Scanned from the collections of The Library of Congress

Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record
Radio Mirror

NOVEMBER

Harriet HILLIARD and Ozzie NELSON

Why You Can Laugh with Walter O'KEEFE

Dick POWELL is Cinderella's Beau

Ozzie NELSON Sings a Real Love Song Every Day
YOUR CHOICE

World Famous Classics Now

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

89¢

Economy Educational League
1976 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Dept. RM-11

[Address]

[City, State] 11

[Name]

[Address]

[City, State]

GIFT OF PUBLISHER

These beautiful, illustrated editions are well-known and well-loved classics, each one complete, each containing every word the authors set down. These works deserve a place beside your other books or any book that does not prove entirely satisfactory. Money refunded promptly on any book that does not prove satisfactory.

POSTAGE FREE ON ANY ORDER FOR FIVE BOOKS OR MORE

VOLTAIRE

I was for years a servant to the State, I was nothing but a slave. But I remained faithful to my master, and in the end he rewarded me.

EMILE ZOLA

The adventure of the great novelists is one of the most absorbing fascinations of the literary epicure.

SANINE

A Russian Love Novel by Michael Arztabshevsky. When this book first appeared it was greeted by a storm of protest and accusation—revolutionary, dangerous—a political bombshell,hash brusque in fact and thought. Others praised it as a true and realistic panorama of a vicious social stratum. But not only a few years since it was first published in Russia, we find that much of the work of the heroes has been consigned to oblivion. Sanine is marching on to immortality. This work has been translated into every known language and is available in every cultured land. (A $5.00 book value.)

GIFT OF PUBLISHER

These beautiful, illustrated editions are well-known and well-loved classics, each one complete, each containing every word the authors set down. These works deserve a place beside your other books or any book that does not prove entirely satisfactory. Money refunded promptly on any book that does not prove satisfactory.

POSTAGE FREE ON ANY ORDER FOR FIVE BOOKS OR MORE

89¢

96—SANINE

95—NANA

By Emile Zola, 485 pages. Even the ultra-smart society of Paris was amazed upon the appearance of Nana which is the history of a French courtesan. Never before—or since, had the life of a courtesan been depicted with greater fidelity and realism. Emile Zola, the author, was made the target of abuse and distaste for daring to reveal the reverse side of Parisian gayeties. But this masterpiece of the demi-monde remains still the most perfect work of its kind ever to appear. Who Nana was, where she came from, and how she made her devastating progress furnishes a tale of the most absorbing fascination. Armonces of intriguing delight for the literary epicure. ($5 value.)

69—ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Complete. Profusely illustrated. "The Biggest Lie in the World" only half describes the much-traveled Baron. Not even modern science can explain facts so artistically nor fly so high in the field of nightmarish speculation. In him the faculty for exaggeration and corroborative detail surpasses both art and science and becomes a gift only the gods can bestow. (Value $5.)

68—GREEN MANSIONS

By W. H. Hudson. Here are the undiscovered secrets of the ways of love. Here are untold stories suggested—for the few who will understand. Dream or reality, no other man has ever shown us the facts of a blended whitewith and awe of power of the primitive jungle creature, save only this author. This romance of a tropical forest is the most modern and recent book to be universally accepted as a classic. (Value $5.)

66—CANDIDE

By Voltaire. Profusely illustrated. The amazing adventures (with nothing omitted) of the immortal Candide. More than a satire, more than a daring buffoonery, CANDIDE ranks among the foremost narratives of pure adventure and masterly exercise of imagination in any language—in any age. Unblushing realism, Rabelaisian humor. One of the world's finest stories. ($5.)

69—FAUST

By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Perhaps the greatest opera ever written. A welcome addition to every cultured home. ($5 book value.)

65—APHRODITE

By Pierre Louys. Profusely illustrated. The one modern classic which eclipses in erotic beauty and simplicity the work of the ancients who wrote of sensuous love. Must not be judged by Mid-Victorian standards but by the free spirit of the Hellenic age in which the story is set. The story of a courtesan of ancient Alexandria moving as suits her fancy among her inevitable associates, and against a truly Grecian background. (Value $5.)

GIFT OF PUBLISHER

These beautiful, illustrated editions are well-known and well-loved classics, each one complete, each containing every word the authors set down. These works deserve a place beside your other books or any book that does not prove entirely satisfactory. Money refunded promptly on any book that does not prove satisfactory.

POSTAGE FREE ON ANY ORDER FOR FIVE BOOKS OR MORE

89¢
STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the FOOD SHIP

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds are caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all: the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouthwash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

For Colds and Sore Throat... LISTERINE... The Safe Antiseptic
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FEATURES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Editorial</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Too Many Blues</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behind the Mikes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot News and New Gossip of the Airwaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gard's Chosen People</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As a Caricaturist sees the famous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Have With Us</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All your favorite radio programs are here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Thousand Penner Ducks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Orphans' Thanksgiving dinners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot and Airy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Switchman's Son Becomes a King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wayne King's Express Ride to Success</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fate Showered Gifts on Gladys Swarthout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why You Can Laugh Now with Walter O'Keefe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They Sing Their Love Song Every Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dick Powell's New Radio Career</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Beautiful Stooge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concluding Installation of this Radio Serial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I Was in Jail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Showboat's Maria's Experience with the Law</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He Plants Stars in the Ether Sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Whitteman and the Winners He's Picked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Howdy Folks&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revealing the Real Charles Winninger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter Crowns for Arlene Francis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Fashions in Hats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Pacific Airwaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Visit with Everett Marshall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Autumn Comes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Radio Stars Stay Outdoors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Do You Want to Know?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radio Mirror Homemaking Department</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanksgiving Dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blonde or Brunette?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Stars' Kitchens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago Breezes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Our Public&quot; Broadcasting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dialing the Short Waves</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Radio Mirror** (Copyright 1934) is fully protected by copyright, and the contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Published monthly by Syndicate Magazine Corporation, Washington and South Avenue, Dunellen, New Jersey, Executive and editorial office, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Bernar Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Advertising Manager, Sales Representatives: O. C. Rheinstrong, Advertising Director. Entered as second class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.00 a year; 10¢ a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico and Panama $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.00 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.
MY, WHAT A BIG WASH!
SO MUCH UNDERWEAR—

JOHN SAYS HE JUST DOESN'T
FEEL RIGHT IF HE HASN'T
FRESH SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR
EVERY DAY

THAT'S FINE FOR
JOHN—BUT WHAT
A JOB FOR YOU!

OH, I USE RINSO!
IT SOAKS OUT DIRT
AND SAVES SCRUBBING,
I DON'T MIND BIG
WASHES NOW

SHE'S THE THIRD ONE
IN A WEEK TO TELL ME
ABOUT RINSO. IT MUST
BE WONDERFUL—
I'LL TRY IT

ONE WEEK LATER
PUT ON A FRESH SHIRT TONIGHT,
DEAR, THE GRAYSONS ARE
COMING OVER LATER—

I HATE TO GIVE
YOU SO MUCH
WASHING TO DO

BUT WASHING IS EASY WITH
RINSO. IT SOAKS CLOTHES
FAR WHITER THAN I EVER
COULD SCRUB THEM

FINE!

This "no-scrub" way
makes clothes
last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing
clothes the Rinso way. For there's no
scrubbing to streak colors—weakens fabrics
— fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3
times longer but they come from a Rinso
soaking 4 or 5 shades whiter.
Makers of 40 famous washers recommend
Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good
Housekeeping Institute, Grand for dishes
and all cleaning. Saves time—saves work.
And so easy on hands!
Rinso gives lots of
rich, lasting suds—even
in hardest water. Get it
at your grocer's.

THEY BOTH OFFENDED—BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT

IT WAS A LOVELY
BRIDGE PARTY, JANE.
BUT I HOPE MRS. L—
ISN'T AT MY TABLE
AGAIN. SHE'S NICE BUT
A LITTLE CARELESS....
YOU KNOW... B.O.

WE NEVER KNOW
WHEN WE'RE
GUILTY, DO WE?

LIFEBOUY'S lather is bland and
gentle, yet deep-cleaning.
It washes away pore-embedded
impurities—brings radiance to
dull complexions. Lifebuoy lath-
er is freely in hot, cold, hard or
soft water. Purifies and deodorizes
pores—stops "B.O." (body odor).
Its fresh, clean, quickly-van-
ishing scent tells you Lifebuoy
gives extra protection.
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

I FIND LIFEBUOY
MARVELOUS FOR
THE SKIN

LATER
IMAGINE MEETING
MRS. L.....AT THE
STORE BUYING
LIFEBUOY TOO!
NO "B.O." FOR EITHER
OF US NOW!

"B.O." GONE—not best of friends!

MRS. L....AND I PLAY TOGETHER,
AS USUAL, YOU CAN'T BREAK
UP OUR PARTNERSHIP

The biggest-selling package soap in America
TORCH carrying on the ether waves has its place but this continuous overdose of blondes crying about lost love, brunettes weeping over the "moonlight without you" and redheads wailing ditties concerning the man who's gone away, is like too much lemon meringue pie with every dinner.

It's one thing to have Ruth Etting get into a "Melancholy Baby" mood with her listening public, for Helen Morgan to tell you, in minor chords, that she "can't help lovin' that man," or for Gertrude Niesen to do justice to these contemporary sad lyrics. But when hundreds of lesser and undistinguished ladies of the blues school give out those ineffective imitations, it's plain aggravating. For the past several months there's been a menacing epidemic of that type of radio entertaining which improvises on the wares of Tin Pan Alley, and the worst of it all is that they apparently find it easy, not only to get a hearing from broadcast officials but to get spots on dozens of programs which might be used to far better advantage.

Orchestra leaders are largely responsible for the vogue. Where, a few seasons ago, the trumpet player would lay down his instrument and warble a few lines of a chorus during the broadcast of a dance program, now the ork pilots consider it essential to have a female blues singer interrupt their musical presentations at regular intervals and do "her stuff." If they can get a fairly good singer of her type it's all right, but otherwise they just engage a pretty girl who is decorative for personal appearances and coach her in the intricacies of splitting notes, murdering chords and doing a little see-saw stunt with accepted theories of song singing. Some of these unknowns who have suddenly sprung into the limelight have managed to achieve a fairly good technique; a few have become popular favorites and have obtained air engagements as regular soloists, but a large majority are just excess raucous noise. There are some on the large chains who should never be there, but there's a regular army of them scattered around the smaller individual stations, and if you tune in on those daytime hours when they're broadcasting, it's enough to make you loathe popular music forever, except that when you do hear an expert deftly handling the same tunes, you realize that blues singing can really become an art.

Some of them seem to think that if they can only get into a tearful frame of mind and make their voices sound that way as they slide down the musical scales into the realms relegated to baritones they are putting it over. Others adopt the cute and coy attitude and try the saccharine type, but it's actually more like quinine than sugar.

Not long ago I heard dozens and dozens of girls auditioning for an air spot that required an individual singing personality for a heroine part. I was happy that it wasn't up to me to decide on the fortunate girl because as I listened to one, after another, the episode became nerve-racking. Not only did most of the aspirants choose the same song in their trial programs but most of them murdered even the simplest musical phrases. And even the best was not what I would consider outstanding. Enduring the talentless efforts on the air I decided I wanted to send these would-be radio stars right back to their homes and their business courses. Even if they should achieve mediocre success they represent nothing but a passing vogue, and when that's gone there's no place in broadcasting for such as they.

The other afternoon I turned the dials until I had taken in every station. There were some talks in which I had no interest, an orchestra of sorts that was doing a very bad imitation of Guy Lombardo and the rest of the wavelengths were occupied by girly songstressses who were ruining a number that Bing Crosby has made pleasant hearing. One of them was affecting the Etting finale, another was blaring forth in what she believed was Kate Smith style, while the remainder were lost somewhere in between the Niesen renditions and the appealing mike manner of Sylvia Froos. What they managed to effect was nothing better than static. The experience certainly lessened my respect for the capabilities of those whose job it is to spot talent.

May some kind fate that hovers over radio destinies deliver us from the misery of too many bad blues.
BEHIND the MIKES

BY MERCURY

Deems Taylor is composing a new opera and who do you suppose is working on the libretto? None other than Mary Kennedy, his recently divorced wife... Those wise in the ways of the theatre insist Benny Fields, husband and partner of Blossom Seeley, was the first cronoer. Fields was singing lullabies in the back rooms of Chicago saloons when Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby were still wearing knickers... Since he does his composing after 3 o'clock in the morning, Don Bestor had to find a soundproof apartment so that he won't disturb the neighbors.

Donald Novis has a new car... Johnny Green, 25-year old Harvard graduate who serves as Columbia's musical consultant when he isn't leading an orchestra or writing songs, is the author of "Mr. Whittington," the English musical comedy success... Carmen Lombardo can vote now—he became 21 recently... Tony Worn prevents colds with a special fish soup prepared by his missus. Mixed with sour cream it is a concoction from which even pneumonia germs take flight... The Landis Trio and White chew gum during their broadcasts. If they don't, they say their throats go dry.

Lud Gluskin, CBS orchestra leader, is married to E.B. Telek, former premier dancer of the Hungarian Budapest Opera Company... Harry Horlick, A. & P., Gypsy leader, has a pleasing quirk—he insists upon picking up all dinner and lunch checks... Pat Barnes, the narrator, is the husband of Eleanor Gilmour, the concert singer... Vincent Lopez is now so strongly influenced by numerology that he won't hire a musician or a singer until submitting them to the number test... Alice Faye has been accepted by Hollywood's 400 and is now a welcome guest in the most exclusive circles.

"The trouble with most radio live wires," observes Eddie Garr, the impersonator, "is that they seldom have any connections worth while." With that thought for today it might be recorded here that Eddie, a really clever mimic who has had a hard time getting established on the American airwaves, has been in London recently broadcasting for the BBC.

"The trouble with most radio live wires," observes Eddie Garr, the impersonator, "is that they seldom have any connections worth while." With that thought for today it might be recorded here that Eddie, a really clever mimic who has had a hard time getting established on the American airwaves, has been in London recently broadcasting for the BBC.

Take it from Fred Allen, life is like a cornet—when you get ready to blow it, you find you haven't any breath left... Walter Winchell influence reached the nadir with the issuing of

(Continued on page 7)

Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR ImitATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"HARR YOU LIKE THAT?"  
"GOOD NIGHT, FAMILY!"

MAJOR BOWES

"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!"

GEORGE GIVOT

"LET'S GO!"

FRANK BUCK

PHIL SPITALNY

GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CAUGHT CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.
Behind the Mikes

(Continued from page 5)

bullets forecasting blessed events in the kennel of Iomary Bailey and Lee Sims. Their Great Dane was represented as knitting tiny garments, preparing the bassinet, baby-buggy shopping and what not ... In 11 years of broadcasting May Singh Breen and Peter De Rose, “The Sweethearts of the air,” have been absent from the studio ... The couples celebrated their idol’s 33rd birthday by issuing a magazine. It was illustrated with pictures revealing Rudy in various stages of childhood. One of the most interesting showed the great crooner as an entrant in a baby contest ... And no matter how crooner is defined in the dictionary, Tin Pan Alley insists that anybody can be taught to play a saxophone but a crooner has to be born. But for that matter, don't we all?

Mrs. Jack Denny has never attended one of her husband’s broadcasts. So far as known she is the only wife of a maestro enjoying that distinction. Some of them are more evident in the studios than their husbands ... Joe Cook's son, now in his teens, is Joseph Cook, Jr. according to the records, but the household refers to him as Joe-Joe to distinguish him from his dad. ... The scripts of "Home, Sweet Home" are written by Burr Cook, brother of Phil. Burr was also the author of those "Harbor Lights" episodes which enjoyed such a vogue a few years ago.

Frank Buck, the wild animal man was formerly the husband of Amy Leslie, for many years dramatic critic of the Chicago Defender. Legend has it that Buck was a bell hop at the time of his marriage to the noted newspaper woman.

After five years of broadcasting over NBC, CBS and WOR as a baritone, dramatic actor and comic, Jack Arthur spent his first real vacation from the air at Monte Carlo, the famous French resort. But it proved only a “motor-man’s holiday” after all for Jack, unable to keep his mind off the "mike" spent most of his spare time at the receiving end of a short-wave set getting the latest radio news from this side of the water.

One thing that Al and Lee Reiser, the pianists, admit radio has done for them and that is to show them how the sun rises. They have to get up at 5:30 a.m. in their Long Island homes to make an 8:30 o'clock commercial five times a week. Another thing it has taught them is how to make coffee ... otherwise their wives would also have to get up at the crack of dawn to prepare breakfast. However, the boys have a system. Since their homes are adjacent to each other, Al invites Lee in for breakfast for five weeks, then Lee has Al in the next week, and so on.

I WONDER HOW SHE DID IT...
SHE WAS SKINNIER THAN I AM!

"Too good to be true" "I can’t believe it’s me" "And best of all I feel swell...

All Skinny Folks Should Know Kelp-A-Malt

...AMAZED AT THIS ENTIRELY NEW WAY TO ADD 5 LBS. OF SOLID FLESH IN A WEEK...OR NO COST!


Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks — and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women — are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month — 5 lbs. in a week — are reported regularly.

Kelp-A-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down to the cause of thin underweight conditions and adds weight through a "3 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the starches that weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelp-A-Malt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the flesh-building foods you eat. Third, Kelp-A-Malt’s natural FOOD IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation — the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelp-A-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more FOOD IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelp-A-Malt for a single week and notice the difference — how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelp-A-Malt is fine for children too — improves their appetites. Remember the name, Kelp-A-Malt, the original and genuine kelp and malt tablets. There is nothing else like them, so don’t accept imitations and substitutes. Try Kelp-A-Malt today, and if you don’t gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

SUNDAY

11:30 A. M. Major Bowes' Capitol Family—Waldo Mayo conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAF and associated stations.

12:30 P. M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Rockefeller can be proud of this one.


He strums a guitar and sings soft songs.

1:00 P. M. "Little Known Facts About Well-Known People"—Dale Carnegie and orchestra. (Maltese Cereals Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

This one will teach you things.

1:30 P. M. Little Miss Bab-o's Surprise, Party—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artist. (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.). WEAF and associated stations.

A high-school miss crying about the blues.

2:00 P. M. The Mohawk Treasure Chest—Ralph Kirby, baritone; Martha Lee Cole, interior decorator; James Meighan, narrator; Harold Levey's orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.

Well-balanced entertainment.


He certainly takes his time.


The curtain rises promptly.

3:00 P. M. New York Philharmonic Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Just the music for Sunday afternoon.


All the Hollywood atmosphere.

3:30 P. M. The Maybelline Musical Romance—Harry Daniels' orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; and guest stars. WEAF and associated stations.

Good music and always a surprise.

4:45 P. M. Big Ben Dream Drama—sketch. WEAF and associated stations.

Then, you wake up when the alarm goes off!

5:00 P. M. Roses & Drums—dramatization of Civil War stories. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Back to crinoline love.

5:00 P. M. Sentinels Serenade—Edward Davies, baritone; Charles Sears, Tenor; Mary Steele, soprano; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

No awkward pauses to this one.

5:30 P. M. "The House by the Side of the Road" with Tony Wons and orchestra. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.). WEAF and associated stations.

Robert Simmons, tenor, now heard in several programs, had his first big chance with the A.S. P. Gypsies.
RADIO MIRROR

Philosophy with old-fashioned trimmings.

10 P.M. Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson with Jack Shilkret's orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.

Your old friends getting better and better.

6:00 P.M. George Gershwin. (Health Products Co.—"Astordum"). WABC and associated stations.

The master of modern rhythm.


You'll smile, too.

7:00 P.M. Silken Strings—Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.

A sockful of melody.

7:00 P.M. Studabaker Champions with Richard Himber's orchestra. (Studabaker Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

How Mr. Himber has come along.


Buddy's in his real element.


Red-headed music master with the southern drawl.

8:00 P.M. Chase and Sanborn Hour—Jimmy Durante, comedian and Rubinstein's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.

Good morning to old friends.

8:00 P.M. Columbia Variety Hour with Cliff Edwards, Master of Ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.

A little bit of everything.

8:00 P.M. Goin' to Town with Tim and Irene, comedy sketch; Grace Hayes, soprano; Newel Chase, pianist; Leopold Spitalny's orchestra; Ed Lowry, master of ceremonies. WJZ and associated stations.

We'll take the trip.

9:00 P.M. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy, orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder). WABC and associated stations.

Tamara has a mile way with her.

9:00 P.M. Gulf Headliners. WJZ and associated stations.

A veteran period with a new line-up.


Arrangements that can't be beat.

9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Songs. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayr Aspirin). WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Munn and those two pianists are good.


Now for the latest gossip.


The Monarch of the Waltz offers a new one.

10:00 P.M. Hall of Fame—guest orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAF and associated stations.

The great and the near great take their turns.

10:00 P.M. Madame Schuman-Heink and Harvey Hayes. (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

The Grand Old Lady singing in her grand old style.

10:30 P.M. Melody Masterpiece with Mary Eastman, soprano; chorus; Howard Barlow's Symphony orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Selections you'll remember.

10:30 P.M. Pontiac Program. WEAF and associated stations.

Pleasant motoring in new lanes.

10:30 P.M. Little Jack Little and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A veteran singer has gathered around a lot of instruments and the idea's a success.

MONDAY

10:00 A.M. Breen and De Rose—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

Good morning to old friends.

10:15 A.M. Bill and Ginger. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday and Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 A.M. WABC and associated stations.

They're always nice visitors.

10:15 A.M. Clara, Lu'N Em—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carrothers and Helen King—gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

How these three do go on.


It's amazing how well liked these people are.

12:00 Noon The Voice of Experience daily except Saturday and Sunday. Also Sunday at 6:45 P.M. (Wasey Products). WABC and associated stations.

Everybody's telling him their troubles.


Can you remember that far back?


To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 10,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for your young system—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15c and 25c at all drug stores.

DON'T SUFFER CONSTIPATION—there is efficient relief if you just

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

"FEEN-A-MINT. THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE. HAS THIS GREAT ADVANTAGE. THE CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM, ASSURING MORE THOROUGH YET EASY ACTION!"

I finally found that a laxative does not have to taste bad to be effective. CHEWING FEEN-A-MINT IS JUST LIKE CHEWING MY FAVORITE GUM.
The youngsters enjoy this interesting day.


Thrilling adventures in childhood.

5:45 P. M. THE OXOL FEATURE—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Just keep tuned in.

6:00 P. M. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson. Also Tues, Wed., and Thurs. (Cocoa-malt). WABC and associated stations.

You'll never know the truth of these prophecies.


Adventure while the kiddies eat.

6:30 P. M. THE SHADOW—drama. Also Wednesday, (Delaware Lakkawanna & Western Coal Company). WABC and associated stations.

Peggy Allenby is the girl whose voice you often hear in the dramatic moments of the Polomoline Hour.


What a bold, bad man he is.

7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARLE—dramatic sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.

Two girls getting along.

7:15 P. M. GENE AND GLENN—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.

They're really very funny.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—dramatic sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolynos Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Exactly what it says.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS—Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra. Also Wednesday and Friday. (The Gold Dust Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

When shadows fall and you get romantic.

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackfaced comedy team. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Tooth paste). WJZ and associated stations.

There's a pair in Harlem.

7:30 P. M. RED DAVIS—dramatic sketch. Also Wednesday and Friday (Beach-nut Chewing Gum). WJZ and associated stations.

Back again and better than ever.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW with Shirley Howard and the Jesters. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEAF and associated stations.

A pleasing miss with a pleasant voice.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

As he reads the headlines.

7:45 P. M. DANGEROUS PARADISE—dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Woodbury Soap). WJZ and associated stations.

That Hitz voice gets you.

8:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—with Richard Himber's orchestra and Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Sales Co.) WEAF and associated stations.

Mr. Himber again.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

He's been playing this style for a long, long time.

8:00 P. M. KATE SMITH and her Swanee Music. Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Kate, we missed you and we like you more now that you've changed your style.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL, "The Human Side of the News". Also Wednesday and Friday. (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

An expert's idea of what's going on.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE Garden Concert, featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra with Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAF and associated stations.

A lovely singing lady with some clever associates.

8:30 P. M. THE PLOWSHARE PROGRAM. WJZ and associated stations.

They just keep rolling along.

9:00 P. M. LUD GLUSKIN ORCHESTRA directo came home and immediately cor-

rolled three commer-

cial programs on CBS

After years of Euro-

pean success. Lud

Gluskin orchestra di-

rectors came home

and immediately cor-

rolled three commer-

cial programs on CBS

9:00 P. M. R. S. POUNT and Andre Kostelanez' Orchestra (Ches-terfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

We know you like it.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS with Gene Arnold, intro-

ductor; Joe Persons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Ma-

McCland and Cliff Soubier, end men; band direction. Harry

Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.

Old-time entertainment enjoying a new vogue.

TUESDAY

12:00 Noon CONNIE GATES—songs. Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

One of radio's simple pleasures.

4:15 P.M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Tudor Hall; baritone; dramatic sketch with Edith Day. Also Friday. (Bauer & Black) WJZ and associated stations.

He's a friend by now.

5:45 P.M. ROBINSON CRUSOE, Jr. dramatic program (Bureau of Milk Publicity). Also Thursday, Friday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

Going places and doing things.

7:30 P.M. WHISPERING JACK SMITH and his orchestra. Also Thursday and Saturday. (Ionized Yeast Co.) WABC and associated stations.

A little voice with a lot to it.

8:00 P.M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA, with Phil Duce, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

One of our own pet programs.

8:00 P.M. ENSO CRIME CLUES—dramatic sketch. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday, WJZ and associated stations.

They do keep you on edge.

8:00 P.M. "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" with Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustave Hauen schen's Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.

Back to the olden days.

8:30 P.M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

Mr. King again and he's very welcome.

8:30 P.M. PACKARD CAVALCADE. WJZ and associated stations.

A thrilling parade.

8:30 P.M. "MELODIANA" with Abe Lyon's orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

And Mr. Lyman knows how to do it.

9:00 P.M. BEN BERNIE and his orchestra with guest talent. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Massa Bernie still selling his beer.

9:00 P.M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

Turning back the pages.

9:00 P.M. BING CROSBY—songs. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.

After all, what more can you ask for?

9:30 P.M. ED WYNN, the Fire Chief with Eddie Dulin's orchestra. (Texaco Motor Oil). WABC and associated stations.

Not so loud, Ed Wynn.

9:30 P.M. MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Simmons Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The First Lady Broadcasts for sweet charity's sake.

10:00 P.M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay, Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, and others: Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Palmolive Soap). WABC and associated stations.

They fulfill their promise of a high-class program.

11:15 P.M. JACK BERGER and his Hotel Astor Orchestra. WABC and network.

Dancing in the spotlight.

WEDNESDAY

7:30 P.M. IRENE RICH for Welch—Dramatic sketch (Welch's Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

A Hollywood Lady makes good on the air.

8:00 P.M. EASY ACES—comedy sketch. Also Thursday and Friday. (Jad Salts). WABC and associated stations.

An amusing pair who make this highly diverting.

8:00 P.M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WABC and associated stations.

There's no end to this hilarious fabricating.

8:30 P.M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VARIETIES"—Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and guest stars. (Bis-so-do). WABC and associated stations.

Listening to Mr. Marshall is our idea of a pleasant occupation.

9:00 P.M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmiths Quartet and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.). WABC and associated stations.

(Continued on page 57)
A THOUSAND FOR THE

FOR more than three hundred years now, America has marked the debarkation of the little band of courageous Pilgrim Fathers at bleak Plymouth Rock by sitting down on the last Thursday of each November to a dinner of turkey and stuffing and cranberry sauce and all the rest of the gastronomic tid-bits that go with the time-honored treat. So firmly has the custom of Thanksgiving turkey become established that families who unpatriotically eschew the tasty fowl in favor of chicken or beefsteak or pork chops are viewed with something akin to suspicion. A year ago, a hardy housewife who dared to serve a nicely browned duck on Thanksgiving Day would have been talked about in the neighborhood.

It was only a little more than a year ago that a young vaudeville comedian came to the airwaves, convulsed millions of listeners with a zany line: "Wanna buy a duck?" and, as a result, more Thanksgiving diners will sit down to

Joe Penner's been fattening up all those gift ducks admirers have sent him to provide Thanksgiving Day dinners for tiny inmates in eastern orphanages
a feast of duck this year than ever before in the history of the nation. Authority for that seemingly sweeping statement is no less than the Long Island Duck Growers' Marketing Co-operative, Inc., which impressively named organization, composed of the principal duck raisers in the principal duck raising center of these United States, further declares that since the rollicking Joe Penner made his radio début about eighteen months ago, the sales of ducks have increased more than forty percent!

Just how the nation at large will view this radical change in its Thanksgiving-eating habits is a matter of conjecture, but one thing is certain. That is, that scattered in various orphanages and children's homes throughout the land are several hundred youngsters with razor-edge appetites who will welcome the change with cheers that will resound from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. They will reap the benefit of an unique charity which Joe Penner, now in Hollywood making a movie, will institute this Thanksgiving.

You must remember that this Thanksgiving finds Joe in the peculiar position of having more for which to be thankful than he ever had before. Two years ago he was thankful because he was a fairly well paid vaudeville performer, who worked pretty regularly, and who liked his job. A year ago, he offered up heartfelt thanks because he had landed a radio job, and was trying with all his might and main to make good on it. This Thanksgiving he will be able to give more fervent thanks than ever before—thanks that at last, after years of hard work, everlasting plugging, he has reached the topmost rung of fame's tricky ladder.

And oddly enough Penner, to whom fame came in large part because of that one crazy line: "Wanna buy a duck?," will have for his Thanksgiving dinner out there on the coast . . . a nice tender turkey!

"Say, I couldn't eat a duck," he explains. "Why I'd almost feel like a cannibal!"

You'd probably feel the same way about ducks if ducks had done as much for you as they've done for this modest, retiring young man. But to get back to the story of the cheer that Joe will dispense this Thanksgiving among the kiddies in the orphanages and homes.

A couple of days after Joe made his very first broadcast over a national network as a guest star on Rudy Vallee's program, an expressman brought to the offices of the National Broadcasting Company, then at 711 Fifth Avenue, in New York, a canvas-covered crate from which emerged noises of such a peculiar nature that artists, page boys, hostesses, musicians, and executives alike paused to peer and speculate. The crate was addressed to "Joe Penner, care of Rudy Vallee program, National Broadcasting Co., 711 Fifth avenue, New York City." The express charges were prepaid and, unaware of the vociferous contents of the mysterious crate, none of the NBC staff knew exactly what to do about it. The relieved expressman deposited his burden, and hurried away from there. Finally one, more intrepid than the rest, raised the edge of the canvas cover. There was a hissing, honking squawk that defied description, and the astounded beholders saw, encased in the crate, a duck. Eye-witness stories conflict with regard to which appeared more bewildered—the group of NBC executives or the duck.

At any rate, the executives acted first, although of course, they do not deserve too much credit for that, because they had it on the duck. They were not in a crate and the duck was. One of the executives sensed a connection. "Oh, I remember now," he enlightened the others. "That fellow Penner, on the Vallee broadcast the other night, had some line about a duck that got a big laugh. Bet this is a comeback from some witty listener." They decided to send the duck to the office of Marty Sampeter, Penner's manager.

Sampeter tried to pass the buck—or perhaps it should be "pass the duck"—by sending it on to Penner's apartment, but the doorman wouldn't let it in. So back it went to Sampeter's office again, by this time a pretty disgruntled duck, and quite fed up with life in a big city. Sampeter found the duck in his office the next day. He didn't even know what ducks eat. He offered it various delicacies from the restaurant downstairs before he hit upon the happy thought of phoning a pet shop. That solved the duck's problem, but not Sampeter's.

That night sitting disconsolately in a Broadway restaurant, Sampeter happened to meet Nils T. Granlund, a well-known character in the night spots of Mazda Lane. To Granlund he confided his dilemma concerning the unwelcome duck in his office. "Send it out to my farm in New Jersey," the obliging Granlund offered, and so elated was Sampeter that he paid the dinner (Continued on page 76).
As this modern Mercury scurries about serving as the messenger of the radio Gods, he, she or it—take your choice—finds conditions in the air castles most exciting. All the old favorites are back on the kilocycles, as well as some new ones, and is business booming!

Such an Autumn hasn't been known in the big studios in years. In fact, there is so great a demand upon the facilities of the chain broadcasters that Columbia is contemplating a second network. If it materializes CBS will be on an equal footing with NBC which already has two coast-to-coast circuits, although most listeners forget that the Aylesworth Airways consist of two distinct units.

Columbia now finds itself unable to accommodate advertisers eager to buy time on the choice evening spots—from 7 to 10 p.m.—and the same condition obtains at NBC. This is forcing a lot of sponsors to daytime periods and that means bigger and better salaries for a lot of deserving artists.

If you don't think things are prosperous along Radio Row consider the case of Gus Haenschen, the popular bandman. He just quit one job and a salary of $50,000 a year because he had too much to do! That was his income as general musical director of the World Broadcasting System, makers of electrical transcriptions. Haenschen continues to supply the music backgrounds for the Bayer half-hour periods on both CBS and NBC and for the Captain Henry "Show Boat" program on the latter. If he can find the time Haenschen may form his own company to manufacture wax recordings of broadcasts, in which event he hopes to make much more than the $50,000 annual salary relinquished.

Then there is Bing Crosby. That personable young man is doing so well that he has organized himself into three

**By M E R C U R Y**

John Boles—offered a Chicago commercial.

Leah Rex is a Knitting Champion!

RED DAVIS

CHAMPIONS, these attractive basketball players are all the popular NBC stars leading ladies.

Leon Bulaesco is to be a big movie producer—Lillian Rio husband won't hear good old New York.
was Sennett who gave Crosby his first chance in the movies—and not as a bathing beauty, either. And so what? Well, Bing is now staking Sennett, coming to his financial assistance, while the once glorifier of gorgeous girls who never went near the water is rehabilitating himself. This, mind you, is all being done very much sub rosa for Bing is not one to parade such deeds before the public.

RANDOM ITEMS

Things are really happening so fast along Radio Row that it is difficult to keep up with the current of events but here are some random items:

Phillips Lord and NBC, after a series of misunderstandings, have kissed and made up. By the time you read this in your favorite radio magazine, the cruise of the Seth Parker should be resumed on the airwaves. Lord got into several jams trying to pilot his windjammer (no pun intended) around the world and suddenly got becalmed. John Royal, NBC vice-president in charge of programs, responding to Lord's SOS, went to the rescue and finally steered the Seth Parker off the shoals.

Jack Benny has again changed sponsors and now is cutting up capers for General Foods... The Soconyland Sketches are off the air after a run of seven years, something of a radio record. They gave their 378th performance when the final curtain rang down September 25th...

Mildred Bailey is broadcasting again, now being associated with Willard Robison's orchestra, a fine organization which has also had its radio ups and downs.

"Going to Town," which you hear Sunday nights on an NBC-WJZ hook-up, came near being suddenly suspended. Ed Lowry, Tim and Irene Noblette, Grace Hayes and her fiance, Newell Chase, are among the stars on that variety bill. Well, it seems they held widely divergent ideas as to who is the real star of the program. And fell to bickering so among themselves over this momentous matter that NBC executives became disgusted and nearly threw the whole combination right off the air. With any program where the entertainers are together (Continued on page 58)
WAYNE KING started out to be a railroad man. Because his father was a railroad man.

Harold Wayne King was born in Savannah, Illinois, thirty-four years ago. He has three brothers, all of them widely separated. His father was a boomer switchman, an itinerant sort who worked there for a time and then went on to another town. The wife and mother died when Wayne was seven years old. Life couldn’t have been easy for the King family for Wayne remembers that he and his brothers were burdens to their parents.

Wayne’s first job was as a boy assistant to a doctor in an Oklahoma town. The doctor paid him seventy-five cents a week for working before and after school. He answered the telephone, cleaned up the place and ran errands. One day he found the doctor’s shotgun. He wondered if it was loaded. He pulled the trigger. It was. Unfortunately when the gun went off it was pointed directly at the doctor’s desk. It blew in the side of the desk and put in a big hole right through the doctor’s bills payable file. The result of that escapade was that the doctor never did find out again just who owed him what and why. And Wayne was fired.

Down in Texas the young King started in his father’s profession through the sheer inertia of boyhood. Like most fifteen-year-old kids he had no particular ambition. His dad was a railroader. So Wayne would be one. But already he was starting to show his love for music. The father got him a clarinet. He practiced on it and soon railroading was far from his mind. At an age when most kids live in comfortable family circumstances depending on mothers and fathers for everything, Wayne was already on his own. If he wanted to go to school he would have to work it out for himself. In fact anything that he wanted to do was his own problem.

By his own labors and resources Wayne educated himself. At Valparaiso University in Indiana he prepared himself to become a certified public accountant. He put himself through school playing that clarinet in the school orchestra. In those days Judge Elbert Gary was preparing young college men to work in his steel mills at Gary, Indiana. There they even had a university club. All of which led to dances and parties at which Wayne and his college companions furnished the music.

Nowadays Wayne King is famous the land over. He’s successful and prosperous. He wins popularity contests. He has a wife and a year-old daughter. He lives in the Edgewater Beach apartments on Chicago’s northside in a roomy penthouse. He drives a big car and an airplane. He owns a beautiful wooded tract in Wisconsin which he calls a farm but which to any one else would be a rustic country estate. He plays nightly to thousands at the Aragon ball room just a few blocks from his home. In addition he does four commercial programs a week over both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting system networks for a cosmetic sponsor (Lady Esther) and next fall may add two more.

JUST off the stage of the Aragon he has a little office of his own. The handle has been taken from the door. You can’t get in unless the person inside opens the door for you. The office is sparsely decorated. There’s a picture of Wayne and George Olsen with Paul Whitman when they met Paul on his arrival in Denver to be married. There’s a fraternity foolscap and another showing him to be a Shriners. No one gets in that private office except those few people Wayne trusts and respects and before whom he can speak and act freely. There he unburdens himself.

The band was playing outside as he told us of his early life. There are parts he skips over quickly, like the first days when he was out of college ... when at times he could only afford ten-cent meals, when he’d go into a cheap restaurant with only a dime and get whatever (Continued on page 62)
The famous leader, Wayne King, with his wife who was Dorothy Janis, who gave up a film career for marriage.
Fate Showered Gifts
Glady's

She's from Missouri, this beautiful young opera singer with the All-American career, now a big air favorite

BY ROSE HEYLHUT

ONE Sunday night, about four years ago, I was in the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House. The Sunday night concerts, as you know, are made up of solo numbers by great stars, not-so-great stars, and just plain singers. The routine is for the performers to remain in their dressing-rooms until called for their own turns, and to go back directly after. As a general thing, only the call-boys adorn the wings. But this night, there was someone else there. A slim, svelte girl, in a gorgeous red velvet gown, sat there, on a battered piano stool, throughout the entire performance, studying the artists, watching their every breath with those great dark eyes of hers, absorbing every note of what went on. It was the first time I had ever seen a music-student back stage, and it was pretty thrilling to note her keenness. Then the assistant conductor beckoned to her, saying, "You're next, Miss Swarthout!" She got up unconcernedly, went out before that great gold curtain, and sang something out of Tchaikovsky's "Joan of Arc"...one of the most difficult arias of operatic repertoire. Then, when the thunder of applause had subsided, she came back to that stool in the draughty wings, and went on studying the methods of the stars. That was around 1930...she wasn't nearly a star herself then, and when the other singers spoke a word to her in passing, she rose and addressed them standing. You'd give more than one glance to a girl like that.

YOU like Gladys Swarthout for her earnestness, her tremendous enthusiasm, her easy charm of manner, quite regardless of the fact that she's extremely beautiful to look at and listen to. She's sympathetic. She's likeable. There's something about her...Maybe it's that easy, breezy Western-ness that makes you think of space and sunshine and natural things. She was born in Deep Water, which doesn't mean trouble in this case, but a small mining town in Missouri, at the foot of the Ozarks, where the entire population would fill one concert hall. She has always been musical and comes from a musical family. One of her cousins is Dean of Music at the University of Kansas, another occupies the same post in the University of Southern California, and her sister, Mrs. Roma Swarthout Slaughter, is her vocal teacher. Incidentally, Gladys gives her the entire credit for her career.

She tells you that the most thrilling recollection of her childhood goes back to the day when a grand piano was delivered to her home. She determined to be a singer at seven...not for the glamour of the job, but because the contralto soloist at church didn't please her, and she felt that she just had to do better (Continued on page 77)
On Swarthout

Out of an Ozark mining town Gladys Swarthout worked her way up to her sensational success in opera and radio.
WHY YOU CAN LAUGH

THIS is the saga of a young feller tryin' to get along. And not making a bad job of it. His name—and it's the square moniker—is Walter O'Keefe. The initials, you'll notice, are "O. K." So is Walter. The old man's name was Michael. And before His Riverine made her Mrs. O', his mother was Mary Mulcahy. He went to St. Thomas Academy to study for the priesthood. After that to Notre Dame. Perhaps you're gathering that the O'Keefe is as Irish as the black cows of Kerry. He is. Even now a bit of the brogue slips from his agile tongue to flavor his words with a breath of peat smoke. He has a way with him, has Walter.

His, too, has been the luck o' the Irish. Mostly bad. But what's ill fortune to a lad gifted with grit? And that's what Walter has nothing else but. When a fellow can laugh like a Limerick Leprachaun when he's seized in the grim and ghastly grip of a scourge like infantile paralysis, that's proof enough of pluck.

Ask F. D. R. He knows!

But, whoa, Nellie, we're getting ahead of the story! So let's go back a bit, because it is necessary to know the beginnings of O'Keefe in order to understand what manner of man he is, the reason of his success, and why he is destined for greater glories in the field of entertainment which he has marked as his own. He'll realize all his ambitions.

Hartford, which I understand is in Connecticut, is the old home town. And baby O'Keefe took his first bow on August 18, 1900. To save the trouble of counting on your fingers, that makes him thirty-four. No, he doesn't look it, does he? Well, that's what good, clean living will do for a chap. The first dozen years of his life were pretty unimportant. Then things began to happen. At twelve he was shipped off to an uncle Mulcahy in England, and put in two years at an English public school—which is really private—near London. Wimbledon, to be exact. That brings the record up to 1914. There was a war that year. Walter came home. And finished his prep schooling in the U.S.A.

Although by now he had abandoned the youthful idea and ideal of a priestly career, the boy was filled with a burning ambition to continue his education. An ambition, incidentally, that stays with him still, and always will. He likes to learn. When he was graduated from St. Thomas he selected Notre Dame to be his Alma Mater. No lesser university would do. Not for the O'Keefe. Yet there was a few hours' intensive study to keep up with the rigorous requirements of Notre Dame. No, it wasn't a soft touch. But O'Keefe has what we refined folk call intestinal stamina. Guts to you.

He went back for more the second year. And somehow found time to play a part in the varsity play. He was "Pete, the Pest" in the South Bend version of "The College Hero". Now, here was a youngster avid for education, willing to sweat and save and sacrifice in order to emerge from the dumb-bunnie class. But when President Wilson said the word, and George Cohan wrote "Over There", the boy discarded every personal consideration and signed on with the Marines. He joined the Navy, but he didn't see the world. Indeed, all he saw was Paris Island. Which was a major catastrophe to a kid—an Irish kid, at that—who craved action in Flanders fields.

However, Walter was sufficiently the philosopher to know that the percentage is all against fighting Fate or City Hall. He took it as it came, and when he was mustered out of the service, calmly took up where he had left off. Back at Notre Dame he established a (Continued on page 7)
now with
WALTER O'KEEFE

O'Keefe sings with gestures his own song hit, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze"

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK
OZZIE Nelson said, "Boo! G'way!"

That was when he was asked about his heart. There's nothing the matter, you must understand, with Ozzie's heart, except that it beats a bit faster than the thrum of the rhythm section of his orchestra when he turns, as he often does, during a broadcast, and gazes upon a slender, satiny blonde—name of Peggy Lou Snyder.

"G'way," said Ozzie. "You understand? I duwanna talk about that."

"You nasty man," I shouted, "maybe you're married to this Snyder girl."

"Boo! Shoo!" cried out the Snyder girl, who, I almost forgot to mention, is named professionally, Harriet Hilliard.

So I boozed and went to Milton Roemer, who used to sell furniture, but who went radio mad and became a martyr to broadcasting.

"Scram!" thundered M. Roemer. "There's to be no publicity about that romance business. It's bad for Ozzie; it's bad for Harriet. The public likes 'em young and single. Sappy young men like to imagine themselves the beloved of Harriet; certain young women, indicate by their mail, that they'd like to have Ozzie for a sweetheart. That's good theatre; good radio. Whether Ozzie loves Harriet, or vice versa, or both, it's nobody's business."

"Says you," I says to Mr. Roemer, "so who wants it official? All we have to do is stand beside Ozzie when he sings a love song and

BY MIKE PORTER
watch the bovine aspect of his eyes; or if that is unconvincing, get yourself a load of the wrapt expression of that Snyder girl when she coos into the mike and steals side glances at Nelson, who, you may have heard, is one of the youngest and most popular of the band masters. It's been that way for three years nearly, and, well, if the two of them are one, nobody ever was able to find it in the books—and personally, I think they're still single, because I never have known a married man, or even a married woman to look so moony at a mate as Nelson looks at Hilliard—and the other way around.

It's a gag in the studios to stand by and watch 'em as they sing. To the professional eye it is obvious that only instinctive showmanship prevents each from forgetting all about the audience.

Look up at the title to this piece and quote it, and you're saying what everybody on Radio Row says—"They Sing Their Love Song Every Day". And we on Radio Row know that their singing is not all done for the delectation of the public's ears.

But there's this to remember if you're expecting that Ozzie and Harriet might (if they haven't already) run off any day and tangle themselves up in the matrimonial skein—that Ozzie said to a sob sister, not long ago: "I will not marry as long as I have to run an orchestra."

Unfortunately for both of these youngsters, Ozzie must needs do quite a spell of orchestra conduction to reach his financial independence. But of course, if you're a big-hearted philanthropist and want to hasten things, well you can toss Ozzie a check for half a million and tell him to go ahead and marry the girl.

The talk of marriage, even of wooing, or of any tender emotion between Ozzie and his platinum-topped vocalist, is thoroughly discouraged by his entourage. And by "entourage", I mean, of course, the stooges who act as his advisors and managers. The very taboo of this subject is the most eloquent confirmation of the existence of the tender passion. Both Ozzie and Harriet agree (they must still be single when they agree so heartily) that romance inside the organization, especially when it is an entertainment unit, is bad business. But what can one do when one is overcome by the Great Sentiment? One cannot dismiss that palpitation of the heart, or disguise that caressing note that slips into one's song, when one is in the throes. Ah, but they're both young. Perhaps all of us shall live to see the day when the press agents openly refer to the Nelson-Hilliard tie-up as that of radio's happiest married couple.

But at the moment, Ozzie says, "Boo!"

And Harriet echoes, "Boo—go 'way!"

The talk (Continued on page 60)
By R. H. ROWAN

RoDIO has found its modern reincarnation of Cinderella and given her a crooning troubadour for a Prince Charming who chose his heroine, not with a glass slipper but with a nation-wide test of blues voices. Cinderella doesn't need beautiful feet any more and her good godmother is a soup company. Their kingdom is a network of airwaves that will carry the story of their romance over eighty-six stations so that millions in homes all over the world will follow, week by week, the up-to-date version of a glamorous, thrilling romance.

When the Campbell Soup Company decided to put "Hollywood Hotel" on the air for three years they signed handsome Dick Powell of the flickers as the leading man for the broadcasts. Then they searched the country for a heroine and through a series of local and national auditions finally selected Rowene Williams, a Minneapolis girl who had won the Chicago test for the role. Commencing with October 12, nations tune in and follow the exciting episodes of this new fairy story with Hollywood as a background and with such well known air artists as Ted Fiorito's orchestra, El Brendel as a waiter, Cy Kendall as a hotel manager and Louella Parsons, prominent movie critic with her famous guest stars of the film world all participating in the entertainment.

Only this time Cinderella takes second place and Prince Charming, known to countless fans as Dick Powell wins the spotlight. Feminine thousands who have built Dick into a camera star will sigh with envy at Cinderella's opportunity. Young Powell is ideal material for the part he plays in "Hollywood Hotel". It's really his own story. In the past two years from the obscurity of master of ceremonies in the middle west and Pennsylvania towns he has risen to one of the important cinema celebrities around whom ornate and extravagant musical productions are built. Now he's established as an either "Cinderella's Boy Friend".

Dick is six feet tall, has blue eyes and auburn hair, weighs 172 pounds and with his exciting voice sings his way into all those fluttering feminine hearts. He was once a husband, in fact, before he was twenty-one but the marriage didn't last and he's again a Hollywood bachelor. Nobody knows for how long.

His real name is Richard E. Powell and he was born thirty years ago in a small settlement of the Ozark Mountains, Mount View, Ark., to be exact. On November 14 he'll observe his thirtieth birthday. He's a real product of the hill-billy section of America and did his first crooning at the age of four when some railroad engineer taught him to warble "Casey Jones". He still sings it on special occasions. The town where his earliest years were spent boasted of only 1,200 inhabitants and when he saw his first street car at the age of ten he was so frightened, he couldn't understand what had become of the horses he thought should draw it.

He's the middle one of three brothers, the eldest of whom is also a singer and when Dick learned his ABC's he had to ride miles to the small country school, jogging along on an old horse behind the older Powell boy. Their father sold harvester machines to the whole countryside and it looked to the boys in those days as though all their lives would be spent in the Ozarks. They did move during Dick's childhood to Berryville which was slightly larger than Mount View and on the north boundary of Arkansas, and when Dick was ten they packed their household belongings once more and took up the family residence in Little Rock, the state's capital. It was here that Dick saw his first street car and where he finished grammar school with all the laurels of an honor student. He didn't repeat this success in high school, just getting by but at that time he was so much more interested in music than in algebra or languages, he could not give the academic course his best efforts.

While a high school sophomore he took singing lessons, learned to play a cornet and decided he wanted to join a band. His family were so tolerant of his ambitions his father bought him a saxophone and his mother a baritone horn. Then they all had to listen to Dick every night. What the neighbors thought has never been admitted. But soon Dick organized what he called "The Peter Pan" orchestra, playing for weekend dances around Little Rock. Dick not only played one of the wind instruments but he usually offered a vocal chorus.

Dick's brother, a tenor in a church choir got the younger Powell offspring into the choir and sixty dollars a month compensation to boot. Later he obtained a job in a synagogue for the Friday night services and also sang at weddings and funerals. In between he clerked in a grocery store, was a soda jerker another summer, worked as a meter tester for a power company and frequently did heavy manual labor.

Dick Powell, singing star of the films and radio, becomes Prince Charming

(Continued on page 70)
HAVING walked out on the radio act, given Toby and the Professor the air, Margy was in none too happy a frame of mind when she woke up the next morning. Her slumbers had been interrupted many times with waking thoughts as she went over the past few days. She was worried about Toby. He might give up his whole radio career entirely and she was very much afraid the professor might go back to his heavy drinking again.

As she answered the ringing telephone, she yawned sleepily into the mouthpiece—

"Good morning, Margy". She recognized the voice instantly. It was Professor Gus. She almost laughed out loud because he didn’t sound as if he had spent a night with a bottle of brandy.

"I’m down at the corner," he continued. "May I come up for a few minutes?"

"Give me ten minutes—no, eight will be enough, to dress and put some coffee on and come on up," Margy said.

In exactly eight minutes the buzzer sounded. The professor entered the apartment and Margy’s anxious eyes brightened when she saw he
The thrilling adventures of two men and a beautiful girl seeking success in the broadcast studios where Toby Malone, vaudeville ham, became a popular air comedian with the help of a gag-writing college professor and Margy, the red-headed waitress, who learned about stooging and love in two radio auditions.
"But what I wanted to say was that under the stress of his—uh—emotion, Toby was probably very careless in what he said. I'm sure he was upset at the very thought of you not working beside him."

Margy laughed shortly.

"And because Toby is in love with me—and I doubt it very much—you think I ought to go back and work with him?"

"I'm terribly worried about Toby," the professor said. "I'm really quite fond of him. Heart of gold sort of chap and all that sort of thing. Margy, I'm afraid he'll slip terribly as a result of this—uh—misunderstanding."

"Take to drink, you mean?"

"Yes. Possibly."

"Give up his whole career?"

"I'm afraid so. He said as much to me yesterday!"

Margy considered that a minute.

"Have you a script for the audition?" she asked.

"Yes," said the professor, "I finished it about three o'clock this morning."

"And the brandy too?"

"Brandy? I didn't have any brandy? I say, what are you talking about?"

"Nothing professor. I'd forgotten you were practically a tee-totaler these days... May I see the script?"

"I have a copy here. Then you will be ready to rehearse this afternoon?"

Margy shook her head. "I didn't say that. But I'd like to see the script."

"But you will, won't you?"

'I don't think Toby would want me back—after what happened yesterday.'

"Oh, I'm sure he would," said the professor earnestly. "Why, he's nuts about you. Uh—those were his words, not mine."

"By the way," Margy said innocently, "if this audition doesn't go through what will you do?"

"Oh, say, I forgot to tell you. I've been offered my old job back at the college. Might be a bit dull after this jolly radio business but still, it might be fun to train the young mind again. But, it's on account of poor Toby, you must give it another trial."

Margy had been glancing through the script.

"I'll think it over, professor," she said.

And she didn't say much more after that because she was thinking. The professor finished his coffee, excused himself and left.

As she heard his footsteps going down the stairs, Margy spoke to herself.

"Men," she said, grinning without realizing it. "Are either the darndest fools or the darndest liars. In this case, I think my boy friends are both."

After a while she said: "I wonder if either one of them really care for me?"

And still later—

"That will fix them!"

Toby and the professor met at the Consolidated studios at noon. Toby looked through the script and was enthusiastic.

"Prof, if we only had Margy, we'd be set," he declared.

"I think you're right, Toby! Perhaps she'll change her mind."

"Well," said Toby thoughtfully. "Dames are funny. She might at that."

Neither even hinted to the other that they had seen and talked to the girl.

David Mason happened along the corridor.

"Already for the audition tomorrow night?" He asked.

"No," said Toby, "we aren't. I've heard every possible stooge in New York and there's not one of them good enough."

"What are you going to do?" Mason asked. He looked worried.

"Cancel the audition, I suppose," Toby said. He didn't dare let himself be too hopeful about Margy.

"You can't do that, Toby. That cigar account will go to National or Columbia and we'll lose the biggest piece of business that has come in in years. And you'll be through here."

Miss Gordon of the casting bureau came hurriedly through the corridor. She saw Toby.

"Oh, Mr. Malone. I've been looking everywhere for you," she gasped. "I think I've got just the girl you're looking for for that audition."

Toby and the professor jumped up in their excitement.

"Where is she?" Toby demanded. "I want to hear her right away!"

"That's the trouble," Miss Gordon said sadly. "She can't come in today. I believe she said she was calling from out of town. But she'll be in tomorrow by four o'clock!"

"What?" Toby spluttered. (Continued on page 66)
Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars

DORIS KENYON

This blonde beauty from the west coast is another film celebrity who has lent her singing voice to the airwaves. Miss Kenyon, the widow of Milton Sills, and now a concert star, is heard frequently on the Pacific stations.
This genial ork pilot was on the Notre Dame football team, but found he'd make a better musician, so he bought a baton, organized an orchestra, obtained an air spot and is already a radio favorite.
They're not brothers at all, Al and Lee Reiser, this veteran piano team of cousins who've been entertaining radio audiences on the NBC for a number of years and are now heard weekly over WJZ and WEAF.
RALPH MACBANE

You'll hear more about this virile-looking actor who's recently joined radio's dramatic ranks. He has been heard in sketches on NBC and, before coming to America, was one of Max Reinhardt's actors in European productions.
She's peppy and she's cute this young songster whose vocal solos have brightened the Fred Waring programs on CBS this past year. Babs is heard in trick arrangements with her two brothers, also of the Waring crew.
I KNOW all my friends will be greatly shocked to
learn that I once was in jail. Irene Hubbard, or
Maria, as I am better known to my radio audiences
who tune in on the Maxwell House Showboat Hour; the
Irene Hubbard who was educated at various schools and
wound up at Vassar and then finally found her first and
only love—the stage, actually stole a pair of silk stock-
ings.
Think of it! And, as Captain Henry would say, “It
was only the beginnin’ folks”; I was brutally herded into
a patrol wagon by two burly men of the law and ar-
raigned in court. I was accused of petty larceny, had
to bear the deep humiliation of having my finger-prints
taken, and what is more, I was given a number. I was
branded a criminal. I can just hear you all saying,
“wasn’t that awful”, “how shocking”, “it must have been
terrible.”
But before you learn of this episode in my past
through some other channel which might not reveal the
true facts, the Editor of Radio Mirror kindly consented
to let me make my confession in these pages, and before
you judge me too harshly, please read on.
Years ago—and more years than I care to remember—
I specialized in emotional histrionics. Yes, I was what
was known then, as the “leading lady” of an itinerant
stock or repertory company. I was billed as the “Lady
of a Thousand Sorrows”. I gloried in my art and was
able to turn the tear ducts on and off at will. You must
remember that in those halcyon days theatrical fare was
a little to the “heavy” side and although the mechanics
of a three-act play were a bit cumbersome and the de-
nouement was always obvious after the first inter-
mission, the audiences took their entertainment
seriously and were super-loyal in their affec-
tions to the actor or actress who could
stir their emotions.
After a few seasons of one
night stands and barn-
storming (literally), I
received an offer to enact
the leading female roles in
a stock company in San
Antonio, Texas, my own home
town. Ah, the thrill of it!
My apprenticeship had been a
hard one—cheap hotels, the food
wasn’t the best, practically living
in a trunk, making those train con-
nections at 3 p. m. in the morning,
ad nauseam, ad infinitum. All of
these weren’t conducive to bringing
out the best in a girl’s (I was a girl
then, if you please!) nature.
Here was an opportunity to settle down,
to build up a permanent following, to have
my own apartment (I was contracted for an
entire season—imagine that!), and, most im-
portant, the company which had engaged my
services enjoyed considerable reputation as a proving
ground for ambitious young actresses.
My debut was to be in the role of Mary Turner, the
wrongly-accused shop-girl in Bayard Veiller’s most sensa-
tional novel, “Within
The Law”. The theatre press-
agent was one of those live-wire,
irrepressible souls, and like Jimmy Du-
rante, he had a “million of ’em”—I mean
ideas. His “idea” for me was a daring piece
of press agentry, and after outlining it (what a sales-
man that man was!), I consented to be a component part
of the stunt.
As the story goes, Mary Turner in the first act was sen-
tenced to a long term in prison by the owner of the de-
partment store in which she worked, because she had been
unjustly convicted of stealing a pair of silk stockings. It
in Jail

BY IRENE HUBBARD
SHOWBOAT'S MARIA

• A ride in a police patrol, finger-printed at Headquarters, the ignominy of iron bars, a thrilling rescue by a handsome actor—for publicity!

was quite a dramatic sequence and always managed to wring a few lachrymosan tears from the hardest-hearted audience.

With this one bit in mind, our friend, the publicity man, secured the cooperation of the local police chief and made a further "tie-up" with the leading department store in San Antonio. Wearing the raiment of a poor but honest working girl, I was to enter the store and steal a pair of stockings from a counter. The store detective was to pounce upon me just at the psychological moment, newspaper photographers were to be posted at strategic points and all details were carefully gone over.

Naturally, I was a bit nervous and wanted to back out at the last minute but my sporting instinct made me go through with my part of the bargain as promised. I backed up to a counter, put my hand behind me and (Continued on page 64)
IN the dizzy firmament of radio, where fame so often strikes unexpectedly and failure stalks the tragic figures of those who were told that success would be theirs for the asking, there is one man who has shown an almost uncanny ability to pick out the future stars of the air. Paul Whiteman. To him belongs the credit for the discovery of Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey, Lennie Hayton and a host of others. It was he who took a composer of popular tunes, George Gershwin, and inspired him to write America's most famous modern symphony, "Rhapsody in Blue." And to bring this story up to date, he has just discovered Helen Jepson. She sang with Paul Whiteman's band a couple of times, and lo and behold the Metropolitan Opera Company signed her to play leads.

To be discovered by Whiteman is almost like having stardom placed in your lap. Sooner or later, most of Paul's discoveries become stars on their own. Even though for years they may have to croon their tunes to an indifferent public.

Crosby and Rinker were nothing but a vaudeville team playing in cheap theatres when Paul Whiteman discovered them. Al Rinker, by the way, is Mildred Bailey's brother, Rinker being her real name.

Paul Whiteman liked Crosby's voice and signed Rinker and Crosby.

"I guess that was just about the biggest thrill I've ever had," Bing said later in telling about it. "The idea that a great band leader like Whiteman should actually send for a couple of punks like us seemed too inconceivable to be true."

But just because Paul Whiteman liked Crosby's voice was no sign that the public was going to take to it like a duck to water. It didn't.

When Paul took the two boys East on a tour of various theatres they flopped cold. He added a third member to the team, Harry Barris, and called them the Rhythm Boys, but they still flopped cold. But Whiteman's faith didn't swerve.

When Bing Crosby sang on the Paramount stage, the management of the Paramount Theatre objected.

"For heaven's sake, Paul," they told Whiteman, "we know most of your act is good, but what's the idea of sticking a team like that into it? Don't you know that this chap, Bing Crosby, can't sing? Why don't you drop him from your act?"

"I had to pay the trio $750 a week to sing," Paul Whiteman told me, grinning. "The two boys played the piano and Bing slapped a cymbal. Two years later Paramount was paying Bing a few thousand dollars a week just to sing.

"Lots of young people all over the country were wild about him; but at first I couldn't convince any of the theatre managements of that. Nor could I convince the people who were at that time sponsoring my radio program. They kept on telling me to drop Bing Crosby from my act. When I kept him on, they sent me letters threatening to fire me unless I fired him."

"Finally we got out to California. After a short time there, I was all fed up and ready to go back East, but Bing didn't feel that way about it. He'd spent five or six years trying to make a hit in the East and he had never clicked, so he thought that perhaps his big chance lay in California. He got an offer to sing with Gus Arnheim's Orchestra, and he asked to be released from his contract. I couldn't blame him exactly for wanting to try his luck in the Cocoanut Grove on the Coast. Even then he didn't click immediately. But when he did—zowie!"

"Bing Crosby is one of my pets. He's a hit in pictures.
Paul Whiteman, still King of Jazz, knows how to pick potential air stars as well as hit tunes. He's helped a dozen artists to stardom in the past two years.

Paul Whiteman, famous musical director, who's played godfather to dozens of aspiring artists

Jane Froman

George Gershwin

Mildred Bailey

Ramona

now, but I think he'll be even bigger if they let him play some good strong comedy leads. Bing is a natural comedian. He doesn't need any Jack Oakie in his pictures. He can carry a romantic lead and a comedy lead at the same time."

Morton Downey, in a way, is another discovery of Paul Whiteman's. I say "in a way", because, let the truth be told, Paul didn't like Morton Downey's voice when he first heard it.

"What," he groaned, "another Irish tenor! Why, if we go on a concert tour, John McCormack will lap up all the cream in every town we come to, and we'll come trailing behind him. Who'll care to hear another Irish tenor after hearing the magnificent McCormack?"

But Hugh Ernst, who was at that time Paul Whiteman's manager, was enthusiastic about Downey's voice. Since he couldn't make Paul see things his way, he signed up Downey while Paul was away on a trip to Europe. Then Paul had to take Downey with him, willy-nilly.

The Leviathan was at that time making her first passenger voyage under American colors, and Paul Whiteman's band was engaged to give concerts on the way across. Morton Downey, then a youngster of eighteen or nineteen, sang with the band.

"To get around the difficulty of his being another Irish tenor, I put a French horn in his hands," Paul Whiteman told me. "He couldn't play it, but I figured people would think he was a pretty good Irish singer for a fellow who held a French horn. Eventually he got so enthusiastic about the French horn that I had to put a cork in it to keep him from blowing it."

The truth was that Downey was pretty effective singing an Irish melody to his French horn. Even though he had objected to signing up Downey, in a short time Paul Whiteman was crazy about his voice. (Continued on page 71)
HOWDEE! Howdee!! Howdee!!!

Folks, meet Charlie Winninger, the triple personality boy from right off the boat! The “Show Boat”. Twenty or thirty million of you know Charlie in the character he has assumed for a hundred solid weeks on the air. You’ve heard his “Happee New Year”, and responded to the boom of his voice telling you that “this is only the beginning”. Once upon a time the boys in the beanery and the scions of the salons were at one in shouting for a “shot of Java”, or telling the Grik to “draw one in the dark”. But Charlie Winninger made American multitudes coffee conscious. Now it’s Maxwell House or bust.

Scarcely fewer numbers recognize the snow-thatched star as a film fixture in the Hollywood firmament, and as a skilled, versatile veteran of a hundred theatrical hits. But materially in the minority are you who know Mr. Winninger as an exuberant “Good Time Charlie” who turns hand-springs on the dance floor of New York’s exclusive Mayfair Club before an enthusiastic audience of staid, or stewed, celebrities of Gotham’s gayer life. And, unless you’re in the profesh, you’d never think of this same C. W. as a high-powered executive who perches behind a huge desk in a floor-filling suite of offices on the peak of a cloud-cutting skyscraper.

But, nevertheless, there he sits, answering long-distance calls from Hollywood studios, conferring with moguls of the show world, scanning continuities for coming broadcasts, and in between times auditioning acts which he, himself, independently sponsors to radio clients, agencies and public. Indeed, this Charles Winninger was new to me, too. I felt that I knew...
him reasonably well in his other aspects. And I expected to talk to him as he cold-creamed the make-up off in some movie dressing-room, or in some corner of a broadcasting studio, or even over a cup o’ tea, or something, in a cafeteria, or preferably a cafe without the teria. Even the back-stage atmosphere of the theater wouldn’t have thrown me off balance. But when I entered that office marked “Private” and saw the Big Shot behind that desk at the far end, I felt as though I might be seeing Charlie Schwab or one of the Rockefellers for “Fortune”.

When you’re in a spot like this, the best way out is to sling a nice, general question that would take hours to answer, and let the other guy talk. That’s what I’d do with a Rockefeller. That’s what I did with the Winninger.

“What about radio?” I asked. And he fell for it. I didn’t have to speak again all afternoon.

“Ah, yes, radio,” murmured Mr. Winninger, or maybe it was “radio? Oh, yeah?” “Well, there’s room for vast improvement in programs. It seems to me that radio stands now just where the movies were about fifteen years ago. They were pretty chaotic then, you remember, but they were making a mess of money. That’s the way with radio today.

“One error they’re making is the mistake of some muscle-bound brains in attempting to exclude theatrical folk from the air. They’ll tell you stage training is worthless on the radio. Shucks! No such thing! He didn’t say “shucks”, but we’ll keep it clean. All this mystery about broadcasting is the bunk. And to prove it, why, after making a crack like that, do they go out and sign up Helen Hayes, Helen Menken, Walter Huston and dozens more to speak line for line through microphones scenes enacted on the stage?

“Another thing, I believe the sponsor of a program should get a break. Give the players a legitimate billing, yes. But that a program should become known as the Joe Doakes Hour, after the featured star, and the sponsor remain unknown, unhonored and unsung is not only bad business, but lousy showmanship. I’d like to inject a little showmanship into radio. And, by Jiminity, I’m going to try!

“They’ll have to go to the theatre for both stars and material, just as Hollywood has been forced to do. There aren’t enough show brains in the world to provide original shows for one time air presentations. It’s a wicked waste even if it were possible. And, also, they are falling into the Hollywood error of mis-casting their people. For instance, once they gave Al Jolson proper material and roles, he became sensational, before that he was tottering. Just because he was mis-cast. The same applies to that marvellous comic, Al Trahan. It makes me weep when his talents are wasted. But some day they’ll come to life. (Continued on page 68)
HOWDEE! Howdee! Howdee!!

Polls meet Charlie Winninger, the triple personality boy from right off the boat!

The "Show Boat". Twenty or thirty million of you know Charlie in the character he has assumed for a hundred solid weeks on the air. You've heard his "Happier New Year," and responded to the boom of his voice telling you that "this is only the beginning." Once upon a time the boys in the beany and the scions of the saloons were at one in shouting for a "shot of Java," or telling the Ophie to "draw one in the dark." But Charlie Winninger made American multitudes coffee connoisseurs. Now it's Maxwell House or bust.

Scarcely fewer numbers recognize the snow-topped star as a film fixture in the Hollywood firmament, and as a skilled, versatile veteran of a hundred theatrical hits. But materially in the minority are you who know Mr. Winninger as an exuberant "Good Time Charlie" who turns hard-spring on the dance floor of New York's exclusive Mayfair Club before an enthusiastic audience of staid, or steeved, celebrities of Gotham's gayest life. And, unless you're in the profession you'd never think of this same C. W. as a high-powered executive who perches behind a huge desk in a floor-filling suite of offices on the peak of a cloud-cutting skyscraper!

But, nevertheless, there he sits, answering long-distance calls from Hollywood studios, centring with moguls of the show world, scanning continents for coming broadcasts, and in between times auditioning actors which he, himself, independently sponsors to radio clients, agencies and public. Indeed, this Charlie Winninger was new to me, too. I felt that I knew him reasonably well in his other aspects. And I expected to talk to him as he cold-creamed the make-up off in some movie dressing-room, or in some corner of a broadcasting studio, or even over a cup of tea, or something, in a cafeteria, or preferably a cafe without the teria. Even the back-stage atmosphere of the theatre wouldn't have thrown me off balance. But when I entered that office marked "Private" and saw the Big Shot behind that desk at the far end, I felt as though I might be seeing Charlie Schwab or one of the Rockefellerers for "Fortune".

When you're in a spot like this, the best way out is to sling a nice, general question that would take hours to answer, and let the other guy talk. That's what I'd do with a Rockefeller. That's what I did with the Winninger.

"What about radio?" I asked. And he fell for it. I didn't have to speak again all afternoon.

"Ah, yes, radio," murmured Mr. Winninger, or maybe it was "radio? Oh, yeah?", "well, there's room for vast improvement in programs. It seems to me that radio stands now just where the movies were about fifteen years ago.

They were pretty classic then, you remember, but they were making a mess of money. That's the way with radio today.

"One error they're making is the mistake of some muscle-bound brains in attempting to exclude theatrical folk from the air. They'll tell you stage training is worthless on the radio. Shucks! No such thing! (He didn't say "shucks," but we'll keep it clean.) All this mystery about broadcasting is the bunk. And to prove it, why, after making a crack like that, do they go out and sign up Helen Hayes, Helen Menken, Walter Huston and assume more to speak fine for line through microphones scenes enacted on the stage?

"Another thing, I believe the sponsor of a program should get a break. Give the players a legitimate billing, yes. But that a program should become known as the Joe Charles Hour, after the featured star, and the sponsor remain unknown, unhonored and unheralded is not only bad business, but bad showmanship. Let's try to inject a little showmanship into radio. And, by Jiminy, I'm going to try!"

"They'll have to go to the theatre for both stars and material, just as Hollywood has been forced to do. There aren't enough show brains in the world to provide original shows for one time air presentations. It's a wide-awake world even if it's possible. And, also, they are falling into the Hollywood error of mis-casting their people. For instance, once they gave Al Jolson proper material and roles, he became sensational, before that he was a nothing. Just because he was mis-cast. The same applies to that marvellous comic, Al Jolson. It makes me weep when his talents are wasted. But some day they'll come to life. (Continued on page 68)
Miss Francis wears this Watteau velvet with jade green ostrich trim designed for her by Rose Sapphire.

This is one season when your last year's hat won't do at all. Fashions in late fall and early winter chapeaux are so decidedly new what with colors on black hats and feathers on everything. Arlene Francis, pretty dramatic actress on the Borden's "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" program over the WABC chain shows you the various models which Rose Sapphire, well known New York importer and designer favors right now.

First there is the Watteau of black velvet trimmed with jade green ostrich. It's typical of the eighteenth century and must be worn as Miss Francis shows you with most of the back of the head showing.

The pert little number in the beret family is a saucer shape of black velvet and putting the beret in the dress-up class with a strip of paradise trimming and tricky grosgrain bow right in front. Sailors are back again too, smaller than ever before of hatters' plush with metal-fringed ribbon trimming finished with a bow in the back and boasting of an eye-length fragile veil.

Rose Sapphire favors the large hat of felt and grosgrain combined for the cocktail hour.

Miss Sapphire has gone to India for inspiration in another afternoon hat which is called the Maharajah turban of amber-cire with ribbon fringe tied in front after the fashion of the Turkish aigrette. This will remind you of the dressy tea hats your mother used to wear when you were a girl.

Miss Francis whose dark tresses lend themselves as a glossy crown for these millinery prizes is ready for brisk days in town in a tweed felt beret with a perky little quill. The hat itself is cut along tricorne lines and is suitable with
From India comes the inspiration for this smart Maharajah turban of ambre-ciré with aigrette of fringed ribbon.

Below is the perfect hat for daytime wear in town, a triangular type beret of tweed with a perky quill for trimming.

Miss Francis ready for a cocktail party in this large hat of black felt combined with wide grosgrain ribbon.

tweed town clothes or cloth coats.

Fashion dictators this season have gone very gay on hats. They've searched into the dead centuries for ideas and the result is that the ladies may be as picturesque as to head gear as their type will allow. Of course, if you're the outdoors type, you'd be ridiculous in some of these extreme little numbers which are designed for the feminine woman.

On the other hand, even sports things have taken on a more romantic air in the process of softening their lines. Furthermore, according to Paris and New York, tweeds are proper everywhere, even at afternoon tea parties but instead of the severe sweaters, they've combined suits with flattering blouses of gorgeous new materials. This is one year when you'll have to do careful shopping if you want to look smart and your bank account entails strict limitations. This is not only true of hats but of dresses and coats which will be more difficult to copy this year than when houses were putting out what they called "Ford" models.

The gowns, whether for evening, street wear or informal occasions are all made on the simplest lines. The charm is in the material—gorgeous velvets, heavy crêpes, satins and the softest woolens.

Trains, as a general rule, are out on evening gowns which are again floor-length and even all around. So if you're planning to make last year's model do for this winter you'll have to get the scissors out and straighten the hemline.

Most of the big designers have gone in for purple in a big way and combine it with that luscious shade of dark red that was once called magenta. For the first autumn in several years blue is being shown, a deep midnight shade that's flattering for certain types.
HOW about starting the western journey this month by dropping into San Francisco, then up into the northwest and finally to the southwest?

Only, of course, while around the Golden Gate we mustn't mention the earthquake, fog or call it 'Frisco. Course you know it really was a fire, the fog is only a light mist and to call it 'Frisco would be to call down on all of us the wrath of the Native Sons of the Golden West and all the other like groups.

Betty Jane Rhodes, thirteen-year-old high-school student has been given a two-year contract as a singer with station KFWB

Now that the Monday night KFRC jamboree gets on the CBS chain for part of the program, we might as well drop around and see some of the performers. The studios are a bit dingy, but what it lacks in that respect, is made up by the spontaneity of the folks there.

Harrison Holliway skippers the craft. He was the one-man technical force years ago. Now he runs the whole works. There's Edna O'Keefe, whose middle name is Patricia ... born back in '12, the daughter of an Irish father and an Italian mother. The popular singer, with the wistful eyes, is a native daughter ... got an audition when she finished school and has been radio-minded ever since. In private life she is the wife of Ronald Graham, a KFRC baritone.

Ronald Graham was born in Edinburgh, the son of a retired English army officer ... travelled a good deal before settling in the bay region, graduating from Tamalpais High school and then to radio. Some twenty-five years old, he plays tennis, does pen and ink drawings rather well ... six feet tall, about 160 pounds, blue eyes and brownish hair.

Then there is Earl Towner, whose specialty is directing vocal ensembles, but just now devotes his jamboree work to a male quartet. A graduate of Boston's famed music conservatory, he lives in Berkeley with his wife and three children, and his hobby is carpentering. Bespectacled, about 5 feet six in height, he has hazel eyes and a ready smile.

Now for Arnold Maguire, a native San Francisco in his early thirties, who is "President of Hodge Podge Lodge," KFRC fun maker program, and heard also on the jamboree in character work. In rapid succession he has been an artist, photographer, salesman, reporter, stage actor and then to radio years ago. He has reddish brown hair, dark eyes and is married.

Harrison Holliway, master of the jamboree, was born in San Francisco 35 years ago, graduating from Lowell High and studying law at Stanford for awhile. He is an amateur yachtsman ... (his father was a sea captain) ... has a couple of youngsters ... and never yearns to go back to the sea where he was once a commercial wireless operator before going into broadcast activities. We'll meet some more of the gang at another time.

Now that KJBS, San Francisco, and KQW, San Jose, have come under one ownership, with studios for both in San Francisco, Lena May Leland is heard more often, though she plays from the San Jose studios.

She has been staff pianist and music head of

BY DR. RALPH
KQW for several years. She was born there and her young son is now in school. Rather small and petite in type, she is of Irish ancestry, and has dark hair and blue eyes. By the way, she is no relation of Charlie (Charles Bradford) Leland, who left Los Angeles for Chicago radio a year ago and seems to have disappeared from public sight and hearing.

And maybe you didn't know that Dudd Williamson, new KJBS-KQW announcer, used to be Dudd on the NBC Tom and Dudd duo. Dudd was born up in the Yukon territory thirty years ago; lives in the bay district and has one small son. He is heavy-built, six feet tall, weighs about 200, with sparkling dark eyes and coal-black hair. Besides straight announcing work, he is good at dialect impersonations. Wonder where his former team-mate Tom (Alfred T. Smith) is these days. He was a fine hockey player in off moments when not before the mike.

* * *

Did you know that Raylyn Kinney, KYA's well-groomed contralto, used to be a professional stage dancer? Yep. 'Tis true.

Or that Dixie Marsh, with her "Piano Intimacies" program on Oakland's KTAB, was born in Birmingham as Helen Marsh and in private life is Mrs. A. E. Ryan, and the mother of a 13-year old daughter who is a musical prodigy?

Or that Harold Peary, once with NBC but now at KTAB, was born in San Leandro, Cal. and the family name used to be Perez.

And my bay crystal-gazer also reports that Sam (Samuel P.) Moore, likewise of KTAB, was born in Monticello, Florida, on June 28th, 1887. Peary does dialect-type work, while Moore prefers the guitar and string instruments.

And I almost forgot to add that keyhole gossip says that NBC's contralto, Nanette La Salle, has been baby buggy shopping, and will have a new artist in the fold ere this reaches print.

* * *

A few years ago the name of Ted Roy, known as Oregon's "Singing Blacksmith," was second place winner in the national Atwater Kent nationals . . . The big, broad shouldered lad, who was born in Pilot Rock, Oregon, was a student at the Oregon State College in Corvallis when he won the singing contest and a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music.

With the contest won, he returned to Corvallis for his degree and married his accompanist, Barbara Edmunds. He has been on northwest stations, but since '32 has been with the NBC staff in San Francisco and as a member of its Knickerbocker Male Quartet. He's also heard frequently as a soloist.

The "Singing Blacksmith" . . . his father was a smithy and Roy worked at the forge in vacation time . . . had to leave apartment after apartment when non-musical neighbors started to holler. So he rented a barn on a long-time lease for $5 a month and, with his wife assisting, the one-time stable loft is now one of the coziest of 'Frisco studio-apartment places. It's comfortable and what's more important, neighbors aren't near. (Continued on page 84)

* * *

Glamorous Elissa Lendi of the films who has appeared on programs which were broadcast out of the big studios in Los Angeles.

L. Power
A water boy at fifteen, a "Met" opera star at twenty-five, Everett Marshall is now an air sensation. The tall, handsome singer goes over some of his fan mail at the desk in the living room of his attractive Manhattan apartment.

Mr. Marshall enjoys a leisure hour in his comfortable fireside chair; above, the popular baritone cooks his own breakfast.

Photographs made exclusively for Radio Mirror by Bert Lawson.
When Autumn Comes

(Left) Lowell Thomas and his young son enjoy a canter over the Cloverbrook Farm, Pawling, N.Y.

(Below) A bicycle built for one provides exercise and beauty aid for Rosa Ponselle, the "Met's" most famous songbird in radio.

(Above) Announcer David Ross talks over a new song with Connie Gates as they enjoy a pleasant view from a hilltop.

(Above) Ah, get a load of that exhilarating air that Rubinstein seems to be absorbing by himself.

Gertrude Nie- sen pauses on a bridle path to feed her horse, Major, a piece of sweetmeat.
ARE Myr and Margie off the air? What program is Jeanie Lang with now? How old is Billy Page in "One Man's Family?"—Vivian J., Hanks, N. Dak.

Myr and Margie returned October 1. Jeanie Lang is now on the Ward Sunday Night program with Buddy Rogers out of Chicago. Billy Page is fourteen years old. O. K.

Please tell me something about Bill Smith with Harold Stern's orchestra. His voice is wonderful.—Rose Grey, Indianapolis.

You, too, Rosie? He was born in New York on June 4, 1906. Attended La Salle Academy and later Georgetown University, majoring in dramatics. Joined the Stern orchestra in 1930 as drummer and vocalist. He's five feet, ten inches tall, blue eyes, brown hair, wants to be a dramatic actor and is happily married to a former Providence school teacher. Now is that enough?

Will you please tell me how old and how tall Jackie Keller is?—Frances O., Schenectady.

A lot of you girls are asking about Jackie Keller. Kinda like his voice don't you? He was born May 1, 1908 and he's five feet, one.

Where does Paul Whiteman hold his audition contests and what day does he have them?—L. B., St. Louis.

There are no auditions at present but information can be addressed to Mr. Whiteman, Park Central Hotel, New York. When auditions are held notification is sent to names on file.

Are the Singing Lady and Eileen of "Today's Children" the same person?—Mrs. S., Freeport, L. I.

Irene Wicker is the Singing Lady and also plays Eileen.

Where can I address a letter to George Givot? In "Melody in Spring", did Lanny Ross play the whole part or did someone else do the acting?—Ruth Loney, Jamaica.

George Givot can be reached at Columbia Broadcasting Co. 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Lanny did both the singing and acting in that picture.

You're so wise and helpful to other readers, why can't I join the ranks? What are the real life names of the characters of "Today's Children" and which parts do they play?

Who are Vic and Sade and Rush? Are they associated with other programs?—Susa B., Wilmerding, Pa.

Come right in, Susa; you're welcome. The cast of Today's Children follows: mother, Irma Phillips; Frances, Bess Johnson; Bob Crane, Walter Wicker; Katherine Norton, Irma Phillips; Terry Moran, Freddy Van; Dorothy Moran, Jean McGregor; Lucy Moran, Lucy Gilman; Eileen, Irene Wicker, Vic is played by Art Van Harvey; Sade is Bernardine Flynn and Rush is Billy Idebon. Miss Flynn and Idebon are frequently cast in other dramatic programs originating in the Chicago Studios.


"The Goldbergs" signature is "Toselli's Serenade." Eddie's is Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat" and Frank Stafla is the guitarist with the Vallee Orchestra. Do we please you?

Where does Phil Harris hail from? Is he married? Do you think he's a success? I think he has a marvelous personality.—Pauline G., Los Angeles.

Do we think he's a success? That's been proven already. He's quite popular on the air and in person. He was born in Linton, Ind. and dry those tears when we tell you he's married.

Is Max Baer's sketch "Taxi" any place on the air at present? Where can I direct a letter to him?—G. L., New York.

He's not on the air at present as the sketch was discontinued. He'll get mail you forward to NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York.

Does Bing Crosby have another name besides Bing? Is it true he won't be able to sing after 1935?—Marcia D., Los Angeles.

Bing's real name is Harry Lillie Crosby. Who said he wouldn't sing after 1935? That's silly, do you want to break all the girls' hearts?

I read about how the different band masters lost so much weight, Dick Himber lost thirty pounds, Jacques Renard, twenty pounds. I also have too much of me—Maude L., Peoria, Ill.

Diet and exercise,
Want to Know?

only all reducing should be done under expert supervision and only after a thorough physical examination.

How can I get in touch with Rosa Ponselle?—Mrs. L., Valley Stream, L. I.
Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Could you tell me if Ben Bernie is as old as he represents himself? Can you get pictures of him in the magazine?—Mrs. D., Washington.

No, can't you take a joke? He's no juvenile, but he's not old, either. Radio Mirror had a complete story of Ben with several pictures in the January issue, 1934.

I have heard Walter Winchell referred to as Captain. Kindly tell me how Mr. Winchell acquired the title.—W. G. C., Fairmount, W. Va.

If he was ever a captain, he certainly succeeded in keeping it from all of us. We guess he's just captain of his soul.

If it isn't asking too much could you tell me the ages of these stars? Frances H., Windsor, Conn.

It's not asking too much. We're here to answer questions and we'll give you their birthdays: Bing Crosby, May 2, 1904; Jimmie Melton, January 2, 1904; Eddie Cantor, January 31, 1892; Frank Parker, April 29, 1906; Lanny Ross, January 19, 1906.


Dick Powell is now on the new "Hollywood Hotel" program from California; Jack Turner has been associated recently with WMCA; look in this issue and get your pictures of Nelson-Hilliard. Like 'em?

Is there any way to obtain a picture of Winston, Lanny Ross's brother?—Loyola R., Covington, Ken.


Is Joe Morrison married? Where is he now? Will he be back with George Olsen?—Evelyn S., Baltimore.

He's single or he was when this was written but he's out in Hollywood now completely surrounded by beautiful girls. He's not scheduled to return to Olsen's band.

Like your magazine very much and would like to ask you a few questions? Is Wayne King Married?—Erna E. S., Chicago.

Wayne King is married to Dorothy Janis and you can read all about him in this issue. About those personal questions on Russ Russell, the announcer, would suggest you communicate with him.

Can you tell me if Johnny Marvin will be back on the air in New York?—E. B., Wharton, N. J.

He's not scheduled on any of the chain stations' programs now.

Does Rubinoff answer his fan mail, and where can I address a letter to him?—Jane W., Portland, Me.


Is Frank Parker married and where can I address a letter to him?—Ada M., Springfield, Ohio.

You mean you hope he's not married and you're in luck because he isn't. Write him at the NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York.

Can you tell me where Captain Henry's Showboat broadcast is held?—O. P., Gary, Ind.

At the NBC Studios in New York.

Do radio stars personally autograph their photos? Does Bing Crosby answer his fan mail?—A. C., Woonsocket, R. I.

Some do and some don't. Bing does answer his fans but we imagine there are times when the deluge is just a little too much for him.

Would you kindly tell me the name of the woman who takes the part of Mrs. Goldberg in "The Goldbergs" program? Would it be possible for you to send me her picture?—Dorothy H., Media, Pa.

Gertrude Berg has been taking the part and she also wrote the scripts. The May issue of Radio Mirror carried a picture and biography of her.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City
THANKSGIVING
dinner

RAH-RAH-RAH—y-e-a team! A multitude of excited strained voices dying out in the distance. A flash of brightly colored pennants snapping in the cold air of a November morning all combine to paint a glorious picture of a gala Thanksgiving day football game. Keenly whetted appetites are temporarily forgotten as the ball is kicked off for the last quarter.

After the final whistle the bowl is slowly emptied as everyone rushes home with anticipation for the Thanksgiving dinner.

We suggest a dinner which without a doubt will be thoroughly enjoyed by your family and guests.

Menus have changed since the olden days when preparations for the Thanksgiving feast were started days in advance and when the festive board was laden with enough food for a week's consumption.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Fruit cocktail
Clam Broth
(with a dash of whipped cream)
Celery - Olives - Nuts
Hearts of lettuce
(with Russian Dressing)
Turkey
Wild Rice Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Turnips
Brussels Sprouts
Creamed Onions
Craberry Sauce
Mince or Pumpkin Pie
Nuts - Candies

Turkey

Clean out turkey thoroughly, remove hairs by singeing, holding the bird over a flame constantly, changing position until all parts of the surface have been exposed to the flame. Take the giblets and wash clean. Place in pan, cover until tender, with tips of wings and neck, putting them in cold water and heating water quickly so that as much of the flavor as possible may be drawn into stock which is used for making gravy.

Stuff the turkey with dressing; if the body of bird is full, sew skin, if not full, use a skewer to bring skin together. Draw thighs close together and insert steel skewer under middle joint, running it through body and bringing it out under middle joint on other side. Tie a string around the drumsticks which are crossed and fasten to tail. Place wings close to body and insert another skewer through wing, body and wing on opposite side. Fasten wooden skewer to draw neck skin under back. Cross string attached to tail piece and draw it around each end of lower skewer, again cross string and draw it to each end of upper skewer, knot the string and cut off ends.

Place on its side on rack in dripping pan. Rub entire surface with salt. Take ½ cup melted butter mixed with ¼ cup flour; spread over legs, wings and breast. Dredge bottom of pan with flour. Place in hot oven 450°F. When flour on turkey begins to brown reduce oven temperature to 350°F. Baste every fifteen minutes with ½ cup butter melted in ½ cup boiling water. After this is used baste with fat in pan. Pour water in pan during the cooking to prevent flour from burning. Use buttered paper to prevent burning if turkey is browning too fast. Cook about 3½ hours. Olive oil may be used to rub over the turkey to make a nice crisp skin just before placing in oven.

Turkey Gravy

6 tablespoons fat from roasting pan
6 tablespoons flour
3 cups stock water, salt, pepper
Brown fat with flour. Pour on gradually stock left in pan; Cook five minutes; season with salt and pepper; strain.

Wild Rice Dressing

1½ cups wild rice
3 large onions
3 yellow leaves of raw celery
⅓ lb. chestnuts
1 tablespoon turkey dressing

Wash wild rice, boil until it becomes soft. Remove from the fire, strain and dry thoroughly. Take the onions and bacon, chop finely. Put onions in raw bacon and cook until bacon turns a golden brown. Boil the chestnuts until done. Add one tablespoon poultry dressing, the finely chopped celery and chestnuts. When dressing has cooled put in wild rice, stirring well.

Pumpkin Pie

2 cups stewed and strained pumpkin
2 eggs
2 cups rich milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown or granulated sugar
½ teaspoon ginger
⅔ teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ teaspoon allspice

Mix pumpkin with milk, sugar, beaten eggs, salt and spices and beat two to three minutes. Pour into lined pastry pie dish. Place oven at 475°F. and put in pie. Allow to remain in oven fifteen minutes; reduce heat to 400°F. until filling is firm. (About 40 minutes).
Blonde or Brunette?

If you were born a brunette and have always dreamed of being devastating as a blonde there is no reason why you should not change your crowning glory, and later your mind, provided of course that you have features and skin texture which go with the accepted idea of what a blonde’s coloring should be. Chemists and hair experts have perfected the various methods of coloring hair so that if the process is done properly and only the best ingredients are used, hair may be tinted a new shade without spoiling the quality or endangering the health.

The number of really natural blondes who are in the limelight is small in proportion to those who were born another color and went blonde in the beauty parlor. On the other hand, Fifi Dorsay was a movie failure as a blonde until some expert suggested she become a brunette and immediately her luck changed. Bebe Daniels, Carmel Myers, Joan Crawford and several other actresses have been blonde, brunette and even titian-haired at various times in their career and some of the stars of the air are not as they once were, regarding their golden tresses. There is this to remember, though. Amateurish efforts at home are generally bound to be failures. It takes an expert to do this job thoroughly and once you’ve changed your hair, you’re really a slave to the beauty parlor. There’s nothing so ugly as dark center parts on a golden head nor discolored streaks in a sleek black coiffure.

For the many Radio Mirror readers who have asked our advice about hair dyeing, as well as the effect of permanent waving on various types of hair we consulted Pierre, well known New York hair expert who serves some of New York’s smartest society women as well as prominent stage, screen and radio stars. Pierre has arranged and cared for the crowning glory of Claudette Colbert, Constance Cummings, Whitney Bourne, Kay Francis, Peggy Fears, Tallulah Bankhead, Grace Menken, and planned some of the novel headdress effects worn by the late Lilian Tashman.

Hair dyeing, Pierre says, is a difficult procedure and if not properly applied will not only ruin the hair but also injure the scalp and some of the vital organs of the head. He sees no reason why some brunettes should not be blondes if they choose, nor why blondes who’d like to be titian-types should not achieve their ambitions. He admonishes that the client should be in excellent health and there must be no scratches nor marks on the scalp. A trustworthy shop guarantees the result of hair dyeing.

It is wiser and safer to have a rinse, which is a coloring that will blend well with the present shade of your locks, but if you want something revolutionary, be sure of your operator and then go ahead.

Medicated shampoos, Pierre explains, are wonderful for the hair and are often sufficient to give the hair a live, glossy look without the rinse. The hair is the first feature of the body affected by excitement, sorrow or any great change in your life. It loses its luster, becomes lifeless and often the color is changed. (Continued on page 87)
In the

**Spaghetti**

Add a handful of salt to a pan of water. Bring water to the boiling temperature. Add one pound of spaghetti, cook twenty minutes and pour the spaghetti through a drain.

- 1 pound of spaghetti
- 2 pounds of small clams
- 1 clove garlic
- 4 tablespoons pure olive oil

Steam the clams for five minutes, using one cup of water. When steamed take the mussels from the shells and strain water through a cloth.

Brown the garlic in the olive oil. Add a cup of strained tomatoes. Cook for ten minutes, and then add the water from the clams. Cook this ten more minutes.

Five minutes before serving add chopped parsley to the clams and mix the whole thing with the (already cooked) spaghetti.

An old English dish, Apple Staffen, is a favorite of Kathleen Stewart, pianist on the NBC network.

**Pie Crust**

- 2 cups pastry flour
- 1⁄2 cup crisco or shortening
- 1⁄2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1⁄2 teaspoon salt
- Ice water

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Work in shortening using tips of fingers. Add water drop by drop, until mixture is of right consistency to roll. Toss on floured cloth, pat, and roll out: dot with butter, and roll up like a jelly roll, repeat several times. Chill, roll paste 1⁄4 inch thick, allow more paste for upper than the lower crust. When placing on a pie plate allow a little paste for shrinking. Put in filling.

Line a deep baking dish with butter and brown sugar. Put in the pie crust and fill with apples sliced as for a pie, sweeten with sugar, sprinkle a few raisins in. Cover top with more pastry and cook in medium oven. When done turn up-side-down on a platter. The sugar and butter will have melted to a delicious caramel covering. Serve hot. Hard sauce is a delicious accompaniment with this.

**Hard Sauce**

- 1⁄2 cup butter
- 1⁄2 teaspoon lemon extract
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 1⁄2 teaspoon vanilla
- Cream butter, add sugar gradually beating constantly. Add flavoring.

Whether it's the blue of the night meeting the dawn of the day, or the dawn of the day meeting the blue of the night, Morton Downey still says his favorite is ice cream and plenty of it.

**Chocolate Ice Cream**

- 1 1⁄2 cups sugar
- 2 cups milk

---

**During** the summer and early fall when we manage to spend most of our leisure time out of doors, radio plays only a minor part in our pursuit of pleasure. Now with the arrival of November with its chilly evenings, our radio once more takes its place as the main source of entertainment. The various broadcasting networks are featuring many of our favorite stars in a variety of programs which are designed to suit the tastes and moods of the listener-in.

Although you may never think of your radio stars along these lines, we have taken the trouble to see what some of them do during the time that they are not on the air. We have found that they not only shine at the microphone but also in the kitchen.

From their experimental cooking and their successful efforts in culinary realms, they bring you their specially recommended dishes which you can try out in your own home.

Let us turn the dial and listen to the lovely soft voice of Rosa Ponselle who says spaghetti in almost any style is savory to her, and suggests spaghetti with clams.

---

**Stars' Kitchens**

1 tablespoon flour 2 squares chocolate

¼ teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon vanilla

2 eggs slightly beaten

Scald milk with chocolate, mix dry ingredients, sugar, flour, and salt, add eggs. Combine mixtures and allow to cook over hot water until thickened. Cool, add cream and vanilla. Strain and place in the freezer.

June Pursell, contralto, recommends Old Indiana Cornbread to her many Radio Mirror friends.

**OLD INDIANA CORN BREAD**

1½ cups corn meal

½ cup flour

½ teaspoon salt

1 heaping teaspoon baking powder

½ tablespoon butter

1¼ cups creamy milk

1 egg

Sift dry ingredients and add milk and beaten egg and butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Fredric William Wile, that informative personality of the air, rates Griddle Cakes as high. Here is his favorite recipe.

**GRIDDLE CAKES**

1½ cups flour

3½ teaspoons baking powder

3 tablespoons sugar

¾ teaspoon salt

1 egg lightly beaten

1 tbl. melted butter

¾ cup milk

Add milk and butter to egg, add dry ingredients mixed together stirring vigorously until dry ingredients are just dampened. Heat and grease griddle iron. Drop mixture from tip of spoon on griddle iron.

Tom Waring, whose singing you have enjoyed so much over the CBS network, suggests Creamed Chipped Beef for your luncheon.

**CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF**

¾ pound dried chipped beef

1 heaping tablespoon flour

1 tablespoon butter

1 cup milk

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon white pepper

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and seasonings. Mix well, add cold milk, stirring until creamy and smooth. Boil 3 to 4 minutes. Vera Van, not only sings well but she can make some of the most delightful dishes. When you have tried her Brown Bread I am sure you will be convinced.

**BROWN BREAD**

1 cup graham flour

1 cup ground rolled oats

1 cup corn meal

1 teaspoon salt

5 teaspoons baking powder

(Continued on page 67)

Julia Sanderson is an expert home manager as her husband, Frank Crumit, will admit after one of the dinners this attractive star often prepares for him.

**DEPARTMENT BY SILVIA COVNEY**
NOW that Chicago is ending its second year of the Century of Progress we look back over the two seasons of festivity and wonder what was the best radio story of all the world's fair radio stories we heard. We think back through dozens of yarns concerning big names and stars in search of the best anecdote of all ... and we finally choose for that honor one which concerns people you've never heard of. But it's the most human of all the world's fair radio stories we heard during the last two years, though there have been plenty of them.

Let's break the yarn down into parts ... just like a play. We'll have a Part I, a Part II and a Part III.

Part I—The time is forty-one years ago. The place is Chicago. The setting is the world's fair of 1933. The characters are two young guards. The fair has transformed the city into a giant carnival. People come from all over the earth, thousands of people, to see the wonders and the amusements. Hundreds of guards are necessary to keep order and to direct people through the maze of sights. Two of those guards are chaps named Smith and Noble. They are young fellows. They'd never met until the fair threw them together. They became inseparable pals. They work side by side. They share a room in a boarding house. They eat their meals together, work together, and when the day's duties are over they play together. When the fair ends the buddies must part, each going back to his own home to carry on. The farewells are fond and fraternal. Always they will be pals. Every now and then they'll manage to get together again. They'll write letters regularly.

But you know how those things go. As the years sped by they gradually drifted farther and farther apart. The letters became fewer and fewer. Finally they lost track of each other.

Part II—The time is last summer. The place is Chicago. The setting is the Century of Progress, Chicago's world's fair of 1933. The characters are world's fair officials and Frank Mullen, agricultural director of the National Broadcasting Company. Somebody thinks of a bright idea. Wouldn't it be nice to find the old guards from forty years before and bring them to the present fair? They would reminisce and compare the two fairs. Everybody agrees it would be a swell idea. But how to go about it? After all forty years is a long time and people wander and drift about. Finally they call in Mullen from NBC. He suggests they might be able to get the old guards together by announcements over the complete NBC network during the national farm and home hour period. The announcement is made. Then they get stories in newspapers all over the country. They ask
the old guards to write, also anyone and everyone who knows the present whereabouts of any of the old guards. They sit back and wonder what will happen.

Part III—The time is just one week later. The scene and characters are the same as in Part II. Three hundred and nineteen of the old guards have been located. Their letters come from thirty-six states of the Union. One lives in Alberta, Canada, another in Alaska. One letter has been kept aside. It came from one of the old timers who wanted the help of the Century of Progress officials. He wants them to try to help him locate a long lost pal, a friend from forty years before when both were guards at the 1893 fair. Yes, you’ve guessed it—the letter came from Smith. It was signed John Smith and it came from Fostoria, Ohio. John is old now, his eyesight has dimmed, his thinning hair has grayed. He lives pretty much in the past as is the wont of old people. And among his most treasured memories are those of the good old days with Noble at the 1893 fair when both were young and full of life. Will the Century of Progress officials help him locate his old pal?

Well, they don’t know if they can but they are willing to try. That letter has been kept aside on the bare chance, the one in a million gamble, that Noble might also respond to the call for old guards. A day later it comes. It’s Captain Noble, now, retired from the army. For twenty-five years he was commandant of Culver Military Academy. Now, in the evening of life, he lives in Shreveport, Louisiana. Noble writes to find if they can help him locate a long lost pal from the 1893 world’s fair. You couldn’t write this as fiction. It is too far-fetched for anything but a true story. The Century of Progress could and did—reunite the long lost pals.

* * *

FRANK BUCK, CHICAGOAN

Frank Buck, whose “Bring Them Back Alive” jungle adventures are now on the air, and Frank Bering, who is head man at the Sherman hotel in Chicago are pals of long standing.

In fact—although you may not have known it—Buck claims Chicago as his home despite Texas being his birthplace.

“There’d probably be an argument about that home thing,” Buck explains. “Probably Chicago would say it was Texas and Texas would blame it on Chicago.”

As a young boy he ran away from his Texas home and came to Chicago. That was in 1901. He started as a check-room boy at the old Morrison hotel... back in the days before quarters and dimes were placed on the counter as sacrifices to the blonde beauty of the Venuses who shamed us into rebuying our chapeaux. (Continued on page 81)
UCH! Some of those radio announcers ought to go and stand in a corner after they hear what a part of their listening public really thinks of their pseudo Oxford accents, or slovenly diction. “Talk naturally and don’t say too much” seems to be the consensus of those who have expressed themselves.

Advertisers who have too much to say about their own products, who exaggerate the values of the wares they sell on the ether are also denounced. But we asked for honest opinions, no matter how much they hurt and we’re getting them by the thousands.

What do you think of RADIO BROADCASTING? How do you react to what you hear on the air? Are you satisfied with what you get and thankful for these ether entertainers or have you definite suggestions for changes and improvements? Tell us your real opinions, not only about broadcasting but about your own Radio Mirror. Not only do we ask for constructive criticism but we’re willing to pay for it—TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THE BEST LETTER, TEN DOLLARS FOR THE SECOND BEST, AND ONE DOLLAR EACH FOR THE NEXT FIVE!

Write today to the CRITICISM EDITOR, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City; letters to contain not more than 200 words and to be sent before Nov. 22.

Here are this month’s SUCCESSFUL LETTERS:

$20.00 PRIZE

A lot of people have complained. I daresay, about slovenly or inaccurate diction on the part of radio announcers. But how many, I wonder, have ever actually tried to do something about the opposite evil—this business of affected accents, affected pronunciations and dramatic pauses the star broadcasters seem to be going in for at present? It looks to me like a case of pseudo-culture. Like a Kentucky taking up the Harvard “a’ for instance.

Last winter I tuned in on Bernard Shaw one evening. He was speaking to a sophisticated audience in New York City. His cultivated delightful voice was as clear as a bell. And as naturally musical. No studied oral effects for Mr. Shaw.

And the winter before that, listening to the Philharmonic broadcasts which to me are the greatest gift radio has to offer. I was compelled to note the difference in diction used by Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times who was explaining the program, and his announcer, Frank Knight. Mr. Downes, a scholar and critic of long standing, spoke simply and directly and had a great deal to say. While Frank Knight unrolled one squarely polished platitud after the other off his glib oily tongue till I yearned to wring his neck across some thousand miles of ether.

MRS. RAYMOND PEARCE, New Orleans, La.

$10.00 PRIZE

To have my radio out of commission is “a little death.” I’m for variety—“everyone’s” tastes differ and radio is for everyone. People should be willing to listen to the necessary advertising—often it’s interesting. Long, identical perorations at beginning and end of programs are horrid. Too extravagant claims bring forth, “Oh yeah?” Men advertisers are more natural; most women sound affected. I have benefited by trying many radio advertised products.

I object strenuously to this “ask your mother” business; Heaven knows children would ask for a pink elephant with a little urging. It’s somewhat cheap and I think rather antagonizes parents.

My pet peeves are unexpected blares of noise when the kids are asleep, and third-rate political speeches replacing good programs.

I love contests. They give us “dear Homemakers” a little excitement, anticipation, a chance to use our brains (?) instead of our tired hands. Your magazine is a stand-outer; I like your inclusion sponsors’ names and your fine photography. I wish you could indicate contest programs somehow.

MRS. BEATRICE MERRICK, Springfield, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

“Our Public” broadcasting is a swell idea—like your entire magazine, in fact, and what an opportunity to tell these grudging and unappreciative persons, who raise such hulla-ballos over radio advertising, a thing or two.

I’m more than willing to listen a few minutes, at the beginning and ending of a program, to the advertising of a product. After all, who pays for these expensive artists that entertain and amuse us, and the time on the waves, but the manufacturer of said product?

How would you like, dear listener, to pay for your radio amusement yourself? I’d imagine there would be still more outbursts from some of you.

After all, broadcasting is expensive, and the money it takes must be made up in returns from the purchase of a product. Not that we should all rush out to buy every soap and silk—that would be beyond the wildest dream of a sponsor, but we all use some of those offered, thus making for ourselves splendid entertainment at precious little cost to our depleted pocketbooks.

What say?

MRS. JOHN T. SHEWMAKE, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE

Some day, perhaps, the sponsors will awaken to the fact that brevity is the soul of advertising. Meanwhile, we need announcers with less matter and more art; announcers who can present the commercial side of the broadcast with such quiet dignity, subtlety, and charm that the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is scarcely apparent. Milton Cross is a master par excellence of this art. Announcers who try to act “cute” (we have too many of these) have no place on any program. It is the business of the comedians to act cute—if they can!

It seems just a bit impertinent to criticize so perfect a magazine as Radio Mirror, but I should like to see some space devoted to the “irregulars” of the air waves; the guest artists who appear a few times each season: Mischa Levitski, Heifetz, Lucrezia Bori, Schipa. And why not reserve a corner during the winter for the broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera?

EDITH OAKLEY BAXTER, Wichita, Kansas.

$1.00 PRIZE

This letter is quite contrary to form for its purpose is to commend, and commend highly, the superior quality and wide variety of current radio programs. The educational world, through radio, shares with us its knowledge. Travel experiences, news-events, and questions, political, social, financial, and religious are discussed and explained for us. What more interesting or enjoyable way could we study and learn?

The entertainment world brings # to radio and to us the
best of everything it has to offer. Opera, light-opera and musical comedy artists sing for us: masters of classical and popular music play for us; comedy teams provoke our laughter; and stage and screen present their stars in the most attractive manner they can devise.

What more could we ask for—we who have nothing more to do than choose our favorite types of programs? That we be spared a few minutes of advertising? Personally, I think that is expecting too much for nothing—and that we should be more appreciative!

EVELYN KELLY, Headland, Ala.

$1.00 PRIZE

The controversy on radio advertising seems to be waxing strong on the pages of my favorite radio magazine. Each writer appears to be skimming the surface according to his or her personal preferences. May I add my opinions to this most important subject of the moment?

I, too, appreciate the generosity of the sponsors for giving us their fine programs. Likewise, I feel that it remains their privilege to devote a few minutes to voicing the merits of their products. But I think I speak for the multitude when I say, "Isn't there a limit to the merits of any product regardless of its reputation?"

"I am interested in a tooth paste that has proven beneficial, but I doubt the lengthy paragraph that ends thus, "guaranteed to remove film in three days, etc."

"Every woman wants to use a smooth powder but the following test, as broadcast by a nationally known firm, is an insult to feminine intelligence; "and after dancing with several girls, I selected the one who used so-and-so powder, because her cheeks were that smooth, etc."

Then there is the cream that takes off ten years in ten minutes; the cigarette that "revives" your energy; and while you are preparing "the only coffee that is fresh" you are reminded by a certain fashion reporter, that your nails must be blood red (UGH!) if you would be correctly gowned. She would convince us that her advice (plus her enunciation) is strictly Park Avenue.

BUT WE LIKE TO REMEMBER WHAT HONEST ABELINCLON SAID ABOUT FOOLING THE PEOPLE.

PEARL SYVRESON, San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio tries to please everyone and, as a whole, succeeds very well. The types of programs have to be diversified to satisfy all, but cannot help displeasing many, because of the differences in human natures.

I don't believe we can criticize the radio artists themselves too strongly, because they must be good to get where they are. Since individual taste so often prompts rash criticism, we should not bear down too hard on either the programs or the artists.

My real kick is in the stations themselves—not the large stations, but the ones in medium-sized towns. These local stations are privileged to carry network broadcasts and programs, yet how they abuse that privilege. They either cut in on a good orchestra, drama, or news broadcast to tell of a "wonderful bargain", or cut in to play phonograph records.

When clearer reception of a network program can be attained through a local station, that, of course is the one to be dialed; but interrupting a good program (or programs) so much that it gets monotonous, gives the station itself a "black eye".

RAY BRESNAHAN, Struthers, Ohio.
WHEREVER you turn your dial—be it in the broadcast band, the amateurs, or the short-wave foreign group—you can tune in on a law-breaker.

That's a mighty strong statement, and I wouldn't dare to make it unless I could back it up. Would you like to hear some of the evidence as to the rackets that flourish in radio, particularly those off the waves occupied by regular commercial stations?

An amateur, according to Funk & Wagnalls' dictionary, is "One who practices an art, not professionally, but for the love of it." This is the thought which the Government has had in mind ever since radio amateurs have been licensed. They know, when they apply for permits to construct their transmitters, that they are violating regulations if they send messages for pay.

And yet this practise had become so prevalent, and was cutting so seriously on the business done by the commercial radio communications stations, that special rules have had to be passed.

The offending amateurs were sly enough, but still they were caught. This is the way in which they worked:

Smith is a business man in New York. He has a large number of dealings with Jones, who is in business in Los Angeles. Smith and Jones find it necessary to be in constant communication. The mails are too slow, so they use the telephone and telegraph. But at the end of the month they find this is excessively expensive.

Smith gets a bright idea. Somehow he learns the name and address of a nearby amateur operator, whom he visits. They strike up a deal for the ham to handle messages for Smith and Jones, using some Los Angeles operator, with whom the New York ham is acquainted by radio, as the West Coast contact. They usually work out some simple code, so that if a government radio supervisor happens to be listening in, the commercial nature of the message won't be too obvious. And Smith and Jones pay off the amateurs with whom they work, either in cash or in tubes, condensers or other radio parts.

That was a good racket while it lasted, but it was stamped out at the latest session of the Radio Congress. Why, you may wonder, should anyone object to a system whereby the amateurs turned an honest dollar while helping business men save money?

The answer is simple: It wasn't an honest dollar. The amateurs were harming the business of regular communications companies, such as Western Union, Postal Telegraph, RCA Communications and the... (Continued on page 70)
He's so funny in his own quiet way.
9:00 P. M. WARDEN LAWES in “20,000 Years in Sing Sing.” (W. R. Warner Co.) WJZ and associated stations.
Expert advice on how not to meet this man.
9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI with Andre Kostelanetz’ orchestra. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.
He’s so romantic.
9:30 P. M. JOHN McCOMACK. (Vince Program). WJZ and associated stations.
This is another heralded and welcome return.
9:30 P. M. THE ADVENTURES OF GRACE —Burns & Allen with Bobby Dolan’s orchestra. (General Cigar Company). WABC and associated stations.
It takes a smart girl to be as dumb as our Grace.
10:00 P. M. THE BYRD EXPEDITION Broadcast with Mark Warnow’s orchestra. (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.
Thrills among the penguins.
10:00 P. M. LOMBARDO-LAND featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.). WEAF and associated stations.
Ah, Guy we’ve been waiting hours for this.
10:15 P. M. ME. SYLVIA IN HOLLYWOOD. (Ralston-Purina). WJZ and associated stations.
How’s your silhouette?
10:30 P. M. CONOCO presents Harry Richman, Jack Benny and his orchestra and John B. Kennedy. (Continental Oil Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Broadway done up in baritone notes.
11:00 P. M. HENRY BUSSE and his orchestra from Chicago. WABC and associated stations.
Wherein we enjoy Chicago hospitality.
THURSDAY
6:30 P. M. SPORTS PROGRAM. (Shell Eastern Petroleum). WABC and associated stations.
For the big outdoors folks.
8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann Yeast). WEAF and associated stations.
You’d think this program couldn’t be improved upon; but somehow they do it.
8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Adolph Stanford, director. WJZ and associated stations.
Life in the Ozarks.
9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY’S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOE BOAT—Charles Winninger; Larry Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses ’n January; Gus Haensch’s Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEAF and associated stations.
A leisurely boat ride in charming company.
9:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS. Carson Robison and his buckaroos with a dramatic cast. (Feenamint). WABC and associated stations.
Adventure with the bucking broncos.
9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.
Making it exciting for the lonesome cowboys.
10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN’S MUSIC HALL—Al Jolson’s entertainers; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.
We like Al’s new style and of course are devoted to Whiteman’s art.
10:00 P. M. Borden’s “FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD.” (Borden Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Microphones planted in camera land.
11:00 P. M. DON BESTOR and his Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra. WJZ and network.
It’s quite a favorite now.
FRIDAY
8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bordoni’s orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
That beautiful Dragonette voice.
8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.
Real life in its most thrilling moments.
9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman’s orchestra. (Sterling Products). WABC and associated stations.
Dancing in the moonlight.
9:00 P. M. LET’S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.
We do.
9:00 P. M. MARCH OF TIME—events of the day. (Time, Inc.). WABC and associated stations.
Dramatizing the things that happen.
9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WAF and associated stations.
Some other barnstorming.
Mr. Baker knows his radio technique and his humor in any medium.
9:30 P. M. “HOLLYWOOD HOTEL”—Dick Powell, Rowene Williams, Louella Parsons, movie stars and Ted Fritto’s orchestra. (Campbell Soup Co.). WABC and associated stations.
What we’re all waiting for.
10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with Franny Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist’s orchestra. (Compana Corp.). WEAF and associated stations.
Waiting for the curtain to rise.
10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Art Beery, orchestra Livingston, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor’s Orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
In his own way, Benny puts it across.
SATURDAY
7:45 P. M. FLOYD GIBBONS—the headline hunter. (Johns-Manville Co.). WEAF.
Can you keep up with him?
8:00 P. M. SWIFT & COMPANY—orchestra under direction of Sigmund Romberg; William Phelps, master of ceremonies and Richard Bonelli. WEAF and associated stations.
If you like the better music, you’ll never miss this.
8:00 P. M. ROXY’S VARIETY SHOW. (Fletcher’s Castoria). WABC and associated stations.
The master showman comes back to the airwaves.
9:00 P. M. ONE MAN’S FAMILY—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAF and associated stations.
This program seems to be more popular with each broadcast.
9:00 P. M. THE SMITH BROTHERS, Billy Hill and Scotty Lambert, with Nat Shilkret’s orchestra (Smith Brothers Cough Drops). WJZ and associated stations.
The boys behind the beards.
9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz’ orchestra (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.
The cream in your coffee.
10:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS COMBOES; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster’s orchestra. WEAF and associated stations.
Crazy, but amusing.
11:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN’S SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY. WEAF and associated stations.
Everybody’s invited.
Dave Freedman is one of the more adroit of the radio gag writers. His experience creating comedy for Eddie Cantor, George Givot, Fannie Brice and Al Jolson among many others, is the inspiration for a series of radio stories now running in a national magazine. He is also the compiler of a glossary of terms used by gagmen. Here are some of them: A “technocrat” is a great gag which cannot be fitted into a script; a “dragula” is an off-color joke; a “shuffron” is almost certain to cause a belly laugh; a “weakie” is a feeble jest retained in a script until a better one is substituted; “ti ti mi tita” means a sophisticated Park avenue crack; “dynamite” is material that can’t miss or possibly is dangerous; and a “hup cha de hup cha” is a sure-fire laugh provoker.

Richard Himer, who has plenty of avoirdupois, finds himself from three to five pounds lighter after a broadcast. But don’t you worry, dear listener, that Dick will waste away to a skeleton if he continues as a conductor. The pounds that pass away as he performs on the podium are always restored by a good night’s sleep. It is all very mysterious. Less mysterious are the 80 pounds Jacques Renard, another permanently by merely counting his chins.

“LazBill” Huggins was a life guard at Virginia Beach for three years. Between tides, when bathing beauties got into distress, Bill used to strum a ukulele and sing. Discovering one day that the mermaids were more interested in his songs than in being saved from the sea, he began dressing in a costume and entertaining. Incidentally, he likes being called lazy; indeed, he holds it as a distinction. “Some of the greatest men in history were lazy,” languidly observes Bill, “I’m too lazy to look up their names!” Which is Mercury’s idea of keeping strictly in character.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Sponsors despair of ever luring to a microphone O. O. McIntyre, widely syndicated newspaper columnist. In the last two months he has turned down a small fortune in offers... Edward Melvin, Jr., juvenile “Dixie Circus” performer, has an interesting sideline—he designs boys’ clothing, on a contract as an entertainer. Incidentally, he likes being called lazy; indeed, he holds it as a distinction. “Some of the greatest men in history were lazy,” languidly observes Bill, “I’m too lazy to look up their names!” Which is Mercury’s idea of keeping strictly in character.

Long enough to get acquainted—there are arguments about headline honors.

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 15)

stastic story of what happened when he went calling on Clara Bow, once a flame of his, as you may recall. Either the night club sheik is losing his grip or the California girl has too much fire in her eye for him. Anyway when he knocked on the door of Clara’s bungalow one of the “1t” girl’s girl friends responded.

Then, according to the story, Harry rushed through the doorway and gathered her in his arms in a bear-like hug. “Oh, Clara, you are more marvelous than ever!” he is supposed to have exclaimed as he planted right where it did the most good a great big kiss.

“This,” shouted the lady, breaking away from his embrace, “how dare you? And it was only then—still according to Mercury’s Hollywood scout—that Richman discovered his error. Whereupon he is reported to have become so upset and mortified that he beat a hasty retreat. But not before mistaking Clara, appearing to see what all the commotion was about, for her maid!

Relief from financial troubles via the bankruptcy courts—a method popular with film folks—isn’t sought much in radio circles. Why it is because other entertainers are more provident and don’t find it necessary to go in for extravagant display. So when one does file a petition in bankruptcy it becomes a real item of news. All of which is introductory to recording here that Irene Taylor, under her real name of Irene Martin, acknowledges debts of $5,938 with no assets. Of this amount $5,450 represents commissions a firm of booking agents is trying to collect for getting her for Irene. The $488 liability remaining is listed as payments due on a car.

Just because he left strict injunctions not to be bothered by any pretext while occupied with his radio rehearsal, Al Jolson is $30,000 poorer. His brother tried to get him on the phone at the studio to warn him certain stocks were dropping. A page boy, standing sentinel at the door, wouldn’t allow the message to be delivered. A $30,000 loss, however, doesn’t spell bankruptcy to Jolson—he has got plenty. Of course, you’ve noticed that Jolson doesn’t refuse more than five or six broadcasts in a row. Here’s the reason as Al explained it to Mercury: “No matter how big you are, if you try to stay on week after week, year after year, people get tired of you and you go the way of all flesh. How can any one go on for 40 weeks in a row and find a good script every week?”

STARS ARE STYLISTS

Radio stars all possess a certain special flair, known colloquially as “It”. Each is distinguished by an original style, developed under various environments and influences.

Kate Smith, for instance, gives the majority of her songs a ballad treatment. She sings each song “straight”, hitting every note as it was written. Never ad-libbing or improvising. Her harmony, effort, it seems, he is not. Through her first experiences before an audience, when she sang war time ballads, to entertain soldiers in camps around Washington.

Frankie, by the other hand, rarely sings a song “straight”. He treats each number with different variations “swinging” a song while his accompanying orchestra carries the melody. His special style of syncopation was developed when he was one of Paul Whiteman’s Rhythm Boys, where he had valuable training in ad-libbing and harmony.

Frank and Braggeschi, whose two piano programs are distinguished from the way they “kid” the old masters, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, by playing “Yankee Doodle” as they would play it, and by mixing classics with sophisticated arrangements of popular tunes fell accidentally into their amusing style. Both were serious music students in Paris, and both were a little bored with highbrowism. So they began to burlesque the highbrows, and were so successful commercially that they haven’t stopped since.

Vera Van’s “intimate” style of singing blues was developed when she was soloist with Gus Arnheim’s band, aiming her voice softly at the ears of dancers who gathered around the bandstand. Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians reached fame partly on the strength of college medleys and glee club specialties first developed by Fred in his campus days at Penn State University.

Nino Martini, one of the few opera stars who perfectly understands microphone technique, owes his flawless tenor voice, with its depth of feeling, its lack of strain and pretention, to a life lived not only on the stage, but off it. One of his least secrets is that he will not smoke, drink, or anything which might be injurious to his voice. His style is youthful, unspoiled and executed with perfect technique.

Walter Winchell revived the rumor that Lanny Ross is married and contributed the additional information that he is a daddy. The bride wasn’t named, so Radio Row assigned that role to Lanny’s business manager, the unassailable White Olive. All parties concerned emphatically deny the story. But Olive and Lanny are terribly devoted. She even accompanies him to Hollywood wherever he is making a picture.

There is a new racket being played on radio celebs. A mysterious voice over the phone warns that a gang of kidnappers are plotting to do their dirty work to the next public figure. The mystery voice brings a letter from a man offering his services as bodyguard for $25 per diem. Few radio stars have fallen for the dodge; those frightened into hiring protection usually apply to a reliable detective agency.
Dreams come True for the girl with a CAMAY COMPLEXION!

The course of true love is as smooth as her skin, for the girl with a clear, fresh complexion. And the peach-bloom beauty that Camay gives the skin is the beginning of many a romance.

The Soap of Beautiful Women can improve your beauty. You’ll notice the fresh glow of cleanliness it brings to your cheek. And others will say you’re a lovelier woman. For the regular use of Camay on your skin helps every good point of your features.

Win Your Daily Beauty Contest with Camay’s Help!
You probably are far too modest to enter a Beauty Contest in which girls strut and pose before “beauty judges.” But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

“If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay,” said a girl who attends an Eastern college. “Camay’s rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed.”

“My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap,” said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It’s the creamy-white beauty soap with the delicate lather that can do wonders for your good looks! Get Camay today! It is beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, and is sealed in Cellophane.

“"All my dreams will come true when Ted and I are married. I’ll always try to be lovely for his sake!"
They Sing Their Love Song Every Day
(Continued from page 23)

of love agitates their tender cardiac regions. So what more may one ask in the way of proof?
It’s been that way ever since they met, nearly three years ago. In fact, there is no good reason to doubt that Ozzie was smitten at the very first sight of this Snyder lass, who has become Harriet Hilliard, the stately, slender blonde who affects such ravishing gowns and such finely poised. It’s not difficult at all to be attracted by five feet and nearly five inches of exquisitely formed body, clad in attire such as Harriet wears with regal poise. It was up in the Glen Island Casino, on a moonlit evening, when they first laid eyes on each other. It seems that Ozzie either needed a singer, or was indulging in one of those time-worn press agents stunts of holding auditions. Usually nothing ever comes of these tests, except an increased patronage in the shape of relatives of the contestants. There were plenty of amateur warblers and relatives on hand for the tests too, but Miss Hilliard, who had been there from the stage, and who was then swaying gracefully among the featured pretties at the Hollywood Restaurant, barged into the scene and said:

“I WANNA be a radio singer. I hear you’re looking for a girl who can sing. I can. How about giving me a break?”

“Uh-huh,” said Ozzie, “I sure will. Get up there and warble.”

Harriet got up and warbled while Ozzie expressed alternate chills and fever, and nearly twisted the cork handle off his haton as he listened.

Harriet not only warbled. She really sang. And it was a torrid ditty that she tossed off, for it seemed positively scorching to Ozzie.

When she stepped down, Ozzie whispered:

“P. S. You get the job.”

Now, we all know that Harriet is no Gall-Curci, J. or even a Virginia Rea, but when it comes to knocking over a blistering product of Tin Pan Alley, or engaging in one of those boy-and-girl talk-songs with Mr. Nelson, she is really colorful, and she was quite a help to the band, both professionally and visually. It was nice thereafter for patrons to walk into a gay night spot or a studio and gaze upon Harriet, who added color and charm to the picture, and a bit of gaiety too, in her own right.

Ozzie thought so, and Harriet progressed to a long-term contract, with raises.

Never the twain shall part, it seems—and we agree. They’re nice kids, but they needn’t be so bashful about being in love.

Harriet is a moody girl, and it’s no use trying to get her to tell you about herself. They gave her, a couple of years ago, a theological questionnaire to fill out at the NBC offices, and she skipped over most of it.

Ozzie is more talkative, except on the heart ailing business.

In fact, when Ozzie gets started you can hardly stop him. He will tell you all the ups and downs of the orchestra business—even if you are an orchestra leader yourself and know more about the racket than Ozzie has yet learned. I heard him give Jack Denny some fatherly advice one night in the Paramount Grill. But there’s no denying that Ozzie is a pretty good musician at that and rapport with ideas. He should have lost an attractive radio character had he proceeded with his original design to practise law. As a matter of fact, Ozzie is actually a lawyer. Becoming one was his ambition when he started in at school. And you might say, in broad terms that Ozzie is one of those local New York boys who made good. In reality, he is a Jersey native, but that’s really New York suburban. He was born in Jersey City in March 1906.

Of all things, his mother named him Oswald, because she hated nicknames, and thought that “Oswald” would flabbergast anybody who wanted to play tricks with his head with his name. When Ozzie got to Rutgers, he had been “Ozzie” for several years, and this Ozzie went through the University like axile grease through a tin horn and became a quarterback, and a bowling, boxing and lacrosse. He became a pretty good puglist: was editor of the college paper, which was supposed to be humorous, and by the time he graduated in 1927, he had organized an orchestra and changed his mind about law and briefs and habeas corpus. This despite the fact that he had courted around the Jersey Law School for quite a time. His band sort of fashioned him and somebody fascinated a lot of other young folks, and Ozzie developed to be quite a fellow around the parties, and then somebody, as somebody always does, said: “Humph! Why don’t you go on the radio?”

So Ozzie dug himself up a manager and the manager managed to get him on the radio. I think it was WOR that first took a chance on him, as it did on Lopez and many others. And then, just as if you’d snap your fingers, there was Ozzie and his band tooting away at the Glen Island Casino, a joint that was swanky in those days, and which still likes good orchestras, or why does it keep Glenn Gray and the lads sashaying around in the winter time. Ozzie got booked into the Barbizon Plaza, in the Ritz Towers, etc. and one winter he went to Miami, and would you believe it, during all this time Ozzie began thinking that maybe it wouldn’t be a bad notion to get himself a sponsor or two, and snap! Just like that. Ozzie got’em, and first thing you know he was up there with Joe Gower. Another fellow tried to get along, and, well for a few weeks, the program didn’t seem so hot, so Ozzie got together with Harriet, and Harriet and he did a lot of trick singing (always with the affectionate tones

---

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darksens lashes perfectly

FREE Merely send

Coupon for “Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them”

Grand Central Station, New York City

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, 243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name

Street

City State

If you also want a generous trial package of WInX Mascara, enclose 10¢ checking whether you want [ ] Black or [ ] Brown.

---

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn’t I try it before?" You’ll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman’s greatest charm.

You’ll never realize the power of beautifully defined lashes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bedtime.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—not the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "cow’s feet," wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.
quite palpable) and away they went to hit the top rating, right beside Joe Penner, who was doing a bit of expert skyrocketing himself. And there, you have the story of what happened to Ozzie. And what happened before all this to Harriet?

Well, as I was saying a ways back, Harriet was originally Peggy Snyder. She has been an actress, a showgirl, a ballet dancer and such. From all this you might suspect that she comes from a theatrical family. Well, I won’t fool you. She does. And both she and the family met with success, even though they all started out in Des Moines, Iowa, which is quite a step from New York. Harriet’s just 23, having passed that birthday on July 18th last. Her papa was a stage director, and one of his first directions was to direct Harriet to stay off the stage, but you know how it is. Really, Harriet played her first dramatic role at the ripe old age of six weeks when she was rolled onto the stage in a cradle to be the chee-ild in one of those snowstorm, Down East draymas. Later she played child parts, and what’s odd about that, says you, since she was quite a child? I don’t know, but she played ‘em. But all play and no work is not so hot, and Harriet’s mother up and said one day that this Peggy youngster would have to go to school and learn something besides stock company patter. So Peggy was packed off to the St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City. One of her classmates was Ramona, the piano-vocalist gal who is such a help to the Paul White- man outfit.

At fifteen, Harriet got to twinkling her toes and became a ballet performer under the tutelage of Chester Hale. Know Chester Hale? He’s the fellow who directs the Capitol ballet and sends out pretty gals in pink dresses all over the country and does very well, though I never have been able to figure out what good a ballet dancer does in the world. Harriet didn’t seem to think it amounted to much either, but it built up a pretty sturdy pair of props for her, and then, when she was fed up with hops, skips and jumps, she made one last jump and got into vaudeville. A couple of times she played in acts with Bert Lahr, Ken Murray and others. Then her beauty attracted that eagle-eyed connoisseur of feminine charm, Nils T. Granlund, who was then directing the famous Hollywood Restaurant. He employed Harriet to add to the eyefulls there, and Harriet lost no time in advancing herself to the job of being a sort of cute mistress of ceremonies, and maybe Ozzie Nelson first saw her there, instead of at the Casino, as I said... and maybe he fixed it with Granlund to enter her into the audition contest, so he could employ her, but Ozzie says he didn’t. But who can believe this fellow Nelson? He says he isn’t married to Harriet. He says—no, he doesn’t say that he doesn’t love her. So, well, maybe we’d better let it go at that, but don’t say I didn’t give you a couple of good strong hints when some morning you pick up your newspaper and read about Mr. Nelson taking a bride.

AND no wonder! For “Red Davis” is the story of a red-blooded American boy. It is a typical story of American family life.

Adventure—romance—heartaches—growing pains—love—life—humor and action. “Red Davis” is the kind of radio program that everyone can enjoy! It is clean, wholesome entertainment—the kind of adventures that you, yourself, have lived.

When “Red Davis” was first produced last year it met with instant enthusiasm. Now—“Red Davis” is to be back on the air. Thousands of unsolicited letters from young people and their parents have demanded his return!

You’ll like “Red”

You’ll find the “Red Davis” program more interesting than ever. Red and his girls—Betty—Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda and a host of others—they’re all there, in a new series of fascinating adventures. And they’re just as human and humorous as ever.

Monday night, October 1st, is the date. Don’t forget the night and tune in.

N B C • W J Z N E T W O R K

Coast-to-Coast

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y., makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.
he could get the most of for the ten cents... something like oatmeal. And after that he had about what he didn't go for candy or anything like that. He'd buy buttered toast instead. He's never liked buttered toast since. In fact he doesn't care much about eating anyway. It's only a necessary evil. Those tough little wrinkles put lines in Wayne's face and gave him a sober and serious outlook. He's blue eyed, light haired, husky and of the outdoor bronzed athletic type. In fact he once played professional football but now golf and the airplane are his relaxations from the saxophone. Those early days taught him a very important lesson. To be happy you must have enough money for comfort. To be successful you must work hard, harder and better than the other fellow. Wayne saw too much suffering, failure, as a kid not to appreciate that you get from life what you give to life.

In college he developed his mentality along philosophical and psychological lines. Now he applies all that. He studies his audiences. On a hot summer night he makes up a broadcast he thinks will be cooling and relaxing. His first fundamental of music is that it must be simple. It must come from the heart. It must be sincere, sweet and dreamy. It must appeal not to the highbrow but to the average person, the lithe young stenographer and the husky shipping clerk. It's an odd experience to stand backstage and watch the faces of the audience at the Aragon as Wayne works to them. The band follows his every desire almost before he expresses it. Those boys have worked together for a long time. In eight years only three have left. And not one of the three has ever been able to play as well since. Because when Wayne lays out the program and then gets in front of the boys he actually lifts their emotions out of them through their horns and pipes and drums.

The Aragon is primarily a dance hall. It's huge and magnificent but not gaudy. Wayne wouldn't play in a bizarre place. It would hurt him. Out front the kids gather around the band stand. They don't want to dance. They want to watch. With his hands he leads the band, his body swaying in rhythm, his eyes closing on soft passages, and most of the King music is soft. The kids crowd around, hundreds of them. The Aragon is mostly a kids' place. Young stenographers and the like. Wayne loves and understands them. For them he would heighten the music. He heighten of all the hightos. To him they are the real people, the ones who have lifted him from staiyation to stardom. Silk hats and ermine wraps are out of his line. The Pennsylvania Dutch stock from which he sprang was the Aragon kind, not monical and broad A people.

At the Aragon it's just a big party. It hasn't the atmosphere of a dance hall. Wayne will shake hands with a kid out front, grin to another. The last night we were there he kidded a young girl about her red shoes.

"I know how you got that way. That's from drinking out of a mason jar down south." The girl blushed furiously. But she loved it. A chap introduced himself, "Down where I come from we get seven quarts to the liter of corn," Another chap next to him began to argue. It all goes on the WGN microphone. It's informal, happy, spontaneous. Wayne spots a girl from Jackson, Tennessee, and takes her to the mike to say hello to the folks back home. He laughs and kids with them. There's nothing bawdy about it. It's all just good clean fun.

I have seen Wayne bring tears to the eyes of those happy-go-lucky kids. I've seen him make them laugh. I've seen the same faces there before him week after week. Some of those kids haven't missed a week in four years. If illness keeps them away they don't fail to apologize on their return. To them it's their recreational home. He is their pal, they are his friends. But sometimes somebody makes the mistake of confusing his jolly camaraderie for something else. Some love sick fan, a flirt of herself, or some young fellow who had a couple of drinks talks out of turn. King's grin fades, turns into a deep scowl. They are taken away. Their money returned and they are told not to come back. Wayne won't stand for any funny business. He doesn't do those things, no one in his band does and he won't work for such people. What's the use of trying to do the best job you can for a bunch of drunks? They wouldn't appreciate it anyway. Wayne won't even try... and he refuses to be a grinning ape.
even more cautious. It hinted toward the smile that has so often ruined pub-
lit entertainers. Not that Wayne has
never done anything wrong. In all the
years I've known him I'm sure he has
never had an "Affair" with a woman.
He rarely takes a drink. He has only
the innocent bad habits of the usual
male. He isn't a bad boy in any sense
of the word but he realizes what can
happen if some poor deluded fools of
women in fogs of passion lie about him.
He's afraid and he hates it.
I have never heard people say King
is high hat, conceited, hard to get along
with. I've known him for four years
and I think I know the answer. In the
first place Wayne is outspoken. He's
abrupt. He says just exactly what he
thinks. He loves people but not when
they try to impose upon him. He
won't even listen to aspiring young
artists who want to know what he
thinks of their work. He won't even
run through the songs amateurs send
him. He won't talk for publication ex-
cept to very few trusted friends. He
won't loan money to chisellers.

BUT there are very good reasons for
all that. He doesn't want to hear
young artists or go through their music.
Because if he says they are good they
may spend lots of money and time and
effort in trying to get started. And his
judgment may be wrong. Maybe they
aren't good after all. He won't loan
money any more than he'll throw
money away because he's learned the
value of a dollar and he's working to
build up an estate for his wife and
baby. He doesn't go around to night
clubs because he hates the smoky air
and loud, drinking crowds. He'd rather
be flying through the sheer beauty of
sunrise in his airplane or playing golf
with chosen companions in the clean
fresh air. He won't talk for publica-
tion because he isn't publicity mad. In fact
he doesn't want publicity. He's much
more interested in his music and hav-
ing people like that than in all the
stories that have ever been written.
And because he is so reticent and
abrupt with writers many have slan-
dered him in a fit of personal pique
and lied about him to make a story
they can print even though he said
nothing at all.

He recently spent several weeks in
California on a vacation. And was
amused to have a West Coast scribe
write that he wasn't in California,
couldn't have been because the West
Coast reporters are so on their guard
that even Dillinger couldn't get into
town without their knowing it. Never-
theless he was there for several weeks.
But he wasn't looking for publicity.
He doesn't try to push himself. He de-
tests the theatrical type of person who
always seeks the spotlight, and although
he is a professional entertainer he still
insists he has a right to a personal life
of his own.

Wayne never listens to any other or-
chestras on the radio. You might think
it would be a good thing to listen to all
of them so that you could know what
the competition is doing. But that's the
best way in the world to lose your in-

---

"DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH
MARRIAGE HYGIENE, MY DEAR,
'Lysol' is Safe"

SAYS DR. CLOTILDE DELAUNAY, LEADING GYNECOLOGIST OF PARIS

Scores of women come to me every
year with their married happiness
tottering, all because they are positively
ill from fear. In nine cases out of ten the
way out is correct marriage hygiene.

"My advice is given in two short words—
use "Lysol"). Marriage hygiene finds in
this time-tried antiseptic its safest aid.

"When it comes to a crisis—involving
life itself—the ablest physicians always
turn to "Lysol"). It's the one method I
have absolute confidence in. I always say,
'Don't take chances with marriage hy-
giene, my dear. "Lysol" is safe!"

(Signed) DR. CLOTILDE DELAUNAY

Thus Dr. Clotilde Delaunay, leading
woman gynecologist of Paris, to a fright-
ened patient, a bride of a few months.
Thus leading physicians to young mar-
rried women in every land.

The fact that "Lysol" is used in child-
birth, when feminine membranes are
most sensitive, is proof of its gentle
safety in normal hygiene.

•

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

"Lysol" KILLS GERMS! Doctors order it in
cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria and other
contagious diseases. Disinfect clothing (espe-
cially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol"
after every illness.

The "Lysol" Health Library, consisting of
"Keeping a Healthy Home", "Preparation for
Motherhood" and "Marriage Hygiene" will be
sent you absolutely free, if you write to Dept.
L-32, LENN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Lysol
Disinfectant

New!..."LYSOL" HYGIEIC SOAP
For bath, hands and face. Protects longer against body odors...
give a cake at your druggist's.

Tune in—"HALL of FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time . . .
WEAF and N. B. C. Stations coast-to-coast at corresponding hours.

© 1934, Lenn & Fink, Inc.
Radio Mirror

BUY NOW and SAVE
Watches and Diamonds
At All-Time Low Prices
ACT QUICKLY
When Present Supply Is Gone Prices Must Be Up

BUY NOW—PAY LATER

We plan for the future, as sometimes ago we contrived for enormous quantity of watches and Diamonds at low-

est depression prices. Prices may have already gone up, and they must go higher. BUT WE SPOUGHT BEFORE PRIC-

IN this offer, to you—but you must act quickly before these watches and diamonds are gone.

We Sell Nationally Adver-

tised Watches, Diamonds and Silverware Direct—

To You On Easy Payments

Think of it—even with these low prices you can still use our easy payment plan. There is no reason why you cannot buy jewelry which you like and be proud of owning through the years to come.

$3.50 A Month Makes It Easy for You to Own a Valuable Watch or Diamond

We trust the prices are low here and we feel sure you will find the selection of Diamonds and other jewelry astounding. You can afford to buy the quality you desire and at a price you will be proud of owning through the years to come.

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY

Dept. B, 200 W. 5th Street, Chicago

SANTA FE WATCH CO., Dept. B-97
Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

We also sell Fid. & J. Wallace & Co.

Beautiful Artistic Designs

Learn to DRAW

First Lesson FREE

Start your art career today by learning your name and address. But at every lesson you see and learn something new. One lesson will get you started. You will be delighted with progress you can always show.

Learn today for free lesson and special offer.
TOWERTOWN STUDIOS, Dept. 1131
197 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

When I Was In Jail

(Continued from page 35)

When I arrived at the police station, I was arraigned, fingerprinted and then placed in a cell. (And the photographers were still on my trail!!) That cell! Never shall I forget it! Of course it was all part of the game but I really didn’t reckon on such a dungeon and yet the photographers wanted to “shoot” me looking from behind the bars.

Then came the escape! Aided and abetted by the leadership and cheered by the spectators, who were milling around the front of the jail, we dashed down the steps of San Antonio’s main Bastile, my actor-hero holding about forty lives menaces at bay with a prop pistol that probably hadn’t been fired since the battle of Shiloh.

When I reached the Kings August 22, 1933. When “mamma” calls, business is off until they visit and talk about the child. Just now they’ve been having a grand time preparing for the little girl’s first birthday party. Mother added a reporter about that any more than he did about his marriage or about the birth of the child. To him those things are his own personal private business and if he can he’s going to keep them so. And Mrs. King is just as set on a private home life as he is. To them his music is a business. He has a book-

keeper and an office. But just like any other business man he wants a chance to relax from it and be himself, and be with his family in privacy not a public gold fish bowl.

He shies at having stories written and pictures printed for another reason. Probably no more than one of the country’s Wayne King fans have ever seen him. And yet in their own minds they have built a romantic picture of him. They know how he should look and act and dress and be. If you, as a lay-

man, have never had the misfortune of meeting on intimate personal grounds your favorite entertainer you’ll know what he means . . . you’ll know how disappointed you were to find that the artist you’d glorified in your dreams is just another guy or gal like the rest of us. The Chicago Theatre has offered Wayne $10,000 for a week’s work. A theatre circuit wants him to play fifty-

two straight weeks on the road. But he doesn’t want to. He feels that of every hundred new people who see him in person at least seventy-five of them are going to be disappointed in the man Wayne King as compared to their ideal and imaginary Wayne King. And although he’ll make money if he goes to those jobs he knows he’ll lose something very precious.

walked away with a pair of silk hose. Just as I was hiding the hose in my handbag, the store detective collared me and with a villainous hiss, “Now I’ve got you!” brought me to the man-

ager’s office as the flashlight bulbs of the photographers began to pay. There was a short scene enacted in the man-

ager’s office (for the benefit of the press, of course) and then two big burly po-

licemen came in and escorted me to the street. By this time quite a crowd had collected in front of the store and there was a great ado by the spectators. Just as I was being ushered into the Black Maria, two stalwart cowboys pushed through the crowd and wanted to know what all the “shooting was about.” A bystander told them that some girl had been arrested for stealing a pair of stockings, which made the cowpunchers very indignant. They couldn’t un-

derstand all this commotion over a muddy pair of hose, and as the police wagon drove off, they shouted after me—

“Cheer up sister! We’re coming down to that jail house, pay your fine and if that doesn’t work, we’ll git ye out any-

way.”
Skinny? New easy way adds pounds
—so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic.
Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

Now there's no need to have people calling you "skinny," and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty—bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or your money refunded. Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.
The Beautiful Stooge

(Continued from page 28)

Two more readings and Miss Smith was little better. Toby, Mason and the professor held a brief conference when Miss Smith went out to make a phone call.

"She doesn't know a thing about mike technique," Mason declared.

"She's just plain lousy," Toby said.

"Your Miss Gordon is certainly a swell picker," Mason said.

"Too late now to do anything about it. We audition in less than two hours," the professor said. "Perhaps if we keep on working, she'll grasp the idea."

Miss Smith returned and the rehearsals continued, this time with the orchestra. Even the stimulus of the music failed to help the terrible reading of the blonde girl. She just wasn't good.

Less than an hour remained before the audition. Toby was weary; so were they didn't care what happened. He knew that his radio career would probably come to an abrupt end within a few hours and that there weren't enough explanations to account for a show with such an outstanding lack of ability as Miss Smith.

The professor sat hunched up in a corner and said nothing. He wished he had been telling Margy the truth when he said he had his old job waiting for him. As a matter of fact, he'd be jobless with Toby.

When Miss Smith said that she couldn't do another thing unless she had something to eat, Toby didn't even comment on the foolishness of food before an important program. He just nodded his head and the blonde girl made her exit.

Sunk! Sunk completely!" said Toby. "We'll go through with it because there's nothing else to do."

"Think she'll remember to come back from dinner?" Mason asked.

"Probably," Toby said. "We won't be lucky enough to have her run over by a taxi. And that's the only explanation that would get us out of this mess."

"She'll have to hurry, then," Mason said. "Look at the time."

It was seven thirty.

"ADDITION in thirty minutes," said Toby.

"Waterloo in thirty minutes," said the professor pessimistically.

"Hell," said David Mason, simply.

"The studio door swung open. The three men looked up. Margy Wayne took two steps into the studio, paused, and smiled charmingly at them."

"The professor was the first to speak. "It's an illusion," he said. "Just a mirage in the desert of mediocrity."

"Toby spoke next. "Hello Toots," he said. "It was the only thing he could think of."

"Mrs. Toots to you," said Margy with a mock frown. "Where is my script?"

"You... you're going to work?"

"Certainly," said Margy. "How did my understudy do?"

"Who?" Toby asked.

"June Hildebrand. My room mate..."
She came down to go through the script and keep you from getting worried until I got here," Margy said, apparently quite serious.

"There was a Miss Smith—" Toby began.

"Oh yes," said Margy lightly.

"That's her professional name, Miss Smith. Didn't she tell you I'd be here?"

"NO," said the professor.

"Strange. She must have forgotten. Oh, We audition in thirty minutes. Just time for a dress rehearsal. Let's go. I've been working on my lines all day. It's a grand script, prof. Just wait until I get going."

It was a grand script. And Margy got going. And then the audition. You can sort of tell about auditions by looking at the musicians. This one was very good.

Toby, Margy, the professor and Mason paced up and down the corridor. Suddenly Margy stopped.

"Listen, you two men," she said addressing Toby and the professor. "I want to play a game!"

"Huh?" said Toby, who didn't have games on his mind.

"It's called 'Truths' said Margy. "I'm going to ask some questions and you've just got to give truthful answers."

"Shoot," said Toby.

The professor looked worried and David Mason looked interested.

"Toby," said Margy, "are you in love with me?"

"Darling," said Toby, "I'm crazy about you!"

"Are you in love with me? Toby, do you want to marry me?"

"Sure. Let's get a license."

"Truth, Toby!"

"Alright—not that way, Toots."

"I didn't think so!" she turned to the professor.

"Prof. Are you in love with me?"

"My dear, you have my whole adoration."

"I read the lines you write pretty well, don't I?" Margy asked.

"You're adorable."

"Do you want to marry me, professor? Truth, now!"

"Why—why—no, I hadn't thought of it,"

"Grand," Margy explained. "Now, I'll let you in on a secret. Shall we tell them, David?"

The announcer blushed.

"Might as well know, I guess," he muttered.

"David and I," said Margy rather proudly, "are engaged. We're going to be married."

All the congratulations were interrupted by a page boy.

"They want you up in the clients' room, Mr. Malone," he said to Toby.

"And, don't tell nobody I told you, it's in the bag. The client says he'll take you on one condition—that you'll sign a contract for fifty-two weeks!"

Mason might have been excused for suddenly kissing Margy but there was no excuse for the wild embrace that Toby gave the professor.

The End
Lilian Bond, beautiful screen act-
ress, is a striking ex-
ample of the winning charm and physical
attraction of a lively, slender figure.
}
If you want to gradually lose ugly, excess fat and at the same
time enjoy better health — take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts
in a glass of hot water first thing in the
morning.

Kruschen can't possibly harm you because
of all it's a health treatment — it helps
establish normal bodily function then surpass
fat disappears. Kruschen is not just one salt as
people erroneously believe’s a
superb blend of six separate corrective salts
based on an average analysis of over 22
European Spas whose healthful waters phy-
sicians for years have prescribed for over-
weight patients.

Now that you understand why Kruschen is
safe and healthy — there's no longer any ex-
cuse for you to remain fat! A jar lasts 4
weeks and costs only a few cents at any first
class druggist.

**RADIO MIRROR**

*MIX 5 TABLESPOONS CORNSTARCH 1 EGG 1 CUP SUGAR 1 TEASPOON SALT 2CUPS MILK 5
dry ingredients thoroughly; add
mollases to milk, add to dry ingre-
dients; beat well and put into greased
molds ¾ full. Bake in moderate oven,
(400° F.) until top is dry.

Sweets are a weakness with Priscilla
Lane, whose charming voice you have
heard many times with Fred Waring,
and she brings her fans Corn-starch
Pudding for November.

**CORN-STARCH PUDDING**

**In the Stars' Kitchens**

(Continued from page 31)

"A strange thing, too, about radio
writers. I don't suppose there's a sane
human being in the land who would
think of deliberately tossing away a
dialogue like "Good to the Last Drop!"
Now in my broadcasts, there are cer-
tain phrases that, through repetition,
have become associated with the
character I portray, and with the hour I
represent. Well, sir, believe it or not,
every now and then someone tries to
improve things by throwing those
familiar, and I believe, beloved phrases
right out the window.

"I don't say I'd be crazy about doing
the same character the rest of my life,
but now that it is established I'm not
going to lose its identity. What I'd
like to do would be to present a series
of plays in thirteen episodes, to estab-
lish a repertoire and become known on
the air as I am in the theatre as a ver-
satile delineator of character. I'd like
to do "The Music Master," that Belasco
classic, and follow it with "Rip Van
Winkle." There are a couple of Rich-
ard Mansfield's vehicles that would be
pretty nearly perfect as radio plays,
and — oh, there is no end to the possi-
'bilities!

"But, don't mistake me. They'll
never be successful in boiling down a
play to tabloid form. Too much is
missing. All the color and life and sus-
pense, all the drama is lost when a plot
is presented in its bare essentials. I've
heard a couple of attempts recently,
and it was painful to hear hit my ears,
every line of which was familiar to me,
mutated, murdered, and massacred as
they were.

"Of course, radio is decided to.me.
It's a marvellous medium, and a fascinat-
ing one in which to work. But, I sup-
pose, once an actor, always an actor.
I'm not there nothing like the theatre.
I'm planning a play right now. This
working by the stop-watch has its limi-
tations. Sometimes it's a little bit
some too. I try not to let them ruffle
me, though. One time there was a lot
of arm-waving in the studio, and I
judged from the face-making and other
evidence that the audience in the
studio was a minute or so over-time, and
they wanted me to cut the continuity.
' I didn't, though. I cut the commercial
instead!"

Up until that last line Mr. Winninger
had been dreadfully serious. Even to
the point where the broad brow was
wrinkled under the intensity of his
mental effort. But now, the smile broke
through, the light blue eyes sparkled
wickedly as those of a youngster who
has outwitted Teacher. The big execu-
tive was gone, and the transition brought
back F. W. to Charlie Win-
ninger as a sort of Foxy Grandpa,
prematurely juvenile.

Of course he's an actor! Is, always
was, always will be! Golly, that goes
back to the days when papa Franz Win-
ninger and his Austrian wife toured
the West under canvas. The name of
the act was "Winninger Family Novelt-
ies," and the troupe consisted of Ma
and Pa and the six Little Winningers of
assorted sizes and sexes. There were
five boys and a girl, and Charlie was
born in a Lincoln-like log cabin that
may still be standing in the environs of
Black Creek, in the more or less sovereign
state of Wisconsin.

Charlie served his apprenticeship as a
singer, a hoof er, an acrobat, a mon-
ologist. He was a seasoned trouper when
Hector was a pup. More specifically,
he was an old established firm in show
business when Will Rogers made his
theatrical maiden bow. The "Show Boat-
stage, screen and radio, is not the
only one on which Cap'n Henry, alias
Andy Hawks, has cruised. No, siree!
At sixteen he forsorked the ten-twenty-thirty
legit to sail the muddy Mississippi on the
good ship "Cotton Blossom," and he
stayed with her while she tied up at
the levee of every town along the river's
length.

Those, if you like, were the good
old days. And even then, as now, Charlie
Winninger, of the Family Novelties,
had his side-line. He carried a baseball
team along with the show, and won
with suspicious regularity from the
nines; or, as the local yokels along the
route. The reason isn't difficult. On
Charlie's team were several profes-
sional players, outlawed from both ma-
jors and minors, but with an eye on
the ball, a hop on the fast one, and an
all-nighter's hefting mitt! Victories
became so monotonous that finally the
team disbanded.

To Charlie, too, goes credit for one
of the first of the beauty contests, now
Famous from Maine to California, and especially at Atlantic City. This time the winsome Winninger was on tour with a medicine show, purifying local bladders with Richter's Teutonia." With the crowds gathered for songs, dances and witty sayings, Charlie would arouse the interest of the beaux and belles with his announcement of a contest to choose a fairest flower of the Scotch-Irish "mile bottle of the good old Doc's reliable cure-all, meant one vote for the village siren. And, gosh, how the money poured in!

And speaking of cures in the corn belt, best set for the record that this same austere gentleman hurled some of the first custard pies known to history, "Way back yonder in the 'Naughty Nineties," those far-famed exponents of the drama, Messrs. Weber and Fields had a divisive titler called "The Corn Curers," and in this aesthetically named offering, Mr. Winninger hurled creamy confections with deadly and uproariously hilarious precision.

But, after all, we mustn't blame it all on "Andy." He was just a chip off the old block, for Father Franz, who wanted his son Charles to be a padre, was the discoverer of the late hand-cuff king, Harry Houdini, and it is still rumored down Appleton, Wisconsin, way that Franz was a party to that little publicity stunt when Harry opened up the jail and the prisoners forgot to remember to come back!

"Whirl," with guests of the like, Claudia of Winninger as fast casion was married; rumor was that the same was rumed down Appleton, Wisconsin, way that Franz was a party to that little publicity stunt when Harry opened up the jail and the prisoners forgot to remember to come back!

"The Wall Street Girl" and "Clara" of Blanche and Blanche played vaudeville dates until they tired of "em, and Charlie gave an unforgettably impersonation of Leo Dritichstein, the day's great lover. He played in "Friendly Enemies," in any number of "Follies" shows. He tramped the straight years in "No, No, Nanette," with Beatrice Lillie in "Oh, Please!," in a Prohibition satire, "Light Wines and Beery," a piece called "The Broadway Waltz," and countless others.

Yet, when Charlie first invaded Broadway, the celebrated and sarcastic critic, Alan Dale, wrote in a paper a mention of the Winninger histrionics, saying, "something with a German accent" on the stage! But in spite of such an inauspicious start the boy from Black Creek, suburb of that thriving center of metropolitan art and letters, Green Bay, Wisconsin, delivered the well-known goods the paying guests of theatre, screen and radio. So, you see, neither you, nor Alan Dale, can always tell.

And for that German accent, Mr. Winninger can still turn it on as occasion requires, and he continues to hold fast to the idea that a lovable, ac-

HELP KIDNEYS

..don't take drastic drugs


A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles." If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost worldwide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3¢ a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

Cystex

[Say Sis-tex]

It's Guaranteed
cident old German character would find a place in the hearts of the radio public as it never failed to do in the theatre of twenty years ago.

Perhaps the engagement standing out most prominently in the Winner's memory is that of the "Follies" in 1920. The cast assembled for that show, he explains, remains with him to this day, and he still enjoys recalling in a time-worn program, maybe you'll agree. The list is studded with names. Besides that of Winner, himself, the line-up of that show included Fanny Brice, C. Ficldes, Jack Donahue, Moran and Mack, Van and Schenck, Bernard Granville, John Steele, and others who have passed to greater fame—either here, or There. Victor Herbert wrote the score, and, to make it perfect, Irving Berlin the words.

Since those days, Mr. Winner has tramped before Presidents, including President Roosevelt, and has topped all his previous efforts in the character which he created in the Ziegfeld-Jerome Kern "Show Boat" brought to life in the film "Sinbad," as the tug of Edna Ferber's book. Just as Joe Jefferson remained "Rip Van Winkle," and Frank Bacon was ever "Lightnin',", so, no matter what future triumphs await him, adoring millions will identify Charles W. Winner as the genius "Cap'n" of the "Show Boat." And smile always as they so recall him.

When Opportunity rapped lightly upon the door of the Cap'n's cabin on the S.S. Olympic, he was on hand to extend a true Winner welcome. He has established himself as a star in three different entertainment mediums. At fifty his future is more brilliant than the gilded past of which most of his contemporaries reminisce. And don't forget, "this is only the beginning folks." Like the horseless carriage, Charles Winner is here to stay! That, at least, is something for which we may all be thankful.

Cinderella's Boy Friend

(Continued from page 25)

labor. His strong, square looking hands bear testimony to his early working efforts.

When Dick was ready for college he enrolled in the Little Rock Institute of learning and played in the college band and still continued to sing. He only lasted through his freshman year and went to work for the telephone company in the school town. His task was collecting nickels out of pay-station phones. During this period of his regular employment, at the age of twenty he fell in love and married the girl. It wasn't one of those big loves of a lifetime that he sings about now, and after a short period of matrimonial experience he went back to live under the family roof.

He may not have had what might be called a broken heart but he could sing about such things with enough conviction to get himself a job with a travelling orchestra. His forte in those days was a collection of ballads, dripping with sentimentality. Kentucky went for that type of lyric torch carrying so Dick was signed up for a new hotel in Louisville. He added more popular types of Tin Pan Alley output to his repertoire and drew a salary of six months but he met with hard luck when he again went on an orchestral tour and lived for a whole summer on driblets of compensation and the meager advances of various pawn brokers to whom he handed fountain pens, cull buttons and even his musical instruments when he got so hungry he had to eat.

An opportunity to hang up his hat again in a regular room came in Indianapolis and Dick joined up with Charlie Davis. Dick had to learn banjo-playing for the film "Blues in the Night" that alternated between a small theater and a night club. The routine was so strenuous Dick decided he wanted a try at vaudeville so he engaged a piano player and hied himself to Chicago and fame. Chicago couldn't see him at all so Dick shooed off the hard luck, withdrew his savings from the bank and went to Florida in time to witness the collapse of "Show Boat," he was on hand to extend a true Winner welcome. He has established himself as a star in three different entertainment mediums. At fifty his future is more brilliant than the gilded past of which most of his contemporaries reminisce. And don't forget, "this is only the beginning folks." Like the horseless carriage, Charles Winner is here to stay! That, at least, is something for which we may all be thankful.

CHARLEY DAVIS gave him back his job and when the Davis boys were engaged for the big Indiana Theater there Dick's stock went up. Another theater in the town offered Dick a job as master of ceremonies, which he held for sixteen weeks moving on to Pittsburgh where he learned the technique of handling patrons with the aid of a short megaphone. The Smoky Valley was good luck for Powell. He was established in the Stanley Theater when a Warner Brothers' scout arranged for a screen test and gave him a Hollywood contract. His first role was the crooner in "Blessed Event," followed by such pictures as "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Conventation City," "20 Million Sweethearts," "Dames," "Happiness Ahead" and most recently "Flirtation Walk."

Dick likes "42nd Street" best. He likes acting, enjoys his radio work thoroughly but his real ambition is to be a flyer. The "Old Gold" hour brought him his first film work and he sees those opportunities as master of ceremonies but now that he's signed for "Hollywood Hotel" he has a real chance for a radio career as the central figure of an expanding drama built around him.

While his first success came through his amazing appeal to the younger generation air his efforts have widened that appeal to encompass all ages and all types of listeners. He's just as popular...
in Hollywood with the pretty young ingenues as he is with his public. He lives well, though he isn’t extravagant as he learned enough in those early years to save for the "rainy day." So far, he’s glad to state that there’s not even a sign of the rain clouds. He plays every instrument used in an orchestra, except the violin and piano. He buys all his clothes in New York but would rather live in California than any place else. His hobbies are horseback riding and swimming and he’s considered one of the best contract bridge players among the amateurs on the west coast.

He eats what he wants but his favorite dish is ham and eggs. He’s not one of those bachelors who likes to putter around in his own kitchen at midnight. He’d rather have somebody else get things ready for him. He works hard, though he thoroughly enjoys recreation but now, what with his big radio contract and his picture activities he won’t have much leisure time on his hands.

He isn’t unusually handsome, he’s not a genius at any instrument he plays, his voice is pleasing but it’s a certain enthusiastic personality that really puts him across. And now he finds himself in the company of a talented group of artists whose hour of entertainment every Friday night looms up as one of the most promising and important broadcast programs yet attempted on the Columbia system.

He Plants Stars in the Ether Sky

(Continued from page 37)

Mildred Bailey, who rose to fame as the Rockin’ Chair lady and then lost out when she came to blows with Columbia, was another Whiteman discovery. It was, as you might guess, her brother, Al Rinker, who sang her praises continually. When the Columbia Recording Company made a test record of Mildred’s voice, Mildred’s brother played it for Paul Whiteman.

YOU’RE right,” Paul Whiteman said, “she is pretty wonderful.” When the band came to Hollywood, Mildred gave a little party for the Rhythm Boys. Her brother was playing and she was singing a song to entertain the crowd, when at midnight Paul Whiteman burst in.

“Come down to Universal Studio tomorrow,” he commanded. “I’m making ‘The King of Jazz’ there and brought the studio. I want you to take an audition for the Old Gold program.” She took the audition next day, and as a singer with Paul Whiteman’s orchestra she attracted national attention.

“Is it true,” I asked Paul Whiteman, “that you and Mildred Bailey had a feud?”

“No,” he told me. “I didn’t feud with her, but she feuded with me. She didn’t achieve success at first, but when she did, she demanded $2000 a week. Two thousand dollars a week!” I told her. “I can’t possibly pay you that much. I’ll tell you what. You pay

850,000 Users have proved the economy of FACTORY PRICES

You’ll thrill at the beautiful stoves and the Bargain Prices in Kalamazoo’s new FREE Catalog.

200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces

Mail coupon for new Free Catalog showing 174 Ranges, 12 Different Heaters, 22 Furnaces, New Styles, New Features, new colors! More Bargains than in 20 Big Stores. Quality that 850,000 people have trusted for 24 years.

Mail Coupon for FREE Catalog

Here is what this great catalog offers you:

1. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces—both pipe and one-register types—all at FACTORY PRICES.

2. Cash or Easy Terms—Year to Pay—A New Money-Saving Payment Plan.

3. 30 Days FREE Trial—$100,000 Guarantee.

4. 24 Hour Shipment—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.

5. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.

6. 5 Year Parts Guarantee.

7. FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service.

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

You don’t have to pay more than the Factory Price. Come straight to the Factory. Read in this new catalog about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame," the new Ripple Oven bottom and other features. See the latest Porcelain Enamel Heaters—Walmart or black. CLIP COUPON TODAY!


You can buy on the Easiest of Terms. 30 Days Trial.

FURNACES

Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price and install it yourself. Send for FREE plans.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
me two thousand a week, and I'll lead my band for you."

Mildred Bailey afterwards got an important sustaining spot with the Columbia Broadcasting System. On Radio Network's "You, My Sister," she made the highest salary demands which ended her career with Whiteman's band eventually ended her career with the Columbia network.

On the other hand, Lee Wiley's career, which started in the radio sky like a comet, looked as if it were ended forever when her program with Pond's ended. Just when everyone thought that Lee Wiley was washed up, Paul Whiteman decided to put the lovely blues singer on his program. He thought the Pond program had too many songs to sing, he decided; she would be more effective if she weren't asked to do so much singing on a program. So it has proved.

Lennie Hayton, the orchestra leader, is one of Paul Whiteman's favorites.

"He is one of the shiest, most modest people in the world," Whiteman told me. "I found Lennie playing with Hal Kemp in the Taft. While he was with me I made him conduct the orchestra. He has a genuine talent for it, but he hated to do it, both because of his natural reserve and because many of the music the orchestra then was older than he. But I bullied him into it. 'You won't get any place just playing the piano,' I told him."

THAT'S one of Paul Whiteman's most uncanny abilities—discovering people's hidden talents and getting them to make use of them. So many people go through life, you know, dreaming of that great novel they'd like to write or that great symphony they'd like to compose. Usually the dream never takes on the tangible shape of reality, and the dreamer remains all his life a hard-working newspaper hack or a denizen of Tin Pan Alley, grinding out cheap tunes.

It's different, though, with those whom Paul Whiteman discovers. The quality of greatness about the man seems to bring out the innate hidden abilities of those who are fortunate enough to know him. He knows when to encourage, when to discourage composers and singers.

I doubt whether the complete story of how George Gershwin came to write the "Rhapsody in Blue" has ever been told before. In 1916 George Gershwin was a fifteen-dollar-a-week pianist for the Remick music house. He had also composed a hot number called "When you Want 'Em You Can't Get 'Em, When You've Got 'Em You Don't Want 'Em." In the next seven or eight years he wrote a number of popular pieces, but no one dreamed that this fellow was marked for immortality. Not even Paul Whiteman, I dare say.

For a long time Paul Whiteman had dreamed of giving a jazz concert with George Gershwin. A jazz concert on the classical-concert stage of Carnegie Hall!

"Don't do it," Paul Whiteman's friends advised feebly. "You're getting along pretty well, Paul, with your dance music. But if you try this hare-brained scheme, you'll be a laughing stock all over the country."

Still Paul Whiteman clung to his dream and still he continued to talk to Gershwin of that great jazz concert they were going to give. The whole idea might have ended in talk but for one thing. One day he heard that some one else was planning to give a similar concert. Before the other production was sold out, Paul Whiteman came out with his announcement. George Gershwin, he said, would write a concert especially for the occasion.

Now he was in a hole, for sure! He told Gershwin that he simply had to write that concert. George Gershwin wrote it. He wrote the "Rhapsody in Blue"—in twenty days.

In its original form, "Rhapsody in Blue" was arranged only for the piano. Ferde Grofe, Whiteman's arranger, coaxed Gershwin to insert a melody Gershwin had been saving for a musical show.

The "Rhapsody in Blue" was the sensation of the concert and made Gershwin the most famous composer in America. It has been played by every important symphony orchestra in the world.

Paul Whiteman also discovered Jack Fulford of the Dorsey Boys. With Peggy Healy, the eighteen-year-old ingenue who never had a singing lesson in her life, and any number of others. He has gone in for the discovery of new talent in a magnificent way and on a magnificent scale. The "Youth of America" movement has simply been a quest for new talent. In a year he heard 17,000 singers.

He got Jane Froman her chance to appear over the air on the Flosheim hour. At one time he tried to persuade Jane to make personal appearances. He thought that she was so lovely that it was a shame for her simply to sing over the air. But at the time she was scared to death at the thought of making appearances. No matter how much he argued, Jane was firm.

EVENTUALLY, however, Jane must have overcome her nervous fear of audiences, for she appeared last season in The Folies, with her husband, Don Ross.

Paul Whiteman's latest discovery is Helen Jepson. The day Paul Whiteman heard her sing, fame touched Helen with her wand.

Paul knew Helen Jepson's husband, George W. Jepson, a flutist player with his band. George often raved about his wife's singing, but Paul put it down to husbandly exaggeration. He knew from George that Helen was studying hard, but then so were thousands of other young women. But one day he consented to hear her sing, and then he knew he had a find. She sang just a small part the first time she appeared on his program, but at once letters and telegrams about her voice began pouring in. Shortly afterward a columnist predicted that she would achieve national fame within a week. And as he predicted, so it happened. The Metropolitan Opera Company offered Helen a contract, and told her that the reason for the contract was her work...
reputation as the college poet, and upon graduation was accorded the honor of delivering the class poem. With the rhyme completed, he hopped one of those break-neck interurban cars and got himself a job selling advertising for the Fort Wayne "News-Sentinel." It wasn't precisely for this that he had burned that midnight oil at Notre Dame, but a job's a job. And those morning ham 'n eggs have always looked good to O'Keefe.

About this time Walter had an awfully close call. He dined near became a Harper Collyumnist—the Winchell of Fort Wayne. But he sensed the danger in time, and made a quick shift to outdoor advertising. From that he followed the trail so frequently blazed by newspaper men, and became a publicity agent. For two years he made America conscious of whatever product passed him the pay-check of the moment. Then, suddenly, swiftly, terribly, came the fever, the delirium that heralds that
dreadful disease, infantile paralysis!

O'Keefe has courage. He needed it then. It was a question whether to live or die. Death was the only answer. But would his life hold for one left maimed and twisted by the curse of this malady? Of course, there was a chance. There's always a chance. O'Keefe took his. He decided to try and fight his way through. But he didn't win by a K. O. The enemy defeated, left its mark. For months the brilliant, ambitious boy lay on his back, just thinking—thinking—thinking. Of what use now all his striving to gain the top? Of what use all his efforts to use his strength for an education? Where was there a career for a cripple? Black days. Darker nights. Well, he wouldn't spend his life listening to the clock tick it away. He'd do something. And he did. He would.

So Walter, a useless, bed-ridden wreck of a man, set out on a new career. He began to write lyrics for songs, and to plan a future in the theatre. Now you might think that a fellow in his spot would spend his whole time trying to get a job or something anyway. But that would be because you don't know O'Keefe — because you've never seen that Irish grin of his. Get a load of this! The boy's first hit was the novelty song "Your Name Is Kendall Ford." The motor magnate had just forsaken the old brown-derby "Model T" for a more stylish number. Walter memorialized the event with "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie"!

YOU can't beat a guy like that! Even a frowning Fate had to giggle! And as Heaven helps those who help themselves, Heaven itself, smiled on that frail remnant of a man. Little by little strength returned, health came back. O'Keefe had beaten the rap! Defeated Death itself! If you don't believe it, take him on at tennis sometime, or handball, or on any of those games that call for speed, and strength and stamina. And don't be surprised that you'll break even on the final score.

That siege of sickness really marks the genesis of Walter O'Keefe. There were more songs, a flop musical show, and a brief reverie to publicity in cabarets with Ben Hecht and J. P. McEvoy. Beside these derelictions a Hollywood hagira must be included for the record. For Walter made the trek as a song-writer in one of the major studios, and from that branched out so that he was offered three-way contracts as writer, actor and director. But 1930 found him radio debating over Station KFI in Los Angeles with those celebrated "Rhythm Boys." He was set had he desired to stay West.

But he returned to New York for the "Third Little Show" in which he played in company with Bea Lillie and Ernest Truex. That's when he brought "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" back to Broadway, and carved a niche not only about a person called Yuba, who, it seemed, played the tuba in a resort down in Cuba. The customers liked it, anyway. All customers always like O'Keefe. The biggest radio audiences singing with him as he broadcast.

It's funny, if Walter is in a stage show he's billed as a famous comedian. If he's in a club or on the air, he becomes the famous Master of Ceremonies. Or he's a famous song-writer—ever more so. It's simply two reasons. First because the description is true. Secondly because it is the clearest of all indications that O'Keefe has no intention of being what Hollywood would have him be. He hasn't even permitted his work to become stylized. That routine is distinguished by a certain fluid, mobile quality that enables him to change his act whenever it is deemed advisable. Mark my words, he'll be on the air playing as many parts as the wholeva-dilecticians, and others with standardized, rigid routines have faded from the aerial ken. Moreover, that's exactly the way he figures it out. Maybe there is some value to a college education, after all. Maybe it pays to be able to think.

At one time in his Gotham meanderings, O'Keefe played the clubs. This was in the hey-de-day of the Deauville, the Lido, Tex Guinan's and Barney Gallant's. And Walter worked for connoisseurs and connoisseurs who watched blondined cuties squirting thousand dollar bills contributed by the naive butter-and-egggers from the hinterlands, and the sinister, but equally double-minded gangsters of the rock 'em and sock 'em prohibition reign of terror.

"It would have been simple," says Walter, "to annex some of that easy money. All that was necessary was to insinuate yourself into some wine-bibbing group and pocket fat tips for singing to order. But I rather hoped that I'd amount to something some day, and I didn't cherish the thought of such gentry being able to point a future finger at me and recall the time I had worked for throw money."

Which is a remark that gives you a little more insight into the O'Keefe character.

Although the ink on a fat, new contract is scarcely dry, Walter isn't wed to radio. That is, not irrevocably. There's the theatre. And there's Hollywood. He's an excellent prospect for both. And I should say, especially motion pictures. He's young. He has talent. And he possesses that rare, and particularly desirable characteristic, a filmable personality. Of all radio recruits to the movies this asset is shared only by Bing Crosby and the Burns and Allen team, which is in a class by itself.

WALTER believes that radio, screen and stage talent will be interchangeable. But that the greatest of his radio pictures is his public, he says, creates a demand for its favorites either in pictures or in person. And he's interested in reaching the greatest audiences available over the far flung networks. His idea of a balanced career includes books, a magazine, radio, a newspaper, a daily medium, a show, a picture and the air. And deep under all this, lies an ambition to write. Judging by the past, this will be included in his future. For Walter has unshakable faith in his mind, he accomplishes his purpose.

Thus far he has worked on ether programs emanating from practically every 
spot in the world. International hook-ups are an old story to him. And the personalities with whom he has appeared range from Ethel Barrymore to Ethel Shutta, or the reverse. He's at ease before an audience, but you may be sure that when he most appears to be ad-libbing, he is actually going through a routine with which he is thoroughly familiar. He writes his own material. And the reason he hasn't found any other way to get the type of stuff he deems desirable.

On or off, stage or air, he's an excellent raconteur—story teller to you. He gives a joke a careful build-up and manages to inject little touches that get grins from his auditors and wet their appetites for the point of his tale. His use of the English language borders on the elegant. An unusually exquisite choice of words is mingled attractively with the vigor of show business. He doesn't confine himself to words of one syllable, but from a rich vocabulary selects the one that most exactly conveys his meaning. A good many show folk regard Va-tro-nol as the most delightful, lovable mugs. But muggs just the same. O'Keefe isn't one of them.

As a Romeo it's difficult to classify him. Certainly he's no Latin lover type. That panting, hand-kissing boy next door is very foreign to him. But the record shows that more than one dazzling charmer of Broadway and Hollywood would have been glad to hold the position occupied for the past two years by Roberta Robinson, the utterly charming blue-eyed blonde who is Mrs. Walter O'Keefe. "Bert" as he calls her has been in show business, too. On the stage in such successes as "Of Thee I Sing," in Hollywood as a contract player in a first rate studio. When Walter eventually goes West for pictures, Roberta needn't be idle. She'll decorate any screen with both pulchritude and talent.

I imagine that the O'Keefe charm for the lady means double to an innate Irish galantry, as sincere as it is flattering. He doesn't forget the little things that count with the girls. And they know that his chivalry is genuine. It has always sounded a little silly to me to hear a sense of humor described as a requisite of love. But Walter's ready wit, the spontaneous gaiety of his manner, that infectious personality, surely would make no lady love him less. And when I tell you he's made a romantic movie figure, you'll know he's not hard on feminine eyes.

On the new program sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, Walter plans to be on the air double the time. But he says, this won't mean double the work. For the extra period will permit some thread of continuity to enter his work, and it won't mean starting cold from scratch each time. Now precious moments are wasted weekly in establishing a premise, for instance to bring his audience just where he's going to take them from there. With additional time, they'll pretty well know, and the star can get off immediately. As with others, if it isn't the broadcasting time for which O'Keefe draws down what he

USED at the first sign of nasal irritation—just a few drops up each nostril—Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds. Especially designed for the nose and upper throat... where most colds start... Va-tro-nol aids and gently stimulates the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds.

If irritation has led to stuffiness, Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes—clears away clogging mucus—enables you again to breathe freely. Welcome relief for the discomforts of head colds and nasal catarrh.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is real medication—and is perfectly safe—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle always handy—at home and at work.

Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula. Always ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol.

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

IF YOU WANT

• Money
• A Good Job
• Your Own Business

"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" contains 1000 true reports of what these people are actually doing to earn extra money at home. The plans have been tried, repeated. They have proven practical, successful. They are recommended to all those who are interested in augmenting their present incomes, also to all victims of the recent economic depression—women who want to bolster up the family budget—men and women beyond middle age and dependent upon others—recent college graduates not yet placed—and all who must earn money.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" also contains several hundred practical plans on how to start your own business at home with little or no investment. Why not start your own business and be independent? When you work for yourself there is no limit to the money you can earn. And you need not give up your job if employed. Start your business in spare time at home evenings. When you have built up a good business, you can leave your job and enjoy the pleasure and that carefree feeling that comes with being your own boss.

FILLS AN IMMEDIATE NEED

Written to fill an immediate and pressing need. "1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" is now available to everyone needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex, it will offer you many suggestions which you may turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all. $1.00 postpaid in the United States and Canada. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

Send your order today with $1.00. Money back if not satisfactory.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

If you order before September 30, you will receive a 16-page Sample Lesson. DRAFT 91-L

Send for full information about course checked below together with a 16-page Sample Lesson.

DRAFT 91-L

How to Make Smart Clothes for Yourself
How to Become a Professional Dressmaker
Hands and Carpeny

Earn Money in Dressmaking and Designing

The new fashions and higher prices have created an increased demand for dressmakers. You can easily earn $50 to $100 a week at home or have a small shop of your own.

Send for Full Information and 48-page Sample Lesson

To PROVE TO YOU how easily you can learn to make your own clothes and become a professional dressmaker, we will give you gladly you full information, including a 16-page Sample Lesson FREE. Mail the coupon.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. RM-XII

1920 Broadway

New York, N. Y.

This Coupon Solved the Clothes Problem for 380,000 Women. Mail It TODAY!
calls the wampus. It is the hours and days spent in preparation. What you get on the air is the finished product. He's no respecter of persons, this dark-browed Irish lad. He has kidded princes, potentates and presidents a rule. His fishing is just as good, clean fun. But the humor can be barbed if an opportunity comes to deliver both barrels of wit against some pet peeve. Thus far the triple censorship of radio—the agency department and the studio—has kept him Pollyanna. But O'Keefe is a sophisticate. And his gibb tongue is in his cheek more times than you'd imagine. He doesn't like stiffed shirts. Nor is he partial to juvenile drivelling. He's grown-up ideas, ideals and ambitions are adult.

But don't for a moment confuse this description with the idea that Walter has lost that human touch. Up in Maine, where he spends the winter, he's pals with the chap who runs the general store, with the telegraph boy and the fellow at the station. And when the local strawberry festival needs a little extra talent, O'Keefe's right on tap to do his good deed. Likes it, too. He and "Bert" and their two purps, "Barney" and "Chinky".

check in addition to increasing the live stock census on the Granlund farm. Once more, a week later, Penner appeared as a Vallee guest, and along came another duck. Again the fowl population of Granlund's farm went up. Shortly after, Penner was signed to a long term radio contract of his own.

From his first broadcast, ducks began to come in from all points of the compass. Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" apparently inspired admirers to go out and buy a duck, if they did not already possess one, and send it to Joe O'Keefe's right on tap to do his good deed. Likes it, too. He and "Bert" and their two purps, "Barney" and "Chinky"

A Thousand Penner Ducks

(Continued from page 13)
Joe took the matter up with Sampter, and the harassed manager was enthusiastic. He, in turn, broached it to Granlund, and the night club impresario, as his contribution, offered free storage, so to speak, and feeding, for all the ducks that Penner might receive between then and Thanksgiving.

So the result will be that before Thanksgiving, in time for the ducks to be distributed, and subsequently prepared for the table, a charitable organization and wider circle of orphans and children’s homes, all the accumulation of ducks sent to Penner by his radio listeners. Thus a few hundred kiddies with healthy holiday appetites, not to mention countless others, who are well aware that fine old American tradition that has caused Thanksgiving to be known as “Turkey Day.”

Adult Penner fans will join the youngsters in giving thanks for their weekly Penner laughs by feasting on duck, too, if you may judge by the letters Joe receives from listeners to his broadcasts. Hundreds have assured him that this year they will substitute duck for their customary turkey, in appreciation of the entertainment he has given them.

But for the man who started all this, for Joe himself, Thanksgiving dinner will be in the nature of a vacation. Out there in Hollywood, in a pretty little apartment he has taken for his stay in the movie colony, Joe will look fondly across the table to pretty Eleanor, his wife, and ask: “How about another piece of that turkey, sweet-heart?”

For a day, he’ll forget ducks.

Fate Showered Gifts on Gladys Swarthout
(Continued from page 19)

herself. When she was nine, the neighbors used to ask, who was the woman with the rich voice, singing in there at Swarthouts. The voice you know from the air-waves to-day is pretty much the same as it was then. She tells you she was born with a mature voice! She began singing lessons with a local teacher at twelve. That same season, she was scheduled to take part in the teacher’s studio recital. Gladys stepped up to the platform, sang, and cracked horridly. The teacher was mortified. Everybody felt sorry for the child, expecting a breakdown and tears. But something else happened. Gladys stamped her foot in rage, insisted that her teacher begin the song over for her from the beginning, and sang it through that second time to a glorious conclusion. Even at twelve a little matter like failure meant nothing in Gladys Swarthout’s life. She’s from Missouri and this is what she showed ‘em.

Her professional debut came just a year later. Her teacher, who was to sing in a concert in St. Joseph, took sick, and hurriedly sent young Gladys up to the city to take her place. There was a “real audience” on hand, and the fee was fifty dollars! That concert did the trick for the girl. With great composition, she pinned up her curls, announced that she was now nineteen, and went to Kansas City, to make a career for herself. She applied for the job of soloist in one of the largest churches in town... and got it! After a while, though, she felt it wiser to turn her attention to serious study for bigger things, and went to the Bush Conservatory in Chicago. But you couldn’t keep Gladys at just plain studying for long. First, she got a job with the Balaban and Katz theatres in Chicago, and earned and learned stage names. All right! She kept on with her Conservatory work. Then, in 1923 came her first big break. She was engaged as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. All this time, she had been urged to try for an opening in operatic work, but refused, on the grounds that she “wasn’t big enough.” So friends called her work to the attention of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, then under the direction of Mary Garden, and the girl was invited to audition there. An hour later, she was signed up to sing first contralto parts with that company, the following season. It happened that she didn’t know one single role... but that didn’t matter. There was the whole summer to work in. When rehearsal time came, she had coached and mastered twenty-three full roles. She tells you it wasn’t so hard... she just happens to have a good musical memory.

MARY GARDEN became interested in the young newcomer, not only because of the beauty of her voice, but because of its true contralto range and power. Few people realize the difficulty of finding a true contralto. Sopranos have all the “heroine” parts in opera, and as a general thing, they are considered more glamorous in repertory, but the true deep contralto, with its organ overtones, is a much rarer voice to find. Since Schumann-Heink and Homer, no truly great contralto had emerged until the serious little girl from Missouri turned up in Chicago. It was Mary Garden who advised her of the value of studying by watching others... that Gladys Swarthout has remembered. She spent every morning at the opera house, score in hand, observing and learning, before she took up her own work in the afternoons and her public appearances at night. And just as so not to waste too precious time, she sang the summer season with the Ravinia Opera. After three seasons like that, with a couple of concert tours thrown in for good measure, she found herself a star at twenty-four.

In 1929, when she joined the great Metropolitan Opera, she sang fifty-six performances... more than any other singer, regardless of age or rank. And she’s established some more records in...
When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

Just Rub It on the Gums

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today

PrieSt

Beautifies Hair

Father Clinea, Canon U. Spokoan, Wausau, Wis., has per-
formed the unique and amazing. He removes snarls also HEARMORE for dry scalp.

Tinting for ladies, men and children. Works on any color. Send for our unique, simple method.

Convincing Offer

To prove the power of these amazing hair salts we will send a trial packet free. 10c. A large packet mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligations. Write Miss E. Annette Loomis, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 50, Chicago

Hair of face

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face, unloved, dis-
covered, unloved. Nothing helped. Des-
naturals, waxes, liquids…ever roses, failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligations. Write Miss E. Annette Loomis, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 50, Chicago

check your ailment!

1. Sleeplessness 4. Acid Indigestion
2. Nervousness 5. Chronic Constipation

If you have to check one or more of these symptoms, you may be a victim of Gastro-Hyper-Acidity. For, while many things may cause stomach trouble, your doctor will tell you that most of the above painful symptoms are due to Gastro-Hyper-Acidity.

Fear things are necessary to control this acidity. First, stimulate the flow of alkaline gastric juices. Second, restore the tone, inflamed stomach lining, Third, check pin infections in the teeth, Fourth, eat your vegetables fresh, puréed, soured and dried. Name any digestive remedies or laxatives can do four things—but there’s one preparation which can: Magnesium Hydroxy-Talc—tablet which relieves pure, gentle, from the stomach. Take two Magnesium Hydroxy-Talc tablets—drink plenty of water—and soon new health—but it works!N. co. 14th Street, New York. From your druggist.

Sleeplessness

Acid Indigestion

Nervousness

Chronic Constipation

Gasly Fainting

Nausea

Radio Mirror

Relieves Teething Pains

Within 1 Minute

It means much more to a singer to score a radio success. Miss Swarthout tells you, "because the only thing in the world that can put you across is your own singing and your own sincerity. You can tell how much people like you, but you never can tell what is good! Can radio be improved? Decidedly! Not by more mechanical perflections or more "novel" programs. But by realizing that the listeners themselves are intelligent human beings, who know what they want and are capable of distinguishing between good and bad. You can’t make me believe that the radio audience wants a diet of cheap programs. And by cheap I mean cheap. You believe that the field of good popular music is just beginning to be explored. What sort of popular music? Ballads, folk songs, regional songs, musical comedy hits, and even some of the products of Tin Pan Alley. One of the reasons why these last are frowned upon is that most serious singers seem to be afraid of them. Some of the loveliest melodies we have, come to us by way of Tin Pan Alley and the theatrical shows, and they could gain greatly in dignity, if dignified musicians would perform them. I, for one, respect and use them. And I’m not the only one. Don’t you remember the record that Fritz Kreisler made, years ago, of a popular hit called "Beautiful Ohio Waltz?" That was as lovely as any of the Strauss Waltzes, and I admire Mr. Kreisler all the more for recognizing its beauties, in spite of its being just a popular hit. That is the thing that puzzles me about the truly beautiful melodies I can find, regardless of where they originate, and to sing them in the dignified manner they deserve. We are turning out quantities of good music in this country, and they merit the best sort of musical attention."

Another item that Miss Swarthout writes on the credit side of the radio ledger is the fact that through radio people can have as much good music in summer as in winter, regardless of their station. As to her own radio work, she is tremendously enthusiastic about the idea of reaching more people in one broadcast than she used to reach in an entire season of touring. I began to broadcast this hour broadcast-reach as much for the hours of solid rehearsal. She likes to visualize her hearers, not as an audience, but as family groups, in their own homes. She confesses to singing especially to three people: her mother, her sister, and her father-in-law, Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the head of the Museum of Natural History in New York.

Yes, she has a father-in-law. Romance found her in Italy, some three years ago. Although she has never studied anywhere but in America, she has vacationed abroad, and there it was that she met Frank Chapman, the baritone who sings love songs so convincingly with her over the air. He is singing in opera in Florence, she was at the performance, and they were introduced. The next winter, they met again in New York, and attended each other’s debuts. The next year they gave a joint song recital. The next year they were married.

Gladys Swarthout is one of those fortunate people for whom marriage and a career fit together perfectly. She and her husband have become interested in the same things, they work and play together, and help each other. Her secret for continued romance is mutual interests and mutual help… and diet! Too much food and the wrong kind of food, she tells you, form the basis cause of most marital smash-ups! Heavy eating and injudicious mixtures flood the system with acids, and make one irritable. She never eats really heartily, and neither does her husband. She has salads and vegetables, with a chop or a steak on the days she works hard. Her best midnight supper is cereal and milk. She avoids heavy sweets and starches entirely. She’s less for the sake of her trim figure, than for the sake of this philosophy of hers. People who eat the proper foods and keep their systems healthy and clean never give way to those outbursts of temper and sulks that have to be pleaded in a Rene divorce court. And if ever she should indulge in a chocolate sundae on the quiet, Frank sends her straight to the rowing machine, to work off the acid that feeds on rhythm. It sounds like a good system.

By this time you’ve realized that Gladys Swarthout is a girl after your own heart. The secret of her charm, I think, lies in her absolute sincerity. After all, there are people on the stage, there isn’t an atom of affection of “show” in her make-up. She was born on Christmas day and is still in her twenties. She is five feet three and 121 pounds. She is a decided brunette, with deep velvety brown eyes. Her greatest extravagance is clothes.
RADIO MIRROR

Her best colors are brown and ruby-red. She wears strictly tailored clothes by day, and then lets go and becomes bewitchingly feminine by night. Though she is known as the best-groomed woman at the "Met" she doesn't go in for a lot of treatments or cosmetics. Her best complexion recipe is plain soap and water, with lots of scrubbing and two baths a day. She uses make-up very lightly, and does not pluck her eyebrows... eye-brows, she tells you, lend the face character! (There's a tip, girls.) She's a perfect fiend on fresh air and exercise and the sort of health measures that prevent rather than cure.

The Chapmans live in a New York apartment, and Gladys does the housekeeping herself. It's her chief hobby. She never leaves the apartment until the place looks fresh and tidy, and she loves to entertain. When does she get the time for housework? Oh, that's easy... they take turns practising. When Frank is busy with the piano, Gladys gets her chores done! And she does them! She isn't superstitious... she sang her first big broadcast on Friday the Thirteenth. But the tricks on wood when she talks about her work, and if she leaves home and forgets something and has to go back for it, she wouldn't dream of starting out the second time without sitting down first, so as to make an entirely fresh departure. Her motto is always to be thoroughly prepared, and always a little ahead of the immediate demands. She loves good books, good music, sports, and lots of dancing (all to be enjoyed in Mr. Chapman's society), and hates parlor tricks. She enjoys being well dressed, but clothes in themselves are not a goal in life to her. Neither is her salary, for that matter. She sings because she loves to sing... because she expresses herself best that way, and reaches out to more people. She has even written her own epithet... she wants it to be, "And my song goes on..."

Dialing the Short Waves (Continued from page 56)

Telephone Company—all industries in which millions of dollars had been invested.

The result of the rule against "third party messages" is a dark one. How about its enforcement? The author just tuned-in a two-way communication between a ham in Connecticut and another in Oklahoma.

"Say, that's a coincidence," said the Yankee, "Imagine getting you! Why, my wife's an Oklahoma girl—born and raised right in your city. Wait a minute; she'll talk to you."

Then the Connecticut wife took the mike, very happy and excited. "Girl," she said, "it makes me feel just like a girl again, Oklahoma. I wonder if you know the Ellisons, down on Cedar Street?"

The westerner said that he was acquainted with them, and the girl came back with, "Well, the next time you see Peggy, Ellison tell her this!"

Here she was interrupted by a masculine voice—that of her husband, no doubt—saying, "For the love of Mike, Mary. I always thought Gracie Allen was the dumbest woman in the world, but you take the cake! Don't you like our station? Want to see it go off the air? Suppose the supervisor had been listening in, you nitwit, and so forth. She tried to explain, kept on getting madder and madder, while I sat by my receiver waiting for a pistol shot. Finally the girl started to cry and her husband began apologizing. They had reached the Lovey-Dovey stage where they remembered... and the transmitter was still on and cut it off. If her message to Peggy had been completed, her husband might have lost his license to transmit.

Even the broadcasting stations are not exempt from governmental frankings upon occasion, when they violate (or are accused of violating) some radio regulation. As this goes to press, the latest sufferer is WAAT, one of the largest local stations in the East. The Federal Communications Commission has refused to renew its license, and is requiring it to operate only under a temporary permit.

And what heinous crime did WAAT commit, to put its very existence in jeopardy, pending a hearing to be held in Washington this autumn? Simply by broadcasting some medical advertising—more specifically, a remedy for various veins—in a manner which the Commission did not approve. The station was notified that the announcement being read over it must be discontinued. It cancelled the advertiser's contract. Nevertheless, it finds itself in uncomfortably hot water.

If the Commissioners wanted to be strict in their enforcement, nearly every station in America could be called up on the carpet for a possible revocation of its license. The new 1934 regulations forbid all broadcasts which deal with lotteries or other contests in which chance determines the winner, or any lists of prize winners, or any advertisement of such contests.

Yet you have doubtless heard racing reports. You have doubtless heard trackside descriptions of horse races, or baseball returns, and so forth. While these broadcasts are, of course, both harmless and interesting, a strict adherence to regulations might forbid them, for an "unlucky" horse or jockey may strain a tendon or may get off to a poor start or suffer any one of a score of accidents during a race. Likewise a ball game may be won or lost due to a ball's taking a bad bounce, or chance, or a player may be injured. If you have been on the race or game the results tell you whether you have won or lost—and the regulation is violated.

And as to stock market reports—!

You have heard "BORRAH MINEVITCH and His Maracas" over the radio, or perhaps you were lucky enough to see them on the stage and were filledchet with the synaptic notes that only BORRAH MINEVITCH can cut out from the melody! The reason is that BORRAH MINEVITCH... We'll bet you often wished you could play like him and his harmonicas... well, make that wild maracas. A short cut course of easy home instruction has been prepared by the great BORRAH MINEVITCH so that everyone who is ambitious to learn to play the harmonica as well as he can do it at home without any musical experience and in a short time. Yet you are now offered your opportunity to learn how to master the harmonica in the same professional way BORRAH MINEVITCH plays. Now that BORRAH MINEVITCH has succeeded, he wants to help you attain success and this special offer is made to serve the way for you.

Only 3 Easy Steps Which You Quickly Master

Now you can learn to play the harmonica just as easily as you learned your A-B-C's. The BORRAH MINEVITCH course takes you through 4 easy steps whereby you study in from one to 5 minutes to a half hour. There are no notes to read... nothing complicated... you require no musical ability whatsoever... this method is as simple as whistling or humming. And at the end of the course, you will be amazed and delighted when you realize that you can play "Home Sweet Home" on a new harmonica. And you've never seen a big kick out of the track notes you are taught... they are as simple as a laugh and as easy as a thrill you'll get when the very first day you receive this course you will be able to play "Home Sweet Home"... "My Old Kentucky Home", etc. After you complete my entire course you will play any popular hit.

Learn to Play Like a Professional...

The beauty of knowing how to play the harmonica is that it is a small instrument and can be carried in your pocket, you can take it wherever you go and play it wherever you go. The harmonica will bring you popularity. You will be invited everywhere. Your friends will want to hear you play. You can go invited to the smallest gatherings in your neighborhood. You can travel and see the world and get paid for having a harmonica. BORRAH MINEVITCH has been around the world with his harmonica. He is famous everywhere throughout the world of a large financial success and this thrill and success can be yours too.

Make Money Playing!

BORRAH MINEVITCH owes his fame and fortune through his mastery of the harmonica. You have the same opportunity that was his... just learn the tricks and for success can be a bowl of roses because you get the benefit of BORRAH MINEVITCH's experience with thousands simplified course of instruction offered to you here. Here are the formulas that can't be overlooked... formulas on a successful money making career.

Special Offer! 25c Includes Lessons and Baguette Harmonica

Harmonica A model short cut course of harmonica instruction based on the success of BORRAH MINEVITCH's experiences with his simplified course of instruction now offered to you here. Here are the formulas that can't be overlooked... formulas on a successful money making career.

Harmonica Institute of Americas, Inc. Studio 101, RKO Bldg., 1257-8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

I want your record, or send the BORRAH MINEVITCH harmonica instruction record. Please fill out the circles and supply the postcard. I enclose 25c (2c stamp is in full payment).

Name.

Street.

City.

State.

79
Deformed or Injured Back

 Thousands of Remarkable Cures

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffering for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, apparently paralysed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, aged under a switch engine and his back broken reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over 9,000 cases in the past 30 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will move your value in your own case. The Philo Burt Apparatus is light, cool, elastic, from the old torturing, plaster-cost. Leather and celluloid jackdotted braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
THAT OLD FOLLY TEMPLE
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

---

Grey Hair

Best Remedy Made At Home

You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay and a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any diapering you put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week at a covered shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or grey hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

---

RADIO MIRROR

Deformity, yes, but beauty is not deformity. Never let false modesty or vanity stand in the way of your joy. If you are not satisfied with your voice, your speech, your stature, your manner, your figure, or any other part of your physical appearance, remember that the beauty of a thing is in its use. A man's beauty is in his work, in his thoughts, in his deeds.

---

You Risk Nothing

You do not even risk the dollar that is the price of this substantially bound book which has meant so much to so many thousands of persons. Send for it today—examine it carefully and if, for any reason, it does not prove to be entirely satisfactory, return it and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

You can afford it because it is a book that will pay for itself many times over in the financial and personal advantages that you will derive from it.

Hundreds of people in many walks of life will be greatly benefited by a knowledge of an easily learned shorthand. Consider the above description of A.B.C. Shorthand in connection with your vocation and see if it would not make your work easier or increase your earning power.

---

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Use the Coupon Today

Economy Educational League
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. B.M. 11

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of A.B.C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove worthy. (Excuse $1.00 from countries other than U.S. and Canada.)

Name

Address

City

State
Frank Bering was then sort of a combined night clerk and night bell boy at the old Virginia Hotel on the north side. After they were through work along toward dawn the two would foregather in the lobby of the Sherman to visit the Masonic Temple, just built, was Chicago's pride and joy then. Where the Marshall Field store now furnishes the silk hat and tail coat atmosphere to a bustling State Street stood a music hall, set demurely back from the street. Buck started his Chicago business career with weekly earnings of $6. As the boy grew toward manhood his position in the business world likewise grew in prestige. Came the day when his youthful earnings and position prompted him to satisfy an appetite of long standing. He bought a bit of property . . . just a little piece of ground nicely dressed in luxuriant grass trimmed with a tree or two and crowned with a modest but nice home. Trees and grass and animals and birds—all the beautiful things of nature—that was what he had always wanted since he'd deserted his Texas prairies for the city streets. He had the trees and the grass and it wasn't long before he had started collecting pets. Soon the Buck menage began to turn into a menagerie. Of course his first pets were the civilized types of animals not at all like his monkey and snake and leopard paws of today.

But it was a beginning. One day he managed to get an eight-inch sprig of magnolia I planted it out in a private domain in Norwood park. In the past thirty years that little sprig, like the acorn, has grown into a mighty tree . . . and the local residents point with pride to the tree that Frank built, the magnolia that flourished each spring.

*A STRANGE MEETING*

They met in front of the Morrison hotel in Chicago. They were strangers to each other. They stopped and looked each other over. One of them spoke. The other nodded. Solemnly they took off their topcoats. They exchanged coats. Each put on the one the other man had been wearing. They nodded to each other and walked away in opposite directions. They had never met and probably will never see each other again.

It's a story told by Jesse Crawford who played the organ at the world's fair this summer. Jesse has long been a favorite in Chicago where he did many theatre dates and radio programs. And this is how that meeting happened. Jesse and his wife stopped in the day for a glass of the foamy amber made that cheers. When they got ready to leave Jesse couldn't find his coat. It seems another guy had walked out with the wrong coat. Fortunately the owner of the place remembered who had left the place in the last few minutes. He got on the telephone and located the guy with Crawford's coat. He made the date and the two strangers met in front of the Morisson Hotel to exchange coats.

* * *

BEGIN EIGHTH YEAR

When Wayne (Waltz) King returned to the Aragon recently he began his eighth season there. This probably stands as a world's record-breaking engagement for a major orchestra in a major dance spot.

Several pages and letters were received from out-of-town listeners of WGN planning to visit the Aragon during their stay. With their visits from all parts of the country, it appears as though King will have an opportunity to repeat his autograph labors of last year when he signed his name over a hundred thousand times to the delight of dancers from all corners of the United States, from Alaska, South America, and even one visitor from far-off Australia.

* * *

IRMA GLEN RELAXES

Irma Glen leaves immediately after the NBC Galaxy of Stars program each Saturday to drive to the Indiana dunes and doesn't return until 9:00 a.m. Monday for the Harvest of Song broadcast. She finds the dunes a fine place to forget studio cares, goes in for sun bathing and sleeps in the open.

SINGING SAM'S THEME

"When You're Smilin'.", Singing Sam's new theme song for his Monday night CBS broadcasts, was written by Mark Fisher, whose orchestra has been in broadcast over the Columbia network nightly from the Stevens hotel.

* * *

SINGING LADY AT FAIR

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, who added the extra E to her first name because a newspaper editor told her she needed another letter in her name, has been telling stories to the children at the world's fair all summer. Her innocent and charming little radio act is one juvenile program both mothers and children love.

* * *

PREPARE BROADWAY COMEDY

With the return of Ralph Dunke from his home in South Bend, Ind., the "Sisters of the Skillet" (Ed East and Ralph Dunke) are undertaking an ambitious program for themselves. Besides their work, they are preparing a comedy for Broadway stage presentation within the next few weeks.

* * *

COCK ROACH?

Someone telephoned Morton Downey. "Hello," said Downey. "Hello, Morton Downey?" "Yeah." "This is Mr. Roche." "What? What, not Cock Roach?" "No, no. I'm head of my own advertising agency. How would you like to broadcast for me?" "O, mignon!"

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

**This Simple, Pleasant Way**

W h y be ashamed of a blotchy, mousy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and see what this remarkable corrective food will do for you!

**YEAST FOAM TABLETS**

**FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

You may paste this on a penny postcard

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. RG-11
1720 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name: 
Address: 
City: 
State: This offer not good in Canada
DEMONS OF DESIRE!

COULD A MAN ELOPE WITH THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HIS BEST FRIEND?

"F"OR weeks I fought down the desire to tell Ruth that I loved her—to catch her in my arms and cover her lips with kisses—to hide my face in the soft masses of her beautiful hair—to avow my love. For weeks I fought the demons of desire—the tormenting wish to feel the pressure of her lips against mine, for the embrace of those white, shapely arms. I fought—and for the time—I won.

"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

*T H I S, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of $1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.

TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS
“Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?”

MORE ABOUT AMERICA’S GREATEST MENACE

SPOLLERS OF WOMEN

EVEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month’s revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoliers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY’S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoliers of Women today.

STORY OUT NOW!

ALSO IN NOVEMBER TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP
HALF SAVAGE
WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?
TWO KINDS OF LOVE
SPOLIERS OF WOMEN
WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?
THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116
TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER
THE NIGHT I PLAYED CUPID
UNDER COVER OF MARRIAGE
BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MEN

Many Interesting Departments

FRIDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST C. B. S. STATIONS!
On the Pacific Air Waves (Continued from page 43)

enough to be annoyed.

Ernie Smith has been on the air with his "Sports Page" for quite a considerable period of years, lately via KYA. Born as a young man in the Northwest, he left the State University in Berkeley during 1917 to join the colors and came back a captain.

He held the coast swimming championship for some five years, and top scorers in soccer for a couple of just seasons, as well as the national title in water polo for 20. He is full of life, snappy and energetic in everything, and is associated with his brother in business, but does the mike spilling as a sort of hobby ... sports prophecies, sports interviews, and word descriptions direct from the ringside, waterfront, arena, diamond, goal posts, gym or wherever the event may be.

Here's Helen Troy on a frolic program with NBC in the bay district. Probably you remember her best, though, as Sally on the Cecil and Sally transcriptions or "live" broadcasts.

The little blonde girl, whose gigs and hips made her a character in the Cecil and Sally act, has brought a sort of new type of dumb dame to the NBC Carefree Carnival.

Helen Troy was born in San Francisco in April of that eventful 1906, just a few days before the catastrophe. She went to school at Traverse City, Michigan, in the Sacred Heart Convent. Later she studied piano and organ in Chicago, and became a theater organist both there and then in San Francisco.

When she left the theater field, she started with KYA in San Francisco and there met Johnny Patrick with whom she teamed up for the Cecil and Sally act, which held the kid in the puppy love stage of life.

Helen's hobbies are dancing, motoring, baseball, cooking and finally bridge. She still plays the piano and organ as a side-line hobby, but her speaking voice is on the air in the dumb dam mode. This month she is going to cook a whole Thanksgiving turkey dinner, without the aid of can-openers, recipe booklets or a nearby delicatessen store.

Now for a dash up into the Pacific northwest where folks take their radio seriously. There's Dean Metcalf, one of the KGW-KEX staff announcers at Portland, where the roses bloom all the time and flowers when tourists arrive. Or so it seems.

Dean has finally gotten rid of the sunburn from his late summer vacation at Cannon Beach, Oregon. Though he has been on the northwest a year this month, Mrs. Metcalf didn't move up from Los Angeles until fall. So it looks as though the Metcalfs will stay up there for a long time.

Oldtimers recall all his announcing voice at KFH ten years ago, and he did a little song-piano work, too, but it wasn't so hot for radio consumption. But his announcing activities are great.
RADIO MIRROR

He was on KMTR, Hollywood, has been with KFWI and other Frisco bay region stations and now up into the big northwest.

Ever so many years ago, when I was a student at the University of Southern California, Dean was one of my star pupils in economic history. So was Mel LeMon, now chief technician for KXOL, in Seattle, and later manager of KTAB, Oakland, and KTM, Los Angeles. And...but why write the list of present-day radio impresarios who studied under my watchful gaze? Reminiscences are always a sign of cold age. I still manage to carry a cane and grow bushy white whiskers to carry out the idea.

Up in Seattle, at KOMO-KJR, Joe Pine is teaching his ten-year old daughter how to play the sax. Joe, as you know, is the station's prime saxophone-clarinet tooter.

Sax Player Joe, be it known, can chant the Montezuma song on the slightest provocation...or even no provocation at all...for he joined up with the U.S. Marine Band at the age of 17. When he was honorably discharged back in '21, at the age of twenty-one, he was a sergeant and assistant bandleader. Since the good old army days he has played with Ben Black's band in San Francisco; the old Metropolitan Theatre Orchestra in Los Angeles (when Raymond Paige was first fiddler); and Herbie King's aggregation in Seattle. But for the last seven years he has been with KOMO and KJR. By way of a hobby, Joseph wields a mean pistol.

* * *

Who wants to know about Ken Stuart, who has been a northwest radio fixture for a long time? Well, here's the first. My recollection of the gent was as a station announcer, then as a sports mike player, and now he seems to be running his "Sunshine Program" on Seattle. Ken (Kenneth) was born an easterner but became a westerner in 1921. Back in January 21st, about thirty-seven or eight years ago, he was born in Brooklyn, New York. For college days he picked out Penn State College and was duly graduated. During the war days he signed up with the 347th machine gun battalion.

Along about 1921 he moved to Seattle as a reporter for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, then broke into radio in the bay district of San Francisco for awhile, and finally back to the north-west and still radio.

Statistically speaking, Ken is 5 feet eight inches with some 180 pounds; rather dark brown eyes and hair; a determined looking visage; married; one child.

* * *

KOMO people go into the dog field in a big way. Grant Merritt, continuity head, claims Seattle's largest...a buff colored great Dane called Erik...143 pounds. Wilton Hoff, a staff announcer, seems to have the smallest...three pounds. And Poodgie Woodgie...black and tan. Don Craig, singer, is going to buy a pup and get into the race. But he's been sort of mad at the boys for announcing his number the other day as "Til I Wake From Four Indian Love Lyrics." Ho, hum. Wotta life.

* * *

Now we can take a long jump and get down to the Los Angeles, and hinterlands, area. Folks around there, you know, always make a lot of noise. If they have any time, they spend it guessing about the climate, they'll talk about themselves. Oh, well, maybe you can't blame 'em after all...at least when it comes to radio...for Southern California has lots more broadcast stations than the state of Oregon or Washington or even Northern California.

* * *

I always take my hat off to one radio philosopher, who actually practices what he preaches...who squares promises with performance.

Who, why he's Burr (William) McIntosh, who calls himself the "Cheerful Philosopher," with a current weekly program on KECA.

Philosopher McIntosh is getting old. He was born in Wellsville, Ohio, in 1862. Perhaps he gets a bit wordy on some broadcasts. He has been known to threaten to bolt veterans' meetings and when the boys got upset while he was speaking. But, after all, some allowance is due when a man never admits he is licked...but comes back for more and more and more.

Educated at Yale and Princeton, he was in business for awhile, then a reporter and finally an actor. His first stage work was in '85. In 1989 he was the original "Taffy" in "Trilby." He was in the Spanish American War in Cuba, started the first pictorial magazine in New York in 1902, was the official photographer for the Taft Philippine Expedition in 1905; acted and lectured for years; was a Y. M. C. A. entertainer in France and Germany during the World War; wrote books and travelled.

About eight years ago, when most people of his age were retiring, he essayed a come-back and came to Hollywood. He started his philosophy over KFH, then KFWB, and finally KECA. In the films he got parts in scores of silent pictures, the names of which would read like a film summary, there were so many. Since the talkies he hasn't done too well in the picture field. And his Cheerful Philosophy magazine saw only one issue.

But Burr McIntosh is carrying on. He still sticks to the microphone and "preaches" a philosophy of cheer and good thought; he hasn't. at the age of seventy-two, would have the stamina, health and inclination to do that?

* * *

RAMBLINGS 'ROUND THE CITY—Los Angeles radio editors, assembled in solemn conclave for an all-night cocktail party, afer that CBS has the best coast coverage, but NBC the best press relations and publicity service. And neither chain, by the way, threw the party for the boys. George Fischer, of KFWB, explaining to his friends at Sardi's that he had nothing to do with

NEW KIND OF IRON
BURNS AIR

Super-Speed Amazes Housewives—Pay Agents

Pay the man up to $25 in a day


Wanna try for full participation? Buy a home office with a (60-day money back guarantee? A $15.00 investment will give you a (25) 250-page manual, (25) 20-page bulletin, (25) 60-day prospectus, and a free copy of "How to Learn to Use the Pay Agent's Best Friend".

HOME TRIAL

[Address for advertising]

Q

F you WIFE should put her heart on paper, is this what she'd say to you?

And is it your fault? Listen, man: isn't this a fact, the reason you haven't ever gotten anywhere is because you lack training? It's not too late, you can get training! Every year thousands of men, all ages, turn to International Correspondence Schools to acquire the knowledge they need. So can you! Mark and mail the coupon today!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University"—Box 2716-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, will send you a copy of your subject, "Who Were and Why," and full particulars about the subjects listed below.]

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Architect
Architectural Draftsman
Building Estimating
Wood Mahoniering
Contractor & Builder
Rental Draftsman
Structural Engineer
Electrical Engineer
Steam Engineer & Gas
Telemeter Engineer
Investing and Pensions
Mechanical Draftsman
Patternmaker & Machinist
Reading Shop Blueprints
Union Treatment of Metals
Civil Engineer
Highway Engineer
One Engineer 12 Fences
Aviation Engineer

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management
Industrial Management
Traffic Management
Accountancy and
C.P.A. Courses
Bookkeeping
General Bookkeeping
French
Cursive Writing
Secretarial Service
Clerical Employment

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Addressing
Business Correspondence
Lettering Shop Cours
Bookkeeping and Typing
English
Signs

Business Training Courses

Hillway Mail Clerk
Mail Clerk
Grade School Subjects
High School Subjects
College Subjects
First Year College
Illustrating
Cartooning

Name
Street Address

Cty.

State

Occupation

Wants to write to Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna., U. S. A.

85
RADIO MIRROR

CONSTITUTION, FAULTY ELIMINATION, COLON, GASEOUS STOMACH

OVERCOME FOR SUFFERERS

FLORTONATE, a safe, non-habit forming new home treatment for treating these ailments, is being used exclusively in a Los Angeles Clinical Demonstration with excellent results. Flnortone brings relief from constipation and faulty elimination in 15 minutes, and continued use for several weeks successfully treats the most stubborn cases of Constipation, Faulty Elimination and Gaseous Conditions of bowels and stomach for chronic sufferers. He discovers does not cure how long you have taken laxatives, pills, mineral waters, etc., he wants you to think twice before you give up your health. Test it and prove it to your self without risking one cent. Mail coupon Now.

ACCEPT 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

FLORTONATE COMPANY
Dept. K-2, 2512 West 7th Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

Request your 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER and FREE Hinging book, "Facts About Constipation," Faculty Elimination, Color and Gaseous Conditions of Bowels and Stomach and Flnortone Treatments," also 6 illustrations, WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION.

Name...............................................................
Address...............................................................
City............................... State..........................

IMPORTED 1S

To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Plus Micros, we will send you a 1 lb. IMPORTED Simulated 18 Kt. Monarch, valued at $20.00. In lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring weighing 2.0 grams, plus $1.50 for post and 15c expense. Address:

Comstock Jewelry Co., Dan Wheeling, Va. (for 50c)

YOUR FACE

CAN BE CHANGED! Dr. Mattie, a graduate of the University of N.Y., with many years of experience, is introducing a new method of cleaning, toning, unhaply nose, greasing and heavy ears, nose, wrinkles around the eye and scalp, face and neck, etc., by methods perfected under her supervision. No charge. FREE BOOKLET "FACE RE- CONSTRUCTION" by Dr. Mattie. Mail Coupon.

FREE BOOKLET "FACE RE- CONSTRUCTION" by Dr. Mattie. Mail Coupon.

FREE CHART READING CART

Worth 20¢, Complete

A "Get acquainted" gift from REDIVIVA, the favorite Scotopiter of more than a million women. A complete 14 x 23 inch character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal. Mail your name and address to penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SHIP NOW TO Francie Beauty Line, Inc., Dept. L-30, 365 Broadway, N.Y.

ALWAYS - FIRST QUALITY - BEST SELLER. 100% water-resistent, indelible, in correct shade for your complexion. Read directions for your Scotopiter for only 10 cents at most and 1c Stores.

WANTED

WIDE AWAKE MEN FOR HIGH GRADE BUSINESS

Four 115 Sales Daily Pay You $280 Weekly

Install New Business, Speciality on FREE TRIAL

Fretter, Gourds, makes over 1,000 sales daily, pays $1.50 for each mail. F. Forer, Cadiz, makes over 500 sales daily. Price $300 in 15 days. At 300 sales there is $150 profit. Write for details.

FREE CHART READING CART Worth 20¢, Complete.

Get acquainted gift from REDIVIVA, the favorite Scotopiter of more than a million women. A complete 14 x 23 inch character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal. Mail your name and address to penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SHIP NOW TO Francie Beauty Line, Inc., Dept. L-30, 365 Broadway, N.Y.

FREE CHART READING CART Worth 20¢, Complete

A "Get acquainted" gift from REDIVIVA, the favorite Scotopiter of more than a million women. A complete 14 x 23 inch character reading chart absolutely FREE to you. You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal. Mail your name and address to penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SHIP NOW TO Francie Beauty Line, Inc., Dept. L-30, 365 Broadway, N.Y.

ALWAYS - FIRST QUALITY - BEST SELLER. 100% water-resistent, indelible, in correct shade for your complexion. Read directions for your Scotopiter for only 10 cents at most and 1c Stores.

RADIO MIRROR

originating the gag that "If radio announcers are born, not made, then it's just another miracle for birth control." Ted Fio-Rito . . . he used to spell it Fiorito when at Chicago's Edge- water Beach . . . is back at the Coco- nut Grove for ninety days. Ted's making lots of money these days, but doesn't act as if he started with any comp- osing. His "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Charley My Boy" and "King for a Day" are now ancient history. Roy Ringwald, who plays the organ, piano, violin and songs, has gone with KMTV-5 from St. Paul. His KFHJ several years ago when, aged 18, he got the yen for radio when wringing out bathing suits at the Santa Monica bath house. Since KFHJ, he has been on KFI and other stations. He also took time off to go east for while with a vocal trio.

* * *

Your hear the Watanabe-Archie skit these days on NBC lines, as well as its nightly KNX performance which has been going on in Los Angeles. The Japanese houseboy. Frank Watanabe, is played by Eddie (Edmond James) Holden, tall and slim radio mimic. He got the idea when a San Francisco window washer was gossiping with the window washer and another selling refrigerators, becoming a KFRC jamboree knockout, and then to Hollywood where, besides the radio skit, he advises Japanese actors how to talk pigeon- English and the best way to do it.

Other half of the team is Reginald Shartland, as the Honorable Archie, Watanabe's employer. Educated in St. John's College, England, where he was born, he entered musical comedy, was an officer during the war. He came to the States in 26, to Hollywood three years later. One night he met Holden at a party, talked with his broad Eng- lish accent and Eddie with his criss- cross tall skit and had teamed up for the radio act. Funny part of it all was the fact that Reggie didn't know that Eddie's dialect was "put on" until the next day after the party.

Now that Al Pearce's program goes east several times a week on NBC lines, let's meet some of the people. Most of their programs come from Joe Sam- eth's Radio Playhouse, in Los Angeles, though the troupe often goes on barn- storming tours for months at a time.

Let's meet Al Pearce, the m.c., and Elmer Bluro, the low pressure sales- man. All right. Meet 'em in one para- graph for they are one and the same. Al (Amos) keeps the program on air at KFRC, then to KFHJ on the Happy-GO-Lucky hour and, after a disagreement with the artists' bureau, shifted out for himself and on NBC lines.

Al is thirty-eight ... born in Trisco . . . school in San Jose ... sold real estate ... ran bands at country dances and hence to radio-land. This wife is the former Audrey Carter. Al is heavy- set, 260 pounds, with blue eyes and fawn-colored hair.

His brother, Cal (Clarence), is listed as a basso on the roster list and is about 3.5. He taught for awhile, and

IF YOU HAVE

GRAY HAIR

and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE . . .
then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Improved for Originality. Use it like a hair tonic, wonderfully COCOOL for the scalp and cinders. It can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a danner, more youthful color. I want to be of service to you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.

ARThUR RHOdes, R.H. Color Expert, Blu St., Lowell, Mass.

LEARN TO SELL! A FAILURE now may make millions. Dreams which seemed impossible today making $4000 to $10,000 a year. Freely tell how. Fashions and flim-flams, everything, 60¢. Write for New Book. Read in NATIONST. MUSEUM OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY. Address Department, Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

Learn Photography at HOME


JUDELL DERN, 404 W. Erie St., Dept. A-45, Chicago, Ill.

Try This On Your Hair 15 Days

Let Your Milady Promenade. Your Milady will have the time of her life. MARKED change in hair with one application. MARKED change in hair in a short time, transforming the life of hair for men and women. Send for free booklet. ILLUSTRATED. Address: TERRY, 1388 S. Erie St., Dept. 1388, Chicago, Ill.

Learn Public Speaking


Earn cash commisions daily. Because: Prog- ressive Plan. No experience necessary. Unqualified men and women needed; full scale making genuine money.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 6x8 Inches or smaller if desired. Matted, framed and ready for wall, group, campus, individ- ual, book, greeting card, etc. 35¢. No charge for negatives. No additional charge for local or long distance delivery. All work guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY .

Write for free booklet and sample book. Free steel and within a week you will receive your photo book complete with extra pictures and facts. Send today for your free booklet and sample book. Free catalog also. Write for free booklet and sample book. Large number of sample books free. Write today for sample book.

TROUBLE?

PSORIASIS—ECZEMA

and other obstinate skin eruptions

Is it necessary to suffer from these unlovely skin irritations? PSORACINE, a wonderful new discov- ery in the treatment of some stubborn eruptions, where other treatments failed. Try it no matter how long af- flicted. Write for sworn proof and free information.

EDWARD L. KLOWDEN

529 N. Central Park.,
Chicago, III.
Awhile back, readers of RADIO MIRROR learned of the thrilling elopement of Helen Morgan with a young Lochinvar, her utter happiness and her intention of giving up her brilliant career. Today, all that is over! Is Helen Morgan crying over her smashed marriage, or "can she help lovin' that man?" Read her story by Herb Cruikshank in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR!
HERE'S a new contest for the interest, entertainment and profit of Radio Mirror's host of readers. Each of the strange jumbles of letters at the right can be unscrambled into the name of a person or character of prominence in radio broadcasting. Can you solve the tangle and straighten the letters out into recognizable names? Here's your chance to test your knowledge of broadcast personalities and find out just how much you actually do know.

The rules are few and simple. Read them carefully so that you will understand just how to compete. Then get busy! This month's first name is one of the most-used names in the telephone book. That ought to be a clue to use in getting started. Remember, no names should be sent in until you have a complete list of thirty. Now let's see what you can do with the first ten. Every member of the family will be interested in this. Try it out on them at dinner today.

**THE NAMES**

TIMSH  
NATMASE  
MOFNAR  
NEPREN  
GUSHINE  
BRAMODOL  
TERTADENOG  
RAAMI  
DYAN  
NUCHILOG

**THE RULES**

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

2. To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PEZOL—Lopes, band leader

3. In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

4. When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

8. The judges will be the content board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

**WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES**

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

**WATCH FOR SET NO. 2 OF THESE JUMBLED NAMES NEXT MONTH**
Thrill to Unequaled World-Wide Performance with this

Amazing NEW 1935

SUPER Deluxe

ALL-WAVE Radio

Guaranteed WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION!

BEFORE you buy any radio, write for FREE copy of the new 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog. See for yourself the many reasons why over 110,000 satisfied customers have bought their radios direct from Midwest Laboratories... and saved from 1/2 to 1/3. Learn why Midwest radios out-perform sets costing up to $200 and more. You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way.

Why be content with ordinary so-called "All-Wave", "Dual Wave", "Skip Wave" or "Tri-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you more wave lengths in today's most perfectly developed 16-tube Super Deluxe ALL-WAVE radio that are proven by four years of success... that carry an iron-clad guarantee of foreign reception? These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands; ultra short, short, medium, broadcast, and long. Their greater all-wave tuning of 9 to 2400 meters (35 megacycles to 125 KC) enables you to tune in stations 12,000 miles away with clear loud speaker reception. Write TODAY for new FREE catalog!

Now, you can enjoy superior American, Canadian, amateur, commercial, airline and ship broadcasts... and detect the new dolph and new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance. Now, you can enjoy the DX-ing hobby and secure verifications from more of the world's most distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GB, "Eifel Tower" from France, "Karnak" from Egypt, "Great Wall" from China, "Marseillaise" from FWA, Pointe, France... hear sparkling music from EAM, Madrid, Spain... delight in lively tangoes from YVBC, Caracas, Venezuela... listen to the call of the Koalaburra bird, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts.

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

Here are a few of Midwest's superior features: Controllable Expansion of Volume-Selectivity-Sensitivity (Micro-Tenurator) ...Fidel-A-Trol ...Triple Calibration Plus...Pure Silver Wire...Ceramic Coil Forms...Separate Audio Generator...Simplified Tuning Guide Lights...Compact Synchronized Band Switch...Amplified Automatic Volume Control...KC Selectivity...Power Driver Stage...16 Latest Type Tubes...etc. Hear about these and 50 other features in the new FREE Midwest catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Write for FREE catalog.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices sooner than you buy before the big advance... NOW!... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. No middleman's profits to pay. You can order your radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great store. You save 30% to 50% when you buy direct this popular way... you get 30 days FREE trial... as little as $6.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for FREE catalog.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR

AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
DEPT. 661 - CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.
Established 1920 - Cable Address Miraco...All Codes

User-Agent: Easy Extra Money Check Here for Details

Name...
Address...
Town... State...

RECEPTION
Hollywood, Calif. — I am quite delighted with my Midwest. Many friends who have bought mine are delighted with its performance. It brings in, without a doubt, the finest all-wave reception I have ever heard. — R. E. Coyle

Thrilling Foreign Reception
Hollywood, Calif. — Not until I tried out my Midwest 16 did I fully appreciate what radio protection is. It thrills me to bring in distant foreign stations on which I can clearly hear local programs. (Return St.)

Better Foreign Reception
Hollywood, Calif. — I am quite enthralled with my Midwest. Many friends who have bought mine are delighted with its performance. It brings in, without a doubt, the finest all-wave reception I have ever heard. — R. E. Coyle

RECEPTION
Hollywood, Calif. — I am quite delighted with my Midwest. Many friends who have bought mine are delighted with its performance. It brings in, without a doubt, the finest all-wave reception I have ever heard. — R. E. Coyle

SEND FREE CATALOG

NOW!!!

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

TERMS AS LOW AS

50

30 TO 2400 METERS

(12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE)

WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

WITH NEW DELUXE AUDITORIUM-TYPE SPEAKER...

LESS TUBES...

FREE TRIAL
AGAIN ROYAL LEADS WITH

Astounding GIFT VALUES

Year in and year out, ROYAL maintains its leadership as AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS with astounding Christmas Gift values that challenge comparison anywhere. It's smart to shop at ROYAL. Our great volume of orders means tremendous purchasing power. Lower costs to us mean lower prices to you. Our 39-year reputation assures performance of every promise.

Liberal Credit Terms
Ten Full Months To Pay
Make your gift selection NOW. Send or mail $1.00 deposit and a few personal facts in confidence. Age, occupation, etc. (If possible, mention one or two business references) No direct inquiries will be made. Your deal is yours entirely confidential. No embarrassment—no long delays. We ship promptly, all charges prepaid. NO PAYMENTS TO PAY ON ARRIVAL.

Ten Days Free Trial
You Be The Judge
If you should find our usual prices, anywhere, return your selection and we promptly refund your deposit. If entirely satisfied after 10 days, payment only the small amount stated each month. No offer could be fairer than that.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Writings GOLD BOND GUARANTEE with every Diamond and Watch, backed by Royal's 39-year reputation of fair and square dealing. Be-sole—and SAVE—BUY by mail at Royal! Mail your order TODAY and great Christmas Morning with a smile!

NOW ONLY
$19.75
JG-1. The most beautiful engagement ring we've ever shown at such a moderate price. Richly detailed, 14K, Solid White Gold ring. Large, prong set diamond. Exquisitely engraved, 14K, Gold Wedding Band. 1.00 at monthly payment.

Royal Sensation!
Only
$24.75
5 GENUINE DIAMONDS $2.38 a month
JG-1. A dazzlingly beautiful engagement ring of 14K, Solid White Gold set with a certified genuine center diamond and 2 matched fancy diamonds on each side. Looks worth double this low price. Only $2.38 a month.

"Miss America" BULOVA BAGUETTE
Only
$24.75

A beautiful gift for only $14.95 a month
JG-8. Extraordinary value! Smart looking baguette effect ladies' wrist watch, white and "streamlined" case, fully guaranteed movement. Latest link bracelet to match. Only $1.35 a month.

6 DIAMOND BAGUETTE WRIST WATCH
Only $29.75 a month
JG-9. The watch most in daily use! Exquisitely engraved, sterling baguette watch adorned with 6 brilliant genuine diamonds. Fully guaranteed dependable movement. New barlet-link bracelet to match. Feature value only $2.90 a month.

Now only
$17.95
JG-11. Save $11.80 on this nationally famous ELGIN Wrist Watch! Handsomely engraved, two gold plated cases, fitted with a guaranteed dependable ELGIN movement. Slim link bracelet to match. Only $1.70 a month.

Liberal Credit Terms
Sixteen Full Months To Pay
Make your gift selection NOW. Send or mail $1.00 deposit and a few personal facts in confidence. Age, occupation, etc. (If possible, mention one or two business references) No direct inquiries will be made. Your deal is yours entirely confidential. No embarrassment—no long delays. We ship promptly, all charges prepaid. NO PAYMENTS TO PAY ON ARRIVAL. 

Six Certified Genuine Diamonds
JG-6. Two exquisite, matched, bezouss rings of beautifull hand engraved and pierced 14K, Solid White Gold, for less than you'd expect to pay for one alone! 3 certified genuine diamonds in the engagement ring and 3 matched genuine diamonds in the wedding ring. Now only $29.75 for both rings—only $2.31 a month.

2 DIAMOND LADIES STONE RING
Only $13.95 a month
JG-6. A lovely gift at a very low price. Very popular, fashionable ladies' ring of 10K, Solid White Gold set with a fiery genuine diamond on each side, and a simulated Ruby, Sapphire, or Amethyst. Specify choice. Only $1.10 a month.

$23.75 a month
The BULOVA SENATOR—15 Jewels
JG-12. The center of attention every one's wrist-watches at Royal's lowest price! Distinctively designed Bulova quartz movement. 15 jewels, 60-day, 9-2-9-4 movement link bracelet. Doubtless guaranteed to give a lifetime of dependable service only $2.38 a month.

FREE TO Adults 1 Year 2 JEWELRY CATALOGS
Frugally hundreds of money saving specials in certified fine quality genuine diamonds, standard watches, fine, modern jewelry and silverware, offered on ROYAL Mail Order T25 PAYMENT PLAN. Adults and for your copy today.

America's Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
Address Dept. 51 M 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.
When RUDY VALLEE Runs Away

...the Real Reason MARY PICKFORD Added to Radio...

...change our radio laws!" says George Rogers, chief radio operator of the Morro Castle.

RUDY VALLEE
...yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

Why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

**Direct Cleansing**

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in Direct Contact with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

*See and Feel the Difference*

You can feel the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually feel cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they look whiter.

*Try it One Week*

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
850,000 Customers have proved the economy of FACTORY PRICES

You'll thrill at the FACTORY PRICES in this NEW, FREE Kalamazoo Catalog—just out. You'll marvel at the beautiful new Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Heaters—new styles, new features, charming new color combinations.

200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces

Mail coupon now—get this exciting, colorful Free catalog, sparkling with over 175 illustrations—200 styles and sizes—174 Ranges, 12 Different Heaters; 22 Furnaces—the finest Catalog Kalamazoo ever printed. More bargains than in 20 Big Stores—Come straight to the Factory. Quality that over 850,000 satisfied customers have trusted for 34 years.

What This Catalog Offers You

1. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces—both pipe and one-register type—all at FACTORY PRICES.
2. Cash or Easy Terms—Year to Pay—A New Money Saving Payment Plan.
3. 30 Days FREE Trial—360 Days Approval Test.
4. 24 Hour Shipment—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
6. 5 Year Parts Guarantee.
7. FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service.

The “Oven That Floats in Flame”

Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and other new features. Everybody will be talking about this FREE Catalog.

Quality Heaters and Furnaces

Many styles of Porcelain Enamel Heaters—both Walnut and Black. Also Wood-burning stoves at bargain prices. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price and installing it yourself. Thousands do. It’s easy. Send rough sketch of your rooms. We furnish FREE plans.

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

You don’t have to pay more than the Factory Price. Don’t “guess” at quality. Follow the lead of 850,000 others who saved millions of dollars by buying their stoves direct from the men who make them. Come straight to the Factory. Mail coupon now for this interesting FREE Catalog.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers
Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio.
special features

The Real Reason Mary Pickford Turned to Radio .................. Fred Rutledge 12
When Rudy Vallee Runs Away from It All ....................... Bill Vallee 14
Visit Rudy on the Shores of Lake Kezar
Xmas Shopping for Babies ....................................... Dorothy Brooks 18
New joy for the Jack Pearls, George Burns, and Jack Benny
"Change Our Radio Laws!" ....................................... Mary Jacobs 20
A startling plea from the Morro Castle radio operators
Don't Be Afraid to Fail ........................................... Roxy 22
Frank, fearless self-revelation from Mr. Rothafel
"I'm Not Crying Over My Smashed Marriage," says Helen Morgan
—Herb Cruikshank 24
He Opened the Door of Fame for Them .................................. Ruth Geri 34
Louie Written, the Palace Doorman, tells on the stars
Behind the Scenes of the Gibson Family Broadcast ................ Fred Sammis 36
Are Radio Stars Snooty? ......................................... Hilda Cole 38
James Melton—He Always Took a Chance ............................. Jane Cooper 40
Ride 'Em Cowboy! ............................................. Robert Eichberg 44
Why Carson Robison and his Buckaroos seem real

unusual departments

Reflections in Radio Mirror ......................................... 4
Frank opinions of the editor and the readers
What's New on Radio Row? ........................................... 6
News and gossip of your favorites
Adele Ronson's Winter Wardrobe .................................... 42
On the Pacific Airwaves ............................................. Dr. Ralph L. Power 46
Dialing the Shortwaves .............................................. 48
This month the Globe Twister helps you select a Xmas gift
Jumbled Names Contest ............................................. 49
Homemaking Department ............................................. Sylvia Cowney
In the Stars' Kitchens .............................................. 50
What Do You Want to Know? ....................................... The Oracle 52
Chicago Breezes .................................................... Chase Giles 54
We Have with Us ..................................................... 56
Something new in program guides!

COVER PORTRAIT—Rudy Vallee, by A. Mozart
How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

Bridge takes concentration

- At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on those days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered in filmy cotton.

A filmy, daring frock

- The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.
- Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' restrooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

ICE-SKATING IS VIGOROUS!

- But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.
B U I L D E R S of sponsored programs should take a lesson from the lark which Waring's Pennsylvanians have with the Ford advertising flashes. They're painless, unobstrusive, and amusingly handled.

And while I'm about it, my enthusiastic vote goes to Fred Waring for the most consistently high-powered, most brilliantly put together, and most cleverly directed program on the air.

A S I D E to Buddy Rogers: You're working hard on your Ward Bread program and it's coming along fine. But you make a big mistake featuring your imitator of Fred Waring's Poley. The sincerest form of flattery is poison to the radio listener. Don't put your program in the class of the Gracie Allen imitators.

W H E N should studio audiences applaud? According to the present system, the visitors are told when. The director raises his hand and the thunder of approval rumbles. The reason is that if studio audiences were allowed to clap whenever they felt like it, it might hold up the program, drown out a wisecrack, an announcement or something equally sacred.

Sometimes this system works out all right. But witness Fred Allen's program for proof of how it can endanger the popularity of a swell comedian, break down the faith of the tune-inner in the sincerity of the presentation.

The interpolated skits which advertise Sal-Hepatica and Ipana are followed by a few bars of orchestral music which effectively ring down the curtain. Then what? Then deafening rounds of applause. Why?

The Bristol-Myers Company has evolved a clever way of putting over its products. But no radio listener can believe that the studio listeners are so impressed with these sketches that they'd receive them with such frantic approval. It makes that audience seem like a claque.

The program costs loads of money. It wouldn't cost a dime to tell the director to keep his hand down.

O N E of the swellest presentations on the air, according to my lights, is also one of the least pretentious. It's Captain Tim Healy's Ivory Stamp Club. Any teller of tales can profit by listening to the grand tempo that Captain Tim achieves when he recounts the adventures of famous spies and the stories behind national stamps. That slight accent of his only makes his style more ingratiating.

Perhaps his sponsors have found out that the program, designed for kids, is just as entertaining to grandpa and dad as it is to sonny. Now it's an NBC network broadcast, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at quarter of six, Eastern Time.

T H E Morro Castle is in the limbo of yesterday's news. But the opinions of the Radio Operators, Rogers and Alagna, that appear in this issue, are of vital interest to every thinking American.

There's one other angle to be put in the records: Hundreds of relatives spent dragging hours of anxiety waiting for a list of survivors of the catastrophe. Radio's agreement with the newspapers prevented it from putting on the air the names of the missing and dead and rescued which it could have done long before the papers could come out with them.

In the case of extreme necessity such a working agreement should be temporarily voided. Radio should be allowed to serve humanity whenever possible. The suspense between anxiety and relief or even between anxiety and grief is the most dreadful human experience — when it can be allayed there should be no thought of rivalry or competition.

Here are my frank, unvarnished personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio. Whether you agree or disagree, let's have your opinions. If you don't win one of the prizes, I'll pay space rates for any of your suggestions I publish. Let's hear from you.

Ernest H. Heyn
BY THE READERS

READERS this month have offered some very good advice to sponsors, broadcasting officials, as well as to you tuner-inners.

Have you tried for a prize? Why don’t you sit down and write your letter now? Not only will you be helping those who are anxious to provide the sort of entertainment you want, but you may win one of the larger prizes.

From the great big batch of letters received this month the following prize winners were selected:

$20.00 PRIZE

**YOU** ask for constructive criticism of radio programs and I hope this will fill the bill. I am not writing my own likes or dislikes, but what I believe to be the thoughts of all radio fans.

First comes advertising, a necessary part of radio if we want good programs. But intelligent advertising is necessary also. There are too many useless adjectives, such as, “remarkable,” “wonderful,” and so forth, ad nauseum.

Today all that needs to be mentioned is the name of the product and listeners know immediately what it is and what it is for. I believe the most clever advertising is done by the General Tire Co. and Pabst Blue Ribbon. They both use comedy in putting across their products. And laughs are certainly helpful.

Another mistake made by the master minds is to broadcast a program on all stations and sometimes on all networks. Why make everyone listen to one program? For instance: big league ball games and so on. Let those who like these programs listen to them. But why not have something else on, so that the people who do not like this kind of program can listen to what they want.

Miss E. C. Stacy claims that a listener can always get transcriptions, but who wants to listen to transcriptions after hearing good music?

If the sponsors used a little more variety in the presentation of their programs they would probably be more successful also.

Every time a sponsored program is presented it is introduced and ended in the same way.

In closing, a word for your magazine. I believe there is enough variety in it to please any taste. You might call it the “almost perfect radio program.”

Here’s hoping for better programs.

HERBERT C. ADLINGTON, Baltimore, Md.

$10.00 PRIZE

HOW can people expect the radio to have only the programs they like on the air every minute? If they would but listen and try, I’m sure they would find something valuable to them in every program.

Living in a small town as I do, one can get very narrow-minded, but our radio is a life-saver, as it helps us in keeping up with the world. Whenever I get a program I don’t particularly care for I take lessons in grammar and listen for errors the speaker might make and try to improve my own speech. Constant listening, you know, of some educated speaker improves your own speech.

Radio just can’t displease me. I’m very fond of music, so that it takes all kinds to satisfy me. Frankly, I’m partial to Ben Bernie and Guy Lombardo.

**Radio Mirror** goes with our radio. What would be the use of listening if you didn’t have **Radio Mirror** to describe these interesting people so you could really see them at their work?

MRS. G. H. WRIGHT, Anderson, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE

TODAY’S radio and the good programs emanating therefrom are a great boon to our nation. Now that the New Deal in Washington is doing wonderful work in laying low Of Man Depression, I believe the radio fans should have a New Deal of (Continued on page 86)
What's New on Radio Row

by Jay Peters

Whatever in the world is the matter with radio announcers and their wives? Why can't they live together in connubial bliss? Certainly, Mike masters have a most public life and their spouses should have no difficulty in keeping tabs on them. If they don't get home to dinner and telephone they are detained at the office on business, all the missus has to do is to tune in on their station and find out what the business is. The whole world knows where they are and what they are doing.

First it was Graham McNamee whose ties were severed by the divorce courts. Then it was Ted Husing, his rival sports announcer on the rival networks, who got renovated. Now it's James Wallington whose wife told her troubles to the judge. Here you have probably the three best known air ambassadors, all involved in marital rifts. There are others, too, including Paul Douglas, another prominent Columbian.

McNamee, after an interval, married again. Husing at this writing is still unattached but rumor links his name with every eligible in the country including Peggy Joyce and Jean Harlow. However, a persistent report has it Ted and his erstwhile missus are still very much in love and will remarry.

The first Mrs. Wallington was a Russian dancer (Stanisława Butkiewicz was her tag and Jimmy, 'tis said, even though he afterwards became a diction medal winner, had great difficulty pronouncing her name when he wooed her) and Jimmy turned right around and married another dancer.

The second Mrs. Wallington is the former Anita Furman, who was a member of the Rockettes, the dancing troupe at the Radio City Music Hall. She was divorced last June from Eugene Walker Newman, of Brooklyn, New York.

Right: If Lou Holtz tells another dialect story Rudy Vallee will have to stop the show. Lou has been panicking them week after week with those famous yarns of his.

Below, Hollywood presents us with radio personalities and what is just as important — with Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson, Ruby and Dick Powell with Maxine Doyle.

Grace Moore in New York with her husband to see the premiere of "One Night of Love" which is an entrée into radio, pictures, and opera for the little Southern gal, and she's probably used it, too.

And by the way, Dick Leibert, organist at the Radio City Music Hall, played the wedding march at the Wallington-Furman nuptials. It was his first performance at any wedding. Dick, as you perhaps know, is now presiding also at the console at the Stratosphere Club, swank night spot operated by the Rockefellers on the 65th floor of the RCA Building.

* * *

Speaking of announcers, as we just were, we're reminded that the turnover in microphone masters is getting serious. Some time ago Ted Jew-
Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

The feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

Beware of imitations!


Keep ‘regular’ with EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative
morning recently she sang in three different towns on Long Island—Lynnbrook, Hempstead and Great Neck—and that’s a strain on any little girl’s voice, even though it be a big one like Mary’s. Paul Dumont is back on the air again and are his admirers happy! For some time Paul was one of NBC’s ablest announcers; more recently he was in that networks’ production department; now he is writing and acting in that new minstrel show for Molle...

Jack Berger boasts he is the only aerial artist who never hears a radio. Jack says he is interested in only one program—his own—and can’t tune in on himself . . . Now the Reds are getting into the studios—or so suspects Henry King, the maestro. When his men got together the other day for rehearsal they found all the horns had been plentifully sprinkled with red pepper! If the sabotage hadn’t been discovered before the broadcast the results might have been disastrous.

Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are in a huddle at this writing plotting a one night stand tour of the country early in 1935 . . . Grace Moore is doing a series of “guest” appearances for Atwater Kent. It was the radio manufacturer back in 1925 who introduced the “guest artist” to radio. . . . The latest in electrical instruments is the vivitone cello. Juice is generated when the bow is drawn across the strings. Maybe Leopold Stokowski’s prediction of a few years ago will come true yet. Remember he said the time was coming when symphony concerts would be produced entirely by electrical instruments?

FOOTBALL at Notre Dame has been a far different thing this fall; what with one thing and another. But the biggest change was inaugurated by Roy Shields, leader of the Armour orchestra. At the behest of Elmer Layden, who coaches the fighting Irish, he composed “Notre Dame Shift March”.

Out Hollywood Way, Jimmy Durante took a chance and was photographed with a saxophone, Betty Grable and Maxine Doyle. The scene was a night rendezvous.

What’s New on Radio Row

Continued

Ted Husing is always there with the umph when it's needed. He is snapped in action by some CBS photographer who followed Ted to the very scene of the crime itself.
and not even five guesses would get you the right answer on what it's being used for. The footballers are pounding up and down the practice field to the tune of this song. Layden mumbled something about swivel-hopping in explanation, but it won't explain if some of the backs suddenly join hands and play ring around the rosey between halves.

The late Robert Louis Stevenson may have rolled uneasily in his grave at the news that "Treasure Island" was being made over into a motion picture, but it would be nothing to what is going on beneath Jules Verne's six-foot plot of ground. NBC's decided that his works need a three-a-week dramatization and are putting them on the air.

Frank Parker can't seem to quite get his hand on the top rung of the success ladder. Every time he reaches up, someone steps on his fingers. In plainer language, he keeps getting offers for something bigger all the time. He's been contracted lately to

Fred Waring ran into mortal low out in Minneapolis on his recent record breaking personal appearance tour. They wouldn't allow any trucks on the streets which left Fried with this backbreaking wardrobe trunk.

You wouldn't expect your child to take a whole bucket of maple sap to get the concentrated good of maple syrup... then why force him to take bulky liquid cod liver oil when there is a much better, thoroughly pleasant way—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Repeated tests prove conclusively that the
tablets will.

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been

concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets.

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact, as do the seals of The Good Housekeeping Bureau and the American Dental Association.

No more struggles over cod liver oil—no more messy, sticky bottles and spoons! For patient scientists have finally found the way to concentrate all the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil into little pleasant tablets—without the nauseating fatty acids which are so often upsetting.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are so easy to take—anywhere, at any time. Each tablet has an assured vitamin potency. It is an accurate dose—equivalent in vitamins A and D to a teaspoonful of oil. They can't lose their potency because the vitamins are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give the children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, sound bodies, and promote resistance to disease in general. See for yourself how eagerly your child takes them.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are a blessing to grown-ups. They can be carried in purse or pocket.

And these tablets are well suited for infant feeding. They dissolve quickly and thoroughly—just crush them and mix with orange juice, tomato juice, or formula.
impersonate famous radio stars in movie shorts, and he ought to know about them by now.

* * *

THERE'S a swell reason why Fred Waring's new baby daughter has been named Dixie. The night that she was born, Fred was somewhere between Sulphur Springs and New York, but it was close to the Mason and Dixon line, so, according to his press agent, he insisted that she be tagged "Dixie", and it's up to you to believe it.

* * *

FOR thousands of radio listeners the saddest news of the month is Cap'n Henry's announcement that he is withdrawing from the Showboat Hour. He was hired from the stage two years ago and now he's anxious to go back. Not that the grease paint is in his blood, but it seems he is going to earn more money. Which is reasonable enough for everyone but Maxwell House, which is really up in the air now, what with the loss of another star, Annette Hanshaw.

* * *

JACK BENNY has covered practically every hour of the day and every sponsor in the industry, but you can't keep him off the air. He's back on his old Sunday night spot, with the above mentioned Frank Parker and Don Bestor, who provides musical interludes when the comedian runs down. This may be a more permanent relationship.

* * *

DID you hear that hour program at midnight about a month ago in honor of a Bob Crosby, who turned out to be a younger brother of Bing's? Anyway, Bob has been in New York, lying in wait for the day Bing breaks down over the strain of raising a family. Then he'll step out with his fine baritone and keep up the tradition of the Crosby name. At least he says he will. Bing doesn't say a word.

Mrs. and Mr. Charles J. Correll who, rumor has it, have some connection with Amos and Andy, Charles resumed his blockface in October, after an Alaskan fishing trip this summer.

Below, Phil Baker came back to the Armour Hour after a much needed vacation which the Downey sisters helped make pleasant.

Right, the singer now starring in the "Hollywood Hotel" Campbell Soup program, Rowene Williams. She's talking to another contestant, Irene Barclay and Leon Belasco.

RADIO is getting more of a break with its music these days. In the first place, original pieces are being written for broadcasts over at NBC, and by such well known composers as Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, who have been hired by Ivory to help build up the Gibson Family. Then Sigmund Romberg has agreed to let radio present some of his compositions for the first time.

ONE sponsor this winter is going to learn what dealing with an artist really means. Pity Cream of Wheat who had the nerve to hire Alexander Woollcott for broadcasting. The town crier only works because he can't think of anything else to do, and he's not going to let any supervisor look over his shoulder and frown when he says something someone doesn't like. You can't blame him, though, after all those years he was holding down a newspaper job and taking it from the city editor.

CHESTERFIELD has backed down and is giving the public some popular music on its program this winter. That's all the fault of Andre Kostelanetz who decided that Mondays should
be tango nights. He's really a Russian, but there must be some hidden southern blood in the director.

Walter O'Keefe who might be suspected of being an old circus performer from the song he made famous, is shopping around these days for a light house. He thinks solitude will be good for him, but no one else can understand his motives unless he wants to try setting up in light housekeeping.

Have you noticed all the opera stars and former opera stars on the air this winter? Of course, there are those veterans—Mme. Schumann-Heink and John McCormack—and the Metropolitan operas themselves broadcast every Saturday afternoon by NBC. The long list includes Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Everett Marshall, Rose Bampton, Grete Stuckgold, Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle, Nino Martini and Queena Mario. When this was typed their programs hadn't been definitely set but Richard Crooks, John Charles Thomas and Mario Chamlee were among the opera luminaries preparing for radio recitals.

Roxy, who is back on the air at CBS of all places, was about to become a grandfather for the first time as we went to press. His daughter, Beta, who is married to the advertising manager of a Newark department store, is making this possible for the veteran carry a big fan on the stage with her because her hands were so clumsy. She originally sang on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, her home town, Grace was born below the Slot, which is equivalent to Tenth Avenue in New York City, so you know what that means. Once in her early days out there she appeared on the same vaudeville bill with Marilyn Miller and the Miller family. She sang such hot songs that Marilyn's dad wouldn't let little Marilyn listen to her for fear that his innocent child might be corrupted!

Studio Sidelights

Abe Lyman, commissioned a Kentucky Colonel, immediately started cultivating a Southern accent, yah sah ... Georje Price is now a broker on the New York Stock Exchange. However, he doesn't (Continued on page 68)
"TELEVISION is not a thing of the future!" Mary Pickford told me, the day after she had signed for her present series of broadcasts this fall. "Another year will see it alongside radio in the home. It is no longer a matter of guess work. The inventors are certain it will go on the market as a popular instrument for entertainment before another twelve months go by."

Imagine yourself sitting back in a big easy chair. You turn on the switch at your finger tips and lo! the deep blue eyes, blonde curls, and petite form of America's sweetheart flash before your very eyes as she enacts any one of a dozen favorite roles—Little Lord Fauntleroy, in modern form, perhaps.

Thanks to the magic of electrical impulses along the air waves, television has rubbed Alladin's lamp and brought her into your home, placed her at your feet, for your amusement.

Mary firmly believes that this imaginative scene will actually take place next season in radio! That is the real reason she is on the air, why she signed a radio contract this fall, after snubbing its advances for seven years.

She wants to be ready when the change comes, and she knows that she must have at least a season of radio broadcasts behind her for experience.

"I guess I must be a pioneer," she confessed. "Here is the whole new field of television and I want to be the first to enter it. I'm terribly ambitious, you know."

She looked it right then, her small, shapely hands clenched at her sides, her slim body held erect, pronouncing every word carefully, slowly that each one might count.

We were seated in her Fifth Avenue suite of rooms, high above New York's roaring thoroughfare. Her business manager hovered nervously in the background—they were to be packed and on their way in an hour.

"Now that I've something to look forward to, something to plan for, I'm terribly eager to get started," she continued.

Which explains the secret of Mary's weekly arrival at the microphone. Not like another star who sees radio only as a willing wage earner, Mary knows it as the springboard into the future, into a new stardom—in television!

It was late this summer that Mary suddenly saw the light, like a stricken sinner at a revivalist meeting, and even then it was only by the luckiest kind of a break that she was able to make her decision to prepare for the coming of television in another twelve months.

"It's a funny thing," she confessed to me. "Here are all these people in radio who refuse to believe that television will come along. It's just like the advent of talkies in the movie industry. Not until it was too late did most of the stars begin preparations for the revolution which meant a new era.

I WAS the same way myself about radio, only a little worse. I wouldn't even think of going on the air. But that was before this summer. That was when I had my eyes opened for me.

"Part of my European trip took me to Italy. One afternoon at a tea given for me I met Guglielmo Marconi, father of the wireless. Whether it's generally known or not, he is one of the most enthusiastic supporters and co-workers for television. I had no idea at the time that our conversation would hold so much importance for me.

"Curious about television and its future—I'd heard so many conflicting stories about it—I thought I'd ask Marconi. Then came the revelation that woke me up as to what was occurring in the field of radio.
What did Mary Pickford have up her sleeve when she suddenly signed a radio contract this fall?

by FRED RUTLEDGE

"Television," he said, "now stands complete—an inexpensive household appliance. It is only a matter of months before it will be marketed."

To Mary—to the founder of the Pickfair estate whose business acumen made possible its elevation into America's number one entertainment palace for nobility from the seven corners of the world—Marconi's startling statement meant just one thing—

A nation's sweetheart would return triumphant. A star reborn would flicker across television screens in every home from coast to coast.

A fifteen minute conversation, a chance remark, meant a swift, abrupt altering in the course of her career. Mary saw opening up before her an entirely new vista. Gone were plans for approaching middle age—in their place youthful enthusiasm, irrepressible energy and buoyancy.

"I'll never forget that day," Mary told me, drawing a deep breath. "Later Marconi described the secret invention which he said would mean the immediate popular success of television. I knew then that he was dead right."

Nearly all the rest of Mary's trip was forgotten in the excitement of making ready for her return to New York. Then came her chance for a radio contract. The actress who had been unapproachable up to this time lost no

(Continued on page 72)
A TALL figure detaches itself from the group of impatient tourists waiting for the State of Maine Express to pull out of the Grand Central Station and dashes down the track. An irate passenger sticks his head out of a window and bellows at the trucking master:

"Who's that guy?"

"That guy," the master informs him proudly, "is Rudy Vallee! We hold the train for him like this every week."

That guy Vallee is hurrying on his way to the cool, fragrant pine forests of his beloved Maine, to freedom and quiet, to the lodge which has come to be his first pride and joy. Twelve hours from this moment he will have discarded his matched shirt and tie, hung up his neatly pressed suit, and will be comfortably stretched out in the worst disarray of clothing he can find. Mostly it will be old pants and shoes left over from last summer.

Each Thursday night, when the curtain has been rung down on the Fleischmann Yeast hour, Rudy is rushed down an express elevator, guided to his car, and with the aid of willing motorcycle escorts is brought to the Grand Central where a train has been held behind its regular running time.

From the last of April until the first of November Rudy frets impatiently for nine o'clock of each Thursday night. He is aching for the solitude his peaceful log cabin at Lake Kezar will bring him. And well he might, for it is an exceptional back-to-the-nature rendezvous which he has built. (I can speak impersonally for no credit is due me in the matter.)

It is a different, more kindly Vallee that brushes the leaves of his Maine trees from his coat. There is no need for pretense here. No one whom he must mistrust, no one who is only waiting for his back to be turned before drawing a knife, is within a thousand miles of the secluded camp.

The story of how the Lodge came about is another of those fanciful tales of a good deed well done for a hapless friend of college days.

Rudy bought an outboard motor boat from a chum who needed the money. He couldn't take his new possession home with him, and he had no boathouse in which to lodge it. Rather than lose out entirely on the deal, he bought land, and then lumber at Lake Kezar. Which solved more than the problem of housing the boat. It became a real haven for the over-worked, sorely taxed young bandmaster.

Once he was started in the work, he left nothing undone. Out of scraggly jack pines, huge boulders and sandy soil rose a camp that surpassed all ordinary ideas of outing Quaint bar, isn't it? It contains a radio—honest! On the opposite page we see Vallee enjoying a game of billiards and next, he's all set, paddle, pump 'n everything for a bit of water sport on the lake.
Right, Skipper Vallee is ready for some snappy weather; above, he's at the wheel of his own Chris-Craft which speeds a mile a minute.
comfort. On three hundred acres of primeval forest near Fryeburg he ordered built four lodges and a boathouse—seventeen rooms and five baths in all, each one named after some song coincidental to the life and times of one Rudy Vallee.

To get to this group of buildings, respectively known as camp A, B, and C, the guest drives over a narrow, clay road which winds through a mile of solid virgin pine forest.

Near the blue, icy waters of the lake stands "A," the main lodge. Here, besides everything else, the cooking is done. And, if I remember correctly, considerable eating. The kitchen and pantry are certainly worthy of mention. The range is electric and the latest type. The refrigerator, large enough for a small hotel even to its electric lights; holds steaks, chops, chickens, everything anyone could possibly ask for in the line of comestibles.

The living room, by mutual consent, is turned into the dining room at sundown. Large and filled with sunshine during the day, it houses a full-sized pool table and a divan which seats about half as many people as Radio City Music Hall. This is fronted by a fireplace which is always kept burning.

Next, in the list of descriptions, come the bars and bathrooms. The baths are something in this camp. Each is completely done in colored tiles and fixtures. Each with its glass-enclosed shower, has a name. One for example is called "Americana," although it has never been disclosed just what national significance this may have.

The bars are two in number, one in the boathouse, the other in the main lodge. The former is a barrel affair, mounted on wheels about which high modernistic chairs stand in wait for the drinker.

Let me describe a typical room. Say the one in which I slept. A brass plate on the door announces that this is the "Vagabond Lover." Its soft box-spring bed, heavy chairs which caught flying articles of attire, and a colonial writing desk would have done justice to a Westchester country home.

The camp boasts its own water system for face and dish washing. Spring water is always served at the dining table. And while we're on the subject of water, I understand that the fire fighting equipment is considered remarkable for anything but a large city hotel. It is an immense red affair on wheels, standing near the lodges.

Lodge "C," mentioned but not explained, deserves more than passing notice. For it lodges a white-coated, wing-collared butler, only reminder of the New York life of the camp owner. In addition to the butler, five other servants have quarters here.

The boathouse, which was really the cause for this whole immense affair, has recently been enlarged. Over the house proper has been added another story, with a radio, pool table, bar, refrigerator, pantry and tiled bath. In Rudy's estimation it is the most important member of the family.

I thought I knew this brother of mine, but the complete transformation which comes over him when he finally arrives at Lake Kezar always newly mystifies me.

Reserved, rather aloof in New York, a taskmaster in his rehearsals for the show, Rudy makes few new friends, pre-
ferring the ones he grew up with in the trade. His is a typically Manhattan life, filled with long hours of work and very few minutes of play.

At camp, the protecting cloak of reserve which he has pulled around him, drops away. Perhaps the best example of how he changes lies in his smoking habits. At the risk of appearing ridiculous, he pulls out a black stogie, after meals, and puffs contentedly on it. In the city he would be horrified at the thought.

The members of his orchestra with whom he usually shares this Maine retreat also drop any barriers which business might have raised and become, very simply, themselves.

The daily trip for the mail provides Rudy with the chance to do his own marketing. At the grocery store he walks happily about, prodding melons, baring ears of corn, examining the meat for the night's dinner. Secretly, I believe, Rudy feels sure he missed his calling in not being a world famous chef.

And his clothes. Old flannel shirts, stiff with paint and varnish, army breeches of some ancient make, shoes which were worn out years ago. Only when he slips into his white naval officer's uniform for a cruise in his speedboat does he look at all like the Vallee who carries off the show on Thursdays.

Much has already been said about Rudy's hobby—moving pictures which he takes himself—but unless you are given a picture of his camera work in the north woods, you can't realize how far he has gone with it.

I saw in this order one evening at the main lodge: Color movies of the camp; the complete 'Vagabond Lover'-sound and all; a Mack Sennett talking account of a shark hunt; a 'Paramount short of Rudy's, "The Musical Doctor."

Rudy's first job, as he mentioned in his autobiography, was in a picture theater where he swept out the aisles, the projection booth, oiled the machines and changed the carbons in the lamp houses.

He has never forgotten that boyhood work. Summer nights he uses two projection machines to show home movies, unheard of experiment for an amateur. Incidentally, that means he has one machine loaded with film and ready to start the minute the other is unwound.

His camera is made to order. Coming complete with necessary lens it costs more than the ordinary priced automobile. But what pictures it takes! It does everything, according to Rudy, but bark. Slow motion, backwards, inside out, whatever might appeal to his fancy.

Unlike the usual amateur who stands helpless by and curses when the films break, Rudy calmly proceeds to apply his early training and in a minute or two everything is again jake, and you peer out over a golden lake mottled with the slanting rays of a sinking sun.

The summer and early fall months have not been in vain. Well rested, he goes into the winter shows with all the buoyancy and enthusiasm of his first radio days.

HE FINDS RELAXATION AT HIS LODGE IN MAINE
Yuletide means something more this year to the Burns, the Pearls and the Bennys than ever before

"A SCOOTER?" Jack Benny glanced at the rest of us, seated about the spacious living room of his Central Park South apartment, on his face an air of patient investigation.


Jack Pearl guffawed loudly, and Benny, forgetting for the moment the niceties of being a host, joined him as both turned their laughter on the somewhat defiant Burns.

"A sled!" Benny exclaimed. "Now who's nuts? I'm asking you, is George nuts, or am I? A sled! Who ever heard of a six-months-old child sledding?"

"Maybe you had better keep out of this, George," Pearl broke in soothingly, "and let Jack and me decide on something nice. A sled! I'm surprised at you! Why you'll be suggesting that we get it—her, I mean—a revolver or a string of race horses."

Burns arose from his chair and swept the Messrs. Pearl and Benny with a glance whose interpretation would scarce bear translation into print. He strode huffily to a window overlooking the Park, his air that of a man who has been affronted grievously.

"Well, I guess none of us are so smart, if you come right down to it," he retorted at length. "We've had a fast one put over on us. Winnie and Mary and Gracie picked the soft end of this proposition for themselves. There they are out in Chicago, and us here using up gray matter that ought to be going into next week's program..."

"If gray matter went into your program," Benny reminded him scathingly, as friends will sometimes, "you'd come under the Special Events department, and broadcast once a year. Now come on Jack. Let's get busy on this list."

This might have gone on all day. Indeed, the prospect of these three helpless males struggling with a Christmas list for four babies ranging in age from four months to a year, was, I confess, too appalling to view further without alarm. I thought I had better step in with a load of good advice, even though it hadn't been sought.

"May I suggest something," I piped diffidently, but amid the wrangling over the "list" my voice was lost hopelessly. I tried once more, this time coaxing from my throat a deep contralto which I flattered myself was commanding.

"Boys. Boys," I beseeched. "Will you please stop that shouting long enough to listen to me. I have an idea."

Benny and Pearl quieted hopefully. Even the morose Burns turned from his window.

Illustrated by
"If you have an idea, you don't belong here," he commented. "But shoot it, anyhow. It's more than either of those guys," with a derogatory gesture toward the other two, "have had for some time."

"Well, here is my suggestion," I offered, now that I had their attention. "You boys are up against the problem of getting together Christmas lists for four babies, and you know nothing whatever about it. I'd like to help you, but I don't know much more. So why not get some expert advice? Why don't you all go to a department store, and ask them. They'll know."

I do not recall ever having been the recipient of such concerted respectful admiration in my life. You would think I had discovered the fifth dimension or something. Pearl broke the silence first.

"Now that," he said admiringly, "is the berries."

"And that, Baron, is no lie," Benny joined in.

Even Burns' saturnine countenance took on a lighter look.

The three comics of the airwaves whisked me into an elevator and into a waiting taxi, and together we were off. Benny directed the driver to one of Fifth Avenue's most imposing department stores. Alighting, we entered, and near the door, found the directory which guided us to the toy department. There an efficient looking young woman approached our little group courteously. Benny addressed her.

"Good morning, madam," he greeted her suavely. "Perhaps you can help us. My friends here and myself," he included the diffident Burns and Pearl in a sweeping glance, "are making up a Christmas list for our babies. You see, we are adopting babies. Indeed, myself and my wife have the . . ."

"My wife Gracie and I are adopting a girl," Burns impatiently interrupted, "so I'll want whatever you think would be . . ."

"Yes, yes," the Baron, unable to remain silent longer, put in. "My wife Winnie and I are adopting two children—a boy and a girl—and we thought . . ."

This time both Benny and Burns silenced the irrepressible Pearl.

"Keep quiet, Baron. Keep quiet," they demanded. "You're not on the air now. You always want to go everyone else one better."

"Perhaps," the puzzled saleslady soothed the troubled comics. "If we could get this straight, one at a time. Now, sir," turning to Benny, "suppose you tell me how we can serve you." She flung a bright smile at the other two by way of atonement.

"Well, as I was saying," the triumphant Benny resumed, "my wife and I are adopting a baby. These other Gentlemen's (Continued on page 62)"

Robert A. Cameron
BECAUSE our radio laws need changing, over one hundred lives were needlessly lost in the Morro Castle disaster!

"If you would save lives at sea, if you would avert terrible disasters like the Morro Castle holocaust—change our radio laws, and do it quickly!" say George W. Rogers, Chief Radio Operator of the ill-fated Morro Castle, and his first assistant, George I. Alagna.

"Here’s one of the laws I want changed," said Rogers, his blue eyes stern and uncompromising, as though they were living again through the horrors of the disaster which took a toll of 127 lives. In an emergency, the radio operator on board a ship should be allowed to go ahead on his own initiative and send distress signals even if he has failed to get the sanction of the master of the vessel.

"If I had been permitted to follow my own judgment, I would have sent an S.O.S. the moment I was awakened that horrible night of September 7. That was at 2:55 A. M. and already the flames were raging so fiercely that the ship was a veritable inferno. At least half an hour would have been saved, and that half hour would have meant the rescue of many more lives.

"If Captain Wilmott had been alive then, I’m certain the S.O.S. would have gone out immediately. Instead, it wasn’t till my first assistant, George Alagna, had fought his way through the dense smoke and searing flames to the bridge several times for orders. He pleaded and argued with Captain Warms, until the captain finally OK’d the sending of an S.O.S. It went out at 3:25 A. M."

Why didn’t Rogers, orders or no orders, send out the S.O.S.?

"Had I sent it out on my own, as I did the CQ and QRX messages to stand by and wait for an emergency call, I would have been liable to a $5,000 fine or five years in jail, or both, at the discretion of the court. For I would have been guilty of going over the head of my superior officer. That isn’t a slight misdemeanor, it’s a felony, and this is the penalty the Federal law prescribes for that offense!"

"A radio man can’t act on his own; he has no executive authority. He is an ambassador without a portfolio. 

"Radio men are required to pass difficult tests; they are supposed to be men of high calibre and of intelligence, and yet their authority is next to nothing. Isn’t it silly to invest a man with the power to save lives and then take all authority away from him?

"Look at the inconsistency of the thing: Here’s how they treat the radio men. They give you a fancy uniform with buttons, show you off to company, and then forget about you. The radio operator has plenty of authority over his own assistants, and there his power stops. Give him equal standing and authority with other officers," Rogers says.

George I. Alagna, first assistant wireless operator, who fervently seconds his former superior’s plea.

A stinging rebuke to the present laws which emphasize discipline at the expense of humanity

says GEORGE ROGERS, Chief
"Why couldn't he be given more freedom? He is the most isolated person on board and can't go below his own decks. Practically all communications with him are through a go-between. All messages for me were filed in the purser's office, and then sent up by a bell-boy to the wireless room.

"What happens in an emergency? Should the radio room become isolated from the officers because of fire or because the means of communication fail, what then? Or what if the captain delays sending an S.O.S. Must the radio operators burn to death at their stations, powerless to lift a finger to save the lives of the passengers and crew?"

As a matter of fact, that almost happened aboard the Morro Castle. Remember the fire scene: flames pouring forth from all sides, the radio room so filled with smoke and acrid fumes that Rogers had to tie a wet towel around his face to prevent suffocation. Alagna, half-conscious, reeling like a trapped animal, (Continued on page 78)
DON'T BE AFRAID

I HAVE learned my lesson, once and for all. Those dreary, pain-racked hours I spent last spring trying to recover from my illness and to keep the show going taught me the most important thing in life.

Don't be afraid to fail.

If I hadn't been ill, hadn't come back to my business to find that trouble was brewing, hadn't refused to stay under altered circumstances, I wouldn't be broadcasting at the present time.

If the program bearing my name which you hear Saturday nights seems to have more depth, more feeling, if it seems aimed directly at the heart, I have proved my statement:

Don't compromise with your ideals. Shoot for the moon and don't be afraid to fail. If you are earnest in your attempt, you can't aim too high. And you won't fail, if you are sincere. Even when it looks darkest, the darkness before a summer dawn, keep all your hopes, your ambitions. Success then will come to you.

Because I am back in radio, am bringing to the vast audience of the country the show which I have always dreamed about, I want to tell the readers of Radio Mirror what I learned the past year and how I hope to bring my new experience with me to broadcasting.

Perhaps you have read before that when I had those Sunday broadcasts with my "gang," I was always on the lookout for new talent, fresh voices that were spoiling for an opportunity. For twelve years I had the continual pleasure of supplying those voices with a chance. Several of them are now among the most popular stars of the day.

It is to all those young hopefuls throughout the country, and to those listeners-in on my broadcasts whose interest has been unflagging that I am sending my message.

There have been so many conflicting stories about my sickness last spring and my subsequent retirement from broadcasting, that I sometimes feel I don't know myself what really happened. But the truth is this: Because I refused to put aside my ideals, because I felt that money was of secondary importance at the time, I could not come to an agreement with the people with whom I was working.

After leaving the show which I had helped build up and into which I had sunk so much of my plans, hopes, and ambitions, I went on tour with the "Gang," covering most of the United States.

Roxy, it was being whispered in New York, is through licked. He will never come back to radio. He's been on so

In this startling and inspiring story, Roxy writes: Don't compromise with your ideals but shoot for the moon and keep all your ambitions. Above all, learn as early in life as possible to experiment— I have learned my lesson.
long now that if he waits until fall, everyone will have forgotten about him. I felt that way sometimes, too. Trying to hide my sickness, knowing that none of my friends wanted me weeping on his shoulder, I had to fight a prolonged battle with myself. Roxy, in my estimation, would soon become plain Samuel Rothafel. Then I began to strike back at forebodings. If you hadn't kept your ideals, I told myself, you would never have been happy again. Stick to it. As soon as you get back, begin laying plans for radio. It was then the truth began to dawn on me. No artist can sacrifice his ideals and remain an artist. Money, nothing, must stand in his way. Determine what you want, avoid making foolish mistakes, and success will come of its own accord. When I learned that I would be allowed to build up my own radio program, I knew that I had won my battle. And whether the broadcasts are a roaring success or not, and they won't be for awhile yet, I feel satisfied. I am doing exactly what I want to do.

I am thankful for another reason that I dropped out of radio for awhile. During my period off the air, I had time to gain a new perspective and to study radio from every angle. Now that I'm back, I have an enthusiasm and ideas which should prove immeasurably valuable.

Nothing spectacular is ever lasting. If some of you are disappointed with my programs, if you expected an all-star cast, and a super arrangement of music, let me explain. I wanted these broadcasts to be based on a more permanent foundation than mere showmanship. I strived, above all, for beauty. That is why I have

(Continued on page 64)
DON’T BE AFRAID TO FAIL!

I HAVE learned my lesson, once and for all. Those dreary, pain-wracked hours I spent last spring trying to recover from my illness and to keep the show going taught me the most important thing in life: Don’t be afraid to fail. If I hadn’t been ill, hadn’t come back to my business so fast that trouble was brewing, hadn’t refused to stay under altered circumstances, I wouldn’t be broadcasting at the present time.

If the program bearing my name which you hear Saturday nights seems to have more depth, more feeling, if it seems aimed directly at the heart, I have proved my statement:

Don’t compromise with your ideals. Shoot for the moon and don’t be afraid to fail. If you are earnest in your attempt, you can’t aim too high. And you can’t fail, if you are sincere. Even when it looks darkest, the darkness before a summer dawn, keep all your hopes, your ambitions. Success then will come to you.

Because I am back in radio, I am bringing to the vast audience of the country the show which I have always dreamed about, I want to tell the readers of Radio Mission what I learned the past year and how I hope to bring my new experience with me to broadcasting.

Perhaps you have read before that when I had those Sunday broadcasts with my “gang”, I was always on the lookout for new talent, fresh voices that were spoiling for an opportunity. For twelve years I had the continual pleasure of supplying those voices with a chance. Several of them are now among the most popular stars of the day.

It is to all those young hopefuls throughout the country, and to those listeners-in on my broadcasts whose interest has been unflagging that I am sending my message.

There have been so many conflicting stories about my sickness last spring and my subsequent retirement from broadcasting, that I sometimes feel I don’t know myself what really happened. But the truth is this: Because I refused to put aside my ideals, because I felt that money was of secondary importance at the time, I could not come to an agreement with the people with whom I was working.

After leaving the show which I had helped build up and into which I had sunk so much of my plan, hopes, and ambitions, I went on tour with the “Gang”, covering most of the United States.

Roxy, it was being whispered in New York, it is through, licked. He will never come back to radio. He’s been on so long now that if he waits until fall, everyone will have forgotten about him. I felt that way sometimes, too. Trying to hide my sickness, knowing that none of my friends wanted me weeping on his shoulder, I had to fight a prolonged battle with myself. Roxy, in my estimation, would soon become plain Samuel Rothafel.

Then I began to strike back at forebodings. If you hadn’t kept your ideals, I told myself, you wouldn’t have been happy again. Stick to it. And soon, as you get back, begin laying plans for radio. It was then the truth began to dawn on me. No artist can sacrifice his ideals and remain an artist. Money, nothing, must stand in his way. Determine what you want, avoid making foolish mistakes, and success will come of its own accord.

When I learned that I would be allowed to build up my own radio program, I knew that I had won my battle. And whether the broadcasts are a roaring success or not, and they won’t be for awhile yet, I feel satisfied. I am doing exactly what I want to do.

I am thankful for another reason that I dropped out of radio for awhile. During my period off the air, I had time to gain a new perspective and to study radio from every angle. Now that I’m back, I have an enthusiasm and ideas which should prove immeasurably valuable.

Nothing spectacular is ever lasting. If some of you are disappointed with my programs, if you expected an all-star cast, and a super arrangement of music, let me explain. I wanted these broadcasts to be based on a more permanent foundation than mere showmanship, I strived above all for beauty. That is why I have (Continued on page 66)
That evening sun, which every lonesome lover hates to see go down, filtered its last, sad farewell through the shadowed room. In the sombre half-light the svelt outline of a flame-clad girl was silhouetted against a baby-grand piano. Slender fingers caressed the keys. Then through the cloistered silence, her sobbing voice came softly in song, "I ain't goin' to carry no torch...."

"You'll never see me moanin' low...."

That's what she sang. But the plaintive dirge of her tones belied the lyric of her song. The girl was Helen Morgan. Helen of the midnight violet eyes, deep as dreams. Helen with dark, touselled tresses tossed back to frame a face of marble pallor. Helen, whose carmined lips seemed always tremulous with the weight of ready kisses. Helen, a bitter bride, disappointed, disillusioned. About love. Her voice sobbed on: "You'll never hear me sing a blue song..."

"I'm just goin' to laugh and be gay..."

But it is a strange sort of gaiety that fills violet eyes with a dew of tears. And when was laughter mournful?

Just over a year ago these pages chronicled Helen's happy pride at
Exclusively for Radio

Mirror, she reveals the touching truth about her marital break-up

her marriage to young Maurice Maschke. A Lochinvar in a motor car had sped her to matrimony sealed with a twisted hair-pin for a ring. Everything seemed bright and hopeful as a morning-glory. But as that frail flower drooped under a noon-day sun, so this romance died in the glare of a desert day. For it was literally on the desert's edge that these two said their last adieu. And now Helen, still a bride, is singing:

"I'll find some one new every day . . ."
"So glad it happened this way . . ."
"I'll get along without you . . ."
"Too busy playing to cry . . ."
"I'll learn to forget all about you . . ."
"If it takes until the day I die . . .!"

The final cadences rang high, true, clear from the throat of this passionate nightingale. Then echoed into eternity. The sun had gone. Outside, street lights began to glimmer like earth-bound stars through the evening mist. She switched on a lamp, and the room took on a rosier hue.

"Tell me about it, kid," I said.

Then, as though we'd been talking on the topic all evening she said:

'A husband is a guy who sticks by you through all the trouble you would never have had if you hadn't married him," she said with a smile.

"It was just one of those things, Herb. That's all. There isn't much to say about it. Only—never again. I made a mistake. Both of us did. I found it out sooner than most. And when you find you're all wrong, there's only one thing to do about it. I did that thing."

Then she told me about her final departure from Buddy. It was as sudden, as unpredmeditated, as startling as her elopement with him. A scribbled note, the rousing of a sleepy maid, a few feminine things tossed together in a travel-case, the muffled purr of a motor in the driveway, and Helen sped into the face of the rising sun! This was the end. Nor had it been so wonderful while it lasted.

The early cows and chickens, the scampering bunnies in the roadway, were startled that morning by the apparition of a madly driven car that fairly hurtled through the countryside with that pale girl at the wheel. But desperately as she fled, some one had followed faster. And as her long low motor paused pantingly in Barstow, it met another bus from the Morgan garage, and beside it stood Buddy—waiting. She stopped.
"You forgot something," he said gently.
"You forgot to kiss me good-bye."
Then the two darned fools cried.
"He brought me a birthday present," said Helen, laughing now, "and guess what it was?"
I didn't feel like guessing.
"Soap and bath salts!" she giggled. "And maybe you think they weren't 'just what I needed' after that drive East!"

Like a woman, she had started at the end of her story. Now I had to lead her back from effect to cause. They had seemed so happy, so foolishly happy, that night at the Club just before they went West. I remembered now how Buddy had laughed out loud at my warning against his interference in his wife's career, against any attempt on his part to "manage" her. Maybe Helen recalled it, too. I'm not the guy to say, "I told you so." Anyhow... .

"MARRIAGE and a career don't mix," announced the nightingale oracularly, "wifehood is a career in itself. I found that out when I tried to play five shows a day in a Coast theatre, do a couple of broadcasts, and came home to cook for Buddy and his friends, and attempted to be the life of their party. I have to sleep nights when I work days. No one appeared to give that a thought.

"Sure I'd like to be a wife. But I'll never try it again until I retire from my professional life. Then I'll graduate into housewifery, if the right fellow wants me to. But we'll move into the country, have a farm, and forget show business, motion pictures, radio and Broadway. They just won't exist. It'll be a new life. One that won't blend with footlights, cameras or microphones.

"And if any girl is faced with the age-old problem of choice between being an old man's darling or a young man's slave, let her take a tip from 'Mousie', and string along with maturity instead of adolescence. I'm beginning to realize what George Bernard Shaw meant when he made some crack about it being just too bad that youth is wasted on the young. They don't appreciate it. Or anything. Young men are essentially selfish. Unconsciously so, perhaps. But that innocence, or ignorance, doesn't do a bit of good to those whom they victimize by their self-centered ideas.

"I was very anxious for Buddy to have a career of his own. Something that would keep him occupied, as my work keeps me. If he had his own affairs to worry over, I thought, he wouldn't interfere in my business. But it didn't work out that way. Incidentally, there's a cardinal rule for successful matrimony—no interference by one party in the business of the other.

"I wonder, too, why jealousy always must appear on the scene. When Buddy finally replaced my hairpin wedding-ring with the regular article, he seemed to expect me to wear it like an African belle sports a nose-ring. Maybe he was right. But I find that interest in an artist is all too liable to wane when the world knows she's some one's 'little woman'. Kipling says, 'he travels the fastest who travels alone.' Well, Morgan changes that 'he' to 'she'. Wait 'till I tell you what I mean.

"For instance, if I go into a broadcasting studio with a masculine escort, not a man in the place is interested. No one extends the slightest assistance, I'm strictly on my own. But if I go in alone—that's something else again. It's 'Miss Morgan this', and 'Helen that' and 'Baby the other thing'. Every lad in the place is busy lending that old helping hand. Adjusting mike, mending glowing, looking for music, yes, even boosting me on the piano! I don't know what it is. Maybe they figure there's always a chance, and no harm in trying. Anyway I like it. Every girl thrive on attention. You don't get it if you have a man in tow. The chances are that you don't even get it from him!

"Well, I've been talking about me. Buddy has his side of it. Between us, I think we managed to do him (Continued on page 70)
There was a real meeting of the twain when Paramount gathered under one roof, or rather in one football stadium, luminaries from radio, Broadway, and Hollywood. Reading from left to right and right from left, you see Lanny Ross, Joe Penner, Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, Helen Mack and Mary Brian, and they're smiling because they're working in "College Rhythm" which is probably a Paramount college picture.
When the crack news commentator for NBC grew weary of camels and date dinners on his worldwide jaunts last summer he built his own studio in his quiet country home in upper New York state where he did all his broadcasting in comfort.
NBC had to dip deep below the Mason and Dixon line before it found three rhythmic voices that held promise of being a real challenge to any trio which rival chains might produce. Jane, Helen, and Patti are more in demand than ever this winter, singing as guest stars, and squeezing in on sustaining.
The Red Davis show of family life returned to the air this fall and found an enlarged network and a new feminine star happily waiting. NBC can't dig up any record of previous radio work which Mary Howard has done but it's willing to bet that she is a star before spring arrives.
Black and Sully railroaded the soft hearted Eddie into giving them a spot on one of his Sunday night broadcasts and much to their mutual surprise found themselves in high demand for radio work which they are continuing this fall over a Columbia network. They've just finished making "Kid Millions" out in Hollywood.

Photo by United Artists
If you sing for Fred Waring you have every chance in the world to become famous, and Priscilla didn't miss one of them when the popular band leader signed her up for his unique organization. It wouldn't be fair to tell her age, she's so young, but she did come from Indiana and she has a sister named Rosemary who also can sing and does for the maestro.

Portrait by Joseph Melvin McElligott
Any gray hairs in those false whiskers of Bing's for his next Paramount picture can be attributed to the rich baritone voice belonging to his brother Bob who is singing over the air from New York. He's a serious rival of the popular Bing and would like very much indeed a chance at Hollywood, once Bing really makes up his mind he's tired of working and wants a permanent vacation.
One man on Broadway, whose job it is to greet the stars backstage as they file into their dressing rooms, has opened more doors to fame for hopeful young actors than any famous discoverer of talent. Yet he is a man of humble position, known only to the few who have passed him on their way up.

He is Louie Witten, unsung doorman of the Palace Theater in New York. Grown grey with long years of service, he lives now in the memory of the days when he was friend and confidant to young hopefuls who today have become radio's most popular stars.

I resolved to hunt him up, this Louie Witten, and see what he had to tell about the stars of the airwaves back in the days when they were only starlets, climbing to fame via the vaudeville stage. In vaudeville, you know, to play the Palace was the ultimate aim of all players, great, near great, and obscure. The Palace in vaudeville had the distinction of the Metropolitan in grand opera.

I found Louie late one night, just before closing. He sat in a rickety chair backstage in the famous Times Square theater. Now that I think of it, the chair must have just looked rickety, for no rickety chair could stand Louie's weight. There he sat, hatless, coatless, the chair tilted against the wall, monarch of the stage door.

"Radio stars?" he pondered, at my question. "Why yes, I guess I do know some, I guess maybe I know a lot of 'em.
Louie Witten, the unsung doorman who rubbed elbows with radio’s big shots when they were successful vaudeville stars, ups and tells on ’em

That is, I did know ’em. I knew ’em when—.

“Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, his wife. Let me tell you, Miss, to my mind those two will always be the greatest couple I’ve ever known. I owe them a big debt.

“You see, I’ve known Frank Crumit for years. When I first met Mr. Crumit—Frank, he always liked me to call him—he was playing this theater in a single, and never a more perfect gentleman walked through a stage door. I was always glad to see him on the bill. Never a night he didn’t stop for a pleasant word on the way out, and a gentleman who never gave the least bit of trouble he was, too. One day I read where he’d married Miss Sanderson. I didn’t know her then. Naturally, I was kind of excited when I learned that they were booked into the Palace together, for I was fond of Mr. Crumit, like I said, and I was sort of anxious to meet the new missus. Well, they arrived, and I met her, and say—.

“Say, miss, I loved her! Everybody did. She was the sweetest lady! I’ve never seen a more wonderful or devoted couple. Every day they’d come to the theater together, and every night they’d leave arm in arm. The first time they came in, Mr. Crumit introduced me. ‘Sweetheart,’ he said, to Miss Sanderson, ‘sweetheart, I want you to meet Louie. Louie,’ he said, ‘is an old pal of mine.’ I remember that as though it had been yesterday, although it’s more than eight years now.”

“But this debt,” I reminded him. “You said something about a debt you owed Frank (Continued on page 80)
by RUTH GERI

ONE man on Broadway, whose job it is to greet the stars backstage as they file into their dressing rooms, has opened more doors to fame for hopeful young actors than any famous discoverer of talent. Yet he is a man of humble position, known only to the few who have passed him on their way up.

He is Louie Witten, unsung doorman of the Palace Theater in New York. Grown grey with long years of service, he lives now in the memory of the days when he was friend and confidant to young hopefuls who today have become radio's most popular stars.

I resolved to hunt him up, this Louie Witten, and see what he had to tell about the stars of the airwaves back in the days when they were only starlets, climbing to fame via the vaudeville stage. In vaudeville, you know, to play the Palace was the ultimate aim of all players, great, near great, and obscure. The Palace in vaudeville had the distinction of the Metropolitan in grand opera.

I found Louie late one night, just before closing. He sat in a rickety chair backstage in the famous Times Square theater. Now that I think of it, the chair must have just looked ridiety, for no rickety chair could stand Louie's weight. There he sat, hatless, gasless, the chair tilted against the wall, monarch of the stage door.

"Radio stars?" he pondered, at my question. "Why yes, I guess I do know some, I guess maybe I know a lot of 'em."

That is, I did know 'em. I knew 'em when...

"Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, his wife. Let me tell you, Miss, to my mind those two will always be the greatest couple I've ever known. I owe them a big debt.

"You see, I've known Frank Crumit for years. When I first met Mr. Crumit—Frank, he always liked me to call him—he was playing this theater in a single, and never a more perfect gentleman walked through a stage door. I was always glad to see him on the ball. Never a night he didn't stop for a pleasant word on the way out, and a gentleman who never gave the least bit of trouble he was, too. One day I read where he'd married Miss Sanderson. I didn't know her then. Naturally, I was kind of excited when I learned that they were booked into the Palace together, for I was fond of Mr. Crumit, like I said, and I was sort of anxious to meet the new missus. Well, they arrived, and I met her, and say...

"Say, miss, I loved her! Everybody did. She was the sweetest lady! I've never seen a more wonderful or devoted couple. Every day they'd come to the theater together, and every night they'd leave arm in arm. The first time they came in, Mr. Crumit introduced me. 'Sweetheart,' he said, to Miss Sanderson, 'sweetheart, I want you to meet Louie. Louie,' he said, 'is an old pal of mine.' I remember that as though it had been yesterday, although it's more than eight years now."

"But this debt," I reminded him. "You said something about a debt you owed Frank. (Continued on page 39)"

Louie Witten, the unsung doorman who rubbed elbows with radio's big shots when they were successful vaudeville stars, ups and tells on 'em...
Don Voorhees raising his baton to start the musical overture. His sparkling arrangements are a big feature of the hour program.

Want to see a real musical comedy on the air? Get in on everything that happens in this show? Then come on!

CURTAIN!

A sudden, hurried scuffling of feet mark the hour—nine-thirty. We are seated in the second row of studio 8G. It is a miniature theater, complete in every respect. A golden curtain flecked with silver goes up. There's the stage now, rounded, jutting out almost to the front row. It is thronged with men and women in evening dress.

The first act of the first musical comedy ever to be originally presented over the air has begun. One, two, three familiar faces. Jimmy Wallington, Don Voorhees, Conrad Thibault. You've heard Wallington retort to Eddie Cantor, fill in for Lowell Thomas. He's NBC's ace announcer.

“Good evening, first nighters. In behalf of the makers of pure Ivory Soap—.” His voice goes on. He's tall, dark,
handsome in a gleaming tuxedo. Hair parted in the middle, fresh shaven, he stands at ease.

This theater we’re in is one of Radio City’s guest studios. Two hundred people are seated in deep upholstered chairs, watching, craning, listening. Up overhead on our right is a glass enclosed balcony for the overflow crowd. We can see their lips moving as though they were in prayer, but no sound escapes. The walls are soft cream and bare. Heavy doors, with small round windows exactly like portholes on an ocean liner, are marked for exit.

We are actually seeing the Gibson Family Broadcast. Now! Wallington has finished speaking and is tiptoeing across the stage to the left. Packed close to the backdrop the orchestra takes the cue. Don Voorhees directing. He is short, wears glasses, does not notice the hair that falls down over his eyes. You’ve heard his name before. He played all last year for Ed Wynn on his fire chief program.

No one moves. The overture swells. It is the first number (Continued on page 60)
Want to see a real musical comedy on the air? Get in on everything that happens in this show? Then come on!

Curtain!
A sudden, hurried scuffling of feet marks the hour nine-thirty. We are seated in the second row of studio 8 G. It is a miniature theater, complete in every respect. A golden curtain flicked with silver goes up. There's the stage now, rounded, jutting out almost to the front row. It is thronged with men and women in evening dress.

The first act of the first musical comedy ever to be originally presented over the air has begun. One, two, three familiar faces. Jimmy Wallington. Don Voorhees, Conrad Thibault. You've heard Wallington return to Eddie Cantor, fill in for Lowell Thomas. He's NBC's ace announcer.

"Good evening, first nighters. In behalf of the makers of pure Ivory Soap—" His voice goes on. He's tall, dark, handsome in a gleaming tuxedo. Hair parted in the middle, fresh shaven, he stands at ease.

We are actually seeing the Gibson Family Broadcast. Now! Wallington has finished speaking and is tightening across the stage to the left. Packed close to the backdrop the orchestra takes the cue. Don Voorhees directing. He is short, wears glasses, does not notice the hair that falls down over his eyes. You've heard his name before. He played all last year for Ed Wynn on his fire chief program.

No one moves. The overture swells. It is the first number (Continued on page 69)
It is impossible to describe the social life of the radio stars because they haven’t any which they share with each other. In fact, if the truth were known, most of them don’t even know each other!

That’s why newcomers to radio so often accuse them of being snooty. It’s just that the radio world, so unlike Hollywood with its Brown Derby and Cocoanut Grove where all the screen celebrities meet and play, has no common stamping grounds for its stars to gather round and exchange gossip.

Yet this miscellaneous group of crooners, news commentators, philosophers and orchestra leaders isn’t shut off from the outside world, doesn’t shun companionship like it would poison. It has moments of play, each member of the group spending them in a different way.

George Burns and Gracie Allen for instance, are inseparable pals of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, just as they were back in the old four-a-day vaudeville times. Now that they’ve made their radio success, the couples get together evenings for poker games, at which Gracie produces strange but edible concoctions in a chafing dish, just as she did in back-stage days, when any kind of a meal was very welcome, indeed.
SNOOTY?

By HILDA COLE

Why is it that so few of the ether performers share their social life with each other? This story gives the lowdown.

The inimitable Ruth Etting is a home-loving person, while to the right of her are Stoognagle and Budd, that hilarious pair, who are always entertaining their friends.

Above, the piano team of Fray and Broggiotti mingle in high society; left, Ted Husing, famous sports announcer, is a good mixer and is show business' best friend.

Saturday nights, the announcers, who are at once the most gregarious and clannish lot in radio—their variety of programs brings them into contact with a number of people, but their work-a-day schedule is such that it prohibits a normal social existence—hurry to Harry Vonzell's apartment. Deep steins of beer, camembert cheese and a plentiful supply of crackers await them to revive their fallen spirits.

BACHELORS such as Rudy Vallee and Richard Himber take their small doses of social life in hand, whenever they are in the same town. Paul Whiteman consorts with another old-time leader, George Olsen, who followed right up in Paul's footsteps years ago. Jack Denny and Vincent Lopez, with their violin and grand piano, are constantly together, when time permits.

The Lombardos—family institution that they are—have three wives. The seven of them manage to be together whenever any social activities are at hand. And it is hard to crash that select outfit! Of course usually by the time they are ready for fun, everyone else is thinking of bed.

Stephen Fox, CBS dramatic star, who plays everything from madmen to Gaelic fishermen, (Continued on page 71)
JAMES MELTON - He Always TOOK A CHANCE

If something's risky, Jimmy likes it—because he thinks that's the only way you can get ahead in the world

A LONG Radio Row they call him “Take a Chance Melton,” and with good reason. For if there's ever a risk to be run, any gamble to be taken that the bravest and hardest souls are afraid to take, Jimmy Melton is there to take that risk, to run that gamble.

There was only one time in his life that he failed to take a chance offered him, and the bitter memory of the opportunity he muffed is a spur that always drives him onward now. It was when he was singing for Coco Cola, remember? His contract was for fifty-two weeks, but cancellable with three weeks’ notice. Another firm begged Jimmy to sign up with them, offering him more money.

His first impulse was to cancel his Coco Cola contract and take a chance on the new. Then he stopped to think and doubts assailed him, insidious doubts that wormed their way into his heart and mind. Here he was in a good spot. The firm knew and liked him. What if he cancelled his contract and the new one didn't pan out? What if the firm didn't like him? What if they went off the air? And so, defeated by these doubts, he stayed with Coco Cola, refused for once in his life to take a gamble. The very next week the Coco Cola account withdrew for the summer. The other program went on the air and was a tremendous success.

That taught Jimmy Melton a lesson, to live up to the creed that had been implanted in him all during his childhood—take a chance. “You've got to be prepared to take risks if you want to get anywhere,” this tall, black-eyed, dark-haired southern boy with the ingratiating manner, told me. “I've discovered when I don't take chances I'm out of luck.”

Is it Fate or some mysterious, unknown force that works for Jimmy Melton when he takes chances? Whatever it is, it’s been working overtime for him ever since he was a little shaver of eleven and took a chance on raising $48 from nowhere for a motor for his bicycle. It happened this way. Jimmy’s father had given him a motorbike for his birthday, not the ordinary bicycle, mind you, but the latest rage in cycles; a low and rakish contraption with two bars on top, resembling a motorcycle. Except of course that it had no motor.

A real, honest-to-goodness engine cost $48. Of course Jimmy had never seen that much money in his life, but nevertheless he took a chance and ordered an engine by mail. All he had in his pocket was ten cents, his weekly allowance, but that didn’t faze him.

Within three weeks the motor had arrived at the railroad station, but where was Jimmy to get the money to pay for it? He had a conference with the station agent then that would have melted a heart of stone. He begged and pleaded with him to keep the motor until he could raise the money, which he swore he would get within a very short time.

And raise it he did, though he practically had to sweat blood to do it. He ran errands without end, he saved wood, minded babies, even clerked in the neighborhood grocery store after school. His stamp collection, his penknife, his skates, everything dear to a boy’s heart, was auctioned off, until finally he could pay for the engine.

Years later Jimmy decided to go to college, to the University of Florida. His family was poverty-stricken; he had no means of support, yet to college he went, taking a chance upon his ability to support himself and to cultivate his voice.

Again Fate smiled at his reckless “take a chance” attitude. He had no money to pay for tuition and the college authorities hesitated about admitting him, told him it was pure folly for a boy to depend entirely upon his own earning ability to keep himself. Why, it was all right to try to earn a little extra pin money, but (Continued on page 73)
Here's Jimmy with his wife Marjorie. Some of these days he'll take a chance on the Metropolitan Opera.

Opposite page, his sixty-foot cruiser, The Melody, on which he took his greatest chance not long ago.
Adele Ronson, heroine of those thrilling episodes of "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century", heard Monday to Thursday over the Columbia network at six o'clock, chose these grand winter costumes from the popular Marilyn shop of Russek's Fifth Avenue, New York.

Miss Ronson looks smart in this trim red velveteen sports dress. The ascot tie is navy and the rhinestone trinket trimmings add dash to the costume which is topped with a becoming "Alpine" hat of soft black felt, so fashionable this season.

For the cocktail hour, Russek's suggested this crêpe tunic dress with its aquamarine blue top and black bottom. The flattering collar fastens at the back with tiny buttons while fur tails trim the front.
The evening dress of chartreuse crêpe to the right, is a simple affair with fine lines. Its outstanding feature is the deep pointed collar in back.

Adele need not fear Jack Frost in this outfit, pictured below. The coat is made of a soft-ribbed, wooly material and the collar is blue fox. Note the odd muff and tam of brown suede.

Doesn't Miss Ronson look stunning in the velvet gown at the extreme right? The intricate cape is fastened at the shoulders and waist with large rhinestone buttons.
BANG! A pistol shot rang out, reverberating through the corridors of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"He got me, boys," gasped a tall, husky man, staggering back from the microphone.

The sound effects man put down the pistol and Carson Robison, his "victim" and leading spirit of the Bar-X Days and Nights broadcast, stopped staggering and turned over a page of his script.

That's one of the reasons why these broadcasts sound so very real. They don't slap a pillow with a ruler when they're imitating the pistol fire that characterized the West when it was wild and wooly, and though the cast doesn't get far from the microphones, they repress their action as little as possible.

Nor are they a bunch of Easterners, with correspondence school Western draws. Carson Robison (or Robby, as his friends call him) is a man born and reared in the West—a man who has followed the herds over the dusty prairies—who knows cowboys through having been one himself.

But before he tells you his own amazing story, in his own words, let's drop into the studio and see just how Bar-X is really performed.

A big, husky chap, in his shirt sleeves, a guitar slung around his neck and a harmonica stuck up in front of his mouth on a wire frame begins to sing. He's joined by a couple of banjo players, who also sing, and a pretty, blonde girl vocalist, wearing a blue suit.

The big fellow is Robison; the other two are John and Bill Mitchell.
By

ROBERT EICHBERG

Those Bar-X Days and Nights ring true because of Carson Robison and the life he's led

(Bill's the very dapper one; John wears the glasses) and the girl is Pearl Pickens, otherwise Mrs. Bill Mitchell (but hardly anybody knows that). And here's another secret for you: when Johnny Battle, who plays the juvenile leads in the show, is supposed to be strumming a banjo, it's really Bill who's doing the fretwork.

The program takes place in a small studio, with maps of various states painted on the walls. Only about fifty people can fit in the audience section, as compared with the 1300 who can witness broadcasts in the NBC's biggest studio. So when you've learned what goes on during this program, you'll be a member of a very, very exclusive club.

When he isn't playing his guitar during the songs, Robby directs with his right hand. He doesn't use a baton, but pinches his thumb and forefinger together, in the position required to pick up a dead mouse by the tail. He does it without the mouse, though.

Little John Mitchell sits up on top of a high stool, with his feet on the seat of a chair, to bring his banjo near enough the microphone, and leaves his perch only to play big bad bandits in the sketches. Brother Bill is the cowboy who "Yip-ees" in the songs. He stands on the floor, with one foot on a chair. When the chair squeaks a man runs out of the control room and signals about it by sticking his fingers in his ears and making horrible faces. He can't speak a word because the program's on the air, but Bill catches on and puts his foot down, while Pearl silently giggles.

Perhaps you've wondered about the sound effects used to produce the noise of galloping horses, pistol shots, and other sounds typical of the West that was wooly and wild?

Well, two sound effects men beat their hands on a plank for the hoof-beats, and one of them snorts and whinnies, too. The pistol shot is perfectly imitated by the simple process of firing a pistol—and the first time they do it, nearly everybody in the studio jumps and gasps. They give the effect of breaking in a desk with a rifle butt by smashing a peach box with a billet of kindling, and when the script says "BOOTED FEET RUNNING ON PLANK FLOOR," one of the sound men runs along a board.

All too soon the program is over. But don't go yet; Robby's going to tell something about himself.

"No, I'm not really a cowboy." (Continued on page 87)

45
Freeman Lang, who now produces just about most all the electrical transcription programs in Hollywood, held a contest awhile back for "the most perfect radio speaking voice" in Southern California.

The male winner was Hanley Stafford, whose voice is familiar all over the country for he has been in hundreds of recorded programs... as well as current coast programs almost by the dozen. Just at this writing he is taking the male lead in KFI's "Richelieu" series; KMTR's "Life of Lincoln" series; KNX's "Forge of Freedom" series; KFI's "Makers of History"; KFWB's "Tale of Two Cities"; and character bits in the KJH-CBS "Calling All Cars", its "Peter the Great" and others.

Biographically speaking, Hanley Stafford was born in England nearly 35 years ago; moved to Winnipeg, Canada in '11; enlisted in the 43rd battalion, Canadian Scottish in '15; wounded in the third battle of Ypres in 1916... returned to England in 1918. Until 1924 he toured Canada in drama productions and landed in Los Angeles in that year. He played in stock for eight years and then things began to get tough. From lead roles to audiences of 3,000 he drifted to tent-show life. And then came radio.

In the meantime he became an American citizen... goes to prize fights... swims and collects stamps... wants a radio poetry period of his own, and hopes to play the part of Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes."

Hanley Stafford has been rightfully proclaimed the west's most versatile radio actor. His "straight" parts are masterpieces. His dialect work is outstanding. The goal is in sight, but it has been a tremendous struggle against the elements and preconceived notions on the part of casting directors in earlier days:

* * *

Gleanings 'round the northwest's radioland where folks are so busy during the holiday season they can't keep still long enough to be interviewed.

Radio habits of Portland's KOIN. "Red" Dunnings, expert trumpet tooter, wants it known that he was born and brought up on his father's cattle ranch in western Washington. Bill Sandiford, announcer, and Bob Haines, tenor, still explain to friends that their vacation last summer to Tijuana, Mexico, was not to taste the likker. Cecil Teague, organist, has written books on music appreciation... plays tennis and chess... collects etchings and oil paintings.

* * *

How do you suppose Carroll V. Hansen, premier sports announcer for KXL in Portland, Ore., got on the air? His initial radio effort was to sing "Trees."

C. V. used to be a travelling accountant for the western division of a railroad. A couple of years ago he was loafing in a radio studio between trains.

The program manager was tearing his hair because the tenor who was to sing "Trees" didn't show up.

So Hansen sang "Trees"... sort of drafted into the job, though he hadn't been on the air before that time. To make a long story short, he threw away the

By Dr. Ralph
The Airwaves

Among the artists of the broadcast studios along the west coast

Adding machine and tabulated paper and song for a year. Then he began covering all sports events except polo and has a rapid-fire Gibbonsque-type of mike spicing... best on describing ice hockey, but also a prime favorite for fights, wrestling, football, soccer, tennis, track and basketball.

Lawrence (Larry) J. Keating, late of New York and points east, is a new announcing voice on KGW in Portland. He was in "Men in White" and "Queer People" on Broadway last season.

When you hear Irvin E. (Edward) Dickinson's voice on KERN, in Bakersfield, you are also hearing the station's chief engineer for he acts in dual capacity, but of course the public knows him for his speaking voice. He has always been interested in radio... first as an amateur, now for public broadcast, and in leisure moments as commanding officer of one of the naval reserve units.

Dick has been with KERN since the station opened. Right after school days, however, he served a term in the navy as a radioman in the submarine division. His reserve rank is that of a lieutenant. He is more than six feet tall, weighs about 150 pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. His newest hobby is aviation and he expects a Christmas present of a license. He is married, and likes to sneak away on a "second honeymoon" every once in awhile to the big cities where his wife gets saturated with shopping and theatres and he... visits radio stations.

How would you like to meet some more of the jamboree gang from KFRC in San Francisco? There's Helene Hughes, who is sort of top sergeant for the staff sopranos. She was born on a Montana ranch, but came to the big city to make good several years ago. She finally plopped into the radio realm via the vaudeville and musical comedy route.

And there's Claude Sweeten, music conductor of the station. He started his musical career as a director and still is. For ten years he directed theatre orchestras around the bay district and then entered radio. He has a rare sense of humor. Conductor Sweeten really started out as a musical prodigy, tooting that piece of fancy plumbing known as the tuba. But he suffered a heart attack while playing it and had to transfer his allegiance to the violin.

Look at Bea Benaderet, newcomer to the jamboree fracas, who does character speaking and singing bits. Her first role on the stage was a 70-year-old woman. But she got a crick in her back from rehearsals and switched over to comedy parts.

Cyrus Trobbe, KYA's master music mind, organized his orchestra into a hiking club last fall. But after a trial heat the bunch disbanded, and for a day or so the corner drug store did a land-office business in horse liniment. He was born, grew up and studied in New York before going to the coast several years ago. (Continued on page 82)

Carmel Myers, star in flicker film days has become quite a radio favorite on the West Coast. She dramatizes her songs.
Dialing the Short Waves

Let Santa Bring a Radio

YOU need never be puzzled as to what to get a radio fan for Christmas. There's always new apparatus on the market, and whether you're willing to spend less than a dollar or more than five hundred, there is something sure to tickle the heart of a really enthusiastic tuner-inner.

Most of the manufacturers are devoting their attention to short wave and all wave sets and accessories this year. Several have already announced their 1935 models as this magazine goes to press, while a few of the more timid or conservative are holding off to see how the public receives the innovations brought out by their more daring rivals.

Beginning in the lower price range with our Christmas suggestions, you can always give a short wave fan a pair of phones, costing from about $2.00 upward, with the assurance that they will be welcome. Not only do they enable him to hear distant stations not distinguishable on the loud speaker, but they permit him to sit up all night without disturbing the rest of the family. In selecting phones, the cheapest are not always the most satisfactory; be guided by what your dealer tells you as well as by what you want to spend.

If your fan friend is bothered by motor noises and the sparking of flasher buttons, elevator contacts and the like, he'll be tickled with a noise-reduction antenna. These haven't much effect on reducing atmospheric disturbances, but if the antenna is placed out of the field of local interference, the lead-in won't pick it up nearly as much as the old, single wire type. The newest sort uses a pair of lead-in wires, each preferably connected to a separate half-antenna. The Lynch Radio Laboratories, RCA and other companies all put these antennas out in kit form for prices ranging from about $5.00 upward depending on the type.

Any dealer,too,can tell you what tubes your friend's set uses. All you have to know is the make and model. Tubes are always a good, safe buy, for those in a set deteriorate from use and while they may still play, don't usually have the same sensitivity and tone qualities after the first thousand or so hours. If you don't want to buy a complete set of tubes, get the detector only. This is the one which generally needs replacing most.

And now the sets—there's a truly bewildering array just making its appearance. Little broadcast band and short wave midgets can be had for about $20; other sets, affording a greater choice of frequencies, and some containing the new and sensational "high fidelity" principal, list well up into the hundreds.

To start off with a high- (Continued on page 66)
MORE JUMBLED NAMES!
$500.00
CASH PRIZE
CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND
WIN ONE OF THE SIXTY-SEVEN AWARDS

If you began an entry in this interesting
contest last month you need no second
invitation for undoubtedly this month’s set of
jumbles has already absorbed your atten-
tion. If you are just getting ready to enter
—and you still have time to play the game
and win—here is a brief summary of the
contest. Each of the word jumbles at the
right can be unscrambled into a name promi-
nent in radio broadcasting. The example in
Rule 2 shows how. Try the first jumble. If
you have any difficulty with it get your
whole family into the game. All will enjoy
it and perhaps someone may be able to
help you over the harder spots.

LATE ENTRY REPRINTS
When you have unscrambled the names
at the right, if you have not saved last
month’s jumbles, you can obtain a reprint
gifts by making written application to the
contest address given in Rule 6. Unscramble
these, fill in this month’s group, and
you will be ready to complete your
entry with the final set which will appear
in the January issue.

UNSCRAMBLE THESE NAMES

WOYDEN
LAMSHARL
DORFGLAN
HAWSOTTUR
NONDESSAR
HARMCIN
LONPELES
TIRIFO
TAHNWEMI
FIFORNUB

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR
will publish a list of ten scrambled names of
prominent performers, announcers or characters
in leading programs.

2. To compete, copy the scrambled names and
opposite each write the name with the letters in
correct order, and the classification of his or her
work. Example—PEZOL—Lopez, band leader.

3. In case any name has more than one radio
application either, or any correct identification
will rate equally in this contest.

4. When you have unscrambled and identified
all thirty names write a statement of not more
than fifty words explaining which of these thirty
personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names
correctly unscrambled and identified and accompa-
nied by the clearest, most convincing state-
ment of preference will be adjudged the best.
The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to
entries in the order of their excellence on this
basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be
paid.

6. When your set of thirty names is complete
mold it, accompanied by your statement of pref-
erence, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O.
Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before
Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date
of this contest.

8. The judges will be the contest board of Mac-
fadden Publications and by entering you agree to
accept their decisions as final.

YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

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

WATCH FOR THE FINAL LIST OF NAMES NEXT MONTH
In the

Bake the potatoes in hot oven, 450 degrees F. Try with fork after one hour baking and when done, remove from the oven. Cut lengthwise in half. Scoop out filling and mash, season with salt and pepper, butter and a dash of nutmeg. After the mixture is smooth, add enough hot milk to moisten, and beat until fluffy and white. Then refill the shells and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in hot oven, removing when browned.

Honey Dean, another charming lady on the NBC offers this Russian Salad Dressing which should become popular at your dinners. It is not so frequently used as French or Mayonnaise but for a change it's delicious.

RUSSIAN DRESSING
4 cups mayonnaise
½ cup catsup
2 cups chopped pickles
1 cup grated mozzarella cheese

Add enough catsup to the mayonnaise to secure a delicate pink color, add the chopped pickles and cheese and mix well.

Little Jack Little has a recipe for cream soup which should please your family so much. It is simply prepared and one of the best soups I've ever tasted. This makes six servings.

CREAMED ASPARAGUS SOUP
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
Salt
Pepper
¼ cup cooked asparagus

Mix the flour and butter in top of double boiler directly over the flame. Add milk slowly and then place over bottom of double boiler. Cook until thickened—about eight minutes. Mash and strain asparagus into the cream sauce, adding about 2 teaspoons of lemon juice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat when ready to serve.

Leo Reisman, one of our popular orchestra leaders can cook, and one of his real accomplishments is this Penuche recipe for the holidays.

PENUCHE
3 tablespoons butter Salt (little)
1¾ cups brown sugar ¾ cup cream
1 cup chopped pecans

Melt the butter, add sugar and cream, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Allow to boil under low flame without stirring until a soft ball is formed when dropped into cold water. Take from fire and when cool beat well. Add the pecans, pour into buttered pan and mark in squares.

Jack Armstrong the hero for all the children, as a special treat, has his mother prepare this Devil's Food Cake.

The big programs are back on the air. The radio stars have swung into their winter activities. When their work demands so much of their energy they must guard their health carefully. Recreation is important, so is the food they eat.

So, this month we've gathered some new recipes from among the favorite dishes of the other celebrities. They've all been tested by the stars who recommend them or by their cooks and by your own homemaking department.

Mary Phillips, the lovely artist of the NBC network is a good cook and charming hostess. Her hint to the housewife is to use little water for vegetables such as string beans, carrots, and spinach. It is better occasionally to add more hot water to the pan; then the vegetable has its highest food value, as well as retaining the natural color. She recommends these Stuffed Potatoes as very tempting:

STUFFED POTATOES
6 large baking potatoes (preferably Idaho) Salt
Pepper
¾ cup of milk
3 tablespoons melted butter
4 tablespoons grated cheese

Yvonne Van, Columbia's velvety-toned singer, seems to be in doubt about a certain recipe.
DEVILO'S FOOD CAKE

4 squares chocolate
2 egg yolks
1 cup sweet milk
3/4 cup butter
2 cups brown sugar
Melt chocolate, add egg yolks, and slowly add one cup milk. Stir until thickened. Cool. Cream butter and sugar, mix flour, salt, and soda and sift. Add alternately to sugar and butter with the other cup of milk. Add vanilla and chocolate ingredients. Beat well. Bake 40 to 50 minutes in 325 degrees F. oven.

VEAL AND PEPPER

8 Peppers
2 lbs. veal (shoulder)
2 onions
1 small can tomatoes
1/2 cup olive oil

Cut the veal, which is boneless into pieces about the size of a walnut and fry in the olive oil until browned. Then pour tomatoes into this mixture and allow to cook for about 15 minutes, then add sliced peppers and sliced onions. Season with salt and black pepper to taste when meat is cooked.

In addition, we've assembled a very interesting menu for the Christmas Eve supper you may want to have this year.

Lots of the radio people are planning a "Night Before Christmas" party. Why don't you?

STUFFED CELERY (with Roquefort Dressing)
Mash 1/2 pound Roquefort Cheese till it forms a paste. Add 2 cups French Dressing slowly while beating and 2 teaspoons of onion juice. Fill celery with Roquefort Cheese and add a dash of paprika.

FINGER ROLLS

2 cups scalded milk
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sugar
5 1/2 cups flour
1 egg well beaten
Add butter, sugar and salt to milk. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake and 3 cups flour. Beat thoroughly, cover and let rise until light; cut down, add (Continued on page 88)
By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

QUESTIONS to the right of me, questions to the left of me; questions and answers, that’s all I dream about!

I know some of you are going to be disappointed not to find your particular question answered on these pages, but that is not because The Oracle has intentionally slighted you. It may be because your question was covered in a previous issue or that your letter has not yet been taken care of due to the influx of queries that arrived before yours did.

However, please be patient and watch the future issues of Radio Mirror. I’m sure you won’t be disappointed. Or will you?

Gertrude B., Portsmouth, N. H.—I hope this won’t ruffle you, but “Tiny” Ruffner and Gus Haensch are both married. Gus has not given us his age but take it from The Oracle, he’s quite young-looking.

Annie M. S., Washington, D. C.—You and a lot of others have asked us for the names of the members of the Show Boat Four, so here they are:—Scrappy Lambert and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Leonard Stokes, baritone, and Robert Moody, bass. Irene Hubbard plays the part of Captain Henry’s sister, Maria, aboard the Show Boat. How’s that for service?

A. E. G., Long Island, N. Y.—So, you have fallen for "Your Lover" too! All I can say is that you address a letter to “Your Lover”, care of the NBC New York studios, and if he cares to tell all, it’s okay with me, but I’m not telling. Sorry, but won’t you try me again?

A. F. M, New Hampshire—I really think Alois Havrilla is a fine announcer. He was born in Czecho-Slovakia. At this writing he is still announcing for NBC. He’s on the "Hall of Fame" program Sunday nights at 10:00 P.M., over WEAF and the Conoco program starring Harry Richman and Jack Denny on Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M., over WJZ.

Patrick R., Jamaica, New York—Sorry, it’s against the wishes of the stars to divulge home addresses. In the case of Rudy Vallee, the address we published was his office, and not his home address. Sure am glad you liked the Jessica Dragonette story in our September issue.

L. F. A., East Douglas, Mass.—That was a rather difficult order. I mean wanting your question answered so quickly. Your order had to wait until I took care of those that came before. I’m sure you’ll understand and forgive. Well, now you wanted to know whether Gene Arnold is married and to whom and if he has any children. Gene is married but we don’t know to whom. They have no children.

Florence M., Worcester, Mass.—You’re not the only one who’s favorite tenor is Frank Parker. His parents came from sunny Italy but Frank was born right in these here United States. He’s still single.

Florence J., Penn.—Don Ameche does play the part of Bob in the "Betty and Bob" sketches. His wife before her marriage was Honore Prendergast. Right now Don is concentrating solely on his radio work, and he’s sure doing a swell job of it. Agree?

Jim M., Crofton, Pa.—The chap who plays the part of Buck Rogers is Curtis Arnall and please, oh please! don’t ask for any more home addresses. Can I help it if all the stars got together and ruled against giving out home addresses? Try Mr. Arnall at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Lillian S., Amsterdam, New York—Al Jolson sure knows his radio. Just when you all start missing him, he pops back on the air. If he’s off now, he’ll be back before long. Does he sing request songs? Just try him at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

Carmenita R., Sidney, New York—Will I answer a couple of questions for you? With pleasure, that’s what I’m here for. Kenny Sargent of the Casa Loma orchestra is 28 years young and he’s married to Dorothy Morelock. Al Kavelin is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. He’s thirty years old and listen, girls, he’s not married. At least not at this writing.

H. M. G., Kerrville, Texas—Jack Benny is married to Mary Liv-

What Do You
ingstone and you can reach them at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

Mary M., Phila., Pa.—Space on these pages does not leave very much room for detailed biographies, but I'll try and tell you as much as I can. Phil Harris was born in Linton, Indiana, where his father was manager of the local stock company. Phil started his musical career as a drummer, playing in several of the country's leading dance bands before he formed his own group. He also appeared in several talking pictures. Now Leah Ray, blues singer with Phil and his orchestra, hails from Norfolk, Va. She has dark chestnut hair and beautiful round blue eyes; weighs 123 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall; is quite an athlete and plays a good game of tennis. Both Phil and Leah are heard weekly on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program over an NBC-WJZ network each Friday night at 9:00 P.M. Are you contented now?

Sally A., Chicago, Ill.—That hard-boiled chorus girl in the "Myrt and Marge" sketch is played by Elinore Rello, and up to this writing, the Oracle can't find out if she's married or not.

Mary C., Christensen—John Barclay was born on May 3, 1892. That makes him—well, suppose you figure it out for yourself. He's six feet five inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black curly hair and a fair complexion. You know, these tall, dark and handsome men can't remain single very long. So now you have the sad news.

A. A. M., Leominster, Mass.—The Oracle is really sorry to have fallen down on this one. By all kinds of fair and foul means I tried to get the information you wanted on Jack Armstrong and Betty Fairfield, but the identities of these two popular radio stars are being held locked in the secret panels of the studios.

N. B., Port Dalhousie, Canada

—Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro", is married. His wife is not a professional, and they are the parents of a fine boy of fourteen.

Marie M., Williamsville, N. Y.—How can I refuse when you call me such endearing names! Write Bing Crosby for his picture at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Now just cast your eyes on the opposite page and you'll find something about Al Kavelin.

Francis E., Canastota, N. Y.—I'm almost sure if you address a letter to Donald Novis care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York, he'll fulfill your desire for his autographed picture. As for Lawrence Tibbett, dear reader, if you tune in on WJZ-NBC some Tuesday night at 8:30 P.M., you'll hear his delightful baritone voice coming through your loud speaker.

Jan W., Chicago, Ill.—Do not ever hesitate to ask the Oracle a question. I'm always at your service and if I don't know the answer or can't obtain it for you, I'll just up and confess. I should judge Eddie Duchin to be 5 foot eleven inches tall. He's not married. At present he provides the musical background for Ed Wynne's Texaco program on the National Broadcasting network Tuesday nights at 9:30.

Mary Ellen G., Solomon, Kansas.—To obtain photographs of your favorites, James Wallington, Beatrice Churchill, Phil Harris, Don Ameche, Edward Reese and Enric Madriguera, address a letter to each one in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

Bob H., Glendale, Calif.—The two baritones you asked me about are not singing under assumed names. Their names are Mario Cozzi and Igor Gorin. Mario is Italian and Igor is Russian. Will that settle the argument?

Jerry and Bobby, Auburn, Me.—Please let me put your mind at ease. Lanny Ross has not gone to England. Not only is he on the Showboat Hour but he's got his own program called "Lanny Ross and his Log Cabin Orchestra."

Roy E. D., Ocean City, N. J.—Yes siree, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra is back on the Camel Caravan heard on the WABC-Columbia network every Tuesday night at 10:00 and each Thursday night at 9:00. Don't forget to tune in, or have you?

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City.
CARLOS MOLINA is sad. The tango-rumba orchestra leader who has become very popular in and around Chicago owns a huge picture. It is a memory of his days in Hollywood. It shows many of our best known film stars. On the margin are their autographs. Already death has taken four of the people in that picture. Carlos checks them off: Marie Dressler, Paul Bern who was Jean Harlow’s husband, Lew Cody, A. B. Frank who was president of the Ambassador hotel and discoverer of many stars including Russ Columbo, Bing Crosby, Abe Lyman, Gus Arnheim, Donald Novis, Phil Harris, Molina himself, and finally the fourth to die, Russ Columbo.

TONY IS HAPPY

NOW that Tony Wons is back in Chicago he’s happy. For it was here he got his first chance. Then network radio took him to New York and now it has brought him back to the town where he first started over WLS.

When Tony Wons got the urge to try his voice at the radio, he was selling locks in a hardware company. Fortified with a volume of his beloved Shakespeare he stormed the stations of Chicago, visiting first those who cater to the sophisticated audiences. But one after the other turned him down, saying his stuff was too highbrow. Then as a last resort he tried a station that played up to farmers and the small town people, and what seemed almost a miracle, he was put on the air to do a forty-five minute spot of Shakespeare. That, in Tony’s words, was one of the most trying periods of his life, for if he failed he would have to return to the lock selling business which he did not fancy; if he succeeded, he knew there was no telling how high he might go in the field of stage and radio entertainment, which he loved.

Tony remembers old timers around WLS and tells this one:

It is a safe bet to say that there is hardly a person in this country above the age of five who has not heard, or has not heard about Amos and Andy. Their rise in radio has been sensational. Tony remembers the time when he could have mentioned the name of Correl and Gosden to any ten people you met and not one out of the number could tell you who they were. Eight or nine years ago they were end men in Joe Bren’s minstrels going out of WLS in Chicago. One day as they were coming to the studio for their show,
a popular young minstrel man asked who those two fellows were. "That is Correll and Gosden," said the hostess. "Never heard of them." "Oh, they are the end men in our minstrel show." Then professional jealousy got the better of the young man, as he said, "Correl and Gosling! You won't hear those names a month from today. I'm going to get their job. I double in minstrel shows." Well, the name of Correll and Gosden did disappear almost from the face of the earth, but the names of Sam and Henry, and Amos and Andy are household words, and the name of the young man who wanted their job has long been forgotten.

JEANIE STARTED HERE

ALTHOUGH most people think Jeanie Lang got her start with Paul Whiteman in the latter's movie "The King of Jazz", she really began well before that right here in Chicago. In St. Louis Jeanie's family and that of Brook Johns' were good friends. Johns got a chance to do stage work in St. Louis and later in Chicago. Jeanie kept pestering him for a chance to sing with his show on the stage. Finally he decided to give her that chance... but she was so excited that when she got out on the stage she fainted!

Later she got over that nervousness and for one summer did several jobs in Chicago at the Oriental theatre. Then she had to "retire" from the stage and go back to St. Louis because, you see, the school season was opening.

When she graduated from school her folks took Jeanie to California as a graduation present. One day they met Paul Whiteman who always likes to give ambitious kids a chance. The Langs didn't want Jeanie to sing professionally although they were proud of the work she had done in school shows.

"Do you sing?" asked Paul Whiteman.
"O, yes," replied Jeanie.
"No!" cried Mr. Lang.
"O, my goodness, no!" added Mrs. Lang.
Paul heard her, liked her voice and put her into his "King of Jazz" movie.

HECTIC RADIO

Radio is hectic and sometimes amusing. Take for instance the day both Inna Phillips and Bess Johnson forgot they were in the "Today's Children," sketch for that day. (Continued on page 79)
We Have With Us—

**RADIO MIRROR’S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE**

### LIST OF STATIONS

#### BASIC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WMSB</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WWIZ</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WNBC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJOH</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WICO</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOAI</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WWHN</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### SUPPLEMENTARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBY</td>
<td>NY Network</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CANADIAN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KOIN</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KBK</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFH</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KRLN</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KGSR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXMO</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KXLR</td>
<td>CAN Network</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### COASTAL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Network</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>CA Network</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### PROGRAMS

#### 2PM.

1:00 Church of the Air:  WOR
2:00 Lazy Dan:  WOR
3:00 New York Philharmonic:  WOR
4:00 Jack Brook:  WOR
5:00 Open House, Freddie Marlin:  WOR

#### 3PM.

1:00 Little Jack Little:  WOR
2:00 Emergy Deutsch:  WOR
3:00 Hill’s Royal Hawaiians:  WOR
4:00 Chicago Women’s Symphony:  WOR
5:00 The Ozel Feature:  WOR

#### 4PM.

1:00 Auschwitz:  WOR
2:00 Salvation Army Band:  WOR
3:00 Chicago Variety:  WOR
4:00 Spirituals:  WOR
5:00 Creull & Sanders:  WOR

#### 5PM.

1:00 Church of the Air:  WOR
2:00 Lazy Dan:  WOR
3:00 Chicago Women’s Symphony:  WOR
4:00 Jack Brook:  WOR
5:00 The Ozel Feature:  WOR

#### 6PM.

1:00 Auschwitz:  WOR
2:00 Salvation Army Band:  WOR
3:00 Chicago Variety:  WOR
4:00 Spirituals:  WOR
5:00 Creull & Sanders:  WOR

---

**HOW TO USE IT:** Here is a new chart which enables you to find any of the big network programs at a glance. This chart covers all broadcasts for October and November and is organized according to the hours of the day, beginning at twelve noon and ending at twelve midnight. The time given is that of Eastern Standard Time. If you have Central Standard Time just cross out two hours and put in the corrected time. For Mountain Time subtract two hours and for Western Time, subtract three.

On this and the opposite page, you will find all the Columbia programs. The two pages following give you all the National Broadcasting programs which are divided into the Red and Blue networks. At the left you’ll find a list of network stations belonging to CBS. If your station is not listed look for it on the Program in the column. After each program the length is given in fractions, and the day of the week in abbreviations. Following that is a list of stations, shortened into Basic, Supplementary, and Canadian, with exceptions and additions. The CB network stations include Basic, Western, Canadian, and Coast. We can’t be responsible for last minute changes!
6:00 Music By Gershwin: Sun., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WJZ. Also in Mon., 1/2 hr. WJZ. For Prussian Coast plus WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.

12:00 William Wills: Sat., 1/4 hr. Basic minus KOMA. WNBC WQMG WQX WCBC WJZ WKR. Also in Sun., 1/4hr. WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.

1:00 Radio and Old Lace: Tue., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WBZ. WNYE WBT WWO WQX WCBC WJZ WKR. Also in Thu., 1/4 hr. WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.

6:00 Smiling Ed McConnel: Sun., 1/4 hr. Network

The Shadow: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WJZ. WBZ WBNB WQLC KZL KSL CFB R. Also in Tue., 1/4 hr. WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.

6:30 Woll's Shadow: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus KFBK. Also in Tue., 1/4 hr. WRQX. KZL KSL CFB R.

Time for the Bank: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WJZ. WBZ WBNB WQLC KZL KSL CFB R. Also in Tue., 1/4 hr. WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.

8:00 Beauty Experience: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WHK. KZL KSL CFB R.

9:00 Beadle and Grimshaw: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WJZ. WBZ WBNB WQLC KZL KSL CFB R. Also in Tue., 1/4 hr. WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.

10:00 (The) Big Show: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WHK. WJZ. KZL KSL CFB R.

11:00 The Bells of Broadway: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WHK. WJZ. KZL KSL CFB R.

12:00 Children's Broadcast: Mon., 1/4 hr. Basic minus WJZ. WBZ WBNB WQLC KZL KSL CFB R. Also in Tue., 1/4 hr. WJZ. WGST WBNB WQLC WCRG KZL KSL CFB R.
Ralph Macchio is the solo baritone on the Mohawk Treasure Chest.
Behind the Scenes of the Gibson Family Broadcast

(Continued from page 37)

of the show. A good time to tell all about this unique production before the play begins.

No wonder the stage is crowded. On the left we can see ten men and women — part of the chorus of eighteen. Opposite them on folding chairs, like generals reviewing a parade, sit the other eight. One man must have been late. He's in plain business suit. Voorhees' hand, stretched straight across the back, number over twenty-five. Male and female lead. Juvelena, they're father and mother. Announcer. Sound effects men. They sit down wherever they can find room.

But wait. Jack and Loretta Clemens — they became famous as a team in vaudeville — have stepped before a ribbon microphone, set in the middle of the stage, and a little up front. Directly in line and ten feet in back is another to pick up the music of the orchestra. The two actors, script in hand, are wisecracking.

These wisecracks have been written by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Recognize the name? He's a Saturday Evening Post author, Hollywood scenario writer, writer of boys' stories, author of comedies. He was a press agent for a circus in his younger days. That's why he knows all about animals. He learned the modern slang which is being used by eavesdropping on young couples in Park Avenue bars.

The sponsors of this program have certainly spared no expense. They have Arthur Schwartz, short, swarthy, composer of hit songs which featured such Broadway shows as The Bandwagon, Three's a Crowd, and Flying Colors, on this, and what a job! He and Howard Dietz, his collaborator, have to compose four new songs every week for this program. Dietz once wrote short humor for Judge, until he found that for songs faces was more profitable. He's the publicity director of one of the biggest movie companies.

Back to the stage. Bobby Gibson — that's Jack Clemens — looks over his shoulder. He's not very tall, looks the part of the juvenile, like a prep school boy in his first tux. Dot Marsh — she's Loretta Clemens in real life — holds his hand.

Bobby's parents — Jack Roseleigh and Ann Elston, old timers on the radio — were carefully to the mike. They're reproaching Bobby for the slang he uses.

"Don't mind that empty top," Dot advises them. The parents look properly shocked. Dot is wearing a black velvet dress, back and front. Mrs. Gibson has a simple white evening gowns. When she walks you can see green slippers.

Now Bobby and Dot have the center of the stage. They bend it together, and there's a stirring in the audience. They know that these young voices are already filling a million homes with their melody. It's the miracle of radio again. We shiver a little. Perhaps Ad-

moral Byrd at the south pole is tuning in.

When is the star of the show going to sing? We try to find Conrad Thibaut—lead in the Show Boat hour, formerly co-star with Albert Spalding, Thibaut. Seen in all of the first rows of the chorus, the left side of the stage, well back from the footlights. First the quartet. They're getting ready now.

Voorhees waves his baton, a queer baton it is, an ordinary pencil, and steps on the squat soap box called a podium. The music begins. The quartet, all in tuxedos, have advanced to the microphone.

They swing into "I'm Absent-Minded," first of Schwartz's new songs. The baritone puts his right hand to his ear. That's an old mike trick which David Ross employs. No one knows what good it does.

The music dies away. Before the quartet can find their seats, Sally Gibson has taken their place. She's Adele Ronson, who doubles for Lois Bennett in the talking parts of the play. That white dress is in perfect contrast to her tanned skin. She is speaking now to her mother, her father. Her blue eyes sparkle with happiness.

"Do you think Dad'll be at Jack's rodeo?" she asks. This is real acting. Sally is no more conscious of the mike than if it had been swallowed up by the floor.

What's next? Before we can lose interest a mixed octette has advanced front and center. The women are elaborately dressed. Black, White, Red, Peach.

Don Voorhees has come with them. He brushes the hair away from his eyes and leads them in the cowboy song. Eyes left, Thibaut stands up, slim, straight, six feet tall. Across in front of the center of the opposite side of that ribbon mike, which could be a match box, if it were six inches shorter, he takes his position.

A signal from Voorhees he is singing. His clear voice fills the studio. He sings with his hands at his side, head thrown back. He is about three feet from the mike. That's unusual in radio. His voice must have volume.

Now the octette is seated. Thibaut is taking part in the play. He holds hands with Sally. They are in love, all right. Sally has eyes only for him. You might easily be in a Broadway theater. The illusion is perfect.

"Goodbye, Sally. I'll see you at the rodeo." Sally nods. Thibaut waves and steps to the front of the mike. A whistling on the right. Fritz Street, sound effects man, is at work on a machine the size of a phonograph. To all listeners-in, it is the sound of a powerful automobile straining from a bridge position.

Now for the duet. Thibaut comes back and Lois Bennett, young, red haired, blue eyes, stands beside him. She is a newcomer to radio. Had her first start less than a year ago, but her voice hasn't a technical flaw in it. She is wearing a blue velvet chiffon evening gown. The shoulders are bared. She cocks her head to one side and sings directly into the mike while Thibaut moves closer. He is singing softly. The melody swells. Voorhees waves the hands in louder praise. Six women and four men advance, singing. It is the finale to the first act.

Wallington steps forward and speaks into the mike on behalf of Ivory. This afternoon she caught the dress rehearsal for pictures. She was sporting a heavy beard. It's really a joke on him, because the minute he saw the camera man set up his apparatus, he disappeared. Five minutes later he was back — without the beard. He must have an electric razor just outside the studio.

We expect the curtain to go down, but no, as Wallington finishes his last word, Voorhees gives the baton a wave and the overture starts.

The second act seems shorter. Now the characters have been established — that's all important in radio — and the action can be speeded up.

More singing. Thibaut is in front again. The brasses in the band stand up. Warm light catches on the French horns — hot sun on burntish gold. When the orchestra is seated it is barely distinguishable against the blue back drop. Then sudden quiet. The center of the stage is taken by the principals in play.

"Jack, at last I can tell you. Darling, I do love you."

SALLY is prettier than ever. She doesn't need any jewelry. Her blue eyes have all the sparkle in the world. But why is she frowning? The plot must be thickening.

Mr. Gibson, Sally's father, comes up front. He has been sitting by the piano with Wallington. Now he's frowning. He is a stickler. Fritz Street cranks what looks like an old windlass. The creaking signifies the drop of the curtain. The component parts of the show stand up and bow, stretch warily, and file slowly out a rear exit.

As you sit inside the studio, you realize the magnitude of this program. Four new songs each week. An hour script. An orchestra and six leads in the play. More to see than any Broadway show.

How does it sound? We've been so busy watching, we aren't sure. That will be our week's resolution. Next Saturday we'll hear the Gibson Family Broadcast.
Both girls have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman. You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, your skin.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help you win your beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for your skin. See how much it can improve your complexion.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women.
wives also are adopting babies. In fact, this one gentleman's wife," indicating the Baron, across whose face swept a modest and deprecatory smile, "is adopting two babies. Now we have been trying to make up a Christmas list for the four babies, and not having had a great deal of experience in such matters, we didn't seem to be getting anywhere, so we came here to see you. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly," replied the saleslady, instinctively. "Would you like to take me, please." She led them to a small, well appointed upstairs office. Three quarters of an hour later, the three comedians emerged, looking like a comedian's public would expect three noted comedians to look. Each wore a smile from ear to ear. They hailed another taxi, and were driven home.

"My bill will be $241.50. Not bad, what?" exulted Burns.

"Now got away on $262.30," contributed Benny.

"Mine was—let's see," the Baron figured. "Oh, yes, it was $302.10."

"Always topping everybody else with a taller story," Benny derided. "The Baron's glance was a rebuke.

"You vas dere, wasn't you?" he demanded.

IN Chicago, Winnie Pearl, Mary Livingstone, wife of Jack Benny, and Gracie Allen sat in the living room of a suite in the Loop hotel. Lines of weari- ness marked their attractive faces. They slouched tiredly in their chairs.

"What a soft snap we left for those boys!" Winnie exclaimed. "Nothing to do but buy a few presents. Say, girls. I'm dead on my feet."

"My feet hurt," Said Mary plaintively.

"Your feet hurt, do they?" chorused her companions mockingly.

"Well, the really tough part of it was they didn't look so sweet, it was just too much," Mary reminded softly.

"You just wanted to take them all home with you, didn't you?"

"The little darlings!" Gracie cried rapturously.

The Jack Benny's had adopted a cute little raven tressed girl of six months. George Burns and Gracie Allen became the adopted parents of a dimpled, wriggling little mass of pink humanity at the same time. And Jack and Winnie Pearl, not to be outdone, selected for their very own a boy and a girl. The children came from The Cradle, famous Chicago orphanage under the direction of a prominent group of wealthy benefactors.

Winnie and Gracie and Mary had been entrusted by their respective spouses to fly by plane to Chicago, make the selections, attend to the necessary legal formalities that would ensure the safety of tiny feet in the Pearl, Burns, and Benny Menages before the magic of Christmas cast its spell over the world.

Each of the three couples claims to have had the idea of adopting a baby first. So sharp is the divergence of their opinions on this matter that it is unlikely it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. But here, as closely as careful and painstaking investigation could determine, is how it all came to happen.

Jack Benny and Mary had talked of adopting a baby, Mary assures me, long before either George and Gracie, or Winnie and Jack, both couples bosom pals of the Bennys, ever broached the subject.

"Jack has always been crazy about children," Mary explained. "He stops them in the street and talks to them. It's a wonder to me he hasn't been taken for a kidnapper before this. When we visit where there are children, Jack drives the mothers wild by giving them ice cream and things. He isn't going to get away with that stuff with little Joan, though," she added as an afterthought.

"I love children, too, but we never felt that we could care for a baby properly, you see, because one of the penalties of being in show business is that you never know today where you are going to be tomorrow. You're going to work, and when Jack and I came to radio, our contract was always for thirteen weeks, and if it hadn't been renewed, we'd have been back in vaudeville. And backstage in a vaudeville theater is no place for a baby that's not to mention that awful travelling about all the time from place to place. But when Jack got a contract for a whole year—well, then things looked a little different."

Mary told me this a few days before she and Jack were to fly to Chicago to take their choice from among the tots at the Cradle. She had waited for the return of Winnie and Gracie from Europe, so the three friends might go together. She was bubbling over with joyous anticipation as we talked.

"YOU should see Bebe Daniels' baby!" she exclaimed. "It's the loveliest thing! Bebe had fits at a party at her house when she caught Jack feeding the baby bacon from canapes. Every time Jack gave the baby a piece of bacon, the baby would give Jack a kiss, and there would have been a case for the doctor if Bebe hadn't caught him. And Edward Robinson! I wish you could hear him! You know, he'd never 'go Hollywood' and buy a house. But when the baby came, he was the real estate agent's dream. He'd have bought a house put together with glue as long as it had a big backyard for the baby to play in. "You know," Mary added thoughtfully, "I've been thinking about that, too. So has Jack. A house, I mean. We'll probably take a house out in the suburbs somewhere, because the apartment isn't any place to raise a child. Gracie says if we do, she and George will take one next door, so we can run back and forth to tell each other things about the babies."

There's a tip on a budding young real estate boom.

"It's wonderful just to think about it," Mary said. "You know, it's going to mean real home life for me and Jack. I'm glad I'm not in 'Bring on the Girls' with him." ('Bring on the Girls' is the Broadway musical in which Jack is starred). "I want to be at home when Jack gets home from work, and have him tell me all about it, just like other husbands do when they come in from the office. And then we'll tip-toe into the nursery and it will be. . . well, you know what I mean."

Mary says she will retire from professional work in a few years. "When Joan is about three," she blushed, "perhaps we'll have a little brother or sister for her."

IT all started with Gracie and George when they went to Hollywood several months ago to make a picture. They met all the stars of the screen. And of course, the Hollywood stars talked, morning, noon, and night. Blase, sophisticated Hollywood talked of nothing but babies. Babies at brunch, Babies at tea, Babies at dinner. Babies at the swanky previews. Pretty soon George was talking of babies, although his fund of information was rather limited, and among those experts his style was cramped. Gracie was talking of babies, too, and although her fund of information was also limited, her style was not cramped in the least. For Gracie talked about babies regardless. It wasn't long before George and Gracie were talking to one another about babies.

"George, let's adopt a baby of our own—a little girl," Gracie finally suggested, "one that we'd be proud of."

"Okay about a baby," George assented, "but let's adopt a boy."

There the discussion started. It continued during their stay in Hollywood. Gracie wanted a girl; George held out for a boy. Finally they compromised; George agreed that perhaps a girl would be better, after all.

Now comes the Baron and Winnie. As usual, the Baron tops 'em all with his story.

"Winnie and I had the idea first," he insists, "We were the first of the three couples to go to Hollywood, you see, and that's where we got the notion. Our pals out there are Joe E. Brown and his wife, and they had a baby, you know, that died shortly after it was born. Miss Brown was grief-stricken, and Joe suggested she adopt another. They had three children already, but they adopted another to take the place of the little one that died. When we were out there, we saw that they loved it almost more than their own children did."

"Then Winnie and I decided that we'd adopt a baby, and Winnie heard about The Cradle in Chicago. And say, you ought to see the questionnaire they (Continued on page 64)
Beech-Nut steals the show!

Ladies and Gentlemen... Beech-Nut presents... a mouth-watering performance... that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors... in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say... "Beech-Nut!"
NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

D o ugly pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to look better and feel better.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may print this on a penny post card

NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name

Address

City State

Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 62)

make you fill out before they accept your application. It looks like a script for a two-hour radio show! Winnie and I took a boy and a girl; the boy to be George named after Winnie's father, and the girl Anna, after my mother.

"We've already taken a ten room apartment so we'll have lots of room for the nursery and everything. Move out to the suburbs with Bennys and George and Gracie? I should say not! It wouldn't be fair to the neighbors. Four babies and three comedians in the same neighborhood! But no matter where we live, you can bet that Winnie and Gracie and Mary will be always getting together and comparing notes. You think Baron Munchausen can tell tall stories? Say, wait until you hear those three women about their babies!"

The Bennys and the Pearls and the Burnses are radio's inseparables. They play bridge together, dine together, and Gracie and George occupy an apartment just above the Bennys, when the Pearls live nearby.

The three closely attached couples are not alone in the "adopted parents." There's little Davy Jones, adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Isham Jones.

Only Kate Smith's intimates know that she is the "adopted mother" of three boys and a girl, ranging in ages from four to twelve. Kate was singing last year at a Christmas party in a private orphanage. A matron called her attention to the four youngsters who, after the holidays, were to be sent to a public institution because their sad relative could no longer support them. "Let them remain in the private home. Kate did not hesitate for an instant. "Keep them here, where they are happy," she directed simply, "and send me the bill. Every month since, she has sent a check for the support of the four, who swear their undying devotion.

Don't Be Afraid to Fail" by Roxy

(Continued from page 23)

used nothing but new voices. They aren't microphone trained, haven't been made tense by exhortations to "watch that second hand on the clock". That is really the trouble with radio today. Technically, there have been wonderful advancements, but programs have not kept in step. There is too heavy a tendency to air productions of the spectacular type. The result is that they have become too fast-paced and are entirely too sketchy.

There isn't the ease and naturalness so desirable in an artist's performance. He is warned that the stopwatch is the god of the show and that he is merely its slave.

Back twelve years ago, when the old crystal set was depended upon to bring in all the programs, everything was taken more easily. It was a much better approach when informality was the keynote. It gave a strong flavor of adventure.

My Castoria shows aren't following any definite form, except in this one respect: they are all built against a musical background. Music, in its interpretation and presentation, still stands predominant in popularity with radio audiences.

But otherwise I want to experiment with every new broadcast. There are always ways of spicing up the program, and I don't want the show built on such rigid lines that it can't be changed when a new idea comes along.

It was a great many years ago that I first learned how valuable experiments can be and how much a different idea can be of assistance in deriving for more perfect entertainment.

The year before I was married, I was working in the small town of Forest City, Pennsylvania. My prospective father-in-law was insistent that I have a good bank account before I marry his daughter.

In order to make some pin money in addition to my regular salary I began to run motion pictures in the back room of a bar. The admission charge was five and ten cents. There were always big audiences at first, but soon they began to dwindle. I knew that something had to be done. Then I hit upon the idea that brought the customers back. With two glasses, a bottle of rose-water, and a small electric fan, I managed to keep the small, stuffy room pleasantly filled with this rather exotic perfume. It was my first real attempt at showmanship.

Thus it is easy to see just how long it took me before I could feel sure that I was a success. There are so many young artists today whose careers develop much too rapidly. They shoot up like a skyrocket, make a beautiful display, and then just as quickly they burn out and fade away.

My advice to anyone starting out on a radio career is to take plenty of time. Even when the talents are exceptional, it pays to turn down big offers at first. Slowly, surely, he will climb higher and last longer.

John Evans, whose voice you hear on my program, studied for a year and a half while he was unemployed and had barely enough money to buy his meals. His teacher sent me a letter about him and I gave him an audition. The result? He has a bright future ahead of him now. But it won't be tomorrow or next week, if I have anything to say about it. Later, much later, he will be a permanent success.

In close to may I add one word of advice? Even if you feel that you are a person of average ability, that you aren't of the stuff from which stars are made, don't be content with average ambitions. Cast aside fears, inhibitions and shoot for the moon. Don't be afraid to fail.

Goodbye, and God bless you.
NEXT TUES. NIGHT at 9:30 E.T.
THE Funniest and Brightest PROGRAM
Laugh with Fire-Chief
Ed Wynn
and
Graham McNamee
Enjoy the Charming Music
of
Eddy Duchin
N. B. C. Coast to Coast
Kills a COLD "Dead"!
—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications". Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is internal in effect.

What It Does
First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and giddy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the most economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.

Let Santa Bring a Radio
(Continued from page 48)

PICKING up some more leaflets, we find the RCA stressing "perfected" foreign reception, improved tone, and more beautiful cabinets. All but seven of their twenty-eight models will pick up the police calls, and with but two exceptions, all the "Globe Trotter" and "Duo" (phonograph combinations) will get one or more foreign bands. A few of the sets are able to cover all signals from 140 to 410 kc, and from 540 to 36,000 kc, which means practically everything on the air. Others offer somewhat more limited frequency ranges. Automatic record changers on the "Duo", automatic volume control on all but two consoles, band indicators and vernier tuners are other features. RCA, it is said, also plans to produce high fidelity equipment, affording a wider range of musical response than heretofore possible.

Pilot, a prominent manufacturer of moderately priced equipment, will be ready for Santa with four lines of table models and two consoles. These, for the most part, will go all the way from the broadcasting stations to the one-meter (18,800 kc) foreigners, and one reaches 21,400 kc. There are A.C. models, D.C. models, some that work on both and some that work on batteries. Most all manufacturers are providing a full range of electric power models this year.

Models being put out by American-Bosch are of ten different types ranging in price from a five-tube midget, which gets the police alarms as well as the broadcasting stations, and costs $29.95 to a ten-tube console at $149.50, which reaches all the way from 540 to 22,500 kc. This and another of the models has a convenient tilted tuning panel, which can be seen when you're standing up. It's covered by a drop leaf arrangement when not being used.

There's a lot of news in the new Atwater Kent line. First, they offer a set with a clock mechanism and automatic tuner combined, enabling the user to "plug in" his set for whatever programs he plans to hear on as many as seven different stations. Then all he has to do is sit back and listen, while the set tunes itself from program to program automatically. Known as the Tune-Omatic, it will retail for $190. It has eleven tubes and covers the 5500 to 15,500 kc band in addition to the regular radio stations.

The addition of sets affords an extremely wide choice from a little four-tube midget at $22.50 including a police band, to a big twelve tube "high fidelity" console which tunes all the way from 540 to 18,000 kc, and costs $180. Including an antenna of the double-tube type, designed to reduce interference. Its principal difference from the others I have seen is that its two lead-ins are kept parallel and about two inches apart, while others are "transposed" across the front of the cabinet to prevent waves. Or are simply twisted together or are enclosed in a grounded metal sheath.

If you decide that Christmas won't be complete unless you give or get a new aerial, consult a reliable dealer who stocks all types before deciding which is best. Each has features which recommend it.

Perhaps the most complete line of all is being offered by Philco, which announces forty-nine different sets, ranging in price from $20 to $600. Five of these are midgets, three feature remote control, and six include phonographs. A high fidelity receiver is also found in this line.

Nearly every Philco, if not all, will tune to one or more short wave channels in addition to the American broadcast band.

GRUNOW Radio is out with nine sets and a new antenna system. Each set includes at least one of the police alarm channels, and several of them tune to 21,700 kc. In size, the sets range from midgets using four tubes to a remote control console with eleven. Oddly enough, this, the largest set in the Grunow line, makes no provision for short wave reception save police calls, while many of their smaller models do.

Crossley, too, offers a wide choice from its line of twenty-six models, ranging in price from $19.90 to $99.50. All but a few of their cheapest sets will afford police alarms; most will tune to 15,500 kc, and two of the models are even more truly "all-wave", including frequencies from 530 to 24,000 kc.

A word on how to choose a radio set might not be amiss, for the pamphlets are filled with so many mystifying phrases and coined trade names that they leave most of us feeling a bit bewildered and helpless. No matter whether you're buying your set from a tube or an antenna, patronise either a reliable local dealer or a reliable mail order house. In other words, buy from a merchant who you have every reason to believe will still be in business should you ever have to demand service on your purchase.
General Point Number Two is "Buy only merchandise made by a reputable manufacturer." It is useless to have a guarantee from a concern which is likely to be out of business should you wish an adjustment made on defective apparatus.

No matter what else you may do, those two points will keep you from straying very far afield.

In choosing a set, decide what you want to hear. If you will be satisfied with only the broadcasting stations, there is no use in paying more to get one which will bring in Europe. But if you want to have a lot of fun that you couldn't have with American programs alone, by all means get an all-wave set.

Then, too, when a dealer tells you that a set will get the police, make him explain what police. There are three police bands, and only sets which have a reception band from 1500 to 2506 kc will get all of them. Other bands are at 1574 and 1712 kc (included in the above), and sets tuning to 1750 kc will receive only those two. Find out what frequency is used by your local cops—it's more fun listening to their calls than to the more remote ones.

There is an amateur voice band at 1500 to 2000 kc and another at 3900 to 4000 kc. Still another lies between 14,150 and 14,250 kc. The foreign stations are scattered all the way from 250 to 36,000 kc.

CONSIDER tone quality important when making your choice. Have the dealer demonstrate the sets on a good orchestra, and compare several, to make sure that the bass of the drums, cellos and tubas is heard, in addition to checking on the high of the violins and fies or piccolos. Hear some talk over it, to make sure that speech will be easily understandable.

If you're interested in foreign reception, have a test made to see how some of the European stations are heard. Don't judge for mere loudness of signal alone; compare the volume of the signal with that of the interference. And, when thus comparing two sets in this way, make your tests only a few instants apart if they cannot be made simultaneously, for interference comes and goes without warning.

Remember, too, that a set may perform differently in your home than in the shop. It may be either better or worse than you heard it, for performance depends largely upon local conditions. See if you can get your dealer to let you try the set of your choice subject to exchange if unsatisfactory.

A new radio set, kit of tubes, or improved antenna will greatly increase your year-round pleasure from broadcasting. So why not give (and, if possible, receive) radio equipment this year? It's one of the few gifts that makes the recipient think of you with pleasure daily. And a Merry Christmas to you!

---

I've Broken the Habit
OF TAKING HARSH ALKALIES FOR
Acid Indigestion!

"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with TUMS! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

TUMS End Sour Stomach... Gas... Heartburn New Safe Way!

EVERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of raw water-soluble alkali.

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalis gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up.

TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

---

RADIO MIRROR

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 1477L, St. Louis, Mo.
let the selling of stocks and bonds interfere with his radio business. He
has a partner who attends to the
Wall Street affairs . . . Nick Kenny,
kilocycle expert of the New York Daily
Mirror, is the biggest-hearted radio
critic in the country. Last year he and
his Radio gang played over three hun-
dred benefit performances. This year
he will exceed even that number.

Is Mme Frances Aida a secret bride?
. . . Rosemary Lane has grown a full
inch during the past year since
Muriel Wilson and Fred Had-
smith sang a love duet on the Palm-
olive program gossipers have it that a
full-fledged romance has developed . .
Henry Taylor, of the Three Radio
Rogues, is the defendant in a $100,000
breach of promise suit brought by Vera
Grove (nee Snellgrove). Their blighted
romance began, according to Vera, last
spring when both were employed at the
Casino de Paree, New York.

Tamara and Jess Fish, furrier with
plenty of fish, may be altar-bound . . .
It's a boy at the Ward Wilsons . .
Other blessed events: A boy in the
home of Carlyle Stevens, Columbia an-
ouncer, and a girl to Hugh Conrad
who acts as well as announces at CBS
. . . John Mitchell, of Carson Robison's
Buckaroos, and Miss Louise Sparrow
of Columbia, Tenn., may be bride and
groom when this appears . . . And
Martha Mears and Sid Brokaw, viio-
linist of Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, are also
said to have serious intentions.

Seven thousand dollars in cash and a
trust fund of $13,000 settled Arthur
(Street Singer) Tracy's alimony
troubles with his wife, according to
papers filed in the New York Supreme
Court.

W HEN a band leader announces
that he is about to play a cer-
tain number "by request" didja ever
stop to wonder who made the request?
Well, we have and so also has Lemmie
Hayton, the maestro, for he has for-
warded to this desk a neatly typed
statement bearing on the matter. "Nine
times out of ten"—Hayton speaking—
"the request is made by a song plugg er
anxious to have his number exploited
on the air." Thus we like and learn.

Rowene Williams, who plays the part
opposite Dick Powell on the "Holly-
wood Hotel" series, formerly sang un-
der the name of Neno Williams. A nu-
merologist once told her that the lat-
ter name was lucky. Yet it was as
Rowene Williams that she won the
"Hollywood Hotel" assignment after na-
tion-wide auditions, thus winning
what was supposed to be a 20,000 to 1
chance . . . Wonder if it was a numer-
ologist who suggested to the new
Swedish singer that she use the name
of Anka Lundh. It is the most confus-
ing tag of any girl vocalist on the air
and if a number expert is responsible—
well, Anka ought to consult one who
speaks English.

B ETTY BARTHHELL played a
mean trick on an unknown ad-
mirer. For weeks she received ardent
letters from a man signing himself
"Colonel John Marshall." They were
postmarked Louisville, Ky., and the
Colonel reported that he had fallen in
love with Betty Hearing her voice
come through his loudspeaker.
Finally came an epistle announcing the time of
his arrival in New York and making an
appointment to meet and marry Betty.
Nothing, but not even curious about the
Colonel, hired a girl to impersonate her
at the rendezvous. And enlisted the
services of the homeliest girl she could
find. The Colonel gave one look at "Betty" and
left without a word. Strangely enough no more letters have
come from him, either.

B ORI—W ITH H IGH F IDELITY

W HEN Lucretia Bori introduced
the new Philco high-fidelity re-
ceiver over the CBS, a new era in radio
reception was established, although the
test was meaningless as far as the aver-
age radio listener is concerned.
It's not that Miss Bori's test wasn't
fair to you—it wasn't fair to the high
fidelity set through which she sang.
True, her voice sounded just the same
as when she sang directly into the mi-
crophone, but so would it have if she
had sung through an ordinary good set.
To appreciate a high fidelity receiver
you must use it to listen to a broadcast
from a high fidelity transmitting sta-
tion, and must then compare it with
the same program heard over the best
sets previously obtainable.
What a difference!

SUPPRESSED DESIRES

Pry into the personalities of radio
folks and you would be surprised at
their suppressed desires. Here is what
some of them would like to do if broad-
casting didn't forbid:

Jimmy Melton would like to go on a
world cruise in his yacht "Melody".
Jane Froman, a graduate of jour-
nalism from a mid-western university,
would like to combine singing with a
job on a newspaper writing "sub-sis-
ter" stories.

Frank Black, NBC's general music
director, would like to set up a chemi-
cal laboratory. He studied chemistry
in his youth.

Lawrence Tibbett cherishes a secret
ambition to be starred in a Broadway
drama.

Lois Bennett would like to retire to
a New England farm.

Joe Cook, believe it or not, wants to
conduct a radio bed-time story series
for children. He thinks he is experi-
cenced along this line with his own two
youngsters.

Al Pearce wants to visit every town
in the United States and Canada to de-
velop amateur talent.

Roxy would like to invent a tele-
vision set which would take care of
light and color as well as sight and sound.

Barry McKinley, the Ohio baritone, years to become an automobile racer.

Willard Robison wants to found an artists' colony where promising young composers can work under proper subsidy.

Frank Parker would be the happiest man in the world if he could quit singing and devote all his time to playing polo.

* * *

The Mabelline Musical Romances found a tenor lead for the shows when a radio scout in his tour of Hollywood followed movie stars to their favorite rendezvous. He stumbled on Don Mario and learned that he was the night club's biggest drawing card. Now he's being billed as the most promising West coast recruit to the air waves. The blood that flows in his veins is authentic Spanish, which accounts for his accent and the warm tonal qualities of his voice. It takes a band vocalist, it would seem, to thrill filmgoers. Perhaps he'll do the same for radio audiences.

* * *

Just as Amos 'n Andy make frequent visits to New York's Harlem to absorb "color," so do Pat Padgett and Pic Malone, of the team of "Mo-lases and January," They make it a point to dine at least once weekly in that section. They credit Harlem with furnishing them with many of their most amusing gags and situations.

* * *

Eve Sully of the comedy team, Block and Sully, heard Mondays on Columbia's "Big Show," returned from Hollywood with several awe-inspiring tales of filmland idiosyncrasies. Here's one: The day before they were to shoot the scene in "Kid Millions" where Eddie Cantor pushes her into a pool of water, the director asked Eve if she minded. She told him, not if the water were tepid. Orders were given for the pool to be filled with warm water, and early the next morning everyone was on the set almost at the crack of dawn, ready for the shooting.

Just as the camera was focussed, Eve had a sudden inspiration to test the water to make sure it wasn't icy. She withdrew her hand quicker than you could say the proverbial "Jack Robinson." It was 130 degrees—boiling temperature. For hours the cast sat around in their hot, bulky costumes while the local ice company brought huge cakes of ice to cool off the pool.

* * *

Postscripts

Annette Hanshaw is now one of the highest salaried girl vocalists on the air. She gets $1400 a broadcast on her new cigarette program... Dave Rubino is seriously thinking of retiring from radio to go on the concert stage. He plans the move for the movies... Dave Apollos, just back from London, reports American artists are the best paid in European radio... Pat Barnes, "Lombardo Land" narrator, has a black walnut

TELL US YOUR SECRET—HOW DID YOU GAIN WEIGHT SO FAST?

NEW WAY ADDS
5 to 15 POUNDS
—in a few weeks!

Stop being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty—bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times!

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 5 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add tireless energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clean—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists.

Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.
Everyone looks at your Eyes first

Make them attractive with Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

- You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-molding Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now add simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

"I'm Not Crying Over My Smashed Marriage," says Helen Morgan

(Continued from page 26)

Wrong, too. I've heard lawyers and judges say that the law is a jealous mistress. Buddy's a lawyer. There's no doubt in my mind that he should have stayed in Cleveland and practiced his profession. He is well connected there—it's the old home town. He should have struggled toward the top before And ever thought of marriage. And during the climb he shouldn't have been hampered with a wife. After all, it takes all a young man's time these days to get a foothold. Well, he's not hampered now. And he has plenty of time on his hands. I hope he makes the best of it.

"Would I return to him? Who can tell? I'm sure now I never shall. But some day if he makes good, if he can support me, if I quit radio and pictures and do other things, I think I'd go back to him, and there's many 'ifs' doesn't it?"

And Helen knocked the little piece of wood hanging as a bangle at her wrist. Whether she did so to guard against the possibility of reconciliation, or in the hope of one, only the white ivory cats perched grinning sardonically on her mantel can tell.

That seemed to be the story. Nothing more to record. Just a couple of kids that lost their way happening along the road of romance. The difference between them and a million more is that Helen is too clear-headed to become more than occasionally maudlin over a matrimonial mis-cue. Most love lingers too long. Heartaches and heartbreaks are kept fresh with tears. It takes courage to cut clean and free. Helen has that kind of grit. She ain't goin' to carry no torch! No siree! In Hollywood, even under the worst conditions and with all the breaks against her, she made two pictures that the Coast is raving over. One is "Marie Galante," producer Winnie Sheehan's favorite film tale. The other is "You Belong to Me," which sent a reviewing public, simply mad about Morgan. It is in these that she sings "I Ain't Goin' to Carry No Torch" and "I'm Not Blaming You."

DON'T be surprised if you meet a new Morgan on the air, in the theatre and on the screen. It's really news when Helen sings without sitting on the piano, and that's what happens in her new films. Moreover she has a new type of aerial repertoire that you'll be tuning-in on. The world's most famous sobbief may turn comedienne on us any time. And Helen's comedy should be the most effective sort. The kind that has brought Chaplin fortune—for behind her laughter there's so much of it at least the suspicion of a tear to trouble your heart even while you're laughing loudest.

As I was leaving, she called my attention to a very silly toy dog prominent amid the scented, feminine litter of the room.

"Like my dog?" she asked like a very little girl. "His name is Annie—that's short for anniversary. Buddy gave him to me when we'd been married a year!"

I didn't like the dog much. As I went down the hall I heard Helen humming, "I ain't goin' to carry no torch."
Are Radio Stars Snooty?
(Continued from page 39)

is just about as versatile in his social existence. Stephen doesn't like parties—at least not the soup and fish affairs. Rather, he is a companion of the interesting people—aside from radio personalities—delighting in assembling strange groups. He recalls with particular pleasure the evening he seated Strangler Lewis, Tulio Carminati, Louis Anguicher, and a Bolivian Consul-General at the same table and gave them all beer to drink.

Alexander Woolcott, the raconteur with the old maid's delight in telling on other people, took to the radio but not to its stars. He continues a social life which embraces all other public entertainers from Bernard Shaw to Clifton Webb. A host of hosts, his invitation to a Sunday Morning breakfast is a coveted prize.

Colonel Stoopnagle, having acquired a brand new motor boat, Mr. Bopp, has proceeded to invite Bud and other less antagonistic individuals aboard the boat which is anchored on Long Island Sound. The usual evening program calls for a marauding stop at every yacht club wharf on the Sound.

Another yachting lover is Jimmy Melton, who walks proudly by Mr. Bopp in his cruiser "Melody." He even runs down to Washington and points south on the coast when he gets the chance for a personal appearance down that way.

Ted Husing is a man who attends every radio "opening"—that rare occasion when celebrities on the air collect to witness the first night of some new club. His friends are those in every branch of the theater and vaudeville. Any time he can spare from sports he whiles away at Lindy's, or some other famous Broadway eating rendezvous.

Jane and Goodman Ace, too, when they come to New York, seek out smart bar newspapermen and authors along the Broadway spots. Goody was once dramatic editor of the Kansas City Journal Post, which accounts for his love of the smell of printer's ink.

Jacques Fray and Mario Braggotti, rather than gaining notice by appearing in public with other radio professionals, get mention in the society pages. Their cronies are social registries, from blue, blue Boston. Mario's even a grandson of a prominent family up that way. He frequently travels to fashionable Bar Harbor and Northampton, which doesn't leave him much time for his partners in crime.

In Washington, political commentators and news hawks like Frederick William Wile, attend all the embassy functions and diplomatic affairs—a far cry from the informal gatherings on Broadway.

Many, on the other hand, who are in the radio spotlight, live a secluded life away from the hustle and bustle of Manhattan, commuting to town for their programs.

Help Kidneys

YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it’s no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, rundown, nervous, getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and the weather; changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don’t take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lamhago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don’t waste a minute. Try the Doctor’s prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and impurities from the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor’s prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It’s only 3¢ a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.
Lowel Thomas, commentator extraordinary, sneaks away into upper New York state where he has a home at Pawling, Robert Montgomery's native town. He and his wife seldom venture from this haven other than the times he drives in for his broadcasts.

Which is the case of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, when they're in New York. Scarsdale is their safe retreat, where they hide out in their enormous new home. Albert Spalding commutes from his home at Great Barrington, which has a tennis court that gives his famous supple wrist some real exercise.

Clara, Lou'n Em, whose broadcasts originate in Chicago, live in Evanston, one of its suburbs, with husbands who don't even turn on the radio at night, unless President Roosevelt is making a speech. Their home existence, aside from this, is typical of the thousands who are neighbor-commuters. They wouldn't live in New York, even if you paid them for the doubtful privilege.

Then there are those more rare radio stars who have practically no social life at all, even with old friends. Kate Smith is one whose only recorded appearance at a party was in Hollywood when she was honored for the picture which she was making at the time. Instead of going-on at night she lives quietly in her three-room Park Avenue apartment, content with an occasional visit to the home of Ted Collins and his wife.

Fisam Jones is another. Although he conducts an orchestra in the center of the world's popular and crowded dance floors, he forgets the tag he has earned for himself—the millionaire band-leader—and spends Saturday nights playing with his baby, Davie. No Harlem stuff for him, a view which Ruth Etting shares. She goes to movies with her husband or remains home with a book.

Radio stars ain't snooty, they just ain't quite friendly.

The Real Reason Mary Pickford Turned to Radio

(Continued from page 13)

precious minutes dickering. She signed immediately.

The news of her radio contract fell like a bombshell in news circles. Why? What was her motive? Everyone wanted to know. But not until she sat forward, told me nothing from with anticipation, and related her afternoon with Marconi, did the story of her abrupt capitulation to radio and her plans for television become evident.

This isn't the first time that Mary has been on the air, although her other minutes before the microphone were never nationally broadcast.

"Too many years ago to admit," she related, "I was scheduled for fifteen minutes on the radio. I have never suffered such stage fright in all my career of acting.

"The studio was full of people, and thinking it would help, I ordered them all out of the room. But the sudden silence was worse than before. I tried to call them back, but I was already on the air. I lived through it somehow and when it was over I vowed it would be movies from that then on."

But to go back to television.

"What effect will such cheap entertainment as television provide have on the movies? Not half as much as people believe," she declared. "There's good reason why it won't, too."

"Young people will want to get away from home at night. The easiest way for that is a ride downtown to a moving picture theater. Married women, too, who are tired out from a day's work will want relaxation away from home. They'll continue their attendance at the theater."

"And then comedies, too, require a screen and a big audience. Who wants to sit by himself and laugh at a funny scene? I'd much rather have someone next to me with whom I can share my mirth.

"For myself, I can't see why I shouldn't continue my movie career as long as possible. I have two offers under consideration right now. One is for a drama which I wrote and which the producer wants me to enact.

"The other is from Edmund Golding who has a story, Miss Smith, which he bought with me in mind. Perhaps I'll accept one or the other of the parts, if I find time."

"No, I'm not afraid that my going into radio will make me lose out when the time comes for television. It is such good experience, invaluable for television training."

"That's another reason I signed on the radio. I was offered what I thought was a splendid dramatic material. What could be better than a chance to act before the mike? That's exactly what we'll be doing in television."

Since Mary's advent on the air was such a short time ago, there has been no chance as yet for an adequate criticism of her half hour sketches, but it is not too early to make a forecast about her future in television, should that become an entertainment medium.

If, as Mary states, television will come with the arrival of another radio season, it means that this star who held sway in films for two decades will really have another field to conquer, a field which other entertainers have scurvily avoided so far.

When—and if—the curtain is rung down on radio and the way paved for television in the home, it will brighten the entertainment heavens. But shining brightly as ever will be the radiant personality of America's screen sweetheart.
James Melton—He Always Took a Chance  
(Continued from page 40)
where and how, in heaven's name, did he come off, expecting to earn his food and lodging, to pay for his books, his courses? And did he for a minute think he could do passable work in his studies if he worked his head off earning money to pay his way?
But "a chance." Jimmy pleaded with them, and though they shook their heads they let him have his own way about it, and he showed them.
The first thing he did was to organize a dance orchestra, and he rushed around getting the band engagements. The smooth tongue and friendly, guileless ways that had helped persuade the college officials, helped him now too. It was pretty hard to refuse this darn nice-looking, clean-cut young man who was so terribly in earnest.

THEN one day he took another gamble, a reckless impudent one such as only a foolhardy youngster would undertake. And he got away with it!
His school was scheduled to play the University of Georgia football team at Tampa. If his alma mater won, there'd be a big celebration, and it would be a swell opportunity to make some money running a Victory dance. And if they lost? That idea never occurred to Jimmy. Of course they'd win.

On the strength of that he hired a cab, took his brother and his two friends out to rent a huge hall, put up the announcements and acted as chief ticket seller. He was all set for the rush. And did the home team win? Of course it did. In that one night Jimmy cleared $700, enough to pay for his tuition and lodging for a year.

You'd think that if a fellow established a band and made good, he'd stick to the college where he'd built up a reputation, wouldn't you? And among many other boys in his right mind would have, but not Jimmy. By this time he'd made up his mind that a singer he would be and he heard that there was a very grand and very expensive vocal teacher in Nashville, Gaetana de Luca. So just like that he switched to Vanderbilt College, which is in Nashville. Of course he could organize another dance band and support himself in grand style.
Oh, but this time the Fates took him for a sleighride. It seemed that Vanderbilt wasn't waiting for a yodler who could lead a dance band, and quite often Jimmy walked the streets looking for any kind of a job, wondering how the next meal would come from. Young singing women were a drug on the market in Nashville and it was only after a year of the most bitter, disheartening poverty that Jimmy finally got a job as director of the concert orchestra at the Hotel Hermitage in Nashville.

But even then the take-a-chance spirit in him hadn't been dampened, in spite of the shabby poverty he had known.

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting — the big fascinating, glamorous industry of the future? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds, thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.
For no matter where you live — no matter how old or how young you are, if you have talent — then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent — in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that one can hardly believe it will grow in the next few years — Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers above are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 station announcers of the glamorous opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Your Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded — to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcasting — gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position — right in your home — in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knock of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for Valuable FREE Booklet
An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. Let us show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous and powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today.
See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now — send coupon below today.
Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MAIL THIS NOW!

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting
Dept. 4572, U. S. Savings Bank Building
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet:
"How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name: ___________________ Age: _____
Address: ____________________
City: ____________________ State: ________
He stayed at the job for only two years, long enough to save $300. Surely that was enough with which to storm New York, to fling open wide the gates of the Metropolitan, for opera he had decided would be his forte. So he fired his job and went to New York, where he was laughed at for his pains.

None of the big producers would see him. There were thousands of young men pleading for a chance, and the name of a dicky college younger from Nashville meant nothing in them.

Of course you've heard how he finally did get his chance by storming Roxy's Theatre and demanding that he see Roxy. For eight days he practically lived at Roxy's office, but all he heard was, "Mr. Rothafel is in conference. Mr. Rothafel is out of town." And you also know how he finally attracted Roxy's attention by going up and down the halls singing at the top of his lungs, till Roxy ran out of his office to see where the molten flood of music was pouring from. But perhaps you didn't realize that this whole incident was just one more illustration of Jimmy Melton's philosophy of life, "If people try to stop you from doing what you want to do, go ahead and do it anyway."

And that philosophy has stood him in good stead in radio, that crazy-quot, glamorous field, where if you don't takeacockeyed chances you're likely never to get anywhere.

It's meant a lot in his personal life, too, for his marriage was the craziest gamble you ever heard about. He met blue-eyed, golden-haired Marjorie McClure at a house party where he sang to six hundred guests.

The concert over, all six hundred guests, it seemed, rushed up to pump his hand, to congratulate him. He was limp but happy.

**Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth**

If your cheeks are red, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edward's Five Tablets, safe substitute for dangerous emolium. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

The next time Jimmy saw Marjorie he did propose, and though they had barely spent an hour together, she accepted him. "And believe it or not, Marjorie was willing to take a chance, too. "I believed she seemed to feel the same way I did."

They've been married five years now, and act as if they were still on their honeymoon.

**Two years ago Melton fulfilled another of his dreams, when he bought the sixty-foot twin-screw cruiser, The Melody, which is equipped like a palatial home. But it wasn't till a few months ago that he bought a radio for it, and behind the purchase of that radio is the story of one of the most desperate chances Jimmy ever took. Last summer, in September to be exact, Melton decided to take a lazy man's holiday, and cruise, along Long Island Sound. So he huddled his wife and their guests, brother-in-law and his nephew into the yacht and off they went.

When they were out for a few hours, the sea became rocky. For two days The Melody lay at anchor off Shelter Island, waiting for the storm to pass. Since there was no wireless equipment aboard, there was no way of communicating with other ships. But storm or no storm, Jimmy was due back in the city the next day for a broadcast.

So off for Port Jefferson they started, some forty miles away. Three miles out, they were struck by a hurricane, that dashed against the boat with such a blinding force the yacht was almost lifted out of the water.

"The sea was so rough I couldn't steer with the rudder, but had to resort to the motor direct. The boat reeled like a roller-coaster, and it took us seven hours to get to Port Jeffer-son. The distance of forty all-but-white miles told me. "And just as we got there, the engine started spitting, for we were out of gas! I was quaking inwardly, believe me, but I wouldn't admit it. I hummed gaily most of the time. When my cabin companion, he needed life-preservers I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself. The psychological effect, would have been pretty bad."

How they got into port, Jimmy still doesn't know, but they made it, safely. That very same day the Meltons had a radio and full wireless equipment installed aboard the boat. Now at least they have a means of communication, in time of danger.

"If there is something you want, do your best to prepare yourself for it and then take a chance," is Jimmy's advice. He's all set to take another chance soon. By the time you read this you'll know whether or not he's won again. He hasn't forgotten his original ambition. To get back on the grand opera stage. Pretty soon he'll take a chance on an audition with Gatti-Casaza of the Metropolitan.

But I'm wise to Mr. James Melton. I'm beginning to believe that a chance like this is not something to pass over. Perhaps one of the tricks in taking chances and coming out on top is knowing that you can make the grade.
The show went on the air as usual, but not until Walter Wicker had done some frantic last minute re-writing of the script to make up for the absence of Irla Phillips and Bess Johnson from the cast.

Then Walter put in some fast work. He re-wrote the entire script so that he and his wife, George Givot, who takes the rôle of Eileen, would have all the lines and still advance the plot as far as the original version would have done. To lengthen the script he had Von Ammon play the piano while Irene sang. While announcer Louis Roen was reading his opening lines, Wicker was still working on the script, which went on the air without previous rehearsal or timing.

The thing went perfectly, however, including the part where, and the show was no sooner off the air than several telephone calls came in congratulating Von Ammon and Irene on their musical ability.

THE GRIK HEMBESSADOR

To all radioland George Givot has become the Grik Hembessador. But there's nothing really Greek about the Russian kid who came from the old country to Omaha, Neb., and then to Chicago and then to radio fame. Out in Omaha, where George decided to become a diplomat that age. His parents decided he'd be a lawyer, was a Greek candy store. The proprietor's name was Sanaposopilos or something like that. Just to hear the old man talk George kept asking him questions. But before George turned Greek he started out in another character. His work as an entertainer actually began as a gag in Chicago. . . . you know that old saying about giant oaks growing from little acorns. Givot was attending a night journalism class at the Schurz high school in Chicago. The instructor was Col. Oscar N. Taylor, better known as Yank Taylor, Chicago newspaper radio editor. Givot was a wise-cracking, gangling kid. Whenever Yank would leave the room George would stop all work by getting up in front of the class clowning, singing, telling stories, and mimicking Yank. One night Yank caught him at it and decided to teach him a lesson.

"So, Givot, you think you're funny, huh?" said Yank. "Well, we'll fix that. Here!" And Yank wrote him out a note of introduction to Steve Trumbull.

WHAT abject misery for a young bride of a few months to have to admit to herself that she has married the wrong man—that they are incompatible spiritually, mentally, physically—that the future stretches away drab and gray and hopeless to—who knows what?

Deep in their hearts millions of American women know they are in exactly this predicament but not knowing what to do about it, keep the silence, scarce daring to admit, even to themselves, that it is true. It may be that you are one of them. If so, you will be deeply interested in the autobiography of an unhappy wife, now beginning in Physical Culture, the great personal problem magazine. Entitled "Starved Wives," it is a complete record from the woman's side of an unhappy marriage. With complete frankness and a wonderful depth of understanding she analyzes the causes, the progress and the final denouement of her unhappiness. Written anonymously, for reasons that will become apparent as the story progresses, it is not only an absorbingly interesting human document but one that will enable thousands of other unhappy wives to see and understand their problems—and perhaps eventually win happiness as, in the end, the author of this story won happiness. You will find it in the December issue of Physical Culture now on sale at all news stands. Get your copy today.

What Physical Culture Stands For

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet."

For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the common sense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself.—Bernard Maigadden.
CONSTITUTION
began at 40!

Years of Suffering
Till She Found
This Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE RELIEF

TO-DAY at 60 she feels younger than she did 10 years ago—and she has made only one change. Like millions of others she has switched to a laxative that is completely natural—all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She noticed the difference immediately. The very first little NR Tablet left her feeling better—refreshed, clean, more alive. She soon found herself resting better—she seemed to have new energy, a new outlook on life. Bothersome bilious spells, headaches, colds were quickly eliminated. And she noticed that she never had to increase the dosage of Nature's Remedy—for a very definite reason—NR Tablets contain no minerals or phenol derivatives, only natural laxative elements wisely placed by nature in plants and vegetables. That's why they work gently yet thoroughly the way nature intended. See for yourself. Take an NR tonight—see how thoroughly they are—not so kind to the system. Get a 25c box today at any drug store.

THE MIGHTY MIDGET

JACKIE HELLER, the midget of melody, has a new car. It's a big slinky, convertible Packard coupe. He was telling about it at the Colleges Inn the other night while we listened to Buddy Rogers' music. He was telling us what a time he is having making a car that is big, fit a little guy who tops a five-foot scale by just one inch.

But Jack isn't sensitive about his diminutive stature. In fact he had a swell time at the Midget Village of the World's Fair this summer. He went with his new girl. She's not quite as tall as he is but will soon pass him. She is just his size and has pigtails dancing behind her back.

 DEMON RUM

HAL KEMP has one of the most popular bands in the country. Most of the time for the last couple of years his music has been heard over WGN from the Blackhawk Cafe in Chicago. Now he leaves him to New York. One of his most popular effective novelties is one in which the boys blow into colored bottles. Every bottle is filled partly with water and every one gives off a different musical note. In a dark room they light up the bottles and it's a pretty sight to watch as they play.

That bottle number was once almost fatal to one member of the band. It was while they were playing in London, England. Quick to see the advertising possibilities London distillers besieged Hal with offers of as many bottles as he could use. So Hal sent one of his boys around to the liquor houses to try out the new bottle for musical things. This was in the afternoon. The chap was due back before dinner time to play with the band. But he didn't come back. The band worked that night without him. The next day he came back and reported that not all the bottles he'd tested the day before had been empty ones.

TWO DOCTORS

FEW of the midwest radio fans don't know Drs. Priscilla Sherman, Russell Pratt and Ransom Sherman have been clowning on the air for many a long year, first over WMAQ and now on KYW. Just recently they moved down to St. Louis to work on KMOX. It begins to look like if Ransom's young son is going to be very air-minded, too. Once Ransom brought young George a toy violin. It was the usual type of fiddle worth all of fifty cents. But the child was so enthusiastic over it and spent so much time sawing out its terrible tones that Sherman decided to get him a real fiddle. He has it now, a real violin, although pint size. And every now and then Ransom brings it to the studio and uses it on the program.

Young George likes to hang around the studios. The fiddle was just the beginning. Before Ransom had finished he fixed George up with not only a fiddle but also a microphone and a smock just like the studio wear. George also noticed how the studio crowd gathered around the soft drink cooler in the lobby between broadcasts to guzzle cooling draughts from the bottles in the minibar. He wanted to drink that stuff, too. Of course mama wouldn't stand for that. But they hit upon a happy compromise. It was just at that stage of his development that George was refusing to drink his orange juice. Ransom got some of those soft drink bottles and took them home. They filled them with orange juice and left them in the ice box. Now George will play his violin in front of his toy microphone and then when the job is over, rummage out to the ice box and get a bottle of orange juice. In fact the Shermans have trouble now keeping enough orange juice on tap for the youngster who wouldn't drink it at all before. And when he's finished the bottle he flips the empty into the waste basket. That's what the big guys in the KYW studio do.

A REDUCING TIP

TAKE a tip from Alice Joy, if you want to reduce—eat bananas and skimmed milk. Alice, radio's Dream Girl heard over NBC networks, volunteered to confine her eating to scientific diets prepared by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, president of the Chicago Board of Health and health adviser to millions through his Happy Elf's Adventures in Health program.

Alice lost three pounds in the first two days. She eats six bananas and drinks three glasses of skimmed milk daily. And that's all.

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that Chicago was really the starting point for the Boswell Sisters? Of course, way back...
Are You A
Colds-Susceptible?

Do You
CATCH COLD EASILY?
At the first sneeze, or nasal irritation, quick!...A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol.
This unique aid in preventing colds is especially designed for nose and throat where most colds start. Its timely use helps to avoid many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

To Help PREVENT Colds
Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
WE BUY Lincoln Head
PENNIES
BLACKHEADS-BLEMISHES
will pay up to $2.00 each if over ten years old. Include Head
pennies worth up to $2.00 each. Send 10c for BUYING
CATALOG. CONTINENTAL COIN CO., Inc. 10-11
W. Jackson, Chicago

LEARN TO USE PLAN B
The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this method is as
effective as any other.
Then came Janet's party a few months
later. How delighted they were all
when Janet played the ukelele with
such ease and skill. Miss Wilson was
able to play many beautiful songs now.

Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way
—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just one
unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of
more than 700,000 other folks who have learned
music—who have become socially popular—this
quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.
You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others
—to pep up any party. And you can do this with
out the expense of a private teacher—right in your
own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't
need previous musical training. You don't have to spend
hours and hours playing monotonous scales and
boring music exercises. You start right in playing real
little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find
yourself entertaining your friends—having the best
times you ever had.

Easy as A-B-C
The U. S. School method is literally as easy as
A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it
shows you in pictures how to do it. Then you
do it yourself and hear it.

What could be simpler? And learning this way is like
playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead
of a bore that makes you wish for the end.
Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly
you can learn to play. Send for FREE DEMON-
STRATION LESSON and EXPLANATORY BOOKLET.
For the simple principles among which this method is based. If you
really want to learn music—enjoy good times—mail the
coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW! U. S. School of
Music, 36612 Brunswick Blvd., New York City

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Guitar Violin Saxophone Organ Banjo
Ukulele Hawaiian Guitar Accordion
or any other instrument
**Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture**

*When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their healthy secretions change. Throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling... then a cough!* PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertosin is safe. Contains no drugs. Tastes good.

**PERTUSSIN** helps nature cure your cough

**NICE CLEAR SKIN**

A SAFE AND SURE WAY WITHOUT SKIN PEELING


Dr. Pierre's Dept. UD, 1821 Washington Ave., N.Y.C.

__Simplified__

*Modern wives, increasing numbers, are favoring Boro-Pheno-Form for Feminine Hygiene. These dainty, convenient suppositories call for no mixing of chemicals, no water nor accessories... Their action is positive, gentle, soothing... and odorless. Proven effective for more than forty years.*

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

1212 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D.C.

__Presenting Jerry Cooper!__ This young man from New Orleans takes part with Johnny Green, Cliff Edwards, and the Lee Stevens Harmonies, as well as two sustaining of his own. Not only that, but he'd like very much to be Jack Benny, his favorite comic.

**MERRY MACS CLICK**

The Merry Macs—Cheri McKay and the McMichael brothers, Joe, Judd and Ted—popular NBC novelty quartet—have gained a nice reputation in Chicago radio land. Joe, Judd and Ted, who hail from Minneapolis where they made their radio debut five years ago, first became popular as the Personality Trio, the name they took while touring with Joe Hayman's orchestra.

"Change Our Radio Laws!"

(Continued from page 21)

Cheri began her radio career in 1926 as the Golden Voiced Contralto of the South. She sang over southern stations and toured in vaudeville before coming to Chicago in 1931. A little over a year ago, while the Michauds and Miss McKay were appearing at the same studio, they hit on the idea of teaming up as "The Merry Macs" and after their first audition were put under contract.
Above is photo of Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet"

ONLY $1.00 Postpaid

Nothing Else To Buy

Eddie East deliberately put the fine print of only $1.00 on this advertisement because it wins over everything else. Here's why: you can still get in the act. Not only are you getting the complete set of 52 miniatures for only $1.00, but you also get full-color mailing address. Then, you can have your name and address printed on your mailing label. Nothing else to buy! Nothing else to buy!

Rush Coupon...FREE OFFER

For your name and address to the coupon and mail it to today, and you will receive a free miniatures. You don't have to buy anything. You get it for free! And by doing so, you are helping us to keep our business going. Nothing else to buy!

Radio Script Mart, Inc., Dept. 212, Radio City, 1270 6th Ave., N. Y.

*BEWARE of Dandruff*

Dandruff (seborrhoea capitis), an skin maladvent, often causes great distress. If you have dandruff, be sure your hair is not getting thin at the temples and behind the ears—where it becomes yellowish or white. The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and preventing hair loss. It prevents hair loss thoroughly and keeps hair yellowish or white. Keep your scalp healthy and free of seborrhoea capitis. For every month of dandruff and keep your scalp healthy and free of seborrhoea capitis. With Japanese Oil, only $1.00 for a lifetime.


FREE Japanese Oil

This advertisement was written by a registered physician.

Let me tell you how I got rid of PIMPLES...

I know what it is to suffer from acne and I know how to cure it. For years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now have the secret! Without surgery, I'm rid of them! Whiteness of skin caused by pimples. I, too, knew how to cure it. For years I used the same treatment. I cured a lot of cases with this treatment.

A POSTCARD BRINGS THIS BOOK

Tell in plain language how the wonder treatment was discovered and how it works. Simple to apply. The first application usually stops the pain and peeling. Send your name and address for complete information. Do it today. Address:

E.S. GIVENS 2637 Southwest Blvd. Kansas City, Mo.

Subject: Frances Langford

Object: Matrimony!

One of radio's most attractive stars has her heart set on marriage. In the January issue of RADIO MIRROR, Mary Watkins Reeves tells you the fascinating details. Don't miss it!
He Opened the Door of Fame for Them
(Continued from page 35)
and Julia. Do you remember?"
"Oh, yes. I was coming to that," he said. "About that time, I was going out with a Lady. I was forty-five then and still a bachelor, and I guess I didn't have much nerve. I just couldn't seem to get around to asking her to be Mrs. Witten. But say, miss, when I saw Mr. Crumit and Miss Sanderson, and how happy they were, why I went out to this lady's house that very same night, and I said— Well, never mind what I said, but anyhow, it came out all right, and she and I have been married eight years now."
"There's someone I like to listen to on the radio," he went on, "and they tell me he's a big star, too. I always said he'd go places because he was so determined to succeed. I watched him climb to the top in show business, just as I always said he would. And I'm mighty glad he's climbed even higher in radio. That's Harry Richman. When he first came here, he was a piano player for the Dolly Sisters. A couple of years later, he was doing a single. Next thing I knew he was in the star's dressing room, and heading the bill. Always when he came in, Mr. Richman would ask me: Has Santy Claus left anything for me? and I would tell him: No, but before the week's out he will. And say, why not something about Mr. Richman?"

HERE Louie leaned toward me, and lowered his voice to a confidential pitch. "What a time I used to have with ladies when Mr. Richman played our house!" he recalled. "One would come to see him, and I'd show her in. Before she'd left, along would come another. I'd have to keep that one out-side while I went in and told Mr. Rich-man. I'd be worried to death, but it never seemed to bother him. I guess he knew he could depend on me. You see, he'd always told me he'd never marry until he'd retired from the stage, and I knew these affairs were serious. But the ladies just wouldn't stay away from the stage door when he was in the theater, and he was too gentlemanly and courteous to refuse to see them. Generally, I'd get one out by another exit, while the second one was coming in.

"And say, there's another young fel-low who's going great guns on the radio who used to be here often. Joe Penner. I always liked Joe. He was the shyest and quietest of all the performers I've ever known—and I've known about all there are, I guess. Joe was a Number 2 act when he played here, and when he first hit the Palace, even in Number 2 spot, he was so weight he had just about reached the height of his ambition. When he finally graduated into Number 4 spot—that's just before the inter-mission, you know, and almost as im-portant as Number 7, the feature—he came rushing back to me, just like a school kid, and pin his arm around me.
and said: "Gee, Louie, they like me!"
But not as a boast, understand. He
was just glad about it. Sometimes at
an opening show, before the audience
would warm up, and applause would
be sort of scarce, Joe would say: 'Gee,
Louie, I'm not the kind to sell violin
sticks.' He was a hard worker, too.
Joe was. He'd work over new lines, and
when he'd hit on one, sometimes he'd
come and try it out on me. If I liked it,
into his act it would go. And let me
tell you this about Joe—it's important.
Since he's been on the radio, and
become a great star Joe's been
back here. But you wouldn't know
things were any different with him.
He's the same likeable boy he was when
he was tickled pink to be in the Num-
ber 2 spot.

"THAT reminds me, speaking of
Number 2 spot, of another act.
They first came here in Number 2. They
said the Palace was 'the biggest feather
in our cap' when they first came. They
were made here at the Palace, for after
that first time in Number 2, they were
always billed as stars. They were a de-
voted couple. Right after the show, they
used to rush off together to Ger-
son's soft ice to eat and to
meet their friends. I mean Burns and
Allen, Gracie was a great girl. Every-
body's pal. And what a joker! I'll
never forget the time she came running
up to me and said: 'Here, Louie. Here's
your turban.' I asked: 'What's a tur-
ban?' There was a girl on the bill that
week who was an Indian Princess, and
Gracie told me while she was there all
the employees had to wear turbans,
which are the hats they wear in this
Princess' country. And Gracie said
when the Princess came in, I was to ex-
tend my arms out, and bow down. It
 sounded screwy to me, and also it's
pretty hard for me to keep bowing
down all the time, as you can see, miss,
but for Princess I did it, it was okay
with me. So when she came in, I
bowed 'way down with this white towel
around my head, and then Gracie and
pretty nearly everybody else on the
bill, who had hidden a watch to, let
come out and all we would hear was
her go across the Columbus Circle. And
not only that, but when I straightened up, the
Princess said: 'Hyah, Louie.'"

Louie chuckled at the recollection.
There were a lot of jokers in this business
he observed, and then again, a
lot of serious folks.

"Take Jimmy Durante," he offered in
illustration. "Now there's a fellow—the
only one I know—who's exactly the
same old one. Jimmy always
used to tease me about getting
married. And always he'd say: 'Hello,
Louie, How're things? Getting any
worser?' and when I'd start to answer,
he'd pull out a big cigar and stick it in
my face, and say: 'How to smoke a
cigar.' He'd say: 'Stick it in your mouth and keep it
shut.' And he used to ask all kinds of
crazy riddles, and get me all mixed up
with his nutty cracks. Like sometimes
he'd ask me on his way in: 'Louie, do
you know the difference between midnight in 46th street and midnight in
47th-street?' Well, while he was in the
theater, I'd be trying to figure it out,
and when the show was over, and
Jimmy came out, he'd say: 'Well,
Louie, have you doped out the answer
to that one yet?' and when I'd say I
hadn't, he'd laugh, and say: 'Stop try-
ings, Louie. There isn't any.' Always
plenty doing when Jimmy was around.

"Now Fred Allen was just the oppo-
site type. He's another who used to
play here a lot who's gone a long way
in radio. Mr. Allen was always just the
optimum offstage to what he was on.
I've never heard him pull a wise crack,
but he was one of the most obli-
ging men I've ever seen. Always willing
to help others. Lots of times, when an act
wasn't going so well, I've seen Mr.
Allen sit down and help some actor re-
write his material. Generous, too. Once
I happened to remark that a tie he was
wearing was pretty, and at the end of
the week when he was leaving he
handed me a package. When I opened
it, there was the tie. Lots of times, I've
seen people to whom he'd lent money
come to pay it back. But he'd never
take it without first saying: 'If you're
short, let it go for a while. Forget it
until you have enough so you won't
miss it.'"

"Ed Wynn was another comedian
who was never a comedic offstage.
Mr. Wynn was always business-like.
He used to clown around imitating the
other acts on the bill, and once I
remember there were some jugglers here
and he juggled like they did, only
of course to make it comic he kept drop-
ning the balls, and getting all mixed
up. But here's the joke—Mr. Wynn
could juggle better than any of the
real jugglers, because he used to be
a juggler himself, they tell me, and a
wizard at it, too."

LOUIE digressed to tell me of other
friends in the theatrical world, but
I reminded him that they weren't in
radio, and that it was radio stars I
was interested in.

"Oh, that's right," he recalled. How
about Jack Pearl? He used to come
here often. Jack is nearly as crazy
offstage as he is on—nearly as many
laughs. Whenever he came in, he
would greet me with 'Salute Louie the Door-
man,' and then he'd salute and make
me stand up and salute back. 'How's your
mother? How's your father? How's your sis-
ter?' he would always ask me, although
I always used to remind him, every
time that I haven't any sister or
brother. Jack loved to show a picture
he always carried, of his nephew in
military school. 'He's so smart, Louie,'
he would say, 'that he might be my own
son.' Jack was always accompanied
by his wife and father, and he would con-
sult them in every thing he did. He was
a happy-go-lucky fellow, Jack was.
I used to be one of the happy-go-lucky fel-
lows—say, Miss, do you ever listen to
Jack Benny?"

I said that I did, and that I liked
him; that he was one of my special
another big star who came here first as a
Number 2 act. That old Number 2 was

"Red Davis"—his youthful scrapes and
triumphs will remind you of your own.

3 Weekly Waves
of Fun and Drama

"RED DAVIS"
IS BACK!

YOU win, Radio Fans! "Red Davis"
is rocking the airwaves in a new
riot of laughs and dramatic episodes.

Falling in and out of love—getting
into trouble with all the old-time zest
—there's never a dull moment when
"Red Davis" is on the air. And all your
favorites are back in this wholesome
new fun-fest. Mr. and Mrs. Davis,
Clink, Linda, Betty, Piggy and
the others. But they're back with a
whole bag of new tricks!

What will "Red Davis" be up to next?
All we can tell you is that the answer
is more humorous, more en-
tertaining than ever. So be good
to yourself—don't miss a
single one of this new
series of "Red Davis"
programs.

Betty Davis, who—well,
you know what young
sisters are like!

NBC - WJZ NETWORK
COAST TO COAST
MON., WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company,
Cantajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Guin,
Candies, Cofee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.
Strengthen Your Nerves!

Your health, your strength, your success, your happiness depends upon the state of your nervous system. You can't be right without it. And for such a remedikitty is simple and easily applied. Just common-sense rules—that's all.

You'll enjoy practicing Mr. Macfadden's course and the benefit will be immediate.

Send No Money
Just pay postman $2.00 plus few cents postage. Then examine for five days. If at end of time you don't return book and pay $2.00, we'll return postage prepaid on all cash orders. Foreign or Canada, cash with order. The course (even if you never return book) also includes a 1 year's subscription for Physical Culture Magazine in the United States only.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.
Desk RM-12
1926 Broadway, New York City

"ATTENDANTS-NURSES"
INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS

FOR INDEMNITY and EXPERIENCED MALE & FEMALE

MANY GOOD POSITIONS everywhere for NURSES, ATTENDANTS and "OTHERS", with or without experience. Applicants requested to have a good experience reference. In all cases, we refer well and have no PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. Apply promptly, as positions are offered to first qualified applicants. No training given.

J. S. RICHARDS
SCHOFIELD BUREAU
Dept. 9-12-45
145 W. 45th, New York

NEW LOW PRICED "PLUSH CURTAIN STRETCHER!

Seamed sides—three little pleats—medium weight—bustle ends. Available in white, red, green, yellow, blue, or any color—2 for $5.00. No more that have costly tassels—no nylon—no rubber! A simple, easy-to-use, easy to handle, yet the world's best and strongest Stretchers. Write for sample. Make an offer or ask for price.

SCHOFIELD BUREAU
Dept. 16-127

ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS—GET QUICK RELIEF


DR. GUILD'S GREEN MOUNTAIN
ASTHMATIC COMPOUND

Every woman has inner visions she barely understands. Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the nerve's power. Learn to use them and life will be free of serious mistake and abundant with happiness. A rational, simple method makes this possible. Write for FREE SEALLED BOOK which explains how you may receive the method. Address: S.C.E.S.

ROSICRUCIAN

SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA
Years from Now" went over big on Victor discs. For some reason or another, he was off the air a couple of years but his friends are still around. Mel was in the Spanish-American war; played on a professional ball team; studied at the Chicago School of Fine Arts and finally started in radio in 25. He is married and has one daughter. KQW is his affiliation at this writing.

** OY VISLLE KNAPP, young Los Angeles dance maestro, is a brother of Cinematress Evelyn Knapp. You can hear the girl in the talkies, and the boy over the air ... just now on the coast CBS chain with his dance group. Oryville was born in Kansas City twenty-five years ago. Southern California radio critics say that as a vocalist the boy is lousie ... But as a band leader he has plenty of possibilities. He has played with the original Coon-Sanders' Nite Hawks and in New York with recent Lopers group. Seems to me he then got together his own orchestra for the Park Avenue Club and the Silver Slipper, a couple of Los Angeles swankies. Then to Los Angeles a year or so ago. Maestro Knapp is a tall, lean fellow, with an English mane with hair and blue eyes. For hobbies he is a better-than-fair golfer and is studying aviation. He is also an amateur fisherman.

** XAVIER CUGAT seems to be getting along fine via NBC New York these days. Out here he used to be known as the "Artisticor of the Violin". He was born in Barcelona 35 years ago as the chimes ushered in the New Year ... studied and played in Berlin, Paris and Madrid ... recitals with Caruso during the last two years of the singer's career.

Caruso, as of a matter of fact, started Cugat out as a caricaturist for a hobby. Some of his works are signed as Cugat ... others with his pen name of De Bru. Xaver's father was a jeweler and he worked on WFB in Hollywood and has also been heard via KFI, KJL and KMTR. His group was known variously as his Spanish Orchestra, Gypsy band and gigolo orchestra. Xavier has five brothers and one sister. His wife is known professionally as Carmen Castillio and is a vocalist. 

**

W E didn't meet all of Al Pearce's NBC troupe last month. Here's about the "Three Cheers," boys trio which still believes in Santa Claus. If you don't believe it, take a peek into the window of a Xmas eve and see their socks pasted on the mantle place. Before the depression there were but two Cheers ... E. J. Derry and Travis Hale. They were chums in high school at Kansas City... Bits on WADG... and the last five years 'round about Los Angeles area including the past two with the Pearce menagerie. In '29 they added Phil Hanna, then a junior college student, to the group.

DERRY has been married a long time, so long in fact he doesn't remember when it happened. Hale was married a couple of years before Al Pearce's secretary. Hanna is still lookin' around.

AND, still on the Pearce troupe biographies, maybe you don't know who radio's Gandhi is ... "Yogi Yorgeson," the great Hindu mystique who hears all, sees everything and tells anything. Still by the time he was 30 years old, his real name is Harry Stewart, and he was to announce in his home town, Tacoma, Washington. Five years ago he ambled to Los Angeles, but none of the stations wanted him as an announcer. So he twisted a towel around his dome, pinned a big diaper around his middle, bought a fish bowl, and tried out as a Wedco comic doing a Hindu crystal gazin' act. He's still gazing, and the audience is still laughing.

HARRY is of Scotch descent ... blonde ... five feet ten, a bachelor, and hasn't taken on much weight since he was seriously ill a year ago.

MEET Ralph Rainenger and Leo Robin. In case you don't recall the gentlemen, they are a couple of prize winning song writers at the Paramount lot. But they are known to radio-land through coast guest artist appearances, and on one of the Shell NBC programs some time ago the program was dedicated to the two boys.

Ralph Rainenger, who writes the music, was born in New York a bit more than thirty years ago. He is married, lives happily in Hollywood and was expecting a blessed event in the family as this is written.

Leo Robin, about the same age, was born and brought up in Pittsburgh, studied law at the University of Pittsburgh but gave it up to be a news-scribe and scoop-hound. Though it is a dark, deep secret, he ran one of those advice - to the - lovvelorn columns for awhile. He studied drama at Carnegie Tech for awhile and went to New York to be a batr. But song lyrics brought ready dough for an empty stomach. "Hallelujah", from "Hit the Deck" was one of his earliest successes.

Robin came to Paramount in '29 with Rainenger following a year later. The one has a yen to write and produce a music-drama epic for the talksies, while the other nurses a secret ambition to write a symphony. Rainenger looks studious and scholarly ... but boxes, won Paramount's handball tournament and swims. Robin looks tougher and like a professional gate crasher ... but likes artichokes, reads profoundly and collects Persian rugs. Being a bachelor, he knows what he has done or is going to do for the lyric of the Rainenger music.

The boys did a good deal of the music for the last two or three Crosby pictures. Some of their best tunes ... "Park in Paree," "I'll Take an Option on You," "Love in Bloom," "Please Here Lies Love," "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." They also did the lyrics and music for Mae West's first picture. "She Done Him Wrong."
DEMONS OF DESIRE!

COULD A MAN ELOPE WITH THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HIS BEST FRIEND?

"For weeks I fought down the desire to tell Ruth that I loved her—to catch her in my arms and cover her lips with kisses—to hide my face in the soft masses of her beautiful hair—to avow my love. For weeks I fought the demons of desire—the tormenting wish to feel the pressure of her lips against mine, for the embrace of those white, shapely arms. I fought—and for the time—I won.

"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. "I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months," she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

* * * *

This, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a same solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of $1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.

TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS
"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

EVEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

STORY OUT NOW!

ALSO IN NOVEMBER

TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP
HALF SAVAGE
WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?
TWO KINDS OF LOVE
SPOILERS OF WOMEN
WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?
THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116
TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER
THE NIGHT I PLAYED CUPID
UNDER COVER OF MARRIAGE
BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MEN
Many Interesting Departments

FRIDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST C. B. S. STATIONS!
Radio Mirror

Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 5)

their own. Personally, I have little criticism to make. But there are some things that should be done about radio.

More dramas should be presented, preferably "adult" ones with less censorship.

All announcers who spell out the simplest words should be guillotined.

Lengthy advertising is tiresome, and sponsors should strive for more convincing boasts if they expect to appeal to the buying public.

Quite a few years ago I became boresome, after awhile. Wits should know all radio fans are not nitwits. (This brickbat is not intended for Jack Benny or Fred Allen.)

Radio Mirror should be in every home.

W. M. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio being a medium of free entertainment brought into one's home where at a twist of the dial you may get excellent drama, music, and comedy. I think it objectional for broadcasters to feature movie personalities on their programs.

If I wish for entertainment by Hollywood talent, I pay for it at the nearest box office. One doesn't think of the movie folk giving free entertainment, and besides, their voices seem out of place coming through the loudspeaker when there is no screen where you may see them as well.

The radio talent on the air lanes today have really made broadcasting a necessity for home enjoyment. The radio audience is a vast majority, and the average listener perceives an awe for those persons behind the microphone whom they hear but cannot see.

We are not accustomed to seeing radio stars in their performances, but we are accustomed to seeing the movie stars. So, let the movie folk stay in Hollywood on the picture sets and permit the radio stars to remain behind the microphones doing their appreciated bit towards the continuation of free entertainment in the American home.

Bob Smith, Fort Wayne, Ind.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—

with every case—

and absolutely guarantee improvement or your money back. The most rare and perfectly balanced tone is obtained. The result is a 25 years practical experience as a stage speaker. First 1000 free.

The U. J. S. PROOF FREE.

Write Dr. B. L. Derville, M. D., Dept. 26, Fullerton Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 79-19
308 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

10% OFF FOR ALL AGENTS!

Hands You a Lighted Cigarette

Take a handicap from your smoking. For a lighted cigarette, there is a Box lighter in our line. Save yourself a $1.00 a pack. A Lighted Cigarette brings you to the Top. If you are a lighted cigarette smoker, Get your FREE SAMPLE before it is too late.

15-Day Trial Order

Costume 79-19

1389 Carson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: Be Profitable—No Solicitation—No Knuckleheads

Case from your worst pack.

We have no trouble keeping rate high, for everything is natural and absolutely guaranteed to improve. The cigarettes are the very best on the market. I will give you a case on approval for 30 days. If not satisfied return the case and get your money back. We have been in business 15 years.

Magic Case Mfrs., Dept. W-419

430 Magazine Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Clearskin

GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN

You and it shows up ugly, unsightly pimples and blackheads that have been making your skin at home alone, and you don't know how to get rid of them. Other medicines don't do it. It's simple. Clearskin will solve the problem. Clearskin is a medicine that does the work of a dozen spotted medicines.

Clearskin is sold at

370 Broadway, N. Y. 13. (New York, N. Y.)

If you want a bottle, get it from your druggist.

Clearskin is the leader in the treatment of blemishes.

Learn Photography at Home


American School of Photography

Dept. 1557, 3002 Madison Ave.

Chicago, U. S. A.
KOKA 1 build SAFELY Broadway Dept. Rochester, mile a written: make them communities, dial people of and the

If You are beauties, you can't be bad (even Dad half an ear to that), but that's only one compared to the deluge of "Little Orphan Annie". Best wishes to RADIO Mirror. One magazine the entire family reads. Dorothy Bernhardt, Cutahiy, Wisc.

PHIL BAKER'S HONEYMOON FOR THREE
A fascinating slant on one of radio's most popular entertainers. Be sure to get the January RADIO MIRROR which contains this and many other exciting features

Ride 'Em Cowboy!
(Continued from page 45)

he said, "though I was born and raised in the west, and I've got a little place up in Pleasant Valley where I do a bit of farming."

Those are typical Robison understatements. His first job was driving cattle from the range to the loading yards in Kansas. His property place has 141 acres, and his "farming" includes raising oats, timothy and a herd of cattle.

"You could call me a Westerner," he continued. "I was born in Chetopa, a little town in the Southern part of Kansas, just a mile and a half from the Oklahoma border. Father was ceded to be the champion fiddler in that part of the country. He wasn't a professional musician; he just played for fun.

"Pop used to carry the mail on horseback between Coffeyville, Kansas, and Pawhuska, Oklahoma, in the days when Oklahoma was the Indian Territory. He had some mighty interesting experiences with the Indians, too, let me tell you."

"Once when he was riding along his route, a whole passel of Indians rode up to him and threatened him with their tomahawks. They got pretty mad when he couldn't understand what they were talking about, but finally let him go. Later he learned they were after such a fine magazine that just fits the public needs.

It is true that we have a lot of advertising on the radio, but when a company spends millions of dollars on programs for our entertainment we can listen for an minute or two to a little sales talk, I hope.

Carolyn Loewit, Youngstown, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

MAY I say just a word or more on a class of radio listeners the officials seem to have forgotten? I'm speaking of those whose ages are just "in-between" those children who long ago grew out of the "Skippy" period but haven't as yet reached the age of Eno Crime Clues (maybe they have but parents don't think so).

Why isn't there some dramatic program for us? "Harold Teen" used to be just about right, but that too was taken off the air in favor of some other program. Today Buck Rogers isn't so bad (even Dad half an ear to that), but that's only one compared to the deluge of "Little Orphan Annie". Best wishes to RADIO Mirror. One magazine the entire family reads.

Dorothy Bernhardt, Cutahiy, Wisc.
Indian decided Lebo, never hours little took didn't.

Robby never "rode the mail" with his father.

"That was long before I was working," he says. "My first job was with him, though. He was a cattle buyer then, and I used to go out and help him bring back herds of cows across the prairies. Let me tell you a funny story about my first trip:

"A smart cow pony, in case you didn't know, works automatically. If a cow busts loose from the herd, the pony takes after it without having to be told. Well, that happened on my first drive, and my pony went right after it. Suddenly the cow came up to a barbed wire fence and took a short turn to the left. So did my pony. But I didn't.

I kept it going right over there. Bobby was just mad, sitting there on the ground with my father laughing at me!

"My horse came back and I got on him again. I decided to get square with that cow, and picked up my blacksnake whip—that's a whip with about six inches of handle and twelve feet of lash. I didn't know how to use it, you're likely to have some trouble. Well, I took an awful wallop at the cow with that whip, trying to use it just like my father could, and the lash wrapped itself around my neck and I might've nearly yanked my head off.

"After I'd practiced a few months, I got to handle the whip pretty good—could knock a fly off a horse without touching the horse at all—but I never got very expert with the lariat.

"When I was about fourteen, I left home and went down to Winita, Oklahoma. I did all sorts of work there. A little riding, a little clerking in the general store—everything. After that I got a job on the railroad and started to write some music. My first composition was an anthem, for the choir in my home town."

That first composition was sung entirely by Robisons—a quartet of them, in fact. Carson played the organ, and admits for the worst case of stage fright of his entire career.

During the war, Robby was in the army, but after the armistice devoted himself entirely to music, specializing in hillbilly and western airs. "You can't tell some of 'em apart," he says. "because sometimes hillbilies went west and became cowboys, and other times cowboys moved to the mountains and turned into hillbilies."

AMONG his numbers that have won world-wide radio are "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" and "I Left My Gal in the Mountains." All in all, he has written some two hundred and forty songs. "Barnacle Bill" is one that he wrote in collaboration with Frank Luther, with whom he shares an office. He and Frank have the same birthday, by the way—August 4—but Frank is thirty-four and Robby, forty-four. Many of the songs, designed for mountain-man consumption, deal with current news events and the biggest seller was all about the sinking of the Vestris. "There's a regular formula for those songs," Robby said. "You start out with some colorful descriptive material, then you get as gruesome as possible, and finally finish up with a strong moral—like 'you may be killed at any moment; be prepared to face the hereafter'.

He broke into radio via WDAF, of Kansas City, Mo., in 1923, and the following year Wendall Hall, the Red-Headed Music Maker, suggested that he come to New York. He did so, but didn't start radio work in the East until 1930. In the meantime he made dozens of phonograph records, wrote scores of songs, and took six months' trip to England, where he made the staid Britishers hillbilly-minded.

He has been broadcasting for the Health Products Corporation ever since November 4, 1933, advertising first one product and then another. For example, he was plugging Fenamint when this was written, but by the time it gets into print, he'll be putting in a good word for the same manufacturer's Aspergum, and on the first of January, 1935, he expects to change to something else.

Robby has no desire to go back to the Little Grey Home in the West when he retires.

"It's too blame hot there," he says. "I wouldn't want to stay in New York City, though. People here put too much emphasis on the dollar—not that I haven't made some mighty fine friends. But what I do is settle on my farm in Pleasant Valley, on state, where I can take it easy with the wife and kids."

"The Wife" was formerly Catherine A. Barrett, and it's a real radio romance, for she was secretary to Bandstand-Nat Shilkret before Young Robison had Come Out of the West. They have two children—Patricia Ann, going on six, and Robert Arnold, nearly three.

And Robby isn't the only Westerner in the program, either. Mrs. Bill Mitchell was born in Lebo, Kansas, where her father had a ranch. Besides being an expert horsewoman and cow girl, Pearl was educated abroad, sings German and speaks four languages. Bill and John both come from Columbia, Tennessee, and John Battle, who plays the youthful leads in the dramas, is a native Texan. Anne Elstner, opposite him in the leading feminine parts, comes from Texas, too. She's been with the program since the start. Ken Daigneau, specializing in big, bad villains, spent years on the Mexican border, as a member of the U. S. Cavalry.

SOME of their dramas have been radio versions of actual occurrences, such as the fall of the Alamo, various covered wagon journeys and so forth. But lately they've been purely fictitious, the brain-children of Finis Farr, of the William Estey Agency, Farr may write 'em, but Robison edits 'em, keeping them true to Western life. For example, he removes any modern or eastern slang. Cowboys in the Old West never said "Step on it, kid" or "You said it." When skeptical they might remark "Yeah!" says Robby, but never, "Oh, yeah?", which is pure modern.

And, just in case you want to know, it takes thirty-eight pages of script, besides the songs, to get them through a half-hour broadcast.

In the Stars' Kitchens (Continued from page 51)

FRUIT CAKE

4 oz candied cherries
4 oz candied pineapple
1½ cups mixed candied peel
2½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon mixed nutmeg
Allspice
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped almonds
juice and rind of 1 lemon
1 cup butter
1½ cups brown sugar
5 eggs

Soak fruit and chopped peel over night in wine. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spices together. Add fruit, candied peel and almonds to other ingredients. Cream butter, add sugar, beat well; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dry ingredients, lemon juice and rind. Mix thoroughly, pour into a large greased paper-lined cake tin. Steam 6 hours and take in slow oven 250 degrees F. one hour to dry out.
THOUSANDS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THE NEW

1935 MIDWEST-16

9 TO 2,400 METERS
(12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE)

WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

$175.00

with New

Deluxe Auditorium-Type

SPEAKER

MORE... LESS TUBES...

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES...

and 16 tubes make this radio today's most powerful long distance receiver The many exclusive Midwest features include: A large airplane-type, modernized dial which is triple calibrated in frequencies, wave lengths and call letters. This exclusive feature, together with simplified tuning guide lights, enables you to tune Midwest as quickly and accurately as an expert. Among the other features are: Controllable Expansion of Volume, Selectivity-Sensitivity (Micro-Tenaster)... Fidel-A-Stat... Triple Calibration... Pure-Silver Wire... Ceramic Coil Form... Separate Audio Generator... Simplified Tuning Guide Lights... Compact Synchronized Band Switch... Amplified Automatic Volume Control... EC Selectivity...Power-Driver Stages... Latest Type Tubes, etc. Read about these and other features in the new 4-color FREE Midwest catalog. Fill in and mail coupon NOW!

FREE 36 PAGE 4-Color CATALOG

We will send you this FREE catalog and copies of letters like those shown at left of page. They'll convince you that Midwest radios are sensational values. Try the Midwest for 30 days before you decide. Midwest gives you triple protection with One-year guarantee, foreign reception guarantee, money-back guarantee.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

FOR

AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 744 - CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

Established 1920

Cable Address: Miraco... All Codes

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

STATE

User Agents
Make Easy Extra Money
Check Here
for Details

Thousands are enthusing over the new Midwest 1935 Super Deluxe radios. They are the new big Midwest 36-page illustrated catalog. This Catalog features a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis... in four colors... a model for every purse. Hand made by master craftsmen, they harmonize beautifully with any furniture arrangement. Write for new FREE catalog TODAY!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

DEPT. 744 - CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

Established 1920

Cable Address: Miraco... All Codes

Sign and mail coupon... or, send name and address on postal card... NOW!... TODAY!

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

BEFORE you buy any radio, write for FREE copy of the new 1935 Midwest "Fiftieth Anniversary" catalog. See for yourself the many reasons why over 110,000 satisfied customers have bought their radios direct from Midwest Laboratories... and saved from 1/2 to 1/2. Learn why Midwest radios out-perform sets costing up to $200 and more.

NEVER BEFORE $0 MUCH RADIO FOR SO LITTLE MONEY!

You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 80% by buying this more economical way. Why be content with ordinary "Dual Wave," "Tri-Wave," or so-called "All-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you more wave lengths in today's most perfectly developed 16-tube Super De Luxe All-Wave ALL-WAVE radios that are proven by four years of success... that carry an iron-clad guarantee of foreign reception! These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands: Ultra-short, short, medium, broadcast and long. Their greater all-wave tuning of 9 to 2400 megacycles (33 megacycles to 125 KC) enables you to tune in stations 12,000 miles away with clear loudspeaker reception. Write today for new FREE catalog.

NOW ENJOY DX-ING HOBBY!

Now, you can enjoy super American, Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts... and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance. Now, you can enjoy the DX-ing hobby and secure verifications from some of the world's most distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GB, London, England... tune in on the "Marseillaise" from FVA, Fontaine, France... hear sparkling music from EAU, Madrid, Spain... delight in lively tunes from TVBEC, Caracas, Vene-

Averuda; listen to the call of the Koookaburra bird, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, etc. Send TODAY for money-saving facts.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance... NOW... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values... no middleman's profits to pay. You can order your radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy direct this way... you get 30 days FREE trial... no little as $5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for new FREE catalog today.

Mail coupon TODAY!

For

AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

Dept. 744

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new FREE 1935 catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name

Address

Town

State

User Agents
Make Easy Extra Money
Check Here
for Details

This advertisement is for the Midwest 1935 Super Deluxe radio, which offers a wide range of wave lengths and features such as super-selective radios and free trial offers. It encourages readers to write for their free copy of the 1935 Midwest "Fiftieth Anniversary" catalog.
AGAIN ROYAL LEADS WITH

Astounding Gift Values

Sent for $100

10 MONTHS TO PAY BALANCE

Year in and year out, ROYAL maintains its leadership as AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS with astounding Christmas Gift Values that make your gift selection NOW as easy as picking out your Christmas tree. Again, ROYAL can offer you a wide selection of watches, bangles, rings, necklaces, pins, earrings, broaches, bracelets, and more, all of the world's best. Watch with a Bulova movement. Lower costs to us mean lower of orders mean tremendous purchasing power. Lower costs to you. Our 39-year reputation assures performance of every promise.

Liberal Credit Terms—Ten Full Months to Pay

Make your gift selection NOW. Send us $1.00 deposit and a few personal questions in confidence. Age, occupation, etc. (if possible, mention one or two business references). No direct pressure will be made. Your dealings are strictly confidential. No unexpected—or long delays. We will promptly return all charges prepaid. NO C.O.D. TO PAY ON ARRIVAL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Written GOLD BOND GUARANTEE with every Diamond and Watch, backed by Royal's 39-year reputation at low and square deals. Be safe—order SATISFACTION BUILT IN. Mail your order TO-DAY and great Christmas Morning with a smile!!

2 Diamond LADIES STONE RING

Only $1.10 a month

Only $3.75

$29.75

$29.75

$14.95

$19.75

$20.75

$20.75

FREE To Adults! New 32-page catalog featuring hundreds of astonishing specials in certified real quality gems—diamonds, standard, antique, blue—anything you want, all at prices you'd expect to pay for your competing catalog.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.

M.D.
GRACIE ALLEN

Scoop!
Why CAP’N HENRY Really Quit the SHOWBOAT

ANCES LANGFORD Vants A Husband

HIL BAKER’S HONEYMOON for THREE
THROUGH the proper care and understanding of your body, you can add as much as 15 years to your life. For you can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. Today you may be standing at the fork in the road. Will you go ahead in a haphazard way or will you make up your mind now to insure yourself against sickness and disease?

If you choose the road to health you must first of all be able to understand and act upon the advance warnings of disease. For the most deceiving and dangerous thing about all serious illness is that it usually2 tresses itself before you even realize you are sick.

DEADLY DISEASE Is Always Lurking Near You

Your body always warns you of approaching illness in some way. And it is the most trivial symptom that often points to the approach of the most serious disease. The occasional headache, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are the danger signs of impending sickness. If you do not know these danger signs mean and understand what action to take—then you are very likely to blunder into one of a hundred fatal diseases which are always lurking near you.

Almost a million people will die this year from preventable diseases such as bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney trouble, tuberculosis, intestinal diseases, stomach disorders, influenza, etc.

Will You Be One of the Million Who Will Die This Year From Preventable Disease?

You need not be one of them. In fact you now have the opportunity to insure yourself and your whole family against the ravages of disease.

This you can do very easily through the use of Bernarr Macfadden’s great New Home Health Library. By following its simple advice and instructions you can quickly learn to recognize symptoms and take the necessary corrective measures before it is too late.

Five Big Volumes Bargain Price

This is by no means an oratory set of books. Indeed the new Home Health Library may well be the very foundation of health and happiness in your home. It is all inclusive—answers every question—you offer sound, dependable help with your every health problem. This great

set of books is in five volumes and is printed on special thin book paper so as not to take up a lot of valuable space—approximately 2000 pages—fully illustrated—beautifully bound in full cloth, embossed in gold. Full book size, each volume measures 8 1/2 x 11 3/4. Never were you offered to such at such an extremely low price.

YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW

So sure are we that after a brief examination of these books you will appreciate how wonderfully they will unfold to you invaluable methods and secrets of perfect health—that we will gladly send the five volumes for your personal FREE examination, for ten full days. You need send no money now—just fill in and mail the coupon below. If after 10 days FREE EXAMINATION you decide to keep the books you may pay at the rate of only $2.00 a month until the low price of only $15.00 is paid. And the coupon below will include a full year’s subscription for Physical Culture Magazine. If you decide that you can afford to be without these books and take a chance with disease—simply return them in good condition and you will not owe one penny. We reserve the right to withdraw this free examination privilege after January 31.

J 0 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Dept. R. M. I-
110 Broadway, New York City.

Send me for 10 days’ inspection the five volumes of the HOME HEALTH LIBRARY. If I find the set satisfactory, I will send you $2.00 in ten days and $2.00 a month until $24.00 has been paid. If I decide not to keep the books, I will return them in their original good condition within ten days, postpaid. I understand this offer includes a year’s subscription for Physical Culture Magazine. NOTE: Books will be shipped only if all information required below is filled in completely—and in ink.

Foreign and Canadian orders—Cash in Advance.

Name  
Age  
Address  
City  
State  
Occupation (if housewife, give husband’s)  
Employed by  
Business Address  
Bank or Credit Reference  

Prepaid $1.25 with full refund if books are returned as unsatisfactory after 10 day FREE EXAMINATION.
SAVE 50% BY BUYING YOUR RADIO DIRECT FROM MIDWEST LABORATORIES

THOUSANDS Thrill TO GUARANTEED High-Fidelity WORLD-WIDE PERFORMANCE WITH THIS AMAZING NEW

SUPER DELUXE 1935 MIDWEST 16-TUBE All-Wave RADIO!

The Only Radio Covering 9 TO 2,400 METERS ALL FIVE WAVE BANDS

Minneapolis, Minn.—(Continued)—Here is a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis in four colors. Write for new FREE catalog today.

NEW STYLE CONSOLES

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP. CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco ... All Codes

MAIL TODAY FOR POPULAR 1935, 36-PAGE, 4-COLOR, FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP. CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco ... All Codes

DEALER DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before they advance—NOW. While you can take advantage of Midwest's sensations, no Midwestmen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way—you get 30 days FREE trial offer. Send coupon for FREE catalog today.

DEALER DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before they advance—NOW. While you can take advantage of Midwest's sensations, no Midwestmen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way— you get 30 days FREE trial offer. Send coupon for FREE catalog today.

MAIL TODAY FOR POPULAR 1935, 36-PAGE, 4-COLOR, FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP. CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco ... All Codes

LISTENS TO WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION

Middletown, Ohio—Here are some of the stations I have heard: EAA, Mildorf, Spain; DAB, Zonen, Germany; GSB, DSP, Daven-try, England; VK3ME, Melbourne—Australia—VK4ME, Sydney, Australia; HJ3APA, HJ4ABE, HJ4ABF, HJ4AHR, HJ4AFK, HJ4ABF, Columbia, S. A.; HJ4AM, Handfield, Golden, Ohio; HJ4APK, Grand Avenue.

SSENSATIONAL HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION

This bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective, 16-tube radio gives you absolute realism—assures you of life-like, crystal-clear tone—like anything you have ever experienced before. You will hear one more octave overtones—that cannot be brought in with ordinary radios. Now, hear every instrument, every voice, every shade and inflection of speech.

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

Many exclusive features include: Micro-Tenuator...Fidel-A-Stat...Separate Audio Generator...Crystal Coil Form, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2,400 meters (33 Megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away with crystal-clear, loud-speaker reception. All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest high Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide broadcasts...England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

Many exclusive features include: Micro-Tenuator...Fidel-A-Stat...Separate Audio Generator...Crystal Coil Form, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2,400 meters (33 Megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away with crystal-clear, loud-speaker reception. All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest high Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide broadcasts...England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before they advance—NOW. While you can take advantage of Midwest's sensations, no Midwestmen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way— you get 30 days FREE trial offer. Send coupon for FREE catalog today.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before they advance—NOW. While you can take advantage of Midwest's sensations, no Midwestmen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way— you get 30 days FREE trial offer. Send coupon for FREE catalog today.

MAIL TODAY FOR POPULAR 1935, 36-PAGE, 4-COLOR, FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP. CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco ... All Codes

DEALER DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before they advance—NOW. While you can take advantage of Midwest's sensations, no Midwestmen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way— you get 30 days FREE trial offer. Send coupon for FREE catalog today.

NEW STYLE CONSOLES

The Midwest 36-page catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis in four colors. Write for new FREE catalog today!

MIDWEST low-range radios are at...

$27.50...

as low as...

Without obligation on your part send me your new FREE 1935 catalog, FREE Miniature Dial, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money

Check Here for Details

Name

Address

Town

State
In February RADIO MIRROR:
What you never knew before about Amos and Andy, told by the woman who knows them better than anyone in the world... The famous writer, Adele Whitely Fletcher, reveals the romance of John Barclay... A swell new slant on Jessica Dragonneet.

RADIO MIRROR’S
Gallery of Stars
The Shadow..................23
Will Rogers..................24
Gracie Allen..................25
Vera Van..................26
Loretta Fayton..................27
Ferde Grofe with son, Ferde, Jr. ..28
Boake Carter..................29

Why Cap’n Henry Really Quit the Showboat .......... Norton Russell 12
Charles Winninger tells Radio Mirror exclusively the real truth
Subject: Frances Langford; Object: Matrimony
Mary Watkins Reeves 14

I’m So Ashamed of Myself..........................Mary Jacobs 16
Six famous radio stars have great regrets
Phil Baker’s Honeymoon for Three..............Ruth Geri 18
My Own Spy Stories...........................Captain Tim Healy 20
Thrilling adventure—told for the first time
“Is It Can’t Quit Now!” says Bing Crosby.........Ruth Waterbury 30
Are you up-to-date on his life and problems?

Gladys Swarthout’s Own Wardrobe..........................32
The brilliant clothes of radio’s best-groomed woman
What Marriage Means to Jimmey Wallington .......34
What Marriage Means to Don Navis .................35
Behind the Scenes of Kate Smith’s Matinee Hour ....36
Fred Samsis
Is Radio Menacing Civilization?..................40
Two great minds take opposite sides
Anne Seymour’s Amazing Heritage..................42
The Busiest Man in Radio ....................Fred Rutledge
Keeping track of Edwin C. Hill’s hectic life

Reflections in the Radio Mirror ..................4
The editor and the readers have their say
What’s New on Radio Row? ..................Jay Peters 6
An “insider” lets you in on the latest news and gossip
From Dawn to Dusk ..................38
There’s fun for everybody in these daytime programs.
Radio Mirror’s Roll of Honor ..................43
This month our hat is off to Mary Pickford
Coast-to-Coast Highlights ..................46
Chicago .........Chase Giles
Pacific ............Dr. Ralph L. Power

Dialing the Shortwaves ..................48
Terry Miles

Jumbled Names Contest ..................49
We Have With Us ..................50
You can’t do without this program guide!
Homemaking Department ..................54
Sylvia Covney
In the Stars’ Kitchens

Eating for Health and Beauty ..................55
What Do You Want To Know? ..................56
The Oracle

RADIO MIRROR (Copyright 1934) is fully protected by copyright, and the contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Executive and editorial offices, 1126 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Fiske, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Engel-Van Wise- man, Sales Representatives; Carroll Rhenstrom, Advertising Director. Entered as second class matter September 14, 1935, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.00 a year; 10¢ a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico and Panama $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.00 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners’ risk, every effort will be made to return those found unsatisfactory if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
WHICH ED WYNN DO YOU KNOW?
The gay, coo-coo yodeling comedian or the human being with problems and suffering like yours and mine? Watch for the story in RADIO MIRROR which gives you the lowdown on The Fire Chief.

Very Important
IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN

It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women... they're unthinkable! Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. Madam, you must avoid them!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10¢ and 25¢ boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
LISTEN carefully next Saturday night at 9:30 to the theme song of the Gibson Family broadcast and hear one of the most exquisite pieces of popular music written this year—with delightful lyrics that are unfortunately lost in the choral presentation. To Arthur Schwarz, composer, and Howard Dietz, collaborator and impresario, who accomplish the mammoth task of writing original songs each week for the first musical serial story, my hat is off for their creation of the most deserving and least appreciated song that's heard on the air, "Under Your Spell."

"broadcast" was by wire, but Mr. Peck tells me that transmitting motion pictures by radio waves is easier! This apparatus will be part of your regular radio and won't prevent you from hearing your favorite ether stars in between showing of movies, which will be broadcast from studios devoting themselves entirely to this form of entertainment.

And don't let my matter-of-fact description of this new development blind you to the wonder of this modern miracle which will one day be taken for granted quite as blithely as radio itself is today.

I'M grateful to Lester Grady for the story of the Hollywood quickie producer who came on the set to see a group of concerned assistants trying to revive a dancing girl who had fainted. In answer to his query, the director said, "We're giving her artificial respiration."

"Artificial respiration!" cried the producer. "Give her the real thing—we can afford it."

The story is not entirely but sufficiently appropriate for my Campaign Against Inappropriate Applause. When we recently sat in the studio listening to the rounds of éclat which followed an advertising plug for Maxwell House Coffee over the Showboat Hour my whimsical companion remarked, "Ah, good to the last drop of the applause card!"

Gentlemen, gentlemen, listeners lose faith in programs that allow applause after advertising skits or announcements. Don't give home listeners artificial respiration. Give them the real thing. You can afford it.
BY THE READERS

We asked for it, and we got it! But we can take it. Come on, the water's fine!

Letters containing brickbats of all descriptions arrived last month, and many contained violets. Radio officials and sponsors are going to sit up and take notice when they read some of our prize-winning letters. Maybe they’ll do something about it. So keep on writing, and some time when you have a bright idea tell us about it. You may win one of the prizes.

Here are the lucky ones this month:

**$20.00 PRIZE**

I’m sending violets this morning to the following radio broadcasters:

1—To the singers who sing music and words of their songs with little variation from the composer’s copyrighted copy. It grows more and more annoying to listen to singers who change tempo and words, and put in so many original interpretations that the listener gets the jitters when his favorite songs are presented.

2—To the singers who do not moan and groan over memory songs, as if every memory was sad and heartbreaking. Most memories are lovely, and should not be remembered with sadness. Mother songs are not sad. The memory of a good Mother should be joyous. Bless her heart! She played her part nobly and has passed on to her reward. A good son or daughter should not be selfish about it.

3—To the announcers who remember they are giving a radio program, not a vaudeville skit. (Studio chatter may be most amusing to the studio listeners but not to the radio audience.) Consequently, there is little handclapping and loud laughter to break the continuity of an air program.

Violets to the real radio broadcasters, and poison ivy to the rest!

EMERSON C. STACY,
Portland, Oregon.

**$10.00 PRIZE**

I WANT to take this opportunity to manifest what I believe to be an odious practice which is found prevalent in all radio broadcasting systems—although not in every program.

It is logical to estimate that applause by clapping the hands is the approbatory reaction of the listening public; however, you will note that the finest programs on the ether waves have resorted to the infamous practice of self-condemnation.

I have not had the opportunity to witness a radio broadcast, but have learned from authentic sources that the directors of programs have definite signals for such procedures. Besides being an unpardonable nuisance to the listener, it is an obtrusive gesture on the part of the broadcaster.

If the radio chains are sincere in making their programs appealing to the listening public, I think this cause is worthy of their consideration.

In conclusion, I trust that this letter and the RADIO MIRROR will be instrumental in allaying such proceedings at the microphone.


**$1.00 PRIZE**

Radio has given me a great deal of pleasure, but an inadequately small amount of time is devoted to the broadcasting of fine music. Broadcasters in general seem to have the idea that people do not care for music of this type, but there is a growing public which is eager to hear and ready to appreciate it. The highly successful concerts of the Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras this past summer prove this. The broadcasting of concerts like these is a step in the right direction.

I freely admit that there is much good music on the air every day, ensembles and

(Continued on page 70)
BY THE EDITOR

Listen carefully next Saturday night at 9:30 to the theme song of the Gibson Fatsby broadcast and hear one of the most exquisite pieces of popular music written this year—with delightful lyrics that are unfortunately lost in the choral presentation. To Arthur Schwartz, composer, and Howard Dietz, collaborator and impresario, who accomplish the mammoth task of writing original songs each week for the first musical serial story, my hat is off for their creation of the most deserving and least appreciated song that’s heard on the air, “Under Your Spell.”

WANT to see a news-reel in your own house? Or a comedy? Or a full-length drama starring Joan Crawford or Bing Crosby or Clark Gable? It won’t be long now. Pull up the top of your new-fangled radio, turn the dial, and in a moment, reflected in that shadowless screen, you’ll see motion pictures, hear perfectly synchronized talking, singing, sound effects.

I saw it myself the other day, in the studio of William Hoy Pevy, who has invented the apparatus that will bring movies into a million homes before many months are passed. Mr. Pevy showed me a news-reel—and although I had to sit pretty far back to avoid the flacker and dimmed vision that obscured the picture up close, I was amazed by the comparison between this demonstration and one I saw two years ago which was labeled as nothing short of miraculous, imperfect though it was. The transmission in the recent "broadcast" was by wire, but Mr. Pevy tells me that transmitting motion pictures by radio waves is even easier! This apparatus will be part of your regular radio and won’t prevent you from hearing your favorite other stars in between showing of movies, which will be broadcast from studios devoting themselves entirely to this form of entertainment.

And don’t let my matter-of-fact description of this modern development blind you to the wonder of this new miracle which will one day be taken for granted quite as blithely as radio itself is today.

IM grateful to Lester Grady for the story of the Hollywood quickie producer who came on the set to see a group of concerned assistants trying to revive a dancing girl who had fainted. In answer to his query, the director said, "We’re giving her artificial respiration."

"Artificial respiration!" cried the producer. "Give her the real thing—we can afford it."

The story is not entirely but sufficiently appropriate for my Campaign Against Inappropriate Applause. When we recently sat in the studio listening to the sound of cackle which followed an advertising plug for Maxwell House Coffee over the Showboat Hear, my theatrical companion remarked, "Ah, good to the last drop of the applause card!"

Gentlemen, gentlemen, listeners lose faith in programs that allow applause after advertising spots or announcements. Don’t give home listeners artificial respiration. Give them the real thing. You can afford it.

BY THE READERS

We asked for it, and we got it! But we can take it. Come on, the water’s fine.

Letters containing blankhats of all descriptions arrived last month, and many contained violets.

Radio officials and sponsors are going to sit up and take notice when they read some of our prize-winning letters. Maybe they’ll do something about it. So keep on writing, and some time when you have a bright idea tell us about it. You may win one of the prizes.

Here are the lucky ones this month:

$20.00 PRIZE

I’m sending violets this morning to the following radio broadcasters:
1—To the singers who sing trash and words of their songs with little variation from the composer’s copyrighted copy. It grows more and more annoying to listen to singers who change tempo and words, and put in so many original interpretations that the listener gets the idea when his favorite songs are presented.
2—To the singers who do not mean and groan over memory songs, as if every memory was sad and heart-breaking. Most memories are lovely, and should not be remembered with sadness. Mother songs are not sad. The memory of a good mother should be joyous. Bless her heart! She played her part nobly and has passed on to her reward. A good son or daughter should not be selfish about it.
3—To the announcers who remember they are giving a radio program, not a vaudeville skit. (Studio chatter may be most amusing to the studio listeners but not to the radio audience.) Consequently, there is little handwriting and loud laughter to break the continuity of an air program.

Violets to the real radio broadcasters, and poison ivy to the rest!

Emerson C. Stear, Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

Radio has given me a great deal of pleasure, but an inadequately small amount of time is devoted to the broadcasting of fine music. Broadcasters in general seem to have the idea that people do not care for music of this type, but there is a growing public which is eager to hear and ready to appreciate it. The highly successful concerts of the Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras this past summer prove this. The broadcasting of concerts like these is a step in the right direction.

I freely admit that there is much good music on the air every day, ensembles and

(Continued on page 70)
What's New on Radio Row

by Jay Peters

Women seemed to have come from every walk of life for the first Mary Pickford broadcast. The tiny room in the RKO studios that serves as the Western headquarters for the National Broadcasting Company was packed and breathless as the lights dimmed for America's first Sweetheart to make her radio debut. There were women of the press there, a few women stars, many scenario writers, and a large group of women who were just people, the women of the little homes and a couple of children, who looked as though they might very well be wondering about what to have for dinner.

The stage was banked with flowers and everyone was aware that the moment was an occasion. The announcer clipped forth his statements and Mary stepped forth.

She wore a little black dress, the type of dress that the hungry young stenographer she was portraying in "The Church Mouse" might very well have worn. Her golden hair was freshly cut and coiffed. Her eyes looked very tired.

Later she changed to an evening gown of black and sequins, with almost no back. Her face lighted up as she got into the comedy and love scenes of the little playlet. The men playing opposite her followed her with devoted eyes. The lights came up between intervals to let you know when individual scenes were (Continued on page 8)

Eddie Cantor felt so good about getting back on the Chase and Sanborn Hour he tried his luck on this bass horn. It doesn't seem to be so good.

Xavier Cugat, New York's rhumba exciter, has new fancy dances up his sleeve that he'll pull out of his hat this winter.

Captain Henry and the rest of the Showboat cast recently celebrated the second anniversary of the Show Boat program in the big Radio City studio.
Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months.

WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?
Sally’s complexion is rave-worthy. It’s been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can’t feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it’s the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby’s skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.

SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a “close-up” because it still has that “Ivory-baby” look. You, too, can win that baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with IVORY SOAP • • 99 41/100 0/10 PURE

"AH SAYS TO MAHSELF," says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby’s—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., ‘Awful,’" grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one Ivory—save the rest and I’ll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES

"C’MON, BOBBY GIBSON, help me out!” puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"'Tut, tut,“ reproves Bobby. "Come round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps ’em right." Bobby’s right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOL"
over. The whole playlet took exactly half an hour. Little blue signal lights at the back of the stage showed how the time was ebbing.

The final lights blazed up. Chairs were moved and people were hustled about to make way for Lanny Ross who was going on next.

Some of us went back to congrat-ulate Mary. But she had already gone. It seems she was anxious to catch a scene played by Katharine Hepburn, the movie actress, who was working on the RKO lot.

ALBERT KAVELIN and his orches-tra have been engaged by the Columbia Phonograph Co. to produce a series of dance records prior to Kavelin's departure on a musical tour the latter part of this month.

RACE HAYES, NBC songstress, has sung at banquets in honor of President Roosevelt on three occasions. She is said to be one of the few singers whom the President prefers to have entertain at dinners in his honor.

WHEN Paul Whiteman wants to relieve the monotony of giving his orchestra instructions in English during rehearsals, he uses Pig-Latin. And do the musicians get a kick out of asking him questions in the same lingo!

THOUGH Ruth Etting has been doing her network singing from New York, 'tis rumored she leaves the first of the year to do six more shorts at the CBS and later NBC, but who is now on a bay region hook-up, did a flop in the early days. The owner of KFI brought him to Los Angeles at $1,000 a month for a morning-setting-up program. And it proved an awful dud. But when he went back home the 'Frisco folks thought a lot more of him and he has been "in the money" for a long time on radio.

BILL ROBSON, who is the producer for the much talked about "Calling All Cars" from KHI to eight California stations every week, did a novel stunt a few years ago when he broke into radio. He asked the late Don Lee for a writing job and the radio magnate asked for samples. "Just go down to Loew's State," said Bill, "and see my screen adaptation of 'Private Jones' for Universal." Mr. Lee liked the picture and gave young Robson a job which lasted several years until he went with an agency to produce the "crime special." Incidentally, Bill was a class-mate of Lanny Ross at Yale . . . and he led his own orchestra in gay Paree one summer vacation, but doesn't like to be reminded of it.

NEW YORK's bright White Way isn't always a strong magnet, it would seem. Al Pearce, whose sensa-tional gang of entertainers has made such a hit on the Pacific Coast, refuses offers every week to come East. There's a swell reason for his refusals, though. The cold, hard facts in the matter are that Al has a waiting list of sponsors, which ought to start another gold rush to California among radio stars.

IN the November issue of Radio Mirror Mercury made a statement to the effect that the Soonyland Sketches have gone off the air. We wish to correct this erroneous statement by announcing that the sketches are still coming over the air via the Columbia net-work on Saturday evenings at seven o'clock (EST) with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly.

THE Red Davis series is gaining popularity every week, and the sponsors have a tousle-headed youngster to thank. He's Burgess Meredith, who stepped from the Broadway production of "She Loves Me Not" to take over the starring role in the radio serial. He even had Madge Kennedy, one of the best known young legitimate actresses, with him in three of his programs.

A BIG hand to Columbia Broadcasting in its efforts to stress the importance of afternoon programs. The first move was to put Kate Smith on a sustaining payroll and build an hour show around her ample proportions. Now CBS has inaugurated three more
full hour shows, two of them in the cold grey hours of early morning. Housewives who have had to beat rugs and son junior to the tune of poor day-time programs have already written in their thanks.

CLIFF HALL, whose role as stooge to the Baron catapulted him into fame, is being whispered about these days. A rift with Pearl is imminent, so they say. What's more, to continue rumors, he may step into a well known Sunday night coffee hour, which would let Jimmy Wallington spend more time on his other programs.

WHEN the Forum of Liberty was being planned on-paper, it didn't look much like sure fire appeal to the public. Having leaders of industry talk was all well and good, but it needed a punch. So Edwin C. Hill was lured into taking the master of ceremonies job. He has, the sponsors claim, turned the trick.

IN September it was announced that Buddy Rogers—you can tell it's him by his theme song—was about to pack up, leave the Windy City and hie himself to Hollywood for another crack at the movies. He stayed on, though, as the co-star with Jean Lang of the Ward family Theater. Now reports wing their way East that he is once...
POOR old Rubinoff. Just when he had everyone convinced that he was a maestro, Eddie Cantor began pricking his bubble with well aimed gags. Now sponsors are angling to have him the star stooge on another program, and they don’t care whether he brings his violin with him or not, as long as he keeps his Russian accent.

WILLARD ROBISON probably led as colorful a life in his earlier days as any two-fisted, two-handed drinking cowboy of the old West. Here’s one story he told us the other day.

“I stopped off in a town in Mexico while I was sort of troubadouring my way around. The town consisted of two saloons and a hotel. I made the mistake of picking a saloon run by some cattle rustlers.

“Each rustler, as the evening wore on, turned out to have his own favorite he wanted me to sing, and he had a big, well-worn six-shooter to back up his request.

“As I recall that songfest, it lasted until noon the next day. I’d lost a good night’s sleep, my voice and darn near my life.”

IT was reported here by Mercury last September that Hollywood celebrities were preparing to take radio sponsors for all the tariff would bear for appearances on the air. “Advertisers will have to reward the flicker favorites with sums equalling a King’s ransom” was what we said right in this space. Well, what has happened in the interval? Just what Mercury told you would happen.

Figures, they say, don’t lie, so let’s consult the records:

Mary Pickford collects $5,000 every time she does a tabloid drama. That puts her in a class with Will Rogers, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn and Jack Benny, some of whom receive as much as $6,500 a broadcast but have to pay for material and other talent out of that.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone divided $5,000 for a single air appearance. Jeanette MacDonald went on the Atwater Kent program one night and banked $4,000 the next day. (Not so long ago Miss MacDonald was content with $600 per broadcast.) Clark Gable got $3,500 for a solo performance. Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore each nicked sponsors for $6,500. Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland obliges for $2,500 for the team. You can hire Irene Dunne, Adolphe Menjou and Leslie Howard at the same amount.

But you ain’t heard nothin’ yet—that’s only the beginnin’, as Captain Henry puts it. Greta Garbo has been offered $25,000 for a 15-minute broadcast of a scene from one of her photo-plays. And Mae West says $10,000 would induce her to come up to the studio and do a broadcast some time.

GLORIA Swanson is asking $6,000 a session and Shirley Temple, the child wonder, can be heard on the kilocycles any time a sponsor kicks in with $5,000.

LESSER lights like Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, James Dunn, Cary Grant, Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot, Ricardo Cortez and Douglas Montgomery may be lured to a microphone upon receipt of $1,000. Then there is still a larger group whose broadcast salaries run from a few hundred to just short of $1,000 a showing. Among them may be listed Ginger Rogers, Reginald Denny, Jane Knight, Ralph Bellamy, Genevieve Tobin, Stuart Erwin, Alice White, Ralph Forbes, Paul Lukas, Marian Nixon, Bob Armstrong, Gene Raymond, Gloria, Stuart, Heather Angel and a host of others.

With such sums as these to be picked up for a few minutes pleasant work on the air—all supplementary, of course, to already substantial picture incomes—is it any wonder that the Hollywood stars still believe in Santa Claus? They
to make another "fireside chat" to the nation is Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, his confidential aide and adviser, "Little Loney," as he is affectionately called by the Washington correspondents, is a former newspaper man who nominally is a member of the President's secretarial staff. Colonel Howe, a past master of publicity, has found the radio, properly used, is the Administration's greatest instrument in acquainting the country with its plans and purposes. But the little Colonel is very careful to space the "fireside chats" so that Roosevelt's visits to the home are not too frequent. He is taking no chances on the President wearing out his welcome as a visitor.

WHICH reminds Mercury of an incident throwing a sidelight on the personality of the Radio President. The other day Colonel Howe and David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America and as such the Big Boss of the National Broadcasting Company, were descending in an elevator in Radio City.

"Please stop at the mezzanine," Sarnoff directed the operator.

"Can't, sir," returned that worthy; "we don't stop there—it's our orders."

"And it's my order that you stop," said Sarnoff, somewhat sharply.

The elevator man paled not the slightest bit but took his car through to the ground floor, much to the chagrin of Sarnoff but to the amusement of Colonel Howe.

Two days later Mr. Sarnoff received a letter from F. D. R., "I should be very glad, indeed," was what the Chief Executive said in substance, "to use my influence as President of the United States to persuade your elevator attendants to obey your instructions as president of the Radio Corporation of America, if you so desire."

SOCIETY CHATTER

VIRGINIA REA, once known to listeners as "Olive Palmer" when she sang with Frank Munn whose nom de song was "Paul Oliver," is a recent bride. She married Edgar Sittig, a radio 'cellist. This is Virginia's second adventure into matrimony. . . . Jeanie Lang and the young man she introduces as her brother, Arthur, seem very devoted. So devoted, in fact, that a Radio Row rumor that Artie is really her hubby finds credence in many quarters.

Kenneth Roberts, the CBS announcer, and June White are severing the ties that bind, via the divorce courts. The gossip is that June will wed John Brown, the air actor, as soon as the decree becomes (Continued on page 67)
WHY has the most popular program in America—a program with over a million enthusiastic followers—lost its most popular star? Why did Captain Henry leave the Showboat? And has he quit radio for good?

In the answers to these questions which Captain Henry himself gave as he sat backstage of the new Amsterdam Theater in New York lies one of the most significant stories in radio.

The genial, ruddy faced master of ceremonies has deserted the microphone and has gone back to the legitimate stage on which he was starred for so many years.

Gone back because, in comparison to the theater, he found radio a baby which was unwilling to grow up as he thought it should grow up. Yet, happy in his new work, he still nourishes a burning desire to do in radio what he has planned and worked for since his advent on the air more than two years ago.

With grievances against microphone practices he has observed and objected to tumbling from his lips, he still maintained the major theme of his complaints, which was—to go back to radio and present a show of his own making, under his own name, Charles Winninger, with talent that he himself has selected, and with directorial guidance from proven geniuses of the theater.

"I quit radio," he began his explanation, "because I could no longer resist the temptation of returning to stage work which is still my first love, and because, naturally enough, I was offered more money."

"But," he went on, "the prime consideration was not the salary involved. It was, rather, because there were so many things I wanted to do in radio which I could not carry out under the terms of my then existing contract with the Showboat.

"I know what I think should be done with programs over the air. Until I can go back and present such programs, I am more happy on the stage, where I feel that entertainment is still better presented than in radio.

"It is my own belief—shared with others from the theater, I am sure—that radio is today just as stubborn as Hollywood was ten years ago in regard to legitimate stage talent. 'We don't want any of the stars from the theater' radio officials say. 'What do they know about radio?'

"But radio is going to do a complete turnabout. It can't be long before audiences will begin to demand such improved entertainment as the Lux Radio Theater provides. There will come a time when money will have to give way to artistry, as was the case in movies, when talent from the stage will be accepted at its face value."

This interview was taking place in the dressing room one rickety flight up from the stage of the theater. The air was heavy with the smell of grease paint, and from the distance came a faint rumbling as scenery was hoisted into place.

Charles Winninger was no longer the booming, romantic figure of a showboat captain whose calls for "Curtain" rang down Thursday night radio programs for two years. He was, instead, once more simply an actor. A worn, grey wool, crew necked sweater, grease stained brown pants, and scuffed boxing shoes testified to the work in which he was plunged.

"One more thing I want to do in radio," he began again, after a momentary pause to light a cigarette, "is to keep the character of Captain Henry alive for all the Showboat fans who continue to write in about him."

WHEN I first went to my sponsors and gave them my sixty-day notice that I was leaving, the plan was to let Captain Henry die, but the protests from the first program I missed flooded in so rapidly, the plan had to be changed.

"Then the script men hit on the idea of having Captain Henry married. You see, all of us Henrys are supposed to be descended from Patrick Henry. That way, my brother George Henry can be substituted in my place.

"Remember that Lanny Ross came from Hollywood to share in the marriage celebration over the air? Well, according to the script, Captain Henry is now back on the farm in the mid west with his bride, Nancy. That way, the character is kept alive.

"The Maxwell House people are even planning to bring a microphone into my dressing room so that I can say 'Howdy' to the Showboat listeners every few weeks and convince them that Captain Henry has not been lost to them.

"I have learned in my broadcasts (Continued on page 76)
While breaking down and confessing his reasons for leaving the air, Charles Winninger discloses what's wrong with radio today

By NORTON RUSSELL

Puzzled by the mistakes studios insist on making, Cap'n Henry has gone back to his first love, the stage. Inset shows him at the happy celebration of the Showboats' second birthday before anyone knew he was soon to desert radio.
SUBJECT:  
OBJECT:

Leap on your fiery steeds, you Galahads — for this dainty Southern lady sits at home with her knitting (no kidding) and dreams!
IT'S eight p.m. at the Langford's.

Panic In A Penthouse would be putting it too mildly.
Swain Dumped On Head Off Forty-Third Floor Terrace is a little more like the spirit of the thing. For you see, the Princess in the Tower, who happens to be star songstress for NBC's Colgate House Party program, is also a mite of a Florida gal with her very own, determined idea of what a Sir Galahad ought to be. And until he charges up on his fiery steed the rest of the boys may as well take their marbles and play somewhere else, so far as she is concerned.

Witness the priceless pandemonium about to take place in the former Arthur William Brown penthouse, which houses Mrs. Langford, big brother Jimmy and shy little Frances of the torch-blue notes. Just as sure as the sun plops down behind the Hudson River skyline the chaos sets in as a regular nightly procedure. Langford misses assigns herself to one of the 'phones, a tortoise-rimmed secretary to another. A maid and an extra elevator man hound the main entrance. With gesticulations akin to those very ones the Spider used to invite the Fly into the parlor, brother Jimmy warms up in case the show requires a special bouncing act. Bells, buzzers, knocks, buzzers and bells—until finally you are forced to retreat to the roof garden and shut yourself under the black velvet awning of Manhattan to hear yourself talk.

Riot? Reds? Cops? Oh no, none of those, even if the tamest one of them would afford a delightful change any old night. It's just the usual 8 p.m. trek, so help me, of New York's young eligibles Who Met Miss Langford At The So And So's And Would Like To Speak To Her, or Come Up or Witness Her Broadcast. Or Just Tell Me If She's In. Or When Do You Expect Her Back? Or Well, I'll Leave My Number, Please—even that. Merely several dozen young men trying desperately to date up the keenest eyeball they've seen come out of the South yet.

All of this time, as calmly as though nothing at all were going on, Frances has been curled up in her favorite white leather armchair, a narrow blue ribbon tied about her mop of black curls to keep them out of her eyes. She puts two fat wooden knitting needles through their paces at a leisurely rate, counting thoughtfully the pattern of one perl and two straight. Finally, in sheer amazement at her complete tranquility and unconcern, you ask her, by way of conversation, where she ever located such a gorgeous shade of aquamarine bouclé?

SHE placidly comments without looking up, "Oh, I found it in a funny little shop in Greenwich Village. Only two more rows of pineapple crochet on this and I'll have the skirt finished."

As unperturbed as that a glamorous lady simply knits and talks, for all the chaos going on via telephone and door. As calm as that—when you or I would have left that chocolate ice box cake just stranded on the table after dinner in order to grab some fresh mascara before The Onrush.

Don't misunderstand Frances Langford. There's not a really snobbish, indifferent fibre in the whole weave of her warm personality. Bright lights and gay places and the companionship of men have their quota of her life. They always have occupied a large portion of her time. But suppose, for three years now, you'd wanted oh! so desperately to fall in love—and all the arrows you rated from Cupid were a bunch of substitute brands! Nice, handsome, clever brands indeed—but not The Real Thing. You'd be a little peevved yourself, now wouldn't you? And you'd be tired of the Merry-Go-Round, even as La Langford is. For somewhere along the course of fame and glamour there comes enough of such dross as these. And a girl begins to think of bedsprings and tea towels and living-room drapes.

Frances is waiting for Him she says. Furthermore she's very sure she'll know him the first time she meets him. Right now, if she's seemingly unconcerned with love, it's because she knows she's not yet found him. And all the rest, try as she will, fail to matter a great deal.

A lady cloisters herself high over New York and looks about a wee bit impatiently. For, the truth be out, the lady had decided a career's not everything—Frances Langford wants to get married!

She told me about it while we waited in Studio 8-G for the Colgate House Party principals to begin rehearsal. I had watched her cross the room to speak to the production man on the show. Such a little thing she is to have so much fame heaped about her! (Continued on page 66)
SUBJECT:  
OBJECT:  
Leap on your fiery steeds, you Galahads — for this dainty Southern lady sits at home with her knitting (no kidding) and dreams!

IT’S eight p. m. at the Langford’s.

Panic In A Penthouse would be putting it too mildly. Swain Dumped On Head Off Fortieth Floor Terrace is a little more like the spirit of the thing. For you see, the Princess in the Tower, who happens to be star songstress for NBC’s Colgate House Party program, is also a mite of a Florida gal with her very own, determined idea of what a Sir Galahad ought to be. And until he changes up on his fiery steed the rest of the boys may as well take their marbles and play somewhere else, so far as she is concerned.

Witness the priceless pendulumium about to take place in the former Arthur William Brown penthouse, which houses Mrs. Langford, big brother Jimmy and shy little Frances of the torch-blue notes. Just as sure as the sun plops down behind the Hudson River skyline the chaos sets in as a regular nightly procedure. Langford mice assign herself to one of the phones, a tortoisie-rimmed secretary to another. A maid and an extra elevator man bound the main entrance. With gesticulations akin to those very ones the Spider used to invite the Fly into the parlor, brother Jimmy warms up in case the show requires a special bounding act. Bells, buzzers, knocks, buzzer and bellow—until finally you are forced to retreat to the roof garden and shut yourself under the black velvet awning of Manhattan to hear yourself talk.

Rip? Red? Cope? Oh no, none of those, even if the trimmest one of them would afford a delightful change any old night. It’s just the usual 8 p. m. trek, so help me, of New York’s young eligibility. Who Met Miss Langford At The So And So And Would Like To Speak To Her, or Come Up or Witness Her Broadcast. Or Just Tell Me If She’s In. Or When Do You Expect Her Back? Or Well, I’ll Leave My Number, Please—even that. Merely several dozen young men trying desperately to date up the keenest of eyes they’ve seen come out of the South yet.

All of this, as calmly as though nothing at all were going on. Frances has been curled up in her favorite white leather armchair, a narrow blue ribbon tied about her map of black curls to keep them out of her eyes. She puts two fat wooden knitting needles through their paces at a leisurely rate, counting thoughtfully the pattern of one pair and two straightly. Finally, in sheer amazement at her complete tranquility and unconcern, you ask her, by way of conversation, where she ever located such a gorgeous shade of aquamarine bouclé.

SHE placidly comments without looking up. “Oh, I found it in a funny little shop in Greenwich Village. Only two more rows of pineapple crochet on this and I’ll have the skirt finished.”

As unperturbed as that a glamorous lady simply knits and talks, for all the chaos going on via telephone and door. As calm as that—when you or I would have felt that choco-late ice box cake just stranded on the table after dinner in order to grab some fresh mascara before The Orphans.

Don’t misunderstand Frances Langford. There’s not a really snobbish, indifferent fibre in the whole weave of her warm personality. Bright lights and gay places and the companionship of men have their quota of life. They always have occupied a large portion of her time. But suppose, for three years now, you’d wanted oh so desper-ately to fall in love—and all the arrows you rated from Cupid were a bunch of substitute brands! Nice, handsome, clever brands indeed—but not The Real Thing. You’d be a little peevled yourself, now wouldn’t you? And you’d be tired of the Merry-Go-Round, even as La Langford is. For somewhere along the course of fame and glamour there comes enough of such dates as these. And a girl begins to think of bedspreads and tea towels and living-room drapes.

Frances is waiting for Him she says. Furthermore she’s very sure she’ll know him the first time she meets him. Right now, if she’s seemingly unconcerned with love, it’s because she knows she’s not yet found him. And all the rest, try as she will, fail to matter a great deal. A lady cloisters herself high over New York and looks about a wee bit impatiently. For, the truth be out, the lady had decided a career’s not everything—Frances Langford wants to get married!

She told me about it while we waited in Studio 8G for the Colgate House Party principals to begin rehearsal. I had watched her cross the room to speak to the produc-tion man on the show. Such a little thing she is to have so much fame heaped about her! (Continued on page 66)

by MARY WATKINS REEVES
Do you ever regret your sins of commission and omission?
The radio stars do—plenty!

by MARY JACOBS

"If only I hadn't left Jack Benny—"
Mary Livingstone wails shamefacedly.

"If only I hadn't left Jack Benny and run home to mother," Mary Livingstone wails.
"If only I hadn't sworn at the Benton and Bowles executive who handles radio stars' contracts," Fred Allen confesses sadly.
"If I hadn't lost my temper completely—" Gladys Swarthout says.
"If I hadn't been so pigheaded and refused to listen to my wife, I'd be $15,000 wealthier," Phil Duey admits shamefacedly.

Forlorn regrets all? Bitter confessions of past mistakes they've made that cause them to blush with shame today? Yes. For the stars, being only human, have made the same mistakes you and I have: they have lied and cheated and been cowards, too.

There was a time, eight years ago, when Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone came back from their honeymoon. Jack was touring the West Coast in vaudeville and Mary, well, she was spending her days sitting alone in a hotel, wondering what Jack was doing, whether he loved her, what showgirl was making eyes at him. In other words, she was making herself perfectly miserable.

Now you can't be unhappy without taking it out on someone and Jack was the goat. Every day he'd come home to a scrap and he'd leave in the morning puzzled why any man was fool enough to get married.

One night when he got home Mary was particularly peevish, just aching for an argument. Her eyes alighted on

Tony Wons (center) wanted to become a Shakespearean actor but when his opportunity arrived—he was a coward.

Was Fred Allen's face red that morning he lost his temper when he heard that strange voice on the other end of the phone?
his tie. "Where did you get that horrid thing?" she asked.

Tired and angry, Jack snapped back at her: "If you don't like my ties you don't have to wear them. I've been buying my own ties for almost thirty years and I think I can pick them without your help."

"I wouldn't wear it to a dog show," Mary said heatedly.

"I wouldn't insult our porter by offering him it."

That was enough, too much. One word led to another and it ended by Mary's packing her grip and leaving for home and mother in Los Angeles. "If you gave me the moon and the stars, Jack Benny, I wouldn't come back to live with you," was her parting shot.

Back home she had plenty of time to think things over. How silly she had been, and what a horrible wife she had made Jack. Instead of encouraging him she had nagged, scolded, flared up if he as much as smiled a greeting at one of the girls in his troupe. Mary saw her conduct with detachment for the first time, and was thoroughly ashamed. When Jack followed her home at the end of his booking, she was more than ready to kiss and make up and start things all over again—and to behave differently. They did—and neither has regretted it since.

Phils Dues, the Philip Morris baritone, still squirms when you mention his famous "get-rich-quick" business venture. Back in the pre-stock-crash days, when everything was booming and money seemed just made to be invested, one of Phil's friends introduced him to an advertising man whose specialty was inventing novel showcards and boxes. Undoubtedly the man was a genius, for several big companies like Heinz and Kraft-Phoenix were bidding for his ideas.

The one flaw was that the inventor, like most geniuses, was a very poor business man and never could keep his hands on money. Now he needed $15,000 to go ahead with his orders. The sky was the limit on their profits, if Phil would invest that $15,000 and come in as a partner.

His glowing accounts of the future thrilled Phil and he ran home to tell his wife, Catherine, of the proposition. She wasn't convinced. "I don't care how much money he says you can make," she insisted, "you admit he isn't a good business man and you don't know anything about business. You've never tried to run a plant. (Continued on page 57)
A man and woman leaned over a crib in a luxuriously appointed room. Their hands touched. The woman smiled sweetly; the man's glance flitted from her pretty golden head to the little, pink, gurgling bundle of humanity, clutching tightly a big brown teddy bear. "Good night, sweetheart. Sleep tight," the mother murmured. Hand in hand, silently, the couple tip-toed from the room.

Miles away, over the sea, twinkling lights like a long necklace of iridescent gems marked the shore of Long Island, receding in the distance. The stillness was broken by the rhythmic splash of the ship's prow, as the Conte de Savoia cut through the waves.

"It was a long time, Phil—but it's been worth waiting for, hasn't it?" the woman said tenderly.

"Two years—lovely years," the man responded. "Are you happy darling?" She snuggled closer to him in reply, and together they looked out over the black ocean.

Phil and Peggy Baker had waited two long years for this, their honeymoon. A honeymoon for three now, for asleep in their suite on the huge liner, carrying them off to sunny southern Italy, lay little ten-months-old Margot Eleanor Baker.

Months of planning, many disappointments, disappointments bravely borne, had gone before this voyage. From the day when lovely Peggy Cartwright, talented British actress, had whispered a shy "yes" to the ardent wooing of the famous comedian, over a cozy after-the-theatre midnight supper, the two had hoped and planned for this trip to Italy. Together they had pore over steamship folders, computed costs, talked of places they would visit, the sights they would see. Together they rehearsed over and over again, the magic weeks which lay before them, wandering hand in hand through quaint streets, gazing at the splendors of ruined Rome, lying close together on warm, sunny Italian sands, beneath a benign sunny Italian sky—alone, just the two of them, far from the prying eyes and gossiping tongues of Broadway.

For the gossiping tongues of Broadway had been cruel to the fresh young love of Peggy and Phil. Along New York's Main Stem, the whimsical Baker was known to fellow Broadwayites as a confirmed bachelor, if something of a Don Juan. Theatre doormen prepared for an influx of fair visitors back-stage when Baker was booked into their houses, but seldom was he seen twice with the same girl. When his first marriage to a Follies girl crashed with a splintering noise which broke out in an epidemic of sensational Page-One notoriety, Broadway stood behind the sad-eyed jester to a man, and applauded loudly when the courts of justice exonerated him from all stigma. And when Phil emerged from the wreckage with a devil-may-care smile, tinged with the bitterness of disillusionment, his erst-while companions welcomed him back joyously to the bachelor fold.

And when Phil said: "Maybe I'll get married some day," when I'm ready to settle down, but when I do, it won't be a girl in show business. You can take all the one to two you can find on that," those same companions chorused...
Honeymoon For Three

A belated honeymoon, but to Peggy and Phil it was worth waiting for

by Ruth Geri

Opposite page, baby Margot Eleanor seems to be following in her father's footsteps; below, Phil and his wife, Peggy.

approval of such well conceived plans.

And when Phil Baker, out on a party with Clayton, formerly one of the trio of Clayton, Jackson and Jimmy Durante, and Ben Bernie dropped in one night to "catch" the newest Broadway show, the musical comedy success Americana and promptly became stricken with a burning desire to meet the one glamorous girl he had singled out from all the beauteous creatures there on the stage, his friends merely winked knowingly and thought: "Just another one of Phil's crushes—Phil's in the follies again."

But when Phil sought out the producer of Americana and persuaded him to give him a part in the show and when Phil joined the cast, accepting one half of the figure he had been receiving in vaudeville, his friends began to worry and sophisticateds along the White Way to whisper. And when Baker managed to be introduced to the Miss Cartwright and fanned their acquaintance-ship into a budding romance with his atten-tions, gossips set their tongues a-wagging in earnest. Phil was called a "sucker" and "a fool."

(Continued on page 58)
A MAN and woman leaned over a crib in a luxuriously appointed room. Their hands touched. The woman smiled sweetly; the man's glance flitted from her pretty golden head to the little, pink, gurgling bundle of humanity, clutching tightly a big brown teddy bear. "Good night, sweetheart. Sleep tight," the mother murmured. Hand in hand, silently, the couple tip-toed from the room.

Miles away, over the sea, twinkling lights like a long necklace of iridescent gems marked the shore of Long Island, receding in the distance. The stillness was broken by the rhythmic splash of the ship's prow, as the Conte de Savoia cut through the waves.

"It was a long time, Phil—but it's been worth waiting for, hasn't it?" the woman said tenderly.

"Two years—lovely years," the man responded. "Are you happy darling?" She snuggled closer to him in reply, and together they looked out over the black ocean.

Phil and Peggy Baker had waited two long years for this, their honeymoon. A honeymoon for three now, for Peggy in their suite on the huge liner, carrying them off to sunny southern Italy, lay little ten-months-old Margot Eleanor Baker.

Months of planning, many disappointments, disappointments bravely borne, had gone before this voyage. From the day when lovely Peggy Cartwright, talented British actress, had whispered a "yes" to the ardent wooing of the famous comedian, over a coy after-the-theatre midnight supper, the two had hoped and planned for this trip to Italy. Together they had pore over steamship folders, computed costs, talked of places they would visit, the sights they would see. Together they rehearsed over and over again, the magic weeks which lay before them, wandering hand in hand through quaint streets, gazing at the splendors of ruined Rome, lying close together on warm, sunny Italian sands, beneath a benign sunny Italian sky—alone, just the two of them, far from the prying eyes and gossiping tongues of Broadway.

For the gossiping tongues of Broadway had been cruel to the fresh young love of Peggy and Phil. Along New York's Main Stem, the whimsical Baker was known to fellow Broadwayites as a confirmed bachelor, if something of a Don Juan. Theatre doormen prepared for an influx of fair visitors back-stage when Baker was booked into their houses, but seldom was he seen twice with the same girl. When his first marriage to a Follies girl crashed with a splintering noise which broke out in an epidemic of sensational Page-One notoriety, Broadway stood behind the sad-eyed jester to a man, and applauded loudly when the courts of justice exonerated him from all stigma. And when Phil emerged from the wreckage with a devil-may-care smile, tinged with the bitterness of disillusionment, his erst-while companions welcomed him back joyously to the bachelor fold.

And when Phil said: "Maybe I'll get married some day, when I'm ready to settle down, but when I do, it won't be a girl in show business. You can take all the one to two you can find on that," those same companions chortled approval of such well conceived plans.

And when Phil Baker, out on a party with Clayton, formerly one of the trio of Clayton, Jackson and Jimmy Durante, and Ben Bernie, stopped in one night to "catch" the newest Broadway show, the musical comedy success Americans and promptly became stricken with a burning desire to meet the one glamorous girl he had singled out from all the beauteous creatures there on the stage, his friends merely winked knowingly and thought: "Just another one of Phil's crushes—Phil's in the Follies again."

But when Phil sought out the producer of Americans and persuaded him to give him a part in the show and when Phil joined the cast, accepting one half of the figure he had been receiving in vaudeville, his friends began to worry and sophisticated along the White Way to whisper. And when Baker managed to be introduced to the Miss Cartwright and fanned their acquaintance-ship into a budding romance with his attentions, gossips set their tongues a-wagging in earnest. Phil was called a "sucker" and "a fool."

(Continued on page 58)
My Own SPY Stories

By Captain TIM HEALY

This popular radio star reveals his secret adventures when he served as a British Intelligence Officer combatting espionage.

Editor's Note: In this first of a series of romantic adventures which the star of the Ivory Stamp Club has recalled for Radio Mirror readers, can be found the key to the man himself, the personality of a war-time spy who still had time to keep alive his burning interest in stamp collecting. The easiest way to understand a person is to let him talk. Here Captain Healy will set down true tales which he lived through during the grey days of the Great War. Glamorous, exciting, but not all blood and thunder was the life of a man attached to Intelligence Headquarters, and, as he explains in his first spy story, a life filled with amusing incidents, queer quirks of fate, and lucky breaks.

Our company in 1916 was luckier than most. We were billeted in the northern part of France, comfortably away from the front lines, at Thiennes, a village which had escaped the ravage and destruction which had come to the rest of the country. Soft meadows, stately old trees, and grazing herds still greeted the eye, and, strangest of all, for those who had full pockets—good champagne.

Not a shell had fallen within five miles of us, until today, and that was all the distance that separated
Thiennes from the front lines. Now, suddenly, this day late in November, all hell broke loose without warning.

Five point two's, or Crumps, as we called them because of the peculiar sound they made when they hit, began exploding on all sides. They're big shells, as big as any that were used those days, and the funny part of it is, the fire seemed concentrated on one spot.

The wrong spot, too, for us. We'd barely completed work on a secret group of shiny, menacing long range guns which threw a shell a good ten miles. Nearly camouflaged they were, completely hidden from observers in the air. Unknown to the enemy, they would lie there until the day the attack should swing in this direction, when they would rise to view and deal out sudden death.

Then Wham! These Crumps came along and wiped out the fruit of our labors and our hopes of taking the Germans unawares. Of course, those direct hits might have been lucky shots, but it didn't look that way. It seemed more like the work of some spy in Thiennes who had managed to tip off German gunners about the location of that battery.

But how was the spy, if there was one, operating? Those of us attached to Intelligence, at least those of us not on duty, went to work. If there was a spy in our ranks, we'd have to ferret him out.

Spying is a funny thing. An outsider always considers it the most dangerous sport in the world. As a matter of fact, I've never thought it any more dangerous than walking down the main street of your home town. You can never tell when someone might jump out of a window on top of you. It's the same way in the spy game. You can never tell when you might run into someone with an itching trigger finger. But the odds are all in your favor. That is, if you're half way careful.

That first night when the shells boomed over the lines and smashed our new battery, we gathered in the village inn to talk it over. It was no secret among the villagers as to what had happened. Most of them had seen us at one time or another hard at work building the big guns into place.

Five of us there were, with our beer or wine. Tomlinson, Johnson, Connor, Jacques Renee, and myself. Those aren't their real names, but they'll serve the purpose of the story.

Johnson and Renee were the two closest friends I had just then. Johnson and I had been in the Dardanelles at the battle of Gallipoli where we won our Gold A's which designated us as Anzacs. Anzacs were Australians who had come out alive from that fight.

I'd heard that there was a well-known stamp collector in the village and I looked him up shortly after our arrival in Thiennes. He turned out to be Jacques Renee. Jacques was a courteous, richly dressed old Frenchman, whom I liked immediately. I've never seen a better book of old French stamps than he showed me. We'd sit around discussing them by the hour.

I was interested in stamps even then. I had been, in fact, since I was a kid in Australia. To me, it's the most fascinating hobby in the world. That's why I'm so pleased with my present Ivory Stamp Club program, since it gives everyone writing in to me a free album with fifty free stamps to get him started.

As I was saying, five of us were talking about that mysterious shelling of our secret battery and how the Germans could have learned of it and its exact location.

"Maybe someone has been signalling at night with a
lantern,” Connor suggested. I’d already thought of that. It was an old trick. If you practiced long enough, you could use the Morse code with a lantern.

“Or perhaps clothes out to dry,” Jacques added. I’d also been warned of that. Clothes hung on the line in a certain pattern often meant a prearranged signal to a German plane flying over the village.

They were both possibilities, yet it didn’t seem possible to me at the time that it was a villager who was doing the spying. I knew most of them personally and had investigated them all without finding any clues.

In the next few days, we moved the location of the battery twice and tried rounding up any strangers in the village. A day or two after each new gun was hoisted in position it was smashed into tiny pieces. Our commander appeared on the verge of insanity. Those long ranger was we destroying were costing plenty of money, and trouble was brewing for us, unless we located the source of the German information and shut it off.

The afternoon after the third bombing, having nothing better to do, I headed out along a back lane that led sometimes toward the front, sometimes toward nowhere.

Even in late fall, the countryside was beautiful. Splotches of green showed clear in the soft light, and the poplars swayed gracefully in the wind, their bronzed leaves swirling aimlessly as they fell. Winter clouds raced along the sky, heavy with a promise of rain. It was as peaceful a spot as I’d found since leaving Australia.

Half dreaming, I walked as far as a canal which snaked through the fields, a good two miles from Thiennes. Eventually, it found its way into the German lines, but here it was only used by fishermen and idlers.

I turned to go back—it was already growing chilly—when the flicker of sunlight on a wet ear caught my attention and I stopped out of idle curiosity to see who was coming.

A moment later, around a bend in the canal, my old friend Jacques popped into view. He was rowing leisurely in a flat-bottomed skiff he’d found somewhere. I waved to him, and called a greeting which he answered. Then I turned again to go.

I’d taken about twenty steps when I heard the deep throtted roar of an airplane. It was flying low. Probably one of our boys looking for a landing place in one of the nearby fields. I shrugged my shoulders and glanced up to see who it was.

Muffling a shout, I dove full into a ditch at the side of the road, not caring just then about the rocks and thorns which filled it. And none too soon. As I lay partly shielded by the weeds, the shadow of a black cross flitted over me. An enemy plane!

Risking a burst of machine gun fire, I raised myself on one elbow and gaped at this daring aviator. What was he doing over Thiennes, inside our lines? Would he see Jacques rowing down the canal? From my vantage spot I watched him as he leaned over the left side of the fuselage, a small bundle in his hand.

This might be the answer to my questions. I sat up and saw the package drop like a plummet. The plane swerved into a vertical ascent. Then he hadn’t seen me! I drew a deep breath and watched for the package to hit the ground. One, two, minutes passed. The package had mysteriously disappeared, seemingly in mid air.

I lay quiet for a moment, afraid that perhaps the plane might return. Then, before I could make certain, I heard the creaking of our locks. It was my friend again.

Choking back my first instinctive cry of warning, I wormed up closer to the canal. Directly opposite me, Jacques pulled up to the shore, threw a rope around a small tree, and clambered out. A moment later he was rapidly pulling himself into the upper foliage of a large poplar.

While I was dizzily wondering what Jacques was up to, he came back down, a package clutched firmly to his chest. I saw then that it was the same package the German aviator had dropped overboard a few minutes ago.

Without a backward glance, Jacques jumped into the skiff and pushed off. I waited until he was a safe distance up stream before following him. It was hard going, half clawing, half running, taking advantage of every bit of cover that he might not detect me.

Finally I saw him pull up again and row into shore. Grounding his boat, he leaped (Continued on page 77)
When it comes to producing eerie sounds, radio has few rivals. Perhaps the weirdest and most effective so far is the blood curdling heh-hehs of The Shadow who mocks and snarls for CBS audiences. This is the first portrait of him. At first we thought of publishing just the cloak without The Shadow, but those bright eyes you can’t see were too intriguing.
Will has just finished his first fall series of programs as salty Sunday commentator for Gulf Oil. He withdraws in favor of Stoopnagle, Budd and the organ, but he will star again in another six-week period. Of course, that's the Missus with him, left, his most able critic.
GRACIE ALLEN

The Lombardos are gone, but Gracie goes on forever — now in the swell "Adventures of Gracie." The same old husband and a lot of new jokes make Gracie very happy about having so wisely chosen as smart a partner and husband as George Burns for herself.
VERA VAN

No one expects more of a blonde than a trim figure and pretty features, but Vera is the exception. CBS took this songstress to its ample bosom some few years ago and hasn't let her go since.
LORETTA POYNTON

Loretta came straight from the middle west to install herself in The House By the Side of the Road. Now you can hear her dramatize when Tony Wons isn't reciting. A swell microphone voice!
The old musical ghost writer came out of darkness into light when he threw up his job as Paul Whiteman's arranger and seized a baton instead. His band is so good even Ferde, Jr., doesn't criticize.
The only buzzing Philco does these days is done by none other than English speaking, news commentating Boake Carter. Boake's popularity, clipped accents and all, is growing with every broadcast.
BING CROSBY isn't retiring, either from the screen or the air, no matter what you hear.

For one thing, he loves to sing too much, and for another, "I've got family responsibilities now," he says and grins, thinking of the new twins.

Bing hasn't any radio rivalry with anyone, either, not even the much talked about hunting-for-distance-stations rivalry with Richard Arlen. His studio wanted to have a contest about that and Bing hunted around for a couple of nights for Honolulu, and points west, but then he let his search die into nothingness.

"All I really know about a radio is to stand before a mike and make a noise," Bing explains, "or sit home in the garage and plug the set into a wall socket. I didn't always have to sit in the garage, not until Dixie and the twins came home from the hospital. Then I was banished out with the cars because they said I was too much of a nuisance in the living room. Well, being put in the garage is better than being put in the dog house."

The reason stories like these, more or less without foundation, have been circulated about Bing is undoubtedly because papers feel they must have something to write about one of the most popular men on earth. The Crosby voice on the air waves stirs a million hearts, mostly feminine, to ecstasy. The Crosby pictures line them up at the box offices in rows as deep as those for the Great God Gable. The Crosby records are the pet platters in a thousand parlors and moan nostalgically from scores of little radio stations across the continent all day long.

Bing is one of the biggest shots in three big worlds, but for those actions that mean space in the papers, for fits of temperament, or spending orgies, or wild life, you must look to a man more complex.

It is hard to make headlines of a happy man. But when it comes to rave stuff, to piling up stories that make Bing polite, from having to conceal that they're bored when they are, from having to be considerate of the other person's feelings, even when the other person is over-sensitive and a little silly about getting hurt. It makes them a little hard, and a little grand, and a little showoffish.

It's done just the opposite to Bing. He's twice as kind hearted, and much quieter, and infinitely simpler now that he knows he's rich for life, and everlastingly famous.

What's the secret of it? His shrewdness, I think, and his good heart.

Bing will be the first to tell you that transgression used to be his middle name. He went out night after night and got a nose full and ended up mornings with a bitter taste, a bitter outlook and not one red cent. The only happiness he knew was the actual moments when he was singing, when he gave forth through song the pent-up unhappiness within his soul. He signed with this manager and that. He sang with bands and made records by the score. One night he even signed himself up to one man's management for life. He could hardly see to affix his wobbly signature, but the agent saw, and later a court saw, and it cost Bing more than $50,000 to regain his freedom. He was young and he was heartsick and he was getting nowhere at all until he met a little blonde with the face of a child and the heart of a mother. Her name was Dixie Lee.

DIXIE was much more important than Bing in those days. She was ambitious, too. But after one look at Bing she decided she wanted him more than she wanted a career. And when Bing looked at her he decided he wanted her more than he wanted a drink, particularly since Dixie seemed not to care for him being unconscious about the place.

When they married the usual patter was written about how Dixie had reformed Bing, which is plain silly.

What happened to Bing was what happens to every one when love really comes to him. Bing's love reaffirmed the ideals he had once known, the illusions he still believed in but feared he had lost. He had been a very good little boy, brought up in the Church, who had confessed and taken many a communion, who had prayed and made novenas to the saints. With his marriage he returned to the simplicities of his Faith and the proven pattern of his childhood, with this change.

I for the first time he sang, not alone with his heart, but with his head.

He began hunting not for new (Continued on page 69)
Quit Now!''

CROSBY

You've heard that Bing intended to retire, but when you have read this grand story of his life today you'll know why he can't

by RUTH WATERBURY
gladys swarthout's own wardrobe

The glamorous star of NBC's Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre heard Tuesday nights, wears this simple afternoon frock of tobacco brown wool. It's an Elizabeth Hawes creation. Note the Russian influence in the wide sleeves and cowl neck. How do you like that new roof-top hat?
On the opposite page, Gladys Swarthout's newest evening gown of chartreuse pebbly crepe. It has a low bodice, a graceful train and is worn with a sable cape. Below it is a view showing the low square back. It's a Saks Fifth Ave. model.

Right, the Metropolitan Opera star realized a lifetime ambition this season when she had this medieval tea gown made for her by the celebrated Fortuny. It's a pale sky-blue shade of brocaded velvet.

Isn't her Jaekel coat (above) of black caracul stunning? It has that new snug waistline with a wide red leather belt, and (top) did you ever see such a cute little hat? It's of black caracul and is held on the head with long ties.

Above, the beautiful contralto had this classical Grecian dinner and tea gown created for her. The dress is ruby red and the coat is black Grenadine cloth stamped in gold. Only a color camera could do justice to the rich and brilliant shades.
THE tall, slim man with blue eyes and light brown hair and the girl with melting brown eyes and dark hair came out of the theatre together. They walked side by side down the street, and anyone who had seen them together would have sighed, "what a perfect couple!"

The girl was perfectly dressed in immaculate sport clothes. Not a speck of dust marred the perfection of her ensemble. Her dark brown hair was beautifully arranged in a becoming wave. Not a hair was out of place.

Suddenly on the street before them passed a little ragamuffin, the dirtiest urchin you ever saw in your life. His clothes were in tatters, and covered with mud. He was bawling loudly, and the tears splashing down his cheeks left two streaks of white on his dirty little face.

The girl didn't hesitate a minute. She stopped before the little urchin, said something to him, then pressed his dirty, tear-stained cheek to her own olive cheek, and held out her arms to him. In a few minutes the urchin was standing there in the circle of her arms, and his bitter sobbing had ceased. The man stood by watching his eyes proudly fixed on that lovely girl.

The man was Jimmy Wallington, the announcer on Rudy Vallee's program and a half dozen others and straight man on Eddie Cantor's program, and the girl was Anita Fuhrmann, whom he recently married. The little urchin was a stranger to both of them, and the incident is a true one and happened during the days of their courtship.

"I don't remember what the child was crying about," Jimmy told me, "and I don't remember what Anita said to him, but whatever it was, it worked like magic and he stopped crying. She handled the situation just as she does everything else, perfectly."

From which it's easy to guess that Jimmy Wallington is madly, overwhelmingly in love, and that at last he believes he has found the secret of all happiness.

Jimmy Wallington and Anita Fuhrmann were both married before they met each other. But in their previous marriages neither found that which they now find in each other. Long before they met each other, they knew that their marriages were hopeless.

"Though Anita has been on the stage all her life, that wasn't what she really wanted out of life," Jimmy told me. "She wanted the same things I want. Though she was in show-business, she has the least professional attitude of any girl I've ever met. She isn't (Continued on page 64)
"Divorce? Why ridiculous! We just happen to believe in separate vacations"

Albert

LIKE a bombshell the news hit Broadway.
"The Donald Novises have exploded!!" Ed Sullivan's column, "Broadway", in a newspaper with a circulation of over a million, broadcast the tidings.

Along Broadway people who knew Don Novis and his lovely titian-haired wife shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads.

"That's Broadway for you," they laughed cynically, "Broadway which goes to a man's head and gives him delusions of grandeur." And they wondered why the Don Novises had finally exploded. Had Don really gone high-hat? Was he deserting the woman who had helped him climb to success, who had gone through years of bitter struggle and poverty with him? Or was it Juliette's fault? Had she given him too darn much advice, tried to direct his destiny more than any man with a man's pride could stand?

Here is the truth as Donald himself told it to me.

"The rumors are absolutely false," he said, his blue eyes blazing with indignation. "I went to visit an uncle in Canada and Juliette went to visit some relatives in Chicago. Right after that the newspapers announced that we were exploding. It's ridiculous. We happen to believe in separate vacations. This isn't the first time in our married life that we've taken them. I think it's a good thing for a husband and a wife to spend a couple of weeks a year away from each other, no matter how dearly they love one another. If you've ever been married you'll understand. If you haven't, when you do get married, try it sometime. It's a swell idea."

Donald Novis hates to see his marriage exposed to the pitiless glare of publicity. Time and again he has begged writers not to write about his marriage, for he feels the same superstitious dread that most people in show business feel of tempting the fates by boasting of their happiness.

Cruel and unjust are the rumors which intimate that Donald Novis has changed, that his success in radio has made him waver in the affection he feels for Juliette. There isn't an inch of high-hat about Donald. I think there never will be, because life branded him to deeply with the brand of poverty and struggle for him ever to forget. He has been too close to reality, and to the ragged edge of hunger.

Perhaps you know that his father was a poor shoe cobbler who journeyed from Hastings, England, where Donald was born, to Chapleau, in the wilds (Continued on page 65)
FLASH! It's ten to three and you're now standing outside Studio 4, on the top floor of Columbia Broadcasting, finishing a last cigarette, before going in to watch a Kate Smith matinee.

Today you're walking behind the scenes of an entirely different show. Today you're going to learn broadcasting secrets. For this is the new full-hour Wednesday afternoon program of which CBS is so proud, and no guests are allowed. But you're going in anyway.

Just push open that heavy, sound-proofed door at the head of those steep stairs. Now step inside. You see violent, last-minute preparations that aren't in any radio script. The clock in the control room registers two minutes to three.

You hold your ears to shut out the bedlam and look around. This isn't like the enormous Columbia Playhouse or NBC guest studios at Radio City. A sign over the door warns that capacity is only 45 artists and guests. It's full already, then.

There's Kate Smith, smiling, shouting, frantically going over sheet music.

"Oh, Ted, what number are we playing after the waltz group?" she calls to her manager, Ted Collins, who is in his shirt sleeves and who seems very, very worried.

"It's not a song, it's a skit with Josephine," he calls back.

But it's three o'clock and no time to find out if Kate made the change in her script. Better get into the control room. See it? At the end of the studio, that wide, heavy glass panel separates it from the performers. Don't pay any attention to the engineer with the earphones. You won't bother him, unless you forget to whisper. He regulates the volume.

You slip into the narrow room and peek out. You can get a perfect view of the studio now. Kate and Ted are standing on the left side of the studio. A five-foot mike and a music rack just like the ones back in school are in front of them.

Past Kate and backed up a little stands Jack Miller, director of the twenty-piece orchestra down in front of him. He stands on the regular podium. (Continued on page 60)
SCENES OF Smith's HOUR

Let's step inside studio 4 of CBS and learn some real secrets of this afternoon show

by FRED SAMMIS

THAT RADIO OFFERS FROM DAWN TO DUSK!
FLASH! It's ten to three and you're now standing outside Studio 4, on the top floor of Columbia Broadcasting, finishing a last cigarette, before going in to watch a Kate Smith matinee.

Today you're walking behind the scenes of an entirely different show. Today you're going to learn broadcasting secrets. For this is the new full-hour Wednesday afternoon program of which CBS is so proud, and no guests are allowed. But you're going in anyway.

Just push open that heavy, soundproofed door at the head of those steep stairs. Now step inside. You see violent, last-minute preparations that aren't in any radio script. The clock in the control room registers two minutes to three.

You hold your ears to shut out the bedlam and look around. This isn't like the enormous Columbia Playhouse or NBC guest studios at Radio City. A sign over the door warns that capacity is only 49 artists and guests. It's full already, then.

There's Kate Smith, smiling, shouting, frantically going over sheet music.

"Oh, Ted, what number are we playing after the waltz group?" she calls to her manager, Ted Collins, who is in his shirt sleeves and who looks very, very worried.

"It's not a song, it's a skit with Josephine," he calls back.

But it's three o'clock and no time to find out if Kate made the change in her script. Better get into the control room. See it? At the end of the studio, that wide, heavy glass panel separates it from the performers. Don't pay any attention to the engineer with the earphones. You won't bother him, unless you forget to whisper. He regulates the volume.

You slip into the narrow room and peek out. You can get a perfect view of the studio now. Kate and Ted are standing on the left side of the studio. A five-foot mike and a music rack just like the ones back in school are in front of them.

Past Kate and backed up a little stands Jack Miller, director of the twenty-piece orchestra down in front of him.

He stands on the regular podium. (Continued on page 60)
Clara, Lu an' Em, NBC's best morning bet for the winter, write their scripts at home and pay a messenger boy a dollar a day to carry them to a typist. They live in Evanston, a quiet suburb of Chicago.

Mary Small (right) is Little Miss Bab'O to thousands of fans who have voted her radio's best master of ceremonies. She sings, too, at every opportunity.

Above, Oxydol's own Ma Perkins, whose afternoon sketches set a comfortable home note for listening housewives, week days.
Emery Deutsch, as popular a violinist as draws bow to fiddle, plays several afternoons a week and just as often at night for late listeners-in. He has his own orchestra.

Learn to Know Your Day-Time Favorites as Brought to You by Radio Mirror’s Cameramen Every Month

Old-Time minstrelsy is in full swing again. Between the hours of 9 and 10 on Mondays, over CBS, Harry Von Zell leads end men in their antics. . . . It won’t be news if the popular morning team of May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, one of radio’s oldest duets, breaks up before long. . . . The Mystery Chef is back for another winter season. You can catch him at 9:30 on a WEA network. . . . Philadelphia must be waking up earlier these days. A CBS program, featuring Quaker City stage and screen personalities, sends a full hour show on Tuesdays between 9 and 10 . . . On Sundays at two, the Lux Radio Theater engages Broadway and Hollywood stars for hour dramas. It got off to a smashing start last month with Miriam Hopkins and John Boles playing “Seventh Heaven”. . . . The Columbia Variety Hour has been switched to three o’clock, Tuesdays, in order to bolster up afternoon programs. . . . Marie, The Little French Princess, has brought back her troubles and joys to CBS at two in the afternoon.

Roses and Drums (right) has just as much action as this every Sunday when the North and South clash again in the dramatic War of the States.
'YES,' says

DR. CHARLES G. SHAW

Professor at New York University, and contributing author to Science-History of the Universe and Encyclopedia Britannica.

IS radio menacing civilization?

"Yes!" says Dr. Shaw. "By lowering our cultural standards, by affecting our health, and by menacing our property and lives, it presents a decided danger.

"Of course, it is mighty pleasant to sit before a fireplace on a cold night and relax while the radio entertains us without a bit of effort on our part. But think for a minute: what do you listen to, night after night? The few brain-building talks on the air? No. It's the crooning Bing Crosbys, the Your Lover sketches, the nitwit comedians that rank first.

"Yet listening to them repeatedly tends to dull one's power of concentration, to make flabby mental fibre.

"As to our health, even the doctors who utilize radio waves in surgery to cut away diseased tissue admit certain radio waves are dangerous to handle.

"General Electric Company engineers, while experimenting with short radio waves a few years ago, noticed that their temperature went up to 102 degrees, and they became feverish. And Dr. E. E. Manning, of the General Electric Company's research laboratory at Schenectady, said they could 'broadcast such a short wave length that the people in the neighborhood would have their blood temperature raised.' And he admitted the ray could be used to induce a high fever in human beings that would result in death."

"How can we foretell the effect of these radiations on you and me, and the man in the street, or when they will be used for destroying us in case of war?

"Navy experts claim that radio waves bring a new menace to the sky," said Dr. Shaw. "for when powerful radio waves strike metal buildings, dirigibles, and ships, it is believed they produce sparks powerful enough to ignite the structures, under certain conditions.

"Perhaps you remember the ill-fated Akron, the huge show dirigible built by the United States Army, and how it flamed into a torch in the heavens, without any apparent cause? Or the British dirigible R-101, which fell a burning mass in France? Since the R-101 was fireproofed throughout, one of the theories for the disaster was that loose radio waves had struck the airship and set it afire.

"BUT there is still another way that radio damages us, and that is through increasing noise around us. A physician's or a psychologist's opinion isn't needed to convince us that noise ruins our nerves, lowers our resistance, and makes it harder for us to think.

"Many of the ills of the big city are laid directly at the door of radio noises: they rush at you from all sides, from apartment houses, shops, restaurants, and taxis. Dr. E. E. Free, the expert on sounds, recently made a study of city noises. His conclusion was that while radio noises weren't the loudest of city noises, they were the most irritating. And experiments have shown that even (Continued on page 78)
Is radio menacing civilization?

"No!" says Dr. Tesla. "Wireless, or radio, as it is now called, has already conferred benefits upon us so great that they are inestimable! And as it progresses, it will perhaps become the chief force driving Man onward."

Does it lower our cultural level? Affect our health disastrously? Does it menace our lives and property? Stuff and nonsense, according to Dr. Tesla.

"For the past thirty years," this man who has had more experience with wireless waves than any other living expert, told me, "I have maintained the chief cause of trouble on the earth is its immensity, which makes it so difficult for people to contact each other, to reach a mutual understanding. Anything that annihilates distance and time can't help but advance our civilization. And radio is the best time and distance killer we've ever had."

"And you can't blame lowering our culture on radio," he insists, "blame it on yourself and myself. The type of program that comes over the air is the type you and I want to listen to."

"There are several programs on the air today that can increase our knowledge. I myself have often profited from broadcasts, learned things I hadn't known before. If radio does anything at all, it should raise our cultural level, rather than lower it. However, that depends upon the individual."

"As to the chance of your and my being hurt by radio waves, of the man in the street's being endangered by them, it is so infinitesimal that it is not worth considering. On the contrary, far from being harmful, short radio waves are often beneficial. One must be very dull indeed not to observe that the continuous use of high frequency currents stimulates the mind so much that the younger race of wireless experts already shows unmistakable signs of superiority."

Dr. Tesla frankly admits that radio waves, highly concentrated, can be dangerous unless they are carefully handled. "But every form of energy we harness must necessarily be dangerous, if it gets loose," he says.

"With the radio equipment we use today, you and I listening to a radio program wouldn't be hurt if the energy were increased a billion-fold. That is because the waves are so weak when they reach us."

"Electricity for supplying light, heat and power," he continued, "is also dangerous, unless properly handled. Yet eighty billions of dollars are invested in them today. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to say that because this electricity can kill, the entire system is a destructive force in the world? Should we stop working with X-rays because they can prove harmful? X-rays and radio rays, too, in the hands of experts, prove a mighty powerful weapon against disease."

"Sunlight is life-giving, healthful. (Continued on page 79)
Is Radio Menacing Civilization?

"YES," says

DR. CHARLES G. SHAW

Professor at New York University, and contributing author to Science-History of the Universe and Encyclopedia Britannica.

Is radio menacing civilization? "Yes!" says Dr. Shaw. "By lowering our cultural standards, by attacking our health, and by menacing our property and lives, it presents a decided danger.

"Of course, it is mighty pleasant to sit before a fireplace on a cold night and relax while the radio entertains us without a bit of effort on our part. But think for a minute: what do you listen to, night after night? The few brain-building talks on the air? No. It's the crooning Bing Crosby, the Yoo! Looney sketches, the nitwit comedians that rank first.

"Yet listening to them repeatedly tends to dull one's power of concentration, to make flabby mental fibre. "As to our health, even the doctors who utilize radio waves in surgery to cut away diseased tissue admit certain radio waves are dangerous to handle.

"General Electric Company engineers, while experimenting with short radio waves a few years ago, noticed that their temperature went up to 102 degrees, and they became feverish. And Dr. E. E. Manning, of the General Electric Company's research laboratory at Schenectady, said they could 'broadcast' such a short wave length that the people in the neighborhood would have their blood temperature raised. And he admitted the ray could be used to induce a high fever in human beings that would result in death."

"How can we foretell the effect of these radiations on you and me, and the man in the street, or when they will be used for destroying us in case of war? "Navy experts claim that radio waves bring a new menace to the sky," said Dr. Shaw, "for when powerful radio waves strike metal buildings, dirigibles, and ships, it is believed they produce sparks powerful enough to ignite the structures, under certain conditions.

"Perhaps you remember the ill-fated Akron, the huge airship dirigible built by the United States Army, and how it flamed into a torch in the heavens, without any apparent cause? Or the British dirigible R-101, which fell a burning mass in France? Since the R-101 was fireproofed throughout, one of the theories for the disaster was that those radio waves had struck the airship and set it afire.

"But there is still another way that radio damages us, and that is through increasing noise around us. A physician's or a psychologist's opinion isn't needed to convince us that noise ruins our nerves, lowers our resistance, and makes it harder for us to think.

"Many of the hills of the big city are laid directly at the door of radio noises: they rush at you from all sides, from apartment houses, shops, restaurants, and taxis. Dr. E. E. Free, the expert on sounds, recently made a study of city noises. His conclusion was that while radio noises weren't the loudest of city noises, they were the most irritating. And experiments have shown that even (Continued on page 28)"

Illustration by

HUBBELL REED McBRIDE

ARE RADIO WAVES DANGEROUS TO OUR WELFARE?

TWO POWERFUL ANSWERS TO THIS DARING QUESTION

"NO," says

DR. NICOLA TESLA

One of the world's most famous living inventors, and father of our system of transmission of power without wires.

Is radio menacing civilization? "No!" says Dr. Tesla. "Wireless, or radio, as it is now called, has already conferred benefits upon us so great that they are immeasurable. Against its progress it will perhaps become the chief force in man's onward march. Does it lower our cultural level? Affects our health detrimentally? Does it menace our lives and property? Stuff and nonsense, according to Dr. Tesla.

"For the past thirty years, this man who has had more experience with wireless waves than any other living expert, told me, "I have maintained the chief cause of trouble on the earth is its immensity, which makes it so difficult for people to contact each other, to reach a mutual understanding. Anything that annihilates distance and time can't help but advance our civilization. And radio is the best time and distance killer we've ever had."

"And you can't blame lowering our culture on radio," he insists, "blame it on yourself and yourself; the type of program that comes over the air is the type you and I want to listen to."

"There are several programs on the air today that can increase our knowledge. I myself have often profited from broadcasts, learned things I hadn't known before. If radio does anything at all, it should raise our cultural level, rather than lower it. However, that depends upon the individual."

"As to the chance of your and my being hurt by radio waves, of the man in the street's being endangered by them, it is so infinitesimal that it is not worth considering. On the contrary, for being harmless, short radio waves are often beneficial. One must be very dull indeed not to observe that the continuous use of high frequency currents stimulates the mind so much that the younger race of wireless experts already shows unmistakable signs of superiority."

"Electricity for supplying light, heat, and power," he continued, "is also dangerous, unless properly handled. Yet eighty billions of dollars are invested in them today. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to say that because this electricity can kill, the entire system is a destructive force in the world? Should we stop working with X-rays because they can prove harmful? X-rays and radio rays, too, in the hands of experts, prove a mighty powerful weapon against disease."

"Sunlight is life-giving, healthful. (Continued on page 29)"
The inherited talent of seven generations of theatrical forebears is brought to radio by Anne Seymour, star of NBC's "Grand Hotel." Picture (1) shows May Davenport Seymour, Anne's mother, who played with Lillian Russell and Ethel Barrymore; (2) Fanny Vining, Anne's great-grandmother who played with Edwin Booth; (3) Anne's grandmother, May Davenport Seymour, noted actress of her day; (4) Fanny Davenport, Anne's great aunt who was a very famous actress; (5) Jack Johnston, great-great-great grandfather, noted Irish comedian; (6) James Seymour, Anne's great grandfather, also well known Irish comedian; (7) Edgar L. Davenport, Anne's great uncle, matinee idol of the late '90's; (8) Edward L. Davenport, a great-grandfather; (9) Anne's grandfather, William Seymour.
Conquering her great fear of the microphone, working way into the night to develop the most difficult of all acting techniques, this gallant lady has emerged as the surprise star of the air waves. Already beloved, she now becomes, through her fine performances, a beloved radio actress. Mary Pickford, here's your well-deserved place on Radio Mirror's Honor Roll.
THERE is a miracle about broad-shouldered, dapper, six-foot Edwin C. Hill—the miracle of hard work.

The gentleman from Indiana who was fishing at his ease in the hot summer sun of Maine three years ago, contentment creeping into his soul, has been thrust this fall into a tumultuous seventeen-hour work day. His hair is a whiter shade of grey, his blue eyes are a little dimmed from constant reading, yet he churns on unceasingly, as near the perfect dynamo as human frailties will allow.

This stalwart Irishman who is driving ahead, his nervous, lashing energy flickering about him, prodding him along, wants to retire—and so, paradoxically, he has become the busiest man in radio.

Some day, Ed Hill prays, the endless chain of business offers will break, releasing him from the harness of routine that is binding him in so completely. Some day, perhaps, conscience free, he will be able to complete the last proposition laid before him, forget work, and go back into the sun and the Maine woods.

This winter, that moment when duty and necessity will fall away, a gladly discarded cloak, looks hopelessly far in the dim future for Ed Hill. He has, on top of his already gargantuan schedule of work, two new jobs that promise to last indefinitely.

The first of October he weakened in his resolve to accept no more responsibilities and became the commentator for Metrotone News, one of the biggest newsreel companies in the field. A few weeks later, he stepped into the program sponsored by Liberty Magazine as the master of ceremonies of the Forum of Liberty hour. He is also desperately trying to fulfill his contracts for articles which he has promised national periodicals.

Life has changed for Ed Hill. With the addition of his new tasks, his daily existence ceased to be that of an ordinary business man commuter, who could come home at night to a quiet home in Scarsdale, twenty miles from New York. Chained to a daily round of broadcasts and visits to the Metrotone studio, he has had to move his family into Manhattan, back into the roaring traffic of upper Fifth Avenue, a few steps from Columbia Broadcasting Headquarters which houses the studio in which he works.

Trace an average day of work for Edwin Hill and learn for yourself why he has become the busiest man in radio, why he cannot live more than a few feet from the scene of his numerous day-time activities.

I spent a full afternoon a few weeks after Hill had started his broadcasts on the Liberty program talking with the one man in close daily touch with Hill, H. B. Schaad, his personal representative, and learning the secrets of routine which Hill has never revealed.

So come on and we'll try to dog Hill's footsteps from morning until the wee small hours of the night. How does he get his work done in a day? What magic formula is his? The curtain is about to be lifted.

It's eleven o'clock in the morning. He's eating breakfast, alone. The table is piled high with newspapers still wet with printer's ink. Ten minutes and he pushes the coffee away. Already his trained and alert eye is scanning the papers, watching for any human features that might be broadcast material.

Soon it is one o'clock. Throwing down the last paper, he hurries to the front closet. His English cut coat, his derby, his cane, are laid out. Now he is ready to leave for his office high above Madison Avenue, a block from CBS.

His secretary opens the door of his office. There are two plain, unostentatious rooms. Hill's is lined with pictures of famous men who were his friends. Mussolini's, twice as wide as any other, frowns down at you.

Clippings from every important foreign and American periodical lie neatly bundled on the desk. Let's wade through them. One, two hours pass, digesting this newest batch. Now it's time to write the day's broadcast.

ASH, O. dash. The newspaperman's sign that the end of the story has been reached. That's ready. It's four o'clock. Down to the street in an express elevator. His limousine isn't waiting, as usual. The chauffeur, it seems, couldn't learn a fast way of getting over to Tenth Avenue and the movie studio.

"He must be Dutch," Hill explains. "He always insists on driving through Central Park and wasting five minutes, so I've left him home."

So it's into a cab today. Warm afternoons it's a swift walk. Twenty minutes and we're at the studio. More work here than can possibly be cleaned up by dinner time.

The gathering of newsreels is a tedious job. First they're developed, then they're cut, then they must be edited. Finally they're flashed on the (Continued on page 62)
DOROTHY PAGE, titian-haired contralto now heard over NBC networks, is a life saver literally.

Eight years ago Dorothy, who already at 16 had passed Red Cross life saving tests with a 98 point rating, saw a nine-year-old girl fall into the swollen Lehigh river. She plunged in after her and succeeded in bringing the child safely to shore after an hour’s struggle, landing more than a mile below the point where she had fallen in. The rescue was effected by Miss Page singlehanded.

Known as “natural born swimmer” and “a regular tomboy” as a child, Dorothy has been swimming in lakes, rivers, pools and the ocean, as long as she can remember. She once swam the length of Saylor’s Lake, Pennsylvania, a distance of four miles, to win a box of candy. For four years she served as Red Cross examiner in the Middle Atlantic states.

She was featured feminine soloist for two years with Seymour Simons’ dance orchestra, having been offered the job after winning a Paul White man audition. Previously, white employed in Philadelphia, Dorothy won a beauty contest sponsored by the Curtis publications and as a result received contracts to model for covers on the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal. She also was chosen to pose for the Red Cross nurse on anti-tuberculosis posters.

* * *

FROM THE STAGE

EDITH DAVIS, who has been playing the role of Mrs. Marston in Howard McKent Barnes’ “Wings of Dawn” on WBBM at 1:15 daily except Sunday, is well known to Chicago theatrical audiences by the name of Edith Luckett. She played opposite Spencer Tracy in “The Baby Cyclone” in New York and Chicago and with Walter Huston in Ring Lardner’s “Elmer the Great” at the Blackstone Theatre. She now devotes all her time to radio roles and in private life is the wife of Dr. Loyal Davis, famous physician and surgeon.

LITTLE did the listeners realize, when they heard the organ music of Larry Larsen recently, that Larry was going through some of the most intense pain he has ever had. For Larry’s back was as stiff as a board, and his face went through all sorts of contortions as he fingered the keys and the stops. It all came about from the fact that Larry is such an ardent wrestling fan. He insisted on going to see the matches, though he had been in bed the evening before with a bad cold. Add to all this a ringside seat with a cold draft coming from the back, and you have one organist who can only sit in the studio all day because his work is more important than a mere sore back.

(Continued on page 71)
HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC

BY DR. RALPH L. POWER

SEVERAL hard working radio stars go on the air in New York and Chicago studios a second time late at night with their programs, in order that West Coast listeners can hear them at a decent hour. Here they are:

CBS rebroadcasts include (all time given is Pacific Standard):
8:00 P.M.—Myrt and Marge on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.; Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions on Sat.
8:30—The Voice of Experience on Wed.; The Camel Caravan on Thurs.; True Story Court of Human Relations on Fri.

NBC rebroadcasts include (all time given is Pacific Standard):
8:00 P.M.—Amos 'n' Andy on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.; Frank Buck on Fri.; National Barn Dance on Sat.
8:30—Jack Benny and Don Bestor on Sun.; Voice of Firestone on Mon.; Leo Reisman and Phil Duey on Tues.;
Lanny Ross on Wed.; The Intimate Revue on Fri.
9:00—Silken String Program on Sun.; Ben Bernie on Tues.; Town Hall with Fred Allen on Wed.; The Headline Hunter, Floyd Gibbons, on Sat.

BLUSTERINGS FROM OUT THE NO'WEST

RUTH MESSMER, KOIN-singer, is called "Blonde Flame of the West," which, you must admit, is a lot better than dubbing her another radio sweetheart. KVI says it has the world's youngest chain announcer in the person of Morris Webster, aged nineteen... and maybe they're right. Birt Fisher, KOMO owner, has finished his quite rizy beach home and estate at Three Tree Point on the sound south of Seattle. Richard Steel, who does the news for KXL in Portland, Ore., collects firearms, likes the outdoors, paints landscapes and is fond of dogs and horses. His 17-year-old daughter, Betty, helps him write radio continuities. His private studio is a hodge-podge of curios collected from all over the world. Clarence Tolman, KGW tenor, is a real cowboy raised on the Idaho plains... with the Shuberts in New York and once with Dobbie on NBC stations. He teams with Glenn Shelly, staff organist, for an early day "good morning and cheer up" program these days.

(Continued on page 72)
Technical tricks
every short wave
fan should know

Here's what the new RCA noise reducing double doublet antenna system looks like. It's described in the story.

UNLESS you are one of radio's veterans—an old set-builder from the 1920s—you're probably not getting full efficiency out of your short wave or all-wave set. There are lots of simple little kinks and wrinkles that will enable you to get more satisfactory performance. And, possibly, help you eliminate much interference which you now blame upon poor Old Man Static.

For example, how long is it since you looked over your antenna? If you're at all like the rest of us, it's been too long. So—

Radio currents travel on the surface of a wire. Bare copper wires tend to become corroded when exposed to the elements, increasing their surface resistance. It doesn't make much difference when you're listening to powerful locals, but every microwatt counts if you want to hear Australia or Japan. It might be a good idea to replace that old antenna with a new one. Shellacked, stranded wire is good, and usually costs only about a half a dollar for a hundred feet.

Better, get one of the new doublet antenna kits which many of the leading manufacturers are offering at prices ranging from $5.00 upward. Somewhat more signal strength and a whole lot less interference will result if the doublet is properly installed, and if your present lead-in picks up motor noises and other man-made electrical disturbances.

YOUR local dealer is the man to advise you on your antenna problems. He should have a real radio expert for you to confer with; if he hasn't, change dealers.

Be sure your lead-in is SOLDERED to the antenna. A joint which is merely twisted is sure to become noisy sooner or later. If you use a single antenna, it's a good plan to use the same piece of wire for antenna proper and lead-in, thus avoiding all joints. The shielded lead-in is very good in short lengths, but there is a certain amount of condenser effect between the lead-in wire and the shield which surrounds it. This means that long shielded lead-ins will cause a loss of energy, which may be noticeable on weak signals. Of course, if all you want is the locals the regular straight L-type antenna with a shielded lead gives satisfaction, and costs less than the doublet.

Doublets are out with three types of lead-ins. One is the transposed sort, in which the wires are kept about two inches apart, being crossed over every couple of feet through transposition blocks. The other uses a twisted pair, like lamp cord, for the lead. And some run this pair through metal sheathing.

The first is the most efficient—and most expensive. The second has a slight loss due to capacity between the wires, though this is said to be negligible. The third is probably the most free of interference, but introduces the greatest capacitative loss of signal strength. And remember, all of your antenna must be located out of the range of the interference which you are trying to eliminate. Up on the roof, on 20- or 30-foot poles, and well away from telephone or power lines should be satisfactory.

The point where the antenna enters the house is another item to check. If you use a lead-in strip, make sure it isn't brokered (Continued on page 79)
HERE you have them. Ladies and Gentlemen, the final group of scrambled names in Radio Mirror’s $500.00 cash prize contest. If you have managed to unscramble the names in the two previous groups these final names should give you no unsurmountable difficulty. When you have the jumbled letters arranged into what you consider their proper sequences it will be time to study your entire list of thirty names in order to prepare the statement of preference required in Rule 4.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

There was a typographical error in the first list of scrambled names in this contest. Every competitor should note and make this correction. The name scrambled incorrectly appears as GUSHINE. To correct, strike off the terminal letter E. The scrambled name will then be GUSHIN which is correct. There is ample time for every contestant to note and apply this correction before the contest ends on January 16th.

Simplicity is best in preparing your entry. Watch for the announcement of winners in an early issue.

UNSCRAMBLE THESE NAMES

TOCLOWTO
REWINTG
PLINDSAG
ELJSJE
DAMURAGRJE
BLAHUTTI
Patosnoleg
MENACME
SINERAM
RAILDIIH

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

2. To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PETSOL—Lopez, band leader

3. In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

4. When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded in entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

8. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES MAY BE YOURS!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FIRST PRIZE</td>
<td>$200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SECOND PRIZE</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIFTY PRIZES, Each $2.00</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL 67 PRIZES</td>
<td>$500.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PRIZE CHECKS WILL BE MAILED OUT PROMPTLY
We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC SUPPLEMENTARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BASIC</th>
<th>SUPPLEMENTARY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>WDDO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOKO</td>
<td>KRLD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WQAQ</td>
<td>WIBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCAO</td>
<td>WBIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WNBC</td>
<td>WCON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJLA</td>
<td>WJSB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WPRO</td>
<td>WJZC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBV</td>
<td>WGEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WNYC</td>
<td>WINS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WKYS</td>
<td>WPLK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WRBC</td>
<td>WJBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCCO</td>
<td>WYTH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJHD</td>
<td>WJRT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAKL</td>
<td>WPKH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WADD</td>
<td>WKBD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEAN</td>
<td>WBIA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WLSH</td>
<td>WHIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHLB</td>
<td>WBCB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAS</td>
<td>WAPL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMO</td>
<td>WJLB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KONI</td>
<td>KFBR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KLFJ</td>
<td>WMHT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WQRC</td>
<td>KMBR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WFLY</td>
<td>KERN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFDY</td>
<td>KBFS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KVI</td>
<td>KFJH</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CANADIAN

| KOIN  | KFBR          |
| KJUJ  | KMTS          |
| KJFX  | KMTS          |
| KSLM  | KERN          |
| KQFY  | KCBK          |
| KIYI  | WKRC          |
| KMON  | KMBR          |
| WACO  | WBCB          |
| WOKO  | WPLK          |
| WADK  | WBCB          |
| WADD  | WKBD          |
| WEAN  | WBIA          |
| WEAD  | WHIR          |
| WHLB  | WBCB          |
| WHAS  | WAPL          |
| WJMO  | WJRT          |

3PM.

12:00 Noon

1:00 Church of the Air: Sun., 7:00, National George Hall Orchestra: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 11:30, Western Network Just Plain Bill: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 11:30, Western Network

1:15 Frank Doyel Orchestra: Thurs., 11:30, Network.

1:30 Little Jack Little: Fri., 12:30, Basic minus WBMM WHBM WRCB WHAR WACO WJAS WJAS WHAM WSJW WJRC KZLZ KZLC KZLZ MBIK WSJW WJRC HMBZ WJRC KZLZ KZLC KZLZ MBIK WSJW WJRC HMBZ

3:00 The Romance of Helen Trenti: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 1:00, Network. The Capitol Players: Sat., 1:00, Network

4PM.

3:00 New York Philharmonic: Sun., two hrs. Basic minus WBMM WHBM WRCB WHAR WACO WJAS WJAS WHAM WSJW WJRC KZLZ KZLC KZLZ MBIK WSJW WJRC HMBZ WJRC KZLZ KZLC KZLZ MBIK WSJW WJRC HMBZ

5PM.

4:00 Visiting America's Little House on the Prairie: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 4:00, Network.

5:00 National Student Federation Programs: Wed., Thurs., Network


HOW TO USE IT: Here is a new chart which enables you to find any of the big network programs at a glance. The list covers all broadcasts for November and December and is arranged according to the hour of the day, beginning with noon and ending at midnight. The time given is Eastern Standard. If you have Central Standard just cross out the hours, subtract one hour and put in the corrected time. For Mountain Time, subtract two hours and for Western Time, subtract three.

On this and the opposite page, you will find all the Columbia programs. The two pages following give you all the National Broadcasting programs which are divided into the Red and Blue networks. At the left you'll find a list of network stations belonging to CBS. If your station is not listed look for it after the Program in the columns. After each program the length is given in fractions, and the day of the week in abbreviations. Following that is a list of stations, shortened into major cities, Canadian and Coast, with exceptions and additions. The NBC station list includes Basic, Western, Canadian and Coast. We can't be responsible for lost minute changes.

COLUMBIA A BROAD—
6:00  Mid-Day By Gertrudwin: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WSPD Plus Coast, plus WLAB, WJAS. WGST WBSU, KRCO, WKBW, CBS, WNBC, KSLR, WJAS, WSPD, WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

5:30  Smiling Ed Mc Connell: Sun. 1/6, Network

5:00  The Shadow: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, WJAS, WSPD, CBS, Warner Bros, plus WGST, WBSU.


4:00  Understanding Music, Howard Barnard. Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, plus KRCO.

3:30  Voice of Experience: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WKBW plus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

6:00  7:00  California Melodies: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WGR, CKLW, CBS, WACO, WKBW, plus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

5:00 Subviews: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus KRCO.

4:30  Producers: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus KRCO.

4:00  Lawyer and the Public: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

3:30  True Story Hour: Fri. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

3:00  Musical Review, Robert Armbruster’s Orchestra: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

2:30  The Easy Acres: Tues., Thurs., Sat. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.


1:30  Canadian In Shorts: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

1:00  The Great West: Fri. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

12:30  Universal Pictures, A. B. E. Productions. Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

12:00  Hollywood Hotel: Fri. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus KRCO.

11:30  Broadway Challenge: Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

11:00  American Universities Program: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus KRCO.

10:30  National Gallery of Art: Sat. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

10:00  American Symphony: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

9:30  Improved Program, Will Rogers: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

9:00  Golden Age of Hollywood: Sat. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

8:30  Radio Mystery Theater: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

8:00  KTLU/KLKI Radio Theater: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

7:30  Today's Hit Parade: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

7:00  Jack Benny Program: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

6:30  The Alan Young Show: Sun. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

6:00  The Washington Theater. Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

5:30  The Six Million Dollar Man: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

5:00  The Other Side of the Sun: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

4:30  Time for Two: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

4:00  The Wonderful World of Sports: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

3:30  The Janie Show: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

3:00  The Jack Benny Program: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

2:30  The John and Ken Show: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

2:00  The John and Ken Show: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

1:30  The John and Ken Show: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

1:00  The John and Ken Show: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.

0:30  The John and Ken Show: Mon. 1/6, Basic minus WACO, WCAO, WKBW, NBC, WGBS, plus WGST, WBSU, plus KRCO.
### LIST OF STATIONS

#### BLUE NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BASE</th>
<th>WESTERN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>WSB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W8AL</td>
<td>WAKL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WMAL</td>
<td>W241C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBN</td>
<td>WAE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCBM</td>
<td>WCAM</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### KNIGHT "COAST"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BASIC</th>
<th>WESTERN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WHO</td>
<td>WOR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WGBI</td>
<td>WOC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCHS</td>
<td>WXE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WDFX</td>
<td>WWWD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### RED NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BASIC</th>
<th>WESTERN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJ</td>
<td>WGY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W241C</td>
<td>WBG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCA</td>
<td>WCC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W69</td>
<td>WW51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W81</td>
<td>WCN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W261C</td>
<td>WCI</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### NATIONAL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BROADCASTER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Philharmonic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temple of Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Bosch Radio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Bosch Radio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sentinel Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The House By Side Of Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ivory Stamp Club Capt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al Pearce and His Gang</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CHILDREN'S SHOWS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>&quot;The Alling House&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MOVIES AND CONCERTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>&quot;Radio Guild&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>&quot;Charlie Davis Orchestra&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>&quot;National Vesper's Hour&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>&quot;Joe White&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>&quot;Betty and Bob&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>&quot;National Network&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>&quot;American Bosch Radio&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>&quot;Jackie Helter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>&quot;Skeletor's&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>&quot;American Bosch Radio&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>&quot;Little Anna Church&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>&quot;Norfolk&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>&quot;Kansas City Philharmonic&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>&quot;Radio Guild&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>&quot;Charlie Davis Orchestra&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>&quot;National Vesper's Hour&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>&quot;American Bosch Radio&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>&quot;Jackie Helter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>&quot;Skeletor's&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>&quot;Little Anna Church&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>&quot;Norfolk&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### WEEKEND SPECIALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>&quot;Al and Lee&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>&quot;Honeyboy and Sassie&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>&quot;University of Chicago Dis-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>&quot;Little Miss Bab&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>&quot;Peggy's Doctor&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>&quot;Gene Arnold's Comedians&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>&quot;Gus van&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SUNDAY SPECIALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>&quot;Kansas City Philharmonic&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>&quot;Radio Guild&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>&quot;Charlie Davis Orchestra&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>&quot;National Vesper's Hour&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>&quot;American Bosch Radio&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Jackie Helter&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>&quot;Skeletor's&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>&quot;Little Anna Church&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>&quot;Norfolk&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### WEEKDAY SPECIALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>&quot;Al and Lee&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>&quot;Honeyboy and Sassie&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>&quot;University of Chicago Dis-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>&quot;Little Miss Bab&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>&quot;Peggy's Doctor&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Gene Arnold's Comedians&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>&quot;Gus van&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### WEEKEND SPECIALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>&quot;Al and Lee&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>&quot;Honeyboy and Sassie&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>&quot;University of Chicago Dis-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>&quot;Little Miss Bab&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>&quot;Mowhawk Treasure Chest&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>&quot;Peggy's Doctor&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>&quot;Gene Arnold's Comedians&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>&quot;Gus van&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
NOW that your radio favorites are in the full swing of their winter broadcasts, they are concentrating on entertaining their relatives and friends at home as well as bringing you enjoyment over the airwaves.

While some of them like to potter around in their own kitchens and prepare the food for their guests, others plan and supervise the arrangement of the dishes and leave it to their expert cooks to fashion them.

I know that our readers like to eat and enjoy the same foods that the ether stars prefer. So I have made it my business to scout around and discover just what particular dishes they are fond of and will tell you how to prepare them each month. And every recipe will be thoroughly tested before I recommend it to you.

Helen Morgan, one of the most fascinating types of stage, screen and radio personalities, frequently serves this menu for one of her famous dinners.

CROWN ROAST (for six persons)
Twelve ribs of lamb. Have the butcher tie properly and stuff with meat trimmed from the ends of the roast. Remove stuffing and mix with chopped onions; brown meat and onion in a pan. Then combine with three medium sized mashed potatoes, about ten rolled saltines, one tablespoon Bell's poultry dressing and salt and pepper to taste. Add about one cup of milk so that dressing will hold together. Restuff roast, garnish top with mushrooms. Bake about one and a half hours in a slow oven. Make gravy with flour and water paste.

SALAD
Sliced oranges with lettuce and French dressing. Sometimes Helen serves this before the main course.

VEGETABLES
The vegetables with the roast are very simple. Fresh peas cooked in a small quantity of water, seasoned with salt, pepper, and melted butter. Spinach is prepared as follows: in the pot put just enough water to keep the spinach from burning. When it is cooked down add chopped crisp bacon and soy (Chinese) sauce and one-half tablespoon of sugar. Then cook a little longer and serve.

DESSERT
For dessert Miss Morgan usually (Continued on page 63)
for BEAUTY and HEALTH

Every season a new fad in dieting, new regulations for eating one's way into health and beauty come along from the experts to upset all our accepted theories and to confound those who had just about decided they knew all there was to learn about the selection of foods which are good for the body and the curtailment of those which are bad for the figure.

We know now, goodness knows we've been told enough times, that food does play an important part in every woman's search for a pleasant appearance, or the retention of her charms, as well as in the conservation of everybody's strength and energies. With all the new fangled notions that are being sprung on us every day, some of which may be all right and many undoubtedly harmful, we are sure of one thing. We know definitely that our bodies need a rest, a thorough overhauling and that abstaining from food for a short time at stated periods throughout the year is the best reconditioning process we can devise.

There is one radio star, not so young as she looks, who a few months ago decided age must be telling at last. She was always tired, distressed after meals and even her voice was failing her. Her skin had that old look and she couldn't rouse enough energy for all the demands on her time.

She took one weekend off, spent it entirely in bed and lived for those few days on the strained juices of a vegetable broth her cook had compounded. It consisted of turnips, string beans, carrots, leeks, split peas, lentils and potatoes. She took from six to eight cups of this on each of the three days of her fast. And in the morning she started off with a purge, followed in half an hour by a cup of hot black coffee. This regimen lasted from Friday morning to Monday noon and for the following week she lived on boiled vegetables, a baked potato (without butter) and uncooked fresh vegetables. She felt so much better when she got back to what is now normal eating for her that she wanted to pass a word of advice on to Radio Mirror readers.

Another singer on the air tried out the milk and orange juice diet, taking a glass of one or the other (alternating regularly) every hour for a week. After the first two days she didn't mind it at all and she's quite enthusiastic about the results she obtained. She emphasizes the necessity of a glass of the liquid (Continued on page 79)
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

GOODNESS gracious, what a time I had last month! The question box was brimming over. But that didn’t phase the Oracle. There’s nothing I enjoy more than to appease the inquisitive appetites of interested radio-ites. The harder the question the better I like it. However, may I ask one favor of you? Pause, please do not request personal replies to your queries! These pages were provided just for that purpose and if you look hard enough you may find just what you want to know this month. If you do not find it this month, don’t be cross with the Oracle. Try me again next month. You know, I said the question box was brimming over! So here goes:

Helen F., Oklahoma City, Okla. — You weren’t altogether wrong, Helen. Jimmy Wallington’s first marriage was one of those things. Oh, you know what I mean. However, if you want the facts, turn to page 34 and find out how happy your Jimmy is now.

The Steady Listener, Phila., Pa. — Sure enough, Guy Lombardo is Italian. For a picture of Guy and his brother, address a letter to him care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

June Parmenter — Why, haven’t you heard Dick Powell on the swell “Hollywood Hotel” program broadcast over the Columbia network every Friday night? Try not to miss it next Friday night. Dick’s original moniker was Richard E. Powell. He’s thirty years old and I have a hunch he’ll send you his picture if you write to him care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Hollywood, Calif.

A. M. W., Auburn, R. I. — Lanny Ross will have a birthday this January, the nineteenth. Lanny’s a busy lad these days, flitting back and forth from Hollywood to New York. However, by the time you read this he’ll be back in New York and you can address him at the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York. By the way, some one told me that Lanny is swell when it comes to answering his mail.

Beth I., Dallas, Texas — You sure picked out some famous ones, all right. For pictures of Russ Columbo, James Wallington, Lowell Thomas, Jackie Heller and Alice Joy, address your letters in care of the National Broadcasting Company, New York, and for a picture of Bing Crosby and Kate Smith address the Columbia Broadcasting System, New York. Did you see the grand gallery picture we had of Lowell Thomas in last month’s issue? And be sure and turn to page 34 for a story on Wallington in this issue; page 30 for one on Bing Crosby and Kate Smith on page 37.

Joy D., Troy, New York — I know Bing Crosby will appreciate your good wishes for his twins, and if you address your letter to Paramount Pictures in Hollywood, he’ll get it all right. His next picture will be “Here Is My Heart” and his leading lady will be Kitty Carlisle who teamed up so well with him in “She Loves Me Not.” Remember?

Sim K., Houston, Texas — Didn’t you know that “Lazy Dan, The Minstrel Man” was Irving Kaufman? He really is. You can hear him over the Columbia Broadcasting chain any Sunday afternoon at one o’clock, your time.

L.S.S., Glenlyon, Pa. — Do you remember Vaughn De Leath too? She’s one of radio’s veteran songbirds. Vaughn has been singing on one of New York’s local stations, WOR. I too hope that one of the big chains will soon recognize her fine voice.


Lawrence L., St. Louis, Mo. — Just you write to Eddie Peabody in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York, and tell him just what you think of his (Continued on page 80)
I'm So Ashamed of Myself!

(Continued from page 17)

Besides, you're a singer and haven't time to monkey around with advertising signs. Just forget his hair-brained scheme. Why should we borrow trouble?

Just like a woman, Phil thought bitterly. A full week they argued back and forth, till Catherine refused to discuss the matter any more. Well, he'd show her he was right. After all, he was the boss.

Though he had to sell his stocks and bonds to raise the money they cost him, he did it and raised the $15,000.

"I might just as well have thrown it into the Atlantic Ocean," he said ruefully. We lost everything—and all because I was a silly, pig-headed fool who didn't have brains enough to take good advice from my wife when she offered it.

But we don't only aggravate our mates in doing things we are ashamed of. Often it is not doing something out of omission that makes us want to kick ourselves forever after. It's mudding a chance, being a plain coward sometimes: that is Tony Wons' regret.

Tony, as a young up-and-coming dramatic student two in his twenties dreamed of the day when he would play Shakespeare before an admiring, gasping audience. Meanwhile, he earned his living as a ticket agent, spending all the money he could save on Shakespeare plays, public speaking texts and the like.

One September, Robert Mantell, the great Shakespearean actor, was appearing at the Olympic Theater in Chicago with his company. An actor became ill, and Tony heard of the opening. He vowed he'd get that job if he died in the attempt.

So the next morning, dressed in his Sunday finery, he appeared at the theater. Most of the night had been spent in going over his favorite scenes from Shakespeare, with which he hoped to convince Mantell of his capability.

Finally Mantell arrived—a tall, oldish, tired-looking gentleman with a slight limp. Wons stood there and gaped his heart beating like a Gatling gun. He found he was afraid to approach the master!

The cast began to rehearse, Mantell coaching them. Plenty of chance for Tony. Wons with his innate goodness knew Mantell seemed kind enough. Here was the opportunity Tony had dreamed of for years. And he was afraid to talk to Mantell!

I stood there for hours and they certainly practiced a lot. But I was just as scared as the next fellow. But I just couldn't scare up the courage to talk. Yes, in spite of the course in public speaking, the training in dramatics I had had. When Mantell began to rehearse his part and his voice booming out, I became so frightened I just ran out of the theater.

"For the two weeks he played in Chicago I didn't miss a performance, and each time I tried to nerve myself to go up to see him. It was no use. At home I just ate myself up alive for my cowardice. It was the unhappiest period of my existence. It wasn't till almost ten years later that I got the chance to present Shakespearean roles.

Sometimes there are other kinds of mistakes that stars regret. Ralph Kirby, the Mohawk Treasure Chest soloist, for example, still feels all cut up about this incident in his life, though it happened over fifteen years ago. Ralph, you know, is an eligible bachelor in his thirties, and the story concerns a double loss he suffered: the girl he loved and the most precious thing he ever had—the pulsah of his childhood chum. All because of his own suspicion and lack of trust and his conceit.

Let's call his friend Tommy. Tommy and Ralph were raised together in Paterson, New Jersey. They went from kindergarten through high school together, sharing each other's joys, swimming and fishing together. A good deal alike in character, they both fell in love with the same girl.

Naturally that put a strain on their relations, which was unavoidable. They both agreed to be fair about the matter and let the young lady choose for herself. For awhile she seemed to prefer Ralph. And then, quite suddenly, she grew cold and reserved with him and spent all her time with Tommy.

It was then that Ralph committed the most foolish deed he has ever done. His acquaintances hinted that Tommy had been spreading lies about him to win over the girl. And Ralph, his ego wounded and bleeding from her snubbing, swallowed the story—fish, bait and sinker. He didn't ask Tommy if it was true, and refused to give his chum a chance to explain. He definitely terminated their friendship.

Tommy enlisted and went overseas; Ralph enlisted, but his regiment stayed in this country. A few months later Tommy was killed at the front and it wasn't till long after he was dead that Ralph discovered the truth from his ex-fiancé: the story Ralph had really been spreading was in point of fact a story by point in order to point out Ralph's good habits to her. She just naturally had preferred the dead boy.

"There isn't a thing in the world I can do about it now," Ralph told me, "but let me tell you I feel mighty cheap about the whole business. You see, I've always tried to follow my code, and that's one time when I fell plenty short."

All of us, like Kirby, have codes of conduct. And when we deviate from them, much to our chagrin, we feel as if we've betrayed ourselves. Gladys Swarthout, of the lovely golden voice, can't forgive herself for a certain childish action, about a year ago.

She and her husband, Frank Chapman, were singing the leading roles in a revival of "The Merry Widow" given under the direction of Robert Edmond Jones at Central City, Colorado.

Usually sweet-tempered, during her stay at Central City Gladys was a holy terror. From the moment she awoke to the moment she went to bed she complained of everything—either her coffee was too hot or too cold, the natives were unfriendly or inquisitive. Nothing was right.

On the day of the opening, with its dress rehearsal. Because the gown she wore as the Merry Widow was of lovely, fragile lace, the management requested her to appear for dress rehearsal in her plain black cotton rehearsal dress.

A group of fellow-singers, dressed to the eyes in full war-paint, met her angry gaze as she swept on the stage. She went right up in the air for a mile. She stamped her foot like a spoiled baby, began to speak hystERICALLY, and pulled at the hated dress.

"Why am I a stepchild?" she inquired of the astonished manager. "Why should I come out here looking like a freak when everyone else is dolled up?"

Coaxings, pleadings, explanations were in vain. For ten full minutes production was held up while she had her cry and abused everyone roundly. Then, as suddenly as her temper had risen, she became calm and went on with her performance. She's still heartily ashamed of the show she made of herself before all those people—and over such a trifle.
Radio Mirror

Just before the group of songsters left for New York, her husband had a chat with one of the natives of Central City. And he learned that occasionally people of high-strung temperament reacted the same way his wife did while they were in Central City. "It's over 9,000 feet above the sea level here," the old man explained, "and for some reason these people can't stand the high altitude. My wife was like that when she first came here, but now she's O.K. Got used to it, I guess."

It took the Town Hall Tonight funster, Fred Allen, of the glum face, to show himself up. He has spent several unhappy, embarrassed moments thinking of the faux pas he committed—and on whom.

It had been a pretty tough day in Boston for him. There were business conferences to attend to his old friends to visit, for Fred hails from Massachusetts. Besides, a headache annoyed him and he could hardly wait to get home and rest. About midnight he boarded the sleeper for New York.

He took a cab straight to his hotel from the railroad station, early in the morning. "Don't let anyone disturb me till noon," he directed the room clerk. And to the telephone operator, "Please disconnect my phone and tell anyone who calls to phone me in the afternoon.

Just as he was dozing off, the telephone rang. Sleepily, he turned over and covered his head with a pillow. The phone kept up its interminable clanging sound, "Drat the operator," he said as he looked at his watch. "It's only ten o'clock. Can I ever get any rest?"

The jarring ring continued. Finally Fred grabbed the mouthpiece. "... * * *... why the xxyy!! can't you let a man sleep, you damn fool?" he began. "But," said a strange voice.

"Don't but me," Allen yelled angrily. "I'm entitled to a little sleep, anyway. I bet you had your beauty sleep last night, you fathead. Didn't the operator warn you I wasn't to be disturbed?"

"Yes," the man said, "but I assured her it would be all right ... ."

"You did, did you; well, it's not. Of all colossal crust," Allen countered. And he hung up.

Again the phone rang. Beside himself with rage, he picked up the receiver. It was still the same man. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Mr. Sunshine Spreader," said an angry voice at the end of the line. "I'm calling for the Benton and Bowles agency, which handles your radio broadcasts. We've got to have a thirty-week renewal and a raise in salary, and the contract has to be signed by noon today. Thanks a lot for your appreciation and courtesy to me." With that he hung up. And was Fred's face red!

Phil Baker's Honeymoon for Three

(Continued from page 19)

During this time, Phil and Peggy never once abandoned the idea of their honeymoon in Italy. They planned unceasingly, each time adding something new to their list. Before, each time entering each new folder the travel bureaus and steamship agencies published, until, as Phil explained, his Italian vocabulary grew from "anti-pasto" and "ravioli" to the point where he could say glibly "buon giorno," although he is not yet sure just what that means.

Each time, Phil and Peggy promised another one that when Phil's radio contract expired they would take the next boat. But each time the contract expired, a highly satisfied sponsor renewed it. Last year, Phil rebelled. He demanded a vacation—and was told he could have it. But this time, it was Peggy who postponed the honeymoon—a postponement necessitated by the impending arrival at the Evanston house of little Margot Eleanor.

A little while before Margot Eleanor was born, Peggy abandoned for the time being her custom of sitting in on the program conferences. The second week of her absence, Phil and Harry McNaughton were driving to Evanston after the broadcast.

"Didn't go so well, tonight, Phil," Harry remarked, and Baker agreed. The laughs had been noticeably fewer; the program lacked its usual sparkle. The next day, at the Baker home, the conference lagged. Gags just wouldn't come to mind. Phil couldn't understand it at first. Harry was frankly mystified. Hank wasn't. "Then it dawned on them, Harry sighed.

"It's Peggy, Phil," he said. "There's no use trying—we just can't get this right without her."

The next week Peggy was back on the job, although she did find it necessary once or twice to call a halt in the proceedings while the whole cast tiptoed into the nursery to take a look at the brand-new Margot Eleanor. But that week, the program had its old sparkle—and it's kept it ever since.

Ever since, that is, except for one week last winter when Peggy took baby duty for a week. With Margot Eleanor tucked safely in her crib, Peggy looked out of her hotel window at the moon-kissed water and waving palms and thought wistfully of the honeymoon which seemed farther away than ever, of Florida telephone rang. Only one person could be calling at that hour.

"Phil, darling, I'm so lonesome," she cried impulsively.

"Gee, sweetie I'm lonesome too. I just had to talk to you," Phil replied.

"Oh Phil, if we can't have a honeymoon, let's have a day at least. It's so lovely down here—the sun and ocean and sand, just like we planned."

"It's coming down on the next plane, darling."

And come he did. For nine glorious hours they lollled about the beach and when Phil prepared to catch the next plane back to New York he said... "Well, now we've had our honeymoon.

But Peggy, for once, lost patience and informed her loving spouse in no uncertain terms that she wasn't going to accept this commuter's honeymoon for the real thing.

So this last summer Phil bearded his sponsor in his office. He did not mince words.

"Remember that vacation I didn't take last summer?" he reminded. "Well, I'm taking it this summer. I promised Peggy when the baby was born that we'd have our honeymoon at last, so I'd like to arrange to be away for a month."

Gently the sponsor beamed on the bridegroom-father.

"Take it, Phil. You've earned it," he agreed.

But Peggy prudently kept her fingers crossed until a pulling tug warped the big liner from its dock and cast off.
Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY OF MOUTH AND LIPS

That is why DOUBLE MINT gum is so popular with the STARS of the screen and stage.

Enjoying it relaxes tight muscles which form unattractive lines and the chewing gently massages the lips into a vibrant, new loveliness. BUY A PACKAGE AND TRY IT.
COLD

COLD once rooted is a cold of danger. Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

**Four Effects**

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies these four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 30c. The 30c size is the more economical “buy.” Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.

He'd better watch his step, though. Coats, hats, brief cases, sweaters, music and violin cases lie scattered all about him. A Mike slug overhead catches the band music.

To his right, at a sharp angle, is the third mike. All around it—sitting, standing, lying—is the choral group. Seven of them. One is reading the funny paper; another is falling asleep. Oh, and there's one paying attention.

Before you've finished your inspection of the studio, a skit has begun. Josephine, eight-year-old actress, in blue middy dress, long yellow curls, and rolled stockings, hurries to Kate's mike. Her dramatic teacher hurries right along with her. She and Kate put their arms around the youngster.

You see Ted grimace and step forward, script in hand. You see the violins in the front row of the orchestra begin to play. You see Josephine open her mouth and cry. It's a good healthy cry, too. If you can judge by the width of her mouth is open. Her teacher puts her encouragingly on the shoulder.

Once, out in Hollywood, while Ted and Kate were on the La Palma program, Ted hired a baby movie star to speak a few lines into one of the mikes. Everything went fine until the last second. Then, as the prodigy was shoved forward, he got stage fright. Beginning a wild cry of despair, the tiny actor turned and ran. Nonchalantly, without a pause, Ted continued the cry a moment, raising his voice two octaves, wavered a greeting, then went back into his normal speaking voice. His sponsors never knew.

NOW it's the turn of the trio. Three young lads from California, Kate calls them. They disentangle themselves from the choral group and stand around the mike. Mart, John and Jack, blond, brunette and red-head. The red-head bounces up and down while he sings and makes faces.

Hey! There's Buddy Rogers peeking in through the glass panel in the studio door. You hear someone whisper that he drops into New York like this all the time. Whenever he can get away from rehearsals for his Ward Family Theater in Chicago.

He's gone now because a singer pulled down a curtain to shut out any other curious peeks. 'Love is the only total stranger left. Everyone remaining is a performer or a Columbia press agent.

While you're craning your neck to see Buddy, Parker Fennelly, old-time radio actor, strides to the center mike. He's a favorite of program arrangers because he can take two or three roles on one sketch. Today he has two parts. A city slicker and a country rustic. The imitation is perfect and you've learned something new.

Fennelly looks more like a college professor than an actor, with his kind blue eyes, thin face, and elongated body. He barely moves as he reads the lines in his script. He does most of the writing of these scripts, too.

Kate has put on her glasses and is ready to sing. You realize that this is the first time she has used sheet music. Must be a new song. She raises her arm and directs the orchestra personally for the first few bars, before devoting her attention to the mike.

It's a wonder she can sing at all today. Between songs you see her sniffling quietly off in a corner, chewing cough drop after cough drop. Evidently a bad cold.

A quick glance at the clock tells you that it is three-thirty and the half-way mark. A program timer—he watches to see that no number over-runs its allotted minutes—comes into the control room with you. Ted Collins follows him breathlessly, a deep brown creasing his forehead.

"Didn't Kate sing an extra number?" Ted demands.

"Yeah, we're two minutes behind," the timer says morosely.

"You catch your breath. Here's a real studio secret. Thirty minutes to go and two minutes behind! Then you remember. Kate must have forgotten the change Ted made at the beginning of the program. What will happen? Nothing to do but wait and see.

As you speculate on those two precious minutes, the control engineer leans back and starts a phonograph at your side that you haven't noticed before. Here's another inside fact being revealed. The record is for sound effects. The loudspeaker is out in the studio and the noises are caught up by the center mike.

It's a football comedy skit, and the sound effects are cheers and wild hoots. A trick announcer is at the mike, giving a take-off on broadcasting at football games, and he's good. His name is Al Canton, and you've heard him before without knowing his name. He's on the air often, with impersonations.

The skit comes back perfectly in the control room. That small wax record is doing the business. You close your eyes and imagine you are in a stadium with fifty thousand roaring a college yell.

You watch Kate anxiously. Does she know she's behind schedule? It doesn't look like it. She's reading over her script and smiling broadly. First she takes in "insert in," then she sings "in," and "off" goes directly into the feature sketch.

It's a modern version of Cinderella. But what's this? Kate has a comedy part. As far as you know, it is the first time she has attempted anything like it. She seems to enjoy it, too. She grins, snickers a little, off-stage, then screws her face up in a knot to keep from laughing out loud.

Kate's really putting this over. The rest of the cast listens intently. You see their heads nodding approval. Personally, you wish she'd be given more parts just like it.

But wait a bit! Here's something exciting for you. Kate has a real, flesh and blood debutante on her program.
It's the program timer who spills the secret. He points her out to you. It's Adelaide Moffett—tall, slim, bright burnished hair caught back off her forehead. Her father is the same Moffet who is presiding over the Federal Housing Commission. He's an old friend of the President's. She's only eighteen and through finishing school, Kate heard her at an audition and took her under her wing.

This will be her first radio broadcast. You learn one more trick of the studio listening to her chatter. Kate, it seems, knowing the nervous tension Adelaide would be suffering, ordered her into the studio at twelve o'clock. It's been over three hours now that Adelaide has done nothing but sit and watch, first rehearsal, then broadcast. By this time every trace of nerves has left her. She's become so bored, she doesn't care.

Jack Smith is Adelaide's partner in her first number. They're standing together now in front of the right-hand mike. Your heart skips a beat, watching, but Adelaide is self-possessed. She smiles at Jack and goes into the first chorus without a tremor.

That's the next to the last number on the program. You nudge the timer and hold up two fingers. He nods. The lost two minutes haven't been regained and it begins to look very bad indeed.

But what's all this? Four cowboys, neatly decked out in sombreros, chaps, bandanas and boots, troop to the center mike. You watch Kate introduce them over the air. They're star performers at the rodeo in Madison Square Garden. They're all supposed to say something.

The champ bronco buster speaks a greeting. Then the only woman rider in the group. The other two edge forward, scripts in hand, for their turn. But you glance at the clock and see that it's one minute to four. No time for any more speeches.

Kate holds up her hand, signals to the band and the music swells, while the two cowboys stand silent and puzzled. Then—it's all over!

At exactly four the engineer brings his arm sharply down. The orchestra stops on a couple of drawn-out, sour notes, and Kate hurries over to the cowboys. She explains why they weren't given a chance to speak. They look relieved, as a matter of fact.

You walk out of the control room, a sudden let-down feeling coming over you, now that the two minutes didn't spoil the show after all. Musicians sit back and yawn and kid Collins about getting the program mixed.

"That was Kate's fault," Ted dodges, "Whose fault?" Kate challenges.

Before anything can be settled, Uke-lele Ike (Cliff) Edwards leaps into the room, wild-eyed, hat on the back of his head. "Hi, Kate!" he greets. "Lo, Ted!"

The three go out, arm in arm, Kate clutching her cough drops firmly in one hand.

"Rehearsal at twelve noon, sharp?" Ted calls over his shoulder.

Nothing to do now until Thursday noon. Ho, hum!

---

Woodbury's two new germ-free Beauty Creams give your skin a new scientific protection

Skin blemishes commonly arise from tiny infections. When you protect your skin against these infections, it's bound to be lovelier, every way.

And that's what happens when you use Woodbury's two new Germ-free Beauty Creams. They're pure and germ-free when you open them—they stay germ-free as long as you use them—as long as they last. No other creams guard your skin in just this scientific way.

109 leading skin specialists tested Woodbury's Creams. 93.5% of them agree that these new germ-free creams can safely be used on every type of skin—even those which are most sensitive.

Woodbury's Cold Cream prevents dry skin. It contains exclusive Element 576 which stimulates the oil glands to feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young.

Woodbury's Facial Cream gives two-fold protection against infection and weather—cold, wind, dust—and forms an exquisite powder base. Only 50c., 25c., 10c. in jars; 25c., 10c. in tubes.

Proof that they're germ-free Agar plates covered with infectious germs. In Plate A, Woodbury's Cream has cleared the grey surface of germs as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. In Plate B, bearing an ordinary cream, the grey surface has not been cleared of germs. They are still dangerously alive.

---

Send for "Loveliness Kit" Enclosed find 10c. Send me the "Woodbury Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size tube of Woodbury's Facial Soap, a generous tube of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream, a facial pow实际上没完成。
Will he remember your EYES?

He can't forget their beauty if you use

Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Busiest Man in Radio

(Continued from page 45)

screen. Hill watches them closely, deciding what he will say about each one. Now he's ready and they're run again. He talks directly at them, pausing at marked intervals. It's ticklish work, for a background of sound has been included and he must not raise his voice too high nor let it drop too low.

Six o'clock. Fifteen minutes for a simple, unpretentious dinner, second and last meal of the day. Back in the studio until seven-fifteen. Now to leave for Columbia Broadcasting. We're there until eight-thirty. Then the first broadcast of the evening is finished. No time to waste for a smoke or a minute's rest. Back in the cab to the studio.

Staring, writing, talking. The screen flashes and flickers. Suddenly the hour is a quarter to eleven. Have to rush back to Columbia for a rebroadcast. This one is flashed to the West Coast audience at fifteen past the hour. At eleven-thirty another dash back to the projection room.

Until midnight now sitting in the hot, stuffy studio. Thousands of feet of newsreels, Arabians, Frenchmen, Chinese, all in their native, colorful pageants, pass by, some to be commented on, more to be watched and later on thrown out. Ready to leave now!

On the way home, at last. Not to bed, however. It's 1 o'clock and three hours' reading ahead. Not only evening papers and magazines tonight, but also new books which have been sent by big publishers in New York.

Four o'clock and the light in the studio snaps out. And so, wearily, into bed. Six hours of sleep is plenty. Then out of bed again, shaving, taking a shower, selecting a suit for the day.

"I'll tell you," his secretary confided in me, "we're negotiating right now with Columbia to install a microphone at the movie studio. Then he won't have to leave and rush back and forth twice a night. In bad weather, it's terribly hard work."

So there you are. With exceptions, of course, this happens all week. Tuesdays and Saturdays he doesn't broadcast, but he uses that spare time either at the movie studio or writing some of his six syndicated columns a week for a large nation-wide chain of newspapers.

Sunday is the one free day Ed Hill can enjoy, and he does it by entertaining a few old friends whom he knew in his newspaper days a few years ago.

John Charles Thomas is his favorite and it is such nights as the famous tenor is giving a recital that Hill sneaks away to Carnegie Hall for an hour or two.

For the Forum of Liberty program, he must use the elaborate file of information in his apartment, delve into the libraries of the daily papers, nose around the public library.

"The uncanny thing about Ed," Schaad told me, "is his love of the work. Oh, of course, he gets sick and tired of it now and then. But he couldn't quit, if he wanted to. It's really a miracle."

And, as Hill himself said, "As long as I am strong, healthy, and the people want me, I'll do as much work as I possibly can. Then, some day, I'll rest."

For Edwin C. Hill's programs see page 51—8 o'clock column.
In the Stars’ Kitchens
(Continued from page 54)

serves a sherbet. And after that a large arrangement of assorted cheeses and coffee. Helen has had as many as thirty-seven assorted cheeses, almost making this the feature of the dinner. About four or five different cheeses would be sufficient for your service.

MURIEL WILSON, one of our very lovely singers enjoys a piece of really good Date Cake.

DATE CAKE

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{3}{4} \text{ cup butter} & \quad \frac{3}{4} \text{ teaspoon salt} \\
1 \text{ cup sugar} & \quad 3 \text{ teaspoons baking powder} \\
2 \text{ eggs} & \quad 1 \text{ cup dates}
\end{align*}
\]

Beat the butter and sugar until light, add the eggs which have been well beaten and beat some more. Then add the dates that have been cut in small pieces, milk, and then the flour, baking powder and salt that have been combined and sifted together. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan in a 300°F. oven until done. Serve plain or with a simple white frosting.

ARLENE FRANCIS, of Columbia’s “Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood” program, is no great artist in culinary enterprises, but she does enjoy her special dinner of Broiled Chicken.

BROILED CHICKEN

Get a small chicken about three and a half pounds, cut for broiling. Season salt, pepper and pour over a little melted butter. Broil on both sides. Cook about twenty-five minutes. Be careful not to have chicken too close to the flame, as the meat catches fire very quickly. (Serves about four).

LEE REISER, one of the piano team of Al and Lee Reiser, is a man who knows how foods should taste, and one of his favorite dinner soups is this Creamed Lima Bean Soup.

CREAMED LIMA BEAN SOUP

\[
\begin{align*}
4 \text{ tablespoons} & \quad 4 \text{ tablespoons} \\
\text{butter} & \quad \text{flour} \\
\frac{3}{4} \text{ teaspoon salt} & \quad 2 \frac{1}{2} \text{ cups milk} \\
\frac{3}{4} \text{ cup lima beans that have been ground through the grinder} & \quad \text{add mixture}
\end{align*}
\]

Cream the butter, add the flour and mix well together. Add the milk slowly and cook on the stove until thickened. Add the lima beans, and the seasoning. If the soup is a little too thick add more milk. This will serve six.

At the beginning of this article you saw a picture of Josef Koestner preparing a bite for himself with the help of his new Toastmaster Hospital tray. If you want to know more about this tray, write to Sylvia Covney, Desk 38, Radio Mirror. 1926 Broadway, New York, and I’ll send you a free copy of a very interesting booklet which contains numerous recipes and suggestions for dainty sandwiches and quick snacks.

How to
EARN GOOD MONEY IN
BROADCASTING

Let the Floyd Gibbons School Train You
Quickly, at Home in Spare Time

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting the big fascinating, glamorous industry of today? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you’ll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life’s ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting.

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting. The Quartz Book shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons’ years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Voice and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knock of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasting, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasting, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for Valuable FREE Booklet

An interesting booklet entitled “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting” tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. Let us show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world.

MAIL THIS NOW!

Send for “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting” today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name. Age.

Address. City. State.
Kill

Kidney Acid

New Way

...WIN BACK YOUR PEP

It is no longer necessary for men and women to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladders without the benefit of a remarkably successful prescription prepared specially for these troubles, and which is available at every drug store.

Because of modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, overwork, weather changes, age and other causes, there are millions of men and women suffering from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling old, tired out, rundown, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rhematism and other trouble.

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptom such as Loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rhematism, Dizziness, Dark Circles under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Ache, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start taking the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Sin-ex) at once.

Cystex is not an experiment—it is quick and sure. For years it has been tested and proved in millions of cases and doctors and druggists approve of its pure ingredients which do not contain any dye, narcotics, or habit-forming drugs. Dr. C. J. Roberts, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, recently wrote: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the Kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that excels the prescription known as Cystex." The formula is in every package. It starts work in 15 minutes and is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleansing out Acids and Poisonous waste matter. It soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore, irritated Bladder and Urinary membranes.

Because of its meaning and almost worldwide success, the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Sin-ex) is offered to sufferers of poor Kidney and Bladder functions under the free-play guarantee to fix you up in your complete satisfaction or money back on the first container purchase. It's only 5c a dose. Ask your druggist for Cystex today and see how it will help you feel much younger, stronger and better, so you can feel by simply taking Cystex you must do the work or cost you nothing.

(Continued from page 34)

What Marriage Means to Jimmy Wallington

...past in newly blended whiskey. Suddenly, as if he could no longer bear the burden of silence he had been carrying, he turned to Anita and said, "Surely you've guessed what you mean to me. If you are ever free, if I am ever free— Not many words are needed between two people who love one another. Quietly she nodded.

Very quietly on August 18 they were married by a Lutheran minister in Newark, New Jersey. Jimmy meant to keep his marriage a secret for a while. I think, but he was so bursting with pride he just couldn't keep quiet. One day he broke in upon Ed Wynn when he was rehearsing his new show, and said to Wynn, who is a friend of his, "Ed, congratulate me. I got married recently."

In a voice fraught with conviction he said to me, "This isn't just a thrill-marriage. So many marriages in show business and I guess elsewhere too are that kind. That's particularly true in this business, however, because of the unnatural life your work forces you to lead, working at night, sleeping in the daytime, slaving under terrible tension all the time. You sort of forget fundamental values in such an atmosphere.

Well, marriage to me means a home and raising a family, and that's what it means to Anita, too. I can't see any reason for two people getting married unless they want to have children. If
Radio Mirror

you're in love with someone, you want to have children, and if you don't, it's a pretty selfish sort of love. But I won't go around telling the world whether I was or wasn't at first, because we'll take anything that God gives us and be thankful for it. And you can be pretty sure that when we're expecting a blessed event, we won't go around announcing it. When someone has a baby, that's news; but when they're expecting one, that's not news, just gossip.

"Before we were married Anita was a dancer at the Radio City Music Hall, and ex-captain of the Rockettes, the dancers at the old Roxy Theatre. She did all the sound track for the tap dancing in Paul Whiteman's picture, 'The King of Jazz.' She's been on the stage since she was thirteen, but the week before we were married she left her job. I wouldn't want a wife who works."

"Isn't that just a bit old-fashioned?" I asked.

What Marriage Means to Donald Novis

(Continued from page 35)

of Canada, and then to Pasadena, California. But I'm sure that we've heard before of the poverty and privation the Novises suffered when the elder Novis finally reached Pasadena and opened his little shoe repair store. The place was a tiny cubbyhole into which the family squeezed, and which people frequently passed by carelessly, not even noticing it. There is one incident of his early youth that stands out as crystal in young Donald Novis' mind.

"I was playing with some other boys," he told me, "and afterwards I came into the house with the appetite of a healthy young animal. I sat down at the table to eat, but there was no dinner that night for any of us, only a halfa glass of milk for each of us. I looked dumbly at my two brothers and my older sister; their eyes signalled me to silence. My eyes traveled to the work-worn hands of my mother, and I thought of her years of bitter toil, and the hardships she had undergone to try to make a home for my father, who had sought a golden opportunity everywhere and found it nowhere. No wonder I choked a little on that half-glass of milk. My mother went to her room quietly, but I could hear her sobbing afterwards, and I knew that it was for us she was sobbing, and that she was praying that we would have the chance she never had.

"The next morning there was no breakfast for any of us. Lunch time came. Exuberantly my father burst into the house, his hands laden with packages. A customer had come in and had had his shoes half-soled and the heels repaired. That meant lunch for all of us. If he hadn't come in just that day, I hate to think of what would have happened.'

Yet in spite of poverty and privation, Donald Novis, and his wife and their children, have managed to go to school, so that life might have some horizons for them, and not end at a cobbler's bench. Donald won a scholarship to college, but his father, discovering his talent for music, insisted that he also take lessons in singing.

"Do you know how I earned the money to pay for those lessons?" Donald asked me. "I shone my head. "Well, the girl I was going with then was the daughter of a bricklayer, and all summer long I carried the hod and mixed mortar for her father."

"Of course you know how he finally won the Atwater Kent radio auditions. After that everything should have been smooth sailing for him, but it wasn't. There was one point in his career, when he was ready to give up everything, forgetting that he had ever planned to be a singer. That was shortly after his marriage, when Donald had been offered a chance to appear in 'Luana,' an Arthur Hammerstein show. When 'Luana' flopped, Donald was flat broke and had had to wire his singing teacher for enough money to get back to Pasadena with his wife. But things weren't much better there. Meager was the livelihood he eked out singing in churches, begging for little jobs at five or ten dollars apiece. It was at this point that he rebelled and said to Juliette, "I can do other things besides starve at singing. I'm husky and strong. I could help my father in his business, or I could even do some work around a tree nursery." But Julie wouldn't listen to him, and insisted that he keep on with his singing. And now that he has achieved success on the Colgate House Party program, he is still here beside him, still encouraging him, giving him the love and devotion which made him a success. That's why he's so furious at the rumors that say, 'The Don Novises are expiring.'"

For Donald Novis' program, The Colgate House Party, see page 53—9 o'clock column.

If two people go on working," said Jimmy, "I don't call that marriage. How can a woman be a good wife and mother if she's working outside her home all day long?"

A strange thing happened when Jimmy took his new bride to the Gables, his home at Bayside, Long Island. There is a bull-terrier there who guards the house like a castle and is ready to jump at the throat of any stranger. No one is welcome there who does not belong in that household. Anita walked across the lawn, and the bull-terrier, as though some fifth instinct had warned him, sprang forward, not to clutch at her throat, but to welcome her. He had recognized her as his future mistress.

Jimmy Wallington announces the Chase & Sanborn and the Fleischmann hours (see page 53—8 P.M. column) and the Gibson Family broadcast (see page 53—9 P.M. column).

"RED DAVIS," red-blooded athletic boy whose wholesome adventures are packed with interest.

"RED

DAVIS"

IS BACK AGAIN

Laugh, fans! Laugh! "Red Davis" is back. And, knowing "Red," you know that means fun to spare.

What's more, here's a program chock-full of typical real life action. For "Red Davis" is a regular American youth every day in the week! And Mr. and Mrs. Davis and all the other characters are as familiar to you as the folks next door.

You'll be heartily amused—and moved—as you follow "Red Davis," his family and friends, in this new series of entertaining episodes. Don't miss "Red's" puppy loves... his growing pains... his wholesome adventures—they'll remind you of your own.

LINDA—lovely girl friend of Clink, Red Davis' companion-in-trouble.

NBC • WJZ NETWORK
COAST TO COAST
MON., WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gem, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.

65
A delicate ninety-nine pounds standing there on shiny spiked heels, adjusting a clump of thick tails out the colar of a beige wool frock. Round, black eyes whose intensity is magnified by a pert, permanently freckled nose and a small full mouth. Such a child! you'd think first thing, noting her vitalic freshness, her heart's affectionation. You'd feel that someone ought to be around all the time to look out for her. Well, don't worry. Plenty of people and her own sable self are watching the development of NBC's hit girl.

Donald Novis called over from the stage, "Joe Cook's not here yet."

Frances turned and laughed, "Joe's 'Jersey Killer' was probably waiting for him behind one of those urns in the foyer. Come on, let's sit 'way back and talk."

We did, and the talk took Frances through as glamorous a Cinderella story as any fairy tale you ever read. From a 100-watter in Clearwater, Florida, to coast-to-coast talkies as a pretty little doings for a high school belle. Heavens! she'd never even dreamed of anything nearly so wonderful. The very way she speaks of it tempts you to believe in modern miracles.

She can talk enough about Rudy Vallee. "I owe so much to him I'll never be able to say 'thank you' half a percent," she stated seriously. "He was—but so grand that first day I sang for him backstage in Miami. I was frightened to death until he told me not to be that there was really nothing for me to be afraid of. So I stood up and decided not to be scared and sang for all I was worth. He liked it."

Did he! It was Vallee himself who sent for her a few months later to come to New York, took her personally to WOR and saw to her being signed for a year, guided her on. From a start like that the jump over to NBC was just a stepping stone. And Radio, since then, has been Frances Langford's very own oyster.

Somehow the little thrills have been as much fun as the big ones. The long trip north. Her first snow. (They finally instituted a searching party to find her) All day she'd been tramping about Manhattan, wide-eyed at its white beauty. A fig for 'singer's throat! That snow was something extra to a Floridian.) Her picture on a radio magazine cover. Slim, bright evening gowns designed especially for her by Maybelle Manning. (Even a size twelve has to come in at the waist, she's so tiny.) The memorable purchase of two fluffy Persian cats, now ranking members of the family. Her first interview. (Some of the writers do ask you!) The night she opened at the swank Simpion Club. Publicity pictures. A raccoon coat. Dates to go dancing at famous places. Applause—great waves of it at the New York theatres. (Learning to bow just right was a little trying.) Fan mail thrilled me more than anything yet. I was there five days and I was so excited I bet I didn't sleep five hours the whole time. I don't know why they should have done so much for just me. But the maid's met all the trained and they gave me a banquet and WELCOME, FRANCES was printed in great big letters all over the newspaper! Out of breath she paused. "Honestly, I couldn't sleep a wink after that!"

Glamour. It's grand and wonderful, and she's a lucky girl who falls heir to so glittering a share of it. But after a while, just thinking about the show's sun, the brilliance of the lights, the thunder of the applause—all of it becomes a bit everyday. And a raven-haired little girl finds herself going into ecstasy's, instead, over some Dutch Colonial pieces in a Fifth Avenue furniture store window.

Frances Langford is twenty-one now. No man but the Real Thing could possibly induce her to have a date every night any longer. Instead she reads much, digests a great many movies, sleeps plenty and dotes on 'showing the town' to her Lakeland friends who come up to visit. Outside of that, as she put it, she 'just stays home.' Dates there are, of course, but not awfully many. If you've heard her name sentimentally linked with any of a number of famed masculine nommers you can promptly discount the rumors. For as Frances told me, "So far they're only very good friends."

The Lady of the Blues waits. Wishing He'd come. And while she waits she's saving her money to help bring about a dream. A dream of a rambling stucco house on Florida's Gulf Coast, with a white silk beach for chubby little hands to build sandhouses upon in the sunshine. One boy and one girl. Frances is precise about it.

There's the dream of Him too. She only knows that he'll be gentle and that she'll touch the rainbow's end the moment she first sees his face. Further than that the dream is not quite clear. To you, Frances, I'd say it's all exactly as it should be. It's lovely, it's your heritage, and may the waiting not be long.

And to Mr. X, whover and wherever you may be, I'd like to dedicate a tenuto agitato chorus of "Git gom" to Frances Langford's program, The Colgate House Party, see page 53—9 o'clock Column.

The most complete and unusual program guide in any radio magazine appears each month in Radio Mirror. Turn to page 50. You'll find it useful oil month long.
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 11)

final... Roy Barge, pianist and arranger for Paul Whiteman, and Jean Van Vlissingen, the belle beauty, are holding hands... Ditto Ted Fio-Rito and Lois Wilson... Abe Lyman's romance with Eleanor Powell cooled, and the bandsman is said to regard Dorothy Gulman, the pulchritudinous Chicago pianist, with more than professional interest.

Irene Bordoni, separating from Rene Racey, her booking manager, is supposed to be plotting her marriage to an old English flame, a London film executive. Irene always did favor managers. Remember when E. Ray Goetz, the theatrical producer, was her hubby, or can't you remember that far back?... Harry Richman, not so long ago much smitten on Edith Roark, of Hollywood, has lost her to an Atlantic City politician.

What's this? Lanny Ross and Lydia Roberti holding hands and going gaga!... What heavens, what next?... Sweethearts of Children in Columbia, Tenn., John Mitchell, banjo wizard of Carson Robison's Buckaroos, and Miss Louise Sparrow, a non-professional, were married recently in New York's famous Little Church Around the Corner... Eddie Duchin, the phonemacist who turned pianist, thinks Marjorie Oelrichs has everything.

Madame Sylvia, the Spanish masseuse who wrote a book Hollywood didn't like because of its intimate disclosures and who functions on NBC as a beauty specialist, is reported having domestic difficulties. Her second hubby, Edward Leiter, is much younger than Sylvia. He is an actor and a member of a Chicago family famous in grand opera... Enrico Madriguera likes to play love ballads just for the benefit of Mary Kirk Brown.

Maestro Enoch Light and Mary Danis, his vocalist, have been secretly married two years... Ramona, the ex-wife of Howard Darby, has separated... Her musician husband, has separated. No other man or woman is involved, but 'tis said Ramona thinks marriage is interfering with her career... Vee Lawnhurst is contemplating matrimony again. The piano-playing torch singer is very much interested in a young musician who has appeared on her broadcasts. Vee is a widow and has a son, eight years of age.

Mario Braggiotti and Ann White are closer than Walter Winchell's 20 minutes to 8... Rudy Vallee thought Nita Royale, Hollywood (New York cabaret) eyeball, most charming, but her interest suddenly shifted to a Wall Street broker... But, of course, Rudy is still fond of Webb Ezell, and there's still another Fay (Alice Faye) to be considered, too.

Speaking of Rudy of the Vallee, as Mercury just was, there is a reason why he has plenty of dough. It is because of his New England ideas of thrift. Just listen to this: The Scene is the Newark Airport, where Rudy is boarding an air-liner for Chicago. The man weighing his baggage reports overhead, in the Great Crooner for $2.50 excess fare. Vallee reaches into a bag, removes shoes and other articles of apparel and hands them to his chauffeur with instructions to return them to his town house. The baggage is re-weighed and found within the poundage allowed each passenger, so no further collection is made. According to Rudy's reckoning $2.50 saved is $2.50 earned. No wonder he is a millionaire.

Joy Sweet is the real name of the songstress heard on Roxy's program. Two boys were first born to Papa and Mama Sweet. Then came a girl, and the parents, deliriously happy, christened her Joy—they were that overjoyed... "She's a regular fellow," says Maestro Enoch Light, if the only thing that ever goes to his head is his hat!... Ireland has its harp, Scotland has its bagpipes, but America hasn't got around to adopting a national instrument... Paul Whiteman suggests the piano.

Walter O'Keefe, Eddie East and Ralph Dumke ("Sisters of the Skillet") and Charles Butterworth, the stage and screen comedian, were classmates at Notre Dame... Radio Row's sympathy goes to Conductor Al Good- man, robbed by death of his 14-year-old son, the apple of his eye... James Bowman, director and announcer of the Carbonundum Band program, heard from Niagara Falls, is an adopted brave of the Tuscarora Tribe... Seventy-five people, including actors, musicians, dramatists, sound effect technicians, producers, casting experts and engineers, participate in "The March of Time" broadcasts... Grace Hayes, her radio future assured for that length of time, has leased a house in New Rochelle, N.Y., for two years.

Gertrude Niesen has had her face lifted... Dizzy Dean, the Cardinals' cut-up got $1,000 to tell Admiral Byrd he was the world's greatest pitcher... Rowene Williams, "Hollywood Hotel" audition winner, has changed her first name to Jane... The "K-7" spy stories, first done on the air, have been compiled in book form... George F. Zimmer, former Secret Service agent, is Operator K-7... Billy Jones and Ernie Hare are so near alike physically that they can wear each other's clothes... Grace Moore's success in the pictures has re- vised her own estimate of her value as an opera singer. She is reported as asking $3,500 a night to sing at the Met....

With a great fanfare of trumpets Danny Malone, Irish ballad singer, came to this country to conquer America via the NBC kilocycles. He was pictured as a former steeplechaser and stoker, good to his throat, whose voice had won him fame in London overnight. Despite the elaborate "build-up" Malone failed to click with Amer-
SO TIRED, SO BLUE
Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxatite
Solved Her Constipation

She was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relieved. Then she discovered this laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and think for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25¢ at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed and gold embossed. Also a miniature NR Tablet and NR. Send coupon for passing and posting as A. H. LEWIS CO., Dallas 1-54 St., Louis Mo.

Nature's Remedy

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion. Good for stomach, heartburn. Only 1½c.

LADIES! Make Big Money Giving FREE FACIALS!

You Don't Need Experience We Show You How! The easiest and most pleasant work imaginable. Even without experience and in spare time you can begin making money giving FREE FACIALS. We give you the complete course with everything you need, send for money order now and address for full details—FIELD MADAM WHITE CO. Dept. 16-10, Cincinnati, 6.

RADIO GIRL PERFUME AND FACE POWDER

Invite romance! There's a whole assortment in this exquisite odor. R. 8000 GIRL Perfume and Face Powder, made in lovely new, blushing shade, has the same delightful odor as Radio Girl Perfume.

Write today for FREE SAMPLES Get regular size Radio Girl Perfume and trial size Radio Girl Face Powder. Send 10c in stamps or stamps to cover mailing cost. (Offer good only until Sept. 1st.) Write RADIO GIRL, Dept. R-1, Saint Paul, Minn.

ician audiences and he is now back in his native land. Malone arrived with a repertoire of twenty songs and returned with the same number, for he refused to learn any new numbers while here. Almost as fast as he took back with him the same wife he brought over, although no mention was made in the publicity of his married state for fear it would rob Malone of romantic interest. Malone failed because his untrained voice proved inferior to the average circus man in this country. It takes more than ballyhoo to make a John McCormack of an Irish ballad singer.

ED WYNN is perhaps the most serious of the air comics. Personally he is the antithesis of the zany of the studios. You will get a sidekick on his personality when Mercury tells you be care s so little about Broadway that he visits a night club about once a year. The long illness of his wife, to whom he is tremendously devoted (his loyalty to her is one of the most beautiful legends of the theater) no doubt has had a influence upon the comedian. Their 17-year-old son, however, does much to fill the aching void in Wynn's heart, and he is mighty proud of him.

POSTSCRIPTS

BIG CROSBY's income is now $250,000 a year. . Phil Baker is worrying about his bald spot. . . The Voice of Experience, who thinks nothing of working sixteen hours a day, gets relaxation at prize fights and wrestling bouts. . . Abe Lyman is a silent partner in a string of Pacific Coast restaurants. . . Composer George Gershwin paints for relaxation. Some of his oils have been exhibited in New York City galleries.

He calls himself Whispering Jack Smith, but if he looks into this natural voice loud-speaker listeners would be blown right out of their arm chairs. In ordinary conversation Smith has to lower his tones so that the neighbors won't think he is quarreling with his wife.

Sue Read, a Roxy protégé, was discharged from a Quaker school in Philadelphia for what her teachers called "showing off" . . . John Evans, Canadian tenor whom Roxy is also sponsoring, was a Toronto engineer just a few months ago. His closest friends is Jimmie Doolittle, the flyer. Their friendship dates back to high school days in Los Angeles when Doolittle severely trounced Larry in a wrestling match.

Believe it or not, but Greta Stueckgold has a dachshund which she calls Nuschka Von Freichutz . . . Jane Ace has become a horse owner and her bobby tail is being groomed to run on New York tracks next Summer. Yes, you guessed it—the nag's tag is "Easy Acres." . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra believe in seeing America first. Since their organization they have covered nearly 100,000 miles of territory, playing to an estimated audience of two million.

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why worry and suffer with that rupture or hernia? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought comfort, relief and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving pressure and strain, and the pain of reducible hernia. It has Autonomic power and is not dependent on the use of medicine or surgery. I and draw the broken parts together in every limb. No obnoxious springs or pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, comfortable. Try it! Written Appeal. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Write today for full information in plain, sealed envelope.

R. E. EAKINS, 182-8 State St., Marshall, Michigan
songs for old ones, for roundelays in which the public had already given its approval.

"I let the other singers rehearse for me," Bing says. "They would try out the song on the air, in the theaters, and, listening, I'd hear what they were doing with it, which was becoming popular. That way, when I went on the air, now and then, I sang the songs that had clicked, songs people already loved, and my only task was to try to sing them a bit differently.'" Bing said he didn't think of Dixie Lee. She was safe within his heart. He thought, instead, of people who had been lonely as he had been, the people who had no one to talk to, who had no one dependent upon them, the people who had been too frequent into the darkness of the night and puzzled upon the answer to it all. He sang sincerely because he was touched with pity for the world and gratitude for his good fortune. A Crosby public but to be cried was not only a public of women and young girls. There were thousands of men numbered in it, too.

"I guess men couldn't resent a fat, married guy like me," Bing murmurs.

HE didn't—he still doesn't—think of himself as a crooner, though he doesn't in the least mind being called that. He feels his style of singing, or that of Rudy Vallee's, or Morton Downey's, or any of the others you want to mention, isn't essentially unlike that of the troubadours of the past or the barber shop choruses of grandfather's day.

With the success of his first feature picture, "He Whose Hooked Too Frequent," Bing decided to have songs especially written for him. That gave him the chance to combine the old and the new in just the proportion that he feels is right. "Not one song in 15,000 is a hit," Bing says, but his average makes that all right. Doing four pictures a year, he introduces sixteen new songs and almost all of them land. His current favorite is "Love in Bloom." He likes that better than any he has had in months. He still is amazed at the success of "The Last Roundup." He can't figure why that went over, though he likes to sing it.

His pictures have helped his radio following and his radio following has helped his pictures. His new picture contract, that runs four years with no options, is at an unbelievable figure. Even though the government will get more than forty per cent of it, Bing will still make more than a million.

But he doesn't act at all like the traditional picture of a millionaire, nor yet of a movie idol, nor yet of a crooner.

That's where his shrewdness and his good heart combine to protect him. His happiness is too genuine for him to have to be pretentious. On his sets at the Paramount studios you will find no chairs marked with his name, and if there is only one chair about, it's just as apt to hold a carpenter or an electrician as Bing. And if Bing does want to sit down, he'd never ask the carpenter or electrician to get up. He goes and digs out another chair. It amuses him to kid serious actors and go very low with them. "I'm not in the mood" when the director calls him for a scene, and then wander along, into the lights, and play the scene without a rehearsal so that the whole crew will grin delightfully.

He's the same way on his broadcasts. He will meander in his vague way and his gosh-awful clothes down to the studio to rehearse just for the timing of it. But you can't get him within one-eight of the street over to that he gets into over his golf game.

He lives "like the Swiss Family Robinson," in his own phrase, in a simple house in Toluca Lake, California. There were only Dixie, Bing and one baby, named after his friend, Gary Cooper, when they moved there. Now that there is the addition of Philip Lang Crosby and Michael Dennis Crosby, he has bought a ranch at Delmar, California, just a few miles north of the Mexican border, a few miles inland but overlooking the sea. It was to be an old Spanish land grant and the two houses on it are more than one hundred and fifty years old. Those houses will be guest houses and Bing is building a new one for his family. He thinks the ranch will be swell for the kids.

He wishes he might have a daughter, too, but he's not going to plan on her for some time yet. Gary Evans Crosby and Philip Lang and Michael Dennis are all very fine children. Michael Dennis is a devil. Bing can't imagine whom he takes after.

Generally speaking, he doesn't mingle in the Hollywood or Tin Pan Alley crowd. His pals are Richard Arlen and the aforementioned Gary Cooper. He thinks they are both great performers.

FOR himself he would like to break 70 consistently at golf; and he wishes Dixie would go back in pictures, not for the money of it, but just to show the world what a grand actress she is.

There is only one thing he won't do and that is to go to Los Angeles' famous Cocoanut Grove. Once when he was very obscure he made one of his foolish contracts with them, and later, when he wanted to get out of it, they held him up for a very high figure. Bing has never forgotten.

Otherwise he is very much like his favorite of all songs, a touchingly melodious old song of love sentiment. It is very typical of Bing that he should choose it for his own out of all the songs that he has sung.

It is called "I Love You Truly." With his full and happy life, his new, much-welcomed obligations, can you see why Bing Crosby says, "I Can't Quit Now"?

For Bing Crosby's program see page 51—9 o'clock column.

NERVOUS?
FIDGETY?
IRRITABLE?

Thousands Find Relief in
This Remarkable
Nerve-Nourishing Food

ARE you apprehensive, easily upset? Do little worries make you irritable and disturb your sleep? Do you often feel depressed and nervous? You do? Then you should combat your condition with a special nerve-nourishing food. You should supply your system with extra quantities of the substances now known to be absolutely essential to strong, steady nerves.

These substances are the vitamin B factors, the precious nutritive elements which, science has discovered, give tone to the nervous system and help to keep it stable. Ordinary foods contain only limited amounts of this nerve-protecting vitamin complex. Many common foods contain none at all! Is it any wonder that so many people fail to nourish their nervous system sufficiently to resist the strain of modern living?

There is one easy way that you can supply your nerves with the food substances they should have. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets. These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the vitamin B complex. They are pure yeast—and pure yeast, science now reports, is the richest known food source of the essential vitamin B elements. These elements will nourish your under-fed nerves, strengthen them and give them needed vigor and stability. At the same time they will help you to correct skin disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy. Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c.

Get one today. Begin now to correct your touchy, irritable condition with this remarkable, nerve-nourishing, health-building food!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
You may paste this on a penny post card
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1720 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Postage free sample and descriptive circular.

Name
Address
City State

Page 51—9 o'clock column.
small orchestras who play the more popular classics and light opera very charmingly, and who are well worth listening to.

But when it comes to truly great music, the supply is still far too small. Works by such composers as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky are seldom heard. Symphony orchestras are heard at the most two or three times a week during the winter season.

I realize, of course, that there are many different tastes to be pleased in the matter of radio programs. I am willing to be tolerant of what I don't like (I don't have to listen to it) but I want a fair share of the kind of programs I like.

But too, too often I find myself turning the dials and, finding nothing but crooners, howlers and moaners, turning sadly away again. Those steeped in jungle rhythms won't understand this. They'll think I'm "hillbrow" or pretentious. But they'll be wrong.

Miss Constance Mayens, Jefferson City, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE

AT last my chance has come! I have waited a long time for the time to come when I could express my feelings toward sports announcers. And at last, by chance of starting to read your Radio Mirror my chance has come.

I am a very interested and fond person of sports and knowing that it's impossible to attend all League baseball and football games, I feel that those who enjoy listening to their favorite teams should have the right announcing.

Take for instance: the radio announcer is the fan of some certain ball team—and I am of the other side. If this sports announcer only sees the good plays of the other side he naturally would broadcast their points. But think of us fans who are for the other side just listening to hear something good about our team but only on rare occasions do we hear it. It's not fair in my estimation.

For a fan who likes and admires fairness and squareness in announcing games, I will remain still a sports fan and a Radio Mirror fan.

Miss Emma Plantz, Marinette, Wisc.

$1.00 PRIZE

EDDIE CANTOR'S first broadcast prompts this letter.

Regardless of radio's many critics, radio still holds itself aloof from smutty, cheap entertainment. There is no program but what every member of the family can listen, should they so desire, without fear of suggestiveness. We can not say that truthfully regarding stage and screen. It is a well-known fact that American radio fans are becoming more and more discriminating in musical and dramatic choice. Radio is a real contribution to civilization.

And we in America are most fortunate in radio due to these much criticized advertisers. A few weeks in Europe would soon show us these. The all-mighty B. B. C. of England monopolizes British broadcasting, and it tolerates little criticism of its programs. The listeners in America control the sponsors' choice of material.

Rather than criticize, let us breathe a sigh of relief that we are able to select our programs and such good ones at that. If it's off to the sponsors and radio officials who have assured us the choicest, cleanest entertainment possible! And to Radio Mirror, our guide to the best, our introduction to favorite entertainers! Let us reserve our criticism untill it is justly due, and then constructive criticism let it be!

Laura M. Reece, Mansfield, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

Since the World Series started, nothing has scared me up like a sports announcer (especially baseball) who talks too much.

It's a strain to catch what really happening when so many little details, like papers blowing around on the field etc., are being discussed.

A sponsor can easily be represented without one losing patience, if the product being advertised doesn't have too many good qualities attributed to it with a lot of flowery language. If a few good points are perfectly the same ones each broadcast, then one thinks it's a good product, and worth trying.

Another thing the radio fans of our neighborhood have talked over is the disgustingly way one of our local stations (that bring NBC programs to us) have of bringing a chain program to us for a while and then suddenly shutting the program off and substituting something of their own, something like it.

There are a good variety of radio programs at all times. It has certainly been a life saver, especially because in this time of depression there isn't money for other forms of entertainment. Our children are listening to "First Nighter" at the present moment, which is one of several good plays heard weekly. They are as good as any movie. The children enjoy them.

Mrs. Waldo Dannenbrink, E. St. Louis, Ill.
and merchandise. No other investment has brought half the pleasure and education (to say nothing of cash from radio contests) as my radio.

I sit down to my prosaic task of mending and darning and listen to the opening of Congress, or the Advertising Club program, where brilliant speakers are the order. Grand Opera direct from the Metropolitan glorifies my drab kitchen duties. Educational programs have been of untold value to my growing school boys. Exercise, health and beauty talks have made women beauty conscious.

Radio more than anything else has made the housewife the polished cosmopolite of today. She peruses the be-nighted creature of a few years ago. If radio advertising has done this, I say:

"More power to advertising."

Mrs. R. W. Ballard, Charlotte, N. C.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 47)

BAY REGION

TOM GERUN, NBC maestro, has done much better since he changed his moniker a few years ago from Gerunovich. Don't ask me, I don't know why. What radio editor sold a Kate Smith autobigraph for a bottle of muscatel? Looks like he could at least have held out for a sack of pretzels, too. The season's cyanide sandwich to KFBK, Sacramento, where the owners refuse to give the names of announcers or anything about 'em. "We don't believe in building up any name except our own," they say. Now if I could only think who they are, but I can't. Good old radio palsy walsy.

NBC's nice-looking guitarist, Alvin Rey, is really Al McBirney, a Scotsman and aviator. Ed Fitzgerald, news commentator, just had his pan done in oil by Irving Sinclair, rather noted portrait artist. Wonder if KYA's favorite soprano, Marie Leon, still commutes that hundred miles every day to her lodge in the Santa Cruz mountains.

* * *

KFG, in Stockton, isn't an awfully large station. But around the immediate region it has a host of friends.

Back when he was 18 years old, Bernard E. Cooney was a pretty fair singer and a fine guitar player. In fact, he was in vaudeville for awhile; first on the air through WJR in Detroit; and for several years was heard on KJJF, KFWB and other stations in the southern part of California.

Now, at the age of 26, he is manager of KFG and is also heard announcing and entertaining from time to time. He plays soccer and goes swimming. Of medium build and weight, he has brown hair and eyes and wants his son, aged eight months, to be a news commentator when he grows up.

RADIO MIRROR

TAKE CARE...

Colds-Susceptible!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for fewer, shorter and milder colds.

When Colds Threaten...

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL!

At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, quick! ... Vicks Va-tro-nol! Just a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps to prevent many colds—and to throw colds in their early stages.

(If a Cold Strikes...

... VICKS VAPORUB)

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with VapoRub, the modern way of treating colds. Through the night, its direct two-way action—by stimulation and inhalation—brings soothing relief—without risks of "casing."

(Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds)

ARE YOU THIN AND WEAK?

Bernarr Macfadden's Book, "Gaining Weight," is based on common sense plus a profound knowledge of the human body. His carefully outlined instructions are devised to fit every varying circumstance and condition of the individual. Price 10c.

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.

1926 Broadway

New York

You'll Have Barrels of Fun...

when you learn to play this easy as ABC way

SUGGEST you found you could play easily on your favorite musical instrument! Think of the fun you would have—how much in demand you would be! Do you know that now you can do this in a surprisingly short time? Thousands who never played music until a few months ago are getting thrills of enjoyment from a talent they never knew they had. By this simple new short-cut method you can actually begin to play any popular instrument without knowing one note from another!

The secret of the U. S. School of Music system is simplicity. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, simple diagrammatic pictures, and all the music you need. No grading routine. Study when you feel like it—at home. In an almost unbelievably short time you find that you are actually playing!

FREE PROOF

If social popularity and increased income appeal to you—send today for FREE Demonstration Lesson with illustrated book describing the now famous U. S. School of Music "print-and-picture" method of learning. Just mail the coupon. Then judge for yourself when you receive free lesson and descriptive material. U. S. School of Music, 3061 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.
“MOIST-THROAT” method stopped
Douglas' cough
IN 2 DAYS!

"Douglas had such a bad cough Mrs. M. McKennedy, Brooklyn, N. Y., advised " Pertussin." His cough didn't last two days!"

Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it’s usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Their healthy secretions change. Your throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling... then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat’s moisture quickly. Plebgm loosens—Is "raised" Relief! Pertussin is safe even for babies. Tastes good.

○ Doctors have used Pertussin effectively for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.

○ "It’s wonderful for all coughs," says a down-home, does the work," agrees another.

PERTUSSIN helps nature care your cough

MY nomination for the most famous femme radio performer would go to Martha Wentworth. La Wentworth's present meal ticket is with the KWH "Calling All Stars" over coast Don Lee chain in California. But she has played at most all stations south of the Tehachapi. At the age of 17 she played with Minnie Madderm Fiske in "Dancing Queen" that was not the dancing girl. She was born in New York, married a theatrical producer and slings thirty-seven different dialects.

In the KMTR series on the Presidents she was Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt; the Grand Duchess in Catherine the Great for KJH; Shakespearean roles for KFAC; Mother Frongard in the KFWB Dickens series.

** * **

DIS AND DATA FROM LOS ANGELES

FRIC DE WOLF, financial editor heard over KGER daily, calls himself "De Wolf of Wall Street" which is a claim he shouldn't say, but KFWB's soprano, Rut Durrell, used to pose for hosery ads... write your own caption for that one. The Los Angeles Kentucky Colonel Gus (Gustaphus) Arneim is sometimes called "Elbow-Bender" by his confreres. Baron Keyes back on the air, KECA, with his programs for the kids. Now that we have repeal, the Baron is always sober. Del Campo, new East Coast rave, tenor and baton shaker, debuted heresy of years ago in KJH as Francisco Del Campo, Chilean tenor. Fair fans raved and gushed over the lad and thought his then awkward, pigeon-English was "just too cute for words." But let an announcer mispronounce Chihuahua and the club ladies would label it "atrocius."

** * **

MORE about Al Pearce's NBC fol-licers. Tony Romano, the "Italian Songbird," was born in Fresno nineteen years ago, one of fourteen children. His father is an old-country shoemaker. All the family play and sing. The boy played the clarinet. His father, the school orchestra up in Madera. Four years ago he joined the troupe to play guitar and sing.

Morey Amsterdam, who sometimes calls himself "radio's public enemy," was born in Chicago, went to school in Trisco, and went into vodvil with his brother. He played the 'cello, told jokes and sometimes warped. Now he does the same kind of work on the air and is known cross-country for his "You Lucky People" phrase on broadcasts. He is "that way" about Mabel Todd.

Mabel Todd, Pearce's one and only comedienne, wears funny hats. Her ed-ucation, she says, opened up. When she was in high school she studied only a semester at the University of Southern California. She got a part-ner and did a sister act on the stage; understudied Charlotte Greenwood, sang with Paul Asque at WJAX, and in Chicago, doesn't smoke cigs (or a pipe) and is "that way" about Mr. Amsterdam's little boy, Morey.

LET'S take a look-see at Reno. Of course it hasn't anything to do with New Year's resolutions. But it's a good idea, anyway.

Ralph Freese, Lone station's chief microphonist... announcer to you. Coast audiences have heard him on CBS programs from Reno, and once upon a time Atlantic seaboard fans knew him for his announcing of Roxy's gang, Sen-ator Royal S. Copeland's in southern Sea Islands and other network creations.

He is still a bachelor, aged 33, and thinks he will be for a long while if he continues to be stationed at Reno. Ralph Freese, Lone station's chief microphonist… announcer to you.

The first is music. He studied with some famous teachers and was with the Bal-ладeurs Quartet in New York. The other hobby, recently acquired, is the folk-lore and legends of the Southwest.

Radio's most eligible bachelor in Ne- vada tips the scales at close to 200... five feet ten... brown hair and blue eyes.

WHAT's the farthest west radio station in the U. S.? Why, it's KIEM, at Eureka, California, known as "The Voice of the Redwoods." And if you don't believe it, get out the old family atlas.

KIEM's chief announcer has been just about everything except an under-taker and a salesman. Tool maker, newspaper man, army aviator, ad copy writer, merchant and now to the w. k. mike. And his name is Clifton John-son, of the Stevens Point (Wisconsin) Johnsons.

Clifton was born on Easter morn of 1898 (April 10), but the family later moved to Chicago, where he grew up and went to school. For a small station, KIEM has one of the coast's most versatile mike men. His chief announ- cer has a thousand flying hours to his credit; speaks good French and a smat-tering of Spanish and Italian; is a sports enthusiast; has a baritone voice; married and has two youngsters. Bobb, aged eleven, has already been heard of the air in northern California as a "guest announcer."

** * **

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

The whole crowd around NBC loves Schumann-Heink. From the low-liest page boy to the BIG Boss she’s "Mother." And she works at it. She praises them for good work, worries about them on rainy days, tells them if they smoke too much... and you never hear a swear word anywhere near her. They all act like kids, even the gray-heards, and the toughies, around "Mother."

** * **

DUKE and Izzy Dolan were riding down the outer drive past the World's Fair buildings. It's a nice, wide road and usually cars zip by. But on this night most of the drivers were out just for a ride, taking things easy. They whirled on the radio in the car and settled back to ride along quietly listening to the night's radio fare.

As a matter of fact, the Dolans
AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

New Remington Portable only 10c a day

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Only 10¢ a day buys you latest model machine. Not just a cheap moron typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A complete, hand-operated, self-contained Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back space; automatic ribbon reverse; every essential feature found in standard typewriters. Carrying case free. Big price reduction ... absolutely the biggest typewriter value ever offered! Try it in your home or office 10 days free. If you do not agree that it is the finest portable at any price return it at our expense. Don't delay. We pay cost of shipment direct from the factory to you. You save on the same price. You deliver to your door. Write now!

FREE TYPEWRITER COURSE

Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 184-T, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home. No special training, no experience need. Laura famous "Knitting Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in high demand. No expenses, no act taken. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Making Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
101 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 125, Chicago, Illinois

NO AERIAL NEEDED

Grass Broad Antenna

New Antenna Invention

Perfect Radio Reception

Greater Distance

Eliminates Static and Lightening

Installed in one minute. Satisfaction Price $2.50 Postpaid.

Parish & Bungarder

145 Central Building

Lang. Beach, California

dealers—write for proposition

BEWARE of Dandruff

Executive dandruff (dandruff capital), or skin specialist, often causes baldness. If you have dandruff, be sure your hair is not sitting at the temples and behind the ears—where baldness begins.

The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It has been found to be extremely effective even for complete baldness and extreme loss of hair in cases in which no dandruff is present. It stimulates growth of new hair and helps in the prevention of future baldness. The ingredients are:

- Neem Oil: Helps to remove dandruff and soothe the scalp.
- Castor Oil: Promotes hair growth and provides nourishment to the scalp.
- Aloe Vera: Soothes the scalp and promotes hair growth.

Japanese Oil is a natural solution for healthy and beautiful hair. It is free of harsh chemicals and has been praised by many for its effectiveness in treating dandruff and encouraging hair growth. Try it today and experience the benefits of Japanese Oil for yourself.

FREE JAPANESE OIL

(Two bottles sent free to each new customer.)

NATIONAL REMEDY CO.
55 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago 60

Get a written receipt—get a written guarantee.

The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It has been found to be extremely effective even for complete baldness and extreme loss of hair in cases in which no dandruff is present. It stimulates growth of new hair and helps in the prevention of future baldness. The ingredients are:

- Neem Oil: Helps to remove dandruff and soothe the scalp.
- Castor Oil: Promotes hair growth and provides nourishment to the scalp.
- Aloe Vera: Soothes the scalp and promotes hair growth.

Japanese Oil is a natural solution for healthy and beautiful hair. It is free of harsh chemicals and has been praised by many for its effectiveness in treating dandruff and encouraging hair growth. Try it today and experience the benefits of Japanese Oil for yourself.

BEWARE of Dandruff

Executive dandruff (dandruff capital), or skin specialist, often causes baldness. If you have dandruff, be sure your hair is not sitting at the temples and behind the ears—where baldness begins.

The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It has been found to be extremely effective even for complete baldness and extreme loss of hair in cases in which no dandruff is present. It stimulates growth of new hair and helps in the prevention of future baldness. The ingredients are:

- Neem Oil: Helps to remove dandruff and soothe the scalp.
- Castor Oil: Promotes hair growth and provides nourishment to the scalp.
- Aloe Vera: Soothes the scalp and promotes hair growth.

Japanese Oil is a natural solution for healthy and beautiful hair. It is free of harsh chemicals and has been praised by many for its effectiveness in treating dandruff and encouraging hair growth. Try it today and experience the benefits of Japanese Oil for yourself.

FREE JAPANESE OIL

(Two bottles sent free to each new customer.)

NATIONAL REMEDY CO.
55 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago 60

Get a written receipt—get a written guarantee.
$1,000.00
SONGS OF ROMANCE
CONTEST

Name These Pictures With Titles or Lines from Songs Your Parents Sang and You Still Sing Today

BIG CASH PRIZES!

The PRIZES

First Prize .......................... $400.00
Second Prize .......................... 150.00
Third Prize .......................... 50.00
Ten Prizes, Each $10.00............. 100.00
Twenty Prizes, Each $5.00......... 100.00
100 Prizes, Each $2.00.............. 200.00
Total 133 Prizes, $1,000.00

YOU CAN WIN!
FOR FULL INFORMATION
SEE PAGE 142
OF THE NEW
DECEMBER ISSUE OF TRUE
STORY NOW ON
SALE AT ALL
NEWS STANDS–
15¢

HERE'S a contest that goes straight to your heart. A contest that recalls the songs your father and your mother heard and sang. Songs of romance and gaiety. Songs they sang on picnics and on straw rides. Songs they sang at the fireside on winter nights. Songs that you sing today, for they are part of the romantic history of the nation.

The brief, simple rules tell you exactly how to turn your memory toward a prize award. Nine pictures will be published in all. Save all pictures until your set of nine are complete before you send in your entry.

TRUE STORY FOR ALL OF THE FAMILY
THE TRAGEDY OF A WOMAN-CRAZY HUSBAND

READ

Beauty Hungry!

REVEALED BY

THE WIFE WHO LOVED HIM

Some wives go through life without ever encountering the problem of a rival. Most, sooner or later, are called upon to face a situation involving a younger, more seductive woman. And they find it necessary to summon every element of feminine tact if they are to triumph over the interloper in their husband's affections. Consider then the confusion of Gayle Myher who was confronted by a score of rivals—for her artist husband seemed incurably beauty hungry. It was not that he did not love Gayle. He adored her—completely. But every time he met a beautiful woman he was possessed by some strange demon that, in spite of himself, made him forget all else. He got away with it until—but read for yourself Gayle's own account of her bravest struggle to hold her husband. A vivid, arresting, enthralling, completely human document you'll long remember, "Beauty Hungry." Complete in December True Story.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

A Bandit Made By Love • Hollywood's One-Man Woman • Three Ring Girl • When a Man's Helpless • Spoilers of Women • The Devil's Music • The Man I Loved and the Man I Hated • Under Cover of Marriage • The Husband Who Cheated • Stranger Than Fiction • Your Favorite Screen Stars • Home Problems Forum • True Story Homemaker.

On the Air!

Every Friday Night THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS presents a gripping dramatization of a story from the current issue over WABC and the following COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM stations:

WADC • WOKO • WCAO
WNAC • WGR • WBMM
WRC • WKH • CKLW
WDBC • WCAU • WIAS
WEAN • WFBL • WJSV
KMBC • WCCO • WOWO
WHAS • KMOX • WHEC
WSBP • WORC • KIS
KSL • KHI • KOIN
KGB • KFRC • KOL.KVI
KFPY • KERN • KMJ
KFBE • KDB • KWG

File your verdict on the story and win a valuable award each week.

8:30    7:30    8:30
Eastern  Central  Pacific
Time     Time     Time
RELIEVE ACID INDigestion WITHOUT HArsh, RAW AlKaliES!

Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

Heartburn is distressing. But there’s no longer any need to resort to harsh alkaloids in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or indigestion.

Strong, water-soluble alkaloids taken in excess may change the stomach juices completely—swallowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and safe relief for acid stomach in TUMS. TUMS contains no soda or any other water-soluble alkaloid—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, TUMS dissolves and is unsoluble and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You’ll be grateful for the wonderful relief. Be a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll package, only 25c.

Why Cap’n Henry Really Quit the Showboat

(Continued from page 13)

any things which I think are errors in judgment and I hope some day I can have the opportunity to correct.

"For instance, inconsistencies in program scripts which seem to slip by every so often. Just the other night I tuned in a wild-west show and a hero actor drawl, 'Come, gal, I'm a goin' to take you away on my horse,' and before either of the characters had a chance to put his foot in the stirrup, the sound of hoofsbeats came over the loudspeakers.

"Even in the Showboat Hour, lines were written which I thought were badly done. Remember how Maria would say, 'Henry, did you get that telegram?' I'd say, 'Maria, I did.' She would reply, 'Henry, hadn't you better answer it?' I'd say, 'Maria, you are dead right.'

"It's all that repetition of names I dislike. In my opinion, once the characters are established, either by an introduction or one or two lines of speech, names are no longer necessary. Time and energy are badly wasted this way.

WINNINGER paused and walked over to the window which looked down on crowded Forty-first street. He lighted a fresh cigarette and continued:

"Then, too, not enough time is spent in rehearsing a radio program. Look at what is done for a Broadway show. Four, five, six weeks are put in preparation, and then the play is taken outside of New York for the opening before it comes to Broadway.

"In radio, I would come in at ten-thirty Thursday morning for the first rehearsal. At four-thirty we'd have dress rehearsal, and at eight-thirty that night I'd be in the studio for the regular broadcast.

"How in heaven's name can any actor or actress be expected to take new lines and cues and put them over in the right way? If I ever have my own program, it won't be days but it will be at least a week of rehearsing.

"I'd like to come back to radio in the spring," he concluded, "or perhaps even sooner, if my show ends its run by then. But whenever I do, I hope that I can have my own way about the program I'm on, at least long enough to try out my theories. I've been in the theater long enough to know that all entertainment is the same and that the stage is the best preparation for giving good entertainment.

Before he could continue, a stentorian voice floated up from the depths of the theater.

"Hey, Winninger, we're waiting for you for the next scene.

"'Goodbye,' Winninger called over his shoulder. "'Thanks for the chance to explain, and remember—if I get my own show on the air, it'll be only the beginning, folks, ONLY the beginning.' Then he was gone down the iron stairs.
out and started up the bank. Moving closer, I could make out indistinctly in the half-light an abandoned clay hut, completely surrounded by poplars. Jacques went directly to it and disappeared inside.

LINGERED on the shore until dusk, trying to steady my nerves and clear my thoughts. Then, making up my mind, I plunged into the freezing waters of the canal. Little fringes of ice had formed along the far edge. It was cold enough for late fall. Holding my service automatic above my head, I swam across.

Stream ing with water, my hair plastered to my forehead, I crawled up the opposite bank. Fifty feet ahead I saw a tiny light pouring out through the chinks in the hut. By now the last filtered rays of the setting sun had been blotted out. A low wind moaned through the trees and struck against my chilled body.

Holding my breath, I worked my way closer. A strange business! Spying on the man who was my friend? Could Jacques be the German informer? It was hard to believe, but what else was he doing with that bundle? At least, if I was lucky, I would find out in a minute or two.

While I was planning my line of attack I heard a sudden scuffling of feet and then a door swung open. Jacques stepped out into the light and held up his hand. I caught a glimpse of white feathers, heard the faint beating of wings. A carrier pigeon! That settled it. Jacques must be the spy!

When he stepped back inside, I made out the back of the man I was stalking. Bent over a low table on which two candles had been placed, a few feet apart, he was busily scratching out a message on white paper. Near him, in small, compact crates, were three more carrier pigeons. My heart resumed its heavy pounding. Here was the evidence I needed to convict him of espionage. At his elbow rested a German code book.

Now to take Jacques Renee, or whatever his real name was, alive!

Gathering my legs under me, I grasped the door handle. With a spring I burst into the room, gun drawn. Jacques came to his feet with a crash, despair contorting his features.

"Healy!" he cried. "Don't shoot!"

The sound of my name checked me a moment. I stopped short, keeping him covered with the blunt nose of my automatic.

"It's all up, Jacques," I told him sharply.

"Yes, I've been expecting this for some time," he replied, more calmly. After the first pang of fear had left him, he seemed more sure of himself. "Well, I'm ready. Shall we go?"

Reflecting all the evidence I could find in the bare room, I forced Jacques to pick up the pigeons and we started on our way back. Into the skiff we went, Jacques first, then myself. We rowed to a spot near town in silence.

I WAS bursting with curiosity, but not until we reached Headquarters did Jacques tell his story. We promised him his life in exchange for the secret of his successful spying.

Every third day, he told us, a German plane would fly over the canal and drop four carrier pigeons. And right then we saw how short-sighted we had been. It proved that it's the signs under your nose you usually overlook.

Jacques had cut the top out of a poplar tree standing in plain sight at the edge of the canal. Anyone looking for it could have seen it. That was his real secret. That way, he had formed a regular chute into which the aviator could safely drop the pigeons. Then Jacques would row by, pick them up, go to the hut and write his messages.

He had turned into a spy, in the first place, although he was a Frenchman, because of his place of birth—Alsace.
Lorraine, which, during his youth, was pro-German.

The third day we stationed a man in the marked tree, a machine gun in his lap. Sure enough, right on schedule the same plane came into view. As it flew overhead, our man fired two rounds of shot down across the road and we took the aviator alive.

From then on, our hidden batteries were left unmoled. The Germans never found out what had gone wrong, and they did not dare send another spy into the village.

There's a sequel to this story I hate to tell, because the joke was on me. But it wouldn't be complete without this last incident.

After Jacques had confessed, that black night at Headquarters, I was ordered to give his rooms in the village a thorough search for further evidence. This was the order I'd been hoping for since the hour I caught Jacques. His possessions, of course, would be turned over to the authorities, and, with them, his prized collection of stamps. It would be a fitting reward, I thought, if I were presented with that collection.

The next morning, next morning, without stopping for breakfast, I rushed to Jacques' rooms. At first a hurried, then more minute, search disclosed nothing in the nature of evidence, but, what was also meant for me—just then—there was no stamp book.

Back at the army prison, I queried Jacques. His face lit up with the old familiar smile when I told him about my fruitless quest for his stamps.

"Ah, man who's humble without rancor," I gave you English more credit for speed. I was expecting a visit a week before you came, so naturally I shipped my personal belongings home to Alsace-Lorraine. I am afraid my beautiful stamp book went with Jacques."

"C'est la guerre, you know."

Don't fail to read the exciting spy story which Captain Healy tells about in next month's Radio Mirror. He's the only man I can tell it to you because he's the only man who knows about it!

Is Radio Menacing Civilization?

"Yes," Says Dr. Charles G. Shaw

(Continued from page 40)

our digestive ability is slowed down under the influence of noise.

"Radio, then, impairs our minds and bodies, threatens to tear down what we have labored so hard to build up. Why shouldn't we consider it before we increase radio's use and power at such a headlong pace? We have the instrument at our command. Why can't we put on a higher type of program? Why can't radios be insulated so as to cut down their irritating electric waves and why can't the local laws in each city be enforced to reduce radio noises."

"After all, radio is a free instrument which we can bend to good, instead of..."
the harmful courses we are allowing it to pursue at present," Dr. Shaw concluded.

"No," Says Dr. Nicola Tesla
(Continued from page 41)

I believe everyone will admit; yet if you concentrate sunlight in excessive quantities, it is very destructive. You can burn a weed by too much sunburn. Now, are we to become frightened because a wave whose power is the tiniest fraction of the sun's rays, is being used extensively?

"As to the danger from free radio waves in the air striking buildings and air ships and causing serious accidents, that again is highly improbable. For by proper adjustments we can protect every ship floating on water or in the air against the effect of these waves.

"I can appreciate people's complaining about the noise radio makes, because at one time I was terribly affected by all noises. No matter what kind, noises are extremely irritating.

"But remember, the degree of how mature we feel the radio industry is, it is still in the fast stage, in its infancy, and so a lot of unnecessary noise is being made. Radio apparatus still isn't properly designed. But gradually, objectionable features will be eliminated by improvement in radio equipment itself."

Eating for Beauty & Health
(Continued page 55)

every hour before hunger has become too demanding and she intends to go on it again for the longer period.

Personally I've evolved a special toning-up regimen of my own and can recommend it, unconditionally to all those who are not suffering from any organic ailments. It is always well to consult a physician about any disease and it is essential in cases where there is any chronic heart, liver or kidney condition or where the appendix has been troublesome at all.

I suggest a weekend when all engagements must be refused and one's friends advised to stay away. Start on Saturday morning, if possible. Take a bath, then a purge which will clean the body of all matter. Every hour take a large glass of pure orange juice—see that the oranges are squeezed just before you drink the juice. Relax. You can read or just lie there and don't let your troubles bother you. Forget them for this period. On Monday morning, take a large glass of milk before or after breakfast and have a little cheese. A baked potato may be included in the dinner menu and perhaps a slice of whole wheat toast, buttered if you're not worrying about your figure.

RADIO MIRROR

$1 Meant So Little to Jim
-- but it would have saved us from poverty now!!

Jim never thought he would be left to try to support myself and my children. " Couldn't happen" to us! But it DID. And now we're destitute!

He was always so generous and just one dollar would have meant protection for us now. Oh, if Jim had only known! ...

Suppose YOUR wife should suddenly have to face this tragic problem? It need never happen! One dollar can provide for your loved ones now with standard legal reserve LIFE INSURANCE (not just accident insurance).

Real Protection—Big Saving

This new plan answers today's needs—provides for tomorrow's. Only $1 a month protects your family at once. Chart shows exactly how much Postal Life Insurance this small sum buys. $1,194 at age 21, $1,003 at age 28, for example. Two dollars buys twice as much, etc. How can Postal give so much for so little? Because this is standard "Modified Life" policy on which premiums for first 5 years are only one-half the premiums payable later (dividends, as earned reduce your premiums). And because Postal has NO AGENTS. Under strict N. Y. State Insurance law, "Postal" for 29 years has meant safety, quick payments, protection.

Safeguard Your Family Now

1. Decide how much insurance you need, and send first month's premium with coupon below. If application is not accepted, we return your money at once. No risk. Make SURE that, no matter what happens, your family will be eternally grateful that you mailed this coupon today!

Postal Life Insurance Co.
176 Postal Life Building, New York, N. Y.

I wish to apply for.............. of Postal Life Insurance.
I enclose first month's premium of (check which):
$.............. (1, 2, 5, 10)

Exact date I was born

My Occupation

Full premium to be returned to me if application is not accepted.

Name

Address

Postal Life Insurance.

Dialing the Short Waves
(Continued from page 48)

by the continual opening and closing of the window. That insulating sleeve can hide a break perfectly. The clips usually provided on such strips are good—but not good enough; solder to the strips.

Keep the lead-in at least two inches from the outside wall of the house except at the point of entry. Farther, it is possible. Don't let it rub on cornices, metal gutter, eaves, and so forth, or you'll have trouble with it.

If your set is not designed for use with a doublet, you can get special antenna couplers which are often satisfactory, or you can use a noise reduction lead-in with a single antenna. One of the two lead-in wires connects to the antenna wire; the other simply runs to an insulator a few inches from the point on the antenna where the first lead-in is connected.

It is well to have the aerial on masts, well above the roof, especially in installations on steel buildings. Ten feet is a good height for the mast's—a greater height is even better. Of course many sets will work with short, indoor aerials or antenna eliminators, but if you want strong signals from distant stations, you really need a good outdoor aerial.

The ground connection, if one is used, is equally important. Sometimes a steam pipe will do very nicely, but a cold water pipe is even better. Make sure that you're getting a good ground on it. As an added precaution, it is well to connect one end of a piece of heavy (6 or larger) wire to the pipe where it enters the meter, and the other end to the pipe leaving the meter. If you live in the country, the ground may be soldered to a sheet of brass or copper buried deep enough so that the earth around it is always moist, or a six-foot length of galvanized iron pipe may be driven into the soil, the ground wire being soldered to its upper end. Use approved ground clamps in connecting to pipes which are full of water.

The lightning arrester, too, may be a source of trouble. If it is of the type which employs a spark gap that is not enclosed, dirt between the points
850,000 Customers have *proved* the economy of FACTORY PRICES

You'll thrill at the FACTORY PRICES in this NEW, FREE Kalamazoo Catalog—just out. You'll marvel at the beautiful new Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Heaters—new styles, new features, charming new color combinations.

**200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces**

Mail coupon now—get this exciting, colorful Free catalog, sparkling with over 175 illustrations—200 styles and sizes—174 Ranges, 12 Different Heaters; 22 Furnaces—the finest Catalog Kalamazoo ever printed. More bargains than in 20 Big Stores—Come straight to the Factory. Quality that over 850,000 satisfied customers have trusted for 34 years.

**What This Catalog Offers You**

1. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces—both pipe and one-register type—all at FACTORY PRICES.
2. Cash or Easy Terms—Year to Pay—A New Money Saving Payment Plan.
3. 30 Days FREE Trial—360 Days Approval Test.
4. 24 Hour Shipment—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
6. 5 Year Parts Guarantee.
7. FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service.

The "Oven That Floats in Flame"

Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and other new features. Everybody will be talking about this FREE Catalog.

**Quality Heaters and Furnaces**

Many styles of Porcelain Enamel Heaters—both Walnut and Black. Also Wood-burning stoves at bargain prices. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price and installing it yourself. Thousands do. It's easy. Send rough sketch of your rooms. We furnish FREE plans.

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

You don't have to pay more than the Factory Price. Don't "guess" at quality. Follow the lead of 850,000 others who saved millions of dollars by buying their stoves direct from the men who make them. Come straight to the Factory. Mail coupon now for this interesting FREE Catalog.

**FREE Catalog**

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Prepare for a Cold Winter**

20 inches wide Fire Door takes logs 11½ inches thick, 18 inches long.

22½ inches wide Fire Pot takes big chunks of coal. Holds fire 15 hrs.

**NEW FRANKLIN HEATER**

---

Name...........................................
Address..........................................
City...........................................State.............

(Please Print Name Plainly)
DELICIOUS—quality chewing gum in a crisp candy coating. You are sure to like them.

FLAVORFUL—choose your favorite Tempters from Peppermint, Spearmint, Wintergreen, Cinnamon, or Tutti-Frutti. Try one of each. You'll like them all.

COLORFUL—a different and tempting color for every sparkling flavor.

FRESH—the candy coating seals the flavor in 'til your first exciting taste.

Four Tempters in a transparent pack. Three packs for five cents. Five flavors to choose from. Chew them every day.
The Untold STORY of RADIO'S Really Unique BROADCAST

How LOVE Came to JESSICA DRAGONETTE

The WOMAN Behind AMOS and ANDY
Here's a Quick Way to Put On
10 to 15 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh
and Feel Like a Million Dollars!

Kelp-a-Malt, the New Mineral Concentrate From the Sea—Rich in Newer Form of NATURAL IODINE—Guarantees 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost

Men and Women Everywhere Amazed at Results

Thousands of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "naturally skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month, 5 lbs. in 1 week, are reported regularly.

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight through a "2 ways in 1" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals stimulates the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. And these minerals are needed by virtually every organ and for every function of the body.

Second, Kelp-a-Malt is rich in NATURAL IODINE—the mineral needed by a vital organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm, solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1660 lbs of beef. More iron and copper than 2 lbs. of spinach or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how fat you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so don't accept imitations. Start Kelp-a-Malt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 63 tablets to the address below.

Comparison of Minerals in KELP-A-MALT vs. VEGETABLES

3 Kelp-a-Malt Tablets contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

Special Free Offer

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is. It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, afraid to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of “pink tooth brush” have led to their own unsightly results. No one is immune from “pink tooth brush.” Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale “tinge of pink” appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
And, neglected, that “tinge of pink” is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent’s disease—even pyorrhea. Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile will be the magic thing it should be!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
special features

Pageant of the Airwaves .................................................. 4
One Man's Family ............................................................ 6
Meet Sam Hayes the Richfield Reporter .............................. Edward Churchill 11
From Dawn to Dusk .......................................................... 13
The Woman Behind Amos 'n Andy ................................. Ruth Gari 15
A fascinating exclusive revelation
Say, You Can't Do That! ................................. Mort Lewis 16
You'll be amazed at how sensitive their public sometimes is
The Untold Story of a Really Unique Broadcast .............. Fred Sammis 18
Come behind the scenes of this unusual nine-year-old program
How Love Came to Jessica Dragontette ........................... Mary Jacobs 20
If you thought there was no romance in her life, read this!
Revealing the Romance of John Barclay ........................... Adele Whitely Fletcher 28
5 Rules Winchell Never Breaks ........................................ Dora Albert 31
Learn Walter's code which explains why he's successful
Rosa Ponselle Didn't Think She Could Sing! ..................... Fred Rutledge 32
Secrets that only one town in America could unfold
Orphan Boy ................................................................. 34
Now Freddy Martin is an orchestra leader, but once—
The Pickens Sisters on Dress Parade ............................... 36
My Own Spy Stories ....................................................... Captain Tim Healy 42
Another engrossing adventure
They Ate and Grew Slender .......................................... Dorothy Brooks 44
Profit by the experience of Jane Williams and Leah Roy

unusual departments

Radio Mirror's Roll of Honor ........................................... 22
Eddie Cantor takes first place this month
What's New on Radio Row? ............................................. Jay Peters 38
Coast-to-Coast Highlights ................................................
Chicago ................................................................. Chase Giles 40
Pacific ............................................................... Dr. Ralph L. Power 41
Homemaking Department .................................................
In the Stars' Kitchens .................................................. Joyce Anderson 46
Skin Comfort and Perfection ............................................ 47
Dialing the Shortwaves .................................................... Terry Miles 48
Laughs with the "Hams" .....................................................
Reflections in the Radio Mirror ........................................ 49
The Editor has something to say
We Have With Us .......................................................... 50
Our valuable program finder
What Do You Want to Know? ......................................... 54
What Do You Want to Say? ............................................. The Oracle 54
Letters from our readers

Cover Portrait
BING CROSBY

by A. Mozart

radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN - ASSISTANT EDITOR

VOL 3 NO 4
FEBRUARY 1935

In March RADIO MIRROR:
A startling confession about Rudy Vallee made by Alice Faye  ... 
a fascinating new slant on Eddie Cantor's Life ... The Human Side of
the "Met," taking you behind the scenes with those glamorous opera stars
... A story about Gracie Allen that reveals her as a girl who's always been
scared to death—a surprising feature!

RADIO MIRROR'S
Gallery of Stars

Harriet Hilliard .......................................................... 23
Ben Bernie .............................................................. 24
Block and Sully .......................................................... 25
Vivienne Segal .......................................................... 26
—and So to Bedlamville ............................................... 27

radio MIRROR (Copyright 1935) is fully protected by copyright, and the contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part
without permission. Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey, Executive and
editorial office, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Bernard Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Engel van Wise-
man, Sales Representatives; Carroll Krehinston, Advertising Director. Entered as second class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen,
New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.00 a year; 10c a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba,
Mexico and Panama $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.00 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk,
every effort will be made to return those found unsuitable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such
matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.
HELLO, ETHEL. MY, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL! BEEN ON A VACATION?

NO SUCH LUCK! I'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE IN TOWN ALL THE TIME

WELL, I MUST SAY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS! I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I TAKE IT EASY NOW. I NEVER TOUCH A WASHBOARD ANY MORE

YOU MEAN YOU HAVE A LAUNDRESS?

WHO CAN AFFORD THAT NOWADAYS? I USE RINSO, THE SOAP THAT SOAKS OUT DIRT. IT SAVES SCRUBBING

RINSO ACTUALLY SAVES SCRUBBING? DIRT FLOATS OUT BY ITSELF?

YES—WITHOUT COATING! WITHOUT BRUTE FORCE! CLOTHES LAST 20 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—YOU'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY THIS WAY

NEXT WASHDAY

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! MY WASH IS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER—WITHOUT SCRUBBING! RINSO IS MARVELOUS, I MUST USE IT FOR DISHES, TOO

KEEPs COLORS FRESH AND BRIGHT, TOO

RINSO is great in washers, too—makers of 40 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—even in hardest water. No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinso suds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight—or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be safe. Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST—A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!

MYRTLE'S TO BE MARRIED SOON. WE WANT TO GIVE HER SOMETHING FROM THE OFFICE....

SO YOU'RE COLLECTING FOR A WEDDING PRESENT AGAIN? NOW ABOUT GIVING YOU ONE SOME DAY....

LATER

IT HURT TO HAVE MR. DATES SAY THAT I WAS NEARLY ENGAGED ONCE.... THEN HE SEEMED TO LOSE INTEREST

YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR! I WANT TO SEE YOU HAPPY, DON'T BE ANGRY IF I GIVE YOU A LITTLE HINT ABOUT "BO" AND USING LIFEBOUY....

"BO" GONE—a prophecy comes true!

BY JOVE... A RING! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? A WEDDING PRESENT FOR YOU NEXT

YOU WIN... BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL LIKELY WHEN YOU SAID IT

A grand complexion soap—Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (body-odor) is a year-round problem. Cold days or hot—play safe! Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and deodorizes pores. Its quickly-vanishing, extra-clean scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Radio Mirror's PAGEANT
WALK AND TALK WITH

First Nighters Caught in the Act

THREE players, June Meredith, Don Ameche, and Cliff Soubier, have brought Friday night's First Nighters to national prominence. In the picture above, besides these three, are Bruce Kamman, NBC director, standing; Eric Sagerquist, musical director, at the left; Charles P. Hughes "The Genial First Nighter," in the background, and other members of the supporting cast. Soubier also stars as end man for the Sinclair Greater Minstrels, under the direction of Gene Arnold, who first brought Cliff to ether fame, over four years ago.

Below, you will find Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, who have risen to rapid fame. Their interpretations of roles in Woodbury's Dangerous Paradise have brought this 745 show into the spotlight. A tale of murder, Canadian mounties, and North woods—the program runs the gamut of emotions.

Dangerous Paradise Headliners

ABOVE, H. V. Kaltenborn can well claim as loyal a following as any man on the air. Fans will remember him as the news reporter who brought to the mike extemporaneous remarks by Congressional favorites. He was one of the first of the commentators for CBS and is currently taking Frederic William Wile's place in Washington. You can tune in his salty commentaries Friday nights during dinner.
of the AIRWAVES
GLAMOROUS FOLK IN RADIO'S COLORFUL CARAVAN

ABOVE, Roxy's Revue, which features such hitherto unknowns as Sue Read, a little Quaker girl from Philadelphia who came to New York, enlisted Jessica Dragonette's aid in getting her started, sang once for Roxy, and went on his show. Ambitious young vocalists, take heed: Roxy gives any beginner who wants to sing an audition.

MARK the work of Stephanie Diamond, young feminine stooge for Joe on his Bakers' broadcasts, Sunday nights. Stephanie was born in Pittsburgh just twenty-five years ago. She writes poetry as a side line. Her burning ambition of the moment is to become a definite radio personality by her own admission.

Right, Lennie Hayton hits the spotlight every Wednesday. He is musical director for comic Fred Allen's show, and is given a piano solo each week.

Studio Study of Roxy Revue
One of the most popular sketches of family life has come into its own. Kentucky Winners cigarettes are sponsoring it on an NBC coast-to-coast hook-up. Above, having fun with some boats, are Winifred Wolfe who plays Teddy, Michael Raffetto who plays Paul, and Billy Page, who is Jack, youngest son of the famous Barbour family. In the circle, at ease, is J. Anthony Smythe who is cast as the father, Henry Barbour, a present day successful business man. Seated in his lap is Bernice Berwin who plays the oldest daughter, Hazel; kneeling at his left is Kathleen Wilson, the feminine half of the Barbour twins (Claudia). Left, Teddy (Winifred Wolfe) is trying to help the baby twins (Hank and Pink) out of a predicament.
Reduce your WAIST AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS

with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE or it won’t cost you one cent!

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

"I read an ‘ad’ of the Perfelastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder."

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

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

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

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

You can TEST the Perfelastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days ... at our expense!

Does excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

- Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfelastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercise!

- The wonderful part of the quick Perfelastic method is its absolute safety and comfort. You take no drugs... no exercise...

- you eat normal meals... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfelastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

- The Perfelastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

- You can prove to yourself that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost...

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 282, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfelastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City __________________ State __________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card
PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Socony-land's Small Town Boys

Jack Benny's Jello Maestro

WLW's Local Songstress Favorite

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Impersonator
Soconyland's Small Town Boys

Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen—you catch 'em Saturday nights—are all made up for their parts as typical residents of a New England village. Seth Parker and Fennelly both claim the title of originator of this role. You can also hear Fennelly as he draws country fashion on Kate Smith's Matinees. He is, in addition, one of radio's most prolific writers.

Jack Benny's Jello Maestro

Don Bestor is one of NBC's highest salaried musical directors; his work during the week includes the rehearsal of several studio orchestras and jazz bands. On Jack Benny's Sunday night shows Don can be heard reading lines which the comic has given him. He usually teams with Frank Parker, the Jello tenor.

WLW's Local Songstress Favorite

Mary Elizabeth Woods came to the Dodge Showdown Revue, over WLW Sunday evenings, billed as the Kentucky Songbird. Radio claimed Mary when she became a winner in the 1930 Atwater-Kent Contest. Her one diversion is horse racing; only fit and proper for a gal from the blue grass region. Home: Cynthiana, Kentucky; college: University of Kentucky.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Impersonator

Jerry Mann is one of those forgotten men who are known to radio audiences as "voices." In Jerry's case, he would be known as several different voices, for his job is that of impersonating. He was on the stage as a juvenile, doing the same work, under the tutelage of Showman Gus Edwards. His radio debut came on a Lum and Abner broadcast. He is twenty-two years old now and on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Show.
1. There is a definite reason for those entertaining orchestrations which are sandwiched in between operatic numbers on the three Chesterfield programs each week. Andre Kostelanetz—birthplace, pre-revolution Russia—has surrounded himself with a unique board of review. This group composed mostly of Harvard graduates, is called upon to pass on every musical arrangement before Andre begins his daily rehearsals.

2. "What music can mean to you" might well be the title of the new Tuesday night programs under the direction of Howard Barlow. He is in charge of a Music Appreciation series, in which, as narrator, he explains to listeners the significance of classical pieces.

3. Doris Sharp, petite brunette receptionist at CBS, has found daytime shows open for new talent. While holding down her job as receptionist she managed to do professional singing with various bands in New York. This fall she was hired for various spots on variety broadcasts.

4. The girl who is responsible for those appealing vocals on the Philip Morris program is Sally Singer of the Leo Reisman orchestra. She is a native of New York State. Her first public appearance was made on an honest-to-goodness showboat.

5. The Midwest's brightest spot in dramatic sketches can now be heard from coast-to-coast. Vic and Sade have been taken under the wing of a sponsor who holds options for the next five years. They are now heard five days a week, at 1:30 P.M. EST.
MEET SAM HAYES, The RICHFIELD REPORTER

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

What is behind the best-known voice on the Pacific Coast?

THIS is the Richfield Reporter speaking...

Sam Hayes is behind that voice—blue-eyed, brown-haired Samuel Stewart Hayes, standing six feet and two inches before the microphone, clad in Scotch tweeds—posed for a staccato delivery of world events. Sam Hayes, nimble-tongued, thirty-year-old son of a Presbyterian minister, who has come up from poverty to possess the best-known radio voice west of the Rocky Mountains.

He has been on the job at 10 o'clock for the past three years over six Pacific Coast stations—KFI at Los Angeles, KPO at San Francisco, KOMO, Seattle, KPSP, San Diego, KHQ, Spokane and KGW, Portland—the Pacific Coast network of the National Broadcasting system. He makes speeches before clubs, handles his own fan mail, appears in and lends his voice to approximately 15 motion pictures a year, broadcasts football games—he holds the championship for the number of games covered in a single season, twenty-eight—and finds time for horseback riding and an occasional game of golf.

Sam Hayes, direct descendant of Ruth
erford B. Hayes, one-time President of the United States, was born in Cookeville, III., on Nov. 4, 1904, the son of Wilbur Lafayette Hayes, Presbyterian preacher.

Sam attended school at Birmingham, Mich., where he dropped his education with jobs. Clergyman Hayes died when Sam was nine. Mrs. Hayes, becoming Mrs. Roy by a second marriage, left Sam and brother Dudley in Birmingham when she went to California. Sam, veteran of newspaper corners, nursed a paralytic banker for a year, then joined his mother and step-father.

When Sam first came to California his parents had money. He attended Manual Arts High School. The money ran out and Sam returned to toil to which, by this time, he had become inured. For two years he sold window shades, bonds and anything else handy. He returned to school, entering Hollywood High School, when the family fortunes were slightly recouped. He became interested in the stage, appeared in amateur theatricals, won a scholarship to Stanford University by winning the state declamation contest and the state debating championship in 1924. He won the declamation honors by delivering a sermon written by his late father and delivered in Carlinville, III., on May 3, 1887.

The problem of making a living as well as studying faced Sam. He played freshman polo, appeared in college plays and studied—but he found time to become commercial. He developed an orange juice corporation which at first supplied all fountains at Palo Alto with orange juice. Realizing the possibilities of expansion and being a super-salesman, he was soon supplying all fraternity houses with liquid vitamins and producing punches for social affairs. His gross profits grew to $1,800 a month and often he made $450 net, during a like period.

He eventually decided that college was not for him—that he'd get more out of life by attacking it without further preparation. His first job was with "Appearances," a play written by Garland Anderson, former Negro bellhop of Los Angeles. He was definitely launched as an actor.

He appeared at the Little Theatre in San Francisco, then read the longest part in history—that of Peer Gynt in "Peer Gynt" for the Mountain Play Association, and got critical approval from all sides. He had 175 pages of speeches to learn—and did. This was his last stage work.

Then he joined the National Players appearing over (Continued on page...)

A R I W A V E S

NO MOTHER WOULD ask her child to crumble bulky sugar cane into his cereal to sweeten it—when he can have the goodness of the cane concentrated in sugar...THEN WHY give children bulky cod liver oil when there's a more convenient, really delicious way to take it?—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

Rigid tests prove that the HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets.

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

Now science makes available the vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating fats which are so often upsetting. White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are delicious and palatable. Children take them eagerly.

Each White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablet is equivalent in vitamin A and D content to a teaspoonful of cod liver oil....Each tablet has the power of a spoonful of oil (U.S.P. Standard) in helping to build resistance...the power of a spoonful of oil to help strengthen bones and teeth.

The tablets are constant in vitamin content—accurate in dosage. They are designed for protection against light, air, and the destructive effects of time.

The tablets are well suited for infant feeding. Just crush them and mix in the infant's liquid foods.

Grown-ups, too, need the benefits of these tablets to help build resistance against infection in general.... Convenient to carry in pocket or purse.
PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES—

Meet Barry McKinley whose baritone voice NBC is featuring this winter. He comes to you afternoons on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, on his "Dreams Come True" program. Right, Claudine MacDonald, mistress of ceremonies for the Woman's Radio Review broadcasts, which are heard five days a week at 3:30.

Remember the Silver-Masked Tenor of the crystal-set-and-one-tube era? He's Joe White (below) and now sings under his own name on the "Echoes of Erin" program on the NBC air.

Pretty Ruby Mercer (above) on whom the spotlight falls every Wednesday afternoon when she takes prominent part in the half-hour show, "Two Seats in the Balcony".
**FROM DAWN TO DUSK**

**Do you know your daylight stars?**

**Meet them in this new department**

Want to hear the Sisters of the Skillet at a new hour? Tune in NBC at 7:45 a.m. to B. A. Rolfe's early morning variety show, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. Eddie East and Ralph Dumke (their real names) also have an afternoon broadcast. Your favorite comic strip characters have been transferred to the air. The Gumps, Sidney Smith's cartoon, are broadcast every week day but Saturday over CBS at 12:15 p.m. Not humorous, as you might suspect, but a drama of home life written by Himan Brown, the well-known script author. We wish to make an apology! On this page last month we rumored the break-up of May Singh Breen and Peter de Rose. We did not mean to convey a matrimonial split. It was our understanding that sponsors were considering them individually. We were wrong! Ralph Kirberry, Mohawk Treasure Chest star, recently disclosed his strange hobby of collecting neckties. He likes to buy them a dozen at a time, only wearing one or two out of the lot. The rest he saves for moths and his grandmother's rag rugs. Kate Smith has to commute now from Philadelphia for her afternoon broadcasts. She is personally appearing at a Quaker City night club. For recipes out of the ordinary and ways of cutting down household expenses, including the high cost of midnight snacks, listen to Mary Ellis Ames, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 11:00 a.m. over CBS. She is Home Economist for Pillsbury Flour Mills. Another good dramatic serial running full blast is The Romance of Helen Trent, which follows the Little French Princess every week day except Saturday. Well-known columnist Harry Hansen talks on books at 3:30 over NBC network, Mondays.

And here comes the Irish lad formerly with the Old Maestro, Ben Bernie. Pat Kennedy, the "Unmasked Tenor," who with Art Kassol and Boss Johnson, forms the talent for another CBS daytime show.

- My children frequently got upset and needed a laxative and I had an awful time giving them one—they just refused any of them. I was always worrying about their bowels. FEEN-A-MINT has certainly solved my problem. The children like it just as well as regular chewing gum and there is no coaxing and fighting like I put up with before. It works beautifully without being too rough—the children don't complain of cramps like they did with other medicines. The whole family is strong for FEEN-A-MINT.

**Chewing makes the difference**

Women are constantly writing us how pleased they are with FEEN-A-MINT for their children. Because you chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative is distributed evenly through the system and works more thoroughly, without being harsh and violent. That is why 15,000,000 men and women have decided that FEEN-A-MINT is the ideal laxative for them. So easy and pleasant to take, with its refreshing flavor, 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.

**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...**

Chewing spreads the laxative naturally and evenly through the system so that it works effectively yet gently. That is why FEEN-A-MINT is especially advisable for children and women.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF**

**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE**

Feen-a-mint
Just try it a little while, then...

SEE HOW WHITE, LUSTROUS YOUR TEETH BECOME

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
wins millions of women by its
beauty-giving results

YOU WOMEN... how coldly you judge your purchases, particularly those aids to health and beauty. Under your pitiless scrutiny, a product’s defects stand starkly revealed. On the other hand, if it has merit you are the first to say so.

It is a source of considerable pride to us that more than 2,000,000 of you have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste—and continue to use it year in and year out. We could ask for no greater compliment for our product.

If you are already using Listerine Tooth Paste, we need not tell you of its results. You have seen. You know.

If, however, you have not tried it, we urge you to do so. Compare it with any dentifrice at any price.

See how white, lustrous, and clean your teeth become.

Note how quickly and thoroughly the up-to-date cleansing agents combat unsightly film and attack debris and discolorations. And remember, these cleansing agents are chosen because of their gentleness—they do not mar or scratch precious enamel.

Don’t fail to observe how the active polishing agents of this dentifrice give teeth new sheen and lustre. What flash! What sparkle!

Look for that wonderful refreshed feeling in the mouth after using—the delightful sensation of invigoration and cleanliness that you associate with Listerine.

Lastly, reflect that because of our enormous buying and marketing resources we can offer you this dentifrice deluxe at a price that is a definite economy.

Do not take our word for the success of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try a tube and see for yourself. At all druggists in two sizes—Large Regular, 25¢; Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

YOUR CHILDREN’S TEETH

Your children’s teeth deserve the attention of a safe dentifrice. One that will not scratch or mar enamel and thus foster decay. The principal ingredients in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the most expensive that can be had, chosen primarily for their gentleness in action. They do not mar teeth.

GRAND OPERA
direct from Metropolitan Stage, N. Y.
Broadcast by
LISTERINE
announced by Geraldine Farrar
Complete operas...3 hours...Every Saturday...
all NBC stations...see your newspaper for time

THE STAIN-ATTACKING, FILM-COMBATING TOOTH PASTE
The Woman Behind Amos and Andy

Intimate and human facts about the popular pair told by the woman who knows them 'best!

By RUTH GERI

For Amos and Andy's program see page 53—7 o'clock column.

“Talk” to Louise Summa. She knows more about Amos and Andy than we do ourselves, and more than our wives will ever know.”

This statement came from the lips of one who should have known whereof he spoke—none other than Freeman Gosden, the “Amos” of the beloved black-faced comedy team.

Charlie Correll, “Andy”, corroborated his partner’s remark. “Honestly, we couldn’t tell you anything which you don’t already know, but Louise—well, she sees us day in and day out, and sees us in a way no one else ever has.” Who then is Louise Summa? And what precious secrets does she hold?

To say that the tall, immaculately neat woman of thirty-some years, whose laughing eyes belie the dignity of her bearing, is the “perfect secretary” is to tell but half a story. For more than fifteen years she has been friend, confidante, adviser and co-worker—the third musketeer of the remarkable triumvirate: Charlie, Freeman and Louise. She has turned her back on romance and her own personal life to serve, with reverent loyalty, these two men. For more than five years you have laughed and cried with them. Here at last is the one person in the world who can tell you how the wheels go ‘round behind one of the most remarkable radio programs that has ever come into your homes, and how those wheels were set a-moving.

“You’ve no idea how wonderful (Continued on page 60)
THE Guy Lombardo "Lombardoland" program is on the air. Pat Barnes, the narrator of the program, is describing to the listening audience a medley of songs to be played by the orchestra. It is a rain medley consisting of that old familiar, "Rain, Rain, Go Away," "Butterflies in the Rain," et al.

Pat waxes lyrical about rain. He talks of the pitter patter of rain on the roof. The swish of the rain as it sweeps the city streets. The welcome flood of rain as it drenches thirsty fields. It is, for Pat, more or less a routine introduction. Guy and his orchestra play the medley.

The next week Pat and Guy are simply deluged with letters from indignant farmers out in the drought area on the subject of rain! Like angry hornets, the protests swarm in. Protests against the "mockery" of playing a rain medley, of using rain as a subject for light entertainment when to the farmer it is such a serious matter. Vitriolic objections to Guy's playing a selection titled, "Rain, Rain, Go Away," when they, the farmers, have been literally praying for rain to save their crops. Some writers seemed to actually feel that when Guy played, "Rain, Rain, Go Away," he was helping to postpone whatever rainfall might come!

Unexpected objections? Of course. Just as unexpected as they were violent. But radio artists are no longer surprised when something they have broadcasted in perfect innocence is taken by some of their listeners as being personal affronts or distasteful. It happens too often.

In the case just mentioned, Guy and Pat sent apologies to the aggrieved writers, explaining their innocence of any intention to displease. Guy actually stated that were it in the power of his music to control rainfall he would have long ago played whatever tunes that might have unlocked the clouds.

But the immediate effect of the protests was that during the drought at least, rain medleys became taboo on the Lombardo programs. Guy was taking no chances of hurting his popularity with that part of the farming population which had taken offence, no matter how far-fetched he might personally conceive such offence to be.

YES, stars sometimes find it hard to tell in advance when they will displease and, realizing how easy it is to turn the most enthusiastic fans into sour critics, they go to great lengths to remove the source of displeasure.

For instance, only recently, Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, decided to inject some comedy into the Kate Smith Matinee Hour . . . with Kate as comedienne (Kate had originally played some comedy singing roles in several Broadway shows). By demonstrating Kate's versatility, it was hoped, old listeners would be pleased and new ones won. In casting about for a comedy character to act as
When listeners object to something on the program, radio stars, guarding their popularity, pay attention—that is, sometimes!

By MORT LEWIS

CANT DO THAT!

Illustrated by CARL PFEUFFER

a foil for Kate, Ted and the script writer (myself) hit upon the idea of a little girl character, Jose玢ine, supposed to be a cousin of Kate’s. Jose玢ine was to possess all the mischievous and precocious qualities of a ventriloquist’s dummy. She was (in the broadcast) to do amusingly naughty deeds about the studio and everybody on the program was to consider her a pest except Kate. Kate was to defend her as being a darling no matter what she did. We all waxed enthusiastic about Jose玢ine and could envision her becoming associated with Kate Smith as completely as Joe Penner’s duck is with him.

Then Jose玢ine went on the air. And the very first broadcast brought a telephoned message of protest from a representative of a midwestern city’s Parents-Teachers Association... against this “vicious” child! In complaining, the representative stated it was her belief that children listening in would imitate this little girl. In other words, Jose玢ine, our brain child, born of innocent enthusiasm, was denounced as a bad home influence!

A trifle bloody, but unbowed, we toned down Jose玢ine’s mischievousness and she went on the air the following week. This time, Jose玢ine inspired a letter from a woman who claimed she was high in child welfare circles. Her missive went on for pages, declaring against Kate Smith, who sang for hospitals and charity, sponsoring as her cousin a “nasty” child. There were a few other similar protests from other sources. Jose玢ine died a quick death. She was withdrawn from the program and given decent burial in the graveyard of deceased radio characters. Not only that, but Kate and her manager decided, temporarily, at least, to abandon comedy entirely as being too dangerous and possibly jeopardizing Kate’s popularity. Kate as a comedienne was too complete a change in character to be acceptable to part of her audience and she decided to lean backwards in her efforts to avoid displeasing. Jose玢ine and comedy became taboo at one and the same time.

COMEDY calls forth more taboos than any other type of radio entertainment. Somebody is always misunderstanding, it seems.

It was unexpected criticism that not so long ago led to a taboo on the Fred Allen show. The script called for some fast repartee between Fred Allen, the comic, and Lennie Hayton, the orchestra leader, with Lennie represented as being a “hard boiled guy.” Inasmuch as Lennie is far from being “hard boiled” a substitute, Lionel Stander, was hired to enact Lennie’s role for him. In other words, as far as the listener could tell, Stander was Hayton.

The following few days saw letters arriving from shocked fans everywhere, who inquired plaintively how Lennie Hayton, who played such delightfully sweet music, could possibly be such a “roughneck.” One writer worked up a terrific lather and demanded that the “illiterate” Hayton be deprived of radio work and his place given to some “better educated” maestro. It was very funny, but Hayton refused to see the humor in it and there are no more “rough” characters bearing Lennie’s name in the (Continued on page 87)
The Untold Story of

The Carborundum Band can be heard on Saturdays—see the Rapid Program Finder, Page 51, ten o'clock column.

IT is radio's oldest unchanged program, yet—

Forty-six of its fifty band members are amateur musicians, all from the same small town.

It broadcasts four hundred miles from New York in a small hotel ball room, with dining-room tables for the control instruments.

It is written, directed, and announced by one man who has had no other radio experience.

And its formula has never varied since the day it was conceived and put on the air nine years ago.

That is the story of the Carborundum Band, a band without rival in the rich, romantic history of its beginning and growth.

That is the story of an hour which has never featured a well known radio artist and yet receives over forty thousand letters every week that it is on the air!

What is the secret of these nine seasons of successful broadcasting from the historical and picturesque town of Niagara Falls, New York?

What is the formula that has made this program an outstanding success in radio? Let's see:

Only two names are familiar to us, Francis D. Bowman, the director and announcer, and Edward D'Anna, the conductor of the band.

Francis Bowman is the general advertising manager of Carborundum, the company which sponsors the broadcasts.

He entered radio as a sideline, seeing it as a new way of presenting his products to the public.

Do you think then, tuning in, that such a show is a full week's job for him? Listen—Bowman spends just one full day on the program! Except for Sunday mornings and Saturday afternoons, set aside for rehearsals, he is at his office from nine until five working out all the other problems of an advertising manager.

And did you know that

Behind the fascinating scenes of the unusual nine-year-old Carborundum Band program by FRED SAMMIS

Left, Edward D'Anna, conductor, who devotes most of his time to the program. Above, the broadcast itself, in a room of a Niagara Falls Hotel with dining-room tables for the controls.
a Really Unique BROADCAST

his case is typical of the other members of the show? That only four men in the band claim music as their profession? That every other player has a full time job from which he earns a living? That the radio program is their plaything, their relaxation from a week’s work?

But that is the secret formula! To these entertainers broadcasting is a hobby. The result—sheer simplicity. And it gives the program flavor and zest which other more expensive, more pretentious presentations are unable to capture. Only D’Anna, as the leader, concentrates most of his time on the music for the show.

LISTENING to Bowman spin his tales of Indian lore and mythology, did you know that he has been initiated into the Iroquois tribe as a blood brother? Or that many of the legends which he sends out over the air have never been written down on paper, but have passed from generation to generation of tribal story tellers?

I traveled to Niagara Falls, knowing only that the Carborundum Band was a Saturday feature of the Columbia Broadcasting (Continued on page 77)
The Untold Story of a Really Unique Broadcast

The Carborundum Band can be heard on Saturdays—see the Rapid Program Finder, Page 51, ten o'clock column.

It is radio's oldest unchanged program, yet—Forty-six of its fifty band members are amateur musicians, all from the same small town. It broadcasts four hundred miles from New York in a small hotel ball room, with dining-room tables for the control instruments. It is written, directed, and announced by one man who has had no other radio experience. And its formula has never varied since the day it was conceived and put on the air nine years ago.

That is the story of the Carborundum Band, a band without rival in the rich, romantic history of its beginning and growth. That is the story of an hour which has never featured a well known radio artist and yet receives over forty thousand letters every week that it is on the air!

What is the secret of these nine seasons of successful broadcasting from the historical and picturesque town of Niagara Falls, New York?

What is the formula that has made this program an outstanding success in radio? Let's see:

Only two names are familiar to us, Francis D. Bowman, the director and announcer, and Edward D'Anna, the conductor of the band.

Francis Bowman is the general advertising manager of Carborundum, the company which sponsors the broadcasts. He entered radio as a sideline, seeing it as a new way of presenting his products to the public.

Do you think then, tuning in, that such a show is a full week's job for him? Listen—Bowman spends just one full day on the program! Except for Sunday mornings and Saturday afternoon, set aside for rehearsals, he is at his office from nine until five working out all the other problems of an advertising manager.

And did you know that his case is typical of the other members of the show? That only four men in the band claim music as their profession? That every other player has a full time job from which he earns a living? That the radio program is their plaything, their relaxation from a week's work?

But that is the secret formula! To these entertainers broadcasting is a hobby. The result—squeezed simplicity. And it gives the program flavor and zest which other more expensive, more pretentious presentations are unable to capture. Only D'Anna, as the leader, concentrates most of his time on the music for the show.

LISTENING to Bowman spin his tales of Indian lore and mythology, did you know that he has been initiated into the Iroquois tribe as a blood brother? Or that many of the legends which he reads out over the air have never been written down on paper, but have passed from generation to generation of tribal story tellers?

I traveled to Niagara Falls, knowing only that the Carborundum Band was a Saturday feature of the Columbia Broadcasting (Continued on page 77)
HAVE you ever been in love with a man who was so jealous of you that he made life a never-ending torment? Someone who suspected your every move and gesture and refused to listen to reason?

Once Jessica Dragonette faced that problem. Hesitantly, timidly, as though the embers of her love still burnt her like a searing flame, she told me the story of her first romance—a story she has never breathed before.

Her problem was no different from yours and mine. I think Jessica decided it wisely. Jessica Dragonette fell in love with and was adored by a young man who was devoured by jealousy. He was jealous of her work; of the time she spent singing; jealous of the men who surrounded her in the studio; of the radio fans who wrote her. The green-eyed goddess possessed him mind, body and soul!

For a while, she refused to face this trait in him, allowed her young, ardent love to override this drawback. But in time she realized that love cannot survive a hotbed of petty accusations, of anger and recriminations, of pleas for forgiveness. And so, bravely and determinedly, her little chin squarely raised, her head high, Jessica Dragonette gave up her sweetheart, her dreams of love and a home. She became a little more aloof, a little more reserved, fearful lest she might some day give herself away. And above all, she decided there would be no regrets.

Here's a surprise—a fine story that tells for the first time the romantic experience of the girl who has supposedly avoided love.
"Oh, John, please understand. I've simply got to sing." But John insisted that when they were married Jessica would give up her singing, completely, entirely.

Unexpectedly, love came into her life. While answering her fan mail one morning, she came across a note, so sincere and touching that she couldn't help singling it out. "I've been listening to you for two years," it read, "and this is the first time I've written. I wonder if you appreciate just what your singing means to me?" There was no signature, no way of identifying the writer.


Being a normally curious girl, Jessica's interest was aroused. Who was this mysterious admirer who admitted he had fallen in love with her voice? Certainly his tastes and hers coincided in books and flowers, in the little revealing things he wrote.

Just when her curiosity was (Continued on page 74)
How Love Came to JESSICA

Here's a surprise—a fine story that tells for the first time the romantic experience of the girl who has supposedly avoided love. Time she spent singing; jealousy of the men who surrounded her in the studio; of the radio fans who wrote her. The green-eyed goddess possessed him mind, body and soul.

For awhile, he refused to face this trait in him, allowed her young, ardent love to override his feelings. But in time she realized that love cannot survive a hothead of petty accusations, of anger and recriminations, of plea for forgiveness. And so, bravely and determinedly, her little chin squarely raised, her head high. Jessica Dragonette gave up her sweetheart, her dreams of love and a home. She became a little more aloof, a little more reserved, fearful lest she might some day give herself away. And above all, she decided there would be no regrets.

But let's go back to 1929, when Jessica's golden voice had already established this slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, as the radio queen. Men surrounded her at each broadcast, they wrote her adoring notes, the kind you would expect any young and beautiful and successful girl in the public eye to receive. One man sent her flowers each week; she got enough boxes of candy to open a store. A few men got her telephone number, and paid ardent court over the phone.

While she appreciated their interest, the fair Jessica was interested in none of them. For the time being her absorption in her work, in the daily round of practice, lessons in half a dozen languages, sufficed. Sing she must; if it is because of her singing that she gave up love.

Singing always will come first with Jessica. "If I didn't sing," she told me, "I'd die."

by MARY JACOBS

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

Unexpectedly, love came into her life. While answering her fan mail one morning, she came across a note, so sincere and touching that she couldn't help singing it out. "I've been listening to you for two years," it read, "and this is the first time I've written. I wonder if you appreciate just what your singing means to me?"

There was no signature, no way of identifying the writer. The next week another note came, in the same handwriting. Then another. Then some lovely tea roses. More flowers. Candy. A book of poetry. Still no name.

Being a normally curious girl, Jessica's interest was aroused. Who was this mysterious admirer who admitted he had fallen in love with her voice? Certainly his tastes and hers coincided in books and flowers; in the little revealing things he wrote.

Just when her curiosity was (Continued on page 74)
More than a perennially popular comedian who raised the Chase and Sanborn Hour to the peak of popularity and who now turns to the CBS network to do the same for Pabeco, more than an adroit crusader for the rights of your acting fraternity, and a relentless antagonist of the sources of easy publicity if an important issue's at stake, you are as well a man beloved by those who know you—a truly worthy addition, Eddie Cantor, to the Honor Roll of Radio Mirror.
Bet you've seen many pictures of lovely Harriet Hilliard, but we couldn't pass this one up. Did you know that her real name is Peggy Snyder and that all the boys in Ozzie Nelson's orchestra call her "Snyder"?

Ray Lee Jackson
The Old Maestro, sans the eternal big black cigar, has just returned with all the lads from an extensive vaudeville tour. Bernie's music is the best of the bestas, and all in the cause of the Ale Ben made famous.

Ray Lee Jackson
This funny pair heard on CBS's "Big Show", really "flopped" to fame. It was when things were pretty low that Eve Sully got the inspiration for those two laugh-baits, "some dunce, I'll say," and "look at him!"

Bert Lawton
VIVIENNE SEGAL

The prima donna of musical comedy fame is gaining more radio popularity with every broadcast. Miss Segal has now developed a lower pitch to her fine voice, which comes through the loud-speaker sweet and clear. She can be heard on National's "Waltz Time" Friday nights as well as Columbia's "Melodiana," Tuesday nights.
— and so to BEDLAMVILLE

Above, Fred Allen, the mayor of Bedlamville, with his secretary, Peek-a-boo Hoffa. Disguised as a sailor, Allen brings his news flashes from all over the world. Below, he investigates reports of underhand work in Bedlamville laundries.

Chief Allen goes on the warpath, leaving squaw Portland to run the office of mayor right out of town. Below, you see him in his favorite rôle, ready to chase a fire or a blonde. Thus far, as the fire chief, Fred has saved two blondes, no burning buildings.

Harold Stein, photographer
Revealing

of

This is Dagmar Rybner Barclay whom John first met at a party. They "clicked" at that time and it's been that way ever since.

The tall, handsome Englishman's courtship, coupled with his success, reads like a fairy tale

by

ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

John Barclay is heard on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre program each Tuesday night (see page 53—10 o'clock column).

T
HE minute John Barclay stepped into the room he noticed her. You would. She was tall and fair. With eyes gray green like the sea. And soft hair. Her name was Dagmar. Dagmar Rybner.

The minute John Barclay stepped into the room she noticed him too. You would. He was tall. With lean dark good looks. And a dramatic quality about him.

It was at a house party at Ann Thomson's, just outside of Philadelphia, that they met. The guests were all people prominent in the musical world. Naturally enough. For Miss Thomson is one of the directors of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

John Barclay found it a charming party. There were, he realized, several people there whom he would have enjoyed tremendously under other circumstances. If that one tall, fair girl hadn't blotted out all the rest.

After dinner they asked him to sing. He stood gravely beside the piano feeling a sense of excitement. For it was Dagmar Rybner who came over to play his accompaniment.

She accompanied him as no one ever had before. It wasn't simply that she was an inspired musician, that she was a composer of note and great enough to have been solo pianist at the Sunday evening concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was more than that. Dagmar Rybner knew always how John would sing a song. They had, they discovered while they entertained Miss Thomson's guests, quite the same feeling, quite the same sense about music.

It was all so perfect, John didn't long remain grave. His happiness began to spill over. He changed to swagging Irish songs, about the Widow Malone of Athlone. Then he began the nonsensical, ridiculous patterns of Gilbert and Sullivan.

He smiled as he sang. His hands made sweeping gestures. Dagmar changed too. She forgot to be quiet and dignified and reserved. A warm brightness came into her lovely eyes.

This is Dagmar Rybner Barclay whom John first met at a party. They "clicked" at that time and it's been that way ever since.
The quick exciting joy of life the two at the piano felt, transmitted itself to the others in that great room. Grins, broad grins, began to appear on all the distinguished faces.

However, no impetuous courtship followed this Philadelphia week-end. In fact, shortly afterwards, John sailed for a summer in England. And Dagmar went up into the mountains with her mother.

It was autumn before they saw each other again. Autumn when the sky hangs over Manhattan's soaring towers an incredible, cloudless blue. When girls pin big, golden chrysanthemums on their fur's. And again the winter season in the theater, in salons, in concert halls, and at the opera promises to be the gayest ever.

"I wrote Dagmar," John says, "immediately I got back to America. And she answered saying she would be returning to New York almost at once.

"We started where we had left off. You

The dramatic baritone of the Palmolive Hour, and his tiny daughter, Mary Cornelia, who adds richness to the life of Dagmar and John.
Above, vacationing at Bar Harbor: extreme right, John and his mother in the garden of their English home some years ago. Right, John with his younger brother, Alexander about the time John made his debut — at the tender age of seven.

know how it is. You meet a new person. She feeds you mentally. She stimulates you. She warms you. You think, 'Look here, I must see a lot of you. There's so much I want to say. So much I want to hear you say.'

"During all that summer I thought about Dagmar, been impatient to meet and talk with her again.

"If you're a man and the person who happens to bring life alive for you by a certain point of view is a woman, then other attractions come along. Naturally. The mental thing may even abate for a time while these other interests make their more feverish demands and no subject on earth is as fascinating as yourselves.

"But if you have had that mental bond in the beginning, you have a firm foundation to build on, you have something to sustain you through all the years."

There were a dozen things Dagmar and John found they wanted to do together. He wanted to go on a concert tour with her accompanying him. She wanted to be able to talk to him at any hour of the day or night about the things she was composing. They glimpsed how marvelous it would be to work together during those hours that musicians must practise every day.

They were in love. And they were married.

You've heard John Barclay on the Palmolive Hour in which he is Master of Ceremonies and a star in the Beauty Box productions. So, of course, you have judged him an Englishman. However, John says, when he goes home his friends and family insist he talks exactly like a Yankee.

He was born in Bletchingley. In a big country house set in a park of several acres. His father is Lieutenant Colonel Hubert F. Barclay, a soldier and a member of a large brewing firm. His mother is E. Noel Danielle Barclay, a talented painter, a well-known speaker, and an author of novels and religious writings.

There were four children. John was the eldest. Then came David. David who died in the war with one of his funny songs on his lips. Rissa, named after the wife of the first Barclay who can be traced in England, a man who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror. And Alexander who was born while his father was fighting the Boers in South Africa.

The third floor of the big Barclay house was given over to the children. With Nanny ruling their roost.

"She sat at the head of our table in the school-room," John says, "a spare woman, with her arms folded across her breast. And a cane conveniently at her side.

"She could use that cane upon occasion. We kids used to keep our hands close to our teacups." (Continued on page )
This famous columnist has often sacrificed a choice bit of news when it interfered with his code

by DORA ALBERT

For Walter Winchell's broadcast, The Jergens' program, see page 53—9 o'clock column.

The man has been called a blackguard and a liar, a Peeping Tom and a wrecker of homes. To hear his enemies talk, you would think he had absolutely no moral scruples, that everything was grist for his mill, the heartaches and heartbreaks of other people, the scandals that would wreck their lives, the broken loves they had strewn on Broadway.

One thing even his enemies admit, that Walter Winchell is a super-reporter not only of Who Loves Whom along the Great Mazda Way, but of all the intimate happenings on Broadway, Hollywood and in the lives of the great. He it was who first predicted the birth of an heir to the Lindberghs, six months before other reporters announced it; and he it was who first reported that the Lindbergh ransom gold certificates were floating around New York, and might lead to the discovery of the kidnapper. About six years ago he told the world that on such and such a day Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson would get married, and though they denied it, they did get married on that day. He was the first to announce that Mrs. Dall, the President's daughter, would seek a divorce, and the first to tell the world that in spite of her repeated denials, Katharine Hepburn was getting a divorce in Mexico.

Why is it that though Winchell deals in the intimate tittle-tattle, necessarily laying bare the secret lives of many people, on Broadway those who really know him will tell you that in spite of all the gossip, he is a "white guy" and can be trusted?

The answer is to be found in Walter Winchell's own code. You didn't know he had one? Many people have been surprised to learn about it.

He has a code as fixed as the Wall of China, and it rigidly divides the things he will print from the things he won't whisper; the things he'll shout over the air from the things he won't disclose to anyone. He lives up to his own moral code more scrupulously than if it were a law with a jail sentence attached. And what is this moral code?

Item 1: Never couple the name of any married man with that of a girl with whom he is partying; neither mention the name of any married woman in the same breath with some man with whom she is partying.

Item 2: Never disclose the source of any item of information that you print or tell over the radio. Even if threatened, don't tell it; even if libel suits are brought against you, keep your mouth closed!

Item 3: Never hurt anyone—whom you like.

Item 4: Never tittle-tattle on a
ROSA
PONSELLE

Come back to the
days in that little
Connecticut town
when Rosa was
the accompanist
and her sister
was the singer!

By
FRED RUTLEDGE

For Rosa Ponselle's program, the
Chesterfield Hour, Monday nights, see
page 51—9 o'clock column.

A SMALL and unadorned church of
Meriden, Connecticut, was filled to
overflowing with hushed, grief-stricken
crowds. A block away, in the living room of
the small frame house in which she was born,
Rosa Ponselle sat holding tight to the frail, work-
scarred hand of her mother.

In five minutes she was to sing mass for the soul of
the man who had discovered her, who had urged her
on with her work, with whom she had made her debut
on the world's most famous stage, the Metropolitan.
In five minutes, she would sing mass for the soul of
Enrico Caruso.

Unsteadily she came to her feet. Before she could
reach the door, Tony, her younger brother, dashed
breathlessly into the room. "Rosa," he exclaimed,
"they're accepting contributions at the door of the
church to hear you sing."

"Oh Tony, no! They can't! I won't let them!" she
cried.

Rosa sank down in a chair, heedless of her heavy
silk mourning dress. Then she rose abruptly to her
feet. "I shall sing mass at the other church, the Irish
church," she announced. "Enrico will understand and
forgive me."

Her hands clenched tight at her sides, she walked
past the church where contributions had been accepted and
continued up the hill, that cold November day in 1922, to
sing mass in the Irish church around the corner.

Tragedy had come to young Rose Ponzillo. Scarcely
later than the first real triumph of her poverty-ridden life,
death had reached out and darkened the happiness that
had come with her successful debut as Rosa Ponselle at the
Metropolitan Opera House.

So that you can learn the meaning of that moment which
came to Rosa directly after the last clear note of her
mass died out in the church at Meriden, let me tell you
about her childhood in the small Italian section of the
tiny Connecticut community.

I spent lingering hours in Meriden, talking with those
who knew the Ponzillo family best, who could tell me of
Rosa and Carmela, and it was from them that I learned the
intensely human story of the great opera star.

The usual struggle of the unknown to gain recognition
did not fall to Rosa's lot, for she never considered herself
as a singer who was worthy of serious mention. Nor did
she dream of stage success, beautiful dresses, comfortable
Long Island homes. These were reserved for her sister
Carmela, whose more mature voice during those early years
seemed to hold all the promise.

I talked to the principal of the school where Rosa learned
the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and she
recalled for me cold winter mornings when a messenger
didn't think she could SING!

would have to run to the Ponzillo home and drag Rosa back to class with him. Rosa was much more interested in sliding down snow drifts, or, when the temperature was too biting to play outside, in listening to phonograph records of the great Melba.

Only Carmela felt sure that some day, Rosa, too, would become a great and famous singer. Often, when local clubs wanted entertainment, Carmela would be sought out and asked to come and sing.

"Rosa, you must come with me. They want you to sing with me," Carmela would say.

"No, Rosa, you go alone. I'd only spoil it," Rosa would reply, with a shake of her head.

Then would follow the usual scene of arguing and cajoling. In the end, Rosa, always reluctantly, would go along and sing one duet with Carmela.

Carmela had all the business drive and energy that Rosa lacked. Their first professional engagement came after Carmela had hounded the owner of the small motion picture house on Main Street for months. Finally, he agreed to hire them to sing between reels of the flickering films he charged five cents admission to see.

Then, while they were singing at the theater, came the first golden opportunity the girls had been hoping for without success. An enterprising theatrical agent signed them for a tour of small eastern vaudeville houses. Rosa was the accompanist, Carmela the singer!

At the end of the tour, Melone's café in New Haven, popular rendezvous for the Yale college boys, offered them an engagement. Rosa didn't want the job, but Carmela saw it as another step ahead. She convinced Rosa that such work was (Continued on page 71)

Above, the tiny Italian church at Meriden in which Rosa sang mass for her mother... Right, the more imposing Irish church where she sang mass for Enrico Caruso... Below, the frame house which still holds the family's coal and wood business... Right, the rustic bungalow Rosa built for her mother.

Photos taken by the author
Now a popular band leader, Freddy Martin was once just a lonely

FREDDY MARTIN owes his success in life to a dream, a dream which grew into being as he played behind the grim, gray walls of a forbidding building off the beaten track in a little country town of Ohio.

As far back as he can remember, there were only two facts which Freddy knew to any degree of certainty. He was an orphan, living in a charity "Home", and some day he would be a band leader and play the drums.

Shy, sensitive, a little afraid to enter into the play of the others, the tousle-headed youngster had his first real moment of happiness when he was nearly ten years old. As he was standing by one day eagerly listening to plans for forming a boys' band which were being discussed, his playmates called him into the conference and told him the good news. He had been elected drummer!

No longer would he have to beat out rhythm on tables and floors with improvised pieces of wood he had fashioned for himself. Now he would have shiny new drum sticks and could pound away to his heart's content. Then and there, he made his resolve—out in the world of which he knew so little he would be the proud director of his own orchestra.

At sixteen he was sent through the iron gates of the orphanage, dismissed by his age to face the realities of life, his only preparation for work his practice as a drummer.

Now, at twenty-eight, Freddy Martin has signed a new contract with the swank St. Regis Hotel in New York City, his radio program, Vick's Open House, is a success, he has a wife, a slim, attractive brunette very much in love.

Even with success heaped on his young shoulders, "The Orphan Boy" has remained unspoiled. Below is a picture of his wife, Lillian, and cute baby Freddy. In the center picture is Freddy (fourth from left) when he was a member of a band at the age of seventeen.
with him, and last but not least there's baby Freddy. It was Freddy's loyalty to that boyhood dream and the tenaciousness with which he clung to his resolve until the day his first real break came that carried him away from the drabness of his youth into the promised land.

Out of the orphanage, on his own, into what? Freddy headed straight for a music store and got his job selling instruments to bands which infrequently passed through the small town for one-night stands there. When he could stop a while and talk shop with real musicians, he was as close to heaven as he had ever been.

Soon he began grouping together a motley collection of very poor, very young friends who had revealed some sort of musical ability. From this beginning slowly evolved the Freddy Martin band. In order to complete it Freddy had to forsake his drums—one of the men already had an outfit—and learn the saxophone.

Then came that day for which Freddy had been praying. Guy Lombardo came to town. An event in itself, his arrival meant something of far more importance to Freddy. Guy needed a band for a college prom. Someone told him about the Martin outfit and he hired it on the spot. With only a day's coaching, Freddy went to the prom and became a director!

"Guy thought," Freddy confessed, "that it was a great joke, hoisting us on the unsuspecting college. But the joke really was on him, because he was the one who made a band leader of me."

We were talking in his very up-to-date offices in the high-brow St. Regis, the three of us—Freddy, myself, and his wife Lillian. A lovelier, darker eyed, more even tempered bride you've never seen, sitting poised on the edge of her husband's desk, swinging a silk clad leg leisurely back and forth.

Slowly, the story of his fight for success after that first professional engagement came out. His understanding eyes, brown in color, deep in experience, darkened as he told me the struggles which befell him.

From the moment he directed the last piece at the prom, Freddy set New York as his goal. (Continued on page 86)
the PICKENS on DRESS

THEY'RE Jane, Helen and Patti—the three beautiful Pickens Sisters from Macon, Georgia. They've been on the stage, in movies and are one of radio's most popular harmony trios. Last month they managed to steal time away from their many duties for some shopping in R. H. Macy's Little Shop and on these pages we've pictured a few of their selections.

At the left is Patti smartly attired in a sports outfit. The dress is of chartreuse wool with black leather belt and button trim. Over it she wears a swagger Leopard coat and the pert little "Northern Soldier" hat tops it all. Lower left is Helen looking dramatic in a rich purple velvet hostess gown with a Queen Elizabeth collar. Below, Helen selected this smart fuschia matelasse tunic dress for cocktails or tea, with smart velvet accessories.

All photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by the Bradley Studios
JANE'S chic afternoon costume (right) is a pretty shade of green. The front falls in soft folds and is held with square-cut metal buttons. The hat is black velvet and has that new flare back. Jane loves to wear her hats way up off her forehead, and it's becoming, too. Her accessories are the ample silver fox scarf and suede gloves and bag. Jane looks lovely (below) in her new evening gown fashioned in that new luscious shade of red satin. A large black fan adds grace while her costume jewelry adds sparkle.

IN the right corner is young Patti all set waiting for her best beau to call and take her to that party. It's a gay flowered print with a black background. The front of the blouse is slit and shows a bright red crepe lining. Two decorative clips accent the square neckline.

All costumes from
R. H. Macy's Little Shop
WHAT'S NEW

By JAY

Left, Lois Bennet, red-headed singing star of the Gibson Family. This program now has popular playwright Owen Davis as script writer.

Below, Ted Husing, football's ace high-pressure reporter. Ted has just closed a successful season.

Right, our Candid Camera catches Bing Crosby halfway through a Woodbury program.

BEST news of the month: Helen Jeppson has returned to the fold! She signed a new contract with Maestro Whiteman and is back with his cheese program, marking herself as one of the few Whiteman disciples smart enough to stick by Paul and remain in the limelight.

Owen Davis, about the most successful of modern Broadway playwrights, has taken over the hatting-out assignment on the Gibson Family broadcasts. He's doing the continuity for which Courtney Ryley Cooper, circus press agent and novelist, decided he hadn't the time.

NBC has sold three hours on Saturday nights, from 10:30 to 1:30, to a sponsor. First in radio history such a momentous deal has been made. Like a Christmas gift to listeners are the new programs called "Let's Dance." Three bands alternate with cracker announcements, giving stay-at-homes almost continuous dance music until early morning.

The winter series of Colgate House Parties are underway. As we gallop to press, agency executives look longingly towards Conrad Thibault, Fritz Scheff, and Al Goodman and his orchestra as the permanent personalities for the show. The change followed Joe Cook's withdrawal.

SO intent on day-time broadcasts have networks become that B.A. Rolfe of Happy Days fame is routed out of bed before breakfast. NBC is giving a seven forty-five o'clock show for Early Birds. Sponsors who might buy this show can't wake up to bear it, so Rolfe continues on sustaining.

CAMERON KING, the old sea dog who spins tall tales of ships and shoes and sealing wax, has advice for romantic youngsters. Himself a before-the-mast man at the tender age of twelve, he has this to say: "Adventure after twenty is nothing but hard work." Which means that no one over nineteen can run away from home and get any fun out of it.

WHEN Joe Penner—his broadcasts are reported to be in the first five in national popularity again this year—became thirty a while back, he had a studio party. Thirty wide-eyed or-
ADD Television Notes: Listeners of today would be shocked, to say the least, if television suddenly brought radio stars into the parlor. For instance: Amos 'n' Andy. Andy is popularly conceived to be the big mugg with powerful punch and ham-like paw. In truth, it is meek and lowly Amos who is the tall one of the pair and who, at the drop of a microphone, becomes pugnacious.

Other things you would notice: Mildred Bailey, who sounds like an operatic achievement and who looks like a landlady... Virginia Rea who sounds like a prima donna and who looks like a debutante... Norman Brokenshire who sounds like a Western statesman and who looks like a full moon—well, not too full!

Right, Alexander Woollcott, as he puzzles over new ways of presenting material taken from his best seller, "While Rome Burns."

Below, Love à la Jack Benny. He is whispering "sweet nothings" to Nancy Carroll.

OVER a million—the exact number is 1,158,577—persons visited the Radio City studios of NBC during their first year of operation. These figures tell better than words the curiosity of the public to go behind the scenes of radioland.

DOMESTIC Note: Lawrence Tibbett has a parlor trick. He can, according to his wife, panic guests who flock nightly to hear him. Lawrence has perfected an imitation of Bing Crosby, which shows you what opera stars do with their spare time.

SUCH IS INSPIRATION!

JANE PICKENS, of the famous southern Pickens' Sisters, has written a new tune and by now Irving Berlin may even have published it. And, your own Radio Mirror magazine was her inspiration. It happened this way. After the matinee performance in Buffalo a few months ago, Jane retired to the Statler Hotel, where they were stopping, feeling sort of romantic. She decided that she would write a song about the first thing she saw upon entering her room. When she unlocked the door, the first thing that greeted her eye on the dressing table was a brand new copy of Radio Mirror. Immediately the title suggested the new song to her, and it's called "In the Mirror of Your Eyes." Sounds like a gag, doesn't it? But it's strictly fact.

DON'T send Bing Crosby any songs. Possibility of plagiarism suits, that bane of celebrities, has forced him to (Continued on page 73)
WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

AD Television Notes: Listeners of today would be shocked, to say the least, if television suddenly brought radio stars into the parlor. For instance: Amos 'n' Andy, Andy is popularly conceived to be the big guy with powerful punch and ham-like paw. In truth, it is meek and lowly Amos who is the tall one of the pair and who, at the drop of a microphone, becomes pugnacious.

Other things you would notice: Mildred Bailey, who sounds like an operatic achievement and who looks like a landlady... Virginia Rea who sounds like a prima donna and who looks like a debutante... Norman Brokenshire who sounds like a Western statesman and who looks like a full moon—well, not too full!

Below, Ted Husing, football's ace high-pressure reporter, Ted has just closed a successful season.

Left, Lois Bennett, red-headed singing star of the Gibson Family. This program now has popularity for Playwright Owen Davis as script writer.

Right, our Cordell Camera catches Bing Crosby halfway through a Woodbury program.
FOR the first time in the history of Chicago, microphones have been carried into the traffic court of the city's central police station by WBBM.

Mayor Edward J. Kelly, acclaiming this milestone in the city's radio history as of paramount importance in the present campaign to make Chicago the safest city in the world, states:

"It is my belief that the broadcasting of actual cases each day from the traffic court will be a great help to all of us in reminding us of our duty. These cases reveal causes of traffic accidents—they should serve to warn us what not to do."

The time for these broadcasts has been set aside by H. Leslie Atlass, vice-president of the Columbia broadcasting system in charge of the western division, to be devoted exclusively to traffic broadcasts as a public service.

Chief Justice John J. Sonstey of the Municipal Court hails the WBBM series as a "key part of a permanent program to save the people of Chicago from death or injury from automobile accidents."

Pointing out that radio has been successful in securing public cooperation in other campaigns, Judge John Gutknecht, who presides over the traffic court, declares his belief that "the WBBM broadcasts will be a great aid in securing the cooperation of the public in obeying traffic laws."

WHILE making the familiar station "break" in the Chicago CBS studios in the Wrigley building, Alan Hale, announcer, suddenly beheld clouds of smoke and roaring flames belching from the windows of 106 East Austin Street.

Alan sprang from his microphone, dashed to the corner and pulled the hook in the little red fire alarm box.

"In the twinkling of an eye," to quote Alan's epic words, the fire department was upon me—in fact, I had to jump to get out of the path of the first fire engine as it crashed down the street, sirens screaming, dogs barking and firemen clinging madly to the hooks and ladders."

In another twinkling, according to eye witnesses, the fire department was at work—smashing windows. (Continued on page 67)

Left, a radio double marriage recently claimed "Marge" of "Myrt and Marge" fame, when Charlie Kretzinger, married Evalyn Karrer, and Gene Kretzinger married her cousin, Donna "Marge" Damerel. Gene and Charlie broadcast over Chicago's WBBM.
HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC

By RALPH L. POWER

THE one-way trek from New York to Hollywood seems to have sidetracked long enough for a few Coasters to wend their way from Hollywood to New York. Four prominent westerners moved in on the New Yorkers around the holiday season. There was Kay Van Riper, KFWB's blonde writer of "English Coronets" which she will produce in New York, and her leading man, Gale Gordon... in high society circles he now writes it "Gail." And Jerry Cady, KFI writer, has gone to the citadel of radio in New York's radio ranks to do more writing... probably the "Richelieu" series... with the fourth Californian getting a train ride east in the person of Hanley Stafford, actor.

* * *

DID you think those soup "Hollywood Hotel" programs have been coming from Hollywood? Well, perish the thought. They come from KHJ's studios in Los Angeles because CBS has no Hollywood quarters. Of course it doesn't matter, for Hollywood is a part of Los Angeles. But, still, some folks don't like the idea of foolin' the boys and girls by saying that the program is "coming direct to you from Hollywood."

* * *

THOUGH lots of radio stars have stooges, Mary Pickford set the custom of having a stand-in. Inez Seabury, who does the stand-ins at rehearsals where Miss Pickford cannot be present, was always good... but it took this spot to get her in the money.

* * *

OWEN CRUMP is one of those rare individuals who always does just what he wants to. He wouldn't work if he had money... likes to sleep "in the raw"... snores... hates to shave and goes daffy over symphonies. You've guessed it. He's artistic and all that sort of thing... paints and sketches under pen name of John Henry.

That's the name he used as master of ceremonies of the morning "Family Circle". That is, until Joe E. Brown, screen funnyman and big-mouth film player, let the cat out of the bag over the air. Now Owen uses his own name as a sign-on and off. Dark complexioned, thin and wiry, he was born in Louisiana, went to college in New York... and how he stays a bachelor is beyond the ken of Hollywood's fair damsels.

* * *

HERE'S a record for moving fast in radio circles. Allan Howard, after a year on the air, gets the A-Number-One post on the announcing staff of Seattle's KOL. Still in his twenties, former University of Washington student, he was an extra man in the Shell Show's eighteen-year-old songstress, Eleanor Ellison. Georgie Stoll, popular band leader, put Eleanor under contract for Shell, giving her the big opportunity of her young life. She can moan low.

Known to audiences as Mona Lowe, KHJ's torrid singer, Winnie Parker is now married to Paul Rickenbacher, assistant program director for CBS in Los Angeles. movies, directed a couple of legitimate shows, and tried to sell bonds and insurance.

One of his announcing programs is the popular "Pioneers"... Sunday at 6:30 p.m. (PST) at the present writing... with stories of the sea taken from annals of early days in the Pacific northwest.

* * *

PEN POINTS. Rube Wolf, brother of Marco and Fanchon Wolf, capitalizes on his outstanding map and beak. (Continued on page 68)
When I opened my eyes, only Eleanor was with me. I leaned on my elbow, my head pounding painfully... I could picture the four men in the other room, discussing their next move. There was no time to be lost!

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL LINK

I

HAD just committed the most stupid blunder an Intelligence Officer could make, and I didn't know it—yet. Blissfully unaware of the consequences, I mailed my letter which was to bring down so much trouble on my head and went back to the front trench to resume the game of dodging shell fragments.

It only took a week before the results of my blunder began to show. A terse call came through from Headquarters in London. I was to report at once.

The trip across the rough English Channel in a transport boat which usually presages a good time for a soldier on leave was terrible. Coupled with my fretting and worry over that call from London, I was seasick for the first time in my life.

When I reported to the grim, grey building which housed one of the most efficient Intelligence Services in the world, I looked like a ghost and felt like the man it was haunting. Not, in other words, top 'ole.

A private with as long a face as I'd seen in many a day ushered me into the small cubicle of my superior officer. He closed the door behind me without a word. The General glanced up, frowned, and handed me a letter.

"Recognize it?" he asked, a sardonic smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

I noticed two things immediately in my hasty inspection of the letter. My own handwriting, and the name of the person to whom it was addressed, Eleanor Lyman.

"Yes sir, I wrote that," I replied, more puzzled than worried. It was the same letter which I had so cheerfully posted a week before.

"This letter," the General continued challengingly, "was intercepted on its way to German agents in Spain. Have you lost your mind?"

He paused. I looked at him blankly, wondering what he was driving at.

"Don't you see what you've done, you idiot? You've signed your real name. If that letter had reached its destination, the enemy would have had the name of one of our Intelligence men!"

"But sir," I objected, "I wrote that to a loyal British
subject. This Eleanor Lyman is what my men call a lonely soldier lady. She has been entertaining my soldiers who were on leave in London, helping them have a good time. I was writing to thank her for her services."

"So I read," the General remarked. "But if this lonely lady is so loyal, how does it happen that she was sending your letter to the enemy?"

Before I could interrupt, he went on: "I'll give you just ten days to clear up this mess. Get acquainted with this Eleanor Lyman, find enough evidence so we can arrest her, or lose your rank. That's all. Report as soon as you have completed your case."

Grimly I saluted, turned on my heel, and left. Inwardly I was cursing myself for a blind fool. (Continued on page 56)
I had just committed the most stupid blunder an intelligence officer could make, and I didn't know it—yet. Blissfully unaware of the consequences, I mailed my letter which was to bring down so much trouble on my head and went back to the front trench to resume the game of dodging shell fragments.

It only took a week before the results of my blunder began to show. A tense call came through from Headquarters in London. I was to report at once.

The trip across the rough English Channel in a transport boat which usually prospers a good time for a soldier on leave was terrible. Coupled with my fretting and worry over that call from London, I was seasick for the first time in my life.

When I reported to the grim, gray building which housed one of the most efficient Intelligence Services in the world, I looked like a ghost and felt like the man it was haunting. Not, in other words, top 'ole.

A private with as long a face as I'd seen in many a day ushered me into the small cubicle of my superior officer. He closed the door behind me without a word. The General glanced up, frowned, and handed me a letter.

"Recognize it?" he asked, a sarcastic smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

I noticed two things immediately in my hasty inspection of the letter. My own handwriting, and the name of the person to whom it was addressed, Eleanor Lyman.

"Yes sir, I wrote that," I replied, more puzzled than worried. It was the same letter which I had so cheerfully posted a week before.

"This letter," the General continued challenging, "was intercepted on its way to German agents in Spain. Have you lost your mind?"

He paused. I looked at him blankly, wondering what he was driving at.

"Don't you see what you've done, you idiot? You've signed your real name. If that letter had reached its destination, the enemy would have had the name of our Intelligence men!"

"But sir," I objected, "I wrote that to a loyal British reader.
They ATE and Grew

If a job depended upon your getting thin, what would you do? Read what two radio stars did. P. S. They got the jobs!

The girl had just achieved what was, at the moment, radio's greatest prize. She was a modern Cinderella. An obscure singer raised to the heights of radio stardom! I had expected to meet a jubilant, effervescent young woman, triumphant, joyous. Instead, Jane Williams, who was originally Rowene Williams, winner of the nation-wide contest conducted by the Columbia Broadcasting System, seemed not at all elated by her selection.

She had been chosen to play the coveted hat-check girl role opposite Dick Powell in the "Hollywood Hotel" program, broadcast direct from the film capital.

"What," I asked her, "were your first reactions when you learned that you, of all those thousands of girls, had been successful?"

Joy? Trepidation? Disbelief? What would you feel if you were suddenly catapulted into one of the most enviable roles that all radio has to offer? Jane's answer was startling.

"I thought," she said, and hesitated slightly, as though she knew that what she was about to say would ruin the start of a perfectly good interview, "I thought that I'd better begin taking off about twenty pounds."

Jane proceeded with engaging frankness. Up until her victory in the contest, it had not mattered to her and certainly, then, to no one else, that she weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Her eyes had been turned towards the operatic stage rather than toward radio, and operatic divas are notoriously permitted the ease of more ample upholstery. She had made her debut at nineteen as a concert soloist with the Luigi Lombardo Symphony Orchestra.

Jane Williams is on the Hollywood Hotel program Friday nights (see page 51—9 o'clock column). Leah Ray sings on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program Friday nights (see page 53—9 o'clock column).

Jane Williams is on the Hollywood Hotel program Friday nights (see page 51—9 o'clock column). Leah Ray sings on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program Friday nights (see page 53—9 o'clock column).

Upper left, when Jane Williams was chosen heroine of the Hollywood Hotel program, she made up her mind to reduce. Above, did she do it?
toured the Middle West and thence returned to her native Minneapolis to sing with the Twin Cities Civic Opera Company. She made a few perfunctory radio appearances over Minneapolis stations as a favor to the publicity department of the opera company. Opera did not fare so well during the general economic depression, so Jane entrained for Chicago, seeking a wider field of opportunity.

She found Chicago slumbering in the same musical doldrums which had becalmed her back in Minneapolis, and then for the first time thought of turning to radio work while waiting for a real opening in concert or operatic work. She went through the customary red-tape of auditions with the customary lack of success, gave a few concerts over smaller stations and was about to return home when the Columbia Broadcasting System contest was announced.

Friends urged her to enter. Jane demurred. She had never sung popular songs; she was sure she could not sing them. Then because she had nothing to lose and had run out of good arguments with which to combat her persuasive friends, she capitulated. However, she never entertained for a moment, any serious hopes about the outcome. Thousands of girls all over the country were registering, and her brief fling at radio had done nothing to convince the level-headed young Minneapolis singer that the ether was her medium.

WHEN her name was announced as winner of the midwest finals, Jane still refused to become unduly excited. There were more than a dozen young women en route to New York, each a territorial winner, each cherishing in her young heart the belief that she would win the coveted role and with it a nice gilt-edged contract. Jane admitted she was not nervous at the final audition, because the prospect of emerging the winner seemed so dim, unreal—improbable!

Her subsequent victory left Jane somewhat aghast, but when she recovered from her astonishment, she made up her mind firmly to at least one (Continued on page 79)
WHO'D ever think that a successful radio tenor and one whose ambition it is to sing in Grand Opera, could actually bake a pie!

Friends, I want you to come into the kitchen and meet James Melton, singing star of Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight. Yes, it's Jimmy all right! He's just dressed up for the occasion but you must recognize that rogish smile of his! Jimmy's favorite pie is cocoanut-custard. And can he make it! Ask Sox, his dog—he knows. There he is in the kitchen sniffing eagerly at the finished masterpiece. When Mr. and Mrs. Melton entertain and serve Jimmy's homemade cocoanut-custard pie, their guests never fail to ask for a second helping, and its fame has spread all over town.

Radio Mirror's Homemaking Department Hostess thought if it was as good as all that, she wanted its readers let in on this delicious secret. And here is the recipe, just as Mr. Melton gave it to me. Get right into your kitchen and surprise the family with a delicious dessert for tonight's dinner.

GRAHAM CRACKER COCOANUT-CUSTARD PIE

Crust:
- 16 Graham crackers
- 1/2 cup of butter
- Crumble crackers fine and mix with softened butter.
- Line buttered pie-plate with mixture, pressing firmly against bottom and sides.

Filling:
- 1 pt. milk
- 3/4 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup sugar

Bring milk to a boil (use double-boiler) add yolks of eggs, cornstarch, salt, sugar and cook until thick. Remove from stove and add cocoanut and vanilla. Turn filling into the crumb-lined pan, and top with Meringue.

Meringue:
- Beat whites of three eggs and 1/2 cup of sugar until stiff.
- Spread on top of pie, sprinkle with cocoanut and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

"Yum, yum!" says Sox, James Melton's favorite pup, as the singer pulls the finished Cocoanut-Custard pie out of the oven. Sox knows it's good. He's tasted it before.

Cocoanut-custard pie is not the only dish James Melton can make well. There's another swell recipe that I managed to get him to give me and if you'd like to have it, just drop me a line in care of Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, and I'll send you a copy of his recipe for Oysters Delmonico absolutely free, without any cost to you.

As an added feature this month, I've assembled a very fine menu which can be especially adapted for the Friday night dinner. It's a bit different and will probably please that unexpected guest your husband brought home with him from the office or from his golf game.

FRIDAY DINNER

Cream of Tomato Soup
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda

Combine the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, pepper and chopped onion. Cook for thirty minutes. Strain and then add the soda. Stir well and pour into hot white sauce.

Cream Sauce:
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter, add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add milk slowly and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Keep the sauce hot over boiling water and do not add the tomato mixture until you are ready to serve.

FILETS OF SOLE WITH OYSTERS

Four filets of sole, cut in small pieces
- 1 dozen oysters
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- Juice of half a lemon

(Continued on page 89)
Brrh! Cold wintry days are here! Miss Anderson tells you how to protect your skin from Mr. Jack Frost's stinging bite.

Miss Vivienne Segal, starring in "Melodiana," with Abe Lyman’s orchestra on the Columbia System, is a radio star who gives a great deal of care to her appearance. Miss Segal is shown here at her pretty dressing table putting the finishing touches to her make-up.

My face is so rough these days.”

“The wind just plays havoc with my face in the winter and my skin cracks so that I can’t seem to keep any powder on my nose.”

Have you ever offered such complaints? I bet you have. I know I’ve heard them more than once!”

Girls, girls, there’s no need to have rough, harsh, dry skin in this day and age! Your skin doesn’t have to become dry until it almost starts to crack and peel! Just a few minutes of service to your skin at night, before retiring, will more than repay you for the effort.

Just as you protect your body with warm clothing from the cold, wintry air, so must you protect your skin from the wind. I do not mean that you must wear something to cover your face, but I do mean that you must nourish it with a generous helping of cold cream.

Feminine radio stars are most particular about their appearance and with all the day taken up with rehearsals, broadcasts and public appearances they make it their business to devote some time to the care of their complexion. Now with television making such rapid strides toward its goal, they’re giving this matter even more attention.

First of all, you remove all the day’s collection of dust with a cleansing cream. Two applications is more effective. Apply it to the face gently, patting it on. Remember, rubbing only forces the dirt deeper into the pores. Remove with cleansing tissues. I’ve personally found that by wiping the face with a hot wet wash cloth, removes all the grease, leaving your face clean and warm.

There are innumerable brands of cold creams advertised today. Some of them contain elements to stimulate the oil glands which help keep the pores supplied with a certain amount of necessary oil. One I have in mind is particularly refreshing. It melts the instant it touches the skin and the oil flows easily into the pores so that the skin is lubricated. This is just what you need for a dry skin. It creates a delightful softness, smoothness and suppleness which is most refreshing. It banishes dryness, roughness, lines and the withered look of age. You’ll also discover that when your skin is smooth and fine that your powder stays on longer and has that fresh, just applied look.

Although the cold wind has the tendency to cause chapped skin, did you know that at the same time it stimulates the circulation and brings out the color in your face, giving it a rosier look? It sure does! Just try getting out into the cold air, taking long walks, breathing deeply and when you get back, give your face that cold-cream treatment I just told you about.

Do not overlook the most important duty to your appearance! An alluring complexion has often made a plain woman more attractive than a woman with beautiful features but with an unhealthy and unclean skin.

Thus, a little attention each evening before going to bed, and presto! you’ll have “the skin you love to touch.” Begin your treatments tonight. I’m sure in a few days you’ll be proud of the results.

If you haven’t decided on the brand of cold cream to use and want me to recommend one, write me to that effect. I shall be glad to give you the name of the cream, the merits of which I have herein described.
If you like Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Ed Wynn, the Aces, Joe Penner and all the other cock-eyed comics of the broadcast band, you ought to listen to the amateurs, on 20, 40, 80 and 160 meters. Coming over these stations, run for pleasure and not for profit, is some of the funniest conscious and unconscious humor on the air.

By no means all of the “ham” dialog is data about new grid leaks, the installation of a crystal microphone, or the change of an aerial’s direction. And not all of the “bottles” to which reference is made are transmitting tubes. Some of the bottles contain higher voltage than is used on any radio set.

Take Will, the master of ceremonies, operator, and general major-domo of a Negro radio club that owns an amateur transmitter. Will was having a fine gabfest the other night with a ham in Indiana. Will’s steady flow of chatter was interrupted at frequent intervals as he paused to whisper some friends who were whispering and giggling into his ear. Finally he felt that some explanation was due his listener.

“I s’pose you is hearing a lot of static from up here,” said Will. “Well, I’ll tell you-all what it is. It’s just that some of the club members brought in some bottles to celebrate our putting in some new 100-watt bottles. And is those people full of radio frequencies? Dawggone!”

Not all of the amateurs are that hotcha. One young matron was telling another, some five hundred miles away, how to make pies. The dialog went something like this:

“And then, when it’s all finished, you take it out of the oven and sprinkle nutmeg over the top. We had some people here for supper, Mary, and they ate one of my pies and thought it was just fine.”

Spin the dial.

Here we get a boy in Maine talking to a girl in Oregon. He says, “What! You’re not really little Clara Ghent, who used to go to school with me in Augusta! Well, well, well. It’s a small world, isn’t it? Remember how I used to take you to the movies in the old days? Well, let’s go to the movies together tomorrow night. I suppose “Du Barry” is playing there, like it is here. I’ll go see it tomorrow night here in Augusta. You go see it in Klamath Falls. Then I’ll get on the air at midnight and we can talk about it. It’ll be just like old times.”

Well, you can’t hold hands that way. We’ll turn the dial again.

“My wife is studying for her amateur’s license,” says an Indiana ham. “She thinks she’s pretty good, but you ought to hear her trying to send code. Why, she can’t send half as fast as I can. She—”

Just then a feminine voice interrupts him. You can tell it’s his wife. She says, “Yes, and if you did half as much work as I do, you wouldn’t have so much time to practice code, either!”

The ham shuts off his transmitter, so the rest of what seems like the beginning of a good, old fashioned family row goes unheard.

We drop down to another band of amateur (Continued on page 88)
CONGRATULATIONS OF THE MONTH: to Geraldine Farrar for her fine contract with Listerine for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts; you can hear her from her glass-inclosed box at the Met every Saturday night, from now on ... to Walter Damrosch for his reported plan of presenting dramas based on the lives of great composers, with orchestral accompaniment ... to Don Novis over at CBS on the “Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood” broadcast with Mark Warnow’s orchestra, Bill Adams announcing ... to May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose for their fine sponsored program (Humphrey’s Medicine Company) on Sunday mornings (apologies again, you two, for having reported you splitting professionally last month) ... to B. A. Rolfe, the Sisters of the Skillet and Jack Parker for getting up so early mornings for their entertaining program ... to Joey Nash for his enticing singing with Dick Himber’s orchestra, Monday nights ... to Alexander Woolcott and his cream of wit for that renewal which brings his provocative program through the spring ... to Major Bowes for making so big a noise with his small local broadcast which gives amateurs a chance, on Metro-Goldwyn’s WHN, to go on the air or get it! ... to Lux’s Theatre of the Air, Sunday afternoons, which would present Duse if she were alive ... to One Man’s Family and the Red Davis program for pleasing every little group of serial thinkers ... to De Wolf Hopper who announces the Kansas City Symphony and Broadway Varieties as though life began at seventy, which it does as far as he’s concerned ... and to Mrs. Roosevelt for her concern with the education of children and other commendable subjects on her broadcasts.

SUNDAY night at eight (Eastern Standard). Concerts by the grace of General Motors and Ford. Conflicts between such Titans as Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The music-loving listener chewed his nails and went slowly cuckoo making up his mind. So to add to the confusion, Chase and Sanborn has been presenting tabloid operas with helpful notations by Deems Taylor, fine conducting by Wilfred Pelletier. Rigoletto, Aida, Hansel and Gretel, Pagliacci, Tales of Hoffman, Madame Butterfly. With dialogue. In English.

And Eddie Cantor flirts with the English broadcasters before returning to these shores to chide Rubino off again at CBS on behalf of Pebeo Toothpaste.

Sunday night at eight (Eastern Standard).

SPONSORS too often censor material or switch to new programs because of their wives’ opinions, their relatives, or their own. None of the judges, with rare exceptions, is a real showman.

One famous comedian was about to be taken off the air because the sponsor had grown tired of his comedy. The sponsor was fair enough to make a survey. Out of 9,000 people who had their radios on at the hour of the broadcast, the survey showed that 80% were listening to the comedian. He stayed.

Cheers to a man who woreied of the program he was financing but who submerged his own opinion in deference to yours and mine. The comedian was the real showman—and the sponsor knew it.

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what’s right and what’s wrong with radio—more right this month than wrong. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 54. Let’s hear from you.

Ernest V. Heyn
We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BASIC</th>
<th>SUPPLEMENTARY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>WOHD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOKO</td>
<td>WHEC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCAE</td>
<td>WNBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WADC</td>
<td>WNYT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WKBW</td>
<td>WSBT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJLL</td>
<td>WLSA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WKDQ</td>
<td>WCVB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAL</td>
<td>WJTV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WRBQ</td>
<td>WTVR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCAU</td>
<td>KFPR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEAN</td>
<td>WPMI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJAS</td>
<td>WKPD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WPST</td>
<td>WGCL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WSMR</td>
<td>WPLM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>WWIM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WWMO</td>
<td>WLOE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KGIN</td>
<td>KFRC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KGEB</td>
<td>KXMT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFRC</td>
<td>KWCO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFFY</td>
<td>KYOB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KVI</td>
<td>CAFC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KVJ</td>
<td>CFBF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COAST

COA: KFRC KWJ

CANADIAN: WRIA CFBF

12 NOON 1PM 2PM

1:00 Church of the Air: Sun., 3/4 hr. Network

George Hall Orchestra: Mon.-Tues., Wed., Thurs. 5/4 hr., Network

2:00 Lazy Days: Sun., 3/4 hr. Basic minus WOKO WGR WSPD Plus Coast minus WKBX KLAB WKBX KLAB

Frank Bailey Orchestra: Mon., Thurs., Fri., 1/2 hr., Network

Emil Velas Ensemble: Tues., Sat., 1/4 hr., Network

The Songs: Mon., Thurs., Fri., 1/2 hr., Network

3:00 The Romance of Helen Trent: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 1/2 hr., Network

4:00 The Royal Hawaiian: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 1/2 hr., Network

The Cadets: Wed., 1/2 hr., WABC WNBC WACO WCAQ WDAW WNEC WAPA WJAM WJLL WJLA WJLR WABC WNEC WKDQ WJDQ WJIL

5:00 The School of the Air: Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 1/2 hr., Network

The Round Towners: Sat., 1/2 hr., Network

RADIO MIRROR

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central Time, two for Mountain Time, three for Pacific Time.)

2. Read down the column for the programs which are in block type.

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

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—the third column—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.

2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.

3. If your plan is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.

4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

5PM 6PM

5:00 Open House, Freddie Martin: Mon., 1/2 hr. Basic minus WAMC WKBX WBNS Plus WLBZ WSTD WBBN WABC KTRH KLRB WQCQ

5:15 Carille & London: Mon., Wed., Fri., 1/2 hr., Network

5:30 Curtis & Sanderson: Mon., 1/2 hr. Basic minus WAMC WBBM WKBX WBNS Plus WLBZ WSTD WBBN WABC KTRH KLRB WQCQ

5:40 The Oral Feature: Mon., 1/2 hr. WABC WBBM WKBX WBNS Plus WLBZ WSTD WBBN WABC KTRH KLRB WQCQ

Freddie Martin continues to give unknowns a break on his Open House series, which doesn't always mean that the listeners always get a good a one. Sometimes a talented Freddie has selected has been rather weak.
6:00  Music By Gershwin
Sun. 14 hr. Basic minus WBT V 8 P.M. West
WEAN WSBD Plus WBCI
WBT WDSU WGST WBN
WADC WKOZ

RADIO}

6:05  St. Paul's New

In order to make way for Eddie Con- nor on the CBS radio waves, programs have been shuffled around the fifth floor like a deck of cards. This is what finally popped up for seven o'clock: Alexander Wooll- cott's town crier, his half-hour having been pushed back to noon. For, you see, the broadcasts are still scheduled for Sun-

days.

7:00  Alexander Woollcott:
Ratony Suicide

8:00  Hall of Fame, Helen

9:00  Ford Symphony

11:00  Little Jack Little Or- chestra:

Additional data between 9:00 and midnight: Sponsors are trying to make up their minds about the Byrd pro-
grame, after having been swung by Amer- ica. They can't decide whether or not... your correspondent, in charge, has lost to- Harrra Sallor Orches- tra Fri. 14 hr. Network

Dramatic Guild: Sun. 14 hr. Network

Emery Deutsch Mon. 14 hr. Network

More about those Sunday changes: Gulf Headliners has been shoved into a 7:30 spot, giving up their 9:30 half hour. The Ford Symphony now occupies the hour between 9 and 10. It hasn't been around for a while and there's quite a lot more to be seen. There's not a lot more to be seen. There it will be made in the next issue. Watch for it.

12:00  Wayne King, Lady

1:00  Wayne King, King

2:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

3:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

4:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

5:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

6:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

7:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

8:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.

9:00  Wayne King, King 8 P.M.
Radio Mirror

**6PM**
- **Heart Throbs of the Hills!** Sun. 14 hr. Network
- **U. S. Army Band!** Mon. 14 hr. Network
- **Xavier Cugat Orchestra**- Sat. 14 hr. Network

**7PM**
- **Edgar Guest** - The News Wed. 14 hr. Network
- **Jack Berger Orchestra** - Fri. 14 hr. Network
- **Angelo Ferrari Orchestra** - Sat. 14 hr. Network
- **William Lundell** - Interview Thurs. 14 hr. Network

**8PM**
- **Sparton Triollans, Jolly Cubbin** - Sun. 14 hr. Network
- **Tom Corilly Orchestra** - Thurs. 14 hr. Network

**9PM**
- **Grand Hotels Sun. Basic** Plus WTMJ KSTP WBCN

**10PM**
- **Lowell Thomas** - Mon. Tues. Wed. 14 hr. Basic
- **WTAG** WJBO WCOB WCOB WVLW
- **Tom Corilly Orchestra** - Sat. 14 hr. Network

**11PM**
- **Drama Jules Verne** - Mon. Fri. 14 hr. Network
- **Meet My Heen Sing** - Tues. 14 hr. Network

**12AM**
- **Armo Iron Master** - Sun. 14 hr. Basic minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC WJBO WBLA KYIO


**1AM**
- **Billy Batchelor** - Mon. Tues. Wed. 14 hr. Basic minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC WJBO WBLA KYIO

**2AM**
- Did you notice a strong huskiness in Floyd Gibbons’ voice a few Saturday nights ago? His father died in Washington that morning and he flew back in time for his broadcast.

**3AM**
- **Tooting and Sounding**

**4AM**
- **Foy H. Mathews** - Sun. 14 hr. Network
- **Bob Parker** - Fri. 14 hr. Network

**5AM**
- **American Radio Program** - Sun. 14 hr. EAP WTAG WJBO WECI WWM WMAT WSM WDAF KYIO

**6AM**
- **Melodious Silken Strings Program** - Sat. 14 hr. Basic minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC WJBO WBLA KYIO

**7AM**
- **Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild** - Sun. 14 hr. Basic minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC WJBO WBLA KYIO

**8AM**
- **Voice of Firestones** - Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC WJBO WBLA KYIO

**9AM**
- **Contemplated Program** - Mon. 11 hr. Basic plus Coast minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC KSTP WTMJ WBCN KDYL KOA WFAA KGHL

**10AM**
- **American Bandstand** - Mon. 14 hr. Basic plus Coast minus WTAG WJBO WECI plus KPRC KSTP WTMJ WBCN KDYL KOA WFAA KGHL

**11AM**
- **Razanne Wallace, Songs** - Sun. 14 hr. Network

**12NOON**
- **Waltz Band on the Border** - Mon. 14 hr. Network

**1PM**
- **L'Heure Exquise** - Sun. 14 hr. Network

**2PM**
- **Let's Listen to Harried catchy music** - Sat. 14 hr. Network

**3PM**
- **City Party City** - Sat. 14 hr. Network

**4PM**
- **Story Behind the News** - Sat. 14 hr. Network

**5PM**
- **Walter Winchelt** Sun.

(Broadcasting Company)

**6PM**
- **7PM**
- **8PM**
- **9PM**
- **10PM**
- **11PM**

(Continued)
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

WRITE TO THE ORACLE, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, AND HAVE YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYERS AND PROGRAMS ANSWERED

H E L L O questioners! I know some of you were peeved at the shortage of questions last month. Honest, we didn't have the space. Did you notice all the features we gave you? The new policy of the magazine is to give our readers as many feature items as possible. You'll probably find many of your questions answered right in the stories. However, here are some red-hot answers to the questions which I know have been bothering you for a long time. See if you can find yours!

Onieta H.—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but better late than never. Now what can I say about Conrad Thibault? In the first place, he was born at Northbridge, Mass, twenty-nine years ago. The late President Coolidge encouraged him to sing. He won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. It has been told that Conrad suffered sore feet in the interest of his art. That is, he was a floorwalker in a big New York department store in order to raise the money to pay for his musical education. He is dark and handsome, five foot eleven and his ambition is to be a concert artist.

Theresa T., Rochester, New York—So you like Jerry Cooper! He's a fine-looking chap. We ran a picture of him in our December issue. Did you see it? He was born in 1907 and up to this date I believe he's still unattached. He's a newcomer to the Columbia Broadcasting chain and is heard on his own program each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 5:30 P. M.

Mrs. Agnes P. H., Terre Haute, Ind.—Martha, Vet and Connie, the famous Boswell Sisters are at present broadcasting from Hollywood with Bing Crosby on Tuesday nights, sponsored by Woodbury's Soap. I'm sorry about those pictures you asked for but you'll have to write to the radio stars for them.

Eddie, Indiana Harbor, Ind.—Don't tell me you haven't heard Kate Smith's grand voice over your loud speaker on Friday nights over the Columbia chain! Kate also has a full hour matinee show on Wednesdays. Don't forget to tune in! Just address her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Helen G., East Orange, N. J.—Now, Helen, if I tell you who I really am you'll spoil (Continued on page 84)

T H A T'S just what we want to know! This space has been provided for our readers' own use! We want you to tell us of your peeves and your delights. And of course your suggestions. Do you like the type of entertainment that's on the air now? What's missing? What don't you like and why? We want your brutal and frank opinions. Don't be afraid of the "big, bad sponsors!" They're spending plenty of money and are most anxious to please you all. And what is more, we pay for the most constructive letter. Twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the next best letter and one dollar each for the next five selected.

Letters should contain not more than 200 words and should be sent not later than January 22 to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

These letters have been chosen for this month:

$20.00 PRIZE

R A D IO MIRROR performs a valuable service in giving us the personality side of familiar radio voices. Photographs and human interest stories make living persons of the voices we hear and assist our feeling that we know them just as we know stage actors. Would that the etiquette and formality of stage production could be carried over into radio.

There is far too much of the over familiar "Tom, Dick and Larry" lack of manners among announcers. Really many of the announcers are not even well bred. I was horrified recently when I heard the alliterative punster John B. Kennedy call Lawrence Tibbett "Larry." It broke down the dignity expressed in the voice and diction of Mr. Tibbett.

Why should not announcer and performer consider that they are before the public and conduct themselves with respect for their audience and respect for themselves? I think radio would be improved if the broadcasting companies would insist upon a standard of etiquette for those before their microphones just as they forbid the use of profanity.

Another sin of commission is the constant unnecessary use of the ever recurring "Thank You" of the announcers. Why should the listening time of the public be taken up with this constant repetition? In most cases the performer is glad to get the job and the announcer is hired to ring up the curtain and see that the (Continued on page 81)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE, READERS! HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET YOUR OPINIONS IN PRINT! WRITE YOUR LETTER TODAY AND TRY FOR THE BIG PRIZE!
RADIO MIRROR

WINTER-COLD slows the action of your oil glands. House-heat dries your skin. And your poor hands, in and out of water all day, are robbed of precious oils. They become dry, rough, chapped—but not if you use a rich penetrating cream, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds relieves chapping quickly—restores a lovely soft texture. Hinds soaks the skin with rich soothing oils, like Nature's own skin-softeners. Yes, Hinds is so effective because it's more than a "jelly," it gives more than a temporary "coating." It lubricates richly, deeply. Use it during the day, also at bedtime.

Regular use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream this winter will give you summer-smooth hands—thrilling to touch!

Relieve Chapping — win thrilling smooth hands with HINDS Honey & Almond Cream
I realized by then how I had been taken in by this agent, this Eleanor Lyman. Under the pretense of giving our men entertainment during their lull, she was gaining valuable information on happenings at the front. To boot, she now had my name!

It was up to me to trick her at her own game. But how? I could see my military future go glimmering unless I were much smarter than I'd been up to now.

**You** see, the difficult part about an Intelligence man trapping an enemy agent is not in getting evidence. It is keeping himself out of it, so that no one will suspect his part in the arrest and trial. If I were to catch Eleanor Lyman red handed, she must not know that I had had anything to do with it. Otherwise, she might be able to warn her brother conspirators about me and my usefulness would be at an end.

Back at my hotel, I donned my best service uniform, had a shave, and saluted forth. Luckily, I caught Miss Lyman at Headquarters.

"How delightful," she exclaimed, when I had told her I was on leave. "We shall certainly see that you have an enjoyable time. Shall we start by going to a tea dance this afternoon?"

I nodded eagerly as to my next step. The obvious tricks by which we sometimes snared enemy spies certainly wouldn't work in this case. And I did not dare bungle the case. I was already under too much desire to help Headquarters.

We were meeting again the next afternoon at the Savoy Hotel, gayest and brightest spot in London. Soldiers, sailors, old men, young men, women in society, nurses, all met there to snatch brief interludes of happiness.

Suddenly my mind which had so sullenly neglected me began to function once more. If the plan which had taken form in the back of my head worked out, I would save my face. If it failed, I probably wouldn't be alive to care.

**That** night I sat up late, going over my scheme. I felt sure that Eleanor must have other agents working with her. They too must be caught. When I finally went to bed, everything was complete in my mind.

Our appointment was for five. At a quarter after, I staggered into the softly lit lounge. It was filled with people sipping their cocktails. Suddenly, anyone looked up. The sight of a soldier with too many drinks under his belt was no novelty to them.

I allowed myself a little smile. To all appearances, I was four sheets to the wind. I had let my hair fall over my eyes, my tie was awry, and one button of my uniform was missing.

Eleanor was seated in a corner. She did not see me until I stood swaying in front of her. She looked up, saw who it was, and sprung to her feet with a little cry.

"Tim, what's happened?" she asked. "Are you hurt?"

"Just drunk," I muttered. "Bad news from the front. Best pals killed. Whole division lost."

"I'm so sorry," she whispered. "Can't we go where there aren't so many people?"

I nodded heavily, my eyes half closed. So far my scheme was working to perfection. Eleanor seemed completely fooled. Now if she would take me to her flat, my ruse might be successful.

Outside, Eleanor guided me to a cab. We got in, my head resting on her shoulder. I continued to mutter more about war, about losing all my friends, and how sick I was of the whole mess.

"Driver, take us to Russell Square," she ordered.

My heart beat more rapidly. That was where she lived! Now, I thought, it's either you or me, young lady. I only hope your friends are waiting for you.

**Outside** the flat she shook me vigorously. I opened my eyes slowly. "Tim, wake up; we're here," she commanded.

Together, we mounted the stone steps into the apartment building, and up one flight of dark stairs. She fumbled a moment with her key, then we were inside.
wild run for Headquarters.

The necessary arrangements were made in the time it took to phone Scotland Yard. There was still one more thing I must do before my part in the arrest would be completely hidden. I must go back, be arrested by the military police, fight with them, and in the scuffle draw out the agents in the next room. Then, if everything went without a hitch, the Scotland Yard men would break in and make the arrests. I would be dragged away, still protesting.

Hurriedly I made my way back to the apartment. I realized that there was no time to lose. Even now the agents would have had time to make their getaway. In ten minutes, I was knocking at the door of Eleanor's flat. Her eyes opened wide when she saw who was standing in the doorway.

"Forgot my hat," I explained, "Must have it." I was keeping up my act of drunkeness, and staggered blindly into the room. Eleanor pushed me down in a chair and began to search for the lost object.

There was a sudden loud knocking. Eleanor straightened, her face drawn and white.

"See who it is, Tim," she whispered.

Before I could stand, two soldiers in uniform burst in. The Military Police! I backed away.

"There you are, soldier," one of them exclaimed. "You better come along." He strode over to me, grasping me roughly by the arm.

"He's all right, lieutenant," Eleanor said firmly, the color rushing back into her cheeks. "I'll take care of him."

"Sorry, miss," the lieutenant replied, "I've my orders to bring him in."

With a shove, he sent me stumbling to the door. I began to put up a fight, careful to make enough of a scuffle to be heard in the next room.

"I hate tattle-tales!.."

...and here's how I chased them out of my house

"You're a hard worker, Bess," my sister said one day, "but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!...I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'nick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."

"And what a lucky day! In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed golden soap is so much richer. And Fels-Naptha is full of clean-smelling naptha! Even grimy, greasy dirt floats right out."

"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more tattle-tale gray in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"

with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
LOVELY EYES
How to have them—eyes no man can forget

CHARMING eyes in 40 seconds! A magic touch of the lashes with Winx, the super-mascara, and your eyes are given new glamour.

Remember, your eyes are your most important feature. So don't neglect them.

Winx gives you long, lovely lashes —soft, alluring. It is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect.

Added Beauty
Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will you. So try Winx today! Learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my two offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross
Merrily send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS
25 W. 17th St., New York City

Name ..........................................................

Street .........................................................

City .........................................................

State ........................................................

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

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

RADIO MIRROR

Revealing the Romance of
John Barclay

(Continued from page 30)

EVEN as a child he liked to sing, to hear his notes come round and full. He had no voice instruction until he was much older but always he had a secret notion he sang rather well.

In fact it might be said John made his musical debut as a lad of seven. At a formal dinner party—

The dinner had lasted for a little eternity. But John had loved it. Dinner with grown-ups always was exciting. And a dinner party at a friend's home was an occasion.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, someone played the piano. Beautifully. So the music made arcs of sound. John gravitated towards that end of the room.

"Do you sing?" asked the woman who was playing.

"Yes I do," John answered quickly. "Would you like me to perhaps? Now?"

Before he had started out for this particular party Nanny had given him orders about being agreeable and interested and entertaining social responsibility she had called it. Well, if it demanded nothing more irksome than singing for him he had no quarrel with it.

The guests applauded when he had finished his song. He smiled. And bowed. He was a grave little figure standing there beside the piano in his dark suit and stiff Eton collar.

"I'm glad you liked it," he said. "Thank you so much. I'll sing it again for you.

And he did.

There couldn't, I think, be a more typical story about anyone. I've known John Barclay for years. As a friend and as a neighbor. I've watched him on New Year's Eve standing against a fireplace singing "Auld Lang Syne." Singing a rollicking chantey or a German love song. With Dagmar Barclay at the huge concert grand piano which virtually consumes one room in their home. And I've been reminded time and again of that little English boy at his first dinner party.

John has studied, in the intervening years, in Italy and London and New York. But still no small part of the charm he brings to his radio work and his last season's appearance on Broadway in "Champagne, Sec." is due to that same eagerness and aplomb which characterized him as a lad of seven.

He came to the success he has known in opera at Nice, in the theater and opera in London. as soloist with various symphony orchestras in America and several years ago as leading baritone in the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals without making any great sacrifices, without suffering any great struggle.

He had to work, of course, to develop the singularly fine baritone voice with which he was born. But always his family was in a position to engage the

ROLL YOUR FAT A W A Y
NO DIET • NO MEDICINES • NO EXERCISES

An amazing invention called Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid your- self of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable device takes off fat quickly from every part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to your skin. Makes you feel years younger.

FEW MINUTES A DAY ROLLS FAT AWAY

Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of doctors and physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for FREE Trial Offer—Today!

ROLLETTE COMPANY, 3826 North Ashland Avenue Dept. 126 Chicago, Illinois

Alvieen SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

404 W. Montgomery, Evanston, Ill. 1-1800

Sell 7 Big Bars

Earn $50 a Week

for only 25¢

100% pure, liquid soap, 15 bars

MURPHY'S SOAP

No Experience—Sample Dresses Free

One dress for the price of two. No charge by mail. Blinkers made to order. Sizes, styles of your choice. Send 60c or 75c for 10-day sample. Free as offered. MURPHY'S MIRRORS, 331 W. 23rd St., New York City

Harford Brocks, Dept. G7, Cincinnati, Ohio

PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT ENLARGED

SIZE 16 X 20

89¢

Now low price for your fast growth of fame pornog- raphy of the world. Lively, lovely, lovely photos of your child, your child's home, your child's friends, at home, in the park. Any size. Choose your favorite pose. Sec. 1 and 2. Send 10c for 10-day sample, whether you buy or not.

SEND NO MONEY

Photograph, or snapshot, of your child, or any other loved one, made into a color artists' portrait. The child is the subject. Money back guarantee. Free catalog.

FREE Special 16 x 20 reproduction of famous portrait. Large studio portrait. 10c. Catalog also sent. Send 10c.

FREE SPECIAL for any one who will send us any photograph or snapshot of his child. A beautiful reproduction of your child, 15x20 size, a real picture. Send 10c.

finest instructors for him and to back him when he chanced to run out of funds.

He had no physical struggle. But he did have a mental struggle which is always a girl's problem. For he faced the necessity of overcoming the unfortunate belief he had acquired from his training and education—namely, that the world owed him a living.

That he learned this lesson as quickly and completely as he did is truly remarkable. It would have been so much more comfortable for him to have gone right on charging a suit at his tailors when he wished a new suit, to have taken those things he felt right as he went along, irrespective of whether or not he had any prospects of the money to pay for them.

He was eight when he went off to Harrow. The thirty-sixth Barclay to be registered there, incidentally. Later he attended Pembroke College, Cambridge.

At school he strained his heart. Sprinting. The doctors looked wise and recommended a season at Bad Nauheim. It was the one thing that would help him, they insisted.

"How much more amusing," said John's mother, "to go around the world."

So they went around the world.

"THAT trip I count the greatest thing that ever happened to me," John says. "It got me over being insular. It gave me a bond for all the people I met however distant from me they might be superficially.

"In strange places I found strange people doing strange things. But always when I came to know them and to understand a little of the problems and philosophy which their particular life imposed, they ceased to be strange or to have a strange influence on me."

It was 1921 when he came to America. America intrigued him. Compellingly.

"I came by my interest in America naturally," he says. "Robert, one of my ancestors, was William Penn's partner in the purchase of Pennsylvania. He sent his sons over. They were Pennsylvania tax collectors. And among those who made themselves scarce during the Revolution. Perhaps from them I inherited a feeling to become a part of America."

It may have been inheritance or it may have been Fate. Fate at work on her eternal pattern, bringing a tall dark Englishman across the sea so he might marry a girl with fair soft hair and eyes gray green, a girl named Dagmar. So loving each other and working together they might find life richer than they had known it could be. So they might make a home in a Long Island suburb and taught garden profuse in summer with Canterbury bells and stock and Sweet William and English roses. So a little girl might play in that garden with her dog, Tinykey, a little girl with eyes blue as the sky they both loved. New York one never-to-be-forgotten autumn and with hair golden as a mixer's dream. A little girl called Mary Cornelia..."
The Woman Behind
Amos 'n' Andy
(Continued from page 15)

it's been working for Charlie and Gozze (that's what I've always called Freeman). After all these years I still haven't gotten over feeling it's been an unforgettable experience and privilege.

To fully understand what I mean," Miss Summa explained, "You'd first have to know how Charlie and Gozze, themselves, feel about 'Amos and Andy.' Oh yes, they are four distinct people—not two.

"YOU see Charlie and Freeman usually come into the office about noon. From the minute that door closes behind them, they stop being Goeden and Correll, and become Amos and Andy. Sometimes they write a script in an hour, sometimes it takes four, but during that time, never for a moment do they ever step out of character.

"They usually take off their shirts, collars and ties and often when they get through they're wringing wet. They live every-thing that goes into the scripts. I think that is why their programs sound so natural. That and the scrupulous care they take with detail. It's nothing unusual for Charlie or Gozze to call out to me and ask: 'Say, Louise, how long does it take to boil potatoes?'; or 'How much does it cost to launder a shirt?'; or 'What does a road do around a toadstool—I mean does it sit under it or on it?' That's part of my job—answering routine questions like that. Everything must be perfect and ring absolutely true.

"Andy usually sits at the typewriter. Amos walks up and down continually and they just hold a normal conversation and say the things that real people would say. The situations the boys are creating. Even when they try out different lines before writing them, they keep the voices and inflections of the radio characters. Why, if you ever heard them talking while writing a script, you could almost say the characters like the 'Kingfish', 'Lightnin', 'Ruby' and the others were in that room—real flesh and blood people. That's just it, they are real flesh and blood people to Amos and Andy. That's why they never prepare scripts in advance or rehearse them or let people see them writing or broadcasting. It might destroy that illusion.

"I'll never forget the day when they decided that Roland Weber would have to die in the interest of the story." Louise reminisced. "When the boys got back from their vacation, they realized that something new was expected of them, that the Fresh Air Taxis can company would have to go. Weber was sent and willed him his money, a whole new field of enterprise would be opened for Amos and Andy. At the same time if he were killed in an automobile accident during "Safety First Week," the thousands of people who listen to the broadcasts might be impressed with the danger of reckless driving."

Among the Most
Sought-after Girls

Nature was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology. Still, many of our nursery-group girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way.

They do it with color. Cammed lips—a splash of color on one's hair—a bag that's like the salon. Yet—if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat. Doh, money hair is not exactly re-stimulating, is it? Still—it's not easy that way. One choices, now-a-days. Because these hidden lights, those tinsel gleams will reappear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

"Not to do confuse Golden Glint with color dyes that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "bony tint"—a wee bit but—not much—nearly imperceptible. But how it does bring out the beauty of your own individual shade of hair. It's a dye—

In a can for blondes—when bought for darker heads.

And one feel to—right $25 a package at drug or mail goods counters.

GOLDEN GLINT
the SHAMPOO
with the tiny tint RINSE

Did you tire easily?

\[ \checkmark \text{no appetite} \checkmark \text{losing weight} \checkmark \text{nervous} \checkmark \text{sleepless} \checkmark \text{pale} \]

Then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs.

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemoglobin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you...though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appe- titizing food...sound sleep...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2.50 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upward today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you request. Do not be afraid, as your physician of prefe rence is your guarantee of satisfaction.

\[ \text{S.S.S.: the world's great blood medicine} \]

Makes you feel like yourself again.

© S.S.S. Co.
However, to decide that Roland Weber must die and then to kill him were two entirely different matters as Miss Summa pointed out. "On the day they wrote that script, they both came in looking as if they'd lost their last friend. You'd have thought they were going to murder a real person. They locked themselves up and I didn't see them until late in the afternoon. When they came out they were as white as sheets."

"Well, Louise, we've killed him," Gosden said in a flat voice.

"So help me, I felt like a murderer when I typed those lines," Correll told Louise.

That night after the broadcast they were nervous wrecks.

They are equally sentimental about everything else connected with their broadcasts. After the two men had been separated all summer both heard their theme song during the international broadcast for the first time in weeks. One heard it in a studio in San Francisco. The other was more than 6,000 miles away across a continent and ocean. Both cried at the first strains of that song.

"Charlie wants it played at his funeral," Louise Summa told me.

"They used to put on amateur minstrel shows and circuses," Louise continued. "Charlie and Gozkie were working down in Joliet. At that time radio had just come out and was still a pretty terrible affair. Well, anyway, Joe Bredt thought it would be a good stunt to advertise the circus over the local radio station and the boys were elected to represent the company on the air. Most people think that they made their first broadcast over WEBH in Chicago about ten years ago, but that isn't true. It was in Joliet about twelve years ago that they went on the air for the very first time.

"I'll never forget the day when they got back from Joliet. Gozkie was sitting at my desk telling me how scared he and Charlie had been. Gozkie was going through his mail as he talked to me and pulled out a gaudy calendar with a picture of a ship, an advertisement of some insurance company. He held up the calendar and laughed: 'Well, Louise old kid,' he said, 'here's our ship come in at last.' There was something prophetic in that—both Gozkie and I felt it as we looked at each other.

"It was then he promised me, half jokingly and half seriously, that some day, when he and Charlie became rich and famous, they would have me come to work for them. And the day they landed their first network program they made good on the promise right away.

Just exactly how Gosden and Correll hit upon the lucky idea which inspired the "Sam and Henry," programs which later became the "Amos and Andy" serial has remained one of the untold secrets of radio history. But Louise Summa at last revealed the truth.

"I think that is one of the most remarkably interesting things about their

---

End pimples, blackheads
with famous medicated cream

Dont let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" ... Noxzema, the famous snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store —start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 102, Baltimore, Md.

Noxzema
success. It was all so accidental and unpremeditated," Miss Summa confided. "Charlie and Gozzie were on WGN at the time as a singing team and I must admit they weren't very good. One night they sang the "Kinky Kids Parade," a hit song of the time, and interlaced the patter of the name in negro dialect. Correll was the blustering, bullying major. Gosden, the persecuted private. It was the first time they had ever done dialect on the air. The routine was too successful, they were called upon again and again to repeat it. With each repetition, it grew more elaborate. Gosden kept introducing more and more characters, all of whom he impersonated. And right then and there, quite inadvertently, the pattern for the 'Amos and Andy' relationship was created.

"One day we were having lunch together, and I asked them why they didn't do a whole act in the same dialect. The boys thought about my suggestion for a few days and then went to work on their first dramatic script. It was the first episode of 'Sam and Henry.'"

Louise paused for a moment. "I don't know whether it's ever occurred to the boys that after all these years, the character of 'Amos' is still that of the soldier in the 'Kinky Kids Parade,' who permitted the major ('Andy') to dominate him," she pointed out, "but I've often thought about it. Particularly, because real life, their characters are reversed.

"Gozzie comes from aristocratic southern stock (he's a descendant of Jefferson Davis, you know) and grew up with the idea of dominion and power as belonging rightfully to him. Correll, on the other hand, who started life as a bricklayer, has never gotten used to the idea that he's at the top. Now, don’t get me wrong. Neither of them is high-hat or tries to dominate the other. In a matter of fact, we have a saying around the office, 'You're the best there is.' They always think and say that of each other and even of me."

During the "Sam and Henry" years, when fan mail was plentiful and money scarce, they lived in on very tight. They'd have a midnight meal on Thursday nights and take care of their correspondence. Gozzie used to say: "We can't afford you yet, old kid, but it won't be long now."

"It was sheen which led them to discover that they were a pair of ace comedians instead of a couple of 'ham singers, and it was another one of those unexplainable things which caused them to adopt the names of 'Amos and Andy.' Wait, I'll show you something."

Miss Summa took down one of the handsomely bound tioloed leather books which lined the library. She opened to the first script of the "Amos and Andy" program. The characters were called "Jim and Charlie."

"When Charlie and Gozzie left WGN to join WMAQ they abandoned the names of 'Sam and Henry.' They couldn't think of a substitute they liked and finally in desperation took Charlie's name and Freeman's middle name which is James and shortened it to Jim. However, they weren't a bit

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: NATURAL LIPS WIN WITH Dick Powell IN LIPSTICK TEST]}\n
\[\text{[Image of a page with text: Keep Skin Young Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible porous skin is made clear, evening freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Phelactine removes hair growths — takes them out — easily, quickly and gently.} \]

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: Powdered Saxolite is a refreshing stimulation of your face. It reduces wrinkles, fine lines and makes the skin smooth, fresh, Tangee.]} \]

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: LEG SUFFERERS Why continue to suffer? Do something To secure quick relief. Write today for booklet — THE LEAVE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT — it tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Utters, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Vein Punt. Leave Manual works while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by Physicians.} \]

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide ... To ANY shades you Desire SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes! Cruelty, permanent wave and bleach used the 'one of six' method of waving hair. Lecher's Instamatic Hair Lightener is effective, economical, and gives the most uniform waves and bleached hair. Lecher's Instamatic Hair Lightener does not affect the color of your hair. Use on dark or light blondes, waves and waves and Blondes, Grays or Gray. It is odorless, non-toxic, and does not damage the hair. LEAVE METHODS, 3254 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. d-7, Milwaukee, Wis.} \]

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: Women at $22 a Week and your own DRESSES FREE Showing Latest FROCKS — Direct from factories! No House-to-House canvassing! New kind of work for intelligent women. Fashions of yesterday are factory prices. You must be up to date. Write now for free booklet. FASHION FROCKS Co-Operative, Inc., Dept. B-296, Cinncinati, O.} \]

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: Be a Nurse WOMEN 30 TO 60 SUCCEED You can learn at home in spare time. You only pay $1.00 for this material. Write for booklet which tells you to make $25 to $35 a week. Work at your home, in any city, even if married.} \]

\[\text{[Image of a page with text: RACI MIRROR}] \]
pleased with their new names. Then
came the day of the first broadcast.
They heard someone call out the name
'Amos' to one of the elevator men in
our old office building and the 'Andy'
just fitted itself in like a piece of a
cross-word puzzle.'

At this point, Charlie Correll and
Freeman Godden themselves came in.
They were leaving for a personal ap-
pearance tour that night.

"How about our expense money?"
Godden asked Miss Summa.

She reached into a drawer of her
desk and extracted two sheafs of bills
clipped neatly together. She handed
one sheaf to each. Correll counted his.

"Gee whiz, you've figured close," he
chided laughingly. "What's going to
happen if I have to buy a new tooth brush or something?" Miss Summa
joined in the laughter. But neither got
more money. That she explained was
a habit she had formed in by-gone days
when Amos and Andy were not as prac-
tical as they have since become.

"When we were all in the Joe Bren
Company, I used to send them their pay checks and by Wednesday they
were always broke. I used to tell them
then that some day I'd take care of
their money for them."

Godden hugged Louise and slapped
her on the back. "It's all right, kid,
you're the best there is. Take good care
of yourself while we're gone." With
that they were off.

Louise Summa closed the door be-
hind them. "Yes," she said softly,
"they're the best there is."

Your Announcer Is:

C. CARLYLE STEVENS

Announces Borden's Forty-five Min-
utes in Hollywood; The Roxy Hour;
Cream of Wheat; Silver Dust. Is five
feet, ten inches tall, weighs around
145 pounds. Born in Canada. Came
to the United States via the town of
Detroit where he stopped long
enough to work a year in an adver-
tising agency. Won a radio audii-
tion at a local Detroit station, came
to Brooklyn, then joined CBS in 1932.
Writes fiction and articles for news-
papers and magazines as a sideline.

WHEN WONERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center
that prevents roping, pulling and twisting

ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER ABOUT THIS NEW COMFORT

IF only you could join me in reading the
many personal letters I receive daily, you
would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is
changing women's lives," says Mary Pauline
Calender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth
Birthday."

Wondersoft just won't chafe!
You see, the sides of this pad are covered
with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where
these sides touch the body, Wondersoft stays
soft and dry. Yet the top and bottom are left
free to take up moisture.

And no twisting, thank goodness! Wons-
dersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of
shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts
itself naturally to every movement of the
body. That's because the center of Wonder-
soft prevents twisting.

At the same time, it protects you from
accidents. That means greater security against
soiled lingerie. Even the ends are flat and
smooth so that they can't show under cling-
ing dresses. You'll find even the package,
itself, is different. And Super Kotex is now
priced the same as regular—at all dealers.

Free Booklets!
Write for either of both of two
authoritative booklets on Femi-
nine Hygiene—"Health Facts on
Menstruation"; and "Marjorie
May's Twelfth Birthday", for a
child. Address KOTEX COMPANY,
Room 1407, 919 North Michigan
Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
friend, or tell everything that goes on at a party at which you're a guest.

Item 5: Always defend the underdog, and lend your help to a worthy cause.

DOES that code sound like Walter Winchell? Well, whether it sounds like him or not, he lives up to it.

Believe it or not, it's true that Walter Winchell has sacrificed hundreds of choice and juicy items that would have been grist for his newspaper column simply because those items might have wrecked someone's marriage. Never does he tell the world that Mr. Married Producer is running around with Little Miss Pretty Eyes, or that Miss Married Actress is running around with Mr. Gigolo.

"I've seen Winchell checking up for hours to see whether someone about whom he was planning to use an item was married or not. If he was, into the waste basket it went," his secretary, Ruth Cambridge told me.

And now we come to item 2, that Walter Winchell never discloses his source of information. Probably that's why he has so many people tipping him off. They know he'll never tattle on them! Innumerable times pressure has been brought on him to tell his source of information for some item. All he does is shake his head. Frequently, ugly libel suits have been threatened, and he has been told that they will be dropped if he'll only tell where he got his story from. But he never has.

Do you remember the story of the Vincent Coll murder? On February 8, 1932 at one o'clock in the morning Master Vincent Coll, notorious gangster, was slain by a man with a machine gun while he was telephoning from a booth in a West 23rd Street drug store. The strangest part of the whole murder was this: Five hours before Coll was shot to death, the newspapers containing Walter Winchell's column prophesying the murder were being hawked in the streets of New York. This is exactly what Winchell said, "Five planes brought dozens of machine guns from Chicago Friday to combat The Town's Capone. Local bandits have made one hotel a virtual arsenal and several hot-spots are ditto because Master Coll is giving them the headache..."

Now, it was Mr. Winchell's duty, if he knew anything, to spill it to the Grand Jury. For half an hour they pioried him, threw questions at him, demanded that he tell them where he got his information.

The sweat poured down his brow. "It was an anonymous piece of information," he said.

More questions. More and more. Questions pelting at him like drops of hail. Like drops of rain that would wear a rock away.

"It was an anonymous piece of information," was all he ever said.

As for item 3, "Never hurt anyone—whom you like," that is between Walter Winchell and his conscience. He is precisely the sort of person who, if he cared for anyone, would be the most loyal friend to him, and if he hated anyone, would bury the hatchet—in the back of the man he hated.

ITEM 4: Never tittle-tattle on a friend. Do you remember the famous Earl Carroll bathtub party? According to the testimony of several of the guests, part of the entertainment at the party was a girl in a bathtub wearing what one would expect a girl in a bathtub to wear—nothing. Earl denied it, but practically all of Earl Carroll's guests turned upon him, one after another, and said that they had seen the girl in the bathtub, and that Earl Carroll was lying. When Winchell was asked, he said he hadn't seen any girl or any bathtub, if it was a lie, it was very white one.

There have been many people who have hated Winchell, who have called him a scourge upon the face of civilization and a vulture, and who have lived to take back all those bitter words because of their astonishment at the help he has actually lent to the underdog. He never turns down a really worthy cause if he can help it, and never does he fail to denounce anything that seems to him cowardly, unjust or unfair.

There was the reporter in Toledo who wanted to get permission to put on "The Front Page" for a benefit for the poor children of that city. As a rule, the amount of royalty that has to be paid for producing that play is a considerable sum, but Winchell went to the authors of the play and begged them to allow it to be used without the payment of royalty, since the cause was such a worthy one. They gave their permission, and you can bet your bottom dollar that if that reporter ever comes across a red-hot story his own paper can't use, Walter Winchell will get it.

OFTEN Winchell gets himself into trouble because when his anger is aroused at anything he thinks is unfair, he'll call a spade a spade. For instance, he was sued a couple of years ago or so by the Fleetwood Beach Club.

Some reporter on a newspaper came to him with a letter he had received saying that he ought to invest in the Fleetwood Beach Club, because Walter Winchell recommended it. And Winchell's name was used on the letterhead as a so-called member of the Board of Directors. Winchell was furious. Where had they gotten the nerve to use his name without his authority.

"If you're thinking of investing in this club because you've seen my name used as a member of the board of directors, don't do it," he told the world. "It's a racket."

The Fleetwood Beach Club sued him, saying he'd ruined their business. Twelve good men and true decided that Winchell ought to pay them $30,000 for calling their business a racket. Now Winchell is appealing the case. But whether he wins or loses, you can be sure of one thing. Regardless of what other laws he may violate, there is one law Winchell never violates, and that's his own code!

Mary Boland and Charles Laughton caught reading their favorite Magazine during the filming of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap."
Enjoy life! Dare to make yourself as attractive as you can be! Begin with the magnetism and beauty of your mouth. It is well known by actresses that Double Mint gum enjoyed daily keeps the lips vibrant and well-shaped. Lovely lips tempt and tease, making women greatly admired!
Books That Every Book Lover Will Treasure

The Economy Educational League is performing a service of great value to the booklovers of America. Situated in New York, the center of book publishing activities, it continually combats the market for remnants of specially fine editions of educational and cultural books that we purchase at prices which permit us to supply our customers with truly excellent editions of great and authoritative works at amazingly low prices.

Already more than twenty-five thousand booklovers have taken advantage of this service of whom many hundreds have become permanent customers, sending in new orders after time as new bargains are offered.

Of the books listed on this page all of those offered at $2.98 could well be priced at from $5.00 to $7.50, and those offered at $1.98 from $3.00 to $5.00 and you would still feel you were getting your money's worth full and plenty. Every book sent out by the Economy Educational League is returnable for refund if not satisfactory. Do not hesitate to send for any books that interest you.

1. GREAT POEMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—One of the finest anthologies of its kind ever compiled. Indispensable to homes with growing children or where poetry is loved and appreciated. Beautiful great volume weighing four pounds. Cross indexed three ways, by titles, by first lines, by authors. 1502 pages...$2.98

2. A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ART—By Sadakichi Hartmann. New revised edition, two volumes in one with 66 illustrations. 691 pages...$2.98

3. THE ROMANCES OF HERMAN MELVILLE—One-volume edition. Moby Dick, Typee, White Jacket, Redburn, Mardi, Omoo and Israel Potter. The seven immortal classics of the most powerful writer in American literature complete in a single volume. 1600 pages...$2.98

4. THE STORY OF MEDICINE—By Victor Robinson. A survey of the development of medical knowledge from the Stone Age to our own times. 527 pages...$2.98

5. AMERICA—By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. With 12 illustrations in color and more than 100 black and white drawings by the author. 463 pages...$2.98

6. PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE—By Madam Campa. The most famous intimate biography by her lady-in-waiting. 775 pages...$2.98


8. THE OMNIBUS OF ADVENTURE—Forty-four complete stories of stirring adventure by the world's greatest romantic writers. Edited by John Grove. 882 pages...$1.98

9. THE SEMI-CLASSICS—Edited by John Muldrow. A unique anthology of modern adventure stories. Not the well known but the less familiar. 81.98

10. BEST AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOUR—Edited by J. B. Mussey. An anthology of modern humour representing the finest work of a score of the greatest humourists of America. 301 pages...$1.98

11. GREAT AMERICAN RURAL TALES—Edited by J. B. Mussey. A selection of the best of American rural stories of the 19th century. 463 pages...$1.98

12. THE GREAT AMERICAN WOMAN—Edited by Mrs. Horace Porter. A unique presentation of the best in American womanhood. 463 pages...$1.98

13. GREAT SEA STORIES—Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Thirty-two salty tales by Captain Marryat, Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Masefield and others. 650 pages...$1.98

14. FAMOUS ANIMAL STORIES—Animal Myths, Fables, Fairy Tales, Stories of Real Animals. Edited by Ernest Thompson Seton. 686 pages...$1.98

15. GREAT PIRATE STORIES—Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Two volumes in one. 634 pages...$1.98

Use the coupon—circle numbers of books desired—any book that proves unsatisfactory may be returned for immediate refund of your money.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

CHICAGO

(Continued from page 40)

dragging limp bodies from the smoking four-story building and—in short, adding more honor to the story of man's conquest of flaming disaster.

The fire-swept building, by the way, besides being a next-door neighbor to a night club is further distinguished because of its location diagonally across from the building in which Abraham Lincoln once had a law office.

The windows of the studios were crowded with artists, announcers and engineers, while all rehearsals were suspended for more than an hour.

Myrt and Marge, Doris Lorraine, Billy Mills and his orchestra, and other artists rehearsing in the Chicago CBS studios enjoyed box seats.

WHEN it comes to sound effects, Urbie Johnson of the Chicago CBS studios muses on the right ones if he has to travel twenty miles to get them. Which is just what he did to secure a fire bell for a WBBM dramatization.

It was one of those big old-fashioned sleigh bells that used to hang in a country school house and was rung with the aid of a pull rope—and it had exactly the deep, resonant tone that Johnson wanted. So he set out to find it, finally locating it in the basement of the abandoned school building near Norwood Park.

"It looked pretty rusty and cracked," Johnson relates, "but when it was welded and recast, we had a perfect fire bell." * * *

RUTH ETTING got her start impersonating a boy. As a chorus girl in a Chicago night club, her clear contralto stood out above the voices of the other girls, and when the Juvenile of the show fell ill, the manager had Ruth put on his silk hat and tails and do his number.

* * *

SILKEN STRINGS THEME

WHEN Charles Previn was a young musician he composed and sold five operettas which were never produced because of libretto weakness. He put one of them to use when he composed his Silken Strings theme tune, taking an idea from one of the operetta numbers. Since then members of his orchestra have been trying to persuade Previn to broadcast some of these tunes which have lain on the shelf for years, but there is one difficulty in the way. Despite the fact that the music has never been used, if Previn sold it he would have to pay for permission to use any of it.

* * *

FIRST time Bess K. Johnson of "Today's Children" cast was given a part in a dramatic radio production she memorized the entire script as she had during her years on the stage. So accustomed was she to learning parts, it only took a few hours time. Today,

Why You Have

ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New Advance in Relieving Fussy Stomachs

THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a buffer—it neutralizes excess acid but never excess alkalis the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalis, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

Free

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14-BCC St. Louis, Mo.
Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and gripping feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That’s the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical “buy”.

Ask for it by the full name—Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resist a substitute.

World’s Standard

GROVE’S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor, and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

---

after four years on the air, she can’t even memorize a poem, she says... ..."

** * *

THE first volume of children’s stories, which Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, has selected from those she tells juvenile listeners each day over NBC networks, has been published by Whitman Publishing Co. of Racine.

** * *

CONFESSION

ART GILLHAM, WBBM’s popular whispering pianist, insists that he has two claims to fame other than a long and successful radio career. He is a Texas ranger and—for his own confession—the world’s worst pianist.

“Absolutely the world’s worst,” Art insists.

Art remembers the days when he and Wendall Hall were among the first one-man shows on the air. In addition to writing and producing his own shows Art sings his own songs in his familiar “whispering” style. His two latest lyrics are “Somebody Painted My Dream Castle Blue” and “I’d Rather be Alone.”

** * *

FOR once in her life Cornelia Os-good finds herself a heroine! Her role of Jane Manser, a night nurse in WBBM’s “Wings of Dawn,” the hospital drama, gives Cornelia her muchcoveted “sympathetic” part.

“I’m so tired of being a menace,” she confides, “Nobody knows what a relief it is not to be the other woman—for once.”

Cornelia is known to radio listeners for her previous characterizations of Lollie and Dixie Lane in “Myrt and Marge” and Florence Wallace in “Helen Trent.”

** * *

WITH about 20 minutes to wait until train time, Tony Wons was drinking a glass of milk in a restaurant.

A man rushed up to him and asked for an autograph. Tony wrote his name on a card and the fellow dashed away. A few minutes later as Wons was getting on the train, a messenger came running up and presented him with a package—that turned out to be a fountain pen and pencil set, beautifully engraved with Wons’ own signature. The autograph seeker was a jeweler, who rushed back to his shop, engraved the set, and sent it to Wons in appreciation for Tony’s programs!

** * *

ALTHOUGH they had never seen Joan Blair, who plays the leading role in the Story of Mary Martin, an old couple wrote her after listening to one of her broadcasts and invited her to come and make her home with them. Her voice, they told her, sounded exactly like that of their daughter, now dead, and they wanted her to come and take the daughter’s place.

** * *

FIVE of the men who help put NBC’s Breakfast Club on the air each morning have become fathers within the past few weeks. They are Don McNeill, master of ceremonies;
Jack Owens, tenor; Charles Butler and Harold Jackson, engineers, and Pat Gallicchio, who announces the WMAQ time signals during the broadcasts. McNeil read the following telegram received from Willard D. Egolf, of KVOO, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"Your talk of new babies has been contagious on the network STOP Our engineer Hugh Carpenter and Production Manager Kenneth Miller became fathers simultaneously with you and Jack Owens this week and last STOP The rest of us are afraid to listen to your programs any more."

A MOS 'n Andy have talked so much about Weber City, the new community they are planning to build, that a Philadelphia plasterer and bricklayer has written them to apply for a job.

M ORGAN L EASTMAN, director of the orchestra heard on NBC's Carnation Contented programs, once held a job as secretary to the American consulate-general at Budapest. By day, according to Eastman, he busied himself upholding the dignity of the consulate, and at nights he doubled on the flute and cello in the street cafes.

R UDY VALLEE has started many an artist on the road to radio stardom but he probably doesn't know he had anything to do with the advent of Clara Lu 'n Em. Just before the second and most important audition, NBC's three Super Suds gals, said they could talk at random "about anything" and "Rudy Vallee" was the topic given them. They talked about him so amusingly, they got the job.

A NOUNCER, Jean Paul King, is building an endowment for the King baby by asking friends for their spare pennies each time he sees them. To date Jean has collected 4,345 pennies for the child.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights Pacific

(Continued from page 41)

You heard him and his orchestra on NBC cross country lines from a San Francisco night club. Now he is back at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles and he'll be on the air again soon. Fred J. Hart, who used to own and announce on KQW, San Jose, is now at KGBM in Honolulu.

The Peery's and the Peery's are still getting their mail and phone calls muddled up at KFRC in Frisco town. Harold Peery is a staff announcer, while Harold Peery is head man for the Don Lee technical force . . . and both work at the same address.

W ILTON CONRAD HAFF . . . pronounced Hoff . . . is studio director and announcer at KJIR in Seattle. His wife calls him "Smudgie." He calls her "Smokey." By the same token maybe the five year old son may in time be known as "Soot."

Sr. was born in Lorain, Ohio; grew

---

YOUR Eyes
SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE
MAKE THEM SO WITH Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

- No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear charmingly lovely.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the daintly designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

---

RADIO MIRROR

Maybelline Eyelash
Darkness
Instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It prevents curling, ear-soft and absolutely harmless. The best beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly defines the eyebrows... graceful, ex-

Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eye-

Maybelline Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and ey-

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this ex-

Groomed Appearance

Good Housekeeping Bureaus

The Approved Mascara

09
“LITTLE ANN COUGHED SO HARD,” says Mrs. Betty Kammerling, of Columbus, O. “Doctor said ‘Pertussin.’ The first spoonful soothed the irritation; in 3 days Ann’s cough was completely gone!”

“Baby’s Cough disappeared in 3 days,” by “MOIST-THROAT” METHOD!

This extract of a famous medicinal herb stimulates the throat glands, restores throat’s natural moisture quickly, safely! Doctors advise it.

When you cough, it’s usually because your throat’s moisture glands have clogged. Then your throat dries, because infection has changed the character of your glands’ secretion. Thick mucus collects. First you feel a tickling—then you cough!

Stimulate your throat’s moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN! The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily “raised” and cleared away. Relief!

Pertussin contains no harsh or injurious drugs. It is safe even for babies. Won’t upset the stomach. “It is wonderful for coughs”—“I give it to my own children,” say doctors. Get a bottle from your druggist and use it—freely—today!

DOCTORS EVERYWHERE have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. Try it!

PERTUSSIN Tastes good, acts quickly and safely up in Cleveland; went to college just long enough to get into Sigma Chi. His mother is German; the father Dutch and his wife Irish . . . a sort of League of Nations affair.

When the now 28-year-old announcer decided college was too dull and prosaic, he traveled the way to South America and the Far East on tramp steamers. Back in the U. S. he ran a grocery store, worked in Montana mines, shipyards in Seattle and even on a country newspaper.

A Seattle politician, at the '28 Houston convention, invited Haff to Seattle for a radio job. He accepted. And, though he gravitated to other stations since 1929, he is now back at his first radio home, KJR.

ROUND ABOUT: Welcome Lewis, KFWB’s five-foot singer . . . once on NBC and CBS in the east . . . lost her press book which was just as long as she is tall. Ken Cortez, the ballad lady, does amateur gardening, while her hubby does his apothecary work. Jane Jones, luscious voiced singer, once was a cabaret entertainer in Tia Juana . . . or Tijuana as they spell it these days. Everett Hoagland, heard with his orchestra on coast CBS from KJH, once played the sax . . . known to take three hours to dress for dinner. KMTR’s Murtagh Sisters will be back on the air in the spring . . . been to school and cleared away. Relief of Organist Henry Murtagh, well known in New York, and have a really big future in store for ‘em.

ONE MAN’S FAMILY,” decidedly popular on the Coast for some years, now goes eastward on NBC from San Francisco. Juvenile part is taken by Billy Page, who is really Billy Page Gilman, son of an L.A. manager and vice-president, Don Gilman. The lad, outside of school days and radio hours, is somewhat of an amateur chemist with his own laboratory and books.

ONE of the most eligible radio bachelors, tawny-haired Los Angeles is Charles Carroll, who claims that he takes himself most seriously . . . smokes . . . likes shower baths . . . likes dancing, but doesn’t like to cook. Thin and wiry, blue eyes and brown hair, he was born in San Francisco, an Irishman’s son, but played the sax. He did a stretch or two on the New York stage, but journeyed to the west a few years ago and has been prominent in the radio drama line since.

BOBBIE DEANE has gone from California to Chicago to take the femme lead in the NBC transcontinental of “Orphan Annie.” Out here on the Coast she has been a sort of “permanent fixture” for many years. Her character portrayals have been numerous. In private life she is the wife of Ted Maxwell, NBC producer in San Francisco. She was born in Fort Collins, Colorado . . . a vivacious will,
SEYMOUR RIA, singer at KJR, Seattle, and known as the "Lone Gypsy," recently married. He married his accompanist, Edith B. Henry. They met at rehearsals of the musical extravaganza, "A Night in Russia."

**May**e you knew that Mona Lowe, torrid-voiced singer with her own program on KHJ, is the wife of Paul Rickenbacher, a CBS program executive on the Coast. That is her professional name. Her maiden name was Winnie Parker. She uses a contraction of Ralph Rainger's "Moamin' Low" as her theme tune.

On the Pacific Airwaves cannot answer all the queries about radio artists in its columns. But readers who would like to know about their air favorites can get a personal answer by addressing the writer of this department at 407 I. N. Van Nuy's Building, Los Angeles, California.

Rosa Ponselle Didn't Think She Could Sing!

(Continued from page 33)

the only road to the top. Then Rosa agreed; she would never stand in her sister's way.

One day months after they had started at Melone's, Carmela ran into their dressing room, her eyes glowing with excitement.

"Rosa," she cried, "we've been signed for another vaudeville tour."

This time the four led to New York and Broadway, via the Palace theater, the dream in those days of every struggling vaudeville performer.

Many new friends were made. The Ponzillo sisters were gaining some notice in music circles. One afternoon an invitation to tea at the house of a new friend was sent to Carmela. Would she be prepared to sing?

This time Rosa was firm. "Carmela, the invitation was sent to you. You must go without me. They want to hear your voice, not mine."

Carmela refused to budge a step without Rosa, "No, I won't go unless you come. They are as anxious to hear you sing as they are to hear me."

Reluctantly, Rosa tagged along to the tea. The time came for them to sing, but Rosa withdrew from the duet, leaving Carmela the center of the attention. After the song had died away, some one suggested that the younger sister be heard.

Fighting back her nervousness, Rosa began to sing. Soon she had lost herself in the music. At the end of the aria, she stopped short, startled to realize how completely she had forgotten the critical audience.

Then, before she could regain her seat, a man had jumped to his feet and was making his way towards her. "Wonderful, marvelous," he exclaimed as he stretched out his hands to her. "Where did you learn to sing like that?"

---

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

**THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!**

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

**BY** LADY ESTHER

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunet face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunet and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

WANT TO FIND OUT?

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known. Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.
It was Enrico Caruso, then the world’s greatest tenor. “Here,” he went on, turning Rosa to face the astonished guests, “here is a voice which will be heard in the Metropolitan in two years!”

SIX months later, Rosa and Enrico scored a smashing success in Verdi’s popular “Forza del Destino.”

The afternoon that Caruso ran to Rosa and told her of his success had done more for the self-effacing, poor Italian girl than all the exhortations and demands of Carmela had ever been able to do. The magnetic, fascinating personality of Caruso fired Rosa’s dreams of success.

Miraculously, come to Rosa the man who could bring out all the instinctive music in her soul, who could bring her hidden emotional qualities and force them into song. Her debut came in the autumn of 1921. That season when Rosa and Enrico, the one just finding herself, the other at the very pinnacle of fame, sang for the Metropolitan was the most successful in the history of American Grand Opera.

The following spring, the season finished, Rosa looked ahead to a future which held only the brightest of hopes. Her cup of happiness was now filled to overflowing; like Carmela also, had been engaged by the Metropolitan.

The picture now was completely reversed. Rosa, for so long the lesser half of the sister team, became the business woman who refused to sign another contract which did not include Carmela, a custom which prevails even today.

WHILE Rosa was still lost in dreams of success and visions of future triumphs with the man who had fired her artistry, Caruso fell ill and died without warning.

After the mass had been sung that fall in Miami, Rosa plunged back into her work. The latent possibilities which Caruso had stirred began to develop of their own accord. Shocked by her sudden, irreparable loss, she found that she no longer needed encouragement, guiding. she stood alight ready to face the future courageously.

Rosa began laying plans for the family. Her mother, whose long years of toil had made her an old woman before her time, acquired a servant. The coal and wood business which had supported the family by its meager profits became mysteriously prosperous. A new house built secretly in the new part of town was to be a surprise for Mama Ponzillo.

As though another blow were needed, Mama Ponzillo died a few weeks before she could be moved into the new brick home in the nicer part of town. Once more Rosa went sorrowfully back to Meridio and plunged into home to her mother’s Italian church.

But Rosa had learned that life must be devoted to work. She returned to the stage and her public, and sang with a voice which became richer, more sympathetic and which held a new note. She had found her real happiness in songs she thought she couldn’t sing.

---

Radio Mirror

$3,500.00 CASH PRIZE

To Be Given to Some Man or Woman

There is a concern in Cincinnati, Ohio, that will again award $3,500.00 to some ambitious Masseuse or woman who answers their advertisements...as part of their advertising program. Some people say that generally such big prize money is blown foolishly. To prove they are wrong, Ernie Miller asks this question: “What will you do with $3,500.00?” He will pay a $250.00 Cash Prize for the best answer submitted, and by sending your answer you will also qualify immediately for the opportunity to win this big $1,500.00 Cash Prize in the final $5,600.00 cash prize distribution. Details of this plan will be sent to you at once.

There is no way you can lose anything. There are no strings tied to this offer. This concern states that there is nothing to buy or sell to win the $250.00 Cash Prize. This offer closes March 30, 1929. Duplicate prizes in cases of ties. Simply take a penny postage stamp and write Mr. Miller today. Tell him in 20 or less plain, simple words your answer to this question: “What will you do with $3,500.00?” Just send your answer, name and address to Ernie Miller, Prize Mgr., Dept. B-507, Cin-

Get This Bang For A Buck

Women! Earn $22 In A Week?

Easy! Call On Friends

Your Own Silk Hose

FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

NEW, NICE, MODERN AND

No Stove or Water! A

100% Pure Silk

No Money Involved

Send Name and Address to

American Honesty Mills, Dept. 614, Indianapolis, Ind.
What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 39)

return all manuscripts unopened. Admirers may think this a cruel procedure, but law suits are too expensive to risk.

SOME MIKE MANNERISMS: Ted Husing, before his time on the air, strides back and forth mumbling to himself. In his right hand is a stop watch. He doesn't waste a second of his allotted minutes. Nino Martini mee-mee's waiting for Andre Kostelanetz to finish an overture.

THE first lady of the land is broadcasting regularly once more, and she has a sponsor. For those who wonder what she does with her pay checks, let it be known that she sends the money promptly to a charitable institution in Pennsylvania, for the schooling of poor children.

FRANK BLACK, genial NBC musical director, has been in the habit of composing while riding about New York in taxicabs. The news leaked out to the drivers who immediately began lining up one Saturday night for the privilege of hacking him home. As Black leaped nimbly into the back seat, the cabbie turned around and asked: "What you writing tonight, Mr. Black, a sonata or a rumba?"

ABOUT LOVE: Mario Braggiotti, piano duo celebrity, paying ardent attention to Rosemary Lane, heard with Fred Waring, took to riding in Central Park with the young lady. The other day he did a Prince of Wales, the medics having the pleasure of tapping two of Mario's ribs for him. The only other injury reported was to his dignity. He hasn't been able to sit down for a week. Another little Baker is momentarily expected in the home of the Phil Bakers. The former Peggy Cartwright has been in Miami awaiting the blessed event. Sir Stork also hovers above the O'Keefes' chimney as we go to the printers. Mrs. O'Keefe is of the musical comedy stage and was Roberta Robinson. Frank Parker may give up his much admired bachelordom for Dorothy Martin.

ANOTHER Central Park event was the arrival of Al Kavelin and his band from Detroit at the new "Tavern-on-the-Green" night club, built in competition with the Central Park Casino, scene of Eddie Duchin's rise to fame.

CHERUBIC Alexander Woolcott, 70, living testimonial to the virtues of Cream of Wheat, has gone commercial with a vengeance. The sophisticated man of letters overlooks no opportunity of putting in a plug for his sponsor and his own book, "While Rome Burns." Whole pages of his best seller have been incorporated in his broadcasts. Of course he has a perfect right to use it.

SKINNY? ADD 5 TO 15 LBS.
QUICK—THIS NEW EASY WAY!

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and lose your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh, alluring curves—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm attractive flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times
This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.
as he sees fit, but a lot of listeners, turning readers because of his enticements to buy the book, are going to wonder what makes the volume so reminiscent.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS:

Eustace Wyatt, the radio actor, owns a pet shop on Madison Avenue, New York City ... Larry Taylor, of the Roxy Revue, once sang from Philadelphia, as Larry Tait ... Dorothy Atkins, singing on the new ABS (American Broadcasting System) is a niece of Paul Whiteman.

Colonel Stoopnagle is interested in a company manufacturing electric irons

Gene Hamilton, from station WTAM, Cleveland, and Bill Bailey, who has been heard on every station in Philadelphia, are recent additions to NBC's staff of announcers ... Lucille Peterson, balladeer on George Gershwin's program, was prima donna of "The Greenwich Village Follies" ... CBS now has the world's biggest network. Two stations were recently added, bringing the total up to 102.

Louis Hector, English actor who appeared in the "Crime Club" mysteries, is the new Sherlock Holmes. Richard Gordon, creator of the role on the air, quit because of salary differences ... Gladys Swarthout has a unique coiffure. Her hair is bobbed and curled in such a way as to encircle her head like a halo ... Lanny Ross has put on ten pounds since removing himself from the worries of Hollywood. Lanny, by the way, is piqued at Paramount, and is seeking cancellation of his contract.

Ray Noble, the English composer-conductor who was barred as an alien from leading the orchestra at the Rainbow Room in Radio City, is writing songs for Bing Crosby ... Maestro Don Voorhees raises Scotties ... Risa Stevens, contralto heard on the "Pajama Game", is now starring in a Theatre, and her debut at the age of ten on a children's program ... Rudy Vallee never heard a radio until after he made his own debut on the air.

Columbia Broadcasting hastily announces two new stars: Donald Novis, switching from Colgate, is now on Borden's Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood, and Eddie Cantor, beginning February 3rd, will be sponsored by Pabco Toothpaste.

How Love Came to Jessica

(Dragonee) (Continued from page 21)

fever-pitched, on her birthday, he sent her some lovely roses, and signed the card: "Val, I love you, please read this. If you don't care to see me again, I promise to drop out completely, but do give me a chance. I'll come up, after your next broadcast.

John.

What did Jessica do? Well, what would you have done, or any other young, healthy, eager miss? That Friday night she dressed in her lovely white evening gown with more than
QUITE apart from the crowd of fans waiting to catch a glimpse of her, stood a tall, slim, vibrant young man. Very straight and serious he stood, his fine dark eyes taking in every move of Jessica's. His dark hair was unruly, the kind a woman loves to run her fingers through. Luminous black eyes seemed to burn into hers when their glances met.

It wasn't necessary to be introduced. It was as if an electric shock had passed between them.

Lunch together the next day began their acquaintance. Jessica learned the young man was an architect, a very successful one. And how much in common they both had! A love of music, of art, of singing and dancing and the theatre. Common ideals and desires.

Though he had fallen in love with her voice, the sweet, impetuous, eager young soul that lay concealed behind the poised and calm exterior of little Jessica Dragonneet was more lovely than any dream imaginable.

For awhile it was heaven. Once a week, usually on Saturday nights, or twice a week, whenever she could break away from her work, Jessica and John went out together. To museums, to shows, to concerts, for a drive in the country, or a brisk walk, then dinner at some quiet inn on the beaten path, where they could sit and talk for hours.

But Paradise only lasted a few months. For Jessica noticed that John was frightfully jealous of everything she did, of everyone she knew, even of her work. Though John agreed that he was a real artist, he needed hours of practice and study, he was dreadfully disappointed when she couldn't see him more often.

"It got so I had to answer his phone calls, hated to hear that disappointed note creep into his voice in the way he would watch his face when I said I couldn't come out because I had to rehearse." Then something else happened. If you knew Jessica at all personally, you'd understand this. She was the sweet, soft, feminine clinging-vine type externally that every man loves to carry off and protect.

John was no exception. No luke-warm sweetheart he. If Jessica as much as smiled at another man there was a scene, a one-sided scene, for Jessica refuses to argue.

It was the sending of an innocent photograph to a fan, somewhere in Montana, that ended her dreams, suddenly, that made her blot John out of her life completely and irrevocably.

One day John dropped in to see her for a few minutes when Jessica was autographing photographs for fans. It was the first time he had seen her doing this. "You're not going to send signed pictures out to those strange men, are you?" he demanded. "Certainly you can't let college boys you never saw, ignorant men, jail birds even, handle your photographs. Why, it's impos-
sible. Remember, you are going to be my wife."

"For the rest of the afternoon we discussed this," Jessica told me in a choked voice. "I remember I was wearing a little red hat, and it sat cockily on the top of my head. The more distance I got, the higher it shifted. till by the end of the afternoon most of my hair was exposed. But I managed to keep calm and hold onto my temper.

"I've got to send these pictures, John," I explained. "Remember, this is my work, and these people have looked forward to getting my photograph. I want them to have it."

"You needn't tell me you need a girl's photo to enjoy her singing," John said. "Since it was your photo, and I fell in love with you."

"I can't disappoint these people," Jessica countered. "Oh, John, please understand. I've simply got to sing. My singing has always come first, since I was a little girl and the nuns looked askance upon my dreams of a stage career. Then I hugged the thought of some day being a singer to my heart: it was the only thing that was my own. Please help me.

Finally, John seemed convinced, and promised that he would be more understanding. "But, thank God," he added, "when we are married, you won't need any more of this. Then I'll have you all to myself."

With a start, Jessica realized what she should have suspected all along, but had refused even to consider. John expected that when they were married, she would give up her singing, completely, entirely. That she would be plain Mrs. John—

Though she had given in to him on almost every other point, when it came to her voice, she was firm. She must sing, or she would die.

So she gave John up, said goodbye to him all the way, and it was breaking. "Once I made up my mind, I never saw him again," she told me. "It was much better that way. Since we couldn't agree, why prolong the torture? Each meeting would have been like opening the wound fresh."

Don't think it was easy. There were sleepless nights when she tossed around on her pillow, praying for the dawn, for strength to keep from phoning John, from writing him. It was as if part of her had been torn away, and life was left suddenly desolate and bare.

But today, there is no bitterness in her about this first great love of her life. I say first, for I believe it impossible that a girl as warm and lovable and fine as Jessica should let love and life pass her by. Time heals all wounds, and even now there are young men prancing around who'd like to carry Jessica off, and keep her forever and forever. Not that I blame them—

But some day a man will come along who will see eye to eye with Jessica on this matter of a career. He will realize that her singing is just as vital to her happiness as his work is to his. And then we'll hear wedding bells.

For Jessica Dragonette's program, The Cities Service hour, see page 53 — 8 o'clock column.
System's network, and that the true story of the program had never been written. I learned much more. For instance:

Edward D'Anna, as a boy of twelve, played in one of the English court's drum-and-bugle corps, and as a trumpeter stood at attention for taps at the funeral of Queen Victoria! His father, a bandmaster in the English army, came to Buffalo as instructor of music for the two children of the town's first millionaire.

Edward, himself, came on a visit, but remained, as the first music teacher in the public school system of Buffalo. Later, he moved to Niagara Falls at the request of the high school principal there. At Bowman's insistence, he left his public instruction and became the director of the band nine years ago.

Listening to the band, have you realized that it has been in existence over twenty-five years, becoming famous fifteen years ago as the Shredded Wheat Band? That even in the days when it toured the country, winning band tournaments, the standing of its members, men in the factories around Niagara Falls, was purely amateur?

Hearing the deep boom of the bass drum, were you conscious of the fact that the stick was wielded by Joe Toriano, for years the man in the circus who followed the late Lillian Leitzel in all her acts? Nearly sixty and hard of hearing, Joe is still pounding away, full of the tales of the center ring and the days when Charlie and John Ringling were the greatest showmen in the world.

Joe traveled around the world with Lillian, the only drummer Ringling's ever found who never missed one of the daring twists and turns of the famous feminine trapeze artist.

And did you know that the band also boasts of two cost accountants, a lawyer, a senior in the state university, a factory foreman, two more full-blooded Indians, and a girl cornetist?

THEY have another unique feature of the program. Have you thrilled to the roar of the Falls as it came in your loudspeaker, midway in the broadcast? Listen to it and hear what is rapidly becoming the radio's best known sound effect stunt.

Five years ago, Bowman suddenly decided that broadcasting the pounding and hissing of the Falls themselves would lend romance and authority to the Untold Story of Radio's Really Unique Broadcast

(Continued from page 19)


A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles.

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only $1 a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.
the program. If you've heard the roar and passed it off as a studio trick, you've made an error.

A microphone, carefully covered with silk to keep the spray and mist from it, is lowered seventy feet over the steep face of the falls, whence it picks up the realistic and musical a note as radio has discovered.

The most unusual feature of the broadcast is the actual studio in which the program is staged. Because nearly all the band members live near the Falls, Bowman has been unwilling to transmit the broadcasts to Buffalo, twenty miles away, where the station is located.

Instead, he has rented the ball room of a local hotel. The torn carpets, scratched chairs, tattered curtains, and smudged walls all seemed mysteriously a part of the program, the night I sat and watched the broadcast.

It is not like a visit to the modern, sound proofed, glass enclosed studios in New York where most of the CBS features are broadcast. No tickets have to be obtained; there are no page boys to guide you to your seat.

The room is half filled with children, young couples, and people, a few children, two waitresses from the restaurant down below, and, at odd intervals, the chef in his white uniform, and the bartender in jacket and apron.

Bowman makes only one request of his audience before going on the air. He asks the guests not to talk out loud. Smoking, walking about, reading a book, leaving at any time, practically anything else, is allowed. No announcer stands up at intervals and frantically waves an applause card. The audience simply sits quietly, without hand clapping, as long as it wants, then gets up and walks out.

When the program is over, D'Anna taps his baton, his five feet of personal magnetism riveting the members of the band to attention, and announces rehearsal for the next morning. For six hours then every Sunday, they play over the pieces of the coming broadcast. Until an hour before actual show time next Saturday, the band is not called together again.

Yes, radio can take a lesson in unstudied informality and unpretentious entertainment from these amateur musicians for whom broadcasting is only a hobby. They are the ones who hold the secret of continued success on radio's really unique broadcast.

GRACIE ALLEN IS REALLY SCARED TO DEATH!

Read this startling revelation in the March RADIO MIRROR

TWEEZIE PAIN STOPPED!

Smile while you tweeze, young lady! No longer need your brows forever attractive and smart—painlessly! So easy—just dab on Easy-Tweez and think. You'll wonder why you've never thought of this wonderful Easy-Tweez before. Write today for a long lasting supply and be saved.

EASY-TWEEZ CO., Dept. B-11, 162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, III. Send me a jar of Easy-Tweez. I enclose 25¢
thing. She would, she resolved, be a suitably slim miss when she entered that Hollywood radio studio for her first broadcast with the handsome movie star, and stood before the critical eyes of filmdom's notables and the weekly audiences which were sure to create a big success.

Mental arithmetic told her that this could be accomplished only by the rapid loss of about twenty pounds, and ladies faced with a similar problem will agree heartily that at first glance that is a small order.

But Miss Williams is a young woman of considerable courage and the prospect of living a Spartan existence had no terrors for her. Her only problem was to find a suitable regimen.

"A singer's voice depends so largely upon her physical well-being and I have to be so careful in planning a reducing diet," she told me.

And then someone told Jane about Leah Ray, the lovely vocalist with Phil Harris' orchestra, who is generally conceded to be one of the fairest of radio's luminaries.

Denizens of Radio Row, who know the slim Leah today, tipping her bathroom scale every morning at a consistently pleasing hundred and nineteen pounds, would certainly never have recognized that same Leah Ray two years ago, when she joined the Harris band at California's famous Coconut Grove. Inimitable, they are saying of the delicate Leah: "That girl can certainly sing—if she'd only thin down a bit." Leah, then seventeen, and making what was virtually her first public appearance, weighed one hundred and fifty-nine pounds—a few more even than Jane did. Moreover, being several inches shorter than the Minneapolis girl, Leah had to lose more pounds to achieve the desired swiftness. But she did, and the circumstances which prompted her were by a strange coincidence strikingly parallel to those which impelled Jane to study caloric charts.

LEAH was visiting an uncle in California. The uncle heard that Phil Harris was looking for a girl vocalist. He persuaded Leah to audition and she stole the job from under the noses of corps of beauteous and experienced singers—provided, as Phil put it, she could "think" a little. It was as easy as that. Stardom overnight—but stardom with a capital "IF." Like Jane, Leah did not hesitate about what to do, but how to do it.

She declares that she hit upon the happy solution after analyzing diets of various sorts suggested to her by friends.

"I just doped it out my self," she assured me, and one has only to look upon her graceful, slender proportions to know that she did a good job of "doping it out herself"—so good a job that Jane in pretty much the same predicament, decided to adopt the identical method. And, happily, Jane is meeting with the same gratifying re-

**RADIO Broadcasting**

offers you these and more

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the big fascinating, glamorous industry of today? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here's a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition.

Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

**Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting**

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than a billion dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year—and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

**Many Earn Good Money Quickly**

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profit, there are Broadcasting pursuits, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone.

Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not get you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Buy a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in the different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown, a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting industries. You learn how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcaster—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knock of Broadcasting, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for Valuable FREE Booklet An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. In it we show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world.

Send your application to Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 300 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MAIL THIS NOW!

1 Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 1072, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
2 Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.
3 Name. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Age.
4 Address.
5 City. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . State.

79
Of those who now unwarmed, is the diet which worked the almost magic metamorphosis on the 'Misses Ray' and Williams:

**BREAKFAST**
- Grapefruit
- Coffee (without cream or sugar)
- LUNCH
- Tomato and lettuce, without dressing
- Hard boiled egg
- Dry Toast
- DINNER
- Grapefruit cocktail
- Lamb Chop
- One Slice of Tomato
- Cottage Cheese
- Dry Toast

And here is an alternate menu which can be rotated with the above to provide variety.

**BREAKFAST**
- Orange juice
- Black Coffee (mixed with juice of half a lemon)
- LUNCH
- Vegetable Soup (made without peas, beans or potatoes)
- One apple
- One glass skimmed milk
- Two saltines or one slice rye crisp toast
- DINNER
- ½ slice lean broiled steak or roast beef
- carrots or spinach (no butter)
- 1 slice fresh pineapple

And that, ladies, is about all there is to it, if you can believe Leah and Jane. Having once achieved their desired weight, all they have to do to maintain it is to watch their respective steps in the matter of calories. Leah has it down to a fairly exact science; Jane has not yet reached that stage.

At dinner now Leah will take, for example, fish, eggs or some lean cut of meat, forswearing all starches, rich foods and cream in her coffee. She has figured that she will retain her slenderness as long as she limits herself to a total of seventeen hundred calories daily, but that is such an easy task that she keeps her calorie allowance on ordinary days down to about twelve hundred, so that when she wants to step out, she can put away a few hundred calories extra without any ill effects. She works the thing on the same principle as a college boy who saves his "cuts" so he can blow himself to a brief vacation when a propitious time arises.

Jane writing enthusiastically from Hollywood, says: "Imagine! Women pay all sorts of fabulous sums to have experts tell them what to eat so they will lose weight. Others starve themselves until they become ill. I've been lucky. The diet is working like a charm and I'm not hungry as long as I keep my mind off food. All it takes is a little perseverance and self-control."
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 54)

performance goes smoothly. Why should he inject his opinion of the act into our consciousness? It sounds so incongruous for an announcer, whose voice and diction betray his lack of culture to thank a celebrated artist, adding his patronizing, "That was really very entertaining, Mr. Performer." Some day I expect to hear a more announce than President Roosevelt for a speech.

To be sure, there are exceptions among announcers. Whenever the voice of Milton Cross comes over the airwaves, I know that my intelligence will not be insulted, that his remarks will be an integral part of the program, fitting and constructive, and uttered in the well-bred diction of a gentleman.

Radio has performed such outstanding services to the education of the public, to say nothing of the wealth of artistic programs which it has bestowed impartially upon listeners far and near, rich and poor, that it seems ungrateful to offer criticisms; but it is just because I see its stupendous possibilities that I dare add my protest of an opportunity missed.

HONORÉ BARNETT, Cleveland, Ohio.

$10.00 PRIZE

By turning a small gadget on a piece of furniture I can be in instant contact with the great world of Art, Literature, History, Politics, Health, Government, Architecture, Religion, International Affairs, Children's programs, and good, clean fun.

I can hear, at no expense, Grand Opera, our greatest singers, Tibbett, Ponselle, Swothour, Thomas, in the most glorious music in the world, and, from my favorite rocking chair go to church in the great churches and cathedrals; can listen, entranced, to our President, King George, or to speakers in Europe and Asia; can hear the brilliance of Alexander Woollcott, the humor of Will Rogers, and voices from the Antarctic, the sky, the ocean. Then why should I consider the poor crooner or swear at the nasal yowler of "blues" or listen to tin-penny pianos or their ilk? All tastes must be considered in the universality of radio, and there is plenty of choice for all.

I'm for School for Announcers! With Mr. Edwin C. Hill at the head! At least they might use some good book on proper pronunciation as their confreres in England must do. There should be a commission on Radio advertising, to work much as the Federal Food and Drugs Act! We need less "horsefeathers."

FAY C., Louisville, Ky.

$1.00 PRIZE

For ten years I have been an ardent radio fan and whenever I turn my dial, inviting radio friends to enter my home, it's as if I were turning my door-knob and asking in personal friends.

Today's listeners want variety, and anyone should be able to find an enjoy-
Constipated
Since Her Marriage

Finds Relief
At Last-In Safe
ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

I dated from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), the first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action. Where many through cleansing doses NR are kind to your system—a quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1926 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully decorated in colors and gold. Also sample NR and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. L. Lewis CO., Desk 1443, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALREADY
25c BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, your stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Don't delay. This relief has accomplished wonders for men, women and children who have been chronic sufferers from poisoning. SIROIL applied externally to the affected area causes the scales to disappear, the red blisters to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. SIROIL backs with a guarantee the claim that if it does not relieve you within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded. Write for booklet upon this new treatment. Don't delay. Write at once.

SIROIL LABORATORIES INC. 1114 Griswold St., Dept. 6-2 Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information on SIROIL—new treatment for poisonrs. Name...
Address...
City State

CREDIT GIVEN ON
FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, BULBS, ETC.

Small payment on balance, 100 cents on the dollar. Terms, same as cash, without interest. Correspondence and catalog free. Address: LITTLE BLUE BOOKS 1150 North Dearborn St., Dept. 585, Chicago, Illinois.

THE ANSWER
TO THE PROBLEM
OF FEMININE HYGIENE

To the perplexed woman seeking a dependable answer to the vital problem of personal hygiene, we advise Boro-Pheno-Form. Known to the medical profession for more than forty years, it carries highest recommendations. Convenient—no water or accessories required. Soothing—harmless—non-irritating; odorless; dependable. A boon to the mind and health of every married woman.

BORO PHENO-FORM

Try it now. Just send 10c and coupon for generous Trial Package.

*Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. 611
145 M. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your Trial Package of
Boro-Pheno-Form. Easy, Directions and Entering Instructions enclosed. I enclose 10c.

Name...
Address...
City...

Radio is tuned in endless hours without anyone actually listening to it or listening in a preoccupied manner at best. Radio soon became a sort of nerve-racking noise maker to my ears.

I enjoy my own radio just as much as I ever did because I use it sensibly. I tune in only when I have time to actually listen, just as I would in a theatre. I take the time to write my favorite artists a word of commendation and suggestions. I make friends with them, so to speak, and one does not become bored with interesting friends.

Radio is bringing the finest talent available into our homes where we may enjoy it free if we but learn the art of listening.

It may be that the listeners would appreciate a chance to select their entertainment through a try-out plan; for new talent once a week. Mr. and Mrs. John Public, how would you like that plan?

Miss ALDINE WAYNE, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE

In a country as large and as cosmopolitan as ours it is a difficult problem to arrive at a decision as to just what constitutes a good radio program. A program that goes over good in the city may lose favor in the country or vice versa. The idea of 'wise-cracking' humor may be understood in one section of the country and not in another. Music is probably the safest form of entertainment. By this I do not mean the high class operatic music but the good rag-time. I think the happy medium is struck by such leaders as Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, and others of this type.

Also variety programs, such as the Fleischmann Yeast hour is, I might call a "safe bet". In this type of program it is not necessary to tune out the station if you do not like a certain feature as in a few minutes it will be over and something entirely different will take its place.

Grating the NR's is a necessary part of radio broadcasting there is a limit to how far it should go. The idea today seems to be to threaten or scare the public into buying something. If you don't use the product dire results are liable to follow. You will probably lose your teeth or your hair, your car will not run right or your family's health will fail. Must the listener be driven through fear into using something? Why? Why not tell the world what it is for and how it is made, etc., and the rest left to us to prove through use whether it does its job or not.

Another fault with broadcasting today is repetition. This applies to music being repeated the same evening or day after day also to entertainers with a particular style of delivery which, heard week after week becomes monotonous. The radio listener is a faddist but a fad today very soon becomes a back-number. I might close with "Prisoners' Song" which was hammered out over the air so often that in a few months it was banned.

Keep up the good work, Radio Mir-
Helping Millions to END Colds Sooner

WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It goes right to work to fight a cold direct—two ways at once. Through the skin it acts direct like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath direct to the inflamed air passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

For day-time treatments with an application at bedtime—to get the effect of VapoRub’s powerful two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

To Help PREVENT Colds
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
for nose and throat

Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in the early stages.

Hair Men Adore
Fascinating Glints brought out in one shampoo!

DON’T let dandruff make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It’s a glorious shampoo—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out glistening lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and film. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical $1 bottle.

NEW!

Use the
SCIENTIFIC AERIAL
With the Dual Connection

$1.00

Complete Postpaid

The DUAL CONNECTION, a new feature exclusively on our own, gives better distance and positive performance on all electric radio (past, present). This aerial is not installed without tools by anyone in a minute’s time. Goes right inside the radio completely out of view and it does not use any electric current. No fumbling—no poles, etc.

NO OSCILLATING OR WHISTLING

This DUAL type aerial uses a new scientific principle which completely eliminates this annoyance as commonly experienced on inside aerials. It also eliminates lighting hazards, unsteady pole, any wires, etc. Enables the radio to be readily moved when desired. Complete aerial in itself—nothing extra to buy. Permanently installed and requires no adjustment. Each aerial comes with its own shorter aerial to go under the cabinet.

Try One 5 Days at Our Risk—More Distance and Volume

National Laboratorvys
Dept. M., Fargo, N. Dak

Not an experiment, but fully tested. Many more report over 2,000 miles reception. Gives triple the volume over regular inside aerials on many sets. Guaranteed for 5 years. Distributors and dealers write for sales proposition.
What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 54)

all the fun I'm having in living incognito. For a picture of Ozzie Nelson, address him at the Park Central Hotel, New York. As for those breaks in radio, you've just got to try and try. You never can tell when the break may come. But don't give up!

Aaron D., Loyall, Ky.—Bob Crosby is now singing with the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra playing at the Palace Royal in New York. If you've tuned in on your Mutual Broadcast station these Sunday evenings, I'm sure you've heard that Joe Penner is back on the air.

Miss Julie Y., New York City—Lanny Ross has just one brother whose name is Winton, no sisters and his parents are both living. When Lanny isn't in Hollywood making a picture, he lives an apartment near the National Broadcasting studios.

Betty S., Bakersfield, Calif.—You wanted to know all about Eddie Duchin whose fine music interlaces Ed Wynn's program; Eddie is 24 years old and looks it. Graduated from Pharmacy College, Boston, in 29 but decided to dispense rhythm instead of medicines and he sure can make a piano talk. His first job was playing the piano in Leo Reisman's orchestra. In between numbers instead of going out for a smoke, Eddie would just sit at the piano and play at random. His solo soon became a feature attraction. When Reisman stepped out, Duchin organized his own orchestra. He is one of radio's youngest band leaders. I'm glad you like Eddie. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Averil C., Salem, Ohio—You're indeed welcome to anything I can do for you. Address, and your letter to Raymond Heatherton in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Thebka H., Geronimo, Texas—The cast of One Man's Family is as follows: Henry Barbour, the father is portrayed by J. Anthony Smythe; his wife, Fanny Barbour, is played by Minetta Allen; the eldest son, Paul is played by Michael Raffetto. Hazel the oldest daughter is portrayed by Bernice Berwyn. Then the twins, Clifford and Claudia, played by Barton Yarborugh and Kathleen Wilson. The youngest member of the Barbour family is Jack, played by young Billy Page. Then there is Beth Hayley, the youthful widow, played by Barbara Jo Allen; Patricia Hunter, played by Dorothy Scott. Winifred Wolfe plays the lovable little girl, Teddy. Judge Hunter is played by Charles MacArthur; played by Frank Provo; and Danny Frank is Cameron Prudhomme.
Meet Sam Hayes, The Richfield Reporter

(Continued from page 11)

NBC from San Francisco. In order to make extra money he worked for a stock and bond house and put over one of the largest stock deals in San Francisco history when he sold a former newspaper owner $35,000 in securities all at once. The enthusiasm which caused him to make the sale was also his downfall, for he invested in stocks himself and was caught during the latter part of the year—1929.

After the crash, early in 1930, two men called him within a few minutes.

"You ought to be an announcer," they said. "Hop over to KTAB and get a job—there's one open."

He went right on.

In 1931 the Richfield Oil Company started the "Everyone Loves a Fighter" campaign. Sam found himself giving a two minute "fight" talk five times a week for ten weeks. Then the Richfield Reporter was born. Sam was offered the job. He accepted and lost. He returned to San Francisco. Richfield tried five men in the course of about a month, and finally summoned him back. He began his work as the Richfield Reporter on May 4, 1931—and has been at it ever since without the least let-up. He is on the air for fifteen minutes six nights a week, Saturday being omitted.

Hayes proudly displays letters from every state in the union.

"One letter, for which I am indebted to America is the broadcast of the fall of a political czar in New Zealand, where I have a lot of listeners," he related.

"I later received a letter from a man stating that he had acquainted him and many of his friends with the occurrence before he had a chance to read of it in his local newspaper."

For years, theatres in Honolulu opened their doors at a certain time. When Hayes went on the air, managers

LAST MINUTE FLASHES FROM THE NEWS

Lanny Ross has been thrown overboard! His sweetheart of the air—and if their romance was only a studio trick, thousands of listeners in every city and town have announced their engagement to Fred Hutsmith, Muriel Wilson appeared in NBC studios the first week of December with a diamond solitaire sparkling on the right finger— Radio City. Party broadcasts are the latest to join the ranks of searchers for new talent. Hereafter the RCA Radiotron Company will present you the world of talent. Radio City music is so much like the music of the stars of the big stages, it's musical, it's thrilling! Or so say advance notices. It began early in December and you can hear it Friday nights at 10:30, by the courtesy of Standard Oil of New Jersey. William Janney, writer and producer of "The Vagabond King" is the author of the arra

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bothering Scales...No Boring Exercises.

BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy A-B-C style. If you can say the alphabet, you can learn; if you can read a simple sentence, you can read the music! The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. Find out how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it yourself and how to do it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun in-

NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING FOR ONLY $C

NO GREATER time, money and labor saving invention has been introduced into homes than the sensational New Diamond Self-Heating Iron. So economical, the average family caning can be done at the amazing low cost of $6. New convenience and economy for the housewife without electricity. It's even safer than gas or electricity—at 1/4 the cost. Easier to use, too—no wires, tubes or house to twist, tangle and get in the way. Maids and burns its own gas at 96% AIM and only 4% common keroseen (coal) oil. All the drudgery of old fashioned ironing is finished forever. The iron now at one stroke of the wrist, is at any time. Woman's hands are not burnt and the shirt fronts or the diamond irons are not shown through the clothing. Actual size 15 inches long in half. Moreover, the Diamond Iron is non-dissipating, it is a new conceived beam-proof handle. Latest double point design saw new Bunton Level Edges. All parts neatly plated. Extra heavy CHROMIUM plate on bottom gives glass-smooth ironing surface that never needs waxing or polishing—will wear indefinitely, and simply can not rust. No wonder the diamond iron is never wanted. Jewelry still open but going fast. MAIL COUPON TODAY for full details of our exciting company.

The Akron Lamp and Mfg. Co.
374 Iron Street
Akrorn, Ohio

THE MISTERYOUS WORLD WITHIN YOU

Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urge of your inner self. Within you there is a world of gold. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. That's what "The Mysterious World within You" teaches. Address: Scribe B. P. K.

ROBERT KEARNS MIRRO.. MIRRO.
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

BUNION NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedoye is truly marvelous. Don't let your bunion eak cause constant foot trouble and aching joints to the show. It stops pain almost instantly and is cured with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, easier shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it or test it on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want a Try Pedoye". No obligation. Pedoye Co., 310 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. J-71, Chicago, Ill.

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bothering Scales...No Boring Exercises.

BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy A-B-C style. If you can say the alphabet, you can learn; if you can read a simple sentence, you can read the music! The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. Find out how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it yourself and how to do it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun in-

Learn to Play by NOTE

Plane, Mandolin Guitar, Banjo, Banjo u. a. Any Other Instrument

Leonard L. Strong, Editor of "The Vagabond King" is the author of the arreeta. William Wacher, originator of "The Shakespearean" on hand every week to direct the staging.

Easy as A-B-C

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. Find out how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it yourself and how to do it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun in-

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3062 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Make Music in Your Own Home," with your name and message by Dr. Frank Crane: also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name:________________________
Address:______________________
Instruments:__________________

End of a note as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn by sending for the book. It's FREE! (No obligation.) It's FREE! (No obligation.)

Scribble on a blank sheet and send to U. S. School of Music, 3062 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

85
noticed that nobody came to their shows until after a certain time. Investigation resulted in the discovery that the customers were staying home to listen to Hayes. Some solved the problem by opening their houses later. Others installed radios.

Hayes once read a letter from a man named Rougier, on the Christmas Islands. He received a communication from the man's father, who owned the islands, asking him to tell his son that a special ship was docking a few days later with a cargo which would surprise the people of the islands. Hayes did so, thus establishing almost in a minute communication between father and son.

If you want, you too, will be able to see him announce the president in "The President Vanishes"; announce the race of the Silver Streak in "The Silver Streak", and the horse race in "Broadway Bill," all motion pictures which at this writing have been previewed but not yet released. It is 10:15 p.m. Sam reads his last news dispatch, lays aside his manuscript.

"Well, that's 30 for tonight, friends. This is the Richfield Reporter, Sam Hayes, speaking. I'll see you tomorrow night at ten o'clock. Good night, all. And don't forget, Hi-Octane!"

Orphan Boy

(Continued from page 35)

He finally arrived, and his unknown band, unsung and unheralded. Only weeks in his present, determined seeking, finally landed them a spot on a local radio station.

It was then, after his first broadcast, flushed with the sweet taste of success that he met Lillian at the hotel where he was staying. It needed only one more meeting for Freddy knew what had happened to him. He was in love! Lack of fame and lack of money held the impediment maestro in check just so long. Then he could wait no longer. Freddy and Lillian a telegram one day which read:

"Listen to second and third numbers on program and answer. Puzzled and curious, Lillian listened. Came the low warbling of a baritone sax. Freddy playing, "I Love You," and "Will You Be Mine?"

The answer was delivered before he was out of the studio.

"The music is swell and the answer is yes."

They married, what was and still is radio's most romantic couple. Freddy knows that it is the biggest thing that ever happened to him, this marriage to the one girl in all his life he has ever loved. He still can't believe that such a girl as Lillian, could really care for a man with so little background.

Lillian, in turn, knows how lucky she was to get Freddy when she did. Since he has been installed at the hotel, women completely lose their hearts to him as he stands right in the head of his orchestra, tapping out the rhythm of his soul.

Debutantes and dowagers, sales girls and professional women had and promised by our free "Patent Protection." Fully enunciates many interesting points to the inventor and illustrates important mechanical principles. With book we also send free "Evidence of Invention" form. Prepayment of...

**FREE LESSON HomeArtCrafts**

**GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME**

It's easy every way. Art arrives in his dream. Get free lessons in Creative Work, Home Artcrafts and Professional Art. Written courses for you to discover hidden talents, young and old.

1. CARVING

2. DRAWING

3. PAINTING

4. PHOTOGRAPHY

5. MODEL MAKING

6. FASHION DESIGN

7. WRITING

8. SCULTPTURE

9. HOME ART

10. PROFESSIONAL ART

Other men have found, and promised by our free "Patent Protection." Fully enunciates many interesting...
and old maids, flock around him between numbers, asking for autographs, hinting at making dates with him.

If I can't tell you more about Freddy at this time, you can blame it on the buzzer at his desk. It sounds, when he rings it, exactly like the bell in the front office, and while we talked, he continually pushed it. The poor office boy, fouled by the sound, was rushing to the front door every five minutes, to see who could be calling.

I would like to say that Freddy has only three great passions in life. Lillian, his baby, and music.

But Freddy also has a passion for spending money. It is a well known fact that without a business manager he would have no dollars at all. He simply cannot keep money. It burns holes in his pocket before he realizes it.

On the Q. T., Lillian told me that he takes any kind of a business offer very seriously. And, she added with a grin, she likes nothing better than to disguise her voice and get poor Captain Martin involved in a tedious telephone conversation. She asks him such things as the price of his band, and then will argue about it length.

Freddy, being the head of affairs at all times, never fails to fall.

While the background of his childhood is slow, day by day, fading away, there yet remains with him a certain wistfulness and deep understanding that is not often the good fortune of the very young. He remains unspoiled, in spite of his success and the many women who dote on him.

Say, You Can't Do That!

(Continued from page 17)

Fred Allen program dialogue. It's out.

If course there are some stars who pay no attention to protests if they consider them silly; or if they are isolated; or if by deleting the objectionable matter they might injure their programs. Some time ago, when I worked for Ed Wynn, I learned that the Fire Chief, some of whose best jokes are concerned with fat and thin people and old maids, is continually receiving letters of protest from the overweight, the underweight and the unmarried sisterhood. However, Wynn feels that he simply cannot sacrifice the comedy values of a proven funny type of joke to comply with what he considers silly demands.

Probably one of the funniest criticisms levelled at any star or star and one which did not result in a tabloid . . . came as the anticlimax to a highly amusing series of incidents in which Molasses and January, already mentioned, were involved. The whole thing started when they innocently did the following joke on a recent Maxwell House Showboat program:

Molasses: Ah was walkin' through mah neighbor's backyard las' night and Ah stubbed mah foot on a piece of wood. An' when Ah picked it up, it was only maple wood, and Ah knew it was exactly the piece of wood
that would fit mah hen house. So Ah picked up the piece of wood, threw it over mah shoulder and carried it to mah backyard, threw it down and dat's all there was to it.

Jamaican and Ah suppose you didn't know there was five roosters and six hens roostin' on that wood!

Perfectly innocent—or so it seemed. But the very next day, the boys received an astonishing telegram from a friend of theirs, Eric Parsons, reporter on a St. Petersburg, Florida, newspaper. A darkly had been brought into court on a charge of chicken stealing. And when he was asked to defend himself, he claimed that he had picked up the wood in a neighbor's backyard thinking it a fine piece for the hen house he was building—and he hadn't known until he got it home that there were chickens roosting on the wood!

Yes, he had been listening to Molasses and January the previous night. Unfortunately for the darky, he had also been listening to Molasses and January and although the judge had a sense of humor, his sense of justice was even stronger, and the defendant got sixty days.

This astonishing incident was printed in the St. Petersburg paper, whereupon Molasses and January received one letter complaining that their comedy was encouraging crime! In spite of which far-fetched complaint, Molasses goes blithely on his way stealing microphones.

When the public says, "Say, you can't do that!" the stars sometimes say, "Okay. And sometimes they say, "Oh nerts!"

**Dialing the Short Waves**

(Continued from page 48)

HAMS very frequently put their visiting friends in front of the microphone, with an admonition to "say something." There must be a standard routine, to which all novice speakers are forced to adhere, by law. Invariably each one giggles for a moment and then says, "Gee, I don't know anything to say. Do I sound all right? Hello. Well, I guess that's all."

It is very seldom that one hears a risque remark or so much as a profane syllable on the short waves. The hams know that the U. S. Supervisor of Radio have their men listening twenty-four hours a day, dialing first one wave and then another, just waiting for somebody to make a slip. An utterance that would bring a blush to the most delicate cheek might mean

that the ham station over which it was broadcast would lose its license.

Nevertheless, one serious discussion of tubes, condensers, coils and the like was interrupted by what sounded like a miniature explosion, followed immediately by an angry, "Damn it, darling, don't do that!"

The ham then went on to explain, "That was my wife I was talking to. She tickled me. If the Supervisor heard me, I hope he's a married man."

**AN EASY METHOD OF MEMORIZING THE CODE**

In memorizing the International code alphabet, think of the letters by their sound. That is, think of A as "dit-dah," not as "dot-dash." The following table will help you remember the letters, by showing a relationship between them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letter</th>
<th>Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>.-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>-.-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>--.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>..-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
<td>-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K</td>
<td>-.-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L</td>
<td>.-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>--.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N</td>
<td>-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P</td>
<td>.--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q</td>
<td>--.-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R</td>
<td>.-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>.-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U</td>
<td>-.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>..</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W</td>
<td>.--.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X</td>
<td>.-..</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y</td>
<td>-..</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z</td>
<td>--..</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Don't try to learn the whole alphabet at once. Learn a few letters at a time, until you're sure you know them, then learn a few more.

**Who Is the Man Who Saved Eddie Cantor's Life?**

You can find out in next month's RADIO MIRROR. The story shows you on Eddie Cantor you've never met before—told you in detail by the man who saved his life.
In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 46)

Place one or two oysters on each small piece of filet and wrap the filet around, fastening it securely with wooden toothpicks. Dip each stuffed filet in salted milk, then into finely sifted bread crumbs. Arrange in a buttered pan, dot with butter and bake in very hot oven from eight to ten minutes, until browned nicely. Serve on a platter with a potato balls placed around the filets. Melt butter, add the lemon juice and parsley, pour over the filets and serve very hot.

For the dessert you can substitute any one of your favorite dishes, but if some of you never tasted Coffee Sponge Pie which I’ve selected for this menu, and are curious to know just how it’s made, write and let me know. I’ll be more than glad to send the recipe to you. And remember, it won’t cost you anything!

It’s just this kind of service that we are desirous of extending to our readers so don’t hesitate to take advantage of it.

Radio Mirror's Technical
Questions and Answers

A new department, to help readers get better reception, locate "lost" call letters, and interchange ideas. No requests for diagrams can be granted. Queries about commercial sets should be referred to local dealers, or the manufacturers of the sets. In writing, address SHORT WAVE DEPARTMENT, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

E. J., Detroit, Mich.—The British short wave stations, together with their frequency in kilocycles, are GSA, 6030; GSB, 9510; GSC, 9585; GSD, 11750; GSE, 11863; GSF, 15140; and GSG, 17770.

T. N. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Most of the major manufacturers make battery-operated short wave sets. Consult your local dealer, or if he has none, get in touch with a reliable mail order house.

E. L. R., New York, N. Y.—Wants to know what station on about 31 meters featured a whistler at 6:00 P. M. on November 3. Come on, SWLS! Can anybody help ELR? Let’s know if you heard this program and got the call.

T. von J., Hoboken, N. J.—To add an output transformer to your set, connect one terminal of the primary to the plate of the last audio tube, the other terminal to the high voltage “B” positive on your elimination. Connect a loud speaker across the secondary of the transformer. Tell your dealer what type of tube and speaker you are using, and ask for a transformer to match their impedences. If you are using a dynamic speaker, it already includes an output transformer.

NOW I'M SO MUCH HAPPIER

RADIO MIRROR

It's Never TOO LATE

FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, “My marriage was a mistake.” No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is powerful. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison, Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30c, 60c, $1.00), there is a never a form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen or 35c a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some use the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement of the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
302-34
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of booklet or booklet

Procedure for Antiseptics in the Home

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

(In Canada: Bronte Terrace, P. O.)

89
PLAY THIS GREAT GAME TO WIN!

RADIO MIRROR

$250.00 CASH PRIZE

NAME GAME

First Prize $100.00
Second Prize $50.00
Two Prizes Each $10.00 $20.00
Six Prizes Each $5.00 $30.00
Twenty-five Prizes Each $2.00 $50.00
Total, 35 Prizes $250.00

WE BETTER MAKE THIS THE LAST SET, JESS, IF WE'RE GOING TO THE DRAG TONIGHT!

OK WITH ME.

Picture No. 1

Name of Star ________________________________

Thirty-five Cash Prizes Must Be Paid
Your Chance Is Excellent

CAN you find the name of a radio star revealed in picture No. 1 on this page? Can you find another in picture No. 2? Then you are well on your way toward a successful entry in RADIO MIRROR'S new $250.00 cash prize Name Game. You'll want to get into this entertaining game just for the fun of the thing. And in addition there is the opportunity to win any one of the thirty-five cash awards. Think of it! You may be the one who will win the $100.00 cash First Prize. That's something to think about. And something to keep in mind every minute you are working out the answers.

Read the brief rules carefully so that you will understand exactly what is required to complete a successful entry and then get busy on your claim to a share in the prize money. If you enter your chance to win is just as promising as anybody's. Get started right now.

Picture No. 2

Name of Star ________________________________

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent radio star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the radio star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the entertainers you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to NAME GAME EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

WATCH FOR DRAWINGS THREE AND FOUR NEXT MONTH
C'MON BOYS! PICK YOUR PRIZE!

FINE PRESENTS SURE TO BE YOURS!

For selling only 27 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each, a pocket watch and saving the 27 packets will earn you one of these magnificent Garden-Spot Seeds. Beautiful colored colored seed packets filled with living seeds guarantees quick growth. Known with favor for more than 35 years from Maine to Mexico. Lots of people will take five to ten packets. Your own family and true friends will beg you to sell them. And you can sell out in a few minutes.

Here's What You Get for Selling only 27 Packets:

1. A Fine Premium—your selection, Extra. We send along with your order a list of the various premiums which will thrill you about BIG OAK PRIZE. And just mail the coupon or copy the coupon on a postcard.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

ROLLER SKATES—Built for Hard Usage

White! You turn the corner with a bang. You beat your friends in every roller skating race. The smooth running wheels make fast skating easy—they go like the wind. They will expand to fit any shoe. For selling 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each, send all orders to Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431, Paradise, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

Send TODAY

VIOLIN, Bow and Instruction Book

Imported from Europe

$10.00 Prize Typewriter

Violin, Bow and Instruction Book—Imported from Europe. This Violin is imported from Europe where they know so well how to make violins. Nicely made, highly polished. A pleasing sound of good quality. Well designed finger board and tail piece. Has full set of strings, bow, and complete instruction book with many Popular Violin songs in words and music. You can quickly learn to play without a teacher. Send no money—just your order.

Guaranteed Chromium Watch

A big American Watch factory worked three years to make this Watch possible. See the graceful design, the finely finished case, the sturdy metal dial with raised gold numerals. Movement guaranteed. One is all you need. This Chromium Watch given for selling only 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts each. Send no money—just your order.

ALL GIFTS SENT POSTPAID—No Charges to Pay on Delivery

GIVEN—You can send this Jaxx Ball, Maken- any finish, light, blue board. With 5-minute Instruction book which covers primary. You can quickly learn to play all the latest hits. Send no money—just your order.

GIVEN—You can send this Jaxx Ball, Maken- any finish, light, blue board. With 5-minute Instruction book which covers primary. You can quickly learn to play all the latest hits. Send no money—just your order.

GIVEN—You can send this Jaxx Ball, Maken- any finish, light, blue board. With 5-minute Instruction book which covers primary. You can quickly learn to play all the latest hits. Send no money—just your order.

GIVEN—You can send this Jaxx Ball, Maken- any finish, light, blue board. With 5-minute Instruction book which covers primary. You can quickly learn to play all the latest hits. Send no money—just your order.

GIVEN—You can send this Jaxx Ball, Maken- any finish, light, blue board. With 5-minute Instruction book which covers primary. You can quickly learn to play all the latest hits. Send no money—just your order.
Thrill to Guaranteed World-Wide High Fidelity Performance with This Amazing New 1935 MIDWEST SUPER Deluxe 6-TUBE ALL-WAVE Radio!

Before you buy any radio write for the new FREE 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog and see for yourself the many reasons why 110,000 satisfied customers bought their radios direct from the Midwest Laboratories and saved from $2 to $4. Why pay more than the direct-to-you laboratory price? You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Learn why Midwest outperforms sets costing up to $200.00 and more. Never before so much radio for so little money! Midwest gives you triple protection with: One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee.

30 Days FREE Trial!

Before you buy any radio write for the new FREE 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog and see for yourself the many reasons why 110,000 satisfied customers bought their radios direct from the Midwest Laboratories and saved from $2 to $4. Why pay more than the direct-to-you laboratory price? You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Learn why Midwest outperforms sets costing up to $200.00 and more. Never before so much radio for so little money! Midwest gives you triple protection with: One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee.

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

Many exclusive features include: Micro-Tuner...Fiddle-A-Stat...Separate Audio Generator...Ceramic Coil Forms, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2400 meters (33 Megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away—with crystal-clear, loud-speaker reception.

All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest High Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airline and ship broadcasts and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide broadcasts...England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

SENSATIONAL HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION

This bigger, better, more powerful, colorized, super selective, Micro-Tuner gives you absolute realism—assures you of life-like, crystal-clear tone—without anything you have ever experienced before. You will hear one more octave—overtones—that cannot be brought in with ordinary radio. Now, hear every instrument, every voice, every shade and inflection of speech. Now, hear every voice, every shade and inflection of speech.

Take advantage of the amazing 30-day FREE trial offer. Send for FREE catalog today!

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advancement...NOW...while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values...no middlemen's profits to pay. You can order your 1935 High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way; you get 30 days FREE trial, as little as $5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for new FREE catalog today.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG

Midwest Radio Corp., Dept. 884, Cincinnati, Ohio. Without obligation, mail the above coupon to get new FREE 1935 catalog with complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
Town __________ State ________

User-Agents Make Extra Money

Check here if you are interested in a World-Wide Battery Radio

Details ______
ALICE FAYE Tells "Why I'll Never Marry RUDY VALLEE"

WILL ROGERS

THE STRANGE ORDEAL OF THE NEW AP'N HENRY

RADIO'S DEBT TO ROOSEVELT on his 53rd Birthday
Kelpamalt Tablets

Avoid imitations. Insist on the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets

**Sure! I Too Was Naturally Skinny... Until I Discovered Kelpamalt**

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Results!

There is hope now for pale, rundown, underweight men and women—even "NATURALLY SKINNY" folk—who never can seem to add a single ounce.

Through Kelpamalt, the amazing new mineral concentrate from the sea, science at last reveals the secret of adding weight—explains the reason why many fat people who eat but little continue to gain weight while many thin people with ravenous appetites stay skinny.

Thousands have tried it and are amazed at this quick, natural, easy way to fill out scrawny hollows and put on firm, solid flesh. Gains of from 15 to 20 pounds in one month—3 pounds in a week—are reported regularly.

To add weight 3 things are essential. First, a normal amount of good food. Second, your system must get enough of the absolutely necessary natural food minerals. These minerals, often lacking in the modern diet, are needed to stimulate the glands which produce the juices required for digesting fats and starches—the weight building elements in your daily food.

Third—and most essential—your vital, important internal glands, which actually control body weight—require definite amounts of **NATURAL IODINE**—not made from iodides or other chemicals which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in small quantities in spinach and lettuce. Six Kelpamalt tablets provide more NATURAL IODINE than 450 pounds of spinach, 1,587 pounds of lettuce.

Kelpamalt also offers in convenient tablet form practically every body mineral needed in every assimilable form. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach, 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes, more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorans than a pound and a half of carrots, besides sulphur, sodium, potassium and other minerals.

Try Kelpamalt today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of one week, if you have not gained 5 pounds, don't look better, feel better, and have more endurance than ever before, the trial is free.

100 tablet size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little, and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Manufacturer's Note: As a result of Kelpamalt's tremendous popularity, many inferior imitations—and as oils and malt preparations—are being advertised. Don't be fooled. Ask for the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset the stomach nor interfere with the teeth. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results or money back.

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER**


**Comparison of Minerals in KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kelpamalt Tablets Contains:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lb. of fresh tomatoes, 3 lb. of asparagus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. More Sulphur than 1 lb. of turnips.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. More Sodium than 3 lb. of turnips.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Amazing New Mineral Concentrate Rich**

In Newer Form of Natural Iodine Adds 5 lbs. of Solid Flesh in 1 Week... OR NO COST!
Invisible Hands Magically Assure WORLD-WIDE HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION with This Amazing New MIDWEST 16-TUBE ALL-WAVE Radio! (ALL FIVE WAVE BANDS)

SAVE UP TO 50%
Direct from Midwest Laboratories!

THE almost magical performance of this super radio is startlingly human! As domestic and foreign stations are brought in, many automatic adjustments are constantly being made inside the set. It might be said that a number of "Invisible Hands" enable you to bring in and hold any station you desire from the whole world of broadcast...regardless of fading and interfering conditions. Before you buy any radio, write for the new FREE Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog and see how you can save from 1/2 to 1/3 by buying direct from Midwest Laboratories. Learn why Midwest outperforms sets costing up to $200.00 and more. Now save 30% to 50%. Never before so much radio for so little money! Midwest gives you triple protection with: One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee.

Only Midwest Offers Multi-Function Dial This exclusive dial is not an ordinary airplane dial—but a many-purpose unit that performs exclusive functions. Send for FREE miniature dial showing these outstanding advantages:

New Style Consoles The Midwest 32-page catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and cabinets in four colors. Write for new FREE catalog today!

50 ADVANCED FEATURES Exclusive "Invisible Hands" features include: High Level Automatic Volume Control Action, Discriminating Automatic Tone Control, Multi-Function Dial, Micro-Tunator, Fidel-A-Stat, etc. Only Midwest covers a tuning range of 9 to 2400 megacycles (33 megacycles to 125 KC)—enabling you to easily and successfully tune in even low-powered foreign stations up to 12,000 miles away. All 5 Wave Bands enable you to enjoy today's finest High Fidelity American programs. In addition, you get Canadian, police, amateur, airplane broadcasts...commercial and ship signals...and delighful exciting world-wide broadcasts from England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts!

SENSATIONAL HIGH FIDELITY RECEPTION This bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective, 16-tube "Invisible Hands" radio gives you absolute realism—assures you of life-like, crystal-clear tone, unlike anything you have ever experienced before. You will hear one more octave—overtones—that cannot be brought in with ordinary radios. Now, hear every instrument, every voice, every shade and inflection of speech.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES Purchasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance...NOW...while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. No middlemen's profits to pay! You can order your Midwest High Fidelity radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratory. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way—save 30 days FREE trial...as little as $5.00 down plus a FREE MICRO-TUNER in your radio. Free Reception, One-Year and Money-Back GUARANTEES protect you! Write for FREE catalog NOW...TODAY!

Only Radio Covering 12,000 Mile Tuning Range
WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE
$57.50 with New Deluxe Auditorium-Type Speaker

TERMS OF 50% DOWN 50% FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER...

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE MINIATURE DIAL...FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER...FREE CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
DEPT. 38-A — CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.
Established 1920 Cable Address Mireco. All Codes
In April RADIO MIRROR:

WHO IS THIS MAN?
He's the Greek comedian whom you hear with Eddie Cantor—but Nick Parymnakas isn't his real name and he's not really an actor—read the complete inside story next month. Also, the amazing success story of Helen Jepson. And a brilliant, instructive feature, "How to Get More Fun Out of Music."

RADIO MIRROR'S
Gallery of Stars
Florence Baker 23
Gertrude Niesen 24
Alexander Woollcott 25
Joe Penner 26
Ed Wynn 27
Jessica Dragonette and Robert Simmons 28

special features

Pageant of the Airwaves 4
Meet the glamorous folk in radio's colorful caravan
Radio's Debt to Roosevelt on His 53rd Birthday 14
Vera Ingersoll
"I'll Never Marry Rudy Vallee!" says Alice Faye 16
Ruth Geri
She tells why—exclusively to our readers
The Human Side of the "Met" 18
Rose Heylbut
An intimate picture of the "dignified" opera stars
The Strange Ordeal of the New Cap'n Henry 20
Fred Sammis
Revealing the truth about Frank McIntyre and Charles Winninger
Gracie Allen is Really Scared to Death 22
Dora Albert
The incredible truth about the popular comedienne
Flirting Her Way to Success 29
Helen Harrison
How Elsie Hitz conquered all obstacles
The Man Who Saved Eddie Cantor's Life 30
George Kent
What Aunt Rose Did For Ruth Etting 32
Adele Whitley Fletcher
Radio Mirror welcomes Ruth back with this fine story
Why The Stars Go To Jac's 34
Mary Jacobs
How your radio favorites find health and happiness
My Own Spy Stories 36
Captain Tim Healy
The popular radio star's most dangerous adventure
Rose Bampton's Own Wardrobe 42
Jane Cooper
Tracking Down Gene Arnold and His Sinclair Minstrel Men

unusual departments

Reflections in the Radio Mirror 13
Comments by our Editor—straight from the shoulder
What's New on Radio Row 38
Joy Peters
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Chicago 40
Chase Giles
Pacific 41
Dr. Ralph L. Power
Homemaking Department 43
Joyce Anderson
Revealing the Beauty Secrets of Beatrice Lillie 46
How Paul Whiteman Keeps His Figure
Dialing the Shortwaves 48
Terry Miles
Let's see the foreign countries we hear
We Have With Us 52
The finest program finder in any magazine
What Do You Want To Know? 56
The Oracle
What Do You Want To Say? 57
Our readers ask questions and give their opinions

Cover Portrait
WILL ROGERS
by Stephen Grout
WHEN THE PARTY BROKE UP

REMIND ME, DORIS, TO STOP AT THE STORE ON MY WAY HOME AND GET LIFEBOUY

I WANT SOME, TOO. I WOULDN'T FOR WORLDS MISS MY DAILY LIFEBOUY BATH TO STOP "B.O."

YOU'RE RIGHT. ONE SIMPLY CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O."

NEXT DAY

LIFEBOUY FOR ME, TOO! FROM NOW ON I'LL BE AS CAREFUL AS THE GIRLS ARE OF "B.O."

NO "B.O." NOW to keep her single

I CERTAINLY AM COMING TOMORROW. I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU GIRLS. LLOYD AND I . . .

THAT'S NO SURPRISE, DARLING. WE'VE SEEN HOW HE'S BEEN RUSHING YOU THESE LAST WEEKS

CANT HELP KISSING A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN LIKE YOURS

THEN I OWE THESE KISSES TO LIFEBOUY WHICH GAVE ME A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

SO MILD yet so effective. Cleansing deeply, thoroughly, without a trace of harshness. No wonder complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle pore-purifying action. Dullness vanishes—clear, healthy radiance comes instead.

Perspire in winter?

Yes, we all do—a quart of odorous waste daily, science says! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It lathers abundantly in hardest water, deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's own fresh, clean scent quickly vanishes as you rinse. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

IT'S THE SUDS THAT SAVE THE WORK

IT MAKES WONDERFUL SUDS—WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

MY WIFE USES IT FOR DISHES, TOO

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE GREASE GO—I'LL BE THROUGH IN HALF THE TIME!

USE RINSO FOR DISHES, MEG. IT'S MARVELOUS! SO EASY ON THE HANDS

HOW the news spreads! For the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning—"there's no soap like Rinso!" On washday it soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Clothes washed this safe, "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer.

You'll save lots of money. A little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washing machines. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
1. Xaviar Cugat came to this country from Barcelona, Spain, with a stop-over at Cuba for a series of concerts there. He conducts one of the three bands on the Let's Dance program.

2. 26 years old, speaking five languages, and playing the piano and guitar, is Del Campo. He came East from the Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, came to Los Angeles from Chile.

3. Direct from Billy Rose's Music Hall comes Benny Goodman to fill the second assignment on NBC's Let's Dance. Touring college towns with his orchestra gave Benny the reputation of the "hottest cornetist in the world."

4. Robert Armbruster played with the Philadelphia Symphony when he was still in knee pants. Since then he has been seaman, business man, salesman. His last eight years have been spent in radio as soloist, then arranger, then musical director. At present he forms the background for Woollcott, The Town Crier.

5. Dusky, slim, and handsome is Enric Madriguera, another product of Spain. He borrows his name from the little town in which he was born. He is an NBC sustaining program conductor.
Adorable, smooth HANDS—because HINDS prevents Chapping

Hinds keeps her hands nice the year round. Cold weather doesn't chap them—housework hasn't roughened them—because she uses Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. This rich liquid cream soaks the skin deeply with healing balms—relieves chapping, smooths rough cracked skin quickly!

FEBRUARY—March! Danger months for sensitive hands. They get chapped, cracked, red and sore... they need the soothing balms supplied by a penetrating cream—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds is rich with soothing, smoothing oils. It is a liquid cream. It does more than "slick" the skin's surface. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin with softening oils and healing balms. Dry harsh skin quickly becomes silky-smooth!

Use Hinds after exposure to drying wind and cold weather—and always at bedtime. It's the economical way to keep your hands always thrillingly smooth. You'll find 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store—10¢ size at the dime store.

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

"HOUSEWORK" HANDS need Hinds to saturate dry abused skin. Use penetrating Hinds to supply rich soothing oils—it works surely.

HINDS Honey and Almond Cream gives quick relief to a child's tender chapped skin. Let the children use Hinds to soothe their chapped hands and knees after winter play.

BRING BACK satiny smoothness to chapped legs, ankles, rough dry spots on knees and heels—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Apply before dressing—see how quickly Hinds smooths the skin!
1. Tito Guizar, Mexican favorite, is being coaxed back on the network by CBS. Tito, after studying medicine in Mexico, went to Italy, trained his voice, came to New York on a visit, and met the girl he later married. It was her persuasion which kept him there and led him into radio work.

2. Since 1931, with the exception of last season, Vinton Haworth has been a regular member of "Myrt and Marge," taking the romantic lead opposite Marge as the young attorney, Jack Arnold. He was born in Philadelphia, played stock and vaudeville, and came to Chicago in 1929. For two years he did free lance radio work, then joined the Wrigley cast.

3. Freddie Martin's vocalist. Madge Marley, learned to sing by accompanying herself on the piano. At college in Greensboro, North Carolina, she joined the glee club and later sang in a choir for her first professional pay. She joined Freddie as the result of his audition for unknowns which he held when he signed for his "Open House" series.

4. It's hard to imagine, but Vi Bradley began her musical career by hiding behind closed doors and memorizing the piano lessons given her older sister. She played in an orchestra at the age of twelve, and has organized and directed the first all-girl orchestra heard on the air. She's a soloist now on morning programs over the Columbia Broadcasting Chain.
The Gibson Family

Sweet dreams Sally . . . your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she never goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for your complexion to find spring-freshness and satiny-smoothness!

Ivory Soap: • 99â½/100 % Pure

"Good at dish-washing, Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

Pure Ivory Soap Prevents "Housework Hands"

"You're like a flower, Sally," says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin is flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.

"He cries a lot, Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

Doctors, too, say "Ivory for Babies!"
Pageant of the Airwaves

MOTHER OF GIBSON FAMILY

MOVIE STAR'S PAL

SEA STORY TELLER

BRITISH LADY ON THE AIR

THE WHITEMAN KING'S GUARD

TOWN HALL TONIGHT
Sea Story Teller

Cameron King shipped before the mast as a boy of thirteen, gaining all his romantic adventure before he was twenty-one. He spins tall yarns these winter evenings for NBC listeners about the deep sea and his days on many masted schooners.

Mother of Gibson Family

Ann Elster was born in Louisiana and spent most of her childhood in the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee. Her Broadway stage debut came in "Sun Up," and she is presently engaged in being the mother in Saturday night's "Gibson Family."

Movie Star's Pal

He has played his own Concerto with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. He has studied under Josef Hofmann for five years. He is Abram Chasins, pianist, who brings CBS audiences pointers in appreciating music, and is rumored romancing with Elissa Landi, movie star.

British Lady on the Air

British royalty recently signed for an extended radio appearance when Beatrice Lillie put her signature to a contract with Borden's. Known as Lady Peel, Miss Lillie has appeared in such Broadway shows as "This Year of Grace" and "The Third Little Show." She is heard over NBC.

The Whiteman King's Guard

Straight from Hollywood have come Rad Robinson, Ken Darby, Bud Linn and John Dodson as the King's Guards, under personal supervision of Paul Whiteman. You've heard the quartet in such movies as "We're Not Dressing" and "Murder at the Vanities."

Town Hall Tonight

It's Wednesday and "Town Hall Tonight" rings through the corridors as Fred Allen assembles his group of players in NBC's largest studio. Fred, in this picture, is stopping a sneeze from shattering the mike. With him, script in hand, is an important stooge, Lionel Stander.

"I took it myself when I was a little girl"

HERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are...reason!

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Before you ever take a laxative, or give one to any member of your family, be sure it checks on these points...Is it thorough? Is it gentle? Are you sure it won't form a habit? Is it pleasant to take?

Many laxatives check on one point or another. Ex-Lax checks on all.

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax positively will not form a habit—you do not need to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And that is a vitally important point in a laxative.

And Ex-Lax is such a joy to take. Instead of swallowing some bitter medicine, you eat a little tablet that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And, that "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that words just can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean. And you'll understand why you can't get perfect Ex-Lax results with anything but Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE...and we mean cold. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
Ex-Lax, Inc., P.O. Box 179
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tell Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
WANT to get the inside of circus life from the former chief announcer of Ringling Brothers' circus? Then listen in Thursday mornings over NBC and hear Danny Dee, circus-bred stentorian impart bizarre facts which he has picked up in his travels... Have you heard the new Peerless Trio and wondered why it sounded familiar? That's because Gertrude Foster, Richard Maxwell, and Norman Price grew bored with their Trio Romantique and threw it over in favor of the new name... Tuesday mornings over CBS comes a new half hour featuring the Two Doctors of the Laugh Clinic, Pratt and Sherman, Eddie Dunstedter, popular St. Louis organist, and Al Roth's orchestra. And did you know that Pratt and Sherman seldom use a script, preferring to let matters take their own course?... Grace and Eddie Albert—the Honeymothers to you—had an unknown visitor in their studio the other day: He turned out to be Ben Lyon, who admitted that they had long been his favorite morning program. He just dropped in to say hello... Another costly, much ballyhooed hour reaches the Sunday networks. Morton Downey has come back to the air at 4:30 EST over an NBC hookup, at a reputed salary of $6,000 per week for the makers of Carlsbad Sprudel Salts... If you have Saturday-morning children trouble, tune the radio to Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" broadcasts, and forget your worries. They're dramatized fairy tales... Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson commute every week from Springfield, Massachusetts, driving down on Saturdays for their Sunday program.

WJZ has a new one hour show on Wednesdays at 3:00, sponsored by RCA Radiotron... For a new five-day-a-week day-time serial, turn the dials at noon to WEAF and hear "The Story of Mary Marlin"...
IT RELIEVED MY MISERY

I was practically a chronic invalid from dizziness, headaches, bile, and all the things that come with persistent constipation. I'd just as soon have been dead. Finally my husband insisted that I try FEEN-A-MINT—it had fixed him up from gas on his stomach when he was away on a business trip. I was just amazed at the effect it had—right from the first one I began to improve. It was wonderful. It agreeably removes that feeling of flatulence, and the dizzy spells have stopped. It works so thorough—yet doesn't weaken my system or give me the cramps other laxatives did.

For men, women, and children

Because it is effective and still gentle, we are always getting letters from women about what FEEN-A-MINT does for them and their children. And rugged men find FEEN-A-MINT clears their system out thoroughly, too. Because you must chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative spreads more evenly through the clogged intestines, works more thoroughly. No harmful violence. And so easy and pleasant to take—like your favorite chewing gum. 15,000,000 people depend on it. Try it yourself. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE—
IT DISTRIBUTES THE LAXATIVE MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE EFFECTIVELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES SUCH EXCELLENT RELIEF.

FOR EASIER RELIEF
CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Left, Cobina Wright who has entertained most of New York's blue-blooded society in a palatial town house, now brings to afternoon listeners "Your Hostess" program, her first job in radio.

Right, Loretta Lee, red headed blues singer with the George Hall orchestra and entertainer on her own quarter hour over a CBS network. Loretta hails from way down south near New Orleans.

Left, James Meighan, nephew of Thomas Meighan of movie fame, and (below) Ruth Yorke, his co-worker on the "Marie the Little French Princess" series of broadcasts, heard five times a week.
All women welcome the cleanliness and brilliance this tooth paste affords

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
THE professional complainer is getting to work on radio. He's going so far as to demand boycotts against the goods of airwave advertisers whose programs don't suit him in one way or another.

Of all the entertainment mediums in the world, radio is the cleanest, the most restrained, the strictest in its control of subject matter and actual wording of songs, speeches, jokes. The self discipline of networks and agencies is often used as subjects for derisive gags, but now it turns out that radio's a bad influence on children and worthy of the same attacks that have been leveled at the movies.

What would a reformer do without a scapegoat? Well, radio has nothing to be ashamed of and doesn't have to go and stand in any corners. Recently Arthur Pryor, Jr., advertising agency executive, declared boldly that professional belittlers had better do a bit of careful scrutinizing before making their unwarranted and stupid charges.

So a cheer for Arthur Pryor, Jr., and his courage!

THE Welcome mats are out for: Beatrice Lillie, who, after guest-starring with Rudy Vallee and the Nash Christmas Party, now has her own WIZ half-hour Friday nights . . . Mark Hellinger and Gladys Glad, who give their Penthouse Parties on behalf of Enos Wednesday nights . . . Grace Moore, who's been a frequent guest star, is heard regularly Tuesday nights . . . Elsie Janis, who makes radio history as the first regular woman announcer, on the NBC network . . . And welcome back to Ruth Etting, Will Rogers, Morton Downey and the Mills Brothers.

CONGRATULATIONS of the Month: To Hinds' Hall of Fame, who realized at the end of the past year that there were only so many famous stars worthy of guest appearance on their fine program and that they had exhausted the major possibilities of impressive stellar one-shots; their new program, which features Conrad Thibault, Lois Bennett, Adele Ronson (the Gibson Family trio), Lee Patrick, Ned Wever, and a mixed chorus of sixteen, with the orchestra directed by Don Voorhees, is a fine successor to the original Hall of Fame idea. "Club Romance" is heard every Sunday night.

THE cycle fever has hit radio. Major Bowes started it all with his WHN Amateur Night. Then Freddy Martin took it up on his Open House. Now comes National Amateur Night, which replaces George Gershwin and His Music and adds another melting pot for ambitious radio neophytes. Auditions are held twice weekly and eight to ten amateurs are selected for each Sunday night broadcast. Ray Perkins is master-of-ceremonies. Radio is busy selecting the stars of the future.

WHAT chance have women for fame on the air? Variety called for votes from its local representatives who presumably know the tastes of their localities. The popularity line-up of the first ten programs: Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Amos 'n' Andy, Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Joe Penner, Paul Whiteman and Ed Wynn. Only Gracie Allen, in this group, is a star in her own right. Unlike movies, radio is a man's world in which male stars are tops.

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio—with casual comments on this and that. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 57. Here's your chance to say your say about radio.

Ernest W. Hehn
Heartiest congratulations to our President with gratitude for his outstanding qualities as a performer and for his magnificent use of the airwaves as a leader.

NEVER before has a President of the United States so endeared himself to an entertainment medium as has Franklin D. Roosevelt through his attitude toward radio and his amazing understanding of its potentialities.

On his fifty-third birthday, the radio world pauses in gratitude to review the amazing story of a great executive who not only has made national affairs palatable to all the people by means of radio, but also has proven himself the most magnetic personality on the airwaves.

"This is the happiest birthday of my life," F. D. told the nation one year ago this January thirtieth. Now again he stands at the portal of a new year, smiling, ever smiling; this Wise Guy of Radio, who has set and broken more radio precedents, taught more citizens the meaning of government, solved more problems, disarmed more criticism, and smiled away more frowns than any other radio speaker, living or dead, has ever done in a similar period.

How close he stands to the heart of the nation may be judged by the way his departure, even for a brief fishing trip, sets a pall over the capital city, while his return, bronzed and buoyant, is the signal for a joyous ovation at the Union Station any time.

"How are you, Mr. President?" shouts an admirer, as
ROOSEVELT ON HIS 53rd BIRTHDAY

the Chief Executive appears on the rear platform, flashing his famous smile, special illuminated edition.

"Great! Why wouldn't I be great?" After having the time of my life down at Miami!" The President beams back. "But up here I understand you've been going from Wirt to Wirt!"

The Presidential spirit of good cheer is a great vital force to be reckoned with—the same that has taken the cold, hard, mechanical thing we knew as radio and made it a warm, living power for the reconstruction of the nation. By what particular magic of human warmth has he done this? Hundreds of witnesses step forward to offer their testimony, starting most naturally with those closest to him in his "radio family", the little group of chosen ones whose place is at his side when he broadcasts.

"You'll never have any trouble with me, boys," he told Carleton Smith and Bob Trout, the two official presidential announcers, on Sunday, March fifth, the very day following his inauguration, a tense occasion for all of them. "You won't find me any greenhorn," he went on with winning earnestness. "I'm an old hand at this radio game." The three shook hands on it, that very hour, and the President's prediction has been more than fulfilled. Not only has any form of personal friction in radio relations been highly conspicuous by its absence, but the greatest personal warmth is manifest; an ardent of affectionate good will that fairly crackles; you cannot fail to mark it at once, together with not only a heart-warming appreciation by the President of the various safeguards and protections constantly thrown around him; but all the true craftsman's sensitive appreciation of the baffling technical problems of radio, as well.

"Hi, man, move over about two feet!" he gently shoved the mayor of Williamsburg into correct posture when that dignitary took his place at least four feet from the mike, at the recent ceremony at William and Mary, when the President was awarded a degree. The President had been watching every step of the proceedings with as trained a sense of alertness as that of any other "radio man" present. It is always thus with him on any broadcasting occasion, making it a real treat to work with him.

Since March 4th, 1933, he has broadcast some forty-four times, including the famous Sunday night "Fireside Chats", seven so far (Continued on page 81)

Here is a letter from Roosevelt to the head of the NAB which marks the President as the first man in the White House to fully grasp a place in the entertainment field.

By VERA INGERSOLL

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Hyde Park, New York.
September 14, 1934

My dear Mr. McCosker:

It gives me pleasure again to extend to you and the members of the National Association of Broadcasters assembled in Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, my heartiest greetings. A year ago in a brief message to you, I made the statement that I was looking forward to your continued cooperation in assisting the Government to present to the people of the United States honest discussions of all phases of national problems we would face and their solutions.

The cooperation given by your members in these discussions, over the past twelve months, has given me great faith in the American system of broadcasting. I know, as you must, that the American system of broadcasting is a regulatory system and by its every fundamental principle delegates the thought of censorship to the background of the minds of everyone who really knows and appreciates your policies and daily problems. The American system of broadcasting assures an equality of freedom similar to that freedom which has been and is the keystone of the American press.

I am not unmindful of another benefit which radio gives all the people and to all classes of business. That is a stimulation of buying power and its assistance to commerce generally.

I know this convention will carry forward another year of successful achievement and assure you that you have my good wishes and those of the entire country.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Alfred J. McCosker,
President, National Association of Broadcasters,
Washington, D. C.
"I'LL NEVER MARRY RUDY VALLEE!"

"I will never marry Rudy Vallee."

Thus, once and for all, beautiful Alice Faye, whose name has been linked with that of the romantic radio star ever since she first leaped into fame by singing with his band, disposed of the rumors that one day she would become the bride of the most coveted male in America.

We were sitting in her dressing room backstage of the Oriental Theatre in Chicago where she was concluding a sensationally successful three-week engagement. I had not seen her for over a year and I could not help but notice the change which the year of success had wrought. Contrary to the usual state of affairs in parallel cases, overnight fame had not spoiled but improved the young star. Even under theatrical make-up it was easily apparent that her beauty was more natural, less brittle. Her eyebrows were no longer penciled in a dizzying arch, but followed a natural contour which was infinitely more becoming and softer.

The tailored simplicity of her white satin dressing gown set off a shimmer silhouette.

But more important than the physical change was the inner transformation. She possessed a new and quiet poise. The poise of a woman who has found her place in life and knows where she is going. As we talked of one thing and another, she revealed a new maturity, a crystallization of values. Alice Faye is a young woman of principles and ideas.

It was inevitable that the conversation should veer to the subject of Rudy Vallee. And for the first time, instead of balking like a frightened colt at the mention of his name, she disclosed a disarming frankness.

"I don't see why our private lives should be made public property, but as long as people are talking they might just as well get the story straight as believe all the ridiculous things which are said and printed about us," she declared.

"They make me sick," Alice was referring to several stories which had been widely and publicly circulated. "Why last summer there were a lot of newspaper stories printed about how Rudy and I were spending evenings together canoeing on the lake when I visited his camp up in Maine."

She showed me one clipping that read like a pretty love idyll. It painted a picture of moonlight on a shimmering lake, a canoe, a boy and a girl, and possibly romantic songs for one pair of ears alone.

"Why every member of Rudy's orchestra, and the wives of the married ones were there at the same time," Alice explained. "I can't remember offhand how many guests there were all told, but it was a big house party. Rudy was rushed to death, as any host with that number of people on his hands to entertain would be. I don't think there was a single day of the time I was there when he and I had an opportunity to exchange more than a dozen words, except just the usual things that a host and guest say to each other when there are many in the party."

That reminded the lovely songstress of another widely spread bit of misinformation, a story that had gone the rounds not so long ago, while she was in Hollywood. It was printed, at the behest of an inspired studio press agent, that there was a special clause in Alice's movie contract providing that she did not have to be on the set from four to five each Thursday afternoon. Vallee's radio broadcast reaches Hollywood between four and five on that day, and according to the story, Alice had insisted upon that clause in her contract so that she could rush to her dressing room and listen to Rudy.

"Just stop and think how silly that is!" she exclaimed. "Anyone who has ever worked on a movie lot would get a big laugh out of that. Production being held up for one whole hour just so a girl could listen to a radio program! I've never heard anything so silly in all my life!"

Her laughter interrupted her words.

"As a matter of fact," she continued, "when I wasn't working on Thursday afternoons, of course I listened to Rudy's programs. I'd listen to it anyhow, because it's a swell pro-

Alice says that Rudy deserves a wife who would give him every attention. She could never fill the bill. And besides, she thinks Rudy still loves—"
gram, for one thing, and for another, naturally, having gotten my start on it, I'm rather interested.

At this point I tactfully pointed out that so far I had been hearing things which were untrue, but then after all what was the truth?

"I don't suppose anybody will believe it even if you print it, but honestly there is no romance between Rudy and myself," she answered rather wearily. "People refuse to understand that two people can share a lovely friendship without romance entering into it.

"I admit that there was a slight infatuation when we first met, but we both knew almost at once that it could never be anything serious and realized that a passing romance would otherwise ruin a friendship which could be serious.

"You see," she said a trifle wistfully. "Rudy doesn't love me. I doubt whether he'll ever be able to love anyone really again. He hasn't gotten over his tragic marriage yet. Sometimes, I think he never will. I believe that deep down in his heart, he still loves his wife.

"As for myself I am very, very fond of Rudy, but since I could never marry him what was the use in letting myself fall in love with him?"

"Love doesn't often listen to common sense," I reminded her.

"I suppose that's right, but so far I've never met anyone who has made me throw all caution and sense to the winds," Alice replied. "You see I have (Continued on page 60)
Is it possible that those dignified opera stars are real human beings?

The day that Giulio Gatti-Casazza announced his forthcoming retirement as General Director of the Metropolitan Opera, a Broadway wag remarked, with feeling: "No wonder! Say, grappling around with those Grand Opera temperaments would knock out a Carmen!"

People like to believe that the inside of an opera house gives you a living example of what happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable object. That's "temperament"! And the more it sounds like a Zoo, the truer to type! Piquant stories come to light every now and then, to strengthen this belief. You may remember the one about the singer who complained to the Management that Geraldine Farrar went after her with such realistic vigor, in the fight-scene of Carmen, that she had to seek surgical aid, after the curtain-calls. That was a bit before my time, so I can't vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but it made grand reading. There was real operatic temperament for you!

It was Mr. Gatti who put an end to "temperament." The expression that takes its place, along the inside corridors of Broadway and Fortieth Street, is "house trouble." You hear it chiefly toward the spring of the year, when the singers' contracts are being renewed for next season. You ask, "Is Madame Z... coming back?" And they tell you, "No; she had 'house trouble'!" At once you have a complete picture. You know that Madame Z... went to the Office, to bring off a scene, or make an unreasonable request, or offer resistance to the least of the Management's rulings... and that, as a result, she

Upper left, Gatti-Casazza who is resigning as director of the Metropolitan, abolished "temperament"; next, Lily Pons who used to keep a jaguar as a pet; then comes Wilfred Pelle-tier who frequently conducts the great orchestra. Above, our own John Charles Thomas who enjoys best a good game of golf.
of the "MET"

By ROSE HEYLIBUT

Isn't being re-engaged! Mr. Gatti believes that no singer is indispensable. This time, when a prima donna "won't sing," the decision is not of her making! One of the greatest artists the House ever had went out, a few years ago, because of "house trouble." She's tried every device known to human ingenuity to get herself back in . . . but Mr. Gatti has nothing to say.

It's wonderful how those old-time "shindigs" have been completely cured by Mr. Gatti's calm, quiet, dignified methods of discipline. The public never sees him. He will not take a curtain call. He shuns publicity. He refuses to give interviews. There is never an argument. He simply asserts himself, like a military commander, through the force of a Julius-Caesar-like personality. But this isn't a story about Mr. Gatti . . . except that he is the Reason Why the inside of the opera house presents a very different picture from the one it used to, and which the public possibly believes it still does. Well, then; what is it like "inside" at the "Met?"

They're known, "inside," as the Happy Family! "Rival" tenors and sopranos, who sing the same parts and might be supposed to hate each other with deadly venom, are the best of pals, and go in for sports and parties together! But why pile up the adjectives? Let's go and have a look, "inside." While the microphones are bringing the second season of sponsored Metropolitan Opera to every farm and town and hamlet in the country, let us go personally in through the famous stage door of the "Met."

It is eleven o'clock, and the little lobby is crowded with the singers, as they come in to pick up their mail, or (Continued on page 67)
IS feet planted firmly on either side of the microphone, fat, philosophic Frank McIntyre—the new Captain Henry of the Showboat—has fought free of an ordeal without equal in fiction annals, an ordeal which began with his first broadcast of the Showboat program and which threatened in the weeks that followed to sweep him aside in a vast wave of fan disapproval.

When Frank McIntyre signed the contract which called for him to take over the most popular radio role in America—that of the Showboat captain—he faced a situation fraught with danger signals.

No man of small courage was to assume the part which Charlie Winninger had made dear to the hearts of his vast audience! But what has only recently been revealed is a situation which has the color and drama of an O'Neill play.

For twenty years Frank McIntyre and Charles Winninger have admired and loved each other!

Put yourself in McIntyre's place a moment, stand with him in the studio that Thursday night of his first showboat program. At his side is his oldest friend in the show business, the man he is replacing on radio's most popular program. Already a rumble of discontent at the news of Winninger's retirement is pouring into the studio in fan letters.

Will he make good? Will he win over the listeners who are threatening to withdraw their listening support and will he keep those others not yet aware of the change tuned in to the program? Will he keep alive the character which Winninger has grown to love?

The answer lies in a statement made by the advertising agency handling the Showboat hour—made at the expiration of McIntyre's first six-week contract. The new captain Henry has been signed for an additional thirteen weeks!

The casting call which hurled McIntyre into the breech following Winninger's notice of quitting came without warning. A hurried phone call—his at a room in the Lamb's club and he found himself at the NBC rehearsal studio, face to face with his 'old friend.'

"Frank, by golly, how are you?". Winninger clasped McIntyre's hand. The two men stood smiling at each other, unashamed of the tears which clouded their eyes.

And until the night of the actual broadcast these friendly rivals in stock and on the Broadway stage, worked hand in hand on the radio script. Later, after Winninger had left for the musical comedy in which he was being starred, they corresponded, exchanging advice and warnings.

"You know," the radio head of the advertising agency told me, "for a while more than 1,000 letters a week came to us from people bewailing the departure of Winninger. But McIntyre stuck to his guns and soon writers began to congratulate him, admitting that he was in a tough spot. Then before long, more letters came in extending best wishes to him for success in his part."

To look at Frank McIntyre, you would doubt that there lay somewhere in the man the stubborn qualities which have carried him through to his latest success. He sits back and beams at you, his several chins quivering with hidden mirth. He is King Cole come to life.

But behind the twinkle in those warming blue eyes there is sincerity and deep earnestness of purpose. McIntyre is a homespun philosopher who folds his hands and tells you his theory of life in the hopes that you may be guided by it in your own problems.

When I asked him how he must have felt going through the first few weeks on the Showboat, not knowing if he were making good or a
When Frank McIntyre took Charlie Winninger's place on the Showboat he was facing a dramatic situation without equal in radio.
**The Strange Ordeal of the New Cap'n Henry**

By FRED SAMMIS

When Frank McIntyre took Charlie Winninger's place on the Showboat he was facing a dramatic situation without equal in radio.

On the opposite page, the man who created the most beloved character in America, Charles Winninger. Right, Frank McIntyre, the man who succeeded Winninger. Below, as he appeared in "Becky Sharp" in 1904, playing the part of Joseph Sedley, in support of the immortal Mrs. Fiske.

His feet planted firmly on either side of the microphone, fat, philosophic Frank McIntyre—the new Captain Henry of the Showboat—has fought free of an ordeal without equal in fiction annals, an ordeal which began with his first broadcast of the Showboat program and which threatened in the weeks that followed to sweep him aside in a vast wave of fan disapproval.

When Frank McIntyre signed the contract which called for him to take over the most popular radio role in America—that of the Showboat captain—he faced a situation fraught with danger signals.

No man of small courage was to assume the part which Charlie Winninger had made dear to the hearts of his vast audience! But what has only recently been revealed is a situation which has the color and drama of an O'Neill play.

For twenty years Frank McIntyre and Charles Winninger have admired and loved each other!

Put yourself in McIntyre's place a moment, stand with him in the studio that Thursday night of his first showboat program. At his side is his oldest friend in the show business, the man he is replacing on radio's most popular program. Already a rumble of discontent at the news of Winninger's retirement is pouring into the studio in fan letters.

"Will he make good? Will he win over the listeners who are threatening to withdraw their listening support and will he keep those others not yet aware of the change tuned in to the program? Will he keep alive the character which Winninger has grown to love?"

The answer lies in a statement made by the advertising agency handling the Showboat hour—made at the expiration of McIntyre's first six-week contract. The new captain Henry has been signed for an additional thirteen weeks!

The casting call which hurled McIntyre into the breach following Winninger's notice of quitting came without warning. A hurried phone call at his room in the Lambs' club and he found himself at the NBC rehearsal studio, face to face with his old friend.

"Frank, buddy, how are you?... Winninger clasped McIntyre's hand. The two men stood smiling at each other, unashamed of the tears which clouded their eyes.

And until the night of the actual broadcast these friendly rivals in stock and on the Broadway stage, worked hand in hand on the radio script. Later, after the two had left for the musical comedy in which he was being starred, they corresponded, exchanging advice and warnings.

"You know," the radio head of the advertising agency told me, "for a while more than 1,000 letters a week came to us from people bewailing the departure of Winninger. But McIntyre stuck to his guns and soon writers began to congratulate him, admitting that he was in a tough spot. Then before long more letters came in extolling best wishes to him for success in his part."

To look at Frank McIntyre, you would doubt that there lay somewhere in the man the stubborn qualities which have carried him through to his latest success. He sits back and beams at you, his several chins quivering with hidden mirth. He is King Cole come to life.

But behind the twinkle in those warming blue eyes there is sincerity and deep earnestness of purpose. McIntyre is a homespun philosopher who folds his hands and tells you the theory of life in the hopes that you may be guided by it in your own problems.

When I asked him how he must have felt going through the first few weeks on the Showboat, not knowing if he was making good or a complete flop, he settled back in a huge arm chair and lifted out the window.

"I guess I just stuck to the thought that always the things you worry most about are the things which never happen. Y'know, if you wish for anything big enough and hard enough, nothing can stop you from getting what you want. I've wanted to be a radio star for two years and I was going to be one, Showboat or no Showboat."

Frank began his wishing early in life. Siting in the gallery of the Whitney theater in his home town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, munching peanuts, he wished with all his heart he could be an actor. The glamour of the great Booth and Barrett and Mandelfield on their road tours had caught him and he wanted to become a part of the world of make believe. But he had to wait until he was a reporter on the town paper before he saw his dream come true. He was sent one night to cover a dinner given in honor of the great favorite, Frank Keenan. One of the principal entertainers at the banquet failed to put in an appearance, and McIntyre was pressed into service. He recited one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems.

"After dinner, Keenan told me to McIntyre, "son, you're missing your vocation. You should be an actor."

"I've always wanted to be," said McIntyre eagerly."

"All right," replied Keenan. "I'll get in touch with you next season, put before we go into rehearsal."

And he did. Thereupon McIntyre threw up his job and began his first theatrical engagement. His career was launched, his wish had worked the magic charm for him. He has never done any other work than acting since.

There was another dream tucked away in the back of his head which had formed during school days when he would read Thackeray's. (Continued on page 90)
HAVE you ever wondered about the real personality behind Gracie Allen's crazy giggle, her piping voice, her nit-wit cracks?

When you know about it you'll understand and love Gracie as you never did before. Because at heart Gracie is a lost, timid, frightened child who forces herself to do the very things she's afraid of.

"I'm a 'fraid cat," Gracie told me, her voice tremulous. "I'm afraid of riding in a plane. Every time I get into a boat, I'm sure that it's heading for certain disaster. I am afraid to make plans for tomorrow or the next day, for fear that some unkind fate will laugh at all my plans and make them turn to dust in my hands.

"When I played in vaudeville I often wished that the floor would sink under my feet. When I had to make my first appearance over the radio I suffered from mike fright. I still do. My hands get cold and my face gets hot. Other comediences have audiences when they broadcast. I couldn't. I'm afraid. I'd be sure that they were laughing at me instead of with me, and I couldn't stand it. At least in the theatre the footlights separate us, and I can't see them, but it would be torture to me to watch their faces and think, 'I know this isn't going over.'"

"I was that way even when I was a child—afraid of everything. I tried to pretend not to be afraid. Once, when I was six, I was visiting a sister of mine, who was on the stage. Privately I told her that I could sing better than she could. I was only bragging to keep my courage up, because I was so desperately envious of her career on the stage. I wanted to go on the stage, too, but I was afraid. She called my bluff. She took me on the stage and said I would sing the next number.

"I shivered with fear and shame. When the orchestra started to play, I started to cry. Then I ran away, more ashamed of myself than ever. My sister ran after me and made me dance an Irish jig, a sailor's hornpipe and a highland fling, but I kept crying all the time I was dancing.

"I used to lie frequently when I was a child. I lied because I was afraid not to lie. In spite of the fact that mother and father were very lenient with me. I was afraid of this strange, adult world and could imagine myself being horribly punished for things I had done. An aunt cured me of lying by making me more afraid to lie than to tell the truth.

"This was how it happened. I'd been visiting at her home, and while there it occurred to me that it would be a grand idea to run my fingers over the lovely leaves of a rubber plant in her home. I decorated each of those gorgeous leaves with my finger nails. Somehow, when she came home, I could tell that she didn't think it was such a grand idea. 'Did you do this, Gracie?' she asked me. 'The first idea that came to my mind was to lie my way out of it. 'No, no,' I said, 'it wasn't I.'"

"She knew I was lying. Without a word, she took me into the kitchen, and lifted the lid of the stove. Then she took a pair of plaid stockings that (Continued on page 77)
She certainly looks grown up, although this is the first time Florence Baker has had anything but child parts. She's more often than not the ingenue on the True Story Court of Human Relations program which tells a story and leaves the audience to work out the conclusion.
No, it's not Hepburn, although the cameraman did his best. Glamorous Gertie is currently engaged, along with Everett Marshall and Phil Baker, in the Broadway musical show, "Calling All Stars," but she finds time to make guest appearances on CBS shows. La Niesen's popularity increases month by month.

Joseph Melvin McElliott
This is the best picture we've found of that jaunty man with the toar jerking voice. He must be a sentimentalist, this Woolcott, the Town Crier, although interviewers of the great gossip rise as one man to deny it. It seems that Alex hates to give them anything about himself that he might save for his own broadcasts. You can't blame him!

Joseph Melvin McElliott
An action study of Joe Penner who has reached the top! His is now one of the air's most popular programs, and he hasn't had to change a line of his whimsical, nonsensical humor to do it. Backed up by Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, he will prove a real challenge to Eddie Cantor when that favorite returns to broadcasting, early in February.
We're proud of this candid camera shot which catches Ed Wynn at his best. Now that the roaring comedian has Eddie Duchin as well as Graham McNamee at his side, his Fire-chief programs have taken on new life and new listeners. The combination of the young pianist and the middle-aged fun-maker is a happy one for everyone. That's Graham in the background.

Rudolph H. Hoffman
When Frank Parker left the Revelers' Quartet to take part in the Jack Benny program, there was a young top tenor, Robert Simmons, ready to fill the vacancy Frank created. Now he sings popular duets with the lovely Jessica Dragonette, leading attraction of the Cities Service broadcasts, and in addition, is heard with the well known Revelers on the same program.

Ray Lee Jackson
SUCCESS is more fickle than a radio sponsor and harder to get than static, which gives you an idea...

For instance, you can have it swoop down, changing you overnight from a pumpkin to, say, a successful star, or you can inherit it from a long, unbroken line of success, or, if you are hard pressed, you can even work for it!

But Elsie Hitz, having her own ideas, unconsciously flirted her way to success!

Now don't get Elsie wrong. There is nothing siren-ish or coy about her; she is simply a little Cleveland, Ohio, girl grown into a big New York success with the help of two hazel eyes, one dimple and a voice conceded magical!

It all began a long while ago when Mrs. Hitz took her five little girls into a street car on a shopping expedition. The four elder were all blonde, blue-eyed and exceedingly attractive. People smiled at them, offered them their laps and made a tremendous fuss over them. Elsie, the youngest, was a quiet little brunette who, overwhelmed at seeing so many strangers, clung to the protectiveness of her mother's skirts.

This day she was suddenly grown up—being all of five! She decided to try a slow smile on that nice young man opposite. First she concentrated on getting his attention. At each lurch of the car she would patiently start all over again, and finally she was successful. Then she smiled a slow, one-dimpled smile, and was delighted to find that the nice man smiled broadly at her. The next minute he had risen and was lifting her into his seat, which was ever so far from the floor and made her legs dangle crazily.

She kept repeating this fascinating game which brought smiles from all over the car and numerous favors. But as soon as a person was won over (Continued on page 51)
THE MAN WHO

Saved

Eddie Cantor's

LIFE

For Eddie Cantor's new program, the Pebeco Hour, see page 53—8 o'clock column.

In the Eddie Cantor home in New York, there are eighteen rooms, seven servants, five Cantor daughters, one Mrs. Cantor and one little man with strong hands whom every one calls Frenchy. Wherever Eddie goes—to rehearsals, to parties, to dinners—there goes Frenchy. He is five feet two inches tall and weighs 120 pounds, which is four inches shorter and twenty pounds lighter than Eddie himself. Just the right height and weight for a shadow.

And no one knows Eddie better than his shadow. Not even Mrs. Cantor. For Frenchy, in addition to being valet and chauffeur, is a graduate masseur. His profession, that is to say, is massage, and before he went to work for the star he had massaged kings, presidents, barons, prizefighters and millionaires. He knows every bone, every twitchy tendon, every sore spot in the Cantor anatomy. He has known him this way for seven years—but he confessed that he still doesn't understand him.

Said Frenchy to me:

"He says he is going to lie down for an hour. But fifteen minutes later he is up. He goes to bed at four in the morning and at nine or earlier he is up. He gets up and he sings. He sings and he practices mi-mi-mi-mi, you know what I mean. And then all day long he goes, goes, goes, never stopping. One thing to the next. He never rests. Every detail of all the things he is doing, he holds in his hands, packs in his head. He wears out everybody he works with. I can't understand it. He is the dynamo type."

Everyone knows Frenchy and everyone likes him. It isn't hard because he is a nice fellow who keeps his mouth shut and doesn't know how to butt in. He acquired the name Frenchy because his first name was Eddie—like the master's. Which would never do. Actually he is Swiss, born in Lucerne and bearing the name Edmund Frauchiger. He was masseur at the Lakeville Country Club when Eddie lay down on his rubbing table for the first time. That was in 1928, a bad year in Eddie's horoscope. He was...
suffering from insomnia. He would go for a week at a time without sleep. A broker friend brought him to Frenchy and when Frenchy was finished kneading the Cantor muscles, Cantor was sound asleep. It was just this side of being a miracle.

This insomnia was a hangover from the rather bad period of illness Eddie went through in that year. It included several attacks of pleurisy which sent him to Battle Creek for treatment. At the sanatorium they regulated his diet and managed to put him back on his feet. But he returned to New York and plunged at once into work with the Follies. Then the sleepless nights began. He'd undress, go to bed—but when his head struck the pillow, his eyes would snap open. An idea would hit him and he'd start working it out. Night after night, the same thing happened. It looked like a case of no sleep; no Eddie Cantor.

That short snooze on the Lakeville rubbing bench was a revelation to Eddie. He went back for more—for more sleep. And he got it. Eddie was shrewd enough to realize that those strong sensitive hands meant salvation for him. He looked at his bankbook and made Frenchy an offer. It was accepted and Frenchy came to live with the Cantors—to become what amounts to a member of the family.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Frenchy saved Eddie Cantor's life. Certainly, the star was headed for a complete breakdown. Even a Cantor dynamo cannot go on forever. And he went on and goes on saving his life. For Eddie is the type who puts everything, every ounce of energy, into everything he does. He comes off the stage, off the lot, off the mike—it doesn't matter which—wringing wet with perspiration. He is so wrought up after a performance he cannot eat for twelve hours—or not very much.

Curious item in this connection. In Hollywood Eddie works all day at the studio, works so hard he has no time for his family. He works nights too. With hardly any rest. Yet, he invariably puts on weight, anywhere from four to seven pounds. When he did "Kid Millions," he gained six. In New York, he lives at home, plays with his kids, and goes on the air one hour a week. Yet in New York he loses not only the weight he gained on the Coast but a few more pounds besides. Think of that, the next time you aspire to a radio career.

Frenchy saved his life, we were saying, by curing his insomnia in 1928. And he helps him to a longer life every day by supervising his diet, bullying him into rest, by smoothing the jangled nerves, by restoring the feverishly active Cantor body to a state of calm, to a

(Continued on page 58)

"He wears out everybody he works with," Frenchy says about the boss. "He's a human dynamo. He never rests. I can't understand it!"

His name is Frenchy. He's Eddie's savior, shadow, and severest critic. And if you want to know the ace comedian intimately, read what Frenchy knows about him!

By GEORGE KENT
What AUNT ROSE did

All she has today, Ruth owes to the little woman who once guided a motherless and bewildered little girl

As you read this, Ruth Etting can be heard under the sponsorship of Kellogg's Pep. See page 55—7 o'clock column.
for
Etting

THERE’S a woman in Nebraska who sits alone much of the time.
But she’s never lonely.
This woman is beset by no feeling that life has passed her by. Sitting behind
the starched lace curtains in the parlor of the white house her father built she is,
instead, warmed by an extraordinary deep sense of fulfillment.
And now she can sit again at her radio
and hear once more the warm voice of Ruth Etting. for
Ruth has her own show again every Friday night over NBC.
Twenty-odd years ago this woman’s widowed brother returned home with his small daughter.
“A little girl needs a woman to rear her,” he said. “It
looks as if she was your job, Rose.”
And this woman, young then, looking down into the wide
blue eyes of her niece which were filled with lonely be-
wildernent, saw her life before her.
“Hello, ’Job!’” she said. She took the little girl’s hand and
together they climbed the stairs to a white room under
the eaves. And when they reached the top her hand hurt,
it had been held so tightly.
That lonely and bewildered little girl was Ruth Etting. Ruth Etting of Ziegfeld and movie and radio fame. And
if anybody in the world, besides Ruth herself, can be-said to be re-
ponsible for her success surely it is her Aunt Rose.
Not that Rose Etting ever ad-
vised Ruth about her career. Not
that she trained her for any phase of it. She couldn’t, very well, knowing nothing whatever about show business. Her work was done
by that day Ruth left for Chicago to live at the Y. W. C. A. and study
art. By that time she had trained Ruth as a human being. And as
things worked out this was to be the
most important thing of all.
For it is the manner of person Ruth
Etting is that has brought her where
she is today and keeps her there.
Ruth Etting is not a great singer. The range of her voice doesn’t hold
critical audiences spell-bound. Nei-
ther does she undertake difficult arias to arrive triumphantly if also
slightly breathless at the last telling note. She sings simple things simply. She sings with her heart. Her singing has the same warm, un-
trained charm to be heard in the
darkies’ singing. It is the things

she has seen, the things she has known that color her voice. And
had she come to her experiences with a heart less stout
and understanding and wise, these experiences would have
proved her Waterloo, they would have broken her.
I lunched with Ruth recently. In Hollywood where she
was making a motion picture. At the smart Vendome
where the prices are the stars’ protection because they keep
the crowds away.
Claudette Colbert stopped at our table. Immediately
she and Ruth began to talk about houses. They were a
couple of housewives in a dither about linen closets and
salad gardens and the great difficulty of planning things
so all bedrooms would have crossed ventilation.
Ruth’s eyes brightened and the words tumbled faster and
faster from her curving mouth. She was like a girl who in
home-making comes to her first great, individual experi-
ence. It seemed incredible that not so long ago she had
been singing in cellar cafés, soliciting whatever the patrons
elected to give her, dancing all night with men, maudlin
and vulgar from drink.
When Claudette left I asked Ruth how it happened that
those years in Chicago when she was starting out had left
no faint mark upon her.
“Those surroundings never touched me,” she said. “Sur-
roundings don’t touch you, can’t influence you, I’m sure,
unless you open yourself to them. My aunt taught me that
when I was a little girl.”
It’s always like that when you talk with Ruth Etting.
Time and time again, apropos of something she thinks or
something she has managed to do, she will tell you, “My
aunt taught me that when I was a little girl.”
The first thing Rose Etting did for Ruth, certainly, was
to focus her blue eyes on far horizons and tease her ambi-
tions with stories of those things people were doing in the
big cities beyond their own flat prairie.
She used to leave her baking to join Ruth in the fields
behind their house. From there they could watch the trains
pass. And to Ruth, wild-flowers clutched in her moist hand,
those trains became more wonderful than anything to be
read about in any fairy story. (Continued on page 85)

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
All she has today, Ruth owes to the little woman who once guided a motherless and bewildered little girl.

As you read this, Ruth Etting can be heard under the sponsorship of Kellogg's Pop. See page 13—7 o'clock column.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THERE'S a woman in Nebraska who sits alone much of the time. But she's never lonely.

This woman is beset by no feeling that life has passed her by. Sitting behind the starched lace curtains in the parlor of the white house her father built she is, instead, warmed by an extraordinary deep sense of fulfillment.

And now she can sit again at her radio and hear once more the warm voice of Ruth Etting, for Ruth has her own show again every Friday night over NBC.

Twenty-two years ago this woman's widowed brother returned home with his small daughter.

"A little girl needs a woman to rear her," he said. "It looks as if she was your job, Rose."

And this woman, young then, looking down into the wide blue eyes of her niece which were filled with lonely bewilderment, saw her life before her.

"Hello, Job!" she said. She took the little girl's hand and together they climbed the stairs to a white room under the eaves. And when they reached the top her hand hurt, but it had been held so tightly.

That lonely and bewildered little girl was Ruth Etting, Ruth Etting of Ziegfeld and movie and radio fame. And if anybody in the world, besides Ruth herself, can be said to be responsible for her success surely it is her Aunt Rose.

Not that Rose Etting ever advised Ruth about her career. Not that she trained her for any phase of it. She couldn't, very well, knowing nothing whatever about show business. Her work was done the day Ruth left for Chicago to live at the Y. W. C. A. and study art. By that time she had trained Ruth as a human being. And as things worked out this was to be the most important thing of all. For it is the manner of person Ruth Etting is that has brought her where she is today and keeps her there.

Ruth Etting is not a great singer. The range of her voice doesn't hold critical audiences spell-bound. Neither does she undertake difficult arias to arrive triumphantly if also slightly breathless at the last telling note. She sings simple things simply. She sings with her heart. Her singing has the same warm, untrained charm to be heard in the darkness' singing. It is the thing she has seen, the things she has known that color her voice. And had she come to her experiences with a heart less stout and understanding and wise, these experiences would have proved her Waterloo; they would have broken her.

I bunched with Ruth recently. In Hollywood where she was making a motion picture. At the smart Vendome where the prices are the stars' protection because they keep the crowds away.

Cluette Colbert stopped at our table. Immediately she and Ruth began to talk about homes. They were a couple of housewives in a dither about linen cloths and salad gardens and the great difficulty of planning things so all bedrooms would have covered ventilation.

Ruth's eyes brightened and the words tumbled faster and faster from her curving mouth. She was like a girl who in home-making comes to her first great, individual experience. It seemed incredible that not so long ago she had been singing in cellar cafés, soliciting whatever the patrons elected to give her, dancing all night with men, mandolin and wine Fink from drink.

When Cluette left I asked Ruth how it happened that those years in Chicago when she was starting out had left no faint mark upon her.

"Those surroundings never torched me," she said. "Surroundings don't touch you, can't influence you. I'm sure, unless you open yourself to them. My aunt taught me that when I was a little girl."

It's always like that when you talk with Ruth Etting. Time and time again, apropos of something, she thinks of something she has managed to do, she will tell you, "My aunt taught me that when I was a little girl."

The first thing Rose Etting did for Ruth, certainly, was to focus her blue eyes on far horizons and leave her ambition with stories of those things people were doing in the big cities beyond their own flat prairie.

She used to leave her baking to join Ruth in the fields behind their house, from there they could watch the trains pass. And to Ruth, wildflowers clattered in her moist hand, those trains became more wonderful than anything to be read about in any fairy story. (Continued on page 85)
So you're tired of being fat and dumpy, of spreading hips and a tummy that seems to grow in spite of everything you can do. And you, Mr. Lothario, can't understand where that bay window came from, and the roll of three chins. Why can't you have a figure like well Jimmie Wallington? Why can't you have the energy and vitality of Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas. And you, little flapper you, why can't you have the shape of Sylvia Froos, or Jessica Dragonette?

Because you're not made that way? Nonsense. Because you're downright lazy and careless!

That's what Jac Auer says, and he should know. For Jac Auer, famous Swedish masseur, is to radio what Madame Sylvia is to the movies. If a star needs reduction, if he needs building up, if she feels blue and wants to get out of the dumps, dollars to doughnuts you'll find him in Jac Auer's, being pummelled and pounded and kneaded into shape.

"Most of us don't stop to realize that keeping in trim is just as necessary for a radio star as for a movie star. You've got to keep fit physically to be fit mentally. Your spirit and your mind work hand in hand," Jac told me.

Behind the massive doors that lead to the gym such radio personalities as President Roosevelt, Lowell Thomas, Floyd Gibbons, Admiral Byrd, Sylvia Froos, Morton Downey, and Bing Crosby have gone. And all, with the exception of Bing, have come out a good deal happier and more fit.

Let me tell you the story of that ace radio personality, President Roosevelt, who is a very good friend of the tall, blonde, husky Jac Auer, the son of Bavaria who has been kneading people into shape for twenty-seven years.

"I first met President Roosevelt ten years ago, when he was a cripple confined to a wheelchair. I had treated Teddy Roosevelt, and when his cousin came in I thought nothing of it. At the time, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was managing Al Smith's campaign for Governor, and a mighty wearing job it was too.

"'I've heard you have helped loads of people who were crippled like me,' President Roosevelt said. 'Perhaps you can help me too.'

"I looked at the President, a helpless figure in a wheelchair. I examined him, and then shook my head sorrowfully. 'Sorry,' I said, 'there isn't anything I can do. What
If you feel blue—if you want to get slim—if you want to gain weight, take a tip from the man who pummels 'em into shape

By MARY JACOBS

you need is hot water treatments.'

"Of course, the President was disappointed. 'At least you've told me the truth,' he finally said. 'We'll forget all about my paralysis. How about giving me a course of Swedish massages to keep me fit for work?'

"That was easy. We got to be great friends, and we're good friends to this day."

Perhaps you can't give yourself the Swedish massage, with its vigorous kneading and pummelling, at home. But then you won't need it, if you take time out for exercising at night and in the morning. You can keep yourself in trim with just a few simple stunts, plus some common-sense attention to what you eat. The human body is like putty, Jac Auer maintains, and you can mold it as you will.

A goodly percentage of the radio and society folk who go to Jac Auer's want, first and foremost, to reduce. Women worry most about their tummies and hips. Men about their triple chins, bay windows and that tired feeling.

A ND when women come in, trouble usually follows. Recently Sylvia Froos came to Jac's, to keep her hips slim. "We had quite a job with Sylvia," Jac told me laughingly. "You know, when you suddenly go in strong for exercise, you gain a few pounds at first, because you pack in a lot more chow and water. Well, Sylvia was terribly worried when she gained two pounds on a reduction schedule.

"Then she became stiff, almost lame from the unaccustomed exercise, and tearfully threatened to sue me. She was sure she wouldn't be able to walk, that I'd ruined her career. You should have seen her face and her mother's.

"When the stiffness wore off, she became a swell patient. And the woman in charge of our girl clients insists that Sylvia wears the cutest lingerie of any girl along radio row."

The one thing Jac has against women is the fact that we pay so little attention to posture, the principal ingredient of beauty. "It beats all how a (Continued on page 79)"
If you feel blue—if you want to get slim—if you want to gain weight, take a tip from the man who pummels 'em into shape

By MARY JACOBS

S O you're tired of being fat and dumpy, of spreading hips and a tummy that seems to grow in spite of everything you can do. And you, Mr. Lithia, can't understand where that bay window came from, and the roll of three chins. Why can't you have a figure like, well Jimmy Wallington? Why can't you have the energy and vitality of Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas. And you, little flapper, you, why can't you have the shape of Sylvia Fosse, or Jessica Drageneiere?

Because you're not made that way? Nonsense. Because you're downright lazy and careless!

That's what Jac Auer says, and he should know. For Jac Auer, famous Swedish masseur, is to radio what Madame Sylvia Fosse is to the movies. If a star needs reduction, if he needs building up, if he feels blue and wants to get out of the dumps, dollars to doughnuts you'll find him in Jac Auer's, being pummelled and pounded and kneaded into shape.

"Most of us don't stop to realize that keeping in trim is just as necessary for a radio star as for a movie star. You've got to keep fit physically to be fit mentally. Your spirit and your mind work hand in hand," Jac told me.

Behind the massive doors that lead to the gym such radio personalities as President Roosevelt, Lowell Thomas, Floyd Gibbons, Admiral Byrd, Sylvia Fosse, Morton Downey, and Bing Crosby have gone. And all, with the exception of Bing, have come out a good deal happier and more fit.

"Let me tell you the story of that see radio personality, President Roosevelt, who is a very, very good friend of the tall, blonde, husky Jac Auer, the son of Bavaria who has been kneading people into shape for twenty-seven years.

"I first met President Roosevelt ten years ago, when he was a cripple confined to a wheel chair. I had treated Teddy Roosevelt, and when his cousin came in I thought nothing of it. At the time, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was managing Al Smith's campaign for Governor, and a mighty wearing job it was too.

"'I've heard you have helped loads of people who were crippled like me,' President Roosevelt said. 'Perhaps you can help me too.'

"I looked at the President, a helpless figure in a wheel chair. I examined him, and then shook my head sorrowfully. 'Sorry,' I said, 'there isn't anything I can do. What you need is hot water treatments.'

"Of course, the President was disappointed. 'At least you've told me the truth,' he finally said. 'We'll forget all about my paralysis. How about giving me a course of Swedish massages to keep me fit for work?'

"That was easy. We got to be great friends, and we're good friends to this day."

Perhaps you can't give yourself the Swedish massage, with its vigorous kneading and pounding, at home. But you won't need it, if you take time out for exercising at night and in the morning. You can keep yourself in trim with just a few simple stunts, plus some common-sense attention to what you eat. The human body is like putty, Jac Auer maintains, and you can mold it as you will.

A goodly percentage of the radio and society folk who go to Jac Auer's want, first and foremost, to reduce. Women worry most about their tummies and hips. Men about their triple chins, bay windows and that tired feeling.

AND when women come in, trouble usually follows. Recently Sylvia Fosse came to Jac's, to keep her hips slim. "We had quite a job with Sylvia," Jac told me laughingly. "You know, when you suddenly go in strong for exercise, you gain a few pounds at first, because you pack in a lot more chow and water. Well, Sylvia was terribly worried when she gained two pounds on a reduction schedule.

"Then she became sick, almost lame from the unaccustomed exercise, and tearfully threatened to use me. She was sure she wouldn't be able to walk, that I'd ruined her career. She should have seen her face and her mother's.

"When the stiffness wore off, she became a swell patient. And the woman in charge of our girl clients insists that Sylvia wears the cutest lingerie of any girl along radio row."

The one thing Jac has against women is the fact that we pay so little attention to posture, the principal ingredient of beauty. "It hurts all know (Continued on page 79)"
A COLD mist was falling that particular dawn, a mist typical of France in 1916. It lay glistening on the leather helmet of my pilot as he sat forward in the open cockpit of the small two-seater plane and worked the instruments on the panel board.

I watched him tinker and toss away a damp cigarette before he waved a signal that he was ready. Shivering in my worn suit of civilian clothes, I climbed in and tucked my legs in the cramped space behind. The roar of the motor drowned out my shouted farewells. A lurch, a sudden zoom, and we were off!

I had made my first move in the most dangerous game an Intelligence Officer can play with the enemy. I was going behind the German lines, a spy with only a prayer and a passable knowledge of languages to get me safely back.

Don't imagine that this trip was my own choice of what to do at four in the morning. I had been sound asleep, dreaming of nothing more than a comfortable bed and a real spring mattress, when my orderly burst into my quarters.

"You're wanted at Headquarters immediately. Special orders are waiting."

And the next thing I knew, I had donned a helmet and was carefully wrapping four precious carrier pigeons in a small crate. My orders—they were oral instructions—had been carefully memorized and tucked in the back of my mind.

It seems that Headquarters was expecting an attack by the enemy at any moment in the Laventhe Sector. But how to be dead sure? Simple! Just send a man to contact the
agent behind the German lines, have him say what was needed in the way of information, hand over the pigeons, and presto! the job was over. How to get him back? Why, in the same plane that took him over, if nothing went wrong. Which was the biggest IF I ran up against during the war.

So we were off, headed for a little farmhouse a mile or two from the front trenches. The trip itself, I had been told, was comparatively safe. Perhaps a few shells bursting around, maybe even a few fragments whistling through, the fusilage of the plane. But nothing really dangerous, you understand.

Sailing around in that heavy fog was about the most ghostly trip I’d ever taken. One minute complete darkness, and the next a shell bursting brilliantly. A violent swerve and we’d be on our way again. By the time my pilot was ready to land, I was beginning to wonder if it was an early morning joy ride.

At last he turned around in his seat and pointed down at a ramshackle barn standing at the edge of a clearing. Our landing place! He dipped down low, skimming the tops of the trees, his motor barely turning over. The wheels hit the rough ground, bouncing the plane like a toy ship on a heavy sea.

Gathering my legs under me, the crate of pigeons held in my left hand, I waited until the plane slowed. With a last grimace at my pilot and a handshake, I slipped over the fusilage, rolling away from the plane as it started up. Another minute and the plane had circled and was gone in the mist. I was a lone spy in enemy territory. I listened to the steady drone of the motor until it faded away before striking out for the barn.

Fighting off a panicky impulse to shout out loud, I repeated my orders to myself, making sure that I had them right. “Wait in the deserted barn until you make contact with the agent, Jean Remau. (Continued on page 64)
A COLD mist was falling that particular dawn, a mist typical of France in 1916. It lay clinging to the leather helmet of my pilot as he sat forward in the open cockpit of the small two-seater plane and worked the instruments on the panel board. I watched him tinker and toss away a damp cigarette before he waved a signal that he was ready. Shivering in my worn suit of civilian clothes, I climbed in and tucked my legs in the cramped space behind. The roar of the motor drowned out my shouted farewells. A lurch, a sudden zoom, and we were off!

I had made my first move in the most dangerous game an Intelligence Officer can play with the enemy. I was going behind the German lines, a spy with only a prayer and a passable knowledge of languages to get me safely back.

Don't imagine that this trip was my own choice of what to do at four in the morning. I had been sound asleep dreaming of nothing more than a comfortable bed and a real spring mattress when my orderly burst into my quarters.

"You're wanted at Headquarters immediately. Special orders are waiting."

And the next thing I knew, I had donned a helmet and was carefully wrapping four precious carrier pigeons in a small crate. My orders—they were oral instructions—had been carefully memorized and tucked in the back of my mind.

It seems that Headquarters was expecting an attack by the enemy at any moment in the Lherithe Sector. But how to be dead sure? Simple! Just send a man to contact the

agent behind the German lines, have him say what was needed in the way of information, hand over the pigeons, and presto! the job was over. How to get him back? Why, in the same plane that took him over, if nothing went wrong. Which was the biggest if? I ran up against during the war.

So we were off, headed for a little farmhouse a mile or two from the front trenches. The trip itself, I had been told, was comparatively safe. Perhaps a few shells bursting around, maybe even a few fragments whistling through the fuselage of the plane. But nothing really dangerous, you understand.

Sailing around in that heavy fog was about the most ghastly trip I'd ever taken. One minute complete darkness, and the next a shell bursting brilliantly. A violent swirl and we'd be on our way again. By the time my pilot was ready to land, I was beginning to wonder if it was an early morning joy ride!

At last he turned around in his seat and pointed down at a ramshackle barn standing at the edge of a clearing. Our landing place! He dipped down low, skimming the tops of the trees, his motor barely turning over. The wheels hit the rough ground, bouncing the plane like a tow ship on a heavy sea.

Gathering my legs under me, the crate of pigeons held in my left hand, I waited until the plane slowed. With a last grumble at my pilot and a lambskin, I slipped over the fuselage, rolling away from the plane as it started up. Another minute and the plane had circled and was gone in the mist. I was a lone spy in enemy territory. I listened to the steady drone of the motor until it faded away before striking out for the barn.

Fighting off a panicky impulse to shout out loud, I repeated my orders to myself, making sure that I had them right. "Wait in the deserted barn until you make contact with the agent, Jean Reman." (Continued on page 64)
WHAT with Geraldine Farrar serving as commentator on the Metropolitan Operas, Elsie Janis functioning as America's first woman announcer, Beatrice Lillie and Helen Hayes joining the already long list of feminine stage and opera stars on the air, the parade of women to the studios assumes impressive proportions. In the beginning of broadcasting and for a long time women were not welcome in the air castles. Indeed, their male competitors were not above making things unpleasant for them, surreptitiously, of course. But since then they have abundantly proved their right to a place in the radio scheme of things and can be depended upon to march on to even greater honors.

NETWORK affiliations don't mean a thing any more. Two years ago NBC was busy building-up Donald Novis as a rival attraction to Columbia's Morton Downey. Now Novis is singing on CBS and Downey on NBC. It is the sponsor who decides who will play on whose network and when and why . . . The same week Downey landed a sponsor, after a long absence from the air waves, Kate Smith, who was made a sustaining "institution" by Columbia while marking time, also signed a commercial contract. Downey gets $6,000 for broadcasting twice a week but has to pay his orchestra and other talent from that sum. Kate's salary is $5,000. But she should worry about salary. She has a bankroll now as big as herself. In the last four years she has acquired $1,000,000.

Gracie Allen and George Burns are so pleased with the girl-baby they adopted they are looking around for a companion for Sandra. This time they want a boy and have already decided on his name—Allen Burns . . . Milton Watson, who plays the rôle of Captain Flynn O'Flynn on the operatic serial, "The O'Flynn's", is the husband of Peggy Bernier, the actress.

THE Davises are well represented in the affairs of "The Gibson Family", radio's first original musical comedy. Owen Davis, the veteran playwright, writes the scripts in collaboration with his son, Donald, and another son, Owen, Jr., is an actor in the cast.
In the air the voices of Jack Benny and Goodman Ace of "Easy Aces" sound so similar some listeners can't tell which is which. The comedians have another similarity—both smoke about twenty cigars a day. Benny never puffed a perfecto until comparatively recently. He started in a stage play where he was cast as a derby-hatted, cigar-smoking detective. The habit formed then continued.

When Rudy Vallee finished the film, "Sweet Music," and left the Coast for Broadway he presented Alice with a dog. But such a dog! He is a mammoth bow-wow, part Belgian police dog and chow, and as big as Rudy's famous Windy. So big, in fact, that Alice had to lease another apartment spacious enough to accommodate her and the bodyguard which the thoughtful Rudy provided.

No self-respecting intruder would venture upon the premises of the fair Alice if he knew of the presence of this ferocious-looking sentinel—and it is no secret in Hollywood he is there. Indeed, the boulevard gossip would have you believe that Rudy trained him to attack any male who might make advances, amorous or otherwise, toward the lovely Faye. Personally I don't believe that but dismiss it as one of those Hollywood legends. Still, you never can tell what Rudy may do.

As for what Alice Faye thinks about it, see her story on page 16 of this issue.

And another thing—if The Great Crooner invites you to his Maine lodge, for a week-end go prepared to abide by the rules and regulations he has drawn up for the conduct of visitors. Most hosts take the attitude that the guest is always right but not Rudy.

For instance, he is annoyed by those recipients of his hospitality who are careless about restoring stoppers to bottles of toilet and medicinal preparations and urge them to "put back things where and as you find them." Early risers are admonished to refrain from loud talking and unnecessary noises on the theory they disturb those still sleeping.

There are many similar hints for the behavior of guests in Rudy's book of rules. All of them are remedies for little annoyances which other hosts would like to remove but which they hesitate to suggest, etiquette being what it is. Rudy, a young man with the courage of his convictions and the ability to express them, never falters in what he deems his duty to his fellow man.

Every so often the Scarsdale (N.Y.) Women's Club goes into a huddle and decides which radio programs are good for children. Their latest bulletin gives first honors to Albert Payson Terhune's dog stories. "Roses and Drums" and Edwin C. Hill are approved as "very good" and Lowell Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn and Rudy Vallee are voted "good." And here is a surprise: Joe Penner, Uncle Don and Amos in 'n Andy are rated "poor" while Little Orphan Annie and Myrt and Marge are branded "very poor." A number of strictly children's programs are ignored in the survey and others considered of strictly adult appeal are appraised. It is a remarkable list in more ways than one.

In the Social Whirl:
Romantically speaking, the big news of the month was the announcement of the engagement of Muriel Wilson, the singing Mary Lou of Show Boat, to Fred Hufsmith, the tenor. You may remember this department hinted several weeks ago the romance was developing. It had its inception on a program (not Captain Henry's) when Miss Wilson and Mr. Hufsmith sang a duet. Meanwhile those listeners who loved to think that Lanny Ross (Continued on page 72)
DIGNIFIED DELIVERY

A DIGNIFIED and cultured north shore society woman was bawling out the Chicago office of the Columbia network and WBBM for having cut off a Philharmonic symphony concert.

"I want you to put the symphony back on right away," she stormed in a cultured voice.

"I'm sorry, madame, but there's nothing I can do," replied the polite telephone girl.

The mad matron exploded.

"The hell you can't."

BECAUSE an aunt whom he's never seen, heard and liked his news commenting on the Realsilk show Don McGibeny has been named in her will, according to a letter he just received from her.

SURE HE KNEW

A N elderly lady was shopping in an art store for some paintings. With her was her young nephew.

Among the paintings was one of Daniel in the lion's den. It caught the boy's fancy and he stood staring at it. Trying to be pleasing, the tailcoated salesman turned to the child.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the kid. "That's Frank Buck!"

FIRST AID

B ABY LILLY SEGUST lay dying in the charity ward of the Cook County hospital in Chicago. Her mother was desperately ill at home. The child's father waited by the bedside, hopeful but helpless. Finally the doctor gave his verdict. Only a blood transfusion at once could save the child's life. The father volunteered immediately only to find his blood was not the right type. He telephoned a friend who rushed over. Again the wrong kind of blood. Then a neighbor had an inspiration. The radio! He telephoned WLS' studios. Notes were made, the typewriter rattled off its message. The note was handed to the announcer who put it on the air. Within five minutes the first volunteer reached the hospital, rushed to the operating table. His blood was all right. Within five minutes, two more volunteers reached the hospital. Within fifteen, the transfusion was going on. Baby Lilly Segust recovered and today is happy and healthy.

ONE day Tony Wons made the mistake of broadcasting his lack of a rabbit's foot. A week later he had a bushel basket full from helpful listeners. And they are still coming in! Tony wonders if there's any future in a rabbit's foot farm. Maybe he ought to look into Joe Penner's duck farm.

(Continued on page 61)
Meet Lois Austin, San Francisco's gift to radio. She's known for her fine interpretations of Shakespeare's heroines over KDO.


Back in '26 at KICK, Red Oak, Iowa, the regular announcer pressed Jimmie into emergency service. The lad made a hit and has been at it since . . . announcing mostly, but singing sometimes.

Some of these days he hopes to be able to take a year or two off to study singing. He's one of the few eligible radio bachelors in the good ole n'west . . . aged 25, dark brown hair, blue eyes and medium build.

Foster Rucker, youthful blond announcer for KFOX in Long Beach, has been with the station practically since he got out of high school a few years ago. Though most Long Beach residents came from Iowa, young Rucker was born in Kokomo, Indiana. Still single, he still answers his own fan mail . . . goes horseback riding, reads modern-day dime novels and wants to be an ocean explorer.

ROUND ABOUT THE BAY DISTRICT

Glen Goff, KYA organ grinder, has collaborated with two other bay region musicians to write "When the Moon Peeps Above Hawaii," and it's a swell waltz piece. Never knew before that announcers have trademarks. But along comes Jack Nesbitt from out of the great n'west (KGA and KHQ) to do KFRC mike spieling. And the home town papers label him as "the announcer with the boyish voice." NBC's Paul Carson, who does the "Bridge to Dreamland" organ program, got his annual yuletide gift from the wife . . . she will again write the continuities for his program throughout the year. Before their marriage she was Jean MacMillan, whose brother owned KMPC in Beverly Hills. She read poetry over the station, met Mr. Carson, who was then in the southland, and they were later married in the north. March the 17th will be a celebration for Edward Fitzpatrick, NBC conductor in 'Frisco. The Irish lad will celebrate St. Patrick's Day and the third month of married life. He was spliced three months ago that day to Mary Wood, pretty blonde soprano. They first met on the NBC Magazine of the Air, continued the romance via mail from Los Angeles and then to the bay district for ye wedding bells. Wife of Ken Carney, NBC producer, shows her allegiance with NBC monogram . . . not for National Broadcasting Co. but for Nell Bemish Carney.

Le Svenson, KHJ comic, was born up in Portland, Oregon, as Richard Le Grand, likes to fish but (Continued on page 62)
Rose Bampton, contralto and youngest star of the Metropolitan Opera, is a new recruit to radio. Miss Bampton's "Songs You Love," sponsored by Smith Brothers, are a popular feature of the air and her guest appearances on those Chase & Sanborn Sunday night operas have added to her popularity. We're proud to present this lovely singer in the costumes recently designed for her by the eminent stylist, Elizabeth Hawes.

At the left is Miss Bampton in an afternoon dress of grey Bianchini silk with two rows of self-covered buttons strung from the round neck to the hem. The plum felt hat has a pleated shell-shaped brim in front and her purse and gloves are beet-root suede. Above, the lovely contralto selected a brown velveteen evening coat which is both warm and smart. The flattering mink collar may be worn standing high around the neck.

Gowns for Miss Bampton created by Elizabeth Hawes.
The vogue for buxom opera stars has passed, and today their swaniness is as much a part of their careers as their voices. Above, Miss Bampton pauses a moment on the stairs to show you her new evening dress of white georgette. The becoming neckline is square and is held by small lingerie straps of the same material. The back, you will notice, is very low and is finished off with a small butterfly bow of the material.

To the right, Miss Bampton is well-dressed for the afternoon in her tailored coat of tan covert cloth, fastened at the natural waistline with two large self-covered buttons. The neckline is effectively accented by pointed flaring revers. Over her shoulders the stately star has thrown a scarf of three sables. The pert hat was selected because of its vagabond style and is of rust felt. A brown antelope bag and gloves round out the costume.

Photos made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.
The year: 1928—the scene: Chicago—the first act: a three man, three instrument, ten minute performance.

The year: 1934—the scene: Chicago—the second act: The NBC Sinclair Minstred Show, with its cast of twenty-six, its fifteen piece orchestra, in full costume, playing before a capacity audience.

I'd like you to meet the star performers of this second act—Gene Arnold and his minstrel men, those rollicking stars who fill our blue Monday nights with gayety and fun, hear the story of their dramatic rise from a local station to fourth ranking place in national audience popularity.

First—Gene Arnold himself, the man who asks the simple question and who gets the funny answers in these weekly broadcasts.

"I came to Chicago in 1928," he told me, "to see if there was anything in radio for me. I'd been on the stage as director and performer with the original 'Red Mill', 'Merry Widow', and 'Algeria' companies. I got a couple of auditions as a singer at WOK, a small local station. There I met Chuck Haynes and Ray Ferris, and we appeared on the air as the Harmony Slaves."
Gene Arnold
Minstrel Men

Out of these short programs, with a page and a half script, was born the idea for a minstrel show which was to eventually become such a hit on the air.

Gene realized that the public, mindful of the days when Lew Dockstader, Honeyboy Evans, Al G. Fields, and others gave their minstrel shows with morning parades and evening performances, still craved the variety such entertainment provided.

So he formed the Wiener Minstrel Company and won his first big sustaining broadcast, after a successful audition. When the Sinclair Company came to NBC a few years ago looking for a program to sponsor, Gene and his minstrels were elected.

At first the problem of providing the national audience with enough good jokes nearly stumped him. Then he hit on the novel idea of appealing to his listeners for contributions they'd like to hear. As a result, he has a million gag writers, and he doesn’t have to pay them one cent. In fact, they're delighted if their contributions are chosen.

Some of the gags sent in (Continued on page 74)
Beauty

REVEALING THE BEAUTY SECRETS OF BEATRICE LILLIE

By JOYCE ANDERSON

How—without expensive and elaborate treatments—can you obtain that longed-for English complexion of natural loveliness?

Beatrice Lillie, new NBC star whose perfect skin has helped make her the musical comedy toast on two continents, has the answer—and she finds it at the dressing table in her bedroom.

A woman with an English title who is known in America as the funniest woman on the stage, she uses her own complexion treatments to keep her skin as fresh as it was the day she sailed for England, a Canadian girl in her teens. And she goes to beauty shops only for marbles and finger waves.

What are her secrets? How, in her own apartment, does she substitute for facials and massages which so many women find necessary aids to beauty?

"The answer is simple," she told me the afternoon I went to see her. "There are several easy rules I follow which I think I can recommend whole-heartedly.

"In the first place, I feel that diet is more important than the kinds of creams or powder you use. I've been commuting between London and New York for about eleven years now and the sharp change in climate which usually plays havoc with English complexions hasn't caused me a bit of trouble. I'm sure it's because of my daily menu.

"This is what I eat during an average day: in the morning, one or two cups of tea, usually without cream. Never any lunch except for a rare glass of milk. Then, at dinner, I have plain roasts of all sorts and I eat enough to go without dessert. And never any coffee, partly because I have an English aversion to it, but mostly because I think tea is ever so much better for your skin."

If that sounds more to you—as it did to me—like a reducing diet than a complexion hint, be consoled by the fact that this stage star who is nearing forty still has the fresh beauty of a sixteen-year-old girl.

"The next important thing is my daily walk. No matter how hot or how cold the day nor how tired I may be, I walk until my face tingles with the increased circulation. And I wash my face clean of powder and dirt before going for the walk, giving the skin a chance to breathe the fresh air."

Miss Lillie believes in generous applications of hot water and soap, followed by ample use of cold water to close up the pores and leave the skin firm and supple. At night she puts on very lightly a tissue cream which she leaves on the face until morning. She wipes it off, along with accumulated dirt, with a cleansing cream and a soft cloth.

"You know," she said, "so many Hollywood stars think they must go to masseuses for facials and heavy exercise. But I disagree with them. Such treatments are often too hard on the face and body. Why not just a plain diet, a few minutes' walk every day, and plenty of hot water and soap?"

There is another at-home treatment, so easy that it only takes fifteen minutes and with such wonderful skin results that I suggested it to Miss Lillie. Even with her already perfect complexion the idea intrigued her and she promised to try it. Now I want to pass it on to you.

The whole treatment doesn't take more than fifteen minutes of your time and all you need will be two cloths and a tea kettle. Put some water on to boil in the kettle. While you are waiting for it to steam, fill a bowl partly with ice and pour in cold water up to the top.

Now, when there is a plentiful supply of steam coming from the spout of the kettle wrap a cloth about it. When it is hot to the touch, take it off and wrap it carefully around the head and face. Repeat this process for about ten minutes, by steaming the second cloth while the first is on the face. Now remove the cloths, go to the bowl and plunge your face deep into ice water. Hold it there a minute or two. Feel that wonderful new glow of health? Touch your face. The skin is velvety and firm.

I have another treatment for skins which are susceptible to nervous rash, a treatment you can use in the privacy of your own bedroom and which costs very little money. And for those of you who would like to try a simple method of reducing heavy hips and stomach, without diet, anything to take internally, or anything to wear—just drop me a line and the suggested treatments are yours. Address: Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York.
YOU all know that when Paul Whiteman proposed to Margaret Livingston, her answer was brief and to the point—
“Never, until you’ve lost a hundred pounds.”
But the sequel is not so obvious, for Paul not only lost the hundred and won the wife, but—what is more important—after three years of marriage, tips the scales with what for him is the same sylph-like figure he boasted on his wedding day.

Paul was responsible for the initial weight loss, but it has been Margaret who has waged the unceasing battle against flesh since the marriage. Paul, she discovered, was only human and a man. If he were to keep his new waistline, it would be her own doing.

Realizing that since the Whitemans were still completely happy, Margaret must hold some secret for feeding Paul and keeping him thin, I went to see her in their new Fifth Avenue apartment.

This was important. What dishes can be served a man with a healthy appetite which will satisfy his taste, leave him comfortably filled, and yet will not add damaging extra poundage?

“Well,” Margaret began, thumbing a neat pile of her own recipes. “Here’s one for a salad, only I don’t know whether to give it to you or not. I’ve been fooling Paul with it for over a year and I’d hate to have him know. You see, it looks like a lot, served correctly, and tastes like a lot. Paul eats it twice a day, not knowing that it’s all part of his diet.”

Anything which seemed as good as that, I wanted for this cooking department. Here, in all probability, was the answer to the wife of a man with a disturbing gross displacement. With Margaret’s consent, I am publishing it now for Radio Mirror readers whose husbands need judicious dieting.

**PAUL WHITEMAN SALAD**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lettuce</th>
<th>Sliced and quartered tomatoes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicory</td>
<td>Chopped green peppers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Escarole</td>
<td>Chopped celery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romain</td>
<td>Sliced radishes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water cress</td>
<td>Peeled and sliced cucumbers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dressing:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vinegar</th>
<th>Salt</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Russian oil</td>
<td>Paprika</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dash of dry mustard</td>
<td>Black pepper</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To get the proper benefits, Margaret advises mixing all the dressing ingredients at one time, adding salt and pepper to taste. When the time comes to blend the dressing with the salad ingredients, a wooden bowl is needed. And this is Margaret’s real secret for the success of the dish.

Rub the inside of the bowl lightly with a small piece of garlic, then fill with the salad ingredients. Stir in the dressing with a spoon until it is completely blended, using according to individual taste. (Continued on page 81)
HALF the fun of short wave radio is visualising the cities from which the broadcasts emanate. We like to lean back in our chairs and visualize the rosy-cheeked, wooden-shod peasants in Huizen, the home of PHO, the stalwart blacks in Johannesberg, where JHT is located, the burnoose-clad Arabs of Rabat, under the towers of CNR. Don't we?

So let's journey in fancy to some of these outlands, to get a glimpse of their romance, past and present.

Rabat was once the toughest town in the world. In fact, so dark is its history that its name has been changed several times. First, under the Romans, it was Sala Colonia, which the Berbers corrupted to Chella when they captured it some years later.

In the Twelfth Century, this had become Salee, and the notorious Salee Rovers, the most bloodthirsty pirates in the history of mankind, had their fortified stronghold there.

Even its present name is based on battle; Sultan Abdel Munen named it Rabat el Fath (meaning The Camp of Victory) after winning a battle there.

And battle is still in the minds of its inhabitants, for Rabat is the headquarters for the French Foreign Legion, famed in song and story for its valor and loyalty. It is, in short, the seat of French residency in Morocco and the Capital of the French protectorate.

There are two sides to Rabat—the handsome, residential section where live its 14,000 Europeans, and the dingy, squalid buildings that house most of its 24,000 natives.

In the territory outside the city, things are pretty primitive. The villages are provided with guest houses, where the traveller may spend the night. No restaurants are to be found, but the peasants bring the stranger gifts of milk, goat meat and fruit, for which he expects to receive presents in return—not money but trinkets. Rabat, itself, however, has regulation hotels.

Now let’s shift to Johannesberg, the youngest city in the world. As you approach it, there is apparently a dense fog hovering over it, and you hear the booming of the surf. You wonder why, for everywhere else the sun is shining—and you are about three hundred miles from the sea. Though it is warm, you see what seemed to be hills of snow.

When you get closer, these mysteries are solved. The fog is powdered rock; the noise is the working of gigantic ore crushers which operate twenty-four hours a day; the hills are heaps of ore and tailings from which the ore has been extracted.

The city, called Jo'berg by those who live there, is named in honor of Johannes Rissik, who was Surveyor-General of the Transvaal when gold was first discovered there in 1886. It is a comparatively modern town, with paved streets, having gutters three feet wide and several feet deep to carry away the heavy rains that would otherwise flood the city. There are a large number of rickshaws, each pulled by a husky negro, wearing a brilliantly colored ostrich-plume head-gear almost exclusively. The rickshaws are for the especial benefit of tourists, who like to be photographed in them.

Most of the white people who live in Jo'berg are small-towners at heart, but there is also a society set, who drink, dance and flirt in the moonlight which makes their gardens nearly as bright as day.

EVEN as near home as Canada we find glamour and romance. Stop off at Bowmanville, where the programs of VE9GW originate, and you’ll find a busy little farming and manufacturing center. But until 1794 no white man had ever set foot upon its ground. In that year three men went to this land and built mud-and-log huts, established trapping routes and raised some corn; then sent for their families. To have their corn ground into meal, they took a two weeks’ canoe trip to the nearest flour mill.

In 1824 Charles Bowman bought a flour-mill and general store that had been set up there a few years earlier. Bowman was a true philanthropist, who extended liberal credit to all needing it until they were able to get on their own feet. And that is where Bowmanville got its name.

Moscow, home of RV59 and capitol of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (Russia), also grew from a collection of log shanties. It was, (Continued on page 65)
The delicious candy coating is the secret of Tempters goodness. At your first delightful bite you are greeted by a burst of full flavor—fresh and delicate, with all the new-made tastiness sealed up tight in the candy coating. Each gay color is a different flavor—peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon, wintergreen, tutti frutti. Try any or all of them today.
A quick beauty pick up!

BEAUTIFUL SCREEN STARS KNOW

... that sparkling eyes and round, tempting lips demand good facial circulation. Try one of their secrets — start up your circulation by enjoying DOUBLE MINT GUM.

The beauty result is immediate. Buy a package. You'll like it.
they lost complete and immediate interest for her. It was always the next that seemed more important—for of course Elsie had promptly developed into the all-important school. School offered a wider range of possibilities and Mrs. Hitz recently recalled how this capacity for unconscious flirting proved valuable in high school, "for last year," she said, "was punctuated by countless attacks of flu, gripe, laryngitis and plain garden variety of cold. She was absent from school much more than present, and under the circumstances, graduation seemed the leading goal as lost. Her teacher, a quiet gray man in his late thirties, was dreadfully upset at her predilection—much more so than Elsie—and volunteered to coach her herself.

"At the close of school, each day, he would accompany her to the hall and I would overhear his patient voice as Elsie obediently 'crammed.' After the test—which Elsie passed with marks which assured her graduation—I was amazed to discover that somehow, by coincidence, the 'ten questions' were identical with those with which he had taken particular pains!' Coincidence? Yeah, premeditated coincidence!

T so become a foregone conclusion that stage hands would misunderstand Elsie's sweet manner and her voice, which had such a personal note, for more than mere friendliness. She has received countless such proposals and, yet is always just a little surprised. Once, several years ago, when a play in which Elsie had her first important part was tried out in Boston, these flirtatious little traits created quite a situation, although it had a surprise climax.

One of the stage hands, a good-looking, likable chap, was deeply affected by the famous Hitz voice and smile and did all sorts of things to please her, often missing a cue.

Opening night he was so upset to see the leading man making too real-ist that he gave a wrong signal which brought the curtain down in the midst of the passionate scene and gave a comedy twist which very nearly ruined the play's chance for success. The manager was so furious that he fired the boy, who, it turned out, was the son of a prominent and wealthy leader of industry, and when the story found its way into print called so much attention to the play that people crowded to it, assuring its popularity! No one knew why the boy had been so absent-minded except Elsie, and, of course, she wasn't telling!

She receives innumerable letters of congratulations and offers of all kinds from all sorts of the most curious effects of personality in all radio. They are written by a wide variety of people in all walks of life and stress the feeling that Elsie is talking, as they say, "only to me." Here is a typical example:

"Dear Miss Hitz:

Last night I heard another episode of 'Dangerous Paradise' and enjoyed it just as much as I always do. I could say I enjoyed it more than ever because when you were talking soft in that love scene something made me feel, just as plain as anything, that you were talking just to me. Maybe I'm wrong, but maybe you were too, how do I know? Anyway I feel that way."

This phrase comes up again and again, sometimes couched in the choicest language and sometimes terribly misspelled. It is, of course, the result which every dramatic actor or actress on radio strives for, yet Elsie achieves it wholly without effort.

Jack Pearl COMES BACK

The Pearl of great price, in the platinum setting of a new character, Peter Pfeiffer, can again be heard on Wednesday night at ten (EST) on a 75-station Columbia network. Supported by Freddie Rich and Pattie Chapin, he's sponsored by Frigidaire, causing Broadway wisecrackers to gag, "Frigidaire Charley?"

Watch for the exciting feature about the new Jack Pearl—coming in RADIO MIRROR.
**COLUMBIA SHADOWS RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE**

**LIST OF STATIONS**

**BASIC**

WABC  WADC  WOKO  WKOI  WNAC  WNBK  WALB

**SUPPLEMENTARY**

WSEC  WHEC  KSL  KLZ  WWVA  WOKO  KNAM  KTLA  WABC  WABC

**COAST**

KINO  KBFB  KMB  KMJ  KNX  KFRD  KPFF  KBPD  KMY  KMV

**CANADIAN**

CAAC  KFBS  KFSC

---

**HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM**

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central time, two for Mountain time, and three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after networks in blue type.

**HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK**

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Color, and Canadian; NBC—the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.

**4PM.**

**5PM.**

**6PM.**

---

**COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM**

**RADIO MIRROR**

**WE HAVE WITH US**

---

**5:00**

Open House, Fredric Martin: Sun., 14 hr. Basic minus WNAC WABC WHKBN WBNB plus WLBD WBCB WBBW WBNB plus WMNHD,

**5:15**

Open House, Fredric Martin: Sun., 14 hr. Basic minus WNAC WABC WHKBN WBNB plus WLBD WBCB WBBW WBNB plus WMNHD,

**5:30**

Open House, Fredric Martin: Sun., 14 hr. Basic minus WNAC WABC WHKBN WBNB plus WLBD WBCB WBBW WBNB plus WMNHD,

**5:45**

Open House, Fredric Martin: Sun., 14 hr. Basic minus WNAC WABC WHKBN WBNB plus WLBD WBCB WBBW WBNB plus WMNHD,
### LIST OF STATIONS

#### BLUE NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Basic</th>
<th>Western</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>WSB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W3AL</td>
<td>WPR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W3AL</td>
<td>WBZ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W3B</td>
<td>WBAZ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### RED NETWORK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Basic</th>
<th>Western</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WEA</td>
<td>KGO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WATG</td>
<td>KFLD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBN</td>
<td>KGW</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### NATIONAL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Western</th>
<th>Basic</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>WSB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W3AL</td>
<td>WPR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W3AL</td>
<td>WBZ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W3B</td>
<td>WBAZ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LIST OF STATIONS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Western</th>
<th>Basic</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>WEA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFLD</td>
<td>WATG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KGW</td>
<td>WBN</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Radio Mirror**

- **National Youth Conference**
  - Mon., Tues., Wed. at 1:30
- **Radio Guild**
  - Mon. 7:00 hr.
- **Country Hour**
- **Music Guild**
- **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **Western Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**Radio Mirror**

- 12:00 "The Story of Mary Martin"**

**11:00**

- **Sally of the Talkies**
  - **Sally of the Talkies**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**11:30**

- **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **The Great Race of the Century**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

**12:00**

- **The Lost Chord**
  - **The Lost Chord**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**12:30**

- **The Clock Strikes**
  - **The Clock Strikes**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**1:00**

- **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **The Great Race of the Century**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

**1:30**

- **The Lost Chord**
  - **The Lost Chord**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**2:00**

- **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **The Great Race of the Century**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

**2:30**

- **The Lost Chord**
  - **The Lost Chord**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**3:00**

- **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **The Great Race of the Century**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

**3:30**

- **The Lost Chord**
  - **The Lost Chord**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**4:00**

- **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **The Great Race of the Century**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

**4:30**

- **The Lost Chord**
  - **The Lost Chord**
  - **Red Network**
  - Mon., Wed., Fri.
  - **National Network**
  - Wed., Fri.
  - **Coast Network**
  - Wed., Fri.

**5:00**

- **The House By Side of Road**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **Saturday Night Special**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

**5:30**

- **The House By Side of Road**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.
  - **Saturday Night Special**
  - Sun., 7:00 hr.

---

**At twelve noon on Sundays, Sam Hearn**

**Jack Benny's Stages**

The day that was in It.
Dear Friends,

I don't know how I'll ever catch up with the endless questions that have come in and are still coming in. Would you believe it, I’m answering right now questions from our readers that came in way back in August. Now you can just imagine what I’m up against. Don’t think for a minute that I don’t like the game of questions and answers. The more questions I get the more I enjoy it. So don’t hold back. Keep throwing them at me and watch for your answers in Radio Mirror.

Here they come! Look and ye shall find!

Always willing.

THE ORACLE.

Miss E. C., Camden, N. J.—Do Harriet Hilliard and Loretta Lee answer their own fan mail? Why of course, just try them. Address Miss Hilliard to the New Yorker Hotel, New York and Miss Lee, the Taft Hotel, New York. Last month we had a swell picture of Harriet in the gallery. I hope you saw it. And in this issue you'll find Loretta looking coquettishly at you on page 11.

Miss Mabel F., Somerville, Mass.—So far as I know, Lanny Ross is not forsaking the Showboat. Can you imagine all the disappointed people if he did? He has been combining moving picture work with radio work and when he is in Hollywood, he broadcasts from there.

Miss B. M., New York City—I'm almost sure that the reason Frank Parker didn't send you his photograph is because he probably didn't get your letter. Why don’t you try him again in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York? That charming Mexican singer, Tito Guizar can be heard on Columbia's WABC, Monday afternoons at 4:15.

Herman H. B., Biddeford, Maine—Although I do not make it a practice of answering the same question twice, I'm forced to do so in this case because of the number of people who have asked it. Eddie Duchin's theme song is Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat." I don’t blame you, folks, it's a beautiful composition by that famous composer.

Sumner B. C., Portland, Maine—The Goldbergs, the Goldbergs! I've had so many anxious fans requesting information about them. At present they’re off the air. But you can't tell, by the time you read this Molly's and Jake's voices might be coming over your loudspeaker.

Andrew L. C., Detroit, Mich.—For a picture of Molasses and January, write them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Address Borah Minevitch and his Rascals to station WOR, New York.

Connie R., Provincetown, Mass.—Right now, Eddie Cantor is sunning himself in Sunny Italy but by the time you read this he'll be back on the air in his new Pebeco program over the Columbia airwaves. Address your letter to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

Gloria R., San Petro, Calif.—Really now, I've heard Lanny Ross being linked in romance with other feminine stars but never Ann Sothern. She was, however, the charming little lady who played opposite him in his first picture, "Melody in Spring." You can reach Bing Crosby at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.


Dot and Jane, Poughkeepsie, New York—Try addressing the Radio Rogues in care of the National Broadcasting (Continued on page 63)
This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today and try for the big prize!

I

T really is a pleasure to read the letters of criticism that have been coming in from Radio Mirror's readers. They are full of worthy suggestions and intelligent opinions, and we regret that we cannot give you all a prize for your fine efforts.

To many of you who have requested us to publish radio contests in conjunction with our program guide, we wish to state that were it practicable to do so it would be done. But, the magazine goes to press so far in advance that the contests would be off and new ones added by the time you received your next copy of Radio Mirror.

Now, let's see what swell letters you can think up for this month. Don't forget we pay twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the next best letter and one dollar each for the next five selected.

Please try not to write more than 200 words and send your letter in not later than February 22 to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This month's prize winners follow:

$20.00 PRIZE

I am taking the liberty of sending you my reactions to the opinions expressed by the prize winners whose letters were published in the February issue of your worthy magazine. So here goes.

The first prize winner doesn't like handclapping and loud laughter. I, for one, enjoy hearing the applause after a fine performance. It brings in the air of the theatre into the home.

The second winner believes that self-commendation of a program is an infamous practice. My reaction to this is that this is the oldest form of boosting and should be conceded to the people who pay for our fine programs.

As to the third prize winner who bemoans the dearth of good music, I am sure she has changed her mind by now after listening to the fine operas and concerts broadcast these days.

Prize winner number four thinks the sports announcers are partial. When a team makes a successful play they naturally announce it in an exciting manner. I've never noticed that a particular team is ever discriminated against.

I heartily agree with number five who believes that radio is a real contribution to civilization and we should be grateful.

Prize winner number six, I sure sympathize with you in your complaint about local stations butting in and cutting off good chain programs. But what to do about it?

And last but not least is the lady who has so many good things to say about what radio has done for the housewife.

Carrie Stamen, Washington, D.C.

$10.00 PRIZE

We all pretty much consider radio a fixture in our lives; but I wonder how many of us realize what a gap it would make if our programs were suddenly to be taken from us. Radio has become a well nigh indispensable form of entertainment for every member of the family, from Mother and Dad, with their appreciation of good music, down to kid brother with his enthusiasm for the sport broadcasts, and we would miss it, in my opinion, even more than we would miss the theatre if we were deprived of that.

From its babyhood, radio has been steadily developing into an intelligent young adolescent, still making mistakes but willing to learn how to rectify them, and, most important, still progressing.

We, the audience, understand how difficult it is to please everyone but I think every fair minded person will agree with me, that the programs on the whole are getting better and more finished.

In closing I want to say that Radio Mirror magazine is doing a valuable work in (Continued on page 87)

What Do You Want To Say?
normal, physical equilibrium. He forces him to take exercise and has right despite ever and take to broadcast to unpinch and loosen up his body.

Eddie had an opportunity—and took it—to pay his debt to Frenchy a few years ago when Frenchy came down with kidney colic. Something which few people ever have. The only way to describe it is by asking you: would you like to have a permanent red hot rivet in the small of your back? Frenchy got it years ago not long after he competed in a bicycle race in Switzerland, and had had it on and off ever since. He folded in California. This time it was serious. He shrank to skin and bones, gross weight eighty pounds. A doctor came to look at him, discovered he was a valet and departed.

When Cantor heard this, he went right up through the roof and didn't stop until he had called the doctor every name in his own vocabulary, including twenty or thirty which he himself had coined. The doctor self-styled himself Dr. Eddie. Anyhow, the doctor came back and did a job. Eddie then called in the best surgeon in California. He removed the kidney and Frenchy lived. That evened the score. A life for a life.

FRENCHY was with Eddie when the stock market crashed. He said Eddie took it standing up, with a grin.

"He makes more fuss over a button missing from a shirt than he made over the crash. He never fusses over big things. I think the only effect of that thing in Wall Street was to make him work a little harder. It's what made him go in for radio and for writing for the magazines."

According to this constant companion Eddie is always nervous before a performance. But not superstitious.

"Once I was in his dressing room, whistling away," he said, "when one of the actors came along and whispered to Eddie to make me stop. When I was gone he also said, 'It leads to misery.' Eddie only laughed. 'Let him whistle, he enjoys it,' was all he said."

He never eats before a radio performance. At most a bowl of soup. When the show is over, he takes a massage, then goes off with a few friends to a restaurant. In New York it is either Moore's or Lindy's. They gorge. But he drinks a glass of milk and some crackers. He knows from past experience this will not allow him to digest anything else.

Generally speaking, he is careful of his diet. He has learned prudence in eating as a result of much painful experience. He avoids foods of every description. He likes hot roast and occasionally, a steak. He likes radishes, onions and cucumbers served in a bowl of sour cream. Smoked white fish is a passion with him. He loathes tomatoes and garlic.

Frenchy tells the story of a new cook who served him stuffed green peppers, a dish done in garlic and containing tomatoes. Eddie talked about it for hours—as if a major crime had been committed about all cooks have their instructions. No spaghetti, no tomatoes, no frying, no garlic. They fool him on the garlic. It gets in—sneaky like—and he never knows it.

Monday morning, his week begins. He gets up at ten in the morning, calls for Frenchy who gives him a massage and puts him through his exercises. Eddie makes use of massage time to clear his throat and do the vocal exercises—the ah-ah-ah-ah and ee-ee-ee he learned from his less than no vowel voice instructor in Hollywood. He may then sing a song. But do not think Eddie is all worked up over his voice. On that subject, he has no illusions. He knows as well as you that he is far from operatic timber.

The massage completed, he steps out of bed with perhaps a glance at the picture which hangs over the head of it—a pencil drawing done from a photograph by a school artist he lost in his last home at the age of twelve. Two other paintings adorn the walls. These walls are cream color, almost white, the rug brown, the furniture modernistic but not garish. A million dollar radio set stands in the corner.

From the bed to the green tiled bathroom with glass enclosed shower is only a step. And he takes it every morning. Frenchy is witness that Eddie is one of the cleanest men in the world. For all that he changes only once a day, despite the fact that he owns twenty-six suits of clothes (size 34), twelve pairs of shoes (size 9), twenty-three suits of underwear, thirty-one shirts and at least a hundred neckties. None of his clothes are flashy. His one extravagance in clothes is neckties. An old woman whose son is ill knows it. She always shows up at the studio or the theater with a selection of ties for him to choose from. His favorite colors are grays and blues, mostly grays, made of British cloth by New York and Hollywood tailors, ranging in price from $75 to $125.

The underwear steps into when the bath is over is a silk and wool combination, gay but not pancy in color. In winter the underwear is of the same material but somewhat heavier. The warm underwear, summer or winter, is another aftermath of his pleasantry.

MONDAY morning is song day. It is the day on which the music houses and individual composers bring down their songs for him to make a selection of those he will sing on the Sunday night broadcast. Eddie does a bathrobe—a blue bathrobe usually—sleeks his hair with brilliantine and goes down to listen.

The songs are tried out in the great drawing room. Mama Cantor, Frenchy, Margie Cantor, his eighteen year old daughter, and Bob Altman, his business manager attend.

Frenchy stands by during rehearsals. Eddie needs him there as moral support although to look at the buoyant, self-confident Cantor you'd think he was a second and handle of any outside aid. Eddie is always turning to Frenchy, to ask his opinion—on a song, a joke, a situation. He values the opinions of Frenchy because Frenchy always tells the truth.

When the rehearsal is over, Eddie, Mrs. Cantor, a daughter or two or three, pile into the car and drive out to Westchester where Eddie has recently purchased a farm. A small ten acre farm in a Jewish community. The house has only twelve rooms—which is small considering the size of his family—and the number of his friends. Eddie is a reckless driver, the kind who gets to thinking of other things when he is at the wheel. Frenchy, with his hands hovering over the emergency brake, has saved him from many an accident.

Friday and Saturday at the farm are the only relaxation Eddie gets when he is working in radio. He has a great garden and is proud of it. It is undoubtedly part of his dream—the dream of a man who has spent his entire life on city pavements. He is going to have chickens and cows and horses.

Sunday afternoon he is at the studio for a second and third rehearsal. Frenchy and he go down to the studio when the program hour draws near. Eddie is as taut as a fiddle string but he is able to joke with his fellow performers. As the show goes, Eddie sets the pace, establishes the tempo. He watches his companions. If they lag or lack in enthusiasm he blows at them, motions to them to speed up. He does his own job, while carrying the responsibility for the success of all the others.

This theatrical business bore-Frenchy. Massage is his career. His parents were masseurs before him.

Still, Frenchy enjoys life in the Cantor home. He says that Eddie treats him as a servant. And even if he were, it wouldn't be so bad because servants in Cantorville are regarded as human beings.

Once in a great while Eddie explodes. Then life is not very pleasant for Frenchy. There was that time in Florida when Frenchy had packed all the comedian's white pants into the shoe compartment of a wardrobe trunk. It wasn't a sin except that Eddie came in all pepped up with the idea of going to a party clad in little trousers. He raged for almost an hour. Frenchy, who knows people, said not a word, simply looked quietly at Eddie throughout his tirade. Finally Eddie shouted, "All right—get mad! See if I care!" When Eddie returned from the party he had forgotten the episode; Frenchy was still upset.

So there, my friends, you have Eddie Cantor as he is seen by the honest, uninformative eyes of his valet. Not quite a hero to his valet—but not quite a master. To Frenchy Eddie is an idol, a friend and an entertainment machine capable of going on forever.
THRILLING WORDS ...
BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and keep it!
So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a woman who thinks she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect your skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

OF COURSE, I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN—THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S EASY TO HAVE A GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.

Ginger Rogers
STAR OF RKO-RADIO’S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 57)

$1.00 PRIZE

May I suggest more varied programs for Saturday nights? I realize Saturday night isn’t a favorable one for sponsors. They could supply those who can only stay home and take a bath, with “Listenable” programs. After a trip over the dial on a Saturday night, I can’t go to bed without feeling that a cow will step on my then tired toes, and that my husband, who has been out all day, will lay hands on me. I could probably write books on the subject of radio improvement, but as my word limit is up, I can only say as Will Rogers does when his alarm clock rings,—"Aw shucks! I just got started!"

ALAN SCHMIDT, Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE

Yes, indeed! There are things over the radio harder to listen to than advertising. But, isn’t cleverly done advertising a boon to a program, and the product, though?

In my opinion, the Jello program starring Jack Benny, wins “grand prize” for that sort of thing. More power to ‘em. They’re wise, for they don’t give you a chance to get bored, and turn the dial when they tell about Jello.

Concerning Radio Mirror. It’s a grand magazine, full of interesting news about our favorites of radioland. Radio Mirror’s Gallery of Stars present excellent photographs. Keep up the good work!

DOROTHY HOAGLAND, San Fernando, Cal.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 17)

"I’ll Never Marry Rudy Vallee!" Says Alice Faye

(Continued on page 87)

Pretty definite ideas about marriage. I don’t think you can mix a career and marriage. Maybe some people can, but I couldn’t. In the case of Rudy and myself that goes double all around.

"Being Rudy Vallee’s wife is a full time, twenty-four hour a day job. You haven’t any idea how hard he works. When he comes home, he’s tired out, just plain exhausted. Sometimes that makes him cranky and irritable. Now please don’t misunderstand me; I don’t mean that he has a crabby disposition—but the strain he works under leaves him with frayed nerves.

"When Rudy finishes work and comes home, he needs someone to wait on him, to give him every attention, to completely submerge herself. That is his right. He deserves it; so does any man who works like he does. That’s what a home is for. It’s a place for a man to come to when he’s dead tired and worn out. And any wife worth the name recognizes that it’s the biggest part of her job of being a wife to help her husband relax at such times, and give him the comfort he has earned."

Then Alice explained to me why she could never hope to tackle that big job. She spoke of her own ambitions.

"I want to be somebody in my own right," she declared. "I couldn’t give Rudy—or any other man—the things a husband has a right to expect from a wife. I’d be too much preoccupied with my own problems and career to be sufficiently absorbed in his. I couldn’t be the right kind of a wife, so I don’t think I’d better try being a wife at all."

"Never?" I asked. Alice laughed.

"Well, of course, never is a long time," she admitted.

"Another thing which most people forget is that although Rudy may be the ‘mama’s boy’ in his heart, he is first and foremost a very clever showman. I believe he is interested in me first as a protege—then as a person. He not only got me started, but he’s guided every move of my career since then. I consult him about everything. "Why it was Rudy, himself, who sent me away from his band to go in the movies on my own. He felt that my real future lies in a film career. I guess maybe if he’d been in love with me he wouldn’t have done that," she added mischievously.

Here’s further proof that Alice Faye is going places without Rudy Vallee. Her escort to one of Hollywood’s recent swanky affairs was Charles Lemaire, motion picture executive.
Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 40)

RUDELOP GANZ is important in Chicago's music circles. Ralph Richards, featured pianist with Al Pearce and his gang, tells the story of a party in the Ganz home while Rudolph was his music teacher. Among the guests was Paderewski. The immortal Pole agreed to play the piano. Just as his first number ended the telephone rang. The landlord complained the Ganz party was getting too noisy!

RECENTLY there was a real honest to goodness merry-go-round operating in the lobby of Chicago's Hotel Sherman. One afternoon there was only one rider. She was a little girl on a big white horse. She was having the time of her life, As she whirled giggling by we recognized her. It was Jeannie Lang.

WHAT young Chicago radio singer who hasn't worked much lately, spent every penny he made on his last job on Dorothy Stone while the famous daughter of the famous Fred Stone was playing in "As Thousands Cheer" in Chicago?

MARIAN and Jim Jordan of NBC's Smackout and Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten broadcasts received a large black walnut splinter, the gift of a Washington, D. C., listener, through the mail this week. The sender said it was from Abraham Lincoln's favorite arm chair at the White House. How it was obtained is not explained.

On your birthday give your wife a car—is the slogan of Norm Sgerr, Chicago CBS staff pianist, who did just that on his own birthday anniversary. The car, by the way, is a convertible roadster in green, his wife's favorite color.

The Mexicans have a word for him, Jesse Crawford, NBC organist has learned. Frequently styled in English speaking countries as "The post of the organ" in Mexico, writes one of his listeners, Crawford is known as "El majo del organo"—the magician of the organ. His recordings are among the best sellers in the land below the Rio Grande.

MORGAN L. EASTMAN, conductor of the orchestra on the Contented program, used to be a star water polo player at Wisconsin. Reason: he could remain under water for two minutes.

DICK PLATT and Sid Nierman make up one of the nation's most popular radio teams but they're not satisfied with what they know about music and the piano.

Bill made me cry a month ago...

...but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!

It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.

"Your trouble sounds like tattle-tale gray," Ada told me—"and that means leftover dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get out ALL the dirt."

And I am glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of tattle-tale gray. Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden barl... Fels & Co., Phil., Pa.
The two former University of Illinois students who appear regularly on NBC networks disclosed that they are going on with their piano studies. Platt in composition and Nieman in harmony.

Their teacher is Dr. Samuel Lieberman of Chicago, noted composer and director. He recently wrote a prize symphony in a Hollywood bowl contest.

MARY HUNTER, who plays the part of Marge on the Easy Aces sketch was a hostess at WGN, Chicago, when Goodman Ace was looking for "A girl with a good laugh." He auditioned several with small success. While waiting a cue to go on the air one evening, in the reception room, he heard Miss Hunter let out a chuckle. It intrigued him, and next day he gave her an audition. She got the job.

GLENN ROWELL, second half of the team of Gene and Glenn, has an amusing room in his summer home at Rollow Lake, Wis. The walls are papered with renewals and "first night" wires of good wishes and congratulations and the furniture is labelled with the name of the program and the sponsor whose salary check bought each piece.

PAT BARRETT, who is bringing his "Uncle Ezra" to NBC networks met his wife Nora Cunneen, while they both were on the stage in Chicago. He married her at 10 o'clock in the morning and immediately caught a train for Joliet where he had a matinee vaudeville engagement. It was several days before the bride and groom were reunited.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 41)

he can't be coaxed onto a vessel. Reason... when he was a youngster he shipped aboard a sailing craft and landed in New York... after four long weary years at the mast! He made his stage debut in "Lady Margaret," starring Amelia Bingham, at the old Bijou Theatre in New York nearly thirty years ago.

He was with KFWB, Hollywood, then at NBC in the north and in recent years has been a KJH staff comic. And a pretty good one. For the program with an audience he dresses up like a Swede janitor. The other day, when he was going down a corridor, a new station executive dashed out and asked Dick to come in and sweep out the office for him. And, just to be a good guy, he swept out the office... though admitting he wasn't much of a success at broom whisking.

BING CROSBY got his nickname from his proclivities fighting imaginary injuns on the sidewalks when he was a youngster. But Harry Anderson, KOL announcer and comedian, had a different locale. He was brought up during boyhood, on a Sioux Indian reservation on historic Fort Totten in the northern part of North Dakota. His hobbies are hunting, trappping and aviation. Single, and still in the twenties, he has his own mental conception of a wife and always wanted to get married in the springtime. Fair readers... you can get in touch with him at the Seattle station.

SAM HAYES, Richfield reporter on coast NBC lines gets some more movie jobs. See him at the mike in "Living on Velvet", Warners, and "Silver Streak," RKO. John McIntyre, NBC announcer from Hollywood... Valley, Pickford. Hall of Fame 'n other... was one of the first Los Angeles announcers to be married over the air. But the matrimonial voyage busted up on the rocks. He was born in a Montana log cabin 27 years ago, and was a naval seaman a couple of years.

DOROTHY ROBINSON BAIN is mistress behind the singing strings of violin melodies at KIN in Portland. Besides that, she is in the first violin section of the Portland Symphony.

She was a music prodigy in Portland and Spokane but now uses music as an "outside interest." In private life she is the wife of a physician.

JANE WILLIAMS, on the CBS "Hollywood Hotel," had her name changed from Rowene Williams by the program officials. She was the national contest winner last fall for the radio job. She was born in Buffalo twenty-eight years ago next June. The petite blonde singer is not married...
has no hobbies . . . speaks French, Italian and German.

SEEMS as though the turnover in the Al Pearce NBC troupe is terrific, or whatever they call it in show circles. Only five remain from the original gang of five or six years ago . . . Al and Cal Pearce, Mill Wright, Hazel Warner and Monroe Upton.

MADELINE DE MICHEL, who was christened Mary in Nelson, B.C., does lots of personal appearances and the flash of the spotlight on her accordion makes a dazzling and pulchritudinous picture. But nowadays the KFRC girl is getting sparkles on a pretty diamond ring. Yes, sir, and ladies . . . Elliot Babbini, young bay region bank employee, is the lucky man. Wedding has been set for the springtime and the dazzling brunette will probably be through with radio.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

Company in Hollywood, Calif. The Pickens Sisters are at present appearing in a current musical comedy hit but find time to frequently send their melodious voices over the ether. They can be heard on Saturdays at 7:45 P. M. and on Wednesdays at 7:00 P. M. (NBC). Address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, New York. Helen, the oldest Pickens sisters, is married to an artist.

Carl B., Providence, R. I.—The above will be of interest to you. As for Patti Pickens, the youngest of the trio, she's only 17 years old.

G. M. A., Phila., Pa.—All I know is what I'm told, and I'm told that Annette Hanshaw is not married. If you're real patient and give us a little time we'll try and dig up a picture of Fred Hufsmith for you and publish it in a future issue of Radio Mirror.

R. E. M., Port Chester, New York—Yessir, you all guessed it. Molasses and January of the Showboat and Pic and Pat on the Dill's Tobacco program are one, or I should say two. Their names are respectively Pic Padgett and Pat Malone. They do not make up for their negro characters in their broadcasts.

Rose L., Washington, D. C.—You say that your friend's Aunt and Uncle were practically brought up with Eddie Cantor and that they know he had a very hard childhood. Eddie, therefore, deserves a lot of praise for having reached the top of the ladder in spite of his hardships. Don't you think so? Myrt and Marge are mother and daughter. Myrt was Myrtle Vail and Marge was Donna Damery. (Damery is her father's name.) However, Marge recently got married to Gene Kretzinger. So there you have it all in two nutshells.

Woodbury's Creams made GERM-FREE for sensitive skins

Woodbury's Creams stay germ-free as long as they last, protect and make beauty doubly sure

The blemishes that every woman dreads are generally due to tiny infections. And these are always caused by germs.

To protect your complexion against infection, to make beauty come more swiftly and stay safe, Woodbury skin scientists have created two new beauty creams which keep themselves germ-free throughout their use.

Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams contain a special element which keeps them germ-free as long as they last, even when exposed to germ-laden air or to fingers which are not sterile. Over 100 skin specialists who've tested them agree that they give your skin twice the protection that ordinary creams afford.

Woodbury's Cold Cream contains a second exclusive principle which causes the oil glands beneath the skin's outer surface to function better. Element 576 wakens them up, stimulates them, preventing—and overcoming—Dryness.
When a girl needs a girl friend

"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, "Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?" Those were his very words. Imagine!"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."

She's bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ungry odor without preventing perspiration itself. Be safe every day—use Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

You need Mum for this, too. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.

Radio Mirror

My own Spy Stories

(Continued from page 37)

Identify him by Code. He will repeat a certain sentence to you twice. Easy, certainly, if Jean was around.

Then, apparently out of nowhere, a voice boomed, shattering the eerie quiet: "Jean has much good red wine for sale." I waited, holding my breath. If he repeated the message he was my man! "Jean," the voice continued, "has much good red wine for sale."

A moment later Jean strode out of the gloom, a wide smile wreathing his homely features.

"Thank God you made it," he said fervently. "Let us go up into the attic where we can be safe from prying eyes. The enemy is planning an attack. You will be safe here. The Germans are all my good friends. They know how I hate the English." He stopped and laughed softly, this man who had been serving his country since the beginning of the war.

Once we were inside the torn walls of the old barn, I heaved a vast sigh of relief. Jean, I knew, was our most brilliant man. He held the record of having never lost a spy who came to him behind the lines. Because he was an old man, apparently harmlessly engaged in selling chickens and eggs to the German officers, he had free passport into the enemy camp, where his keen mind and all-seeing eyes missed little that was to be observed or overheard.

That afternoon we prepared our first message to go back to Headquarters, carried by the fastest of the pigeons I had brought with me. Squatting on the damp hay in the loft, Jean and I wrote out the code instructions.

Jean was gone to the village to send the pigeon, and was back before I woke up the next morning. I stretched wearily still from my sleep on the wet straw which served as a bed. "Good news, my friend," he told me. "The pigeon has gone," he added. "But I have information about the attack planned by the Germans."

The next day, a second messenger went safely homebound. But the third day, watching Jean head for the village, I felt an uncomfortable foreboding. This was to be the message informing Headquarters that I was through and was ready for a plane to take me back. My mission completed so far without mishap, would I be lucky enough to get a plane ride back again? I doubted it. My good fortune had held too long.

I spent a restless day, wondering if, at dusk, my plane would dip down on the field. What made it worse was the knowledge that German troops would begin moving up to the front in the afternoon, complicating my getaway.

Jean came back early, and we discussed the chances of my pilot's coming. At four we went out to the field to wait and see. An hour, two dragged by. Still no welcome drone of our plane. Jean stirred restlessly, glancing over his shoulder more and more often.

Once he left and disappeared in the barn. He came back shaking his head. "Enemy troops are moving up the road to the front," he said. "Our game is up for the moment. Your pigeon must have been lost. Get back in the barn quickly." He turned to go. "I must leave now, but I will be back soon. You shall remain in the barn." And he was gone down the path.

Reluctantly, I sauntered from the field. In the distance came the heavy rumbled tread of soldiers tramping. German sons, brave men, walking into a trap of heavy artillery fire from our batteries. But wait! There, over to the left, wasn't that the piercing drone of an airplane motor? I strained forward, listening. It was more distinct now. Was it a plane? Yes! My plane, I was sure.

Running, I came to the edge of the clearing as the shadow of a plane sailed over the field and was lost among the trees. For a moment it was gone in the low hanging clouds. Then it was back.

Could the pilot see me? I threw up my arms and stared hopefully at the undercarriage of the plane. A sudden cold chill ran through me:

A German plane! Wide black crosses glistened death-like in the mist. I stared helplessly at them, paralyzed into a moment of motionless agony.

The staccato burst of machine gun fire shocked me to my senses. I woke with a shudder to my situation as the plane carried past me and barked.

One tremendous dive carried me headlong into the welcome protection of the woods. Wisps of mist enveloped my head and shoulders. Brambles caught me at all sides. But I was safe. At least for the moment. No pilot, even with the eyes of an eagle, could find me here.

So my pigeon had been intercepted and an enemy plane sent to pick me up! And to pick me up after I had been loaded down with lead! Well, I had escaped that. Now to go a mile and a half through German troops, fight my way into "No-man's Land," and stagger into friendly arms.

"Only a mile and a half," I muttered, staring blankly at the impenetrable walls of darkness ahead of me. "Well, let's go getting."

Slowly, dodging from tree to tree, lying as still as the dead when I heard German voices, I began my journey on foot. On foot! And when I had accumulated for myself a pleasant twenty-minute ride in the sub safe air of the heavens above.

Disorder was everywhere. The afternoon attack evidently had splintered on a solid Allied front, and no dragged high around me as I neared the front trenches, the dead and the wounded scrambled hopelessly together.

A flare burst high in the air, casting
a weird greenish glow over the earth. I lay flat until it died out, but in that moment of light I had seen the body of a German soldier sprawled clumsily across his gun a few feet away. Just what I needed! The very proximity of the body showed me in what danger I stood, in my strange garb. Perhaps in a German uniform, no one would stop me.

I made for the corpse, stumbling in my frantic haste. At last I found him. The feeling of cold flesh sent a shiver through me, but I kept at my task. Soon I had stripped the body of the uniform. It was not as easy forcing my own body into it. Unfortunately, I realized, I was a few inches rounder and taller than my dead German.

Finally it was on me. I could only hope that in the dark, the ill fit would not be noticed. More boldly then I struck out for the front.

At last! I felt the mud of "No-man's Land" in my face, and it had a sweeter taste than the finest food in the world. It meant that I was past the enemy lines! Now to be picked up by a patrol, German or Allied, I no longer much cared. I was hungry, dirty and tired.

Light began to lift in the East and I was still out in that desolate area. Then I saw soldiers moving toward me. Suddenly it dawned on me what I might expect. Here I was still in the German uniform which had carried me through. What British patrol could guess I was not an enemy? Out of the gloom on top of me came the familiar squat-helmet of a British soldier.

It must have been the crazy fit of my German uniform that saved my life. When I stood up and waved my arms, I looked more like a scarecrow than a human being. The British patrol held its fire to investigate. After that, it was only the work of minutes before I was safely back in our trench, weak and dripping with clay. Just one more task completed in the life of an Intelligence Officer working as a spy. I crawled gratefully into a ready bed, only half conscious of the ministrations of my orderly. If tomorrow was another day, another job, who cared right then?

Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 48)

in the Twelfth Century, merely the home of a group of peasants on Prince Yuri Dolgoruk's estate. And now look at it! Why, it has nearly a thousand factories, giving employment to more than three quarters of a million workers.

Caracas, a few miles inland from the coast of Venezuela, is the city where YYBC is situated. It was settled about a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

The natives of Caracas are regular travelers who have been there say they love to play the lottery and don't like to work, which makes them practically brothers of ours.

Even more so does the fact that

NEED
A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

by Lady Esther

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to flatter your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try all five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and fresh.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. Try all five! Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours
—and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a clinging face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

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

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name: ________________________________

Address: ________________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ______

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

65
The REST OF THE CODE:

Last month we learned the alphabet in the Continental Code. Now let’s take the numerals and principal punctuation marks.

The numbers are very simple. Each of them is made up of five units (either dots or dashes); No. 1 is one dot and four dashes; No. 2, two dots and three dashes; etc. The number of dots gives the number, for the first five figures.

Beginning with No. 6, each dash represents one added to five. Thus, No. 6 is one dash followed by four dots, etc., until five dashes signifies 0.

The code is, then:  
1 dit-dah-dah-dah-dah  
2 dit-dit-dah-dah-dah  
3 dit-dit-dit-dah-dah  
4 dit-dit-dit-dit-dah  
5 dit-dit-dit-dit-dit  
6 dah-dit-dit-dit-dit  
7 dah-dah-dit-dit-dit  
8 dah-dah-dah-dit-dit  
9 dah-dah-dah-dah-dit  
0 dah-dah-dah-dah-dah

The easiest way to learn the punctuation marks is just to study them. There aren’t many, so it is not too difficult. Those used most frequently are:

- dit dit dit dit dit  
- dah dah dah dah dah

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SWL, Keokuk, Ia.:—YYV1BC operates on 49.10 meters, or 6110 kilocycles.

T. D. J., St. Paul, Minn.:—Sorry, but there is not enough space for us to list all the amateur radio operators in the United States. There is a book—a thick one—on sale at your news stand which will give you the list. W2FEZ was located in midtown New York. I haven’t heard him lately either.

C. T. J., Memphis, Tenn.—When you connect your A. C. set to a D. C. line you may have burned out either a transformer, the switch, or a fuse. Be sure that the set is not provided with fuses before having a new transformer installed. You can take your local dealer’s word for it if you haven’t the technical knowledge to locate any possible fuses yourself.

H. E. M., Hollywood, Calif.—To stop the sparking of the motor in your refrigerator, clean the commutator and put in new brushes. If necessary, have the commutator regrounded. You can also get two 4 mfd., fixed condensers, and connect one from each brush to a good ground. Be sure to get condensers rated to withstand your line voltage. If it is 110 volts, get 200 volt condensers. And thanks for your kind comment.
The Human Side
of the "Met"

(Continued from page 19)

Just had was a dozen Geranium Shell yet bewilderment, wasn't sudden."

Oh, I had the grandest time last night..." she begins.

But a sudden peal of laughter cuts her off. Wilfred Pelletier, the conduc-
tor, sticks his head out of the public telephone booth, at the same moment
that the House-operator sticks her head out from behind the House switch-
board, not ten feet away.

"Was that you, Mr. Pelletier," she asks in bewilderment, "calling the
House, when you're right here?"

"Heavens! I thought I was calling my own home! I must have gotten my
numbers mixed! Well, that's one on me..."

Lucrezia Bori steps into the lobby now. She is, perhaps, the best-beloved
member of the Metropolitan family. She collects her mail...it wasn't
sorted when she arrived...and joins the group, now talking excitedly about
some of the chorus, who have bought tickets on the next Sweepstakes race.
Maybe they'll win!

At last they are ready to go in, and
the postmistress presses the door-
 opener. No one can enter the Opera
House unless he is known, vouched for,
and admitted by that click of the door-
 opener. Inside, they part company.
Miss Bori is going to the main stage,
Crooks and Lily Pons have been called
to the cloak-room on the Grand Tier
Box floor. Tibbett is due on the roof-
stage. The house is dark. Only the
stage is lighted. Cleaning women, with
cloths over their heads, are working
their way through the long rows of
seats, polishing, brushing, moving about
unconcernedly. Members of the house-
staff are hurrying back and forth from
the box-office, where already long
queues of ticket-purchasers are waiting
their turn, all unconscious of the bustle
of activity that pulses through the
darkened house, not ten feet away.

The men of the orchestra are tuning
up, playing their incessant runs and
trills, in different keys. Half a dozen
singers are sitting in the front of the
orchestra, waiting to begin work. Some
of them are smoking. Gladys Swarth-
out joins them. She has no work this
morning but she makes it a point to be
on hand whenever she can, to observe
and learn. Mary Garden taught her
that trick!

To the left, is a runway of plain, un-
painted planks. Someone is coming
down it now...a chorus woman. Rose
Bampton goes to greet her. The last

GLAZO presents

3 AMAZING ADVANCES!

A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE
6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES
2 TO 4 DAYS' LONGER WEAR
AND NOW ONLY 25¢

Buy your polish by volume...and
you'll lose your charm by degrees.
Why waste time—and invite trouble—
with hastily-made inferior nail polishes?
Why bother with lacquers that are made
only to sell—not to last—when Glazo
costs only 25 cents?

Glazo points hands with a cut-diamond
sparkle that wears 2 to 4 days longer—by
actual tests—without chipping, fading or
peeling. Daylight or night light, Glazo's
six lovely shades are timed to the last tick
of fashion. A color chart on each package
tells you your best shades. And the new
metal-shaft brush makes Glazo easier to

Use only this Oily Remover

Use Glazo Polish Remover, too, for the
sake of your hands. Special oils—no ace-
tone—make it non-drying to nails or cuticle.
Like Glazo's new and better Cuticle
Remover, it costs only 25 cents.

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GT13
12 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.
(Os Cobhala, Address P. O. Box 2130, Montreal)
I enclose $ for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish,
New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the
shade of polish preferred)... 

[ checkboxes for Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium ]
Appetite gone?

✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale
✓ tired

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs.

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S., your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appeasing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The 82 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be misled by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S. TONIC

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.
HAS she been unreasonable, after all? Has she tried "controlling" instead of "understanding"? Has she allowed fear and squeamishness to get the upper hand?

What a terrible thing it is, really, to be old-fashioned! What a tragedy it can be to watch happiness slip away because one's head is filled with out-of-date information! Yet many young wives find themselves in just this position when they face the problem of feminine hygiene.

Why go on behaving like your grandmother?

You don't need to use (and fear) poisonous antiseptics just because an older generation used them—and feared them. Forget all about the burning poisonous compounds associated with feminine hygiene in those days. That was before the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the Great War antiseptic and germicide, and your doctor will verify its claims to safety as well as strength. In measuring the strength of antiseptics it is customary to compare them with carbolic acid, a very powerful but poisonous germ-killing agent. Zonite is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch human tissues!

Zonite has been welcomed by women all over America. One has told another until Zonite can now be bought even in tiny villages and country stores all over North America, as well as in foreign countries.

Zonite will not desensitize membranes or tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning. Zonite is safe. Depend upon that!

Tell your friends about Zonite—send for booklet

Besides the liquid Zonite (in bottles, 30c, 60c, $1.00), you can buy Zonite Suppositories, at $1.00 for a box of 12, each one sealed in glass vial. Also, you can get the real truth about feminine matters in booklet of unvarnished facts. Millions have read it. Have you? Send to Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Don't overlook this free book for women
Pons is in a cast, she plays piano between the acts. Costumes are changed.

The Second Act! Rush and bustle: the drums and the violins; the chorus masters beating time on their tall ladders, and applause from out front.

Helen Jepson comes off now, and stands in with Gladys Swarthout. Helen tells about her baby daughter. She’s just had her out shopping, for new dresses, and she laughs at how “cute” she was in the stores.

“Stop me if I bore you,” says Helen.

“I know my worst fault’s talking about the baby!”

Gladys isn’t a bit bored. She wants to hear more. The baby’s newest tricks come to light. Out front, the audience is wondering what the singers do when they’re not busy on the stage. Just now, they’re talking about Helen Jepson’s baby.

Nino Martini, in street clothes, comes from the front of the house to join them. He’s glad to-morrow’s Sunday. An Enthusiastic motor that he is, he will spend his one free day driving out into the country. They compare notes on roads and speeds and scenery and good places to stop at, for lunch.

“I’m not much of a restaurants,” laughs Gladys. “I never have more than a salad or a sandwich for lunch, and that’s good anywhere!”

Another bit of rest. The Third Act.

The end of the opera! Now there is a frantic rush in the wings, as singers and chorus make for their rooms, their street things, and home! The tension is gone. The house applauds. The great gold curtains part for final calls and bows. The show is over! The people are pleased. Normal life may once more be resumed!

Back in their dressing-rooms, the singers dash off make-up and slip into street clothes, to be ready for visitors. A few friends come in, but they know the exhaustion that a performance of opera, and they don’t stay long.

Autograph hunters try to get in, but the dressers ask them to wait outside, while they take their programs in to be signed. Reporters come. Or photographers.

Some of the contingent, with someone who wants an introduction, and stands there electrified at being “back-stage” and talking to a real opera star! The performers are gracious and smiling, but tired! At last, the busy corridors are empty. They slip out, one by one, past the crowd gathered in the dusk, outside the stage-door. A taxi! Then... home and rest! And to-morrow is Sunday!

But on Monday morning, the singers will come trooping in at the stage-door again, for rehearsals and work. That’s what you find “inside” at the Metropolitan. A lot of human warmth. A lot of zestful, interesting people. A lot of pulsing vitality. And, most of all perhaps... a lot of earnest, hard work!

MEET US AT THE "CLUB ROMANCE!"

Come behind the scenes of radio’s latest glamorous program—the new Hall of Fame—in our April issue.

**Improved Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, “Nerves”**

Why put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and “jumpy” nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You look better and feel better!

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50¢. Get one today.

**YEAST FOAM TABLETS**
Radio News Flashes

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ isn’t using the radio in his car any more. His orchestra was on the air with a substitute leader and he was motoring home with the loudspeaker going when the oboe player hit three sour notes in a row. Kostelanetz was so upset he ripped the receiver out by the roots. And what he had to say to that oboe player the next day was plenty.

ED WYNN doesn’t spend all his time thinking up jokes with which to say Graham and the radio audience. A good part of his time is spent dodging process servers, for the Fire Chief has come to be the most-sued man in or out of radio. The collapse of the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting System, his dream of a national network, brought down upon his head many suits, but other actions independent of that venture have been instituted against him. One of these is that of Mrs. Ruth Greenberg, who is trying to collect $100,000 in the New York Supreme Court for services as nurse and companion to Mrs. Ed Wynn. The latter, formerly Hilda Keenan, daughter of Frank Keenan, popular actor of another generation, has long been an invalid and a constant worry to her husband. With great fortitude, Wynn, proving a modern Pagliacci, has carried on to preserve the “Laugh, Clown, Laugh” tradition.

COLONEL Lennuel O. Stoopnagle has been burning the midnight oil in his laboratory again. As a result he has emerged with these devices to help—or hinder—humanity: rugs without edges, so you don’t have to sweep under them ... Spaghetti with holes in it for people who prefer macaroni ... A radio that gets nothing but static for people who don’t like radio ... A bookcase without shelves so people who have a book can leave it on the table ... Calendars with only five days a week, to help along the New Year plan ... Ashtrays that are always tipping over, for people who don’t feel at home without ashes on the floor ... And most important of all: a training school for radio comedians, so men can listen to symphony concerts.

GERTRUDE NEISEN, who is pretty darn busy these days, rushes everywhere by taxicab. The other evening she had a breath-taking experience. The pilot swerved madly around an "El" post and narrowly missed charging into another car. He jammed on the brakes, hurling Gertrude from one corner of the back seat to the other and dislodging her hat. Then he turned around, smiling. "Were you surprised?" he inquired. "Yes," said Gertrude. "Honest I was. I was that surprised."

RICHARD LEIBERT, organist heard on several NBC programs as well as in the Rainbow Room in Radio City, reports a friend is writing a book on movieland divorces. The title, says Dick, will be "Who’s Whose in Hollywood."

"83% of my mail says ... Wondersoft Kotex ends chafing entirely!"

A MILLINER, who sits at her work all day, writes to tell me that Wondersoft Kotex has relieved her entirely of the chafing that used to make her "perfectly miserable." That's because Wondersoft Kotex is filmed in tender cotton at the sides, where the pad touches, but the surface is free to take up moisture. A housewife, on her feet from morning till night, says pads always used to rope and pull and twist but "Wondersoft seems to adjust itself perfectly to the body." Mary K. writes me: "The best thing about Wondersoft is that the sides are always dry and next best I like those smooth, flat ends. One can wear any sort of dress and not feel a trace of self-consciousness. Yes, Mary K., this new Kotex gives greater security against soiled lingerie, too. Notice what some of the users say about Wondersoft Kotex. Then, try it yourself and I am sure you will agree with them.

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

Free Booklets!
Write for either one of two authoritative booklets on Female Hygiene—"Health Facts on Menstruation"; and "Marjorie May’s Twelfth Birthday", for a child. Address Kotex Company, Room 163, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

Kotex is made to fit, but it is a much more comfortable and soft one I have ever used. Because the gentle sides are covered with a film of cotton.
Fashion emphasizes the “Ensemble Idea” in costumes. Hat, frock, shoes and accessories... all of matching color. And now the smartest women are seeking the same exquisite harmony in their make-up.

Outdoor Girl gives it to you... with face powder, rouge and lipstick, all precisely matched in shade... each complementing the other to produce a perfect Color Ensemble!

Choose these charming Outdoor Girl Beauty Aides. But blend naturally with the true tones of your own skin. To flatter your complexion and to protect it, too. For all Outdoor Girl preparations, as you know, are made with a base of pure Olive Oil, to keep your skin soft, smooth and young. And to guard it against the ravages of cold and wind.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in 10c trial size at your favorite chain store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

POWDER
The only face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and flufily, yet elings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! Nooris root! 7 smart shades.

ROUGE

LIPSTICK
Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating skin-tones.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E.S.T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"

Over these Columbia Network Stations:

| WABC | New York | WJAR | Providence |
| WOR | Newark | WCAU | Philadelphia |
| WJAI | Philadelphia | WOKO | Albany |
| WHN | New York | WJZ | Baltimore |
| WCMJ | Cleveland | CKC | Kansas City |
| WMCA | Boston | WDR | Denver |
| WOR | Newark | WJZ | Seattle |
| WOR | Newark | WJZ | Chicago |

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 41-C
Wills Avenue, New York City

RADIO MIRROR

What's New
On Radio Row

(Continued from page 39)

and Mary Lou were really, truly sweethearts are frankly upset by this turn of affairs.

Frank Parker and Helen Gleason, the Metropolitan Opera soprano, since appearing together on the Gulf Headlines shows, have started the gossip a-talking. There is no question they are most congenial companions and Radio Row has an idea that it won't be long now before it loses one of its most eligible bachelors.

Roxanne, the blond orchestra leader, has severed the ties that bind. She was married when she was 13... And Bess Johnson, the Lady Esther of Wayne King's broadcasts and dramatic actress heard on several programs originating in Chicago, has come to the parting of the ways from her dentist husband... Radio Row hears—and credits—the rumor that Helen Morgan is plotting to marry Lon Altet, the composer, when she shelves Buddy Maschke.

"The Other, a Real Cowboy," Johnny Marvin, is on his way to becoming more lonesome, for divorce proceedings from his wife of many years are impending. But that condition won't endure long, if Radio Row has the right dope on the situation. They say... another Mrs. Marvin is due just as soon as the decree is made final.

For those who try to keep up with the love affairs of Abe Lyman, Mary McCormic is rated as his latest heart's interest... Betty Barchell is being spied on by Charlie Day, of the Eton Boys... Elaine Melchor, Columbia dramatic actress, is the recent bride of Leon F. Ansphaker, a new York business man. This is Elaine's second venture into matrimony. Her first husband was Lyle Talbot.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTERS:
Bing Crosby cherishes two newspaper clippings—as a kind of "College Humor," his first picture, doesn't even mention his name as a member of the cast. The other compares him to a rival star in these words: "He can't act as well as Bing Crosby—who can't act at all!"

Paul Whitman and Jack Pearl have at least one trait in common. Neither will ride in a crowded elevator... Preferring radio to the movies, Vivienne Segal has put her Hollywood home up for sale... You wouldn't think it possible but a colored youth tried to crash the gate at a broadcast of Captain Henry's Show Boat claiming he was a cousin of Melasses and Matimo January! Julia Sanders wears a dainty ankle bracelet which emphasizes her trim legs and feet... Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, is wearing a diamond studded wrist watch, the wedding anniversary gift of her husband Walter Wicker, the radio actor and continuity writer... Dell Sharbutt, CBS announcer, plays the piano, organ, clarinet, flute,
ROBERT SIMMONS, the popular tenor, a guest at a friend's home for dinner, had been discussing popular songs. Seeking to have his host's eight-year-old daughter participate in the conversation, he said: “And what is your favorite piece, my dear?” . . . “A piece of apple pie,” replied the youngster.

ROSEMARY LANE, charming bit of personality who teams with Tom Waring on the Ford Dealers program, has grown one full inch in the past year.

She studied music for eight years with a concert pianist's career in view. The instrument she used, a beautiful baby grand, was the gift from Sister Lola of motion picture fame. Then she broke the little finger on her right hand. When the bone set it curled inward toward her third finger. This caused a long interruption in practice and final abandonment of her cherished ambition.

Tiring of life in the sleepy village of Indianola, Iowa, Rosemary persuaded her mother to take her and Priscilla to New York. The girl's voices soon won them employment in Tin Pan Alley demonstrating songs for publishers. Fred Waring heard them and signed them for his Pennsylvanians. Rosemary has been singing soprano parts for the troupe since then. At 19 she is a veteran of two years on the big-time programs.

POSTSCRIPTS:
At least one and some times two secretaries accompany Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to the studios for her broadcasts but a Secret Service guard is rarely in evidence. The First Lady never fails to appear in evening gown if her program is scheduled after 6 p.m. . . . Big business note: Meyer Davis, the millionaire maestro, has as many as 80 bands playing about the country under his name.

Dick Malone and Pat Padgett, "Vigilante 7 January," write a humorous column for a Southern newspaper. . . . Lud Gluskin, the conductor, studied dentistry and made two ventures in the commercial world, before he decided on music as a career. Vocalist Dick Robertson has a lodge in the Catskills near Barryville, N.Y., where he is respected by his neighbors as a deputy sheriff.

Years ago the leading music teacher in David City, Nebraska, advised Ruth Etting's aunt not to waste any more money trying to train her niece's voice as it wasn't worth it. But look at Ruthie now! . . . John P. Medbury and Eugene Conrad, aces among aerial gag men, collaborate with George Burns on the writing of the Burns and Allen comedy.

Beatrice Lillie is reported the highest salaried artist on the air just now . . . Vivienne Segal was a soprano when she was a stage prima donna. She became a contralto when she went on the radio.

SKINNY? THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME SKINNY ANY MORE

NEW QUICK WAY TO PUT ON 5 TO 15 POUNDS FAST

Now there's no need to have people calling you "skinny" and losing all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that gives thousands solid healthy flesh, lovely enticing curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty—bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin. Freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful
This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous health-giving yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take pleasant Ironized Yeast Tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty; constipation and indigestion vanish, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded.

At all drugists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept.223 Atlanta, Ga.
frankly couldn't be used over the air, but the writers send them anyway for Gene's private amusement. Some have to be rejected because he has already used them or because they might tend to offend a race, sect, or nationality.

Now that you've heard the story of these minstrels who have been on the air, under one name or another, without a break for six years, let's meet the individual personalities and take up the circumstances under which they joined the show.

Gene, interlocutor, chief stooge, what you will, is a robust five feet eleven inches with ruddy complexion and brown hair, handsomely streaked with gray. He has a genial disposition which at the same time allows him to take his work very seriously.

In fact, he is so sincere about his job that he refuses to accept any program unless he believes in the product which it advertises.

From the moustachioed villain of the First Nighter program to genial blackface in the Sinclair show is a far jump, but Cliff Soubier made it without detriment to either work.

He is what is technically known as an end man, the wisecracking performer who gets the laugh on Gene when it comes time for another joke.

The Cliff Soubier of real life is one of the most likable chaps on the air. Short and undeniably plump, with sandy hair and blue eyes, he's just as affable as he is villainous on his other program.

Cliff never goes on a diet, although his wife, the former Maria Wood, objects to the regimen of three square meals a day, to say nothing of extras.

So that's what the Little Chocolate Drop, Cliff Soubier, is really like.

And now meet "Mama's little red hot," six-foot Mac McCloud.

His parents would read: weight, 145 pounds; hair, black; eyes, dark brown; height, five feet eleven and a half; full time occupation, orchestra leader in and about Chicago; radio work, Sinclair Minstrels.

"Mac joined our show about three years ago," Gene related, "and the way he got the job is one of those stranger-than-fiction stories.

One night Ollie Richel, musical director at NBC turned on the radio and heard a voice that reminded him of a youngster who had sneaked into the navy, during the war, by some subterfuge or other and had been assigned to his detail. What was the kid's name now? It was being announced over the air, but Ollie didn't write it that right—Mac McCloud.

"Grabbing his hat and coat, Richel went out to the night club where the youngster was singing and asked him to try out for our minstrel show. He gave us an audition and made a great hit with that "Yas suh, das all!" in his grand Southern accent. Oh yes, he's married and has a young son.

Perhaps your favorite minstrel is
HELP KIDNEYS

YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your body, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, rundown, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Viability, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a try. Instead, take the Cystex prescription (pronounced Sis-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers. Many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Yet, Cystex acts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the body and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quietly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much you stand to gain and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

City Health

Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. W. R. George, Graduate Medical Dept., University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There's little question but what properly functioning kidney and bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney-function is the result of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, headaches and a general run-down exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful exertion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney function) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George, M.D.
An Affliction so Embarrassing, Many Bear it in Silence!

Piles are enough almost to drive one mad! They torment you day and night, even while you are asleep. The pain is a severe drain on your strength and vitality and handicaps you in every activity. The dangerous part about Piles is that because of the delicacy of the ailments many are reluctant to seek relief for this reason. Piles often develop into something very serious.

Piles are successfully treated today with Pazo Ointment. Pazo gives almost instant relief from the pain, itching and bleeding. It lets you walk, sit and sleep in comfort. More important still, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is healing, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is absorbing, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrinks the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special File Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

1 Grove Laboratories, Inc. Dept. 34-M, St. Louis, Mo. FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of Pazo Ointment.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY...STATE

A Woman's Problem

Avoid personal embarrassment...read how to achieve everyday security without discomfort. Get the frank, honest facts about CoV, invisible undergarments, and be free from fear. Write today. New illustrated book will be sent you free in plain wrapper. Dept. A.


Soothe THOSE TIRED EYES!

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes redness, irritation and puffing. Easy to use. Soft. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

Fifty PRIZE WINNERS

Radio Mirror Scrambled Personality Contest

$200 FIRST PRIZE
Mrs. Howard C. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.

$100 SECOND PRIZE
Mabel Russell, Rockford, Ill.

FIVE PRIZES $10 EACH
Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Iowa; William Greb, Brentwood, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Terry, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. O. B. Butler, Shreveport, La.; Fred Fogwell, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TEN PRIZES $5.00 EACH
 Gladys Cope, Seattle, Wash.; Anna E. Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio; Thelma Lep- per, West Haven, Conn.; Dorothy Lutz, Adrian, Mich.; Mary E. Makepeace, Provi- dence, R. I.; George Richie, Peoria, Ill.; Cyrus Roe, Chicago, Ill.; Annabelle E. Schultheiss, Los Angeles, Calif.; Katherine Sharmon, Douglas, Wyo.; Mrs. Mabel B. Yeager, Cheyenne, Wyo.

FIFTY PRIZES $2.00 EACH

NOW a more convenient! Here is a treatment employing a new, non-permanent skin disin- fection called HYDROSAL. There's a treated by doctors, nurses, hospitals. Amazing relief in piles, hemorrhoids, anal skin outbreaks. Stops itching and burning in minutes. Acts to relieve coarse, irritated skin. Promotes marvelous healing in bums and injuries, too. Does not stain. Ask for Hydrosal today at your good drug store. 30c and 60c sizes. The Hydrosal Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GIVEN GIANT TELESCOPE

See many stars and some miles people. FULL 14"x14" telescope. We display the sky. Every telescope comes with its own 42-page book on astronomy. Send $1 for Free Catalog.

SEND NO MONEY! JUST MAIL NAME AND ADDRESS. ORDER YOUR TELESCOPE TODAY! 11"x11" x 14" inches. Quality of our work will be proved. Write today. 24 days trial of telescope. Ask for THEAMAN TELESCOPE. Call number of telescope.編. No further obligation. FREE!...

PHOTO Enlargements

Clear, enlargement, full length or part group, pets or children from $0.50 and up. Postage prepaid. We will en- large in other sizes. Send us a 3"x 5" photo today. We will collect postage. Mic- negar Co. 9601 Main, S. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich. 11 F. MURPHY STREET. DEPT. 945. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Gray Hall

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can get a beautiful skin and hair remedy cheaper than you can buy by following this simple recipe. To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of ginger. Wash your druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. This is the best way to the hair if you yourself that beautiful and gorgeous woman you have. Barbo Imparts color to streaked, faded, grey hair and makes it strong and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Women $22 aWeek

and your own Dresses FREE

Showing Latest ROCKETS

Direct from factories.

No House-to-House Cassaving

Now a kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous fashionably dressed fashions at direct factory prices. Work in your own home, in your own way, at your own time. All your own dressesses free to wear and show. No factory overhead or start-up charges. Complete forms and all are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We will send you an elaborate Catalog describing all kinds of fashions, including some of the most fashionable styles of the season. Price from 75c and up. Send your name and address.

FASHION FROCKS Inc.

DEPT. C-200

Cincinnati, O.
Gracie Allen Is Really Scared to Death

(Continued from page 22)

she had bought as a present for me and tossed them into the stove. I had wanted them for a long while. She made me stand on a chair and watch them while they burned.

"I was scared to death recently when I heard that Nat and I had to appear at a Friar's club dinner in honor of the Postmaster-General. There were going to be some really big names there—Bert Lytell, Jack Benny, names like that. I almost died when I heard I was going to be the only girl on the dais. I wanted to back out, but of course I couldn't. You can't back out of things like that. You can't admit how scared you are. Nat kept comforting me and saying, 'Googie, it will be all right. And it was all right. Once we started acting, I lost all my fear and the audience was grand to us. Once I do a thing, I'm all right. But I can't help being terrified before I do it. Each time we broadcast I feel like running away from the studio, but I've got to go through with it. I know I've got to. I can't let the world know what a coward I am underneath.

"I was afraid to get married. Oh, I wanted to get married. I'd made up my mind I'd get married if it was the last thing I ever did in my life. But it seemed such an important step to take. Somehow I never thought for a second, 'If this marriage doesn't work out, we can get a divorce.' I felt I was taking an irrevocable step. And I tantalized myself with a million doubts. 'Should I marry an actor or is it a terrible mistake? Do I love George enough to take this terrific gamble? Perhaps he won't be able to make me happy.' I pictured myself and George going through terrible unhappiness together, and the whole future seemed dismal and uncertain.

"And then suddenly something in me said, 'All right, you know that I was going to marry George, willy-nilly. But even then I didn't care too much my plans. I didn't have an elaborate trousseau. In fact, I didn't have any kind of a trousseau. The only new clothes I had were the ones on my back. You see, I was afraid that if we planned our marriage too carefully, something would go wrong. Maybe it's the Irish superstition in me.

"There was one thing I wasn't afraid of, however. Though we're of different religions, I wasn't afraid that it would make us unhappy. I knew that George was tolerant, and I hoped I was too. George is Jewish and I am as Irish as Paddy's pig, but neither of us would think of trying to change the other's religion. I could go to church every day in the week, and George wouldn't dream of objecting. And my people adored George, and George's people liked me, so that really wasn't a problem that scared me.

"Of course most of the things I'm
How to get rid of CORNS... easily and without danger of infection

* All persons now suffering from corns are urged to get relief immediately with this approved Blue-Jay method.

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, without fuss or bother. Pain stops instantly—soft, "common sense" pad removes all pressure on the corn. Then, the safe Blue-Jay medication gently but surely loosens and undermines the corn. In 3 days you lift the corn right out, completely.

Try Blue-Jay today. (25¢ at all druggists.)

Note the new Wet-Proof adhesive strip that holds pad securely in place (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTER

Mercerized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Mercerized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. It is the new beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercerized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for nearly twenty-five years.

Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and clearer. Mercerized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

—Powdered Saxolite—is a refreshing stimulating antiseptic lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive wrinkles and makes skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.
something's going to happen. We're all going to be killed.' But I couldn't back out. When my eight-year-old niece wasn't a bit scared, I was ashamed to admit how scared I was. So I went up thinking, 'this is the last time I'll ever see Nat and not before the plane swooped. I knew we would be dashed against a cliff. I pictured all sorts of horrible accidents happening. And it was all my fault. After all, I should have warned them that we were going to be killed.

"Of course nothing happened. The plane landed beautifully, and everyone was thrilled—everyone except me. Well, I was too in a way, because I'd never expected to see the beautiful brown earth again.

"Everything I've ever dreamed about has come true. I never would have dared plan the beautiful things that have happened to me. I would have been afraid that if I did plan them, they wouldn't happen. But I'll always be afraid—afraid that everything I do will fall short of what I want to do. I'll never get over it, I guess. I'm terribly aware of my shortcomings, and I guess that's what makes me afraid. But I've been very good to me. I keep on doing the wrong things all my life, and no matter how wrong they are, some kind fate makes them come out right somehow."

Why the Stars Go to Jac's

(Continued from page 35)

supposedly sensible girl will almost kill herself living on lettuce and water or some other crazy fad diet to get a Janet Gaynor—she's content with a posture like a camel.

"When you stand with your shoulders curved, instead of straight, you can only use about one third of your lung capacity, so the blood cannot circulate freely; and presto, there comes a cold."

NOTICE the way Floyd Gibbons walks. There's a man for you, full of pep, vim and vigor! Floyd doesn't need building up or reducing, he keeps in swell shape. But he comes in more or less regularly when he wants to pep up. And does he pep up!

"I'm just surprised about one thing in Floyd. You know his lightning speech over the air? Well, he never talks quickly here, just at a moderate pace. What he loses in speed, though, he makes up in volume. You can hear him all over the place.

"When he comes in he strips in two seconds, throws his eye shield to one of the boys, and hops right into his exercises."

Lovell Thomas really doesn't need any exercise. He's got an upstate place and is always hopping around. It's the relaxed feeling he comes in for. Whenever he comes in he brings his own dressing gown and slippers, and has an individual dressing room. Lovell

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS

ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

by Lady Esther

Those peepy Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—thay have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneith dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin to the depths.

A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a penetrating face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floatis it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.
Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.
Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.
Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove It at My Expense

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(Free sample pack of a postcard for a 7-day supply)

Lady Esther, 1441 E. 28th Ave., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Addres.
City State

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

79
GLEAN with GOLD—WORTH BLEACHING

GIRLS—when hair turns drab, it dulls your whole personality. Bring out the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair. Get Blondex, the glorious shampoo which will uncover the gleaming lights of beauty—keep them undimmed. Made originally for blondes—Blondex has been adopted by thousands with dark brown and medium dark hair. For they have found it gives their hair the livening and spring-like tints they cannot get with ordinary shampoos. Try Blondex today and see the difference after one shampoo. A real good drug and department store.

THEIR MEDICINE CHEST
FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches. It's novel and different. A Wise Woman said: "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest." They tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25¢ at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also sample TUMS for peptic ulcers and indigestion to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dearborn 16, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy
GET
NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW
ALREADY
25¢/BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

MAKE
DRAB
HAIR

What will YOU do with
$3,500.00 CASH
IF YOU WIN it?

I'll Pay $250.00 Cash for the Winning Answer

Again I'll award $3,500.00 to some ambitious person. You may be the one to get it! How would you use it? Tell me in 20 words or less:
"What will YOU do with $3,500.00 if YOU win it?" There is nothing else to do. Nothing to buy or sell. I will pay $550.00 Cash just for the answer selected as the best.

20 WORDS WIN $350.00
Neatness, style, or handwriting not considered. I'll write you in a sentence of 20 simple words or less that counts. The prize is $350.00 for the winning answer. Send your answer quick. Just Sending an Answer Qualifies You for One Opportunity to

WIN $3,500.00
In final prize distribution, details of which I'll mail you at once. More than $6,000.00 cash will be awarded. Someone will get $3,500.00 Cash,
including $1,000.00 for promptness. Send no money, just your answer—a postcard will do. Prizes duplicated in ease of title. Answers must be postmarked not later than May 2, 1935. Mail yours at once—TODAY.

ERNIE MILLER, Exp. Mgr.
Dept. DH-207-G. O. Building
Cincinnati, Ohio

5c LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
Local postpaid for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: LITTLE BLUE BOOK Dept., B. M. Cleveland, Kansas.

GRAY FELT HAIR

Wet, Paris-style, straight, curled, fingered. Shave and color your hair at the same time with New French Gray FELT HAIR DYE. A complete hair color system. French FELT HAIR DYE permanent, fast, easy. Color your own hair at home. Shampoos, permanents, wave and curl. Free booklet, "Make Your Hair Gray." Send 10c, Dept. 10, 124 W. 32 St., New York.

SNAG-PROOF HOSE WEARS TWICE AS LONG!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Easy! Call on Friends

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE when you order 3 pairs. Send $1.00 and receive 22 silk hose in all. Your choice—SNAG-PROOF, Shiner or Cross. Send check or money order. Mail orders F.O.B. New York. Send Durgin, 512 W. 32 St., New York.

INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!
New serviced hose to fit any figure exactly. You size necessary! No extra charge! Wears longer. Write for details.

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE when you order 3 pairs. Send $1.00 and receive 22 silk hose in all. Your choice—SNAG-PROOF, Shiner or Cross. Send check or money order. Mail orders F.O.B. New York. Send Durgin, 512 W. 32 St., New York.

Women Earn $22 in a Week!

SNAG-PROOF HOSE WEARS TWICE AS LONG! SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Individual lengths! New serviced hose to fit your figure exactly. You size necessary! No extra charge! Wears longer. Write for details.

Grey Felt Hair

Weed all of your troubles, feel rejuvenated. Shave and color your hair at the same time with New French Gray Felt Hair Dye. A complete hair color system. French Felt Hair Dye permanent, fast, easy. Color your own hair at home. Shampoos, permanents, wave and curl. Free booklet, "Make Your Hair Gray." Send 10c, Dept. 10, 124 W. 32 St., New York.

SNAG-PROOF HOSE WEARS TWICE AS LONG!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Easy! Call on Friends

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE when you order 3 pairs. Send $1.00 and receive 22 silk hose in all. Your choice—SNAG-PROOF, Shiner or Cross. Send check or money order. Mail orders F.O.B. New York. Send Durgin, 512 W. 32 St., New York.

INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!
New serviced hose to fit any figure exactly. You size necessary! No extra charge! Wears longer. Write for details.

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE when you order 3 pairs. Send $1.00 and receive 22 silk hose in all. Your choice—SNAG-PROOF, Shiner or Cross. Send check or money order. Mail orders F.O.B. New York. Send Durgin, 512 W. 32 St., New York.

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
Local postpaid for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: LITTLE BLUE BOOK Dept., B. M. Cleveland, Kansas.

GRAY FELT HAIR


SNAG-PROOF HOSE WEARS TWICE AS LONG!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Easy! Call on Friends

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE when you order 3 pairs. Send $1.00 and receive 22 silk hose in all. Your choice—SNAG-PROOF, Shiner or Cross. Send check or money order. Mail orders F.O.B. New York. Send Durgin, 512 W. 32 St., New York.

INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!
New serviced hose to fit any figure exactly. You size necessary! No extra charge! Wears longer. Write for details.

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE when you order 3 pairs. Send $1.00 and receive 22 silk hose in all. Your choice—SNAG-PROOF, Shiner or Cross. Send check or money order. Mail orders F.O.B. New York. Send Durgin, 512 W. 32 St., New York.
How Paul Whiteman
Keeps His Figure

(Continued from page 47)

Margaret never washes this bowl after it has been used. In this way it always remains highly seasoned, adding to the tang. When the salad has been mixed, place it in an ordinary serving bowl also rubbed with garlic in the same way. With a plentiful display of lettuce, it is ready for the hungry lord and master and should fool him as completely as it does Paul.

There is another recipe Margaret gave me. This one is for chicken, which Paul especially likes and insists on having. Rather than argue with him, Margaret devised a way of roasting it so that it was thinning. Here it is:

ROAST CHICKEN

Make all the usual preparations for roasting (have the fowl cleaned at the butcher's), then place it in a roasting pan, with two lean strips of bacon and one good sized onion on the breast. For basting, use:

1 teaspoon mustard
Juice of half lemon
Salt
Pepper

Mix this thoroughly with one cup of water and stir into the roasting pan, pouring it carefully over the chicken. The usual time for roasting is to allow fifteen to twenty minutes to a pound.

Margaret has two more surprising recipes which she uses to keep Paul's waistline in and which any of you may have by simply sending me a letter, care of Radio Mirror magazine. Write for them today and try them on the boy friend or the husband (as the case may be)—or yourself, if you're the one who is slipping over the boundary of healthful weight. Address: Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

Radio's Debt to Roosevelt
on His 53rd Birthday

(Continued from page 15)

which have become high national occasions, with every grillroom and nightclub, not to mention every little crossroad store, turned into "listening-posts" for the occasion. It is estimated that fifty million people listen in at these noteworthy talks, preceded always by the simple announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, The President of the United States."

Will you join one of these broadcasts? The hour of ten is but fifteen minutes off, and the guests are gathering. Here stands Mrs. Roosevelt at the door with her knitting. Whenever her husband broadcasts, the First Lady is always present, selecting a seat in a corner and clicking her needles with the precision of a metronome.

The Diplomatic Reception Room is

"THE AVERAGE CHILD NEEDS ONE QUART OF MILK PER DAY for normal growth and development"

H. C. SHERMAN, PH.D., Sc.D.
"CHEMISTRY OF FOOD AND NUTRITION"
Courtesy of MacMillan Company

THIS DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK PROVIDES almost twice THE FOOD-ENERGY OF MILK ALONE

Doctors, dieticians, pediatricians agree that growing children need a quart of milk a day. For milk gives the most valuable nourishment for strong bones, sound teeth, straight legs and active muscles.

Unfortunately, many children do not receive sufficient milk as part of their daily diet—either because they dislike milk—or because a quart a day, every day, soon becomes monotonous.

Doubly valuable, therefore, to growing children is Cocomalt. For not only does Cocomalt make milk delicious, but made as directed, it almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Add 5 vital food essentials

Cocomalt is rich in five important food essentials. It supplies extra carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies extra specially valuable proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies extra food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Doctors advise busy adults and convalescents to drink Cocomalt in every day because it is easily digested, quickly assimilated and because of its high nutritional value. A hot, non-stimulating drink, helps to induce restful sleep. Cocomalt taken hot at bedtime helps you to sleep soundly.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

Special Trial Offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. N4A, Hoboken, N.J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is compound of freeze-dried milk, selected roots, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D (Irradiated oratorized.)
What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotakino, and kept on growing," writes Mr. M. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since.

"The hair was so soft and thick that I am delighted, and I believe I am more likely to hold my hair in place, as it is more manageable now than before."

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotakino, for men's and women's hair. Use coupon.

Kotakino, 355-8 Station O, New York. Please send me Free Box Of Kotakino.

Name:

Full Address:

RADIO MIRROR

Awaken Love...

Awaken love with the lure men can't resist...exciting, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It stirs senses...thrills...sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you...paying you compliments...begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

There are no special features that give you glorious new loves. Be irresistible tonight...buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Irresistible

PERFUME AND BEAUTY AIDS - FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

STUART'S Calcium Wafers

situated on the first floor of the White House; a long, oval-shaped room, hung with many paintings of former presidents. It boasts few chairs, not more than six at most, so some of the dozen or more guests are usually seen standing, strolling and chatting here and there. Several members of the press are occupying seats on friendly divans.

F. D. has always an open eye for their comfort, and if you're green, some of these may be counted on to point out the dignitaries.

"Who's the husky lad beside Mrs. Roosevelt who looks like a college football player?"

"That's young Jimmie Roosevelt, of course, the President's son. He seldom fails to be present, too. Watch him shake hands. The true-Roosevelt grip...it darts near your fingers apart.

"Those two scholarly men talking together over there in the corner? Watch them closely. You'll note they never crack a smile. They're Secretaries Dern and Ike of the War and Interior Departments.

"But keep your eyes on those three fellows over yonder there who carry the real responsibility for making the wheels go round. There they stand in the little groupchatting together by the window. That pleasant-faced fellow with the specs is Clyde Hunt, Columbia's ace engineer; as a matter of fact, he's been on the job some three hours, working with his staff of helpers, checking, double-checking and triple-checking all the elaborate mechanism, against any slight chance of a break. He's had charge of the technical set-up for all the presidential broadcasts since Mr. Coolidge's day. He knows how to take it, yes."

"And that small, dignified youth resembling Harold Lloyd, without his glasses?"

"That's Carleton Smith, official presidential announcer for NBC. He has more poise than a Metropolitan singer."

"Who's with that great black curls, the Sherlock Holmes pipe, and the solemnity of an undertaker?"

"That's Bob Trout, presidential announcer for CBS. Yes, he does look solemn, but think of the responsibility he carries. He'll brighten up quick enough when it's all over. Sh...

"You look at your watch. Exactly five minutes to ten...conversation is choked off as dead as a cut motor. The President is approaching, with his constant elbow-attendant, General Gemanack, the Secret Service man who bears the special charge of the President's safety. But no hint of formality is in the hearty, booming voice that hails; "Well, well, is the gang all here? And now the cheering, and voices burst out again; "Good evening, Mr. President."

"How are you, Mr. President?" With practised eye the Chief Executive glances around the room and then turns to Stephen Early, the closest of his under-secretaries, who serves bursts out again: "Everything all set, Steve? And you, too, boys? Always the F. D. smile for the two announcers!"
"Yes, Mr. President," Steve and the two announcers chortled. It is now four minutes to ten. Just time for the President to take one last glance at his manuscript—or what should be his manuscript, but alas, is not. To the consternation of all, it is discovered he has brought the wrong paper. A near-tragedy? You don’t know the President, or by the same token, Steve Early, the ever-ready. In far less time than it takes to tell it, he has lifted the special emergency phone to his own office and told his waiting assistant to rush the only extra copy available right over to the Diplomatic Reception Room. The distance is not far. It has already arrived, without one particle of confusion. The day is saved . . . the tension relaxed, but there was no occasion for worry, really.

But no matter what happens, you can’t upset the President. . . . Listen to him joking now. He must have his joke.

"If anyone must cough," the President is saying, "let him do his coughing now." He has turned his eyes to Engineer Hunt, and reads there the signal to start. Bob Trout starts his introduction. The broadcast is on.

Many listeners want to know why Bob Trout of Columbia starts his introduction before Carleton Smith of National begins his. The reason is the CBS and NBC begin and end their programs at slightly different times. For instance, under the NBC system, the preceding broadcast always ends at ten o'clock sharp, which is the time the CBS program begins. In other words, Columbia starts all its programs twenty seconds sooner than does National.

The show is over. A bit more of small talk, of good-natured banter, and some taking of pictures. Sometimes he remains for a few minutes longer to chat with close friends in the cabinet members, but Smith and Hunt may now go home to bed. Another historic occasion has passed. Their night’s work is done.

What are the special gifts the President brings to these broadcasts that have served to make him the greatest other star of the nation? After listening to anecdotes and checking up testimony for three days, these seem to me four, which let me briefly mention, though not in any attempted “order of importance.”

First, Simplicity. Some President think and speak in pronunciamentos and prosos, F. D. speaks in terms so simple that an eight-year-old child can understand him, as testified by the White House files. "Dere Mr. president," reads a postal card, one of the most valued White House documents: “I have listened to your speech on the radio, but that is much too much, son. I understood every word.” This from an eight-year-old boy.

The speech to which he referred was the first of the “Fireside Chats” on March 12, 1933, the one on the Banking Crisis. The President, it is known, had spent laborious hours over that speech, so reassuringly simple was it in its informal salutation: “My friends.”

But it was simple enough to meet the need of every anxious heart in the nation needing reassurance. Here was testimony that it was. The President was delighted.

Ordinarily, his official “taster” for a Fireside Chat is one of the White House porters with whom he has always chatted with complete ease. “Anything about this that isn’t perfectly clear to you, Zeke?” “No, Mr. President, I guess I get it all.” "Perfectly satisfied, are you, Zeke?” “Yes, sir.” When Zeke is perfectly satisfied the message is clear, then the President begins to be satisfied. Until then, no. No speaker has ever labored more earnestly than he for simplicity. In all this he has been immeasurably helped by:

Second: His sense of showmanship. A fairly uncanny sense this, enabling him always to fall on his feet and, as we have seen, laugh in the face of any mischance; indeed even to capitalize any trifling accident, as with the now famous glass of water. His friends love to tell and retell the incident.

One sizzling hot night in the summer of 1933, you may recall, he was right in the midst of his Sunday night chat when he suddenly stopped talking. Just for a matter of three or four seconds at the most; still, a very perceptible break. The reason, though known to few, was that the presidential throat suddenly became dry; he stopped long enough to swallow a glass of water and observe simply, ad lib: "It’s mighty hot.
**SWEETENS STOMACH GENTLY CONTAINS NO SODA**

Delightful Mint Relieves Gas... Heartburn... Sour Stomach... Quick Relief for Millions

**PHYSICIANS** have warned against treating acid indigestion with harsh, raw alkalies—the tumbler and spoon method. Strong, water-soluble alkalies, taken in excess, may turn the stomach juices into an unnatural alkaline condition—actually arresting digestion!

TUMS free from this danger. They act as an acid "buffer." The scientific explanation of TUMS is that it acts gently—just enough of the antacid compound is released to counteract over-acidity. When your heartburn or sour stomach is caused by an imbalance passing on inert and undissolved, without affecting the blood or kidneys.

Try TUMS. Munch 3 or 4 when distressed. Millions have turned to this gentle, effective method—it's quite likely you will, too. 10¢ at all druggists. S-roll carrier package, only 25¢.

**GRACEFUL SUAVITY**

INTERNATIONAL President has broadcast the following words to his showman friend:

"A. Delano, you have saved my friend, and I will never speak to a nation that yawns: "A. there's the President on again!" His immediate wisdom has enabled him after two years to stay the nation's greatest head-liner, instead of just another voice.

And with what a courtesy he treats "his friend." Yes, that's gift number three, his unflagging Courtesy. The President is the great Mike Diplomat.

**SWEETENS**

Never is this courtesy more conspicuous than in his inane international day night broadcasts. "Clear all wires and right of way for the President at ten p.m."

You're likely so easily be the command. But that's not the F. D. way, to issue commands when a gracious request can meet the need.

"The President wonders if you can suggest an hour suitable for him to talk to the nation next Sunday?" Stephen Early invariably puts his request in this form—Steve can adopt a suavity equal to that of Hiram--the hour of ten p.m. (seven for the Pacific Coast).

Brownatone is unvaryingly offered with the greatest cheerfulness, though each time this happens it costs each broadcasting company from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars in network-time alone, not counting the cost of commercial contracts canceled and artists' time still to be paid for. No laments on this point have been heard, however. The habit of courtesy is infectious and far-reaching. F. D. has consistently set the standard of microphone manners from which bumptious Congressmen and even Senators and movie-magnates have more or less reluctantly had to take their cue and gradually fall in line. Yes, he's the Big Arbiter of Microphone Manners, handed out under the gay garland of his smile.

Yes, that's number four, that famous Smile of his. Oh yes, I know. You may call it Old Stuff; call it a mere appendage for which he's so well prepared, but he's no more responsible than was that other Roosevelt for the castenst clicking of his teeth. You may say it's just one more valuable and useful adornment to be appraised and used as part of a naturally magnificent personal equipment. Just one more gift of the Gods to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, fifty-three years ago this January thirtieth. Well, it's all that, but more, vastly more. A spiritual symbol, a high badge of Hope and Invincibility—the form of courage before which no man or nation can go down to defeat.

Just one of the many reasons for radio's debt of gratitude to Franklin Delano Roosevelt on his fifty-third birthday!
What Aunt Rose Did
for Ruth Etting

(Continued from page 33)

Those trains were real, a magic carpet that could transport you to Chicago and New York where there were buildings which reached into the sky.

When Ruth grew up she wanted to go to Chicago. She wanted to study art. Her father and her grandfather frowned and shook their heads. Chicago, they said, was no place for a girl alone. A girl like Ruth with eyes the blue of farway hills and hair like the soft gold silk you pull from corn ears.

Rose Etting went to bat for Ruth. She had watched Ruth copy the heads of Brinkley girls from newspapers. She felt Ruth had talent.

"Stuff and nonsense," she told those careful German Etting men. "I've had the rearing of that girl. And it's not only dreams I've taught her. She'll be all right. Let her go and learn the things she wants to learn. Let her have her own life and I promise you she'll do something with it!"

She convinced those men. Ruth went to Chicago. And you know how she switched her interest from art to entertaining. When she was helping the wife of the manager of Marigold Gardens design chorus costumes and the manager met her and offered her a job.

It was following her engagement at Marigold Gardens that she sang in that cellar café. Where she experienced plenty of things calculated to turn any girl’s eyes hard and her smile brittle.

"However," Ruth says "it was in that café that I learned to place my voice. I had to sing softly, yet clearly. Other girls were singing at other tables. I learned what songs people really like to hear too. A man who has had a great deal of wine has no pretensions. His emotions are closer to the surface. And always it was the simple songs they needed for.

"Sometimes," she went on "it was horrible. Really horrible, I mean. The patrons at the tables would be insulting. 'Don't give her anything,' one customer would say to another. Or. 'We're not being entertained. Send over somebody with more zip!'

'Drunks were the worst of all. Especially when one took a liking to you. I can shiver now when I remember how I'd find a drunk's eyes on me as I went my rounds, singing my songs. For I'd know it was only a matter of minutes before he'd want to dance.'

"When things got too unpleasant we girls used to run in the Ladies’ Room and lock it. Not that it ever did a particle of good. Drunks are persistent. Good customers too. The bouncer would be sent in after us and he’d push us out onto the floor again."

It was far from an elevating existence. Without the benefit of her substantial early training and without her contact with her Aunt Rose, which continued faithfully in spite of the

The Next Page

Dangerous Days

for KIDDLIES’ Colds

TAKE CARE, mother! This is the danger season for children’s colds especially.

Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

But don’t worry—and don’t experiment.

Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub, the proved external method.

VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child. No “dosing” to upset delicate little stomachs and thus lower resistance when most needed.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts direct through the skin like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled direct to inflamed air-passages. Through the night, this double direct attack loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

STANDBY OF MOTHERS IN 68 COUNTRIES

AGENTS—Smash Go Prices!

Satisfaction Orders. 80c. 4-oz. VapoRub 35c. 12-oz. Table 10c. Bonus Blades 10 for 99c. 100 sticks Chewing Gum 10c. 15c other bargains. Experilers necessary.

CARNATION CO., M. St. Louis, Missouri

NURSES—ATTENDANTS and OTHERS—EXPERIENCED & INEXPERIENCED

MALE AND FEMALE nursing positions wanting.

Wages $75 to $150.

Send full particulars to your nearest State Board of Nursing.

Vi-Jon Three New Olive Oil Creams

Three new creations by Vi-Joel Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thorough, complete local treatment for a few cents.

Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for childec or thinking. Larger sizes at 50c and $1.50.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Eads Av., St. Louis

IF YOU HAD BEEN NANCY—

“Nancy Ee—is story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support. . . . not much money to depend upon. . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—only if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E. is making $30 a week as a C. G. N. Graduate she did not have to establish a new home for nonexistent parents. Their magic letters “C. G. N.” are responsible for her success. They stand for CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 35 years has been training men and women, at home and out of their own time, for the distinguished, well-paid profession of nursing. Courses, endowed by physicians, prepares for all types of nursing. Equipment includes: Laboratory, dress and concern. Easy Training Programs. Be one of thousands of men and women earning $25 to $32 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Courses for C. G. N. graduates make their best nurses. Send coupon today and learn how you can become self-supporting in the noble profession of Nursing.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

3311 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson papers.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________
How you can get into Broadcasting

Broadcasting offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—both skilled阴影 fillers in Broadcasting. It isn’t necessary to be a professional to be an important figure in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting who are not full-time Broadcasting agents. They may make $500 to $5000 a year, of course, the “radio people” can make $500 to $1000 a year.

The exact same method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, is open to ordinary Broadcasting agents. A skilled talent for the broadcasting side is worth a good speaking voice, sales, or, bookers, advertisers, etc., the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own house in your spare time for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions advertised in Broadcasting every year. Our free course shows in plain language how to make money in Broadcasting. Our name will be known in every broadcasting center in the world. 

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting

700 E. 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet: "How to Earn Money in Broadcasting" and full particulars of your home study course.

Name: __________________________ Age: ______

Address: _________________________ City: ____________ State: ____________

Instant Foot Relief!

Hides
Large Joints

Before
Fischer-Protector

AID STUBBLES

After

AVOID SUBSTITUTE

Thousands owe relief from Painful Bursions and swollen joints to the Fischer Bunion Reducer. Sold for over 25 years by Shoe Dealers, Druggists and Dept. Stores.

Ask your dealer to show you Fischer Barefoot Free Trial Offer. Sole owners, manufacturers and Patents.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

P. O. Box 823, Dept. T.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Govt. Jobs

SALARY TO START

$ 10 TO $ 175

MONTHLY

MEN

WOMEN

Age Range

Salary

18 to 50

60 to 100

60 to 150

"B. M. Clerk

H. F. D. Clerk

Costume Inspector

Cashier

Female Inspector

INSTRUCTION BUREAU Del. 1110, 32nd St. Ma.


COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 12-19

500 South Paulina Street

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

100% Improvement Guaranteed

VOICE

The new dynamic course...

Send for Free Literature.

C. H. RICKARD, Director

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 12-19

500 South Paulina Street

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Get This Banjo

The very thing to be delighted with. The "Old Time" mountain banjo. The finest in its class—finest sound and workmanship. Made in "B" size and "D" size. Sold for over $100.00. You can have it for only $5.95. It will be shipped in a solid box. Satisfaction guaranteed or it will be returned free.

J. W. Boyer & Sons

Lancaster, Pa.

Radio Mirror

LIVELY, LOVELY HAIR
Free of Dandruff!

IN BOTH business and social life first impressions are more important than ever. Dandruff has always been a Menace to the scalp and unthy to one's personal appearance. For two decades Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic for Dandruff has easily and quickly corrected these cosmetic crimes from the altar

LISTEN to the FREE Radio Mirror.

Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

They tried

"Moist-Throat" Method!

...NEXT DAY OUR COUGHS WERE GONE!

"Both Jacks and I were coughing our heads off," says Mrs. E. Fred

nerd, Providence, R. I. "Our doctor said, 'Pertussin.' By the end of the next day our coughs were gone!"

Extract of a medicinal herb—stimu-
lates throat's moisture glands

Nature put thousands of lubricating glands in your throat and bronchial tubes. When you catch cold, these glands break down, throat dries, phlegm thickens and sticks... tickles... you cough! You must stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take Pertussin. The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised."

Relief. Get a bottle from your druggist.

Pertussin

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

many miles which now lay between them, I doubt Ruth could have sur-

vived it.

Often when she reached her furnish-

ed room early in the morning, after her night's work, there would be something waiting for her, something that had come from her Aunt Rose in Nebraska. It might be a newsey letter. A rich German pound cake, with a fine brown crust, fell made from these crates from the arbor under which Ruth had played house as a little girl. Or an interesting new book, chosen undoubtedly, because there was some situation in it which Rose Etting felt it would profit Ruth to read.

Half a dozen rich and influential men in Chicago paid Ruth attention. But she married an obscure young man who clerked in the City Hall.

That day at luncheon I asked Ruth if she'd ever been tempted to marry one of those other men, one of those rich men. She shook her head.

"Never," she told me with grave honesty. "We form our ideas and our ideals while we're young, I suppose.

And back home it hadn't been the rich- est young couples Aunt Rose had pointed out as luckily. It had been those couples who loved each other, who were happy and romantic doing even the most important things."

It only had been a few months be-
fore while she and her husband were back in Nebraska on a holiday that Rose Ettin had brought up the very subject of instincts. Colonel Schneider had been praising Ruth, insisting that it was miraculous that she had been able to come through such experiences as she had known entirely unscathed. And Rose Etting, listening with calm blue eyes, had agreed that Ruth had done a good job to her Ger-

man attitude, she had added:

"Ruth's fortunate, of course. She has an advantage in that she comes from substantial stock. She inherits common-sense. She knows the difference between right and wrong, has a natural feeling of what is becoming to her and what isn't."

Today, an established success on the screen, on the stage, and on the air, Ruth Etting is happiest when she is able to be in California. There in the hills she has built her home.

"I belong in the country," she will tell you "I'm a hick at heart."

In the meantime out in Nebraska Rose Ettin sits alone. She might live with Rose Ettin, now folks in Beverly Hills and stop with her in a deluxe hotel suite in New York City in winter time. But she prefers the white house close by the old rolling mills on the outskirts of that little western town.

There are visits whenever Ruth has the time. And then there's the telephone. It's likely to ring at the most outlandish hours. Just as Rose Etting is putting a cake in the oven or turning out her light for the night. With Ruth calling from California or Chi-

CITY, State.

Address: _________________________

City: ____________ State: ____________

"Aunt Rose, the most wonderful thing has happened. Listen..."
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 60)

know is beyond reach. The worthwhile things in life are overlooked, while the gaudy, unnecessary luxuries are craved by all.

Program sponsors should be encouraged by knowing that for every heartless criticism there are two compliments that, although they remain unvoiced, are still felt.

PEGGY YOUNKIN, Lincoln, Nebraska.

$1.00 PRIZE

It is your idea that we readers of the Radio Mirror offer our suggestions for better radio programs. Here are a few I'd like to offer.

First, I think there should be more mystery dramas. Dramas of the Fu Manchu type. They were the kind of blood-curdling tales everyone enjoys. Just now the Crime Clues and The Shadow dramas are about the only good mystery plays I know of.

Now, a suggestion to the comedians. To me there is nothing so tiresome as listening to a comedian repeat some particular "gag phrase" every program simply because it goes over big a few times. I think they are rather funny for awhile but then they should be dropped. I've heard many people say they tire of many comedians for this particular reason. Jack Benny is my idea of a good comedian because he has no set phrases that he repeats every performance. His humor is refreshing and decidedly different.

ERNA REIN, Conshohocken, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE

One of the worst ideas ever inaugurated by the Columbia and National networks is that of having headline programs at the same time.

Why must these two great networks engage in this sort of competition? The minute one puts a good program on the air, the other one comes along with a good program at the same time.

Tastes are different and on the air how many listeners may be won by one program, some will naturally favor the other program.

Radio programs depend mainly on the sponsors but the sponsors are dependent on the general public. This open competition is not fair to the public and should be abolished.

STEPHEN R. WENZEL, Fingal, N. Dak.

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF NICK PARKYAKAKAS

Read the interesting inside story of the man behind the voice of the Greek comedian on Eddie Cantor's program. You'll be surprised when you learn who—and what he really is in RADIO MIRROR for April.

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE

have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music thoroughly easy.

No monotonous hours of exercise—no tedious exercises—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, makes learning music as easy as A-B-C.

From the very start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. Every step, from beginning to end, is taught right before your eyes in print and picture. You are told how to do a thing, then a picture always shows you, then you do it yourself and hear it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from an inefficient to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. En-

DANCE MIRROR

419-1/2 Main St., Marshall, Michigan

STOP YOUR RUPTURE

Worries!

Why worry and suffer with that rupture and WANG? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought comfort and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving and aiding many cases of rupture, hernia, and spastic colitis. It has Automatic Air Cushions which bind and hold the weakened parts together as you would a bandage. It helps to strengthen springs or pads. No risks or plasters, Durable, simple, cheap, Safe A-B-C. To prove it, Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Write today for full information sent free. H. C. BROOKS, 181-2 State St., Marshall, Michigan

NEW!

Use the SCIENTIFIC Aerial

With the Dual Connection

$1.00

Complete Postpaid

THE SCIENTIFIC AERIAL

The DUAL CONNECTION is a new feature exclusive to our own, gives better distance and positive performance on all radio networks (paid and non-paid). This aerial is designed specially to overcome the objections of noise and static. It is also checked tightly for all wave lengths. The dual connection includes a standard aerial in time—modular extra to buy. Permanently installed and requires no additional. Each aerial delivers better.

Try One $5 Double Your Risk—More Distance and Volume


Not an experimental but fully loaded. Many units report over 3,990 miles step-up. Gives triple the power of the ordinary. Full deed of sale with free sales proof and clear title. Distributors and dealers write for sale presentation.

87
YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN!

RADIO MIRROR $250.00 CASH PRIZE

NAME GAME

FIRST PRIZE ............... $100.00
SECOND PRIZE .............. 50.00
TWO PRIZES, Each $10.00 .... 20.00
SIX PRIZES, Each $5.00 ....... 30.00
TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES,
Each $2.00 .................. 50.00
TOTAL, 35 PRIZES ........... 250.00

Begin by Naming These Two Drawings
Then Get 1 and 2 and Go on to Win

YOU still have time to enter and win one of Radio Mirror's many cash prizes even though you did not get started last month. You can get started right now and your chance to win is still excellent. Begin by reading the rules carefully. Then study the two drawings above. See what names you can find hidden in them. Drawing 3 may prove easy or perhaps No. 4 will be the one to give you the least trouble. At any rate some careful analysis should result in your having both drawings successfully named.

LATE ENTRY

With these drawings named you will require the first two of the series in order to complete your set to date. A mailed request addressed as in Rule 6 will bring these to you without delay or charge. Name them and your entry will be even with the field.

NEXT MONTH THE FINAL DRAWINGS OF THIS SERIES!
The Strange Ordeal of the New Cap’n Henry

(Continued from page 21)

“Vanity Fair,” instead of his Latin or Greek. Some day he would play the part of Joseph Sedley, the fat “top” who descends the golden staircase with Becky Sharp at a ball given in honor of the Duke of Wellington.

As he wished, so it happened. Seven years later, Frank McIntyre made his appearance as Sedley in a dramatization of “Vanity Fair” and wearing the patent leather boots, with red heels and tassels and all, he descended the golden staircase, with the immortal Mrs. Fiske, as Becky Sharp, leaning on his arm.

SINCE those early days he has starred in road tours of stock companies, including his own, played in silent pictures, vaudeville acts and musical comedies. In addition, he found time to write lyrics for popular songs.

And suddenly radio opened the golden gates of opportunity!

On December 8, 1933, the Lamb— that famous theatrical club of which Frank and Winifred have been members so many years—held a Repeal Ball and Gambol at the Hotel Astor, in New York. Frank was one of several club members who appeared before the microphone which was carrying the Gambol to radio audiences throughout the East.

As the night went on, other scheduled appearances failed to materialize and Frank found himself talking on and on, describing the affair like an announcer at any huge football game. As it happened, Bill Batch, at that time writing the Showboat for the advertising agency, was listening in.

Two months later when Palmolive decided to try the idea of operetta over the air, Batch called up McIntyre and told him to hurry down for the first rehearsal.

“We’re auditioning, ‘The Vagabond King’,” he explained, “and I want you to play the role of King Louis XI!”

“I can’t,” McIntyre replied. “I’ve got a cold and the doctor says I must stay in bed. Besides…"

“Your part is just the way I want it,” Batch interrupted. “Hop into a cab and hurry down here.”

And so began McIntyre’s first professional radio work. Several roles in succeeding Palmolive Beauty Box operettas followed, roles in “The Chocolate Soldier,” “Floradora,” “Sweethearts,” and many others.

And now he stands on the threshold of greater success than he has ever known.

But remember, when you hear the voice of the new Showboat Captain booming forth each Thursday night in your home—listen to the dramatic story that lies behind that voice. The story of a man who met and conquered a tough assignment—the job of displacing the most beloved personality in radio and one of his dearest friends.
C'MON BOYS & GIRLS!

FINE PRESENTS SURE TO BE YOURS!

For selling only 27 packets of "Garden-Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and returning the stubs collected, positively nothing more to do—No Expense Money to Pay, excepting on special value Wrist-Watch. Everybody plants Garden-Spot Seeds. Beautiful colored packets filed with living seeds, certain to grow. Known with favor for more than 25 years from Maine to Mexico. Lots of people will take five to ten packets. Your own family and a few friends will buy all of them. You can sell out in no time.

Here's What You Get for Exactly 27 Packets One big Premium, your selection, Extra. We send along with your order, 27 packets ofinimitable Transfer Pictures, Parrot, Cockatoo, Lions, Elephants, Monkeys, Birds, Airplanes, a perfectly amazing collection; catalogue of many presents which tells you about BIG CASH PRESENTS. Send the offer above to your nearest Premium. Sign and mail the coupon or cover the coupon on a newspaper.

ROLLER SKATES— Speedster Type Built for Home Use

What! You turn the corner with a bang. You beat your friends in every race where you have genuine skates. The smooth-running, easy-bearing roller makes fast skating easy—ungoes the way the wind. They will expand to fit any shoe. Improved type skate Key Free with every pair. For selling 27 packets of "Garden-Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a packet, sent postpaid. Send all orders to Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 431 Paradise, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

VIOLIN, Bow and Instruction Book Imported from Europe

$10.00 Prize Typerwriter

Send Today

This Violin is imported from Europe where you know so much as to the making violins. Nicely made, high polish. A playing model of good shape. Well-finished finger board and tail piece. Has the full set of strings, bow, and 6 minute Instruction Book with many Popular Songs in words and music. You can quickly learn to play without a teacher. Send no money. Just name and address. We will send you 27 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds to sell at 10 cts. each. Send sell the 27c. Collected and Violin Outfit will be sent you postpaid. Send your order to Lancaster Co., Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa. We Pay Postage.

Given

Hawaiian Type

GIVEN—Any one can play this Jerry Dobbs Mahogany finish, fitted finger board, with 6 minute Instruction Book which comes with the violin. You can quickly learn to play without a teacher. Send no money for the order form. Trust you will send us 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds. Do not return the 27c. paid. If you fail to return the 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds, send us 10c. We trust you.

Guaranteed Chromium Wrist Watch

A big American Watch factory worked three years to get this Wrist Watch perfected. See the great deal she shows the finely designed case, the steady metal dial with raised gold numerals. Movement guaranteed. Case in all white metal. This beautiful Watch divides when selling only 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds and gives a guarantee on the first 5 packets for selling only 27 packets. Write for Seeds today. We trust you. Lancaster Co., Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.

Guaranteed—We Pay postage.

The Watch for Men

Read This Remarkable Offer

A "regular" man's Watch. Completely new model—slender case thin model, with proved movement, a guaranteed accurate time-keeper. A durable and fashionable case. Guaranteed for selling only 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a Packet, sent post paid, send now.

Get This Powerful Air Rifle

Think of the fun this high-powered gun will bring the boy and the girl, with a supply of real lead and walnut stock. In stock B is rare and scarce, but it can be purchased. Only 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a Packet, sent postpaid.

MOVING PICTURES GIVEN

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE. Here is the greatest palm of all. You can show short moving pictures at once. Use films like magic pictures. Made of metal with easy-to-see black frame. Your machine includes lamp, lens, film, and colored slides. Storage for new film not required. Have lots can give show. Given for selling only 27 packets of Gardener Spot Seeds at 10c each Packet, We pay postage. Send to Lancaster Co., Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

GIVEN

This Giant Spy Glass brings distant objects close and clear. See moon and stars and people and miles away. Given for selling only 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c each Packet, We pay postage.

Genuine Leather BASKETBALL— Full Size

GIVEN

This thrifty basketball—now a major sport. Given for selling only 27 packets of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c each Packet, We pay postage.

ALL GIFTS SENT POSTPAID

No Charges to Pay on Delivery

Out Here

ASK DAD OR MOTHER—THEN MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Sta 431, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me at once 27 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c each or 54c postpaid; and return the money for my GIFT promptly, post paid.

Name

Post Office

State

Street or R.F.D.

Save 5 cents by filling in postpaid and mailing this coupon on or before July 15, 1947.
We couldn't beat Kalamazoo quality
And we couldn't beat Kalamazoo Factory Prices

900,000 Customers have proved the economy of FACTORY PRICES

A New Kalamazoo for 18c a Day!

Mail coupon now—get this new FREE SPECIAL SALE CATALOG featuring FACTORY PRICES and easy terms—at little as 18c a day—a year to pay.

200 Styles and Sizes
More bargains than in 20 Big Stores. Quality is the same that over 900,000 satisfied users have trusted for 35 years.

The "Oven That Floats in Flame"
Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—also the new Non-Scorch Lids, new Copper Reservoirs and many other features. Read why Century of Progress Prize Winners prefer Kalamazoo Ranges.

What This SALE Catalog Offers
1. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces—both pipe and one-register type—all at FACTORY PRICES.
2. Cash or Easy Terms
   —Year to Pay—As Little as 18c a Day.
3. 30 Days' FREE Trial
   —300 Days' Approval Test.
4. 24 Hour Shipment
   —Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
6. 5 Year Parts Guarantee.
7. FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service.

See the Porcelain Enamel Heaters with big doors, big fire pots. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price. FREE plans. FREE service.

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them
You don't have to pay more than the Factory Price. Come straight to the Factory. Follow the lead of 900,000 others. Mail coupon now for this new special sale catalog.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio

FREE Catalog

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
469 Rochester Avenue
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me your SALE CATALOG—FREE.
Check articles in which you are interested.

Coal and Wood Ranges ( ) Heaters ( ) Oil Stoves ( )
Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges ( ) Furnaces ( )

Name ........................................ (Please Print Name Plainly)

Address ....................................

City ......................................... State ...............
—take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder

—take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better
The Exclusive Story of the Jack Bennys' Baby

Beginning—Enchanted Lady

The story of a fame-hungry girl who plunged into the radio maelstrom
For beauty of lips and neck-line enjoy Double Mint gum. Every day! Wherever and whenever convenient! It is a sure beauty exercise.
"TERRIBLE!" — SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE
"EXCELLENT!" — SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to the modern dentist — to your own dentist. "Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages now—a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... brighter teeth and healthier gums.

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S One Way TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

---

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. MM-45
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 34 stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name __________________________________________________________

Street __________________________________________________________

City________________________ State________________________
In the May RADIO MIRROR:
(On Sale on March 26th)

For the first time, the real inside story of Joe Penner’s romance and marriage—a revealing, heart-warming feature... Also, How Much Money Can YOU Make in Radio?, which tells you the hitherto unknown salaries of all radio people, from page boys to stars... And: Why Warren Hull Went Into Exile, a thrilling human document.

RADIO MIRROR’S
Gallery of Stars

Tibbett & Co. ........................................ 21
Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart ................. 22
Irene Rich .......................................... 23
Nelson Eddy ........................................ 24
Ruth Robin ........................................ 25

special features
Pageant of the Airwaves .............................. 4
Ride along in radio’s colorful caravan!
Why John Herrick Remains Single .............. 11
Arthur C. Johnson
The Exclusive Story of the Jack Bennys’ Baby ... 14
Dora Albert
Helen Jepson Was Just a Shopgirl Until— ......... 16
Rose Heybut
The inspiring success story of a courageous girl
Enchanted Lady .................................... 18
Beginning a colorful novel of radio romance
32 Girls Who Can’t Marry .......................... 26
John Edwards
The inside story of Phil Spitalny’s all-girl orchestra
The Real Reason Singing Sam Came Back ....... 27
Fred Sammis
You thought he’d retired for good—but here’s what happened
The Double Life of Nick Parkyakakas ............ 28
Edward E. Lewis
The real truth about Eddie Cantor’s Greek comic
What’s Wrong With the Amateurs ............... 30
Don Wheeler
Roy Perkins Tells
Major Bowes Tells ................................ 31
How To Get More Fun Out of Music ............ 32
Carleton Smith
Music hath charms—Here’s how to find them
Frank Parker, Radio’s Best-Dressed Man ....... 34
Fred Rutledge
The lowdown on how the up-to-date man should dress
Marriage Broke Her Heart ........................ 37
Ethel Corey
Morital bliss plus o career were not for Romona
Behind the Scenes of the New Hall of Fame ... 44
Norton Russell
Come on be a member of the “Club Romance!”
Are Singers Sissies? Edward Nell Used To Think So. Amelia Scott 48

unusual departments
Reflections in the Radio Mirror .................... 13
Your editor’s frank opinions
What’s New on Radio Row ........................ 38
Jay Peters
Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Chicago ............................................. 40
Chose Giles
Pacifi ................................................ 41
Dr. Ralph L. Power
Homemaking Department .......................... 42
Joyce Anderson
Cooking o la Kate Smith
Beauty o la Gladys Glad
What Do You Want To Know? ..................... 46
The Oracle
Ask us questions and we’ll tell you no lies
What Do You Want To Say? ....................... 47
Let’s have your frank opinions
Dialing the Shortwaves ............................ 49
Terry Miles
Some more tips for tuners this month
We Have With Us .................................. 50

Cover Portrait
JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE
By A. Mozart

RADIO MIRROR (Copyright 1935) is fully protected by copyright, and the contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Published monthly by MacMillan Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Executive and editorial office, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Bernard P. Markoff, President; Wesley F. Pape, Managing Editor; Harvey Shiner, Advertising Director. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.00 a year; 20¢ a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico and Panama $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.00 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners’ risk, every effort will be made to return them if not usable or if accompanied by first-class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
A SAD DISCOVERY

IMAGINE A NICE GIRL LIKE BESS BEING CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
HOW CAN I GIVE HER A HINT? WAIT... I HAVE AN IDEA

A WEEK LATER

HERE'S THAT NEW SOAP KAY USES NOW... LIFEbuoy, SHE
SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING I BELIEVE I'LL TRY IT

Kay's "plot" worked!
Both girls became Lifebuoy fans

LIFEbuoy, of course! It's mild, gentle, kind to the skin.

Scientific tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Even on cool days, our pores give off a quart of odorful waste daily. Play safe with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses quickly away. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

TWO LOVELY BRIDES AND
TWO LOVELY COMPLEXIONS!
AND GUESS WHAT WE OWE IT ALL TO

IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT

YOU r WASHING MACHINE IS FOUR YEARS OLD... YET YOUR CLOTHES ALWAYS COME OUT SO SNOWY

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO GET SNOW-WHITE WASHES FROM MY MACHINE

MY WASHER IS BRAND NEW... YET I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE CLOTHES SNOWY

THE AGE OF THE WASHER HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH THE WHiteness OF THE WASH. IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT. TRY RINSO AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE

FOLLOWING MONDAY

WHY ALL THE SMILES? DID SOMEONE LEAVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS?

OH, JIM, I'M SO HAPPY! LOOK! I USED A NEW KIND OF SOAP TODAY... RINSO... AND THE WASH TURNED OUT SO SNOWY

The makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso for best results!"

A B C
American Beauty Apex Atonomic
Baron Rex-Vac
Blackmer Bliss
Conlon
Dexter Fairbanks-Morse Fairday
Faultless Gainaday Hase
Horotrio Magnetic
Meadows National "1900"

Norge One Minute Prima

Rotaroty Roto-Verso Sage
Speed Queen Thor
Universal Vice
Westinghouse Whirlady Woodrow Zenith

AND for tub washing Rinso is truly remarkable. It soaks out dirt — saves scrubbing. Clothes come whiter, brighter—safely. They last 2 or 3 times longer, because they’re not scrubbed threadbare. Gives rich suds—even in hardest water. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

The biggest-selling package soap in America
1. Little Jack Little is now a daytime, night-time star. Afternoons he sings under sponsorship, evenings he directs his orchestra which he formed last year.

2. Johnny Green laid down his baton last fall to become one of CBS's highest paid musical directors. Now he is back on the air with his dance orchestra, providing music in the modern manner for which he has become famous.

3. Kel Murray is Murray Keen, violinist for years for maestros such as Nat Shilkret. This is his first job of conducting, which he is doing on Let's Dance, Saturday night. His type of music is the slow-tempoed style.

4. Bobby Dolan was once the piano player for Walter O'Keefe when these two boys performed at Barney Gallant's, one-time New York speakeasy. Now he is with Burns and Allen, with his band, Wednesday evenings.

5. Born in Mount Moriah, Missouri, Leith Stevens got his professional start through Madame Schumann-Heink. He is blond, married to Mary McCoy, and directs the orchestra on the Pinaud's Lilac Time program, Saturday evenings during the dinner hour.
Chapped busy hands made thrillingly smooth with HINDS.

Smooth hands can say so much. But chapping, roughness, are ugly, unfeminine. Keep your hands nice with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds does more for your hands because Hinds is a rich cream—in liquid form. When you smooth in Hinds, it soaks dry abused skin deeply with healing oils. It quickly restores a thrilling smoothness.

So easy. Rub in a little Hinds after soap tasks . . . and before bedtime. Just 1½ minutes' care a day gives lasting smoothness.

Busy hands needn't chap or roughen. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soaks the skin with rich oils—to replace those "dried out" by hot suds or wind.

It is too bad to lose the endearing smoothness of your hands when you can keep it so easily—in spite of housework. It takes only about a minute and a half a day—it costs only a mere fraction of a cent a day—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream... And your hands keep that lovable smoothness.

So many women have decided that Hinds does more for their hands. This is why:

Hinds is richer. It is a luscious liquid cream. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing soothing oils—it replaces oils stolen from the skin by soap suds, housework and wind! Use Hinds after soap tasks—and always at night, to restore thrilling smoothness quickly. 50¢ and 25¢ in drug stores, a 10¢ size in the dime store.

HINDS
Honey and Almond CREAM
© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935
1. Outdoor Girl

Brunette Gladys Baxter, with singing success in opera behind her, takes the leading role in CBS's Outdoor Beauty Girl Parade, new Saturday evening program. Born in Virginia, Gladys made her first outstanding stage debut last summer, taking the title role in Jerome Kern's "Sweet Adeline," produced by the Saint Louis Opera Company.

2. Brunette Charmer

Here is one of the Hour of Charm soloists, under the direction of Phil Spitalny. Maxine, whose last name has been forgotten since her radio advent, comes from Columbus, Ohio, via successful work as band soloist in vaudeville. Spitalny bills her as the girl with radio's deepest voice.

3. Missouri Soloist

Left, meet Martha Mears, who could have been a school teacher and who wasn't. Martha spent four years at the University of Missouri getting a life degree for teaching, only to become a singing star at various local Saint Louis radio stations. Five years of professional work in church choirs as soloist paved the way for her first NBC network appearance a few months ago. She went on the Phil Baker show in October and has been appearing as guest star on the Colgate House Party.

4. Cities Service Conductor

Right, the conductor on the Cities Service program, Rosario Bourdon. Canadian born and educated in the Jesuit College in Montreal, Rosario studied music in Ghent, Belgium, where he learned to play the 'cello. A year later he became soloist with the Kursal Orchestra of Ostend, Belgium. Since then he has been engaged with several of this country's best known symphony orchestras. He is one of NBC's outstanding musical directors.
**The Gibson Family**

**DOT MARSH,** Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

**TODAY** Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

**Economy note:** The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

**IVORY FLAKES - 99 4/100 % PURE**

"**DAT OL' TEA SET** of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impor'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful,'" says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I know how nice it always keeps my hands!"

**YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN,** Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm not Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

**DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"**

"**WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!**" say fine stores

"**YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN,**" recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty already!"

"When and if it gets done, Miss Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

**YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN, Mr. Hamilton,** teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm not Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

**DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"**
Pageant of the Airwaves

1. BACKSTAGE WITH MARY

2. LAUGHS WITH GRACIE

3. BIG SHOW
   BIG SHOTS

4. BACKSTAGE
   WITH LUX
1. BACKSTAGE WITH MARY
Mary Pickford heard Gale Gordon in radio on the West Coast and hired him on the spot when she organized her dramatic company for her Royal program. Gale has been on the New York stage in productions of "The Dove" and "The Dancers" before making his début in California.

2. LAUGHS WITH GRACIE
Our prize candid camera shot of George and Gracie in the middle of a Wednesday night show. Until January only studio officials and production men could witness Gracie's work at the mike. She relented and let the public in on the fun while they were broadcasting from Hollywood.

3. BIG SHOW BIG SHOTS
Block and Sully, husband and wife, stooge and comic, in costume for the Monday night Big Show. When Eddie Cantor gave this vaudeville team a break on his former Chase and Sanborn hour he was starting one of radio's most successful teams. We understand they're due in Hollywood again soon for a picture.

4. BACKSTAGE WITH LUX
This is a complete production shot of the Sunday afternoon Lux Theater of the Air, which began early this winter with the first radio presentation of "Seventh Heaven." Deep in the background you can find Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler, in working costume, at the microphone.

WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves ... but about you and a problem of yours!
Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get ... thorough, pleasant, painless.
And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief ... well that laxative must be good.
When 46 million people agree on one thing, there must be something about it that is different ... and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative
Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is gentle.
Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take ... for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

That "Certain Something"
There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.
Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.
1c Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
1. She's Stella Friend, leading spirit of Stella and her fellahs quartet with Fred Waring. Stella, who comes from California, lost her voice for nearly a year, found it again, met Paul Gibbon, Charles Craig Leitch and Ray Ringwald in Hollywood and brought them to New York. She was on the Chesterfield program early in the year.

2. The Singing O'Flynn—Milton Watson, another California product. Graduating from college in 1924, he gained an audition with Paul Ash in San Francisco and was brought east by the band leader. Scored a stage success with the Four Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers" and was heard over CBS in the Evening in Paris programs.

3. Abe Lyman, who probably has seen more of the country in vaudeville tours than any other popular band maestro, caught in rehearsal by the candid camera. He's playing now on both NBC and CBS radio networks.

4. The Armco Ironmaster musical conductor—Frank Simon. Formerly first cornetist with John Philip Sousa, he organized his own aggregation of band men ten years ago. He has been heard with the band over station WLW in Cincinnati for the past five years. Last year he was put on an NBC hookup every Sunday afternoon and was carried over into this season, finishing his current series the fourth Sunday in March. Ferde Grofe, former arranger for Paul Whiteman, has been writing the music for the popular pieces which the band plays.
WHY
JOHN HERRICK
REMAINS SINGLE

This popular New England singer is called "The Celibate Baritone."
Here's the reason—

By
ARTHUR C. JOHNSON

John Herrick is heard on the "Gems of Melody" program and also his own program on Saturday nights. See page 53 — 7 o'clock column.

On Boston's Radio Row they call him the "Celibate Baritone" and yet he has more feminine acquaintances than any other kilicycle artist in the celebrated city of the bean and the cod. But he claims he shall never marry.

His friends just can't grasp the idea. Why, they persist in asking, should John Herrick betray such marked timidity toward the marital tie?

Has some girl spurned his affections at some time during his earlier youth so that he hates all women? No. He considers a close pal of his one of the most prominent lady surgeons in Massachusetts. Another is a rising young female lawyer of Boston. Still another is a well-known painter, several others are singers and instrumentalists.

Some of the more romantically inclined among Boston's gossips have spread the rumor that Herrick was once engaged to a beautiful girl who died a week before the announced wedding day and that Herrick has been heartbroken ever since. Although it has been denied hundreds of times before, the rumor persists. It is, nevertheless, so much tommyrot.

Herrick throws off an airy reply to such intimate question. "Why should I add another woman to my household?" he asks smilingly, "when all my brothers really turned out to be sisters, my nephews are all nieces and my cousins and the rest of the present family tree are practically all members of the fair sex. My father and I were brought up completely surrounded by women. And although I thoroughly enjoy their company, I still look upon the marriage contract as one of those far away projects to be taken up in a whimsical dotage."

There is a deeper reason. One that goes down into the deepest recesses of this young baritone's heart. There is a woman in Herrick's life. Therein lies a tale. It is a tale about Mother and Son and in the telling you will find one of the most unusual twists you have ever heard. She passed away shortly before Christmas after a long illness.

This revelation of Herrick's relations with his mother is not the typical story of a love between a woman and her child. Julia Herrick was always more than a mother to her now famous son. She was a musical coach and spiritual confidante. She was an active partner in his profession, and she spent more than twelve years desperately trying to make her son change his mind about taking up singing as a career.

Julia Herrick came from a family of singers. And in the beginning of her vocal career she married a singer. Out of this union several children were born, all of them were girls except (Continued on page 85)
Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, that's all!

It is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in the selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢
REFLECTIONS
in the radio mirror

I'm tearing my hair because—At nine o'clock (EST), Tues-
days, I can't make up my mind between Grace Moore, Ben
Bernie, and Bing Crosby plus the Mills Brothers . . . Beatrice
Lillie, who's so very swell, obviously meets the tastes of so few
people . . . Mary Pickford is going off the air . . . I never know
where Charles Winninger is going to be next and because I
wonder whether he'll like working on the Showboat, if he
returns to it . . . More people don't listen to the most finished
program on the air, the Lux Theatre . . . Sponsors still insist
on long, wearying advertising plugs, apparently unaware of how
many potential customers are being antagonized by the un-
necessarily tedious interruptions (don't let me have to mention
this again).

The March of Time can now be seen in movie form. When
I saw the first reel in preview, two things impressed me: what
a fine, intelligent job it is and still, how much more vivid
are the backgrounds when you listen to the air version
and have to supply them with your own imagination! This is
radio's greatest quality—its ability to stir your imagination,
fulled to sleep by other forms of entertainment, notably motion
pictures.

An announcement appeared recently that a dignified group
of dancing masters had selected a certain obscure orchestra
leader as their choice for the best exponent of dance music in
the country.

Then the dancing masters dis-
owned the selection. And it
turned out to be the boldly
cooked-up stunt of a press agent,
who wished to put his relatively
unknown client into the lime-
light. He might have realized
that it actually did his client
more harm than good—for who
will ever believe another news
item about that unfortunate
young man?

Once long ago, Eddie Can-
tor got 300,000 letters in
response to one program—but
that was long ago. Nor were they
just plain, disinterested missives.
Most of them asked for a swell
premium which Eddie had
offered.

Just before he sailed for

Europe he did a little skit and made a little speech and this
time he got 100,000 letters. And there were no premiums offered.
The letter-writers wrote because what Eddie had said aroused
them in a great enthusiasm. The response was without pre-
cedent.

That was the famous S.O.S. program—Save Our Schools. There
were at least a hundred from presidents of universities, thou-
sands from teachers and school principals; thousands more from
the rich and the powerful. The quality of the response was
what was most amazing. What's more, they're still coming in
and it's well over four months since he made the appeal.

You may remember the program as the one in which Eddie
pleaded with his listeners to keep the schools open. He pointed
out directly and by way of a little sketch that thousands of
schools in the country, especially in the rural districts, were
closed for lack of funds—that thousands more were threatened
with a similar fate. But Eddie got more than applause. His
appeal brought action. Schools that had been closed were re-
opened. School's doors were swinging were assured of a
continued existence.

People wrote in urging Eddie to head a national organization
which would dedicate itself to the job of keeping the schools
open. Others offered to finance him in a drive for a Federal
appropriation which would finance the bankrupt schoolboards
of the nation. All of these offers, Eddie refused. He was a
comedian. He had set the wheels in motion. That was enough.
He had done his part.

Clever Cantor, these are the
ways he keeps interest in him
alive—the reason he tops all
other comedians, none of whom
has ever had the courage or the
inspiration to step out from the
gag line and say something about
things that affect our daily lives.

I'm cheering because, beginning
April 3, Chase and Sanborn spon-
sors One Man's Family, Wednes-
day evenings at 8 EST . . . and
because Charlie Winninger
stopped me from tearing my hair
by singing that swell "The Cab-
by's Last Ride" on his Gulf pro-
gram; he's going to sing one song
every week!

Here are my frank, personal opin-
ions on what's right and what's
wrong with radio—with casual
comments on this and that. Do
you agree with me? Whether you
do or not, write me; prizes for best
letters are announced on Page
47. Here's your chance
to say your say about
stars and air programs.

Ernest V. Hehn
The EXCLUSIVE of the Jack Bennys'

By DORA ALBERT

THIS is the only story that Mary and I will ever give out about the baby we have adopted," Jack Benny told me.

For months the intimate friends of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone have been aware of how much the coming of Joan into their home has changed the whole pattern, the whole gay routine of their lives. From two Broadwayites, living and working during terribly irregular hours, they've turned into a model Papa and Mama, going to bed early and rising early just so they can keep up with little Joan. Their friends have been amused at seeing these two sophisticated young people go as completely ga-ga over their adopted baby as the most unsophisticated and unworldly young mother and father. It's revolutionized them!

But at first Mary and Jack steadfastly refused to give out any interviews about the baby.

"This is different," Mary said at the time. "This isn't part of my work, of my public life. This is something I've dreamed about for a long time. I won't talk about Joan. Not until I've had a chance to have her to myself for a few months. She belongs just to Jack and me, and we don't want to share her with anyone else. Not now. Not yet."

Finally they agreed to give out this one interview about the baby, to explain what she means to them and what their plans for her are.

Jack Benny said to me, "We'll never want Joan to be far from us. No boarding schools for her when she grows up. You see, for the first few months of her life she was deprived of having any mother or father with her. In all the later years we'll remember that and try to make it up to her."

And Mary said, "When Joan gets old enough to understand, I'll tell her that she's adopted. But in the meantime I want her to call me 'Mother' and think of me as 'Mother'. The biggest thrill of my life will come when Joan calls me 'Mother' for the first time. So far the biggest thrill of my life was having Joan put her soft hands on my cheeks. Nothing that has ever gone before, no success on the stage or radio ever meant as much to Jack and me."

Yes, this is Mary Livingstone speaking. Mary, the cold, the poised, the worldly young woman who fought her way up by using that shrewd and clear brain of hers. If what she says sounds mushy and sentimental, it's because something has happened to Mary. If I had told Mary a year ago that one day she
would be dithering over an adopted baby like any other hausfrau. I'm sure she would have told me to stop telling bedtime stories.

If I had told Jack Benny, Jack who put his work above everything else, that he would be tossing important scripts aside to get down on his knees to play with a baby, he would have told me to act my age.

But what has happened? Flash! Look at this scene! I was sitting in the Benny living room. The nurse wheeled in six-month-old Joan in her crib. She was smiling. She is always smiling. She has curly blonde hair and her eyes are blue just like Jack Benny's. The minute she catches sight of him she makes a dive for him. She did now.

Jack took her into his arms. Her tiny hands caressed his cheeks. She beamed. Jack beamed. Mary beamed. Then Jack put one finger gently into the baby's mouth. She loved it. Soon he had two fingers in her mouth, then three like a teething ring. And Jack looked as if he was having the time of his life.

Then Mary took the baby into her arms, and she looked goofier than Jack. Goofy about the baby, goofy about life, goofy about the world which gave her this final, supreme treasure. The baby began to pull her hair. Mary only grinned while the baby pulled and pulled. And then she said, "What do you want to do, pull out your mother's hair so early in life?"

Do you remember the picture, "A Bedtime Story," with Maurice Chevalier, and how everybody in it catered to the whims of a little boy, even to giving him watches to smash? Well, Jack and Mary are like that. For instance, Baby Joan loves to pull at Jack's ties. Particularly red ones. The redder they are, the better she likes them. So lately, Jack has taken to wearing nothing but red ties, so as to give Joan something to grab at. While she grabs, he bends over her crib and beams.

And Mary is even worse, with her eight baby books in which she scribbles down every move Joan makes. Every day she and Gracie Allen exchange stories about their adopted babies. Gracie calls her on the phone to gurgle, "Oh, you should have seen Sandra today. The way she looked up at George, you'd almost think she was winking at him." Then Mary says, "Joan looked as if she was trying to pick a fight with her daddy today. Why, when Jack was bending over her crib, she actually clenched her fist at him."

Gracie and Mary send gifts for each other's babies, and because Gracie's gifts so often duplicate Mary's, both babies have practically the same toys. "It's the dream of our lives," Mary Livingstone told me, "that when the two girls grow up they'll be the best of friends, as good friends as Gracie and I are."

Of course Baby Joan is getting the best of care. She has one of the finest baby specialists in the country to watch her health, and a very wise Scotch nurse has charge of the nursery. Oh, she's very capable. She's fully able to give Joan her bath, and feed her at the right time and see that she gets to bed at the right (Continued on page 64)
HELEN JEPSON was until—

HELEN JEPSON is one of the magic names of the air. You hear her on the Whitman hour, on the Chase and Sanborn opera hour, and in the great Metropolitan broadcasts . . . where she is the first woman star ever to be engaged for leading roles direct from radio work. You see pictures of her slim, radiant blonde beauty, and you say, “That girl has glamor!” And so she has. But she has something more, besides. She has a secret of dreams that once seemed hopeless, and disappointments that looked crushing . . . the secret of any small town girl who longs for the One Big Chance that doesn’t seem possible to get. It is just this secret that has made Helen Jepson what she is.

Come back with me about eight years, to Akron, Ohio. In a plain little room in a plain frame house, an eighteen-year-old girl is dragging herself wearily out of bed, to face another long day of drudging behind a shop counter. An interesting sort of girl. Blonde, lovely, with dreamy brown eyes, she is going through the hardest problem a human being can face—the problem of planning what to do with her life.

Two roads are open before her. One leads on, endlessly, through the plodding of a shopgirl’s work. She knows all about that! Nine hours a day behind a counter, and your feet get so tired! You learned long ago that if you ever let yourself stop to think about your feet, you’d go crazy. So you don’t think about them.

You arrange your hair before the glass now, and try not to think too much about anything. Today may be easier. You say that every morning. Yesterday was a corksor! That fat old woman who looked as if she didn’t have a worry in the world, and raised such a fuss about a bolt of tape that didn’t match! How can a person carry on like that just about tape? If she had anything real and throbbing to think about . . .

Now the other road opens before her—the way it flashes into everything, no matter where she starts thinking! This other road leads into the magic world of music . . . to concert halls, to radio maybe; yes, even to the glamorous opera itself! Anything is possible . . . in a daydream. That’s why daydreams are so comforting. The little shopgirl finishes dressing for the day’s work and her thoughts run on.

Funny, to have a queer something in your throat that makes your voice sound . . . different. Funny, but grand, too! You sang solos at church and everybody praised you. And that time you’d sung the leading part in the High School show . . . my, how people had been excited over you! That was wonderful! If only you could live like that always . . . Yes, but how could you if you were poor? People said, “With a voice like that, you ought to do something!” But what? You couldn’t afford music lessons, not even cheap ones. You couldn’t even afford the time for them! You had earnest obligations. You had to go to work, and use your salary to help at home. Whatever happened, you couldn’t fail the folks at home. You felt a beating of wings within you; there were times when you thought you’d die if you couldn’t do something to get your big chance . . .

Well, there was one thing you could do. You could be gallant; you could hope and dream and tell yourself that life isn’t done at eighteen, even (Continued on page 59)

Below, the courageous, ambitious former shopgirl when she was arguing with her unwilling destiny at Curtis Institute.
Just a SHOPGIRL

For the Whiteman Hour, see page 53, 10 o'clock column; also, Chase and Sanborn broadcast (8 o'clock column) and Listerine, page 52-2 o'clock column.
Enchanted Lady
Beginning the thrilling story of Ginger Wallis, a fame-hungry girl, who crashes radio’s guarded gates through a daring ruse

by DOROTHY BARNESLEY

"THIS is Mark Hammond broadcasting from the roof terrace of the Berkeley Hotel, through Station WSR, New York."

The maestro made his own announcement, bending close to the microphone.

In the radio world Mark Hammond’s popularity ranked second only to that of Rudy Vallee himself. His fan mail ran into thousands, and required the attention of three secretaries. His signed, smiling portrait adorned the wall of many a boudoir.

When Mark sang his crooning songs of love, débutantes sighed, the hearts of staid society matrons skipped beats, and housewives forgot their routine duties. Men fidgeted enviously, seeing their sweethearts captivated by a voice on the air.

Mark symbolized the romance and glamour of every girl’s dream lover. His voice was irresistible, and his personality magnetic. On various occasions he had been reported engaged to a film star, a Broadway actress, and a temperamental young prima donna. But not one of them had lured him to the altar.

Mark Hammond was a free soul. He loved life as it was. He appeared at the fashionable late spots with a different beauty every night.

A writer for a radio magazine quoted him as saying, "I shall not marry until I give up my radio work. My work brings me in contact with too many charming women. I feel that a happy marriage would be impossible for me. I have seen other marriages among professionals like myself. I prefer to keep romance.”

The columnists panned him for his egotism, but Mark laughed it off. It was good publicity. Besides he wasn’t entirely egotistical. He was just shrewd enough to know that his enormous popularity depended upon his appeal to the fair sex.

The voice which carried thrillingly into the homes of America announced, “The opening number on tonight’s program will be, ‘I Saw Stars.’”

“Stars!” echoed Ginger Wallis, seated at her obscure table at the far end of the terrace.

GINGER WALLIS had hitched her wagon to a star. A radio star. Ginger knew that she could sing. The radio was her consuming ambition. She haunted the broadcasting studios, trying to get an audition. She read the radio magazines avidly. The celebrities of the air were her idols. Ginger had a little book filled with autographs.

It lay on the table before her now. Ginger said to her companion, “I got another one today. Guess who?”

Larry Bryan just looked at her. A sullen-faced young man to whom radio stars were just voices on the air, not flesh and blood humans as they were to Ginger.

Ginger raced on, “Ruth Etting! She was coming out of the studio. WEAF. Her husband was with her. I walked right up to her and asked her for her autograph. She smiled at me. Gosh, she’s sweet! Look what she wrote.”

Larry read, “Wishing you success—Ruth Etting.”
Beginning the thrilling story of Ginger Wallis, a fame-hungry girl, who crashes radio’s guarded gates through a daring ruse

by DOROTHY BARNESLEY

This is Mark Hammond broadcasting from the red terrace of the Berkeley Hotel through Station WSK New York.

The maestro made his own announcement. Bending close to the microphone.

In the radio world Mark Hammond’s popularity ranked second only to that of Rudy Vallee himself. His fan mail ran into thousands, and required the attention of three secretaries. His signed, smiling portrait adorned the wall of many a boudoir.

When Mark sang his crooning songs of love, débutantes sighed, the hearts of stand society matrons skipped beats, and housewives forgot their routine duties. Men fidgeted enviously, seeing their sweethearts captivated by a voice on the air.

Mark symbolized the romance and glamour of every girl’s dream lover. His voice was irresistible; and his personality magnetic. On various occasions he had been reported engaged to a film star, a Broadway actress, and a temperamental young prima donna. But not one of them had lured him to the altar.

Mark Hammond was a free soul. He loved life as it was. He appeared at the fashionable late spots with a different beauty every night.

A writer for a radio magazine quoted him as saying, “I shall not marry until I give up my radio work. My work brings me in contact with too many charming women. I feel that a happy marriage would be impossible for me. I have seen other marriages among professionals like myself crash wretchedly. I prefer to keep romance.”

The columnist pinned him up his reputation, but Mark laughed it off. It was good publicity. Besides he wasn’t entirely egotistical. He was just shrewd enough to know that his enormous popularity depended upon his appeal to the fair sex.

The voice which carried thrillingly into the homes of America announced, “The opening number on tonight’s program will be, ‘I Saw Stars’.

‘Stars!’ echoed Ginger Wallis, seated at her obscure table at the far end of the terrace.

Ginger Wallis had hitched her wagon to a star. A radio star. Ginger knew that she could sing. The radio was her consuming ambition. She haunted the broadcasting studios, trying to get an audition. She read the radio magazines avidly. The celebrities of the air were her idols. Ginger had a little book filled with autographs.

It lay on the table before her now. Ginger said to her companion, “I got another one today. Guess who?”

Larry Bryan just looked at her. A silken-faced young man to whom radio stars were just voices on the air, not flesh and blood human as they were to Ginger.

Ginger raced on. “Ruth Etting! She was coming out of the studio. WEA! Her husband was with her. I walked right up to her and asked her for her autograph. She smiled at me. Good she’s sweet! Look what she wrote.”

Larry read. “Wishing you success—Ruth Etting.”

“Look what you’ve done, you little——” She caught at the ruffles on Ginger’s dress. The ruffles ripped. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who wanted the same thing.
The enchanted Ginger said, "I'm going to get Mark Hammond's, too."

"Hammond!" Larry exploded. "Why, his flock of secretaries wouldn't even let you get near him. Mark Hammond hasn't got time to waste on a girl like you. He's out for society."

"I'll get it," Ginger repeated.

"And when you do, what good will it do you?"

Ginger's blue eyes held a faraway look.

"It will bring me a little nearer to a dream of mine. Oh, I know you think I'm a fool, Larry. But I know what I want. Some day I'm going to be a star myself. I'm not going to chase celebrities for their autographs forever. I'm going to be one of them!

"You and I don't belong here tonight. We're out of place, and uncomfortable. My dress isn't right. It's cheap and gaudy, and it clashes with my hair. I can see that now. But it won't always be like this. I'm going to be different. I'm going to be famous. I'm going to be somebody!"

Ginger was slim, and vibrant, and red-headed. She was right about her dress. It was flame-colored, and all wrong with that hair of hers. Ginger had got away to a wrong start in life. She had known poverty, and hard knocks. But she had never lost faith in her own talent.

Larry said, "And you think hanging around the broadcasting studios, staring goggle-eyed at the Great Ones, and being rebuffed at every turn is ever going to get you anywhere? The air is overcrowded now. There are thousands of girls like you who think they can sing."

"I know I can sing," she interposed quietly.

"An unknown doesn't stand a chance these days. There's only room on the air for people with big names."

"People have to earn big names," Ginger said. "I was reading about Mark Hammond in a magazine the other day. Two years ago all the studios turned him down. He started in to work for practically nothing. The little money he received he turned over to the boys in his band, just to keep them from deserting him. He only had one suit of clothes, and his shoes were worn through at the bottoms. Now look where he is."

THE smiling Mark Hammond had paused to introduce some notables at nearby tables. A famous film star, visiting from Hollywood, cooed a greeting into the microphone to her unseen audience.

Mark said, "And here is my friend, Lew Littell, the old keyhole peeper in person! Come and tell the folks the latest gossip, Lew."

A murmur of interest rippled from table to table as the famous Broadway columnist stepped up to the microphone. A short, slight man with very shrewd eyes, and the pallid face of one who habitually turns nights into days, and days into nights.

Ginger Wallis watched eagerly, her face shining with all the avid interest of an unknown for those whose magic names are household words. Because she read her radio magazines so carefully Ginger knew the part Lew Littell had played in raising Mark Hammond to stardom.

The friendly feud between these two had made radio history. It started a year ago when Littell, on one of his own broadcasts, had made a wise crack at Mark's expense. Mark retaliated wittily, to the amusement of his radio audience.

Both men suddenly found that they had stumbled upon something which was priceless publicity. They kept it up. On the air they bandied wise cracks back and forth. Off the air they were friends.

Ginger knew that the amusing publicity Lew Littell had given Mark Hammond had helped to put the young bandmaster over. She knew, too, that publicity was the only thing which could help her. Right then she was desperate enough to do almost anything which would earn notice for herself.

Littell's voice was staccato, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Listener-in. Flash!—important secret developments in an internationally famous kidnapping case indicate that a suspect will be definitely named in a very few days. Flash!—In spite of indignant denials the Johnny Harvards will get that divorce, and the charges will be sensational. And now we'll tell one on our genial maestro."

Littell grinned. "Maybe Mark Hammond won't thank us for reporting this. Frances Marsden, featured singer with his band, eloped last night with a lad who has too much coin. Mark is looking for a new songbird. Here's a wide-open chance in a million for a girl with a voice, and plenty of it, those, and them. Step right up, youngsters, but don't get crushed in the mob!"

Mark grimaced at the smiling Littell as he waved him away from the microphone.

Ginger Wallis sat up very straight suddenly. She never heard the rest of that broadcast. She never heard what Larry Bryan was saying to her.

"A chance in a million for a girl with a voice—"

Her chance! Just how she was going to thrust herself before Mark Hammond's eyes she had not the least idea. She only knew that somehow she had to do it. And she had to do it tonight.

The half-hour broadcast was (Continued on page 54)
Little Michael takes up a great deal of his daddy's time. And Lawrence Tibbett is the busiest man these days what with his Packard broadcasts on Tuesday nights and his opera work. He's now preparing for the title role in the new American opera, "The Pasha's Garden," by John Laurence Seymour.
The Campbell Soup star of Columbia's Hollywood Hotel program seems to have turned back the pages of history. Dick Powell, as he appears with Gloria Stuart, his new partner in Warner Brothers' film, "Golddiggers of 1935."

On the right, the lovely Irene Rich of radio, stage and screen fame, has just renewed her contract with Welch's Grape Juice. Miss Rich is proof of our modern-day miracles that one can be both successful and beautiful at forty.

Herbert Mitchell
One of America's handsomest baritones, and he knows his opera, too. He can sing thirty-two operatic roles in six different languages. Mr. Eddy is featured on the Firestone program over the National networks.
Only nineteen years old but this Brooklyn gal is going places. Ruth is Leon Navara's soloist, whose orchestra plays interesting dance tunes at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York, overlooking Central Park.
Would you sign away your love-life to play in Phil Spitalny's band?

By JOHN EDWARDS

If you were in your twenties, single, and you found the right man, and he proposed to you, would you marry him? But wait—What if you had signed a legal contract promising not to marry anyone for two years? Then what would you do?

That's the situation facing one of the most unique musical organizations in the world. There they are—thirty-two girls who can't marry and they don't know what to do about it.

Before you pass any snap judgments, read the story of how these girls came to find themselves in such circumstances, how they came to be radio stars, all thirty-two of them, and yet couldn't marry—not one of them.

It's the story of Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra which the Limit Hour of Charm features over a CBS nationwide hookup and of the unique legal documents he made each member of his band sign when she joined.

Over a year ago Spitalny began a talent hunt for women musicians. He wanted an orchestra composed solely of girls and he wanted them single. It took nearly twelve months before he was through, but when it was all over, he had what he had been looking for. You hear the orchestra every week now, on Thursday nights, from eight to eight-thirty.

The selection wasn't as easy as it may sound, because Spitalny not only wanted them single—he wanted them to promise not to marry for two years! And that is how one of the strangest contracts in radio came to be drawn up between a band leader and his musicians. There's a sound reason for this contract which Spitalny himself gave me and which I'll tell you later.

But what if you played a musical instrument and were offered an engagement on a coast-to-coast hookup? All right, you sign an agreement not to marry for two years. Then after you sign, you meet the man of your dreams and he says "let's get married." What do you do then?

I went to a rehearsal of the Spitalny orchestra with these questions in mind, looking for some of the girls who by this time must have had answers to (Continued on page 80)
by FRED SAMMIS

A LITTLE over a year ago the most popular baritone voice radio ever found left New York and went home. Singing Sam had quit!

Now, with the rapid passage of the year, he is back on the air, on a new network program. Once more his husky, friendly voice booms out that familiar advertising slogan:

"Barbasol, Barbasol, no brush, no lather, no rub in. . . ."

Probably you remember that when he let his contract expire, packed his baggage, and got out, he said in a magazine interview:

"I'm going home because I'm tired—tired of working, tired of singing. I don't think I'll be back."

Then why is he singing again? When did he return? And why has there been so little fanfare of trumpets announcing his arrival once more on the air?

In the story which answers those questions is wrapped up a boyhood dream and a man's lifelong yearning—all miraculously come true. Singing Sam is living the life he has always wanted, and he is back in radio because he has not had to give up what it took him so many years to find.

The truth is this. Harry Frankel, the Barbasol Man, has found home, the home he left as a young man to begin a vaudeville career which carried him back and forth into every large city and out-of-the-way village in the country. Now, day by day, he takes deeper and deeper root in the rich Indiana soil from which he sprang.

This writer traveled to Cincinnati to see Frankel, for it is over the new Mutual network (WLW in Cincinnati, WGN in Chicago, and WOR in Newark) that he sings. We met on the eighth floor of the world's largest local station—WLW—the second Friday night of his new series.

Already his heavy, rather handsome face had the unmistakable marks of an outdoor man. The skin was tanned, leathery, flushed with health. He was no longer the Singing Sam who had quit because he was tired of working, and tired of singing. There was a sparkle in his blue eyes, his handclasp was firm.

And sitting at his side, quiet and smiling, was Mrs. Frankel, whom he introduced proudly as his bride of less than a year. Pretty, vivacious, she married Frankel last June and went to the farm with him to live. It was all a part of Singing Sam's plans when he dropped his Barbasol rôle and became a country gentleman.

When I asked him why he had come back to radio, his answer to my question was unexpected. In New York word had gone around that Frankel had lost all his money in a bank venture, that he had been forced to go, penniless, to his sponsors and ask for a job again. They had formed a mental picture of a man who had saved all his life only to lose his savings and find himself back where he started.

"Lose my money? Not at all," Frankel said unhesitatingly. "I came back because of a very different reason. Let me tell you about it."

"An hour's drive from Cincinnati (Continued on page 72)
CLAD in typically conservative brown tweeds, one of Boston's youngest and most successful advertising men galloped for the train. In one hand he held a new hat, in the other he clutched a telegram from Eddie Cantor.

WANT TO AUDITION YOU FOR SUNDAY NIGHT'S BROADCAST COME AT ONCE REGARD EDDIE CANTOR.

Harry Einstein read the telegram once more to make sure it was real, shoved his hat on his head, and boarded the train for New York. In five hours he was in the Grand Central Station. In another he had found Cantor, had his audition, heard the decision.

"You're on the next program. I predict that you will be a tremendous hit!"

And that is how Parkyakakas was introduced to a coast-to-coast network for, Eddie Cantor's Chase and Sanborn hour and how he has found his way to Eddie's new Pebeco show on a CBS hookup.

"I never for a moment dreamed," said he—and he used
If Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein and Harry Einstein is the Advertising Director of a Boston furniture store, then who is the Greek comedian on the Eddie Cantor program? Read this!

By EDWARD E. LEWIS

Harry Einstein, Advertising Director of the Kane Furniture Co., is the voice behind Parkyakakas. The card on the right is a sample of one of his gaga schemes.

HE sat back—this young man of thirty who controls a yearly appropriation of $20,000 for advertising—drew a deep breath and explained:

"That train ride from here to New York was the longest period of my life. I never realized how slowly trains could run. I actually wanted to get out and push the cars myself."

But if Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein, and Harry Einstein is the advertising director of a Boston furniture store, whence the hilarious, successful Greek comedian?

The dialect which he mastered came easily to him and comedy was bred in his bone. (Continued on page 63)
The DOUBLE Life of

Nick Parkyakakas

If Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein and Harry Einstein is the Advertising Director of a Boston furniture store, then who is the Greek comedian on the Eddie Cantor program? Read this!

By EDWARD E. LEWIS

Photo made exclusively for Radio Mirror

DON'T VOTE FOR

NICK PARKYAKAKAS

KAY'S CANDIDATE

for MAYOR

Don't MONTH" and Friday at 10:30 P.M.

to Nick's political career.

The broad A common to Boston—"That such a part would ever he handed me on such a program."

Not by the wildest flight of imagination could Harry Einstein, the Monday morning I interviewed him, be taken for the master of the Greek dialect who had panicked, the night before, one of radio's largest audiences.

His sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pencil jabbed down over one ear, he was interviewing printers, salesmen, department heads, and—in between times—writing a new ad for the furniture company of which he is a director.

During the swiftly moving moments of his daily routine this young Boston business executive remains coolly efficient. It took a telegram from the world of entertainment, from Cantor himself, to upset his equilibrium.

"Because," as he confessed, "I was unable to eat or sleep. It was the greatest and happiest moment in my life, yet the most miserable. Miserable because my rise and fall depended on this first interview with Mr. Cantor."

Harry Einstein, Advertising Director of the Kane Furniture Co., is the voice behind Parkyakakas. The card on the right is a sample of one of his gags schemes.

The other man in the picture is Nick Parkyakakas, the youngest and most successful advertising man in the country.

He's on the Cantor program. See page 51—8 o'clock column.

---

C LAD in typically conservative brown tweeds one of Boston's youngest and most successful advertising men gathered for the train. In one hand he held a new hat, in the other the telegram from Eddie Cantor.

WANT TO AUDITION YOU FOR SUNDAY NIGHT'S BROADCAST COME AT ONCE REGARDING EDDIE CANTOR.

Harry Einstein read the telegram once more to make sure it was real, shook his hat on his head, and boarded the train for New York. In five hours he was in the Grand Central Station. In another he had found Cantor, had his audition, heard the decision.

"You're on the next program. I predict that you will be a tremendous hit!"

And that is how Parkyakakas was introduced to a coast-to-coast network for Eddie Cantor's Chase and Sanborn Hour and how he had found his way to Eddie's new Pebeco show on a CBS hookup.

"I never for a moment dreamed," said he—and he used
What's wrong with
RAY PERKINS TELLS
BY DAN WHEELER

The trouble with most amateurs—those with real talent, that is—is that they can't overcome the bugbear of audience-fright," says Ray Perkins. "They are defeated by their own fear."

You know Ray as the master of ceremonies on the first amateur program to be broadcast over a national network, the Amateur Night, sponsored by Feenamint and heard every Sunday afternoon at six o'clock, Eastern time. You hear him introduce the performers, and sometimes you hear the whistle he blows as a signal to Arnold Johnson, the orchestra leader, to play the loud G-major chord which cuts an amateur off in mid-flight.

Although he was away from the air for five months before becoming master of ceremonies for the Amateur Night, Ray's comedy and singing have been radio and vaudeville features since 1925.

A large part of Ray's present job is carried on behind the scenes. He is a member, and an important one, of the group which every Saturday listens to between two and three hundred eager hopeful aspirants to microphone success, and decides which of them will be given their chances on Sunday's program. The Sunday broadcasts are made up of bona-fide amateur talent, but it has to be sifted first, in order to provide a half-hour's entertainment for the listening public.

A barrage of talent and no-talent is thrown at Ray every week, but in spite of it he has found time to sympathize with those who haven't yet arrived, and with those who, in all likelihood, never will; and to analyze the mistakes they make.

"In the first place," he said, "only five or ten per cent of the amateurs we listen to are really going somewhere. The other ninety or ninety-five per cent aren't. A small percentage? Well, maybe, but I don't think it is any smaller in radio than in any of the other branches of the entertainment field. Radio is a hard racket, but it looks easy and fabulously well paid, so a lot of people without any particular talent are attracted by it."

"When I say that the (Continued on page 74)
The trouble with most of the people who want to achieve fame on the radio is that they are lazy.

This is the startling conclusion of the man who has listened to more amateurs than any other person in New York—Major Edward Bowes, master of ceremonies on the WHN Amateur Hour, which he originated.

Hard words? Perhaps at first they seem so, but the Major's frank advice should be invaluable to all of us whose ambition it is to be a radio star.

The Major is one of radio's veterans—in fact, his Capitol "Family", which he has "fathered" for almost ten years, is the oldest non-commercial program on the air. You've heard him, as well, on numerous special broadcasts, and as a speaker at banquets and other public occasions which have included the radio public among their audiences.

Besides his radio appearances, he is the managing director of the Capitol Theatre in New York, vice president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Corporation, and managing director of WHN.

His long connection with radio and the theatre have given the Major a keen understanding of the difficulties which beset the path of the aspirant to fame—and for nearly a year now he has been the impresario of a weekly broadcast which draws all its talent from those whose names are still unknown to the world.

Unless you live in or near New York, you probably have never heard (Continued on page 75)
How to get MORE out of

We don't have to be high-brows or educated musicians to enjoy fine music—this fascinating feature tells us why

"SERIOUS" music is rapidly becoming "popular" music.

More and more symphonies and operas and fine concerts are being broadcast and every day more and more people are listening in.

The big boys who sit behind walnut-topped desks, and chew cigars—the executives who control radio—are putting thousands of dollars this year into producing fine symphonic and operatic broadcasts. In the next few years, millions will be spent. All because the mass of radio listeners—you and I and the guy next door—are beginning to enjoy these programs.

That means we are learning how to listen to them.

We are finding out that you don't have to be a "high-brow" or a sissy, or an educated musician to enjoy symphonies and operas.

Anyone who likes jazz is musical. The only difference between liking jazz and liking serious music is in the way you listen. The blare of a jazz band comes out of your loud-speaker and hits you square between the eyes. In listening to the symphony, you must go half way to meet it.

A jazz band thrills you. Exhilarates you. Makes you want to dance.

A symphony makes you want to dance. Thrills you, saddens, depresses, elevates you. It makes you want to cry. To pray. To commit murder. To love. To worship beauty.

Millions are being spent on fine symphonic and operatic broadcasts. Rich and poor alike can enjoy the fruits of this golden harvest; the only ticket of admission is the trick of knowing how to listen.
Without any tomfoolery or hooey, Carleton Smith, famous music critic and friend of the great composers and musicians, shows us, in this fine story, how to give ourselves up to music and get out of it all we've been missing. Mr. Smith's knowledge of the art is only exceeded by his talent in writing about it.

—The Editor.

It thrills you and makes you conscious of every living emotion. Think of it, all these experiences, all that one can feel in life and death, await you to experience and know in a great symphony. It's all in the art of listening, listening to hear.

You can hear a lot of Wagnerian music this winter on the radio—straight from the Metropolitan Opera House. The New York Philharmonic broadcasts several Wagnerian programs.

JUST for the fun of it, I want you to experiment a bit with this idea of listening to good music. Let us imagine that you and I are about to hear Wagner's "Tannhauser" together.

The thing to do is to get into an easy chair a few minutes before the broadcast begins. Take your pipe or your knitting with you. Relax. Be quiet a few minutes. Above all, don't be self-conscious. Realize that whether or not you are a musician doesn't matter. Just keep your ears open—and wait.

This opera that you're about to hear depicts the struggle of an ordinary man—a man like me or you—to choose between two kinds of loves: the sensual, passionate love that some of the famous harlots of history inspired, and the ideal, faithful, wifely love that every man wants in his heart. Both attract Tannhauser, the hero of this opera.

Now, we have three forces at work in the music: the calm, magnificent, beautiful quality of (Continued on page 68)
How to get MORE FUN out of MUSIC

by CARLETON SMITH

Illustrated by HUBERT MATHIEU

It thrills you and makes you conscious of every living emotion. Think of it, all these experiences, all that one can feel in life and death, await you to experience and know in a great symphony. It's all in the art of listening, listening to hear. You can hear a lot of Wagnerian music this winter on the radio—straight from the Metropolitan Opera House. The New York Philharmonic broadcasts several Wagnerian programs.

JUST for the fun of it, I want you to experiment a bit with this idea of listening to good music. Let us imagine that you and I are about to hear Wagner's Tamms- hausen together.

The thing to do is to get into an easy chair a few minutes before the broadcast begins. Take your pipe or your knitting with you. Relax. Be quiet a few minutes. Above all, don't be self-conscious. Realize that whether or not you are a musician doesn't matter. Just keep your ears open—and wait.

This opera that you're about to hear depicts the struggle of an ordinary man—a man like me or you—to choose between two kinds of loves: the sensual, passionate love that some of the famous harlots of history implored, and the ideal, faultless, widely love that every man wants in his heart. Both attract Tamms hausen, the hero of this opera.

Now, we have three forces at work in the music: the calm, magnificent, beautiful quality of (Continued on page 60)
Frank Parker
Radio's Best-Dressed Man

by FRED RUTLEDGE

He explains what clothes mean to him and what your clothes can—and should—mean to you and you

The tenor of the Jello and A. & P. Gypsies programs favors a grey, Scotch plaid double-breasted suit for business only. It's the suit pictured on the left.

For ordinary evenings, Frank dons a navy blue suit like the one below. It's double-breasted also, and of a basket-weave cloth. Can be worn Sundays.
SEVENTEEN suits hang in his clothes closet. Twelve pairs of shoes stand below them. Five felt hats, an opera hat, and a top hat sit on the shelf above. The suits have been cut by one of New York's finest tailors. The shoes are hand sewed. The hats come from Fifth Avenue's smartest shop. That is why Frank Parker is known as the best dressed man in radio.

Yet he says, "Any man on an ordinary income can look as well turned out as I do." And Frank should know whereof he speaks, for he spends almost a day a week with his tailor, studying style trends, picking out material for new suits, matching ties and shirts with the suits he already has. It's just another part of the business of singing.

Naturally most of us can't imitate this wardrobe, with its dozens of shirts, its thirty odd ties, its three overcoats and two topcoats—the ones we've described in detail under the pictures—but we can profit from Frank's experience in collecting such a wardrobe.

That is why we went to him when we wanted five plain, easy to follow rules on how to be the best dressed man in town on our present incomes. And that is why we asked him the questions we've asked you on the next page. Study his replies. Therein lies the real secret of good dress.

What is the proper wardrobe for a man?

Here is Frank's answer: "A man should have at least two business suits, two overcoats, one of which can be lightweight and can serve as a topcoat. A tuxedo, an afternoon suit, full dress for evening, two hats and three pairs of shoes."

Above, radio's bachelor, ready for a week-end of polo. His traveling suit is black and white tweed. The snappy costume at the right has checked trousers without the usual cuffs. The coat and double-breasted vest with lapels are black. With it go a derby, walking stick, gloves, and stiff collar.

"I include in the list, evening dress or "tails" and the afternoon suit—two things most men don't consider necessary. However, I feel sure that in a year or two the tux will never be worn after dinner. "Tails" are rapidly becoming very popular.

The afternoon suit or morning suit—is something which can be used Sunday afternoons and Sunday nights, at informal receptions, at cocktail parties or teas. And my suggestion to the man who feels he cannot afford this is to make sure that one of his business suits is dark. Then, with a pair of striped trousers to go with the coat, he has a complete new outfit— an afternoon suit."

How much should it cost?

"That of course," Frank told us, "is largely dependent on personal income. My own wardrobe, for instance, would be out of the question for the ordinary business man. My business suits cost $125 each. My overcoats $150. My evening dress $175. And that is inexpensive for a professional."
"But no matter how small the salary, a man should pay $40 for a business suit. This is only a matter of economy. In the long run it is less expensive than a so-called bargain suit. And he should have two suits at this price. His overcoat—$45; his tuxedo—the same; his tails—$50; his topcoat—$35.

"Now we come to shoes and shirts and hats. Shoes at $8 give the best value. Shirts from $1.50 to $2.00. Hats—good ones too—at $5. That covers the list, except for ties at a dollar. The total: between $300 and $350.

What are the mistakes most men make in dressing?

"The choice of their accessories—their shirts and ties, the shoes they wear, the hats, the socks. That is why I say that any man with two or three suits can look very well dressed.

"More important than the number of suits is the proper use of shirts and ties. By changing accessories every day the effect of a whole new wardrobe can be obtained. And most men overlook this simple fact. If they change their shirt one day, they try to get along with the same tie. Or perhaps they wear the same shirt and just put on a different tie.

"Then they don’t realize the importance of their shoes. No man can look properly turned out if his shoes need shining.

Frank Parker’s formal evening suit. The coat is high-waisted, the tails extremely long. Extreme right, we have Beau Brummel himself, evening topper and all, ready for an evening of heigh-ho.

They are the key to the whole appearance. If they are kept shined, they will last longer and look newer, too. Neat shoes will set off the whole ensemble.

How can a woman help the man she loves look well dressed?

"Generally, a woman is a better judge of colors and ensembles than a man. When he goes shopping for shirts and ties, he should make a point of having his sweetheart or wife, as the case may be, come along to help him in his selection.

"She should also see to it that he changes his shirt and tie every day. By making the suggestion in the right way she can point out to him that he doesn’t look as well as he might, something he is prone to overlook.

"I say, by all means take a woman along when buying clothes.

Should you wear: spats; a handkerchief in your suit coat pocket; garters; polish on your nails; a derby?

Frank Parker is heard on the Jack Benny program. See page 53—7 o’clock column; also A. & P. Gypses, page 53—9 o’clock col.

(Continued on page 79)
"WOMEN are out of luck. Once you’ve set your heart on making a career for yourself, you can be pretty sure your personal life will suffer," Ramona, singing pianist with Paul Whiteman’s band, said to me.

There were shadows under her dark blue eyes, and her face bore the look of a woman who has struggled hard to hold the happiness she longed for, only to fail. For years Ramona refused to talk about her marriage, knowing only too well how the ugly whispers of gossip-mongers had wrecked other marriages along the White Way and Radio Row. When writers asked her if she had ever been married, she shrugged her shoulders and said she had been too busy to marry. It was a white lie and a gallant one, told in the hope of saving her marriage from shipwreck.

But the thing she feared has happened in spite of anything she could do about it, and there is no reason now for not telling the whole truth about her marriage, and why it crashed. She and Howard Davies, whom she married when she was seventeen, were divorced recently. And all the bright gossamer dreams with which she entered that marriage are gone now, like unsubstantial bubbles.

Perhaps you remember the glorious, glamorous story of their charming romance? In its very charm lay the menace to its lasting, for where is the girl who at seventeen can wisely choose the man whom she will love when many years have passed and her standards have changed a great deal, and her life with them?

Ramona was a convent-bred girl. Naturally she didn’t know many men. “Even when I got a job with Don Bestor’s band,” she told me, “my family made him promise that he would take good care of me. He did. When drinks were offered at a party, he’d say: ‘I’ll mix Ramona’s. I know just what she wants.’ And I never got anything stronger than lemonade. He was perfectly grand to me, but I resented being watched over like a baby.”

Then she met Howard Davies, who played in Don Bestor’s band. They were drawn to each other immediately. The first thing that attracted her to him, Ramona confided to (Continued on page 88)

To hear Ramona, tune in on Whiteman’s Music Hall broadcast Thursday nights. See page 53—10 o’clock column.

by ETHEL CAREY
WHAT'S NEW

Up-to-the-minute news, interesting chatter and gossip about radio stars

Wide World

Mary Pickford's weekly radio visits have now become a welcome event. Left, "America's Sweetheart," leaving court after securing her divorce.

JIMMY WALKER, New York's self-exiled Mayor, is a definite radio possibility this Spring. The former Chief Magistrate of the metropolis is returning soon to his beloved Broadway and when he does he will probably take to the air for a national advertiser at plenty of dough per broadcast.

Jimmy, whose personality has endeared him to legions of admirers despite the collapse of his administration and his flight to Europe, is regarded as a natural as a broadcaster. His nimble wit and ability to turn a nifty wisecrack on any and all occasions assure him a large audience.

The advertising agency which was working out the details of the Walker contract when we went to press plans to present him in a Will Rogers type of program. Only the betting is Walker will make an also-ran out of Will for the cowboy-philosopher has slipped badly in recent weeks, apparently devoting little time to his air appearances.

RADIO ROW hears that the boy king of Yugo-Slavia may broadcast in America via the short waves. The promoters seeking a sponsor for him promise the proceeds will not go to the child monarch. They are to be devoted to charities in America, the intent being to build up good will here for the Balkan state by so doing. It sounds rather fantastic, this project, but before you laugh remember anything can happen in radio—and does.

WHEN we went galloping to the printers the New York Theatre Guild had an agent scouting the advertising agencies for a sponsor to back their plans to put one-hour dramas on the ether. This high-brow organization, the acknowledged leader among American theatrical producers, controls the rights to hundreds of excellent plays. The idea is to condense them for radio and project them with Theatre Guild casts, which means the best in the business. With the Theatre Guild on the job maybe the radio drama will get somewheres at last.

BARBER'S itch isn't fatal, according to life insurance statistics, but it is proving fatal to Alexander Woolcott's disposition. A sufferer from that irritation, The Town Crier has been quite curt of late with autograph hunters and others who beset him after a broadcast. A gushing young thing demanded his opinion on honesty the other night. "My dear lady," snapped the Cream of Wheat sage, "when a man talks much about honesty it is like a woman boasting of her purity. I'm suspicious of both!"

MORTON DOWNEY is no longer under the management of the CBS Artists Service Bureaus but on his own.

The "Hollywood Hotel" maestro, Ted Fio Rito and the Missus (left) at Santa Anita races in Calif.

The rumored engagement is now a fact. The newly affianced Dick Powell and Mary Brian (below)

Hyman Fink

Wide World
ON RADIO ROW

By
JAY PETERS

He quit Feb. lst. The parting was quite sad, for Morton was the first performer to enlist under the banner of Columbia's employment department when it organized. As you know Downey is now whistling and warbling for Carlsbad salts on NBC, aided and abetted by Guy Bates Post as narrator.

GOOD old Charlie Winninger has been restored to radio, as was inevitable when he left to join a Broadway musical. Charlie is alternating with Will Rogers on the Gulf program but most fans would like to see him back in his old role as Captain Henry of the Show Boat. Not that Frank McIntyre isn't good in the part but Winninger seems born to it. Which, in a way, he is, considering that as a member of the Five Winningers he got his early training as an entertainer on show boats.

AS was to be expected the new Gilbert and Sullivan series on NBC season. They forget that NBC did a Gilbert and Sullivan series in 1929, another in 1931 and again in 1933.

CHEER up, fans, Jessica Dragonette hasn't deserted you even though she is off the air for the month of March. Jessica is simply getting a well earned rest while Countess Olga Albanii pinches hits for her on the Cities Service concerts. The Countess has substituted for Jessica before and always does a swell job, too.

WILL Rogers, left, was recently voted Los Angeles' most valuable citizen for 1934. He's here being presented with a gold watch on the occasion.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS
Mary Pickford will retire from the air at the conclusion of her present contract. One reason is the difficulty of finding plays adaptable both to radio and her requirements. Another is her desire to do a picture. ... By the time you read this Robert Simmons should be contributing his voice to a Broadway musical ... Leon Belasco has a collection of screen star's autographs insured for $25,000. (Continued on page 66)
Chicago's unusual musical combination is the trio which presents "Melodies of Yesterday". They are Sara Ann McCabe, soprano, Margaret Sweeney, harpist, and Herbert Foote, organist.

"Love me, love my dog." The Spanish Don Mario takes up the question with Jean Muir out Hollywood way. Don is in the Maybeline show, "Penthouse Serenade."

At least once every winter Chicago gets a good blizzard which ties traffic into knots.

Radio artists in the Chicago NBC studios mopped snowy brows as they stumbled into the Merchandise Mart for their programs and worried over the problem of returning home and getting back for their broadcasts the following day.

The Maple City Four took no chances. They appeared on the scene in full dress at noon lest the blizzard keep them from returning home to dress for the Sinclair Minstrels, Art Van Harvey, Vic, and Billy Idelson, Rush, barely reached the studios in time for the Vic and Sade rehearsal after battling the snow and wind.

Amos 'n' Andy made certain they'd get on the air by coming early, recalling a blizzard of several years ago when they were caught at the Blackstone Hotel. Correll had to return to the office to get the script, while Gosden went directly to the studio. Unable to get a taxicab, Correll finally talked a private motorist into taking him part way and bribed a coal truck driver with ten dollars to take him the rest of the way. He burst into the studio just as the theme song was being played. "Where have you been?" asked Gosden. "Don't talk to me for an hour," answered Correll, and they went on the air.

Dr. E. E. Fress, eminent physicist and authority on noise, wanted to find out just how noisy the noisiest city in the United States was. And in true style Chicago came to the front. The Columbia Broadcasting System installed microphones in Times Square, New York, outside North Station in Boston, at 14th, and F Street in Washington, at Market and 13th in Philadelphia and at State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Chicago won the dubious distinction by a comfortable margin. Next in order of running were Boston, Washington, New York, and Philadelphia. Now what do you think of that?

George Olsen's first engagement in Chicago was at Marshall Field's store. But he didn't appear as a musician. No, sir. He was a salesman behind the basement counter and they paid him $11 a week!

Both Art Kassel and Pat Kennedy who broadcast together noontimes over Columbia were orphanage boys. That's why both are always so glad to appear gratis for special parties given orphan and cripple children.

Fictitious characters which radio artists make up for their acts don't always remain fictitious. Take for instance the Dora Seeley who was the brain child of Clara, Lu 'n' Em. In their broadcasts the girls showed Dora to be a bride who had furnished her home with the kind of antiques the girls were afraid to sit on. Clara remarked in (Continued on page 62)
COAST LIGHTS Pacific
By DR. RALPH L. POWER

No, she isn't Kate Smith. She's Helen Guest whose soft ballads are wafted on the air via KFI, Los Angeles.

Here's charming and vivacious Ruth Durrell. Some of you may recall her pleasing soprano voice on "Sunday Night Hi Jinks," broadcast over KFWB, from the Coast.

WONDER what April Fool's Day will bring out here on the Coast in the way of bizarre programs concocted to give the public a thrill?

'Tis ten years since KFI staged the gag of having a tenor-announcer "shot" in the studio. Then they went off the air. Telephone lines, wire services and the mail ran the boys ragged for a couple of weeks, while the public tried to figure out whether somebody actually got bumped off or whether it was an April First performance.

Why, some of the people who take their radio seriously actually thought one of their favorites had been murdered and the press was covering up the crime.

Then there was the time that some of the lads at KGFJ rigged up a microphone from the ladies' rest room to a janitor's closet so they could get an earful.

Luckily they didn't hook it to the studio line for the public to hear. But maybe that was just because nobody thought about doing it.

TALKING about gags. What do you suppose Freeman Lang, that ace of announcers for theatre premiers, has done? He invites folks to go shooting on a fishing expedition!

But it isn't so crazy as it sounds. He has rigged up one of those clay pigeon trap shooting gadgets on the bowsprit of his big power cruiser. While the craft jogs down into Mexican fishing waters, his guests can do a little 20 gauge rifle practice.

SUCH is fame. Rush Hughes, m.c. on the NBC Shell Show on the Coast, has been selected as among the twenty-five most interesting people in the country today. That is, in the opinion of the students at the public school in little Buena Park, California.

YOU'D expect Morey Amsterdam, comic on Al Pearce's frolic, to do this. When he had a birthday the other day, he wired his parents to congratulate them on having such a swell boy. I shouldn't be surprised if he even sent it C. O. D.

HERE'S a tip for disgruntled radio people. Take the boss down to Mexico and fill him full of tamales, enchiladas and chile con carne.

Salvatore Santarella, music director of KMTR in Hollywood, barged out the front door in a huff and phoned that he was all through with the jolt.

At the end of three weeks he was still out. So the big shot in the station made an arrangement to meet "Sally" down in Mexico for a peace parley.

They filled up on Mexican edibles, maybe even some Mexican fire water, and cemented (or plastered) up all difficulties. So now everything is well, and the diminutive but energetic baton wielder and classic piano purveyor, is back at the old job again.

(Continued on page 62)
DID it ever occur to you that a popular radio singer who gives excellent advice to amateurs anxious to make a hit over the radio, can also teach professional wielders of the batter spoon and frying pan? Kate Smith—the genial, mellow-voiced air hostess, who has taken so many newcomers to radio under her wing can show any full-time chef a thing or two about cooking!

That kitchen of Kate Smith's is an inspiration to any housewife. Kate loves to cook and loves to talk about her favorite recipes. She bakes the most delicious cakes and pies and she doesn't treat the substantial foods lightly! Here are some of the recipes she gave me. If you want to prepare an especially good meal that can be cooked in one dish, place this before the hungry family—large or small:

OLD ENGLISH BEEFSTEAK PUDDING

1 cup suet chopped fine
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Enough water to make the dough stiff
2 lbs. round steak cut into small pieces
1 onion
1 slice of bacon

Roll out the dough. Line an ordinary crock bowl with the dough, saving a piece for the lid. Place on the steak an onion cut fine and a slice of bacon chopped fine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill the bowl with water, placing a dough lid over it. Moisten it around the edges, pinching the lid on firmly. Cover the whole with a piece of white cloth drawn tightly over the top of the bowl. Plunge it into a pot of boiling water and allow to boil vigorously for four hours.

These canapes make an excellent appetizer and a portion of the salad given here, will please the most critical of salad hounds!

DANISH CANAPES

Cut stale bread in one-quarter inch slices and shape with a round cutter, about two and one half inches in diameter. Work the following ingredients into a paste:

2 tablespoons of butter  Cream  Chutney

Toast the shaped bread on one side and spread the un-toasted side with the above mixture. Garnish with fillets of anchovies arranged lattice fashion over the top.

LAKewood Salad

1 Grape-Fruit
2 Oranges
¾ Cup White Grapes
½ Cup Pecan Nut Meats
Romaine Salad
Red Pepper

Cut the grape fruit and oranges in sections and free from seed and membrane. Skin and seed the grapes. Cut pecan nut meats in pieces. Mix prepared ingredients, arrange on a bed of romaine, pour over dressing and garnish with thin strips of red pepper.

For the dressing mix four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon of vinegar, one teaspoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one eighth teaspoon pepper and one tablespoon of finely chopped Roquefort cheese.

For the bridge tea or supper, this quickly-made dessert is especially good:

PINEAPPLE CREAM

2 Cups Water
1 Cup Sugar
Grated Pineapple
2 Cups Cream

Make a syrup by boiling sugar and water fifteen minutes. Strain, cool, add pineapple and freeze to a mush. Fold in the whipped cream and let stand thirty minutes before serving. Serve in frappe glasses and garnish with candied pineapple.

Kate Smith also gave me recipes for Pumpkin Chiffon Pie, Lemon Pie and Avocado Salad. These are her specialties and Kate's friends will tell you how good they are. I'll send them to you if you will follow the instructions given in the next paragraph.

Have you a cooking problem? I'll try to help you solve it. Or have you run out of ideas for new and different dishes? The new recipe booklet has unusual nutritious menus in which brazil nuts are used. If you have never tried such dishes, write me in care of the Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and you may have the booklet.

By JOYCE
CLEOPATRA may have been a famous beauty, but none can deny that the charming hostess of Penthouse Parties, Gladys Glad, who reveals here her secrets of how to keep the body beautiful, can take her place among the chosen beauties of our time.

As I sat in her little sitting room, I marvelled at her clear complexion and the graceful poise of her slender body. “How do you do it?” I asked her.

“In the first place, a happy frame of mind is absolutely essential if those tell-tale lines of worry and care are to be erased from the face,” said the popular beauty adviser. “A dissatisfied or unhappy expression is bound to show and rob a woman of her charm. So, if you want to attain beauty of face and feature, the first requisite is: Keep the corners of your mouth turned up!”

When I saw the proof of what this creed had done for Gladys Glad, married to the well-known newspaper columnist, Mark Hel linger, I promised myself that I would recommend it to all women.

“Eight hours’ rest every day—and I mean every day,” is another one of her rules. “This length of time for sleep is absolutely essential to relax the body and ward off the lines of fatigue.”

“Don’t stay up late three or four nights in the week and hope to catch up on that sleep you should have had. There are some things we simply must give up, if we want those sparkling, clear eyes and smooth skin.

“Daily exercise for a short period of time,” Gladys continued, “keeps the body limber, and walking is the best outdoor exercise, so far as I am concerned.”

Gladys never neglects these daily walks, even on rainy days. This is a good time to give the face a rest and forget the rouge, powder and lipstick. Gladys told me she takes her walking time as a stimulant and never loiters.

“Are there any other outdoor exercises that appeal to you as especially good for curve control?” I asked.

“Golf, to me, is an interesting and helpful game, but I never strive to make a good score or take my errors too seriously. This is the way I believe all games should be played—just for fun.”

You are all anxious to know about Gladys Glad’s diet. Well, it isn’t exactly a diet—just a sensible selection of plain foods that nourish without fattening. Listen to Gladys:

“I am one person who really likes spinach! I frequently order a large portion of it, either plain with lemon juice, or creamed, and this will sometimes constitute a meal for me. Very often I have prepared for me my special dish of vegetable stew with a tomato base, which I prefer to more elaborate dishes. I drink a great deal of tomato juice and milk—alternately.”

“Meat I do not eat very often, but when I do, a lamb chop is more appetizing to me than a squash; boiled chicken is more satisfying than the most tempting roast duck. Mixed green salad with French dressing flavored with garlic is a dish I love. The health foods, especially the cereals, form a large part of my diet.”

“How about desserts?”

—I could not resist the question. Personally, I often wonder if every woman has to give up the pleasure of eating luscious cakes and juicy pies as I do, in an effort to reduce the ample curves.

“I neglect desserts for a month,” was her answer. “And then eat them every day for a week, not only because I think every system requires sweets at times, but because I crave them occasionally.”

And here is Gladys Glad’s treatment for keeping her skin “baby soft” and just as free of pores as the skin of a baby.

“I do not believe in experimenting with too many creams,” she said. “I get one that suits my skin and use it faithfully. At night, after I have removed the mascara from my eyelashes, I apply cold cream to my face. After I have wiped off this cream, I wash my face in warm water with a bland soap—one that is kind to the skin. Then I rinse my face in warm water and cold water, and recom the second application is always more effective. My favorite astringent is then applied, closing the pores and healing any skin blemishes.”

Do you want to know the astringent which Gladys Glad uses? You can learn what it is free of charge, if you send your request to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Behind the Scenes
of the
New HALL of FAME
by NORTON RUSSELL

At the extreme right is a typical get-together view of the entire cast. Right, the prima donna, Lois Bennett, who sings with thoughts of some day buying a farm for her youngsters.

WANT to watch a radio broadcast tonight as a sponsor would see it and sit in the special spectators' booth reserved for them? Okay, then step into that enclosure which looks like a miniature cabin of the Graf Zeppelin. Throw your hat and coat on a chair and take a quick look around.

Dead ahead is the stage with its backdrop of soft white, fat pillars. You see it through double glass, slanted windows. Back over your shoulder is the audience. You can't hear 'em whisper or applaud. Your booth has been sound proofed. The program comes through that loudspeaker in the wall at your left.

You're in the remodeled 45th Street Avon Theater which CBS has called Playhouse Number Two. It seats close to two thousand people. Ready? The red stand-by signal is flashing thirty seconds to go. The new Hall of Fame is on the air!

The melody swings up, full tempo. The band is grouped in a half circle on the deep stage. Don Voorhees—glasses, flying hair—is directing. You stare hard as you begin to recognize the cast. Something strangely familiar about it, isn't there?

Ah! You remember. There's Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett. And Adele Ronson. And Voorhees. Yes, they're all here. But they're on NBC's Gibson Family program, too. Right, you are seeing another of radio's strange phenomena. Almost an entire cast—same band, same soprano, same baritone, same double—has been borrowed for this new program.

Let's get on with the show.

"Club Romance" is on the air! Do you want to become a member—get in on the inside? Then come along and join us in a visit to CBS's new show.
The players, above, are David Ross, announcer, Lee Patrick, newcomer to radio; Adele Ronson, the speaking heroine, and Conrad Thi-bault, baritone and hero. Below, Don Voorhees' soft music helps put the show over.

For the Hinds Honey and Almond program, "Club Romance," see page 51—8 o'clock column.

Your eyes travel past the announcer, past the folding chairs which string out across the stage. They stop a moment and rest on Thibault. He seems happy tonight. His long New England face is spread in a genuine grin. Probably thinking of his salary check for this new program.

But who's that other red-head? You swing back and look again for Lois. Yes, she's right where she was. The second red-head you've just seen is Lee Patrick, newcomer to the radio fold. Good looking? Swell figure? Good voice? Sure, or how else could she have had a leading rôle in the successful stage play, "June Moon"? Incidentally, she's been a newspaper woman and a magazine columnist, too. She's not singing tonight, just reading lines.

And that tall young man with the slightest trace of a moustache near Lee Patrick? You don't recognize him, though his pleasant voice strikes your memory chords hard. He's what press agents call radio's most romantic actor. Who is he? Ned Wever, for three years on the True Story hour, in stock before that, in Broadway hits, and just back from a Paris vacation.

He reads lines too and talks back to Lee. These two provide the light comedy relief for the more serious singing of Lois and Conrad.

Lois has just finished a song. She pulls up her dress, dodges around the choral group, and speeds into the wings. Adele Ronson is already at the mike. She speaks for Lois when the song is over. Go ahead and wave to her. She's looking this way, smiling. See (Continued on page 77)
"Club Romance" is on the air! Do you want to become a member—get in on the inside? Then come along and join us in a visit to CBS's new show

At the extreme right is a typical get-together view of the entire cast. Right, the prima donna, Lois Bennett, who sings with thought of some day buying a farm for her youngsters.

WANT to watch a radio broadcast tonight as a sponsor would see it and sit in the special spectators' booth reserved for them? Okay, then step into that enclosure which looks like a miniature cabin of the Graf Zeppelin. Throw your hat and coat on a chair and take a quick look around.

Dead ahead is the stage with its backdrop of soft white, fat pillars. You see it through double glass, slanted windows. Back over your shoulder is the audience. You can't hear on whisper or applaud. Your booth has been sound proofed. The program comes through that loudspeaker in the wall at your left.

You're in the remodeled 45th Street Avon Theater which CBS has called Playhouse Number Two. It seats close to two thousand people. Ready? The red stand-by signal is flashing thirty seconds to go. The new Hall of Fame is on the air!

The melody swings up, full tempo. The band is grouped in a half circle on the deep stage. Don Voorhees—glasses, flying hair—is directing. You stare hard as you begin to recognize the cast. Something strangely familiar about it, isn't there?

Ah! You remember. There's Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett, and Adelle Rosson. And Voorhees. Yes, they're all here. But they're on NBC's Gibson Family program, too. Right, you are seeing another of radio's strange phenomena. Almost an entire cast—same band, same soprano, same baritone, same double—has been borrowed for this new program.

Let's get on with the show.

Lois is at the left as you face the stage. Her red hair shimmers softly in the pastel colors of the footlights. She steps a tiny foot, her blue eyes fastened on the announcer at the mike. It's David Ross, short, as briskling as a Prussian general. You hear his voice coming through the loudspeaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the new Hall of Fame, presented by the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Club Romance is on the air."

Your eyes travel past the announcer, past the folding chairs which string out across the stage. They stop a moment and rest on Thibault. He seems happy tonight. His long New England face is spread in a genuine grin. Probably thinking of his salary check for this new program.

But who's that other red-head? You swing back and look again for Lois. Yes, she's right where she was. The second red-head you've just seen is Lee Patrick, newcomer to the radio fold. Good looking? Swell figure? Good voice? Sure, or how else could she have had a leading role in the successful stage play, "June Moon"? Incidentally, she's been a newspaper woman and a magazine columnist.

She's not singing tonight, just reading lines. And that tall young man with the slighest trace of a mustache must be Lee Patrick? You don't recognize him, though his pleasant voice strikes your memory chords hard. He's what press agents call radio's most romantic actor. Who is he? Ned Wever, for these three years on the True Story hour, in stock before that, in Broadway hits, and just back from a Paris vacation.

He reads lines, too and walks back to Lee. These two provide the light comedy relief for the more serious singing of Lois and Conrad.

Lois has just finished a song. She pulls up her dress, dodges around the chorale group, and steps into the wings. Adelle Rosson is already at the mike. She speaks for Lois when the song is over. Go ahead and wave to her. She's looking this way, smiling. See (Continued on page 77).
What Do You Want To Know?

Just at the moment I'm sitting at my typewriter. My eyes keep straying out of the window to watch the fascinating snowstorm. The question in my mind is "are we really going to have a big blizzard?" And the funniest part about it is that when you read this, the snow that has been diverting my attention right now will be a thing of the past. See here, I better get down to business or I may have to be doing some tall snow shovelling. Now, let's see, there's—

Miss Helene W., Clearwater, Fla.—"Aphrodite" is the name of the theme song of "Today's Children." It's played by Bernice Yanacek. Boldi's "Chanson Bohemienne" is Vic and Sade's theme song and Larry Larsen plays it. You can tell your friends that the Three C's are white. Their real names are Walter, John and Peter Clitherow. Thanks, Helene, for waiting so patiently for your answers. But you know what they say about patience and its reward.

Miss Evalyn P., Seattle, Wash.—Well, I finally got some information for you on Vernon Craig. He's 23 years old. He hitch-hiked his way from Miami to Chicago in search of a job and then scored a hit at a Chicago loop theatre. Vernon was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, studied for the ministry one year and then decided to become a singer. He's about five-foot seven, stocky, weighs around 175 pounds and has dark brown hair.

Robert S., Waco, Texas.—I believe the program you referred to is "Professor Kaltenmeier's Kindergarten." The program is still on the air. Only the time has been changed. You can now hear it over the NBC-WFAF network on Saturdays from 5:00 to 5:30 P. M. CST.

Harold L. B., East Greenville, Pa.—So far as I can ascertain, the Sinclair Minstrels were never on the air for more than a half hour. You may be thinking of the Wiener Minstrels which were on for an hour over station WENR back in 1931. By the way did you enjoy the article on the Sinclair Minstrels in the March issue of Radio Mirror?

Suffolk Fans—Nick Dawson's birthday is May 3rd—I couldn't find out the year. Elsie Hitz is not married to the artist, Jack Welch, although that is her husband's name. Jerry Cooper is 26 years old. Here's quite a bit I picked up for you on Jan Garber. He was born in Indianapolis, went to school in Louisville then to University of North Carolina where he formed a jazz band. Was a member of the Philadelphia Symphony and then came la guerre (the war). Later fiddled in dance-orchestras; was fired when he took one too many days off for his honeymoon. He's still happily married, a successful band-leader and plays golf for recreation.

Mrs. William S., Greensburgh, Pa.—The instrument used in the Phillips Lord Country Doctor programs was a zither. At this writing, Bob James is not on the air. The last thing heard of him is that he was Advertising Manager of a large department store in Evanston, Ill.

M. B., Loogotooey, Ind.—I last heard of Fran Frey—he had a program "Fran Frey's Friday Frolics" over station WOR in New York. Bobby Brooks left Jan Garber's orchestra last September and went back to dear old Texas. Lee Bennett, one of the three singers with Jan Garber, used to be a radio announcer in Lincoln Nebraska. One night one of the singers failed to appear. At the last minute Bennet took the part. Jan Garber heard him in Omaha and was impressed enough to offer him a job. I'm sorry but there's no information available on the other two singers, Lew Palmer and Fritz Heilbron.

J. J. Lou—Frank Parker is five feet ten inches (Continued on page 83)
This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today and try for the big prize!

"OUR PUBLIC" is becoming more radio conscious every day. We can tell that by the letters we have been receiving. Your comments, suggestions and criticisms are most interesting and helpful and we know that radio officials, radio performers and sponsors eagerly await your letters every month in the Radio Mirror magazine to find out what you all have to say. How, then, can they tell if their programs are good or bad? You see, listeners, you are the jury! And maybe you don't think that they have profited by your frank and sometimes perhaps brutal opinions. They sure have. Won't you write and tell us if you have found an improvement—or tell us what you don't like? Remember, twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best and one dollar each for the next five selected.

Send your letters in not later than March 22, to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 126 Broadway, New York.

Here are the winners for this month—

$20.00 PRIZE

Here it is, the letter about radio advertising to end all letters about radio advertising!

The radio public is fair enough to realize that advertising plays an important part in any program. The chief causes for complaint come from the length and dullness of the "spiel." Radio fans enjoy advertising if it's brief and original. Those little skits on Fred Waring's hour are especially pleasing, but even a straight announcement is enjoyable if it is witty or concise. Witness the plugs in Town Hall Tonight. And of course, Jack Benny's style of kidding the sponsor is always delightful.

As to the number of ads—a fifteen minute program is worth two plugs; a half-hour three; forty-five minutes, four, and an hour program three short skits and two brief announcements.

If the sponsors will play fair with the fans, they'll find we'll meet them half-way. We're always willing to listen to short and clever advertisements.

HANSFORD MARTIN,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

$10.00 PRIZE

Unlike the movie house, the theatre, opera or concert hall, the radio has no price of admission or definite seating capacity by which to judge the size of its audience. This modern miracle of the twentieth century boasts no ears to lend to the manner in which its offerings are received. Its very ability to give but not receive, which makes us the fortunate recipients of the most diversified entertainment in the world free of charge, is a serious handicap to the sponsors. The popularity of a program depends on the mail received and this mail at best is only a very small percentage of the vast assembly of hearers that listen daily to the radio. This works a hardship on all concerned, and if wishes were horses I would have the matter remedied at once. I have been forcibly reminded more than once of the lack of proper response, when a favorite program of mine leaves the air to be replaced by another that does not appeal to me in the least. Then it is that I wish I had sent the penny postcard! I always intended to write but never did.

May I now present my sincere appreciation of the Lux Radio Theatre and the Palmolive Beauty Box programs. The Hollywood Hotel hour and the fifteen minutes offered by Fels-Naptha's Tom, Dick and Harry are good for the lighter mood. Not forgetting Alexander Woolcott, nor our old friend Will Rogers, each in his own line the best of the best. Now you know I like Ben Bernie and I may as well confess I like Jack Benny, and of the crooners, Bing Crosby, Frances Langford and Ramona are my favorites among the singing ladies.

Mrs. Ernest Dinwiddie,
Crawfordsville, Ind.

(Continued on page 57)
are singers? EDWARD NELL USED TO THINK SO!

He resented his destiny, chose another profession—but read what happened!

By AMELIA SCOTT

Edward Nell sings on the Forum of Liberty program. See page 8 o'clock column.

When Edward Nell's father came to Indianapolis as a young man looking for a job, he turned to selling cigars from an open buggy pulled by an aging, disconsolate horse—selling them by the box to street peddlers who could not afford bigger orders.

It took years of laborious saving and self-sacrifice before he could open a studio for voice instruction—his life dream—and by then he had married and Edward Nell, Jr., was over six years old.

He came home one night to his little family, his face wreathed in smiles. He had, it seems, met one of his old customers, an Italian peddler, whom he had not seen since he had quit selling and opened his studio.

"Nell, whata you doing thesesa day?" the peddler had demanded.

"I'm teaching people how to sing," was the proud reply.

"Well," the peddler shrugged, "a man gotta do anything dese days to earn a living!"

Seven-year Edward Nell had been listening, his eyes glued on his father. He could see nothing to laugh at when the story was over. And he never forgot what the peddler had said—a man has to do anything these days to earn a living.

As he grew older and could realize that his father's dream in life was to see his son some day a popular and much acclaimed singer, he began to resent his destiny. More and more it seemed to him a lady's job, singing for a living.

Surrounded by music, he learned to play the piano, he sang in church, and he studied the banjo, until—ready to graduate from high school and now husky, broad-shouldered, an athlete—he actively rebelled.

"Dad," he explained one day, "I want to go to college and study engineering. I don't want to go on with music and singing. That's no man's job, only sissies live that way."

Nell's father, although he saw his fondest hopes go glimmering, smiled and nodded his head. And Ed Jr. went to Purdue University, enrolled in the Freshman class of engineering, at his father's expense.

I GUESS I had visions of building bridges over mountain rivers in South America," Edward Nell explained to me, stretching out comfortably in a deep upholstered lounging chair and looking proudly about at the penthouse apartment his singing has brought him.

"The turning point—though I didn't know it at the time—was the day some of the seniors in the fraternity I had joined learned that I could sing. They dropped into my room and suggested that I become a member of the University glee club. My protests and their arguments could have been heard a block away. It was touch and go until they stopped arguing and turned to their paddles.

"And that's how I found out that singing isn't any job for sissies. I don't mean because of the paddling, but because I did join the glee club and later the band, just before it went on its annual road tour."

What Nell saw at rehearsals of the glee club opened his eyes. They were like any professional group of performers going through long hours of strenuous, throat-straining work.

Personal vanity, too, took a (Continued on page 82)
IF you really want to
hear foreign stations,
you must listen at the
right time.
This does not mean that
you must merely tune-in
whenever they happen to
be on the air. You must
also pick hours when at-
mospheric conditions are
most favorable for long
distance short wave recep-
tion.
To do this, figure the
time not only in your lo-
cality, but also in that of
the city you want to hear.
For example, when it is
twelve o'clock noon, East-
er Standard Time, it is
5:20 P. M. in Amsterdam, Holland; 6:00 P. M. in Berlin,
Geneva and Rome; 1:00 P. M. in Buenos Aires; 5:00 P. M.
in London and Madrid; 11:00 A. M. in Mexico City; and
7:00 P. M. in Moscow. It is already the following day in
Hongkong and Shanghai, where it is 1:00 A. M., in Yoko-
hama, 2:00 A. M., and in Auckland, 4:30 A. M.
Radio waves travel differently at night than in the day-
time. They go up from the aerial of the transmitter and
strike a strata of ionized atmosphere known as the Ken-
nelly-Heaviside Layer, from which they are reflected to
earth—and to your antenna. This layer, under the action
of the sunlight, sinks lower in the daytime and rises at
night. Its height regulates the distance which radio signals
are likely to "skip".
Then, too, the atmosphere surrounding the earth becomes
ionized, rendering it a better conductor of electricity, under
the action of the sun. When it is in this condition, much
of the strength of the radio waves leaks away to earth, and
the signals therefore lack something of their maximum
carrying power.
Therefore, you are most likely to get good reception of
distant foreign stations when there is a belt of darkness
extending from the transmitter to your receiver—or over
as much of that area as possible.
There are exceptions to this rule, caused by the shifting
of the Heaviside Layer, and only experiment will enable
you to find the best condition for the reception of any
given short wave station.
Another tip is:—Turn your knobs and dials slowly.
Many of the newer sets do not whine when you are tuning
in a signal. Weak signals from distant stations will there-
fore be missed if you rotate the controls of your set too
rapidly.
Simply adjust the regeneration or volume control knob
to the point of greatest signal strength. Then look in your
newspaper, to find the wave-length or frequency of what-
ever foreign station you want to hear. Finally
turn the tuning knob to that setting, and move it slowly over a few scale divisions on either
side. When you hear something, readjust the
sensitivity or volume control for the clearest
signal, retune if necessary, and—listen.
Ear-phones are useful adjuncts in picking
up weak signals. Many which are not strong
enough to move the big diaphragm of your
load speaker, will be strong and clear on the
head-phones.
While many short wave or all wave sets
are equipped with binding posts or jacks
to make the connection of head-phones easy, other models are not. Your local radio
dealer can supply you with an adapter to plug
into one of the tube sockets to enable you to
use phones in addition to the speaker. These
devices usually sell for about a dollar, or less.
Should you prefer, a permanent connection can
be installed easily and cheaply. If you do this—or have it done—a jack will be more
convenient than binding posts, permitting you
to plug the phones in or out in an instant.
SHOULD you care to do the job yourself, be sure to in-
sulate the jack, should your set have a metal panel or
chassis. If you want the speaker to be working at the same
time as the phones, simply get an open circuit jack and con-
nect it across the primary of the second audio amplifying
transformer. Should you prefer to have the speaker silent
(with a corresponding increase of volume in the phones) get
a three-prong, closed circuit jack. Break the lead between
the primary of the second audio transformer and the power
supply, and connect the shortest prong of the jack to the
part running to the transformer. The part running to the
power supply connects to the other prong of the jack, which
makes contact with the plug when it is inserted. The frame
of the jack may then be connected to the plate of the first
audio tube, which remains connected to the transformer.
Then the insertion of the phones will cut off the speaker—
and your family will be able to sleep while you sit up and
listen to Japan.
If your set tunes too broadly, a fixed or variable con-
denser can easily be connected in series with your lead-in,
provided you are using an ordinary antenna. In most cases,
a .00025 mfd fixed condenser will be satisfactory, but where
tuning is entirely too broad—as when you hook a short
wave set to a broadcast antenna—a .001 mfd. may be
better. If you want something a bit more effective, use a
.00025 mfd. variable condenser. This will enable you
to control the degree of selectivity simply by turning the
knob. Also, signals of many of the higher frequency sta-
tions will be greatly strengthened and improved by the use
of the condenser which, in effect, shortens the antenna to a
closer approximation of the length of the wave being re-
ceived.
Similarly, a doublet antenna which is out of balance may
be corrected by the addition of a variable condenser in
series with the half which has too great capacity.
# Radio Mirror's Rapid Program Guide

**List of Stations**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Basic</th>
<th>Supplementary</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>WHEC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>WABC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOOC</td>
<td>WABI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJAK</td>
<td>WJAC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WKBX</td>
<td>WHFD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAFG</td>
<td>WOOL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>WHEC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOR</td>
<td>WABC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOOC</td>
<td>WABI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJAK</td>
<td>WJAC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WKBX</td>
<td>WHFD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAFG</td>
<td>WOOL</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## How to Find Your Program

1. **Find the Hour Column.** (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. **Read down the column for the programs which are in block type.**
3. **Read the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.**

### How to Determine if Your Station is on the Network

1. **Read the station list at the left.** The find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast and Canadian; NBC—the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. **Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your station is included.**
3. **If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.**
4. **NBC network stations are listed on the following page.** Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program station.

## Columbia Broad-

### 5PM

- **504** Open House, Freddie Martin: Mon. 1:00 hr. Basic minus WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian Plus Canadian. Then WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian.
- **515** Preview: Mon. 1:00 hr. Basic minus WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian Plus Canadian. Then WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian.

### 6PM

- **520** Open House, Freddie Martin: Mon. 1:00 hr. Basic minus WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian Plus Canadian. Then WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian.
- **530** Preview: Mon. 1:00 hr. Basic minus WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian Plus Canadian. Then WCAO WBBM WHAS KMDX Plus Canadian.
RADIO MIRROR

6PM

6:00 Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KSL WMAQ KFBK KORT

6:15 Bobby Benson: Mon. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KSL WMAQ KFBK KORT

6:30 Smiling Ed McConnel: Sun. 14 hr. Basic minus WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

6:45 The Shadow: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

6:00 Kool Headliners with Charles Winninger: Part. 1. Basic WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

7:00 Just Plain Bill: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

7:15 Outdoor Girl: Part. 1. Basic WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

7:30 Boake Carter: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

7:45 The Shadow: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

7:00 Sandor Woolcott: Sun. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus WABC KSL WCAO WNBC WSPD KFBK KORT

8:00 Eddey Cantor: Sun. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus WABC KSL WCAO WNBC WSPD KFBK KORT

8:15 Club Romance: Sun. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Kate Smith's New Star Revue: Mon. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus

8:30 Melodiana, Abe Lymani: Tues. 14 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KFGK KORT

8:45 Boake Carter: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KFGK KORT

8:00 Arthur May: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KFGK KORT

8:15 Radio Symphony: Mon. 14 hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KFGK KORT

8:30 The Big Show: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KFGK KORT

8:45 The Camel Caravan: Mon. 14 hr. Basic minus WABC WCAO WNBC WSPD KFGK KORT

9:00 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

9:15 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

9:30 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

9:45 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

10:00 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

10:45 Smiling Ed McConnel: Sun. 14 hr. Basic minus WADC WCOA WCAO WAMC KMBQ WSMK WBCX Plus Coast Plus WGT WCMK

11:00 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

11:30 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

12:00 WABC: 11.00 Midnight

CASTING SYSTEM

When Frances Langford was no longer connected with Calogate House Party show, the CBS Hollywood Hotel, she struck out for California, auditioned and was taken on as blues singer for 4, 7PM

PHIL LAMBERT

PHIL LAMBERT
**LIST OF STATIONS**

**BLUE NETWORK**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WESTERN</th>
<th>BASIC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>WSYR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJW</td>
<td>WJAR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBAL</td>
<td>KSO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WMBL</td>
<td>WTMJ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJRC</td>
<td>KATT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBZ</td>
<td>WJRC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WZZ</td>
<td>WJRC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBBN</td>
<td>KOIL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCAE</td>
<td>WFBG</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RED NETWORK</th>
<th>BASIC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJW</td>
<td>WGEI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJAR</td>
<td>WHO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WBAL</td>
<td>WMAQ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WML</td>
<td>WTCI</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SOUTHERN**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WIOD</th>
<th>WSWB</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WIOH</td>
<td>WSWB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WWNC</td>
<td>WSWB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CANADIAN**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COAST</th>
<th>RED NETWORK</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CRTC</td>
<td>CFCF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KQH</td>
<td>KGO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KDLY</td>
<td>KJH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KQA</td>
<td>KGF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NATIONAL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1200</th>
<th>1500</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**RED NETWORK**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1200</th>
<th>1500</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LIST OF EVENTS**

**Radio Mirror**

**12 Noon**

1. **Giantic Pictures, Inc.**
   - Sun.: 5 hr. 
   - Fields and Hall
   - Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.: 5 hr. 

2. **Blue Harmonies Trio**
   - Mon., Wed., Fri.: 3 hr.
   - Network: Merry Macc

3. **Radio City Music Hall**
   - Sun., Sat.: 5 hr.
   - Network: National Farm and Home Hour

**1:00 PM**

4. **National Youth Conference**
   - Sun.: 5 hr.

5. **Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince**
   - Sun.: 3 hr.

6. **RCA Matinee**
   - Wed.: 1 hr.

7. **Becker's Fireside Chat**
   - Out
due Sun.: 3 hr.

8. **ABC Music Guild**
   - Mon.: 3 hr.

9. **General Foods:**
   - Thurs.: 3 hr.

10. **Lu Xun Radio Theater**
    - Sun., one hr.

**2:00 PM**

11. **J. T. Music:**
    - Thurs., one hr.

12. **Echoes of Ermin:**
    - Thurs.: 1 hr.

13. **Sally of the Talks:**
    - Sun., 3 hr.

14. **Oxyl's Ma Perkins:**

15. **Music Serenade:**
    - Don, Mariot: Sun.: 5 hr.

16. **Dreams Come True:**
    - Wed., Thurs.: 3 hr.

17. **Two Sisters in the Balcony:**
    - Wed., Thurs.: 3 hr.

18. **Magic of Speech:**
    - Fri., 2 hrs.

19. **Metropolitan Grand Opera:**
    - Fri., 2 hrs.

20. **Swift Program:**
    - Fri., 2 hrs.

21. **Vauhn de Leath:**
    - Wed., Thurs.: 3 hr.

22. **Something New in the Swift Program:**
    - Sat., Sun., one hr.

23. **The Lady Next Door:**

24. **The Lady Next Door:**
    - Mon., Thurs.: 3 hr.

25. **Another Woman newcomer is Harry Reser and his Sparring crew:**
    - Mon., Fri., Sat., Sun.: 3 hr.

26. **The House By Side of Road:**
    - Sun., one hr.

27. **The House By Side of Road:**
    - Sat., one hr.

28. **Nursery Rhymes:**
over now; the microphone was removed. Mark stepped down from the stage.

"Strike up the band, boys. I'll be back!"

He strolled over to Lew Littell's table. A slight frown creased his forehead.

"You shouldn't have said that, Lew. Tomorrow morning I'll be besieged by every girl in New York who thinks she has a voice!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth. At the far end of the terrace a girl rose from her seat. She made her way swiftly through a maze of tables toward Mark Hammond. Mark read the look of determination in her face, and read it correctly. He had seen it too many times in other girls' eyes.

"Good Lord!" Mark Hammond groaned. "I believe the parade has started already!"

GINGER WALLIS saw her chance, and she took it.

She did not say a word to Larry. It was as though all in a moment Larry had slipped out of her life, and Mark Hammond had entered. A vital, more personal Mark than she had ever dared to think of him before. A tiny pulse of excitement beat in her heart.

They were almost face to face. But quick as she had been to act upon Lew Littell's suggestion, another girl was quicker.

A blonde girl in a white evening gown rose from a nearby table, and thrust herself in front of Ginger.

"Oh, Mr. Hammond!" cried the blonde. "Is it really true that you are looking for a girl singer? Won't you give me an audition? I know I can make good. I have already broadcast over our local Westchester station. All I need is a break. —"

That was as far as she got. Something flared up inside Ginger. She was so hot with opportunity, and she was not going to let it escape her. She never knew where her mad idea came from. Like a bolt of lightning it was suddenly there in her brain, and she had to act, without even thinking about it.

Ginger caught hold of the blonde by one rhinestone shoulder strap.

She said loudly, "I'm sorry, but you are a little bit too late. I am to replace Miss Marxsden on the Hammond program. Mr. Hammond signed me up this morning!"

In her nervousness her grip was too tight, and the fragile shoulder strap broke. The blonde wheeled around on her fragility.

"Look what you've done, you little—" Her hand stretched out in an instinctive gesture of retaliation. She caught at the ruffles on Ginger's dress. The ruffles ripped sickeningly. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who both wanted the same thing. Hands clutched at each other. Socked gasps arose from the amazed onlookers. Mark himself stepped forward and parted them.

"What's the idea?" he thundered.

Ginger found herself looking up into furious Mark's hard, small brown eyes, saying crazily, "I'm sorry to embarrass you, Mark. Lew made a mistake, didn't he? He should have told the radio audience that Ginger Wallis is to be the new featured singer with your band, and then we could have avoided a scene like this."

MARK HAMMOND and Lew Littell were looking at her as though neither one of them could believe his eyes or ears. Ginger herself could hardly believe that such a fantastic thing had actually happened. She, who had haunted the broadcasting studios beggining the stars for their autographs, had called out the outstanding celebrities by their first names!

The blonde girl's escort claimed her, and led her back to her table. Mark still held to Ginger's arm.

"You can't go along with me. I want to talk to you."

He took her into a little room off the terrace, and slammed the door.

"Now," said Mark, "what's the big idea?"

Somehow Ginger found her voice.

"The big idea," she said slowly, "is that I want to sing over the radio. It's the one ambition of my life. I know I can sing, but nobody will give me a chance. Nobody wants a girl without a name. Please, Mr. —"

Ginger paused, and gave me a try-out with your band.

"I had to say what I said or you wouldn't even have looked at me. I'd have been just one girl among hundreds. That's all I've ever been. To sing! I've always wanted to sing! My name will be in Lew Littell's column. I shan't be an unknown any longer. That's all I need. Publicity. Don't you understand?"

"I understand all right," Mark said grimly. "Just because you have a crazy idea you want to sing over the radio you think you can put me on the spot. Well, other girls have tried it before you, but they haven't gotten away with it!"

Crazy idea! Ginger's lips twisted. She demanded,

"Is it crazy to pin all your hopes to a dream that looks like it's never going to come true? Is it crazy to refuse to be discouraged when the odds are all stacked against you?—to seize at the last forlorn chance which offers itself?"

"Oh, Mr. Hammond, you know what I'm up against. You know what it means to girls like me, the hard hearted look up at the stars. You've had your struggles, too. You can't have forgotten."

No, Mark Hammond had not forgotten his early struggles. Neither had he forgotten that this was not the first time, since his rise to fame, that a publicity-hungry girl had tried to involve him in her own scheme to achieve recognition.

Ginger said defensively, "I'm not trying to put you on the spot. I'm just out to get a break for myself. Won't you help me? All I want is the chance to prove myself!"

Ironically enough Mark echoed Larry Bryan's words, but his voice was not unkind.

"My dear girl, there are thousands like you who think that they can sing. My secretary turns them away every day. Run along like a good girl, and I'll forget about this. You'll be much happier if you are content to just be yourself. Give up the idea of becoming a star."

Ginger stood her ground. She said despairingly, "Won't you let me sing just one song for you?"

Mark Hammond fidgeted with his wrist watch. "Sorry, I haven't the time. I have to get back to my orchestra. I've been away too long now."

Ginger saw opportunity slipping away from her again. But still she did not move.

Mark's face darkened. "I shouldn't like to make any trouble for you," he hinted, "but really if you don't go—"

"Oh, all right, I'll go," Ginger said quietly. "But—"

She added surprisingly, "Would you mind giving me your autograph first?"

Mark complied, scribbling his name on a card because she had forgotten her book. Ginger went back through the terrace to Larry. Mark watched her go.

ODDLY enough he felt a bit sorry because he had been forced to let her down. There was something powerful about the set of those small shoulders. Something fine about her whole person. Despite the wavy red head.

In that very first moment when she thrust herself upon him Mark had noticed that Ginger Wallis was beautiful. But it was beauty without polish. He knew her to be a bit defensive, a bit crusty.

A man, Mark guessed, who was not willing to marry the kid if she gave up her crazy dreams for radio fame. Life was funny. Mark shrugged his shoulders. Too bad, but there were too many like her.

Ginger said to Larry, "Well, I got it!" and tossed Mark's autographed card down on the table.

Larry exploded, "Why, you little idiot! Do you mean to say you made that ridiculous spectacle of yourself for the sake of an autograph?"

It was after midnight when Mark Hammond left the Berkeley. The doorman had his roadster waiting by the curb. Mark stepped into it, and the doorman was feeling moody tonight. Somehow he could not quite get that girl out of his mind.

When he stopped for a traffic light on Fifth Avenue he realized that the dashboard speedometer was not only on his mind. She was right in the car with him. She was taking advantage of the stop to crawl out of the open (Continued on page 56)
Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them thoroughly the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder choking the pores that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and look it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

**Barbara Stanwyck**

STAR OF WARNER BROS. "THE WOMAN IN RED"

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!
ruble seat, and into the front seat beside him.

Mark ejaculated, "What the hell!"

Her face was white, but her eyes burned bright with excitement.

Ginger said, "All right, you can go ahead now. The light's changed.

Mark started up his car again with a jerk. "Would you mind telling me just what is the big idea this time?" he asked.

"The big idea this time," Ginger said firmly, "is that I refuse to take no for an answer. I ditched my escort on the pretense of making a telephone call, and hid in your car when the doorman wasn't looking."

You couldn't help admiring the kid's courage. Mark said, "So what?"

"So I'm going to sing for you. I'm going to make you listen to me."

Mark was taken aback. "If you think I'm going to drive through New York with you singing your head off in an open car, you're crazy." she supplemented. "I think you told me that before. Nevertheless, I'm going to do it."

**HER** eyes met his defiantly. "If you try to put me out of this car I'll call a cop and say that you threw me out! You don't risk that kind of a scandal. You'd better listen to me. Mr. Hammond."

Mark said slowly, "Okay, I guess you win."

Late city-dwellers returning to their homes and the cops on the avenue were treated to the spectacle of a girl sitting in an open roadster, singing. Not singing her head off. Singing her heart out. To the man beside her, and the stars above. Each twinkling light in the midnight sky symbolized to Ginger a radio personality. The star she herself wanted to be, the star she was going to be.

(Continued from page 54)

Opportunity had knocked for Ginger Wallis, at last, and she put body and soul into her performance. She sang one popular song after another. Ginger Wallis' own interpretations of Mark Hammond's favorite songs.

Mark Hammond never said a word. He sat staring at the road ahead. His mind was bewildered. He had been prepared to accept the girl as just another youngster with too much ambition and not enough talent.

But this Ginger Wallis had something! There was a husky sweetness about her voice which tugged at the emotions. There was power beneath the sweetness, too. Most of all, she had personality. She was vivid. With the right training she might—

Ginger ended on a plaintive note. "For all we know we may never meet again—"

For all she knew she might never meet Mark Hammond again. The last chorus of her song died away, and a startled policeman stared after the disappearing car.

Still Mark had not spoken. Ginger's heart knocked unsteadily. What was he going to say? Did his silence mean that she had muffed her big chance? She breathed, "Well?"

Mark said, "Report at the studio tomorrow at ten o'clock for an audition."

"Oh!" She could not say any more. Suddenly her throat was tight, and her eyes were misty.

Mark said, "Don't get the impression that you are going to become a success overnight. Maybe you won't even click, but I'll give you a try-out. I think you have possibilities."

All her bravado was gone. Paradise was in sight tonight, and her cup of joy was crumbling over.

Ginger choked, "Oh, Mr. Hammond!" clasping and unclasping her hands ecstatically.

Her native eagerness was almost too much for Mark. Ginger's emotions fairly bubbled over. He had not seen such fresh enthusiasm since his own struggling days.

Mark pulled his car over to the curb, and stopped.

"Look here, kid, get a grip on yourself. You've got a long way to go before you're a star. Maybe at the end you'll find yourself wishing that you hadn't even tried. Success is like that sometimes. You won't know until you've got yourself over. A good voice isn't enough. You've got to be a personality. You've got to be polished!"

"I'll do anything," Ginger murmured. "Anything!"

Mark said, "I have just signed a new contract with Bronstein. Starting next week I am inaugurating a brand new program. One of the biggest hours on the air. There'll be room only for the best talent—understand? If your tests tomorrow are okay, you shall make your radio debut then.

"But remember you will not be facing an unseen audience. There will also be a large, critical, visible audience in the studio, watching every move you make."

Mark dived into his pocket, and pressed some money into her hand. "Study your appearance, and buy yourself a dress. Not one with ruffles all over it like the one you're wearing now. Something plain, to show up the whiteness of your skin. Black, I should think, with your hair."

**SEEING** her draw back he hastened to add, "Consider it a loan, if you like. I'll deduct it from your salary."

Mark smiled whimsically. "If you want to be a star, you know, you've got to look like a star!"

"Crazy!" Ginger breathed impulsively. "It's been a long time since anyone was so sweet to me."

She leaned forward, and kissed the startled Mark lightly on his lips. Then, as he put her away from him, her face went scarlet at the realization of what she had done.

Mark's face was a study in embarrassment. He said gruffly, "If you're going to work with me, girl, don't ever do that again! Remember, sentiment and business just don't mix!"

Ginger did not reply. In a flash she had opened the door of the car. As suddenly as she had come she was gone again. Running, her heels tapping daintily on the quiet pavement. Dazed, Mark watched her go.

"I wonder," Mark Hammond mused. "I wonder what the future has in store for her?"

Now that Ginger's going to get her chance, will she miff it? Is she just another youngster with too much ambition and not enough talent?

Read next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR and follow our heroine into radio land. You'll learn the secrets of the struggle for radio fame.
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 47)

$1.00 PRIZE

THINK this miracle of radio is almost too good to be true. What it has done for lonely isolated people can never be accurately estimated.

The wife and mother who is too tired to seek entertainment away from her easy chair, can, regardless of threadbare dress and comfortable shoes, have the best talent in any line as entertainment. She has but to reach out and turn a button, then sink back to listen and be soothed until rest steals through her aching muscles.

If I have a criticism to make it is this. After, or sometimes before some product has given us entertainment, a child is called upon to read a letter or say something from actual experience concerning the product. To me it never rings true. The thought steals in, maybe the letter is not authentic. Possibly it was bought. The same when a doctor voices his preference. How does one know he is a medical man of repute?

I think such methods tend to weaken the impression the product has made.

MARY BELLE WALLEY, Butler, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

ANY people appear to believe it's smart to criticize the radio programs; although very few of these critics offer any constructive ideas.

The fact is that we are getting the greatest variety of entertainment we ever had at our disposal and all for practically no cost. It is true that we must listen to some advertising talk, some of which is silly, boring and seemingly endless. Well, what of it? A little agony will not hurt anyone.

The big networks give us many fine sustaining hours, free of all advertising; there are also many sponsored programs on which there is a minimum of advertising talk. Then there are programs of only fifteen minutes duration, five minutes of which is ballyhoo; yet few of us would miss those, because of that. Take Amos and Andy for example. Although on for only ten minutes, millions listen to them.

My suggestion is to stop criticizing lest something happen that may deprive us of the wonderful entertainment that we are getting.

JULIUS REICH, New York City.

$1.00 PRIZE

ANY thanks to radio for the improvement in day-time programs. The busy housewife gets so much pleasure and assistance from some of the broadcasts.

No longer must she listen to "Little Dotty Dumbell" and the would-be career announcer, who seemed to believe all listeners who tuned in before five, must be "talked down to".

Helpful suggestions are welcome and first class entertainment makes the day's work easier and the hours shorter.

Please use my gratitude to any—

(Continued on page 88)
The Critic on the Hearth
By Weldon Melick

FRANK REVIEWS OF THE NEW PROGRAMS

Now! an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of LONG, LOVELY, LASHES so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—it keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

Woman's Greatest Power
— alluring eyes

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will you, I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree, safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tearproof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrious Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note the two offers below. My free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

KATE SMITH'S NEW-STAR REVUE—Professionals as well as amateurs can and do try out for this program. No "duds"—no gong. Kate visits a different city each week, and with a local jury auditions prospects, picking one man and one woman to take back to New York. Sponsor pays their expenses, plus a stipend for their one broadcast. James Farrell, Washington bartender discovered in this manner, has been signed by Columbia. Kate, Jack Miller's Orchestra and the Ambassador Trio furnish most of the well-balanced program.

CBS 8:30 P. M. Mon. 30 min.

BEATRICE LILLIE—Will either make you roll on the floor or smash your radio. Everybody agrees that she isn't just moderately good, but there is quite a difference of opinion as to whether she's perfect or perfectly terrible. Anyway, she's the only comedienne now on the air in a solo spot. Bee Lillie pretends to be clever instead of dumb and usually succeeds aided and abetted by Lee Perrin's Orchestra and various stooges including a "nephew" who sounds suspiciously like skippy. Bee builds some of her best gags with discreet pauses—she's the only radio entertainer who can make silence seemingly funny. We predict that Beatrice Lillie will be the big comedy sensation of the year. We may miss our guess, but we're not going to miss a single Lillie program!

NBC 9:00 P. M. Fri. 30 min.

PENTHOUSE PARTY—Fast and goofy, but not side-splitting. Stars MARK HELLINGER, famous columnist who recently took Hollywood by storm. Radio now comes in for a breeze from his wind-bag of tricks. His cutest trick is Gladys Glad (and she is his, legally) who foils for him and plugs the product. Mark includes a typical Hellinger story on the program, but we suspect he's obliged to save all the good ones for his newspaper column. Attractive party on the partying by clever Peggy Flynn, some swell harmonizing, Emile Coleman's Orchestra, and high-class guest talent complete the show.

NBC 8:00 P. M. Wed. 30 min.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen is devoting twenty minutes of his Hour of Smiles to a battle of amateur talent. Two or three rounds last till the gong. A couple more are knockouts. Some kind of mechanical robot picks the winners and can do a pretty stupid job of it. Sometimes listeners kick another entry into duplicate award. First prize, $50 and a week at the Roxy. Second prize, $25. Rest of the grand show remains the same—Lennie Hayton and Troubadours, Portland Hoffa, dialect stooges, Allen's classic Town Hall News and absolutely wacky plays. One of our favorite programs.

NBC 9:00 P. M. Wed. 60 min.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS—you can still get in on a few of these, though they won't run much longer. Well staged and good voices. If you don't like Gilbert and Sullivan, you oughta be ashamed!

NBC 2:30 P. M. Tue. 60 min.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL OF THE AIR—there are always surprises on this varied bill. Many of the guest stars are old-time vaudevilians, past masters of comedy and music. Musical interludes are by top-notch guest orchestras. This all-professional program ought to click 100 per cent with those who are shouting "Down with Amateur Hours."

CBS 2:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

STORIES OF THE BLACK CHAMBER—Spies, murder, intrigue, centering around the room (in Washington) where ciphers were broken in war-time. An authentic serial which promises to keep you in gooseflesh three times a week.

NBC 7:15 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri. 15 min.

LILAC TIME—The latest steps described by the dance master, Arthur Murray, slowly enough so you can try them out with the encouragement of Leith Stevens' Orchestra. The Chevalier's Octet and Elie, Vali, will sing made voice are thrown in for good measure.

CBS 6:00 P. M. Sat. 30 min.
The thing was not to let yourself get soured and done for.

Breakfast. Somehow, you aren't hungry. You'd much rather sleep than eat anyway, and your feet... No, don't think about them. You force down some coffee and toast, not because you want it but so that the folks shan't worry about you. The folks... you'd do anything for them! They'd do anything for you, too, except the one thing you really want. They can't give you your chance. The clock creeps on to eight.

"Well... I'll have to be going now," you say to your mother.

"Good-bye, dear. Mind you have a nice hot lunch, and don't get tired."

"Oh, I won't... it's easy work, really!"

Don't get tired? You're tired already! Your feet...

The store. Check in your time and whisk away those cloths from the counter. The customers begin coming in early. One woman wants a certain kind of hairpin. She looks everything over, scowls, and buys nothing. A plain, motherly woman buys a washboard. You have to climb up on a ladder to lift the boards down, but you don't mind troubling when a customer smiles at you as kindly as that! A stout woman wants a corset. You measure it over her coat, and she steps on your foot... Tape, towels, glassware... At least your sales-record makes a good showing. That holds your job safe. Lunch time at last.

Four of the girls go to lunch at a soda fountain, because it's cheap. They talk about boys and dances. Helen is strangely quiet, and they tease her, good-humoredly enough.

"How come you weren't at the dance last night?"

"Oh... I was busy."

"Yes, I know. Busy! I bet you were at the library again, looking over that music magazine with the songs in it. You and your singing!" They all know that Helen sings, but nobody takes it seriously. The talk runs on.

"I didn't have a million dollars, I'd buy me a palace in Florida and never work again in my life."

"I'd get married, and run a grand house, and entertain..."

"I wouldn't. I'd cut loose and see the world."

"I... I'd give half to my folks, so they'd never have to be pinched for money, and then I'd find myself the best music teacher... " Helen stops short. That one thing, creeping into every thought. Well, she mustn't let it; what's the use of thinking and thinking...

Back to the store. This afternoon, a man comes to the counter. It isn't often that men come shopping alone, in midweek. He makes a slight purchase, and then says he'd like to talk to Helen a
That was the beginning of Helen Jepson’s musical career. First of all, she gave herself the music lessons she longed for, by imitating the records she sold! Then, she began saving her money, penny for penny. Scantier lunches; fewer clothes; no luxuries. After two full years of painful economy, she had scraped enough together to take her to Chautauqua for a few summer weeks. Everybody said that was a funny sort of vacation for a shopgirl to take! But Helen wanted to find out what professional musicians thought about her voice.

What the professionals said dazzled her! They told her she must give up all other interests and work hard, because she had it in her to become a great artist!

Her next step was to try for a scholarship at the great Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

Helen Jepson did not win one scholarship at Curtis; she won five. For five consecutive years, she was taught by the greatest masters and coaches in the world. She entered Curtis with only shop-clerk experience. She left it ready to take her place on any music platform in the world. But while her schooling was free, she had to earn the money to live. So she used her summer vacations as earning periods, and never lost touch with the routine of hard work. One year, she went on a tour of the Chautauqua circuit. Another year, she went back to Akron, and sang for the people who had bought tape and washboards from her. When she was graduated from Curtis, though, she had a contract to sing with the Philadelphia Opera...she tells you it seemed hard to believe all the wonderful things that were happening to that tired little shopgirl!

In Akron, Helen hadn’t been overly interested in boys, because the boys she met seemed far apart, somehow, from her real life of music. But at Chautauqua, she met George Possell, the distinguished flautist, who was playing some concerts there. And then she knew that something was happening to her that was more important than any music. She had fallen in love. At first, though, it didn’t seem as if he were taking any special notice of her. He was twelve years her senior, and a prominent musician. The little music student didn’t think she had much chance of interesting him. Then, during her last year at school, Possell appeared in Philadelphia and asked her to marry him. They went to Europe on their honeymoon, and as soon as they returned, Helen made her operatic début, in Philadelphia, with John Charles Thomas. She had her training, she had love; she had a chance...it seemed as if all the little shopgirl’s dreams were coming true!

And then, all of a sudden, the bright hopes faded, and disappointments loomed up that were even more crushing than those she had faced five years before. The Depression had set in. The Philadelphia Opera closed. Singing jobs were scarcer than Wall Street profits, and unknown young beginners like Helen Jepson were facing a most heartbreaking situation.

Radio Mirror, September 1, 1933.
But her old gallant courage came to her rescue again. There were no jobs to be had! All right, then, there was something else to do! She stayed at home, kept house and cooked for her husband, and went through the one experience she wanted more than any other in the world... motherhood. She has a charming little daughter of two, who is her chief delight in life. And she enjoyed those difficult years, she tells you! They gave her a foundation in the human art of home-making! (She still wants to be a great singer, but it's no longer her greatest ambition... that greatest ambition is, to watch her daughter grow up into fine womanhood.) But all the while she cooked and cleaned and tended house, she kept up her studies with Queena Mario, of the Metropolitan Opera. It was radio, of course, that gave Helen Jepson her first big break. After trying... and failing!... at a number of auditions, she was given a chance as guest artist on one of Rudy Vallee's revue hours. And that one appearance convinced, not merely studio officials, but the entire listening world! Suddenly, overnight, the name of Helen Jepson had come to mean something. She was engaged as star of the White-man hour. Like a modern Cinderella, she was lifted in one night from humdrum disappointment, to glamorous fame.

And this time, fame was to grow. After a few months in radio work, she was given an audition at the great Metropolitan Opera. When she came out of it, the press of the nation were humming with the news of an American small town girl, who was the first woman star ever to be engaged for leading roles at the "Met", with only radio experience!

So much for her career. How about her as a person? What has happened to the little shopgirl of the Akron days? The girl who dragged herself wearily out of bed, and longed for a chance at bigger things? I can tell you. She's come every step of the way with this new star. Helen Jepson hasn't forgotten her. She doesn't want to. She speaks readily of the past, and feels that she's still the very same girl.

Glamar hasn't dazzled her. She's a real person! Simple in her tastes, she prefers deep-sea fishing and outdoor sports to night clubs, but her best fun is playing with her little daughter! Only last month, on a train, a splinter of steel flew into her eye. She fulfilled her engagements, returned to New York, and consulted an eye specialist, three days later. He had to remove the bit of steel with anaesthetics and instruments. Later, he asked her how she had been able to stand the pain.

"I didn't have time to think about it," she laughed. "There was work to be done!"

There you have Helen Jepson... a gallant girl who has known what it is to stand on the side lines, making dreams, and who has fought her way into the land of dreams-come-true through sheer grit and strength of character but who was once, eight short years ago, just a tired little shopgirl!

**GLAZO OFFERS**

**3 New Aids to Fingertips**

**A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE**

6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES

2 TO 4 DAYS' LONGER WEAR

and Now only 25c

Put inferior polish on your fingertips—and watch beauty slip out of your fingers.

Why experiment with carelessly-made nail polish... brands that are made to sell, not to last... when Glazo costs you only 25 cents?

There's a flattering new lustre about Glazo that lasts 2 to 4 days longer, and doesn't chip, crack, or fade. Day or night, each of Glazo's six lovely shades is timed to the last tick of fashion. An exclusive color chart package tells you your best shades. And Glazo, with its new metal- shafted brush, is lot easier to apply... and not a bristle can come loose.

Another thing... if you value your nails... use Glazo Polish Remover. No acetone... and special oils make it non-drying. Only 25 cents, the same as Glazo's better new Cuticle Remover.

**GLAZO**

The Smart Manicure

**"Why does my polish always look chipped and faded?"

"Probably, my child, because you are NOT using Glazo—and Glazo's only 25 cents!**
one broadcast that she couldn’t send Dora a waffle iron as a wedding present because Dora’s husband had already given her one. Out of a clear sky came a letter from a real Dora Seeley, a dealer in antiques at Ambler, Pa. And when the real Dora had been married just a short time before the broadcast her husband really had given her a waffle iron!

A joke some friend sent Don Ameche’s name into one of the lonely hearts clubs. And now Don, who is happily married, is getting letters like this:

“Adorable little college student sensible and sedate, yet full of pep and has a big warm heart full of love. Age, 18, five feet four inches, 130 pounds. Boys, she’s a dream. Anxious to hear from nice young man who wants a real pal.”

The Spanish Don Mario seems to have learned a trick from our Irish constabulary—“play with the child to win the nurse.” While in Hollywood recently he became acquainted with Jean Muir, film actress who has a pedigreed Scottie. He and Miss Muir enjoyed a long chat about their favorite subject—dogs. Don Mario is one of the reasons the Maybelline show, “Penthouse Serenade,” is so popular out Chicago way.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink owns one of the most remarkable autograph books in the world. It contains letters from governors of forty-eight states sent her on the occasion of her golden jubilee.

Have you ever tuned in on the “Melodies of Yesterday” program over WBBM and the Columbia network work from the Edgewater Hotel in Chicago? Tune it in. You’ll enjoy the musical combination of Sara Ann McCabe, soprano, Margaret Sweeney, harpist and Herbert Foote, organist.

Ray Raymond, Jr., baby son of Billy Mills Chicago CBS orchestra members, made his radio debut the other night—as a name at least—when less than 24 hours old. It happened in the “Myrt and Marge” show which called for a hotel scene and a page boy. Much to Ray’s father’s amazement, the name being paged in this scene turned out to be “Ray Raymond, Jr.”

Gene Arnold of NBC and Sinclair Minstrel fame has just received a letter from a woman in Wenatchee, Washington, asking for copies of the verse he read over the air during a “Beautiful Thoughts” program. Gene first thought the letter had been intended for someone else, but then recalled that four years ago he was on the air in a “Beautiful Thoughts” program.

De Wolf Hopper, grand old man of the theatre and now of radio, has done his famous “Casey at the Bat” recitation so often he’s really come to shrink from public appearances fearing another request for it. He has done the poem more than 3,000 times.

Pacific

(Continued from page 41)

Ken Niles, announcer at KJL, will be passing out the cigars by the time this reaches print. Yep, Ken and Nadja expect an heir along the last of March. Probably a radio career will be mapped out for the youngster, for Nadja is a fine violinist and Ken can sing a lusty baritone.

Helen Guest, talented singer of ballads on KFI, Los Angeles, started on KJL’s children’s hour ten years ago and is a popular southland favorite. “Pleasingly plump” is how the coast columnists describe the fair Helen. In facial expression and avoir-du pois she is almost Kate Smith’s double, though a bit shorter.

Ruth Durrell, famed KFVB songstress is sporting her new bangs, the recent sensation of the radio studio. Her voice will be recalled by many listeners as one of the highlights of “Sunday Night Hi Jinks.”

Around San Francisco—Wayne Frederick of the NBC Clef Dwellers, just recovering from passing out the cigars. It’s a boy ... Dee J. Ball, who pens the “Joan of Arc” scripts, joins KYA’s writing staff ... Tom Cockley, orchestra leader, decides to stay here to study law and play for NBC instead of going east for nite club spot ... Lloyd Yoder, NBC pressman and football mike spieler is oiling up the boots for the spring hunting season ...
The Double Life of Nick Parkyakakas
(Continued from page 29)

As a boy of ten, Harry would collect an appreciative audience of child stooges, stand up on a box at any empty street corner, and conduct make-believe auction sales. The act never failed. The cheers and whoops of joy were loud, raucous evidence of that.

At twelve, Harry worked for his father who was an importer of food products and most of whose business was done with Greeks. As soon as school was over in the afternoon, he would hurry to the store and listen closely to the business conversations as he swept out and dusted the counters. It was not long before he had his new parlor trick—a Greek dialect that sounded more natural than the ones he overheard in his father's store.

At fifteen, Einstein began his business career as an errand boy for the Boston American newspaper. In two years he had advanced to advertising solicitor and later was assigned to call on furniture accounts in Boston. While making these contacts he was offered two jobs with different concerns for a total weekly salary of $75. He accepted.

To celebrate his 19th birthday, he resigned and took the position of advertising manager for another furniture house at a salary double his old one!

Four years went by and nothing new in the business world cropped up. Then came his present job, advertising director of the Kane Furniture Company. He started there at $250 a week and has steadily risen in importance. To his credit is the Harvard National Prize, an award he won for the best furniture advertising in print during 1928.

Back in the days of crystal sets, ear phones, and disbelievers, Harry had been persuaded by friends who enjoyed his comedy at parties, to go on the air. After 28 weeks of being the first comedian on the air lanes—at no salary at all—he decided that radio had neither money nor future in it and left the field entirely.

But in 1932, his close friend, Joe Hines, a popular New England band maestro, persuaded Einstein to return to the air as a guest artist on one of his Sunday evening programs. Together they wrote the script and Harry went on.

He was an overnight success. The following morning one of the town's biggest furriers called him and offered him a 32-week contract with the highest salary ever paid a local artist on the air.

Radio, as a side line at night, was beginning to click for this busy daytime advertising executive. Close on the heels of the first contract came another offer from a jewelry firm for two additional broadcasts a week.

The contract with the jewelers was signed at the approach of the city election and Einstein conceived a plan to run for mayor and burlesque the can-

HAVE YOU A "DATED SKIN"?

I was born
April 2, 1902

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By Lady Esther

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21. Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueler still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfauling test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror. Don't try to select your shade in advertise,

vance, as flesh, natural or pearl, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is enhance it in appearance!

The Shade for You is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(Copy the address on a postcard (11)
Lady Esther, 2031 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of lady Esther Face Powder.

Name

Address

City. State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935
If you feel low—

✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale

then don't gamble

with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs.

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemoglobin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon. S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should. You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S., your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The 12 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upshot today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitute. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied—you request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS

Tonic

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

C. S.S.S. Co.

RADIO MIRROR

The Exclusive Story of the Jack Bennys' Baby

(Continued from page 15)

time without a word from Jack or Mary. And yet what do you suppose those two fools do? They get up at nine o'clock in the morning because they must see the baby having her breakfast. Maybe you think nine o'clock isn't very early. But it is for show people who are accustomed to turning the clock around, sleeping in and changing their full, exciting life in the evening.

Mary not only gets up at nine now, something she never did before, but she absolutely refuses to budge from the house till two o'clock. She has to watch Joan being fed again. And then no matter what she's doing, she flies home at five in the evening, because that's when Joan is bathed.

Once a friend called Mary up and asked her to go to a matinee. "Oh, I couldn't possibly," she said. "I wouldn't get home in time for the baby's bath."

And as for Jack Benny, if you wanted to talk to him about a million dollar contract at half past five in the evening, he'd tell you to go-know-where, because at five-thirty, rain or shine, he gets home to play with Baby Joan, and the president of the National Broadcasting Company himself couldn't make an engagement to see Jack and talk business during the hour he plays with Baby nerves.

Strangely enough, the idea of adopting a baby was Jack's in the first place, although men usually resent the idea of taking a strange child into their homes. But it was different with Mary and Jack, for he thought the idea for years and fought against seemingly insurmountable obstacles till his place in radio was right at the top, and it becomes obvious that no longer need he and Mary subject themselves to the gruelling grind of one-night stands.

But he has it all—Mary, a baby, and now, for the first time in Washington, he gets to pick the baby. While Jack was appearing in a play in Washington, she and Babe, her younger sister, went to New Rochelle, to a foundlings' home that the wife of Rabbi Stephen Wise had recommended to them. When Mary saw a baby girl with blonde, curly hair, who smiled right up at her.

"Oh," said Mary Livingstone, "I don't want to see any other babies. I've got to have this one." And she followed the girl out and said to Mary, "This is Joan, the baby Mrs. Stephen Wise wants you to adopt."

"She's the only one I'd dream of taking," said Mary, her eyes brimming over, and the baby, almost as if she understood Mary's words, looked up and smiled at her again.

But Jack Benny was a father for a whole week before he even so much as laid eyes on Joan, for his contract kept him in Washington and he couldn't desert the show he was with. When Jack finally got home, he rushed into the nursery, and when he saw the little tot, he was speechless at first. Then he and Mary laughed and cried together.

Since that day they haven't allowed contracts or parties or friends to tear them away from the baby. They have sacrificed many things for Joan, but they hardly realize that those things are sacrifices. For instance, after working hard all year, they had planned to go to Europe this summer. But rather than be separated from Joan...
7 women out of 10 write me...

"Those 3 Kotex features really opened my eyes"

- I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers these 3 exclusive advantages.

Now with Kotex costing so little there's no economy in buying any other kind.

Mary Malvin, Author of "Margaret Mary's 12th Birthday"

CAN'T CHAFE...

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute. Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides only are cushioned...the absorbent center surface is left free to do its absorbent work safely.

CAN'T FAIL...

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use...makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

CAN'T SHOW...

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow...easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery... QUEST, for Personal Daintiness.
Richard Himber, who wields a pen as skillfully as a baton, warns this department that when a radio tenor tells you he is feeling swell he is referring to his head and not his health! ... Now there is a "Lazy Dan" (Irv Kaufman) candy bar on the market .... Kathryn Parsons, "The Girl of Yesterday" on the air and in private life the wife of George Clarke, city editor of the New York Daily Mirror, and Joe Howard, the stage veteran, are collaborating on radio sketches. ... Lionel Stibles has "a hard-boiled voice" of Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight cast, has been signed by RKO for pictures ... Which reminds that the aforesaid Fred Allen, on his own authority, talks through his nose because his chin gets tired of wagging! ... Edgar A. Guest is a disappointment to studio spectators. They expect to see a long-haired, unkempt looking individual—for aren't all poets eccentric? Instead, a smooth-shaven, carefully groomed man in a conservative business suit meets the eye. By the death of a relative J. Anthony Smythe, the Papa Barbour of "One Man's Family" inherited an estate on the isle of Bratza in the Adriatic. It is under the dominion of Yugo-Slavogia but is heavily encumbered with debt to be a liability rather than an asset to Smythe. ... His domestic difficulties settled, Arthur Tracy has staged a fine comeback. "The Street Singer" probably will desert the air shortly to go to London where he is contracted to make stage appearances at the rate of $2,500 a week ... Abe Lyman is in Hollywood making a picture for Warner Brothers ... Pat Barnes is recovering from a fractured knee sustained in playing football with the Lombardos. 

DIVORCE among radio artists is no longer a novelty. But a brother suing his own brother, who is also a brother musician, for alienation of his wife's affection, is a distinct novelty. Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, recently married the divorced wife of his brother, Leon, who also plays in his orchestra. Last fall, Leon filed suit against Harry for $300,000 for the loss of his wife. Harry testified in Justice Edward Reigelman's court in Brooklyn that he had paid Leon $3,800 in settlement of all law suits, or claims or obligations. Leon has appealed the case in Appellate Division through his attorneys Frank Reiss and Charles A. Barrett. 

AND here's news! Leo Reisman and Eddie Duchin met in a New York night club the other yawnning and buried the hatchet—and not in each other, either, as they have been doing for years. Eddie, then a young pharmacist fresh from Boston, began his career as a pianist in Reisman's Casino orchestra in Central Park. Later he succeeded Reisman as maestro there and then the feud began. THEY SAY—

THAT Jane Pickens, eldest of the Pickens Sisters, will wed Paul Draper next month. (Of course, you know that the Pickens Sisters are a hit in "Thumbs Up," Eddie Dowling's successful Broadway revue). That the game of strip parchesi is being carried to excess by a certain group of radio artists. A well known tenor is reported to have been reduced to an athletic supporter in a recent game. (Editor's note: For shame! Even Sally Rand is protected by a fan or a balloon.) That Bing Crosby's brother, Bob, is very much interested in Martha Ray, the eyeful of "Calling All Stars". That Conrad Tihlborg, gay Mary Courtland a diamond ring for Christmas. Whereupon Radio Row jumped to the usual conclusion. But Conrad insists they are just good friends. THE Three X Sisters are now being sponsored by an oil concern—at least the contracts had been signed when this was written ... They are one of the many NBC sustaining features to land commercial since the first of the year ... Columbia, too, has placed a lot of suntanners with advertisers and it looks as though 1935 will go down into radio history as the year when the poor, downtrodden sustainer got a break. 

HARRY RICHMAN migrated to Florida for a holiday early in January and immediately was the tar-
get a lot of criticism on Radio Row. Richman's departure for the land of Winter sunshine followed on the heels of the closing of the musical "Say When" at the Imperial Theatre, New York. The show was playing to $20,000 a week and the carpers maintained that had Richman remained in the cast "Say When" could have been continued profitably and a lot of people would still have their jobs instead of walking the streets.

Your correspondent investigated the matter and is glad to report that there is another side of the story of which Richman's detractors apparently are unaware. The entertainer was financially interested in "Say When", the arrangement being that his salary was to be collected from the profits. The result was that he received a total of $85 for four weeks' work. The week before "Say When" said farewell Richman's share of the losses was $250.

The indications being the deficit would mount with each succeeding week, Richman agreed with the management there was nothing to do but to close the show.

POSTSCRIPTS

Here's something they can't get away with when television comes. The man who played Goliath, the giant, in the Biblical episode of "David and Goliath" measured 5 feet 5 inches and David towered over him! (Miss) Kathleen Wells, heard with Lanny Ross on the Log Cabin program and who also sings on the Show Boat, is Kay Costello when she warbles for WOR, the Newark station. Her real name is Kathleen McGone.

Take it from Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies on the Feen-A-Mint amateur program, everybody in the world wants to go on the wireless. Two hundred novices applied for auditions for the first show. Eight hundred were on hand for the second and when this was written 5,000 had filed applications. Ninety-five percent of them are vocalists and the problem is to find aspirants talented in other ways that novelty may be lent to the try-outs.

NBC is experimenting with recordings to make local announcements at station break time instead of human announcers . . . (Miss) Gene Denis, the mind reader, is a radio possibility of the near future . . . Irene Taylor, the radioreole, isn't the only Irene Taylor. A namesake is an evangelist at present touring the New England states . . . George Frame Brown, pioneer broadcaster once famous for his rural characters, should be back on the air by the time you read this Radio Mirror.

When Phil Spitalny set about organizing his 32-piece all girl band for Linit's "Hour of Charm" program he discovered there was no such animal as a female tuba player in the country. Phil had to teach a girl trombonist, Betty Jenkins, by name, how to play the "hippo horn" to complete the instrumental complement of the band. Have you read "32 Girls Who Can't Marry" in this issue?
How to Get More Fun
Out of Music
(Continued from page 33)

the harlot's love; and also the struggle that goes on in Tannhauser's soul to make his choice.
The music begins. When the famous "Pilgrim's Chorus" booms its way into the
overture we know that for the mo-
tumnent the hero has filled his soul with spiritual
love. Then a sensuous, slithery
movement gives the clear impression that Tannhauser is again thinking and
being tempted by his sensual love. That
awful noise and racket that rings on
our ears as discord is just that. It's
the discord and agony that goes on in-
side of Tannhauser. He is in a tough
spot, poor fellow.
In other words, let us say that a man
of your acquaintance is in love with a
fine, good girl. Somehow, however—as it
happens every day—he becomes in-
fatuated with a "loose woman." He
knows the worth of the first girl, the
worthlessness of the other. A tremend-
ous struggle goes on within him.
Sometimes he is certain that he loves and
respects the beauty and purity of the
first. Later he is tortured by the
"allure" of the second.
Well, Wagner takes this everyday situation and puts it into music. You
and I listen. We may not hear every
word but we sense the emotional
struggle that goes on. We feel beauty,
lust, purity, despair, happiness, and
finally, peace; as we listen to the music.
All music is like that. There is noth-
ing mysterious about it. It tells us a
story. Not in so many words but in so
many notes, "Tonal effects," the musi-
cians call it.
It's a puzzle as that. All we must
do is be quiet, relax, give full play to
our imagination, and enjoy.

MOST symphonies and operas, like
"Tannhauser," are written around
the equation of two of them. The com-
pic the despair of unrequited love, others the joys of first love, some physi-
oc love, and others spiritual love. It all
depends on the temperament—and often
the nationality—of the composer.
The German, Wagner, was very fond
of analyzing deeply and probing his
emotions.
Which reminds me of the story about
elephants, which pretty well illustrates
this point. An Englishman, an Ameri-
can, a Frenchman, and a German all
decided to write a book on elephants.
The Frenchman wrote on "The Love
Life of the Elephant." The English-
man, "Elephants I Have Hunted." The
German submitted a huge volume
called, "An Introduction to the Ele-
phant." And the American called his,
"Bigger and Better Elephants." So it is
with the composers and their
music. They all write about love, and
all of them have a little different treat-
ment and style according to the age in
which they lived, the country they lived
in, and their own temperament. Which
is one reason their music has different
and lasting appeal.
Wagner was a musical genius, who drove himself outward without regard for comfort or money, thinking only of his music. And of his need for romance and love.

His first wife was Minna Planer, an actress. But as the years went on, they became less happy together. Life was full of discord and discontent. They simply didn't get along and a break became inevitable. Finally, they separated.

Then Wagner met Mathilda, the wife of a friend of his, named Wesendonk. The two fell deeply in love. Mathilda understood his music his aims. He was happy at his work when he could be near her. But again, he was frustrated. Wagner, opposed to divorce, decided that they must separate. And so he left his adored Mathilda.

But soon thereafter he began work on the greatest love music ever written, that of "Tristan and Isolde." Frustrated in his own love, he sought refuge in this work that glorifies passionate love. Tristan and Isolde loved each other with an intensity that has never before nor since been recorded, yet, in the end, they died, doomed by the very intensity of their passion.

Wagner felt this himself, for he wrote in one of his letters: "Seeing that throughout my life I have never tasted the joy of real love in its perfection, I wish, with the fairest of all dreams, to raise a monument, compose a drama, in the course of which this love will be gratified to satiety. I have in mind a plan for 'Tristan and Isolde,' a work absolutely simple, yet brimming over with the utmost vitality; and I should like to wrap myself around with the folds of the sable banner which floats about its final scene, and die."

Yet he did not die. He survived the sorrow of his unhappy loves, and lived on to find true love at last. And this happy love induced him to compose serene, joyous music far different from the voluptuous heartbeats of "Tristan."

For he met Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt and wife of the conductor, Von Bülow. Again Wagner fell desperately in love and was loved in return with equal fervor. Cosima and Wagner lived happily together at Triebischen, a villa on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland.
She obtained a divorce; Wagner's wife died, and the two were married. For a while, at least, his life was calm, happy, productive.

And Cosima bore him a son, whom he named "Siegfried" after the immortal hero of his great "Ring Trilogy." Wagner loved his young son, loved his wife. And, of course, his love had to find musical expression.

So, in their joint honor, he composed the "Siegfried Idyll," a tender expression of his great joy and love for them both.

The story goes that Wagner wrote this music both as a Christmas and birthday present, since his birthday fell on Christmas day. It came as a complete surprise to her. Wagner had the music prepared without her finding out a thing about it.

He had the musicians assemble early at the villa on Christmas morning. They tuned up their instruments in the kitchen, then stole to the foot of the stairs. In the bedroom at the top Cosima was just drowsily waking.

Suddenly the soft, tender melody floated up to her. But she herself tells about it in her diary:

"I can give you no idea about this day, and my feelings. I shall tell you quite barely what happened: As I awoke my ear caught a sound, which swelled fuller and fuller; no keyword could I imagine myself to be dreaming; music was sounding and such music! When it died away Richard came into my room with the children, and offered me the score of the symphonic birthday poem. It was in tears, but so was all the rest of the household... And thus was Triebusch consecrated forever."

KNOWING the circumstances under which the composer wrote, is a great help in listening to music. But it is not a requirement. It doesn't matter whether or not you know exactly what Wagner meant when he composed "Siegfried Idyll" as a sonata and Isolde, as long as you get the emotional response from it. In fact, many of the composers were very impatient with people who were continually asking what they meant when they wrote such and such a thing.

Beethoven, when asked once the meaning of a Sonata of his, played it over again and finally replied: "It means I'HAT!"

In other words, the music supplies the emotions. You yourself supply the words. You will get infinite pleasure out of imagining situations and stories as you listen to music. After a while, jazz will begin to seem obvious to you. This new game is as fascinating as a story book without words.

There are infinite possibilities. If you tune in on a Tschaikowsky symphony you feel his intense and morbid sorrow against which he shakes his fist and cries out in deepest agony. You can remember that this great Russian had received a letter from a young woman, saying she loved him. That pulled terribly, at his heart-strings. He saw her and in a moment of "abnormal and fatal exaltation" they agreed to marry.
Tchaikowsky was in agony. "To live thirty years," he wrote, "with an innate hate of marriage, and then suddenly, by force of circumstance, to find oneself engaged to a woman one does not love, is very painful."

It was more than that! He really loved another woman, a lady who was his patroness and whom he had never met. Yet he married this other girl. And the wretched man could console himself only with the thought "that we cannot escape our fate, and there was something fatalistic in my meeting this girl."

If you will listen to his Fourth Symphony, written shortly after the time of his unfortunate marriage, you will find the figure of Fate, typified by a flaring fanfare of the brass, stalking through the music. Once you hear that melody you will remember it as long as you live. This is soul-stirring music that is alternately brilliant and then black as night. "So is all life," Tchaikowsky wrote his unseen patroness . . . "a continual alternation between grim truth and fleeting dreams of happiness."

At the end of February and during the month of March there will be plenty of opportunity to experiment with this new way of listening to music. Almost all the great symphony orchestras are on regular schedule this month. The New York Philharmonic will be playing every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 P. M., the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoons, and the Rochester, St. Louis and Kansas City Orchestras will also broadcast regularly through the month, as well as the Metropolitan opera on Saturday afternoons on the Opera Guild on Sunday evenings.

Then there are the commercially sponsored ensembles such as the 60-piece NBC orchestra, and the one recruited from the Detroit symphony, both on the air with eminent guest stars every Sunday evening.

We can all hear a number of great soloists either on regular hours or as guest stars. Tibbetti, Ponselle, Nino Martini, John McCormack, Lily Pons, Lurizza Bori, Crooks, John Charles Thomas, Grace Moore, and Egon Petri are only some of them.

As we learn to listen more skillfully, all these broadcasts will become more important to us. Later, when we tell more stories about the background of the composers, the time in which they lived, the country, and the conditions under which they composed, our appreciation will become sharper, and more valuable to us.

And soon it will be interesting for us to discover just how certain musical effects are obtained.

For instance, which instrument in the symphony sobs?
Which laughs?
Which are percussions?
And, is it true that all good trap drummers are crazy?

Don't fail to read Mr. Smith's absorbing and instructive comments about music and how to get more fun out of it coming issues of RADIO MIRROR magazine. In this series he adds a new dimension to our lives and our enjoyment of them.

WIVES KEEP MAKING THE SAME OLD MISTAKE

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitifully lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE ALL CONFUSED"

It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way their mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.

"I HAVE SEEN THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The practice of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an antiseptic providing surgical cleanliness with safety! Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbo acid that can be used without danger on the human body. Zonite will never harm delicate membranes. Nor leave an area of scar-tissue. Despite its germicidal strength, Zonite is gentle, positively soothing. It comes in bottles: 30c, 60c, and $1.00.

Then there are Zonite Suppositories which are semi-solid, dainty white and greaseless forms. They come hygienically sealed in individual glass vials, 12 to a box: $1.00. Ask your druggist.

"NOW I'M HAPPY BECAUSE I KNOW"

Women everywhere say that knowledge and happiness came to them from the pages of "Facts for Women," Send for this booklet. Read it. Pass it on to others. It is honest. Up-to-date. Most helpful to all women. Just mail coupon.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
□ Facts for Women
□ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name (Please print name)
Address
City (In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)
is the most beautiful little home you ever saw. It's surrounded by six acres of farm land. In front of it is a swimming pool. In the stable, in back, are riding horses. On three sides a garden lies cultivated, ready to bloom in the spring.

"That is mine, all mine. That is what I went to when I left last year for home. Can you blame me? Not if you knew what home meant to me, how I had wanted it all those years I was trowping, living in hotels, out of a trunk, in railway stations.

"And I made up my mind that I was going to stay there. Sure it was hard to quit that way, deserting an audience which had proved its loyalty again and again. I wasn't a rich man when I left, but I had enough invested in bonds — good government bonds—to take care of my miniature estate in Indiana. I've settled down with my wife and it is the best thing I've had from life.

"THEN, out of a clear sky, came this offer from my old sponsor. They wanted me back on the air and they wanted me to sing from Cincinnati. What could have been more wonderful? It meant that I stayed where I was, drove one night a week to the station, put on my program, and drove back. It even left me all day Friday, before the broadcast, to myself.

"A boyhood dream and a man's life-long yearning. "You tell all your readers," Frankel continued, "that old Sam is singing again because he wants to sing. He's happier to be back than he can say, and he's tickled to death to be back for the company that sponsored him before."

Quietly, he has resumed his old role. It was his own wish that no special announcements be made about his return. The star of his first Barbasol broadcast he swung into the Barbasol theme with only the briefest possible introduction.

"It was so natural for me to be singing again that I wanted my listeners to have the same reaction," Frankel explained. "That's why there hasn't been very much publicity. People hear me and it seems like old times to them."

He paused to smile, and his smile was proof that the dream of twenty-five years had come true.

"Why, do you know," he went on, "that within fifteen minutes' drive of my home there are four different golf courses on which I can play? And not much farther than that good places where I could go hunting in the fall. Imagine doing anything like that in New York!"

"Of course I'm not saying that I'll never return East, never go back on another national network but I'll take some tall persuading. Mrs. Frankel isn't in any hurry to leave, either. She's had enough of trowping, being a show person, to appreciate a home."

**THE REAL REASON SINGING**

**Sam Came Back**

(Continued from page 27)
Hey, Skinny
You’ll Gain 5 to 15 Lbs.
In a Few Weeks
— This New Easy Way

Special quick way adds pounds fast

Stop being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands bold flesh, attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm attractive flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers’ ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a beautifully clear skin—you’re an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special free offer!

To start you building up right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at one, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, “New Facts About Your Body” by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.

By professional women

—

It was hard, at first, Frankel admitted, after he left the career which had meant so much to him. Back in Indiana old friendships began anew, but it took time. It was a different Harry who came back. A Harry who had seen much and learned much. But when he and his wife decided to marry and settle down on the farm, everything was different. Sudden, neighbors began to look upon him as plain Harry Frankel who was bringing home a bride. The house was finished, the marriage took place, and life began all over again for two people.

“I have a hired man there on the farm who raises a few things, tends the garden, and keeps up the house. That leaves Mrs. Frankel and me to travel, weed the flower garden, fish, swim, or do any of the other things we want to do so much. Dad and mother live just a little ways from us, too.

“We aren’t really isolated from the world at large at all, for that matter. You see, the house is located on U.S. Highway 40, the highway of the nation. It runs right through the heart of the midwest and past our front door.”

As I listened, I wondered how many people, driving past the low rambling house off the road, imagined that here on this farm, lived Singing Sam radio’s most popular baritone voice. And, if they knew that, knew that while they were hurrying to some place other than home, he was there because he never wanted to go any other place again.

Frankel said after a momentary silence, “say hello to all my friends and tell them I hope they come out this way some time. I’d like to see them again.”

But that is not all! This super-rich health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.
OLD FOLKS SWELL BARE
Safe, All-vegetable LAXATIVE

Constipation Ceased
To Be a Problem
20 YEARS AGO

To trying "after 40" intestinal sluggishness for them! Safe, all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) are their secret for keeping fit, free from the headaches, biliousness, colds, and conditions that distress so many older people. It means so much to you, to use the right laxative. One that treats the system kindly—containing no pheno derivitives. One that works right with, not against, nature. One that cleans the whole intestinal tract, yet with gentle, natural action. Altogether they spell one thing—an all-vegetable laxative. Any doctor will tell you. A fair trial of Nature's Remedy will convince you. That vigorous, refreshed feeling—the clear head, the improved digestion, the sense of well-being, tell the story. Plus the fact that you don't have to increase the dose, for they're non-habit forming. The box of 25 tablets only 25¢ at any drug store.

FREE 1033 Calender-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also sample TUMS, special size for reasons of tooth decay.

A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 118-DAA, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10¢.

SPECIAL OFFER
GUARANTEED
UNDENWOOD

Yours for 10¢ a Day

No Money Down

Sent on 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

$100.00 MODEL ONLY $39.00

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full-sized model Underwood No. 5 for only $39.95 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including 2.5 keyboard, music ribbon reverse shiftlock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect 10¢ purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Leeds Touch Typewriting
Complete typist's course
Indispensable for all women—
Men—Boys.

"TEN CENT-A-DAY TERMS—10 CENTS A DAY Money-Back Guarantee

Send coupon for 10-day trial or you decide to keep it pay only $3.95 a month until 90 term payments are paid. Limited offer—act at once.

DEALER'S UPDATE AND EXCHANGE
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, III., Dept. 403

When you have a model ready to trade, bring us your old type writer and you may get $3.50 as a start. Please show us old machine so we may compare it with new machine to see how much value we may be able to give you. Write for complete information.


What's Wrong with the Amateurs?
Ray Perkins Tells
(Continued from page 30)

trouble with amateurs is their own fear. I'm talking about that small percentage who are really gifted. I feel sorry for the others, and I wish I could say something that would help them—but there isn't anything you can say. They just aren't good enough.

"Very few amateurs I've heard have real self-confidence. They may have plenty of boldness and brass, and they may want to argue with you if you tell them you can't use them on the program, but that isn't real self-confidence.

"The funny thing about it is that audience-fright, though in many cases it can't be cured entirely, isn't hard to hide. That's what many an actor or singer, who seems to be perfectly calm while inwardly he is suffering agonies of nervousness, is doing—controlling and hiding his fright.

IT doesn't take long to learn to hide your nervousness, compared to the time it takes to learn to do something really well. An artist spends years perfecting his talent, but once it is perfected, it will take him only six months, or less, to learn to appear in front of an audience without it.

If Ray were a beginner, struggling to get a start, he would seize every opportunity to perform that offered himself, he told me.

"I'd perform every time I got a chance, in front of any audience that I could, as often as possible, at parties, informal entertainments, college or school shows—anywhere. It wouldn't be long, I know before I'd have cured myself of showing nervousness.

Then, becoming the sort of person who sees both sides of a question, Ray admitted that there is good excuse for amateurs to be nervous, particularly when they are making an audition for an amateur program.

"An audition isn't exactly a fair test," he said. "We are open to all comers, and it is impossible to hear them all properly. The ideal way would be for us to take each performer into a room, alone with the judges, talk to him, try to calm his jitters and put him at his ease, and then let him do his act. But we haven't time. We have to listen to too many. It would even be all right to have them all in studio, live, of course, if we could audition fewer at a time. At the end of a long afternoon we're liable to get so tired and confused that it's quite possible for us to let real talent slip by unnoticed. For that reason, it's not quite fair to the performers.

Then Ray gave me a tip, although I don't think he realized it, to pass on to those who want to get a chance on the Amateur Night. He admitted that his big job was to find acts with novelty. Seventy-five per cent of the amateurs are singers," he complained.
"They get in our hair. I suppose people think they can sing without any particular training, or any other equipment than what they were born with. They don't realize that a singer who can be good without training has to be born with a lot more than the average fellow. If you want to succeed as a singer you are going to have to expect a lot of competition.

From this, although Ray didn't say so in so many words, I guess that if you can play a zither, or are half of a two-piano team, or can do something a little bit out of the ordinary, your initial chances of appearing on his program are greater than they would be if you were a singer, although good singers will always find a place on every program.

Ray is just enough of a fatalist to realize that success, in the radio or elsewhere, is often a matter of luck. "You have to get the breaks," he said. "If you get a good one, you'll go ahead; but if you get a bad one, you'll have to wait a while. But—and here's the important point—even good breaks don't do much good if you haven't talent, or aren't prepared for them. That's why I say that gifted amateurs should perform as often as possible, in order to overcome their audience-fright when the good break finally does come."

What's Wrong with the Amateurs?
Major Bowes Tells
(Continued from page 31)

of the Amateur Hour, but it's the big city's radio sensation. Every Tuesday night at eight o'clock thousands of listeners turn away from the big network programs to this local station. Unrehearsed and off the script ("Round and round and round she goes, and where she'll stop nobody knows," says the Major as he opens the program), the Amateur Hour runs the high-priced comics a close race for humor—and, sometimes, outdoes the dramatic programs in pathos.

The Major is the presiding genius of the broadcast. He sits at a little table in the corner of the studio, talks to the performers as they take their places before the microphone, asks them what they are going to do, describes them to the radio audience, and does much to put them at ease with his kindly manner. When he says "All right", they do their little acts for the other waves. And then, if they aren't good or show signs of monopolizing the time, it's the Major's hand which picks up a little mallet and strikes the gong. That gong! There's no arguing with it. When its sound cuts across your music or your patter, you just stop.

Through the glass panel of the control room I watched them. There wasn't room for me inside the studio itself. Too many amateurs. People from all walks of life, of all ages, hop-

**RADIO MIRROR**

HELP KIDNEYS

.. don't take drastic drugs


A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles." If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Sisstex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It works fast, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Sisstex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3¢ a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

**Cystex**

(8¢ Sisstex)

**It's Guaranteed**

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid manners. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any farsighted physician will at once recommend for its definite results in adding the treatment of many common Bladder and Kidney disorders. I have personally recommended it to my patients and have always found it successful.

Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and fixes out the Kidney and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to prevent the formation of stones, and particularly since it is safe and harmless. I am delighted to lend my name to such a remarkable prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.
Gray Hair

Best Remedy Is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: Half pint of water and one ounce bay rum, a small box of Harbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of silvervine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply the mixture twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Harbo imports color to stroked. Faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the real gray, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.
talent there, good or bad material can't make much difference.

Let me explain what I mean. Suppose you are a singer. Naturally you can't sing any and every kind of song. You should study your voice and your personality in order to find out whether you are best fitted for semi-classical ballads, blues, light popular music, or some other general classification. The ideal thing to do, if possible, is to get expert advice on your capabilities.

Most people are the worst judges in the world of what type of thing they can do best, unless they have been given the question lots of thought.

"The suitability of possible material to the needs of radio has to be considered, too. Many of the acts which are broadcast over our program are all right in their way, but their way isn't radio's way. Some fail because they should be seen as well as heard. Sometimes I have to spend several minutes describing what I see in order to give the listeners a proper picture to complete their enjoyment. Other acts fail just because there is no public desire for them. It's pretty hard to fit a mouth-organ soloist or a fellow who imitates animals into the average radio program."

Work, think, study; forget you are an amateur; don't ask the public to judge you before you are sure you have something that people besides your friends will enjoy; experiment or ask expert advice to find out what material suits you best. Sounds hard, does it? But we asked the Major to be frank. And he certainly didn't mince words in telling what is wrong with amateurs.

Behind the Scenes of the New Hall of Fame
(Continued from page 45)

the audience crane their necks, wanting to know who's in the special booth. Notice the contrast between Adele and Lois. It's evident in their speaking voices, too. Adele is vivacious, sparkling. Lois is more demure, much more quiet. Adele's brown hair glints in the light.

But you still don't understand this business about the new Hall of Fame! And the different hour and different network. While Carrie and Lois and Robert McCall and looks at Lois who is making faces at him, we'll whisper some of the details in your ears. It's all right to whisper in here. No sound can escape. A short time before this show began, we went to the advertising director of the company which makes the Cream which sponsors the Hall of Fame, and found—a woman! Sitting behind a desk covered with sales orders, Miss Dorothy Cox, guiding genius of one of radio's most expensive hours, gave us her explanation.

It seems that when it was decided to advertise on the air, the task of arranging a program fell on her shoulders. Something spectacular, something different, something that would get a new audience each week. Her answer was

Thousands of Thin Folks
Once Discouraged
Now Adding Flattening Pounds...QUICK NEW 3-IN-1 WAY!

5 lbs. in 1 Week or no Cost

"I never thought I could gain an ounce until I tried Kelpamalt," says Miss E. H., New York. "Then I gained 5 lbs. in one week."

Hats off to thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—see amended at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month are reported regularly.

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight, through a "3 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourishes the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelpamalt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the flesh-building foods you eat. Third, Kelpamalt's NATURAL IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control metabolism—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7'/2 pounds of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 14 lbs. of carrots; more NATURAL IODINE than 1000 lbs. of beef.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny bowels and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelpamalt is fine for children too—Improves their appetites. Try Kelpamalt today, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs only a few cents a day to use and can be had at all good stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size of 45 tablets to the address below.

Special Free Offer


Manufacturer's Note:—Avoid imitations. Insist on the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. There is nothing like them.
RADIO MIRROR

WHY YOU HAVE acid INDIGESTION

New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

ANew, Faster, Safer Relief

You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion, ... as you talked to the stomach and pain. Excess acids or "gas" really acts on the skin as it functions. No one has ever discovered a simple way to correct this condition. The best method is to take an antacid that acts on the existing condition. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS in the candy milk digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS action stops. If part is left uncorrected, it passes on inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take, 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

TUMS ARE ANTACID...
NOT AS ACIDIC!

For laxative use, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Jaxtacite NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25c per box.

made $15.00 and have finished only 3 lessons. Says Mrs. Ellen B. Dare and her two private students, "I have discovered a way to supply everything and teach you just how to do it," and she has become a popular instructor in the field.

For Immediate Use, yesterday's news, save it for tomorrow's use.

the Hall of Fame hour.

You may remember that it started last year and continued this fall. Each Sunday night an outstanding performer in the field of opera, stage, or films was starred. Not just anyone who was rated as good but only those known the world over—those, in other words, who could provide real entertainment for the vast audience.

"We found," Miss Cox told us, "that after thirty-nine months of broadcast we had exhausted all our available material. There wasn't one really outstanding artist left in the three fields, whom we hadn't presented last spring or whom we couldn't bribe to go on for just one program more.

And how can you get thousands of new listeners each week if you repeat stars or use mediocrity talent? That was the question which bothered Miss Cox. And her answer this time was Club Romance, the new Hall of Fame.

As the guiding force behind the program creation, she made arrangements, okayed scripts, and now she's sitting back, hoping for definite proof that the program is a hit.

But you'll be back to Playhouse Number Two and see what this Dorothy Cox has created. Conrad has finished his song, but he remains at the mike. Now you see Ross introducing him to Lois. According to the script, she goes into the music, sings a beautiful song, and Conrad doesn't recognize her, but she's falling. You can tell by the lines he reads.

Pay special attention to the music, and the maestro. Voorhees is largely responsible for the success of this program. He's working hard. His square shoulders rise and fall, flex and jerk. Too much can't be said for his interpretation of popular pieces.

YOU'RE glancing again at the stage, your attention caught by a sudden movement... "We ask just because we ask," he said. "Lois if she would like to dance. She nods her head. Suddenly he smiles and winces his six-foot, five-inch, son of an Irishman, in a graceful arc. Now they're arm in arm, actually dancing. A little whim of Conrad's.

You glance again, and watch unbelievably. It's twenty-five minutes after four. Five minutes to go. Ross stands up again, script at the mike. His right hand goes over his ear, a characteristic gesture, while he reads his announcement.

More music, then the finale—a duet with Conrad and Lois. As their voices flood the booth, you sit back and dream a little. You wonder—remembering that Lois won't mind the anything in the world to buy a farm some day and retire there with her husband and three children—when her dream will come true. It won't be long now, if she continues to get many more radio contracts like that one."

The music stops. Ross makes his last advertising appeal:

"Your hands will always remain soft and smooth..."

Vorhees raises his baton, the music swells once more and you reach for your coat. That's all. A page opens the door. You step out. Show's over. See you next Sunday.
Frank Parker—Radio's Best
Dressed Man

(Continued from page 36)

that garters are essential to good appearance. A few still think it adds dash, or some such thing, to have the socks rolled down around their shoe tops. But one look in the mirror should correct that idea.

"Polish on the nails is only an affectation. You don't see it much outside of New York, but if a man is wondering because some manicurist told him it was proper, he can forget it. But manicures themselves are important. By all means have manicures regularly. Or at least give yourself a manicure.

"Wear a derby for business, certainly—if you can get one to fit. I can't. Don't, however, make the mistake of wearing a derby at night, either with tuxedo, "tails", or business suit.

Frank's five rules for improving your appearance are simple and easy to follow, and—if followed—will do all that he promises they will.

First, personal cleanliness, which, as Frank says, is a virtue in itself.

Second, neatness. This includes having the hair well groomed, the nails manicured, the shoes shined.

Third, having your suits pressed regularly. This, as he points out, also saves your suits from losing their shape too soon.

FOUR, having the shoes and hats matching the rest of the ensemble. This also should include socks. Frank doesn't believe that socks should necessarily match the tie, as long as they are in keeping with the entire ensemble.

Fifth, and most important, the changing of your shirt and tie every day. He has already pointed out the effect obtained by this procedure. We've tried it ourselves since he told us this and it works.

There are other generalities that didn't seem to fit into the answers of these questions, but which Frank added as things to keep in mind.

For instance,

As a general rule, blue and grey are usually the most serviceable and look the best on a man. But fit your coloring. Usually light for dark men, dark for light men. Call in a woman, he advises, to help you settle this question.

In the problem of whether to wear ready-made ties, Frank feels that one tied by yourself gives you a feeling of individuality you can't otherwise get. But he does not taboo ready-made ones. They are so well made now, they do not detract from your appearance.

He also mentioned the age-old argument about dress shirts, that is, those for evening wear that have stiff fronts. His best advice in regard to this was:

"As long as the one your father gave you and which you have probably been wearing ever since. The new ones, with their generous cut and short stiff bosom, are not at all uncomfortable. Be sure to get one with a large enough collar to permit a little shrinking."

And there he let the whole issue rest.

HAVE YOU A “DIRTY LINEN” SKIN?

It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By Lady Esther

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skin—actually makes them look shaded lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and thoroughly washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy sebum that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a Penetrating Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a penetrating face cream.

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths. Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

? DOES IT LOOK A DULL GRAY, LIKE LINEN COME BACK FROM THE LAUNDRY IMPROPERLY WASHED?

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom. Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
City State
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935.
Safely Street job tone can going chorus State. 80 Secretaries. CARVED to, ether area. 60c—Clear I I I Asking. Saute most dishes even Lea & Perrins seasons them superbly! Makes even left-overs win compliments from the most critical. Recipes for 180 such savory dishes have been gathered into a wonderful new illustrated cook-book—YOURS FOR THE ASKING. Use coupon to send for it today.

**LEA & PERRINS Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE**

LEA & PERRINS, Inc. Dept. 194, 241 West St., N. Y. City

Please send me free your new 50-page recipe book, "Success in Seasoning.”

Name

Street

City State

**PHOTO Enlargements**

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail photo with name and address. Enlargements 11 x 14 inches or smaller 3c each. Order 10 or more portraits 2c each and we will pay postage on your order! Also send 4c each for our new 8x10 inch portrait enlargement. Enlargements beautifully carved frame! Be sure to give your name and address on your envelope and enclose 3c for each portrait. 11 x 14 inches or smaller--111 E. Huron Street, Dept. 475 Chicago, Illinois.

**A Guide to BETTER BUYING Your New LARKIN CATALOG!**

Invest 1c wisely. Send postcard for this great money-saving book for home and family.

NEW, smart apparel, and new, attractive home furnishings are pictured in this book for home-lovers. It tells about the new Larkin City-Home Club with little 50c weekly shares. Learn of our big Rewards for Larkin Secretaries.

Larkin Co., Inc. 606 Seneca St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

32 Girls Who Can't Marry

(Continued from page 26)

this problem. I found the leader rehearsing his thirty-two girls in a choral number. The interruption annoyed him. It takes time to get thirty-two girls into a business frame of mind.

But when he heard what the interview would be about, he grinned and forgot his annoyance.

"Certainly I made them sign such an agreement," he said. "What else would you have me do? A woman can’t be an artist and a wife at the same time. And to prevent my losing any of these grand girls I had them agree to stay single for two years or lose their jobs.

"You’d think that would settle the question, wouldn’t you? So did I. But now what am I going to do? Already two of the girls are in love. They think the time is right, and it must be so.

"What is wrong?"

I asked her. "They are happy. And why not?"

"I think you can let them go. But I can’t. They’re too valuable. One of them is even a soloist. You tell me what to do."

The rehearsal was taking place in an empty ball room of the Park Central hotel. Spotlights from four corners brightened the center of the room where the orchestra was seated. Into this glare of light and babble of voices Spitalny dragged me. Here was a new maiden interview with 32 girls en masse. And my ears are still red.

This was the question, the one already advanced:

The contract has been signed, you’re pledged not to bring home a husband of any kind or description for two years. Now you meet the man of your dreams. What do you do? Do you resign your position, do you go through a secret marriage, or do you just pass the man up?

The girls with answers shall be nameless. That was part of the agreement before they would talk. Fittingly enough, the first reply came from a blonde. She was sitting in the back row, her music in front of her, intent on the question which had been asked.

Without waiting for the uproar to subside, she half stood, "I’d say it all depends on how much money he had."

She shuffled, amid a chorus of cheers and boos, and flounced back in her seat.

All right, there you have the first answer. Considering the fact that it came from a blonde, do you agree? Anyway, here’s another.

Spitalny pointed with his baton at one of the two girls who are already in love. "Ask her," he suggested. The answer came without hesitation.

"I’m going to talk Mr. Spitalny into letting me marry and stay with the band," she said reasonably. "Putting our wavy black hair into place, she leaned on her boss who blushed slightly and waved to the tall, rather thin girl next to her.

"Men!" she summed, in a tone of deprecation. "I know what I’d do. I’d stay with the band. No man is worth marrying, not when you have a job like this one."

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 within one minute.**

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is a prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

**JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS**

**DR. HAND’S Teething Lotion**

Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today

Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

... to ANY shade you Desire... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes. Crest Celadon women send the use of this new Hair Lightener to every nurse in the country. Lechler’s instantaneous Hair Lightener requires no skill, is easy to use, harmless to your hair, without waves or bleached hair. Lightweight, gives you the effect of a tintype enlargement, with our 20 - cent order on any of our many unique hair products. 5c Postage Free 50c book, "The Art of Lightening Hair" FREE Without Prepayment. Free sample and 50c for still another with any certificate! Erwin F. Lechler, Hair Beauty Specialist 550 W. 181st St., New York, N.Y.

**Glamorous!**

**WATERPROOF Eye-Makeup**

*An eyelash and brow make-up that refuses to smudge or fade off. Guaranteed waterproof—no matter how much you wet it. "I-LAST" stays on all day and evening. Simple to apply. Remove with vaseline or cold cream. Truly safe. Will not smart the eyes. Four shades—Black, Brown, Blue and Green. $1.00 at toilet counters or send 10c for trial size bottle—a month’s supply. Mention shade desired.

Willard Co., Dept. 31
516 Diversey Parkway
Chicago, Illinois

**Shed BLEMISHES, WHITEN SKIN**

**CRED, yes, shed the mark of dull, weathered—roughened outer skin. And with it, blemishes, freckles, tiny imperfections—even surface plaques! Here’s a way, only 10c a month, to get rid of your own skin. Golden Peacock Bleach Cream. No other way, only much quicker. In only 5 nights, the healthy pearly glow of spot sur- face skin disappears. Then your skin looks radiant and restor- ingly white. Mild, safe, sure. Get your Peacock Cream last year. At all druggists, 5c.
More boos than cheers met this remark. Spitalny winced a little at the reception of her theory. After all, it was the sentiment he wanted expressed. The boos he hadn't expected in quite such a guise.

"Quiet," he shouted, tapping vigorously on the music rack before him. "Who's next?"

Apparently, everyone was. The din was terrific. Not even the heavy growling of Spitalny was distinguishable. My own ineffectual mumbling barely carried five feet. Then a saxophone player stood up. Her brown eyes were dreamy with romance.

"Honestly," she began as the others quieted down, "even if Mr. Spitalny is listening. If I fell in love, I'd run away and get married. Then nobody'd know and what would be the difference?"

"I'd know," was Spitalny's immediate reply. "It would show up in your work." Then he realized what he had said, and the color seeped up past his open shirt collar into his cheeks.

Another minute or two went by with the din undiminished. Spitalny was showing signs of worry. You could see at a glance that it would be an hour before he had their minds back on their work.

"Just one more answer," I pleaded. "Hey, I know," a girl in the front row cried, jumping to her feet, and dimpling prettily. She looked sidewise out of her eyes at Spitalny and giggled.

"I'm too much in love with Mr. Spitalny to ever marry anybody else," she gurgled.

There the interview ended. Spitalny and I both ran for cover. I left him at the exit; I was red in the face and breathing rapidly. As I waited for the elevator to whisk me to peace and safety, Spitalny's voice was raised in pleading.

"Girls, your attention please."

Well, what would you do? Would you resign or would you let the man go? At least we know what would happen to the Spitalny all-girl orchestra.

Here's Bobby Benson of Hecker's H-Bar-O Rangers, "Going to Africa."

In real life he's Billy Holop.
Are Singers Sissies?
(Continued from page 48)
obody blow at Nell’s contempt for singing. One night, while walking home after the opening concert at which she was the soloist, she fell in with another freshman.

“Say, who was that fellow who sang the solo?” the new friend asked. “He sounded much better than John McCormick does on the records I have.”

Nell gulped and felt a strange glow inside him, the glow that comes from high praise for ability. He promised the other to tell the soloist how good he was and hurried off.

“That happened once or twice more,” Nell told me. “I began to understand why men go through life singing professionally and what my Dad had been driving at. Then I got a part in the school band, when it was preparing for the tour.

“Morning, noon, and night, I had to practice. The band leader wanted a singer, but the requirements were that anyone joining had to play a band instrument. I borrowed a saxophone and went to it.”

Nell kept on with his engineering studies, but by the end of his freshman year he had gone back to his father’s drama coaching and voice instruction. His diploma, after four years of school, went directly into a trunk of souvenirs, while Nell himself was packed off by his father for New York and a year of studying voice in the Big City.

“I learned a lot there about stage acting and when I returned home I got a job in the chorus of “No, No, Nanette” at $65 a week. That salary just about floored me. I’d never dreamed of earning so much right away—but I earned it right! Acting in a road company is the toughest job of them all. Even building bridges couldn’t be any harder.”

This was the turning point. The next year he undoubted Dennis King in “The Vagabond King”, and took the lead on Sunday nights when King was absent from the cast. The following spring he was called back to New York and given the starring role in another road company which later toured the entire country.

By that time, salary and working hours had grown much more pleasant, but there was still a thorn in his side. No matter how much voice training he could find no one who was able to help him the way his father had always done.

There was only one thing he could think of to do. If he wired his father and asked him to come to New York to live, he might get a favorable answer. The wire went out that same day.

He did not have to wait long for a reply. Although his voice studio by then had grown increasingly profitable, his father, however, had become restless and he mentioned several times that he was thinking of making a tour of foreign climes, and that if his son would like to come along, he would be happy to have another young voice student in his troupe.

There was only one thing to do. He wrote his father and asked him to come to New York to live, he might get a favorable answer. The wire went out that same day.

He did not have to wait long for a reply. Although his voice studio by then had grown increasingly profitable, his father, however, had become restless and he mentioned several times that he was thinking of making a tour of foreign climes, and that if his son would like to come along, he would be happy to have another young voice student in his troupe.
"I went into radio shortly after that," Ed continued, "and I certainly needed the help my dad could give me. There was a whole new technique to conquer in radio, but dad was always there with the right advice and encouragement."

The combination of his father's instruction and his own native talents must have been a happy one, because Ed, without a single audition, has been placed in seven major radio shows in the past few years.

Besides his work on the Forum of Liberty hour, Nell often takes a singing role in the Palmolive Beauty Box show, sometimes with his own billing, sometimes without.

So he lives in his richly furnished apartment, happily married to an attractive young wife. And close at hand, within ready call, is the elderly man who understood when his son once said: "Dad, I want to study engineering. I don't want to sing—only sissies live that way."

What Do You Want to Know? (Continued from page 46)
tall, weighs about 130 pounds and has straight black hair, fair complexion and grey eyes. As for his favorite colors, turn to page 34 and read "Frank Parker, Radio's Best Dressed Man." You'll learn more about your favorite singer.

Mr. Irvin P., West Phila., Pa.—Ed Lowry's Review is off the air, but Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette are heard regularly now on Tim and Irene's Sky Road Show, Tuesdays at 10:30 P. M., EST., over the WYZ network. They're Mr. and Mrs.

Irma C., New York City—Arthur Boran does impersonate President Roosevelt but this is not in any way related to Charlie Moran of the old team of Moran and Mack.

Jean F. J., Lansdale, Pa.—The "Singing Stranger" on the Blue Jay program is Wade Booth. The baritone in "Castles of Romance," (this used to be "Castles in the Air") is Ray Heatherton. Young Ray was born on June 1, 1909. He's not married. The girl on this program is Alice Renssen.

Adaline E., Swisleale, Pa.—For a picture of Mildred Bailey, I'd suggest that you write to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Guy Lombardo's birthday is June 19. As for the year, he won't talk!

Catherine K., Bradshaw, Md.—Ruth Robin isn't married. There's a picture of her in the gallery this month. Isn't it a honey?

JANE PICKENS’ PHANTOM FRIEND
GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!

RADIO MIRROR
$250.00 CASH PRIZE
NAME GAME

WITH the two drawings on this page the $250.00 cash prize Name Game reaches its climax. When you have determined the name hidden in each of this month's pictures your set of six contest drawings will be complete. Now, to complete your entry, you will need only to write the short note of preference called for in Rule 2.

When you prepare your material for presentation to the judges do not spend time and money in ornamentation and elaboration. No entries will be returned nor will decoration be considered by the judges in establishing the contest ratings. Therefore there is no reason whatever to lay out money or work on fancy trimmings.

Make sure that your work is correct. Prepare a neat, easily checkable presentation. If you transfer your answers from a working set to a final set for entry do not make errors in the transfer.

When you are sure everything is in order submit your entry to the address in Rule 6 so that it will be received on or before the closing date. Results will be announced in the first available issue of RADIO MIRROR and checks will be forwarded to the winners at approximately the time of publication.

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent radio star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the radio star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the entertainers you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to NAME GAME EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

NEXT MONTH A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST!
Why John Herrick Remains Single
(Continued from page 11)

the last. Julia Herrick had taken leading roles in grand opera. She had been the featured soloist in several of Boston's more prominent churches. Out of this experience she learned about the part and its heroines. And although hers was a joyful career she believed that the risks were far too great for any of her brood to attempt. Her mind was made up. None of her children was to take up music in any form. None of them did—except her youngest child, John.

This determined mother made a big mistake in her carefully laid plans to make a business man out of her only son. The error lay in answering the young boy's questions about her career. Because those answers gave him glowing pictures of great artists and their debuts, their concerts and their following. The boy drank in eagerly every word and later crept up into his room after the mirror acted out the roles of Caruso in "Faust", de Reszke in "Aida". While his bovish companions played at Cops and Robbers or Cowboys and Indians, this lad was making faces in the mirror, pretending he was an opera star.

BY THE time John Herrick was fifteen, financial necessity forced him to go to work. Music was for a time forgotten, except on Sundays when he sang in the church choir. As he grew older he sang duets with his mother, of his ambitions he said nothing. He kept his secret for six years, until at the age of twenty-one he announced his intention of taking singing lessons to be paid for out of his small allowance which he kept for himself after turning over the bulk of his meager earnings to the family treasury.

From that time on John Herrick studied. He not only ground out the elementary routine with the teacher to whom he paid cold cash but also with another teacher who submerged her love and became the stern taskmaster. Public recognition came swiftly.

Young Herrick made concert appearances through New England. Then radio and in one night the son was heard by more listeners than twice the number of people who had heard his mother during her entire career in church and concert. Commercial contracts have followed ever since.

The star of the Fox Fur Programs and that Saturday night broadcast over NBC is a strange mixture of obvious complexities and unexplained paradoxes. Although he shuns night clubs and theater parties he loves to play the host to his friends. Open house is the rule of the day or night in the Herrick mansion.

He is almost monkish in his habits. You never hear a word of profanity from his lips and yet he associates with rough, tough newspapermen and hard-boiled, two-fisted drinking business men and cynical women. He doesn't

(Continued on page 87)
TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of $25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next five months, i.e., January February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of $250 up to the magnificent first prize of $5,000. Imagine receiving $5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world’s greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? There is no reason why you should not write a story that you could simply 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, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is always in the market for good true stories—it is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing unlooked in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As True Story is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the $2,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the person and place appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that the story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no compulsion. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrustinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of any extraneous letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or alleviating decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page for pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Many amateur writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

First Prize: $5,000
Second Prize: $2,500
Third Prize (5 at $1,000): $5,030
Fourth Prize (10 at $500): $5,030
Fifth Prize (30 at $250): $7,500

47 Cash Prizes Totaling: $25,000

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words. Do not send us unpublished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Address one copy of each page of manuscript to the Editor, True Story Magazine, 615 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE in FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be returned.

Send in your full name and address on upper left-hand corner of first page and upon envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting as of the last page of your manuscript.

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

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. They must be clear and legible. Manuscripts cannot be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted to and if they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as possible if rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance in due will be mailed. The decision of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners, will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

Submit your manuscript at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Addressee manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST Dept. 20c, 19.2d Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE: On behalf of the many persons who submitted their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, will best suit you in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.
We haveulu, £in theif your friends all night long. He revels in fast automobile driving; he is a hearty eater, delighting in seven course dinners, heavy breakfasts, a heaping plate of spaghetti and chicken leftovers before retiring at night; his waistline measures a scant twenty-nine inches.

"Julia" continued to listen to her son's broadcasting. She listened with an intense and critical ear. Although she tried hard to conceal it, it was easy to tell that "Julia" was proud of her son. He is carrying on the family tradition, which was once against her wishes. Another Herrick is making his mark in the world.

The big, important life in John Herrick's life is gone. His loss will remain irreparable. The "Celibate Baritone" must inevitably turn to somebody else. And despite his apparent disinterest in married life his most intimate friends declare that there will always be some woman occupying an important place in the young man's life. It is no longer his mother. Who will take her place?

CONGRATULATIONS, HELEN!

Congratulations to Helen Hayes who saved the show for the Lux Radio Theater, Sunday, February 3rd. Margaret Sullivan, scheduled to star in "Pag o' My Heart," notified the show's producer at eleven-thirty Sunday morning that she could not go—laryngitis had frozen her vocal chords. From her home in Nyack, fifty miles from town, Helen drove in to the studio, went through one script reading of the play, and was on the air! Her ovation from orchestra and directors after the show was greatest in history of radio.

ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 88

The objects are RAIL, LEG, CANE. The star is Gracie Allen. Watch for some more of these in future issues of RADIO MIRROR.

FACTORY PRICES

A New Kalamazoo for 18c a Day!
Mail coupon now—get this new FREE catalog featuring FACTORY PRICES and easy terms—"as little as 18c a day. 300 styles and sizes. More bargains than in 20 big stores. Quality is the same that over 900,000 satisfied users have trusted for 20 years!"

What This SALE Catalog Offers
1. Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Coal and Wood Ranges; Circulating Heaters; Furnaces—Both pipe and cast iron—sale at FACTORY PRICES.
2. Cash or Easy Terms—Year to Pay—As Little as 18c a Day.
3. 30 Days FREE Trial—360 Days Approval Test.
4. 15 Hour Shipment—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
5. 100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
6. 5 Year Parts Guarantee.
7. FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Shipment. Clip coupon—Read about the marvelous "Even heat Feature in Planet"—and other features. See why Century of Progress prize winners prefer Kalamazoo ranges.

FREE Catalog Direct to You

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs. 490 Rochester Avenue Kalamazoo, Mich. Dear Sirs: Please send me your SALE CATALOG—FREE. Check articles in which you are interested. Coal and Wood Ranges  □  Heaters  □ Oil Stoves  □ Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges  □ Furnaces  □

Name...  (Please Print Name Flatly)
Address...
City...
State...

MUSIC — the Surest Path to Friends

... so easy to learn this short-cut way

Easy As A-B-C

This new "print-and-picture" method is literally as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first tell you what to do. Then a picture shows you what to do. Then you do it yourself and hear it.

And you learn so much more quickly by this modern, up-to-date method than was possible in the old-fashioned terrorsome, scale-practicing way. Now you play real tunes almost from the start—by notes. No teacher to fuss you. No wearying scales to please you. No interference with business or pleasure, because you choose your own time at home.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our booklet "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. Mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Mail to your nearest office for your FREE catalog. "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put you under any obligation.
Marriage Broke Her Heart!

(Continued from page 37)

Broken-hearted though he was, Howard realized she would never be happy if she turned down this opportunity. "You must go, Ramona," he said. "I'm sure this separation will be only temporary."

And in a way he was right. For after five months, Ramona got an offer of a job in Pittsburgh as staff pianist for Station KDKA. How happy the two

man, when she marries her home should come first. But what are you to
do if as a woman you want marriage and children, but as a human being you are filled with a great love for work and a desire to forge ahead in your career? I think both marriage and a career are full-time jobs, distinct jobs, that do not mix. I know

plenty of girls who gave up their work;

young people were that their long
parting was over! Fate seemed, how-
ever, to have decided against their be-

ing together. Hardly had they got set-
tled, when Don Besior's band went on
tour. Howard went with it. Again

separation.

Things like this kept on happening
time and again. And though they,
fought desperately against it, it was in-

evitable that with those continual sepa-

rations they drifted apart, liable for separate interests, meeting different

people, and when they finally came to-

together the old bond between them was

gone.

"It's really tough being a woman," Ramona said, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "Women have too many things to do. A man has his work, and his

home life is incidental. With a wo-

trade it in for a gold wedding-band
and a kitchen stove. And they've been
regretting it ever since. I marvel at
some of them who have tried to com-
bine both jobs. I for one don't see how
it can be done, and I have a sneaking
suspicion that one or the other is being
neglected, though they don't admit it
till they tell their story to the judge
when applying for a divorce.

"I wanted children. I still hope some
day to get married and have children.
But first there is the work I want to
do. I won't be satisfied until I can get
this out of my system—this desire for a
career. When I have really made a
success, perhaps then I can settle down
to being a wife and a mother. It's a
full time job and every woman, no
matter how modern she is, is bound to
find that out some day."

With the letters needed to spell the names of the three things pictured, you can spell the full name of a famous radio star and have no

letters left over. You'll find the answer on page 87.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 57)

My favorite is Fred Fival at WABC.
I think record playing should be out of
radio. I am sure there are plenty of
artists who need the work.

I also think sponsors who can afford
to pay big prices for programs should
hire more than one artist instead of
paying a big salary to one person, and
a program such as "Today's Children"
or "Home Sweet Home" is more enjoy-
able than one individual.

Interviewing the artists is very inter-
esting, like Nellie Revell does it.

The orchestra who works hard and
gives the best, I believe, is B. A. Rolfe's.

Mrs. Ray Schrader, Shamokin, Pa.

one responsible for the elimination of
the old type of day-time broadcasts.
Sonia Heard, Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE

ALTHOUGH I have long been a
confirmed radio fan, the depres-
sion made me appreciate it more. It
helped keep up my morale.
Advertising doesn't annoy me, be-
cause sponsors aren't in business for
their health. We could not otherwise
have those highly paid entertainers free
—so I can take it!

I dislike studio applause, moth-eaten
jokes and "cutey cute" announcers, but
the one I long to get by the scruff of

the neck is the performer who gets so
tickled during his song he can hardly
finish it. This isn't funny to me.

Then too, there's such a thing as a
husky he man singing "Would God I
Were The Tender Apple Blossom." I'llet he wouldn't care about being a ten-
der apple blossom if he could. Would
that he had been nipped in the bud?

Mrs. Frank Dehn,
Bonner Springs, Kansas.

$1.00 PRIZE

YOU ask for ideas. I haven't seen any
mention in your magazine of many
of radio's organists. It would be fine
to hear and see some of these fine artists.

88
"Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you’ll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say—

"Beech-Nut, Please!"

Beech-Nut
GUM and CANDIES

TUNE IN ON
"RED DAVIS"
N.B.C.-W.J.Z. Network
MON., WED. & FRI. NIGHTS
Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark lustrous lashes... lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. It is accepted by the highest authorities, including "Good Housekeeping Bureau." It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tear-proof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake and for safety's sake insist upon genuine Maybelline. Black, Brown or the new Blue, 75c in a gold and scarlet metal vanity case at leading drug and department stores. Purse size 10c at all ten cent stores, where Maybelline Eye Shadow, Eyebrow Pencil, Eyelash Tonic Cream and the special Maybelline Eyebrow Brush are also obtainable in 10c sizes.

Maybelline
THE NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF PERFECTLY SAFE MASCARA