

Radio MIRROR

JANUARY



10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

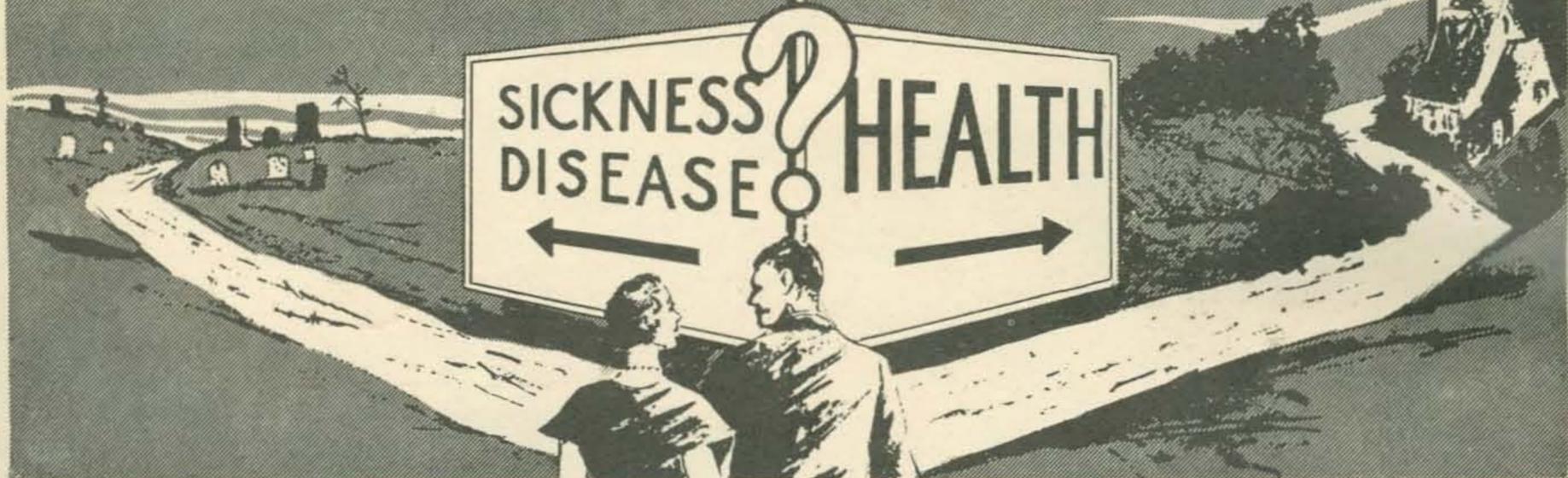
GRACIE ALLEN

FRANCES LANGFORD
Wants A Husband

PHIL BAKER'S HONEYMOON for **THREE**

SCOOP!
Why
CAP'N HENRY
Really Quit the
SHOWBOAT

ARE YOU STANDING AT *the Fork in the Road*



DECIDE NOW—*Do You Want To* Add 15 Years To Your Life?

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 usually entrenches 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 what these danger signs mean and understand what action to take—then you are very likely to blunder into some 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 Pre- ventable 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

Mr. Lewis W. Pomeroy of Millers Falls, Mass., says: "I received my set of books 'The New Home Health Library.' They are worth many times the price you ask for them."

This is by no means an ordinary 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 your every question—offers 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 8½ x 5¼. Never were you offered so much—at such an extremely low price.

Covering Every Phase of Health, Disease and Treatment

Vol. I—The body and its structure—Health from Foods, Healthful Cookery Controlling Your Weight.

Vol. II—Health from exercise—Body building—Strengthening the spine—Athletics—Beauty and personality building.

Vol. III—The Role of Sex in Marriage—Woman's structure and sex life—Motherhood simplified—Child and its care—Sex ailments of women—Sexual structure—Sex disorders of men.

Vol. IV—Modern curative methods—water, sunlight and electric treatments—Milk diet—First aid in accidents—Nursing during illness—Children's diseases.

Vol. V—Symptoms for different kinds of disease fully outlined. Specific treatments for each disease.

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 own 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 \$12.50 is paid. And remember, this price also includes 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 us one penny. We reserve the right to withdraw this Free Examination privilege after January 31.

10 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Dept. R. M.-1
1926 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 \$12.50 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 not be shipped unless all information required below is filled in completely—and in ink. Foreign and Canadian orders—Cash in Advance.

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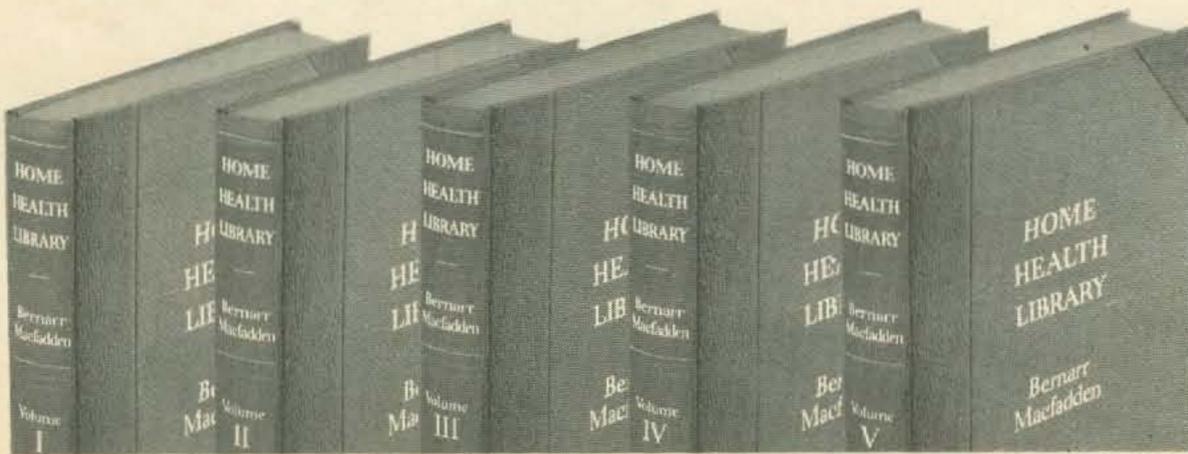
Occupation (if housewife, give husband's).....

Employed by.....

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Cash price \$11.25—with full refund if books are returned as unsatisfactory after 10-day **FREE EXAMINATION**.



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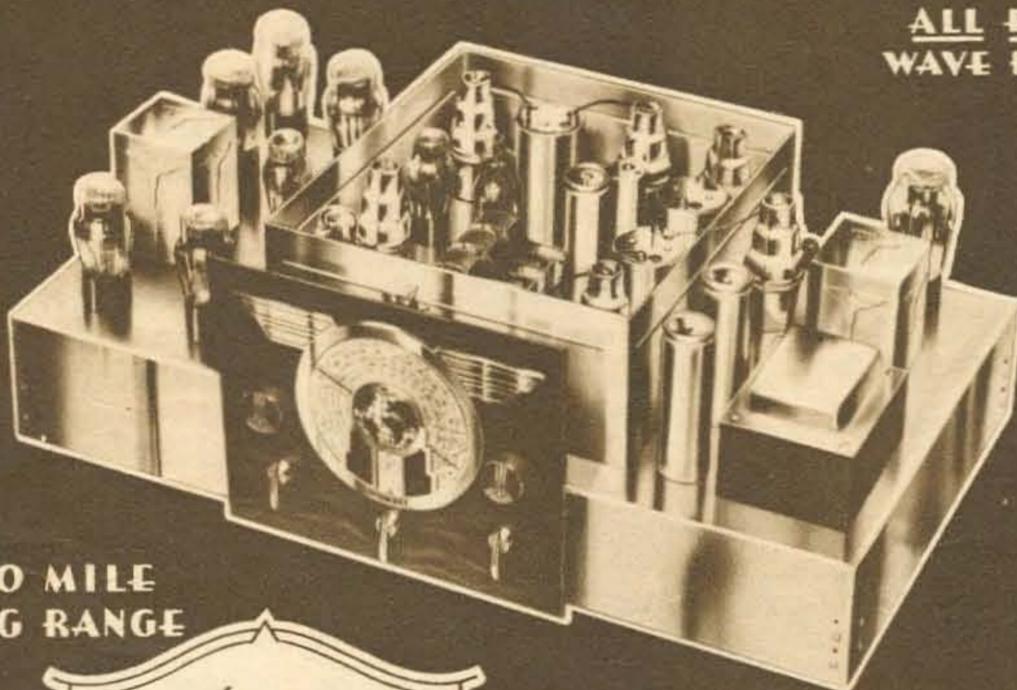
THOUSANDS *Thrill* TO GUARANTEED *High-Fidelity*
 WORLD-WIDE PERFORMANCE WITH THIS AMAZING NEW
 SUPER *Deluxe* 1935 **MIDWEST 16-TUBE** *All-Wave*
RADIO!

Australia Comes in Easily!



Springfield, Ill.—I investigated all makes of radios, and chose the Midwest. No radio made can equal it. I logged with ease and good volume: LSX, LSN, HJ1ABB, HJ5ABD, YVIBC—VK2ME, Australia—GSC, GSB, MSA, England—DJA, DGC, Germany—EAQ, Spain, etc. W. C. Geiser, 2260 Yale Blvd.

The Only Radio Covering
 9 TO 2,400 METERS
**ALL FIVE
 WAVE BANDS**



Listens to World-Wide Reception



Middletown, Ohio—Here are some of the stations I have heard: EAQ, Madrid, Spain—DJB, Zeesen, Germany—GSB, GSF, Daventry, England—VK3ME, Melbourne; Australia—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia—HJ2APA, HJ4ABE, HJ4ABF, Colombia, S. A., and many more. Golden Hatfield, 2202 Grand Avenue

12,000 MILE
 TUNING RANGE

WORLD'S GREATEST
 RADIO VALUE

\$57⁵⁰

with New *Deluxe*
Auditorium Type
SPEAKER

• LESS TUBES •

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 1/2 to 1/2. 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-Tenuator...Fidel-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, 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 the big advance...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 TODAY FOR NEW 1935, 36-PAGE,
 4-COLOR, FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG**



Only Midwest Gives You Multi-Function Dial

This dial was designed in keeping with the trend of the times, yet it is not an airplane dial! It is a many-purpose dial that performs many functions. Now, Midwest guarantees that inexperienced persons can secure good foreign reception. Send for FREE miniature of actual rotating dial which clearly shows these outstanding advantages:

1. Dial calibrated in Kilocycles, Megacycles and Meters;
2. Call letters of American Broadcast Stations printed on dial and illuminated;
3. Slow-Fast, Smooth-Acting Tuning;
4. Station Group Locator;
5. Simplified Tuning Guide Lights;
6. Automatic Select-O-Band Indicator;
7. Illuminated Pointer Indicator;
8. Silent Shadow Tuning—Improvement on Meter Tuning;
9. Centralized Tuning.

SENSATIONAL 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—unlike anything you have ever experienced before. You will hear one more octave—overtone—that cannot be brought in with ordinary radios. Now, hear every instrument, every voice, every shade and inflection of speech.

Take advantage of the amazing 30-day FREE trial offer. Send coupon for FREE catalog.



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 long-range radios are priced as **\$27⁵⁰** low as...

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.,
 Dept. 813
 Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my 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

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 Dept. 813 CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.
 Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco All Codes

Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

VOL • 3 NO • 3
JANUARY • 1935

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 Dragonette.



RADIO MIRROR'S Gallery of Stars

The Shadow	23
Will Rogers	24
Gracie Allen	25
Vera Van	26
Loretta Poynton	27
Ferde Grofé with son, Ferde, Jr.	28
Boake Carter	29

special features

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	
"I 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 Jimmy Wallington	Dora Albert
What Marriage Means to Don Novis	
Behind the Scenes of Kate Smith's Matinee Hour Fred Sammis	36
Is Radio Menacing Civilization?	40
Two great minds take opposite sides	
Anne Seymour's Amazing Heritage	42
The Busiest Man in Radio Fred Rutledge	44
Keeping track of Edwin C. Hill's hectic life	

unusual departments

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	
Chicago Chase Giles	46
Pacific Dr. Ralph L. Power	47
Dialing the Shortwaves Terry Miles	48
Jumbled Names Contest	49
We Have With Us	50
You can't do without this program guide!	
Homemaking Department Sylvia Covney	
In the Stars' Kitchens	54
Eating for Health and Beauty	55
What Do You Want To Know? The Oracle	56

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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 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Reflections in the Radio Mirror

Photographic Composites by Charles Sander

BY THE EDITOR

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."

WANT to see a news-reel in your own home? 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 shaded glass 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 Hoyt Peck, who has invented the apparatus that will bring movies into a million homes before many months are passed. Mr. Peck showed me a news-reel—and although I had to sit pretty far back to avoid the flicker 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 hailed as nothing short of miraculous, imperfect though it was.

The transmission in the recent

Here he is, folks, at the right—the guy on the Showboat Hour who raises his li'l card—and gets applause—even if it's an advertising plug.

"broadcast" was by wire, but Mr. Peck 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 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.

Ernest W. Heyn



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 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 handclapping and loud laughter to break the continuity of an air program.

Violets to the real radio broadcasters, and poison ivy to the rest!

EMEROI 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-commendation.

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.

JOSEPH I. PERRY, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

\$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)

On the opposite page, the editor tells you his frank, personal opinions on radio and radio stars. On this page you've a chance to express yours. \$20.00 is paid for the best letter, not exceeding 200 words, sent before Jan. 22, \$10.00 for second best, \$1.00 each for the next five. Write today to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and give us your ideas.

What's New on Radio Row

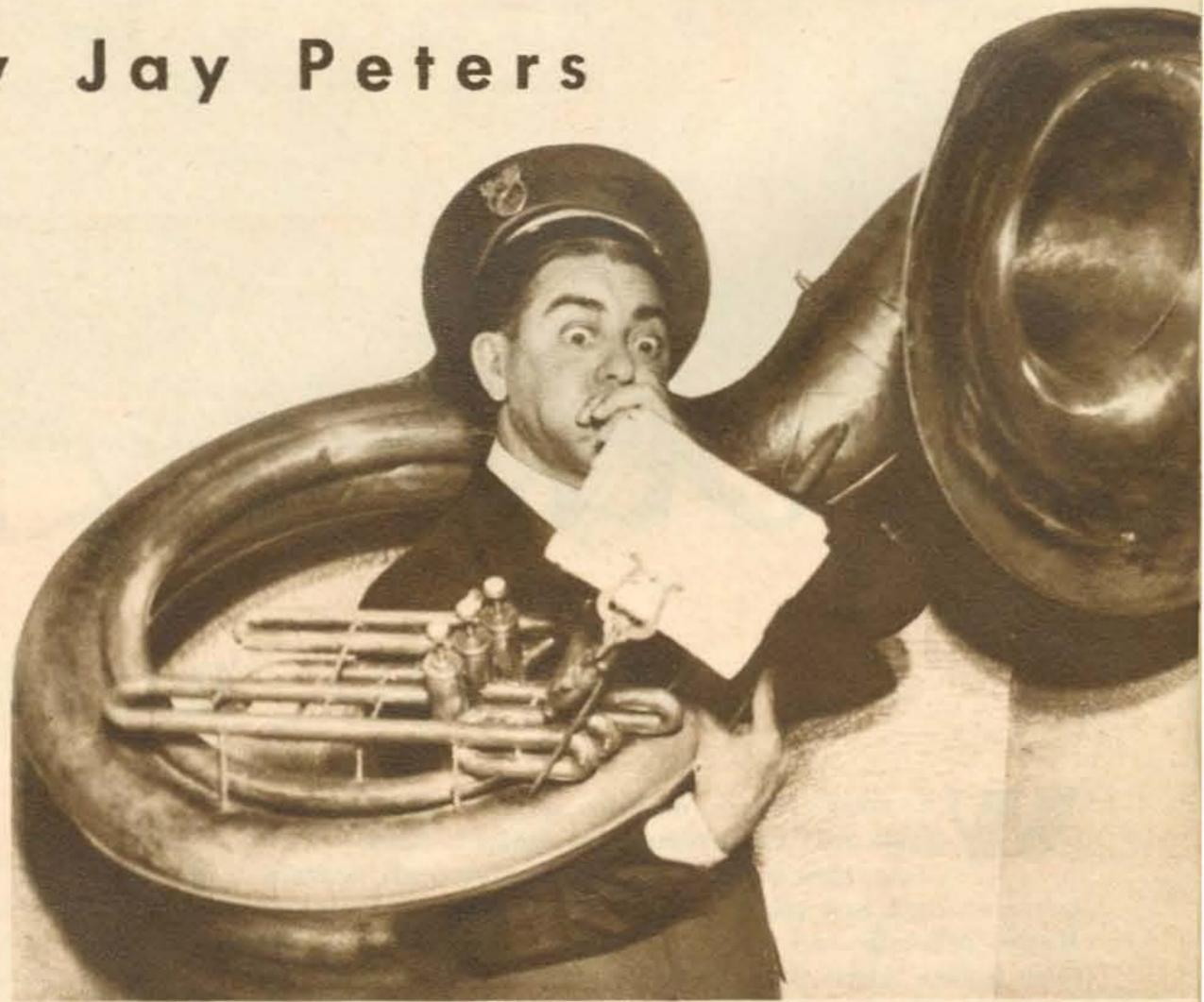
by Jay Peters

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.



The GIBSON FAMILY



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 44/100 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 congratulate 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 orchestra have been engaged by the Columbia Phonograph Co. to produce

What's New on Radio Row

Continued



a series of dance records prior to Kavelin's departure on a musical tour the latter part of this month.

GRACE 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!

THE friendliness that exists between the Eton Boys and the CBS engineers isn't hard to explain. Art Gentry and Charlie Day have a keen knowledge of the engineers' problems—both are licensed radio engineers.

They were originally the Note Boys when they appeared in vaudeville. They simply spelled the name backwards for radio.

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



When Burgess comes, entertainment is not far away. Meredith and Betty Wragge put over the Red Davis show over the NBC network with a bang.

Charlie Henderson (left) shares responsibility for those musical biographies that Andre Kostelanetz features on the Columbia air Wednesday nights.

RKO studios in Hollywood. Her husband-manager, Col. Snyder, will accompany her. The coast radio editors like Ruth a lot, but are thumbs down on the colonel. After ranting 'round one of the transcription studios while La Etting was doing a disc for the community chest last fall, the colonel apologized to the boys by saying "We've had a busy day." Which got a guffaw out of the scribes because Ruth had been doing all the work.

CAPT. DOBBSIE (Hugh Barrett Dobbs), who used to do an inspirational program out on the coast via

CBS and later NBC, but who is now on a bay region hook-up, did a floppo 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 KHJ 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 classmate 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 sensational 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 Soconyland 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 network 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



Virginia Verrill, Orville Knapp and his band can be caught in the Silver Palm Room in Santa Monica every Saturday evening over CBS.

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 daytime 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 Jeanie Lang of the Ward family Theater. Now reports wing their way East that he is once

DON'T radio artists ever get temperamental?" asks a correspondent of Mercury's. "I never see anything in your department about fights and feuds like they have in the movies." Of course they do, dear reader. Why, only the other day Vivienne Segal and Abe Lyman were so mad they wouldn't speak to each other. Being on the same program, they had plenty to talk about, but had to do their conferring through Frank Munn, who got dizzy carrying messages back and forth. Others in the studios thought it pretty petty of these two fine artists.

EXECUTIVES of rival networks are not above pettishness, either. There's the recent experience of David Ross, one of Columbia's pet announcers. Richard Humber's orchestra is projected from CBS Sundays nights and from NBC Monday nights for the same sponsor. Ross does the announcing in the Madison Avenue studios and the advertising agency handling the account assigned him the same job at Radio City. But when the poet and medal-diction winner arrived at NBC to do his stuff, he found John S. Young, a National institution, in charge of the microphone. Young—he's the only mikeman in captivity with LL.D. tacked on to his name—explained to Ross his network didn't like the idea of a Columbia man announcing from its studios. Ross retreated gracefully from the scene, but when he reported the incident to his Columbia superiors there was much indignation. In fact, they are still indignant.

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you chew it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more thorough relief without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ... THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

What's New on Radio Row *Continued*

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 oblige 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 photoplays. 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, June 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



Above, Joe Penner fell for Patricia Ellis' charms when he journeyed to Hollywood for work in Paramount's "College Rhythm."



Right, what's time to an Ace? Jane and Goodman don't think much of pushing it back in their Easy Aces program.



Left, Mary Pickford, Warren William, Louella Parsons, Dick Powell, Claudette Colbert were at the premier of "Hollywood Hotel" on the coast not long ago.

Right, The Studebaker Champions' bandleader, Richard Himber, shows one of his featured singers, Peg La Centra, a thing or three about the tricky job of putting over a song.



Jack Benny (below) finds a moment of leisure from his work in a Broadway show and his own Sunday night hour. Home sweet home has lost most of its meaning for the busy humorist these winter days.



Left, Bing Crosby had a guest on a recent Woodbury program. Vincent Lopez, when he went to Hollywood, looked up his old companion in arms the first thing.

to make another "fireside chat" to the nation is Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, his confidential aide and adviser. "Little Louey," 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.



know that benevolent old gentleman, without his whiskers, is none other than A. Radio Sponsor.

GEORGE F. McClelland, former vice-president and general manager of the National Broadcasting Company, shocked Radio Row by sending a bullet crashing through his brain. McClelland, one of the ablest and best liked of radio executives, was trying to form another national network at the time of the tragedy. He was the originator of the American system of broadcasting; 'way back in 1922 he secured the first sponsor for a commercial program when he was in charge of Station WEAJ, then owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

THE man who decides when it's time for President Franklin D. Roosevelt

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 paid not the slightest heed 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)

SCOOP!

Why CAP'N HENRY Really Quit the SHOWBOAT

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 im-

proved 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.

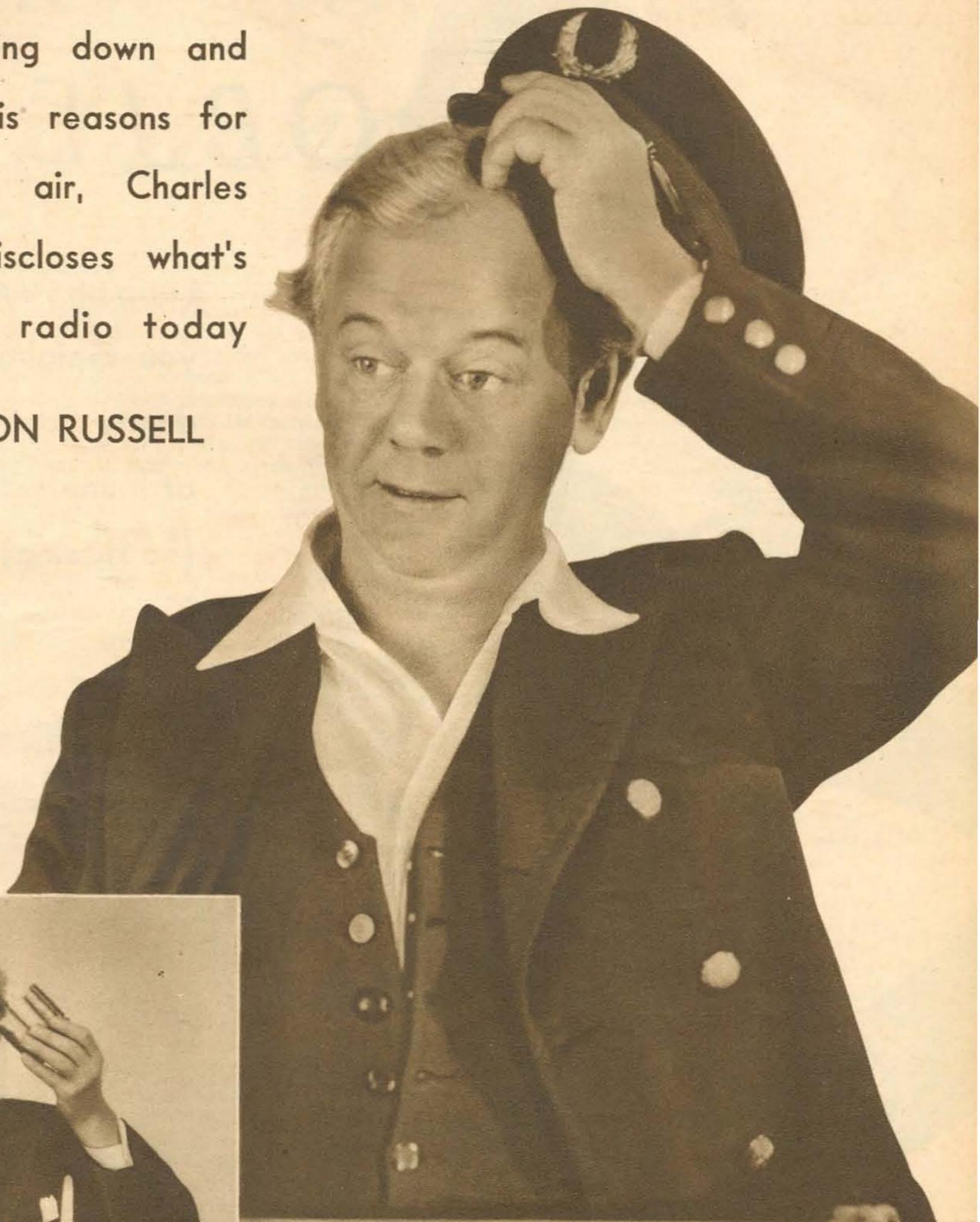
"The Maxwell House people are even planning to bring a microphone into my dressing room so that I can say 'Howdy' to the Showboat listeners every few weeks and convince them that Captain Henry has not been lost to them.

"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!

Frances Langford Matrimony

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 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 mère 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

NBC's soloist on those Colgate House Party programs is all set, hope chest 'n' everything, for the man who'll come along. So we've arranged a wedding ring for her.

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 Sos 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 eye-ful 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 straights. 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 peeved 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 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)

by MARY WATKINS REEVES



"If only I hadn't left Jack Benny—" Mary Livingstone wails shamefacedly.

I'M

Do you ever regret your sins of commission and omission?

The radio stars do—plenty!

by MARY JACOBS



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 phonel

SO ASHAMED OF MYSELF!

SAY FAMOUS RADIO STARS

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.

PHIL DUEY, 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)

Speaking of that incident, fifteen years ago, Ralph Kirbery says, "Let me tell you, I feel mighty cheap about the whole business. That's one time I fell plenty short."

Her husband, Frank Chapman, has an interesting explanation for Gladys Swarthout's strange actions at Central City, Colorado.



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 show-girl 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



Phil BAKER'S

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 foot-
steps; below, Phil and his wife, Peggy.



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 pored 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

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 sophisticates 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)





ILLUSTRATION
by CARL
LINK

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. Neatly 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 Dardenelles 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

Making my way to the welcome shelter of the cold wall of the hut, I peered through the cracks in the tar-covered door. The spy was inside. Now my job was to take him alive!

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 rangers the Germans were 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 sauntered 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 oar 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



Captain Tim Healy, born in 1892 in Australia, enlisted at twenty-two for the World War, served with distinction at Gallipoli, Egypt, Belgium, Flanders, and France. Decorated by King George the Fifth with the Order of the British Empire. Since has traveled in every country in the world. Radio career began on a single New York station, netting nearly a million fan letters over a period of a year. Spent his time during the war tracking down enemy spies and doing spy work himself.

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 crawling, 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)

turned again to go.

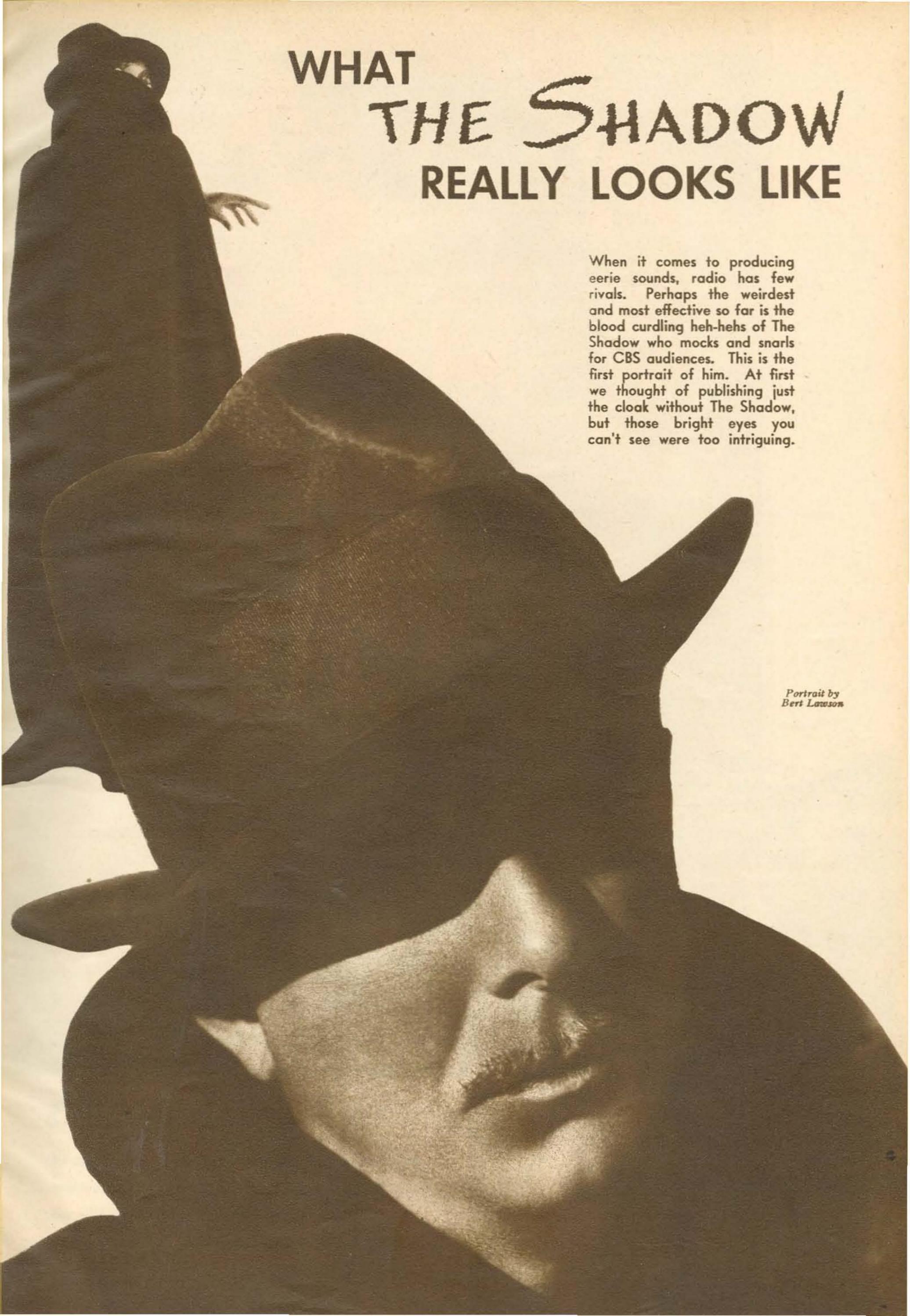
I'd taken about twenty steps when I heard the deep throated roar of an airplane. It was flying low. Probably one of our boys looking for a landing place in one of the nearby fields. I shrugged my shoulders and glanced up to see who it was.

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 upright 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 oar locks. It was my friend again.



WHAT
THE SHADOW
REALLY LOOKS LIKE

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.

*Portrait by
Bert Lawson*



W I L L R O G E R S

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.





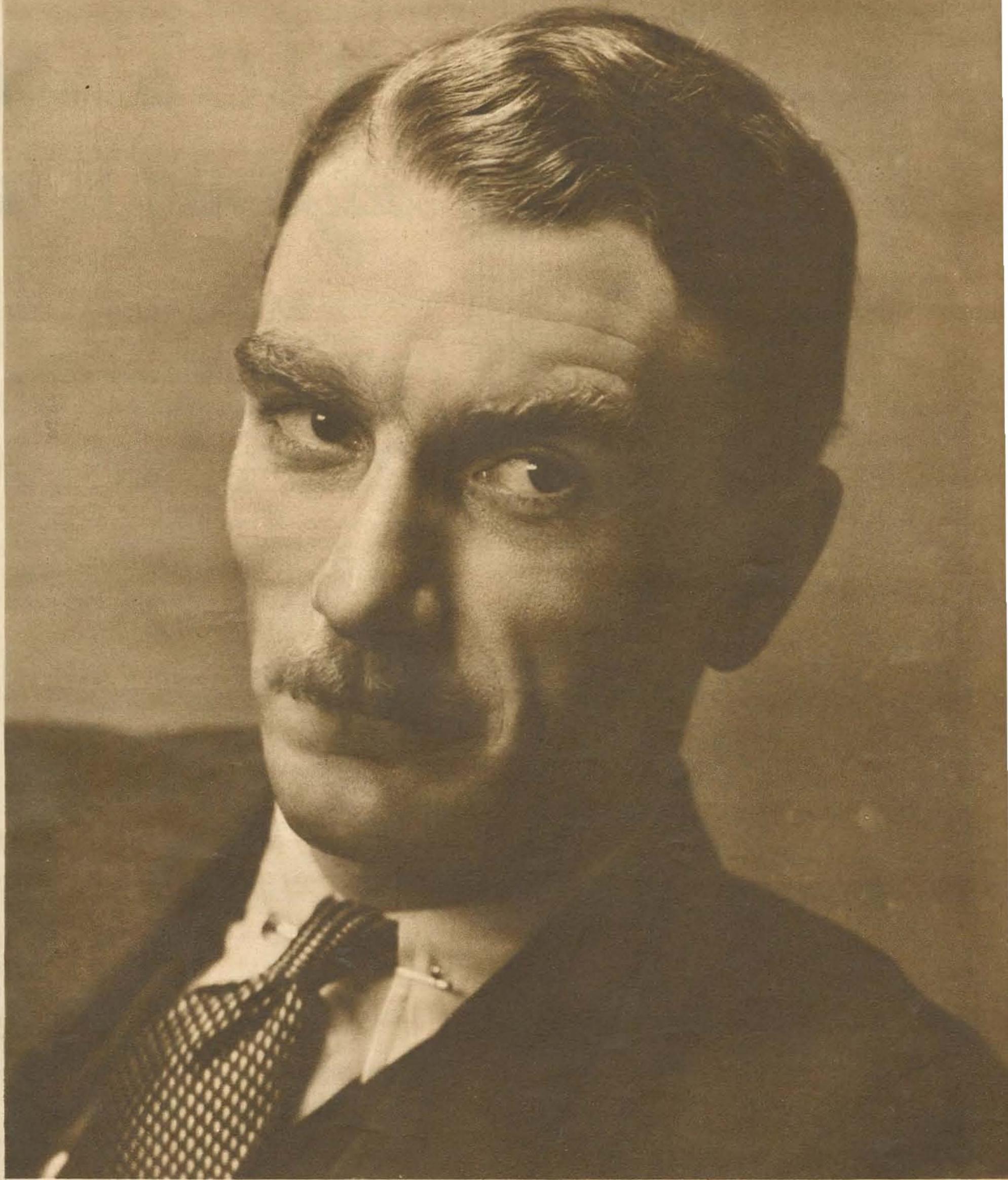
LORETTA POYNTON

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.

FERDE GROFÉ and SON





BOAKE CARTER

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.



"I Can't Quit Now!"

says **BING CROSBY**

The ever popular Bing was snapped in an off-moment when he managed to break away from the movie and radio studios. The lady is his wife, Dixie.

a grand guy, that can be done almost endlessly.

Take this matter of his success, for example. Success does, say what you will, spoil most people. For one thing, it protects them from having to be

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.

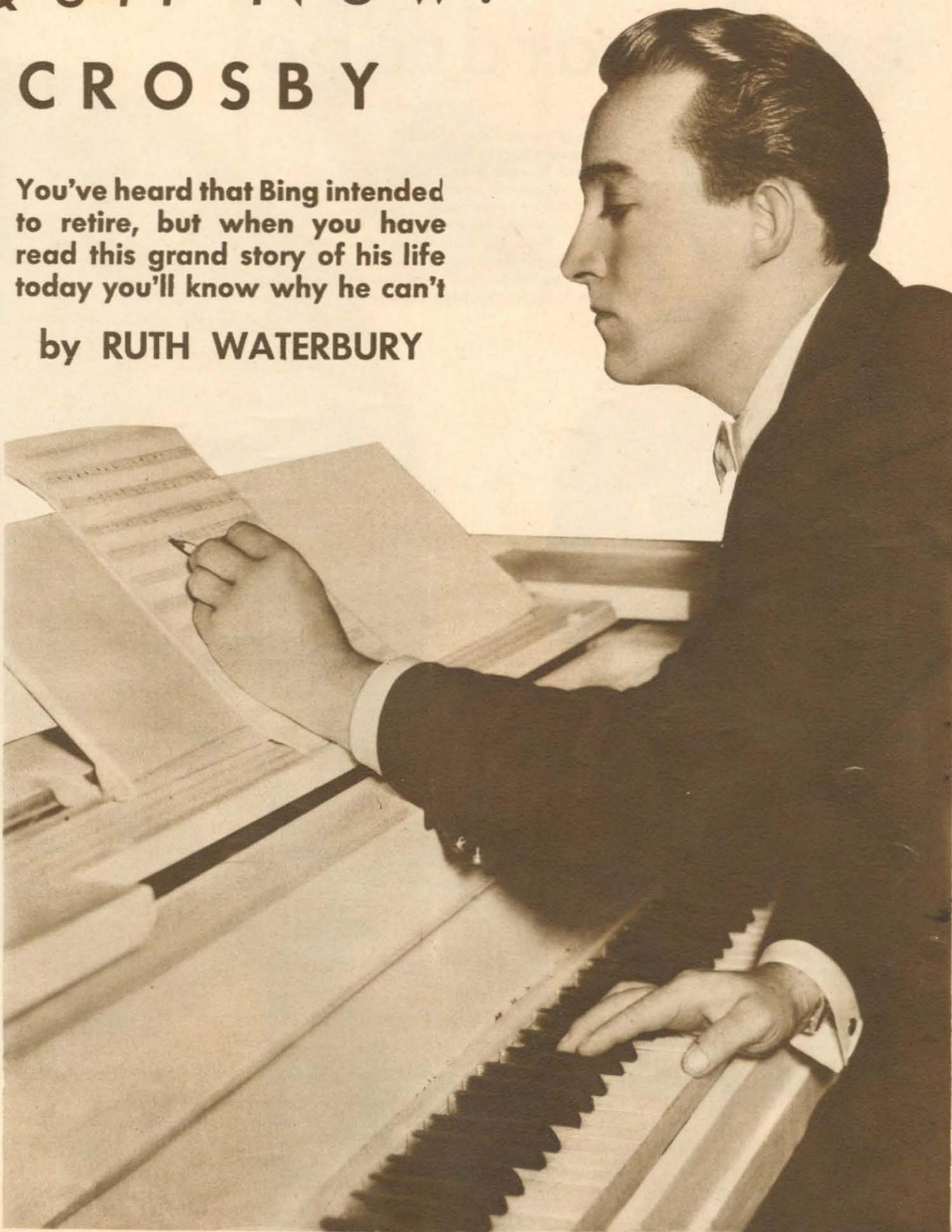
DIXIE was much more important than Bing in those days. She was ambitious, too. But after one look at Bing she decided she wanted him more than she wanted a career. And when Bing looked at her he decided he wanted her more than he wanted a drink, particularly since Dixie seemed not to care for him being 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.

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)*



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**

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

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?



Photographs made
Exclusively for
RADIO MIRROR
by
NATIONAL PICTURES



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.

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.



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.



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.

What Marriage

Means to:



In Anita Fuhrmann, Jimmy has found everything he had ever dreamed about. It's a swell romance, folks. Read it!

JIMMY WALLINGTON

"This isn't a thrill marriage—
I want a home and children,
not a wife who works"

BY DORA

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)



Wide World

Do Don and Juliette look "washed up"? Take a good look at their beaming faces! Then read this revealing story about them.

DON NOVIS

"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)



BEHIND THE *Kate* MATINÉE

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

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)



● Upper left, Adelaide Maffet and Jack Smith. Adelaide is genuine society stuff, Park Avenue glitzy and all. The choral group (upper right) snapped in action. Last and not least, Director Jack Miller, Kate herself and part of this most impressive orchestra.

HERE'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY THRILLS

THAT RADIO OFFERS FROM DAWN TO DUSK!

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.

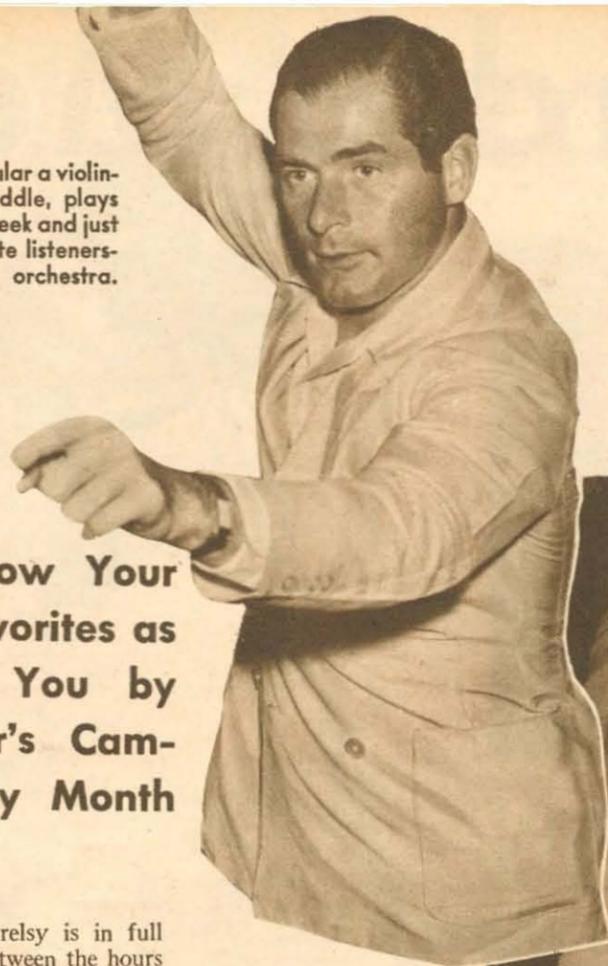


Mary Small (right) is Little Miss Bab'O to thousands of fans who have voted her radio's best master of ceremonies. She sings, too, at every opportunity.



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.

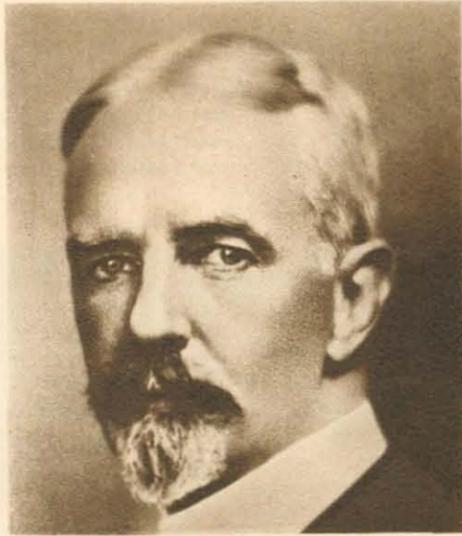
Below is part of the large cast of NBC's Radio Guild, Monday afternoon's hour feature for dramas.



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.

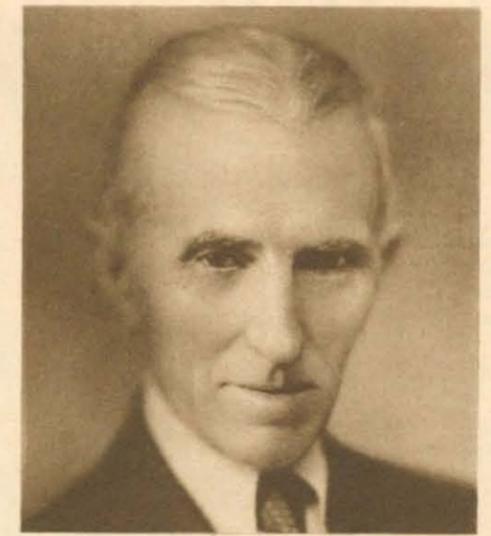
From Dawn to Dusk

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.



**"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?

"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 men-

ace 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)

ILLUSTRATION BY

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

HUBBELL REED McBRIDE

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)

ARE RADIO WAVES DANGEROUS TO OUR WELFARE? TWO POWERFUL ANSWERS TO THIS DARING QUESTION

Anne Seymour's

amazing heritage

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.



Radio Mirror's ROLL OF HONOR



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.

THE BUSIEST MAN IN RADIO



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

Master of Ceremonies on the Forum of Liberty, heard Thursday evenings at 8:30, Columbia Network.

News Commentator Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 8:15, presenting The Human Side of The News.

Rebroadcasting The Human Side of The News for West Coast audiences at 11:15, CBS.

Metrotone News Commentator for newsreel release twice every week to largest theatres in America.

Writing numerous articles and stories for the biggest national weekly and monthly magazines.

Writing daily column of human interest features, syndicated to a nation-wide newspaper chain.

by FRED RUTLEDGE

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.

DASH, 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)

Edwin C. Hill

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CHICAGO BY CHASE GILES

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 a "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, while 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 Lockett. 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.



From out of the Chicago studios comes Dorothy Page's contralto voice along with Jan Garber and his Yeastfoamers.

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)



The Olsens in action! George and his lovely singing wife, Ethel Shutta, rehearsing at the College Inn in Chicago.

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.

8:15—Edwin C. Hill on Mon., Wed., Fri.

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.

8:15—Gene and Glenn on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.

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.

10:15—Red Davis, Mon., Wed., Fri.; The Story Behind The Claim, Tues.

Helen Musselman, blue-eyed and blonde, is heard on many West Coast NBC dramas. Believe-it-or-not, she was a school marm.



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 ritzy 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)



Here are the "Fiorettes", Mae and Dee Gohlke who sing on the Hollywood Hotel program with Fiorito's band.

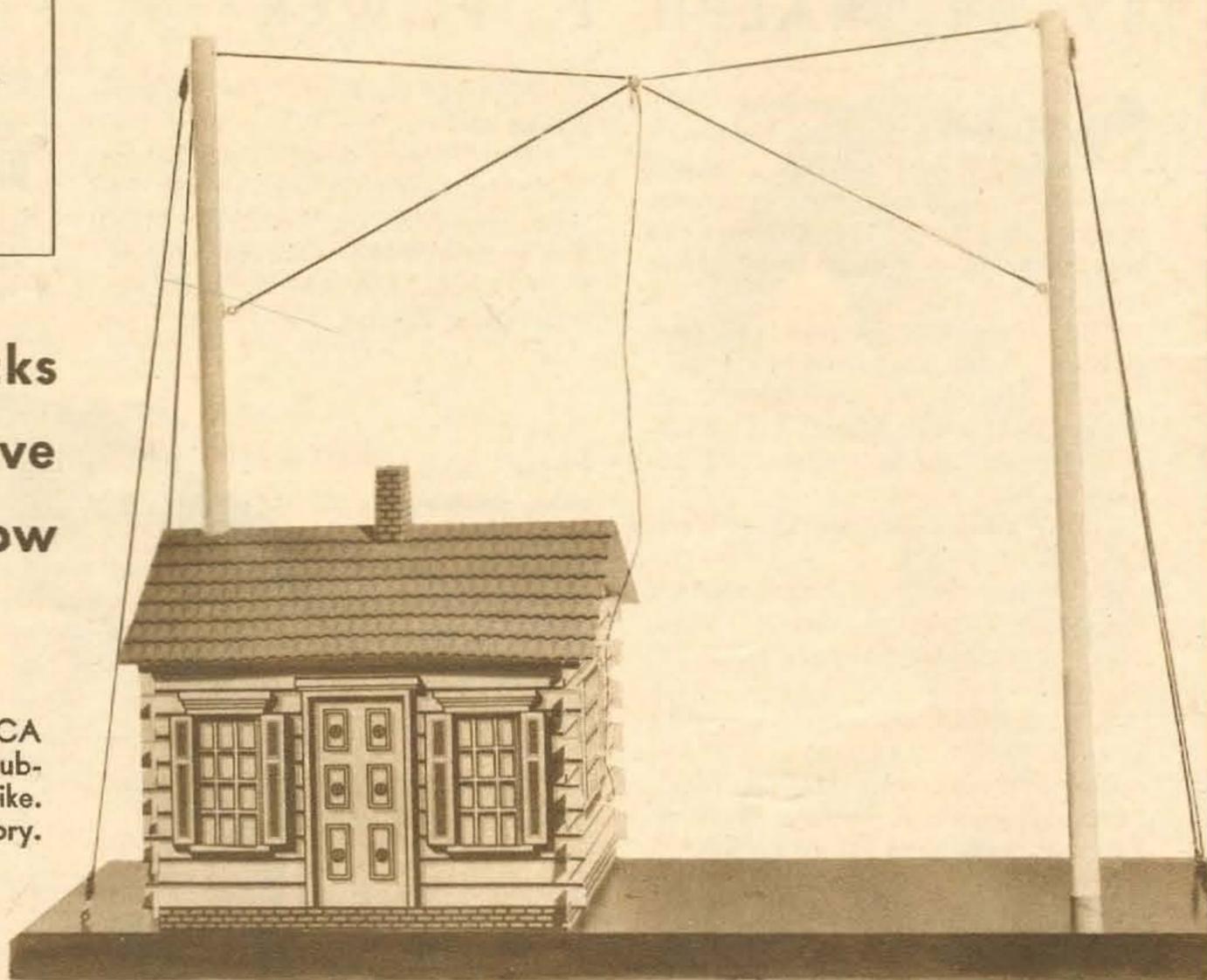
Dialing the



TIPS for TUNERS

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 best 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 broken
(Continued on page 79)

by **TERRY MILES**
the Globe Twister

\$500.00

CASH PRIZE

JUMBLED NAMES GAME FINAL LIST

DO NOT SPEND TIME OR MONEY ON
ELABORATE PRESENTATIONS

UNSCRAMBLE THESE NAMES

THE RULES

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.

- TOCLOWTO
- REWING
- PLINDSAG
- ELSJES
- DAMURAGRIE
- BLAHUTTI
- PATOSNOLEG
- MENACEM
- SINERAM
- RAILDIHL

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 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 contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES MAY BE YOURS!

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

PRIZE CHECKS WILL BE MAILED OUT PROMPTLY

7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

6 P.M.

6:00
Music By Gershwin: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WEAN WSPD Plus Coast plus WAAB WBT WDSU WGST WBNS WHEC KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL CFRB

Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC

H. V. Kaltenborn: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WNAC WKRC WHK WFBM WEAN WHAS KMOX Plus a Supplementary Network

Pinaud's Something Old, Something New: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WAAB WGR WBBM CKLW WDRC WHAS WCAU WFCL WSTD WADC

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN

6:30
Smiling Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Network

The Shadow: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WDRC WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC WIBX

Shell Products, Eddie Dooley: Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS WADC WFBM KMBC Plus WLBZ WICC WBT WBIG WHP WFEA WMBG WDBJ WHEC WMAS WSJS WORC WDNC WDBH WIBX

Understanding Music, Howard Barlow: Tues. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WKBW WHK CKLW WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WAAB Plus a Supplementary Network

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WWVA
Wrigley Beauty Program: Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

H. V. Kaltenborn on Fridays at 6:00 has taken over Frederic William Wile's mike place at the Capitol. . . . A new program in the form of Something Old, Something New comes at the same time Saturdays.

7:00
California Melodies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR CKLW WCAU WJAS WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus WDSU WORC WBIG KLZ WDAE KTRH WLBW WBNS WCCO WFEA WPG WSJS WMT WHK KLBZ KWKH KLRZ WREC WDBJ KDB WNAX WHP WDBO

Myrt & Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WFBM KMBC WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus WQAM WDBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA

Soconyland Sketches: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

7:15
Just Plain Bill: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

7:30
Ward's Family Theatre: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WKRC WHAS WFBM KMBC WSPD WJSV Plus WLBZ WFEA WSFA WSBT WMAS WWVA WBRC WMBR WBNC WICC WORC WKBM WBNS

Silver Dust Serenaders: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP WHEC WMAS WWVA WORC
Whispering Jack Smith: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHAS WADC WKRC WHK CKLW KMBC WSPD WBBM KMOX plus WORC

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WKRC WDRC WFBM WEAN WFBL WSPD Plus WBT WCCO
The Lawyer and the Public: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHK KMOX WHAS WBBM Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WBRC WMBR KSL Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WACO WNAX

We go to press not just sure what will become of the Ward Family Theater. If our information is as reliable as it should be—you can never really be sure—Buddy Rogers will be on his way to England by the time you read this. . . . If you like guest soloists in the form of movie personalities, then listen in Sundays at 7:00, when Raymond Paige and his orchestra and Joan Marsh present California Melodies.

8:00
Detroit Symphony: Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS W D S U W N A X WKBM WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian
Bar X Days and Nights: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WBNS KLZ WCCO WHOC KSL

Lavendar and Old Lace: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WSPD
Easy Aces: Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WORC WEAN WJSV Plus WOWO WCCO CFRB

Roxy and His Gang: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC Plus Coast Plus Canadian Plus WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WLFQ WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA WIBW WMT WORC

8:15
Fats Wallers Rhythm Club: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WGR WFBL WHEC
Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WKBW plus WCCO

8:30
Atwater Kent Hour: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WQAM WRT WDOD KRLD KLZ WCCO KSL WMT WOWO WDSU
Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WODO WCCO CFRB

Everett Marshall: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLD KLA WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW

Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO
True Story Hour: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WSPD WOWO WHEC WORC Plus WCCO

8:45
Musical Revue, Robert Armbruster's Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WNAC WHAS Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

The Easy Aces, now the plaything of Jad Salts, sponsors of the comedy team this year, have resumed work on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 8:00 sharp. . . . Everett Marshall's tonsils have gone the way of all troublesome flesh. His operation over, Everett is back on his program, Broadway Melodies.

9:00
Alexander Woolcott: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL

Chesterfield Hour: Mon. Wed. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WSFA KWKH KVOR WSBT WIBW WWVA KGKO WGLC Plus WOVW WGST WBNS WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

Bing Crosby: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOW WBT KRLD KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU KSL KTUL

Camel Caravan: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMGB KTUL WACO WNAX WKBM

The March of Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

9:30
Gulf Program, Will Rogers: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR WFBM KMOX WBBM KMBC WFBL Plus WOWO WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLD KTRH KLRA WFEA WRAC WLAC WDSU K TSA WTOC WACO WAMS WORC WALA WBIG WMBG WHEC WDBJ

The Big Show: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFBK WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL

Isham Jones, Chevrolet: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network

Adventures of Gracie: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBIG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA WORC WOWO

Fred Waring: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBH

Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KWKH WBR C WMBR KFPY Plus Canadian Plus KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX WNOX WGST

10:00
Wayne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WEAN Plus Coast Plus WAAB WIBW WBNS KRLD KLZ KFBK WCCO WDSU KSL

Camel Caravan: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA WGLC KOH KSL WDNC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFBK WREC WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN

Byrd Broadcast: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WSPD Plus Coast Plus KFZ WOWO WQAM WDAE WGST WLBZ WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WHP KTRH KFBK KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WHEC KSL K TSA WIBW WACO WMT KFH WORC WNAX

Borden's 45 Minutes in Hollywood: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WFBM KMBC WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KTRH WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WHEC KSL K TSA KTUL WACO KFH
Carborundum Band: Sat. ½ hr. Coast Plus WABC WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC CKLW KMBC WCAU WJAS WBT KLZ WCCO KSL

10:30
American Universities Program: Sun. ½ hr. Network

Mobilization For Human Needs: Mon. ½ hr. Network

George Givot: Tues. ½ hr. Network

Melody Masterpieces: Wed. ½ hr.—Network

Kate Smith: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WNAC WCAU WHK KMOX WBBM WHAS Plus Supplementary minus WDBJ KFPY KFBK K TSA WSBT WWVA WMBR WCCO KSL Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX KOMA WMBD WACO WNAX

Johnny Green's Dance Time: Sat. 1 hr. Basic minus WNAC WHK WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WBR C WMBR KSL Plus WAAB WHP KOMA WMBD CFRB WACO WNAX WNOX WDSU

10:45
Fray and Braggiotti: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WCAO WHK KMBC WBBM WHAS Plus Canadian Plus WAAB WNOX WACO Plus Supplementary minus WSFA WDBO KFBK WICC KFPY KWKH WWVA WMBR WMT WCCO WISN

Between the hours of nine and midnight: Woolcott for Cream of Wheat is earning the reputation of being the most gruesome story teller on the air.

11:00
Little Jack Little Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Jerry Cooper, Baritone: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Leon Belasco Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Vera Van: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Ozzie Nelson Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network

11:15
Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra: Mon. ¾ hr. Network
Harry Salter Orchestra: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Little Jack Little Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

11:30
Leon Belasco Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Henry Busse Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network

Ozzie Nelson: Wed. ½ hr.—Network
Harry Salter Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Benjamin Franklin Sketch: Sat. ½ hr. Network

More of the same about the nine to midnight programs: Walter O'Keefe, to the pleasure of his fans, has gone back to singing hill billy songs like The Bearded Lady. . . . We don't like to say uncomplimentary things, but something could be done to the Hollywood Hotel program to help it out. Maybe just a dash more simplicity and a dash less movie chatter. . . . Block and Sully—it was a publicity stunt, but you ought to hear it anyway—called in what were supposed to be the 25 crabbiest, meanest, most disagreeable men in New York to supervise their rehearsal the other day. Anyone of the audience who laughed lost his job. Otherwise he earned a dollar an hour, if he looked sour enough. . . . The roar of Niagara Falls booming in on the Carborundum Band program has become the most popular theme signal of any CBS show, according to the sponsors who are proud of this trick.

12 NOON 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M. 4 P.M. 5 P.M. 6 P.M.

BLUE NETWORK

12:00
"The Ailing House": Sun. ½ hr. Network
Fields and Hall: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15
Charles Sears, tenor: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Merry Macs: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Genia Fonariva, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30
Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network

1:30
National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Wc and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

1:45
NBC Great Composers Hour: Mon. Thurs. Hour Network
Beulah Croft, songs: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Words and Music: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Sat. ½ hr. Network

Vic and Sade are heard every day in the week (a correction for last month).

2:00
Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHAM plus WKBF
Wandering Minstrel: Wed. ½ hr. Network

2:15
Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

2:30
Lux Radio Theater: Sun. one hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ WWNC WBAP WJAX plus Coast plus WLW WIBA KFYP WDAY KTBS WFAA KTBS WTAR CFCF

2:45
Echoes of Erin: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

3:00
Radio Guild: Mon. Hour—Network
Charlie Davis Orchestra: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Network
The Ramblers Trio: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Marine Band: Fri. one hr. Network

3:15
Concert Favorites: Wed. ½ hr. Network

3:30
National Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Music Magic: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Roy Shield Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network
Saturday Songsters: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

3:45
Joe White: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network

Several new programs are now heard between 3:00 and 4:00 in the afternoon: Charlie Davis' Orchestra, the Ramblers Trio, the United States Marine Band, Concert Favorites, National Vespers, Music Magic and Roy Shield's Orchestra. Not a poor show in the whole list. . . . Make a point of hearing National Vespers at 3:30 Sundays.

4:00
Temple of Song: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KSO (KWCR WREN plus Coast plus WBAP WLW WLS WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC

4:15
Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Platt and Nierman: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Dorothy Page, contralto: Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
High and Low: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

4:30
The Land of Beginning Again: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR WGAR KWK
Stanleigh Malotte, News Rhymer: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. one hr. Network
Palmer Clark: Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. Network
Three C's, vocalists: Fri. ¼ hr. Network

4:45
Archie Bleyer Orchestra: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

We take it all back. General Mills is sponsoring Betty and Bob, and so they're not without commercial support, as we previously stated.

5:00
Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Network
Your Health: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Stanleigh Malotte: Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

5:15
Jackie Heller: Mon. Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network
The Three Scamps: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

5:30
American Bosch Radio: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WCKY WKBF WIBA KSTP WSMB WTMJ WEBC WDAY KFYP WSM WMC WSB WAPI WAVE plus Coast
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WMAL WSYR WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL — plus WLW
Platt and Nierman, piano duo: Sat. ¼ hr.

5:45
Terhune Dog Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KSO KWK WREN KOIL—Plus WRVA WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ
WBAL
WMAL
WBZ
WBZA

WSYR
WHAM
KDKA
WJR
WENR
WGAR

KWCR
KSO
KWK
WREN
KOIL

WPTF
WTMJ
KSTP
WWNC
WKY
WBAP

KPRC
WEBC
WRVA
WJAX
WFLA
WOAI

COAST

KOA
KDYL

KGO
KFI
KGW

WLS

KOMO
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF
WTAG
WBEN
WCAE
WTAM

WWJ
WLW
WSAI
WFBR
WRC

WGY
WJAR
WCSH
WLIT
WFI

WBZ
WBZA
WEEI
KSD
WDAF

WHO
WOC
WMAQ
WOW
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP
WTMJ

WEBC
KPRC

WKY
WOAI

KVOO
WFAA

WBAP
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD
WFLA
WWNC

WIS
WPTF
WRVA

WJAX
WMC
WJDX

WSB
WSM
WSMB

WAPI
WAVE

CANADIAN

CRCT

CFCF

KHQ
KDYL
KOA

COAST

KGO
KHJ
KGW

KOMO
KFI

RED NETWORK

12:00
Al and Lee Reiser: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Mohawk Treasure Chest: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast minus KHJ
Armchair Quartet: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15
Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30
University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

1:00
Dale Carnegie: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WCSH KSD WOC WDAF WMAQ WKAF
1:15
Peggy's Doctor: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Jan Brunesco: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

1:30
Little Miss Bab O: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO WKAF
Master Music Hour: Tues. one hr. Network
Russ Lyons Orchestra: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Network
George Duffy Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

2:00
Mohawk Treasure Chest: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast minus KSD
Revolving Stage: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Two Seats in the Balcony: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Stones of History: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Rex Battle's Ensemble: Sat. ½ hr. Network

2:30
Gene Arnold's Commodores: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WWJ WLIT KSD WDAF WHO

2:45
Gus Van, songs: Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

3:00
Sally of the Talkies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WTIC plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WASM WSB WAPI WAVE
Radio Playbill: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

3:15
Dreams Come True: Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
The Wise Man: Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. Network

3:30
Maybelline Musical Romance: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.—Network
Weekend Review: Sat. Hour—Network

Sundays at 3:00 you now hear Sallie of the Talkies, serial about an Iowa girl trying to crash the movies in Hollywood. Luxor, Limited is the sponsor. . . . Young Barry McKinley—age, twenty-one—is getting as much fan mail as any other baritone on the air these cold, unromantic winter days.

4:00
Kansas City Philharmonic: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WCAE KSD WHO WOW plus Southern minus WWNC WIS plus Coast minus KHQ KHJ plus WIBA WEBC WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI
John Martin's Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Chick Webb Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Pop Concert: Wed. ½ hr.—Network
Blue Room Echoes: Thurs. ½ hr. Network
Master Music Hour: Fri. one hr.—Network

4:15
Gypsy Trail: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

4:30
Looking Over the Week: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
Roxanne Wallace, songs: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
The Jesters Trio: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Arlene Jackson, songs: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Our Barn; children's show: Sat. ½ hr. Network

4:45
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW
Adventures on Mystery Island: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

Children should tune in Saturdays at 4:30 for Our Barn program, arranged especially for the kiddies.

5:00
Sentinel Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFYP WIBA
George Sterney's Orchestra: Mon. Sat. ¼ hr. Network
Meredith Willson Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Chick Webb Orchestra: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
N't'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

5:15
Tom Mix: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WFBR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

5:30
The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF WRVA KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP
The Sizzlers Trio: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Radio Charades: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Alice in Orchestrabilia: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Tales of Courage: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

5:45
Ivory Stamp Club Captain Tim Healy: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLW WLIT plus WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

6:00
Heart Throbs of the Hills: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Xavier Cugat Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Education in the News: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network
Jack Berger Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Angelo Ferdinand's Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Network
5:15
Spartan Triolians, Jolly Coburn: Sun. ¼ hr.—Network
Tom Coakley Orchestra: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P WEBC
6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL WLW CRCT WJAX—plus WFLA CFCF WIOD WRVA
Flying With Captain Al Williams: Sat. ¼ hr. Network
 Stations on the Joe Penner program Sundays at 7:30 not listed are: WIBA, WDAY KFYP, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX.

7:00
Jack Benny: Sun. Hour—Network
Amos and Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus. WSYR KWK KWCR WREN KSO KOIL—plus WLW CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY
7:15
Vicks with Mildred Bailey: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WGAR WREN—plus WCKY
Fox Fur Trappers Orchestra: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Gems of Melody: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus. WJR WGAR KWK plus KTBS
7:30
Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WWNC WBAP
Red Davis Series: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR—plus WIBA KSTP WEBC WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB WKY KTBS KPRC WTAR WAVE
Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR
Armand Girard: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
7:45
Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WMS WSB WSMB KVOO KTBS WKY WFAA

8:00
General Motors Symphony Concert: Sun. one hr.—Network
Yeastfoamers: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
O. Henry Dramatizations: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE
Art in America: Sat. ¼ hr.—Network
8:15
Dick Liebert's Musical Revues: Fri. ¼ hr. Network
8:30
Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WENR KWK plus WLS CRCT CFCF
Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch.: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZA WENR KWK plus WLS
Melodies Romantic: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
The Intimate Revue, Dwight Fiske: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF
George Olsen Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Network

9:00
Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WOAI plus WLW WTAR WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTHS
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYP WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTHS KFSO KTAR
Warden Lewis E. Lawes: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WJR WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Let's Listen to Harris: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WJR WENR plus WCKY WSB WOAI WLS WSMB CFCF WSM WKY WAPI WFAA plus Coast
Radio City Party: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WCKY WLS plus Coast
9:15
Story Behind the Claim: Tues. ¼ hr.—Basic minus KWK plus WCKY
9:30
Walter Winchell: Sun. (Continued on last col.)

10:00
Armand Girard: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
America in Music: Mon. ½ hr. Network
Seven Seas, Cameron King: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Denis King: Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus WCKY WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYP KGIR KFSO CRCT
Parade of the Provinces: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Molle Minstrel Show: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WGAR KWK
10:15
L'Heure Exquise: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
Madame Sylvia: Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR plus Coast plus WTMJ WRVA KSTP WEBC
10:30
An American Fireside: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Tim and Irene: Tues. ½ hr.—Network
Conoco Presents: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA KDKA KWKY WTMJ WEBC WDAY KDYL KVOO KFYP WRVA WFAA KPRC KOA
Economic and Social Changing Order: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
The Jewish Program: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Hal Kemp Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Network

11:00
Roxanne Wallace, songs: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
Hal Kemp Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Network
Del Campo Orchestra: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. Network
Kings Guard Quartet: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Willard Robison Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Network
11:30
Henry King Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Jolly Coburn's Orchestra: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Network
Art Kassel Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Eddie Duchin Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network
Freddie Martin Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Network
 (Continued)
 ¼ hr.—Basic plus WLW
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic
Hands Across the Border: Tues. Hour—Network
John McCormack: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Musical Keys: Thurs. ½ hr. Network
Armour Hour, Phil Baker: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour—Basic
9:45
Styest Present: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic.

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ¼ hr.—Network
Xavier Cugat Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Thrills of Tomorrow: Fri. ¼ hr. WFAA WTAG WJAR WRC WGY WCAE
6:15
Drama Jules Verne: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Network
Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
6:30
Armco Iron Master: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus. WTAG WJAR WSH WEEI WTIC plus KPRC WKY WOAI WBAP KTBS WIBA
6:45
Billy Batchelor: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF
 Probable programs between seven and eight which are not listed are as follows: Martha Mears on Sundays; Gould and Shefter, Tuesdays and Fridays; The Pickens Sisters, Wednesdays; Religion in the News, Saturdays. . . . One Man's Family is now heard Wed. at 10:30 p.m. from the East.

7:00
Ray Perkins: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Jack and Loretta Clemens: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
7:15
Radio Station E-Z-R-A: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAA WRC WGY WTAM WSAI WMAQ WHO WOW WCAE
Gene and Glenn: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Jamboree: Sat. ½ hr. Network
7:30
American Radiator Program: Sun. ¼ hr.—WFAA WTAG WJAR WSH WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW
Molle Minstrel Show: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBN WCAE WTAM WFBR WFI WEEI WOW WTIC
Radio Station E-Z-R-A: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAA WRC WGY WTAM WSAI WMAQ WHO WOW WSH
7:45
The Fitch Program: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF WKBF
Frank Buck: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WTAG WWJ WFBR WJAR WEEI WHO WTIC
Floyd Gibbons: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WHO KVOO WFAA KTAR

8:00
Chase and Sanborn: Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYP WIBA
Studebaker, Himber, Nash: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WOW KSD
Mary Pickford: Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFYP WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus KFYP WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic minus WMAQ plus Western minus Coast plus CRTS KOA KDYL
Swift Hour: Sat. Hour—Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS
8:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus KSD WHO WOW plus Canadian
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBR plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WFAA
 Another correction from last month's list of programs: Wayne King is also heard on Wednesdays at 8:30, for half an hour. . . . Mary Pickford is gaining popularity.

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBEN WSH WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF and Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBR WRC
Ben Bernie, Blue Ribbon: Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WOW WDAF WTIC plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYP WMC WSB WJDX WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA
Fred Allen: Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
Showboat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSO KGIR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Songs You Love: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYP
9:30
American Album: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE WEBC WBAP KTAR—plus Canadian
Colgate House Party: Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE WTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr.—Complete minus WSAI (Continued on last col.)

10:00
Hall of Fame: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus WKBF WMC WSMB WFAA KSTP WSB WKY KTBS WSM WJDX KTHS KPRC WOAI
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYP WSM WMC WSB WKY
Palmolive: Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYP WSOC KGIR KFSO KGHL WKBF
Lombardoland: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTHS WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS KVOO
Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. hour—Complete minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA plus WDAY KFYP KTBS KTHS WIBA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB
10:30
Pontiac, Jane Froman: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKVF WSOC WIBA KTHS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSO KFYP KGHL

11:00
The Grumitts, Senator Ford: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Willard Robison Orchestra: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Jack Berger: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network
Guy Lombardo Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr. Network
11:15
Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Voice of Romance: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
11:30
Carl Hoff Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Network
D'Orsey Brothers, Bob Crosby: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
Freddie Martin Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Paul Whiteman's Saturday Night: Sat. ½ hr.—Network
 (Continued)
 WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTHS KFSO KTBS KFYP KGIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WEEI
9:30
Gibson Family: Sat. hour—Basic minus WHO plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KHQ KDYL KOA KFI KGW KOMO KFYP WDAY WIBA

In the Stars' Kitchens

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)

RADIO MIRROR HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT By SYLVIA COVNEY



Josef Koestner, conductor of the Hoover concert orchestra heard each Sunday in the "Sentinels Serenade"(NBC), is a very busy man. He doesn't always have time to eat regular meals, but manages a quick snack on his Toastmaster hospitality tray.

Eating

for BEAUTY and HEALTH

**Do You Want a Trim Figure?
Are You in Need of Energy?
Try Miss Covney's Advice**

It's a rare opera star who manages to keep as svelte as lovely Rose Bampton, singer on NBC's "Songs You Love". It's done with proper diet!



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? Paleeze, 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 in 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.

Cecelia McG. Roscoe, Pa.—Address your letter to Mother Schumann-Heink in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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)

Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about players and programs answered

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. And for a 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 for much less than 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 that hurts, a sin of omission that makes us want to kick ourselves forever after. It's miffing a chance, being a plain coward sometimes: that is Tony Wons' regret.

Tony, as a young up-and-coming dramatic student 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 Shakespearean 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 rehearsing 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 to walk over and speak to him—goodness knows 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 must have wondered who I was. But I just couldn't scare up the courage to talk. Yes, in spite of the courses in public speaking, the training in dramatics I had had. When Mantell began to rehearse his part and his voice boomed 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 most unhappy period of my existence. It wasn't till almost ten years later that I got the chance to present Shakespearean rôles.

SOMETIMES there are other kinds of mistakes that stars regret. Ralph Kirbery, 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 palship 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 toys, 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: that Tommy had really bent over backwards in pointing 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 Kirbery, have codes of conduct. And when we deviate from them, much to our chagrin, we feel as if we'd 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 rôles 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.

Came 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 cry hysterically, and pull 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 arisen, 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.

Your Announcer Is:**ALOIS HAVRILLA**

The voice of Firestone, on the Colgate House Party, Conoco Presents, and Spartan Triolians. Birthplace is Austria-Hungary. Boyhood was passed in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he sang alto in church choirs. Later, he sang bass, as a soloist in the same churches. Married Marion Munson of Mayflower lineage. Met Elliott Shaw, baritone, at a Carnegie Hall musicale, who interested him in radio. He obtained his present post with NBC while teaching.

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't I ever get any rest?"

The jarring ring continued. Finally Fred grabbed the mouthpiece. "... * * * ... why the xxx?! 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 you a thirteen-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)

Peggy and Phil faced the music bravely with complete confidence in each other and so their romance burgeoned into marriage despite the withering blasts of columnists and Broadway, and when the show closed prepared to leave immediately for the haven of distant Italian shores.

But fortune was unkind. A telephone call came from Baker's agent. He had been chosen for the Armour radio program. Overjoyed, he hastened to tell Peggy the good news. Suddenly, his face clouded. It meant postponing the honeymoon. Cheerfully, uncomplainingly, Peggy donned her honeymoon dress for what was to be a hurried business trip by aeroplane instead of the planned wedding trip. Apologetically, Phil consoled his bride. He had responsibilities now, and the lucrative radio program in Chicago meant security, wealth, freedom from the uncertainties that beset the lives of stage folk.

"It's all right, Phil," Peggy reassured him. "Don't worry. We'll go later."

Her words were brave, but there were tears in her big blue eyes. Phil fondly kissed the tears away, and told his bride once more that the trip, when they took it, would be bigger and better than they had planned. Of course, neither Phil nor Peggy knew then it would be two years before he could find the time for a honeymoon; least of all did either guess that when they finally set sail for Italy, there would be three instead of just the two of them.

FROM the very start, Baker's broadcast went over. Credited with being one of vaudeville's pioneers in the use of the "stooge", Phil added the ubiquitous "Bottle" in the person of Harry McNaughton, and the haunting "Beetle", in private life, Hank Ladd, as foils for his original wit. Phil basked in prosperity that eclipsed even his heyday in vaudeville. He became one of the busiest of the comics, sandwiching theatrical engagements in with radio,

DURING this time, Phil and Peggy never once abandoned the idea of their honeymoon in Italy. They planned unceasingly, each time adding something they had forgotten before, scanning 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 one another 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 was puzzled. 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 tip-toed 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 down for a week of Florida sunshine. 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, when the telephone rang. Only one person could be calling at that hour.

"Phil, darling, I'm so lonesome," she cried impulsively.

"Gee, sweetheart 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."

"I'm coming down on the next plane, darling."

And come he did. For nine glorious hours they lolled 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."

Genially the sponsor beamed on the bridegroom-father.

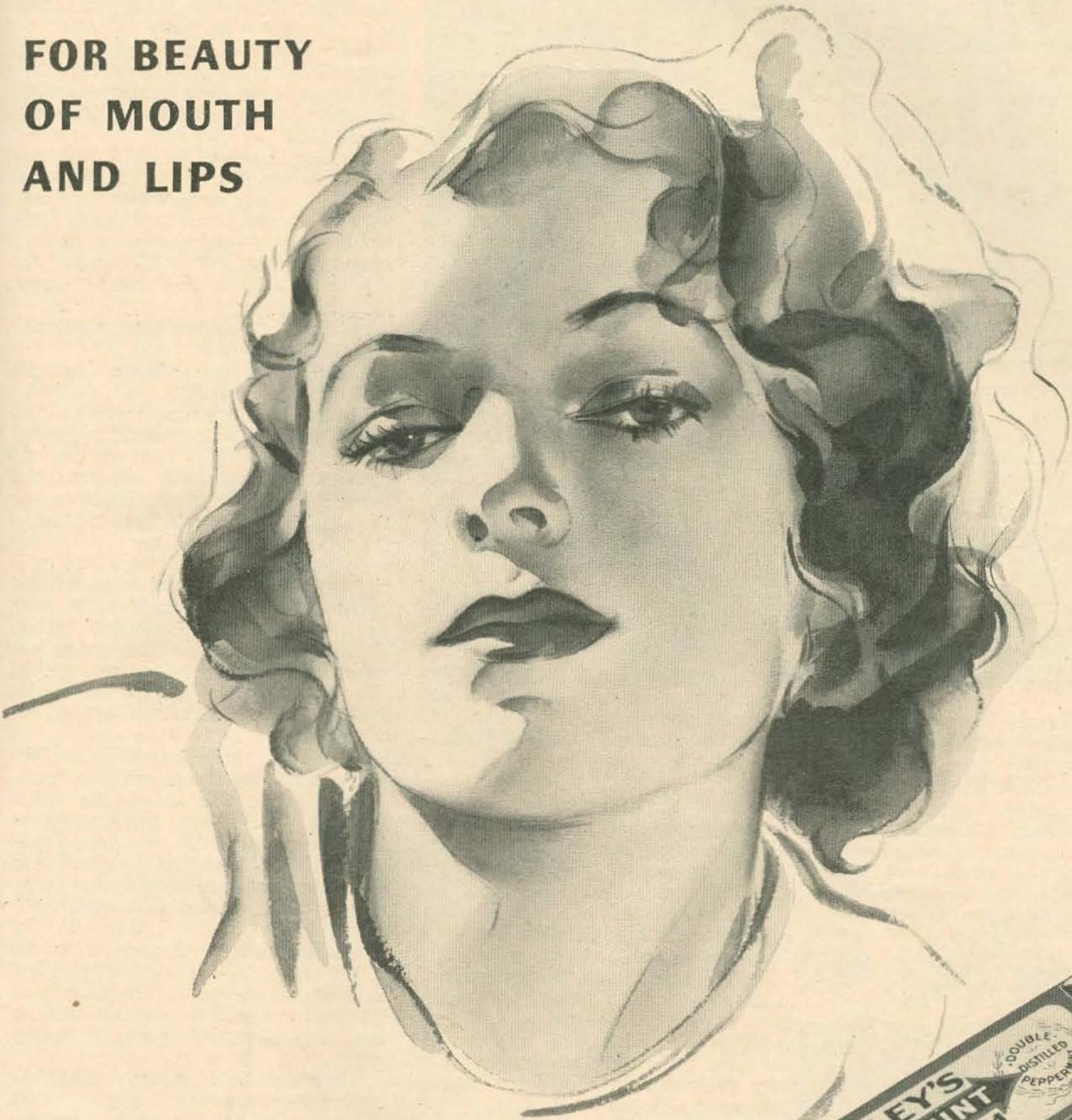
"Take it, Phil. You've earned it," he agreed.

But Peggy prudently kept her fingers crossed until a puffing tug warped the big liner from its dock and cast off.

For Phil Baker's program, The Armour Hour, see page 53—9 o'clock column.

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.**

Behind the Scenes of the Kate Smith Matinée Hour

(Continued from page 37)

Stop a COLD the First Day!

**Drive It Out of Your System
—Roots and All!**

A 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.

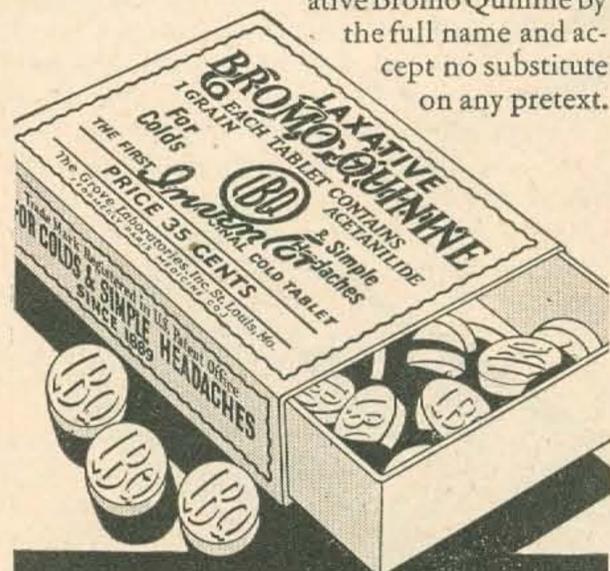
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

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 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



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 and Thursday, 1:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

He'd better watch his step, though. Coats, hats, brief cases, sweaters, music and violin cases lie scattered all about him. A mike slung 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 her mouth is open. Her teacher pats her encouragingly on the shoulder.

Once, out in Hollywood, while Ted and Kate were on the La Palina program, Ted hired a baby movie star to speak a few lines of greeting into the mike. 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. You're 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 rôles 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 frown 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 sings "Love in Bloom," then 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 débutante 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, Ukelele 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 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ 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 cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the 6 fashionable shades.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7449 Alfred Street
Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"BING CROSBY ENTERTAINS" Tues. evenings, 9:00 p. m., E. S. T., Columbia Network. "Dangerous Paradise", Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:45 p. m., E. S. T., N. B. C. Network.

The Busiest Man in Radio

(Continued from page 45)

Will he remember
your **EYES?**

He can't forget
their beauty if
you use

Maybelline

EYE
BEAUTY
AIDS



● More than any other feature, your eyes express YOU. When he meets you, the first thing he looks at is your eyes. If they are beautiful and attractive, they will be what he remembers most when he thinks of you . . . make them unforgettably alluring with the pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

The Approved Mascara



BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, and presto . . . you will truly have eyes he cannot forget!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, 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 products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

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.

The De Marco Sisters, Lily, Mary and Ann, are known as the smooth Harmony singers. They've guest-starred for Rudy Vallee and Richard Himber.



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

½ cup butter	¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	3 teaspoons bak-
2 eggs	ing powder
1 cup milk	1 cup dates

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 400° 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 with 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

4 tablespoons butter	4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt	2½ cups milk
½ cup lima beans that have been ground through the grinder.	

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 the new Toastmaster Hospitality 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 alone* 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



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Famous Radio Broadcaster

are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as

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- Publicity
- Musical
- Director
- Program
- Manager
- Reader
- Writer
- Director

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 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.

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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. 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.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

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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 Bladder without the benefits 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, exposure 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, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains 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 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 Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is not an experiment—it is quick and sure in action—it has been tested and proved in millions of cases and doctors and druggists approve of its pure ingredients which do not contain any dope, 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 cleaning out Acids and Poisonous waste matter. It soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore, irritated Bladder and Urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers of poor Kidney and Bladder functions under the 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. 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.



What Marriage Means to Jimmy Wallington

(Continued from page 34)

the least bit hard-boiled, the least bit cynical.

"If you ever met Anita for the first time, you'd never think she looked like a show-girl. You'd think, 'Oh, what a lovely housewife she'd make' or 'What a grand mother she'd be to bring up children.' She's that sort of a person. And she is a wonderful housekeeper. I hope that it will never be necessary, but if it were, I'd want a wife who'd wash clothes, and Anita would and could. She'd pitch right in and do a wonderful job."

Strangely enough, when Jimmy met Anita for the first time backstage at the Radio City Music Hall the night it opened and watched her dance on the dimly lit stage, he had no inkling of what this slim girl with the dazzling smile and the dark brown eyes was to mean in his life. He hardly noticed her that evening. There were so many introductions, so much hubbub, such mad excitement.

A whole year whirled by, a year crowded with work. They met again when Jimmy was interviewing Wiley Post on the stage of the Music Hall, just after he had completed his round-the-world flight. And this time when he saw Anita again, he really *saw* her, and wondered how he could have been such a blind fool and not noticed before how warm and melting her brown eyes were, and how she seemed to glow with an inner beauty, and how when she smiled you felt as if you'd never seen anyone smile before.

The stage that day too was crowded with dancing girls, but Jimmy had eyes only for Anita. In a stumbling halting voice he asked her, "Won't you come out for a bite to eat between shows?"

"Of course," she said, laughing, and her laughter was like a ripple of music. But he must not think of that, Jimmy Wallington told himself, while his pulses seemed to pound faster than ever and his heart beat like a trip-hammer.

OH, he must be casual, very casual. He had no right to tell her that she was the sweetest girl that he had ever met, though every glance of his, every unspoken word must have breathed the secret that it cost him worlds of pain not to whisper. But he said nothing. It had never occurred to him that love, when it came again, would come so suddenly, without warning. He had no time to guard himself against it, before he found himself in the midst of a whirlpool of emotion. For Anita was everything he had ever dreamed about.

Neither Anita nor Jimmy hinted to the other that their relationship was to be more than a friendship. They didn't feel free to speak yet, though both must have felt the wings of destiny beating down on them.

On New Year's Eve at ten or twelve, he suddenly blurted out what was in his heart to Anita. Horns were tooting the New Year in, and drunken revellers were seeking forgetfulness of the hectic

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

Your Announcer Is:



KENNETH ROBERTS

Heard on Atwater-Kent program; Sterling Products program. Born and raised in New York City. Schooled for career before the bar at St. John's College in Brooklyn, turned to the stage. Played in small parts for short period. Joined CBS in 1931. Is tall, weighs over 175 pounds, has dark blue eyes, black hair. Likes to sing, and plays the piano. Grew the moustache after his appointment at Columbia. Plays the piano well.

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 want a boy or a girl 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.

"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).

What Marriage Means to Donald Novis

(Continued from page 35)

of Canada, and then to Pasadena, California. But I'm sure that you've never 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 light rarely penetrated, and which people frequently passed by carelessly, not even noticing it. There is one incident of his early youth that stands out clear 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 half a 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 trying 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, Don's father encouraged his children 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 shook 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.

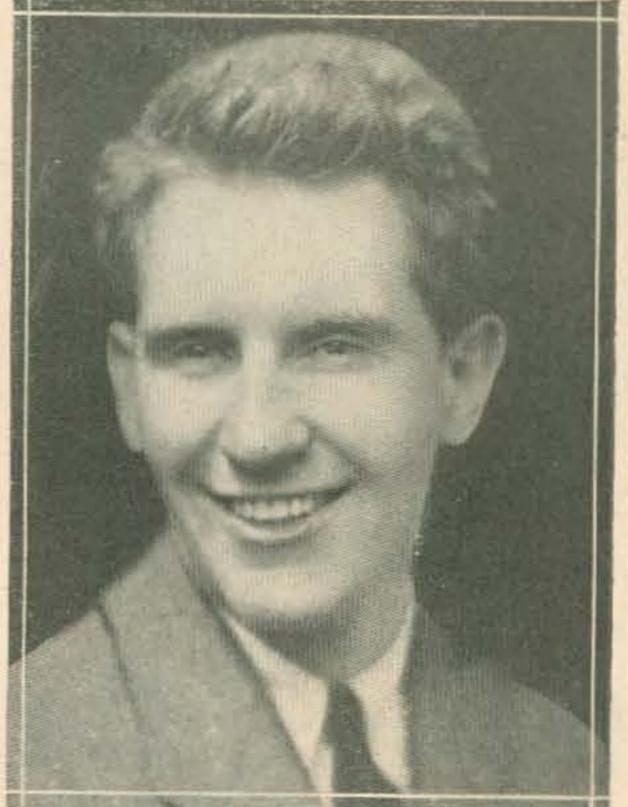
OF course you know of how he finally won the Atwater Kent radio auditions. After that everything should have been smooth sailing for him, but it wasn't. There was one point in his career, when he was ready to give up everything, forget that he had ever planned to be a singer. That was shortly after his marriage, when Don had been offered a chance to appear in "Luana," an Arthur Hammerstein show. When "Luana" flopped, Don was flat broke and 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, she is still there 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 exploding."

For Don Novis' program, The Colgate House Party, see page 53—9 o'clock 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 chockful 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 Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.

Subject: Frances Langford; Object: Matrimony

(Continued from page 15)



"I like cod liver oil THIS WAY!"

Each tablet is equivalent in Vitamin A and D content to a FULL teaspoon of cod liver oil

• White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, strong bodies... And help promote resistance to disease in general. The nauseating fats and upsetting taste and odor have been eliminated—yet the tablets contain all the precious vitamin A and D content of cod liver oil.

You can depend on their dosage—it is always accurate... And the vitamin potency is always constant. For these tablets are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes. For infant feeding they may be crushed conveniently in formula, orange juice, or tomato juice.



White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

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Here at last is a lipstick that simply does not come off. One application glorifies your lips with bright alluring color that actually lasts all day.

No other lipstick is, or can be, like Permapoint. A special-design applicator-case and a new-type cosmetic—soft, smooth, non-drying—make Permapoint the easiest to use and most indelible of lipsticks.

Forget what is left of your old-style lipstick. Let your lips be at their best—beginning NOW. Get Permapoint at department stores TODAY. Or send \$1 for Permapoint, postpaid. Vivid, Light, Raspberry, Medium, Quintess, Inc., Dept. A1, 220 E. 42 St., New York

Kisses Won't Tell



Stays on the Lips All Day Long

PERMAPOINT
The last word in lipstick indelibility

QUINTESS, Inc., Dept. A-1, 220 E. 42nd St., New York
I enclose \$1. Send me Permapoint in shade checked. Vivid (very bright). Light (a most attractive average shade). Raspberry (becoming to dark and light skin). Medium (for decided brunettes). Or mark with your present lipstick in margin. We will send corresponding shade.

Name.....
Address.....

A delicate ninety-nine pounds standing there on shiny spiked heels, adjusting a clump of soft mink-tails about the collar 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 little-girl lack of affectation. 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 sane 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 a coast-to-coast hookup is pretty big 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't say enough about Rudy Vallee. "I owe so much to him I'll never be able to say 'thank you' half a plenty," she stated seriously. "He was—just 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 things writers do ask you!) The night she opened at the swank Simplon 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 in heavy bundles. The stage for a bit. Gifts. Work. Success.

And then that first vacation back to Lakeland, Florida, last summer.

"That," said Frances, adjusting the bobby pin behind her right ear, "absolutely thrilled me more than anything yet. I was there five days and I was so excited I'll 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 mayor met me at the train and they gave me a banquet and WELCOME HOME, 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 as surely as tomorrow'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 ecstasies, 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, whomever and wherever you may be, I'd like to dedicate a *tempo agitato* chorus of "Git goin'!"

For 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 ail month long.

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 11)

final. . . Roy Barge, pianist and arranger for Paul Whiteman, and Jean Vance, the blonde beauty, are holding hands. . . Ditto Ted Fio-Rito and Lois Wilson. . . Abe Lyman's romance with Eleanore Powell cooled, and the bandsman is said to regard Dorothy Gulman, the pulchritudinous Chicago press agent, with more than professional interest.

Irene Bordoni, separating from Rene Racover, 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! Good heavens, what next? . . . Sweethearts since they were 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. . . Eddy Duchin, the pharmacist who turned pianist, thinks Marjorie Oelrichs has everything.

Madame Sylvia, the Swedish 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 grain circles. . . Enric 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 exotic, and Howard Davies, her musician husband, have separated. No other man or woman is involved, but 'tis said Ramona thinks marriage is interfering with her career. . . Vee Lownhurst 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) eye-ful, most charming, but her interest suddenly shifted to a Wall Street broker. But, of course, Rudy is still Fay Webb's husband, 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 overweight and request is made of 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. . . He'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.

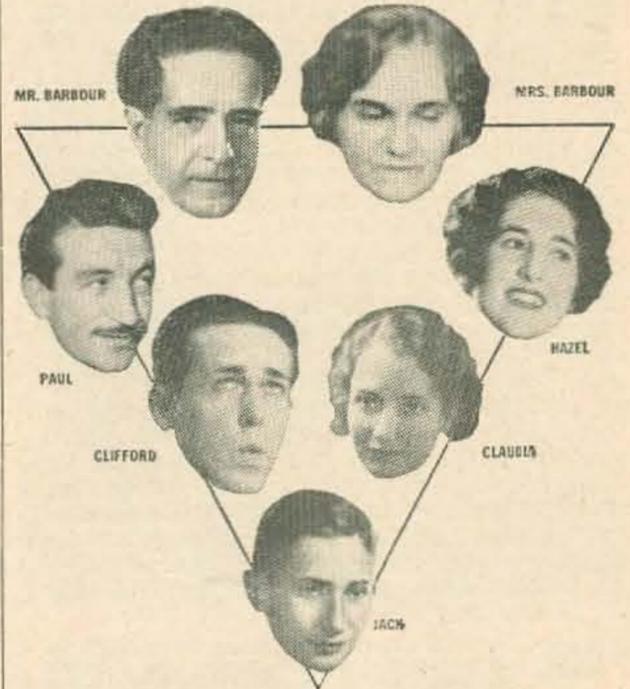
Walter O'Keefe, **Eddie East** and **Ralph Dumke** ("Sisters of the Skillet") and **Charles Butterworth**, the stage and screen comedian, were classmates at Notre Dame. . . Radio Row's sympathy goes to Conductor **Al Goodman**, robbed by death of his 14-year-old son, the apple of his eye. . . **James Bowman**, director and announcer of the Carborundum 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 revised 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 stevedore and stoker, good to his mother, whose voice had won him fame in London over night. Despite the elaborate "build-up" Malone failed to click with Amer-

WE'RE ON THE AIR
NOW FOR KENTUCKY
WINNERS . . . THE
MILDER CIGARETTE
THAT **CAN'T** GET STALE



"One Man's Family"

America's best-loved Radio Family

Now Sponsors Kentucky Winners
the milder cigarette that
CAN'T get Stale

THAT grand, lovable, human drama of American life—"One Man's Family"—now sponsors Kentucky Winners—the wonderfully mild cigarette that **CAN'T** get stale.

Already this fascinating program has won millions of listeners. And every day it is attracting new friends as the loves, adventures, sorrows and joys of the Barbour family become of national importance.

"One Man's Family" was voted the gold medal for distinguished service to radio by the editors of Radio Stars.

And now, this thrilling inside story of America's favorite family will be brought to you every Wednesday evening 10:30 E. S. T., over N. B. C. WEA-F network.

Kentucky Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. Each individual cigarette is made with moist-proof paper. This remarkable tasteless and odorless paper **SEALS IN** the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs. And be sure to listen to "One Man's Family".

Listen in to
"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T.

NBC — WEA-F

and associated stations—Consult your local Newspaper



SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative 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 relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A 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 25c at any drug store.

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., Desk 119-AY, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A BOX
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT 25c BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

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 immediately making real money giving FREE FACIALS. We train you quickly and supply everything you need. Send no money... simply your name and address for full details—FREE!

MADAM WHITE CO.
Dept. TR-15, Cincinnati, O.

Picture Your-self Doing This Dignified Work That Pays Up To \$10 a Day

RADIO GIRL
PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Invite romance!

There's a subtle allurements in this exquisite odour. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have added charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—they cost so little! RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in smart, new blending shades, has the same delightful odour as Radio Girl Perfume.

Write today for FREE SAMPLES

Get regular size Radio Girl Perfume and trial size Radio Girl Face Powder. Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing cost. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Write RADIO GIRL, Dept. R-1, Saint Paul, Minn.

ican 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. Also 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 chorus 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 sidelight on his personality when Mercury tells you he cares 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 its 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

BING 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.

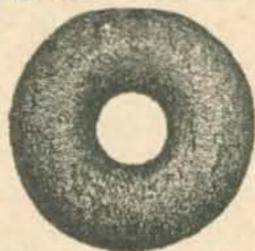
He calls himself Whispering Jack Smith, but if he spoke in his natural voice loud-speaker listeners would be blown right out of their arm chairs. In ordinary conversation Smith has to lower his tones so that the neighbors won't think he is quarreling with his wife.

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. . . . One of Lawrence Tibbett's 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 Nuscha Von Freichutz. . . . Jane Ace has become a horse owner and her bobtail is being groomed to run on New York tracks next Summer. Yes, you guessed it—the nag's tag is "Easy Aces." . . . 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.

This Is the Way To Make MONEY

Here's a steady, fine-paying cash business that earns big profits. Start right in your own home, in spare time—making a product that everybody likes, that sells on sight—delicious, greaseless donuts baked by electricity with the Ringer Electric Do-Nut Baker. NO CANVASSING. . . . Grocers, drug stores, lunch counters buy all you make. Some have boys on regular routes. "My Ringer Do-Nut outfit has ended my worries," says Arthur Rabenort of Illinois, selling 80 dozen a day to stores and restaurants. **FREE PLAN** shows you how to start. No experience needed. \$25 starts you, total investment less than \$60. Send a post-card today for full information. No obligation, no salesman will call.



GREASELESS

RINGER DO-NUT CO., 104 Main St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

46th yr. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training, appearances while learning. For catalog, write Sec'y RAMI, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Make Money at Home

Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Exclusive new process. Bigger, better, quicker crops. More money for you! Enormous new demand. Write for Free Book. American Mushroom Industries, Dept. 878, Toronto, Ont.

Lincoln and Indian Head Pennies Wanted

We pay up to \$2 each if more than 11 years old . . . and up to \$500 for certain U.S. Cents. Send 10c today for catalog.

NATIONAL COIN CO.
Box 731-K, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Finished in 18 Kt. WHITE GOLD 15¢

To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated DIAMOND, mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address: National Jewelry Co., Dept. 4, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

CLASS PINS 35¢ RINGS \$1.60

LOWEST PRICES Oldest LARGEST MAKERS Write for FREE Catalog

PINS handsomely Silver Plated, enameled 1 or 2 colors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Doz. Price \$3.50. Sterling or Gold Plate 50c; Doz. \$5. RINGS, Sterling Silver, similarly low priced.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.
68 Bastian Building ROCHESTER, N. Y.
OVER 300 DESIGNS

Sell 7 Big Bars

OF FINEST TOILET SOAPS

Seven cakes of finest toilet soaps in handsome package sells for only 25c. The kind of soap used in every home every day. Selling price marked on box \$1.00. You sell for only 25c. Housewives buy on sight. Up to 100% profit for you. Write for money-making details and facts about other sensational Victor Soap deals. For quick action send 25c for actual full sized sample.

EARN UP TO \$400 a week!

VICTOR SOAP CO., Dept TR-15, Dayton, O.

STOP Your Rupture Worries!



C.E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving and aiding many cases of reducible hernia. It has Automatic Air Cushions which bind and draw the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No obnoxious springs or pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

H. C. BROOKS, 182-B State St., Marshall, Michigan

"I Can't Quit Now!" Says Bing Crosby

(Continued from page 31)

songs but for old ones, for roundelays to 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 a number that 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."

Singing, 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 looked too frequently 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 began to be created. It 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 chords of grandfather's day.

With the success of his first feature picture, "College Humor," he began 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 estimate wrong. Doing four pictures a year, he introduces sixteen new songs and almost all of them land. His current new 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 basso and cry "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 delightedly.

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-eighth of the stew over it 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 used 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 are 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 Coconut 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 lovely 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. RG-1-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name

Address

City State

What Our Readers Think

(Continued from page 5)

All the World
LOVES
BEAUTIFUL
HAIR



But

DANDRUFF is a MENACE

WHY endanger your business and social life with Dandruff when you can correct it so quickly and easily with Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic? Made under our Standardized Formula for two decades—used by millions everywhere. Happy results with the very first application—Guaranteed Results from the first bottle. Costs little at Druggists and Barbers.

Also makers of Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo, Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing for Dry Scalp and Lucky Tiger Antiseptic Ointment for Ringworm, Athlete's Foot and Skin Infections.

Lucky Tiger
HAIR TONIC

FOR Dandruff

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

**Attendants and Others
IN INSTITUTIONS and HOSPITALS**

• INEXPERIENCED and EXPERIENCED—MALE & FEMALE •
All kinds of POSITIONS practically everywhere, so why remain unemployed? Write for FREE INFORMATION NOW enclosing stamp to—
SCHARF BUREAU, Dept. 1-48, 145 W. 45th New York

Don't let an
UNSIGHTLY SKIN



rob you of
ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

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 "highbrow" or pretending. 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 those 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 that. The almighty B. B. C. of England monopolizes British broadcasting completely, and 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. It's hats 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 until 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 stirred me up like a sports announcer (especially baseball) who talks too much.

It's a strain to catch what is really happening when so many little details, like papers blowing around on the field, etc., are being described.

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 pointed out—and 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 disgusting 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.

\$1.00 PRIZE

INTOLERANCE is the curse of the American radio public. Commercial programs make radio possible. When a sponsor pays thousands of dollars to advertise a product and brings us the golden voices of Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle or Jeritza, the least one can do to show appreciation is to keep silent in regard to the short time allotted to advertising. Radio too, has made possible contests which have netted listeners millions of dollars in cash

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 in lieu of the benighted 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 monicker a few years ago from Gerunovich. Don't ask me, I don't know why. What radio editor sold a Kate Smith autograph 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, *Alvino Rey*, is really *Al McBurney*, 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.

* * *

KWG, 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 KHJ, KFWB and other stations in the southern part of California.

Now, at the age of 26, he is manager of KWG and is also heard announcing and entertaining from time to time. For hobbies 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.

**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, snuffle 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 off 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 "dosing."

(Full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

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 50c.

1926 Broadway

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
Macfadden Bldg., Desk RM-1

New York

**You'll have BARRELS OF FUN
when you learn to play this easy as A-B-C way**

SUPPOSE suddenly 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 grinding routine. Study when you feel like it—at home. In an almost unbelievably short time you find that you are actually playing!

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BY NOTE**

Piano Violin
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Or Any Other
Instrument

Jazz, musical comedy hits, movie theme-songs, even classics—you play them all—as easily as you now whistle or sing them!

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**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

"MOIST-THROAT"
method stopped
Douglas' cough
IN 2 DAYS!



"Douglas had such a bad cough," writes Mrs. M. McKennett, Brooklyn. "Doctor 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. Phlegm 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.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—
 THROAT DRIES—
 WHEN YOU CATCH COLD.
 THEN COUGHING STARTS!



● "It's wonderful for all coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the work," agrees another.



PERTUSSIN
helps nature cure your cough

15 DRESS GOODS
 15 YDS. BARGAIN! THIS MONTH
 SPECIAL OFFER 5 EXTRA 97¢ + PSTG

Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Voiles, Chambrays, Shirtings, Crepes, etc. New clean goods direct to you at a big saving. Latest assorted colors direct from mills. The very newest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality.

SEND NO MONEY
 Pay Postman when delivered. 15 yards 97¢, plus delivery charges. 20 yards only \$1.29, postage prepaid, if money accompanies order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY
 Dept. A-40 Greenfield, Mass.

2 BUNDLES \$1.89 + PSTG
 5 YARDS GIVEN

BE POPULAR!
LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR*

NO NOTES—NO SCALES—NO EXERCISES / COURSE

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.

MAJOR KORD Dept. M-2
 Del Rio, Texas

\$1 COMPLETE

NEW WICKLESS LAMP
 TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT

A wonderful scientific light development! Revolutionizes home lighting! Gives you 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Actually 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light—yet burns 96% FREE AIR, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil)!

LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR FEW PENNIES!
 Your home all brightly lighted for hours for only a few cents! No chimneys to smoke, clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

30-DAY TRIAL in Your Home!
 Built in beautiful modern art lamp models. Get descriptive folder—have your choice sent on 30-day no-risk trial. Enjoy this wonderful, new light right in your home for a whole month. Send at once for details!

AKRON LAMP & MFG. COMPANY
 123 Lamp Bldg. AKRON, OHIO

AGENTS!
 Fast, steady money-maker. Be first to have it in your territory. Write today.

MY nomination for the most versatile femme radio performer would go to Martha Wentworth. La Wentworth's present meal ticket is with the KHJ "Calling All Cars" episodes 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 Maddern Fiske in "Dancing Girl," but 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 KHJ; Shakespearean rôles for KFAC; Mother Frochard in the KFVB Dickens series.

* * *

DIS AND DATA FROM LOS ANGELES

ERIC DE WOLF, financial editor heard over KGER daily, calls himself "De Wolf of Wall Street" . . . which is a good gag. Maybe I shouldn't say it, but KFVB's soprano, Ruth Durrell, used to pose for hosiery ads . . . write your own caption for that one. The Los Angeles Kentucky Colonel Gus (Gustaphus) Arnheim is sometimes called "Elbow-Bender" by his confrères. 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 here a couple of years ago on KHJ 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 "atrocious."

* * *

MORE about Al Pearce's NBC frolicers. 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 fiddle and ran 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 'Frisco, and went into vodvil with his brother. He played the 'cello, told jokes and sometimes warbled. 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 education, she says, stopped when she lasted only a semester at the University of Southern California. She got a partner and did a sister act on the stage; understudied Charlotte Greenwood; sang with Paul Ash's band 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 is the 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. Senator Royal S. Copeland's talks, South 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 has two hobbies. The first is music. He studied with some famous teachers and was with the Baladeers Quartet in New York. The other hobby, recently acquired, is the folklore and legends of the Southwest.

Radio's most eligible bachelor in Nevada 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 me, get out the old family atlas.

KIEM'S chief announcer has been just about everything except an undertaker 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 Johnsen, of the Stevens Point (Wisconsin) Johnsens.

Cliff 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. Its chief announcer has a thousand flying hours to his credit; speaks good French and a smattering of Spanish and Italian; is a sports enthusiast; has a baritone voice; married and has two youngsters. Bobbie, aged eleven, has already been heard on the air in northern California as a "guest announcer."

* * *

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS CHICAGO (Continued from page 46)

THE whole crowd around NBC loves Schumann-Heink. From the lowliest 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, reprimands them if they smoke too much . . . and you never hear a swear word anywhere near her. They all act like kids, even the gray-beards 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. Duke turned 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

were't paying much attention to the radio. All of a sudden they noticed the cars beside them and directly in front were pulling over to the curb and slowing down. Duke wondered what it was all about and kept on down the well-cleared middle of the road. Then a car that had slowed down to let them pass speeded up and came alongside. The driver leaned out the window and yelled at them.

Duke turned the radio lower and leaned out.

"What?"

"Say, what's the idea of scaring me like that just so you can get through traffic?" yelled the irate driver.

"Scaring you. What's the matter? Are you crazy or something?" asked Duke.

"Well, what's the idea of that police siren on your private car anyway? You don't act as if you were going any place in a hurry."

Duke turned to Izzy. "Say, that guy must be nuts." They drove along and passed the incident off, although both of them were still wondering what it was all about. Duke turned the radio back up, so those in the back seat could hear Ed Wynn's comedy plainly. Wynn's program drew to a close. All of a sudden Duke burst out laughing. He had solved the mystery of the mad driver back there on the outer drive. As Wynn's show ended it signed off as usual. The radio had been turned up and the car windows had been open. And, as you know, the signature on opening and closing of Ed Wynn's program is the wail of that fire siren!

* * *

A CHERISHED POSSESSION

AMONG Hal Totten's most cherished possessions is an unfinished letter. He got it one day when he stopped at Somonauk, Illinois, to make a speech before the baseball fans of that town who had followed his sports broadcasts for many years. A young fellow handed Hal this letter:

"I am a seventy-nine-year-old base-

ball fan and want to tell you how much I enjoy your broadcasting. I am a little hard of hearing, but your articulation is so good I can hear every word.

"You keep one in touch with every point of the game, so it is almost as good as seeing it, and your description of the personalities of the players is also very interesting.

"I sit back and mentally compare the ball games this year and those of the '60s when no balls were called, no foul line, and the batter stood at the plate until he got the ball he called for and hit it. If it was caught on the first bounce he was out. A foul tip caught on the first bounce by the catcher was also out and also three misses retired the batter.

"Those were the days when scores ran from 15 to 70. I recall a game between we of the Olympic Club of Washington University in St. Louis and the old Browns when we beat them by the marvelous score of 16 to 15.

"I want to thank you for the pleasure your broadcasting affords me in my home run of life . . ."

"Gee, that's a great letter," said Hal. "But he hasn't finished it yet."

"No," replied the young fellow who had given Hal the letter, "he didn't finish it. I found my father's head resting on that unfinished letter. He had died."

* * *

RUTH LYON is one of the best singers in Chicago radioland. She's heard nowadays over the NBC network from the Chicago studios. She's a real Illinois product; born in Bloomington; taught French at the Chicago Latin School for Girls until friends persuaded her to put her voice to use; sang with Wayne King's orchestra; auditioned at WMAQ for Bill Hay, who was then that station's commercial manager as well as announcer for Amos 'n' Andy, got the job and then definitely gave up teaching for broadcasting.

AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

New Remington Portable only 10c a day



10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Only 10c a day buys this latest model machine. Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; 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 purchase price, you don't risk a cent. Write now!

FREE TYPEWRITER COURSE

Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 184-I, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehe Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 1381, Chicago, Illinois

NO AERIAL NEEDED

Brass Ground Antenna
Makes a Good Radio Better

New Antenna Invention
Perfect Radio Reception
Greater Distance

Eliminates Static and Lightning Hazard. Installed in one minute. Introductory Price \$2.00 Postpaid.

Russell D. Baumgardner
Ocean Center Building
Long Beach, California
Dealers—Write for proposition

*** BEWARE of Dandruff**

Excessive dandruff (seborrhea capitis), say skin specialists, often causes baldness. If you have dandruff, be sure your hair is not getting thin at the temples and behind the crown—where baldness begins.

The ingredients of Japanese Oil are recommended by doctors for stimulating the scalp and encouraging hair growth. It removes loose dandruff thoroughly and checks baldness so long as the hair roots are still alive.

Keep that good growth of hair, so essential to youthful appearance. Get rid of every speck of dandruff and keep your scalp healthy and tingling by massaging with Japanese Oil—only 60c at all druggists. Economy size \$1.

FREE booklet "The Truth About the Hair," write to
NATIONAL REMEDY CO.
56 W. 45th St. Dept. 24B New York

JAPANESE OIL

* This advertisement was written by a registered physician.

Be a Nurse
MARRIED WOMEN EARN \$25-\$35

You can learn at home in spare time to be a "practical" nurse. One graduate saved \$400 while learning. A housewife earned \$430 in 3 months. Clear, simple lessons. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Equipment included. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Men, women, 18-60. Add to your family income!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 141, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ (State whether Miss or Mrs.)
City _____ State _____ Age _____

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of RADIO MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of RADIO MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom each trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1934, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 58, Registered No. 6P35, Commission Expires March 30th, 1936. (SEAL)

\$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 IN-
FORMATION
SEE PAGE 142
OF THE NEW
DECEMBER IS-
SUE OF TRUE
STORY NOW ON
SALE AT ALL
NEWS STANDS—
15c**



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.

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WEAN	WFBL	WJSV
KMBC	WCCO	WOWO
WHAS	KMOX	WHEC
WSPD	WORC	KIZ
KSL	KHJ	KOIN
KGB	KFRC	KOL-KVI
KFPY	KERN	KMJ
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File your verdict on the story and win a valuable award each week.

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TRUE STORY

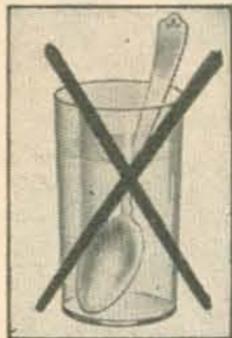
DECEMBER

15

CENTS

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HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress.

Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess may change the stomach juices completely—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and safe relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—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, the remainder passes on undissolved 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. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

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. 14AKK, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

10c

EAT LIKE CANDY

STOMACH DISTRESS

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

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INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS

Half-times kitchen work

Patented parallel outer layers provide—
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PAYS AGENTS UP TO \$15 IN A DAY

Sensational earnings easy for Diamond agents. Wynne made \$16—Jamison \$15 in one day. Write TODAY! Sure for amazing big money plans.

Now, an amazing new self-heating Iron with all the conveniences of gas or electricity without the annoyances—and at 1/2 the cost. No cords, no hose, no attachments to bother with. Ends hot stove drudgery forever. Quick, regulated uniform heat. Always ready. Burns 96% AIR—only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Costs only 1c to do the average family ironing. Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and life-time service. **HOME TRIAL**—Write today for full particulars and 30-day TRIAL OFFER.

WORKS LIKE MAGIC

Akron Lamp & Mfg. Co., 373 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

Why Cap'n Henry Really Quit the Showboat

(Continued from page 13)

many things which I think are errors in judgment and which 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 heard some 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 hoofbeats 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."

WINNER 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, Winner, we're waiting for you for the next scene."

"Goodbye," Winner 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.

Old Money and stamps WANTED



POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

I WILL PAY \$100 FOR A DIME 1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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Viscose Method heals old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. When sending for FREE BOOK mention cause and location. **Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words.*

North American Institute, Dept. 1381, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PERFECT VOICE EXPRESSION

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Tim Healy's Own Spy Stories

(Continued from page 22)

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.

I 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, even for late fall. Holding my service automatic above my head, I swam across.

Streaming 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 crawled up close and peered in. The half shelter of the cold wall was doubly welcome. My teeth were chattering and I could feel my muscles slowly tightening.

Through a slit in the tar-covered door, 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?"

Collecting 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-

When three fellows get together. Here they are at a recent meeting in Hollywood — Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell and Al Jolson, Warner stars.



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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 across the rear. It came crashing down and we took the aviator alive.

From then on, our hidden batteries were left unmolested. The Germans never found out what had gone wrong, and they didn't 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, 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 meant more to me just then—there was also 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, my friend," he replied 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'm afraid my beautiful stamps went with them.

"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 who can tell it to you because he's the only man who knows about it!

Captain Tim Healy can be heard on the Ivory Stamp Club program Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—see page 52—5 o'clock column.

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 don't we stop to consider 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 the danger from 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

"You are truly charming...."

The Greatest Compliment a Woman Can Receive



A charming woman is always beautiful because charm is the true inner beauty of womanhood. Unlike purely physical beauty it comes from the heart, the mind, the soul. It lies in personality.

It radiates from her in waves like the potent electric impulses of radio.

It bathes all who come in contact with her in the soft warmth of its delightful influence.

She is admired of women and beloved of men. Mere physical beauty dies with advancing years. Charm lives on and on.

A woman who has charm at twenty can be even more charming at forty and still charming at ninety—admired—loved—sought after because she is still beautiful.

True charm is bestowed by fortune upon the very few but its seed is planted in every woman's soul.

She can cultivate it into a wonderful, perfect thing or—she can let it die.

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To those who understand it, charm is not a mysterious thing. Psychologists have analyzed it and learned the laws that govern it. They know why one woman is blessed with an abundance of charm while another may lack it entirely. And they know how the woman who lacks it may develop it in marked degree.

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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 be burnt to death 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 radios make, because at one time I was terribly affected by all noises. No matter what kind, noises are extremely irritating.

"But remember, that in spite of how mature we feel the radio industry is, it is still in the fad stage, in its infancy, and so a lot of unnecessary noise is being made. Radio apparatus still isn't properly designed. But gradually the objectionable features will be eliminated by improvement in radio equipment itself."

Eating for Beauty & Health

(Continued from page 55)

every hour before hunger has become too demanding and she intends to go on it again for a 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 diet 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 impossible. 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 you drink the orange juice and repeat this at noon. For dinner take two or three cooked vegetables, boiled, without sauces, and some raw fruit. On Tuesday morning, the orange juice and milk again and for luncheon a salad or some vegetable with a glass of milk. For one month try this formula. Cut out meats, highly seasoned foods and rich desserts. The vegetable and fruit dinner may be alternated with poached or soft boiled eggs and 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.

\$1 Meant So Little to Jim

-- but it would have saved us from poverty now!...

JIM never thought I would be left to try to support myself and our 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!

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25	1085	42	632
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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 strip.

Keep the lead-in at least two inches from the outside wall of the house except at the point of entry. Farther, if 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 masts—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 (No 14 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

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will lead to noisy reception and loss of signal strength. Poorly designed resistance type arresters may give similar trouble. A gap that is completely enclosed will seldom cause trouble. And, above all, look on the carton for a line stating that the device has been "approved by the Underwriters" before you buy it. You may have difficulty in collecting fire insurance should a fire start in your house, if your arrester is not one that has received the Underwriters' endorsement.

ELECTRIC refrigerators and other motor-driven apparatus in your building, even if not in your apartment, may cause interference, carried into your set over the power lines. Line filters are available to reduce this. They range from the totally worthless to the highly efficient ones, and to make sure you get one of the latter, make your dealer put a memo on the sales slip to the effect that a cash refund may be had if you bring it back after a day or two's trial.

Finally, be sure that the antenna and ground leads are firmly attached to the set, and that the plug on the power line makes good contact in the socket. Check all appliances in the house, and all electric light bulbs too, while you're at it, for sparking at any loose contact will cause a noisy radio. You can prove this to yourself by tuning-in a weak station and then turning a light on and off a few times; you'll hear the "plop" in your speaker.

Above all, **DISCONNECT YOUR SET FROM THE LIGHT LINE BE-**

FORE YOU MONKEY WITH ITS "INNARDS." You can get a nasty shock if you're not careful. And this thought is put last so that you'll be sure not to forget it.

"HAM" SLANG DICTIONARY FOR THE SWL*

In speaking to each other by short-wave telephone, radio amateurs use their own argot, baffling to the ordinary listener. Here is an explanation of their cryptic calls.

- AUSSIE—An Australian amateur.
- BCL—A Broadcast Listener.
- BPL—The American Radio Relay League (Brass Pounders' League).
- BUG—An automatic telegraph key.
- BUGS—Troubles (in a set).
- CQ—General call asking other amateurs to listen.
- CUL—See you later.
- FB—Fine business; good work; exceedingly well, etc.
- HAM—Amateur operator.
- LID—An inferior operator.
- OB—Old Boy (sometimes also Official Business or Broadcast).
- OM—Old Man.
- OW—Old Woman (usually means "my wife").
- *SWL—Short Wave Listener (but not one who owns a transmitter).
- YL—Young Lady.
- ZEDDER—New Zealander.

A simple, easily learned system for acquiring ability to read International Morse Telegraph Code will appear in next month's **RADIO MIRROR**. Don't miss it!

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

playing and just what you want. I'm almost sure you'll get it.

Lucille, Rochester, New York—My invitation still holds good, Lucille. The welcome mat is always at my door. The "You Ask Her Another" feature was discontinued to make room for this bigger and better department because we felt our readers would rather ask their own questions. As for Bing Crosby, did you read Ruth Waterbury's story "I Can't Quit Now" in this issue? It should take your blues away. Have a heart my dear! I mean in regard to artists who are of Italian descent. Here are a few though: Guy Lombardo, Frank Parker, Ted Fiorito, Rosa Ponselle, and Nino Martini. Now you think of some.

Bernice H., Milwaukee, Wisc.—I've mentioned Lanny Ross' birthday somewhere on these pages before, but it's Jan. 19. Lanny is an Episcopalian and he attended Taft Prep School, Yale and Columbia. Now don't say I'm not nice even though I didn't write you a personal letter.

Ethel S., Meriden, Conn.— "Bring 'em on!" Molasses and January are Pic Malone and Pat Padgett, and do they answer their fan mail—just try them in care of the National Broad-

casting Company, Rockefeller City, New York. Annette Hanshaw has switched to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Jeanne L., Danville, Va.—Eddie Duchin and Guy Lombardo can be reached at the National Broadcasting Studio, Rockefeller City, New York. Sorry, Jeanne, but that's the only available address we have. However, you can try Guy Lombardo at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

His Listener, New Albany, Miss.—I don't blame you for listening to Everett Marshall sing. I often do. Write him care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, and see if he'll answer you. It won't hurt to try.

Rosario L., Denver, Colo.—All the Oracle could find out about Filipe Delgado was that he's a Spanish lyric baritone at the Los Angeles twin stations KFI and KECA. Write him there.

Ralph E. W., Tonawanda New York—Jan Garber's theme song is called "The Yeast Foamers' March". Please write for the other information to Jan Garber in care of the National Broadcasting Studios in Chicago.

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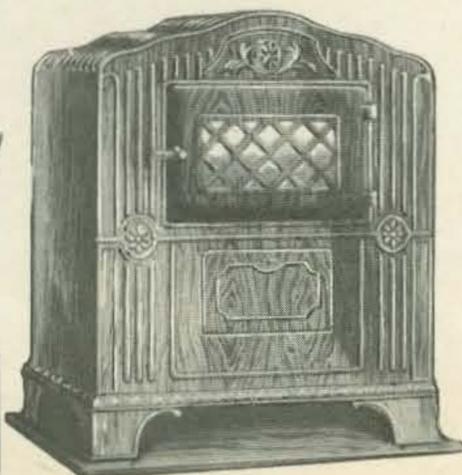
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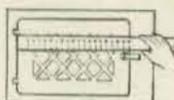
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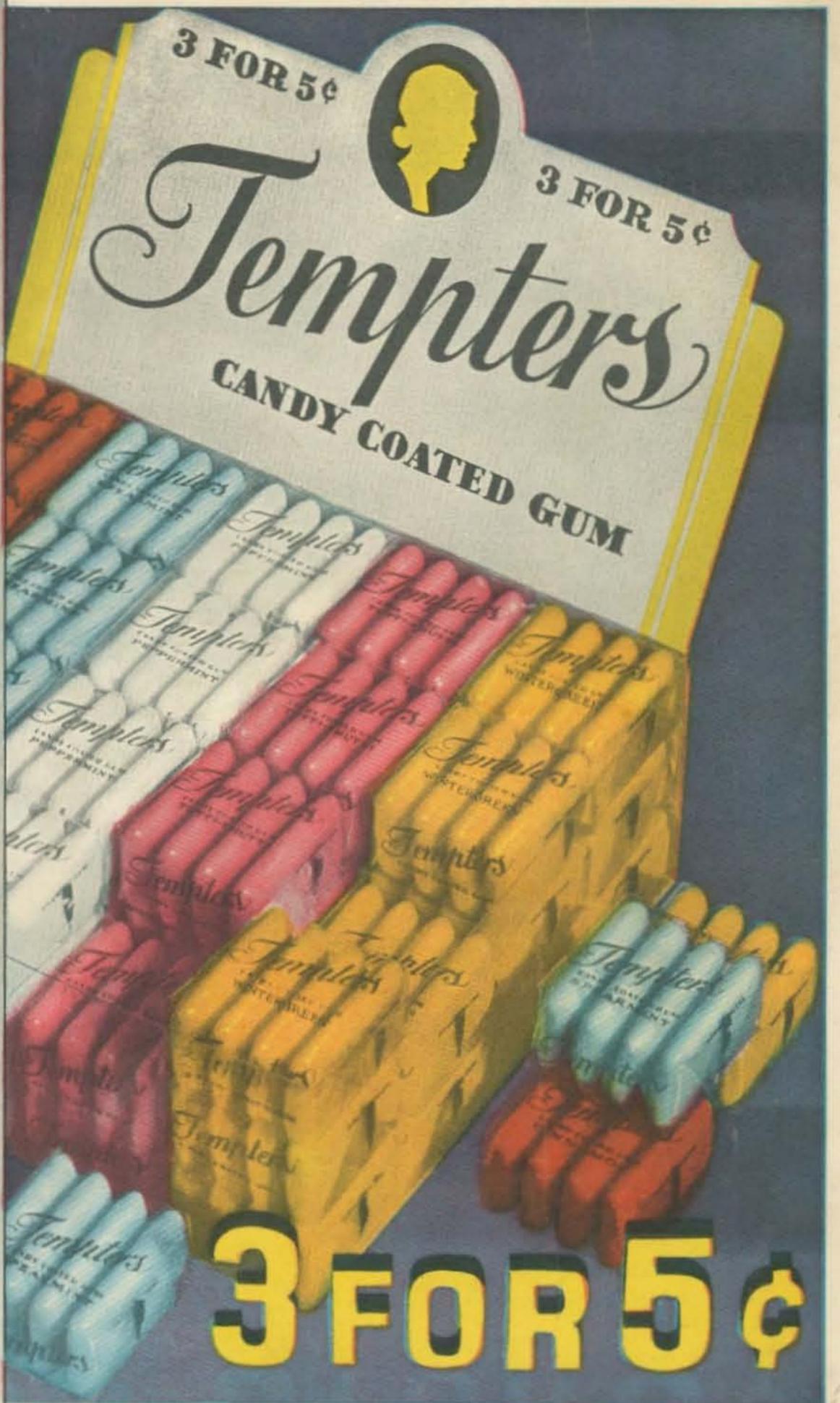
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