than nothing, and from that humble beginning became the greatest dance-band attraction in jazz history; because he is the wonder and delight of dozens of so-called “serious” musicians; because he and his co-workers have added scores of colorful and expressive new words to the language; and because his career is an example for all aspiring musicians—for all those reasons, this issue of “Facing the Music” is dedicated to him.

First, before getting into the story of this music master, you’ll have to have a glossary of Swing Language, a language which (Continued on page 80)
SWINGING THE SPOTLIGHT
TO THE KING OF SWING—
BENNY GOODMAN, WHO IS
MAKING DANCE BAND HIST-
ORY WHEREVER HE GOES

Benny Goodman started on a shoe-
string and now his yearly earn-
ings are estimated at $100,000.

Below, when Benny played for this
mixed crowd in Newark, New Jersey,
they had to call out the riot squad.

Benny's style of leading is casual.
He beats time and calls out "swing
orders" for his men's guidance.
Gene Krupa is Benny's ace drummer. He has played with most of the top-notch dance orchestras in the country.

A candid shot of one of Benny Goodman's hot trumpet players, Harry James "in the groove on a hot lick".

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First, before getting into the story of this music master, you'll have to have a glossary of Swam Language, a language which (Continued on page 36)
L O V E runs along in the good old-fashioned pattern for most of us. Girl meets Boy. Girl marries Boy. Girl and Boy settle down, build a home and live happily ever after. But it has been different for Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay. Their story might have been lifted bodily from the pages of the latest best-seller, so unique, so dramatic it is.

It really is two stories. Vina Delmar or F. Scott Fitzgerald might have written the first—their romance, fresh, gay, and naive. And their marriage might have been conceived by Noel Coward; it is just that adult, sophisticated, and ultra-modern. Which is rather amazing in itself when you consider that Herb is just thirty now and Dorothy won't be twenty-three until next December. Veritable babes in love. But so wise—or daring!

Their story starts five years ago, long before Dorothy was anything but a pretty, rather frightened kid. She had yet to be signed by Chase and Sanborn as the featured singer on their radio program, along with such people as W. C. Fields, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen and that delightful dummy, Charlie McCarthy. She had yet to be seen on the screen in "Jungle Princess" and "Last Train to Madrid," or win the coveted feminine lead in Samuel Goldwyn's epic, "Hurricane." She had yet, in fact, to sing on the air or act before a camera at all.

She was pretty, yes, as thousands of girls all over the country are pretty. Dark hair, violet-blue eyes, full mouth, and slim, well molded figure. But definitely not the alluring, poised glamorous girl you know today. Winning the title of Miss New Orleans in the national Miss America beauty contest had been the biggest thrill of her life.

Along with that title she won $250 in cash—more money than she'd ever seen before in all her life. She took it and went to Chicago with her mother to have one grand fling of fun, to forget for awhile that she was Miss Lamour, secretary to a Louisiana business man; that she must earn a living for herself and her mother, widowed when Dorothy was a two-year-old baby; that although she had dreamed of a college education, a sorority pin and so forth, graduation from high school and a Girl Scout merit badge would be all she would ever know of that.

When that $250 was gone, she knew she must return, must stop playing Cinderella.

The first memorable thing that happened to her in Chicago was losing her petticoat in public. The second was her first glimpse of Herbie Kay. In that instant she fell hopelessly, madly in love with him. He was leading the orchestra in the Black Hawk restaurant. Like a moonstruck kid, she watched him from her table. Round-eyed, she stayed until the waiters practically threw her out. Then she went home to her mother with her heart behaving in a strange way.

Leave Chicago and her new god now? Impossible! Suppose the prize money was gone? She would get a job, any job to earn more. Suppose she hadn't met Kay and didn't have a dog's chance of doing so? She could at least see him sometimes, from a distance. Suppose she had few friends. What did that matter? She had Kay to worship. And worship him she did. And always has ever since.

She got a job, as model in Marshall Field's department store. When she lost that job, she became a clerk. When that folded she gladly accepted work as an elevator operator, wearing
a uniform of dark green gabardine with white pique collar and cuffs. All that mattered was that she was in Chicago, and so was Herbie Kay.

Ironically, if she had not taken that elevator-girl job, she would never have met the man she loved. Beautiful Dorothy Dell, fated to meet a tragic death in an automobile crash in Hollywood, stepped into her elevator cage one afternoon. The two Dorothis had been fellow winners in the beauty contest and a warm friendship had developed between them:

“What on earth are you doing here in Chicago?” Dorothy Dell asked. “And of all things, running an elevator?”

Dorothy smiled. “Earning a living,” she said.

“But why Chicago?”

“Secret,” Dorothy answered.

“Must be something to do with love if it makes you blush that way to mention it,” Dorothy guessed shrewdly. “Anyway, darling, this is no work for you. You ought to be singing like I am.”

Dorothy protested she had no voice, and as far as she knew, it was true. In the eighteen years of her life she had made three public appearances as a vocalist—one as a three-year-old dressed in a Red Cross nurse’s uniform, to sell Thrift Stamps; one when she was seven to win a basket of groceries on amateur night at a neighborhood theater; and the last when the master of ceremonies at the Club Forest in New Orleans had introduced her as Miss New Orleans and practically blackjacked her into singing a duet with him.

“Pooh,” Dorothy Dell dismissed her protests. “I’ll teach you.”

She taught her one song, “Dancing on the Ceiling,” and then arranged an appearance for her on guest theatrical night at the Terrace Gardens in the Morrison Hotel. The lack of an evening gown in the Lamour wardrobe was remedied by borrowing a slinky green satin one from Dorothy Gulman, the hotel’s press agent.

Came the night. Scared to death, Dorothy sang. Or tried to. She couldn’t remember those words she (Continued on page 62)

Dorothy Lamour and her bandleader husband, Herbie Kay, are today two of Hollywood’s happiest people. But once—
LOVE runs along in the good old-fashioned pattern for most of us. Girl meets Boy. Girl marries Boy. Girl and Boy settle down, build a home and live happily ever after. But it has been different for Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay. Their story might have been lifted bodily from the pages of the latest best-seller, so unique, so dramatic it is.

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Dorothy Lamour and her band-leader husband, Herbie Kay, are today two of Hollywood's happiest people. But once—
TAKE A TIP FROM RADIO'S STARLETS! THERE'S NOTH-ING LIKE GOOD OLD SOAP AND WATER FOR THE GLOW-ING COMPLEXION OF YOUTH

AND where does beauty begin? With youth, of course, from the very first days when baby has a tepid bath with lathery soapsuds, right up to the debutante age when little Miss Teen experiments with forbidden cosmetics! Perhaps you older girls have got off the track somewhere since that first flush of youth. Perhaps you're wondering what has happened to the former elasticity of your skin, the fresh natural glow of your complexion. Then perhaps you'll find the answers here in our first-hand information on beauty care for modern sub-debs. For one thing, have you forgotten that the beginning of all beauty treatments is that old reliable, soap-and-water, supplemented by creams and light make-up chosen with sense and care?

Judy Garland, who has been busy the past year making a notable success on the Oakie College program, in addition to her stage and screen activities, has a mother who is wise in the ways of make-up, for Judy is her third daughter to be in the entertainment world. She knows that all mothers must begin very early and very earnestly to stress the importance of lovely skin, smoothly groomed hair and gleaming teeth.

"A great many mothers I meet," says Mrs. (Continued on page 87)
We're getting tired of having to pay for two bottles of nail polish in order to really get one! women complained. We thought that was a legitimate grievance, so we perfected our wonderful New Cutex, and now we are proud to say, "Buy the New Cutex and you'll get all the polish you pay for!" We've made sure that the last drop will be as much of a joy to apply as the first one!

To prove it, we deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish... two of our New Cutex and eight popular rival brands—and let their contents stay exposed to the air for 14 days.

Only the New Cutex stood the test! All the rest became thick and gummy. But the New Cutex evaporated less than half as much as the competitive brands. After 14 days, it still went on the nails as smooth as glass, free flowing... just right!

Think what a saving this means! A saving not only of money, but of annoyance. Add to this Cutex's longer wear, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its fine lacquer, its 11 smart shades... and you can't wonder that women everywhere are refusing to put up with ordinary wasteful polishes any longer.

And besides giving you twice as much for your money, Cutex costs so little to begin with! The New Cutex is still the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for complete Cutex Manicure Kit, containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 16c.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-9
194 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 890, Montreal)
I enclose 16c to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish as checked. Mauve □ Rust □
Burgundy □ Robin Red □ Old Rose □

Name ______________________
Address _____________________
City __________________ State ______
What a lucky start in life the youngster of 1937 gets!

No leave-it-to-chance care for him.

Special clinics guard him in every step of his growth and development. Special foods—special soaps—special toys—in fact, from his first day on, everything he gets is made especially for him.

Doesn’t it stand to reason he should have a special laxative, too? A child’s little system is not like yours. It is much too frail for the ruthless effects of an “adult” laxative.

For that reason, many doctors suggest Fletcher’s Castoria. It is, as you know, purely a child’s laxative—made especially and only for children.

It contains no harsh, “adult” drugs—nothing that could cause cramping pains. Nothing, in fact, that could possibly harm a child’s delicate system.

Fletcher’s Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel, gently urging the muscular movement. It is safe—sure—yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist has said he couldn’t write a better prescription than Fletcher’s Castoria.

And Fletcher’s Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children don’t balk at taking it. That’s important! For, as you know, you can easily upset a child’s entire nervous system by forcing him to take a bad-tasting medicine.

More than 5,000,000 mothers have learned to rely on Fletcher’s Castoria. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle from your druggist today? The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every bottle.
RADIO MIRROR •

JULY 23 TO AUG. 24

EIGHT NEW PAGES DESIGNED TO DOUBLE YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE! DAY BY DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS AND NEWS FOR THE WHOLE MONTH—VITAL INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR DAILY BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT
SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

BY HARRY VON ZELL

Fast living, like fast driving, often ends in a sudden stop.

Sunday, July 25, 1937

REMEMBER William Tell and the apple? Unless your Almanac's memory has gone, William and his cross-bow have a lot to do with today's celebration. This is the Swiss Independence Day, and NBC is short-waving the speeches and authentic yodels. Instead of relying on our neighbors across the seas for entertainment, NBC today is sending them some. In its special Latin-American broadcast, this afternoon at 5:00, E.D.T., in honor of Colombia and Ecuador, and being short-waved in their direction as well as broadcast to you and you... Harry Von Zell's special guest tonight on the Gulf show (7:30, CBS) is a graceful lady and a fine artist—Cornelia Otis Skinner, the daughter of actor and actress Otis Skinner and Maud Durbin. In Bryn Mawr, where she went to school, Cornelia once played Mabech to Ann Hard ing's Madam. Her debut on the professional stage was with her father. After a few seasons in which she was in the casts of Broadway shows she branched out into monologues and character sketches which she wrote herself and acted by herself. Her appearance tonight is one of these 'one woman shows' at 6:30. Between them and four this afternoon CBS and NBC's Red network vie for music lovers' attention, each with a symphony concert. CBS has Howard Bar low and Everybody's Music, NBC has the Chautauqua Symphony.

Sunday, Aug. 1, 1937

YOU must be on hand tonight to welcome Nelson Eddy back to the air. Unless there's a last-minute switch in plans, he's making his home tonight as the featured singer of the Chase and Sanborn program at 8:00 on NBC-Red—and in the cast you find Almanac's chorus giving you a more starrusted show than this one: W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, Nelson and guest stars. Whew!... The Columbia Workshop tonight is offering "The Last Citation," by John Whedon, whose work appears every week and then in the magazine - Time, 7:00 P.M., E.D.S.T. Right after that, on the same network, Harry Von Zell has as his guest Bla Chase, stage and movie actress who just now is playing in the smash comedy hit, "The Women," on Broadway. After you've seen her in that play you'd never believe her as she is. She was born in New York City and educated in Convent schools, and is the former Maria Santo, whom you've seen in the movies and heard on the air. She's tall, tall, black-haired and brown-eyed. CBS' salute to our Latin-American neighbors at 5:00 this afternoon is directed toward Peru. Get set for some real swing and listen to Mike Riley's opening at the New Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh over NBC. Mike's the guy who wrote 'The Music Goes Round and Round.'

Tonight's Gulf program guest is like Chase—you've seen her in the movies.

Sunday, Aug. 8, 1937

AUGUST 15: That Columbia Workshop is more than a year old now, and as a sort of celebration tonight it's presenting a repeat play in answer to several requests. The play is Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart," in a version directed by Irving Reis... CBS' salute to Latin-America this afternoon at 5:00 is being sent especially to Panama, Salvador, and Nicaragua. Birthday greetings are in order today to Johnny, the cabby of his favorite program sponsored by Philip Morris.... Don't forget to come back to listen to Universal Rhythm, on CBS... with time out at 9:30 for the busy Mr. Winchell, on NBC's Blue network. He's still in Hollywood, working on a new picture.

August 22: Patriotic feeling should run high today, as you listen to NBC's broadcast of the Franco-American Athletic Meet in Paris.... And, for that matter, as you listen to CBS's salute to the Island group of Latin American countries, Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. Your Almanac, at least, is glad that Werner Janssen has a program all to himself now. He and his orchestra have taken over the Baker's broadcast at 7:30 tonight on NBC-Blue. He's widely considered to be America's greatest young musician, and that doesn't stop him from going to town on popular music too. In private life he's the son of a New York restaurateur and the husband of movie actress Ann Harding.

The Gulf Show tonight has Cornelia Otis Skinner as its guest, doing character sketches.

radio}

The summer star of the Bakers Broadcast, NBC at 7:30, is musician Werner Janssen.
**Monday, July 26, 1937**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

**By MAJOR BOWES**

**Friendships, like rare wines, are the rewards of thoughtful selection.**

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**Monday, Aug. 2, 1937**

**T**his is your day if you're interested in education. NBC has gone to work and arranged to broadcast some of the events of the seventh World Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations, which begins today in Tokyo, Japan, and continues until August 7. The theme of NBC's broadcasts is based on the idea of better international understanding, and that's a worthy undertaking. From the other side of the world comes the annual Welsh National Eisteddfod at Machynlleth, also over NBC's facilities. In case you're confused, an Eisteddfod is nothing but an old-fashioned sing-song, and Machynlleth is a town... The great Shakespeare battle has come to an end, but NBC is still making a bid for the interest of you drama-lovers by offering a radio version of Eugene O'Neill's play, "Beyond the Horizon," at 9:30, E.D.T. tone. It's the first of a four-play O'Neill cycle... Meanwhile, CBS is still giving Shakespeare the benefit of the best actors it can find—well, anyway, the best known, even if some of them never have had much to do with the classics before... Those Horace Heidt Brigades are on the air again tonight, from 8:00 to 8:30, with the King Sisters, whose real last name is Driggs, but who are really sisters. Their names are Donna, Alyce, Louise, and Yvonne, and they are all born in the West and educated in the Mormon faith. Donna's engaged to one of the boys in the band.

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**Monday, Aug. 9, 1937**

**The western edge of the continent supplies today's sports thrills, when the Public Links Golf Tournament begins in San Francisco. Golfers go for this tournament in a big way, and every big-name maache-winner who can spare the time will be there to try for the prize-money. Both NBC and CBS have their San Francisco correspondents on the job for your benefit, today and until August 14—next Saturday... Tonight, Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" continues with another of Bill Shakespeare's plays for the interest of everybody who complains radio doesn't have enough good dramas. "The Fountain," of course, is John Galsworthy's.**

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**AUGUST 16:** Have you been neglecting radio's unique personality? If you have—or even if you haven't—tune in CBS at 3:00 o'clock this afternoon and every Monday afternoon for Col. Jack Major and his variety show. In the first place, Jack isn't sure what state he was born in—he was born in a speeding train, and it might have been either Tennessee or Kentucky. He first studied for the ministry, but worked in local theatres, helped himself through school, and dropped his church ambitions when he became the master of ceremonies at a hotel in Houston, Texas. He sang with Jack Hylton's band in London, and with Isham Jones in America, and after his entry into radio was simultaneously featured on three Chicago programs. His favorite pastime is telling "whoopers" in a soft drawl and with a perfectly straight face... The competing dramas tonight are O'Neill's and the King Sisters' "Where the Cross Is Made" on NBC and probably Shakespeare's "Macbeth" on CBS.

**AUGUST 23:** CBS proudly announces that it has the exclusive rights to broadcast the National Doubles tennis matches from the Longwood Cricket Club in Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts, today and until August 29... But both CBS and NBC have the National Amateur Golf tournament from the Oldwood Country Club in Portland, Oregon... It may turn up a brand new golfing champion.
Tuesday, July 27, 1937

WHEN you listen to the NBC Red network today at 1:15 P.M., New York time, you will hear a... (Text continues on page 48)

Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1937

HAVING covered the Welsh situation... (Text continues on page 48)

Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1937

TODAY it's NBC's turn to an... (Text continues on page 48)

Tuesday, Aug. 17 and Aug. 24, 1937

AUGUST 17: You and a couple of... (Text continues on page 48)
Wednesday, July 28, 1937

RUDY VALLEE has to spend most of today rehearsing for tomorrow night's program, and it's too bad, because today is his birthday. He was born in Island Pond, Vermont, on July 28, 1901. . . . He hasn't time to listen, but you have to two capable de by Gable. Singers from all nations have gathered in Germany, for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the famous German Sangerbund. And in NORWAY, in the city of Tromsdal, they're celebrating St. Olav's Day. NBC plans to have microphones working for both occasions, the Bud Johnson excitement around keep you from remembering any new home-grown reliables, such as Aunt Jenny's Life Stories, at 11:45 in the morning.

Kathryn Crawford in the afternoon, and Beatrice Lillie, Helen Menken, and the Gang Busters in the evening. . . . Beatrice Lillie hasn't got the air all summer long, so if you're a Lillie fan you'd better not miss her tonight. . . . Playing away is vil-lainous criminals on Gang Busters you heard Edmund MacDonald, in Germany, for the guy in real life but on the air he has played every big gangster of the last decade, and has been shot, electrified, and banged so many times he has lost count. He began his career on the stage, but decided it was time to move when he tried out for four plays, all but one of which failed before they got to Broadway. His first air job was in Omar, the Mystic.

Wednesday, Aug. 4, 1937

THERE'S a new show for your attention today, aiming to get itself well estab itself to somebody the fall rush of new programs. "Hello Peggy" is its name, 11:45 to 12 noon on NBC-Red its time and personal, and dramatic serial its character. There'll be so mon serials on the air that even the actors in them can get confused—not to speak of the listeners. . . . Tonight, Connie Boswell makes her final guest appearance on Ken Murray's program, 8:30 on CBS. Connie, just to get your interest on these Boswells, the middle sister—Martha's the oldest and Vet's the youngest. She's very surpise and always braids a lock of hair before performing on the stage, or keeps her fingers crossed during a broadcast. She writes poems, plays, and short stories for her own amusement, but isn't even let a publisher look at any of them. . . . Your Al- manac hopes you don't have to be re- minded that the Gold Medal Flash Hour has a new time—1:00 to 2:00 in the afternoon, Mondays through Fri- days. Incidentally, Medium Cintara has been replaced by a new serial called Arnold Grimm's daughter, written by Margaret Sanger, famous novelist and magazine writer. It's title seems to follow a radio trend, like Dan Harding's wife, etc. Tonight, at nine o'clock on CBS, Andre Kostelanetz and Frank Parker dispense more music. Andre's theme song "Carefree" is one of the best on the air.

Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1937

YESTERDAY NBC had the Ladies Cup trotting races from Goshen, N.Y.; today the same network has the most important trotting races of all, the Hambletonian Stakes, considered by those who keep up on such things to be the "world's series" of trotters and their owners. . . . You hear Dorothy Lawson twice today. . . . Dorothy is just old enough to vote, was born in New York but was taken abroad to study in Austria when she was only a year old. After a year or two she came back to America for more education—which finally climaxed in a dramatic school. Her first big radio role was impersonating Ginger Rogers in "Fifty-Five Minutes in Hollywood." She's vivacious and red-haired, but doesn't have a headed temper very often. . . . For your novelty of the day, here's Meet the Orchestra on NBC-Blue at 5:45. And for your other relics, which you may have been neglecting lately, One Man's Family, on the Red at 8:00, and Harry Saltz's music on Your Hit Parade on NBC-Red at 10:00. Of course, if you prefer excitement, there's Gang Busters at ten, too.

Edmund MacDonald, of the Gong Busters cast, has portrayed many famed gangsters.

Wednesday, Aug. 18, 1937

THOSE Russians are mighty proud of their ability to fly through the air with the greatest of ease, so there ought to be a good show for you to listen to when NBC broadcasts the Aviation Day festivities from Moscow. . . . People jumping out of air- planes, parachute drops, backflips and tail spins, and what not besides. Pity there's no television yet. . . . Last week in this time your Almanac told you about Dorothy Lowell, who plays in both Trouble House and Our Gal Sunday. . . . Today it's the turn of Carleton Young, who plays opposite her in both serials. In Trouble House (CBS at 11:00 A.M.) he's Bill Mears, the farmer who is also a law student; and in Our Gal Sunday (CBS at 12:45 P.M.) he is another "Bill," the spurred suitor. . . . Romantic leads, both, and no wonder, because Carleton is one of the handsomest men in radio—six feet tall, wary dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a profile. He was born in Westfield, N. Y., and led a school dance band to help pave his way through Carnegie Tech. His stage experience includes a season with Pauline Frederick in "Elizabeth the Queen," and in the movies he was with Jean Arthur and others. Trouble House's other players are Estelle Mac Gordon as Phoebie, Ann Eltzner as Martha Booth, Roy Collins as John, Jerry Macy as Harvey, Rita Allyn as Olive, Ted Reid as Ted, and Gretchen Davidson as the hard-to-please Sally.

Star of two of your favorite daytime serials is red-headed, vivac- ious Dorothy Lowell.

Carleton Young is the romantic leading man in Dorothy Lowell's two daytime serials.

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THURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By FLOYD GIBBONS

A man's first duty to himself is his duty to others.

Thursday, July 29, 1937

At one o'clock today, New York time, you hear a radio veteran whose name you've probably never heard mentioned on the air. She's Florence Freeman, who plays Sue Blake, in the Love and Learn dramatic serial on NBC-Blue. Pretty, tender, of German-Russian parentage, Florence was born in New York City just twenty-six years ago today. She went to college at Columbia University, and has both a B.A. and an M.A. degree. Her first plan was to be a school teacher, but after a year and a half of teaching she decided she liked the stage better. Her first radio audition was in 1931, her first NBC program in 1934. She's worked on the Shell program, the Radio Guild, and with Paul Whiteman... and her hobby is reading with a bowl of fresh fruit at her elbow... The Kolisch String Quartet is playing again at the Union League Club tonight on NBC-Blue at six o'clock... The same network has its last concert from Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia tonight at 8:30, but you can still hear the same orchestra on the Red network until August 4... Now don't forget her you have your choice between Major Bowes and the Show Boat at 9:00. Whichever you choose you're sure of a good show, so your Almanac offers its blessings and refuses to make any recommendations at all for that hour... And Easy Aces, NBC-Blue at seven, are staying on the air all summer.

Florence Freeman, stor of Love and Learn, is on actress who began os o school teacher.

Thursday, Aug. 5, 1937

BIRTHDAY greetings today to Al Goodman, the dependable musical director of so many radio programs he can't get tired of it. You heard him last night directing the orchestra for Jessica Dragorneise, and if Show Boat hadn't received the royal treatment from Hollywood you'd hear him directing it tonight... When Show Boat moved, it acquired not only its old skipper, Charlie Wingeriner, but a new comedian, Jack Halley. Listen to him tonight at 9:00, on the NBC Red network, and you may discover a new radio favorite... Jack was born in Boston on August 5. (remember the date—you may want to send him a birthday card next day) and went to the Boston schools. His family wanted him to be an electrician, and he did his best to like the work, but finally gave up and did what he wanted to do—go on the stage. Vaguely, since his first field, then got into musical comedy and was such a success that he got a film contract. You saw him last as the monkey-singer in "Wake Up and Live!" with Buddy Clark and Ben Bernie. He's an expert ballroom player, he really has a good singing voice even if Buddy Clark did do his singing in the picture, and he hates baby food because he had to eat quantities of it a few years ago as an example to his infant son... Before listening to Jack, you'll have heard a half hour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on NBC-Blue at 8:30.

Thursday, Aug. 12, 1937

THE radio is a medium of entertainment for the whole family, they say—and here are your Almanac's recommendations for every member of your family today: For Mother, It's a Woman's World, NBC-Red, 2:30; for Father, Lowell Thomas, NBC-Blue, 6:45; for Brother, aged eighteen, Floyd Gibbons' True Adventure, CBS, 10:00 P.M.; for Sister, aged sixteen, Club Matinee, NBC-Blue, 4:00; for Brother, aged seven, the Singing Family, NBC-Red, 5:30; for Grandma, the Personal Column of the air, NBC-Blue, 11:15 A.M., or NBC-Red, 4:15 P.M.; for Grandpa, Clyde Barrio, CBS, 7:30 P.M.; for the whole family at once, Show Boat, NBC, 9:00 P.M.; Virginia Verrill, whom you hear on Show Boat, is no radio stranger to you, but this is the first big program she's been on for several years... Probably all a result of her recent movie contract with Sam Goldwyn... Virginia was born in Santa Monica Canyon, California, where the Hollywood Bowl is now, on November 20, 1916, and her childhood ambition was to be a violon-ist and dancer... Her radio career began in Hollywood, carried her to New York, and now this year she's back west again. She's George Washington's great-great-grand-niece, always wears blue and no jewelry except a diamond ring which belonged to her grandmother, and when she's singing always holds tight to the music stand with one hand for fear it will fall!

Another Show Boat addition since it moved West is Virginia Verrill, its singer.

Thursday, Aug. 19, 1937

TONIGHT's your last chance to listen to Bob Crosby's orchestra from the Elitz Carlton Hotel in Boston, on the Mutual system. It's his last night there—and if Bing's still on his vacation he's got to drop in to see the kid brother. He served notice several weeks ago that he was coming east to check up on his old haunts... The March of Time is rolling merrily along through the hot months, once more under the sponsorship of the magazine which originated it, Listen tonight at 10:30 on CBS, and see if you can spot the voice of Adelaide Klein, the March's featured actress. If there's a mother on tonight's program, she's sure to be Adelaide, no matter what her radio nationality. Although she can actually speak only one language Adelaide has an uncanny ability at dialects. On the air she's been the mother of characters ranging all the way from Abraham Lincoln to Gene Tunney... Her early ambition was to be a concert singer, but in her first radio program, singing, spirituals, she mixed character portraits with the music, and from then on there were more and more characterizations and less and less singing. Off the air she studies political economy, plays bowls, and sails her own boat on Long Island Sound. After you listen to the March of Time, there'll be just time to hear John B. Kennedy present his Footnotes on Headlines on NBC-Red at eleven o'clock.
**FRIDAY**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

*By PHILLIPS H. LORD*

You'd go back if you put all your faith in "the breaks."

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**Friday, July 23, 1937**

**OUR special events for today are mostly music. For instance, at 6:00 P. M., E.D.T., on the NBC Blue Network, there's a half hour of classical music coming from the University of California—so broadcast one of a very few scheduled for this summer. The performers are the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, and the commercial sponsor is the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, and the music you'll hear is by Beethoven and Schonberg. . . . Ferde Grofe's half-hour program comes tonight from Hollywood at 10:00 (Eastern time of course). . . . Maestro Grofe flew out to the coast for a program at the Hollywood Bowl and decided to stay over for tonight instead of flying back.**

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**Friday, July 30, 1937**

**LET'S** remind the children today, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, that it's FUNNY THINGS on CBS from 5:45 to 6:00 P.M., E.D.T. S.T. And it wouldn't do us any harm to keep them in mind with the kids. Nora Stirling, the creator and narrator of Funny Things, has liked to study ancient cyclopedias all her life. When she was a little girl her friends called her "Fascinating Facts Nora." Recently she discovered that her sister's children had the same curiosity about facts and origines, so she persuaded CBS to let her expand her audience. Nora has been on the air several years but this is the first program she has starred on. She's a southerner, born in Atlanta, Ga., the daughter of a Scotch physician, and went to a school in Edinburgh run by ladies named the Misses MacHugh. She taught piano at the age of 15. She was barely out of her teens. . . . don't forget the Kellogg String Quartet on NBC Blue again tonight at 6:00. . . . And there are two dance bands on the air tonight—Phil Spitalny's all girl orchestra at Atlantic City's Million Dollar Pier, and Don Bestor at the New Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. You listen to them both on NBC. . . . At 9:00 tonight, Bob Ripley in his new program is competing with Hollywood Hotel. Once again your Almanac leaves it up to you to decide which you'll attend, and is sure you'll have a good time at either. . . . For drama addicts, there's the First Nighter.

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**Friday, Aug. 6, 1937**

Here are a few radio morsels for the day which you might miss if your Almanac didn't call them to your attention: Winston and Sutton on CBS at noon (let's say right now that all times mentioned are E.D.T., and get that over with for today); the Kreiner String Quartet on CBS at 3:00; Club Matinee on NBC Blue at 4:00; Jackie Keller on NBC Blue at 5:45; Frank Daley's orchestra on CBS at 7:15; Bagnell Rhythm on NBC Red at 7:45. Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra are swinging it merrily along for Jack Pearl while the Darren is on his vacation—ten o'clock on NBC Blue; and Elza Schallert follows closely on the heels of Jimmy Fidler, also of Hollywood, at 10:45. . . . Hollace Shaw has taken over the 10:30 period on CBS which Babe Ruth had hoped to keep for his own all summer, so baseball addicts won't be disappointed, interested in that time . . . but music addicts will. Hollace is a coloratura soprano who can take both classical and popular music in her stride. She's red-headed and only twenty-three years old. Her theme is "Joe Beason" and once Jenny Lind's favorite melody, and Hollace sings it because it has always brought her luck. Every time she has entered a contest or auditioned for a job, she has sung that song, and every time she has won the contest or got the job. Critics say that because her voice is so similar to Jenny Lind's.

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**Friday, Aug. 13 and Aug. 20, 1937**

August 13: Have you been listening as you should to Hobart Bosworth's reminiscences of the old Hollywood, on CBS at 6:15 tonight and every Friday? They're the memories of a man who knew the fabulous city for five days when the movies really were in their infancy. . . . Remember? . . . Alice Faye, whom you hear with Hal Kemp and his band on CBS at 8:30, is hard at work these days on her newest Universal picture, "A Young Man's Fancy". . . . and you know Alice around, why shouldn't it lightly touch her? . . . secrets of love? . . . secrets of the western listeners haven't already done so, tonight's a good time to get acquainted with Boose Carter, because that his network has been extended to include you. You may have a little trouble getting used to his clipped style of talking, but it's worth it . . . August 20: Recommended for tonight is the True Story Court of Human Relations, on NBC Red at 9:30, and the always excellent performance of Alice Reinheart, who is one of the program's dependable actresses. Alice can play either a heroine or a villainess with equal conviction, as a result of six years' experience on the air. She's serious, and languorous-eyed, she haunts the network studios watching the performances of other radio actors and actresses and trying to profit by them. . . . Whenever she can she takes an airplane to visit her home town, San Francisco, for a day or two.
SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By LOWELL THOMAS

Paint in imagination your own portrait as you wish you looked—and that will become the real you.

Saturday, July 24, 1937

END an era to Europe today, for NBC's broadcast of the Classic Stakes, considered to be the three-year-olds' turf campaign. This morning, NBC, which seems to have saved all of today's magnificent races for the late afternoon, begins its Saturday series featuring the Chautauqua Little Symphony Orchestra, today played by the Chautauqua, a while, at 10:30 A.M. Georges Barrere conducts, and the music comes from the Chautauqua Institution, at Chautauqua, N. Y. . . . After all, you may be able to answer John Tasker Howard's question on the NBC Blue network at 6:35 P.M. He's asking—and your Almanac hopes, answering—"Whither Music?" . . . Don't forget that Professor Quiz went on a new time a few weeks ago—9:00 on CBS.

Arturo Tascanini presides over the Chautauqua Festival, which opens today in Austria.

Saturday, August 7, 1937

ONCE more NBC goes to the British Isles for your entertainment. Today the boys have dug up a set of traditional Highland games being held at the Bridge of Allan in Scotland. They do say that when the Scotch play games they get pretty rough, so you'd better listen in. This morning, when you listen to the Breakfast Club on the NBC-Blue network at 9:00, you hear Jack Baker singing the solo—his real name is Ernest Mahlon Jones, while his studio nickname is "The Loutish Lark," because he was born in Shreveport, La., June 29, 1908. He moved to Broken Bow, Oklahoma, when he was 15, and began singing in church choirs. His musical career was interrupted after it started because he didn't have enough money to continue, so he became a teacher and baseball coach for a while, then went to Chicago and auditioned for NBC . . . after which he had nothing until NBC offered him the solo on the Breakfast Club . . . He's written three songs, and wants to own a theater in a Southern town where he retired . . . Tonight, NBC brings you Clyde Lucas' first program from the Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City, as well as the last of the Cincinnati Zoo Summer Operas. The latter is from ten to eleven. There today, don't miss NBC's broadcast of the Massachusets Handicap in Boston.

Saturday, August 14 and Aug. 21, 1937

AUGUST 14: One of radio's unsung heroes is Fred Feibel, CBS staff organist, who not only opens the New York station in the mornings, but spends much of his time hanging around the studios ready to fill in on an organ solo if a scheduled program goes haywire. You hear him this morning at 11:00, unless at the last minute the network finds some other show they want to put in at that time. Fred's used to having his program cancelled, as well as guest shots on the air for others . . . He lives in Ridgefield, N. J., and gets to the studio by 4:45 every morning, motors into New York City and reaches the studio at 6:15, then tunes up his organ until 7:30, when his Organ Reveille is heard. . . . In spite of the early hour, his early-bird program, broadcast only in New York, brings in hundreds of letters each week. In almost seven years he has only been absent one week, when he had the flu . . . Listen tonight to the last Robin Hood Dell symphony concert of the season.

AUGUST 21: NBC and CBS both have the Wrightstown Cup Tennis matches for you today, from Forest Hills, twenty minutes apart. From New York, and to-night Harold Stern opens a week's engagement at the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, with NBC bringing you the good music . . . And there's just room left to tell you to place your order now for next month's RADIOMICRO, on sale August 25.
Freshening Up is more than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . liven's the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer — smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See your skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother — admired for its youth and freshness.

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Duffy". . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."

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

Pond's, Dept. 88M-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10* to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________
State __________________________

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THE greatest difference between the American cook and the French one," George Rector told me, "is that the American woman sticks too closely to salt and pepper and is too timid about the use of other seasonings. Not that salt isn't the standby for nearly all dishes but there are many, many other seasonings—spices, herbs, meat sauces, and so forth—which add variety and piquancy to the simplest foods, and these are too often ignored.

"And an American cook," he continued, "is inclined to leave the seasoning until the last minute, stirring it in just before a dish is ready to serve. Your French cook, on the other hand, seasons her food when it begins to cook, so that the flavor of the seasoning goes all through the food, becoming an integral part of it, rather than an addition."

These statements you may take as gospel, for no one speaks with greater authority on culinary matters than Mr. Rector, whose program "Dining with George Rector," you (Continued on page 81)
"This snapshot fixed everything"

When he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don’t say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

“Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, ‘We didn’t quarrel then, did we?’

“I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he’d always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she’d never misunderstand.”

The snapshots you’ll want tomorrow—you must take today.
Once he was Eddie Cantor’s Greek comedian, but now look at him! Here’s Parkyakarkus in RKO’s "New Faces of 1937."

RS. L. BRASHARES, Chicago, Ill.—As far as we know, Jack Hylton was born Jack Hylton, at Bolton, Lancashire, England, July 2, 1892. His father was a hotel keeper and his mother a schoolteacher. He’s short, rather heavy-set, has sandy, curly hair; started his career at the age of fourteen, as a pianist for a show troupe. Jack’s married and his wife was once a band leader in her own right. He likes all kinds of food, especially cold chicken for midnight suppers…his pet aversion is snobs.

Marie Bardley, Akron, Ohio—Kenneth Griffin plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and is not married to Vivian Fridell who plays Mary. Vivian married her high school sweetheart August 29, 1936. He is Gerrit James de Galleke of Milwaukee, Wis. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is golden brown and her complexion is fair.

P. T. of Somerville, Mass.—Sometimes an orchestra leader cannot get all his musicians to accompany him from one part of the country to another. That is why, I presume, Buddy Rogers had a different orchestra for his Twin Stars program than the one you saw him have in Boston. I hope that will clear up the mystery for you.

M. M. L., Crichton, Ala.—To secure a photograph of Bobby Green and Eddie Cantor, address them in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.; Frank Parker in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Nino Martini is picture-making in Hollywood, so address him at RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

L. F. S. and M. S., Rochester, New York—This is just to let you know that we were glad to get your suggestions for pictures on some of the serial programs, and will try to please you as soon as possible.

Marilyn Bonnell, Glendale, Calif.—I didn’t find your self-addressed stamped envelope, Marilyn. Johnny Green was born on October 10, 1908, in New York City. "Coquette" was his first composition. Then came "Body and Soul." Since then, he has written "I Cover the Waterfront," "Easy Come, Easy Go," and (Conf. on pg. 58)
KEEP warm and comfortable this winter, the modern, workless, dirtless way—with a Duo-Therm oil-burning circulating heater!

Enjoy "Regulated" Heat! Duo-Therm will flood your home with moist, healthful warmth the coldest day in the year! But—here is its greatest feature—you can turn it down to a candle-flame in mild weather and it will always burn cleanly!

Change Heat with Your Finger! Just turn the handy dial—and get exactly the heat you want! Simple as opening a faucet! And it saves plenty of oil—for at night or on mild days, you burn only what you need!

Keeps the Heat in the House! Duo-Therm's full "floating flame" licks lazily against the sides of the heater and keeps the heat in the house! It doesn't send half your heat rushing up the chimney, as do heaters that burn with a long, pointed, wasteful flame. And with its special "waste-stopper," tests prove the Duo-Therm is the most economical oil heater you can buy!

No Odor, Smoke, Soot or Noise! Burning less expensive fuel oil, available anywhere, the Duo-Therm gives clean, odorless, silent heat. Bigger fuel tank than ordinary heaters—you don't need to fill it so often!

Mail the Coupon Today—or see your Duo-Therm dealer. There's a Duo-Therm to fit your heating needs. You can choose just the right model for your home. Three beautiful finishes. Low prices! Easy payments!

ONLY DUO-THERM has all these modern features!

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Duo-Therm's Heat Regulator—Simple as turning a dial! All the heat you want on cold days, just enough to take the chill off on milder days.

Duo-Therm's Patented Dual-Chamber Burner—Greatest clean-burn range of any burner! Silent, clean, odorless—from pilot light to maximum heat!

Duo-Therm's Waste-Stopper prevents heat from rushing up the chimney, sends more heat into the room. Saves oil!

Duo-Therm's Full Floating Flame means better combustion, more heat per gallon, less chimney-waste!

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DUO-THERM
OIL-BURNING Circulating HEATERS

DUO-THERM DIVISION, MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION, LANSING, MICH.
What Do You Want to Know?
(Continued from page 56)

“Night Club Suite,” which the New York Philharmonic Society saw fit to present at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York, under Paul Whiteman’s baton with Johnny as pianist. His career started as accompanist for that celebrated English actress, Gertrude Lawrence.

Cadet, Annapolis, Md.—Up to this writing, the Lux Theater of the Air has not had Henry Wilcoxon as a guest star on their programs. I do agree with you that he has a fine speaking voice and perhaps the talent scouts for this show will see this little item.

Jane Thompson, Camden, N. J.—Walter Carse is out on the Coast, making pictures. He’s six feet tall, blond hair and blue eyes, and he doesn’t come from Texas. Council Bluffs, Iowa is his home town.

Mrs. Betty Jones, St. Louis, Mo.—Sorry I couldn’t make an earlier issue, but I know you’ll forgive me when you read all I have to tell you. James Meighan was born in New York City on August 22, 1906. His uncle was the late Thomas Meighan. He started his dramatic career in a Yonkers Stock Company. Later a visit to the NBC studios in 1931 decided him on the new field he must conquer. Jimmy is five feet ten inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes, is married but has no children. He likes to box, swim and play handball, and painting is one of his hobbies. Ruth Yorke was also born in New York City, on September 10. Ruth attended the Windsor Daggett School of Speech and the Max Reinhardt Seminar in Vienna. She made her radio debut in 1932 over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Ruth is five feet four inches tall, weighs around 123 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes ... enjoys swimming and tennis, and is married.

Miss Jean Lee, New York, N. Y., Virginia L., South Bend, Indiana, and Jessie Cimino, Utica, New York.—I’m glad you all wrote about the same time and I know you’ll forgive me for making you wait so long when you see all the information I secured for you. Here goes—George Robert “Bob” Crosby was born in Spokane, Washington, August 23, 1913. He’s now six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Both parents were musical and of course you know his musical brother Bing. Bing definitely decided at an early age that he wanted to become a professional singer but his brother Bing jumped in ahead of him, and became famous almost overnight. Bob might have climbed the ladder the simpler way by basking in Bing’s reflected glory, but he resolved to stand on his own two feet and has made good. He’s still single, doesn’t smoke and doesn’t like night clubs.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Dorothy Pinnick of East Gary, Indiana announces that she is president of a Lum and Abner Fan Club and would like all those interested in becoming a member to get in touch with her.

Marie Pfarr of 502 Jackson Avenue and Gertrude Whalen, 60 East 14th Street, of New York City, are ardent Fred Waring fans. They want to join a fan club. What do you say?

This is just to advise Igor Gorin’s admirers that Mary Miller of 26 Duke Street, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada, is President of the Canadian branch of the Chis. Igor Gorin club.

What about a James Melton fan club? Miss Doris Roche, 425-32 Street, Brooklyn, New York, wants to know.
Joan Crawford’s Dramatic Radio Adventure

(Continued from page 16)

ambition.

Joan hadn’t always suffered from stage fright. Years ago, when she was only a kid in the chorus of a Broadway show, earning twenty dollars a week, the people out front did not terrify her. She believed that everyone in the audience was her friend. Besides, she was only a small cog in a great dancing machine. If she made a mistake she could quickly cover it up, and even if people saw it they’d only be amused to see a cute little chorus girl forgetting a kick. They would sympathize, not criticize.

Then, by the slow process you already know, Joan became a star. And instead of being one girl in a line of girls she stood out from the rest. She was famous and important, and famous people are easy targets for critics’ arrows. Even then, Joan wasn’t afraid. If she had had even an inkling of the truth, the shock might not have been so shattering.

Not long after she achieved stardom, she appeared in a benefit at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. It was the first time she had faced an audience since her chorus days. She went on, unafraid, and did a dance. It was all right, but it was nothing spectacular.

Leaving the theater she overheard a conversation between a girl and a boy. Said the girl, “That new star, Joan Crawford—I didn’t think she was so much.”

NAH,” said the boy, “Those movie people ought to stick to the screen and not get up in public where they show themselves up.”

These words, so lightly spoken, sank deep into Joan’s consciousness. She couldn’t forget them. She read into them an even deeper criticism than she intended. They changed the character of audiences for her—made them hostile enemies instead of sympathetic friends.

As her screen fame increased, her every public gesture was repeated and reported. There was one time when she needed encouraging pats on the back, and all she got was destructive criticism. Joan was so hurt, so baffled, that she crawled into her shell and hid there—which, of course, caused more hurt, all bad.

She ignored the comments, fought her way past them to even greater screen fame than she had had before. Her driving will to succeed helped her then, as it has helped her so many times. But it could not give her success in her greatest ambition—to go on the stage. That fear of old and the man of the audience always stood between her and any stage plans.

You have read about the model little theater she had had built in her home, where she and her friends put on amateur plays. That was part of her campaign to prepare herself for the stage, but she knew in her heart it was useless unless she could rid herself of stage fright.

I have been with her when she was part of a theater audience herself, yet the simple business of walking to her seat—with, as usual, hundreds of people staring at her—made her hands grow icy and her whole body tremble.

“But I don’t know what to do!” she would say later. “I’m afraid that if I smile, people will say, ‘Who does she think she is, taking all the bows!’ And if I just walk down the aisle without smiles I know they’ll say, ‘Oh, she’s too stuck-up to know anybody else is in the house.’”

Previews and premières of her own pic-

"My! I’m Certainly Glad Mrs. Smith told me to buy Franco-American!"

At 3¢ a portion, a food that children like, that’s good for them, easy for you!

WOMEN bought millions upon millions of cans of Franco-American Spaghetti last year, because they found out that it was one of the greatest time and money savers that ever came into their kitchens! For example, there’s no finer lunch or supper for school children than Franco-American, served piping hot, with milk and fruit. For dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs taste like a million dollars.

Be sure, however, that you get Franco-American Spaghetti—the kind with the extra good sauce. It’s entirely different from all other ready-cooked spaghetti. If you haven’t tried Franco-American you don’t know how good spaghetti can taste. Its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce is made with eleven savory ingredients—the secret recipe which was the great discovery of a famous French chef. Get the Franco-American habit; it will save you no end of time and trouble, and keep you standing aces high with the family.

Franco-American 

Spaghetti

The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

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Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."
Name (print).
Address
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59
"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they dislike nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day.

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS

is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration
movements. But still she would not have been able to give a good performance that night if she hadn't found a way to change her mental attitude. She walked out on that stage in a fury of determination, face white, chin up, determined to show them that a movie star could stand before an audience and act. But suddenly, as she read Elizabeth's lines, she stopped being an actress and became Elizabeth. The nervousness drained out of her, along with the defiance. She really felt like Elizabeth.

The moment came without her realizing it, but afterwards Joan knew she had conquered. She had given a memorable performance of Elizabeth, and she thought she had lost her fear forever.

She thought she had lost her fear—but she was wrong. Another experience, a much worse one, was in store for her.

She accepted the Lux Theater's offer to play "Mary of Scotland" without a tremor of fear. What she had done once, she thought, she could do again.

First of all, the "Mary of Scotland" appearance came just when Joan and Franchot were both busy with Screen Actor's Guild activities. They had almost no time to devote to private rehearsals at home. On the night of the broadcast, Joan was tired, but she had no idea she'd be nervous. She didn't bother with the relaxing exercises.

Two minutes before broadcast time she became deathly ill. She was shaking so she could hardly walk. She wanted to tell them to ring down the curtain and let her go home.

SOMEHOW, she managed to get on the stage, but when she began to read her lines her hand was trembling so badly she couldn't see them. She felt her legs giving way under her, and in terror she thought, "I'm going to faint!"

Then, in desperation, she planted her feet wide apart and kept them there by the simple means of imagining the floor was made of wet cement and her feet were stuck fast in it.

She stayed and finished the broadcast, but she knew how bad her nervousness had made her performance. "I was awful," she told me. "When they gave me my check I felt like saying, 'No, thank you. I don't deserve it.' And I wanted terribly to ask forgiveness of the theater audience because I was so bad.

"There's just one thing I'm proud of. I did stay there. I thought my fear over 'Elizabeth's' was terrible, but the second time was much worse. But I didn't run away, and I think that very fact will make the third time the charm. I know now that when I face an audience again I will be calm. The first time, I learned a few simple rules for stopping terror. The second time, I was too confident, and I neglected the rules. Now I've learned my lesson, and the third time I'll be all right.

"Only the people who know Joan—know her driving ambition to conquer each new field that presents itself—can realize how much radio has done for her. She will never be satisfied until she has gone on the stage and become as famous there as she already is on the screen, but until radio helped her to conquer her terror of audiences, a stage, that was as much out of the question for her as a trip to the moon. She could never have undergone the strain of a typical first night, and she knew it. She knew that even if by sheer strength of will she forced herself to go through a first night, her performance would suffer so that every critic on Broadway would slash her to ribbons.

She's no longer afraid. And it was radio which gave her that most priceless of gifts—self-confidence.

• "Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"

• "Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life... many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"

• "I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy... How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"

• "Did you ever notice how fine Johnson's Baby Powder is? Just like satin! It keeps my skin like satin, too!... Clear, unblemished skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and for tiny babies, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid."

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY
Dorothy's magnificent armhole odor wasn't the only thing that caused a stir. When she went back to her table, a few moments later Miss Gulman was standing there, and with her, Herbie Kay. "This is a pleasure," he murmured conventionally.

Dorothy gasped. "It's a miracle!" she blurted. But a greater miracle was coming. Kay offered her an audition the next day, and if she made good, the job as vocalist with his orchestra.

In her wardrobe was one nice street dress, kept for great occasions. She wore it the next day, spending hours on grooming it and herself to make a magnificent impression. Panicky by the time she reached the restaurant, she tripped over her own feet and fell flat on her face! A long runner shot up her stockings, a jagged tear ripped one sleeve loose from the shoulder, and dust smudged her from tip to toe. She began to cry.

Inside, Herb was expecting a sleekly beautiful girl. When he saw the sniveling, dirt-stained kid in a torn dress, his first impulse was to laugh. Something stopped him short, something in Dorothy's face. This wasn't funny to her, he saw. It was tragedy.

GRAVELY he commiserated with her, wiped her tears, patted her shoulder.

Then, when her sobs subsided, he suggested they get on with their work.

From that moment, she was his slave. And his new vocal soloist.

She went home with her heart singing inside her. To be with him night after night, to watch him as he directed the band, to travel with him, to know him better—finally, to be the girl he'd have supper with after the dance! It was more bliss than she could hold. He was so kind, so good, so handsome, so everything wonderful—

Herbie Kay may have been all of that, but one thing he was not. He was not in love. As far as she was concerned, Dorothy was just the girl who sang in his band. Strictly business. Her beauty, in his eyes, was no more than part of her job. It was to his business—sweetness—no more than an asset to the morale of the band. She was a nice kid. That was all.

Pride kept Dorothy from revealing her true feelings. But it couldn't stop the jealousy and unhappiness in her heart.

For it wasn't only that she was being neglected. Much, much worse, she was being made jealous every night in the week.

Herbie Kay was young, handsome, a romantic bachelor. Women flocked to hear him and dance to his tunes. Many made utter fools of themselves over him, as women will over men like Herb. Silly notes and sillier invitations were passed up to him as he stood in front of his orchestra. Dorothy saw them all. She was sitting right there beside him, where she couldn't help seeing. He was asked to after-the-dance parties in private homes—where Dorothy knew silly women would simper at him, dance with him, maybe—maybe kiss him.

Herb was enchanted with all these women. It was good business if nothing else; silly or not, they were cash customers and he wasn't leading his band for his health. But he saw no reason to explain this to Dorothy.

Night after night Dorothy sat on the bandstand, watching, a set smile frozen...
on her lips and murder in her heart. Night after night she cried herself to sleep. She had so loathed any girl Herb spoke to, even in the most casual, friendly way. Sometimes he took a girl to dinner, and that was worst of all. Dorothy, those nights, would worry herself sick for fear that this time he would actually fall in love.

If only he'd give her a chance! If only he'd take her to dinner, or to supper after the dance, or for a ride in his car—anything to get away from the eternal business-like atmosphere of the band! But he never did.

Lonely as she was, it never occurred to her to go out with any of the other personable young men in the orchestra. She just wasn't interested. It was Herb or nothing. Had she known it, she would have bumped into a stone wall there anyway. Herb was boss, and Herb had set the key-note of everybody's conduct toward Dorothy Lamour. The boys weren't going to stick their necks into trouble, even if Dorothy was darned pretty and sweet.

It all began to tell on her beauty. Dark circles rimmed her eyes. Her cheeks became drawn and haggard from sleepless nights. Her jangling nerves were on edge, so that she snapped short answers at the man she loved more than life itself.

"For Pete's sake, what's eatin' you?" Herb asked her once, irritably. "You're not in love, by any chance?"

"Maybe I am," Dorothy snapped back, "What about it?"

N O T H I N G, except why don't you marry the guy and get it over with?" he said. Then, after a moment, "Who is he?"

"A sap!" she said succinctly.

Going down in the elevator that night, he asked her to have dinner with him.

Then came the business of the perfume. A prominent Dallas business man fell hard for Dorothy while the band was there, and began to bomb her with gifts and invitations. One of the gifts was a bottle of extra-exotic perfume. Somehow I can't quite believe that Dorothy didn't have anything particular in mind that night she wore some and swished by Herb.

"Mmmm," he said. "Smells good!"

Dorothy demurely agreed that it was lovely, and added that So and So, the business man, had given it to her. Herb wrinkled his nose. "Phew," he said. "Smells like rat poison."

Several days later, on Valentine's day, a big box of orchids arrived for her—but with no card enclosed. Dorothy supposed it was a courtesy from the hotel florist, and said nothing about it to Herb. He stood her silence as long as he could, then he complained with heavy sarcasm, "I suppose orchids are such an old story to you than you don't bother to acknowledge them."

"You mean you sent them. Herb?" she asked in honest astonishment.

"Well, what's so darned startling about that?" he asked. "Can a fellow send his girl orchids for Valentine's if he wants to?"

"His girl!"

And it didn't mean a thing. Next day, and for days after that, he was as personal and business-like as ever. No more lunches, no more dinner dates, no more anything. Not ever, Dorothy thought resentfully a kind word.

She gave up. She couldn't stand it any longer, being with him all the time, loving him as she did, and getting nothing but heartache in return. Only the first flush of excuses, she resented from the orchestra and went to New York.

She'd joined the band to be near Herb and to make him love her as much as she
loved him—and it hadn't done any good. She left the band because she thought he'd
failed—and if she'd tried, she couldn't have
done anything smarter.

In New York she was quickly signed as an
NBC contract singer, and began
casting three times a week on a coast-to-
coast hook-up. In addition she got a job
in the floor show of a famous night club.
Work hard, and forget Herb, was going to be
her motto.

Two weeks after her abrupt departure,
Herb turned up in New York. Business
he carefully explained, had called him
there, and he just sort of thought he'd
look in on Dorothy while he was in town,
to see that everything was going all right to
Business, my eye! Herb's business at the
moment was in Chicago with his band.
He knew it. She knew it. The band
knew it. And even if he did have busi-
ness in New York, he certainly couldn't
have attended to it very well, because in
the three days he was there he did noth-
ing but see Dorothy at every opportunity.
But he left out one thing. He didn't
even hint that he loved her.

He went back to Chicago, and then be-
gan a stream of telegrams and long-
distance calls. Mr. Kay was asking about
Miss Lamour's plans, about her work,
about the state of the weather. About
everything except the one thing Dorothy
was really interested in—the state of her
heart.

This is a fine romance," Dorothy de-
cided. "I'm through. Washed up! So
she sat down to a blank note. She
had been in love with him from the first
time she ever saw him, she confessed. But
he'd made it perfectly clear that it was
a one-sided affair. She knew now she had
no chance of winning his love. So would
he please stop wiring her and calling her
up? It was much better that way. She
didn't want to see nor hear from him, ever
again.

That was that. She meant it.
Letter in hand, Herb telephoned to Dorothy
Gulman, the girl who had introduced
them in the first place. She gave him
no sympathy.

"Look, Herb," she said, "why don't you
give in? You know you're in love with
her and want to marry her. For heaven's
sake, stop mooning around and acting like
a two-year-old. You're too bad for that, Mr.
We're all a little tired of your act."

He tried to fly to New York that night,
but he was delayed so badly that he
left by the first plane in the morning.
The heck with business and the band. Young
Lamour was in the saddle at last.

"Hello, Dolly Face," were his first words
when he telephoned her upon his arrival.
Any man who would nickname a girl
Dolly Face should have known better than
to hold out against love. "I want to
talk to you."

It was three in the morning before she
was through with him. They chased a cab
and drove around Central Park.

"I'm in love with you," he blurted.
"I've been in love with you ever since the
first day, but I was too hard-headed to
admit it. Will you marry me?"

Dorothy eyed him suspiciously. "Herb,
how many drinks have you had?" she asked.

"Not a drink," he declared.

"Well, you call me up in the morning
and say the same things and maybe I'll
believe them."

At eight o'clock her telephone rang. "It's
morning and I want to marry you. How
about it?"

The girl said yes.

Getting married, however, proved to be
almost as much a nightmare as their romance.
The clerk at the marriage license bureau refused to believe, for one
thing, that Dorothy was of legal age, and
he wouldn't issue a license without proof
that she was, or, failing that, the consent
of her mother.

Herb had to get back to his band be-
fore snow began to fall. He simply
didn't have time to wait for Dorothy's
birth certificate to arrive from New
Orleans. Mrs. Lamour was in Chicago, so
Herb wired her. Dorothy returned
wire her blessings and consent. Still the
clerk was suspicious. No license. Not
without the mother's consent.

By that time it was late afternoon.
Someone told them about a town called
Harrison. It was a cinch to get married
there, but they were in a tight fix. They
wired Dorothy, and back before Dorothy
was due to appear at the night club, so they
waited until she was through for the night,
and started off in a taxi—Dorothy still
wearing the bright red evening dress in
which she had just completed her last ap-
pearance in the floor show. They landed,
finally, in Harrison, New Jersey—only to
discover that it was Harrison, New York,
which was friendly to runaway couples.

Dawn was breaking. Back they drove
to New York, as disconsolate a pair of
lovers as ever tried to mate. Here they
discovered a new complication. Dorothy's
manager had found out about the mar-
rriage, was bitterly opposed to it, and was
hot on their trail. The only way to duck
him, was for Dorothy to register at an
other hotel under an assumed name.

In the morning Herb telephoned. "I've
got it, Dolly Face," he shouted exuber-
antly. "We'll fly to Waukegan tonight.
"But, Herb," Dorothy replied, "I can't
fly to Chicago in a red evening dress! It's
all I've got here, and you know we can't
go back to my hotel or my manager will
catch us."

"I'll fix that," he said confidently. "I'll
pop out and buy some clothes. What
do you want? Once started, there was
nothing to stop this impetuous Romeo.

"A suit, size fourteen; a sweater, size
thirty-two; and some street shoes, size five
and a half, triple A."

Dressed in her wedding finery, Dorothy
presented a picturesque sight, to put it
mildly. Herb had bought a size eighteen
suit, a thirty-eight sweater, and no shoes
at all, having forgotten all about them!

Thus the bride wore a gray suit and blue
sweater, four sizes too small, and no
evening slippers or hat. But they
caught that plane!

At nine o'clock that night they routed
out a Waukegan, Illinois, justice of
the peace, and with Mrs. Lamour as wit-
ness, were secretly married. The date
inscribed in her wedding ring, which
Dorothy says is the only thing Herb ever
bought her which fitted, said May 10, 1930.

Two days later Herb was back on the
stand leading his orchestra. A thousand
miles away was his bride, singing torch
song in a night club.

The marriage which was destined to
travel a rocky road, past separation,
cancellation, and the lure of Hollywood, be-
front, found salvation seven years later in
an amazing marital code, wrought from
faith and love, had begun.

Marriage in the modern manner—a
marriage of long-distance telephone calls,
of quick flights across thousands of miles
for a few brief hours together—that was to
be Dorothy's life and Herb's. Far ahead of
Dorothy, dangerously close, lay an un-
dreamed-of Hollywood career. How was
she to nurse her pictures to the studio
levels of Hollywood and protect her romance?
Next month, learn the astounding design
for marriage these two built.
The one person to whom he wrote the letter immediately after the train stopped was Don money, who was waiting on the platform in a cafe for his friend. He hadn't written home to Kansas City, just to get a job, he said, so the next time he had a chance to catch a train he'd be back. The second week after the letter was delivered, Don took the train back to Chicago. Even though he'd lived in Texas for the last five years, he knew he could never leave that city alone.

Don bought a ticket to Chicago and boarded the train. As he walked through the cars, he noticed a young man standing in the aisle. The man was wearing a suit and tie, and his hands were sweaty. Don asked him if he needed help with anything, but the man just nodded and kept walking. Don decided to sit down and try to get some rest before his stop in Kansas City, where he planned to see his old friends.

When the train arrived in Chicago, Don got off and made his way to the post office. There, he found a letter waiting for him from Miss Flynn, who had been his constant companion during their time in Kansas City. She had written to tell him that she was planning to move to New York City and wanted to know if he would be interested in coming along. Don was flattered by her interest, but he knew that he couldn't leave Kansas City alone.

As he sat in the post office, Don thought about his life so far. He had been a successful radio personality in Kansas City, but he had always felt that there was more to life than just broadcasting. He had always been fascinated by the theater, and he had dreamed of becoming an actor. But the only jobs he could find were in radio, and he had ended up buying a ticket to Chicago to try to break into the big city.

After a few days in Chicago, Don decided to try his luck in New York City. He found a small apartment and started looking for work. He was lucky enough to get a job as a stage hand at a small theater, and he quickly proved himself to be a hard worker. But he still longed for the stage, and he continued to write to Miss Flynn, telling her about his hopes and dreams.

A few months later, Don received a call from a talent scout who was looking for a new actor. He was invited to come to New York City for an audition. Don jumped at the opportunity, and he was thrilled when he was offered a role in a new play. He worked long hours and was constantly busy, but he was happy to be back on stage.

As he sat in the dressing room, Don thought about how far he had come. He had started out as a radio personality in Kansas City, and he had ended up as an actor in New York City. He was grateful for every step of the way, and he knew that he was just a stone's throw from his dreams.
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guard, and was one of the prime factors in laying First Nighter to a high place in listener reports.

Again Don became his old carefree happy self. He was making enough money to help his parents and to pay his way. He was quite the gay young bachelor around Chicago, girls were only pleasing accessory to his life. Occasionally he thought of Honore, but he didn't even know where she was!

Honore meanwhile had returned to Dubuque and was working in a hospital there. She read of Don's success and it pleased her. But she soon forgot it in the painful agony of cutting her wisdom teeth! When it became necessary to have two of them cut out, she decided to go to a mouth specialist at Michael Rose Hospital in Cherry. Bob in the service.

During her convalescence she stayed with a girl friend in Oak Park. One evening, a young man called to take the young ladies for a drive.

"I can't go," Honore said mournfully. Her face was swollen and she felt weak and nauseated.

"Nonsense. The air'll do you good," was the answer as they bundled her into the car, and drove downtown to the brilliant Merchandise Mart which houses the new NBC Studios.

"Got to see a friend who works here," the young man said briefly. "Be right down.

In ten minutes he returned—with Don Ameche! The two fellows had gone to Wisconsin together; neither had the least idea that the other knew Honore Pendergast.

Honore was furious, as anyone would have been under the circumstances. She did not look her best, and she felt horrible. She refused to go dancing, but it did her no good. During the week she went, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel—and later to Sally's for waffles. In fact, the evening was so delightful that she quite forgot her aching jaw and the old dress she was wearing.

She returned to Dubuque, supposing it would be another three years before she would see "Meche" again. She certainly couldn't have made much of an impression. Of all the unromantic things. She needed to have been in for a couple of days later she received a wire to the effect that Don was lonely for Dubuque, and was coming to dinner that week-end!

She wired him that she had to work—because another young man was planning on taking up most of that week-end! But Don characterized him left before receiving her answer, and the wire never reached him. Fortunately, his car broke down and he did not get in until Sunday night, so Honore was able to juggle her dates.

He stayed almost a week, and they re-alized for the first time how much they really meant to each other. When Don returned, there were long distance calls, telegrams, flowers—it was a genuine siege. He was reluctant at first to give up his chosen career for one of domesticity. Honore soon agreed. Don had just got a big raise and a long time contract on First Nighter. They loved each other. Why wait?

And so in June 1932 they were married. Don's family came from Kenosha, and Father Sheehy came all the way from Washington, D. C., to Dubuque to perform the ceremony. The young couple lived at the Edgewater Beach Apartments, and spent their summers at Wooster Lake. Don drove in for broadcasts. He was busier and busier in radio. For three years he was Bob in the service, playing leading roles in First Nighter, Grand Hotel and Rin-tin-tin.

The next year brought a new member to
the Ameche family. “Dominick Felix—that’s a heck of a name to give a kid,” Don had always said. But when Father Sheehy stopped over between trains one day to christen the first baby, that was the name they gave him.

In the summer of 1939, Don made his first screen test in Hollywood. It was not immediately successful, in fact it was turned down. Don stayed two weeks, homesick almost every minute for Honore and the baby, and was ready to rush back to them. His radio programs were enough to keep him busy. Later, an agent saw that test which had been turned down and sold Don on a long term contract to 20th Century-Fox. He brought his family—there was now another son, baby Ronnie—to Hollywood early last year.

He chose at once the most suitable home, a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley, set among rolling green hills, complete with swimming pool, tennis courts, etc. It is a grand place to raise children, and his boys are his proudest possession. Honore is a devoted mother; although she and Don go out a great deal, her first consideration is for the youngsters.

For the Ameches, the servant problem is always partially solved, for they have with them Don’s “little brother” from St. Berchman’s, Gabriel Vanden Dorpe. “Gabe” knows Don so well he is almost his other self. He loves the children dearly, and can be by turns houseboy, butler, nurse or cook if need arises. Though really one of the family, he always addresses Don as “Master Ameche” when there are guests.

NOT long ago, Don had planned on a short vacation in San Francisco between pictures. Suddenly, on the eve of his departure, Gabriel was stricken with appendicitis. Don sacrificed his holiday, staying in town; called in the finest doctors and paid all operation expenses. It is certain that Gabriel will always have a job, and what is more important, a real home, with the Ameches, as long as he lives.

Don is more than generous with his friends and family. One of the first things he did after signing his movie contract was to buy his parents a small ranch in the Valley. There his dad gardens, dressed in blue denim shirts and overalls, raising vegetables—zucchini and the spices and seasonings which go into spaghetti. Every Sunday, the elder Ameches come for Sunday dinner—which Don’s mother cooks. There is always a huge bowl of spaghetti, enough for any number of unexpected guests, who say it is superb.

Don’s baby sister Anna, who is now thirteen, also lives in California. Recently he gave his mother and Anna a trip back East, to visit the sisters Catherine and Mary Jane who attend a convent in Dubuque. His parting gifts to them were a handsome set of luggage for each.

There is no member of his family whom he does not keep track of and help. He coached his brother Jimmy, who is Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, broadcasting from Chicago. He is putting another brother, Bert, through architectural school in Washington, D. C. Father Sheehy keeps an eye on Bert and predicts a brilliant future for him.

Don’s closest neighbor is Chester Lauck, Lum of Lum and Abner. He has known this popular team more than five years. His favorite golf foursome consists of, besides himself, Lum and Abner, and Don Wilson, the announcer. According to them, Ameche is the world’s luckiest guy, or cleverest, they don’t know which. Lum tells a golf story about Don.

“One day the pro was selling clubs. Don suddenly decided he needed some. He
picked up the first ones at hand, not trying them for size or feel. Just sort of said, 'Give me half a dozen of those.' And then he went right out and played with em for the next time, and licked the pants off everybody!

"Bein' a woman, you won't know what that means," Lum grinned. "But any golf player will say luck had something to do with it. And Don's that way about everything?"

Everybody says Ameche is lucky. Lucky at gambling for instance—which may be because he knows when to stop. He won't gamble beyond a certain amount. He is thrifty but never to the point where it will cramp his comfort or pleasure. He lives well, but he also saves. No matter what happens, he will never again be broke. His family life is the envy of Hollywood, but he does nothing to endanger it. No, it's not quite all." He hasn't changed so much from the mischievous boy he once was—He is still brimming of energy. His wife admits it's a job keeping up with him. He refuses to eat dinner at home. "He never could decide before six o'clock what he wants for dinner." He loves gay places.

At the same time, or the morning after, he will go to church. There is, we said this before, hardly a day when he does not go to church. He has the deep faith of his race, the innate piety. It is one of the things which makes him a good husband and father, one of the things, even, which makes him such a sincere actor.

In his new program, his versatility is shown to a high degree. He announces, he does dramatic bits, he sings. His dramatic material is of a high order, and he does it justice. He sparkled in an Alfred Lunt role, with Ann Harding in "The Guardsman," was volatile and extravagant in the title role Barrymore created in "Twentieth Century." His singing is pleasing if not sensational.

No matter how high he may go on the ladder of success, there is one thing: Don Ameche will never forget his old friends, with special emphasis on the big audience he gained in his many years on the First Nighter. Leaving that program was a real wrench. And if he ever has to leave radio entirely, he—and we—will not be quite so happy. The air lanes would miss his infectious smile, which somehow manages to make itself seen even without benefit of television! The End

Jack Benny's "Vacation Broadcast"

(Continued from page 15)

all necessary. I'm Jack Benny.

The Cop: So what? What make car is this?

Jack: A late Whippet.

The Cop: Whaddaya mean a late Whippet?

Mary: He's always late in it.

The Cop: Who owns it?

Jack: The finance company.

The Cop: Well, I'll have to give you a ticket. What did you say your name was?

Jack: Jack Benny.

The Cop: Not the Jack Benny of the Jell-O program—with six delicious flavors?

Jack: Yeah, that's me.

The Cop: Well, whaddaya know about that? Gee, the wife and kids will be surprised when I tell 'em I met you two. We get a great kick out of you on the air.

Jack: Well, thanks, officer. (We hear him mutter to Mary, but the cop doesn't.)

I got him now, Mary.

The Cop: Are you on your way to a broadcast now?

Jack: Yes, we're going to Europe and we're going to broadcast from the ship. We're late now.

The Cop: That's too bad. I certainly hope you get there in time. I want to listen in.

Jack: Thank you, officer. Here's a cigar.

The Cop: Thank you, Mr. Benny. Here's your ticket. I was hoping I'd get a vacation.

Jack: Play, Phil! (There's the music of Phil Harris orchestra again, and darned if it isn't playing your favorite piece, "There's a Lull in My Life." When it finishes, we hear Jack Benny again—and what he's saying! Listen.)

Jack: Jell-O, again, folks. This is Jack Benny, the Ancient Mariner—you see we finally caught the ship and here we are, broadcasting an exclusive summer program on station R-A-D-I-O M-I-1-K-R-O—brought to you through the courtesy of the editor of Radio Mirror—six delicious flavors—Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry—

Jack: Quiet, Don! That was Don Wilson, folks, scrambling sponsors. We're broadcasting direct from the drawing room of the S. S. Jelloa, on our way to Europe. Say, Don, I meant to ask you before—how much is this trip going to—

Don: Oh, I think we can do it easily for ten thousand dollars. Not more than eleven, anyway. Not bad, is it?

Jack: (He makes a noise that sounds something like a strangled seal) Ten thousand?—Oh, not at all—not at all bad, But—

I was just thinking, Don. Why can't we all go second class instead of first? So many of my friends tell me it's much more fun second class.

Don: It's cheaper, too.

Jack: (Innocently) Oh, is it? Well, I hear there's a little difference between first and second class.

Don: No, that's wrong. Jack. For one thing, second class has no swimming pool.

Jack: Well, good heavens, Don, who needs a swimming pool? You got the whole ocean. That's ridiculous! Mar: And besides, Jack can't swim.

Don: All right, we'll go as Phil and all the boys if they'd rather go second class. (He shouts) How about it? Everybody? Jack: Ah, all right, but you're making a great mistake.

Phil: Jack, there's a man just came in and he wants to see you.

Jack: Oh, I suppose it's somebody wanting me to appear in the ship's concert. And I'd be happy. I'd get a vacation! Well, I suppose I must.

The Salesman: Mr. Benny, now is the time to take advantage of our liberal offer.

Jack: Oh! What are you selling?

The Salesman: Life insurance. I represent the Here-Today-and-Gone Tomorrow Insurance Company. How old are you?

Jack: Well, a man is as old as he feels. The Salesman: And how are you feeling today?

Jack: I never felt better in my life. The Salesman: That's good, but how long can it last? How do you know what will be in your hamburger steak tonight?

Jack: I don't eat hamburger.

The Salesman: What do you eat?

Jack: Hash
RADIO MIRROR

The Salesman: Our policy covers that too.
Jack: No, thanks. I don't want any.
The Salesman: Well, how about an annuity?
Jack: What kind have you?
The Salesman: What kind, he's asking! You pay us all the money you got until you're seventy.
Jack: And then?
The Salesman: After that, we are the suckers.
Jack: But suppose I live until I'm ninety?
The Salesman: There's a clause here—you can't do it.
Jack: Well, tell me how much do I need for an annuity policy?
The Salesman: You give me a hundred thousand dollars now, and the minute you're seventy years old, Pacific Standard Time, we pay you fifty bucks a week.
Jack: Well, I don't happen to have that much change with me.
The Salesman: Make it fifty thousand dollars and enjoy twenty-five dollars a week.
Jack: I'm a little embarrassed. I only have ten dollars with me.
The Salesman: Well, give me that and we'll send you a cigar every week.
Jack: No, thanks—but maybe Wilson wants some insurance. Hey, Don, you talk to him awhile, won't you?
The Salesman: Mr. Wilson, let me tell you about Jell-O, with its six delicious flavors.
The Salesman: We have annuities, endowments, straight life and accident policies.
Don: We have Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime—
Jack: Boys! Boys!

The Salesman: But I'm selling insurance.
Don: And I'm selling Jello-O. Look for the big red letters on the box!
The Salesman: (He's licked now) Six million programs on the air, and I had to come here. Play, Phil!
(Phil and the boys play "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main." When they're through, we hear into long blasts of a ship's whistle.)
Jack: (He's yawning, and you can almost see him stretching.) Ho-hum, only the second day out, and already I feel like a million dollars, only lazier. Sea air does make you lazy, doesn't it, Mary?
Mary: It's not what makes you lazy.
Jack: (He is yawning, and he is stretching.) Mary—Mary—all that ocean is filled with fish.
Mary: Yeah—did you ever hear the one about the racketeer sardine?
Jack: No.
Mary: He wound up in the can.
Jack: Mary, next time you pass my deck chair, pass my deck chair.
Phil: Hello Jack!
Jack: Hello, Phil. Haven't seen you since we sailed. Where've you been?
Phil: Oh, around. We ought to get together for dinner some evening.
Jack: Which is your stateroom?
Phil: Four-B. What's yours?
Jack: Why, I'm in Four-B too. That must be you in the next twin bed. I was wondering who it was. Well, I'm certainly glad to meet you.
Phil: Oh, you're a laugh. I have just found out we're in the same stateroom, and we never even knew it. What's your stateroom?
Don: Four-B.
Jack: Four-B—Hey, wait a minute. Phil and I are in there. We didn't see you.
Don: I'm in the Murphy bed you can't let down.

Messager Boy: Jellogram for Jack Benny!
Jack: Right here, son, and stick to your own racket.
Don: Who's it from, Jack?
Jack: Wait until I open it. (There is a loud ripping noise.) Hey, what is this, a cheese cloth envelope?
Mary: Better get glasses—that was your shirt.
Jack: Oh! Say, fellows, here's a lovely radiogram from New York. It says, "Here's wishing you and your gang a very happy vacation trip," signed Fred Allen, Phil Baker, Stoopnagle and Bud, Jessica Dragonette, Rubinoff and his violin, the Easy Ages, Kate Smith, Lanny Ross and the Hall Johnson Choir. Isn't that sweet? They must have all chipped in to send the wire.
Don: Yeah.
Mary: I wonder who swung the deal.
Jack: I'm surprised Jack Pearl didn't get his name in.
Mary: He didn't have to. You just mentioned it.
Jack: That's right. I did.
Mary: That reminds me, Jack, I got a letter from my mother just before we sailed.
Jack: You did, eh? Well, read it to us, your mother's always good for a laugh.
Mary: Okay. You know she had a birthday last week. "Plainfield, New Jersey, My dear daughter Mary—"
Jack: Hub, no laughs yet.
Mary: Well, it takes Ma a little time to get going. "Just a line to let you know that we are all well. I had a wonderful birthday. I got a lot of beautiful presents. Your father gave me a washing machine with a built-in radio. Isn't he thoughtful? Right now I am waltzing through your father's underwear, while Bing Crosby is singing, 'Soap Gets in Your Eyes.'"

Advice to Girls With a Date Tonight

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QUEST FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Use it with Kotex

Jack: Well, well.
Mary: "Sunday night I am going to wash Father's socks and listen to Jack."
Jack: That's nice, but she might have mentioned me before the socks.
Mary: Quiet. "There has been a lot of excitement at the house lately. Your Uncle Herman was here to spend the Fourth. He arrived December 24th. Your Brother Hilliard is home for the summer from Barber College, and last night while your Uncle Herman was asleep, he shaved off his mustache and upper lip."
Jack: Oh!
Mary: "Your Uncle Herman says that as soon as Hilliard comes down from the flagpole he is going to give him a once-over with a baseball bat."
Jack: I don't blame him.
Mary: "I forgot to tell you in my last letter that Junior had to stop taking piano lessons. The teacher couldn't tell when his fingers were on the black keys. No more news at present, except that your father just came in and wants me to tell Don Wilson not to worry as we have Jell-O every night. Your father always asks for the big red letters on the box even though he can't read."
Jack: That's a very nice letter, Mary. Say—er—I've been wondering. Don't they have a ship's concert on this boat?
Don: I don't know—why?
Jack: Oh, just wondering. I hope they don't, because if they do they're sure to want me to be in it, and I'm just too tired.
Phil: Oh, sure, they're going to have a ship's concert tonight. I just saw the captain a few minutes ago and he asked me to sing.
Jack: He did, did he? That shows how much he knows about singing. Well, listen, Phil, you didn't tell him I could play the violin, did you?
Mary: You can't.
Jack: Is that so? Well, I certainly can. I could even play "The Bee" when I was ten years old—a very difficult number. And I can prove it. I've got a photograph of myself right here taken when I was ten, playing "The Bee."
Mary: I'm glad it's not a sound picture.
Don: But, Jack, how can we tell what number you're playing?
Jack: If you were a musician, you'd know. Let me tell you something! I played violin in concert halls long before I knew anything about Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime.
Don: You left out Raspberry.
Mary: I'll bet the audience didn't.
Phil: Let me see that picture a minute, will you Jack?
Jack: Yeah, look at it, Phil. You're a musician. That picture proves conclusively that I'm an artist.
Phil: Well, Jack, anybody can have a picture taken with a violin.
Jack: Yes, Phil, but can't you tell from the way I'm holding it that I can play?
Phil: You're holding it upside down.
Jack: Well, it's much harder that way. Besides, I had a small chin and I couldn't put the fiddle under it.
Mary: Now you can put a 'cello under it.
Jack: Is that so? Well, I'll just prove I can play the violin. Phil, you go see that captain and tell him that as a great favor to him I'll play the violin at the ship's concert.
Phil: Here he comes now. Ask him yourself—I should stick my neck out for trouble.
Jack: Oh, good morning, Captain. I understand you're arranging a ship's concert.
Captain: That's right, Mr. Benny, Jack: Of course I'm on my vacation, but I thought, just to be a good fellow
and give the passengers something really good—I'm willing to offer my services playing my violin.

THE CAPTAIN: (Terribly embarrassed) Why—as a matter of fact—Mr. Heidtz is on board, and we'd already asked him to play, so—

JACK: Oh, of course. I wouldn't want to show him up. After all, it's his livelihood, isn't it? Well, perhaps you'd like to have me sing.

THE CAPTAIN: No—

JACK: Or do some card tricks?

THE CAPTAIN: No—

JACK: I could take tickets.

DON: Why don't we do a play, and then we would all be in it?

JACK: (Disgusted) Oh, all right. If that's the way you feel about it!

(A few bars of music, and the chimes, then your local station gives its call letters. Even your home-town station gets in on this broadcast. Now we bear Don Wilson again.)

DON: Here we are in the concert hall of the good ship Jello, and Jack Benny's ready to tell you about the play we're going to do.

JACK: Tonight, folks, we are going to offer something unusual in the line of a play. First, we tried to get "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but we couldn't get in touch with the author. Then we tried to get "Rose Marie," but Rose wasn't home, and Marie wasn't interested. Then we tried to get "Three Men on a Horse"—

MAY: But the horse complained.

JACK: Quiet! So tonight we are offering an original drama of the backwoods, called "The Code of the Hills." The locale is the Blue Grass Country, two hundred miles south of Louisville. The action takes place in the home of the Jake Benny's, just within shooting distance of the Bestor-Parker home. And the feud is on. (There's a burst of gunfire, then a long whistle and a single shot.)

MAY BENNY: Put that gun away, Jake, supper's a-waitin', A-shootin' and a-killin' ... a-shootin' and a-killin'. When is it gonna stop?

JACK: We ain't a-gonna quit till those Bestor-Parkers are wiped out! By gum and by Jello, there ain't room in these hills for the both of us!

KENNY: You said it, Pappy!

JACK: Git away from that door, Ken. MAY: Say Pawn, what have you-uns got again the Bestor-Parkers?

JACK: That's jes' it, ah never did git the Bestor Parker. Remember when he-uns and we-uns was a-workin' on the same programmy?

MAY: Yes-uns.

JACK: Well, one night ah asked him how many hairs on a monkey's face and he said: the next time you shave, count 'em. He knew I couldn't count. Ah ain't keerin' fer that kind of talk, and ah ain't never forgottin'!

MAY: Reckon he ain't neither. But the Bennis and the Bestor-Parkers have been scrappin' for two hundred yars.

JACK: Yes, Sarah. two hundred yars of a-lightin' and a-scratcin' and a-killin' each other!

MAY: Looks like it's leadin' up to a feud!

JACK: Wouldn't be surprised. (More gunfire) Hey, Ken, barricade that double door!

KENNY: Oohh, Pappy! They got me, Pappy, they got me! (There is the sound of his body hitting the floor)

MAY: What was that, Paw?

JACK: Sarah, they-uns got our boy Ken ... Shot him right through the door.

KENNY: Oohh, ah'm a-goin', Pappy ... G'by, Pappy, ... g'by, May.

JACK AND MAY: Good-bye.

JACK: You reckon ah ought to take him...
out and bury him?

Maw: Better have your supper first. It's a-gittin' cold.

Jack: So is Ken. Shucks, ah'm so hungry right now ah could eat a horse.

Maw: Well, that's what we got.

Kenny: Oooh, ah'm a-goin' Pappy . . .

still a-goin'.

Jack: Take your time, son.

Kenny: Shucks, and ah wanted to be President.

Jack: Well, don't worry, you can be Vice President.

Kenny: What do you mean?

Jack: You're a Garver.

Kenny: Oooh, that done it. (More gun-shots, and the sound of a breaking bottle.)

Maw: Lands-sake, thar goes that jug of corn likker!

Jack: That's a-goin' too fur! Thar ain't nothin' sacred! (The door opens.)

Phil: Howdy, Uncle Jake.

Jack: Hello, Phil.

Maw: Where you been? You shouldn't be a-walkin' round with your left arm shot up like that.

Phil: Ah've been a-seein' some cord to tie it up with ... It keeps a-fallin' off.

Jack: You know, Phil, ah don't like the way that arm of yours keeps a-droppin' off. It might bealin'. What's that you got under your other arm?

Phil: Mah right leg.

Maw: Oh! Well, put it in the umbrella stand and come to dinner.

Jack: Where's our daughter Mariah?

Maw: Here she comes now.

Mary: Hullo, Pappy, hullo. Maw. Who's that on the floor?

Jack: That's your brother Ken. They-uns killed him dad . . . yore poor brother.

Mary: Gee, ah'm hungry.

Jack: Don't take it so hard, Mariah. ah know you loved him.

Mary: Yeah. What have we got for supper, Maw?

Maw: Nothin' fancy, just a horse.

Mary: Ah hope ah don't git the leg again. (Mary.)

Maw: Watch out, Jake.

Jack: They missed me.

Mary: That's all right, they got Kenny again.

Kenny: Yup, they got Pappy, Tenny, they got me.

Jack: Ah said you should have buried him. But I'll make they-uns pay for this or my name ain't Jake. (Another shot.) Heh heh, miss me again.

Mary: Oh yeah? Where's your ear?

Jack: Down a-shot it, and ah wanted to hear Phil Baker. Hand me that other gun. (There is a rapid burst of shots, finally dwindling away.)

Jack: Well, I guess they-uns a-gittin' tired, Sarah, they've stopped a-shootin'. (A long whistle and a shot.)

TUNE IN—

TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

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TAKING YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS

Every FRIDAY Night

**Sunday**

LOWELL THOMAS writes his own amazing success secrets. Watch for his inspiring article on "How to Beat Life."
Mary: What was that, Paw?
Jack: Just an exercise.
Mary: Well, the echo got Phil.
Mary: Feud, feud! Ah'm gittin' sick of it.
Jack: Why, Sarah!
Mary: Feud only plow the fields—feud only tend the crops—that wouldn't be no feud.
Don: And speaking of feuds, you will find that Jell-O is the most delicious fruit in the world, and it has that new extrachfresh fruit flavor—(A lot of shots.)
Don: Strawberry! Raspberry! Cherry! Orange, Lemon, and Limey cutta here! Play, Phil (Phil plays "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes." When the music stops, Phil gives a loud neigh.)
Jack: That was the last number of our special Radio Mirror Summer Broadcast. Well be with you next month in these same pages.
Mary: Oh, Jack! I've just written a poem. I think I'll send it into Radio Mirror for them to publish.
Jack: What is it?
Mary: Lives of great men oft remind
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind
Footprints on the sands of time.
Jack: Wait a minute. Longfellow wrote that.
Mary: Funny, how our minds run together.
Jack: Goodnight, folks. Get ready now for another laugh! Next month, the second of Jack Benny's Readio-broadcasts, as packed with gulfus as one of his programs. Even though Jack and Mary and all the gang will still be on their vacation, there's no need for you to miss the swell humor they bring you on the air. So watch for the October issue, on sale August 25th.

Radio Mirror

Humpty Dumpty Sat On a Wall

(Continued from page 27)

and the first time he shows up at the studio is when he is due to go on the air. Many men would say that they were still too ill to go on with it all. But Bill Fields' stubborn will to live, to thumb his nose at the cancer, Jack seems to have today and always. He won't be pitted. He won't let the world even hint that he, W. C. Fields, is ready for slow music.

You have to know the makeup of W. C. Fields before you can understand what made him sign a contract while he still lay in a hospital at Florida and made him then roll out, pull on his clothes, write and rehearse his first real air show (and a knockout)—all in less than one week!

The thing that made him the funniest man on the stage and then the funniest on the screen and now, in my humble opinion, makes him the funniest man on the air, is a rare combination of authenticity and natural humor. W. C. Fields, like Will Rogers, is a genuine; he is the goods. He always has been. He's got a natural funny-bone that doesn't quit working when he steps away from a camera or a microphone. The combination of these two assets stamp him a great artist.

I helped put W. C. Fields on the air the first time. It was an early Hollywood program featuring star interviews and I wrote the scripts. Working out the one with Bill I remember a line. "Mr. Fields, to what do you attribute your success?"

"Plenty of good liquor and exercise," he replied.

"But," I protested, "you shouldn't say that on the radio!"

"Okay," said Bill, "cut out the exercise."

Now that was funny. So funny that I left the whole business in the script. But it was also natural. And it was also true: it was Bill Fields. I found, in fact, as I went along, that I wasn't writing the script at all. Bill was. Anyone at Paramount would tell you that for the past several years all W. C. Fields' pictures have been practically written by their star. Maybe you've noticed story credits reading "Charley Bogle" or "Dr. Beebe." Those are Bill's favorite noms de plume.

Right now, I want you to understand that great toward life and the breaks. He summed it up neatly when I asked him if the outrageous succession of body blows to his health hadn't made him just a little bitter.

"Bitter?" said Bill, puzzled.

"Well, I persisted, "didn't you get pretty low down at times? I knew the hell he went through.

"Say," he replied, "there are two sides to every picture. A swell, pretty side, and a lousy one. Well, you can look at either one, but who the devil wants to look at the lousy one. Now that's honest, and it tells you without any fancy words, how W. C. Fields looks at life. He prefers to chuckle instead of moan. The most tragic things and don't have a funny twist to it and Bill Fields can always see it.

The accident that more or less set off his string of hard luck firecrackers was anything but funny, or so it would seem to the average person in the same spot. It happened a few years ago on location for a Paramount picture. Bill was leaning against a huge studio truck when the driver gunned it in reverse.

CRUSHED into the ground, Bill felt his neck snap as the wheels ground over him. "I knew it was broken," he told me, "and do you know what I thought?" He grinned. "What a fine place to die." I thought, "under a dam truck!" He's never liked trucks, particularly since. In fact, when he confessed, he threw a rock at the next one he saw.

They sent Bill to the hospital in town. He held his head up with his hands as the car jolted in. He was there ten weeks and then one day the nurse and the intern walked into his room and almost dropped their jaws out of place. Bill was gone. He had conspired with the late Sam Hardy, a great pal of his, to steal him out of the place. They found him at home, walking around holding his neck in position.

But the crooners had the last laugh—if you could call it a laugh. Bill couldn't look down at his feet and one day he missed a step and bumped down the stairs, ending up with a fractured vertebra. There was even something funny about that, Bill thought. It was the coccyx that cracked, the last vertebra on the line, the one that our primeval ancestors used to hang from trees.

The recent two year calamity run on W. C. Fields started exactly as he related over the air. He was supposed to fall off a bicycle in a picture. He did, but he knocked his sacroiliac out of place. You can look that one up yourself. The

Don't rob yourself of the vital, energy-building food essentials in Shredded Wheat. Order a Package today!

"The Big Chief Says He'll Throw in the Whole Village for a Box of Shredded Wheat."

Trade those dull, sluggish days for action and alertness. Get the vital nourishment of 100% whole wheat.

"Did I Hear Someone Say Shredded Wheat and Peaches?"

Have you tried that championship flavor team—Shredded Wheat and peach? It's a winner. Try it!

Shredded Wheat

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY, bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

Wherever you see the Picture, you'll find the Good
Don't let this Tragedy happen to you!

Flowers wither and die when starved for moisture. And your skin, when natural moisture is lost, starts to fade. As early as 16 years "Skin-Thirst" begins. Prevent dryness with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil.

Like rain to a drooping flower... is OLIVE OIL to your skin

By a special patented process each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin. Keep your beauty fresh and radiant—protected against Time!

Six luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . .50c
For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl lipstick and Rouge. Generous purse sizes at all 16c stores.

RADIO MIRROR

last picture he made. "Poppy," he made without sitting down once. Bill had yet to see "Poppy," long since released. They carried him off the set one day to the hospital, and from then until now it has been just as Bill yelled over the air, "Clang! Clang! Clang!" just about sized it up.

For the radio man he was ready to ride out in ambulances from home, to hospital to clinic to spa to sanitarium. Every afflication you can think of decided to pay a personal call on Bill. He lost eighty-five pounds. Arthritis, Pater's disease, lobast pneumonia (twice)—well, as Bill says, "just skip it." The one thing is that he lay in an anesthetic, antisepotic atmosphere and in a horizontal position long enough to make the average human turn sour on the world and all its works—but not Bill.

ONLY one thing burned him up—and that was reading sobby newspaper reports about himself, practically laying him out in a shroud and groaning about poor, poor Bill. Well, he was having a hell of a time, but darned if he wanted the tuberoses and black broadcloth waved around just yet. He boiled and maybe he had a little.

One of Pandora's varmints that decided to pay him a call was double-vision. That meant he couldn't read, and the hours in bed were twice as long. Relentlessly Bill had a radio installed by his cot. I say reluctantly because the first time years ago when he was talked into putting a radio in his house, it annoyed him so much that he tossed it in the ash can. Now it was different, "I got to be a real fan," he told me, "I knew every spot on the dial, every minute of the day, and all week. I never missed a show, from the Lux Theater on Monday to Jack Benny the last Sunday night. I don't know what I'd have done without the radio. Yes, I do—I'd have gone nuts!"

I know that if his friends came to visit him when a good program was on, Bill made no bones about what had preference. "For gosh sakes," he'd yell, "stop talking—I can't hear Gracie Allen!" More than once in the hospital fellow-patients bolted up in horror as attendants lifted a body in a sheet and carried it gently down the hall. It was only Bill being hauled down to an automobile in the rear that had a radio. The diathermy machine in the hospital sometimes blotted out reception with an angry buzz—and if Jack Benny happened to be on, the old fellow would be on the air, Bill jazzed the night bell frantically until he was transported to some spot where he could listen in.

He got to be quite a radio critic before long. He thought Jack Benny was tops, Gracie Allen wonderful; he never missed Joe Cook and Fred Allen. Lumm n' Abner were his favorites. Gangbusters made his blood run cold. Finally that bug went to work. He wondered how he'd be on the air himself. When Paramount held their jubilee they rigged up a portable mike in Bill's sick room. He never got such a kick out of anything in his life.

One night Bill tuned in on a Hollywood air gossiper. The chatterer announced that W. C. Fields was practically at death's door and would never work again.

It was like waving a red flag before a bull's nose. Bill yelped in anger, disgust, and indignation. He found the people who heard that misinformation that there was plenty of stuff in the old boy yet. I think that's one of the biggest reasons why he got well so fast when the Chase and Sanborn hour was getting itself together. I know this—that the medical men had W. C. Fields slated to stay in the sanitarium until August, and it isn't August, yet.

This old-timer's enthusiasm for his new air career was inspiring. It's all new to me, he explained, "It's like starting all over again. Just think," he added, "on our broadcast I play to more people than Booth and Barrett did in their whole careers!"

And I'd like to say right here, he added, "that in all my life I've never known a finer fellow, professionally or personally, than Don Ameche. That goes for Edgar Bergen, too! Those boys make work a real pleasure!"

So far, since he got well, radio has come first. When I talked to W. C. Fields he had just moved his things into a new Bel Air house from the sanitarium. He had been out of bed but two weeks, just been on the air twice. He still has to take it easy until he gets back his strength, and when he does, Paramount will want him to do some pictures. In fact, they're already preparing one. Will pictures and radio together be too much for his still limited strength? I don't know. Neither, I think, does W. C. Fields. Like most seasoned trouper's work is life to him.

He didn't hesitate when, the day after his first program, Chase and Sanborn signed him up for five years—five years at one stroke of the pen, giving him a contract worth over a million frogskins. He doesn't know whether he'll be able to fulfill that contract to the very last broadcast, but he'd do his best.

Already he is feeling the terrific strain radio imposes on its stars. Especially stars, like W. C. Fields, whose humor is so personal and unique that no one else can write it for him. And who is so extra- conscientious about giving the public a good show.

"Every night on the air," he pointed out, "is like opening a new show on Broadway. And when it's over you have a sigh of relief, some guy grabs you by the sleeve and says, 'What do you think you'll do next week?'"

I HAD to ask him, before I said goodbye, if he was nervous that first Sunday afternoon he made his big hit on the air. Weak as he must have been and strictly off the diet of "red milk," as Bill terms the nectar he used to imbibe on occasion, he never turned a hair, twitched a muscle or fumbled a line.

"I hadn't faced an audience in ten years," he replied, "but the minute I heard that first laugh I was all right—I knew they were with me."

If you ask me, they'll always be with Bill Fields. As long as he lives. How can you be against a guy who can laugh when they consign him to the boneyard and come back to make the world laugh with him?

A NEW IDEA IN ENTERTAINMENT!

—That's Radio Mirror's unique Jack Benny Radio-broadcasts. Next month, another in the series, as packed with chuckles from Jack's radio programs as the first. Don't miss Jack Benny's vacation program!
that their masculine minds would have been left guessing around in a fog.

Not money. To be sure, Jeanette's contract calls for five thousand dollars a week, but she has been offered—and has refused—fat broadcasting fees before. Anyway, most of the five thousand will hop right into the United States Treasury as soon as Jeanette gets it. The name of MacDonald appears on the government lists under the heading of "higher income brackets," and when you're up there you pay lots and lots of taxes. So the money doesn't mean much to her.

NOT prestige. The prestige of critical and box-office successes like "May-time" can't be improved upon. Radio knows, and Jeanette knows, that it's a feather in radio's cap to have Jeanette, and not vice versa.

Not restlessness nor boredom. Jeanette has plenty to do as it is; she doesn't have to scurry to radio to find some way of occupying an extra hour.

None of those obvious explanations is the right one.

Frankly, Jeanette is going on the air because she's the kind of girl who would much rather accept a challenge and fight than ride to easy success on the crest of the wave.

In order to make you understand the challenge she accepted when she signed her Vicks contract, I have to let you in on a radio legend. It's only two years old, but that's long enough to make it a legend, as time moves in the whirlwind world of broadcasting.

This legend got under way when Grace Moore was singing on the Open House program. Perhaps you remember the rumors that began flying around then? That Grace Moore was ill, that her voice had been injured, finally that she was losing her voice altogether. The last report, as we know now, was far from the truth—but it is cold fact that Grace Moore was ill, that she did have trouble with her voice, and that there was a time when she was afraid it was irreparably injured.

Then, last year, Nelson Eddy became the star of the Open House program, and the legend really got going. Nelson had to undergo an operation on his throat during the latter half of his radio season. he missed several broadcasts, and those identical rumors that he was losing his voice began to circulate once more.

That was enough, and more than enough, for radio, which is a branch of the theatrical profession and therefore as superstitious as fifty-seven varieties of Voodoo medicine men. The Open House program was saddled with the reputation of being a jinx show.

There was no getting away from it. Once radio had decided that Open House was jinxed, it began remembering details to bolster up this belief. Old production difficulties, sudden changes of directors and producers, tempestuous rehearsals and the like, were recalled and cited to prove that bad luck haunted this program. It was pointed out that popularity surveys had never, in the past, given Open House as high a rating as its stars entitled it to.

Open House hadn't really had any stormier a career than many another radio program you could name. It had its share of production difficulties and clashes of temperament, but they'd have passed unnoticed if the coincidence of Grace Moore's and Nelson Eddy's bad luck hadn't brought them to radio's attention.

Once it had been accepted as gospel truth that Open House was jinxed, it became the one program on the air no big star wanted to be connected with. What, run the chance of having something happen to their voices! No, they weren't superstitious, but just the same there was no sense in looking for trouble.

For the same reason, it became the one program on the air Jeanette MacDonald would even think of joining.

Jeanette loves obstacles, and she also hates to do the obvious. To go on her own radio program, an ordinary, well-behaved program—that would have been too easy. It didn't appeal to the adventurous MacDonald spirit. But when the Vicks people came to her and asked her to be hostess in their Open House, that was something else again.

SHE knew all about the alleged jinx, of course, Wasn't Nelson Eddy one of her good friends, and hadn't she seen the head-waggings when he underwent his throat operation last spring? But if anybody thought she was scared, he was powerfully mistaken.

It wasn't entirely that she didn't believe in the jinx. She's been around theater stages and movie lots long enough to have absorbed a good deal of theatrical
Your First Step to Glamour

Respect for good luck and bad. She's not the sort who goes around wishing in her dressing room just because the whole acting fraternity agrees that to do so is to call down every variety of bad luck on your head. Not for nothing is Jeanette of mixed English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh ancestry. Those last three nationalities give her a healthy respect for the strange, unaccountable things that sometimes happen. The first one makes her ready to challenge them.

So, when she was offered the starring position on Open House, she surprised everyone, even the sponsors, by accepting. Maybe she was a little bit surprised herself. It must have amused her when she realized that her only reason for signing the contract was to prove that there's no hurdle a MacDonald can't take.

We want to bargain for the lay-off of script writers who give us quarter-hour after quarter-hour of stupid plots featuring deep-dyed, blackmailing and wrist-twisting villains, in which the longest and of coincidence is twisted clear out of joint. We demand relief from silly summaries of today's episodes, such as: "Will Betty win back her husband from the wily international spy, Sonya Knockemoff?" or "Can Little Nell raise the money for the mortgage—what do you think?"

"What do we think, indeed!" There is never any question but that Nell can move mountains, and that the faithful and long-suffering wife will have that nitwit husband back on her hands in a few more episodes. We do not have a mental age of eight years, and we are formed to strike to protect the reputation of our mentalities, which rate high 1. Q's and number in the millions.

Mrs. Betty Gay Watson, Indianapolis, Inda.,

$1.00 PRIZE
MORE DUMMIES WANTED!

When the radio voter is put on my radio, I'm going to send over a big cheer for Charlie McCarthy, alias Edgar Bergen. There's a lad for you! A personality that many an "un-Dummy" might well envy. Wouldn't it be funny if what radio needs is more Dummies?

Mrs. J. B. Harden, Newton Centre, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!

Did you ever have this happen to you? Your radio program tells you so-and-so, the famous comedian is going to appear on a certain program. You see she's an old favorite of yours, you tune in eagerly. The program goes on and on, and still no comedian. Finally, at the tail end of the broadcast, she appears. The conductor of the show asks her opinion on something, as, for example, does she find radio any different from appearing on the stage? She says yes. And here you've been waiting for an hour to hear a bit of the stuff for which she is famous. Listeners sinners to sing, etc., unless otherwise noted.

Elise Smell, South Ozone Park, L. I.

$1.00 PRIZE
ATTENTION, JESSICA DRAGONETTE!

I was interested in the article about Jessica Dragonette in the June issue of Radio Mirror. While reading, I was again and again reminded of one truly great singer who was able to combine her career and wifehood. Even motherhood.

Surely no greater woman ever lived than Mme. Schumann-Heink. She sang all her life, yet she found time to raise a large family, and even to take in washings to help support that family. At one time, she even saved the life of someone else's baby by being a wet-nurse. And she never was ashamed of having done these things. The things that Schumann-Heink did throughout her life were character-building acts that made her life as rich and full as it was and enabled her to live—ever after death—in the hearts of millions.

MRS. E. M. DUNCAN
St. Joseph, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE
MORE SONGS FROM CROSBY

This is what I cannot understand. Why do they put a person like Bing Crosby on a program that is mostly talking? Everyone who listens to his program wants to hear him sing.

It seems to me that good programs are often broken up by too much talking. It seems as if the radio is used for advertising purposes only. One turns his radio on and is enjoying some fine music when, lo and behold, the music finishes and advertising takes its place. I think advertising should be only done as the program commences and as it is about to finish.

Verna Santamaria

$1.00 PRIZE
THE TRUTH ABOUT GRACIE ALLEN

When is Gracie Allen going to get wise to herself? She should know that by this time the radio listeners are fed up with hearing her all the time making love to the orchestra leader and members. Knowing Gracie as George Burns' wife makes us unappreciative of her humor. This has been going on so long now that it is getting monotonous. I had hoped that when George and Gracie changed sponsors, they would change their program, but it's the same old song. There is enough scandal in our town with married women making love to other men, that we do not have to turn to the radio to hear a program of that kind.

MRS. EARL BECKER
Baltimore, Md.

TO APPLAUD OR NOT TO APPLAUD?

That was the question we asked you in
an article entitled, "The Studio Applause Racket—Broadcasting's Run," which appeared in a recent issue of Radio Mirror. Nine out of ten of you who wrote in, voted strongly against applause, which settles the question as far as Radio Mirror is concerned. Here are excerpts from typical letters.

"If I were in a theater seeing a play, I would expect to hear applause between the acts, so do I not mind the applause between the acts of a radio play. In fact, with me it helps create the illusion that I am in a theater seeing that play. On other programs, I do not pay much attention to it. In one program I heard Tiny Ruffner handle the applause so skillfully that it was really an asset to the show.

However, I think the applause should be limited to modest hand-clapping. The shrills, yells and whistles should be omitted, and none of it need be broadcast so strenuously as to be annoying."—Mrs. Virginia, Mobile, Ala.

"Lack of applause makes a program next thing to a recording. Therefore, I believe moderate applause creates the realistic atmosphere of a good entertainment."—I. M. Renn, Westborough, Mass.

"Put me down as very emphatically against studio applause. Out with it, I say, and the quicker the better. I think it is a confounded nuisance. Every time there is a burst of applause, the radio listeners miss the next few words, as nearly always, the talking will begin before the racket dies down."—Jack Yost, Bellevue, Pa.

"There are two radio programs I never miss—they are Eddie Cantor's and Major Bowes'. If it were not for the applause, I don't think either program would be worth a dime. During the applause, I get so excited I can hardly wait until the next act appears, for it makes me so eager to know if it'll be as good as the one just ahead of it."—Mrs. W. A. Burke, Birmingham, Ala.

"Radio applause is helpful to any program, but unless it is limited, like everything else, it is overdone, it becomes annoying. If we must have applause, let the audience do so voluntarily, at the same time limiting their time. All radio programs are accurately timed, and in the case of a comedian's broadcast, for instance, to save time, the comedian is pulling off another joke before the audience has ceased laughing, causing the listeners-in to miss the joke."—Miss Mary M. Osborne, Mobile, Ala.

"Sometimes I think the artists forget the listening audience and perform only for the studio audience."—Mrs. O. E. Slenkerback, Eagle Rock, Calif.

"I would certainly like to protest against studio applause. It is not only a hideous noise coming over the radio, but nerve-wracking as well. How many broadcasts would there be if sponsors had to depend alone on the visible audience as purchasers?"—Lillian Moore, Savannah, Ga.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.
**What's New?**

(Continued from page 5)

Barry McKinley surprised even his sponsors of the Tic Toc Revue on NBC Monday evening when he bought off his last month and married Terry Beeger of New England. The sponsors had been planning a romantic between Barry and young Jean O'Neill of the same show.

**This summer the whole Oakie family is in a domestic glow over the new home Jack is going to build. His plans will be all the vacation Jack gets or wants this summer. Hollywood wags are not the only woman has changed Jack's attitude. The only plans he used to be interested in were good-time plans, but now he's one of the town's leading home-bodies.**

Don't be surprised if you see Floyd Gibbons devoting a whole magazine article or newspaper column soon to an obscure resident of New York Mills, Minnesota, named Raymond N. Hartmann. Hartmann, according to Floyd, is a typical American ad-vocate of personal hygiene. Recognition. He came to New York to be on one of Floyd's True Adventure programs, having sold twenty-five chickens through his farm organization on the road trip. With his wife and three children, Hartmann lives on a farm which he owns himself, on the sum of three dollars and fifty cents a week. For all the rest of life's necessities, he relies on what he can raise on the farm. Floyd was so impressed with his resourcefulness and courage that he could talk about nothing else for days. What did Hartmann do with the money Floyd paid him for the use of his adventure? He took the air? Why, bought more chickens.

George Burns and Gracie Allen are a-bursting with pride over the swimming prowess of their daughter, who has been breaking all kinds of three-year-old records. George predicts that she'll win the Olympics in a few years. George and Gracie almost got thrown out of their business suite in a swanky Hollywood hotel, the other night. With George's brother Mike adding a late-nite rehearsal of a coming program, when the night clerk called up: "Mr. Burns," he said firmly, "you'll just have to put that dog out. You know it's against the hotel's rules to have dogs in the rooms, and the other guests are complaining." He never got a coherent answer from George, for both the Brothers Burns and garrulous Gracie were rocking with laughter. George and Willie had been rehearsing dog-barks for the show.

The month's news is full of George and Gracie items. To complete this trio, it must be told that Gracie is about to blossom out as an Astaire dancing partner. Carole Lombard was to have been Fred's partner in his new picture, "Damsel in Distress." Then things happened and Carole wasn't available, so Gracie was borrowed from Paramount and given part of Carole's role—the part which included clowned out. To which the other part—the heart-interest—will go to a leading lady who hasn't been selected. You don't know any? Well, neither did George, but Gracie says she knew it all the time.

Here's one radio artist who can get more publicity out of not doing something than he ever got by doing it. For the past three summers Charles Kullmann, Jessica Dragone's singing parti-
ner on her CBS program, has gone to Austria to sing under Toscanini's direction in the very art Salzburg Music Festival. This summer he had to forego his annual trip and stay on the air—and radio editors who couldn't have known he'd ever been within miles of Salzburg rushed into print with the story.

An incurable wag is Manny Klein, so expert a trumpet-player that he is in constant demand by the orchestras of the big New York shows. Half-pint Manny loves nothing more than the joke, the more practical the better, but once, on a recent Kate Smith broadcast, he created a bigger laugh than he'd bargained for.

At dress rehearsal Manny thought it would be a fine idea for all the boys in the orchestra to rise as they began to play the closing theme-song, and march single-file off the stage, through the auditorium, around the lobby of the CBS Playhouse, and then back to the stage in time for the closing notes of the theme. Without saying anything to Producer Ted Collins, he got the boys to agree to do this.

The stunt came off all right, and although at first Ted was annoyed at having his nice dress rehearsal interrupted by such horse-play, the more he thought about it the more he believed it would be a funny thing to do that night at the regular broadcast. Finally he told Manny to repeat the gag.

Which would have been the end of the story, except that when Manny, tooting away on his trumpet, led his gang around the back of the auditorium during the broadcast, there were some people standing there. Accidentally, one of them tripped Manny. He fell flat on his face, and one by one the players fell on top of him in a tangle of legs, arms, and musical instruments. By the time they got unravelled the program was over—without benefit of the same song.

Phil Lord, that old salt, has transferred his affections from his schooner Pilgrim (which he has sold) to a new forty-foot motor launch, the Driftwood. In it he's spending the summer taking two and three-day trips along the Atlantic seaboard, as well as cruising into between his long Island home and New York for his weekly Gangbusters broadcasts. It accommodates four passengers and a crew of two, and is capable of cutting through its waves at twenty-five miles an hour. He wants to equip the Driftwood with one of the new two-way radio sets, so he can take longer trips and still keep in touch with his New York office.

Virginia Kent knows now just how much stock to take in all this talk about Hollywood's social whirl. Since she has been out there the gay mad life has consisted entirely of round after round of open air badminton.

Virginia, you know, has one of the leading roles in Sam Goldwyn's new musical picture, "Goldwyn Follies," and her boss wants her to put on a few pounds for the benefit of the camera. Every other morning she must report to Goldwyn and be greeted with a barrage of questions: "What time did you go to bed last night? How do you feel? Are you happy?" Goldwyn's health is so searching that Virginia's afraid to go out nights at all, and badminton seems to be about the only thing left.

For her games, Virginia goes over to the Roy Disney—Roy is Walt (Mickey Mouse) Disney's brother—and when they get this out he had a new question to ask: "How are you coming in your games with the Mouse people?"

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- Sergeant's Improved Skip-Flea Powder now contains the most powerful and deadly flea-killing agent known to science. Yet it is perfectly harmless to your dog! Because Skip-Flea Powder combines with the natural oils in your dog's skin, its flea-destroying effect lasts for days. Simply dust Skip-Flea Powder on a flea-infested dog and allow a few hours for it to take effect.

**We Guarantee that not one flea will be left alive! Giant-size, sifter-top tin 29¢!** You can wash your dog's flea away with cleaning, soothing Flea-Killing Skip-Flea Soap.

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Makes Ironing Easy

**FREE OFFER**

This "easy to starch" makes irons fairly glide!

APOLOGY

I've gone and got myself into hot water again. I like to escape by going to the theatre. This time it was a show called "The Three Musketeers." I thought it would be a good way to get away from it all, but I should have known better. The reviews were terrible, and the audience was not impressed. I feel like I should apologize for my carelessness in selecting a performance. I hope you can forgive me.

Ken Allen

My favorite orchestra is...
Radio Mirror

Spice is the Life of Cooking

(Continued from page 34)

hear three times a week over CBS. Upon his graduation from college he was sent by his father, a proprietor of New York's fa-
mous Rector's, to the Café de Paris to serve a year's apprenticeship. This apprentice-
ship led to one of the most amusing ex-
periences in his life as a restaurateur.

"Pre-ground pepper was unheard of in
the Café de Paris," said Mr. Rector. "In
the great kitchens there each chef had his
own pepper mill and the pepper was freely
ground for each dish. These pepper mills
impressed me so much that when my ap-
prenticeship was over I returned to New
York with a goss of them for use in our
restaurant there. On my first night in New
York each of the hundred-odd tables in
Rector's boasted its own pepper mill. The
patrons loved them—so much that when
the tables were finally cleared there were
only forty left—the others had been carried
away as souvenirs.

"But even freshly ground pepper doesn't
always fill the bill," Mr. Rector went on.
"For some recipes cayenne and not black
pepper is the ideal choice. Most people
consider cayenne only in connection with
hot dishes, but in reality it is one of our
most subtle condiments for all its own.
How many times Hollandaise and cream
sauces are marred by tiny specks of
black pepper. Your French cook uses cay-
ne in sauce béarnaise; it dissolves, and the
clear color of the sauce is unim-
paired.

Curry powder is another neglected
condiment, according to Mr. Rector, and
it is one of the most useful of all for turning left-over fish or meat into a
piece de resistance. If you want some-
thing different for a picnic lunch, try
deviled eggs with curry.

Deviled Eggs with Curry

Hard-cooked eggs
Curry powder
Salt
Cream

Shell and split the eggs, and break up
the yolks with a fork. Work in one
eighteenth teaspoon curry powder for each
egg, and salt to taste. Add sufficient
cream to make a mixture of the desired consis-
tency and stuff the egg whites. For hors
d'oeuvres, a nice variation of this recipe is
to chop the egg whites fine and add them
to the mixture which is then formed into
small balls and rolled in minced parsley or
watercress.

Mr. Rector contends that the herbs
sage, thyme, basil, sweet marjoram and
rosemary, common in the garden of our
grandmothers, should be in as frequent
use today as they were then. Finally
chopped herbs mixed into the flour with
which a roast is dredged before being put
into the oven, will add immeasurably to
the flavor of your roast meat, be it used,
or a combination of two or three, if you
care for a blend of flavors. For pork, veal
or beef, try rosemary, thyme, sage or sweet
marjoram. While it may be used in the same
way for a roast of lamb, and a bit of mint
is delicious in a lamb stew in which car-
ses and potatoes predominate, the mint
flavor is a little too sweet for most palates
when only potatoes and onions are used in
the stew.

Basil, the basilicone beloved by the
Italians for tomato sauces, is an excellent
choice for tomato soups, or for soups
made of dried peas, beans or lentils.
GUARD AGAINST LINES AROUND YOUR EYES

WITH Maybelline Special EYE CREAM

Aids in counteracting dry condition of skin around the eyes which causes wrinkles, crow's-feet, etc. Smooths, softens and refines texture of skin. A rich cream containing the precious vitamin "D".

The first and worst signs of age or fatigue show their traces more definitely and quickly in the tender area around the eyes. Eye wrinkles, lined eyelids, crow's-feet, puffiness and circles are apt to make their appearance early in this region. These tender and sensitive skin tissues lose their natural oils much more quickly than any other facial area.

Maybelline Eye Cream, unlike ordinary facial creams, is especially designed for the care and preservation of the youthful appearance of the skin around the eyes. The fine, rich, blended oils contained in this cream are highly beneficial to this area and there is the added benefit of "sunshine" element in wonderful vitamin "D". Start giving your eyes this youthifying treatment today with Maybelline Eye Cream!

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RADIO MIRROR

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Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely printed book on baby health? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous "Infant Care" that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America's five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children's Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at $1.00, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

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THE SEVERITY of those attacks of Bronchial Asthma, or seasonal sneezing caused by pollen-infected air, may be reduced... use Dr. R. Schiffmann's Ashtamoid just as thousands have done for 70 years. The medal little ouch that comes in 10c. The family formula helps make breathing easier...aid in clearing the head...being more restful nights of sleep. At druggists in powder, cigarette or pipette mixture. Or you may send for a sample supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif. - Dept. M.
Happy Relief From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 4 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, headaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up in the morning, swelling, dizziness under the eyes, headaches and diarrhea.

Don't ask! Your druggist for Doan's Pills used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Behind the Hollywood Front
(Continued from page 23)

SORRY you weren't able to attend the buffet supper Frances Langford gave the U. S. C. graduating class (only the boys, however) at her Brentwood home. And I should have said "only the boys who didn't have any other homes to go to." Would you have qualified?

HERE'S a question that has concerned me for some time. Bing Crosby recently introduced Rose Bampton to his radio audience as: "The Battling Bamp from the Met." Furthermore, he introduced one of the world's greatest pianists. Rumors like "Meet my old pal, Rudy." Now this informality may be charming to some and it may appeal to the sponsors of the crooner's program, but I wonder if the line shouldn't be drawn somewhere in informality. When an artist rises to such heights as Bampton and Ganz, a certain respect should be paid them. Certainly no groveling or awe-inspired effulgence need be indulged in but a straight-from-the-shoulder dignified introduction would be more in keeping with the type of artist. And also, the public may feel that it is not getting such a wonderful artist as "Rudy" as it is in "Rudolf Ganz, one of the world's greatest pianists." What do you think?

FRED ASTAIRE used to come whisking up to the NBC studios in a station wagon, but Johnny Green won't have any of that lack of style. He arrives in that long black shiny limousine with the snappy liveried chauffeur.

MARLYN STUART usually gurgles "Mama, here's that man again." But when the program was moved ahead an hour because of daylight saving time, the gal failed to put in an appearance. Producer Diana Bourbon stepped into the breach, became an actress for a minute and did the stunt herself.

SOMEONE says that social suicide is attained easiest in Hollywood by not playing tennis—or playing at it. Be that as it may, Michael Bartlett is taking up the game more seriously than ever and has now been appointed on several boards of directors (of racquet clubs, of course). He spends four or five hours a day on one of the courts at the Hollywood Tennis Club.

KEN MURRAY's Oswald (Tony La-briola) has a fetish for new cars. He's had five in the past two years and just laid soft money on the line for a blue cabriolet which, despite the cost, will probably go the way of all Oswald's motors—discarded like a toy (oh, yeah!) in a few months. But if you think Oswald has taste in motor cars, you should get a load of his beauteous, flaxen-tressed wife. He also has a taste for feminine beauty, she proves.

PERSONALLY, I wish singers or their managers would have more say-so in the selection of songs for broadcasting purposes. I'm getting mighty sick of concert voices prancing through the pieces of music I like. "The Love Bug Will Getcha," when too many crooners can do these ditties more acceptably.

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RADIO MIRROR
**BETH** Alexander (Ben's mother) is doing the interior decorations for Bob Burns' new Bel-Air igloo.

**AL JOLSON** starred in a film recently and quite by accident. On the way in from Encino, Al's car phut-phutted and the movie was over. Result: a new lady pried under the hood, fiddled with this wire and that, grappled with the other gadgets. After a little while (by now in shirt sleeves and some perspiration), Al finally got the car started again, much to the delight of the crowd which had gathered to watch his latest female voice wafted into Al's shell-like ear as his foot found the starter. "Thank you, Mr. Jolson," murmured the voice. You've just starred in my amateur movie. I got three hundred feet of the most marvelous action." And with that, the sidewalk producer disappeared into the crowd.

**SO you've never heard Songbird Francis White's name linked amatorially, eh? Well, link it now—with her manager, Ed Lester.

**OPEN LETTER TO VENITA VARREN (MRS. Jack Oakie): You caused quite an uproar during your husband's last broadcast, Venita, by prancing into the theater with your Sealyham under your arm. This wasn't so bad but you insisted on sitting on the stage to watch the show with the pooch in your lap. One yap from the home-destined pie, and the whole show would have gone higher than a kite. If you felt that your husband could "take it," you might have considered the nervousness of performers who were afraid their efforts might be punctuated with a few choice yap-yaps. Finally the sound man did take the dog away from you—over your protest—and deposit him outside. And for this, he deserves credit. But your reaction to his explanation is what is earning you the cordial disbelief of too many people in radio. You're a nice girl, Venita, but the time for riding roughshod over people because you simply tell your way, should have been discarded with your pigtails and schoolbooks. Yours for more consideration of the other fellow J. M. F.

**NEW YORK** big-wigs formerly auditioned Hollywood programs by means of transcriptions, but the old time element is creeping in and now the audition program is piped direct from here to the Big City just as a regular program is broadcast. Most recent important audition is a new show with Henry Fonda as the male heart interest. The locale is San Francisco and an eye is out, apparently, for another "One Man's Family."**

**THERE are definite dickings afoot for Oscar Homolka, the noted star of British films, and Barry Fitzgerald, who stole the picture "The Plough and the Stars," to appear in a coast-to-coast show in September. Fitzgerald was one of the Abbey players and will become a radio sensation if he can translate visual comedy for the ear.

**GAIL PATRICK** is big-time material for some sponsor. Her recent work on the Bing Crosby program tied up the switchboard at NBC with complimentary calls.

**BETTY DERMOL** is being used by thousands of men and women to acquire relief from the effects of this utter guide skin disease often mistaken for measles. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Graspfulful of a grain of medicine reduces symptoms. Marks that have actually disappeared and their skin become clear. Dermol is a powerful antiseptic. Generous amount negates defects in beauty and saves money as reduced without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermol with amazing proof of results Free, or available for a small trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered. Address R. M. ADAMS, Manager, 1935 Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (message today. Give description of skin condition. Ask for Free Dermol). Detroit, Mich.

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Free

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Oryx streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

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Ida Bailey Allen’s New Cook Book

**MRS. SIMPSON, Food Editor of Radio Mirror, asks us to tell you that at last she has gathered together all which you and she have so long been searching. From the thousands of letters she receives, Simpson knows, as no one else can, exactly the sort of cook book her Radio Mirror readers need and want. When we saw the book she had selected we knew the way right, and immediately we ordered a special edition printed for Radio Mirror.

Here are a few of the special features:

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Special Index allows entries immediately to any desired recipe or table without hunting page numbers, or searching through pages.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your body daily. If this bile is not flowing freely from your food doesn't do its job. It just seeps in the bowels, gas shoots up your stomach. You feel constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIOMIRROR, 203 East 45th Street, New York City.

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- Send for Free Package of Cigartees and Powder.
- Get quick, soothing relief from asthmatic paroxysms with the pleasant smoke vapor of Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Cigartee. Dr. Guild's new, medicated standard remedy at druggists. Cigarettes 50c for 24.
- Powder 36c and 37. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. MVS, Rupert, Vermont.
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**RA D I O MIRROR**

**JIMMY** (oops, Jimmy) Wallington and Jacques Renard, the baton boy, went fishing this week and caught eighty-eight fish and a dilly of a case of sunburn. Hence the open-neck, loose-fitting shirts on the following broadcast . . .

**G R A C E M O O R E** is soon to be on the way to Europe (in September) to visit Mary in her villa in Cannes. The two divas will spend several months rehearsing arias from "Pelleas and Melisande."

**O D O S and Ends:** Jerry Cooper, Hollywood Hotel songster with the Bing Crosby style, is now a New York bellhop. After singing on an amateur hour, he got four offers from sponsors . . . Francis White will not appear on any program this summer, despite reports to the contrary. She'll isolate herself on her Covina orange ranch to study the role of "Manon," made so famous by Lucille Ball a few years ago. She'll chat with Louella Parsons in a pair of printed chinot shorts and a matching peasant costume. (Anita wrote the costume, not Louella — and there's a difference!) Because Donald Duck and Clara Cluck were such sensations on the Cantor show, Disney will put all his animal characters on the air before Christmas . . . Until lately, there's been only one place to find Elissa Landi at six o'clock (P.S.T.) on Wednesdays. She's seen her duck out of two cocktail parties and off the M-G-M set another time. She used to hop into her car, turn on the radio and listen to Nino Martini on the Andre Kostelanetz biggie show. Is it romance or professional appreciation? . . .

**VIA WIRE—**Vocalizing on Ken Murray shows is being done without benefit of Shirley Ross — because the sponsor did not like her. Which is another case in point (to me) where the sponsor is haywire. . . . Don't be fooled by the rumors that the music set-up on Hollywood Hotel is to be changed. Raymond Paige and his 26-week option renewed — but recently . . . Billy Wilson, who high-tended for the Old Maestro (sometimes called Ben Bernie, except by Winchell, who calls him everything else) came to the parting of the ways with his new Packard sponsor after the initial show . . . Winchell just laid cash on the line for an acre in Beverly Hills and will erect an igloo . . . Carlton Kaddell, radio announcer, and Paula Winslow, radio actress, are blind to everyone else in the world. She used to be Mrs. Bill Goodwin . . . Francis White is eyeing the leading role of a Viennese operetta and will sing it, if her fan goes on strike in Manhattan . . . Gertrude Berg is out here writing for moom pitchers, but she'll revive the famous Goldberg family for radio this fall, and maybe "House of Glass," too — for which hurray . . . Came 4th of July and Jack Oakie's mama had to blow out sixty-nine candles on her 68th birthday cake . . . Eddie Cantor hopped off to Arrowhead Lake for what he called a rest — so Banjo-eyes tripped the light fantastic every night and every day . . . Florence Lake is playing the role of Mrs. Oswald on the Ken Murray show. She's sister to Arthur (Harold Teen) Lake. . . . Didn't strike you funny, too, that Amazon Elf was a bellhop for Lux in a voice that was strangely high-pitched and timid? . . . Don Wilson, the Jello laugh-bag, is spending the summer doing sports commentaries for the pitchers.

**Precious Moments . . . Take Care!**

An evening of romance with "him!" . . . the intimate interlude after a waltz — are you sure of yourself? Hearts beat faster at such precious moments . . . tingling emotions cause excessive perspiration. Body odors become noticeable.

Use DEW, the deodorant that always remains effective . . . protects your daintiness in spite of emotional excitement or physical exertion.

DEW stops perspiration instantly — keeps underarms dry and sweet — guards from ugly stains. Effective yet mild. DEW keeps your tender underarm skin. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and department-stores.

**BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS**

$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Pretoria) thought it was too good to be true. She read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week while learning practical nursing. However, she said for the advertisement that she had much careful thought before she had completed the required month . . . it was able to prove her first case—on three months she had earned $400.

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 house and in your spare time, for the indispensable well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is conducted by physicians. 39th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Free tuition, separate. District training pays. Send for free circular and information about the courses for interested mother and single lesson pages. Learn now how you can win success, new friends, happiness—at a price.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**

Dept 189, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, III. Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
WHEN I finished explaining that our romantic madness must end, Lynn’s face went white with anger. Warned by his expression I pleaded, “Please, Lynn, don’t touch me.”

Sanity seemed to leave him. All consideration gone, he forced his embraces upon me. In half-coherent frenzy he panted—“Don’t touch me, eh? You don’t want marriage with me? Very well then but don’t forget that you are mine—that I keep my possessions.”

As he looked for his flask I wrenched open the car door and ran wildly back toward the main highway. A startled oath and he was out of the car and following me.

What was to be the end of this reckless romance that had seemed so gay and sweet when she heedlessly embraced it? What mad act was this son of her employer not capable of now? Judy could not know. She could not imagine. The day soon came when grim reality disclosed—but read in her own words the story of the breathtaking drama that had to be lived before romance was paid for! In August True Story—now on sale—the title is OUT OF A SUMMER’S MADNESS.

Other Gripping Episodes From the Diary of Life In This Thrilling Issue
Kate Smith’s Own Story—Cast-Off Lady—Nothing Could Save Her—As Our Hearts Dictated—Headline Love—The Gossip Legion—Why I Hated My Wife—I Thought I Was Going Insane—Woman Deserted—We Took Our Love... THE TRUE STORY HOME MAKER again brings a wealth of practical helps towards making homes happier and life more thrilling and satisfying.
Garland, “are a bit too severe, I think, in refusing their growing daughters any conscious beauty care, because they fear a possible ‘spoiled’ and ‘grown-up’ while the girls are still hardly more than children. I remind them that a good many of them began the beauty treatments on their own in the kindergarten days when they put camphor ice on tiny chapped hands and frost-nipped cheeks after school.

Are there no hands in Judy’s using cold cream. As a matter of fact, I’ve chosen, with a great deal of caution, thoroughly suitable creams. One of them, also, is especially valuable, in hot weather, when Judy is going to a young folks’ party. She coaxes—just as I used to—for permission to use powder. Like all other mothers, I suspect, I usually give in. I make certain the powder is an exact match for Judy’s skin, and that it is applied daintily, hardly more than a light dusting. It makes a young lady feel charmingly sophisticated and still is perfectly natural in appearance.”

JUDY herself adds a word to her mother’s more serious comments. “To tell the truth,” she says, “we girls seem to worry more about the amount of grown-up than we ought to, to make up yet. For one thing, my sisters have told me how mother helped them to keep lovely complexions by just scrubbing away with good old soap.

“Did you notice the contrast in our two pictures this month? Yet they’re both girls just fourteen years old! Having heard from our modern sub-deb Judy, let’s get a word from our teen-age alumna, Gracey.”

It tickles me to see how much fun young girls nowadays keeping their sweet natural charm,” observes Gracey, “and growing into smart young women who know the virtue of applying cosmetics sparingly and artistically.

“I like the sensible and attractive ways they wear their hair. When I think of the patient—and none too pleasant—hours girls used to endure for the Fashionable Styles. I think of the girls of a few years back. I believe that today’s chic little demoiselles don’t know how lucky they are! I myself was blessed with hair just curling, and no hoops into large ringlets without too much fuss. But it was a great deal of bother for a very active Gracey to keep it always neat-looking. Nowadays these teenagers look sleek and well-coiffed, yet they have hairdresses that can be licked into place with a one-two of the brush. I don’t think it’s wrong for a girl of, say thirteen or fourteen, to be allowed a simple finger wave or a smooth, side-swept marcel. No rouge and no eye makeup—i’d say, however, for these naturally lovely members of the youngest set. If they only knew how much patience it takes to get the healthy sheen of their youthfulness!”

Jolly Gillette, known as the Sponsor’s Daughter on the Gillette Summer Hotel radio show every Sunday night, may have a grown-up voice, but she’s just a lively girl of ten. She’s by no means too young, however, without beauty knowledge. “I try to impress upon Jolly,” says her mother, “that a young lady’s complexion is a vital asset in everything she does. A healthy face is a beautiful one. She understands, too, that the proper functioning of tiny glands which make up the natural essence is as important to health as to a healthy complexion.

“Regular shampooing and an energetic hairbrushing keep her thick, deep black hair aglow, and her naturally rosy cheeks make her hopefully that it will be a long, long while before I have to discuss with her ‘to rouge, or white rouge.’ Thus far, Jolly’s chief beauty care is a very promising concern about the proper way of washing. She knows the importance of a thorough rinse to remove all suds and a good splashing with cold water to close the pores.

Few fourteen-year-old girls have been so swiftly catapulted into the national spotlight as Deanna Durbin. A singing star on Eddie Cantor’s broadcasts, she was raised to movie stardom so quickly. Deanna’s own mother is her model for beauty.

“Mother has such a lovely complexion,” says Mrs. Durbin’s most devoted fan, “and I know, when she says there’ll be plenty of time later on for rouge and lip-stick, that she’s quite right. Of course, it takes time, with the trying of a masquerade party or something, to give myself—just once—scarlet cupid-bows or make my eyebrows look different. I think I like myself better. I am proud of my ability to take good care of my hands and nails, though mother says not to use any polish except the one that’s ‘too pale pink.’ For any last word on beauty care for growing girls, we turn to Eddie Cantor’s beloved wife, Ida, who has reared five daughters—there’s a wealth of gradation, she observes, in ‘the amount and use of make-up for between ten and twenty, it seems to me. Year by year, the values change. It’s in the sense of the times, rather than to put care of the hands in the house.

“Careful attention to well-kept hair, also, has been the rule with my girls. Janet and Marilyn, the youngest, do a surprising amount of experimenting with coiffures. ‘They keep their tousled hair on, and rub the top of their head, too. They try bangs and they try long bobs—and I let them, as long as they keep their young coiffures soft and simple.”

When the girls are old enough to use more sophisticated items of make-up, the mother points out much things to be aware of the delicacy necessary for the application of eyeshadow, rouge, and so on. For formal occasions, of course, there is a certain dress-up feeling that comes from the use of cosmetics, and I think the seventeen or eighteen-year-old may use them occasionally.

“Once when the older girls were quite small they got into a make-up kit while playing show with some little friends in their upstairs playroom. I took them to a mirror by the window and let them take a good, long look at their over-red lips and heavy dark tissues. There was never any necessity after that for telling them that later on was time enough for the more elaborate cosmetics.”

There are the simple golden rules for the golden age of beauty. Maybe you’re still in your teens—just at the experimental stage. But don’t forget that you have, too, all the girls of your age and older. Whether your status as to age and position, you can use them as the basis for your beauty regime! The most important cosmetics you have are soaps, bath powders and hair de-colognes. For a list of the newest and best, send a half-cent, self-addressed envelope with your address to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. 1
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 6)

the football season to listen to the University of Minnesota's Coach, Bernie Bier-
man, talk about the game of the previous Saturday and to see complete motion pic-
tures of it.

Dick came to Minneapolis from Duluth, Minnesota; studied law at the U. of M.;
served with the U. S. Marines during the war; and served on both Minneapolis and St.
Paul newspapers before becoming sports editor of the Journal last year.

A MAN AND AN IDEA

Seattle: Carl Olson, a youthful Seattle
Washington, publisher of a works of com-
munity papers, long cherished a broad-
casting idea before he could interest a
radio station in it. When the young pub-
lisher approached Seattle's largest station,
KOMO, with his plan for a morning pro-
cram called Morning Reveries, he offered
to supply all the talent gratis; all he asked
was a chance for the program on the air
Morning Reveries was to be a program
with a mixture of music, inspirational
poetry, homely philosophy, and very brief
messages by the city's leading pasto-
rs. It's the old story of an idea that had
merit but no sponsor. Olson pleaded that
if the station would give him the time, he
would donate his and if the program didn't
click they could take it off the air. Finally,
the station yielded and he was given an
early-morning spot. That was the begin-
ning. Olson directed his program chiefly
to shut-ins, cripples, and bed-ridden lis-
teners and in addition, by his announce-
ments, collected flowers which he distrib-
uted to his shut-in tuner-inners.

Although it was soon obvious the pro-
gram was an asset to its originator, and that he
hoped it would be, it ran fully a year
before the station signed the youthful
ideaist at a nominal salary. But it was
that one year given without pay except for
the countless letters of appreciation, that
proved a man's bunch and made many, many
friends.

Today the program is successful beyond
even the wildest dreams of the publisher,
and aged and young alike look upon him
as their personal friend to whom they
confide their hopes and fears, although
they've never seen him. Most listeners
think he is an old man, but he is old only in
experience, for he is young at heart.

POINTING WITH PRIDE

Oklahoma City: Out in Oklahoma
where you sooner listeners are being
reated to a radio news broadcast every
Tuesday and Friday eve at 10:45 there's
an unbreakable combination. And we hope
you'll pardon our boasting because Radio
Mirror is one small part of that combina-
tion, while KFJE's announcer Harold
Sparks is the other ninety per cent.

In other words, your favorite radio magazine
serves the up-to-the-minute news about
radio's great and new; for this interesting
program while Harold furnishes the
Sparks that gives it that microphone
appeal.

Harold is only a youngster in years,
twenty-four to be exact, but old in ex-
perience. Crashing the radio gates at
KFJE in 1920 as a sustaining announce-
ner, in less than a month's time he was con-
ducting five of the station's outstanding
commercial shows. After a year he re-
signed to enter newspaper work, but
the radio bug had bitten harder than he real-
ized and it was but a short time until he
found himself back at the microphones of

THE PAIN I BORE

In SILENCE!

If there's any pain that is maddening, it is that
of Piles! There seems to be no relief in any
position you take. Even a reclining position
holds no relief.

But Piles do more than torture you. They
drain your strength and vitality. They line your
face and make you look drawn and haggard.
They handicap you in your every activity.
The worst part about Piles, however, is that on
account of the delicacy of the ailment, many hesi-
tate to seek relief. And, as any doctor will tell
you, Piles can develop into something very serious.

What you should do if you have Piles is to
try Paro Ointment. Paro acts quickly and defi-
nitely. It almost instantly relieves the distress
due to Piles—the pain, soreness, itching. It is
definitely efficacious because it does three things.

Three Effects in One!

First, Paro is soothing, which tends to relieve
inflammation, soreness and itching.

Second, it is lubricating; which tends to soften
hard parts and make passage easy.

Third, it is astrin gent, which tends to reduce
swollen parts and check bleeding.

Satisfy Yourself!

Paro comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile
Pipe which permits application high up in the
rectum. It also new comes in suppository form.

Those who prefer suppositories will find Paro
Suppositories the most satisfactory.

All loyal Paro stores sell Paro, but a trial tube (with
Pipe Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon
and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover
cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.,
Dept. 72-MC, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Paro. Enclose 10c
to help cover packing and mailing.

Name:
Address:
City:

This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Cana-
dian residents may write if in the U. S. and Ch.
40 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

MAIL!
THE MEN IGNORED HER—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!

— then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK, new popularity

New IRONIZED YEAST tablets give thousands 10 to 25 lbs.

— in a few weeks!

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before have recently gained 10 to 20 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh, along with new pep and popularity—in just a few weeks!

The reason is a new, revolutionary formula. Ironized Yeast, which although developed and perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets which cost you less than a few cents a day!

Why it builds up so quick!

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown simply because their bodies lack the one vital element. They have taken the newest and most complete record. However, she managed to survive the test and received her first radio part—a part calling for her to scream on the March of Time. Betty must have been a good scream er because it was shortly after, in 1939, that she came to WHN where you ten-ten dialers have heard her on many programs. In Shakespearean plays, as June on the Ida Bailey Allen show; the Flame Fighters; and impersonating famous actresses on the WHN Movie Club.

MUSICAL AMBASSADORS

Winnipeg: When thirteen expert musicians, each of a different nationality, band together and play both sweet and hot in perfect harmonious union, what would you call their music? Listeners have dubbed it The League of Nations of Music. And that is Harold Green’s International Orchestra heard around the world through the James Richard son Canadian Network of stations CJRC, Winnipeg; CJRX, Regina; CJGX, Yorkton; and short wave stations CJRO and CJRX at Middletuch.

Organized three years ago by Harold Green, musical director of CJRC, this all-national orchestra of Canadians has gained international recognition. During programs each player greets listeners in his mother country in that country’s language, and in addition to social and exclusive dances functions the band swings under the name of the Royal Alexandrians. To prove their claim of all-nation membership, the band, under Harold Green, American born big chief of the gang who composes, arranges, and fingers the ivories; Doug Ferguson, Scotch drummer, vibraphonist, and tympanist; German Henry Elsasser, accordion squire; Italian Eugenio Mignacca, violinist with the viola on the side; Slim Lewis, the band’s only Canadian, plays sax, guitar, and heads the musical arranging department; Paul Olynyk, Ukrainian, sousaphone and bass viola; Jack Kushner, Jewish tenor sax, clarinet, and flute player; Russian Michael Barton, plays violin, viola, trumpet, and French horn; Bill Driver from Ireland plays alto and clarinet; Art Hart, English alto, sax, clarinet, and flute blower; Leo Martin, Polish trumpet and melophone player, there, does that make thirteen? Well, almost—we only listed one: Frenchman Emile Bernier. Emile is the trombone and trumpet tooter. Dorothy Alt, lovely blue-singer who boasts Canadian-German blood, completes the membership of these Internationalists heard all over the globe.

AN ANNOUNCER IS BORN

Salt Lake City: One of the better announcers of the west was brought into being when the managing director of a Utah radio station heard the voice of a Salt Lake City ice cream manufacturer. Glenn Shaw, KSL senior announcer, was the owner of the voice and today is that station’s busiest microphone.

Establishing an enviable fan record in the four and a half years he has been announcing for KSL, Glenn has done everything from presenting Kiddie Hours to stooging readers on the fine points of grunting “Hello, momma.” He is currently conducting and producing the Night Boat, one of Salt Lake’s oldest sustaining radio features, and has been assigned the announcing post on the new Mar-O-Oil show. As a member of the KSL players he calls himself Gary Stratton.

Now twenty-six, he is a family man with three kiddies at home to listen for daddy’s voice to come through the loudspeaker. So ambitious he obviously, but precociously, presented the time lost in this three minute interview.

WAS?

"When you're skinny, pale and weakly-look ing, the fellows all sh ake you at a date and you have a date, but you tried and got tired, but no good. I got Ironized Yeast. Soon, I felt so good, I went steady. In a week I gained 11 pounds. Everybody says how pretty I look and I have all the dates I want."

Ellia Craig, Lancaster, S. C.
CONFESSIONS of a Love Doctor's Secretary

Psychoanalysis can be a very wonderful or a very terrible thing according to the ability and ethics of the psychoanalyst. You will find deadly quacks as well as splendid practitioners among psychoanalysts and woe to the victim, particularly if it be a neurotic woman, who falls into the hands of the quacks.

In Physical Culture for September the ex-secretary of one of America's most outstanding quack psychoanalysts tells vividly and intimately the havoc, both mental and physical, she saw wrought upon many of his patients.

Her brilliant article, while not an indictment of psychoanalysis when properly administered, is a frank and fearless exposé of the seamy side of a science the very nature of which furnishes the charlatan a natural opportunity to mulct the public not only of its money but often of its health and morals.

In your own protection read "Confessions of a Love Doctor's Secretary" complete in the September issue of Physical Culture, the gripping personal problem magazine, on sale everywhere.

DIVORCE IN HASTE—AND REPENT AT LEISURE

That is what Betty did when she returned from Europe and found that during her absence her husband had become disastrously involved with another woman. Reno—divorce—freedom—all in quick succession. Later misery, unhappiness and bitter regret with plenty of time to think about it. So many divorces fail to solve any marital problem that it will pay anyone even remotely considering divorce to read Betty's true, intimate account of her experience with divorce. Entitled "I Blundered Into Divorce", you will find it not only most enlightening but very, very interesting. Read it by all means in Physical Culture for September.

The MIRACLE OF YOUR HAVING BEEN BORN

Did you know you are a sixteen-million-to-one shot? The amazing story of your prenatal life is told by Amram Scheinfeld in his absorbingly interesting article on heredity entitled, "The Miracle of Your Having Been Born." If you wish to learn things about yourself you never dreamed, read it today in Physical Culture for September now on sale everywhere.

OTHER GRIPPING FEATURES IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

MY RECOVERY FROM INCURABLE DISEASE (ASTHMA)
• REDUCING — RIGHT AND WRONG
• AM I DOOMED TO BE A CHILD ALL MY LIFE?
• WHEN BABY IS FEVERISH
• SINUS SURGERY UNNECESSARY
• ARE YOU THE VICTIM OF THE MEDICAL RACKET
• HEALTH FOR THE EXPECTANT MOTHER, AND MANY OTHER HELPFUL, ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING FEATURES.

Physical Culture is the one magazine devoted exclusively to the solution of the personal problems of its readers. No matter what your problem of mind or body may be, others have had it and solved it. Physical Culture will tell you how they solved it so that you may profit by their experience.
"I did that, mother," he exclaimed. "I made that noise! Can't I do it simply without it?"

What his mother said was not recorded. She probably gave him a maternal look of combined impatience and indulgence and then let the subject drop.

A week later Edgar owned a book on ventriloquism. It had been advertised in a magazine on many fronts, and he had been tempted to rush out for it with twenty-five cents in stamps. Then no one was safe. He-confused his school-mates on the cattle-stand by talking to them in a hollow voice and confused his teachers in the school-room. To imitate the voices of the boys he knew was easy enough; he had been practising mimicry for a long time.

Five years later, when Edgar was nineteen, Charlie came into being; born of an idea and a large block of white pine. But neither they worked Edgar's way through the Northwestern University. They played the Chautauqua circuit in the summer and the vaudeville houses during the school term. Their first check was for three dollars for five Saturday performances, but they didn't work that small sum very long.

Two days later, Charlie was walking in a rake hayfield over one eye. From the beginning, you see, Charlie expressed Edgar's innermost desires. Edgar would have liked to be a baseball hero with lightning in his throwing arm and words laconically dropping from the corner of his mouth. They went West together, as young men should, to play in Vaudeville on the Pacific Coast. The lovely girls in the theaters interested Edgar but he was strength to his welfare, and the business. The theater might be part of his dreams but it was not part of his blood. No one else in the Bergen family ever had been that. But if Edgar was too shy to make friends, Charlie wasn't. Charlie always speaks to anything that he likes, and would work hard to know him first and Edgar afterwards.

There was Dorothy Edwards, for instance. She used to play with the Comedy Kids, of which Edgar was a member. When he went up to New York, Edgar went before and Charlie on one of their vaudeville tours. Edgar used to prop Charlie up in the "change-room," a little box which nobody could see and which would make quick costume changes. In Dorothy, Edgar would always find Charlie there inside the room, while Edgar stood just outside the door.

"Hello!" Charlie would say. "Better hurry! Better step on it, Dorothy. You're terribly slow today. You are really, you'll never make it—the boys are nearly finished with their song!"

After a while, this was perfectly natural for Dorothy to smile at Edgar when she passed him on her way to the stage. And often enough—having hurried more than necessary because of Charlie's fussing—she had time to stop and chat for a minute or two before it was time for her to lift her pretty, purle lips in a dying wave. Edgar and Charlie played in vaudeville with improving success for several years. Then Charlie went to Hollywood and Iceland and came back with their latest creations. Swish back and forth and be a better way to put them to the test. The gentlemen now described as chickadees.

To the end Ed engaged their style. When a chickadee swished past Charlie would lean over the piano and pout out "Dee-er, Dee-er!"

I saw Edgar and Charlie making a movie scene which found them in bed with Charlie's top hat hanging over a bedpost.
to indicate they had made a night of it. When the scene was finally shot, almost every line in it was the result of the ad libbing Edgar had done during the rehearsals. Several of the improvised lines referred to girls. Then, during one rehearsal, Edgar told Charlie to throat in a way that left nothing to the imagination and lean over the side of the bed searchingly. I spoke up about that. It wouldn't, I explained, please women in the audience.

**CHARLIE**, rolling his eyes, turned to Edgar. "Hear that?" he asked. "There was no trouble at all about all those broad lines you put in. Six is all right with the ladies! But clearing your throat is out! No? Well, that's the way it impresses me!"

Edgar has another dummy, Elmer Snerd. Elmer, he says, is a stupid country boy who hails from Keokuk, Iowa, where he's the main squirt on a dairy farm that boasts five cows. But Elmer never has and never will be important in Edgar's life. He's sort of a "clown" in his crew.

"Charlie," says Edgar "has a great deal of the imp in him. He's honest really, but he will lie if he thinks it will help him.

At this point there was a little groan from Charlie who seemed anxious to change the subject. "I haven't been a bit well," he said, playing for attention, "I suffer all the time. I even suffer when I think how I suffer. No one knows. I wouldn't tell them. It's none of their business!"

It was about here that the telephone rang and Edgar left me alone with Charlie who was propped up on the bed, in his green pajamas, his head slightly turned in my direction. Perhaps I confess to some impropriety, but I felt a little duty-bound to speak. When he didn't I felt I should, I knew I would sound crazy talking to him. But when, Mrs. Edgar, I was hearkening," I thought like a stupid lump. So I left the room. I had no more than crossed the threshold than Charlie's voice called after me: "Do tell my public I'm a simple boy, but simple! Tell them I don't want to be a millionaire; that I just want to live like one!"

Edgar Bergen stood before me at the telephone. "Good-bye," he said. "It was nice of you to come." He acted like a gentleman and a scholar. And why wouldn't he when as an outlet for every other instinct he has Charlie?

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**The Feud That's Shaking Hollywood—With Laughter**

(Continued from page 29)

**ANYWAY**, the strain of "Waikiki Wedding" didn't prove too tough to take, though everyone was glad when Martha and Shirley were finished. It was different when "This Way Please" began. Mary Livingston, according to various members of the company, had just the energy of doing nothing under pressure. Expectations were high—indeed, even Martha—although Mary was the first picture. Martha, during "Waikiki Wedding" gagged her feelings. When she didn't approve of something Shirley did, she made a quiet joke of it. And that was that.

But Mrs. J. Benny didn't have Martha's bubbling spirit. She'd heard rumors before she started the picture and when she walked on the set that second day, her sleeves were already rolled up. It all came to a boil with the battle of the wardrobe department when both Mary and Shirley went in for a fitting. Besides the wardrobe mistress, they were the only two people in the room. Mary, I'm told, had prearranged an appointment because she had an urgent engagement and was pressed for time.

As Mary told friends later, Shirley said to the seamstress: "How about doing my dress in one and a half days?"

The seamstress apologized and explained that she was busy and why.

"You can do that later," Shirley is quoted as saying.

What followed can be left to your imagination. But that afternoon Miss Ross boasted to herself, summarily from 8 to 11, "This Way Please" saying simply that the role would hurt her because the script gave the picture to Miss Livingston.

The far-reaching consequences of that act, at least in the Paramount studio, are a matter of record. Officials, dumbfounded that a star with only three pictures behind her should so casually bring down the fires of wrath on her pretty co-star, telegraphed, summarily and placed Betty Grable in the part.

It was an enormous, an incredible break for Betty. Until that time she had been a very minor featured player whose name was well known primarily because of her betrothal to Jackie Coogan. But if she makes good now—well, it probably means stardom.

If—but Betty too seems to have gone and caught Shirley's. "And how!" she cries, "the pageant at Paramount. Betty, as the saying goes, is feeling her oats. If everyone thought Shirley was giving out with the lorgnette stuff, they just hadn't seen Betty in action."

---

**S**he leafs the laughter continues. French Jack Benny is laughing too, but with, not at, Betty.

Which all leaves the producers to wear long faces about the delay, the reshooting, the blasted schedule, the halted production on "This Way Please" while the rest enjoy the whole mix up.

Unless Fibber McGee and Molly, Mary Livingston, Buddy Rogers, Ned Sparks and Betty Grable are wearing long faces too. After all, they're left to carry on, in the usual fashion, the filming of a picture that's had an unhappy beginning.

Maybe the cast is going to start wondering if "This Way Please" might mean this way out. As Molly would say to Fibber. "Tain't funny, McGee."

---

**HOW DOROTHY LAMOUR FOUND LOVE—Don't miss the second installment of this exciting story of a modern romance between a beautiful singer and a handsome orchestra leader who found the secret of a happy marriage code.**

---

92
GOT oven Gas Kalamazoo, and came Furnaces Oil You’ll—^3

HEATERS GAS SH-

ELECTRIC AND

RANGE COMB.

Range Combination
dealt

You'll stove bargains pastel many 200 a surprise stove—

stoves

— and

Mail

Factory

THEY SAID A STOVE LIKE THIS WOULD COST A LOT—BUT IT DIDN'T. I GOT IT AT THE

FACTORY PRICE!

“—and I paid for it by the month”

“Take the advice of one who knows—mail the coupon today for the new FREE Kalamazoo Catalog. You’ll save yourself time and money.

“I wasted days looking at all makes of stoves. They said that what I wanted would cost a lot. Then... came my Kalamazoo Catalog. In ten minutes I found exactly the stove quality I wanted—and surprise of surprises—it cost less than I had expected to pay.

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes

“Mail the Coupon! You’ll get a real thrill out of this catalog—(I did). You’ll find nearly 200 styles and sizes of Heat-
ers, Ranges, and Furnaces—many illustrated in beautiful pastel colors—actually more bargains than in 20 big stores.

As Little as 12c a Day

“You’ll be amazed to find how far your pennies stretch. Some stoves cost as little as 12c a day at the FACTORY PRICE—and 18 months to pay, if you wish. Terms all of us can afford.

Stoves Sent on Trial—1,200,000 Users

“You’ll like the way Kalamazoo does business—friendly, liberal, fair, square—the same ‘Factory-to-You’ way they have dealt with 1,200,000 satisfied users for 37 years. Everybody has a good word for Kalamazoo. Kalamazoo ships any product on 30 days trial. You make up your mind in your own home as I did. No urging! Service is fast—24 hours shipments. The Kalamazoo guarantee is—satisfaction or money back—and no red tape.

New Ranges—New Heaters

“In this new Kalamazoo Catalog you’ll see new modern stoves of sparkling beauty—Porcelain Enamel Coal and Wood Ranges in white and delicate pastel colors—new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges—and something altogether new, a Combination Electric and Coal Range. Also new Gas Stoves—

Oil Stoves—New Coal and Wood Circulating Heaters—Oil Heaters—Garage Heaters—Furnaces (free plans)—all at Kalamazoo FACTORY PRICES. You’ll see the ‘Oven that Floats in Flame’—porcelain enamel oven bottoms—copper-lined reservoirs and dozens of other features. You’ll read about Kalamazoo Prize Winners. A whole bookful of interesting facts about cooking and heating.

“My suggestion is—mail the coupon AT ONCE for free Catalog! Don’t take my word—see it yourself. See what you save at FACTORY PRICES.”

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE CO. 469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

CLIP THIS COUPON


Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested.

Coal and Wood Ranges Coal and Wood Heaters Combination Electric and Coal Range

Oil Heaters Oil Ranges Gas Ranges Furnaces

Name

(Print name plainly)

Address

City

State

FREE furnace plans
Chesterfields will give you more pleasure

They Satisfy

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD! see page 32

Radio Mirror

Another Hilarious
ACK BENNY VACATION BROADCAST'
's funny as his program

Beginning
HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
LICE FAYE'S ROMANTIC LIFE

by ARCHIE AND ALICE FAYE
"—and I paid for it by the month"

"Take the advice of one who knows—mail the coupon today for the new FREE Kalamazoo Catalog. You’ll save yourself time and money.

"I wasted days looking at all makes of stoves. They said that what I wanted would cost a lot. Then... came my Kalamazoo Catalog. In ten minutes I found exactly the stove quality I wanted—and surprise of surprises—it cost less than I had expected to pay.

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes

"Mail the Coupon! You’ll get a real thrill out of this catalog—I did). You’ll find nearly 200 styles and sizes of Heaters, Ranges and Furnaces—many illustrated in beautiful pastel colors—actually more bargains than in 20 big stores.

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"My suggestion is:—mail the coupon AT ONCE for free Catalog! Don’t take my word—see it yourself. See what you save at FACTORY PRICES."


MAIL COUPON TODAY for FREE CATALOG

CLIP THIS COUPON


Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested

Coal and Wood Ranges □ Oil Heaters
Coal and Wood Heaters □ Oil Ranges
Combination Electric and Coal Range □ Gas Ranges
Combination Gas and Coal Range □ Furnaces

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

"FREE Furnace plans"
FROM time to time, the editor of Radio Mirror will, if there are worthy candidates, select for inscribing on a roll of honor the names of radio artists whose contribution to the pleasure of listening has made them deserving of special tribute.

To select a name to begin such a roll of honor, the editor’s choice is Major Bowes. Major Bowes because, with a new season of radio entertainment under way, with sponsors signing new stars, re-signing old ones for new programs, buying new time, hiring new orchestras, his Thursday night amateur hour, a full sixty minutes of entertainment, swings merrily along ahead of all the rest.

Major Bowes, who started a craze that broke out in a rash from coast to coast, has lived beyond the amateur fad, has outlived the jokes, the stories, and the imitators—until now, when the announcement of an amateur show causes less than a ripple of excitement, he has the most consistently popular hour show in radio. Every week, for fifty-two weeks, he continues to be the master showman.

Major Bowes began with a unique idea that caught the public’s fancy with its novelty. He became the most talked about man in the country two years ago. He should have faded out following the pattern of other crazes. But, unlike mah jongg and clock golf, Major Bowes is still a favorite. He has developed his unique idea from a novelty appeal to a permanent program of solid listening values.

Because he has thus proved himself radio’s master showman, the name of Major Bowes is the first to be inscribed by the editor on Radio Mirror’s roll of honor.

To those who may follow, let the trail he blazed be inspiration.
Special features

"I Believe" — Jack Sher 12
The amazing credo that guides Booke Carter's broadcasts

Highway to Happiness — Pauline Swanson 14
Beginning the thrilling life of Alice Faye

Jack Benny's "Vacation Broadcast" — 18
Another radio-broadcast as funny as his program

Behind the Hollywood Front — Jimmie Fidler 22
More daring lowdown from our star reporter

How About Haley? — Kirtley Baskette 25
The new Show Boat star has surprised even himself

The Akron Cop Killers — 26
Another Gang Busters' broadcast you can't forget

How Dorothy Lamour Found Love — Kay Proctor 28
A unique marriage code brings her happiness

Can You Swing It? — 32
Win a free trip to Hollywood!

If You Want To Act — Jack Smalley 34
Radio helped make Olivia de Havilland's dreams come true

How To Beat Life — Dan Wheeler 36
Lowell Thomas reveals his seven secrets of success

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Wake Up and Live with Hot Cereals — Mrs. Margaret Simpson 54

Coming NEXT MONTH

Fall has a way of getting into our blood, so expect a November issue brimming with exciting features. For instance, the story—one-part hunger, one-part comradeship and one-part rivalry—starring Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. If you're a fan of theirs, you can't miss this. Or even if you aren't, because you are bound to be after reading this.

COVER DESIGN—DON AMECHE AND ALICE FAYE

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Consult a Doctor
instead of a Lawyer

The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a "misunderstanding"

Many a neglected wife would get a happier solution of her problem, if she consulted a doctor instead of a lawyer. For very often, a husband's neglect arises from a wife's failure to keep herself immaculately, intimately clean.

Are you sure you haven't been guilty of carelessness in your own personal hygiene? You may not be aware of this offense. Yet it may be intolerable to others; particularly to your husband. Better learn about "Lysol".

Too many women fail in this matter of personal daintiness. If the truth were known, "incompatibility" often means ignorance of correct feminine hygienic measures for cleanliness.

Ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years "Lysol" has been recommended by many doctors, and used by countless women, for antiseptic feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is widely used by the medical and nursing professions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and household uses for "Lysol", and every druggist carries it.

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. Non-caustic..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol & Fine Products Corp., Dept. 10-R.M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

Lysol Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

(You'll find the answers on page 77)
WHAT'S NEW?  

By TONY SEYMOUR

Lanny Ross's New York farm is deserted while he rehearses the Packard show in Hollywood.

The new bride on tour! Below, Martha Raye with Emery Deutsch at New York's Paramount.

Four generations—Myrt's mother, Myrt, Marge and baby Jean.

Your old philosopher, Tony Wons, returns to the networks this fall.

RADIO'S CRACK HEADLINE HUNTER BRINGS YOU ALL THE VITAL STATISTICS WRAPPED IN BREEZY GOSSIP
JACK BENNY and Mary Livingstone spent two days in New York, on their way to Europe. As far as Jack was concerned, he was already a week at sea. He went around New York, calling on sponsors, and attending broadcasts, dressed in slacks, a sweater, a gay sport cap, and rope-soled sandals. To him; Fifth Avenue was just the sun-deck of the Normandie.

There was at least one person in New York who hadn't ever heard of Jack Benny before—a caption writer on one of the Metropolitan papers. Under a news picture of Mary and Jack in this paper appeared the words: "Mary Livingstone, radio comedienne, who will sail on the Normandie, and her husband, Jack Benny, who is also on her program." Mary sent the picture and caption to Portland Hoffa, up in Maine, offering to use her influence to get Portland the same kind of publicity.

WHO says Goodman Ace doesn't take life seriously? When his doctor told him it would be a good idea to take up golf, Ace appeared for his first day on the links carrying an adding machine.

THEY'LL be calling Vincent Lopez "Prof" this fall up at New York University, where Vince will act as guest lecturer in the regular music course. The music department at N. Y. U. had decided that swing music is important enough to rate a place in serious study, and it picked Lopez to explain how the music goes 'round and 'round, and how to make a merry-go-round break down. Just to sweeten the lessons, Lopez will illustrate his points with piano solos. Going to college certainly is fun!

A part of his job of lining up plays for the fall and winter Lux Theater season, Cecil B. DeMille wrote to forty Hollywood stars and asked them what plays they'd like to present on the air. Thirty-three picked plays they'd already done in films; the other seven wanted to do current Broadway successes. We tried to find out the names of the stars, but nobody would tell us. If they had, bet it would have been apparent that those seven stars were the ones who are really interested in acting, rather than in making money.

MARTHA RAYE stayed over in New York an extra day after her personal-appearance engagement at the Paramount Theater just so she could attend the premiere of Paramount's newest spectacle, "High, Wide and Handsome," which is being road-showed in (Continued on page 87)

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER

...and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it

FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative"... "Ex-Lax is everything a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products better! And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to improve Ex-Lax... to make it even better than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

• TASTES BETTER THAN EVER! No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!

• ACTS BETTER THAN EVER! Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even more effective! It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.

• MORE GENTLE THAN EVER! Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but easily and comfortably!

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliouosity, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wow, Johnny's got it hot. This film with Dick Powell starring, is Warner's latest contribution to art.

Below, Johnny proves it's all in fun by ending a hot lick with a grin for the cameraman.

This month get a lesson in scat singing from radio's old favorite, Johnny Davis, who scats for Fred Waring. Here's Johnny swinging out in the new musical "Varsity Show" which features everybody from the Waring gang.

Well, if Johnny hasn't shown you how to be a scat singing trumpet player by now, it just proves they're born, not made.

KEEP ABREAST OF DANCELAND'S PARADE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED IN THIS DEPARTMENT BY FOLLOWING YOUR FAVORITE LEADERS
Fred Waring isn't too sure about Hollywood. Though his new Warner Brothers picture, "Varsity Show," netted the Pennsylvanian $260,000 and future movie work, he may have to give it back in $500,000 worth of talent. No sooner were the rushes viewed by movie moguls than scat-singer Johnny Davis was signed to a personal contract. On top of that, Fred's two eye-filling singers, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, photographed like a double order of Simone Simon. At the moment the girls are deciding whether to stay with the band or join their sister, Lola, in celluloid careers.

At press time Waring makes another news story. For the first time in three years he and his brilliant aggregation begin a four-week engagement in the Silver Forest Room of Chicago's swank Hotel Drake, August 27. The network is Mutual. Waring, because of commercial commitments and his fabulous price tag, has been absent from cafe and stage dates. But his new sponsor—it will be one of three, Fred hasn't decided definitely—doesn't begin watching the Warings go by until September, so the Tyrone, Pa., maestro is picking up some change until his commercial debut in the Fall.

** * * *

Bing Crosby started something when he appeared in "Waikiki Wedding." Since the release of that cool, refreshing excursion to Hawaii, a new cycle in dance music has hit the country. In place of muted brass and "swingy" saxophones, have come whining guitars and ukuleles. In New York, three outstanding dance haunts—the Hotels Lexington and Roosevelt and Leon and Eddie have gone in for Honolulu dance combinations and tropical tunes. Rooms have been changed from black and silver chromium effects to tropical plants and shredded costumes. Dark-skinned natives with glistening white teeth have replaced night-club complexioned musicians. And the dance crowd love it. When the last rum punch has been served, waiters say "Aloha" instead of "Good Night."

** * * *

Strange things happen in the music world. Take Bill McCune for instance. He's the lanky lad who created a stir last season in Westchester with his staccato rhythms. Currently his band is ensconsed in Brooklyn's Hotel Bossert. On Saturdays (the biggest day in any bandleader's life because of extra dance sessions and more customers) Bill plays dinner and supper music until 2:30 A. M. Then when the last white suit and mousseline de soie have whisked away from the parquet, Bill and his men remove their coats, open their collective collars and rehearse until the dawn breaks. (Continued on page 59)
Quickly... Correct Your Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only CONFINES, It also REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

IF YOU DO NOT Reduce
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

BECAUSE so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson, "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. Dier.

Immediately Appear Inches Smaller

You appear inches smaller at once and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living in any way...and with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

Why not try Perfolastic NOW... and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the FREE Illustrated booklet!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 2810, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name:
Address:

Florence George, singer, starts her first big commercial on the Packard show Sept. 7.
YOU WANT TO SAY?

$20.00 PRIZE

RADIO WAS HIS LIFE SAVER

I have always admired people who get up with renewed vigor and zip after being knocked down. That's why I like W. C. Fields and his new Chase & Sanborn Show. In fact, I pack up my rod and reel hours earlier just to get back home and listen to this wizard of words and wielder of wit. I never knew that anyone could look as funny as Fields and sound funnier. His inimitable way of saying things, his utter lack of radio conventions, is skyrocketing him to the top.

Battling against great odds, physically and mentally, W. C. Fields caught at the life saver named "radio" and is reviving, thanks to his spirit.

Besides the immense enjoyment this man has given the country, he has given it a new moral, too: "You're never out if you can clutch the Air!"

Antoinette Caha,
Gicero, Ill.

$10.00 PRIZE

WHO INVENTED THE GUEST STAR?

The guest star idea has become irksome to me. It seems more or less an admission that the program cannot go over on its own merit, but that some outsider must be brought in to bolster up an act. I shall not mention the name of any special program, as that is not necessary. But, when I want to tune in on Jimmy Jones' program—I want to hear him, and not some movie actor, who is dragged in to say a few words and to take up time. Purposely I have made a check among my friends and acquaintances, and with only a few exceptions, they all take my view on the subject. There is something friendly in an act or program which contains the same individual or group of individuals over a period of time—it's like the oldtime stock company which we loved so well.

Mary Anderson,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

HEARTACHES

My heart aches with pity for the poor masculine radio announcers each and every time I hear their bass and baritone voices speaking daintily of all manner of feminine doo-dads. It just doesn't seem right to hear a man go into ecstasies over the smoothness of a face powder, or the exquisiteness of carefully laundered undies. It makes me wonder what manner of thoughts (Continued on page 63)

After Dishwashing

IF YOUR HANDS COULD TALK, THEY'D SAY:

OUCH!
HOT SOAPY SUDS MAKE US RED AND HARSH

HOW GRAND!
HINDS WITH
VITAMIN D
MAKES US
DAINLY AS
CAN BE

Drying dishes day in and day out! No wonder your hands get dry and puffy... look red and coarse. What those hands need is the quick comfort of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Extra-creamy—extra-good to abused skin. Smooths away that rough sandpaper look. Contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs. Use Hinds for soft Honeymoon Hands! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

"Every day is Hinds day with us"

Every day the precious quintuplets put on Hinds. Use Hinds for your children's tender chapped hands and scuffed knees, and note how nice they say it feels.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.
COAST-TO-

By
RUSS KING

Vicki Vola, KGO star, has a good reason for thinking that the world is upside down.

SAN DIEGO, California: If you are a far-west listener and a believer in the old adage that no news is good news prepare yourself for a shock and then tune in the Good News broadcast originating from San Diego's KGB, Thursdays at 2 P.M., PST. That's right! As the title indicates, this KGB program features only good news and should shake your faith in the adage as well as rest your ears from the accounts of murders, suicides, accidents and other bits of ill-fortune so often heard in the newscasts.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: While we're on the subject of news broadcasts that are different, there's the one over WOWO every afternoon at 2:30 P.M., CDST. This fifteen minutes, known as Les Femmes Premier or,

Remember both when you choose a laxative

EVER notice how often constipation is accompanied by an upset stomach? It's doubly important then, to choose your laxative as you would your food. Avoid heavy, greasy indigestibles. Take FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. It's not a heavy, bulky dose. Has nothing to further burden an already overtaxed digestion. On the contrary, the very act of chewing increases the flow of mouth juices that aid digestion.

Moreover, FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless, laxative ingredient does not act in the stomach. Acts only in the intestines, where constipation exists—where you want the right results. No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.

Why didn't I find out about FEEN-A-MINT sooner?

Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the sunshine back in life. You will like its delicious flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. Discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have already switched to FEEN-A-MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept.107-G.FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

No other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does.

Feen-a-mint
in the King's English, Ladies First, also lives up to its name. The broadcast deals wholly with the women of the world who figure in the day's news, with, of course, flashes from Hollywood and other style centers detailing the latest in millady's fashions. In other words, Ladies First—and last.

Pittsburgh, Pa.: A program which helped make KDKA its usual popular self right through the hot summer months is George Heid's Revue, weekly at 7:30 p.m. Thursdays. First coming to the microphone in mid-July, George's Revue more than lived up to his premier prediction that it would be fifteen consecutive minutes of smiles. Pat Haley is the master of ceremonies who keeps the smiles breaking as the Lawson Sisters and Heid do the vocalizing. Al Dilemnia adds instrumental variety with his accordion while a novelty swing group, directed by Al Egizi, contribute the orchestral decorations. It's watch the smiles go by Thurs-day evenings at KDKA.

SEEING STARS

SOME folks believe Jimmy Willson is psychic, but Jimmy only smiles when the subject of his uncanny "star" discovery comes up. And well might Jimmy smile as he thinks back to that day when his only ambition was to be a radio singer, and he suddenly found himself not only a regular singer on the station but left in charge for the afternoon with a group of programs and phonograph records on his hands when the regular announcer, who served also as a time salesman, was called away unexpectedly on a hot tip. But Jimmy took the whole thing in stride and at the end of the afternoon found he was not only a singer but an announcer as well. That was the beginning of Jimmy the star finder, and in the following years he served on many stations in every capacity except engineer.

For the past three and a half years he has been program director of WWL in New Orleans and has been instrumental in the development of the several stars that station has promoted to national prominence. Most of us readily recognize stars when they are stars, but Jimmy apparently recognizes their possibilities long before their brilliance is dazzling to any extent.

To name a few Jimmy has prematurely spotted, there are Dorothy Dell, Jerry Cooper, and Louis Prima. Even in high school Dorothy was recognized for her beauty by all before she was acclaimed Miss Universe, but Jimmy saw something besides beauty in Dorothy Dell, and his opinion, backed by his practical encouragement, that she was star material, was certainly confirmed later. Not so long ago Jerry Cooper was a nonentity outside of his immediate circle, but Jimmy not only saw Jerry Cooper the singer, but also Jerry Cooper the singing star who needed only a bit of polishing to make his light shine forth. So, in his position as program director, Jimmy helped guide Jerry along the hard road upward. About Louis Prima? But we all know of that orchestra leader's accomplishments since his early days with Jimmy at WWL.

Jimmy admits his greatest kick in life is spotting and developing future stars, and next to that he most enjoys singing for shut-ins wherever they may be. He is a popular singer with his WWL listeners in his regularly sponsored program of self-arranged sentimental songs and hymns. In private life he is married and daddy to a recently adopted lovely little girl. Another little star in the making, would be our guess.

(Continued on page 74)

Glare-Proof!

for smart young vagabonds

Pond's 3 "Sunlight" Shades flatter your face in strong open daylight

Bright light...Black shadows...Now there are "Sunlight" shades to soften that glare on your face. Specially blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun...Flattering! Away from the old sun-tan shades.

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars. 35c, 70c. New big boxes. 10c, 20c.

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company.

Summer Brunette Sunlight (Right) Sunlight (Dark)

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight Pond's, Dept. BRM-PK, Clinton, Conn. Please mark me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a Solar test. (This offer expires Dec. 1, 1937.)

Name

Street

City State
THE AMAZING CREDO THAT GUIDES BOAKE CARTER'S BROADCASTS

BOAKE CARTER—red haired, short of stature, with a perpetual half smile of irony and an Irish instinct for battle that flames high, dies down and flames high again in the same second of reaction—has an amazing credo by which he writes, broadcasts, and lives.

It is amazing because so few of us can face devastating facts or admit the existence of situations which apparently are without remedy. With his credo, Boake Carter faces all facts and admits the existence of all situations.

That is why I was able to bring an editor the most exciting interview I've ever had. For Boake Carter has explained the philosophy behind his CBS broadcasts that so much argument and reap such dislike.

He spoke to me the same day the rumors began that he was soon to be curbed on his program. He was getting too hot for the air. He told me:

"I'll never be censored, either in radio or in what I say in print. Should the time come when I can't say what I want, I'll quit broadcasting. The going is getting rougher. Now is when every man should speak up."

And so he explained his philosophy and showed why his broadcasts are so full of bias, so filled with violent opinions that listeners write in daily demanding he be silenced for good.

Listen to him speak first on the subject of war, for what better test of a man's philosophy than that?

"War is inevitable. "Believing I know human nature, I say that war can never be prevented. We will always have it. It is a fault, but a natural one, of human beings to fight. If Germany antagonizes Great Britain, what does Great Britain do? It spends seven billion dollars on armaments! There's your answer. How can you prevent war? You can't!"

"My real credo is to apply the rules of human nature to everything, every situation. That is why I say that when war comes again, we won't be able to stay out indefinitely. Of course we should try. A baby knows that."

"Perhaps if we can stay out for two years, we'll be all right. The next war will be so fierce I can't see how it will last more than that length of time."

"But—if we stay out of war, which isn't likely, it will cost us plenty of money. We lose approximately ten billion dollars every two years we do stay out of war. This hits industry. Payrolls have to be cut. Money is lost by business and industry. If we don't want to pay the sacrifice of war in human lives, then we ought to be willing to pay for it in cash."

"Money should be raised by taxation during war time, and the government should give industry ten billion dollars for every two years we stay out of war! It is a hard price to pay, but war itself is an even harder one."

That is Boake Carter's philosophy, the credo that makes machines as the world whirled another day to its destiny.

He took up taxation. He said, "You'll notice in my broadcasts that I have always fought for fair taxation. What I don't like are all these hidden taxes. Not being allowed to know what you are taxed for, I believe that people should be awakened and made tax conscious so that they will realize how much it really costs to run this country."

"The income tax base should be broadened to include a larger number of people!"

"The whole tax system should be simplified. As it is, a man must be a wizard to figure out his income tax, to know what he pays for and why."

"That," Boake Carter continued, the ironical smile pulling up the corners of his mouth, "requires a discussion of relief," he stood up for the first time during the interview and walked back and forth.

"There has never been a frank audit made on the number of people supported by relief. This should be done. When we know this," he said, "we'll know what we are paying for, and be better able to understand the position of the government on taxation."

At this point the telephone rang. Carter placed earphones over his head, and went about the business of his call. The use of the earphones gives him liberty to use his hands for writing. Concluding his conversation, he faced me squarely on the subject of unemployment.

"I believe that unemployment is a permanent factor, and always will be. Technological displacement (labor saving machines) is also a big factor. There are many other things that enter into the problem also. Much of unemployment is the fault of the laborer, and his foolish tactics in striking. This causes employers to put in more machines, which rids them of their labor problems to an extent. Then too, the trend is to manufacture cheap goods, and the more this is done, the more labor is displaced. One way we can take care of unemployment is more taxation. Another way is a system of State Capitalism, or decentralization of industry. More factories spread out over a wider area. It is a great problem, and I believe that some day the answer for it will turn up."

On labor, Boake Carter takes firm stand. One only has to listen to his broadcast to see how well he backs up the following statement.

"I do believe in organized labor," he stated flatly. "I am for the old craft unions which magnificently take care of their men. I am against the CIO, and John L. Lewis' form of organized labor. And why?" the commentator continued before I could answer. "Because it does not respect a man and his craftsmanship. It does not take into account the most fundamental of all human emotions—competition. My credo for a union is this: It (Continued on page 85)
NO RADIO COMMENTATOR SPEAKS WITH SUCH COURAGE AND SUCH BIAS! HERE AT LAST HIS LISTENERS CAN LEARN HIS BELIEFS ON TODAY'S VITAL QUESTIONS.
T was uncommonly quiet inside the crowded Leppert apartment on Fifty-first Street in New York, where Alice Leppert had decided to have her baby because a hospital confinement was a luxury in those days and a policeman’s salary twenty-two years ago didn’t provide for luxuries.

Outside taxi horns hurried the play-going crowd into the theatrical district and newsboys hawked the latest casualties of the war which was ravaging the face of Europe. A block away elevated trains rumbled by regularly, investing the cacophony of street noises with an ugly but fascinating rhythm.

The Leppers’ two noisy sons—Bill, ten, and Charles, eight, had been packed off to their Aunt Mae’s for the night. Charles Leppert was at his wife’s bedside, excused for a few hours from patrolman’s duty, grandmother Jane Moffitt beat a path from the kitchen to the bedroom, bringing hot water and clean clothes for old Dr. Leymoyne. The boys had left the house at six o’clock. At eleven, it was all over and Dr. Leymoyne was telling Mrs. Leppert that her baby was a fine girl.

The fine girl’s mother smiled. She was as blonde and blue eyed as her daughter was destined to be when, twenty years later, she descended—a bundle of happiness, energy and rhythm—upon Hollywood, headed for stardom in films and on the air.

A fine girl?

Mrs. Leppert opened her eyes to see for herself.

“She has awfully long legs.”

Alice Faye (she picked out her last name herself fifteen years later because Frank Fay was in his hey-day, and she thought his name might bring her luck) did have long legs. She was walking on them when she was seventeen months old, and before she was three she was dancing on them, dancing without benefit of lessons—often without benefit of music for her own pleasure, or for anyone who would stop in his work or his play long enough to watch. Alice at four was the spotlight attraction at all the Leppert family picnics. Aunts and uncles and cousins, dozens of them, would crowd around her when the family gathered for an outing at Rye Beach or Van Cortlandt Park on Sunday afternoons, applauded her fancy stepping and exclaim to one another that Alice surely would be a dancer one day.

Alice’s mother was surer of this than anybody, for it was she who accompanied the eager-eyed girl to the Broadway picture houses on festive afternoons, and watched her rapt attention to the dancing feet of the show girls. And it was she who must take her to the stage door after every performance, there to watch until the last number of the troupe had gone. This ritual had a climactic finish, which only Alice and her mother knew, and neither ever told the men in the family, who wouldn’t understand. After she was quite certain that the last chorine had disappeared, Alice herself would turn show girl, prance to the stage door, and make a studied exit, mincing through imaginary crowds, with a haughty smile for her subjects.

Mother and daughter went to the theater, all during Alice’s childhood, every Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Leppert—who says she never was much for neighborhood parties, or gossip, or even for keeping house if you had to make a fetish of it—preferred movies to bridge, and Alice would gladly forsake her favorite friends and all the games they could play together to sit in the theater and watch the dancers. Mrs. Leppert says that Alice used to mutter to herself during the performance.

“I can do that,” she’d say. And she’d go home, before the mirror in her bedroom, and prove it.

Alice’s dancing was all in fun, at first. She was eight years old, and in the third grade at P. S. 69 on 54th Street and Sixth Avenue. Adjusting her own childish ambitions to

BEGINNING

HIGHWAY TO

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF A POLICEMAN’S DAUGHTER WHO CALLED HERSELF ALICE FAYE FOR GOOD LUCK AND WHO PROVED THAT YOUTH CAN CONQUER HEARTACHE

BY PAULINE SWANSON
Born with the longest legs the doctor had ever seen, Alice Leppert had rhythm in her soul. At the age of nine, she danced for her family. At twenty-two, she's star of screen and radio.

Alice took school in her stride from the first. The teachers liked her because her violent enthusiasms kept the class interested in something, even if it was composition one day, and geometry the next. And the neighborhood kids liked her because she could be counted upon always to think up something to do. Perhaps it was an ice skating contest in Central Park, perhaps it was charades, with Alice's mother's entire wardrobe summoned into service for costumes, but whatever it was, it was sure to be exciting.

Alice never came home from school without at least one girl friend in tow. Made to feel at home at once by Alice's Grandmother, Jane, who met the children at the door with milk cookies, the young visitors usually forgot the clock, and found themselves at six o'clock sitting down to a supper of pot-roast and spaghetti with the family. (Pot roast and spaghetti is still Alice's favorite food, but she can't have it any more because motion picture cameras do things to hips.)

Probably Alice would have gone on with her games and her school books, keeping her dancing for her party days, if her wide-open blue eyes hadn't noticed something lacking in her family's life. There wasn't enough money.

Charles Leppert had given up his job on the police force and was making a modest living as a salesman of hospital supplies. There was enough money for rent, and for food for the family, but Alice noticed that her mother juggled grocery lists painstakingly in order to have enough money on Saturdays for their theater tickets, and she knew...
that it was worrying about money which kept her father from joining wholeheartedly in the fun when the family rounded up on Sunday for a picnic.

The importance of money was brought home to ten-year-old Alice with a jolt one day when she ran downstairs ahead of her mother and motioned a taxi to the door.

"Let's ride today," she beamed at Mrs. Leppert as her mother appeared in the doorway. And she stamped her foot with annoyance when her mother blushed, and sent the taxi driver away with an apology.

"Why must we always go in the subway?" Alice complained. The chorus girls at the Capitol always rode away in taxis.

"Because we're poor," her mother said simply. "Taxis are for rich people."

Then and there, her mother believes, Alice decided that she would be rich people, too. It was a long way from a crowded apartment in the Fifties to the luxurious, taxi-infested life which she imagined for herself, but Alice had her own seven-league boots. She was to cover the distance in a few short years—on dancing feet.

From that day, Alice watched the dancers at the Capitol and danced before her bedroom mirror with new purpose. From Big Brother Bill, by this time earning his own way in the world as a bank clerk, she coaxed the money for dancing lessons at a neighborhood dancing studio. She'd go to the studio directly from school. Then, along toward dusk when Alice hadn't returned to the apartment, her mother would put on her hat and go to the dancing school to bring her young daughter home.

His little sister's new enthusiasm was hard on Brother Bill who now was devoting his Friday nights to the Colleague Club's weekly dances. Alice was immune to insults from Bill's friends who laughed when "that long-legged kid" begged to be taken along, and tagged along—invited or not. As it happened, Alice had the last laugh in this case for she turned up at the Colleague Club herself after a year or so, with a whole string of boy friends, and out-danced the lot.

Bill, whom sixteen years in a little-sister-infested family had taught the ways of a diplomat, settled the problem by bribing a friend to give Alice singing lessons on Friday nights. The lessons lasted two weeks, because the teacher wanted Alice to start at the beginning—with scales and exercises—and Alice wanted to sing the newest popular tunes. Like that! She didn't have time for details. She had a long way to go, and she was in a hurry.

"I can't teach her a note, but she's marvelous," her teacher told Bill later. "She doesn't know a thing about music, but she knows everything about rhythm."

Rhythm! Another name for Alice's seven-league boots, boots beating out time as Alice danced her way to financial independence before she was fifteen, as later she launched a new kind of singing—could the name be "swing"?—and became the first girl to win success as soloist with a dance band.

Alice had done with all lessons when she reached her thirteenth birthday. In that year she put aside her childhood, and schoolbooks with it; overnight she was grown up.

Two personal tragedies—the first real unhappiness she had ever known—played their part in her step from a happy child, playing "pretend" games with her friends to a young woman seriously bent upon making her own way in the big city. Alice's grandmother—and confidant—white haired Jane Moffitt, died in her sleep on her eightieth birthday. It was the first time death had come close to thirteen-year-old Alice and suddenly she was aware of the relentlessness of time. Thirteen years aren't many, but Alice counted them over and told herself again that if she were to do all the living she meant to do in her own eighty years, she'd better hurry, hurry.

Her first encounter with the business of making a living also had its heartbreak. With her understanding mother's permission, and her mother's high-heeled shoes for confidence, Alice went one afternoon after school to answer a Ziegfeld chorus call. Those hours of practicing before the mirror had had their results, so Alice's time-step compared favorably with the best of them when the dance director looked over the crop of applicants.

But when he singled Alice out for questioning, the director asked no questions about dancing, but simply:

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen," Alice lied.

"Better go home and wait (Continued on page 62)"
The scene: Lake Placid; the mermaid: Kate Smith; the reason: vacationing.

The Smith Estate in upper New York State is the apple of Kate's eye. Left, her golf’s not bad either.

Right, an extra swell picture of Kate playing tennis which tells its own story—she’s the champ.

Kate in motorboat costume for a spin on the lake. Vacation days end September 30 when Kate broadcasts again.
RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS ANOTHER SIDE-
SPLITTING RADIO-BROADCAST, FILLED
WITH ALL THE LAUGHS THAT HAVE MADE
HIM NUMBER ONE COMEDIAN—DRAW UP
YOUR CHAIR AND BEGIN TO CHUCKLE

Jack Benny and Mary started their
day in cool, cool Hollywood.

Editor’s Note: Brought you through special permission of Jack Benny, to fill the hot evenings with amusement until he returns from his trip abroad—another radio-broadcast. You can't hear it, but you can read it and get thirty minutes of the same fun you have when you tune in his Sunday night program. On these pages you will find more of the best laughs and playlets that have made this the year's most popular program. It's all based on material furnished by Jack himself.

IMAGINE it's Sunday evening at your regular time for listening to Jack, Mary, Don Wilson, Phil Harris, Kenny Baker and the gang. There go the NBC chimes . . . “This is the National Broadcasting Company” . . . then we hear Don Wilson: Don: The Jell-O program! Starring Jack Benny, with Mary Livingston and Phil Harris and his orchestra. The orchestra opens the program with “It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane.”

(We hear the brightest of the hit tunes, played as only Phil Harris and his gang can play it.)

Don: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Jack, Mary, and all the rest of us are still aboard the good ship Jelloa, taking a European vacation cruise. You wouldn't know Jack—he's so tanned and healthy looking he's almost handsome—and here he is!

Jack: Jello-O again folks . . . Don, I wouldn't care how you introduced me tonight. You can kid me all you want to and I won't mind. I feel too good, too full of pep and everything. My, what a tonic this ocean sun is!

Don: Well, you do look fine. Even the circles under your eyes are tan.

Jack: And then I had such a swell time at the masquerade ball last night.

Don: Funny, I didn't see you. How did you dress?

Jack: Oh, I didn't bother much. I just stuck forty candles on my head and went as a birthday cake. How were you dressed, Don?

Don: I sat on a plate all evening with a lot of sliced bananas around me.

Jack: Oh, you were that dish of Jell-O, were you? I might have known. Wasn't it kind of uncomfortable sitting on a plate all evening?

Don: I didn't mind it, until someone started to pour cream and sugar on me.

Jack: Here comes Mary. Funny, she must
When he hit the hot spell in New York, Benny had to cool off like this, just before he and Mary boarded the boat for Europe.

BROADCAST

have been there last night but I didn’t recognize her either. Hello, Mary. How were you disguised at the party?

Mary: (It’s Mary all right. There’s no mistaking that voice.) Why, I had on a big red hat with a long yellow feather, tan buttoned shoes, a brown furpiece around my neck, a parasol in one hand and a bookcase in the other.

Jack: Mary, what were you supposed to be?

Mary: A rummage sale.

Jack: Oh!

Don: Say, Jack, did you see Phil Harris? He was asking if you’d brought your violin along on this trip.

Jack: (Trying not to sound pleased.) Oh he was, eh? Did you hear that, Mary? Phil wants to know if I brought my violin. Maybe he wants me to play with the orchestra. Oh, Phil, were you looking for me?

Phil: Yes, I was. Say, Jack, have you got your violin with you?

Jack: Yes sir, I have it right down in my stateroom. Did you want me to play the next number with you?

Phil: No, we’re looking for a fly swatter.

Jack: Oh yeah? Well, I’m going to hand you fellers the surprise of your lives. This summer—starting next week—I’m going to take a few more lessons and brush up a little bit. Then you’ll see.

Mary: A few more? Go on, you never took any violin lessons.

Jack: I did, too!

Mary: Then your teacher didn’t.

Jack: (Good and mad now) Say, listen here! I could play “The Bee” when—

Don: Now, Jack, don’t let it get your goat. We were only fooling. Why, you know how we all love you—particularly after you’ve given us this swell trip and everything—

Jack: Yes, it has been fine, hasn’t it? Still, I’ll be glad to get back to Hollywood, go on the air again, and start my new picture. You know, I was so good in my love scenes in “Artists and Models” that in my next picture they’re going to give me two leading ladies. (Continued on page 93)
Crooner Crosby's vacationing with Dixie and the kids while the Kraft Music Hall gang merrily carries on.

Bob Burns forgot his pipe to keep the show running. Above, Ken Carpenter ringing those famous chimes.
This is comedian Burns’ bazooka as it looks after he throws it on the floor at the end of his solo. Now you know why you hear that terrible crash Thursday evenings.

Above, Bob Burns presenting Mary Baland with the gift package of Kraft products and beautiful serving tray that each guest of this program takes home after the show.

Above, the elegant coat rack for guest stars and bandmen. If you get your own coat you’re lucky. Right, Bing’s “office” became a lunchroom as soon as he turned his back.
ONCE AGAIN MOVIELAND'S MOST DARING RADIO REPORTER STARS IN HIS NEW ROLE OF MAGAZINE GOSSIPER AND CRITIC DE LUXE

Above, Harriet Parsons took over the reins while mama Louella tripped to Europe. Left, Al Pearce takes a tongue lashing in Fidler's open letter this month. Below, guess why Gail Patrick pinch-hit for Dorothy Lamour.

BEHIND THE

OSWALD (Tony Labriola) is in a dither and has consulted a lawyer. His beautiful blonde wife just shoved off for a New York visit that is scheduled to last a year and Oswald thinks she's left him for good. Hence the appeal to the counsel-

or.

Joan Bennett was kept off the Lux Radio Theater—not for the reasons the press agents told you about—but because a make-up man at the studio stuck the point of some scissors in her eye—accidentally, of course.

The reason Gail Patrick did that Hollywood Hotel stint in place of Dorothy Lamour was a conflict brought about by similar type of products. Dorothy's sponsors wouldn't release her to plug a rival brand of goods.

Frances Langford, pert pipestress, received an interesting piece of fan mail. A pink hand-crocheted dress—with a
HOLLYWOOD FRONT

bill for $150. Frances returned both dress and bill—they were equally distasteful. And despite repeated denials, I'm pretty sure Frances has been married to her manager, Ken Dolan, for more than a year.

** **

Two singers worth notice: Bill Roberts, the baritone who is rapidly making a name for himself on the coast here over NBC, and Florence George, who thrilled a recent Crosby hour audience with her super coloratura and who, happily, has signed for the new Packard hour.

** **

BOOST AND BOOSTS: Margaret Speaks continues to please with her crystal-clear soprano... Howard Barlow is rapidly becoming one of the better conductors of both classical and popular music. He's on a par, in many minds, with Meredith Willson and Andre Kostelanetz... A choice sprig of wall rocket (all right, look it up) to Joe Penner for his very sad gags (despite the fact that children seem to like him) and his sadder "comedy" situations. I fail to see humor in insulting remarks...

** **

As far as the radio audience is concerned, Judy Garland, Maureen O'Connor and Jolly Gillette might just as well be big grown-up ladies. Such maturity is difficult to believe in children—yet a wise man once said that girls grow faster than boys. Maybe that's why Bobby Breen still sounds very young on the air.

** **

Heap laughs occurred when Fibber McGee and Molly tossed a farewell buffet supper at one of Hollywood's rooftop garden cafes. Just as the guests were about to tear into the victuals, a swarm of flying ants (uninvited) hove into sight and settled on the condiments. Within five minutes the tables were literally covered with the pesky pests. A master mind ordered the lights out and the party sat in total darkness for half an hour, until the ants had gone. A good time was had by all.

** **

Nino Martini entertains the fond desire to hop off to Italy as soon as his current picture is finished but maybe Mussolini will make it tough on the tenor. Benito might remember that Nino did some very fancy soldiering and give him a gun. And anyhow, whatever will Nino do about leaving lovely Elissa Landi behind?

** **

Dorothy Lamour may be a sophisticated siren in the movies but she's a plain home-body in real life if this incident is any indication: At a recent cocktail party, Robert Armbruster (who has taken over Werner Janssen's duties on the Chase and Sanborn show) sang some Dwight Fisk-ish ditties (slightly off- (Continued on page 68)
After a long radio sojourn in the East, Virginia Verrill, singer of torch songs, is sunning herself again in her native California. She's Jack Haley's heart interest on the revised Show Boat, as well as Samuel Goldwyn's new film find.
A FEW weeks ago the last of the old-time comedians went on the air for the first time. His name is Jack Haley—that's right, the "Wake Up and Live" guy with the wild eyes and the sappy look. He followed—at last—the long parade of his old pals, guys who had pounded the boards of vaudeville way back in the old days—Phil Baker, Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Fred Allen, Nat (now George) Burns. He followed—at last—their path to the greatest stand a gag and patter man ever played—radio, a country-wide audience, the Big Time.

That in itself is a news item. Because there aren't any more of that breed left, and there aren't any more of them these days coming up the hard way, the only way that ever produced a great laugh artist.

But the story I have is what kept Jack Haley off the air all these years—and why he's taking the plunge at this particular time. Both may hand you a surprise.

Don't think I'm talking about Jack Haley and the Show Boat. Show Boat isn't his show and Jack knows it. It's Charlie Winninger's show. Jack's just been around in a warm-up spot. Here's the inside: they were breaking him in for a ready air audience when he starts his own program for Log Cabin Syrup October 3, over NBC. You'll have him then, unadulterated—a half hour of Haley, and I hope you like him. If you don't, a lot of people I know will be pretty disappointed and Jack Haley might shrink back into his shell for another eight or ten years. Just as he did the first time.

I suppose I don't have to explain that Jack Haley holds a clear title to the most colossal inferiority complex Hollywood ever ran across. He worries constantly; he frets; he takes every skin scratch to heart; he's as sensitive as a seismograph, as easily depressed as a barometer on a cloudy day. Everyone in Hollywood knows how Jack fretted himself out of screen stardom for years and years. The story of "Wake Up and Live" is one of those stories that usually happens only in books like "Wake Up and Live." How he busted through that complex and came to life at last is a classic by now.

But not many know about the incident that sent him scurrying away from radio, so thoroughly disgusted and downcast that for years he turned a stony ear to air offers and refused any part of a program.

It happened (Continued on page 81)

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

HE'S THE SURPRISE OF THE YEAR—THE GUY WITH THE WILD EYES AND SAPPY EXPRESSION BUT IT WAS HIMSELF HE SURPRISED MOST
HATE cops! Hate every flat-footed dick that ever pounded a pavement! I want to kill them! I want to blow their heads off—see them buried six feet in the ground!"

Rosario Borgio was not quite a madman. But out of his tortured mind he had evolved a scheme which was maniacal in its sweep, its grandiose simplicity. He hated cops. All his friends hated them. Then why not kill them all, one by one? It was as direct as that, and as fantastic. It could never have succeeded, but it could have created such a reign of terror as this country has never known.

Only two things prevented Rosario Borgio’s scheme from being the forerunner of a nation-wide uprising of the underworld against the forces of law and order. One was the treachery of a member of Borgio’s own gang—a man whose name has never been learned. The other was the superlatively fine detective job done by Captain Michael Fiaschetti of the New York police.

This most bizarre of crime stories began on Christmas night, 1917, in Akron, Ohio. Patrolman Ralph Sanders was taking a last look at the Christmas tree he and Mrs. Sanders had just decorated, before going out on his beat. The glow of the candles fell on his broad, honest face as he said:

"May, somehow I have a feeling I’m never going to forget this minute... standing here with you in front of the tree... the kids all in bed... just the two of us here..."

He was right. He never did forget that minute, for he was still thinking of it a few minutes later when he shut the door of his home behind him and went down the ice-glazed sidewalk, humming softly to himself. He had gone only a few steps when out of the shadow of a tree he had just passed came a spurt of flame—another and another. In quick succession three bullets buried themselves in his back, and he fell. He was dead before his wife, who had heard the shots, could reach him.

The Akron police could find no explanation for the killing, nor had they been able to find any clue two weeks later, on the night of January 11, 1918. On that night Patrolman Joe Hunt and Patrolman Edward Costigan met at the intersection of their beats, and walked along together for a few moments, talking.

Both men were depressed and worried over the murder of Patrolman Ralph Sanders. The cold-blooded way in which he had been killed, and the absence of clues, set the case apart from the ordinary hazards of a policeman’s life.
The night was one of the coldest of the year, and few people were out. The street on which Costigan and Hunt were walking was entirely deserted, and they were glad of each other's company. But it did them no good. Suddenly, from behind them, two shots rang out—then two more. Both Hunt and Costigan were dead when they were found.

The fourth in the series of Akron killings came two months later, on March 16. Patrolman Gethin Richards was the victim. Once (Continued on page 56)
HATE cops! Hate every flat-footed dick that ever pounded a pavement! I want to kill them! I want to blow their heads off—see them buried six feet in the ground!

Rosario Borgio was not quite a madman. But out of his tortured mind he had evolved a scheme which was maniacal in its sweep, its grandiose simplicity. He hated cops. All his friends hated them. Then why not kill them all, one by one? It was as direct as that, and as fantastic. It could have never succeeded, but it could have created such a reign of terror as this country has never known.

Only two things prevented Rosario Borgio's scheme from being the forerunner of a nation-wide uprising of the underworld against the forces of law and order. One was the treachery of a member of Borgio's own gang—a man whose name has never been learned. The other was the superlatively fine detective job done by Captain Michael Fischetti of the New York police.

This most bizarre of crime stories began on Christmas night, 1917, in Akron, Ohio. Patrolman Ralph Sanders was taking a last look at the Christmas tree he and Mrs. Sanders had just decorated, before going out on his beat. The glow of the candles fell on his broad, honest face as he said:

'\text{May, somehow I have a feeling I'm never going to forget this minute... standing here with you in front of the tree... the kids all in bed... just the two of us here...}''

He was right. He never did forget that minute, for he was still thinking of it a few minutes later when he shot the door of his home behind him and went down the ice-glazed sidewalk, humming softly to himself. He had gone only a few steps when out of the shadow of a tree he had just passed came a spurt of flame—and another and another. In quick succession three bullets buried themselves in his back, and he fell. He was dead before his wife, who had heard the shots, could reach him.

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The night was one of the coldest of the year, and few people were out. The street on which Costigan and Hunt were walking was entirely deserted, and they were glad of each other's company. But it did not help them know what to do, nor any one else. Suddenly, from behind them, two shots rang out—then two more. Both Hunt and Costigan were dead when they were found.

The fourth in the series of Akron killings came two months later, on March 16. Patrolman Gehin Richards was the victim. Once (Continued on page 56)
WINNING the title of Miss New Orleans should have been the biggest thrill of Dorothy Lamour's life, but she spent the money for a trip to Chicago and found Herbie Kay. It was in the Blackhawk restaurant and Herbie was leading the orchestra. Dorothy didn't meet him, but she saw him—all evening long she watched him. Love engulfed her like a tidal wave.

It made no difference then that her money was gone. Leave Chicago and her love? Impossible. So Dorothy learned to run an elevator in a Chicago department store until she managed an audition with Herbie and won the job as vocalist with his orchestra.

For three years she sang and silently and hopelessly adored her leader. Three long years while Herbie continued to overlook her. Just once he sent her flowers and then forgot again that she existed. Three years is a long time for a girl just turned twenty. Dorothy quit and went to New York to forget him. But like any story book romance, Herbie flew after her and proposed. They were married after a hectic a chase for licenses, rings and ministers as you could find in a Wodehouse novel.

Two days after the "I Do's," Herb was back on the stand leading his orchestra. A thousand miles away, his bride sang torch songs in night clubs and on the radio.

They said, "Dorothy and Herb are crazy if they expect to make a go of this marriage!"

It was the unanimous opinion. Not one of their friends believed that Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay could stay married, or even in love, for six months. A few people, who conceded that the marriage might conceivably prosper, but only at the expense of two wrecked careers, were regarded as optimists.

They said, "Those two are plain nuts!"

Taking everything into consideration, it looked very much as if the calamity howling friends were right. Never did a marriage start out on a shakier foundation.

In the first place, both Dorothy and Herb had iron-clad contracts which kept them in separate places. Dorothy's made it necessary for her to remain in New York City. Herb's took him traipsing all over the country with his band. Dorothy was beautiful; Herb was handsome. Both were young—and human. Men would swarm around Dorothy, women around Herb. How could either of them remain faithful to an ideal, and to a sweetheart who was thousands of miles away?

They said, "You can't lick a set-up like that. It isn't in the cards."

The gloomy prophets were almost right. They forgot only one thing—that Dorothy and Herb were so much in love they were willing to fight for their happiness. They were willing to meet the very real problems that menaced their marriage. They couldn't afford to accept the verdict of disaster, couldn't afford to let circumstances wreck their relationship. For that relationship was all of life to them.

It was this desperate need to stay together that sent them to a second marriage, a year and a half after their first. It was the same need that led them, barely in time, to the creation of an amazing marriage (Continued on page 65)

WHEN A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BRIDE WITH IDEAS OF HER OWN SUDDENLY DISCOVERS THAT A CONTINENT HAS SEPARATED HER FROM THE GROOM, THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD!
Radio's perfect mother: Marion Barnay, above, richly deserves the title for her work as the wise, kind Mrs. Young of Pepper Young's Family. Born in San Francisco, Marion went on the stage right after leaving college, and soon became the youngest leading lady on Broadway. In 1929 she turned to radio, playing the mother in Red Davis, the serial which was the original version of today's Pepper Young's Family. Her work was so good she still plays the part.

Dolly Dawn, above, is the petite, black-eyed and black-haired vocalist with George Hall's orchestra, heard on CBS. She began her radio career on a local New Jersey station five years ago, when she was fifteen. A chance on Hall's amateur program led to a job as his singer. Two years later, she is the singer and comedienne who's helping Eddie Cantor's show to keep going while Eddie's vacationing. He's written many popular songs. The first he ever wrote, "The Object of My Affection," was an immediate hit.
With a voice as beautiful as her face, Nadine Conner, left, is a welcome addition to the Show Boat cast. Nadine comes from an old California family—she was born twenty-seven years ago in a house built in 1850 by her great-grandfather. She still lives in this house, spending her spare time riding horseback... Billy Bailey, below, is headed for stardom on CBS, which is featuring her in several of its sustaining shows. Blue-eyed and golden-haired, she's a former Mil- waukee music teacher. Vacationing in New York, she sang for a music publisher, and her contract with CBS is the happy result.

Sixteen-year-old Jane Rhodes, below, has her first network job as one of the singers on the Packard summer show, with Johnny Green's orchestra, but she's no radio novica. When she was only seven she was a child star on several Los Angeles stations, under the name of Betty Jane, and she's been a favorite on the West Coast ever since. She just signed a contract with RKO, and is to be in "Stage Door," with Katha-rine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers.
Can you swing it?

1. For those who admire "hot licks"  
   "Schmaltz music" is only for hicks.  
   When Benny is "sending"  
   No home fires they're tending

2. "The dog house" is swing for bass viol;  
   And to play it takes plenty of guile.  
   You slap it and spin it  
   For all there is in it

3. There once was a guard at Sing Sing  
   Who nicknamed the prison Swing Swing,  
   He led the jam band  
   Till a jail-break was planned

4. There was a young girl of Sautelle  
   Who thought the sweet kind of music quite swell,  
   Then she got "in the groove"  
   So her neighbors would move

---

YOUR ENTRY COUPON

1. .................................................................
2. .................................................................
3. .................................................................
4. .................................................................

Name ..........................................................
Address .........................................................

WHETHER or not you've been bitten by the swing bug that's threatening the peace of the whole country these days, here's your chance to have more fun than you've had all summer and to share in twenty-eight exciting prizes.

Imagine yourself a mile in the sky aboard a luxurious United Airlines plane, skimming through the clouds, bound for the wonder city of the world—Hollywood! You won't have to imagine if you get busy and win first prize in this hilarious contest. Finish these four limericks with the most outstanding last lines and climb aboard that silver ship for the trip of a lifetime.

In Hollywood the winner will spend three whole spell-bound days, visiting the coast to coast Tuesday night radio program on the CBS network, seeing at first hand the movie stars at work, and visiting all the glamour spots you've read about, as the guest of the program itself.

It's easy, it's amusing, it's rewarding! To the second prize winner there goes a beautiful cabinet model Pilot radio. To the writer of the third best set of last lines goes a smaller Pilot radio. And to the next twenty-five winners go de luxe Ronson lighters.

No strings, no catches, just a matter of thinking up clever last lines which rhyme with the first two lines of each limerick. And to make it still easier, here's a sample last line for the first limerick: Though their wives may raise awful hicks.

Probably you'll want to use swing language in making your last lines. So here is a glossary of swing terms to guide you:

Jive or jive—swing; ticks or hot ticks—a swing phrase of music; rider man or sender—a star hot soloist; Get off on it, go out of the world, or get in the groove—to render an inspired swing solo; Schmaltz—ordinary sweet music; Cats—members of the band; Dog house—bass viol; Fish pipe—trombone; Grant horn—tuba; Licorice stick—clarinet; Plumbing—trumpet; Suitcases—drums; Gobble pipe—saxophone.
WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD! — ENTER — THE BENNY GOODMAN SWING LIMERICK CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE Free trip to Hollywood
SECOND PRIZE Cabinet size Pilot radio
THIRD PRIZE Pilot radio
TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES Ronson lighters

Tune in Benny Goodman’s Swing School, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, Tuesday nights at 9:30 EDST, over the Columbia network. Above, Benny, himself.

CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications Inc. and members of their families.

2. To compete, study all four Limericks carefully and then write your own last line for each in the space provided on the coupon. To be considered for a prize your entry must be on the official coupon.

3. Entries will be judged on the basis of aptness, cleverness and appropriateness of last lines. The entry with the best set of four last lines rated on this basis, will be awarded a round trip to Hollywood via United Airlines with a three day stop-over in the film capital. To the next best entry will be awarded a cabinet size Pilot radio. To the third best goes a smaller Pilot radio, and to each of the twenty-five entries next highest in rating will be awarded beautiful Ronson lighters. Duplicate awards will be paid in the event of ties.

4. The judges will be the editorial board of Radio Mirror and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, October 5, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

6. Address all entries to Radio Mirror Swing Contest, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., by First Class Mail.
A serious moment, as Kenny and Jane double their pulse count—Can this be the young man whose shyness Mr. Benny kids so much?

Kenny Baker finds it easy to make love to Jane Wyman in the new Warner comedy, "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air," to be released soon.

The clinch! and what good is any romance without it? On second thought, though, isn't Kenny holding back a little? Still timid!
DRAMA critics invariably sneer, Broadway stars laugh up their sleeves and Hollywood's guest-star circle shrugs its shoulders in disdain. With them, it's always the same story—radio deadens the art of acting, radio drama doesn't compare. Radio, to make it more painful, is just a pleasant way of picking up spare change.

But Olivia de Havilland—beautiful, young, of the modern school of Hollywood success for whom brilliant stardom is no longer just a dazzling dream—has found the truth to be different. Olivia de Havilland never knew how to act until she agreed to take part in an hour-length radio drama. And she's anxious to admit it. The first thing she said was, "If you want to learn to act, turn to radio. Any young actor should look on radio as his great opportunity. If you've ever tried to get on the stage you know that it's practically impossible. But there are thousands of radio stations which do offer you a chance to learn to act.

"Look at me. Radio makes me a better actress every time I go on the air. It gives me the inspiration and excitement I've never found in the movies. And it's teaching me things about the job of acting the movies can't even touch!"

And when you know Olivia, you know that radio also is bringing her the one thing she has always wanted above everything else.

She told me all this one afternoon at Warner Brothers' Studio, where she was making (Continued on page 90)
Of every successful man is qualified or able to talk about success or to give advice on how to achieve it. In fact, I’ve known some whose advice I’d have run miles to avoid following—simply because it was obvious that success hadn’t been worth the price they’d paid for it.

Lowell Thomas is a different sort of person entirely, principally because he is a happy man first of all, and a successful one after that. I’d gone up to his country estate near Pawling, New York, to talk to him, and I soon saw that he owned something much more precious than the beautiful old mansion-house, the swimming-pool and tennis-courts. He had the ease of mind that comes independently of material things. And I knew that when he talked of “success” what he really meant was “success combined with happiness.”

For that very reason, too, he could talk frankly. His success secrets are principles that no man need be ashamed to follow. Yet they’re eminently practical as well. No vague generalizations about thrift or industry does Lowell Thomas offer you when you ask how to achieve success. He has simply learned seven things in his life-time—seven things that, taken together, have made him a famous radio commentator and writer and have provided him with money, possessions, security.

The most important truth I’ve learned,” he told me, “and the belief upon which my whole life is based, is that you can get anything you want if you really make up your mind you want it, and go out after it. And since that is true, always use an elephant gun instead of a pop gun. Try for something really big, instead of trying for something small. No matter what your profession, make up your mind to be a big shot in it instead of a subordinate. Don’t say to yourself that what you really want is too far away, too big, for you to reach—because it is really true that nine times out of ten it’s as easy to get the big prizes as it is to get the little one, provided you consciously and determinedly aim for the big one.

“Second, and still talking in terms of hunting, now that you are out with your elephant gun, don’t aim for an elephant and nothing else. Who knows?—a hippopotamus might come along, and it’s as big game as an elephant any day. If success is your aim, don’t limit the field in which you can attain it. I suppose, when I was starting out in the world, I was aiming for big game in the newspaper business. Then another form of big game—radio—came along, and I turned to it. You must be adaptable enough to seize the big opportunities when they present themselves.

“The third thing I’ve learned is the value of infinite patience. It’s the biggest game that requires the longest and most patient stalking. I’ve seen so many men throw away their opportunities because they lacked the patience to wait just a little longer for the right moment. That moment will come, all right, if you stay on the alert for it long enough.

“The fourth necessity for success is the knowledge of how to work.” Thomas shook his head reminiscently. “I learned that when I was a youngster. I had to. My father made me learn it. Every Saturday of my boyhood was spent in sawing up stove wood, for so (Continued on page 72)
SEVEN SECRETS OF SUCCESS HAVE BROUGHT LOWELL THOMAS LIFE'S GREATEST RICHES—SEVEN SIMPLE RULES THAT ARE FASCINATING TO LEARN AND INSPIRING TO FOLLOW

Neither swimming pools nor tennis courts nor riding stables on a beautiful country estate can bring real happiness without the inner contentment that Thomas finally achieved with his rules for beating life.
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The fourth necessity for success is the knowledge of how to work.” Thomas shook his head reminiscently, “I learned that when I was a youngster. I had to. My father made me learn it. Every Saturday of my boyhood was spent in sawing up stove wood, for so (Continued on page 72.)
ONE HOUR

MUSIC BY
RICHARD A.
WHITING

REFRAIN
Art.K. G.

How I
I would love to spend
One hour with you
As

Then I'm
friend to friend
just I'm being with you

Then

I could say
what I'm feeling

I hope

ceal ing
in my heart
too.

To

night when all
dance ing is thru

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Famous Music
Corp., New
York, N. Y.
WITH YOU

SOON YOU'LL HEAR HIM SING IT AGAIN ON THE AIR—THE MERRY, TUNEFUL EDDIE CANTOR THEME SONG. FREE TO THE READERS OF RADIO MIRROR

FROM THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "ONE HOUR WITH YOU"
Deanna Durbin's supposed to be on her vacation, but she's just finished her second starring role in Universal's "100 Men and a Girl," and will be back with Eddie Cantor in Sept.

Photo by Ray Jones
San Francisco's smart younger set boasts one of the loveliest debutantes ever presented to Society. Elyse Law's beauty is the kind that is only seen once or twice in a lifetime. Divinely tall, slim, with hair that shines like wheat in the sun, a faintly golden skin, blue eyes deep-set under a high, pure brow.

She's a very vital young person, too! Golfs, swims at Pebble Beach, Santa Barbara. Adores far places ... has traveled a lot. Likes music, the theatre. And has a really extraordinary flair for color and design in clothes.

In composing her color harmonies, she uses the rich and subtle new "smoky" nail shades with unusual imaginativeness. "I never get tired of playing my Cutex nail shades against costume colors," she says. "I wish every girl appreciated what exciting possibilities they offer as contrast."

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WHY NOT STUDY the three suggestions above, and then see what effects YOU can achieve? There are 11 shades to choose from altogether. And, being Cutex, they'll all wear for days ... won't thicken up in the bottle ... won't fade ... but will shine and twinkle like bright little stars! And since Cutex is only 35¢ a bottle, you can start with 3 shades at least! At any shop, anywhere!
She knew that he adored her . . . that she was fond of him . . . that she ought to encourage him . . . because after all he was attractive and successful. Yet the thought of him making love to her was actually revolting. She wished she could tell him why, but she didn’t dare . . . the subject was just too personal . . .

GIVE THEM A HINT
There is nothing more fatal to friendship and romance than halitosis (unpleasant breath). The matter was once too delicate to talk about. Now, in the new candor that is sweeping America, more courageous women haven’t hesitated to hint to boy friends that the use of a little Listerine would make them more agreeable. Tactfully presented, the suggestion nearly always works. It’s self-protection for women and a favor to men. Use Listerine before all social engagements. Remember it makes the breath sweeter, more wholesome, and more agreeable.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS
USE LISTERINE
The Quick Deodorant
RADIO MIRROR - almanac

AUG. 24 TO SEPT. 23

EIGHT NEW PAGES DESIGNED TO DOUBLE YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE! DAY BY DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS AND NEWS FOR THE WHOLE MONTH—VITAL INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR DAILY BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT
Highlights For Sunday, Aug. 29

**Radio**'s personal favorite, Smilin' Ed McConnell, blooms again late this afternoon—9:30 E.D.S.T.—on NBC's Red Network. ... Will be on the air all season, giving his all for the Acme White Lead and Chrome people at Palmer Clark's orchestra, Larry Larson, and a choral group are Smilin' Ed's capable assistants ... Smilin' Ed proudly claims to be radio's fastest man, likes the title because many years ago somebody said, "Everybody loves a fat man." ... Born in Atlanta, Ga., on January 12, 1892, Ed was a minister's son, and an all-round athlete in school ... Is an automobile fan, and has owned sixty-two of them at various times ... Last spring purchased a supercharged car that can go 135 miles an hour if he really wants it to. It was a compromise between Ed and his wife, Mrs. Ed—she really wants to buy a seaplane ... Keeps his baby's first shoe before him when on the air. It's gold-plated— if not, he'll replace it anytime, and thinks number nine lucky. Likes hotel rooms that add up to that number and once served in war with army air service, and during war was once pronounced dead by drowning when his troop train plunged from a bridge. ... Tonight, via CBS at 8:00, hear the last broadcast of the Milton Berle show. ... Via CBS at 5:00, comes a polite salute to Venezuela—it's one of Our American Neighbors. ... Irene Rich is on now at a new time—9:35 tonight, NBC-Blue.

**Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 5**

**Today's** CBS salute to Our American Neighbors goes to Uruguay and Puerto Rico. For lovers of Latin music, remember you have a date at five o'clock—Eastern daylight time, of course. ... Did you ever see your favorite on the air again? Name: Jeannine Macy. Former occupation: being the "Little Time" girl on the program of that name. Present occupation: singing on Universal Rhythm, tonight at 9:00 on CBS. ... Jeannine comes from the air coast as a natural result of her marriage to Tom Richley, staff musician at WLBW in Cleveland, Ohio. ... It's a boy. ... Jeannine's another Rudy Vallee discovery. He heard her on a children's program on WHAM, Rochester. Helped her get a job at Castle Farm in Cincinnati, which led to her work at WLBW and Little Time. That Universal Rhythm show leaves its Sunday-night spot after tonight, now that the distinguished Ford Symphony has had its summer rest and is ranging to go back after Bach and Beethoven again. ... Rhythm pops up Saturday afternoon to hear at 9:30 on the CBS network. ... Other shows for you to look forward to this afternoon and tonight: Harry von Zell's Summer Salute on CBS at 7:30; Frank Munn and Joan Dickenson on NBC-Red at 9:30; A Tale of Today, with Raymond Johnson and Laurette Fillbrandt, on NBC-Red or at 9:30; the Nightly Night Party, with more stars than you can shake a five- tube set at, on NBC-Red at ten.

**Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 12**

Summer's almost over—here comes the Ford Symphony back on the air, the vanguard of the winter season. Don't bother to put on your white tie and tails, but come along to the near-by CBS station at 9:00 E.D.S.T., and wrap on ear around a couple of classics. ... Director tonight and for the next few weeks is Joe Jutirca, the former Little Big Horn Spanish piano-playing maestro. Guest soloist is John Charles Thomas, who used to have a program of his own but confines himself nowadays to visiting shows that need a baritone for the evening. John Charles is husky, looks more like a strong man than a singer, but leaves you in no doubt about what he is once he cuts loose on an aria. ... Is as fond of boating as he is of singing. ... Is a minister's son, born in Meyersdale, Pa. Used to sing for his father at camp meetings, working up from boy-soprano to adolescent-bass. ... Almost decided to be a doctor, but music won out. ... Got into comic opera, where he stayed for several years. ... In 1924, made his debut in "Aida" at Baltimore--two days later got married, and shortly after that broke 90 at Florida golf course. ... Counted 1924 a banner year. ... Sang for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1934, and hasn't missed a season since. ... Owns an 8-foot yacht, "The Magpie," where he spends all of his spare time. ... Owns no land home at all—all-rentals rent them.

**Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 19**

Make way tonight for bāzinner the Mayor of Texaco Town—Eddie Canete, refreshed by a summer of rest (all he did was make a new movie and sit in a few), lovers of the Texaco summer show, and that's a rest for Eddie), is back on his program tonight, 8:30-30 CBS. ... And once more Sunday night begins seem like Sunday night, with Eddie spending that (half) year with you again. ... Also check for tonight the premiere broadcast of the new Mutual program sponsored by the Saturday Magazine. It's a dramatic-variety program on MBS coast-to-coast network, from 10:00 to 10:30 P.M. ... Nor do you want to miss Rippling Rhythm Revue, NBC-Blue at 9:00, and that old-know-it-all, Winchell, same network at 9:30. That Honeychile you hear trading gags with Bob Hope on Rippling Rhythm is Bob's third Honeychile girl stoolie. ... Her name is Clare Hazel, and she's as Southern as her accent. ... Meant to be a newspaper woman, and wrote stories when a child for her dad's newspaper in Bennettsville, S. C. ... Was editor of her high school paper. Then went to Queens College in Charlotte, N. C., and made the mistake of getting a part in a freshman play. ... After that, phony on journalism! Came to New York after graduation, got a break when Bob, needing a new Honeychile, heard her Southern drawl and hired her. ... Now she's also a bunny on the Broadway stage.

---

**SUNDAY**

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By DON AMECHE

Never burn your bridges behind you unless you have a rowboat handy.
MONDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By HORACE HEIDT

If you want a thing done in a hurry, ask a busy man to do it.

Highlights For Monday, Aug. 30

At 11:00 A.M. today, Elsie Mae Gordon plays Phoebe in Trouble House, for the Hoins Magazine of the Air on CBS. Phoebe is busier than a bird dog. Sometimes doesn't know what program she's on. The works on so many soaps, so soap opera is that she's so versatile. Can play anything from a cry-baby to a hard-hitting news gal. Carries a big bag around with her, and in intervals produces a piece of knitting from it, and bags and sets to work. Knitting is always a sweater for her ten-year-old son, Gordon White. Likes to ride horseback, swim, hike and drive her car through the country. Has been on the air since 1922, when you used to envy your neighbors crystal set. Sometimes drops radio work entirely and goes on a short stage tour, doing her specialty—soap opera monologues, monologues, monologues.

... Is an individualist, she says, dislikes intolerance, and has no literary books, symphonies, plays, or authors, no superstitions and no hobbies. Reminder: Myrtle and Margie at 11:15 A.M. on NBC.

So is your old pal Ted Mafee—he's taken over M. & M.'s old quarter-hour, 2:45 P.M., also on CBS. Ted's been doing some investigating about people's favorite books. Discovered that the Bible is most people's favorite—but also that few people have read it enough to know it really well.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 6

Labor Day—and NBC is celebrating by starting a new program: Kitchen Cavalcade, starring Crook & Gamble, Monday through Friday at 10:45 on the Blue. A must for housewives, who make the do's and bachelors, who cook their own meals. Gaige modeled a soap and consider myself the world's best cook. On this show he gets a chance to prove it. Gaige is one of New York's better known theatrical producers. Was recently one of the men responsible for the mammoth stage spectacle, "The Eternal Road." Born in Skunk Hollow, New York, he was the son of a potato planter. After graduation from Columbia University, went right into the business of helping produce plays.

... Is a bachelor and has an adopted son named Jeremy. Owns a farm near Peekskill, where he raises rare herbs to make into spices to put into his pet culinary efforts. Doesn't think much of women who complain that running a home is the hardest job in the world. Says it's the easiest, in stead. The Barrymores, John and Elaine, are in a modern play for a change—Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom." Listen in on NBC's Blue network. Set aside 11:30 P.M. to listen to Dan Harding's Wife on NBC-Red. The cast: Dan Harding, Merrill Fught; Eula Sherman, Margarette Shamma; Hester Forrest, Ann Stone; Mr. Fowler, Robert Griffin; Annette Dupre, Laurette Filiobrand.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 13

Today's star news: the Lux Theater is back on the air tonight, at nine o'clock on CBS, raising the curtain on another fall and winter season of weekly hit plays, starring the guys and gals who make Hollywood what it is. Once more Cecil B. DeMille is waving the baton, or whatever it is movie directors use instead of a megaphone when they direct radio plays. C. B. deserves the title of Pioneer Hollywoodite if anyone deserves it. Wonder why he doesn't do an air adaptation of his first big hit picture, "The Squaw Man," which made history when Hollywood was only a sleepy Mexican village. If you ever get to be surprised to learn that your notion of what a great director looked like was all wrong... He's soft-spoken, dignified, and looks more like a successful banker than a guy who handles terrif- emental stars... When a boy, he ran away from school to enlist in the army during the Spanish-American War, but failed because he was too young... Then became an actor and did right well at it. Gave it up to become manager of a play brokerage. Met Jesse Linsky in 1913, when they pooled the few dollars they had to make "The Squaw Man." Opposite Lux, on NBC-Blue, John and Elaine Barrymore present the play: "Accent on Youth." Another feature today: the Journal of Living, at noon, on MBS.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 20

Premiere of the day: a program sponsored by Campana, on NBC-Blue, from 8:30 to 9:00 P.M. When you buy an Almanac, you went to press nobody knew what this show would be, would it, or what it would be about. If they knew, they were keeping it a secret. But the sponsors are the same people who bring you the First Nighter, which you've enjoyed these many years. First Nighter stays on the air, too. Musicians love it, because it's a series of programs this afternoon from the Pershing Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York. Your danceband maestro for these shows is Will McMune. Margaret Brayton is the girl who plays the nutty Mrs. Billingsley on the Burns and Allen program, tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Margaret's a joke expert. Has traded gags in front of the mike with Jack Benny, Edward Everett Horton, Al Pearce, and many other air favorites. In fact, she got her radio start with Al Pearce in San Francisco. She's loved the stage ever since the days when, a child, she used to watch Edmund Lowe from backstage at the old Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, where her stepfather, Bert Wernher, was director. Parents disapproved of stage ambitions, but Margaret stuck to them. The National American Legion convention starts today in New York, and all networks are on hand to report its highlights. Main one today: the parade. It will be miles long.
STARTING today, the Heima Magazine of the Air gets complicated in its time-scheme. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 8th, and 10th of the month being official A.M., both B.D.S.T. To up to now, you've heard it only three days a week, instead of five. Tonight's your last chance to listen to Johnny Green's music, Trudy Wood, Janey Blair, and Jane Rhodes on the Packard show—9:30 to 10:30 on NBC-Red. They're being replaced, next Tuesday, by Lammy Ross & Co. This afternoon's Singing Lady play: the story of Leonarde de Vinci, the Italian painter, written by the Singing Lady herself. At 5:30, NBC-Blue. That is, unless there's a last-minute change in plans.

YOUR Almanac: It's the old familiar rule. Pick a program, and when you hear it, change the dial. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. And change the dial again.···
WEDNESDAY
MOTO OF THE DAY
By FRANK PARKER

Your boss probably wishes he were you.

Highlights For Wednesday, Aug. 25

THAT sports fan in your family's going to monopolize the radio tonight between 11:30 and 7:00 New York time. He'll be listening to the Catholic Youth Milk Fund bouts. The network, NBC-Blue, are fights as are fights. Not championship stuff, like tomorrow's big arguments between Tommy Farr, but plenty of action and excitement. This afternoon's "Singing Lady Story on NBC-Blue, at 3:30. "The Swineherd," a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen, dramatized and set to music by Irene Wicker, the singing lady herself, and her accompanist, Milton Redtenberg, and your children can listen to the Singing Lady only four times a week during the summer, you know.

That Friday afternoon broadcast will be resumed this fall, Milton Redtenberg, who has an awful lot to do with the swell music the Singing Lady has on her program, New Yorker, studied law at Columbia University, and was admitted to the New York bar. But he was born under the wrong star to be a lawyer.

His birthday is Jan 27, the birthday of Jerome Kern and Wolf- gang Amadeus Mozart, who had a little bit to do with music too. The ex-Kaiser of Germany was also born on January 27, but who cares? Milton tried to pretend Paul Whitman took him on tour with him, and the law lost a good musician.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 1

PATRONS of the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago are happy tonight—their favorite leader, Freddy Martin, is returning to the East... too, if you'll tune in your local Mus- Ras, like CBS, for instance, and 4:00, for news, gossip, music and drama; Club Matinee on NBC-Blue at 4:00; Cav- alry on NBC-Red at 5:00; NBC-Red on NBC-Red at 6:30 (unless you don't feel romantic and want to laugh—In that case you want Ed Murray, same time, CBS; Town Hall Tonight, with Walter O'Keefe, NBC-Red at 9:00... After all, Fred Allen has decided to return to the air, and we all love Hall sponsors too again—He'll be back in the fall... Maybe broadcasting from Hollywood.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 8

HAVE you been missing the Personnel Column of the Air?... Better not, because you can't tell when you're going to hear something of vital importance to you on it. Time: 11:15 A.M. on NBC-Blue, 4:15 P.M. on NBC-Red. Only radio could de- vise a program like this—a mixture of drama, comedy, lecture, and news. The idea of the program was concocted by Octavus Roy Cohen, who's better known for his humorous stories about colored people. He turned the idea over to his leading actor, Lglomer, who prepares the program and acts as narrator on it. And she and Cohen live in an apartment in New York's East Fifties, work in adjoining rooms. They keep very regular hours, sitting down at their desks at sight-thirty every morning.

Inez keeps three secretaries to help her open mail from her listeners and pick out good items for the air... Has helped, with this program, to reunite many long lost relatives and sweethearts...

Inez is small, dark and pretty, fair-skinned, has an authentic Southern drawl—authentic because her birthplace is Birmingham, Alabama... Leave the Aragon station after you've listened to the morning session of Personnel Column, and you'll visit again when your favorite is loved to the last, Vic, Sade and Rush... And after them, still on the same station, Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, singing your favorite hymns.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept 15 and 22

SEPTEMBER 15: Wednesday night, the night an awful lot of people stay home so they won't miss Gang Busters, Phil Lord's brain child is getting strong in its second consecutive year, and has even been sold to the movies. "Metropolitan" Mayer was Metro-Gold- wyn-Mayer, and Gang Busters is the first radio show ever to be bought by Hollywood for a full-length picture... Another Wednesday-night show, One Man's Family, has started to turn itself into a picture, but never got farther than the 1800 stage... Phil's to supervise the shooting of the film, and producers aren't sure what it is, but will appear in it.

One of the actors you'll hear tonight on Gang Busters is Erik Rolfs. Another is "Jumbo," because he's been putting on weight the last few months... Real name, Rolfe Ylvis- aaker, but just read it quietly, don't try to pronounce it. Excellent radio actor, but always nervous at the mike; jinks his arms around and when finished with a commercial announcement (he's the announcer as well as an actor in Gang Busters) he makes a whirling motion with his hand across the mike... Always wears double-breasted suits. Hobby is fishing, particularly in the Minnesota woods.

SEPTEMBER 22: Tonight's first: A program sponsored by Standard Brands on the NBC-Blue network at nine o'clock... Who and what it would be is the song when your Al- manac went to press.
Highlights For Thursday, Aug. 26

Going to the fight tonight? Lots of people will be, so you'd better come along. Place: Philadelphia. Opponent: Joe Louis, world's heavyweight champion, and Tommy Farr, British Isles boxing champion. Admission: NBC has cornered the exclusive broadcasting rights for the fight—no ticket for your pleasure. Money is backing the Brown Bomber, but of course smart money has been made to look silly, where prize fights were concerned, before now. So don't bet your week's salary and then blame your Alzinnia: if you lose it and your shirt too. The music makers are switching places. Leo Reisman, back from a summer at the Paris Exposition, returns tonight to his old haunts, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, replacing Gay Lombardo. ... CBS is the affiliating network. ... NBC's week's engagement at the Steel Pier, with NBC bringing you the tinkle of its music. ... NBC's highlights for the evening, in case you don't go for either fighting or dancing: Major Stories, who astounded New Yorkers last summer by continuing to present good shows long after the novelty-value of amateur hours has waned—CBS, 9:00; Floyd Gibbons' True Adventures, also on CBS, at 10:30. ... Did you know you had an adventure in that dull life of yours? Floyd says everybody has had at least one amazing and thrilling adventure. ... My Singing Lady show: The Story of Franz Hall, the Dutch painter.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 2

They're calling out the reserves tonight in Dallas, because Benny Goodman's starting to swing it there, at the Texas Exposition. ... NBC is the network for you to tune in if you want to swing along with him. For less energetic entertainment, there's The O'Neill's, today and every day except Saturday and Sunday, on NBC-Blue at 11:00 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:45 P.M. ... A main asset of The O'Neill's is stability, white-haired Kate McComb, who plays the beloved Irish Mrs. O'Neill. ... She also plays Hattie Dickey in the Snow Village Sketches—they're off the air now, but your Almanac knows a lot of people who are hoping they'll be back soon. ... Mrs. McComb was born in San Francisco. ... Began her dramatic career at the age of six, when she appeared in "This Little Pig Went to Market" in French. ... Was once a contralto soloist in a church choir, followed this with concert work in stock and Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. ... Interrupted her career to get married, but resumed it. ... Now she's off to make her first appearance on Broadway. Speaking of operetta, addicts of that form of music won't want to miss the NBC Light Opera hour, this afternoon at 3:00 on NBC-Blue. ... For your nightcap: the March of Time on CBS at 10:30—after which, before you go to bed, set your radio for the nearest NBC-Blue station, for the Morning Devotions at 8:00 tomorrow morning.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 9

Hattie McDonnell, the Mommy of Show Boot, is an old movie favorite of everybody's.

The summer's tennis season is nearing its close, but today brings the first of a big series of matches just the same—the National Singles championship matches at Forest Hills, N. Y. CBS is the only network that has the right to broadcast these, and it's pretty happy about it. ... It's likely that NBC will be able to put a microphone anywhere within sight of the Forest Hills Stadium, because wot it's protected from unauthorized eyes. ... Matches last from today through September 11. ... Mr. Hunsinger, naturally, does the describing, because Mr. Hunsinger wouldn't miss a tennis match if he had to be carried to it. ... Favorite of the fans this year is Donald Budge, young California net star ... and also the lion of the hour because almost single-handed he recently won the Davis Cup for America. ... Gene Mako and Betsy Grant will be on hand too. ... Tonight's Gus Arnheim orchestra at the Claridge Hotel in Memphis, Tenn. ... NBC facilities to your easy-chair. ... Are you going to love Show Boot's Mommy, on NBC-Red at 9:00? ... Lots of people are falling for the sponsor. ... In real life she's Hattie McDonnell and she has stolen more movies from high-priced stars than the stars like to think about. ... The latest is "Nothing Sacred," with Charles (Cap'n Henry) Winnemer, Gay Lombardo, and Fredric March. ... Hattie was first colored girl to sing on the air.

Kete McComb's interpretation of lovable Mrs. O'Neill is one of radio's classics.

SEPTEMBER 16: Have you got around yet to discovering that there's a new and fascinating feature on the Gold Medal Hour, on CBS at 1:45 P. M., E. D. S. T.? It's called Hollywood in Action, features Captains Bob Baker and Louise Roberts. ... Ladies first, so your Almanac will tell you Louise'sToday and Captain Bob tomorrow. ... Louise, the beauty export of the show, was one of the nation's first newspaper radio columnists seven years ago. ... Wrote for the Houston, Texas, Chronicle. ... She gave the first outside-of-New-York broadcast from an airplane when she described the national balloon races at Houston. ... Later gave women's programs in Chicago. ... Is the daughter of an army officer and was born in Colon, Panama. ... Descended from Thomas Nelson Page, novelist. ... Is tiny, just five feet one-inch tall, and has brown eyes and black hair.

SEPTEMBER 23: It's the last day of the Legion Convention in New York, and once more the networks are on the job. ... If you've listened in faithfully for the last three days, you ought to know about much about the convention as your home town delegation to it. ... Maybe more. ... Because you know how big cities and being away from home are likely to affect the boys. ... Now it's time for Your Almanac's monthly parting admonition: tomorrow's the day the November issue of Radio Mirror goes on sale.
FRIDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY
By HAL KEMP

A winning personality doesn’t indulge in personalities.

Highlights for Friday, Aug. 27

There’s a grand shuffle of orchestras tonight... If your favorite listening stations are tied up with NBC or MBS you’re in for some changes. Don Bostow is moving into the 7:15 Ed Sullivan Ballroom, and you get the Bostor rhythms on NBC. Here another act lines up in the Trianon Ballroom, in Chicago, for a good long spell, and MBS does the honors. Did you know that making music isn’t Ted’s only accomplishment? He’s written several short stories as well as a book about the band business. Best news of all is that Fred Waring’s back on the air from NBC’s Drake Hotel in Chicago. Rumors persist that Fred and the gang will be back for a commercial sponsor this fall. None other than the Old Gold people, who were the original sponsor at the height of his radio popularity. But so far they’re only rumors. No. Tobacco has said Anything’s possible, but we’ll have to wait and see...

Orson Welles ends his Les Miserables serialization on MBS, at ten o’clock tonight.

YOUR balanced ration for today: Sentimental drama, Just Plain Bill, NBC-Red, 10:30 A.M.; News, Edwin C. Hill, CBS, 12:15 P.M., and Boake Carter, CBS, 7:45 P.M.; Sentimental story, Kreiner String Quartet, CBS, 3:00 P.M.; Thriller, Don Window of the Navy, NBC-Red, 5:30 P.M.; Humor, Amos ‘n Andy, NBC-Red, 7:00 P.M.; Hot music, Bughouse Rhythm, NBC-Red, 7:45, and Popcorn Pal, NBC-Red, 8:00 P.M.; Variety, Hollywood Hotel, CBS, 9:00 P.M.; Hurst, NBC-Red, 10:00 P.M. If you’re like your Almanac, you’ll have to switch to True Story Court, NBC-Red at 9:30. Hollywood Hotel is only half over. Too bad they’re on the air at the same time... Gossip, Jinnie Fidler, NBC-Red, 10:30. And at 10:00 there’s the last installment of "Les Miserables," which MBS has been presenting with Orson Welles and the last card—and you won’t want to miss it if you’ve been following it... Welles is only twenty-three years old, but he’s an experienced actor just the same. Started by jumping into stage leads when he was fifteen. That was in London. Came to New York to go on tour with Katharine Cornell. Has been on various network shows... Louella Parsons’ choice for tonight’s Hollywood Hotel guest: Kenny Baker, George Jessel, Gertrude Michael and Frank McGuckin in "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air."
SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By RUSS MORGAN

The surest way of winning an argument is to avoid it.

Highlights for Saturday, Aug. 28

IF you can understand German you'll want to listen today to NBC's broadcast of the Goethes festival at Bad Homburg. Even if you can't, it's an interesting novelty, because you can be sure that NBC will make the dialogue intelligible to you. Tonight, NBC brings you the music of another new maestro at the Munich Opera. Atlantic City—Jack Donny. . . . If you've listened to these Pfer broadcasts all summer you've heard a part of the nation's biggest and best bands. . . . And don't say this is the first Almanac has told you about it. Early this morning, 8:00, listen to Fields and Hall on NBC-Red. . . . You'll like them, and you'll like their little featured singer, Mary Dietrick.

George Hall's Orchestra, with Dolly Dawn taking care of the vocal end of the proceedings, CBS at 12:30 P.M. . . . For people who want to buckle off to Buffalo, a solid hour of music from Buffalo—1:30 to 2:00 P.M. on CBS, 2:00 to 3:00 on NBC-Red. . . . For everybody, Club Matine, NBC-Blue at 3:00 this afternoon and every afternoon except Sunday. . . . On Club Matine you hear Ransom Sherman, pioneer radio comedian, who was one of the original Three Doctors. . . . Remember? He's master of ceremonies on Matinees. . . . Tried to learn the violin when a boy, but got his finger caught in a church door and had to study the saxophone instead. . . . Entered radio in 1923.

Highlights for Saturday, Sept. 11

SATURDAY practically means sports events as far as the networks are concerned. . . . Today's the time for the sports announcers to get in some of the fanciest word-painting. . . . NBC has the International Life Boat Race, for a starter. . . . Then it swings into a description of the Narragansett Special— which, if you didn't know, is a horse race being held at Pawtucket, R. I. . . . The winner gets the trifling little stake of $50,000. . . . CBS is on hand at this session of the sport of kings, represented, as usual, by its crew of all sports, Mr. Huising, . . . NBC's turf expert for the day is the most famous turf expert of all, Clem McCord. . . . Clem's the announcer who has broadcast every Kentucky Derby since 1928 except two. . . . Became a sports broadcaster by coincidence. . . . Was a compiler of racing form charts and a newspaper sports expert. In 1927, in Chicago, Arlington Park installed a loudspeaker, and Clem was chosen to man it because he knew running form charts. . . . While he was away to get the necessary knowledge necessary . . . while some auctioneering experience he'd had gave him the ability to think and talk fast. . . . He was so good over the loudspeaker system that next time a race was broadcast the station just naturally thought of Clem for the job. . . . Has been at it ever since. . . . Clem's seen twenty-six Kentucky Derbies, starting in 1896.

Clem McCord, racing expert, describes the Narragansett Special today on NBC.

Highlights for Saturday, Sept. 18

REMINDER to Universal Rhythm fans: After a summer on a Saturday-night broadcasting, this show switches to Saturday-night spot this evening—9:30 on CBS. . . . It's only half an hour long now, instead of the hour it lasted in the hot weather . . . but the talent remains about as was. . . . Another Saturday-night enjoyable: Johnny Preston, on CBS at 8:30. . . . Responsible for the thrill-dramas on that program, Charles Martin, has the privilege of being the youngest director. . . . He's stocky, dynamic, with a head of black hair that never had been known to . . . quizzed. . . . It's always in a hurry—has been ever since he was born. . . . Was working on the copy desk of a Newark newspaper when he was only thirteen, and writing a serial story—which was published—on the side. . . . Took only three years to whip his way through New York University. . . . Wanted to go on the stage, but got a job with Eva Le Gallienne's company, . . . but radio looked like the ideal medium for a man with a lot of energy, and there he is. . . . Was with March of Time for a year before he began directing the Circumnavigation Evidence and other thrill-dramas for Philip Morris. . . . Isn't married—began hard time for it . . . he is. . . . Is fond of sports and in college was a N. Y. U. representative in long distance running. . . . Gets an average of five hundred letters a day from listeners.
WHATEVER YOUR EYE BEAUTY PROBLEM IS, ONE OF RADIO'S FOUR LOVELY KING SISTERS HAS JUST THE RIGHT ANSWER

WHAT is the most conspicuous, the loveliest feature of a woman's face? Is it her mouth, her nose, her chin? Well, I'll wager that, if you took a vote based on the poems written praising feminine beauty since the world began, the eyes would have it! Those poems were written by men, of course, so it's easy to see just what a man notices first in a woman's face.

Eye cosmetics have been known, too, for almost as long as men have been writing poetry. Kohl, a more primitive version of eyeshadow, has been found in Egyptian tombs, along with the jeweled toilet articles and polished metal mirrors of long-dead princesses, and is still in use in the Orient. Even in those remote days, the eternal feminine knew that it wasn't necessary to be satisfied with the eyes one was given by nature, but that one could enhance the natural beauty and actually change the size and color by the skillful use of make-up. How much more fortunate we are today with the safe and subtle preparations available everywhere!

This month, I went to the King Sisters—those four young and attractive girls who are such an important part of Horace (Continued on page 80)
LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

1. We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunk.

2. Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"
FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

"Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FIVE YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; light off blackheads, blennorhea; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. NOW contains the active "skin-vitamin."

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughness; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. NOW contains the active "skin-vitamin."

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. NOW contains the active "skin-vitamin."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS

the active "Skin-Vitamin"
FOR the cooking page this month I visited “the small house half-way up the next block,” which you will instantly recognize as the home of Vic and Sade, one of Radio’s best loved families, to talk with the son of the household, Rush, about hot cereals, those morning foods to make you wake up and live. I selected Rush for this subject because he is one of the hardest working young performers on the air today. In addition to his school work he broadcasts twice a day, five days a week, with an extra broadcast every Tuesday night—and a strenuous career of this sort calls for the extra energy provided by cooked cereals.

Rush is played by seventeen-year-old Billy Idelson who, in spite of his youth, may rightfully be called a radio veteran, since he began broadcasting in 1931 when he won over some hundred other boys in an audition for the part of Skeezix, broadcast from Chicago. A year later he was given the part of Rush, which he has played continuously ever since.

Billy (he was christened William James Idelson) is a natural for Rush. Outside the studio he is just like any other American schoolboy. He goes to high school and makes good grades in spite of the fact that like most boys he dislikes homework. He likes to fish and go to the movies, but he counts his regular attendance at movies as much for instruction as for entertainment since he hopes to be a movie actor some day. He is an avid reader of mystery and Western stories and (Continued on page 93)
This new kind of heat means greater comfort winter, spring or fall!

It may be balmy one day and zero the next—but it doesn't matter if you have a Duo-Therm, the really modern oil-burning circulating heater!

A New Kind of Heat! Here is heat you can fully adjust to changing weather. On cold days, you can turn on all the heat you want. On mild days, you can turn your Duo-Therm down to a tiny, smoke-free flame.

All With a Simple Regulator! Just a mere turn of a handy dial gives you this regulated heat—just the amount of heat you want, when you want it! And that means— you don't need to burn oil at zero-speed on mild days. You can turn the heater down at night—you save oil!

Less Waste—More Heat! A Duo-Therm doesn't "heat all out-doors" as do heaters that burn with a high, pointed, wasteful flame. Duo-Therm burns with a full floating flame that licks lazily against the sides of the heater. It sends more heat into your home—and Duo-Therm has a special "waste-stopper" that keeps heat from rushing up the chimney.

No Ashes! No Dirt! No Noise! Duo-Therm burns less expensive fuel oil. Burns silently. There is no odor. No smoke. No coal to shovel. No ashes. No soot to clean up. A cleaner home—a warmer home!

Mail the Coupon Below for complete details of this marvelous new kind of heat! Or see your Duo-Therm dealer. Whatever your heating needs, you'll find a Duo-Therm to fit them. You have a choice of three beautiful finishes. Low prices! Easy payments!

Duo-Therm Oil-Burning Circulating Heaters

Duo-Therm Division, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Mich.
more the killer had lurked in the dark, in a deserted spot on Richards' beat. Once more he shot from behind, and vanished without leaving a single clue.

Chief Welch of the Akron police force immediately cancelled all leaves and orders the entire force to be on call twenty-four hours a day. In thirty years of police work he had never faced a more serious situation. What made all so maddening was that there was absolutely nothing to work on. All the police contacts with the underworld seemed to be useless; the weak-sauce-of information was the result of professed complete ignorance of what was behind the murders.

What Chief Welch did not know was that in the cellar of a deserted house, in the poorer quarter of Akron, a group of men were sitting around a candle which was the only light in the musty room. They were Rosario Borgio and his professional killers—Tony Manfredi, Paolo Chiavaro, Frank Mazzano, and two brothers named Biondo—Pasquale and Lorenzo.

All right,” said Borgio, handing a roll of bills to Mazzano. “You there. Two hundred and fifty dollars for bummint off Richards.”

“Part of that’s mine,” said the flat voice of Chiavaro. “I helped get Richards, remember.”

“Okay, okay,” Borgio said irritably. “Divide it up yourselves. I just pay two hundred and fifty bucks for every cop you kill.” His voice took on a terrible, hissing intensity. “And I’ll go on doin’ it. The only reason I’m makin’ any money right now is so I can put a bounty on cops like they was wild animals. For years I’ve been runnin’ joints here in Akron, a-dosin’ all right until the cops close me up. I ain’t forgettin’ the six stretches the cops’ve made me do—and now they’re goin’ to pay for it.”

“Don’t see just where it’s gettin’ you, but it’s all right with us,” said Mazzano, lazily pocketing his share of the money.

“That’s because you are smart,” snapped Borgio. “D’you know there’s three and a half-million smart guys like us in this country—guys that’ll shoot and steal if they have to, and they don’t havve no other parts of the country’ll do the same. Pretty soon there won’t be any cops left, and we can run things.”

The other men exchanged glances. But they said nothing. The guy might be crazy but his money was good, and his saloons, under-cover gambling houses, and houses of ill-fame supplied him with plenty of it.

But something was destined to call a halt to Borgio’s campaign.

A few nights after the shooting of Richards, several of Borgio’s killers went to a party given by some Italian friends of theirs. The party was a wild one, with plenty of strong red wine. Tony Manfredi and one of the other killers—it was never discovered which one—began to quarrel, and they ended that evening with a bullet through his hand.

Who? —asked the man. “Got any money that says I can’t? Watch.”

The cue slipped through his fingers. He cursed aloud, but—

“And that’s not all you’ve missed,” Fiaschetti said. “Don’t move. This is a gun in your side, and you’re coming up to headquarters.”

“Yeah?” asked the man. “Got any money that says I can’t?”

A glance at his pocket assured Fiaschetti that he was carrying a gun.

“Come on,” Fiaschetti whispered to Walker. “We’ll walk over and get to talking to him, and I’ll stick a gun in his ribs.”

Walker was about to try a difficult shot when the two detectives approached him. “Hey, feller,” Fiaschetti said good-humoredly, “you can’t make that combination today.”

“Yeah?” asked the man. “Got any money that says I can’t?”

The cue slipped through his fingers. He cursed aloud, but—

“Damn it,” Fiaschetti said. “Don’t move. This is a gun in your side, and you’re coming up to headquarters.”

Fiaschetti and Walker took the man upstairs, pretending all the time that they wanted to see him after the Akron jewel robbery. The trick worked. He admitted that his name was Tony Manfredi and even that he came from Akron. "Because he knew that his relation was implicated in a jewel robbery, Manfredi told the police things he would never have admitted."

(Continued on page 27)
Only MIDWEST'S Direct-From-Factory Policy Makes This And Other Sensational Features Possible At Amazingly Low Prices!

The famous Midwest factory-to-you plan, proven by 18 years of success, is just as exciting. It enables you to buy at wholesale prices—to save up to 50%—to make your radio dollar go twice as far—to enjoy 30 days FREE trial in your own home—to pay as little as 50c a week.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—Enjoy World's Most Advanced Radio for 30 Days In Your Home! Don't Risk a Penny!

Act on this unusual factory-to-you offer. We send any Midwest radio you desire to your home. You use it 30 days, and compare it with other radios you have owned or heard. Then, you can return it to the factory, if you wish, without risking a penny. We trust you to give the Midwest a fair trial. You are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

18 TUBES FOR PRICE OF 10

Why be content with an ordinary 10, 12 or 14-tube set when you can buy an 18-tube Super De-Luxe feature? Motorized Midwest for the same money. It will surprise and delight you with its brilliant world-wide reception on 6 bands, and a range of 2,000 and more miles! It will thrill you with its marvelous 6-continent overseas reception. Secures American, Canadian, Police, Amateur, Airplane, Ship broadcasts...and finest Foreign programs. You are set once on this unusual factory-to-you offer. Enjoy the Midwestern credit terms. Never before have you been offered so much radio for so little money! 

SERVICE MEN: Join nation-wide Midwest Service organization. Write free details.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

PASTE COUPON ON 1st POSTCARD...OR WRITE TODAY!

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

TERMS

Send No Money Now! 50c A WEEK!

MIDWEST WORLD-WIDE RADIOS
DEPT. EE-SJ
miffed if he had known what they really wanted him for. Most important, he told them the name of his companion, Lorenzo Biondo, and where to find him.

"Well, I'll go up and see this Biondo," Manfredi said. "And if he backs you up—well, I made a mistake, that's all, and you can go."

"And I'm goin' to enter a complaint," Fiaschetti said bitterly. "This ain't no way for you to treat a guy that's just come to town to have a good time!"

Fiaschetti and Walker entered the dark hallway of the Lenox Avenue apartment house where Biondo, according to Manfredi, was staying. Fiaschetti knocked at Biondo's door.

"Who's there?" called a frightened voice from inside.

"Couple of friends of Tony Manfredi. He sent us with a message."

"Well, what is it?" Biondo called, reluctant to open the door.

(Continued from page 56)

"It's a package we got to deliver to you," Fiaschetti said. The door opened a crack and Biondo peered out suspiciously.

"Manfredi's in trouble," Fiaschetti said.

"Let us in."

At last Biondo stepped aside and, they followed him into the room. There was some shooting in a pool-room, Fiaschetti said, "And Manfredi got pinched. But he managed to slip us his gun first, and he said you'd know how to get rid of it for him."

"The fool!" Biondo said irritably, "Give me the gun—I'll get rid of it. Don't point it at me.

"This isn't Manfredi's gun," Fiaschetti said evenly. "It's mine, and you're coming along to see Manfredi."

Thus did the New York police capture two of the criminals in the Akron cop killings. However, there was not enough evidence against either Biondo or Manfredi to justify their extradition back to Ohio. They still believed they were wanted in connection with a jewel robbery, a crime in which their consciences were perfectly clear.

After several days in which they continued to protest their innocence, Captain Fiaschetti decided upon a clever ruse to lure them back to Ohio. He pretended to believe them when they said they had committed no crime, and persuaded them to go back to Akron to clear themselves with the local police.

"If we go back of our own free will," Manfredi asked, "Will you go with us and tell the coppers there you don't believe we knocked over that jewelry store?"

"Sure," Fiaschetti agreed. "I'll turn you loose now and you meet me on the midnight train to Akron."

He let the men go free, but instructed one of his detectives to shadow them until train time. He had decided upon a bold stroke. He did not believe that Manfredi was as deeply implicated in the murders as Biondo, but he did believe that either one of them could lead him to the other man who had done the killings. So that night, in the drawing-room on the train, he kept filling Biondo's glass with wine until the man dropped off into a drunken sleep. Then he took Manfredi into his own room next door for a quiet talk.

"Manfredi," he said boldly, "I know all about those Akron killings."

Manfredi grew pale. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"You told me you didn't have anything to do with a jewel robbery, and I believe you. But you did have something to do with killing those cops."

"Shut up, copper," Manfredi growled. "I've got a gun in my pocket, and if you don't shut up—"

there aren't any bullets in it, Manfredi. I knew you bought a new one today, and I took the bullets out of it when you went to the washroom."

Manfredi wilted. "All right—I'll help you. I don't want to burn. I didn't shoot none of the cops myself, I was just there when they killed Costigan and Hunt."

"Tell me all you know, Manfredi, and I'll see you don't burn."

Before the train arrived at Akron, Manfredi had told the whole story of Borgio and the bounty he had upon policemen. And the police in America, the leader of the whole gang, was the easiest of all to capture. They found him cowering in the corner of a dirty room, half mad with fright. He blubbered and wept as he insisted he knew nothing of the murders—but a few hours later he had confessed everything.

Borgio, Pasquale Biondo, Mazzano and Chiavarro were all sent to the electric chair. Lorenzo Biondo was given life imprisonment. Thus ingloriously ended Borgio's grandioso scheme of starting a rebellion of the underworld and killing every policeman in the country.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 7)

Weary and worn, does Bill go home to bed? Not on your life. He wends his way, saxophone case under his arm, to a nearby church for early mass.

Not all nights are that hectic for the Manhattan College graduate. Usually after his chores on weekday nights you can find Bill touring West Fifty-second Street nocturnal haunts with Dorothy Howe, Art Shaw's vocalist. Helen Brady, New York lawyer or Christina Lind, amateur night winner.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO:
Dorothy Goff, deep-voiced, dark-haired torch singer recently heard with Hod Williams' band. Hal Kemp was just about to sign her to a contract when Chesterfield ordered him to the Coast for the Alice Faye programs. Dorothy is a sure bet for plenty of work this fall.

* * *

"OH, THOSE BELLS!"

For some time Bert Block, one of the younger down-beaters has been experimenting with a new type of orchestration entitled "Bell Music." Syracuse, Cincinnati and now St. Louis (NBC wire) like it and it won't be long before it is talked about from coast-to-coast.

Describing a new style of rhythm is no easy task. So Bert Block himself is going to explain "Bell Music":

"We have been trying to acquire a new style of dance music that is different, yet pleasing to the ear. Bell music is the result. We are using a French celeste and a special set of amplified orchestra bells. These instruments are used to give our music a tinkling bell-like quality. Delicate bell-passages brighten up the ensemble work, which is mostly muted brass and clarinets. Besides being used for bell effects, the bells and celeste are also used as solo instruments."

"Bell Music" was born in Syracuse. When Bert reached that city he was still searching for a new idea. During rehearsals the old city church bell would tickle out the time every fifteen minutes of the hour.

"I wish they would let up," complained one of the musicians. "Last night I could hardly sleep on account of them. They keep ringing in my ear."

"You got something there," snapped Bert, "if they could impress you that much why couldn't they impress dancers?"

And so the old stone church in Syracuse, N. Y., is responsible for radio's newest dance rhythm innovation.

* * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK
Mary Thompson, young and pretty sister of kilocyclin Kay, made her New York radio debut quietly with Paul Kane's orchestra from the Hotel Commodore in New York. Before a select gathering of band experts, Mary hit the bell; she was taken by her sponsor to a Massachusetts resort colony where she will be groomed for more active work this fall on the ether waves. "Unless I'm crazy," an advertising agency executive told me, "Mary Thompson is going to be radio's next big-time vocalist." Dick Gasparre replaced Eddy Duchin in Chicago's Palmer House. Duchin begins a vaudeville tour this summer, after breaking the Windy City's hotel record. He gets $8,800 a week in vaudeville... Tommy Tucker, West Coast maestro, and his orchestra will be featured on BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!
WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method
by Lady Esther

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin." They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from? These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?
It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream
See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply
Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
Lady Esther, 1074 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of my Face Powder, free and postpaid.
Name...........................................................
Address...........................................................
City...........................................................
State...........................................................
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario)

a new Mutual network commercial this fall, backing up Georgie Jessel and Norma Talma . . . Robert Emmet Dulan, conductor of NBC Sunday Night Party, is married to Buddy Ebsen's sister, Vilma, who used to dance on the stage with her freckled brother. Buddy, incidentally, is married to Ruth Cambridge, Walter Winchell's ex-girl Friday . . . Julian Woodworth was all set to broadcast from Larchmont's Lido Club the other night when the program was abruptly cancelled. The band's instruments were stolen an hour before airtime . . . The trend in band bookings this fall is toward colored talent . . . Mal Hallett is playing stage dates this summer, winding up in Boston Sept. 13 . . . Morton Gould is experimenting with a new type of dance rhythm and is asking Fred Astaire to approve it . . . Chicco and Elaine had their seventh heaven in the movies but Kay Thompson and trumpeter husband Jack Jenney have their fourth heaven atop an apartment dwelling near CBS studios in N. Y. Kay took an entire floor so that her three dogs could have plenty of room . . . Edith Caldwell, George Olsen's petite singer, put on the wedding ring this summer . . . Mickey Alpern, whose band is heard from Ben Marden's Riviera is planning a trailer tour of the country to exploit his new orchestra . . . Jerry Blaine, Park Central conductor had a good idea when he tried to form a baseball league for dance-band musicians. The boys ought to get some sun," said Jerry. But when game time arrived there was only one ballplayer on the field—Jerry Blaine.

A NEW BAND IS BORN

For years listeners have enjoyed the music of the five Messner brothers. Then leader Dick decided to conduct an advertising agency instead of an orchestra. This completely disorganized the band.

Promptly three other brothers decided the music business was also too precarious for them. One became a salesman, another a lawyer, the third, a booker. This left only the youngest, Johnny One-Note Messner, still loyal to rhythm. Since he completed his studies at the Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard Foundation, Johnny has thought of nothing else.

A hasty conference ensued between the boys in the band and Johnny and the result was a new concept in musical entertainment. Johnny's new outfit is currently entertaining dancers in New York's Hotel McAlpin.

Only another relationship—unlooked for—may develop from this rehabilitation; Johnny is currently saying sweet things to his little French vocalist, Jeanne D'Arcy.

ORCHESTRA ANATOMY

CORRESPONDENCE

George Markantes: Shep Fields has been renewed for Rippling Rhythm Review for Woodbury! He soon faces the klieg lights for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Shep has added another trumpet to the band for fullness.

Lester Woody: The Original Dixieland Jazz Band is still playing as a unit in theaters and night clubs. No radio engagements at present. Mary Sue Simmons: Congratulations on the first anniversary of the Arthur Wright Fan Club. Arthur used to be the vocalist with Kay Kyser's Orchestra and did a swell job. Those interested in joining the club write to Mary at 820 Harrison Street, Charleston, Illinois. Woody Walker: Those are kind words, suh. Kay Kyser is touring the country on one-night stands after finishing a Mutual network commercial. This was abruptly cancelled because of labor trouble. You can reach Kay at WGN in Chicago. You can reach Hal Kemp at CBS in Hollywood; Phil Harris, NBC, Hollywood, and Fred Waring, Hotel Drake in Chicago. I'm sorry but I can't send you a picture of myself as Postmaster Farley wouldn't like it. It would frighten his letter carriers.

Frances Cowles: Horace Heidt is still on the rooftops of New York's Hotel Biltmore with his Brigadiers. He's heard on MBS and CBS.

Dorothy Thompson: The September issue of Radio Mirror carried a complete story on Benny Goodman and the August issue included the clarinet star's personnel. About Casa Loma, a lot of dance-wise critics have soured on them. Casa Loma fans to the front. Let's hear what you have to say about your favorite band. Personally I think they are slipping due to changes in the band.

Arthur Kemp: Eddy Duchin has a new trumpet player, Charles Crocker who replaced Lou Sherwood. Lou has left the band to organize his own. Eddy has a new girl singer with the band, Patricia Norman, former Hit Parade vocalist. A new male vocalist with Eddy is Stanley Worth, Vincent Lopez alumnus.

Stanley Barby: Tommy Dorsey is currently playing atop the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York.

Helen Morrison: Your favorite scat-singer Johnny Davis has just signed with Warner Brothers on a long-term contract after making a hit in his first picture, "Varsity Show."

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden, Facing the Music, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

My favorite orchestra is

and I want to know more about the following

Name

Address

—M>

"and life is so much gayer now!"

Your lovelier way to avoid offending did the trick! I'm sure all the girls would be more alluring, if they bathed with this exquisite perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Sincerely,

Mary Moore

SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND, to guard daintiness this lovelier way. For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its deep-cleansing lather, removes every trace of unpleasant body odor... And besides, with its exquisite flower-like perfume, it keeps your skin alluringly fragrant! You're always completely safe from any fear of offending!

LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE Lingers... surrounds you gloriously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

Now only 10¢!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
Highway to Happiness

(Continued from page 16)

awhile. 'You're much too young,' he said. Alice knew that she was a veteran who'd been dancing for years and years, or that she wanted money to buy nice clothes for her mother and taxi rides for herself, so she ran out of the theater hand in hand and home to her mother and cried as though her heart would break.

But Mrs. Leppert wasn't discouraged. "You'll make next time," she assured her. "You'll really look fifteen in another month or two." This was Alice's first professional reverse—she had been a leading lady, you must remember, since she was four—and she brooded about it. She didn't mention dancing within the family circle for weeks, but she thought of nothing else.

The night Alice graduated from the eighth grade of public school she filled out a registration blank for high school and indicated that she would return to classes the next fall to begin a specialized English course. If she didn't decide not to be a dancer, she decided, she might as well get back to that idea of being a school teacher.

BUT that graduation night was Alice's last experience with school. By the time schools reconvened in the fall Alice was an old-timer in the chorus, a front-line girl in one of Chester Hale's vaudeville units and headed for Broadway, the radio, and Hollywood.

The family moved with monotonous regularity after that, Mrs. Leppert recalls, keeping just one jump ahead of the trail officer. Alice refused to give up her mother's new independence to go back to school, and her mother, who knew that objections would be useless, upheld her.

Alice must have looked fifteen when she applied to Chester Hale for a job in his line-up. She went along to the try-outs; if she failed this time, no one was going to know it. It was a tough hurdle. The routine called for toe dancing; Alice had never worn a pair of toe slippers in her life, and the steps were arduous—to say mildly. But Alice says she confided to the other girls that she wanted to get a start and she needed the money badly, and good sports that they would just hold her up until she got the swing of it.

Those few months with the Chester Hale girls were the making of Alice's life. She went to Pittsburgh to Boston, to Philadelphia, to Buffalo. Overnight jumps from New York, perhaps, but to a wide-eyed little girl who had dreamed of the world and yet had never been farther away from her native New York than Atlantic City, that was travel! While she was learning her first routines with the Chester Hale line, she won the friendship of Betty King, a friendship which was to be woven into the very pattern of her life for years to come. Betty was two years older than Alice, as dark-eyed and black-haired as Alice was fluffily blonde. It was Betty who rallied the girls to Alice's rescue when she put in her first trembling appearance at the "call." And it was she, a few weeks later, who, made it possible for Alice to stay with the troupe when it went on tour by going herself to Alice's mother and promising to take care of a few friend while they were "on the road."

Something in Betty King's face when she came to Mrs. Leppert with her promise to look after Alice won the mother's confidence.

"I know you'll take care of her," Mrs. Leppert said, and the three of them cried on one another's shoulders to seal a solemn bargain. Betty must take care of Alice. She saw that the fourteen-year-old young hopeful went directly from the theater home to bed. She supervised her diet, picked out her clothes, and they planned, as Mrs. Leppert termed it, that year.

Later, when Alice Faye's was a name in lights, Betty King was repaid for her guardianship. She came to Hollywood as Alice's stand-in, and is still her closest companion.

Married now and a mother, she has named her first baby Betty. He turned out to be a boy, the names are almost the same. She called him Allen.

Back in New York after two winters on the road, Alice and Betty were offered from the Chester Hale unit to win a place in "the line" in George White's new "Scandals," starring Rudy Vallee.

Rudy Vallee was the first important star to be recruited Alice Faye's path. They didn't meet, but every night Alice danced on the same stage upon which matinee-idol Vallee sang and Alice watched him with an idol-worshipper's adoration. He didn't notice Alice and she didn't have courage to speak to him.

It was not the "Scandals," strangely, which brought Alice and Rudy together, but a party.

Everybody laughed, as the saying goes, when the host whipped out a voice recording machine and announced that every guest must record a song. Alice sang in her turn, protesting that she wasn't a singer and this was all too silly. The song was "Mimi." Nobody laughed when the playback was finished, and Rudy whirled off the discs rich and warm, and there was that rhythm again.

HYMAN BUSHEL, attorney and close friend of Rudy Vallee, took the record home with him when the party broke up and played it the next day for Vallee. Rudy, on the lookout for a girl to sing with his orchestra, set upon a search for Alice Faye at once. Like the traveller who set out to find the seven-league boots, he found her in his own back yard.

With Vallee as her mentor, Alice covered a lifetime's experiences in the next few weeks. Her seven-league boots but needed to keep the pace as she sang for the first time from a Broadway stage (in the later weeks of that first "Scandals"), made her debut as soloist with the Vallee band, and made her first radio broadcast.

Alice still remembers with cold chills the night her voice first went out over the air. She was suffering from a horrid cold, and had tried to postpone her appearance on Vallee's Fleischmann's yeast program until the following week. The sponsors, who had never heard of Alice Faye, and were pretty indifferent about it all, said it would be then or never. So Alice dragged herself to the studio, held herself up by clinging to the microphone, sang "Honeymoon Hotel," and fainted.

Rudy Vallee, who was not far behind her, packed back to her head when she opened her eyes.

"Did I make it?" she asked.

"Sure you made it, kid," he said, "Don't you always?"
What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 9)

Where I am now, we are without a radio on account of the D. C. current used here. Our radio of course is run on A.C. current and cannot be used here. I thought it was going to be great to have a rest from annoying programs. But right this moment I'd give my next two days meals to hear any program, regardless of who or what it is.

Radio is in my blood now, and if I ever go to another camp and spend a weekend without one, I'll consult a doctor immediately and have my head examined. Long live the greatest invention of all —radio!

TIMOTHY F. DONOVAN
Lewiston, Maine.

$1.00 PRIZE

THE MOTION IS SECONDED

Thank God for Edwin C. Hill! His splendid article, "Radio—Instrument of Peace," should really start a movement which will lead to real results: I e.—that the nations of the earth get acquainted through the medium of radio.

The British Empire's world-girdling broadcast in connection with the Coronation is indicative of what can be done along this line.

Why not a world-wide hookup at intervals, with the leading nations of the world discussing their political, social and economic problems, with Edwin C. Hill, who really knows how to present the human angle, as master of ceremonies?

MRS. W. BALLARD
Charlotte, N. C.
“HE DOESN'T KISS ME ANYMORE!”

HE SAID MY LIPS WERE TOO RED AND SMEARY

WHY DON'T YOU USE TANGEE? IT'S ORANGE IN THE STICK, BUT IT CHANGES LIKE MAGIC TO A LOVELY SHADE OF BLUSH ROSE ON YOUR LIPS

SWEETHEART...I'VE JUST GOT TO KISS THOSE PRETTY LIPS!

THERE IS MAGIC IN TANGEE

PAINTED GLARING LIPS

TANGEE GLOWING LIPS

“GIRLS, DON'T LET A 'PAINTED LOOK' SPOIL YOUR ROMANCE! CHANGE TO TANGEE, THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE! SEND THE COUPON NOW!”

SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Powder...10c

FREE CHARM TEST!—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm! Reveals your personality, gives you self-confidence, ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent psychologist. Send FREE with Tangee's 10c Miracle Make-Up Set.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
39c AND $1.10

HONORABLE MENTION

“I should like to have all those women who use the air for putting on airs given the air. If there is anything more tiresome than to have to listen to another woman assuming an air of affection in order to impress an audience, I'd like to know what it is.”—SARA SANDT, Madison, N. J.

“I certainly did not relish Robert Ripley's recent presentation of the Hindenburg disaster. To me it was an outstanding example of poor taste in radio—an altogether unwarranted attempt to capitalize on the sympathy of Americans for the unfortunate victims. Nobody minds the sound effect of a dying human being if it is introduced in connection with an episode which took place some time ago, or in some far-off country. But deliberately to enlarge on a tragedy which happens in the here and now can hardly be classed as good radio manners.”—CARL ZIMMERMAN, Lakeland, Fla.

“Just recently I overheard a party say that a person lowers himself by writing to a column like this, and that it was worthless. That prompted me to write its defense, regardless of the fact that I have never been able to ring the cash register.”—expressing one’s opinion, which might be of some help or service to someone, is lowering oneself, well—then I want to be that kind. It isn’t any worse submitting material to this column than it is for anyone to contribute news to a newspaper. The kind of people who write “What Do You Want to Say” represent about 50 per cent of the population and that’s good enough for me.”—ARTHUR BEAU, Moorehead, Minn.

“In the last few months I have noted a great increase in one of my pet radio hates. It is the growing practice of local station announcers to cut in on network programs with a local commercial.”—ALLEN R. SHAW, Elyria, Ohio.

“My complaints against radio are confined to the stations below the Rio Grande. We who live in the Southwest must listen to a constant barrage of cancer curers, fortune tellers and get-rich-quick schemers. These stations are not run by Mexicans but by United States citizens who sneak below the border to avoid the stringent laws of our own country.”—JESS BLAIR, Brownfield, Tex.

“We need help at our house...about our Sunday morning paper. We received all the thousands of small children in the land who are unfortunate enough to either take the comic-less ‘Times’ or, like ours, live where no early paper calls on the doorstep ‘come the dawn.’ Of all the hours of the week for the radio to give us a hand with the younger fry, Sundays, from 8 to 9:30 or so, sounds simply perfect—MRS. RICHARD R. WETHERBY, Miles City, Mont.

“Eventually radio will supplant newspapers. Already it is trying to ape papers. It has its Winchell gossips, its Wynn comic pages (Heaven help us) and its “censored” commentators who gravitate into wordy ruts.”—COURTIS BLACK, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.
code based upon nothing but their love
and trust in each other.

Two days after their wedding they had
to separate and go back to their jobs.
It was three months before they saw each
other again. For more than six months
they denied rumors that they were mar-
rried. Neither wanted to, but their well-
meaning friends insisted their careers
would suffer if it became known that they
were married.

The separation was bad, but the denial
were, in a way, worse. It was a relief to
both of them when Walter Winchell got
the news and broadcast it from coast to
coast. A relief, yes—but it didn’t actually
solve any problems.

They didn’t even have a real home in
which to find each other again on the
rare occasions when work did permit them
to be together. Dorothy had never re-
alized before how bitterly she would long
for some place, no matter how small or
simple, which belonged to both of them,
housed their possessions.

It was one of the things they couldn’t
have. In New York Dorothy lived in a
hotel, convenient to Radio City and to the
night club in which she sang until three
o’clock every morning. Herb, naturally,
lived in his suitcase most of the time
while his band was on the road.

WHENEVER they stole a few precious
days together, they met in the imper-
sonality of a hotel room—perhaps even in
the midst of a strange city halfway be-
tween New York and wherever Herb was
playing at the moment. Their neighbors
were the strangers in the next room, their
only acquaintances the bell hops and ele-
vator boys. Nothing familiar, nothing
loved, anywhere around them.

So it went for many months.

Never once, during all this time, did
either go out with anyone else. Dorothy
turned down all invitations from other
men; Herb made no engagements with
women. No such agreement had been
made beforehand. They both simply took
it for granted that they must deny them-
selves all social contacts while they were
separated.

It’s easy now to say that they should
have talked it over, should have realized
that the manner of their lives made it
necessary for them to go out occasionally
with other people, in the name of good
business if for nothing else. But neither
dared to be the first to speak. To intim-
ate that the problem existed at all
seemed to be a tacit admission that lon-
distance love was not enough. Each was
afraid the other wouldn’t understand. Each
dreaded even the appearance of disloyalty.

Then NBC sent Dorothy to Hollywood
and broadcast her programs from there.
Soon she signed her present contract with
Paramount Pictures and began work on
her first movie, “Jungle Princess.”

Now she and Herb were farther apart
than ever. It became less and less possi-
bile for them to find any time at all to-
together. There was one time—
Herb got as far West as the Texas Cen-
tennial in Dallas—and simultaneously
Dorothy found herself with two free days,
Saturday and Sunday. As happy as a
little girl going to her first grown-up
party, she called Herb and told him she was
coming to Dallas to visit him.

“But darn it all, darling,” Herb’s miser-
able voice came back over the wire, “I
have to play a German in Fort Worth
Saturday.”

Beauty authorities agree that the
most important step in the care
of your complexion is thorough
cleansing. It’s a simple step, too,
since Daggett & Ramsdell cre-
ated Golden Cleansing Cream. For
this new cream contains col-
loidal gold . . . a substance with
a remarkable power for toning
and invigorating the skin. You
can’t see or feel this colloidal
gold, any more than you can see
or feel the iron in spinach. Yet
its penetrating action not only
makes Golden Cleansing Cream
a more efficient cleanser . . . but
aids in keeping the complexion
clear and youthful. Try Golden
Cleansing Cream tonight. See how
fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug
and department stores.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1900, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.
Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for trial-size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City ___________________________ State __________
Date 1957, Daggett & Ramsdell
"Oh," Dorothy sighed. Then she brightened. "Well, I'll come anyway. At least, I can sit and watch you."

For a German, in musicians' slang, is a dance which begins at midnight and lasts until dawn.

Dorothy arrived Saturday in time to see Herb for an hour or so before his regular evening appearance in Dallas, drive with him to Fort Worth, sit quietly through the long hours of the German, drive back to Dallas, have breakfast, and board the plane which would get her back in Hollywood in time for a little rest before her studio call Monday morning.

That was all.

They were pathetically grateful for those few hours together. So grateful that Dorothy never told Herb what she knew—that she had risked her entire career to have them. Studios, for obvious reasons, have a strict rule against allowing players to fly while a picture is in production, and if Paramount had learned of their trip her contract might have been summarily cancelled as soon as the picture was finished. If that had happened, even then it would have been worth it.

The miles between made their marriage no marriage at all. But distance was not the only thing they had to fight in their attempt to keep their love intact. There was Hollywood itself.

Now, Hollywood is not a bugaboo. It is not a wild, wild place where no girl is safe. It has as many chisellers, as many free-lance lovers, in proportion to its size, as New York or Chicago, but no more.

But it does present two special and unique dangers. Nowhere else in the world does the spotlight glare so fiercely upon private lives, with the result that nowhere else can innocent acts become so distorted by the time printed accounts of them appear. And nowhere else can love lines become so acute as in the midst of Hollywood's merry social whirl.

Dorothy was determined to escape the first danger, but she didn't realize that in doing so she was making herself pitifully vulnerable to the second. Rather than risk having Herb read untruths about her in the newspapers, she steadfastly refused all invitations, sacrificed all the fun and gayety to which her youth entitled her.

Day after day she rose early, went to the studio, worked for eight to twelve hours, came home to her attractions apartment to find herself ordered to want for nothing but to go to bed. But there were the weekends. Saturdays nights when the rest of Hollywood was playing, when all the girls knew were out with attractive or amusing men, dancing, laughing, having fun, still, warm Sundays made for drives to and from the house when somebody was sure to say, "You should have gone with us to the Troc Saturday night!"

Where would it end, when all the time Herb was becoming less and less of a presence, more and more a name, a shadow—beloved, but still a shadow—she would never have her? She'd been robbed of her husband, she told herself, and now she was being robbed even of the poor comfort she could find in Hollywood's social life.

Dorothy is not the sort of girl who finds an easy refuge in tears. But one Saturday night she did cry. A big party was being held—a party to which she had been invited. Beautiful frocks, begging to be worn, hung in her closet. They would at least have been something to do. Yet here she sat, alone and miserable.

As if he had known Dorothy was facing a crisis, Herb chose that moment to call
her on long-distance. The sound of his voice released all her pent-up emotions. Before she knew it she had told him all about the party, all about her loneliness, all about her misgivings for the future. "But why didn't you go?" Herb asked in honest amazement.

"I—I thought you wouldn't like it."

Dorothy sobbed.

"Good Lord! This needs looking into," he exclaimed. "I'm catching the first plane out of here."

"But Herb—what about the band?"

"The devil with the band! This has got to be straightened out right now!"

WHEN he arrived, the next day, they had their first really serious, frank discussion in more than a year of marriage. They each admitted that it had been hard, during the period they were separated, to live in seclusion; they confessed the doubts that had haunted them when they were tired and discouraged.

"People need fun as much as they do food and water," Herb protested. "We've been starving ourselves, and for a pretty silly reason—just because we were afraid the other wouldn't understand. Why, if we can't trust each other we've got no business being married!"

"Yes, I know," Dorothy agreed, "but—" "It's part of your job, anyway, to be seen out at parties and premiers. It's part of the Hollywood business. You're trying to make a name for yourself in pictures—and you know how much of Hollywood success depends on the right social life. Don't you?"

"Yes, I know," Dorothy said once more, and followed it up with another "but—"

"It just never occurred to me that you weren't going places. Because I'm not around, can't be around, to take you is no reason you shouldn't go, is it?"

"I don't know, Herb. Maybe it is. You know how the gossip-columnists are. First thing we know they'll be saying we've gone off, and you'll read it and wonder and people will start talking, and—and there's no telling whom it'll all end up to."

But Herb couldn't and wouldn't agree to that. He insisted that three things were true: that they loved each other, that they had absolute faith and trust in each other, and that they respected each other's work and the demands it made. Then he had an inspiration—an inspiration that has made it possible for both Dorothy and Herb to lead normal, individual lives, and at the same time silence all the gossips.

"It's so simple," he said. "Go out whenever you like. So will I. But we'll always tell each other, right away, who we've been out with, where we went, what we did—all about it. Whenever it's at all possible, we'll make our dates four-somes, and neither of us will go out with people we don't both know—or at least know about. I'll bet it will work."

It has. Dorothy and Herb have found the perfect marriage code for themselves, the perfect weapon against inevitable trouble-makers.

A mutual acquaintance rushed up to Herb in Kansas City one day, "I saw Dorothy in Hollywood just before I left," she gushed. "She was looking too ravishing for words. She was at the Tucadero with So-and-So — and she named a handsome actor. He seemed so interested.

"I'll bet he was," Herb calmly answered. "That ice blue satin dress she was wearing that night always knows 'em for a row. Did you know that they had steak and mushrooms, cauliflower au gratin, endive salad and baked Alaska for dinner? Afterwards they went to the Grove for a dance, had a night-cap at the Bali, and didn't get home until three o'clock, a good time having been had by all."

Herb was smiling, but the gossip didn't quite believe he meant it. Completely squelched, she went on about her business.

That frankness with each other is part of the design for marriage they created during that long talk—but only part. They really planned their lives that day. They know, now, where they stand in the matter of money, something they had each hated to mention in the days when they could have only a few hours together at long intervals.

Herb's earnings—and, contrary to the predictions of some of their friends, they are larger now than they were before he was married—support them both. Each week he sends Dorothy a check. Out of it she pays all her expenses—rent and upkeep on the charming but modest apartment, food, clothing, incidentals. And out of the weekly check she even manages to save a little. Her salary, intact, goes into a trust fund for the future.

They know what their future is to be. Soon they will have a real home, with lots of lawn and garden around it, and Herb will go into the insurance or advertising business, while Dorothy gives all her time to being a contented housewife and devoted mother. For there are to be babies in the Kay family. But definitely!

I WANT to have my first next year," Dorothy calmly told me.

"The first? How many are you going to have?" I asked.

"Oh, four at least," she said, while Herb beamed. "Preferably two boys and two girls." He said, "though of course we'll be satisfied with what we get."

The longest visit they have ever had...
with each other was just drawing to a close when I talked to them. Herb had been in Hollywood for two whole months! During that time only their most intimate friends saw them.

Even with Herb in Hollywood, there hadn't been much from time to time, with Dorothy working every day in "Hurricane" and rehearsing and broadcasting her Sunday air show. Yet Herb had visited her at the studio only twice, and then only at her insistent urging. For that too is part of their code—no hanging around the "office," whether studio or dance floor, on the part of either.

"Not good business," they agree.

Watching them, listening to them, I became sure that nothing could come between these two. They are determined to make their marriage—their two marriages—work. Yes, two marriages. One, the elopement to Waukegan on May 10, 1935. The other, a ceremony performed in Chicago on October 16, 1936. Why?

Both are of the same faith. They wanted Father P. J. Molloy, the priest of Herb’s boyhood parish, to give the church’s blessing to their union. The difficulty was that neither could seem to be in Chicago at the same time, and it does rather complicate a wedding to have the bride or groom missing. It took those full eighteen months, in fact, to bring it off at last. They were married at eight in the morning, in the big old church, with Dorothy wearing a black caracul coat and hat and a dress of Herb’s favorite color, blue.

"And we’ve never yet had a honeymoon," Dorothy waived.

She’s wrong. The honeymoon has never ended.

**Behind the Hollywood Front**

(Continued from page 23)

color) to the elation of all the guests except Dorothy, who swept from the room.

**SHORT SHOTS:** It’s doubtful if any chorus in radio today tops that of Meyer Alexander, but the lad doesn’t intend to do swing-singing forever. In between engagements, he’s studying medicine. . . . Benny Goodman actually blushes when he’s addressed as the King of Swing. . . . The Hour of Charm is just that, with those thirty Phil Spitalny adorables, but they have to work at it all the time. Their daily routine is tougher than a chorus girl’s job; beauty parlors, beauty parlors, beauty parlors. Likewise rehearsals and copious gobs of sleep, the best beauty treatment in the world. . . . Pinky Tomlin got a break with his new ranch in San Fernando Valley. The neighbors put up fences all around him and all Pinky had to do was put up a gate. . . . Martha Raye left a mighty handsome husband on that ten weeks personal appearance tour of hers. Buddy Westmore had such a hard time finding things to keep him busy until the bride came home that he finally flew to Boston to meet her.

Ken Murray is certainly having trouble with Warner Brothers pictures—and vice versa. The radio comic feels
that Messrs. Warner are not entitled to use his catch-line for the title of a movie. So he's legal-fighting the movie moguls in an effort to keep 'em using "Mama, that man's here again."

And while we're on the subject, do you think Ken's new "find" Lorraine Bridges is a better bet as a vocalist than Shirley Ross, whom the sponsors didn't like on the show? * * *

If television sneaks up on us unaware, Show Boat will be ready for it. The powers that be are actually making a regular stage production out of that show with costumes, scenery, lights and the whole works. All of which is just dandy for the folks in the studio but I'm debating if I can see how such stuff benefits the program as it comes into your living-room via the loud-speaker.

Maybe you think the weather was hot this summer—but that heat was like the wintry blasts from Polar Bear Land compared to the heart heat of John Hix and Dorothy Bryan. He's the Strange As It Seems man and she's the niece of William Jennings Bryan.

OPEN LETTER TO AL PEARCE: It may be very possible that a great many folks like the informal way in which you run your program but I find fault with it. The style of the show hasn't changed since you made such a spectacular success on the Pacific Coast years ago. Al, and believe it or not, radio has moved ahead a little since then. Your entertainers aren't any too exciting for me at best so I think you'd do better to give the program more showmanship and production. Tizzie Lish (Bill Comstock) does the same thing week after week and it is pretty tawdry sometimes but it literally tears my hair when, after winding up "her" stint, "she" trips off the stage and loses an unmentionable garment, which action drives the visual audience into gales of laughter but which leaves the listener sore as a goat and feeling he's been cheated. In fine, Al, why put some production brains on the job and build a better show? Hopefully and helpfully, I hope, J. F. * * *

Harriet Parsons took over the Hollywood Hotel introduction while her mama Louella trekked to Yooroope. Before mama left, she made up the list of guest stars on the program so all Harriet had to do was make the pretty speeches. * * *

RADIO ROSES: Pretty posies to Don Quinn, for his excellent writing on the Fibber McGee and Molly programs... For Fred Waring who comes back to the airlines from the Drake Hotel in Chicago on August 27th... For Ray Noble who proves that the British have a sense of humor plenty appealing to American dudes... For Howard Marshall, who is tops in commenting on the customs, manners and current events of England; he's heard on the NBC Blue net via short-wave from London. * * *

Burns and Allen have been working steadily for five years. I think they rate a vacation. Not only will it give them time to rest up from their labors but it will also allow a breathing spell in which to whip some better material into shape. They've been doing some pretty unfunny stuff lately.

Gracie, you might like to know, is considered one of the ten best dressed in the world and is by all odds the most sartorially resplendent femme comic in show business. When she's not shopping for new outfits you'll find her studying the art of natation (swimming, to you).
right along with her children. The instructor visits the Burns igloo every afternoon for that purpose.

Jacques Renard, the rollick batonner, has never auditioned before signing a contract. To get his start, he paid CBS $150 for some radio time, asked several high-powers to listen in, played a corking program and was immediately snapped up by Morton Downey. The rest is history.

The hackles of this reviewer are continually being raised by the prevalent practice of radio casting novel programs for broadcasts without regard to the abilities of those Names. For instance, on the Chase and Sanborn shows recently, Werner Janssen, the conductor, was given a big chance to direct and naturally didn’t do as well as swing leaders might have. Werner Janssen had a big Name, so they hired him without bothering to consider whether this man could do the required job properly. That’s like letting a first-rate auto mechanic go to work on one’s molar. I feel certain that the better radio programs will be more acceptable when this wild-eyed flurry for Big Names has died down a little bit and when radio master-minds hire men and women to do the jobs that made them famous. Don’t you agree?

So contagious has the music of Benny Goodman become, on his summer swing series for Camel, that the ushers in the radio theater here in Hollywood have their hands full. The young-uns in the audience get such a burst of rhythm to the feet that they hop out of their seats and start truckin’ in the aisles. The confusion, believe me, is wonderful to behold.

But it’s the sort of thing that has made Benny the Good-man, the head-man of swing.

Incidentally, a very commendable gesture on the part of Fred Astaire should be noted here. From New York, Fred wired Benny as follows: “Brother, you and the boys left me limp, beat to the socks—your program was not only terrific, it was indescribably great. Sincerely, Fred Astaire.” Considering that Benny and Astaire were arch-rivals for listeners (both programs being on at the same hour), this wire smacks of sportsmanship. For which I’m happy to cheer.

It was interesting to note, at the Barrymore-Barrie rendition of Shakespeare, that Elaine was completely free of mike-fright but constantly exchanged glances with her mother who stood right at her side during the entire proceedings. As for John, he had a bit of trouble. The actor is so full of nervous energy that his glasses popped off his chiseled nose as he spoke, neatly punctuating some of Shakespeare’s better worderage in a novel way.

Aside to Gertrude Nielsen: The bigger people are, the more they can afford to be cordial and friendly to people of lesser importance.

Ronald Drake, who is Wos Nile’s (Ken Campbell Soups Nile’s brother) sang a song on a recent Burns and Allen show—he’s the sponsor’s voice—and the canary-work brought forth sufficient audience reaction to induce the producer to groom the lad for a grooming role in competition with Tony Martin.

Nadine Connor, soprano on Show Boat, formerly sang under the name of Peggy Gardiner. She’s another Hollywood lass who had to go to New York so that Hollywood would recognize her value to radio.
Speaking of Show Boat, master of ceremonies Warren Hull used to be the announcer on the Hit Parade and the Rea Lilie shows. Maybe the fact that he’s now on Show Boat accounts for his recently acquired love of the water and the proposed purchase of a skiff of his own.

Have you noticed that the day of slapdash musical hours and backward “variety” programs is now passe? Radio big-wigs will do well to build their shows to fit the personality of the star rather than the other way around. Consider the case of Jack Benny, or that of Bing Crosby. Here are programs that run smoothly, are effortless and have individuality and charm—and please listeners.

Odds and Ends: It’s been so hot here in Hollywood that Glen Gray and the Casa Lomans strip to shorts for rehearsal (or are you cool enough without that sort of thing?)

Do you mind if I call it “plugging for plugs” when Bing Crosby constantly mentions his Del Mar race track?

One of the most elaborate summer vacations extant was that of Jack Benny and Mary Livingston. The Pan American Exposition in Dallas, a hop to New York, then to Europe on the Normandie—but most loved of all was Jack’s home town. Waukegan Chamber of Commerce, take a bow.

Mme. Galli-Curci, while visiting in Hollywood, tried to induce Igor Gorin to quit the film capital and join the Met Opera Company in New York. Igor is waverer, but film and radio work will probably win out for some time to come.

Maybe you’re as glad as I am that Nelson Eddy has finally let the shears clip-clap on that lion’s mane of his. You should pipe the West Point coiffure now. Very different indeed from the marcelled locks Nelson formerly sported.

VIA WIRE—George Burns and Gracie Allen have gone tarschic with a wallop. (Which is another way of saying they’re nuts about dancing lessons for their forthcoming Fred Astaire picture.) . . . Alice Faye is really one of the most generous gals in show business when it comes to shelling out the shekels. “I’m dirty with money,” she sez, when friends think she’s giving too much to the needy. Incidentally, that spat between Alice and her heart, Tony Martin, is all patched up. It started when Tony called Alice on the movie lot and she was too busy to talk. He got mad at her . . . Four years ago Gene Austin was playing one-night stands, looking fat and forty, but now that success has been nabbed, Gene’s figure is slim and he looks twenty years younger. Success will do it, if nothing else will, eh? . . . Ken Murray is a nut about pipes. He added fifteen on his birthday to the collection of 250 he had already gathered here and there . . . Hal Kemp has five lads in the band who are left-handed (can this possibly matter to anybody but a right-handed clarinetist?) . . . Local chatterboxes reported the stork hovering over Arlene Harris of the Al Pearce gang. But don’t let the gabble-gabble gals fool you. They guessed wrong . . . Before the Burgess Meredith Shakespeare broadcast, he warned the cast to leaf through the scripts to be sure the pages were in order. Then, on the air, he found himself minus page four. However, this actor is a trooper and ad libbed the missing page without a hitch . . . John Barrymore may or may not be a “mike-hog.” At any rate, NBC has built an iron fence waist high around the mike to hold actors at the proper distance. But John can lean toward the little instrument, and he does . . . Ella Logan and Tuffy Richards have their own private bonfire of romance burning brightly as a beacon . . . So doggone many Arkansas travelers insist on having lunch with Lum and Abner, together with the usual cameramen, that NBC has agreed to pay half the food bills at the L & A Encino Ranchero . . . Because you queried I’m telling you: They call that disease which grabs radio tyros “Microphobia” . . . Ham and eggs, salt and pepper, cup and saucer, Margo and Francis Lederer (or don’t you get the idea?) . . . Darned if I know why he set it, but according to Phil Spitalny, “Unmarried women make the best musicians; and married men produce the sweetest music.” I wonder why, too . . . Amos ‘n’ Andy got a terrific scare recently when they were driving in the mountains. A runaway trailer side-wiped their machine and then plunged over a cliff. A few inches closer and radio’s most famous blackface team would be history . . . Ken Murray’s singing protege Lorraine Bridges faded to make the grade apparently . . . Would you turn down $10,000 for fifteen minutes in front of a mike? Neither would I, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne did just that, with CBS willing to spend the ten grand . . . Of course you’ve heard of the guy who went to so many studio broadcasts he couldn’t laugh except on signal . . . One Man’s Family has deserted San Francisco and is producing that fine dramatic program from Hollywood. They moved August 8 . . . Connie Boswell has one of the sunniest dispositions despite having to travel everywhere in a wheelchair. And her singing gets me . . . Amos ‘n’ Andy moved their offices and now occupy the one-time Beverly Hills office of Will Rogers . . . Ella Logan has been replaced by Maureen O’Connor on the Texaco summer show.

"AM I THRILLED—IT’S BOB!"

Popular young things guard against Cosmetic Skin this way . . .

THEY use cosmetics, of course, these gay young things who get around. But they don’t take chances with Cosmetic Skin—annoying little blemishes, dullness, enlarged pores! They use the soap with ACTIVITIES father—Lux Toilet Soap—to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE IT!
"HOW SMART AND SLIM YOU LOOK!"

And how easily, how comfortably is such slenderness achieved with a smart "Sturdi-flex Reducer designed by Kleinert's!

Kleinert's "all-in-one" of Sturdi-flex rubber fabric is a marvel! ODOR-LESS, perforated, completely comfortable, easily washed. Uplift bra of soft firm fabric, flat Solo hose supporters, adjustable shoulder straps.

The three-piece fitted back and controlled stretch mould your figure into rounded youthful lines as your pounds melt away. If you don't find Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Notion Counter, send us ($2) two dollars.

To order correct size, just take bust measurement carefully. Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducers are sized to bust measure—every other inch from 32 to 44.

How To Beat Life
(Continued from page 36)

long that sawing wood on Saturday came to be a habit. Later, when I was going to college, I worked steadily on a newspaper and helped put myself through school that way. The result is that work has definitely become a habit with me. I take it for granted, as I do sleeping and eating.

"That's only the way to remove the curse from working. Simply make it one of your habits. It isn't easy, and if you haven't somebody to form the habit for you, as my father did for me, it will take a lot of self-discipline. But it can be done, and it has to be done.

"I don't mean," he went on, "that a capacity for working a great deal will by itself make a man successful, but you might call it one of the prerequisites. Just as you must know the alphabet before you try to become an expert typist. Without it, nothing else is much good, unless you're lucky. And luck isn't what you came up here to ask me about."

He gestured at the wide vista of the rolling Berkshire Hills which lay before us as we sat on the porch of his home. "Many people say that if you make a habit of work you lose the ability to play, but I don't believe that is true. I haven't I spend four months a year up here, doing all my broadcasting from a little studio in the loft, and for a part of each day I play as hard as I work during the other part. Weekends I spend almost entirely in the saddle, or playing baseball with our local team, or going on picnics with my family and friends. I can forget work entirely at these times, and I believe it's because I've taken time down to business and really accomplish something when I am working.

"The fifth thing a man must have to be successful is understanding and sympathy with all kinds of people. There again I was lucky, when I was a boy, because I grew up in Cripple Creek and because my father was the kind of man he was. He was a great scholar, and when I was at home with him I was taught poetry, the classics, languages, science. My home life was secluded and quiet. But the minute I stepped out on the street I was in the midst of all the rowdiness of a typical Western mining camp. I got to know miners, gamblers, panhandlers, all sorts of people. The way to school led straight through the most disreputable part of town.

"So, you see, I grew up in two worlds. My father taught me to be a gentleman, and to understand gentle people. Cripple Creek, and the people I knew there, taught me to take care of myself and to understand people who are able to live only because they know how to take care of themselves. I've never stopped being thankful for that early education, because it has made it possible for me to mingle with people of all classes, all over the world, and get along with them. It taught me that everyone is a pretty decent sort of guy if you treat him right.

"Of course, as I say, I was lucky. Not everyone can be born and raised in a mining camp, with a scholar for a father. But everyone can point of never. shining any human contact or experience. On the contrary, you should seek out acquaintanceships with people outside your own sphere of life. I know many different people as possible. Make them your friends, even if they're the drags of the earth.

"Suppose they don't want to be your friends?" I suggested. "Many people find
it difficult to make quick friendships."

Thomas laughed and said, "They do, only sometimes they're afraid to show it until you've convinced them of your good intentions. I've found one good way of making friends. The minute you meet someone, say something pleasant, and say it in a firm, determined tone, as if you meant it. It doesn't do any good to say 'I've looked forward to meeting you,' for instance, if you just mugle it. You've got to make the person believe you, and the best way to do that is to believe yourself when you say it.

You simply can't learn the tact and diplomacy you must have before you can make a success of your life without knowing and understanding all sorts and conditions of people. It doesn't make any difference what business you are in—you must know how to handle people, and you can't learn that without knowing lots of them, the poor as well as the rich, the reputable as well as the respectable.

"The sixth rule is really a rule for happiness as well as a rule for success. Be able to take a terrific defeat. I've always been thankful for what happened to me when I was not much more than a boy. I had got the whole story of Colonel Lawrence of Arabia—the news story of the year—and I made more than a million dollars out of that one story, putting it into a book and touring the world lecturing about Lawrence. I made the million easily, and lost it just as easily. One morning I woke up to find that the world was no longer particularly interested in Lawrence, and that meanwhile most of my money had melted away.

"It taught me many things. One was that my success had been luck, and not much more than that. Another was that I hadn't deserved the success, because I hadn't pitched it when I had it. But the real lesson came later, when I discovered that it was possible to recover from the shock of making a lot of money and then losing it. From that experience I learned how to build a really solid success. And also I learned a truer perspective of myself and my work.

"The seventh and last success rule is, I sometimes think, the most important of all. Learn to talk. In any sort of business, the man who can express himself in words, and hold other people's interest, is already far ahead of the field of his competitors.

"Here again my father helped me when I was a boy. He knew the value of knowing how to use the spoken word, and he was determined to teach me. His method of training me was to make me learn poems in dialect, and recite them by heart. Dialect poems, because the necessity of concentrating on the unfamiliar word-formations gave my voice variation and kept it from becoming monotonous. I had to learn them by heart because he wanted me to gain the confidence necessary to stand up before a group of people and talk.

"My father always insisted that in school I go out for every kind of debating and oratorical activity, but even when I did this he never let me off the home-poem-learning job. Of course, I thought it was all nonsense, and I hated it. But one year I went back to Ohio, to my father's old home town, and went to school there for a while. One of the assignments in my English class was to deliver a speech, not just before the class itself, but before the whole school assembly. Everybody else in the class made a pretty poor showing, but I got up and recited off a speech with no trouble at all—simply because it was second nature to me. A week or so later I was elected captain of the football team. I was a new boy, there were lots of better players on the team than I, but they elected me because that speech had brought me to the attention of the whole school, and for no other reason.

"I knew then how greatly my father had been in all the years that he forced me to learn and recite those poems. I hated that training worse than I hated anything, at the time, but I'm deeply grateful for it now."

"Are you putting your own son through it now?" I asked.

Thomas grinned a bit shrewdly. "No—because I don't want to endanger the friendship between us. He's only thirteen, and I don't want him to think of me as a taskmaster, as I sometimes thought of my father, instead, I encourage him to go after positions of responsibility and leadership in his school, then getting himself into a position in which he'll have to talk. Then I help him with what he has to say. It's not as strenuous a course of training, and I hope it will be just as efficient."

He paused a moment and added, "Those are the seven secrets. There's really an eighth, but it's not something that a man can control, so I suppose it doesn't belong in the list, even though it is an absolute necessity. I mean a happy and contented family life—something that is both an incentive and a reward for success. I've had that—Mrs. Thomas and I have been married for twenty years—and I know that without it my life would have been very different. The best luck I can wish anyone is a similarly happy homelife, because I know if he has that, the other seven secrets will be twice as easy to learn."
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
(Continued from page 11)

MUSICAL ANOUNCER
When a boy plays a piano recital at famous old Carnegie Hall in New York City at the age of fourteen, is a church organist at fifteen, and at the ripe old age of seventeen is a full-fledged Loew's Circuit orchestra leader, it seems a far distance to a WSAV microphone at Rochester, N. Y., but that is the beginning of the story of WSAV's program director and announcer, Ken Sparrow. In between the recital and his mike chores of today came composition of original scores for silent pictures, vaudeville Master of Ceremonies and show producing. Many units of the good old vaudeville days started under his tutelage.

Ken's father was a minister and although he was scheduled to follow in his father's steps, somehow Ken landed in show business. His radio career began with NBC in 1926 in conjunction with his theater work when he appeared as conductor of the Master Musicians Hour. Thereafter all his time was devoted to radio in various capacities.

Among his many WSAV mike jobs is one each Friday afternoon at 4:30 which Radio Mirror takes part in. It is the Radio Gossip broadcast, with your favori- te radio magazine furnishing the up-to-the-minute news of the radio stars, and WSAV's favorite microphone, Ken Sparrow, doing the rest.

DRAWING LISTENERS
When cartoonist Chuck Torndike decided it was high time the boys and girls of his profession received some personal recognition and went to station WINS in New York to see about it, the station decided Chuck was right. That was the start of the Behind the Cartoons broadcast and the first time on the air for a series of this kind.

Chuck, who presides over this program of unusual interviews with famous cartoonists, believes these funny folks with the pen are just as colorful and interesting as the personalities of the movies, stage, or any other field of the arts. And if listener reaction is any criterion, he is right, because letters of appreciation have been pouring in since the program began.

The interviews, as you learn by tuning in WINS Thursday evenings at 8:45 p. m. are not the cut and dried conventional type but instead are full of ad libbed humor and interesting points on the art of how to amuse folks by drawing pictures. Among cartoonists Chuck has presented are Ned Hilton, Fritz Wilkinson, Barbara Shermund, George Wolfe, Dorothy McKay, Gustav Lundberg, F. G. Cooper and Don Herold. All well-known magazine con- tributors; Burris Jenkins, sports cartoonist; Roland Coe, creator of the popular Crosstown feature; Dr. qbshields, daddy of Abie Kabibbille, C. D. Russell, Mal Eaton and many others.

Aside from having written and illustrated two books on humor, Chuck is the author of the famous book, "The Secrets of Cartooning."

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Aside from having written and illustrated two books on humor, Chuck is the author of the famous book, "The Secrets of Cartooning."

Chuck also did a radio dramatization of Billy DeBeck's famous hill-billy pals of Barney Google and had them broadcasting his listeners one Thursday evening. Listen to Behind the Cartoon and chuckle with Chuck.

* * *

SO THEY SAY
Your Highlighter now admits he was just sort of hoping and whistling in the
dark when in a recent column he asked
readers to advise him of any local station
stars they would like to see highlighted
here, so you can imagine his enjoyable
surprise when readers not only wrote but
were enough interested in their favorites
to become press agents for a day and
tell him a few things about some radio
folks he didn't know.

Asheville, North Carolina: From a
Candler, North Carolina fan, Helen Pen-
ley, came a letter asking, "Did you know
the lovely voice who asks WWCN listen-
ers that same question several times
weekly belongs to attractive, brown-
haired, hazel-eyed announcer Ruth Elson
Clarke? She, who was born in West Vir-
ginia twenty-two years ago, attended
medical schools in both Florida and North
Carolina. It was while taking part in dra-
matic school broadcasts over her local college
town station that the manager first heard
her voice and recognized its possibilities as
a regular feature for his station. That was
three years ago and she has been with
WWNC since then as both announcer and
continuity writer."

Tuscola, Ill.: From out in the Mid-
West came the following information con-
cerning Clair Hull, the twenty-nine-year-
old manager of Tuscola's WDZ, and his
Man on the Train broadcasts. Clair is
the only station in the country which
every week-day conducts a typical man-
on-the-street broadcast from a moving
train, and was recently awarded the cer-
tificate of Merit by the National Research
Bureau for the unusual program.
The youthful manager of WDZ every
week-day carries his portable short wave
transmitter to the streamlined "Egyptian
Zipper" of the Chicago and Eastern
Illinois Railway Company and broadcasts
interviews with its passengers while en-
route from Villa Grove to Tuscola.
The eleven minute program goes on at 2:35
p.m., CST, and continues until the
train reaches Tuscola. "What isn't that
train ever late, Clair?"

Philadelphia, Pa.: At station WFIL
writes another fan, is tall, blond, ruddy-
faced, good-looking announcer Al Stevens
—and a good announcer, too. The fan also
adds that Al has a wiry athletic figure.
Al is just thirty, is one of WFIL's veteran
announcers, with a pretty wife and a
six-months-old son, Alson, Jr.

A native of Maryland, announcer
Stevens is a graduate of the University of
Baltimore and tried his hand at in-
surance, selling, and department store
managing before landing in radio.
A licensed air pilot, his other hobb-
ies are tennis and cabinetmaking.
And that, for this time, is all space
permitted, but don't forget, you fans, we're
still in the market for the lowdown on
your favorites, too.

San Francisco, Calif.: Vicki Vola,
actress, who recently joined the KGO staff
in San Francisco, thinks the world is a
topsy-turvy place, and no wonder . .
arriving for her first rehearsal she found
the man she had been seeking for two
years, to thank him for saving her life at
Lake Arrowhead. He was producer Jerry
McGee, is the KGO staff. Vicki plays
the grass widow in Dr. Kate, Wednesday
nights at 9:30 P.M. over the NBC Pacific
Coast Blue network. She also plays in
Gloria Gaither, daily except Saturday and
Sunday at 1:45 p.m. over the NBC Red
network.

CUPID ANNOUNCING

Cincinnati: Cupid's one gent we can
always depend on to come through with
a few items each month. First, he informs
us of the early summer wedding of plant
engineer Harvey Glatstein of Cincinnati's

ROUGH HANDS made
youthfully soft

Your hand skin chap and roughens—
agea sooner—when water and cold
weather take special moisture out of the
skin cells. Jergens Lotion soaks in
more effectively than other lotions tested—
soon puts back the lost moisture.

WHEN your hands chap and
roughen, they actually begin to
age! Because they have lost some of
the special moisture that keeps
young skin supple and smooth. But
Jergens Lotion replaces the lost
moisture—gives back inviting young
smoothness to your hands. Jergens
soaks in—more effectively than any
other lotion tested.

And it contains two remarkable
softening and whitening ingre-
dients, used by many doctors. Young
hands are lovable, charming—an as-
set to every woman of any age. And
Jergens can help you have young
hands! Get it today. Only 50c, 25c,
10c—$1.00 for the special family
size—at any beauty counter, and the
$1.00 bottle now comes with a use-
ful dispenser!

WALTER WINGELL—
every Sunday night—National
Broadcasting Company Blue
Network—Coast-to-Coast.

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS
Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into
the skin, preserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1734 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada—Pent, Ontario.)

Name._________________________PLEASE PRINT

Address_______________
MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomfort which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeal

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age." 

or functional disorders

WCKY and Miss Lillian Gutman of Erlanger, Kentucky.

Chicago: It was a June wedding for Marjorie Gibson, WLS Fanfare Reporter, and John N. Thornburn, Chicago lawyer. Dr. John W. Holland, pastor of the WLS Little Brown Church of the Air, tied the knot.

And over at Chicago's WBBM it was actor John Walsh of the Betty and Bob program who matched back from a June altar with the former Miss Roma Ricci his bride.

AT LONG LAST

If you enjoy statistics, as we do, you'd better skip this, but on the other hand if you are one of the howlers (we're with you there, too) maybe you'd better stick.

Anyway, Ed Franklin, KJBS Operations Manager in San Francisco, after hearing the howls raised from almost everywhere against the length of commercial advertisements on the air, decided to make a stop-watch check to learn how much air-time KJBS actually devoted to plugs.

So hold on tight. Here it is: out of a total operating day of thirteen hours and forty-five minutes—not counting the all-night program (What? No plugs on that?)—the actual time given to commercial copy was one hour and thirty-six minutes.

The average length of a "spot" announcement was thirty-nine seconds and the average quarter-hour program carried one minute and thirty-six seconds of advertising gab.

And that's only the beginning, folks, only the beginning. Let's go on from there. Unless our figuring is faulty, that makes approximately eleven hours and twenty minutes of advertising a week. And to go farther, it adds up for a year of three hundred and sixty days to five hundred and seventy-six hours or exactly twenty-four days. Now, you see, we're getting some place, to say nothing of wasting a lot of time. A good steady listener with any luck at all could probably crowd about three years of ad listening into his lifetime, and if all those years were placed end to end they would reach right into the hearts of the sponsors.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

John J. Anthony, director of True Story's Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10 p.m. on WMCA and the Inter-City network, and on WOR, WGN and CKLW.
Lucille Reed, Ryan, Iowa — The "kid brother" whom Don Ameche coached for his first radio role, is striding right along in Don's footsteps. Jim Ameche has deserted Jack Armstrong American Boy—yes, Miss Sherlock, you were right—to go to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, for his first picture work with Dorothy Lamour in "Manana." He was born August 6, 1915.

Mary Ann Glemore, Bristol, Conn.—Dorothy Lamour, as you probably know by now, is appearing on the Chase & Sanborn Hour with the irresistible Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, etc. I am sure you will be interested to learn she plays the feminine lead in the Samuel Goldwyn picture, "Hurricane," to be released soon. She will be 23 in December. Write her care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

Rose Roberts, Toronto, Canada—Nino Martini was born 30 years ago in Italy. He starred on the Chesterfield program for two years, ending with April, 1937. He is expected back with Chesterfield after he finishes the picture he is now making in Hollywood.

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—It might be worth your while to write the agencies which handle these programs. First Nighter is produced by Aubrey Moore & Wallace, Inc., 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and Irene Rich's program by H. W. Kaster Co., Inc., 306 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Good luck.

J. A. B., Manning, S. C.—Muriel Wilson, one time Mary Lou of Show Boat fame, is now heard occasionally on NBC sustaining programs. Lilian Lauferly is author of the Big Sister scripts. The Gumps are off the air. I'll give you Rodney McNemar's present whereabouts in the next issue.

John A. Widmer, Buffalo, N. Y.—Yes, sorry to report that Honeyboy (George Fields) of the team, Honeyboy and Sassafras, died April 25 this year.

Miss Eunice P. Cignoni, Springfield, Mass.—We'll be right on our toes living up to that "best of its kind." Nelson Eddy was born June 29th, 1901. He is now on the Chase & Sanborn Hour. See Fan Club section for announcement of Eddy fan club.


Como Izzo, Revere, Mass.—Bobby Breen is a Canadian. Phil Baker was born in Philadelphia 38 years ago. Like many other spotlight personalities he has adopted his present name—and does not reveal his original one.

E. Ann Richards, Ogden, Utah—The Buck Jones show on the General Foods program is a transcription and not a network broadcast.

A. D. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—Few studios distribute photographs of deceased stars. However, I believe one of Russ Columbo could be obtained from the Culver Studios, 205 E. 42d St., New York City. You might write them for details.

Six Ardent Fans, Baltimore, Md.—Elsie Hitz was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 21, 1902. She is married to a non-professional, Jack Welsh, and has a daughter. "Dangerous" Nick Dawson of the colorful career was born in Vineland, N. J., the year his secret. He is married.

R. T. W., Dinuba, Cal.—We'll try to have that introduction to your favorites take place in an early issue. The cast of Betty and Bob includes: Elizabeth Rele as Betty, Lester Tremaine, Bob; Dorothy Shideler, Jane Hartord; Frank Dane, George Hartord, and Ruth Lockwood, doubling as "Mrs. Hendrix," and "Mrs. Cary." Luise Barklie was the Hope Carter of Modern Cinderella—which has been replaced by (Continued on page 78)
Follow the Stars

IN THESE

HOLLYWOOD STYLED

SHOES

Now you can wear shoes that have the unmistakable flair of Hollywood, where glamorous, fascinating footwear fashions are born. Jolene—fashion observer of the films—sketches the very models that the screen's best-dressed women choose for their own ensembles. Her sketches form the inspiration for Jolene shoes—Styled in Hollywood. For exciting fall footwear at exciting prices ($3 to $5) see the new Jolene models.

For the name of your nearest Jolene Shoe Dealer write Jolene's Studio, Suite 6, 2125 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

$3.00 to $5.00

Jolene

FASHION FOOTWEAR

Styled in Hollywood

DISTRIBUTED BY TOBER-SAIPER SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Millions End "Shabby-Shade" Nuisance With 15c CLOPAYs

- Why have shabby window shades? Women everywhere win complements of friends on lovely 15c CLOPAYs. Look like linen, won't pinhole, crack or fray. Worn 2 years and more. Attach to rollers in a jiffy—no tacks. New roller and brackets 15c extra. See CLOPAYs in smart, new patterns and colors at neighborhood and 5 and 10c stores. Write for FREE color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1248 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Arnold Grimm's Daughter.

R. H. N., Plainville, Conn., and Mrs. M. H. Lynes, Utica, N. Y.—You'll need a whole page of your scrapbook for all these names. And I hope you will forgive me for not making an earlier issue. The cast of Girl Alone includes: Betty Winkler as Patricia Rogers; Pat Murphy, Scoop Combs, and Margarette Shanna, Mary Kruger. In Dan Harding's Wife, Merrill Fugit is Dan Harding; Margarette Shanna, Eula Sherman; Robert Griffin, Mr. Fugit; Laurette Libbrandt, Annette Dupre, and Ann Stone, Hester Forrest. The O'Neill are: Kate McComb as Mrs. O'Neill; Victor Fugit as Will; Mary O'Neill Kayden: Chester Stratton, Monte Kayden; Jimmy Tansey, Danny O'Neill; Arline Blackburn, Eileen Turner; Jimmy Dramm, Eddie Can and Santos Ortega. Mr. Collins; Jane West (author of the script) Mrs. Bailey, and John Moore. Sir Donald Rogers. Way Down East was an electrical transcription program which is no longer on the air.

M. F., Fresno, Calif.—For the first time, Jeanette MacDonald will be heard in a series of weekly broadcasts beginning October 3 at 7:30 p.m. on WABC's Open House, CBS, with Joseph Pasternack's orchestra. She has appeared in radio only as guest star before. Unless plans change there will be no singing partner.

Ona C., Portland, Ore.—Elise Hitz and Nick Dawson will resume their roles of Jean Page and Clay Bannister in Follow the Moon over CBS October 3 at 3:00 p.m. Letters to them should be addressed care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. D. A. McGuire and Mrs. F. B. Taylor, Aurora, Ill.—Jean Paul King was born in Fordsville, Ky., and grew up in North Bend, Nebraska, Dec. 1, 1904. He grew up in Tacoma, Washington, and attended Miami University and the University of Washington. Before his radio days he worked in a theatrical stock company. He is five feet eight inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Has dark brown hair and eyes. Is married, and has a son.

FAN CLUB SECTION

An all-stars fan club is announced by R. E. McGinn, president, of 2510 N. 12th St., Kansas City, Kan. He calls it the Radio Fans' Booster Club, and is looking for new members.

Is there an Alan Courtney Fan Club? Virginia Reichert, 170-113th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y., would like to know.

A Nelson Eddy Fan Club has been formed with Shelia Ames, 221 South Tower Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., as president. A membership card will be mailed in return for your name and address and three cents in stamps. Shelia says, "Club Berlitz" is the up-to-the-minute name of a new Milton Berle Fan Club. Anyone interested should contact the president, Judy Jasper, 1300 East 3rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where's the Benny Goodman Fan Club? asks Anita Friedman, 2308 Spangler Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New members are wanted by the Gale Page Fan Club, Vivian Bretz, 417 N. 3rd St., Lebanon, Pa., president.

The Oracle will be glad to answer questions by a personal letter IP the requests are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Use Your Shortwave

Why miss out on some of the most fascinating hours your radio can give you? Use that shortwave dial—let it carry you into the midst of the color and excitement of foreign lands! Here, for the first time, is a complete, handy guide to the principal shortwave stations, making it easier than ever before to operate this part of your receiving set. The times noted (all in Eastern Daylight Saving Time) are the hours that reception is best on the station indicated.

16 METERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>UTC Time</th>
<th>Frequency (Megacycles)</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GSG</td>
<td>London</td>
<td>4:00-6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>17.79</td>
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<tr>
<td>PHI</td>
<td>Hausten</td>
<td>7:30-9:30 a.m.</td>
<td>17.77</td>
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19 METERS

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<th>UTC Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>HAS-3</td>
<td>Budapest</td>
<td>Sunday 9:10-10:00 a.m.</td>
<td>15.37</td>
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<tr>
<td>DJQ</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
<td>4:50-11:00 a.m.</td>
<td>15.28</td>
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<tr>
<td>GSI</td>
<td>London</td>
<td>12:15-6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>15.26</td>
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<tr>
<td>TPA-2</td>
<td>Paris</td>
<td>5:00-10:00 a.m.</td>
<td>15.24</td>
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<tr>
<td>DJB</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
<td>4:50-11:00 a.m.</td>
<td>15.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>GSO</td>
<td>London</td>
<td>5:20-8:30 p.m.</td>
<td>15.18</td>
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<tr>
<td>GSF</td>
<td>London</td>
<td>8:00-6:30; 6:20-8:30; 9:00-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>15.14</td>
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<tr>
<td>HBJ</td>
<td>Geneva</td>
<td>Saturday, 6:45-8:00 p.m.</td>
<td>14.53</td>
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25 METERS

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<td>RNE</td>
<td>Moscow</td>
<td>4:00-6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>12.00</td>
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<td>TPA-3</td>
<td>Paris</td>
<td>5:40-10:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>OL-R-4</td>
<td>Praga, Czech.</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>11.83</td>
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<td>12RE-4</td>
<td>Rotterdam</td>
<td>12:40-5:45 p.m.</td>
<td>11.81</td>
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<td>ZJ</td>
<td>Tokyo</td>
<td>2:30-3:30; 4:00-5:00 p.m.</td>
<td>11.80</td>
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<td>DJD</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
<td>4:50-11:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>GSD</td>
<td>London</td>
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<td>11.71</td>
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<tr>
<td>TPA-4</td>
<td>Paris</td>
<td>5:12-7:30; 9:00 p.m.-midnight</td>
<td>11.67</td>
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<td>PPQ</td>
<td>Rio de Janeiro</td>
<td>7:30-8:15 p.m.</td>
<td>11.61</td>
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31 METERS

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<td>Madrid</td>
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<tr>
<td>LRX</td>
<td>Buenos Aires</td>
<td>4:00-10:30 p.m.</td>
<td>9.66</td>
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<tr>
<td>CITIA-4</td>
<td>Lisbon</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.55</td>
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<tr>
<td>12RE-3</td>
<td>Rome</td>
<td>6:00-7:30 p.m. (try 11.81 meg.)</td>
<td>9.53</td>
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<tr>
<td>HJ1ABP</td>
<td>Cartagena</td>
<td>5:00-10:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.62</td>
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<tr>
<td>HP-S</td>
<td>Panama City</td>
<td>5:30-10:30 p.m.</td>
<td>9.61</td>
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<tr>
<td>VK2ME</td>
<td>Sydney</td>
<td>11.50-11:30 p.m.</td>
<td>9.59</td>
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<tr>
<td>GSC</td>
<td>London</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.58</td>
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<tr>
<td>DJA</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.56</td>
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<tr>
<td>VPD-2</td>
<td>Seville</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.54</td>
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<td>DJS</td>
<td>Berlin</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.54</td>
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<tr>
<td>GSB</td>
<td>London</td>
<td>5:40-11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>9.51</td>
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<td>VK3ME</td>
<td>Melbourne</td>
<td>4:00-6:00; 6:20-8:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>PRS-5</td>
<td>Rio de Janeiro</td>
<td>4:45-5:45 p.m.</td>
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46 to 50 METERS

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<th>City</th>
<th>UTC Time</th>
<th>Frequency (Megacycles)</th>
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<td>San Jose, C. R.</td>
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<td>VVRB</td>
<td>Valence, Ven.</td>
<td>4:30-9:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>Caracas</td>
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<td>YVIRH</td>
<td>Maracaibo</td>
<td>6:30-10:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>HIN</td>
<td>Trujillo City</td>
<td>5:00-10:00 p.m.</td>
<td>6.24</td>
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<td>HJABD</td>
<td>Bogota</td>
<td>6:00-10:00 p.m.</td>
<td>6.05</td>
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<td>HP-JB</td>
<td>Panama City</td>
<td>6:00 p.m.-midnight</td>
<td>6.03</td>
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Help your skin BREATHE

Almost two years ago, Woodbury's scientists found a way to put the "Sunshine" Vitamin D into Woodbury's famous Cold Cream ... made tests that proved the elusive vitamin would work in this new medium. Beauty specialists foresaw a precious new aid to skin health ... Two years of use have told the story ... on the faces of pleased women! Today we know that

Vitamin D Stimulates the Skin's Breathing!

As you rub Woodbury's into your skin, the Vitamin D is absorbed by the living cells, quickens their respiration. Your skin begins to breathe better! The stimulated skin shows new vigor, can better resist fatigue and wear. This bland cream cleans, softens dry skin, helps protect from weather. And remember, Woodbury's Cold Cream is ... and stays

GERM-FREE to the LAST

It will not harbor the bacteria that so often cause skin blemishes! Use Woodbury's Cold Cream regularly night and morning ... and watch your well- cared-for face respond with flattering effect! At cosmetic counters everywhere, in 10c, 25c, 50c, and extra generous $1.00 jars that last for weeks. Your skin will thank you if you get a jar today!

SEND FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT

Brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold Cream (with Vitamin D) and Woodbury's Facial Cream, also guarantees 50c off of Woodbury's Gemenie Facial Powder. Send 10c to cover mailing costs. Address John II, Woodbury, Inc., 7802 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John II, Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City _____________________________ State ____________________________

79
Eyes to the Kings' Taste
(Continued from page 51)

Heidi's musical organization—to see just what they could tell us about eye make-up. Not only do they have the advantage of knowing what types of cosmetics to use under all conditions of light, climate, and closeness to or remoteness from their audiences on various stages or ballrooms, but everybody knows that a large family of girls has unparalleled advantages for experimenting with make-up, criticizing each other and seeing just what effect a new beauty routine has on someone else's appearance. Although there are only four of them in the present musical unit, there are really six sisters, all of whom have been with the organization at some time or another.

Alyce, Donna and Yvonne (you'll notice, as some enterprising press agent once pointed out, that the initials of their first names spell out LADY), who comprise the ideal group, all use the same make-up for their skin and lips. All use those invaluable little brushes for instance, to smooth rouge to their lips. They wear identical clothes when singing and similar styles when off the stage. They use the same face creams and shades of polish and rouge. After all, they're sisters and their skins are of the same type.

But there's one place where each girl has found she must develop her own beauty technique. In spite of their strong resemblance to each other, each has discovered that she has her own peculiar problem in making up her eyes, and each adapts and changes the general procedure to suit her own personality.

There's the question of eyeshadow, for example. Alyce and Louise, who have almost identical coloring, wear gray eyeshadow. Donna, who has more the complexion of the true redhead, uses blue. Yvonne, the blonde baby sister of the group, uses brown. All agree that this last color is the prettiest for daytime use, whenever eyeshadow seems called for. And all agree that brown eyeshadow pencil is the least conspicuous, too, unless one is a very dark brunette indeed.

Alyce whose sisters pointed out that she had the largest eyes of them all, said, "I use the least eye make-up of all. All my features are fairly large and too much make-up hardens the general appearance. For the same reason, I do very little thinning of my eyebrows, since a too-slimy browline would overemphasize my other features."

"I have the deepest set eyes," asserted Louise, "so I use very little eyeshadow, but lots of grease to create a highlight in the natural shadows I already have. My eyes are rather close-set, so I compensate for that by plucking out the bit of brow nearest my nose-line. They also have a slight tendency to droop at the outer corners, therefore I extend the eyebrows upward a little at the temples with a few faint pencil strokes."

"On the other hand," Donna interpo-
lated at this point, "my eyes are the widest apart and light in color, so when penciling my eyelids—which we all do to some extent for evening and artificial lights—I draw the line a little closer in at the inner corners of my eyes and pen-
cil a bit more heavily than my sisters, even though my eyes are fairly large. Another reason for this is that I have the plumpest face and accentuating the eyes minimizes this." For still another thing, Donna has the lighter eyebrows and lashes of the redheaded girl, so that they require
How About Jack Haley?

(Continued from page 25)

When Jack was starring in "Take a Chance," he was a true vaudeville comedian. When he was at his best, he could make a show funny, and he was never at his best when he was not doing his best. When he was at his best, he could make a show funny, and he was never at his best when he was not doing his best. When he was at his best, he could make a show funny, and he was never at his best when he was not doing his best. When he was at his best, he could make a show funny, and he was never at his best when he was not doing his best. When he was at his best, he could make a show funny, and he was never at his best when he was not doing his best. When he was at his best, he could make a show funny, and he was never at his best when he was not doing his best.
were having a tough time then convincing producers they were good for more than fifteen minutes of patter. Around the corner lived the Jack Bennis. The same set-up exists now—only removed to Beverly Hills. You could bounce a rock off Jack Haley's big home and skip it around the roofs of the Benny and Burns mansions. In the Central Park days if all three teams, and the Fred Allen, happened to be in the Big City at once, it was always an excuse for a party. In those days they went in heavy for Dutch lunches. Now, with all three in town all the time, or practically all, they have to pick on less auspicious occasions to get together for bridge and poker and maybe a highball at the Haley's bar. So whenever Mary Livingstone buys a new dress she has Gracie Allen give a party to show it off, and the gang gathers. Sometimes not that much of an excuse is necessary.

THE Haley hopes—Jack, Jr., four, and Gloria, twelve—are supposed to know their own home, but sometimes they get a little mixed up living promiscuously around with Uncle Nat and Uncle Jack and Aunt Mary and Aunt Gracie and their various cousins by remote control. There are spare kids' swimming suits hanging by the Haley pool and extra toothbrushes in the Burns bathroom—it's like that.

And from all this closed shop friendship, knotted by the years, grew the "How About Haley?" club, which can point with a good measure of pride to Jack's radio contract with General Foods. Because, while Jack Haley eventually got over his particular beef at radio in general and couldn't help realizing its possibilities and recognizing its grown-up greatness, there was still another side to the picture. You can't have a big show without a sponsor. Years in show business have installed in

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 is designed to remain in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of Parahydrecin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y., makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS
Jack Haley this belief—the wrong kind of a break is worse than no break at all. There have been plenty of radio offers scattered through recent years, but none with any "production," that is, none with a big and costly enough show to insure the right kind of a debut. But sponsors who are set to gamble thousands of cookies want to be sure they're on the right horse. Remember that up until "Wake Up and Live" Jack Haley was a high priced, solidly set screen comedian, but he wasn't a national name.

This situation didn't stop the "How About Haley?" Club. Whenever a new radio show was in the air, or before, radio agencies grew deaf from clamors rising from George Burns and Jack Benny and Fred Allen and of course, their better halves. "How about Jack Haley?" they'd chorus. "There's a great comedian going to waste. He has everything you need. He'll be terrific, etc., etc., etc."

It finally took—oddlly enough all at once. Of course, "Wake Up and Live" and the load of fans Jack made by that performance had something to do with it. Anyway, all the bright boys of radio-land swooped down at once with the right kind of deals, only to find another turtle had won the race. Then—can you beat it?—the ones who lost out blamed George and Jack and Fred. "Why didn't you tip us off about Jack Haley?" they yelped. "He's a friend of yours, isn't he?" But that's always the way it is.

Busting onto the air waves right now slaps Jack Haley on two extremely hot spots, brought out, curiously enough, by the two things that gave him his radio chance—"Wake Up and Live" and his best friends.

Still I happen to know they both make him all the more desperately eager to click. Maybe I'd better explain.

You see, when "Wake Up and Live" was conceived at 20th Century-Fox, it wasn't by any stretch of the imagination tagged as Jack Haley's picture. A couple of other guys, named Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, were scheduled to divide the cake in two big chunks. Maybe for that reason and maybe not, Jack Haley's part was regarded as just that—a part, not a personality. Jack was hanging around under contract and he was dependable.

Jack had some songs. One, "Never in a Million Years," turned out to be the smash hit of the picture. You know the song. As you've read and heard over the air, Jack didn't sing them. Buddy Clark, an experienced radio crooner, did. They dubbed his voice on to Jack's lips.

Now there's nothing unusual in that. As everyone knows, all movie song birds have voices dubbed in—usually their own voices. It's true, but even when Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy warble, they do it afterwards and let the sound track man fit it to film.

The reason Buddy Clark sang for Jack wasn't that Jack couldn't handle the numbers. Jack Haley built his reputation as much on his songs as he did on his comedy. The first show job he ever had was plugging songs at twenty bucks a week. But "Wake Up and Live" was a radio picture, and they wanted a definite radio voice. There was no attempt to disguise the substitution. Neither by the studio, nor by Jack. It was taken for granted. It was strictly a technical matter.

Then, wonder of wonders, "Wake Up and Live" didn't mean Winchell for Bernie. It applied purely to little Jack Haley and no mistake, as the preview plainly revealed. Immediately the gossip columnists and radio commentators, sensing the drama of the situation, told about Buddy Clark, implying that Jack had scored a hit with another man's larynx. I doubt if they believed that, because it wasn't just Jack's voice that pilfered the picture. But it was good copy—darned good and it was used plenty. "You'll deliver in person on the air. His voice must be the real McCoy. He can prove—and he must prove—that he's not worthy to ride on borrowed tombs, as it were.

I'm not worrying much about it myself, and here's why: I happen to know that two tests were made for Jack Haley's next picture—one with his own voice and one with Buddy Clark's, the ghost voice. And the voice the bosses picked to use was Jack's. They picked it because they liked it better than Clark's.

But Jack Haley faces an even more ticklish radio situation because of the very lifelong friends who pulled for him to get a break on the air. They're all, basically, the same type of comedian he is. They're all established on the air—have been for years—with their own particular personality shadings and comedy twists. Whatever Jack does, he runs the grave danger of touching the trademarks of his very best pals. If his stuff even hints of a steal from Jack Benny, or Fred Allen or George Burns—he'll hear the howls. "Thief!" Not from them, but—what is worse—from others. It's the toughest job in the world to be completely original in humor. But that's what Jack Haley has up beside his number on radio row, and he'll have to come through.

That's what's worrying him now—but plenty. He told me so the other afternoon as we sat in his backyard while radio writers hammered at the gate with new scripts and Jack tore up old ones.
he loves ardent color... he hates lipstic... parching!

"I suppose," said Jack, "now that I'm on the air I'll get gray and worried and worry-out looking like all the rest."

He grinned and told me about meeting Fred Allen one day.

"Say," said Fred, "I was just down the street and saw Susan-procession.

"Yeah?" said Jack. "How's he doing?"

"Well, sir," replied Fred, "I don't know, but he must be doing great. His face was wrinkled, and he looked like he was about to die. Yes, sir, he must be very successful."

If you ask me, it's the little lady who takes the rap in the Haley home. Because when Jack went in the house, trying en route to make his youthful face look very old and wrinkled with care, his wife Florence tapped her foot dangerously.

"For years," declared Mrs. Haley, "I've been living with gaps. Jack never says 'Good morning'—he just makes me up and says, 'Listen—do you think this is funny?'

"But since this radio business started, he makes me up in the middle of the night. "Say," he asks, 'does this make you laugh?"

"What I want to know now," sighed Florence Haley, "is how I'm ever going to get any sleep!"

But what I wanted to know was if she laughed. Because if Jack Haley can make anybody laugh in the middle of the night he's a cinch on the air or anywhere else.

She said she did. "But," she added, "I'm in love with Jack. I'd do anything for him!"


text is cropped and not legible.

Yes, he likes bright lips... they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips! Remember, then, your lipstick has two duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50c. "Air Span" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like sublety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50c.


text is cropped and not legible.

New Shampoo-Rinse Safely Prevents Light Blond Hair from Darkening—Washes Brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter without Bleaching!

Bring back the golden glints of childhood with this fascinating new shampoo-rinse which, in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, gives ordinary dull blond hair a brilliant luster and life you never knew it had. Safety, too. You will be delighted with the new, adicion-ing highlights and lustre of your hair, its pleasant, new, natural radiance. This amazing Shampoo and Rinse touch the hair in the park—called New Blondex—wets the same passages. It is the work of the great druggists of America, the willow, the myrrh, the anise, the laurel and the laurel. Admiration Parched in against the lips. ...5

Coty's "Sub-Deb" makes your lips less porous.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

World's Smallest Radio Perforating Radio

A wireless tubeless batteryless band radio small enough to be concealed in your pocket or purse. Takes 2 New 25c Batteries, plays hour or two. World's smallest radio! Pocket Radio: the size of a matchbox. Miniature in size, giant in sound. Make yours now. Take only a dollar today! Just send 25c each for postage.

TINYTELECO. L-10 Kearney, Nebraska

Acidity Makes Women Look Older

"I Believe — — "
(Continued from page 12)

Radio Mirror

I pointed out to Boake Carter the many stands that have been taken on Foreign Trade. Most recently, Secretary Wallace came out flatly against foreign trade in a London newspaper article. I fast that article, Boake Carter answered, "I am for foreign trade. We must have it. We use 92% of our total output domestically. This leaves 8%. It amounts to 24% in three years' time, and we have to do something about it. If we don't send it away, it depresses local prices. I talked all this over with Admiral Sims before he died." Carter reiterated, "and we reached the same conclusion. It gets back to my basic philosophy of competition. Trade stimulates us, and we must compete." Those arguing against it, he continued, "say that we are the richest nation in the world, and that exporting our natural resources lowers our standard of living. This is a half truth. True, we are now the richest nation in the world, but we won't always be. It's round robin. Next Japan will be the richest nation. Then Russia, and on. The world prospers under the competition of free trade. I am for it!"

A few weeks ago, President Roosevelt brought up the question of government health control. The President advocated taking drastic steps to check the disease prevalent in our country. This, in brief, was the subject that I next brought to the attention of Boake Carter. It was a problem he had outlined for a future broadcast and he got to the point quickly.

"As we become more civilized, we become more diseased. We lived a good many years without care, but we can't any longer. Greek and Roman history point out to us what will happen unless something is done in this country along the lines of health control. I believe that some day, very soon, the medical care of the people of this country will have to be put into the hands of the government." Crime being what it is—United States leading the world in this pastime—I considered it important to get the commentator's opinion on why we have it, and what can be done about it.

"One reason why crime goes unchecked here," Carter advanced, "is that we have the plain and simple truth about a new help for women's trying days.

Kurb Tablets
Sponsored by the makers of Kotex
Sanitary Napkins

No secret ingredients

The Kurb formula is no secret; its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may readily check it with your own doctor. So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply free! This offer is limited to one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1462, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Kurb Tablets

Kurb Tablets
Sponsored by the makers of Kotex
Sanitary Napkins

(Rule statement in this advertisement has been approved for accuracy by a recognized medical authority.)
Don't be a Chrysanthemum!

Says

Jane Heath

No girl can look truly super-smooth and glamorous with brows running rampant or a fringe of short hairs sprouting from her hairline. TWIZEETTE is the little beauty implement for removing face hairs automatically and painlessly, and a cap covers the pluckers so you can carry it in your purse wherever you go! $1.

It isn't enough just to de-fringe yourself ... the glamour girls all have that well-groomed look! ... Sleek, shining brows like wings ... long, silky lashes ... KURLLENCE is a scientific formula for grooming - so always stroke your brows and lashes with it before retiring. Use KURLLENCE for daytime, too, and notice the lovely rainbow lights a touch of it puts in your lashes! 50c and $1.

CATARRH or SINUS
Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion

Chart FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, sniffed up nose, catarrh bad breath, hoarseness, cough, thickened snot caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Druggists. Send Post Card for Your Treatment Chart. 65 cents in the mail.

FREE! ANOTHER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEME SONGS WILL APPEAR IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

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:
To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small bowl of Barbo Compound of Dye. Let mixture stand a week. Use on gray hair by applying it to roots several times a week. Use only on gray hair. This can be used with any kind of hair or dye. Apply to hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo is a non-permanent color. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.
a Manhattan theater. It was quite a sac-
rifice, too, because if it hadn't been for
staying over she could have met her re-
newed husband, Buddy Westmore, a day ear-
er in Boston. But Martha stayed. What with
one thing and another on the day of the
premiere, she was late getting to Lindy's
for dinner. Half-way through the meal,
she saw with horror that the clock was
creepling up toward nine o'clock, so she
did something only Martha Raye could
do. Stuffing the rest of the dinner in
her mouth, she dashed for the door, hailed
a taxi, and started for the Astor Theater.
At that, she was almost late—autograph
hunters spotted her and held up the taxi
until a policeman jumped on the running
board and constituted himself her escort.

* * *

THE deepest sympathy of all his
friends went out to Eddie Du-
chin, the popular orchestra leader,
on August 3, when his wife, the
former Marjorie Orlich, died in a
New York hospital as the result of
complications which arose after the
birth of a son on July 28.

* * *

THAT non-existent singer, Jack Ran-
dolph, will soon be back on the air
again. Remember when Jerry Cooper
used the name of Randolph on his elec-
trical recordings for the Drene company,
but finally dropped the name because
Randolph was getting more famous than
Cooper? Barry Wood has Jerry's old job
with Drene, now that Jerry's singing on
Hollywood Hotline, an area. Let's make some
transcriptions for the company—us-
ing the name of Jack Randolph.

* * *

FOR the first time in his career, Lanny
Ross will sing this fall on a program
which originates in Hollywood—the Pack-
ard show, Tuesday nights at 9:30 on the
NBC Red network. Charlie Butterworth
and Florence George, the lovely blonde
soprano from Chicago, will be featured
on the show with Lanny, with music sup-
plied by Raymond Paige's orchestra.
Lanny was a bit reluctant to go out to
Hollywood—it meant leaving his favor-
ite spot, the up-state New York farm
where he spends every hour he can spare.
To make up for the many months he'll be
away from the farm, he took the three-
week interval between his departure from
Show Boat and a singing engagement in
Dallas, and spent it with a gentleman
farmer. Not too much the gentleman,
either—Lanny does know how to pitch
hay and feed a cow. * * *

THE collegiate sense of humor is not
popular in Hollywood. Take it from
Pinky Tomlin, one of the stars of Eddie
Cantor's summer show. Pinky knows.
Pinky became famous three years ago,
almost before he was out of college, when
he published "The Object of My Affec-
tion," and he's never really lost the youth-
ful spirit with which he first hit with
such fresh charm. College memories still
represent the sweetest part of his life to
Pinky, and he'd be right at home on any
 campus.

Recently he thought it would be a good
gag to tip the waiter at a popular—and
swanky—Hollywood night club a penny.
Now, that's a gag any comedian can get
away with. But Pinky's next visit to that
restaurant found him seated at a table far
in the rear of the house. He ordered.
Exactly one hour later came the first
course. It took Pinky five hours to eat
his dinner, served to him at hourly inter-
vals. He didn't get up and walk out be-
cause he realized he had the lesson coming
to him. Today he's one of the restaur-
ant's best—and best-liked—customers.

* * *

IN his travels around the world Bob
Ripley has collected more than strange
facts. He has collected an assortment of
strange pictures—some of them horrible
and frightening in the extreme. He ex-
hibited some of these at a party he gave
for newspaper men when his new Friday-
night program for General Foods got un-
der way. One of the most bold-faced
reporters took one look at the pictures, turned pale,
and keeled over in a faint.

* * *

AFTER seven years, Floyd Gibbons is
moving from the Midtown hotel
where he has maintained a combined office
and home. The Gibbons establishment
filled three suites of the hotel with secre-
taries, filing cabinets, old newspapers, type-
writers, souvenirs, and visiting celebrities;
but unfortunately there wasn't much room

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK
WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

WHY be ashamed to be seen because of
a skinny, scrawny figure? Thousands of
girls have put on 10 to 25 pounds of
solid flesh in a few weeks—with these amaz-
ing little ironized Yeast tablets.

No matter how thin and rundown you
may be, you may easily gain normal, at-
tractive curves this quick way—also natu-
 rally near skin, new pop, and all the new
friends and glee times these bring.

Why they build up so quick

Doctors now say thousands of people are
thin and rundown only because they don't
get enough yeast vitamins (B1) and iron in their daily food.

Now, in easy-to-take form, the vitamins
from the special rich yeast used in making
English ale, world-renowned for its medici-
 nal properties, are concentrated to 7 times
their natural strength in Yeast. This 7 times
power concentrate is combined with 2
kinds of iron (tonic), inorganic and hemoglobin from Pasteurized English ale
yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients
are added. Finally, for your protection

and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast
is tested and restated biologically, to in-
sure full vitamin strength.

Make this money-back test
Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your drugg-
gist today. If with the very first package
you don't begin to eat a little and get more
benefit from your food—if you don't feel
toth better, with more strength and pep—if you
are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will
help the pounds to fly away a money
promptly refunded. So start today.

Special FREE offer!
To start thousands building up their health right
away, we make this FREE and unique offer of
Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out on box
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all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. W.
Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of cheap substitutes.
Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast.
for sunlight. Since he's been on the air nearly a full year without getting time for his usual trip to foreign countries, Floyd decided he at least had to have some place to run himself. He's moving from the hotel to a penthouse atop an apartment building with plenty of terrace space for sunning.

**

**

THE Jacques Renards, out in Hollywood, also moved not so long ago, but they're not so sure it was a good idea. It had one unforeseen result.

Most of the members of the Renard family took it as a matter of course that their next-door neighbors would be Lupe and Johnny (Tarzan) Weismuller. Not young Philip Renard. He got wildly excited when he heard the news, and for days before the family moved he acted very strangely. He'd disappear for hours at a time, and even when he was around he seemed to be gawking under his breath.

As soon as they arrived at the new house Philip climbed the high wall dividing the two houses, perched on top, took a deep breath, and—"Ah-ee-oo-o-ahh!"

Back in the Weismuller home: "Ah-ee-oo-o-ahh!" And Lupe Velez appeared, a little bit startled to discover Philip instead of her husband.

But she and Philip have become great friends. And Johnny has helped Philip to practice his Tarzan call until it's almost as good as the original. To, it must be added, the dismay of the senior Renards.

**

THE radio world has a high opinion of Harry Von Zell's wisdom, judgment, and abilities—an opinion which Harry's seventy-year-old son, Charlie, can't share. When Kenneth went with his mother to visit Harry's parents in Hollywood this summer, the one thing he wanted most of all to do was see Charlie McCarthy, whom he thinks is the funniest comedian on the air. "But," Harry pointed out when he heard about this ambition, "Charlie McCarthy isn't a real boy. He talks, doesn't he?"

**

REALY good news to lovers of home spun, commonsense philosophy is that Tony Wons, Scrapbook tucked under his arm, is returning to the network which first brought him fame. Early in October he'll begin a three-week morning program on the CBS network, under the sponsorship of the Vicks Chemical company. Tony's been absent from the coast-to-coast air for several years, although for part of that time he was heard on a midwestern station. Last winter he was seriously ill, but not completely recovered and ready for his comeback.

KEN MURRAY received lots of fine presents for his birthday recently, but he thought the best one was a new encyclopedia given him by his girl, Florence Heller. But Tony Labriola, who plays Oswald, wasn't so sure. He looked enviously at all the other presents—then he went home to the encyclopedia set and his lip curled. "What's the use of that?" he asked. "Twenty-four books and all alike!"

**

VIRGINIA VERRILL is still learning things about life in Hollywood. The latest lesson was administered in the front row center of the Hollywood Legion Sta-

### Radio Mirror

**REAL FREEDOM FOR WOMEN**

Feminine Hygiene Necessary

**CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT**

**FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED**

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem. . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty. . . . Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs.

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you dainty, snow white suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous ZONITE ANTISEPtic PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are safe and easy to use. . . .长辈less suppositories, each in a sanitary plastic vial, . . no clumsy apparatus . . . completely odorless. Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian drugstores.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its unique, reliable, therapeutic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 take-ea-bags of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

**FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 160 New Brunswick, N.J.**

### Zonitors

3,125,600 Used in 1936

**SPARE TIME MONEY MAKE BY ZONITE**

**CHRISTMAS CARDS AND STATIONERY**

**Selling Personal Christmas Cards and Stationery:**

Christmas Cards and Stationery, a money-maker for Zonite distributors, is a perfect Christmas gift. A simple suggestion: Write your friends' names on the back of the cards, then staple them together and stuff them into a pretty envelope. Each card contains defense. Just write your own names on them and send them to your friends.

**GET ON THE CHRISTMAS MOVEMENT**

Wrap up your order and make a present of it. Serve it up with a little something extra—like some Zonite. For this year's Christmas movement, Zonite is the gift that gives. Start now to stock up. Write today for samples.

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For removing unwanted hair quickly, easily. Easy to use. At drug and department store everywhere.

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This Beautiful Life like

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**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY**

MAKE NEW KIND OF POTATO CHIP

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**YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY**
ndon a few weeks ago. Many a sports writer had spoken wisely to Virginia about wrestling matches, telling her that all bouts were fixed and that the fight business was as safe as knitting. Thus reassured, Virginia hied herself to the Stadium to view a wrestling match. It would have been all right if she hadn't had a front-row seat. Instead of pinning, heaven sent Virginia a 200-pound wrestler. He landed in her lap, bumped her neck against the top of her seat, and knocked her unconscious. Just as she came to and lifted her head, she jumped into a bottle of smelling salts somebody was holding under her nose and in a moment was up again. Her injuries weren't serious enough to keep her from coming to the Goldwyn studio for pictures the next day. Sam Goldwyn, the producer, took one look at her bruised neck and demanded to know the trouble.

"A wrestler fell in my lap last night, Mr. Goldwyn," she said.

"Serves you right," Sam exclaimed. "You should know better than to go around with wrestlers."

**THE**

THE sponsor of one of radio's pet programs has proved that business isn't all she's good at. Patricia Gordon, who sponsors the Tale of Today series every Sunday on NBC, was the inspiration for Dr. Samuel A. Lieberson's "In a Winter Garden" orchestral suite which recently won the Hollywood Bowl prize. At a musical evening in her Chicago home, Mrs. Gordon suggested to Dr. Lieberson that he write a piece of music giving the highlights of vaudeville, and later outlined the idea on paper. Dr. Lieberson set to work, and won a prize. The suite has also been played on the General Motors Symphony hour.

**LIFE**

Life is one long scurry and hustle for a radio star. She can never tell when some seemingly harmless request will develop into a minor crisis. Take Jean Dickinson, the young soprano on the American Album of Familiar Music, for instance. One day NBC telephoned that some photographers were coming to take pictures of her penthouse apartment, where she lives with her parents and her Scotch terrier, Gilly. There followed a mad scramble to tidy up the apartment. Old coats, magazines, musical scores, puppy playthings, and what not were shoved any old way into closets and the drawers of Jean's dressing table, anything to get them out of the way. Then NBC called again. A magazine was sending its photographer too, about the same time as the NBC man, to take pictures of Jean's closet and dressing-table drawers.

**NETWORK**

Network officials shudder when they think of anything going out over the air as part of a big program which hasn't already been rehearsed and okayed, but now and then a performer takes the bit in his teeth and cuts loose with a little impromptu entertainment just for the fun of it. Alec Templeton, the brilliant blind pianist on Universal Rhythm, did this one hot summer night, while the broadcast was in full swing. Samuel Moscher, the assistant director of the orchestra, whom you know by the name of Larry Marsh, was busy looking over the music for the next morning's broadcast when he noticed Templeton was doing his part of the broadcast. Suddenly, Moscher was startled to hear his own voice giving instructions to the orchestra. It was Templeton, using his uncanny ability to mimic anybody and anything, and reproducing Moscher's voice to its last shade of accent.

"Listen, Mother! HOW ABOUT MY OLIVE OIL POWDER!"

**MOTHER**

Mother, if you want the utmost in comfort, freedom from chafing for your baby, use the baby powder made with olive oil. Because of the olive oil, Z. B. T. is smoother, longer-clinging, superior in "allp"—hence more effective against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin irritations. Z. B. T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping Bureau and by your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

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Give your body skin the benefit of bathing in water so soft as rain... enjoy the luxury of a bath fragrant as a flower garden or a pine forest.

Greater cleanliness is one step toward loveliness... and Bathasweet gives water greater cleansing powers. Proof of this is found in the absence of a "ring" around the tub when Bathasweet is used. Moreover, the water is softened—gone are the drying effects that hard water may have on your skin! No wonder thousands of fastidious women insist on the benefits of Bathasweet. 5c and 1¢ sizes at drug and department stores—10¢ sizes at "10 cent" stores.

free—A gift package of the two Bathasweet fragrances, Garden Bouquet and Forest Pine, sent free anywhere in the U. S. A. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. MF-3, 1101 Park Avenue, New York.
SPEAKING of mimics, Arthur Boran may hit the air this fall in a program that promises something new in the way of entertainment. If and when, it will be called The Laughlin Show and Boran’s costar will be Max Eastman, author of the best-selling “Enjoyment of Laughter.” Eastman’s job will be to analyze the humor of the country’s foremost comedians and explain why they make us laugh. Boran’s task, and no small one, will be to imitate the comedians.

PROBABLY the professional writer never lived who didn’t have trouble getting himself out of bed early in the mornings and to work before noon. Carl Carmer, author of Neck of the Woods, on CBS, always had the same difficulty until he met some radio people. He’d always thought he wouldn’t mind getting up early to play tennis, but the trouble was that all his friends were writers, and they liked to stay in bed late, too. Then he started his air program and met some radio people who had to be at the studios by nine-thirty. Now he plays an eight-o’clock tennis match with them twice a week, and in his study, writing away, by nine-thirty a.m.

***

MAY SINGH Breen and Peter De Rose, NBC singers, are in no doubt as to how America feels about the war scare in Europe. In the past few weeks they’ve received a number of requests, singing a number written away back in 1917. Its name is “I Didn’t Raise My Boy to be a Soldier.”

(Continued from page 39)

“Gentlemen After Midnight,” with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. It didn’t take her long to prove her point, because we had been watching Archie Mayo, the director, putting Mr. Howard and Eric Blore through a scene before an elevator in the lobby of a hotel.

“There you are,” Olivia said. “They’ve already shot the scene where Leslie and Eric get off the elevator and go to their room.”

It’s not a job to make movies—piece-meal. Often they shoot the last scene first, then skip backwards and forwards with two or three scenes, to see what’s coming next. It’s confusing, and I think it is bad for acting. That’s why I appreciate radio so much, and look forward to every guest appearance on it.”

Which is revolutionary talk for a coming young movie actress, you will agree. But then, Olivia never wanted to go into movies in the first place.

The one thing she had set her heart on was the stage. When she got her first big role in the touring company of Max Reinhardt’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” she was in the seventh heaven of delight. Then Zoe Akins saw her performance and offered her a small part in a Broadway show she had written.

Olivia wanted that small part more than she’d ever wanted anything. Think of it—Broadway! But Reinhardt had made arrangements to film “The Dream,” and he wanted her to play her old role in the picture. The studio was agreeable, but only on condition that she sign a long-term contract—which meant that she must give up all her dreams of going on the stage for a long, long while. On the other hand, Reinhardt had given her her first opportunity, and she felt morally bound to do as he asked.
"I didn't want the movies, I wanted the stage," she told me. "It had been my lifelong ambition. And besides, I didn't believe, without stage training, that I had much of a chance to really get anywhere in the movies.

"But I signed the contract. I decided to make the best of circumstances as they were, even if I wasn't very happy about them. Maybe, I thought, I could still go on the stage—some day."

Olivia still hasn't gone on the stage, and from the big plans Warners has for her, it doesn't look as though she will for some years to come. But suddenly, a few months after her picture career began, all that she had given up came to her, and from a totally unexpected source. Radio.

Her first broadcast was "Captain Blood" with Errol Flynn. Like many another Hollywood star, Olivia was frightened to death of the microphone at first. It was so mechanical, so impersonal. She grew afraid of stumbling in her lines—there could be no retakes in a radio program!

"I suppose Errol saw I was on the verge of the galloping jitters, and he began to tease me," she said. "All through rehearsals he tried to make me see, by laughing and joking, that the mike wasn't going to bite me. By the night of the broadcast I was feeling better, but not much. So I tried to bolster up my courage by going out and buying a new hat. Oh, it was a very expensive hat—it cost more than I'd ever paid for a hat before—but I went ahead and bought it because it was a great big picture hat with a rose right in the middle of the forehead, and I was sure it would cause a sensation.

"It did, but not the sort of sensation I'd expected. Errol took one look at it and let out a whoop of laughter. Then Donaldi Crisp and Basil Rathbone began to laugh, too. By the time I was getting stubborn about it, I'd bought that hat for the audience, and I was going to wear it or die in the attempt. So I marched out on the stage with the hat still on my head.

"Do you think Errol and the rest would let me get by with it? Not for a minute. They made me take it off and put it under a chair, and the audience howled! Oddly enough, instead of making her more nervous, all this joking eased the tension of Olivia's nerves as the broadcast began. Smiling and at ease, she began to read her lines. The slowly, she realized that something was happening. This was a real play, done exactly as it would have been done on the stage, except that it had no props or scenery. Scene followed scene in logical order; the story built itself to a stirring climax. She was feeling, living, the part, unhampered by interruptions from director or technician.

"It was inspirational!" she told me. "This was the experience I had expected to get only on the stage. Radio was giving me exactly what I wanted!"

Since that first broadcast, Olivia has gone on the air many times, for the Lux Theater and Hollywood Hotel, each time learning how much radio could give her. For instance, it gave her the opportunity to play with actors from other studios. Had it not been for the Lux Theater, and its production of "Saturday's Children," she could never have played opposite Robert Taylor—whom, incidentally, she likes immensely. In another broadcast she was with Herbert Marshall and Lupe Velez. And to a young actress who takes her profession as seriously as Olivia takes hers, it is a great privilege to watch different actors, study them, and thus learn more about her job.

From radio directors, too, she has learned a great deal. "A radio director must not only know drama, but music," she explained. "He must be able to blend every sort of sound, from the voices of the actors to the thread of background melody. I marvel at the way such directors as Frank Woodruff, of the Lux Theater, and Bill Bacher, of Hollywood Hotel, obtain complete co-ordination of actors, musicians, and sound technicians and avoid a single mistake.

"I've learned how important it is to get exactly the right inflection in the voice; and I've learned how important silence is, too, for a pause can be as eloquent as sound.

"And that's the reason I say that any young actor should look on radio as a great opportunity. It's not easy to get on the stage, but the thousands of radio stations do offer a chance to learn how to act. I'll always be grateful to radio for bringing the stage back into my life when I thought I'd never have a chance at it again."

But if Olivia is grateful to radio, radio is grateful to her, too. She has a personality of that rare sort which projects itself as well through sound as through sight. Not all voices match the faces of their owners. Olivia's does.

Warner Brothers regard Olivia as the most valuable young player on the lot. She has been cast in one picture after another, and each role seems to have brought out greater talent. Her first was with Joe E. Brown, and in it she was merely decorative. As the smitten young thing in "Call It a Day," where she suffered the tortures of first love's frustration, Olivia gave a performance that any star might envy.

And hand in hand with her progress forward has gone the microphone, now her proven ally.

**SERIOUS? YES! BUT IT CAN'T POISON YOU SAY DOCTORS**

Modern doctors say that the old idea of poisons getting into your blood from constipation is BUNK. They claim that constipation swells up the bowels causing pressure on the nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure is what often causes ill-sensations, dizziness, headaches, upset stomach, dull, tired-out feeling, sleepless nights, coated tongue, bad taste and loss of appetite.

Don't suffer hours or even days longer than necessary. You must GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES TO GET RELIEF. Flush the intestinal system, then the offending wastes are out of the bowels returning to normal size and nerve pressure STOPS. Almost at once you feel marvelously refreshed, blue and vivid, and life looks bright again.

That is why so many doctors are now insisting on gentle but QUICK ACTION. That is why Adlerika should interest you. Adlerika. This Adlerika is a世界 first—contains SEVEN of the world's cathartics. It attacks the stomach, as well as the entire intestinal tract. It relieves stomach gas at once and often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No violent action; no after effects; just QUICK results. Recommended by many doctors and druggists for 20 years.

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It's Here! The Greater PHOTOPLAY In The NEW, LARGER, LUXURY SIZE!

The Love Story JEAN HARLOW Asked Me to Write
BY FAITH BALDWIN

ALMOST like a message from the beyond comes this poignantly thrilling romance which appears complete in the big luxury sized Photoplay for October. A midnight transcontinental call from Jean Harlow in Hollywood awakened Faith Baldwin at four o'clock one morning shortly before Jean was stricken. The result of their earnest conversation is “The Love Story Jean Harlow Asked Me to Write,” by Faith Baldwin. Everyone who loved the much mourned star will thrill to this beautiful and touching tribute to her memory.

Another feature of universal interest is “Hollywood Morals—If Any,” by Errol Flynn who tells the truth as he sees it with utter frankness and candor. Still another feature that will intrigue your interest is “Hollywood Does Not Understand Sex,” by Gilbert Seldes. In fact, every page between the covers of this larger and most unusual magazine will please you tremendously.

The new Photoplay, in its larger luxury size is so rich in art, rich in color, rich in content that it is a pleasure to touch and a thrilling adventure to read. The price remains at 25c as formerly. So take no chances on missing it.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY—AT THE NEAREST NEWSSTAND
Wake Up and Live With Hot Cereals

(Continued from page 34)

is devoted to his two dogs. In one important respect, however, his life differs from that of the average high school boy. He portrays so well—he is excused from classes daily for the rehearsal of the Vic and Sade program.

Like all boys, Billy loves to eat and he realizes the important part the right foods play in his busy and active life. He's a stickler for a hot cereal breakfast, he told me, for nothing else "stays with him" so well during the long day of radio and school activities. He also advocates cooked cereals for lunch and for those between-meal snacks without which no growing boy seems able to function. Cooked wheat cereal and oatmeal are his favorites and he prefers them with milk only—no cream and sugar since they hide the good flavor of the cereals.

He has the normal boy's fondness for cookies. Two that he recommends highly, wheat cereal and raisin cookies and oatmeal nut cookies, I hope you will try for your own family, for their ingredients make them especially desirable for children's menus.

Wheat Cereal and Raisin Cookies

1 1/2 cups flour (sift before measuring)  
1/4 cup uncooked wheat cereal  
3 tsps. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tbsp butter  
1/4 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
1/2 cup chopped raisins

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine the dry ingredients and sift together twice. Add the dry mixture, together with the chopped raisins, to the creamed mixture and blend thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls onto a well greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until done. Oatmeal Nut Cookies

3 cups flour  
3 cups oatmeal  
1 1/4 cups brown sugar  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup butter  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1 cup chopped walnuts meats  
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift together flour, oatmeal, salt and sugar and sift in shortening. Add the beaten egg, then beat in the milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Add nuts and vanilla. Roll thin on lightly floured board, cut into desired shapes and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes.

Fluffy Muffins

1 cup flour (sift before measuring)  
3/4 cup uncooked wheat cereal  
3 tsps. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup milk  
1 egg  
1 tsp. melted butter

Allow the milk to stand until it reaches room temperature. Sift the dry ingredients together, beat the egg and stir, with the melted butter, into the milk. Combine the liquid and dry mixtures and stir until smooth, but no longer. Pour into well-greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes.

I have other suggestions for cooking and serving cereals, also spoon bread and raisin and nut puddings recipes, both of which are made with cereals. If you would like to have these recipes, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Jack Benny's "Vacation Broadcast"

(Continued from page 19)

Don: Is that so?
Jack: (And you can practically see him hookey his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest.) Yep. Of course, I prefer comedy, but if I'm the romantic type—well, what can I do?
Mary: Play comedy.
Don: Say, Jack, here's Kenny Baker. He wants some advice, something.
Jack: Why hello, Kenny. What do you want?
Kenny: Well, you know I've signed a contract to make a picture as soon as we get back, too.
Jack: Oh, have you, Kenny? I'm glad to hear it. What company?
Kenny: Monotonous Films.
Jack: Well, that's a nice company. Makes a lot of pictures too. How did you get the job?
Kenny: Incognito. I told them I was Robert Taylor.
Jack: Oh, boy! Wait until they find out!
Kenny: But I'm a little worried, Jack. You know, you've had so much experience, I wish you'd give me a few pointers. I'm a little weak on dramatic lines, and comic, and character parts.
Jack: Well, what can you do?
Kenny: I could make love, with a little encouragement.
Mary: (Hopefully) Encourage him, Jack.
Jack: Don't worry, Kenny, all you need is a little coaching. For instance, take a scene like this. Suppose you come home to your wife after eight years in the Navy and you find her in the arms of another boy. Now you walk in and say, "So this is what's been going on, eh? You've let eight years in the Navy separate us. When I get you alone, I'm going to kill you, kill you with my love!"
Kenny: Do I kill her?
Jack: No, she's never alone. Now you try it, Kenny.
Kenny: (He rattles the speech off without any expression at all) So this is what's been going on, eh... Gee, you've let eight years in the Navy separate us. When I get you alone I'm going to kill you three times, so help me.
Jack: Hm?
Kenny: What will I do now?
Marry: Tear up your contract.
Jack: No, Kenny, try again and put some fire into it.
Kenny: Okay, Jack. So this is what's been going on, eh? After eight years I find you in the arms of another.
Jack: No, Kenny. Gable wouldn't do it that way.
Marry: Gable wouldn't stay away eight years.
Kenny: Gee, this is too hard, Jack. Shall I try something else?
Jack: Yes—sing, Kenny.
(Kenny sings "You're My Desire") and makes a swell job of it, too. Then, as he finishes:
Salesman: Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny!... Hello, Mr. Benny, remember me?
Jack: No.
Salesman: That's what I thought, now I can speak freely. My name is Chisworth, Chester C. Chisworth, and I represent the Major Company. Now, how about buying a car now, while you're on your vacation, and then it will be all ready for you to use when you get back to Hollywood.
Jack: Well....
Salesman: Let me show you our catalogue. Now right here is the best in America today, the Synthetic Seven. Yes, sir! What a car! And talk about economy—why, you can get fifteen miles to every fifteen gallons of gasoline.
Jack: Well, I don't think I'm interested—
Salesman: And talk about speed—why, this little car is so fast, it will take your breath away.
Jack: Take my breath away! What do you drive, or garage with it?
Salesman: With this car you don't need garages, and the shields are sun-proof, wind-proof, shutter-proof, and bullet-proof.
Jack: Sounds pretty good, eh, Mary?
Mary: Yes, and he's got nice eyes, too.
Salesman: Now, just look at this picture of the car, Mr. Benny. Notice its beautiful lines, those lovely curves. Just look at that streamlined chassis!
Jack (Doubtfully): I don't know—like Loretta Young better. What's the price of that Synthetic Seven?
Salesman: Three hundred and eighty dollars—but if you want to go just a little higher, we've got the Synthetic Nine.
Jack: How much is that?
Salesman: Twelve thousand.
Jack: Hi, not bad.
Salesman: Of course the nine is built especially for touring. If you buy it, you'll get a trailer.
Mary: What's a trailer, Jack?
Jack: A car without the company—I ought to know.
Salesman: Now, as a special inducement, the moment you buy this car we give you twenty tons of gas free.
Jack: What about the oil?
Mary: He's giving you that now.
Jack: Well, you, Messenger Boy: Radiogram for Mr. Benny.
Jack: Ah! Just in the nick of time! (We hear the rattle of paper, then Jack reads): "Arriving by plane this afternoon. Must discuss story of your next picture. Signed, Genser, Paramount Studios. Will, can you imagine me here all the way over here to discuss the picture with me? Gee, it certainly must be a big part.
Mary: Either that or they're worried.
Jack: I'll find out and, he'll be here any minute now. Play, Don—I mean John—I mean Phil!
(Phill Harris' orchestra begins to play "Where or When" from the musical comedy. "Babes in Arms," but soon, over the music, we hear the drone of an airplane motor—then a babble of voices—and...
**RELIEVES TEETHING PAINS**

within
1 Minute

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the sore tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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You can have beautiful voices in 1 hour! Remove throat swellings and masculine voices, sing a song, read a news article. (All this in 1 hour.) Only $1.00 for 5 cards. No trouble. Suitable for men, women and children. Use only in water. Try this improvement. Send 50c for catalog. Voice equality, 211 N. Victory Blvd., Victor J. Evans & Co., 2185. Victor Blvd., Wash., D.C.

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...**

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels, gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sulk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement at the eases. 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.

when next we hear Jack, he and the director of his new picture are deep in discussion. Listen:

**Jack:** Where do we come in?

**Director:** Very soon now. Here’s where it gets dramatic.

**Jack:** Oh! (And he clears his throat before he goes on, reading:) “As we fade in, we find the lover seated on the davenport with a beautiful blonde. He takes her in his arms and says, ‘Darling, I can’t live without you. She says, ‘I can’t live without you.’ Then he says, ‘I can’t eat without you.’ And she says, ‘I can’t eat without ketchup.’ That’s quite romantic, isn’t it?”

**Director:** Yes. In fact, we worked two weeks on that one line. We didn’t know whether to use ketchup or chili sauce.

**Jack:** And you worked two weeks on it.

**Mary:** One more week and she could have had mustard.

**Director:** “The lovers move closer together, and as he puts his arm around her you hear the beautiful strains of a violin playing ‘Love in Bloom.’

**Jack:** Here I come, Mary.

**Director:** “Then a shot is heard!”

**Mary:** There you go, Jack.

**Director:** “Then as the music dies out, you see the lovers sitting on the floor, looking out of the window at the moonlight.”

**Jack:** Oh, they’re on the floor now, huh? What happened to the davenport?

**Director:** We loaned it to Metro.

**Jack:** Oh, I see . . . You know, Mary, the studios exchange courtesy like that. We loan a Metro a davenport and they loan us Garbo.

**Mary:** Oh!

**Jack:** I’m not in the picture yet. Do I come in soon?

**Director:** Right away. “As they are looking out of the window, the butler enters the room and says, ‘Madame, you’re wanted on the phone.’ That’s you, Jack.

**Jack:** Who, the butler, the madame, or the phone?

**Director:** The butler, of course.

**Jack:** (Disgusted) That’s fine. I’m supposed to be the star and I play the butler.

**Mary:** (in a-musing voice) Then you’re supposed to be the star.

**Jack:** What are you laughing at, Mary?

**Mary:** I’m not even in the picture and I got a bigger part than you have.

**Jack:** Now, wait a minute, we’re not through yet. What happens after that?

**Director:** Well, Jack, then we go into a lot of specialties, dancing, music and comedy—so you’ll be out of the next six reels.

**Jack:** I’ll be cut for six reels? Well, can’t I do anything during that time?

**Director:** Sure, you can do anything you want to—you can play golf, or you can go down to the beach and take a swim.

**Jack:** I can’t swim.

**Mary:** You ought to be able to learn in six reels.

**Jack:** Well, there’s something to that.

**Do**

**Now, what do I do next?**

**Director:** Ah, you’ll like this, Jack. In the last reel you have another big scene—

**Jack:** I know—the phone rings again—

**Mary:** And you swim in and answer it.

**Director:** No, this time there is a knock at the door . . . The butler comes in unexpectedly and you hide in the closet.

**Jack:** Why do I have to hide in the closet? I haven’t done anything.

**Mary:** (There’s no stopping this girl) I’ll say you haven’t.

**Director:** You see, Jack, you’re really not the butler at all. You’re a detective dressed as a butler.

**Jack:** Oh, now I get it. I’m a detective.

(Continued on page 97)
MY EXPERIENCE WITH BIRTH CONTROL

"We cannot afford children," said this couple but after two years a strange new force possessed the wife which—but, read this outstanding feature for yourself and profit by its sense and wisdom.

THE MISTAKES THAT MOST BRIDES MAKE

By Mrs. Richard Boardman, President of the Bride's School, of New York City

If you are engaged or expect to be, do not fail to read this revealing article by a brilliant and understanding teacher. It can help you to avoid errors which may take years to remedy.

ALSO IN THE BIG OCTOBER ISSUE


Enjoy and Profit from PHYSICAL CULTURE—the only magazine devoted exclusively to the solution of personal problems of mind and body.

She was starved for Love until...!

Until a few months ago Helen Tyler was a love-starved girl—miserable, unhappy, complaining.

Today she is the happiest of women, her life rich in the love and affection the lack of which was slowly driving her mad.

In the October issue of Physical Culture, the great personal problem magazine, she tells her story for the benefit of the thousands of other women who are eating their hearts out for the lack of love which is every woman's birthright.

How she discovered what was wrong and what she did to remedy her plight is an utterly satisfying story that will thrill and charm everyone who reads it and at the same time point the way to happiness to countless women who today are as miserable as Helen once was. By all means read her story from real life which is titled "I Was Love Starved," thrill to it, learn from it and then reach out for the love and happiness which should be yours.

DON'T MISS OCTOBER

Physical Culture

Buy your copy today—on sale everywhere!
and I hide in the closet to trap the lover.

Director: That’s it exactly. Now when the husband comes into the room and sees his wife in the arms of another, he kills himself, and the lovers live happily ever after. You get the idea?

Jack: Yes, but when do I come out of the closet?

Mary: After the preview.

Jack: Now see here, that part isn’t big enough for me. I thought I was going to be the star of this picture. I won’t play it!

Director: Oh, Mr. Benny...

Jack: No, sir, there’s no use arguing with me!

Director: Well, then, I guess we’ll just have to get Fred Allen...

Jack: Now wait a minute—don’t fly off the handle. Maybe we can talk this thing over. Just why isn’t my part big?

Director: You see, Mr. Benny, the studio is afraid you can’t act the part it had in mind for you at first. Maybe you’re not exactly the type, you know.

Jack: What part was it?

Director: A storekeeper—a drugstore, in fact—very wise and gentle and philosophical. But then we got to thinking it wasn’t exactly the sort of part you’d like.

Jack (He’s very emphatic now): It’s exactly the sort of part I like, and I do it very well. In fact, I’m playing a druggist in our dramatic offering for this broadcast. Now you just listen, and you’ll see. The idea of saying I’m not the type!

(There’s a fanfare of music—then Don Wilson’s voice.

Don: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight Jack Benny makes history by appearing in an entirely new role—that of Jack Bennybilt, owner and proprietor of Bennybilt’s Pharmacy in Medicine Hat, Lights! Curtain!

(Fading in, we hear the tinkle of a cash register, the clink of glasses, the hiss of a soda-fountain. Then Jack speaks.)

Jack: Yes, ma’am, what can I do for you?

Woman Customer: I’d like to have this prescription filled right away, my husband is awfully sick. Quick, please—he’s very low.

Jack: How low is he?

Woman Customer: Right now he’s playing pinball with a worm.

Jack: Oh! Let me see that prescription olate malted frappayed fudge ice cream soda plain, with maraschino cherries and nuts.

Jack: How about some whipped cream?

Mary: No, I’m on a diet.

Jack: All right, I’ll make it right up for you.

Mary: While I’m waiting, give me a New England boiled dinner.

Jack: Wait until I fix the drink for you.

(We hear him fixing it.)

Mary: Wait a minute, don’t put any ice cream in it.

Jack: No ice cream, all right.

Mary: Wait—no malt, please.

Jack: I see—no malt either.

Mary: You might as well cut out the fudge, too.

Jack: Okay.

(We hear the sound of charged water.)
A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, that girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. 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.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 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.

MARY: Wait a minute ... just plain water.
Jack: Hey, all you've got here is a glass of plain water and a straw.
Mary: That's what I want.
Jack: This is a new drink, folks. A Scotch surprise. Here you are, Mary. That will be a penny for the straw.
Mary: I don't need the straw.
Jack: One more customer like you and this place will be a garage.
Woman Customer: Clerk, I want this prescription filled immediately. My husband is very low.
Jack: Oh yes, let's see that again ... 
Hm, two grams of laudanum . . . one ounce of permanganate of potash . . . two ounces of perlimanter . . . (The door opens again) Pardon me, lady. I'll be right with you.
Another Woman: (Groaning) Oh oh oh oh oh!
Jack: What's wrong? What can I do for you? (She groans some more) Sit down here—I'll get you some water. (She groans louder) What's the matter?
The Other Woman: Give me a three-cent stamp!
Jack: Oh!
Woman Customer: How about my prescription?
Jack: Are you still here? Mary, help me out—take care of that woman, will you?
Mary: Let me see that prescription, Toots . . . two grains of pyramidone . . . one gram of Schenectady . . . one ticket to Syracuse . . . (The door opens again)
Jack: What can I do for you?
Phil: Say, have you got any aspirin?
Jack: Yes.
Phil: Well, why don't you take some, you look terrible.
(The door slams behind him)
Jack: Hm, now I know what's the matter with this place. I'm sick.
Woman Customer: Will you please hurry up with that prescription? My husband is very low.
Jack: Yes, ma'am, just a minute.
(The door opens again.)
Don: Good evening, good evening.
Jack: How do you do, sir. Anything for you?
Don: I'd like to get some Jell-O. You serve it here, don't you?
Jack: Yes, you little mind reader.
Don: Is it genuine Jell-O with the big red letters on the box?
Jack: It is, if we expect to be back on the air next Sunday.
Don: Then I'll have some.
Jack: There you are sir . . . Well, guess it's time I was locking up. Come on, Mary.
Woman Customer: How about my prescription? I've been waiting all day long and my husband is very low.
Jack: Lock her up, Mary, we'll take care of her tomorrow . . . Play, Phil!
(Phil Harris strikes up with "Strangers In the Dark")
Jack: That was the last number of this special vacation broadcast, coming to you through the courtesy of Radio Mirror. Well, Mr. Genster, now do you still say I can't act?
Director: It was wonderful, Jack! Stupendous!
Jack: So I don't have to play the butler's part?
Director: I should say not! You don't have to play any part. You're fired!
Jack: Oh! Good night, folks.

Jack Benny and his gang return to the air over the NBC-RED Network on Sunday, October 3, at 7:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, with a repeat West Coast broadcast at 8:30 P. M. Pacific Standard Time.
What a Truly Marvelous Improvement MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!

Do YOU carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scraggly brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature — your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long, curling, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Mascara — in either the economical Solid-form or the popular Cream-form — see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and silky and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter — only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression!

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

Every time you squint or blink your eyes the tender skin around your eyes is creased, encouraging wrinkles. Help to avoid these crow's feet, wrinkles and laugh lines — keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful — by simply smoothing on Maybelline Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman — at all the stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.
The Three Musketeers of Smoking Pleasure

...refreshing MILDNESS TASTE that smokers like Chesterfields SATISFY

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