

FATHER COUGHLIN'S GREAT SECRET

Radio

MIRROR

JUNE



10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION



RUTH ETTING
Portrait by
A. MOZERT

Hidden
Sacrifices
of
WILL ROGERS

Gladys
SWARTHOUT'S
Prescription
for Paradise



WOMEN

Men Despise



THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. You see them lurking in the corner at parties, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. They're everywhere—these women men despise.

What does it matter that they are attractive and engaging if they commit the offense unpardonable? Who cares about their beauty and charm if between stands that insurmountable hurdle, halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You Never Know

You yourself never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often

offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly combats fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

Is It Worth The Gamble?

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. It is well to remember that excessively strong mouth washes are not necessarily better deodorants. Much of Listerine's deodorant effect is due to other properties than its antiseptic action.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE *checks halitosis (BAD BREATH) deodorizes longer*

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work... what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has

explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana

Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. MM-65
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Radio MIRROR

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JUNE • 1935

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RUTH ETTING

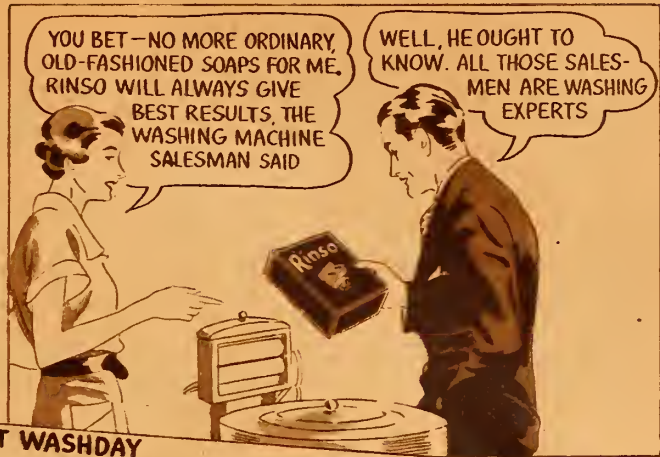
By A. Mozart

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OH, DARLING! ... MY NEW WASHER IS BEAUTIFUL. I'M CRAZY TO TRY IT

AND ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR SOAP, TOO?



YOU BET—NO MORE ORDINARY, OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS FOR ME. RINSOL WILL ALWAYS GIVE BEST RESULTS. THE WASHING MACHINE SALESMAN SAID

WELL, HE OUGHT TO KNOW. ALL THOSE SALES-MEN ARE WASHING EXPERTS



HE SAID RINSOL GIVES THE BEST SUDS AND WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. THAT'S WHY 34 MAKERS OF WASHING MACHINES ENDORSE IT

NEXT WASHDAY

DARLING—SEE! YOUR OLD SHIRTS LOOK BRAND NEW. AND THIS NEW, COLORED ONE DIDN'T FADE A BIT. THOSE RICH, CREAMY RINSOL SUDS WERE THE LONGEST-LASTING I EVER SAW

If you have no washer, you'll appreciate Rinsol even more; for Rinsol's creamy, active suds *soak* out dirt—get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling. This safe "soak-and-rinse" method makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money. And Rinsol suds (so rich even in *hardest water*) make dishwashing and *all* cleaning easier. Kind to hands.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Rinsol

The biggest-selling package soap in America

CUT OFF FROM GOOD TIMES UNTIL—



NOT A THING WRONG WITH YOU, ALICE. YOU'RE JUST BLUE AND DESPONDENT. GO OUT MORE. MAKE FRIENDS

BUT, DOCTOR, I CAN'T SEEM TO. I'VE TRIED SO HARD AT THE OFFICE. BUT THE GIRLS ARE COOL AND DISTANT



ALICE, ARE YOU ALWAYS CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."? I FIND SO MANY DON'T REALIZE HOW EASY IT IS TO



CAN I HAVE BEEN GUILTY? IS THAT WHY THE GIRLS....? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY NOW AND ALWAYS PLAY SAFE!



"B.O." GONE — *girls (and men) like her!*

HAVING LUNCH WITH US TODAY, ALICE?

TOMORROW SURE! BUT TODAY PHIL CALLED UP AND....

WHAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION?

A SECRET EVERY SMART GIRL KNOWS

It's Lifebuoy, of course, as millions know! Its rich lather deep-cleans; purifies pores; freshens dull, lifeless complexions. Yet tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps".

Never take chances with "B. O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lather is abundant in hardest water. It purifies, deodorizes, protects! Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBOUY
HEALTH SOAP

REFLECTIONS



in the radio mirror

Here are my frank, personal opinions of what's right and what's wrong with radio—with casual comments on this and that. Your comments and opinions are invited. Prizes for the best letters are announced on page 58.

appreciating fine music is outmoded. RADIO MIRROR pledges its whole-hearted support of the sponsors whose plans include more of the brilliant musical programs that were heard during the past winter and spring. It is not easy for a radio advertiser to abandon, even temporarily, the sure road to popularity. It takes true courage to base a radio program on the finest instincts of the listeners-in, to put faith in their basic longings for self-improvement and for a fuller, richer enjoyment of the best that music has to offer.

WITH summer here, fine music fades from the air. At Easter, General Motors abandons its brilliant series of orchestral programs during the warm weather. The Chase and Sanborn Operas-in-English and Listerine's broadcasts of Metropolitan performances are long since off the air. Some symphony concerts remain hut for the season at least classical music on big network programs is scarce. Already the sponsors are wondering whether they will repeat their educating and enlightening series in the fall and winter.

THE response to RADIO MIRROR's articles, "How To Get More Fun Out of Music," indicates how unusually active is the public's interest in this type of program. This is a fine symptom in view of the general conception of Americans as jazz-mad children, without any appetite for good music.

Two letters are typical. From Ruth E. Bradshaw, Superintendent of the Fairhury, Illinois Public Schools, comes this comment: "He (Carleton Smith) did a fine job in this article, presenting in such simple, charming style, directions that will make listening truly fun, and besides, expressing old-fashioned sentiments in new and unique, although universal language, that of music, accessible to all by way of radio. It is both refreshing and satisfying." And Esther V. Day writes from Winston-Salem, North Carolina: "The article . . . is more than interesting to me and many of those of my acquaintance with whom I have discussed it. . . . Because of it, we enjoyed the Saturday broadcast of Tristan and Isolde with a new meaning and fuller depth."

Yes, the old belief that the American people is incapable of

THE MAN WHO BRINGS US FRED ALLEN



For his discernment and understanding of our taste in radio comedy which brings us Fred Allen's always entertaining "Town Hall Tonight" each Wednesday, I offer thanks and appreciation, on behalf of RADIO MIRROR readers, to Lee H. Bristol, Vice-President of the Bristol-Meyers Company, sponsors of the program.

RADIO has a new racket. Unscrupulous people are making records of programs, without permission from the artists, and selling them to small independent stations who in turn sell these recorded programs to local sponsors.

These same records are also sold elsewhere by the bootleg manufacturers for ten to fifty dollars. Purchasers are frequently glee clubs and orchestras who use the recordings as models for their own performances.

(Of course, there are legitimate recording companies who work on assignment for a performer, eager for a permanent record of his air program. These companies release these records only to the artist who has ordered them for himself.)

Fred Waring is an excellent example of an artist who has been victimized by the new racket. But the pirates in this case cannot claim they secured the recording from commercial discs, since he has made none since 1932 and consequently his work can only be taken off the air. He is preparing to protect himself, in court if necessary, against the unscrupulous recorders.

Fred Waring and others so victimized should be protected by federal law. It is time for the Radio Commission to act, if it has not already done so when this reaches the newsstands.

Ernest W. Heyn

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts!"

CAN'T CHAFE . . CAN'T FAIL . . CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender
 Author of
 "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



CAN'T CHAFE . .

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned. . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually *5 times* more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW . .

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that

bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

The Kotex absorbent, cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. It costs no more than Regular. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.

by JOYCE ANDERSON

Up the ladder of success Helen Jepson has risen—radio, opera and now the movies. She tells you how she keeps down her weight in spite of her tremendous appetite. You can do it too. Just write for the diets to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York. Don't forget to enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Helen Jepson's on the Whiteman Music Hall hour. See page 55—10 o'clock column.



Beauty
A LA

HELEN JEPSON

WOULD you like to know how I lost fifteen pounds during one summer?"

So asked Helen Jepson, who has won an enviable place for herself in the operatic, concert, radio and moving picture world. She is a tall, slim blonde with beautiful brown eyes and a delicately-toned complexion—a striking combination. When a soft, throaty speaking voice and a put-you-at-your-ease personality are added, real beauty stands before you.

"When the Paramount studios asked me to make a picture, they told me that I was good material—my voice was excellent and I would photograph well, but that my curves were a little too pronounced for films. 'If you can lose fifteen pounds by September, come back and we will give you a contract.' That's what they told me. And they were skeptical, too. They didn't believe I could do it."

And it's no easy task for an opera star to reduce. She must have her vitality at all times, particularly since rehearsals and performances tax her strength more than any other kind of work.

Here, Helen Jepson told me how very difficult it is for her to keep down to normal weight because of her tremendous appetite. She loves good food and loves to eat lots of it. So many of you have written how hard it is for you to resist the temptation of rich pastries, candies, and whipped cream desserts. If Miss Jepson could do it, why can't we? The truth of the matter is that we just relax and say to ourselves: "Oh, well, it isn't important for *me* to give up all the good things." But it *is* important—it means so much to our future health and happiness.

"I cannot allow myself to get into a weakened condition by skipping meals," said Miss Jepson, while trying to put through several telephone calls and talk to me. "In fact, I think that is the wrong way to try to reduce. There is a much simpler method."

How does an opera star lose fifteen pounds in a few months?

"I went to the beach," Miss Jepson continued. "I con-

trolled my appetite, ate only certain foods, and carefully planned all my meals so that I would get the greatest amount of strength out of them without adding to my poundage. Then, I exercised, of course. When I returned to the studios in September they were amazed that I was so slim and trim. I had lost the necessary fifteen pounds—and I hadn't made myself too weak in my attempt to become a movie singer!

"When I am in town, I include long walks as a necessary part of my day. These are absolutely essential if I want to keep the figure I now have for moving picture work this summer. And I never eat candy."

THEN Helen Jepson told me more about her formula for being vital and modern in her beauty treatments. She uses very little rouge on her cheeks because, as she says: "A blonde must watch her make-up very carefully. Too much rouge makes her appear cheap and gaudy." Lipstick she does use to bring out the line of her lovely lips and I have the name of a very good one that is practically indelible. It is supplied in colors to match all complexions. If you want to know what it is, write me and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Miss Jepson's soft hair covered her head in little curls and ringlets—a delightfully informal hairdress and certainly not the one she wore to have the photograph taken which appears on this page. When I complimented her on it, she told me that she has a passion for changing her coiffure and loves to surprise radio executives and concert audiences. Sometimes they hardly recognize her as the same person who appeared before the microphone perhaps only a few days previously! It's another beauty trick of hers!

This star of opera, stage, screen and radio who has her time filled to capacity with any number of things, knows the value of always appearing at her best and makes it part of her business to devote a certain amount of time daily to the care of her hair, the study of makeup, and all the details that are so indispensable to good grooming for an opera star who steps before a critical audience.

Would you, too, like to know how to reduce on sensible diets that will not shatter your nerves and wreck your health? I have some that have been chosen for their nutritive value. They are varied meals, so that you don't have to eat the same things every day. You will enjoy these diets. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Joyce Anderson, care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This weight-reducing interests a great many of us, judged by the overwhelming number of letters I have received.

Incidentally, if I have been slow in answering them, please be patient.

There are very good reasons why fat people are fat and one of them is that you probably eat too much and do not exercise sufficiently to burn up all the energy, in which case the body becomes a storehouse for fat. Of course, some of you will say that you eat very little and yet you can't reduce. If this is so, I would advise that you see a physician. The glands in the body are responsible for some of our ailments, and when they do not function properly one of the results is overweight. If, however, all your parts are in working order, there is no good reason why you can't reduce. But don't expect an overnight miracle. Powerful medicines are not necessary if you are patient and persevering.

The really sensible reducing course will take a little time but in the end it will save your health. And it doesn't take long to get into the swing of the thing. Before you know it, you forget all about the rich pastries, the tempting desserts and the candies. You don't even miss them! This is the season of the year when it is easy to cut down on the intake of food and concentrate on that slim figure—we don't need as many heating foods as we do in the winter.

Orange juice and dry toast three times a day will put you on your back in a short time and make your body susceptible to sickness and disease. In order to guard against this, you must remember, that there are certain essential foods everyone must eat to keep healthy—diet or no diet. In the first place, there is milk. Contrary to the general belief, milk is not fattening and a glassful taken with regular meals will give strength and not weight. Adults who are dieting should try to drink at least one pint of milk a day. Then there is buttermilk, a grand, health-giving drink, which is also non-fattening.

And now the fruits — oranges, bananas, apples and citrus fruits, which must make up part of the diet. These must be eaten alternately, with not too much stress on the latter. Tomatoes in any form and tomato juice are good, too. Eat all the salads you can. This does not mean that you must just live on salads. That, too, would be rather foolish. The body must have some solid foods and this is where my printed diets will be of help. Uncooked vegetables and fruit juices provide the vitamins and minerals the body needs.

I cannot stress too much the value of long walks. I am not referring to an evening stroll. A mile or two before or after breakfast and dinner will set you up wonderfully—tone up a sluggish system, put sparkle in the eyes and roses in the cheeks—and take off the fat. It's that first effort that's so hard.

Does your hair THRILL HIM in a "Close-up"?



Let the right shampoo bring out the
beauty appeal of **YOUR TYPE** of hair

Soften dry hair
with this treatment

Use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* and begin today a scientific home treatment to make your hair glow and stay charmingly in place.

Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is prepared especially for *dry hair*. Besides olive and other fine oils, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silky and more manageable.

Treat excessive
oiliness this way

Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*. It is gently astringent . . . made especially for *oily hair*.

Give yourself this tonic Packer treatment once or twice a week at first . . . until your hair develops its birthright of shining fluffiness. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's famous Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

**OLIVE
OIL**
for **DRY** hair



**PINE
TAR**
for **OILY** hair

Cooking

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

She must be a good cook to be able to bring up eight healthy children. I'm speaking of Mrs. Frances Lee Barton, their mother. Mrs. Barton is the cooking advisor for General Foods. If there's anything you want to know about cooking, just write to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, 1926 Broadway, New York, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

COME into the kitchen, slip on an apron, and join the fun. Mrs. Barton is giving a kitchen party and at the same time will tell how any woman can be a good cook.

"Some women think cooking is about the hardest job of any in the housekeeping setup," said Mrs. Barton, while she carefully measured the flour for a cake. "I think it is fascinating." If her pots and pans could talk, they would probably echo her opinion, because Mrs. Barton does love to make appetizing dishes.

Mrs. Frances Lee Barton is the cooking advisor who broadcasts every Friday for General Foods (and has done so for the past three years) giving excellent recipes and cooking helps to thousands of housewives. She is certainly qualified to handle this post because primarily Mrs. Barton is a successful mother and a housewife. Born in Scotland, the eldest of seven children, Mrs. Barton began acquiring experience with housewives' problems at an early age. As a youngster, she became her mother's right hand man. In fact, her whole life has been devoted to the culinary art. So, you see, the broadcasts aren't just theory—Mrs. Barton has had years of actual practise.

Of course, it does not surprise us to learn that her spare time is also spent in the kitchen, especially when we know that a husband and eight growing children—five boys and three girls—need a great deal of good food. But the hungry mouths include more than the immediate family! All the neighbors' children regard the Barton house, with its tempting supply of cakes and cookies, as a storehouse of good things to eat.

On week ends, when the family forgets its work and strenuous play, the children get into the kitchen and prepare their specialties. John is an apple dumpling expert, Harry specializes in chocolate fudge, Mary makes the best gelatin desserts, while Peter devotes himself to a one-egg cake—just a family of cooks! Perfection is absolutely necessary here because, naturally, the Bartons are very critical when the eating test is made.

Here the cooking expert and radio success stopped her cake-beating to say: "The two most important requisites for a cook are: first, the conscientious measuring of ingredients and second, imagination in meal planning. The first is easy, once the cook realizes how important accurate measurements are to good cooking."

Haphazard, careless methods never result in satisfactory work. Time and thought in the preparation will save disappointment in the finished product.

But how can one acquire imagination in cooking? That's simple, too, if you determine to get your mental attitude on the right track. "Most housewives make the mistake of thinking their work is drudgery. Cooking is really an art, because it offers a great opportunity for creating

something. World-renowned chefs can feel no greater satisfaction in having turned out a difficult dish than the housewife who bakes a fluffy cake."

It was difficult to choose from so many of Mrs. Barton's tested recipes. Here are some that you will want to try. The first two recipes with a few simple additions, can be used for many different kinds of cake and muffins:

ONE-EGG CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons combination baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes, or in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.



Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton, see page 54—2 o'clock column.

Frances Lee Barton's Kitchen Party

Variations

This cake may be baked in greased cup-cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Makes 2 dozen cup cakes.

Orange Short Cake: Arrange sweetened orange sections and coconut between layers and on top of cake. Serve at once with whipped cream or custard sauce.

Nut Loaf Cake: Add 1 cup chopped nut meats to cake mixture after egg has been added. One-half cup finely cut raisins may be used instead of nuts to make Raisin Loaf Cake.

Raisin Cup Cakes: Pour batter into greased cup-cake pans, filling them $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Sprinkle seedless raisins over tops of cakes before baking.

And here is a recipe for muffins that will surprise the family if served in the different ways that Mrs. Barton suggests:

MUFFINS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons combination baking powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, sugar and salt, and sift again. Combine egg, milk and shortening. Add to flour, beating only enough to dampen all flour. Do not attempt to beat the mixture until smooth, but as soon as all flour is moistened, turn into greased muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Makes 12 muffins. These muffins may be varied by adding fruits, nuts, or bacon to the flour mixture. Add one of the following: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, cut dried apricots, broken nut meats, or crushed crisp bacon; or $\frac{1}{3}$ cup finely cut dates or dried prunes.

This pie is especially good and includes a simple, delicious meringue:

MARVEL LEMON PIE

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 6 tablespoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine gelatin, sugar, salt and lemon rind with 3 tablespoons water. Add egg yolks and stir well. Add remaining water, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Add lemon juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Cover with Quick Meringue, or top with whipped cream.

Quick Meringue

Place 2 egg whites, unbeaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, dash of salt, and 2 tablespoons water in top of double boiler; beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, and beat 1 minute; then remove from fire and continue beating 1 minute, or until mixture will stand in peaks. Add few drops vanilla or almond extract. Pile lightly over filling. If desired, sprinkle with coconut.

And I have other recipes that you will want—a Savory Meat Loaf with unusual ingredients, a Caramel Devil's Food Cake and a special dessert called Coffee Carnival. Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, in care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for these recipes.

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle... so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out.

And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

And...that "Certain Something"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Address _____

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



BEHIND of the MAD

It's a riot of fun and foolishness. So come backstage and get in on it!

by FRED RUTLEDGE

FEEL like laughing tonight? Then sit in on the nine o'clock broadcast from studio 3B in Radio City and lift the curtain on radio's maddest program.

Your sponsors are Borden's. Your entertainers: Beatrice Lillie, Warren Hull, Lee Perrin's orchestra, and the Cavaliers. The time: two minutes to nine. In two minutes, then, you find out just how a madhouse can become a finished radio product.

Tonight, to your glee, those two minutes are most embarrassing to Warren who is introducing Beatrice to the studio audience.

"The most famous comedienne in

the world," he ends, looking around.

Before he can continue, Beatrice jumps to her feet, takes two steps forward, and strikes a pose, one hand on her hip, like a comic version of a comic valentine. The joke's on Warren, and he smiles feebly.

Then, while a ripple of laughter spreads through the studio, Beatrice begins waving madly at someone in the audience and grimacing her delight. You crane your neck to see who it is and gasp in surprise. Hope Williams, tall, striking looking, one of her best friends and one of Broadway's favorite actresses, is sitting just in back of you.

"Make her stand up," Beatrice cries.

Hope half rises and slumps back in her chair.

Suddenly your attention is diverted. Who's that in the front row there, just to your right? Jack Benny! What's he doing here? Can't tell now, because the show'll be on any second. You sit forward, a little dazed by this three ring circus, but game for what's coming.

This studio you're in is small, one of the smallest in Radio City, and it's no different from any you've seen pictures of, except for those new drapes hanging in the corners, looking as though they'd been made from Scotch pants.

The performers are scattered about

Above, Bea Lillie trying desperately to say something that's not in the script. Below, in one of her gesticulating moments (much to Warren Hull's amusement).

All pictures taken exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World



the Scenes Beatrice Lillie HOUSE!

on a slightly elevated platform stretching across the room. Two ribbon mikes catch the program. Aunty Bea's dressed all in white tonight, with a string of long white beads around her slim throat and green slippers without any toes encasing her tiny feet. You notice her haircut which is becoming the vogue in New York. She's so boyish with it you forget the number of years she has been an international success.

A high stool stands beside her mike. She walks over to it and sits down. An advertising man next to you whispers that she's the laziest show person in the world. Won't broadcast or rehearse five minutes if she can't find something on which to sit.

Okay—it's nine o'clock, the music swells, Warren begins to talk, and we're underway.

Bea goes into her first song, leaning on her elbow on the music stand next to her. Now she's back from the mike, on a chair just like the one you've been given. She puts her purse on the piano and begins waving her hands in the air. What does she want now? The piano player who accompanies her on some of her wilder song flights seems to

know. He disappears and comes back with a cup of water. Bea gulps it, makes a funny face at clearing her throat, and jumps up again.

It's time for the weekly skit. Tonight the woman who has become the best known comedienne in the world, your Aunty Bea, is taking over an elevator in Radio City. The script players—the actors who share the hilarious spots on these broadcasts—come from the right of the platform and stand closely together around a second mike—much like a group of expectant disarmament conferees. Bea sits down on her stool, flounces her long skirts, and grabs her script.

Those skits, by the way, are written by two friends of hers who have never before done any radio work. They've written a lot for Broadway productions, though, and that's probably why the lines seem to have so much freshness.

But wait—you've been so busy watching Aunty Bea and Warren Hull, who really is handsome in that tuxedo, that you haven't paid any attention to the musical units of the show.

Look there past Warren. That short, dark, bouncing (*Continued on page 60*)

Left, Jack Benny, recent guest star on the program. Get the expression! Below, Miss Lillie with the entire Friday night cast in action.

For Beatrice Lillie's program, see page 55—9 o'clock column.



★ JEAN HARLOW, Starring in M-G-M's "Reckless"



Is
Make-Up in
Color Harmony
Jean Harlow's
Secret of Attraction?

Florence Vondelle Interviews JEAN HARLOW

"Color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."

1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings . . . platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes, Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."



2. "Rouge should impart a lifelike, delicate flush of color . . . and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint . . . pat it on lightly; blend with fingertips to gain an added softness of coloring."



3. "Lip make-up is so important . . . it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings, your powder and your rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . Flame is my color harmony tone. I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, and then fill in the natural contour."



★ You May Now Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now featured by leading stores at nominal prices . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ *Hollywood*

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

**Mail for your COLOR HARMONY
IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK**

MAX FACTOR
Max Factor's Make-Up Studio,
Hollywood, California.

SEND Post-Paid Box of
1) Powder in my color har-
mony shade and Lipstick
Color Sampler, four shades.
I enclose 10 cents for postage
and handling.
* Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 42-page, Illustrated
Instruction Book, "The New Art of Savvy Make-Up" FREE. 25-6-49

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BLENDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Pale <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Clear <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Faded <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Clear <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>
Very Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Standard <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Standard <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Standard <input type="checkbox"/>

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\$10,000 IN



How Jan Garber, now successful Chicago band leader, fought his way back from heart-break to happiness

by CHASE GILES

The happy family who once was on the brink of starvation. Jan Garber with his wife, Dottie and little Janice. Opposite page, with Freddy Large, original leader and organizer of the now famous band.

TO look at Jan Garber now you'd never think he ever had a care in the world. He bounces around the band stand out at the Trianon ballroom on Chicago's south side, kids with the youngsters who come to dance to his music and with the orchestra boys, just as if it was all one big happy family. And that's exactly what it is . . . now. One big happy family. The band boys live together and in adjoining apartments. They work together and play together. In fact its even more congenial than a big happy family would be. For these boys never argue or have any differences. I never saw a group of people that get along so well together.

Well, maybe the boys should get along well. I think it's perhaps because they are all grateful for the success which is theirs. It wasn't so long ago they were wondering where their next meal would come from. In fact Freddy Large, the diminutive second in command of the orchestra, admits it wasn't so long ago that the boys used to steal milk bottles from back porches as they went to their homes in the early mornings after work.

They are all grateful, even Jan Gar-

ber himself. On their last tour they were out for only ten days. Jan paid all the expenses and gave each of the boys a one hundred dollar bonus. Then when he got through figuring it all out he found that he had made exactly TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS clear profit for himself in those ten days.

Jan Garber's commercial program over the NBC coast to coast networks Monday nights pays him handsomely. The first year he got three raises, each of \$200 a week. His second year's contract guaranteed him four raises each of the same amount. Jan is now saving about \$600 a week. Or rather Mrs. Jan Garber is saving the money.

Jan is proud of his orchestra and its success. And the strange part of it is that although you may think the band has been gradually building itself up to its present success over many years of effort, that isn't true. Let's look behind the scenes. Let's go back into Jan's life. What is the story behind all this present glory? It is a story full of human interest and pain and tears and near starvation.

We go back to November of 1932. Jan Garber's orchestra is playing

in the Lotus Garden in Cleveland. Jan is disheartened, weary, just about ready to give up. For, his orchestra which has been famous, which played five whole seasons as the star attraction at the Coral Gables Golf and Country club in Miami during Florida's boom days, is slipping farther and farther down the ladder of popularity.

Jan knows it, for figures show it. And the figures were pretty low.

Jan has watched this going on for some time. It hurts him because he can't figure out what has happened and why it happened.

Something had to be done. He was getting farther and farther in debt. Many a night he and his loyal little wife, Dottie, dined on hamburgers because they didn't dare spend any more than twenty-five cents each for dinner. Dottie grinned and slapped his shoulder.

"Don't worry, Jan," Dottie would say. "Everything will come out all right. Dottie would stroke his brow and try to soothe him. But Jan was past soothing. In fact he was so unhappy and so completely disheartened that he began to snap at Dottie whom he loved then and still does more than

TEN DAYS!

anyone else in all the whole world. It made Jan ashamed of himself to act like that. But he was already ashamed of himself for having become a failure. Much too much ashamed to even be decent about it.

BUT Jan, a little Pennsylvania Dutchman, is tenacious. He sticks and keeps on trying. He refuses to admit defeat. One night he came storming home to Dottie. He slammed the door until the pictures shook.

"Dottie," he shouted. "Something has to be done. And by golly I'm going to do it. Listen, Dottie, one of the boys came to work drunk tonight. He was so drunk he couldn't work. I know some of the boys have been drinking a lot more than is good for them. But I never thought they'd let me down like this. And I'm almost sure a couple of them are using dope on the side. Dottie, I can't stand it. I won't stand it. I'm going to fire the whole bunch of them."

"But, Jan," Dottie was really worried now. Jan was acting worse than usual, storming up and down the little one room apartment and shouting at the top of his lungs. "But, Jan, what will you do?"

Jan looked at his wife. She was trying to smile. Frightened by Daddy's explosion of temper little four-year-old Janice, the idol of Jan's eye, had run to Mother's arms.

"Janice, please don't be frightened, dear. Daddy is all upset. I'm worried, little girl. Listen, Dottie, I'm going to fire that band and get me a new outfit, a complete new orchestra. And Dottie, with that new band we're going out and make the name of Jan Garber bigger than ever it was before."

Jan didn't fire his band . . . at least not right then. But he did start looking for another orchestra. Finally a friend told him of a bunch of young kids playing in an obscure roadhouse near Cleveland. The friend said the kids played beautifully. Jan decided to go out and look them over.

Jan went there. With him was his loyal friend, Rudy Rudisall, the bald headed pianist, who has been with



Jan for more than seventeen years. They went in and stopped at the cloakroom to leave their coats. Jan was just taking his off when the music started. Jan stopped, transfixed. For a little man he has the loudest voice you ever heard. He turned to Rudy and yelled: "Rudy, listen. Why, man, that's beautiful. Listen to that sax . . . and get that trumpet. Boy, that's the most marvelous band I ever heard." He grabbed Rudy's arm. His eyes were glittering.

"Rudy, there's our new band. That's the Jan Garber orchestra of the future."

There were tears in Rudy's eyes. He hadn't seen his boss happy in so many months. He hadn't heard Jan enthuse over anything in such a long time.

"But, Jan. Why there must be fifteen men in that orchestra. Man, with our finances the way they are you can't afford that band."

"C'mon," cried Jan. Down the hall he waltzed swaying to the Lombardo-like rhythms, "Why, that band out-Lombardos Guy Lombardo. And the funny part of it is these kids come from Canada just like the Lombardo boys did." (Continued on page 84)

I was sallow and sort of logy



• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE . . . THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Arnold Johnson tells

WHY the AMATEURS Belong on the Air



For the Natl. Amateur Hour, see page 51—6 o'clock column.

by JOHN EDWARDS

Last month Roxy said in RADIO MIRROR, "Take the Amateurs Off the Air!" Here the director of the National Amateur Hour defends this type of program in an exclusive interview

THE Amateur Hour is the best means of discovering unknown talent that radio has yet devised. In its present form it is a boon—not a handicap—to the man who wants a professional career on the air."

Thus the gauntlet is flung down the other side taken in the hottest radio debate of the year—should the amateur remain as an entertainment medium or should he be mercifully discarded?

Answering this question was Arnold Johnson, one of the busiest musical directors in New York and the originator and director of National Amateur Night, the CBS Sunday evening feature.

His opinions, given in this exclusive interview, were a challenge to the statements made in last month's Radio Mirror by Roxy, who said that the amateur should go, that the network programs formed to give the amateur a break were really harmful and that the amateur who got his start on such a program usually ended in discouragement and disillusionment.

Johnson's arguments were based on a long career in the theater and radio and on his experience of the past few months in dealing weekly with hundreds of amateurs who come to him for a chance on his program.

"In the first place," Johnson said in his rebuttal, "the amateur hour has changed since its inception. On our show, we no longer give a performer the 'chord in G' by which we used to indicate that he was not good enough. That chord, the equivalent in other programs to the gong or bell, was discarded after the first few broadcasts.

"Instead, we are now searching for real talent that is good enough to entertain a nation-wide audience. So many letters of protest came in when we cut short an amateur that the talent we now present is the equivalent of any professional attempt."

In answer to the question of whether an amateur finds any future success after an appearance on an Amateur Hour, Johnson quoted figures from his own program.

"So far this spring," he said, "we have had over eighteen winning acts, and out of that eighteen, at least

twelve have either received professional engagements or definite offers. That is what I would call success.

"Even, in some instances, acts which did not win a prize, have been awarded theatre work. Some weeks ago a Boys' Harmonica Band appeared on our show. Though neither the studio judges nor the audience outside voted them first place, they have been given a week's date at a local theatre and now are considering an offer to travel out to California for a series of vaudeville appearances.

"Then, a month ago, a girl of seventeen came to us. She had never had any singing lessons, but the minute we heard her we knew she had a brilliant future. So we groomed her, then put her on the air. She went over even better than we had expected. Now she is under contract to us and I predict that in two years, radio will have a new sensation."

IT has been argued that the amateur has a harder time getting ahead if he is heard on a national network show than if he stays at home, singing at small shows until his voice is ready for the big time. Johnson does not believe this argument, either.

"I quote you the case of Jimmy O'Neill," he continued. "When Jimmy came to us he explained that for two years he had sung over a station in New Jersey, without pay. Nothing had ever come of his work there. Since then he had gone into selling as a means of livelihood. But he still wanted to sing. So we gave him an audition and a spot on our Sunday night show.

"To make a long story short, Jimmy now has three jobs. He is singing on two commercial radio programs at a nice salary, and when I last talked to him was getting ready for a week in a theatre. That is what happened to one man after a single appearance on an Amateur Hour!"

Can a singer go to a music school, spend years in training, be willing to perform without pay, and find success at last? Johnson thinks not, as a general rule.

"A young girl came to me who had done just that," he explained. "She was a graduate of one of the country's finest music institutes. Everywhere in her home town she tried to get work she was turned down. So she packed up and came to New York. When she appeared on our program she won the Gold Medal. Two weeks later the radio audience judged her the best. She was called back. Now she has had a week's vaudeville engagement in Philadelphia, another week on the road, and is due back in New York for still more work. Yet all her training and work had been fruitless until her chance on an amateur program."

(Continued on page 88)

WOMEN! END ACCIDENT-PANIC!
ASK FOR THE NEW
"Certain-Safe" Modess



WOMEN . . . rejoice! Your old haunting fear of "accidents" can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories—a new type of sanitary napkin has recently been perfected. A napkin that combines three *safety* features to give

Complete protection from embarrassing "accidents"!

You can actually *see* and *feel* every one of the three new features. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe"

Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you wear the new "Certain-Safe" Modess you'll understand how and why it brings you dependable protection against . . . (1) striking through, (2) tearing away, (3) incomplete absorption.

Wear the new Modess once, and you'll ask for it always!



SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE



Gladys says, "as long as a man and woman love to do the same things they'll love each other." The pictures show the Frank Chapmans playing, walking, and working harmoniously together."



Gladys Swarthout's PRESCRIPTION for PARADISE

"**P**LEASE let it always be this way."

Remember? You were honeymooning. And because life had suddenly turned, for you, into the most unbelievably perfect existence you had ever known, you said those words over and over inside. Like a prayer.

Every bride does.

Every bride pleads to the little fellow with the bow and arrow for a *happily ever after* blessing on her romance. But I know one celebrated bride who, five years ago, gave the same little fellow one of those rare, pleasant shocks he's totally unaccustomed to.

She simply decided she wasn't going to trust the ultimate success of her marriage to Cupid, who is a great imp at starting things but when it comes to finishing them up—well, that's not exactly his specialty. And after she'd made her decision she did something about it.

Her name is Gladys Swarthout. And she has invented her own prescription for wedded happiness that's so unique and valuable it's lately been adopted by the Jack Bennys, the Paul Whitemans and the Fred Allens.

Probably you're familiar with the way their romance began—Gladys and her handsome husband. They were both voice students in Florence then. On the particular summer morning they chanced to meet for the first time, all the things that can be romantic about Italy were more than so. A warm wind sweet as a nosegay of wild flowers.

Lapis-lazuli Mediterranean speckled with tiny white-sailed fishing boats. Sheets of sunshine on orange mountains. Olive boughs tumbling from a blue silk sky. And in the midst of it all a pretty brown-eyed girl with a fluffy brown bob and a broad-shouldered blond chap with a swift gay grin.

The girl heard the blond chap say that he thought her lovelier than the landscape. She smiled up at him.

And the thing that Gladys Swarthout calls the most unusual incident in her life had happened—she had met Frank Michler Chapman.

A year later they excitedly attended each other's debuts at the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

A year later they gave an overwhelmingly successful joint recital of which critics said that the two sang with extraordinary feeling. Oh, justly so! They were in love.

And another year later Tiffany's received a perfectly enormous order for some wedding announcements. Two international celebrities of the opera were going to the altar.

The *Europa*, sailing the night of the fashionable ceremony, little knew what rare cargo it carried. On board was a *perfect marriage*.

None of your made-in-heaven variety, either. If anything, a very lot has had to be done to keep that marriage's famous reputation for being one of the most uniquely successful in all Radio Row. But that's what this story is about.

Her unique and valuable recipe for wedded happiness has been tested—and it works! Read it and you'll want to try it out on your own life

by Mary Watkins Reeves



Gladys Swarthout's heard on the Palmolive hour. See page 55—10 o'clock column; also the Firestone program. Same page—8 o'clock column.

velvet evening dress. Frank will tell you proudly that it was reproduced on the cover of *Town and Country* last year. Occasional chairs of downy white and gold satin. A fuzzy, animated little ball of poodle hair that yaps when you call "Nini." Everywhere, refinement and joyousness. Those are the two best words I know to describe the Chapman home and those who live in it. And it's a lesson in love to visit them.

They like to talk about their romance. Gladys quietly states that she fell hard for Frank's remarkable unselfishness and honor. And Frank, in turn, pays tribute to her sweetness and utter sincerity. Then Gladys discloses her secrets for making that romance secure, for keeping sentimentally intact their union.

First she says: *I believe in sticking together through work and play. As long as a man and woman love to do the same things they'll love each other.*

Sticking together. Every time I see the Chapmans I realize how true that is, for just as surely as one is around the other can't be far away. If Gladys is rehearsing at the studio, Frank is in the control room. When Frank's at the mike, Gladys has her ear close to the engineer's amplifier. Then they discuss each other's performances, make suggestions. Can't you see why their careers are a binding tie instead of a hindrance to happiness?

Or watch them play brilliant host and hostess to the royalty of radio and opera. There's another example. Invariably it's arm-in-arm that they make the rounds of their guests. Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett and his charming wife, Geraldine Farrar, apartment-neighbor Rudy Vallee, Sigmund Romberg, Gershwin, the John Barclays. Then when the party's over it's been more fun because they *both* heard Tibbett's funny story about his yachting trip, Rudy's account of Hollywood. They (*Continued on page 81*)

BEFORE the celebrated couple had been wed quite three of the five years they've been so happy now, Radio asked for them and they became ether satellites almost overnight. Together on the "Voice of Firestone" series. Gladys on the "Palmolive Beauty Box Theater." And outside of their amazing air popularity they've become, what's still greater, completely beloved by every single member of broadcastland. The Chapmans are the old-time Mary and Doug of the radio folk.

Their penthouse apartment in the east Eighties is just the sort of home you'd expect Gladys to fashion around her marriage. A happy, homey sort of penthouse. Enormous studio windows frame the beauty of the East River from a spacious well-appointed living room. There's a grand piano with a sparkling crystal vase of Easter lilies upon it—Frank likes Easter lilies so his wife has them kept there the year 'round. Over the davenport hangs a huge and impressive oil portrait of Gladys wearing a décolletage red

Father Coughlin's GREAT SECRET



All photographs on these pages made exclusively and especially for Radio Mirror by Wide World



He learned it a quarter of a century ago—
but it is told here for the first time

by FRED SAMMIS

FATHER COUGHLIN'S most dramatic and significant story can now be told!

The clue to his secret—the secret of his formula for success—stands revealed when we interpret in new terms the personality of this crusading priest—this man who has become one of the most powerful figures in radio through the magic of his voice and the working principles on which he stakes his very life.

It is a clue which, though tucked away in his boyhood and buried in the memories of those who were his school-mates, was brought to light by a trip to Toronto, a talk with the men who taught him and the men who played and studied with him.

With this clue Father Charles E. Coughlin becomes an identity, stripped of all the mystery of myths with which he has already become surrounded, a man you can know and understand.

It is the story—told here for the first time—of how Father Coughlin made a boyhood decision and how steadfastly he has followed it through all the successive years of working and fighting and preaching, up to the present days with the

intense and bitter three cornered arguments he shares with Huey P. Long and General Hugh S. Johnson.

Come with me to Toronto, in the province of Ontario, Canada, up the wide street which leads from the downtown business section to the more quiet, dignified residential district, and through the iron portals of St. Michael's school. It is here that Charles Coughlin began his career as a boy of twelve.

Walk across the stone pavement to the heavy oak door, step inside the dark corridors down which Charles Coughlin hurried every morning to his classes. Come into the more cheerful study of a Brother who, because he was one of those who helped reveal the story, must remain nameless. Stay and learn Father Coughlin's secret—how, in the quiet of the dormitory room in which he slept each night, was born the knowledge of what life is and must become to a priest like Charles Coughlin.

You know, if you have read a life story of Charles Coughlin, that he had made up his mind to be a priest by the time he was a boy of seven. That his mother, a devout Catholic, fired his imagination and filled him with dreams



Above, St. Michael's school in Canada where Charles E. Coughlin studied and learned his great secret. Opposite page, a rare picture of his graduating class (1911) and an enlargement of its president, C. E. Coughlin. Right, the Father as he recently appeared when he broadcast his reply to General Johnson's attack from Royal Oak, Mich.

of serving the Church. That, living in the shadow of St. Mary's church in Hamilton, he never lost those dreams.

Imagine a boy's conception of how to become a real priest. . . . You learned how by turning to books. You read the Bible, the writings of the Saints, the classics, modern literature. You studied history and the beginnings of Christianity. You learned everything which helped towards a deeper understanding of religion. And—most important—you gave up the worldly interests which made up the lives of other men.

THAT was Charles Coughlin's conception—the dream that he cherished.

Still in knee pants, grim with foreboding because he was leaving home for the first time, Charles Coughlin trudged up the walk to the door of St. Michael's, filled with this ambition to learn everything that should make a priest such a wise and understanding person.

Yet within a year Charles Coughlin had changed completely his whole conception of how to train for the life ahead, and it is in that change his secret lies.

Charles Coughlin had seen, perhaps boyishly but nevertheless clearly, that his future (Continued on page 80)



Home-Made

by
**CAROLINE
SOMERS
HOYT**

WHAT would you do if you were *ordered* to become glamorous? What on earth would you do if you were handed a radio contract and given exactly thirteen weeks to make of yourself a slim, exquisite creature—lovely enough to look like a dream before a closeup studio audience; to photo-

graph alluringly for talkies and portraits; to stand in the revealing white blaze of a spotlight and be so utterly gorgeous, a whole great theatreful of spectators would be captivated by your charm?

What would you do if you *had* to be beautiful and be beautiful *quick*?

I think I've an idea. You'd most likely get the jitters over it first. You'd dash out to buy a lot of new clothes, change your coiffure, go in for fancy facials and scarlet nails and artificial eyelashes. You might even bleach your hair. Or starve and Turkish-bath yourself into a physical wreck trying to get down to 115. At any rate, you'd purchase plenty of all the allure cash could buy. Pile it on. Dress up and make up to the *n*th degree.

And when the day came on which you were scheduled to

emerge as a beautiful butterfly—the total effect would be pretty terrible. You'd be a glorified version of your former self, all right, but you'd look about as natural as a wax ice cream sandwich in a five-and-ten window. I know. For I would have followed the same course myself, a few years ago; like you, I wouldn't have known anything else to do.

But I want to tell you some things about beauty. Some secrets I've been collecting for a long, long time from the girls who comprise the younger set of Radio Row. The most *naturally* glamorous group of girls, as a whole, I've ever seen—and that includes Hollywood and the Broadway stage.

I want to tell you something you won't believe until you've read this story—that the beauty of the radio maids is neither the *born* nor *bought* variety—it's *home-made*! Practically every bit of it! The same beauty you yourself can produce out of your own head and pantry and front yard and the corner drug store. With no more than moderate expenditure.

For that is exactly what the radio stars have done. I'd never suspected their glamor was home-made either, until I'd gotten the low-down first hand. Picked it up here and there through intimate little things girls tell girls over tea tables and dressing-room ashtrays and breakfasts in bed. About their struggles for loveliness, the things they've gone through to obtain it, their personal secrets for charm. . . .

Let's take the case of the average star. Once she was a

No artificial eyelashes for Vera Van. She did what most girls wouldn't have the nerve to do.

Harriet Hilliard goes in for exotic bobs but when she wants to look years older, she dons a braid.



WE CAN HAVE IT FOR THE ASKING IF WE'LL LEARN THE LITTLE

Glamour

you or a *me*, presented with a standard contract for air beginners—a trial period of thirteen weeks. She'd gotten with that contract the biggest thrills she'd ever known . . . and the worst headache! For with it came strict orders to make herself breath-takingly lovely.

Nobody had to give her the command. It was just there. She may have secured the job purely on the way she *sounded*, but it wasn't long before she realized, from the glamorous competition she was up against, that the continuance of the job was going to depend pretty much on the way she *looked*. For radio work has come to include night club, theatre and talkie territory—which houses no room for an ugly duckling no matter how talented she may be. Neither has the just-a-fairly-attractive girl much of a chance to survive. To be a radio star you've got to look like one. And that means *the top* in sex appeal.

So what did the average star do? With such brief notice to do it in? I've asked them all. And all boiled down, their answers would be: *I concentrated on so glorifying my best* (Continued on page 62)

When it comes to keeping the figure slender, Frances Langford has a routine all mapped out for herself, rain or shine, sleepy or not.

Right, Gertrude Niesen has a swell diet. Center, Annette Hanshaw takes care of her own complexion. Below, Betty Barthell, who found a remedy for dull and lifeless hair.



TRICKS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT DISCOVERED BY THESE STARS

HIDDEN Sacrifices OF

by MARY JACOBS

Get a peek at the unknown side of this humorist, the side he doesn't care to reveal. You will understand him better

SO you're one of the people who has it in for Will Rogers, who believes he ought to be spanked. You resented his calling negroes 'niggers' on a broadcast; you burned up when he ended his eulogy on King Albert, who was killed while mountain climbing, with a wise-crack. You resented his poking fun at Congress and the President. Or perhaps you are one of the people who felt he had no business selecting anything in the sorry Lindbergh trial as a subject for ridicule.

And when he was called to task, his statement that if you didn't like what he said you could tune him out, didn't make you feel any less resentful.

If you feel you want to be angry at Will, that's your privilege. But before you pass final judgment on our gum-chewing, grinning, loop-twisting commentator I want you to get a peek at the unknown side of Will Rogers, the side he doesn't, can't reveal over the air. I want to let you in on some of his secret sacrifices.

When I asked Will about them, he shut up like a clam. So I had to go to his friends to ferret them out, and they required a good bit of urging, for Will hates any personal glorification.

Yet stories like the one about the Mississippi Valley tour are the only way we have of really understanding sharp-tongued, out-spoken Will. Do you remember the dreadful drought, back in 1931? How the Mid-west farmers' crops withered and blackened in the baking sun, how their cattle lay parched and dying, their tongues hanging out, and how the farmers' families sat helpless and starving, licked by the searing heat?

At the time Will Rogers was resting on his California ranch, on a well-earned vacation. With money pouring in from all sides for pictures, writing, for stage appearances, he had nothing to worry about. Droughts didn't bother his family; really, they were none of his business.

But he made the catastrophe his business. Not merely by contributing a check, as most wealthy men did. But by making an extensive tour of the Mississippi Valley, and raising money for the benefit of the starving sufferers. Since Will, whom you consider so stuck on himself, didn't feel he alone was enough of a drawing card, he invited *The Revelers*, radio's famous quartet, to accompany him.

Now each of the boys in the quartet: Jimmy Melton, Lewis James, Elliott Shaw, Wilfred Glenn, and Frank Banta, their pianist, had radio contracts which they'd be unable to keep during the trip. So Will Rogers, who commands as high as \$15,000 a broadcast, went to each of their sponsors and agreed to make a guest appearance free of charge, if they would release the boys from their contracts. Palm-

olive, Salada Tea, and General Motors enjoyed the distinction of having the cowboy sage broadcast without it costing them a nickel.

As to the Mississippi tour, we'll let Jimmy Melton, then top-tenor of *The Revelers*, describe it.

"Rogers raised a cool quarter of a million," Jimmy said, "and every single penny went direct to the Red Cross. All our expenses, and they amounted to at least \$1,000 a week, came straight from Mr. Rogers' pocket."

"We boys went by train and car, and made one or two appearances a day. But Rogers went by plane so he could make four stops a day, give four performances. He gave not money alone, but himself, unsparingly."

How Will came on the air regularly for Good Gulf shows another side of him. You've heard that he "soaks" his sponsors good and plenty; that he makes studio executives pay and pay for every move he takes. That's all true. He's the highest paid radio star on the air today. It's a matter of pride with him to be topnotch!

But where does all that money go? That's another story. Two years ago Good Gulf was looking around for a comedian who would be acceptable to the sophisticates and the small-town fans alike. They hit upon Will Rogers. But Will wasn't interested in going on the air. His guest appearances had made him a bit wary of the radio audience's understanding of his humor.

Good Gulf kept after him, raising the ante. And Will kept right on refusing. Finally he made Good Gulf officials a proposition. "If you want me so badly," he said, "you can have me. On two conditions. I'm to get more than any other star. And my salary check, for the first \$50,000 I earn, is to be turned over intact to the American Red Cross and the Salvation Army. There are to be no agency cuts and I don't want to see the checks; they are to go direct from the sponsor to these charities." And that's just what happened.

WILL ROGERS has been called tight-fisted, stingy. Yet during the holiday season he appeared at a benefit performance every night for two weeks. And when the Lams Club gave its annual Gambol for poverty-stricken members, Rogers flew from Holly-

Will Rogers is on the Gulf program. See page 53—7 o'clock column.

WILL ROGERS

wood to entertain. He arrived in New York Sunday and started back Monday morning.

Yep. That's the same man who refuses to mince words over the air. Who has no qualms about holding anyone up to ridicule who, he feels, deserves it. He bows to no man. Whether it is the President, Congress, or little Johnny Jones who has made a blunder, Rogers' keen wit lances it like a rapier thrust.

You've got to wake up early and go to bed late to get the better of white-haired, blue-eyed, silly-grinning Will Rogers. But it doesn't take much urging to arouse his sympathy. You've never heard this tale, for it hasn't been publicized in the United States. Back in 1926, when Rogers went to Europe as our unofficial ambassador, he stopped off at London. Supposedly, he was vacationing, and offers of 800 pounds a week (about \$4,000), to appear at supper clubs, didn't interest him at all. *(Continued on page 82)*

Fox Films



HIDDEN *Sacrifices* OF

WILL ROGERS

by MARY JACOBS

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Fox Films

Will Rogers is on the Gulf program. See page 53—7 o'clock column.

*Pageant
of the
Airwaves*

Adelaide Klein (right) . . . dialect expert in French, Spanish, Italian, Yiddish, Russian, German, Irish, Negro . . . heard more often than not on March of Time, Death Valley Days, sustaining dramatics, True Story Hour . . . born in New York City, studied to be a singer . . . can't speak a foreign language.



WHITEMAN GUEST STAR

Harry Stockwell . . . guest star, on and off, on the Paul Whiteman show, has own WOR program . . . has been signed recently to go to Hollywood by M-G-M . . . sang last winter in the Broadway play "As Thousands Cheer" . . . married, born in Kansas City . . . once was a daily newspaper art critic.

Betty Worth (below) . . . True Story Hour bad girl, has never been the heroine . . . born in New York, was educated in private schools and by tutoring . . . began her radio career on the March of Time . . . dyes her hair with great regularity . . . was in the "Follies."



DIALECT EXPERT



**TRUE STORY
BAD GIRL**



COLGATE'S HARBACH

Otto Harbach (left) . . . creator of Colgate's Music at the Haydn's . . . best known as Broadway libretto writer for such shows as "Rose-Marie," "No, No, Nanette," "Roberta" and others . . . was born in Salt Lake City.

Right, John Barclay, Kenneth MacGregor, Jack Smart . . . star, director, actor for the Palmolive Beauty Box . . . Barclay, well known, is English, married . . . Smart is featured character specialist for Fred Allen . . . MacGregor, born in Massachusetts, former newspaper man, also controls destinies of Music at the Haydn's, Captain Henry's Showboat . . . married to former NBC hostess, Sonia Brounov.



BEAUTY BOX



Patti Chapin . . . youngster from Atlantic City and soloist on Jack Pearl's CBS Wednesday night Frigidaire series . . . network debut only five months ago . . . youngest in family of eight . . . made professional debut at age of twenty, studied piano at age of nine . . . has been secretary to dentist.

*Pageant
of the
Airwaves*



JACK PEARL'S SOLOIST

Bob Hope (below) . . . feature of NBC's Intimate Revue . . . was born in Cleveland and became a comedian through the funny speeches he made because he was so nervous . . . Fatty Arbuckle gave him first vaudeville job . . . would become a Lord if he lived in England.



ON THE INTIMATE REVUE



THE "NEVER TAKE IT EASY" ACES



PRINCIPALS IN ACTION

Goodman Ace and Jane Ace . . . back on NBC early in the evening, after short period of broadcasting over CBS in afternoon . . . many people are still unaware that this comedy team is married, that real name is Ace, that Goodman was once newspaper man in middle west, that together with Jane, he conceived his comedy sketch, began it over local station several years ago, that they have sworn never to use the game of bridge as the basis of their program again.

Pageant of the Airwaves

Meet Mr. & Mrs. Al Pearce

They met, fell in love, and then went to Reno—to marry!

by Dr. Ralph L. Power



Al Pearce and his Gang. See page 54
—5 o'clock column

MEET Mr. Al Pearce . . . and the Mrs.

Take a gander at the happy couple and gaze upon the first pictures taken of Mr. and Mrs. Al Pearce for publication.

Yep. It's a fact. You read a lot about Al Pearce's West Coast gang of troupers. And you see plenty of words written 'round Al himself. But did you ever hear about the better half? Of course not.

Most folks might think that Al had lined up all the good looking femme admirers, tried the eeny-meeny-miny-mo formula, and picked out the present Mrs. Pearce.

You couldn't blame him, if he did, for she is one of those colorful brunettes with chestnut brown hair, large blue eyes and a sunny disposition.

She is slender, dainty, wears interesting clothes and loves to dance. Twenty-five years ago she was born in San Francisco and studied to be a school teacher. But we're getting ahead of the yarn.

Audrey Carter's fond mamma was an ardent Pearce fan. But the daughter had never even heard of him. One day she ambled over with Mrs. Carter to see the performance. Truth of the matter is that she wasn't overly impressed or interested but just went along to keep her mother company.

In the middle of the program Al's gaze focused on Audrey Carter. Instead of Audrey becoming a Pearce fan it worked out the other way for awhile. Al became an Audrey Carter fan the minute he laid eyes on her.

Somebody (Continued on page 71)

DICK TRACY LEAD



Ned Wever (above) . . . lead in Dick Tracy, CBS children's program . . . born in New York city . . . Princeton graduate . . . Broadway actor in such plays as "The Great Gatsby," "Lady Be Good," others . . . radio debut in 1929 on True Story program with Elsie Hitz . . . plays bridge and writes songs.



GIRL ORCHESTRA LEADER

Pageant of the Airwaves

FROM DAWN
TO DUSK

MORNING BOOK SPECIALIST



Ted Malone (left) . . . author, star of CBS morning show "Between the Book-ends" . . . real name is Frank Alden Russell . . . married to school-day sweetheart . . . has three-year-old daughter.

Loretta Clemens (below) . . . ingenue of The Gibson Family, co-star with brother Jack on NBC Sunday morning show . . . married to Frederick Tupper over a year . . . started out in vaudeville.

REISER
PIANO DUO



GIBSON FAMILY SWEETHEART

Florence Richardson (left) . . . NBC woman orchestra conductor . . . born in upper New York state . . . attended Yale school of music . . . toured coast-to-coast as director of Melody Boys . . . her first orchestra was all girls.

Al and Lee Reiser (left) . . . cousins, born in Brooklyn, brought up together . . . both married . . . played for singer who was auditioning, got contract instead . . . never play solo . . . heard several times a week over NBC, every Friday afternoon on Francis Lee Barton program . . . left to right, Lee, classical, Al, jazz artist.

Pageant of the Airwaves



CASA LOMA MUSIC MAKERS

Glen Gray and Kenny Sargeant . . . candid camera study of the leader and the soloist of Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra . . . heard twice a week over CBS on Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe . . . both are married . . . Glen comes from a musical family and was playing for pay in local symphony orchestra by the time he was ten . . . conceived idea of forming a mutual band in which every member is a stockholder and receives equal share of the dividends . . . Kenny married the girl he loved, though she wasn't one of his debutante admirers.

Myron Rapport . . . though you don't hear him in person on the air, you hear the result of his wizardry with harmonies . . . He's the arranger for the Modern Choir, popular NBC feature, and for the vocal offerings of Phil Spitalny's female choir numbers on CBS every week . . . he is a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art and the Juilliard School . . . also the originator of blending tone-poem style of classic chorals with popular rhythms.

Marjorie Logan . . . Maestro Johnny Green's vocalist, heard late hours from St. Regis hotel over CBS sustaining networks . . . was born in New York, her professional debut came as an extra in comedy shorts . . . she's the gal who models with the floppy hat for the new Lucky Strike cover ads on popular monthly magazines . . . she works because the social life of a young Manhattanite really bores her . . . Father is well-to-do business man.

Kay Thompson . . . is head of the girl choir for Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians on CBS Thursday nights . . . born in St. Louis, raised there, graduated from near-by college . . . made her radio debut on the Pacific Coast . . . heard last year with Bing Crosby, from Hollywood, year before that with Raymond Paige . . . is 24 years old, single, not in love . . . has two sisters also singing in the Waring choir . . . Kay once was a swimming instructress.



MODERN CHOIR ARRANGER



SINGS WITH JOHNNY GREEN



WARING'S CHOIR SINGER

LANNY ROSS'



MOTHER made him a STAR

by GEORGE KENT

Lanny Ross is heard
on the *Showboat*
Hour. See page 55
—9 o'clock column

How a little woman with blowy gray hair
brought her son up the steep slope to success

TO all Mothers: This is the story of a mother who asked for nothing, who gave everything. . . . The mother of Lanny Ross.

To all sons and daughters: This is the story of a son who tossed away a dream and gained the whole world . . . the son of Mrs. Douglas Ross.

The story of one cannot be told without the other. They are woof and warp of the same career. It is a tale of mother love and the devotion of a son but it's not sticky. Not one jot sentimental. It is as brisk as the Welsh hills where the lady was born. As bright and bustling as Seattle where Lanny cut his first teeth.

Consider first the finished product: Mr. Lancelot Patrick Ross. At the age of 28 he occupies a niche within three inches of the top of the world.

Examine his photograph: He is handsome, well-tailored. His muscles are flat, he has the build of an athlete. Thumb through his record: He is a Bachelor of Arts from Yale, a lawyer from Columbia. He is intelligent, speaks languages and is sought after by women. And for one born so recently as 1906 he earns an incredible amount of money. Finally, and equally hard to believe, the lad hasn't a conceited cell in his body.

So much for the finished product. Now for the story of how it was made.

There is only one answer: his mother. Other influences, other accidents of life and fortune helped form his character and develop his voice but she is dominant. By far, the most important. Take all the others away and leave the small gray lady—and you would still

have the popular and much beloved star of Showboat.

You'd never think it to look at her, this little woman with blowy gray hair and a snug, matronly body whose greatest concern would seem to be her broilers and muffin tins.

Mrs. Douglas Ross is a little of all these things. She swings a dandy skillet. She can cross-stitch and crochet and make crumpets. But they're sidelines. She's a British born woman with music in her veins. She comes from a race of singers and players, men and women who have always performed for audiences. Why, her first toy was an old music box of her mother's and it is reported that the first piece of paper she tore as a baby was covered with the notes of a lullaby being composed by her (Continued on page 65)

A rare picture, appearing exclusively here, showing Lanny as a child with his mother, at the time she first began to instill in him a love for music. Mrs. Ross comes from a line of singers.



"I'll never trust another man!"

says
**Mabel
Albertson**



At the beginning she refused to admit even to herself that Fred was becoming more and more distant, less affectionate. It was the end.

You Hear Her Every Week . . . Mabel Albertson . . . the Only Feminine Lead on the Phil Baker Show . . . You've Howled at Her Hilarious Imitations of Mae West, of Cleopatra and Greta Garbo . . . Time and Again You've Demanded She Repeat Such Parts as Madame Butterfly, and Hard Hearted Harriet . . . Well, There Are Tears Behind Her Infectious Laughter . . . We Present This as a Human Document, the First Published Story of Her Life.

BUT I want babies so," the slim, dark-eyed girl said. "And really, Joe, there's no reason why we can't have them. We can support them."

"How many times have I told you they were too much of a nuisance, baby," her blond, good-looking, happy-go-lucky husband said. Silence. Then with an air of finality, flicking his cigarette, "Nothing doing, kid, you're wasting your time. You've got me, haven't you? And remember, you're in show business. Kids would spoil your figure, spoil your act.

"Anyway, I don't want them. And remember, if you have any, I'll leave you."

But the overwhelming urge for a baby could not be denied. So a few years later Mrs. Albertson gave birth to a little girl, Mabel. And when the baby was a tiny infant, her husband walked out on her, just as he promised.

Mabel Albertson is heard on the *Armour Hour*. See page 55—9 o'clock column.

Mabel Albertson, Phil Baker's leading lady on the *Armour Hour*, was that little girl. When you hear this dizzy comedienne's nonsense and her gay laughter you think of course that she is naturally happy and bubbling over with joy, that life indeed must be a carefree show for her. You're all wrong. For hers is the old role of Laugh-Clown-Laugh, and hers is tear-stained laughter, synthetic laughter, hiding a heart heavy with the weight of life, the weary burden which has been hers since she came into the world, unwanted by her father.

Every once in a while her gay, irrepressible, romantic father would drift back into their lives. But never once did he pet or play with his little daughter Mabel, never once did he proudly bring her toys.

Then suddenly he dropped out of the picture entirely. It was up to her mother to support little Mabel and herself as best she could. Occasionally Mrs. Albertson played in stock, taking her fair-haired, rebellious little girl with her. Other times Mabel was boarded out in cheap boarding houses. She still shudders when she thinks of those bleak, lonely, loveless childhood days. Hungrily, she longed

by BELLE MATTHEWS

When you hear this comedienne's nonsense and gay laughter, little do you know of the hidden heart heavy-laden with life's disappointments!



for a real home, for the devotion and affection which is a child's birthright. All the needs of the spirit, the tenderness and love you and I got from our parents, she was denied.

"Mother and I were never affectionate pals, as other mothers were to their children," she told me. "She seemed so cold, so lacking in understanding then." It wasn't till years later, when Mabel realized what it was all about, that she understood that her mother, who had given up everything worthwhile in life for her daughter, really wasn't cold and reserved. The desperate struggle to make both ends meet exhausted so much of Mrs. Albertson's energy, there was no time left for anything else.

And Mabel vowed that when she grew up she would not make the same mistake her mother had made. She would never marry, never entrust herself to any man's care. She would never allow life to hurt her as it had her mother. No, she, Mabel Albertson, would be independent . . . a famous pianist.

YES, it was out now. Born with a fierce love of music, from the time she was old enough to lisp songs, she sang and played. And regardless of what she and her mother had to do without, from the time she was eight years old she took piano lessons. Hour upon hour she spent at the keyboard, practicing, improvising, singing. She dreamed of being a fine lady, with lace gowns and shimmering silks and soft satins . . . of having everyone admire her.

A brooding, rebellious child, and not a particularly good student, she lived in a land of make-believe. And when her mother wanted her to continue in school, she balked. The time had come for her to try her wings, to go out into the world.

So she packed her clothes into a bundle, and left home. "I had just a few dollars," she told me, "and realized I just had to get a job to live. The only thing I could do was play the piano."

So to a nickelodeon she went, quaking inwardly, and in a timid, scared voice, she asked for a job playing the piano there. Tall and slim and fair, with long blonde pig-tails down her back, she looked less than her fourteen years.

"You'd better go back to your nurse, kiddie," the proprietor laughed. "Come around when you grow up."

"Why, I'm sixteen," she insisted bravely. "I'm old enough to work. Please, please listen to me play."

So, greatly amused, he gave her a
(Continued on page 69)

Enchanted Lady

by DOROTHY BARNESLEY

THE chance to show what she could do came suddenly to Ginger Wallis. It came while dining with Larry at the Berkeley Hotel. Mark Hammond's songstress had eloped. The handsome Mark Hammond who was the toast of Broadway and radio row. Lew Littell, the famous columnist, and Mark's best friend, had announced it. What chance had this fame-hungry girl with no experience whatsoever, with the thousands of beautiful and talented girls just waiting to step into the vacant place? But Ginger was ambitious and she had it in her. By a daring ruse, this slim, vibrant and red-headed girl crashed the gates of radio, and was heard. And what is more, she created a sensation, and was known as Mark Hammond's protegee.

With success hers, fan letters pouring in and an offer to star in her own radio show, Ginger should have been the happiest girl in the world. But she was not. All because she was in love with her kind benefactor, Mark Hammond. And Bradley Sonborn wanted her to leave Mark's program and star alone on the "Enchanted Lady" hour.

Mark had warned her that he didn't mix sentiment with business. And just before they had that accident, when he was driving her home from that Sing Sing benefit, he was saying, "always remember, Ginger, that there is room in a lifetime for everything. But you can't have everything all at once. You and I are young, and we have our careers. There's plenty of time later for the other things."

Ginger never quite knew how the accident happened. It was as quick as a flash. Suddenly she was aware of her body lurching forward, and a terrible sensation as of every muscle being wrenched. There was no sound from Mark.

SHE must have been knocked unconscious for a few moments. The next thing she remembered was hands stretching out to lift her from the wreckage of Mark's roadster. Members of his band in a car close behind were first to arrive at the scene. Her head throbbed and she felt shaken all over, but she was able to stand on her feet and there were no signs of serious injury.

"Mark! Where's Mark?" she cried hoarsely.

And then she saw him. He was walking around from the other side of the wreck. There was a cut on his forehead, and blood trickled down his face. Ginger tore herself away from the arms which supported her, and ran to him.

"Mark, you're hurt!"

He said, "No, I'm not. But you?"

"I'm all right, Mark."

Trembling fingers indicated the cut on his forehead. Mark said almost roughly, "It's nothing," and then gave a sharp exclamation.

"There's blood on your hands, Ginger. Look!"

He took both of her hands in his own, and she looked at them. Her knuckles were gashed. There was blood on the front of her dress, too.

Ginger said dazedly, "I didn't even notice." She was beginning to realize that there was an intense soreness in the scratched flesh of her bleeding hands. She lied courageously.



"It doesn't hurt. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters so long as—"

So long as *he* was safe! That was the only thought in her mind. But she must not say that. After facing death it was very difficult to keep her emotion from overflowing.

Clamoring voices surrounded them. A policeman arrived on a screeching motorcycle. But the two principals in the near-tragedy had eyes only for each other. Something besides an accident had happened. It was one of those dramatic moments when hidden feelings rise to the surface.

Neither one had known that they were hurt until the other pointed it out. Neither had thought of his, or her own safety. Ginger's concern had been for Mark. Mark realized with a deep, stirring sense of shock that his had been for her.

They were completely alone in the midst of the excitement.

Ginger breathed, "Oh, Mark, I thought—" her voice faltered.

"I know what you thought, Ginger," Mark said quietly. "I know what we both thought. That we were headed for certain destruction! It's a miracle that we are both standing here together, alive. We could have been killed!"



Del's mouth curled unpleasantly. "Ask Mark to tell you the real reason why he can't marry you. Mark Hammond will never marry anyone because——"

Illustrated by
CARL PFEUFER

His voice was unsteady, too. Such deep emotion came strange to Mark Hammond.

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He tilted up her chin with his fingers. "No, you're not. Ginger Wallis crying? I can't picture that. You've got too much courage. I've learned things about you, tonight."

He had never spoken so tenderly to her before.

MARK borrowed a car from one of his men, and drove Ginger to a doctor. Both had their cuts dressed. Then Mark said,

"I'm going to take you to my apartment for a minute, and give you a drink. You need it. You look like a ghost."

As they approached the city Ginger's head was resting against Mark's shoulder, thrilling to the warmth and strength of him. That touch of intimacy was the closest she had been to heaven. Or ever would be, perhaps, Ginger thought wistfully.

In Mark's apartment he poured her out a small glass of brandy.

"Drink that," he commanded. "You'll feel better."

Ginger sipped at it. Her eyes travelled about the room, noticing the portraits of the several lovely ladies which

She became a sensation over night—but she was destined for cruel disenchantment

adorned the walls. The women who had figured in the colorful life of Mark Hammond, the romantic idol of America!

After his drink Mark's spirits returned. He stood in front of her. Tall, and rather overpowering with his dark handsomeness.

"You're quiet again, Ginger. After letting me see a glimpse of your real self, are you going right back into your shell? What's on your mind this time?"

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Mark stared at her in amazement. "Ginger, pull yourself together. We're going on the air in a few minutes!" Ginger managed to say, "I'm not going on the air tonight. I'm through!"

meet him. Both of his hands gripped her shoulders.

Mark said, "Ginger! Six months ago you kissed me. I told you then never to do that again. I never thought that I should want to kiss you, but I'm afraid I do!

"We have gone a long way since that night. We had to, in order to find ourselves. Tonight you are very—close!"

HIS voice shook with a man's passion. The whole world went mad then. His arms were about her, and his lips were on hers. But this was no light impulsive kiss. This was a kiss which stormed against her mouth, and spread through her body like fire. Ginger felt herself lifted up with an unbelievable ecstasy.

She clung to Mark with all the ardor in her soul; all the force of her long-suppressed dreams. Then abruptly he put her away from him. Ginger looked at him in surprise. Mark's face was strangely flushed.

"I'm sorry, Ginger. I shouldn't have done that."

She cried recklessly, "Yes, you should, Mark! You love me. You didn't know it until this very minute, but you love me! Just as I have been loving you for ages!"

"Ginger! What are you saying?"

"It's true!" she exulted. Her eyes were shining with excitement. "I've loved you since the first day I met you.

I guess everybody must have known about it, except you. I've made such a fool of myself over you!" Her voice broke unsteadily her eyes were brimming with tears.

and I are young, and we have our careers. There is plenty of time for the other thing."

Her eyes took on that faraway look which was characteristic of her when she was really moved.

"Don't you see, Mark, there might not have been any more time for us? It reminds me of the song I sang for you six months ago. 'For all we know—tomorrow may never come!' We could have been snuffed out like candles without ever having really lived!

"This—" With a sweep of her hand she indicated the pictures of the lovely girls who had figured in Mark Hammond's life. "This sort of thing isn't living!"

Mark's eyes claimed hers in a startled glance. He said slowly, "I wonder if you know just what you mean, Ginger?"

Ginger gave a queer little laugh. "I guess I don't mean anything at all, really. I was just day-dreaming again."

But Mark was not fooled. With a swift movement he had swept away the distance between them. He towered over her. Without knowing why, Ginger rose from her seat to

MARK HAMMOND took both of her hands, staring deep into her proud eyes.

"Ginger, my dear! And I never knew!"

He said slowly, "Yes, I love you! We had to have an accident and be almost killed before I realized how much you meant to me. I do love you!"

He released her, and began to pace back and forth.

"Then everything is all right, isn't it?" Ginger said shakily.

"All right?" Mark echoed. "It's all wrong. Don't you understand that we have landed ourselves into one hell of a mess, Ginger?"

Ginger was shocked into silence by the sudden fierceness in his tone.

"I haven't the right to love you," Mark said. "I can't marry you!"

A terrible stillness fell over the room. It seemed to Ginger that the loudest noise was the beating of her own heart. She said at last,

"You mean, because of your contract with Bronstein?"

"Contract!" Mark exploded (*Continued on page 74*)

ROSEMARY and PRISCILLA
LANE

They're called the Romantic Lane Sisters. Although not so tall, Fred Waring's proteges grew up with the tall cornfields of Indianola, Iowa. Priscilla, above, does the comedy parts. It's Rosemary who sings with Tom Waring.

Photo by Arthur Ermatos





Photo by Avery Slack

**RUDY
VALLEE**

The Fleischmann dough-getter finds time for a bit of sunshine which is also shared by Rudy's canine pal, Windy. This picture was taken on a Long Island estate when he had time to smile for the cameraman



ANNE SEYMOUR
and DON AMECHE

NBC photo

Here they are, the hero and heroine of "Grand Hotel!" Anne is the first member of a seven-generation theatrical family to turn to radio and she prefers it to the stage, and what do you think? Her hobby is palmistry. Don Ameche, who is also the leading man of First Nighter, claims Kenosha, Wisconsin, as his home town; played vaudeville with Texas Guinan, and as for his hobby . . . he's an enthusiastic boxing and bike-racing fan.

Girls, that's only a part
 Ray Hedge is playing
 He's really not a sissy!
 Read his adventures



I'M not a sissy. And I wish people would understand that even if I do play the part of Clarence Tiffingtuffer on the Myrt and Marge broadcasts."

This is the plaint of Ray Hedge, tall, wide shouldered and good looking. Ever since the Myrt and Marge program was first auditioned by the Columbia Broadcasting System in Chicago, Ray has been Tiffingtuffer to the radio public, Tiffingtuffer, who lisps and goes into ecstasies over the gorgeous gowns he designs for Myrt and Marge and their theatrical troupe; Tiffingtuffer whose effeminate voice makes you just know he walks with mincing steps and simpers at all the boys; Tiffingtuffer, radio's most famous sissy!

And he's tired of it. Not that he minds playing the part on the air. It pays nicely and with the Myrt and Marge show on the air so many years already it seems to have become a lifetime job. But. . . .

"I'm not a sissy really. You know it and so do all my other friends. But those people who only know me by what they hear me do as Clarence on the radio, they don't know it.

"Please tell them about the real me . . . about the he-man who goes mountain climbing, who thoroughly enjoys horse riding and deep sea fishing and fencing and tennis."

Well, when Ray Hedge began talking like that I suddenly realized that perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Radio Public did have the wrong idea of the man behind the part.

You all know the character he plays on the air but so few know the character of the man behind the character he plays on the air. But this isn't really my story. It's Ray's story. So let him tell it just as he gave it to me at the Columbia studios in Chicago the other night. He sat back in his chair and started thinking. He wore a neat brown suit with gray pull-over sweater instead of a vest. He is twenty-five years old, slim and tall, a ready grin and wavy brown hair. Ray lit a cigarette, thinking over the question I had asked him:

"Well, out there in southern California I climbed Mount Baldy with four other fellows a few summers back. Boy, what a hike that was! They drove us up to the jumping off place about 7,000 feet up. Then at 11 o'clock at night we started to climb on foot. And don't forget we all had packs on our back, food, medicine and blankets. One place we had to walk across a ridge that seemed miles long. The path was only a foot or two wide and on each side you



Above, Ray Hedge who plays the part of Myrt and Marge's male modiste. Right, three outdoor snaps showing Ray on a horse; atop of Mt. Baldy after a hazardous climb; with Marge on their visit to California. Extreme right, an eyeful of Myrt and Marge telling it to Mr. Clarence Tiffingtuffer.

could see the mountain drop thousands of feet. I didn't mind it going up so much even if it was still pitch dark. But after we got up to the top and started back down, the guide stopped to tell us a story just before we recrossed that ridge again.

"He told us about the girl who had slipped there just a week before. By the time she stopped bouncing down that mountain through the rocks all of the clothes had been torn from her body. The rocks were so rough they even tore her shoes off. Boy, it was tough to cross that ridge after hearing that.

"It was tough up on top of Mount Baldy, too. It's ten thousand-eighty feet up in the air. And the wind is terrible. You can hardly stand up. And cold, boy, I've never been that cold before or since. The funny part of the whole thing is we went up that mountain, my cousin and I and two pals, at night so we could be on top of it in time to see the sunrise. They say that is beautiful. You can see for

Clarence Tiffingtuffer is really a HE-MAN

miles in all directions. But, just my luck, you could hardly see anything the day we went up. It was too foggy!"

RAY paused to light another cigarette. He dived into his wallet and brought out some pictures of his mountain climbing. Some showed the gang at the rocky top of Mount Baldy, their faces reddened by wind and the cold so apparent you could see how they crouched down to avoid it. Then he had some pictures he took when he and Donna Damarel went out West last summer to see some of her folks. Donna, as you know, is Marge of Myrt and Marge. Donna and her husband, Gene Kretzinger, are among Ray Hedge's best friends.

"Gee, we had a swell time out there in southern California, Donna and I. We climbed another mountain out there. But this time we did it on horse back. No more of that walking up mountains for me. I had a swell horse, small and wiry but oh, what a disposition! That nag was

by CHARLES J. GILCHREST

mad at the world in general and at Donna's horse in particular.

"In some places the hairpin bends were so sharp the horses had to swivel without taking a step and jump around the turn. And every so often one horse would pass the other. Well, these two nags were obviously enemies. Every time one would pass the other they'd both start balking and kicking. It scared me stiff. I could look over my left arm and see that mountain fading away thousands of feet down. The path was only a foot or so wide and on the other side the mountain kept rising up above us. After we'd made the top and taken a rest the guide happened to think of something. He turned to me and said:

"By the way, I forgot to tell you. If the horse slips don't try to save him. Just roll off on (Continued on page 95)



Ray Hedge is on the Myrt and Marge program. See page 53 — 7 o'clock column.





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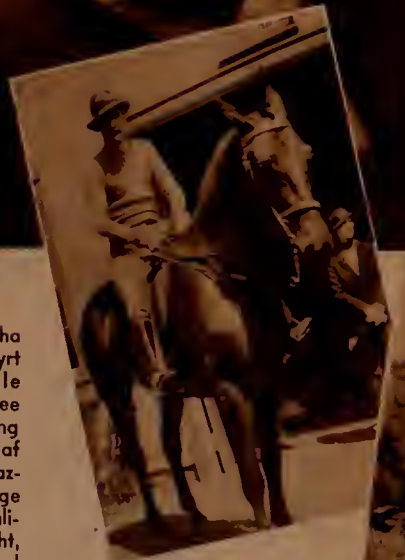
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SAVING *the*

An insider's report of desperate moments in broadcasting—when you never know the star is "in a spot"

Losing the place on the script often causes trouble but Beatrice Lillie knew just what to do in an emergency.

Nathaniel Shilkret was surely in a spot when the studio lights went out in the middle of a Rhapsody!

Ethel Barrymore, shown below with Alex Woolcott, whose first broadcast was performed in agony



IT is Sunday afternoon and Ethel Barrymore is about to go on the air in the Lux presentation of that old stage favorite, "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Queen of the theatre's Royal Family, veteran of thousands of stage performances and scores of harrowing "first nights," a trouper among troupers, nevertheless, she is as nervous as an ingenue making her stage debut. It is a tense moment.

In a few minutes she will be presented to an audience of millions. She is a bit worried because she is suffering from a nasal ailment and an eye irritation. Will they affect her performance? In front of her, on a table, are two bottles. One contains ephedrine, a strong preparation to dry up the mucous membranes of the nose, the other, some drops for her eyes.

Miss Barrymore watches the clock. In three more minutes, the program begins. The strain is fearful. The few minutes before a broadcast always seem like hours to everybody in a studio. To break the tension, she reaches for one of the bottles, peers at it a moment near-sightedly, then draws out the dropper, throws back her head and lets a couple of drops of the stuff fall into her eye.

Immediately, the eye is shot with white hot pain of

blinding agony! In her nervousness, she has dropped the powerful nose preparation into her eye! Her moans bring quick action from those in the studio. A page is sent for boric acid, and the angrily inflamed optic is washed.


Meanwhile, the program goes on the air. Miss Barrymore, white as a sheet, prepares to read her lines. She cannot even open the injured eye. And for the first half of the broadcast, she reads her part using only the other one. In spite of her handicap, she does a magnificent job and sweeps to radio triumph in the rôle, later receiving a wealth of complimentary fan letters.

As far as the listeners were concerned, everything had come off smoothly. Only the people in the studio knew how the star's grit had saved the broadcast from being ruined after her awful accident.

That's how it is. Every once in a while, on the smooth-

SITUATION!

By
M O R T
L E W I S



Jack Pearl once upset a rack and presto! his script disappeared, but Cliff Hall's idea saved the day.

Ozzie Nelson's quick wit came to the fore when his cigarette case dropped to the floor with a bang.

Gracie Allen wasn't so dumb when she gagged a faux pas on the part of George Burns.



sody was played in absolute darkness. But so well did each member of the orchestra know his part, from severe rehearsal, that there wasn't the slightest slip-up. As far as listeners could tell, nothing unusual had happened. The musicians' ability had saved the day.

However, sometimes, there are unfortunate occurrences during a

est running of programs, something goes wrong. Unexpectedly. But to paraphrase that old saying, "The Program must go on." . . . the audience must never guess that anything out of the ordinary has happened. That was why Ethel Barrymore carried on in the old theatrical tradition in spite of the agony she was suffering.

broadcast which cannot possibly be kept from those at the loudspeakers. These are covered up as best they can be, and sometimes by quick wittedness, an embarrassing situation is turned into a laugh.

IT wasn't nervousness, as in the case of Miss Barrymore, but sheer accident that got Nathaniel Shilkret into a hole when Nat conducted the Maxwell House Showboat orchestra. He was directing his musicians in a performance of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," when suddenly, in the middle of the selection, the studio lights went out completely. Nat breathed a prayer and left it up to his men. There was nothing he could do. The last half of the Rhap-

During one of the Sunday evening Bakers Broadcasts, Ozzie Nelson had lifted his baton to begin a dance number, when a large and heavy cigarette case dropped out of his pocket and hit the floor with a loud "bang." No mistake . . . *that* sound had gone out over the air. Quickly Ozzie said, "Boy! set 'em up in the other alley!" This was as if the "bang" was a planned part of the program leading to a gag. The studio audience laughed loudly. The incident was covered up. Incidentally, the success of his little ad lib gag ("ad lib" meaning a remark not prepared but thought up on the spur of the moment), is, according to the men in charge of the program, what (Continued on page 87)

Will Radio

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

NEW YORK, April 8, 1934—At 3:09 P. M. this afternoon in the reception room of the music publishing firm of De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, a girl and boy. . . .

The girl was beautiful Maxine, low-noted chanteuse of the Phil Spitalny All Girl Orchestra.

The boy was handsome baritone Bill Huggins, recent star of Columbia's "Metropolitan Parade" series.

Then there was Charlie, who started it all. Charlie Rinker, Mildred Bailey's music publishing brother.

(Charlie and Maxine are sitting on divan thoughtfully discussing new song arrangement. Elevator door on right opens and young Huggins enters briskly.)

CHARLIE (rising): Maxine, you and Bill have met—?

(Electric silence. The two, as in a dream, stare at each other transfixed. Wall thermometer ups 18 degrees. Their eyes still hold. 28 degrees. And still they stare. . . .)

(Exit Charlie.)

It was all over. Just like that.

And not only had the world's record for 'falling' been smashed by two youthful radio stars, but there had begun a love story such as you have never heard before. One of the most glamorous, thrilling and sweetest love stories in all radiodom.

And unless something can be done, one of the most *tragic*. . . .

THEY'LL never know who spoke first. Simply, their eyes met and suddenly—so suddenly a girl and boy felt strangely in their hearts that surely somewhere, thousands of years ago perhaps, they had been sweethearts before, had some way said adieu and walked their separate ways in loneliness for age on age. Only to meet again, at last, on a spring afternoon in a music publisher's. To meet again after so very long. To love once more.

Who spoke first? There was no need for words.

Maxine and Bill had found the only *each other* there could ever be for them.

Arm in arm they walked down Broadway in the late afternoon sun. And didn't notice that the sun had changed to an April shower until Maxine's blue fox was sopping and the tilted brim of Bill's hat played faucet on his topcoat. And then they only laughed and liked the rain and kept walking.

And a girl discovered that the man she loved had an athletic stride, a frank little-boy grin, a masculinity of height and shoulders, a genuine Southern drawl.

And to the boy his lady love was everything beautiful a girl could be. Long-fringed black eyes that matched her hair. Slim of body and

Bill Huggins is the boy. He recently starred in CBS's "Metropolitan Parade." The girl is Maxine Marlowe, the air's newest recruit.



Ruin Maxine's Romance?

"The Sweetest Story Ever Told." He was the man for her and she was the only one for him—but listen as she sings. There's heartache there!

By EDNA
WINSTON



lips that curved in a gay red arc. Fluffy yet with something of strength in her carriage.

After they'd eaten scarcely any dinner at all in the very back booth of Lindy's and sung for each other at Maxine's apartment and talked some more out on the roof garden while a great orange moon lifted itself from behind a skyful of towering buildings, they said goodnight. Goodnight until a breakfast date for the next morning at ten. True, the time had more than flown; but then there had been the thrilling business lovers find of having to tell each other, first off, those two very important life stories.

IN November of 1933 Ohio State College staged its annual campus musical comedy. Maxine Marlowe, seventeen and a sophomore, sang a minor role and hoped her mother and dad sitting out front would be proud of her first serious attempt at vocalizing. They were indeed. And so was a famous Mr. Phil Spitalny, orchestra leader, who happened to be talent scouting at the moment.

After the show Mr. Spitalny enthusiastically presented himself and his offer to the Marlowes. Parental objection was strong at first but their daughter's prolonged tears and jitters proved a pretty potent mind-changer. And finally, a month later, an excited-to-death little Ohio girl moved her best dresses and her tennis racket from an Alpha Phi sorority house to a New York apartment hotel.

Singing? She'd never studied singing in her life. But that didn't hinder her overwhelmingly successful network debut last June on the Cheramy broadcasts, the terrific ovations her deep-octaved numbers have received in the largest vaudeville houses in the East, her spectacularly quick popularity as vocalist of the Spitalny aggregation of feminine musicians on the Linit program. Hers is that rare possession of a voice totally different from any feminine voice now or heretofore on the air. A unique type of singing that doesn't remind you of any you ever heard before but her own. And because of that there is undeniably reserved for Maxine a very fine niche called *tops* by the radio world.

Bill Huggins, you may remember, made a quick entry into air stardom too. From the mountains of Virginia he brought his appealing Southern baritone to WJSV in Washington; it clicked with the capitol city and shortly thereafter with a coast-to-coast network. On his own "Lazy Bill Huggins" series, on "Metropolitan Parade."

And when Maxine and Bill first met they were both experiencing the gloriously glittering thrill that few people ever know—that of an initial spurt of success in radio. They were two promising youngsters with their first big chance and they loved it.

And—they were in love.

Small wonder that the days were never long enough for all the joy that must be crowded (Continued on page 86)

Maxine is soloist on Phil Spitalny's "Hour of Charm." See page 53-9 o'clock column.

Lawrence Tibbett

THE



Mr. Tibbett recently terminated his Packard contract but will be heard on the air soon again.

by
JANE COOPER

If there's devilry to be done, this prankish baritone does it. There are laughs and gasps in the stories of his unique escapades

HE led his classmates in a strike. He swiped provisions from his naval training ship.

He was put in jail for singing.

And he engaged in a cat-and-dog fight with Madame Jeritza on the stage of the Cleveland Opera House.

Quite a bit to perpetrate in thirty-seven years, isn't it? It's a full, happy, devil-may-care life Lawrence Tibbett has led. Yes, I'm pinning these feats on America's most beloved baritone of opera and radio. This he-man, the big, bold bad man of radio, has caused plenty of long beards to grow gray.

It was he who defied the powers that be in music, who insisted upon featuring jazz numbers like the *St. Louis Blues*, on his radio program. Genteel old ladies have wept and wailed when he's included such ditties as *The Life of the Flea* in his repertoire. But that hasn't daunted bad-boy Tibbett, who bows to no authority, and takes up the cudgels against sham and pretence wherever he finds them.

He's always been a rebel, an outspoken, clear thinking, on-the-level human being. Always mischievous too, and up to the devil.

Let's go back some thirty years ago, when as a young man of seven summers, he launched his career as Peck's bad boy.

It was he who pulled chairs from under visitors, it was he who initiated the little boys in his gang in the art of smoking. What matter that they had no cigarettes? Twine rolled in paper served just as well, he told them authoritatively. And it did—to make them all sick.

"That child will come to no good end," the neighbors agreed, shaking their heads over each new escapade. "Mark my words, he'll hang some day."

It wasn't till he was a senior in Manual Art High School in Los Angeles that young Tibbett, now well over six feet of gawky adolescence, really did something that threatened to make null his four years at school, to prevent his graduation—for he led his classmates out on strike.



BAD BOY of RADIO

From "Peck's Bad Boy" to the Met's leading baritone, to movie stardom and now radio fame. That's Lawrence Tibbett! Above, three glimpses of the singer at home. Opposite page, in a rogish pose from "The Rogue Song."

"At the time," he told me, "I was a confirmed radical. I had devoured Marx and Ingersoll and Paine. I was a constant attender of the Emma Goldman lectures. I was just aching for a chance to flaunt authority, to show that I was free. Anyone who got in my way was just out of luck."

One June day it was swelteringly hot, and the air seemed to quiver. Lawrence, uncomfortable in his tight collar and choking tie, got an inspiration. Why should he be forced to wear such idiotic apparel? How come girls, who should be the modest sex, wore low-necked, flimsy dresses, open at the throat; while the dumb boys and men wore shirts buttoned to their necks, and smothering ties?

AFTER several sessions of oratory, he convinced his classmates of the cruelty of existing conditions. So into school they marched tieless, with blouses open at the throat. They were on strike, rebelling, Lawrence loudly announced, against the silly dictates of authority.

I don't doubt they considered themselves martyrs for a worthy cause when the principal sent them home for their ties. Somehow, their families must have managed to change their minds about propriety in clothes. All came trooping back to school next morning respectfully clad.

That is, all except the ringleader, Mister Lawrence Tibbett. Neither his sister's pleas nor his mother's tears moved him a whit. For logically, they honestly admitted, he was right. It was the principle of the thing he was fighting for: Never would he be a deserter, bend his knee to silly authority. He didn't care if he never graduated.

Yet three days after he organized the strike, the young ringleader was back in school, with his blouse buttoned to the very top, and a stiff collar on.

You see, the principal of the school knew boys, and their weaknesses. He sent for Lawrence and said,

"You'd think someone with a scrawny neck like yours, and a tiny face topping his long, lanky frame, would want to conceal his giraffe-like resemblance, wouldn't you? If I had a wiggling Adam's apple like yours, I'd wear a stiff collar and try to look half-human."

Whipped, humiliated, young Tibbett slunk home for his collar and tie. And not all the king's horses nor all the king's men could part him from them.

When the war came along, Tibbett left his musical studies and enlisted, landing on the naval training ship *Iris*, which cruised peacefully along the western coast. And believe it or not, before long young Tibbett was a naval instructor, teaching seamanship to the other rookies. "Of course I didn't know any more about naval practices than you do, I barely knew how to tie a sailor's knot. But they needed instructors, and instructing was lots more fun than

scrubbing decks. So why not?"

And though he got by with his bluff, here again Peck's bad boy got himself in Dutch. In an escapade that had a very unexpected aftermath. When the *Iris* was at anchor outside of San Francisco Bay, it was tied to a barge. The barge-keeper was an old Russian, an ex-opera singer. So instead of standing his midnight watch, young Tibbett would make sure all the officers were asleep, and then sneak down to fraternize with the bargeman.

Always, there were vodka and fish waiting for him; always the old man would take out his balalaika and play for young Tibbett, and he would teach him the old Russian folk songs.

Not to be outdone, Lawrence managed to swipe some cake and other tidbits from the supply pantry on board ship. And they'd have a gay old time.

One night Lawrence forgot to check up on whether all the officers were asleep or not. And in the middle of a doleful melody the door was flung open, and in marched the first officer of the *Iris*. His eyes took in the stolen cake, the vodka, and the hapless young instructor off duty without leave.

"He gave me the devil," Lawrence Tibbett told me cheerfully. "He threatened to report me and have me put into the brig, have me fined, demoted. For once I had nothing to say. I just stood and trembled, fearful of the consequences."

Finally, "on one condition only will I forget the matter, and let you escape the punishment you deserve," the officer said.

"I'll do anything," the humbled young Tibbett replied.

"Then," with a grin and a twinkle of his eyes, "you and your buddy had better sing all the songs you know, while I feast."

BACK home though, it seemed his devil-may-care, play-boy days were over. For he married Grace Mackay Smith, and had to hustle around trying to support a family on the meagre earnings of a church singer. Twins came along, and that made his burden much heavier.

It wasn't till he burst upon the operatic world like a meteor, in January, 1925, when he substituted as *Ford*, in *Falstaff*, that he had a chance to breathe more freely, to go back to his old tricks. Perhaps you remember the newspaper accounts of how the staid, conservative horseshoe ring at the Metropolitan Opera got up and clapped and stamped and shouted and (Continued on page 64)

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

by JAY PETERS

THIS is the time of year when many radio favorites fade out on the kilocycles. Summer is here and with it a change in type of entertainment for the hot months. Those principally affected are the singers and musicians on the classical and semi-classical programs. Those least affected are the comedians, for humor knows no season.

Eddie Cantor is among those who have sounded taps until the new season dawns in radioland and he has hied himself to Hollywood to make another picture. With him soon will be a galaxy of ether and opera stars who made good on the air, for the movie moguls are drawing heavily upon broadcasting talent for their coming features. Ed Wynn is another jester who will be missing from the microphone over the summer. The Fire Chief leaves June 4th and will devote the heated period to his powerboat. He plans for a stage return in September.

Remaining, however, are such cut-ups as Al Jolson, Joe Cook, Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, Lou Holtz, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Tom Howard and George Shelton, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Fred Allen, Jack Pearl, Beatrice Lillie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Joe Penner, Pick and Pat, Bob Hope, et cetera. While some of these may absent themselves for brief holidays, there will be no dearth of comedy on the air this summer.

NO less than three and possibly four favorites of dialists will appear in Paramount's 1935 epic based on



Recognize her without her fan (above)? It's Sally Rand with maestros Benny Goodman, left, and Kel Murray.

Hubby Morton Downey greets the wife, Barbara Bennett (right), upon her return from a vacation abroad.



Wide World

Victor Herbert's melodies. Bing Crosby, Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson are set for the musical and when this was written Lanny Ross was also being considered for a role. Lanny has had some bad breaks in pictures but with a little luck he should come into his own as a cinema star of the first magnitude.

COUGHLIN CONTINUES

ACCORDING to the best information available when this was typed, Father Charles E. Coughlin had recruited by radio 6,000,000 adherents to his National Union For Social Justice. And the organization was growing day by day. Six million people lined up for a cause constitute a force not to be considered lightly and that explains General Hugh S. Johnson's savage barrage upon the Fighting Priest. By concentrating his fire upon the leader, Johnson hopes not only to prevent the advance of re-inforcements but also to render ineffective the army already in the field by killing confidence in their commander. It is an old artillery trick which the General learned in the army.

But "stopping Coughlin," as the manoeuvre is called in military circles, is proving a problem. The militant minister, being something of a strategist himself, has consolidated his position by remaining on the air to harangue his troops and harass his enemies, instead of relaxing over the summer as has been his wont. To insure the sinews of war, for broadcasting costs plenty of money, Father Coughlin has abandoned work on his

proposed million-dollar Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, Mich. For the present he is content to continue his religious work in the frame chapel originally erected on the Michigan prairie. And contributions which in more peaceful times would be devoted to church-building are now diverted to his campaign for economic reforms.

RADIO CITY is famous for other things beside housing the wonderfully appointed studios of NBC. It is now the windiest spot in all New York City—or at least one section of Rockefeller Plaza is. The breezes blow with such force down the side of the RCA Building that pedestrians are sometimes swept off their feet. Many a radio star has lost his dignity—and more—crossing the danger zone. So, visitors, take heed.

HERE, girls, we have a real Cinderella story with Frances Pat-ten of Albany, N. Y. taking the leading role. Frances didn't have much faith in her audition for WGY and decided on a vacation.

Her dad said, "My birthday gift to you, will be a trip to Miami." And no sooner said than done and the young lady was off to Florida.

After spending but a few hours there, she had to return by plane because a telegram informed her that her audition was successful and to report at once. She was both glad and sorry—sorry to leave Miami but glad of her successful radio test.

WONDER if you noticed Rudy Vallee's improved appearance in "Sweet Music?" He never looked so handsome on the screen. Reason: Warner make-up artist performed an operation on The Great Lover's eyebrows and lifted them. Rudy was so pleased with the result that he has continued beautification—if such a word can be applied to a he-man of Rudy's stripe. His curly locks have been treated, too, and that hair the girls all long to run their fingers through has lately taken on a richer hue.

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headache and he didn't believe in providing them with any more work. But when his superior pointed out the performers would have to get up at 5 a. m. to reach the studio in time for the broadcast he saw the light. It proved most effective punishment, for this pair love the night resorts and found their early chores seriously interfered with their pleasure. Now they are as docile as doves and the Simon Legrees of the station are beginning to relent.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

RUMORS are again rife of a rift in the married life of the **Donald Novises** . . . **Adelaide Howell**, the society warbler with **Paul Whiteman's** band, is now a Baroness. She was married recently in Atlanta, Ga., to the **Baron Adam Henry Parlor-ski** . . . NBC Announcer **Don Wilson** and **Gogo** (yclept **Gabrielle**) **De Lys**, the torch singer, are yearning . . . Ditto **Robert Simmons** and **Patti Pickens**. (Editor's note: Tenors seem to be a weakness of Patti's.

(Continued on page 89)



Wide World

Left, getting away from their troubles in Weber City, Amos 'n' Andy, famous comedians, find relaxation in a dog kennel.

Welcome back, Al! Ruby Keeler's husband, Al Jolson (right), is back in radio again after filming Warner's "Go Into Your Dance."

The famous gather to pay tribute to Paul Whiteman celebrating his 20th anniversary as a band maestro. Can you identify them?



Rotofotos





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(Continued on page 89)

Rotofolios



HIGHLIGHTS

by CHASE GILES

THE other day we found Tony Wons going through a stack of fan mail. His mail isn't just a lot of "thanks you are grand" stuff. People want him to answer questions for them. And it puts him in quite a spot sometimes. For instance here are some of the questions he showed us from that day's mail:

"Is Rudy Vallee really an Italian?"

"Should I attempt a stage career? I made a hit in our church play."

"Is my poetry as good as Edgar Guest's?"

"Did Shakespeare write, 'Hey, nonny, nonny?'"

"Is a poor man happier than a rich man?"

"How do you make out a will?"

"When is the best time to plant grass?"

"My innocent brother is in jail. How can I get him out?"

"How can I tell whether my new fur coat is genuine or dyed rabbit?"

VI BRADLEY, who now warbles over the ether from New York was surprised to get a fan letter from a Chicago man the other day. This man, a telephone company official, congratulated her on her lovely singing voice. He was the man who a few years ago refused Vi a job as a telephone girl in Chicago because her voice wasn't sufficiently musical!! Vi is the wife of Bob Andrews, the Minneapolis lad who moved to (Continued on page 78)

by Dr. RALPH L. POWER

JUNE. Month of roses, and sunshine, 'n' June brides. But, at this writing it's too early to give you the names of any Coast June brides. They sort o' wait until the last minute and stampede 'round the corner to the marriage bureau.

But, even though there's no June bride news, how about some other information? Maybe you'd like to know that Helen Webster, on the NBC Woman's Magazine of the Air from 'Frisco, gets her personal mail addressed as Josephine Bartlett.

Or you might want to know that Pearl King Tanner, Coast network drama lady, grew up on her father's oldtime San Lorenzo Rancho the middle of which is the present-day King City in central California.

If these items won't do, how about learning that Dollo Sargent, San Francisco radio organist, once won a Hollywood pie throwing contest.

Well, here's a league of nations item about Dell Raymond, KROW pianist. She was born of a Turkish father and a French mother in San Francisco; educated in Italy; lived in Constantinople and for years has supported her family of six youngsters.

THE Coast CBS chain has brought back Hugh Barrett Dobbs a couple of times a week from San Francisco. He had been missed on the etherwaves for more than a year with his homely philosophy and master of (Continued on page 78)

One of the reasons "Grand Hotel" is so popular. She's Betty Winkler, heard on this program from the Chicago studios.



Freddie Bartholomew, English juvenile who played "David Copperfield" recently visited the broadcasting studios. Edwin Shallert interviewed him over the air.





MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES
THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

"Camels certainly make a difference—"

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

*Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*



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**CAMELS ARE Milder!...MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND**

READ THIS LETTER FROM A YOUNG BRIDE



then write us
to send you the
213 new recipes absolutely free

"Just six weeks after my marriage to Bob, I made a discovery which shook me from head to foot. At first he hinted; then he openly criticised. All I could cook was eggs and steak, so he said. And he was right. Bob was dissatisfied with my cooking.

"Silently I wept. It was not until the next day that I decided upon a plan. I remembered reading in your magazine an offer of simple and easy to prepare recipes. I wrote for them.

"The recipes came a few days later and with trembling fingers I prepared Chicken a la King for Bob's dinner. I followed the directions carefully. The results were miraculous. When Bob finished his second helping he arose very ceremoniously and said, 'The cook is dead, long live the cook!'

"Now every night is coronation night in our home, Bob says, and I am so happy, for I owe it all to those recipes which you sent me."

(Signed) Mrs. Robert Adams.

This letter from Mrs. Adams is typical of the thousands we receive every month from young housewives. To be exact, in the last twelve months, 64,500 letters have come in asking us for recipes, advice on home making, beauty, styles and many other questions which vitally affect every young housewife. Cooking problems are often the most difficult for the young housewife to solve and many interesting requests come in for help in the kitchen.

Some of our readers want ideas for breakfasts or teas or even formal dinners. Others want recipes for just a single

tasty dish. Whether the request is simple or complex it receives the same careful and individual attention.

Most surprising of all is the fact that the recipes are not expensive. They are prepared for every day use—not special occasions. No unusual ingredients are required. You will find almost everything you need right on your pantry shelf.

And this service is *free* to all our readers. All you need do is enclose a self addressed envelope with your letter. We want you to get acquainted with this new free service—it really and truly is yours for the asking.

As a special get acquainted offer we would like to send you the 213 recipes which have appeared in this magazine during the past six months. Send for them and surprise your husband. You'll be surprised, too, to find how easy it is to make every meal a banquet. Fill in the coupon now and mail it together with a self addressed envelope. We will send you these 213 recipes for delicious dishes absolutely free of charge.

Free 213 New Tasty Recipes

Food Editor, Macfadden Women's Group,
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please send me the 213 recipes without cost or obligation. I enclose a self addressed stamped envelope.

Thank you.

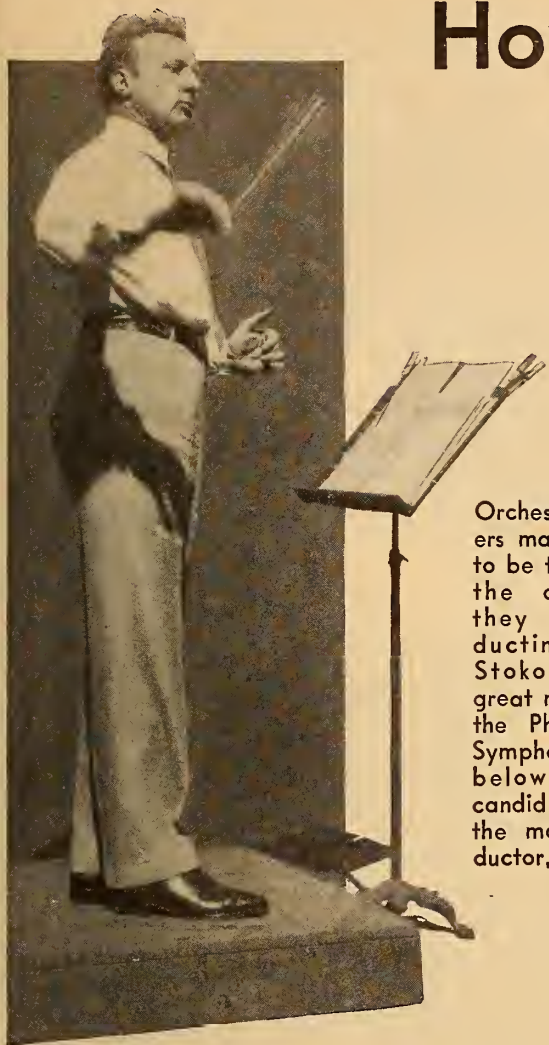
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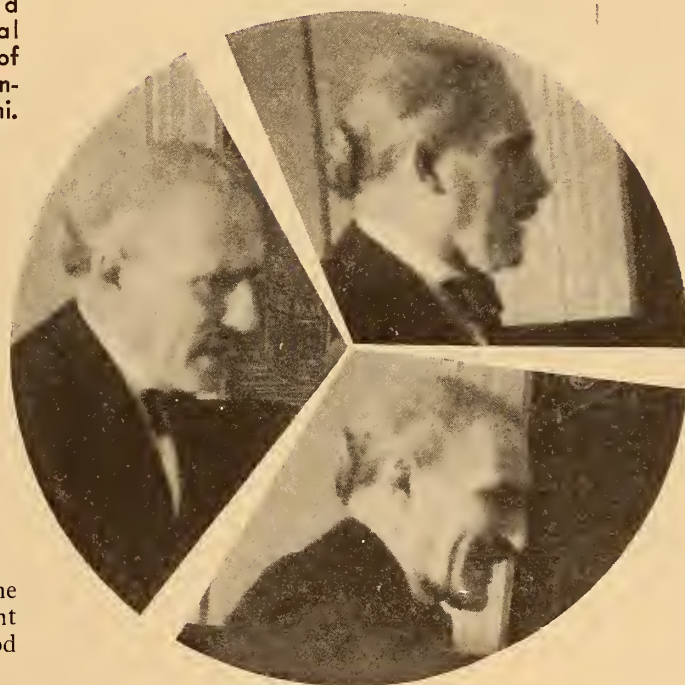
How to Get More FUN out of MUSIC

by CARLETON SMITH



Orchestra leaders may be said to be the soul of the orchestra they are conducting. Left, Stokowski, the great maestro of the Philadelphia Symphony, and below, several candid shots of the master conductor, Toscanini.

Make the most of
radio's musical
offerings! Here's
the way to do it



WELL—and *is* it true then that all good trap drummers are crazy?

I'm really going to answer that question for you at the end of this installment.

First of all though, we'll be wanting to talk together about all the good music we've been hearing over the air lately. If we've gone into this business of making a sort of game of it, if we've thought about the fun of listening, we're getting more and more excitement and pleasure out of the symphonies and operas and good programs that come pouring out of the air to us.

If we keep pounding away at the necessity of relaxing and opening ourselves mentally and spiritually to the music, it is because of all requisites for better listening that is the most important: lack of self-consciousness.

If we were to go on from there and list other requisites arbitrarily, we'd have to say: determination, that is the will to try again if we are a bit disappointed in initial results, and a lack of any inferiority complex about our abilities as a musician. Remember that Tibbett and Thomas, and Paderewski and Kreisler worked years to perfect themselves and they still practice every day.

Let's talk more about this musical inferiority complex. The thing about symphonies and serious music that most listeners do not understand is that there is no earthly reason why a ditch digger who has never had a music lesson in his life shouldn't get just as much pleasure out of good music as a professional musician. If the ditch digger opens his ears wide, he can hear the same things, or rather, things just as beautiful and inspiring as the musician can hear.

Great music is great because it can be understood by a ditch-digger or a farm boy. It is democratic.

Last month I told you I was going to tell you what a *claque* is. When you hear broadcasts from the Metropolitan over the radio, you all hear the *claque* although it is not strictly a part of the program.

The *claque* is nothing more than a group of people who are hired by the Metropolitan singers to applaud at the right moments. There are several hundred of them present at each performance of the opera and if the audience seems a bit reserved toward the efforts of the tenor or the leading soprano, it doesn't matter a bit because after each aria this deafening thunder of applause swells out in a most satisfying way to all the artists who pay.

The most important members of the *claque* attend rehearsals and get the cues for each opera. Then at the performance the other members hold (Continued on page 73)

7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

6 P.M.

6:00 Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WREC WCOO WDSU WHEC KSL CFRB Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC Frederic William File: Sat. 1/2 hr. WABC and network

6:15 Bobby Benson: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/2 hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN WHEC WMAS

6:30 Smiling Ed McConnell: Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WVA WICC WORC

Understanding Music, Howard Barlow: Tues. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WKBW WKRC CKLW WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WNOX WBRC WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WLBZ WBT WDOD WLBW WBIG WHP WGLC KLRA WFEA WSFA WLAC WDBJ WHEC WTOC WMAS WVA WSJS WORC WDNC WALA WHK WMBR WMBG WDSU WREC WCAU WAAB Kaltenborn Edits The News: Fri. 1/4 hr. WABC and network

6:45 Voice of Experience: Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WVA Wrigley Beauty Program: Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1/4 hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

7:00 Myrt & Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM WKBO WDAE WBT WTOC WVA Soconyland Sketches: Sat. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

7:15 Just Plain Bill: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

7:30 Gulf Headliners: Sun. 1/2 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WHK CKLW WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE WGST KLB A WFEA WREC WALA WLAC WDBJ WLBZ WBRC WBNS KRLD WBIG KTRH WHEC WMAS WVA WRC WKBN WDSU KTUL WACO WKRC WJSV WBT WHAS WDOD WJSV The O'Neills: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP WHEC W M A S WVA WORC Jerry Cooper, Baritone: Tues. 1/4 hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WCAU WLBZ WICC WFEA WNAC Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade: Sat. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WBBM WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL CKAC CFRB

7:45 Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. 1/4 hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBT WCCO WDRC WEAN KRLD KOMA WFBL WKRC

A pranged glance at the list of programs this month is very much in order. Spring has taken its toll. The following shows from six to eight o'clock are off the air: The Shadow; Alexander Woollcott; and Charles Winninger; Will Rogers, we've been told, lasts until the middle of May.

8:00 Club Romance: Sun. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WBT KRLD KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCOO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA KWKH KTUL WADC KRNT Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WKBW Romy and His Gang: Sat. 1/4 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCOO CKAC WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA WIBW CFRB WMT

8:15 Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WCCO

8:30 Kate Smith's Revue: Mon. 1/2 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. 1/2 hr. Basic Plus WOWO WCCO CFRB Everett Marshall: Wed. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW WCCO WHK True Story Hour: Fri. 1/2 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WORB KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KFAB WCCO WHEC WOC WFBM

More programs from eight till ten that have dropped from the airwaves: Eddie Cantor, who is now in Hollywood for another picture; Mrs. Franklin D. Raasevelt; The Farum of Liberty; The Morch of Time; and Isham Jones. Hollywood Hotel, in the revised schedule, has moved up to nine o'clock on Fridays.

9:00 Ford Symphony: Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU W A X W K B M WACO WTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian Chesterfield Hour, with Lucrezia Bori, Lily Pons, Richard Bonelli, Andre Kostelanetz: Mon. Wed. Sat. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WGR Plus Supplementary minus KFPY KVOR WSBT WVA WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WHP WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B H K G M B W M B D WNOX WIBX WCOA WNB

Bing Crosby: Tues. 1/2 hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KTUL WGST KLRA KTRH K TSA CamelCaravan: Thurs. 1/2 hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WVA WGLC Plus KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B M

Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO W N A X W K B M

9:30 The Big Show: Mon. 1/2 hr. Basic Plus WOWO WCC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL WGST WPG WBRC KRLD WORC

Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm: Tues. 1/2 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL WMAS WCCO KFAB Burns and Allen: Wed. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBIG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA WORC WOWO Fred Waring: Thurs. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B N KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian Richard Himber, Gary Taylor: Sat. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WHAS WNAC WGR Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

10:30 Lilac Time: Mon. 1/2 hr. Alemite Quarter Hour: Tues. Thurs. 1/4 hr. WABC and Network Stoopnagle and Budd: Fri. 1/2 hr.

10:00 Wavne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. 1/2 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU WIBW

Camel Caravan: Tues. 1/2 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW W O W O W D R C WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY K W G K V I W P G WGST WLBZ WBRC WCCO WBT WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WDNC WKBW WBIG WHP KTRH WFB KLRA WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD KOH WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL K TSA WTOC KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBW KTUL WIBX WACO WMT KFH KGKO WSJS WORC W N A X

Jack Pearl: Wed. 1/2 hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV W N B F W O C W S M K W M B R W QAM WDBO WDAE KERN KMJ KHP KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WICC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLD KLZ KTRH WNOX KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL K TSA WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW KTUL WIBX WMT KFH KGKO W N A X WSJS WORC W N A X WOC W N B F KGMB

Richard Himber with Gary Taylor: Fri. 1/2 hr. California Melodies: Sat. 1/2 hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WICC WBT WBIG WCCO WDSU WCAO WHEC WIBX WBNS WMBR WOC WDNC CKAC WSBT KOH WBRC K TSA KGKO WHP WTOC WMBD KGB WDOD WACO WNOX KOMA WFBL KTRH WFEA WMT KMBC KLZ WALA WDBJ KRLD

11:00 Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and network Dance Orchestra: Fri. WABC and Network

11:30 Dance Orchestra: Sun. WABC and Network Gus Arnheim Orchestra: Mon. WABC and network Dance Orchestra: Tues. Sat. WABC and Network Dance Orchestra: Wed. WABC and network

11:00 Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and network Dance Orchestra: Fri. WABC and Network

11:30 Dance Orchestra: Sun. WABC and Network Gus Arnheim Orchestra: Mon. WABC and network Dance Orchestra: Tues. Sat. WABC and Network Dance Orchestra: Wed. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts For Western Listeners:

11:00 Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. W B B M W F B M KMBC WHAS KMOX KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC KRLD KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD

11:15 Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

11:30 Kate Smith's Revue: Mon. 1/2 hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL The Camel Caravan: Thurs. 1/2 hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL KVOR KOH KSL

The dance orchestra situation is acute. The musicians' union in New York has decreed that every sustaining broadcast by a dance band from a hotel must pay three dollars per musician. This has ended most of the music from New York. In place of these bands, CBS has put on a varied list of orchestras from all over the country.

6PM. 7PM. 8PM. 9PM. 10PM. 11PM. MIDNIGHT 12

6:00 Heart Throbs of the Hills: Sun. 1/4 hr. Network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. 1/4 hr. Network
Orchestra: Tues. Sat. 1/2 hr. Network
Education in the News: Wed. 1/4 hr. Network
William Lundell Interview: Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network
Orchestra: Fri. 1/2 hr. Network
The Jewish Program: Sat. 1/2 hr.

6:15 Orchestra: Thurs. 1/4 hr. Network

6:30 Grand Hotel: Sun. Basic plus Coast plus W T M J K S T P W B C

6:45 Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Plus WLW CRCT WJAX WFLA CFCF WIOD WRVA

7:00 Benny: Sun. Basic Plus Western minus WWNC WBAP WLS Plus WKBF WIBA KFYR WIOD WTAR WAVE WSM WSB WSMB KVOO WFAA KTBS WSOC WDAY WMC
Amos and Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus KWK KWCR WREN KSO KOIL—plus CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY

7:15 Tony and Gus: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. Complete Red Network

7:30 Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner: Sun. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Western minus WWNC WBAP Plus Coast Plus WSMB KVOO WFAA
Red Davis Series: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR Plus Western minus W T M J W B A P W L S Plus W I B A W I P W I O D W S M W M C W S B W J D X W S M B K T B S W T A R W A V E W S O C W K B F K O A K D Y L W L W W F A A
Hits and Bits: Tues. 1/2 hr. WJZ and Network
Floyd Gibbons: Thurs. WJZ and Network

7:45 Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO

8:00 Yeastfoamers: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
Hal Kemp Orchestra, Peggy Flynn: Wed. 1/2 hr. WJZ and Network
Irene Rich: Fri. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE
Phil Cook Show Shop: Sat. 1/2 hr. Network

8:15 Morton Downey: Fri. 1/4 hr. Basic plus WFI WKBF WCKY

8:30 Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. 1/2 hr. Basic plus WCKY WMT
House of Glass: Wed. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WBZ KWK plus WMT WCKY
Kellogg College Prom, Ruth Etting: Fri. 1/2 hr. Basic plus WFIL WCKY WMT

9:00 Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. 1/2 hr. Basic plus Western minus W T M J K S T P W B A P W E B C W O A I plus W L W W I O D W A V E W S M W S B W M C W J D X W S M B W F A A K T B S K T H S
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTBS KPSD KTAR KPO
Red Trails: Tues. 1/2 hr.
Warden Lewis E. Lawes: Wed. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Beatrice Lillie: Fri. 1/2 hr. WJZ and Network

9:30 Walter Winchell: Sun. 1/4 hr.—Basic plus WLW
Princess Pat Players: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic
Armour Hour, Phil Baker: Fri. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Western minus WPTF WBAP plus Coast plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA WAVE WCKY
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour. Basic plus WLS WKBF

10:00 Jimmy Fidler: Wed. 1/2 hr. Basic minus KWK plus WLIT WCKY plus coast
Circus Nights in Silvertown with Joe Cook: Fri. 1/4 hr. WJZ WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WFIL WCKY WENR KWCR KSO WREN KOIL (WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC off 10:30)

10:15 Vera Brodsky, Harold Triggs, Louis Ansbacher: Sun. 1/4 hr. Basic plus WCKY

10:30 An American Fireside: Sun. 1/2 hr. Network
Economic and Social Changing Order: Thurs. 1/2 hr.—Network
Guy Lombardo Orchestra: Sat. 1/2 hr.

Doto on Blue Network programs from 6:00 to 10:00: Tony and Gus is a new 7:15 show, five nights a week . . . Floyd Gibbons is back of 7:30 . . . House of Glass has started of 8:30 on Wednesdays.

11:00 Orchestra: Mon. 1/2 hr. Tues. 1/2 hr. Wed. 1/2 hr. Thurs. 1/2 hr. Sat. 1/2 hr.

11:30 Orchestra: Sun. 1/2 hr. Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Mon. 1/2 hr. Thurs. 1/2 hr.

More on the night-time shows: Edgar Guest has changed the time of his broadcasts to 8:30 on Tuesdays. It's a new show, too . . . Ruth Etting is another to take advantage of shows going off the air. She's moved to Friday nights of 8:30 . . . Red Trails, those sogs of pioneering doys in Canado, has taken a new half hour, with more stations, of 9:00 on Tuesdays . . . How do you like Joe Cool in his new role every Friday night of 10:00? . . . Listen Sundays of 10:15 for hoir-raising ghost stories, mixed nicely with pleosont music.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

6:00 Catholic Hour: Sun. 1/2 hr.—Network
Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. Network
Tom Coakley Orchestra: Sat. 1/2 hr.

6:15 Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. 1/4 hr. Network

6:30 Continental Varieties: Sun. 1/2 hr. WEAF and Network
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:45 Sketch: Mon. Tues. Wed. 1/4 hr. WEAF and Network
Billy and Betty: Thurs. Fri. WEAF and Network
Thornton Fisher: Sat. 1/4 hr.—Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF

7:00 K-7: Sun. 1/2 hr.

7:15 Stories of the Black Chamber: Mon. Wed. Fri. 1/4 hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS KYW WGY WBN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ

7:30 Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee: Sun. 1/4 hr.—WEAF WTAG WJAR WCHS WRC WGY WTAM WRC WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW WBN
Easy Aces: Mon. Tues. Wed. 1/4 hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS KYW WGY WBN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ WEEI WRC
Molle Minstrel Show: Thurs. 1/4 hr. Basic minus WBN WFI WEEI WTIC

7:45 The Fitch Program: Sun. 1/4 hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF WKBF
Billy Batchelor: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1/4 hr. Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

8:00 Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour—Complete Red Network
Studebaker, Richard Himber: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOA I KTBS
Leo Reisman: Tues. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WSAI plus Western minus WUAI WFAA plus Southern minus WRVA WAVE plus WKBF WIBA WDAY KFYR WSOC WTAR
One Man's Family: Wed. 1/2 hr.—Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFYR WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus KFYR WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic minus WMAQ plus Western plus Coast plus CRCT KOA KDYL
Lucky Strike Presents: Sat. one hr.—Basic plus Western plus Coast plus WIBA KTBS WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE

8:30 Voice of Firestone: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Western minus WFAA WBAP KTAR plus Southern minus WRVA WAPI plus WDAY WKBF WIBA KFYR WSOC WTAR KTBS
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WFBP plus W T M J K S T P W K Y K P R C W S M W S B W M C W O A I W K B F W S M B W B E N W T I C W B A P K V O O

9:00 Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WBN WCAE WEEI plus W T M J K S T P W B C C F C P plus Coast
A and P Gossies: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic
Ben Bernie: Tues. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WDAF plus W T M J K S T P W D A Y K F Y R W M C W S B W B A P K T B S K P R C W O A I K O A W F I K V O O
Fred Allen: Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB W T M J K T B S K P R C W O A I K S T P W R V A W S M B K V O O W K Y W E B C W P T F W S M W M C
Showboat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete Red Network
Waltz Time: Fri. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WEEI

9:30 American Musical Revue: Sun. 1/2 hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE W E B C W B A P K T A R—plus Canadian
Music at the Haydn's: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. 1/2 hr.—Complete minus WSAI WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTBS KFS D KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WEEI
Al Jolson: Sat. one hr.

9:00 Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WBN WCAE WEEI plus W T M J K S T P W B C C F C P plus Coast
A and P Gossies: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic
Ben Bernie: Tues. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WDAF plus W T M J K S T P W D A Y K F Y R W M C W S B W B A P K T B S K P R C W O A I K O A W F I K V O O
Fred Allen: Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB W T M J K T B S K P R C W O A I K S T P W R V A W S M B K V O O W K Y W E B C W P T F W S M W M C
Showboat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete Red Network
Waltz Time: Fri. 1/2 hr. Basic minus WEEI

9:30 American Musical Revue: Sun. 1/2 hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE W E B C W B A P K T A R—plus Canadian
Music at the Haydn's: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. 1/2 hr.—Complete minus WSAI WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTBS KFS D KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. 1/2 hr.—Basic minus WEEI
Al Jolson: Sat. one hr.

10:00 Gibson Family: Sun. one hr. Basic minus WJAR WLIT WEEI KSD plus KSTP W T M J W E B C K H Q K D Y L K O A K F I K G W K O M O K F Y R W D A Y W I B A K P O
Contented Program: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP W T M J W E B C K P R C W O A I W F A A K F Y R W S M W M C W S B W K Y
Palmolive: Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYR WSOC KGIR KFS D KGHL WKBF
Pleasure Island: Wed. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTBS WFAA KPRC WOA I KTBS KVOO
Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. hour—Complete minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA plus WDAY KFYR KTBS KTBS WIBA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

10:30 Ray Noble Orchestra: Wed. 1/2 hr. Basic plus KYW WKBF plus Coast plus WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDY WSMB WAVE
Coco Cola Program: Fri. 1/2 hr.
Let's Dance Program: Sat. 3 hours WEAF and Network

10:00 Gibson Family: Sun. one hr. Basic minus WJAR WLIT WEEI KSD plus KSTP W T M J W E B C K H Q K D Y L K O A K F I K G W K O M O K F Y R W D A Y W I B A K P O
Contented Program: Mon. 1/2 hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP W T M J W E B C K P R C W O A I W F A A K F Y R W S M W M C W S B W K Y
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Coco Cola Program: Fri. 1/2 hr.
Let's Dance Program: Sat. 3 hours WEAF and Network

11:00 Orchestra: Mon. 1/2 hr. Network
John B. Kennedy: Wed. 1/2 hr.
George R. Holmes: Fri. 1/4 hr.—Network

11:15 Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. 1/4 hr. Network
Voice of Romance: Tues. Wed. 1/4 hr. Network
Meredith Willson Program: Thurs. 1/2 hr. coast-to-coast network
11:30 Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Fri. 1/2 hr. Network
Dance Orchestra: Thurs. 1/2 hr.—Network

How do you like the new amateur hour under the personal direction of Major Bowes, Sundays of 8:00? . . . And the new Lucky Strike program Saturdays the some hour? . . . Don't miss the come back of Al Jolson. He's master of ceremonies on a show coming Saturdays of 9:30 . . . The Gibson Family is now heard Sundays in place of the Pontiac program.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Kathleen Wilson plays Claudia Barbour, second daughter of "One Man's Family," the program you're all writing and asking about.

THE questions this month have been more varied than usual, but there's one question that takes the prize for popularity, and that's "What Do You Know About One Man's Family?" You know folks, I've been reading so much praise about this broadcast that I decided to actually stay home one night and listen in. It sure was a treat! It's been on the air now for three years and is considered one of the microphone's outstanding dramatic successes. And only recently it has been heard on a coast-to-coast hookup under its new sponsors, the makers of Tender Leaf Tea.

"But what about my question?" I can hear you saying. So here goes!

Miss Tarquin, Boonton, N. J.—So far it doesn't look as though Nancy of the "Just Plain Bill" program is going to marry either Kerry Donovan or David, but that remains to be heard. It seems from your letter that you favor David but several of Nancy's friends want her to marry Kerry. But you never know what a girl will do.

Cora G., Winfield, Kansas.—Your letter will reach Walter and Irene Wicker if you address it in care of the National Broadcasting Studios, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Miss M. M., St. Louis, Mo.—If you write to Curtis Arnall, who plays Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Ave., New York City, and ask him for one of his photographs, I feel sure he will send you one and I don't think he will charge you for it.

Miss Mildred W., St. Albans, N. Y.—Do you mean to tell me you have been waiting all this time to get up enough courage to write to me? How could you, Mildred, when you know how happy I am to set your mind at rest on those perplexing thoughts of yours! If you are a steady reader of RADIO MIRROR, I know you will have discovered by now the story on Harry Von Zell in the May issue, page six to be exact.

Catherine A., Jacksonville, Fla.—The name of the theme song of One Man's Family is "Destiny Waltz;" the theme song for "Today's Children" is "Aphrodite" by Goetzl. And Dick Crane of "Today's Children" is played by Willard Farnum.

Mrs. Thelma W. T., Shreveport, La.—You wouldn't think such a little feller as Jackie Heller could have such a big voice! I agree with you, Mrs. T., and so do the makers of Chappel's Ken-l-rations. There was a swell picture of Jackie in the May RADIO MIRROR on page 44. Did you miss it?

Henry O., Bridgeport, Conn.—Honeyboy and Sassafras haven't been having their faces photographed lately, but if you write to them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, and if they have a picture of themselves,



Write to the Oracle, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about personalities and radio programs answered.

they'll sho 'nuf send you one. No siree, they're not colored. That's only the part they play.

L. F. A., East Douglas, Mass.—I accept your kind apologies. You can see that I've forgiven you by my answer to your question in this issue. There was a real amusing picture of Vic, Sade and Young Rush in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR—just what you asked for. I hope you found it? It was on page 44.

Ann S., Chicago, Ill.—Your sweet words made me blush, Ann. I'm really not deserving of so much praise. Address your letters to Bob Crosby and Ruth Etting in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City; and the Boswell Sisters in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, Los Angeles, Calif.

Adele Watts, Norwood, Pa.—There's no accounting why some people are on the air and why others are not. While Eddy Peabody hasn't got a special spot right now, he has been making many guest appearances lately. He appeared as guest on the Maxwell House Showboat, Rudy Vallee's hour, and with Pic and Pat in "One Night Stands."

Gertrude, Detroit, Mich.—Frank Knight has forsaken radio. I don't know if it's for good or not. You can hear his voice announcing the topic events with the Paramount News reels.

Ken L., Newton, Iowa.—I can take it, Ken. And it's not driving me "nerts." That's Adele Ronson's real name and she was born in New York City. She made her start in radio on the first "True Story" program. Outside of the "Buck Rogers" program on the Columbia airwaves, she appears in the "Gibson Family" over the National networks.



**This day will never
come again—save
it with snapshots**

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by . . . Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



Helen Fox, Columbia receptionist, gives prompt service to Miriam Hopkinson and Jack Smart of the "March of Time" program, Fridays.

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

LAST month we had almost given up hope of getting something original in the way of criticism letters, when along came this month with a batch of mail that completely surprised us. Fine letters they were too—criticisms, opinions, praises and suggestions. We assure you the task of selecting the winners was not an easy one.

If you didn't win this month maybe you'll win the big prize next time. Remember, we're paying \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five letters selected. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York and mail it in by May 22.

Here are the winners for this month:

\$20.00 PRIZE

As an enthusiastic fan, I find only one thing basically wrong with radio. The obstacle, which cannot be overcome is how sponsors judge the popularity of programs. I disagree with Mrs. Dinwiddee, who, in your April issue, implied that the popularity is determined by fan mail.

I believe that all sponsors have found this method to be inaccurate. In the exposure of some performers, it was found that countless letters were written at their instigation—if they did not actually write the "fan mail" themselves! I graphically recall an illustrative incident which occurred here. A singer received comparative large volumes of mail daily. Unfortunately (for him) one day, at the last moment, he was unable to broadcast—the next day the usual amount of fan mail came!

How then do sponsors gauge their programs? There is but one answer. The sponsors' increased sales, and continued increase.

Therefore, if you want your favorites to remain on the air, buy the advertised products. I'm afraid that we loyal

fans will become overburdened with yeast, toothpaste, coffee, and the like.

ARLET H. RUSCH, Manitowoc, Wis.

\$10.00 PRIZE

I am not naturally critical, but as long as there is criticizing to be done, why not criticise the critics?

All about me I hear radio listeners muttering daily about commercial announcements. They are pestilential, they are boresome. And so they are. But if you find yourself among the mutterers just grit your teeth and hang on. Surely you can spare a couple of minutes for advertising in return for a good radio program.

Psychology is employed freely by radio sponsors. Although it is anything but pleasant to have the heroine callously left at the villain's mercy while a honey-voiced announcer expounds the virtues of two cakes a day and a semi-annual visit to your dentist, nevertheless the constant hammering has its effect.

Suppose you walk into a drug store. There before your eyes is the very article you've heard so much about, and all unbidden there arises an itching desire to find out if the article is as per press agent. Ten to one it is. And so there you are!

MISS MILDRED MEEKER, Anderson, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Five minutes is all it takes! A five minute program with a cast of only one person. And that person is the announcer. Yet it's one of the best programs on the air.

It is indeed a pleasure to hear the CBS announcer say, "we give you the latest news from the Press Radio Bureau." A news program that keeps you posted on the events of the day. Keeps you posted not only on this country, but internationally as well. It sorts the news, picks out the most interesting and most important and gives you a brief word picture of what it is all about.

During the Hauptmann trial it brought the latest news to the public front, the Morro Castle disaster, and many other news events. And always you could depend on the Press Radio Bureau to be right there.

J. C. BARBER, Greensboro, N. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Will you please tell us why there are so many people in the radio audience who are constantly complaining about the amateurs? All right, maybe there are a lot of programs putting on "amateur nights," but why not give these people a chance? There never will be any new radio stars if some amateurs are not given a chance to demonstrate their talents.

Personally I do not approve of turning a whole hour program into an "amateur night" but I am sure that many fans as well as myself do enjoy listening to them for a few minutes on each broadcast.

MISS MARGARET RADCLIFF,
HENSONVILLE, NEW YORK.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I didn't realize until reading your March issue, what an injustice I and doubtless thousands of others, have been doing to Frank McIntyre.

I was awfully disappointed when "Cap'n Henry" left the Showboat, and have complained each Thursday night. It seemed impossible to think anyone else could take his place, and make the program right, and consequently "panned" Mr. McIntyre to a certain extent. But upon reading your article, I realize what he is up against.

So, I think we radio fans should do what we can to make the new Cap'n Henry feel at home. Let's give three cheers for "Cap'n Henry McIntyre, and three cheers for RADIO MIRROR for helping us solve such problems!

MISS LOUISE A. COLLINS,
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I have one great criticism against radio of today. Briefly, too much crying.

Every way I turn on my radio, I hear crying, crying and more crying.

Why not cut out about half of this? For gosh sakes, a man hears enough of it around home.

For example on a "Ma" Perkins program a little girl in the skit cried for three days straight and may be still in tears for all I know. Even women sicken of such sob stuff.

Besides, the great actors of the Lux Radio Hour bore one with their crying dramas.

Radio audiences don't fall for that crying emotional act of the past. May I suggest more of Jack Benny's humor to make us forget our darn high taxes.

ROLLIN KING, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I have just traded my 1931 radio for a lovely all-wave set and I am thoroughly pleased, both with the radio and programs. I had no idea radio had made such advancement, and programs so much improved. For the past year or more I have scarcely ever turned my radio on, as it would fade and make such dizzy noises I would lose patience and shut it off. Being interested in the famous Hauptmann trial, I decided to have one sent out on approval. I was so pleased with the reception, the news, and in fact the majority of the programs, it now has a conspicuous place in my home. The programs, also the entertainers, I only knew from hearing about from friends, but I now feel I know them personally, and am more enlightened on current events gathered from the many news commentators from which I believe you can learn so much more than reading.

MRS. FLOYD LYERLY, ASHEVILLE, N. C.



KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of tattle-tale gray."

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out all the dirt."



IDA: "You know, Kate—my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—and dirt can't stay behind. Smell!—that golden soap holds lots of naptha."



ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."

IDA: "It's an old dress—but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."



IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies—and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them."

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

FELS-NAPTHA Soap is two dirt-looseners instead of one.

Richer golden soap and plenty of naptha added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind. It gets clothes beautifully white!

Fels-Naptha is safer, too—gentle as can be to daintiest things. And it's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Get some Fels-Naptha today. It's great in tub, basin or machine! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Behind the Scenes of the Beatrice Lillie Madhouse

(Continued from page 11)

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



New!
AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a



Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

FREE

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

Name..... M. G.-6-35

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Black or Brown.

man on the podium, with a baton as long as his arm. Lee Perrin it is. This is his first NBC conducting job; he comes straight from Russia. His uncle once conducted the Czar's private orchestra in the palmy days before the revolution. Lee came to Brooklyn and studied to be a dentist, but music won out over molars, and now he's one of radio's best known maestros.

It seems as though all the stars on this show but Warren were completely new to radio work. (Remember reading in last month's RADIO MIRROR all about this young announcer and how he had to go into exile because of alimony difficulties?) If the truth were known about Beatrice—and that's what you're getting tonight—after she signed her contract, she had to find out what Borden's were or was, as the case may be. She had a vague idea that they had something to do with cows or milk, but such terms as "sponsors" just didn't mean a thing.

NOW look back at Bea. She's fussing with her beads and smiling. You sense that soon will come the highlight of the program. Oh—abruptly you remember. Jack Benny! Where is he? You turn your head just as he stands up. For the first time you realize that the demure girl in the brown mink coat next to him is his wife, Mary Livingstone. At last you're going to find out why Jack is here.

The music ends, Warren Hull makes the introduction, and Jack Benny steps forward to be guest star.

"That was Don Bestor, folks," Jack intones in his Sunday-night manner, flicking the ash off his customary cigar—all over his new brown suit.

But by this time, with a loud cough, Aunty Bea has interrupted. Who, she

wants to know, is Jack Benny? And the skit is on.

Are you curious by now why this smoothly running show should be called a madhouse? That's because you haven't heard yet how it is pulled together each week. For instance, take the rehearsal that we went to see this same afternoon.

When Jack and Bea were going over this act of theirs together, there was a minor crisis. Jack had been scheduled to play a violin solo. The time came and there was no violin. All the musicians wisely had gone home. Everyone rushed out to find a substitute.

Finally a stray violinist was caught and dragged in, violin under his arm. The situation was explained. Could Jack borrow his instrument? Reluctantly the musician handed it over, then hurried away. We followed him out into the hall. He stood there wringing his hands and visualizing in his mind his precious violin in the clutches of a comedian. But it must have turned out all right, because Jack is playing again now. On only one string, of course, but it sounds pretty good anyway.

Then we were told of another Lillie whimsie. There's been an iron clad rule at NBC against smoking in the studios. Beatrice likes to smoke, so blithely she went ahead. If someone spoke to her about it, she'd apologize, drop the cigarette, then light another right away. Finally, in desperation, NBC assigned one especially eagle-eyed page to follow her about and keep the rule intact.

This afternoon, while everyone was trying furiously to finish a dress rehearsal—in ten minutes the studio must be vacated for another program—Bea wanted a smoke. The page, she saw, was watching her at a discreet distance. So she had to hide. She finally found refuge behind an



The Cavaliers Quartette, heard on the Beatrice Lillie program. They're Morton Bowe and Jack Keating, tenors; John Seagle, baritone; Stanley McClelland, bass; and Lee Montgomery, their pianist and arranger.

amplifier at the back of the room and nearly finished the cigarette before she was discovered. The rehearsal, naturally, ended behind time.

Another trick of hers which makes the program a madhouse: Often, when the script is finally in shape some-time Friday afternoon, there are lines in it which might get by in a musical comedy but which are not for radio. This is explained to Bea. She shakes her head, but agrees to strike out the offending lines. Then, in the last reading, just to give NBC the jitters, she includes the joke anyway. There is the usual uproar, Bea looks demure, makes her promise, and—at the actual broadcast—keeps her word. But it all makes for beautiful confusion right up to nine o'clock.

But on with the show and back to studio 3B and Jack Benny. He's still trying to play his violin and here's something else you wouldn't know if you weren't watching the program tonight. That disconcerting piano playing which is making Jack so mad is Bea's own handiwork. No need to wonder who's hitting all the dis-cords. Just look at her pound away, swaying like a nickel-a-dance-hall artist. Now she's back at her mike to jeer some more at guest Benny.

Bea, if she can get away with it, always manages her own sound effects. A week or two before this broadcast, the script called for a subdued sound like a muffled pistol shot. The production manager knew what he should have—a pop gun. Then Bea decided she was the one to shoot it. None that was brought her was satisfactory. Finally, in one last frantic move, the manager stole his young son's gun and brought it to rehearsal. Later, after the broadcast, when he went to take it back to his four-year-old, Bea objected. It was a nice gun. She wanted it herself. No arguments or pleas moved her. It was a week before he could steal it and rush it back to his son. Bea's still hunting for the gun.

WELL, the program is nearly over. Jack is through with his part of the program and goes back to his seat. You like this idea of other stars on the show. It lends such an easy note of informality, and you can tell tonight how much Jack and Bea really admire each other by the laughs and giggles which don't find their way into the mike.

The music is playing again now, and Warren rustles his script for the last advertising talk. Auntie Bea stands ready for her advice to housewives and the show'll end. Mary smiles at Jack, pats his arms, and whispers that he was swell. He was, too.

It's all been fun and next week, listening, the program will be familiar and more enjoyable. So—bye and see you soon.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE AMATEURS?

Another interesting article on the popular subject that has been causing so much discussion among radio program builders, radio stars and radio listeners.

In July RADIO MIRROR, out May 24.

"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"



"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"



"Hurray! When I'm under that dandypowder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

Home-Made Glamor

(Continued from page 21)

points that my worst points went unnoticed at first. Later, I conscientiously attacked my defects.

And right there you have a piece of sound psychology you'll want to remember if ever you have to be beautiful in a hurry—decide which are your nicest physical assets and make them look so darn nice nobody will notice what's wrong with the rest of the picture.

People, you see, don't pick your features apart when you practically knock them cold with the one or two loveliest things about you. That's the secret I know is true. I've had it told me by dozens of radio stars who have used it to get by until they had time to attack their defects.

And now that we're down to defects, and how they may be overcome, here are the choicest intimate secrets of the microphone maids:

HAIR. Ramona had a hard time solving her coiffure problem. Her locks were too fine to take a permanent, sizzled right off under an iron, and looked totally terrible when she wore them straight. Now she wets her hair each night, rolls up thirty or so little curls with bobby pins, and sleeps on them. Trouble? "Plenty" Ramona assured me. But you've seen the splendid results. . . . Harriet Hilliard wears a bob in the daytime and goes long-tressed at night, with one of those clever braids you can buy to match your hair. A cagey trick for sweet sixteen to remember when she's after the sentimental scalps of the college grads, for a braid adds a good three years to your age. . . . Betty Barthel used to be troubled with 'beauty parlor hair,' a lifeless, brittle hair condition resulting, she told me, from too many long sessions under an electric dryer. Walk down quaint Minetta Lane in New York's Greenwich Village most any morning now and you'll see a pajama-clad Betty sitting on the roof of her apartment, vigorously massaging her scalp and exposing it to the wind and sun. "It works" she says. And I'll confirm that. . . . Ruth Etting's goldilocks began to shed alarmingly last summer. So she parted them on a different side each week and began drinking a quart of milk a day. And vows that's why they're looking so thick and healthy these days. . . . The Pickens Sisters do their own shampooing and use a mild epsom salts rinse. Swell, they tell me, for oily curls.

Eyes. Vera Van is one of those rare individuals who really had nerve enough to cut the tips of her lashes off to stimulate their growth. For three awful years they refused to grow one iota. But when they did start sprouting they came back triple-length and triple-thick. The sweeping fringe you see in her pictures is the real McCoy. . . . But it's Loretta Lee who gets my vote for the longest lashes I've ever seen anywhere. They're gorgeous. "They used to be the shortest, straightest little things you ever saw" Loretta told me. "Then I came to New York and it became necessary for me to wear mascara all the time instead of just occasionally. I don't know how, but my lashes have thrived on the stuff. They've grown at least three-quarters of an inch and haven't stopped yet." It may sound phoney, but it's honest-to-goodness. So don't spare the mascara. . . . Leah Ray confronted the problem of being that type of girl who looks pretty when she's peppy, but plain the moment she stops sparkling. I like the way she invented for keeping her eyes crystal-

bright. When she's dressing to go out she dons a bathing cap, dips her whole face in a bowl of warm water, opens her eyes wide beneath the surface and rolls them around ten times, very slowly. Then dittos with a bowlful of icy cold.

Skin. The prettiest complexion on Radio Row belongs, I believe, to Annette Hanshaw. You can't see a pore in it and it goes 'velvety' and 'satin smooth' one better. Annette attributes it all to her stimulating salt baths. Fill the tub to the brim with hot water, dump in a whole box of salt, and pretend for fifteen minutes that you're taking a dip at Atlantic City. Rub down briskly until the towel begins to almost hurt, take a cold shower, dry, then lavishly splash on your favorite bath powder. "It's the grandest fun in the world" says Annette. And it's grand for you. . . . And for smoothing a chapped or sun-tanned complexion, I like Muriel Wilson's facial pack of plain oatmeal mixed with water. Let it dry on the face, then wipe it off. I defy anything to make your skin feel as downy soft in such short order. . . . Ruth Robin doesn't own a single compact. She refuses to endanger the texture of her skin by adding layer after layer of fresh make-up over stale cosmetics. Instead she carries in her handbag a small rubber envelope that contains a miniature wash rag, soap, cocktail towel and the rest of the fixings. And I've yet to see her with a shiny nose or cakey mouth.

Figures. I paused when I wrote that word. Figures. I could list a page full of diets the stars have successfully used, but none of them are radically new. They're the same ones your doctor or physical instructor would give you, the same ones you've read about before. But the reason the stars have really reduced is that they've had to stick to their diets; and you—well, maybe it's more fun to eat than to be thin. That's your own decision.

BUT when it comes to keeping the slender figures they've already won, it may interest you to know that Frances Langford works out systematically for half an hour each morning on a rowing machine—summer or winter, sleepy or not. Gertrude Niesen lives on orange juice and milk every alternate day.

Not much fun for any of them, you'll think. But then, you see, their ideas of fun happen to be figures instead of foods.

Miscellaneous. For the scrubby heels your bathing suit insists upon exposing, try a daily massage with castor oil. And thank Loretta Clemens for the tip. . . . To stay on the perky side, Jane Froman spends one day a week in bed, during which time she wears no make-up, eats fruit juices only, and sleeps as much as she can. A good idea, even if you have to cut the rest and make-up down to half a day. . . . If you're taller than the average girl, you dread short dates and dancing partners. Irene Beasley gets around that beautifully by wearing the flat-heeled evening sandals you can buy or order from any metropolitan shoe store. They'll take three inches off your height, they don't show under a long gown, and what's more they're the rage now among even the less tall stars who go for solid comfort when they cariocha. . . . And to look like a daisy on the morning after (Ramona learned this one from the boys in Paul Whiteman's band) sip a glass of warm milk with a teaspoon of sugar and a dash of nutmeg stirred in it. It won't taste like the best thing you ever drank,



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Zip
Spray Deodorant

Immediately effective. Dries instantly. Effectually checks perspiration. The atomizer bottle insures your deodorant remaining fresh and sanitary.

but it will put your tummy in tip-top shape and prop your eyes open when nothing else will.

I wanted to prove to you that if glamor costs anything, it's usually effort and cleverness, not cash. So I took actual statistics from ten of the loveliest stars of broadcastland. I found that nine manicured their own nails, six washed and waved their own hair, only three had mink coats, only two indulged in personal maids, none had had plastics, just two used hair dye consistently, and only one paid for the services of a masseuse. The lovely ladies of the air don't flutter to bed in a swirl of satin and French lace, either; eight confessed to sleeping in sensible tailored pajamas, and hair nets.

And as for clothes, that greatest of all items, only one of the ten had her gowns designed especially for her. The rest were in favor of the moderately priced deb and junior departments of the stores. Jane Froman's a confirmed bargain-hunter. Harriet Hilliard, whom the American fashion designers recently voted the best dressed singer on the air, buys patterns and has a dressmaker make minor variations on them. Connie Gates economically purchases all her frocks from a wholesale house. And one of the best looking evening gowns I've ever seen on Vera Van she picked up for five dollars in Gimbel's basement and remodeled!

SO you see, the stars' beauty consists of the clever ideas and inventions they've thought up for themselves and conscientiously carried out. Those are the qualities that set them apart from the average girl. And after all, isn't that what glamor is?—simply the little things that are *different* about you? There wouldn't be anything extraordinarily lovely about chinchilla wraps if everybody owned one; or faultless figures if women were born with them.

I've made a decision: for all their glamor, the radio stars are just *you* and *me*, really.

You and me—with home-made improvements!

WHY IS DICK POWELL AFRAID TO MARRY?

Although he's been rumored engaged or in love with any number of Hollywood's unattached charmers, he's still single. Dick Powell tells "Why I Won't Marry" in the July issue of RADIO MIRROR, on the newsstands May 24.



STEICHER

HAS "lipstick-parching" ROBBED YOUR LIPS OF LOVE?

When a man kisses, he wants to kiss *soft* and *smooth* lips—not crinkly and rough lips!

Yet so many lipsticks don't consider the *feel* of your lips... they take that delicate rosy skin—the most sensitive skin of your face—and dry and parch it until the texture of your lips is more like crepe paper than a caress!

Away with "Lipstick Parching!" Banish lipsticks that take the young moisture from your lips! Here is a NEW kind of lipstick which Coty has discovered. A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, exciting color... but *without* any parching penalties.

It is called Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. It is *truly* indelible... yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually *smooths* and *softens* your lips. It

gives them the warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—notice how soft your lips feel... how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five ardent indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wed. 10:30 P.M., New York time, NBC Red Network

Coty "SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

Lawrence Tibbett, the Bad Boy of Radio

(Continued from page 45)

whistled themselves hoarse in tribute to this unknown young baritone who, unheralded, had opened wide the doors of fame?

The fanfare died away, and to the Metropolitan management, he was just another young talented American singer. Aside from raising his salary he was treated just the same by the management.

If you were a young singer, suddenly hoisted into fame at the Met, don't you think you'd thank your lucky stars for your good fortune, and try to keep on the right side of the management? Bide your time and take what you got, till you had a firmer hold in the bandwagon?

Of course you would. But not young bad-boy Lawrence Tibbett, who refuses to bend the knee to anyone, and who insists upon fighting for what he feels right. Good policy be damned. The minute he got into the Met, trouble started. He began campaigning for new methods, for new singers, for giving American talent and American music a chance. He dared to say that some of the works of the old masters, considered sacred by the Metropolitan clique, weren't worth comparison with American pieces. And that it was sheer snobbery to refuse recognition to the home-made product. He accused the conservatives of holding back progress deliberately, in this country.

IT was he who starred in the first American opera produced in the Met, *The King's Henchman*; it was he who led the fight for producing *Peter Ibbetson*, *Emperor Jones*. It is he who keeps up the controversy, continuously, over the air, in the concert field, against high-priced, foreign music in tongues we cannot understand, and who leads the cheering for the native brand.

Also, it is Lawrence Tibbett who fights to the last breath for what he considers fair play, regardless of how ungentlemanly his behavior may seem.

Here's a tale that has rarely been breathed outside the stage of the Met. Just as movie stars are jealous for their advantage, and try to hog the spotlight, so often do opera stars attempt to steal the show. Never once has one succeeded against Tibbett; now they know better than to attempt it.

But a few years ago, Madame Jeritza tried it. I'll let Tibbett tell the story. "We were both playing in *Tosca*," he said. "I was *Scarpia* and Madame Jeritza was *Tosca*. Everything went off beautifully until the last scene.

"Perhaps you remember that scene, in which *Scarpia* attacks *Tosca* and she falls to the floor, singing her aria while lying at his feet?

"When it came to this part, *Tosca* refused to fall. Gradually, it dawned upon me that she wanted to change the scene around, and sing her aria from the far side of the stage, where she alone would be in the spotlight.

"And I decided that there'd be a dead Tibbett on the stage before I let her take the scene over that way.

"I hung onto her. Neither of us was willing to give way. We fought like wildcats. The sequins on her dress made a deep gash in my chin. She was exhausted from the tussle. We actually pulled each other's hair.

"Finally, I got a strangle hold on her and forced her into a reclining position . . . she rolled over, gasped and began

to sing her number . . . I had won the match."

So realistically had their battle been that the audience thought it belonged in the opera, and thundered applause. And Jeritza was sport enough never to mention the matter.

It seems Peck's bad boy had won again.

Like no other man I know, Tibbett has the faculty of being perfectly natural, of doing as he pleases. And when, as sometimes happens, he gets himself into a jam and the joke is on him, there's no one who will laugh louder at his own ridiculousness than Monsieur Lawrence Tibbett, listed in *Who's Who in America* as one of our best singers and citizens.

He told me, frankly, that he had spent a night in jail. "All because," he said, "I chose to sing at the wrong time and in the wrong place."

It seems that while he was making *The Rogue Song* in Hollywood, one night he and two convivial souls repaired to a Los Angeles restaurant for nourishment. They began to kid around, and before they knew it, Lawrence was singing at the top of his lungs.

The proprietor of the restaurant wasn't particularly happy about it, in fact, he suggested the men stop their noise.

Such an insult wasn't to be tolerated. "Do you know," one of Lawrence's buddies declared, "that man gets \$7.70 apiece for tickets at one of his concerts? You should feel honored that he sings for you here."

I don't have to tell you what the proprietor said about Tibbett's chance of getting seven bucks from him.

In high dudgeon the trio retreated outside. One of them, in some way Tibbett hasn't fathomed, picked a quarrel with a passerby. And soon policemen, summoned by the restaurant people, came along and arrested all three. It was late at night, and they spent the night in the cooler.

The next morning they were taken to court in a common, ordinary police patrol wagon. "And instead of apologizing," Tibbett told me laughingly, "the judge fined me \$25. Now I know better than to sing in the wrong places."

No story, in my estimation, is complete without the tale of how Lawrence Tibbett manages to put stuffed shirts, society dames with affected accents, and other folks who try to put on the ritz, in their place.

RECENTLY, at a dinner, he was surrounded by a group of chattering women with a lot of social pretensions. They gushed around him simply because he was a celebrity; they acted as if he breathed a purer air than ordinary human beings.

Finally, Lawrence Tibbett got sick of it.

"You know, folks," he said loudly, "I got a letter from my Uncle Ed this morning. Ed's the best bartender back home in Bakersfield, California, and our family: good, common, wholesome folk like you, are mighty proud of his success."

No attention did bad-boy Tibbett pay to his hostess' gasp of horror, to the ill-concealed astonishment of her other guests.

"Of course Uncle Ed's a bit of a rascal, and has got himself into scraps. But what of it. So have we all."

And on he went, telling tales about his Uncle Ed, and making them as disreputable as he could.

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An "ade" that's very refreshing. A rare, appealing flavor. And most economical. Wholesome, too—the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods accepts it and the Good Housekeeping Bureau approves it.

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Lanny Ross' Mother Made

Him a Star

(Continued from page 29)

ant. She grew up a concert pianist, accompanist for Pavlova, the great Russian dancer, married an actor and traveled with him over three continents, through a thousand theaters, opera-houses and music-halls, playing, arranging, acting and directing.

If we are to tell you what you want to know, the story of how this mother brought her son up the steep slope to radio supremacy, we must put the items down in their proper order. So here goes:

The first item is heredity. Mrs. Ross passed on to her son her rich musical heritage. He was born with a gift for song, a beautiful voice, a feeling for music.

Lanny Ross' infancy was spent in a home bright with music. The piano went all day. His mother sang to him during most of his waking hours. Psychologists and authorities on child education will tell you that these early months of infancy are vitally important to later life.

When at last young Lancelot got upon his fat little legs and began pulling things off the table, he passed at once into the hands of a remarkable vocal teacher—his mother, a woman who had taught many professional singers. At two, he was able to wobble his way through a song without once sliding off the tune or falling off into flatness. The importance of this early training cannot be exaggerated. Conceive of these lessons—not as lessons—but as part of the child's daily life. Music with his oatmeal in the morning, music with the stew at night. His mother playing, practicing her own professional

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Radio Mirror



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IT'S WONDERFUL to win love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. Stale make-up left choking the pores causes tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps—signs of this modern complexion trouble.

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Lux Toilet Soap—the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use—is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every

trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it really beautiful—follow this simple rule: Use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I
USE ROUGE AND POWDER,
BUT THANKS TO **LUX
TOILET SOAP** I'LL NEVER
HAVE COSMETIC SKIN



Now... a Make-up that
Beautifies and Protects
at the same time!



ANY face powder will remove "shine" and give your skin a smoother finish... Any rouge and lipstick will add color to your complexion.

But all too often these are merely momentary effects. To achieve true and lasting loveliness, your cosmetics must not only beautify your skin, but protect it, too.

That is why so many women are turning today to OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. For these are the only beauty aids of their kind made on a base of pure Olive Oil... an ingredient long known to skin specialists for its beautifying and protective qualities.

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work, rehearsing professional singers. Lanny listening and every now and then bursting into one of his nursery songs.

A great singer always knows much more about music than the singing of songs. This his mother knew. How wise, how loving in the nurture of this lark of hers she was when she set his chubby hands on the piano keys and started him off to learn to play the instrument. Those were the days of finger exercises and it took patience to keep him working at them. To make sure that he learned, she made an arrangement with a fellow musician to come and give the boy his piano lessons. Clever woman, she realized that a stranger frequently has more authority than a parent.

Always self-effacing, she saw that the rapidly growing boy was approaching an age when he needed more than she was able to give to him. Did she hug Lanny close to her, did she try to bar out the world and keep the glory of his making to herself? Then as now, she had only one idea—and that was the welfare of her son. She went out and found a place for him in the choir of a church in Seattle, Wash., the city in which they were then living. An audience, she knew, was the breath of life to a singer. She knew that in a choir the boy would get a type of discipline and instruction it was not in her power to impart.

When Lanny had sung two years in Seattle and had exhausted the benefits he could derive from remaining there, she got him a scholarship in the Choir School of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. Sounds simple, doesn't it? It took years of scrimping and scheming to get it for him. It took hard work and heartache—but in doing it she set her son squarely on the path to his triumphs.

At the School he had excellent instruction, both in music and academic subjects, also stimulating companionship. His instructor took a profound interest in him and when he went to Taft Preparatory School, he saw to it that Lanny got a scholarship there. The same instructor tipped the Director of the Yale Glee Club about Lanny and so at Yale the train of events started by his mother's desire to see him sing in the Cathedral still carried on. The Yale Glee Club Director knew

the big guns in NBC and he arranged for Lanny's debut on the air.

All of which is a bit ahead of our story. Pathetic side of it is that Mrs. Ross who had dreamt for years of seeing her boy going to the Choir School, was not there to enjoy the dream come true. The day after he entered, she was obliged to leave the country with her husband and was away three years. When Lanny told me this tale, he concluded with, "Gee, but my mother took a beating."

In the choirs and later at Taft and Yale, Lanny learned a great deal. The fundamentals of breathing and voice control he had learned from his mother. Diction and the ability to mix great emotion with great restraint, from her too.

During these years, Mrs. Ross, wise Mrs. Ross, did not thrust herself upon the boy. She saw that her son was at an age when he was proud of his powers, would resent parental instruction. But she kept herself in readiness for the moments when he needed the help she could give. During the years in which they saw nothing of each other, they corresponded voluminously. Her letters contained the wisdom of a life spent in music. They were virtually lectures on the art and philosophy of singing. With them went invariably copies of songs which she thought he might enjoy singing, old English ballads, German lieder, little French songs out of Montmartre.

WHEN Lanny's first chance to sing in Radio arrived, he was still at Yale. It was a five minute job on a Christmas morning program for which he got ten dollars—and he got it because other singers were too lazy to get up early on the day of days. It was a chill, clear Christmas morning. But he did not ride down from New Haven alone. His mother, then living near him, went with him as his accompanist. The comfort of it, the security of it, having a mother who knew all the tricks sitting there at the piano when he took his first crack at the microphone. Out of those five minutes grew other opportunities. One of them called for his traveling to New York one day every week. He never went alone. Mother Ross came right along, playing for him,



Leon Belasco, the continental bandleader, pledged his engagement to Julie Bruner, stage actress, at a cocktail party thrown at the Stork Club. Vi Bradley, songstress, Jack Pearl and Peggy Hopkins Joyce were snapped as they drank a toast to the happy couple.

tricking him out of his stage fright, carrying him along on the great surge of her own confidence in his powers.

Lanny pleased his radio audiences—thanks to his mother's training, thanks to the gifts he drew from her veins. But even so—he would never have been one of radio's head men if it hadn't been for his mother. You see after Lanny got through at Yale he came down to New York and studied law at Columbia—and did become a lawyer.

When he got through at Columbia, Lanny Ross stood at a cross-roads. One road led to a career in law, the other to a career in radio. A prominent firm of lawyers had offered him a place with a small salary to start but with a future of great promise. Radio offered him at once an imposing salary and a future equally rosy.

The choice however was not between law and radio but between the career he personally wanted to follow and that his mother wanted. Lanny himself had no great liking for the stage or for public singing. He had seen too much of the dingy side of theatrical life as a boy. He did not like living a gypsy life, always on the fringe of society. He wanted security, a position in society, a respectable career.

His mother gave no advice, although every fibre in her body yearned to see her son in music, following the career of his ancestors. Lanny asked advice of a great many influential friends. They all advised the law. Lanny came home from asking questions and looked at his mother. No words passed between them.

LANNY folded his hands in his lap and studied his thumbs. He went back in memory to his childhood, his boyhood, the years in which his mother had given all she had to perfect him musically; he thought of the letters she had written to him from England and Australia; he recalled her difficult life, how when her husband had gone off and left her penniless she had supported the family, riding her bicycle over the countryside giving lessons to farmers' children, returning at night exhausted, doing it year after year.

A life in law was dear to the heart of Lanny Ross but he chose radio. He tossed away his dreams. The world has since repaid him for his sacrifice. But let none of you who read this make the mistake of giving the wrong person credit for Lanny's full time entrance into radio. Lanny did what he did out of love and gratitude for his mother. And the thing he did was only a small payment for what she had done for him.

Lanny made his decision because he wanted his mother to have immediately the rest and leisure she had earned. He wanted her to have at once the luxuries which poverty had denied her.

Does this finish the story? No, the story still goes on because Lanny Ross, while high is not yet at the top. Mrs. Ross is still vividly at his side, selecting his music, checking his exuberances, giving him straight from the shoulder criticism, helping him with her confidence, steering him as only an old trouper can.

There you have the secret of Lanny Ross's success in Radio. And there are still many things to be said, to further convince you how important a mother has been in the career of this star.

There are all the ways she has helped him outside of music, the way all intelligent mothers help their sons which though they may not lead to great achievement, almost always lead to the development of a fine character.

Lanny remembers that his mother gave him plenty of freedom. She never inter-

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"Drink to me only
with thine eyes"
...sang the poet*



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beauty aids will make **YOUR** eyes lovely enough to sing about—

Poets and artists have always paid high tribute to the most important feature of woman's beauty—her eyes. The fascination of long, dark, curling lashes, softly shaded eyelids, and well-groomed brows have made even the plainest woman appear charming and most attractive.

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, with Maybelline Mascara, and presto—the artist in you will bring out the poet in HIM!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows 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.

*Ben Jonson



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BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN



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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

ferred with his private life, never snoop, never imposed the weight of her authority upon him—she let him feel that he was an individual. He went out and sold newspapers without even telling her. She didn't criticize. He got a job running errands for a drug store. She laughed with him over his comic adventures.

The result was he had a carefree, hard working boyhood which gave him a feeling of freedom and independence. It bred in him a fearlessness which is a quality great singers must have. Can you speak clearly when you are scared? Nobody can—much less sing—and there's your answer. Lanny hasn't a fear in the world and you can feel it in the clarity and free rise and fall of his voice.

And if this youthful singer perched atop the world hasn't a swelled head he has his mother to thank. She planted in him a solid, common-sense idea of what success is and what it can be. Lanny likes radio, is thrilled by his ability to make so many people happy, but he cannot help but feel that it is as yet inferior to the opera and the concert stage.

Today, the concert stage is his great ambition and until he is singing there, giving recitals the way John Charles

Thomas does, he will not be satisfied. And where there is dissatisfaction there is rarely conceit.

He's an amazing person, Lanny Ross, intelligent, strong, self-possessed. You cannot be in conversation with him for many minutes without becoming aware that Mrs. Ross, in addition to making a beautiful singer, has brought to manhood a remarkable human being.

Here he is, the pet of millions yet he yearns for the quiet life, a place in the country, the white house and the grape arbor. He is looking for one now. Does that mean he is about to get married? He said it did not, he was not yet ready.

Still, when babies came into the conversation, he pricked up his ears. Yes, he wanted babies. A wife and babies in an environment free of dust and noise, alive with growing things. He dislikes New York. Bright lights and spot lights mean nothing to him. He was born in their glare. He wants to go where people are simple folk.

A remarkable man, an unusually fine singer—for his manliness and for his voice, give the credit to an applecheeked woman with gray hair, five feet, two inches tall—the mother of Lanny Ross.

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES!

MONDAY, April 29th, brings one of radio's best liked personalities back to the air. George Frame Brown, originator of "Real Folks," has created a new serial which will follow Amos 'n' Andy on the NBC blue network five nights a week. It's called "Tony and Gus" and it'll have Mario Chamlee, Metropolitan Opera star playing the role of Tony, an impetuous Italian lad with a weakness for pretty girls. Elsie Mae Gordon, one of the important character actors who helped make "Real Folks" so popular, will have a leading part in the new serial.

WHAT would you think of a role that combined the story-telling ability of Baron Munchausen and Paul Bunyan? If you want to keep the kiddies quiet for fifteen minutes a day put them at the loudspeaker at 5:15 and let them hear Grandpa Burton, an arm-chair adventurer with yarns a mile long. You might listen yourself. Grandpa is a one-man show written and acted by Bill Baar, youthful NBC character man. He's known in the Middle West as the man of many voices.

SPRING NOTES: Freddy Martin, now that his Open House radio series is over for the season, opens at the Palmer House, Chicago's famous hotel . . . Rosemary and Priscilla Lane will be able to smile again soon. They're having their teeth braces removed before long . . . Molasses and January, Showboat's comedy pair, feel better after a two weeks' vacation with pay in balmy Florida . . . Jack Stanton and Peggy Gardiner will probably remain

as soloists on Al Jolson's new show (WEAF and network Saturday nights) . . . Jack Benny is in Hollywood again for another picture, sort of a spring habit with Jack . . . His supposed quarrel with Bestor has been patched up, too. Listeners took it seriously . . . Father Coughlin is still angling for station outlets so he can continue his weekly broadcasts past his original schedule . . . Have you found Graham McNamee in his new weekly role of sportcaster every Sunday night on NBC's blue network? . . . To fill that seven o'clock spot vacated by Alexander Woollcott, CBS has moved in a day-time sustaining show, "Roadways of Romance." Jerry Cooper stars in the one-hour program.

STEP-CHILDREN," which is not for youngsters but grown-ups, made its debut not very long ago on NBC as a noon-day feature. It features a dramatic situation radio does not usually touch on and it's noteworthy for that reason. It's the story of a husband, his second wife, and his daughter's efforts to make her step-mother miserable.

IMPORTANT to all radio listeners is the return of Gertrude Berg to the air. Every Wednesday now, for half an hour, the creator of the Goldbergs has a new show called "The House of Glass." Since Mrs. Berg and her company went off the air last July, they have been making personal appearances throughout the country. She returned to New York a little over a month ago when she went to work on her new idea. The program revolves around a country hotel.

"I'll Never Trust Another Man!" Says Mabel Albertson

(Continued from page 31)

chance. And his amusement faded. The child could play, beautifully, better than his old pianist! After all, it was none of his business if she lied about her age . . . if he hired her, he would save at least \$5.00 a week.

"If you want the job, girlie," he said finally, "put up them braids of yours and let down your dress. I'll give you a chance."

For fourteen hours a day, for twelve dollars a week, little Mabel Albertson pounded the keys in this smelly, second-rate neighborhood house, improvising tunes to match the mood of the pictures, never stopping for more than a moment. And she loved every bit of it, for it brought her one step nearer to her dream of being a concert pianist.

"During the next five years, when I played in theatres and in vaudeville, I had very little time for anything but work . . . some force drove me on to an endless round of taking lessons: dramatics, piano, and vocal lessons.

"Though I didn't live at home, Mother, who had remarried, and I became quite good friends and I saw her often."

Now that she was old enough to appreciate her mother's lot fully, her resentment against her father, against men in general, burned steadily. No one had ever done anything for her, and she vowed no man would ever have the chance to.

SO, though her piano playing and singing got her invited to many parties, she rarely attended them. As for men, she never permitted herself to become seriously interested in any. Just as long as she and the boys were pals, friends, she liked them. That was as far as it went.

But Fate has a way of taking matters into her hands, and arranging our destinies to suit her whims without consulting us.

One Saturday night Mabel was invited to a party. She was dead tired, for the motion picture theatre had had a midnight performance, and she wanted nothing better than to be permitted to drop into her bed.

"To this very day, I don't know what made me go," she said. "No one would have missed me."

As she was walking in a very tall, dark-eyed, dark haired boy was walking out. The smoothest, most romantic-looking young man Mabel had ever seen. Their eyes met. "Lovely," he murmured under his breath, and then, as if in a dream, he put down his hat, took off his coat, and came back into the room.

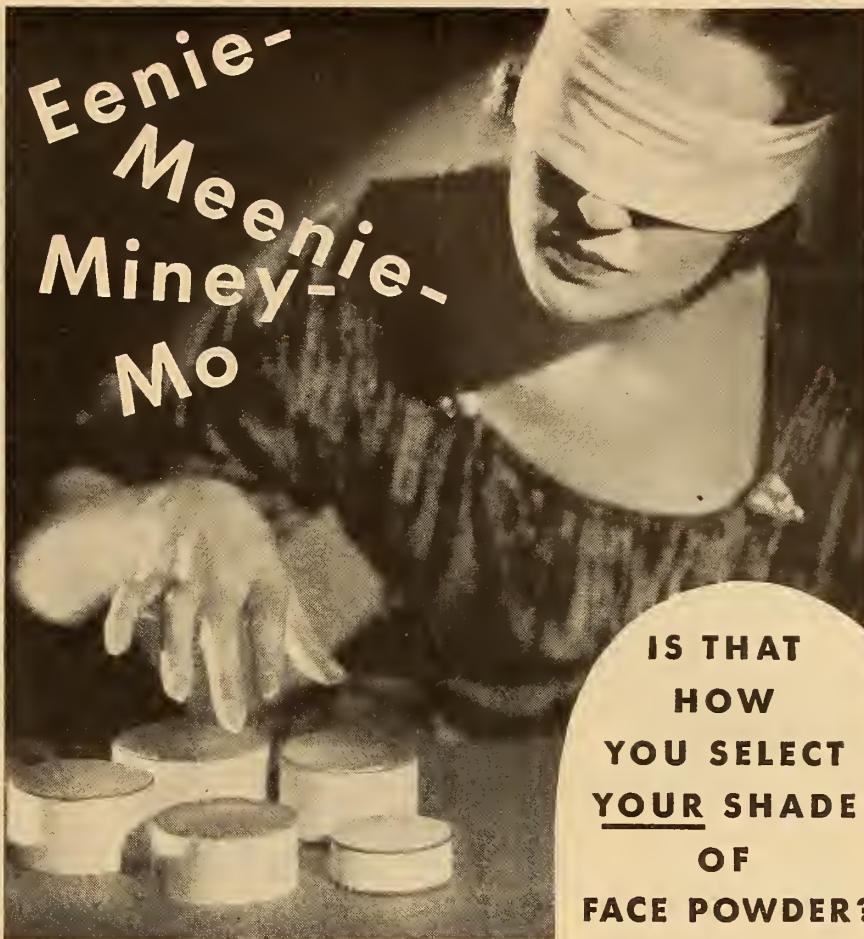
"Why, I thought you insisted on going, Fred," the others sang out.

"I've changed my mind," he answered in a soft, caressing, southern drawl, making a bee line for Mabel. "How are you, honey?" were his first words of greeting.

And so it started. Fred fell in love with Mabel and her blonde loveliness. And as for this man-hater, all her objections, her life-long animosity toward men, disappeared into thin air. Somehow, it was unfair to judge him as one would ordinary men. Fred was different, always would be. She couldn't imagine her handsome, fun-loving, tender sweetheart ever hurting anyone.

"All I want," he whispered, "is to make you happy, sweet, forever."

And so in the due course of time they were married. And at the beginning it was heaven.



IS THAT HOW YOU SELECT YOUR SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter — Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether.

The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, *at no cost to you!*

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for you, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (13) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

No takers



MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit—it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM



TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

Since Fred was an advertising solicitor she traveled through the United States with him. He averaged \$150 a week, an unheard of sum to the young bride, and she had everything her heart desired. Life was new and radiant and glamorous, till Mabel realized she was going to have a baby.

And what should have been the supreme experience of life, and brought joy and happiness to them, tightening the bond of love between them, brought nothing but havoc and sorrow—and the breaking of the bubble of happiness.

At the beginning she refused to admit even to herself that Fred was becoming more distant, less affectionate. Of course he had to travel. There was nothing wrong with leaving her in a furnished room in Philadelphia, to await the arrival of the baby. And what if he did send her only \$25.00 a week when he made six times that sum? What if he did spend the rest on himself, on having a good time? She certainly couldn't go along with him now.

IT wasn't till a few months after the baby was born: a darling brunette girl, the image of her daddy, that the young mother was forced to acknowledge that history was repeating itself. That her gay, handsome, irresistible husband was the same type as her father had been. The responsibilities of parenthood were too much for him. And suddenly her allowance stopped entirely.

Heartbroken, she packed her few belongings and went back home to mother with the baby. Occasionally, her charming husband would send some money, as if he recalled he had a family. Then for a long time they would hear nothing at all. It was as if the earth had swallowed him.

"I was still so crazy about him," she told me, "that when he finally came to see me, we made up immediately. That happened four times. We established homes in Philadelphia, in Boston, in Washington and in Lynn. Each time things would go beautifully for awhile and then he'd disappear and send no money."

Shortly after their last break-up she realized she was to have another baby, and her son, George, was born. A while later she got a divorce.

As soon as she could, she hustled around trying to earn a living for the two children. Thoroughly disillusioned at last, she determined she would never trust any other man, never. Her father and then her husband had failed her: that was enough!

Nor would she deprive her children of a decent home or affection. Her mother took care of them while she worked. And for awhile, things went quite well. Perhaps you remember her as a vaudeville songbird, as a night-club entertainer? She even appeared in the moving picture, "Gang War."

Came the depression, and the end of everything for her and her loved ones.

Night clubs were doing very little business; she couldn't get a place. Vaudeville had been shot to pieces by radio. Pianists were drugs on the market. Gradually, her bank account dwindled . . . step by step she went down in her mode of living, from a cozy apartment to a bare hall bedroom.

Spasmodically, a check would arrive from her ex-husband . . . then silence again. For three years she didn't know where to turn for aid, where her next meal was coming from. Days she lived on coffee and stale bread. Every chance she got to fill in at a night club she ate all she could there, and into an envelope she slipped whatever money she had made. It went back to Lynn, where her mother was caring for Patricia and George.

"Once I remember I hadn't eaten for three days," she told me in a matter-of-fact tone. "Everything had been pawned except my platinum wedding ring. So finally I sold that for \$3.75. Not much? Enough to feed my children and me for a few days."

Last year, when things looked darkest, a friend introduced her to Phil Baker. And she landed on his program as leading lady, comedienne and character actress. She's been there ever since, the only woman lead.

As you know, the Phil Baker show was stationed all last Spring in Chicago, where Mabel Albertson's ex-husband lives. Not once did he ask to see his children, or come near them! Patricia and George never remember seeing him, wouldn't recognize him if he came up to them.

An incident that occurred recently brought this point home to Mabel more poignantly than anything else could have done.

Her own father, who had never seen the children, suddenly turned up one night, and met his two grandchildren. But she introduced him as Mr. Albertson.

Off to bed the youngsters went, but not to sleep. According to their nurse, their minds were wide awake, and they speculated long and earnestly on who the strange gentleman could be.

FINALLY the boy had an inspiration. "He's got the same name as mummy, you know," he said triumphantly. "I bet I know who he is. He must be our daddy."

But the little girl, older and wiser, said, "I don't believe it. He's so much older than our mummy."

To this day they don't know who he is, for he has not come again to see them.

Mabel Albertson, in spite of her disillusionment, has many men friends. With her wit and beauty and sincerity she couldn't escape them. One is crazy about her, crazy about the children, and wants nothing better than the privilege of marrying her and taking care of them. But she refuses to say yes.

"I'm afraid to entrust myself and the children to any man again," she told me. "Experience has taught me not to. I'll never trust another man."

"DON'T STRUGGLE FOR FAME!" says EVERETT MARSHALL

Anyone who has ambitions to be successful in any field of radio must read this inspiring and helpful story—what the famous singer has learned from his own struggles—and from the success he has achieved despite them.

**IN RADIO MIRROR for JULY
on sale on May 24**

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Al Pearce

(Continued from page 26)

or other introduced 'em. Al asked permission to drive them home. Of course there wasn't any rhyme or reason to it.

But Mrs. Carter thought it might be a good idea to humor Mr. Pearce. Somewhere she had read about radio people getting temperamental if they are crossed.

Thus began the courtship of the present Mrs. Pearce. Every waking moment in young Mr. Pearce's life was spent around the Carter hearthside except, of course, the time for rehearsals and the program itself.

The next scene finds the couple over in Reno. But they weren't getting divorced. Not a bit of it. They were just trying to be different from the rest of the crowd. They trekked over the highway via Donner Lake and into Reno to be married.

The honeymoon was a brief one with picnics 'round about the country, refreshing swims in the sulphur baths and trips to the nite clubs.

RIGHT there a hasty researcher would indicate that Mrs. Pearce had dropped out of the picture. Well he might, for the average on-looker never seems to hear of Al's frau.

But she's the gang's severest critic and, though she never basks in the limelight, she is a big help to the NBC troupe.

She hears the program daily and picks out any possible flaws, makes suggestions for forthcoming productions, and even plays the piano for Al to rehearse his songs.

Yet she has never appeared on one of the programs nor posed before a microphone. Her work has been behind scenes and acting as chauffeur for the Pearce car as they troupe on vodvil tour.

Strenuous times do not give Audrey much of a chance to keep house, because they move around from place to place.

Of course she can cook. That is, when Al will let her. When he was a youngster he spent a time in Nevada cooking for a roadside café. Then came a long period of time in the show business with his banjo, song and orchestra until radio, when he developed his own program.

Maybe that's where this cooking craze of his started. Anyway, he is never supremely happy until he can mess around with a lot of pots and pans. Why, he doesn't even get sore when the wife marches him back into the pantry to wash the dishes after he has experimented.

Barbecued meats are his favorite dish. Steaks and fried spuds are his chief everyday standby.

Sometimes Al tries out the recipes that fans send in. But the idea isn't such a hot one with Mrs. Pearce. It wouldn't be so bad if Al would stick to the recipes as sent in. But he starts to experiment and when the dish is on the table nobody can recognize it.

So Mr. and Mrs. Al Pearce seem to be "living happily ever after" just as they say in the story books.

And when the tramping days and the radio stints are over and they begin to grow old, they both have a dream of the twilight days together. They want to spend the sunset years in a rustic log cabin with a fireplace and an electric refrigerator up in the hills near Marysville in the northern part of the state.

Don't look for this though for a long while yet. Al is only thirty-five. He'd resent it if you sent him a comfy arm chair and other accoutrements of old age for, he says, "We're just a couple of kids trying to get along."

SEE HOW I
LOOK SINCE
I GAINED
12 POUNDS



It's a shame to be
SKINNY

When Special Quick Way
Adds 5 to 15 lbs. Fast

THOUSANDS who were "skinny" and friendless have gained solid, attractive flesh this new easy way—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh—enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, constipation go, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 226, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

MARRIAGE BROUGHT HER HAPPINESS

by ETHEL CAREY

What is that indefinable something in the relationship between Virginia Rea and her husband that creates harmony?



VIRGINIA REA'S life has just begun, at an age when most of us feel our lives are half over. In her middle thirties, she has just married Edgar Sittig, the cellist.

"It's the beginning of my life, really the very start," she told me earnestly, her lovely gray eyes shining. "I'm an entirely different person. Somehow my new-found happiness has made me realize how empty and futile life was before."

Most women when they reach the dread thirties and remain single, try to shut their eyes deliberately to what they have missed. They tell themselves that they don't need men; that their lives are filled with work and other interests. Particularly if they are successful in their work, as is Virginia Rea, whom you have heard each Sunday night on the Album of Familiar Music.

But Virginia never kidded herself. "It wasn't that I didn't want to marry; I just couldn't," she told me. A brief, unfortunate marriage back in the first flush of youth, proved such a harrying and disillusioning experience that she just didn't dare try marriage again till she met Edgar and all her doubts were swept away in a new-found companionship.

"I was always a domestic soul and never liked anything better than fussing around in my apartment, cooking for my mother and brother when they visited me. I was actually ashamed of the pleasure I got from embroidering pillow-cases and table-cloths. I've sewed enough linens to fill the White House linen closet," Virginia told me.

But in spite of all the things she did to fill the void she sensed in her life, Virginia was always conscious at heart of an aching loneliness, an emptiness that neither crowds nor people nor her brilliant success could make up for. Yet there was something in her that kept her from reaching out for companionship, a shyness and reserve that she tried in vain to get over. On the surface she seemed quiet and aloof and few people took the trouble to penetrate behind that surface.

Even Edgar, when he first met her, thought her quiet, reserved manner was a pose. Was it (Continued on page 91)

How to Get More Fun

Out of Music

(Continued from page 51)

back and wait for the leaders to begin the applause. As soon as they hear it they join in lustily. For this simple duty, all members are awarded free tickets and they get to hear the great artists and great operas all through the season.

One of the funniest stories that has come out of New York evolves around the Metropolitan claque. A certain tenor who is very well known always has the claque come to his house for rehearsal before he sings certain operas.

In a particular aria "Il mio tesoro" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni", there is a certain note that is held a long time, so long that by the time the note ends the audience is simply overwhelmed at the singer's breath control and bursts into applause. Well, the tenor begins his note. Just about the time when his breath naturally begins to give out, he signals the claque which starts a small ruff of applause all over the house. The applause lasts only a few seconds, but that few seconds in which the tenor's voice is momentarily drowned in applause is enough to allow him to catch his breath again. When the clapping dies down that audience sees that he is still holding the note. He goes on with his second wind and by this time everyone is flabbergasted at the fellow's tremendous powers and the song ends in a blaze of glory and applause for him. It's all part of the tricks.

So—when you hear tremendous applause after numbers on your radio programs, don't be misled. It is usually only part of the show. Of course it's thrilling, and excellent showmanship but it's only another reason for our practicing what was mentioned before in this article: musical independence. Make your own musical decisions. Because all that is applauded is not good.

WHICH brings me to another question I promised to discuss in last month's installment: the why of orchestra conductors. Why are there such people as orchestra conductors? And what makes one greater than another? To the casual observer the conductor is just an animated back, a sort of clown who stands conspicuously in front of his orchestra waving his hands artistically in the air. It looks as if any of us could do as well. But we couldn't.

Orchestra leaders may be said to be the soul of the orchestra they are conducting. Their influence upon the performance of a work is very marked, so much so that it soon becomes possible to recognize who, of the several prominent conductors in America, is conducting a certain work without being told.

Stokowski, the great maestro of the Philadelphia Symphony is unmistakable. The perfect drilling of his men, the extraordinary ease of their playing, the precision and smoothness is noticeable. But the Stokowski mark is not alone this perfect execution. It is his brilliance, his consummate showmanship that makes his performances stand out on the air like an etching.

Stokowski loves the spectacular. He wants to do everything in a living, exciting, and vibrant way. When you listen to him conduct his programs next season watch for this quality. His tempos will be faster, his phrasing more sensuous, his stories more lurid. You will feel the personality of a man who lives strongly, passionately, throbbing its way into his symphonies.

Healthy mouths now
come in packages
labelled *Dentyne*



A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them . . .

DENTYNE IS AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH

The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs — the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

AND A DELICIOUS GUM, TOO — Chewing

Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum . . . At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different . . . thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket . . . an exclusive feature for many years.

DENTYNE
KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

Take a movie star's beauty advice



JOAN BLONDELL,
Warner Bros.' Star,
see her now in
TRAVELING SALESLADY

WHEN you get a DUART Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a SEALED individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have NEVER BEEN USED. You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars



**SEND COUPON
for FREE BOOKLET**

Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

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

- City.....State.....
- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut | <input type="checkbox"/> White or | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Light |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |

After we've listened several hours a week to symphonic programs for, say, one year, the conductor's work will become more wonderful to us. Toscanini may be just an Italian name to you now. In a year, you will begin to know why he is called the master conductor.

IN his interpretations, Toscanini towers because he seems to have mastered the art of making the music everything, his own personality nothing. He hears everything. Think of having ears so sensitive that every instrument in a full symphony orchestra stands out as if it were playing alone! Think of a memory so perfect that every symphony ever written is photographically imprinted upon the mind! Toscanini never uses a score. He knows every note every instrument should be playing at all times. This genius of his has amazed the world. To him it has been at once an ecstasy and a torture.

Toscanini's music is in his mind. He hears his symphonies as a whole. He knows exactly how they should sound. In rehearsals with the orchestra his whole effort is bent toward bending the musician to his own musical will. They must feel it the way he does, and then play it that way. Sometimes they can't understand his interpretation, they play it their own way. Then Toscanini is liable to cry out in pain. A sound to him that is not perfect, not played the way he hears it in his mind, is the most awful torture.

He has been known to kneel down in the middle of rehearsal and pray to God that his men may feel the music the way he does. He begs them. Prays to them. Screams at them. Throws his glasses to the floor. Pounds a desk until the glass top cracks. Finally, when he hears the

thing the way he has dreamed it, he is likely to cry with joy. He thanks his men. And they, at this point usually close to exhaustion, thank God that they can at last go home.

None of this is temperament with Toscanini. It is that he is able to hear his music as it would sound in perfection and to that impossibly high ideal he drives, begs, curses, cajoles and finally elevates his orchestra.

Now then, let me suggest that this summer, while the large orchestras and the operas are off the air, you nevertheless continue this new way of listening to music. There will be continuous good programs that will interest you, even if they be lighter than the seasonal ones. If you are really serious about learning more, I would suggest that you get into the habit of reading about one book a month on music and musicians. Next time I am going to give you a bibliography, a brief one, that might interest you through the summer months. But don't make a job of this reading business. That is, don't go about it too earnestly, because it won't be fun to you that way, and it won't "take." Do it when you want to do it. And not with any goal in mind other than to entertain and please yourself.

Then I will give you more stories about the great composers and singers, and orchestra conductors, and some suggestions on how to listen to music in the summer. Summer is not the music season, but it's an excellent time to hear lighter, though great music. In parting, I must not forget to answer the question which has dogged this series for the past three months: is it true that all good trap drummers are crazy?

The answer is: Alas! Yes.

Enchanted Lady

(Continued from page 34)

bitterly. "My life is bounded on all sides by contracts. I haven't any freedom, at all. You don't understand."

Ginger looked at him dully. She knew what he meant. He had agreed not to marry as long as his contract with Bronstein endured, and he was signed up for another year. A whole year!

Mark Hammond loved her, but he was not willing to jeopardize his fame for her. He would not do anything to violate his contract. He had built up the Bronstein hour until it was the biggest thing of his career; a part of him. It compared now in popularity with the Fleischmann hour, and the Chase & Sanborn program. Could she blame him for not wishing to endanger his success, even for her sake?

Ginger struggled with a pang of disillusion, trying to find excuses for Mark. She would have given up fame, and everything, for his love. But that was not a man's way. Love might be a woman's whole existence, but for a man it was not enough. It was not enough for Mark.

He seemed to evade her direct glance. "We shall have to wait, Ginger."

"Wait!" Ginger repeated. As though she had not waited an eternity for him already!

He was asking her to carry on the hideous pretense of being professional partners and nothing more. To prolong the agony of a love which must not be fulfilled. Going on exactly as before. Other men for her. Other women for Mark. Glamorous puppets, satisfying the radio fans' romantic dreams.

"It isn't fair," she breathed. "I love

you too much. I can't wait. Not now that I know you love me, too."

"We must, Ginger," Mark said gently. Ginger's mouth curved firmly. "It's funny, Mark, but everything is different tonight. I feel as though I have just been born into a new world. I'm really not the same person, at all. I find that I am able to say things I wouldn't have dared to say yesterday."

"If you had asked me yesterday to wait a year for you, or two years, or five years, I would have agreed. Today I know that you can't bank too much on the future. We had an accident, and miraculously escaped with our lives. Another time we might not be so lucky. Don't you see what I mean?"

Ginger added quietly, "I was reading in a magazine about a famous crooner. A radio idol, like you. They built him up to be the romantic hero of the women of America. He fell in love with a chorus girl, but they wouldn't let him marry her. They were afraid it might ruin his popularity with the fair sex. The girl did not want to stand in the way of his success. They drifted apart."

"Perhaps they thought, as we did, that there was plenty of time for their love. But they were both killed in accidents. She, on the Coast. He in New York. They never did find time for their love. Mark, we are not going to let publicity do that to us!"

Ginger went to Mark and looked him full in the eyes.

"Your contract won't allow you to marry. Very well. I understand. I love

you far too much to ask you to give up one bit of your fame for me. But we'll not destroy our love. Mark, if you want me, as I am—"

Mark held her until the grip of his hands hurt, but she did not flinch.

He said almost roughly, "You don't know what you are saying, Ginger. You don't know what this means."

"Oh yes, I do," she answered him proudly. "I know very well."

"Do you think I'd let you make such a sacrifice for me?" Mark demanded. All at once his voice changed, and he said in a strained tone,

"I think you'd better go home now, Ginger!"

But Ginger clung to him, her reckless love transcending all sense of the conventions.

"I don't want to go, Mark!" she murmured. "Won't you believe me? I don't want to go!"

For a moment Mark Hammond was staggered by her superb bravery. Then he said slowly, "Ginger, listen to me—"

He never finished what he was going to say. An alien sound cut through their intimacy. A key was inserted in the lock of the apartment door. The door opened.

Two facts registered simultaneously in Ginger's dazed consciousness. The girl who stood on the threshold viewing their embrace was Del Armbruster, Mark's gay companion on many a night club evening. Del had let herself into Mark's apartment with her own key!

Del's face was white with anger, and her dark eyes flashed. Her voice was high-pitched.

"I heard about the accident at the Colony. Naturally I was worried. I had to find out what happened, but I never expected to stumble on a scene like this. Mark, what is this girl doing here at this hour?"

HER slurring tone stung Ginger to the quick.

"Perhaps I should ask the same question of you!" she returned hotly.

Ginger Wallis drew herself up at the side of the man she loved. Her small body was stiff with defiance.

"I'll tell you why I am here. I'm here because Mark and I love each other. We are going to be married as soon as his contract with Bronstein expires. And until that time I am going to—"

"Ginger, stop!" Mark cried harshly.

She smiled. "I'm not afraid, Mark. Why should I be? It's nothing to be ashamed of." She turned to Del. "Now you know everything. Will you tell me why you are here?"

Del's mouth curled unpleasantly. "Is it customary for a man's wife to give explanations to a girl like you? Ask Mark to tell you the *real* reason why he can't marry you. I wonder how many girls have swallowed that contract story? Mark Hammond will never marry you because he is my husband!"

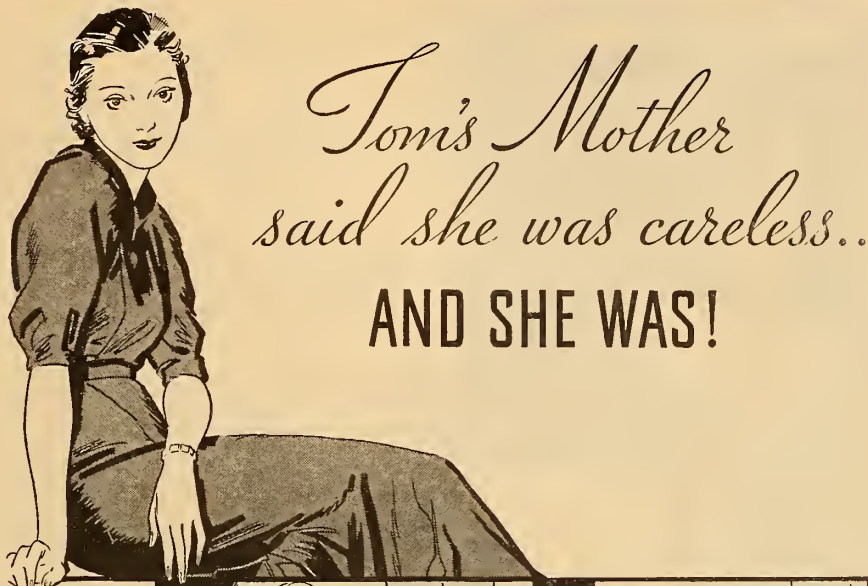
Ginger flinched as though the other girl had struck her.

She faced Mark in the awful silence which followed. He had gone very pale, and his mouth was grim.

"It isn't true, Mark? It can't be true. Not after what you told me."

Mark said, "I'm sorry, Ginger. It is true. We were married by a justice of the peace in Greenwich three months ago. We had to keep it a secret because of my contract. Nobody knows about the wedding. Not even Lew Littell. That's what I was about to tell you when Del came in. I knew that you didn't understand what I meant when I said that I wasn't free."

Ginger shook her head bewilderedly.



Tom's Mother
said she was careless..
AND SHE WAS!



BETTY: What's the matter?
BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.



BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.
BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?



BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.
BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.



BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even once without Kleinert's Dress Shields.
BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!



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"So the whole story you gave me tonight was just so much bunk! You were already married, but you were afraid to tell me so."

"No, Ginger. I never had occasion to tell you before. I didn't think it mattered to you. I love you, and I'd give anything I have to undo this mess."

Del sneered, "How gallant of you to tell me to my face that you no longer want me! I've played the game with you, Mark. I've kept myself in the background because of your obsession for secrecy. I've even occupied a separate apartment. Well, I'm sick of it. I see the reason now for keeping our marriage dark. I didn't know that you were keeping other women on the side!"

Mark wheeled on her savagely. "Del, you can't say such things! I won't have you insinuating that about Ginger. Ginger is—"

"A fine, pure girl! And your love is perfect!" Del's voice cut. "I am the one who doesn't understand you. Where have I heard that story before? They don't look at it that way in the divorce courts! If I should choose to divorce you now, I could raise a scandal that would ruin you!"

GINGER saw the look on Mark's face, and she knew what the threat of scandal meant to his career. Her heart was like a dead thing in her breast. Del looked from one to the other of them in triumph.

"A pretty spot you're in, Mark Hammond!"

Ginger said dully, "No, I'm the one who is in a spot, but I know when to get out. I guess I must be the biggest fool in the world!" She turned to Mark. "A little while ago you said that I had better go home. I'm going now. Please try to forget everything I said tonight."

Mark said swiftly, "Not like this, Ginger. I shan't let you go until I've finished what I have to say to you."

Ginger's face was wan and tired. "I've heard enough. I couldn't listen to another word."

How she finally broke away, and how she found her way home through the night Ginger never remembered. Her brain had suffered enough.

Her meeting with Mark next evening was strained. Ginger arrived at the studio fifteen minutes before they were due to go on the air. Mark was waiting for her.

"I'm sorry about last night, Ginger." Ginger's mouth was tight. "Unfortunately, being sorry doesn't help very much."

Mark's face reddened. "I know what you think of me, and maybe I deserve it, but try to understand my position, Ginger. I was plastered when I eloped to Greenwich with Del. If I hadn't been, I never should have done it. We both realized that we had made a mistake. She doesn't really want me, any more than I want her."

"We had to keep the wedding a secret on account of my contract. We can't even get a divorce yet because nobody knows that we are married. Now do you see what I meant when I said that we had landed ourselves in a hell of a mess?"

"Yes, I see," Ginger said quietly.

"We shall have to be awfully careful about being seen together from now on. Del thinks that she caught us in a compromising situation last night. If she chose to use that evidence in a divorce suit it would be ruinous to both of us!"

"Oh yes, we'll be very careful!" Ginger said bitterly.

How changed everything was! It struck Ginger that not one word of

love had passed between them today. They were like conspirators covering up an affair both were ashamed of. Was Mark already regretting the things he had said? Was last night's ecstasy just a phase of the emotional madness which follows a near-tragedy? She tried to read his face, but it was inscrutable.

If he had asked her then to defy Del and go to him, she would have done it without another thought. But he didn't. All that concerned him at that moment was keeping his name clear of scandal.

Ginger began to laugh suddenly. But it was harsh laughter, bordering on hysteria, and tore her body like a pain. This was a climax, and she couldn't bear it.

Mark stared at her in amazement. "Ginger, stop that! Pull yourself together, for heaven's sake. We're going on the air in a few minutes!"

Ginger managed to say, "I'm not going on the air with you tonight, nor any other night! I'm through!"

"Ginger!"

"Do you suppose that I could carry on the same as usual, after what has happened?" she cried. "What do you think I'm made of? I tell you I'm through. I hope I never have to see you again! Bradley Sonborn's firm is sponsoring a radio program to advertise their new 'Enchanted Lady' preparations. They want me to be the star. I have decided to accept the offer!"

The instantaneous decision surprised her as much as it surprised him. All at once Ginger knew that there was only one course open to her. She could not endure working with Mark and "being careful." She had got to get away from him, for her own sake.

Mark gasped, "Ginger, you're crazy!" Her lips curled. "How many times have I heard that from you? No, Mark. I have been crazy, but not any more. I was fool enough to throw myself at the head of a man who was already married, only to be turned down like any common girl who walks the streets! I shall never be able to forget that, Mark!"

Mark said hoarsely, "You've got to forget it! You belong with me and my band. Why, Ginger, I've made you what you are! You're just hysterical now, but you'll get over this. Everything will work out all right for us in the end."

Even at a time like this the Hammond arrogance showed. Ginger shook her head slowly.

"No, Mark, things will never work out all right for us, not so long as you remain the man you are. Last night for a little while you were different, but it's all gone now. You haven't a thought for anything in the world but yourself and your fame!"

HER voice rose. "Well, I'm taking a lesson from you. I shall accept Bradley's offer. I am going to be a star in my own right. I'll make the name of Ginger Wallis as famous as that of Mark Hammond!"

"You'll regret this, Ginger. There are few girls capable of sustaining a big radio program on their own. Don't ruin yourself!"

For a moment professional feelings transcended personal affairs.

"Just you watch me, Mark, and see!" Ginger said boldly.

Ginger Wallis signed up for the "Enchanted Lady" program. She had a contract for three months, with an option to be taken up if she made good.

"But of course you'll make good, Ginger!" Bradley Sonborn said.

"Of course!" Ginger murmured.

She was going on a rival station. She would not even see Mark around the

studio. She had cut loose from him with a vengeance.

Lew Littell wrote in his column: "Mark Hammond and Ginger Wallis have split. Ginger is to solo on a perfume program. We wish Mark's 'Cinderella Girl' success. Flash!—Mark Hammond is looking for a new songbird."

Ginger listened into the Bronstein hour in her own apartment. It gave her a funny feeling, being on the wrong end of the receiving set, listening to the program she had been a part of since its birth.

Mark was in fine form. The applause of the studio audience, coming through the loudspeaker, attested to that. Mark announced,

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to present a little girl who is making her radio debut tonight. Elsie Grayson, whose love songs are going to thrill your heart. Come, Elsie."

Ginger Wallis switched off the radio. There was a lump in her throat. Mark had forgotten already, just as Bradley predicted. One star was gone, and immediately another star was born.

To Ginger, it was like the end of one life, and the beginning of another.

But will Ginger Wallis make good on another program, without Mark Hammond to guide her? In the last and exciting installment of "Enchanted Lady," Ginger finds there are two courses open to her. Marriage with Bradley Sonborn whom she doesn't love or back to obscurity whence she came. Don't miss the thrilling conclusion of this serial in the July RADIO MIRROR, out May 24.

Your Announcer Is:



ANDRE BARUCH

Born in Paris; came to New York with his parents when he was eleven years old. Attended Columbia University and Beaux Arts in Paris—a scholarship student. Also studied music under Hans Bachman in New York.

Applied for position as staff pianist at Columbia Broadcasting Co. in 1930. Na opening for a pianist at the time but said they could use an announcer. He got the job—partly because he could speak seven foreign languages.

He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 180 pounds. Has brown hair, blue eyes and a small mustache. He likes to swim and play basketball. Announces "Just Plain Bill," "Marie, the Little French Princess," "Bobby Benson," "Mid-day Serenade" with Tita Guizar and "Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians."

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



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CITY STATE

Chicago Highlights*(Continued from page 48)*

New York as radio's most prolific script writer. Now he is turning out fifty complete radio scripts a week in addition to doing books and an occasional movie scenario.

VINTON HAWORTH, the Jack Arnold of the Myrt and Marge shows, now boasts three nieces in the films. They are Ginger Rogers, Phyllis Fraser, RKO starlet, and now Rita Causina, who Winfield Sheehan signed for Fox after having seen her dance at Agua Caliente.

GENE ARNOLD, most famous as interlocutor of the Monday night Sinclair Minstrels over NBC networks, has lost a prize possession. It is the original manuscript of his first radio minstrel show, a three-man program. Over in the Merchandise Mart he was turning the office upside down trying to locate the missing prize when a telegram was delivered to him:

SEND IMMEDIATELY SPECIAL DELIVERY TWENTY JOKES PORTLAND (MAINE) POLICE DEPARTMENT.

It is doubtful if Gene will send the twenty jokes. A funny thing about that lost manuscript. Although it was written more than seven years ago it included a joke about television being just around the corner!

PAT BARRETT is known in radio-land as Uncle Ezra, the founder and operator of that mythical small town radio station EZRA. Opening his mail the other day Pat came across a letter enclosing a check for eleven cents. He opened the letter and read:

Considering that your time is worth \$100,000 a year I am enclosing my check for eleven cents to pay the forty-five seconds it will take you to read this letter.

ceremonies work. "Captain Dobbsie," so named for his former "Ship of Joy" program, was born in Bowling Green, Ky., cousin of Richard Pearson Hobson, of Merrimac fame and now a valiant foe of the dope habit.

SO golden haired Benay Venuta went to New York! You've been hearing her lately from there on CBS stations. Though she went to Hollywood high school, 'twas in San Francisco she did her first blues singing. She is of Swiss-Italian and British ancestry . . . once danced in a chorus with Myrna Loy, sang at one time with the Sisters Boswell . . . sails boats and paints portraits and landscapes.

WOULD you like to know who the Tropical Tramps are? They were in the N'west awhile on an NBC hookup, but a few weeks ago joined up with KGGC . . . Juan Cruz and Miguel Vilches. Maybe you heard the boys on some of their Columbia records.

CHARLIE WESTLUND, KYA tenor, didn't think so much of the station's navy day program. Nobody asked him, though he served a hitch in the navy. But Westlund's chance will come. He lived in Honolulu a long while, and

THAT new song "Riding the Range," which George Olsen and other orchestras have been playing was written by Fleming Allen of the NBC production staff in Chicago. Among Allen's mementos is a six-shooter once owned by Wild Bill Hickock who as a United States marshal is reputed to have killed thirty-two men in gun fights. The gun, bearing two notches on the handle, was sent to young Allen by his father with the admonition that Fleming do nothing to increase the number of notches.

MYRT of Myrt and Marge is proud of two things these days. One is the tiny toy pomeranian dog which she named Goliath and the other is the fact that two members of her radio company have been married twenty-six years. The happily married people are Eleanor Rella and Reg Knorr who play the parts of Billy Devere and Sanfield Malone respectively.

THERE'S lots of speculation around town as to just what Wayne King will do when his Aragon ballroom contract runs out in October. Rumors are that he'll leave Chicago for good, go on tour, leave his commercial radio program, retire, move to California, move to New York, etc. But neither Wayne nor his sponsor will say anything. "I don't know" is their answer.

MARSHALL SOSSON, violinist in Billy Mills' WBBM and Columbia network studio orchestra, broke his arm some time ago. Doctors said that he might never again be able to play the fiddle. But the arm healed somewhat and although it was still stiff Sosson decided to try to recapture his former position. To see if his recovery was real or fancied he entered the 1935 annual contest of the Society of American Musicians. By a

unanimous vote of the judges he won the contest and was signed as guest violinist with the Woman's Symphony Orchestra of Chicago for a concert at the Studebaker Theater.

DON MARIO is now broadcasting from Chicago as the star of NBC's Penthouse Serenade Sunday afternoons. Because the actor who played the part of Cyrano de Bergerac on a New York stage once wasn't a singer Don was hired to sing to the girl in the balcony, out of sight of the audience. Some time later Mario turned on his radio and heard a familiar voice. It was the voice of the Cyrano de Bergerac who once couldn't sing a note. But now he was singing. The announcer came on and introduced the man:

"You have just heard Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer!"

MUCH of Ben Bernie's comedy, the gags which he uses on his Tuesday night broadcasts is the work of Jack Cusick of Chicago's south side, who you would hardly expect to have a sense of humor. A few years ago Jack was set upon by robbers who beat him unconscious. Followed terrible months of agony, blindness, hemorrhages, paralysis, and pneumonia. More than once the doctors gave up hope. And so did Jack until one day Bernie happened to be reading some of the hundreds of jokes and gags he gets regularly from free lance hopefuls and picked out a couple of Jack's quips as one he wanted to buy. Ben looked up the lad, heard the story and immediately put him on the payroll. Just the other day Ben told me Jack's work is so good that he'll have a job with Ben just as long as he wants it. And someone suggested that perhaps Bernie had saved a life by giving it an interest to live for. Perhaps that's right. Who can tell?

Pacific Highlights*(Continued from page 48)*

threatens to do a hula dance when KYA stages its Hawaiian nights fantasy.

Speaking of Honolulu, if Homer Tyson just keeps his KGU announcing job till July 10th it will mark his tenth radio anniversary over in the islands.

KHJ's Miss Fritzi has gotten over her spasm of temperament. But can you blame the gal? Heralded as a find by a staff member who was passing down the street and heard her singing in her apartment, the "discovery" was widely heralded in the daily press. The young lady made news with a capital N. But, horrors! The press agent mixed his drinks, 'n' then mixed names. The public was introduced to Fritzi Bonita. Her name is Bonita Fritzi. So everything is quiet 'round the studios for a while. That is, until some wise guy makes the crack about Bonita being a specie of fish.

HARDESTY JOHNSON, new tenor with Roxy's gang, used to be a program builder with a Los Angeles ad agency.

KECA's "Stove Poker Philosopher" is Fred Forrest, local stove store proprietor. Seems good to hear Herbert Rawlinson, star of silent films, on CBS from the east. Long time since I first put him on the air

back in 1923 . . . and, shh, gather closely lads and lassies . . . then he played a ukulele.

PAUL RICKENBACKER, CBS producer in Los Angeles, looks like a seal flipping its paws when he stalks out in front of audiences and gives 'em signal to applaud. Freeman Lang, bald headed m. c. is reading the dictionary to add to his vocabulary . . . svelt, acerbitly, sycophant, titillated . . . just a few samples. He knows lots more.

THEN there's that new coast program from Los Angeles to twelve CBS Western stations, and it may go national this summer. Tentative title, when this was written, was the "Mr. and Mrs. Skit," though Ralph Rogers, New York script writer, says it might possibly be re-named. Leads are Georgia Fifield, that veteran air trouper who looks like a gay debutante, and Dick Le Grand, onetime salt water sailor, oldtime thespian, of French ancestry but made a big success in Los Angeles for his Swedish characters.

THIS month's pen sketch to Dick (Richard E.) Webster. He is a brother of CBS's Vera Van (Webster) who was born in Marion, Ohio. But Dick

first saw the light of day some 26 years ago in Silvertown, West Virginia.

You hear him 'most every night playing the violin and singing with Jimmie Grier's Orchestra from Los Angeles to the NBC stations cross country.

He graduated from Poly High in Los Angeles but, instead of going on to college, went on some of the kids' programs at the old KHJ when he was fourteen. With his sister he trekked to New York in '31 as "Vera and Dick in Songs" on WMCA and WPCH. Soon he went in orchestra work with George Olsen, Roy Ingram and then to Hollywood with Slim Martin's ork.

Since he joined up with the Grier outfit he has been heard on dozens of trans-continental programs and, though he plays a fine fiddle, his baritone voice seems to bring the most fan letters.

The lad is six feet tall, weighs about 150 pounds, blue eyes and brown hair. He hates golf, tennis and rehearsals; likes mystery tales, history books and fossil hunting; and softly swears whenever he has to dunk himself into a tuxedo.

IVAN DALE DITMARS, organist with KOL in Seattle, was born in Olympia, Wash., of Dutch parentage . . . in the late twenties and married. You hear him on a coast chain once in awhile, and the organ duets he does with Don Isham have provided something plenty new in radio music.

LEO DE MERS is the bugler on the Death Valley Days program, that is, the one that does for coast consumption. He has been with NBC for a long while, and is well known as a trumpet soloist and a conductor.

AND then there's a girls' group over at KROW . . . the Herold trio, composed of Grace Hera Herold, pianist; Auto Aurora Cravero, 'cellist and Alba Crovers, violinist.

SNOOZE from KFRC. John Nesbitt, who writes "Headlines of the Past," writes for the pulps. Bill Kuser, announcer, finds that the springtime nose operation didn't affect the voice. Jack Major, the boy from Kentucky, used to be Irvin Cobb's caddy back in dear old Paducah.

COLUMNIST K. C. B. . . . Kenneth Carrol Beaton . . . is on one of the Sunday eve KHJ programs to the chain. 'Tis his first radio effort. The veteran reporter was born in Stayner, Ontario, some 63 years ago.

BOB SNYDER, KHJ singer, graduated from Caltech's scientific course five years ago. He wanted to go back East to school so he could wear a coon-skin coat and a skull cap.

LLOYD SOLBERG'S boy, aged twelve, taking lessons on the violin and piano, is doing excellently with the harmonica. That's the news the northwest scouts send in.

The fond parent, in case you don't know it, is the orchestra head of KJR. In his early thirties, he has been on the air some eight or nine years and is a fine musician. As a duck hunter he has been a frequent winner at the game of beavers. On the last hunting trip he pumped twelve consecutive shots at a beautiful mallard and it got away.

BENNETT FISHER and his wife have gone over to Milan, Italy to study vocalizing for a couple of years. They went on the passenger freighter, Rosandra. John Heverly, technician-announcer, takes his place at KOMO.

DONALD EDWARD CRAIG is one of those lads who starts out for something and lands it. At the University of Washington he did the bass-baritone rôles in the college operas, sang with the glee club and got his bachelor of arts degree in music a year ago this month.

He is soloist with the First Christian Church in Seattle and hopes to continue singing as a career and a hobby.

While he was still in college he turned the phonograph records for a station. Then he joined up with KOMO as a singer and an announcer.

He is married . . . swims well and goes boating . . . is tall and slender with brown hair and blue eyes.

Your Announcer Is:



BEN GRAUER

Because movie heroes are tall men, Bennett Grauer is a radio announcer instead of a flicker idol. When Grauer was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1930, he decided not to return to motion picture acting because his short stature would limit him to villain and juvenile rôles, which he did not relish.

Grauer failed in the auditions. Dejected, he started to leave the building, resigned to motion picture villain rôles, when a friend told him there was a vacancy in the announcing staff.

With characteristic enthusiasm, Grauer dashed down to the office of Patrick Kelly, supervisor of announcers, stated his business and a few minutes later had an audition. Kelly selected him out of several hundred applicants and the next day Grauer went to work.

Born in Staten Island, June 2, 1908. Six years later his family moved to the Morningside Heights section of Manhattan. Ben attended Public School No. 10, later went to Townsend Harris Hall, and then to City College, where he received his B. S. Degree in 1930.

Grauer created the original motion picture rôle of "Georgie Bassett," the sissy, in "Penrod." At the old Fox studios at Fort Lee he participated in productions starring such favorites of yesterday as Carlisle Blackwell, Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick, and Madge Evans, who was winning success as a juvenile.

Ben's father is an engineer who was a consultant on the Hudson Tubes. Of more interest to the younger Grauer, however, is the fact that Grauer, Senior, built Straus Park, at Broadway and 106th Street, N. Y., where stands a bronze tablet bearing the Grauer name. Ben still delights in pointing it out to acquaintances. A childish pride he never outgrew.

Announces: Lux Radio Theatre, Joe Penner program, Walter Winchell's broadcast, Radio City Matinee, R. C. A. Saturday Night program, Kellogg College Prom, The Goodrich Circus Night in Silvertown, and Harry Reiser and His Spearmint Crew.



-You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries."

Crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements in their most appetizing and digestible form. Try it tomorrow morning.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal.

"Uneda Bakers" NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Father Coughlin's Great Secret

(Continued from page 19)

Constipated Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last—In Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 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 119HZ, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

NURSES ATTENDANTS AND OTHERS EXPERIENCED & INEXPERIENCED MALE AND FEMALE desiring information regarding positions in hospitals, sanitariums and institutions say part of U. S. or Canada: write NOW enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 6-48, 145 W. 45th St., New York

Look Years Younger NEW BEAUTY QUICK END WRINKLES FREE AGE LINES GIFT If You Send Quick Amazing Results Overnight

Use amazing discovery, SEM-PRAY Creme tonight. Improved appearance by morning will astonish you. Cleanses, clears, whitens, softens, freshens, youthifies. Ends erasable wrinkles, age-lines. Reduces large pores. Tones skin tissues without growing hair. A marvelous discovery of rare Eastern youthifiers and beautifiers combined by secret process never used in other creams. Astounds even skin specialists. 3 minutes a day takes years away. In dainty oval container with push-up bottom. Fingers needn't touch. Fits snugly in handbag. Gives many beauty treatments a day, or whenever skin needs freshening. Wonderful foundation when ever skin needs freshening. Wonderful foundation when ever skin needs freshening. Wonderful foundation when ever skin needs freshening. Large, economical size 60c at drug or department stores. Smaller size at 10c stores. Or mail coupon.

Sem-Pray FREE Mail Coupon for 7-day package Sem-Pray Creme. Will include introductory packets Sem-Pray Face Powder and Rouge FREE.

Madame LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons Suite 1285-K, Grand Rapids, Michigan Send generous 7-day package Sem-Pray Creme. Include introductory package Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Name..... Address.....

would be nourished by the study of men, and the study of how he must talk to them, argue with them, persuade them. Books must be only the background of the career, people the career itself.

That is what so few people know about power. It was told me by the Brother to whom the memory of Charles Coughlin as an alert, eager schoolboy is still a vivid thing.

"You see," he said in the rich, sonorous voice of the man of the cloth, "though Charley studied hard in school, he did not study as a scholar would and as most of us at first thought he should. He never stood among the first ten in his class and he was never letter perfect in homework or class examinations he was given. Already he had found life a more fascinating subject."

Why? Because Charles Coughlin had discovered the field for which he had always been destined. He studied oratory, debating, dealing with men, and practised them in the classroom, in the dormitory, on the athletic field.

BUT more important than that, yet an intrinsic part of forensics, he learned the study of human nature—not from the detached viewpoint of the scholar, but from the viewpoint of a participant.

And so he played and debated and orated with the friends he had made, discussing the secret sorrows and desires and longings which make up our everyday world.

Take an incident from Charles Coughlin's oration class, an incident the Brother to whom I talked will never forget, since it became such a brilliant example of the real man.

Charles had played baseball late the afternoon before. When he went to his room, it was already late. In the morning, he knew, he would be called upon to deliver a speech supposedly prepared beforehand. But he couldn't study, he couldn't even eat, he was so tired. Every bone in his body protested with weariness. So, without worrying about tomorrow, Charles undressed and slipped between the warm blankets of his narrow cot.

The next morning brought the normal duties of school life. Charles had no time for any belated preparation. He walked into the class room a minute before the last bell rang.

"Got your speech ready?" a chum whispered.

Charles shook his head. "Not yet," he replied.

Finally, it came his turn to speak. The Brother in charge of the class called on Charles and named the subject assigned to him. Charles walked to the front of the room. For a moment he said nothing, collecting his thoughts. Then he began.

Soon, without conscious effort, he had

swung into a theme entirely different from the one he had been given. He was talking extemporaneously about the thing that interested him most—life and the living of it! When he was through, the class burst into applause. It was the best speech given that day, though all the others had been ready and memorized ahead of time.

So it has been ever since. Given a theme which appeals to him, he can deliver an oration on a moment's notice.

When he graduated from high school to enter college, he continued his debating, always, when it was possible, choosing such subjects as men and their daily life. He continued to play, rugby now that he was older, with the men he would some time instruct and teach.

There has never been an interval in Father Coughlin's life since those school days in which he has lost a single opportunity to stay close to people, learning their problems, their needs, and their weaknesses. Listen next Sunday and see how useful these experiences have been to him, how he has learned through actual contact to understand the average man.

There is another, more recent example of how Father Coughlin chooses humans rather than books for study. When you read the story perhaps you didn't realize the whole truth behind it, but consider it in the light of his boyhood decision and learn the true significance of it.

Father Coughlin started out, early this fall, shortly before his first broadcasts in October, on a slow, laborious trip across the country. He traveled under the name of Fred Schultz, common day laborer. His vestments, his church clothing, were laid aside.

Everywhere he stopped in small towns, asked for work, applied for loans at banks. Once he even found a job in a small town in North Carolina at \$9 a week. "The honest sweat of the brow" became a living phrase to him who had used it so many times before in his sermons.

And when the trip was over, Father Coughlin was once more back at Royal Oak, Michigan, where his parish is located, ready to resume his air crusading with a finger on the frenzied pulse of the nation. He had felt the heartbeat of the public, shared its excitements and depressions, and could again speak out.

The boyhood dream, turned into a youth's untried but true belief, hatched today into full grown reality, is Father Coughlin's secret—his formula for success with men. Turn from books to listen to the heartbeat of mankind!

What the future holds for the nation and the priest no one knows. But whatever success or power may fall to the lot of Father Coughlin, it will have been a youth's clear insight into the problems of life which paved the way.

DON'T MISS—

THE FASCINATING EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF FATHER COUGHLIN showing more unusual shots of him in his early school days as well as graphic views of the amazing staff which handles his tremendous correspondence today. Don't miss this in next month's RADIO MIRROR Magazine. On sale May 24.

Gladys Swarthout's Prescription for Paradise

(Continued from page 17)

attended their party as lovers might have done—really together. Inseparable because it's nicer that way.

And sometimes sticking together has meant the necessity of altering personal tastes. For instance, Frank liked heavy literature and Gladys, light fiction. The first time he brought home a volume of Schopenhauer she asked him to read it aloud to her; she wanted to learn to like the things he liked. Frank returned the compliment by finding he completely enjoyed her collection of Katharine Brush. Now they select their books together. Gladys taught herself to understand football so she might be a good companion on her husband's autumn week-ends following the Princeton team about; Frank learned golf and sailing so he might fit into his wife's idea of what summer week-ends were made for. They've successfully taught each other to like the same friends, the same place to dine and dance, the same shows and radio programs. Gladys says she wouldn't think of buying a gown without being sure first that Frank liked her in it. And when he goes shopping she's along.

If you think all that hasn't taken effort, think again. It's been downright hard for them, particularly when they were first married. But it was worth it.

FOR love doesn't die when it's treated that way.

Second, *I believe in the principles of what I laughingly call my Anti-Divorce Diet.*

And that diet's an original idea Gladys thought up herself, worked out on herself and her husband, and brought about new peace in a temperamental household. "Much marital disagreement," she explained to me, "is caused by nervous irritability following a wrong combination of foods. Jealousy and suspicion are products of temper and temper is a product of indigestion. I believe that if a couple eat in accordance with my diet they'll stay healthy and happy. And when they're that way they can't possibly fall out of love."

New York doctors, questioned as to the validity of the idea, agreed that it isn't wise to feed two temperaments at once. So dinner for two at the Chapmans means two different dinners! Maybe Gladys toys with a meal of fruit juices while Frank consumes a savory filet mignon, or vice versa. If Gladys gets cross and finally confesses to chocolate fudge cake and cheese souffle, Frank sends her right out to the rowing machine on the terrace. Only on one occasion do they share the same meal and that's before a performance at the Metropolitan or a broadcast. Then it's lamb chops, baked potatoes and pineapple.

In your case this diet, you may think, would require wealth in order to be carried out; or at least a servant to cook those two different dinners. But no extra expenditure is necessary at all. Show me the woman who doesn't have imagination enough to keep some fruit juices on ice, or to fix herself a couple strips of bacon in the same pan with her husband's steak. She can carry out her half of the idea anyway. And when he discovers anew the positively angelic temperament in the girl he married—he's a rare man who won't be willing to give his share of the diet a try!

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN Chocolate Ice Cream!



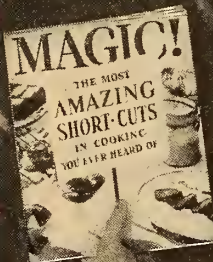
EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM (Freezer method)

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-

quart freezer. Remove dasher. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1 1/4 quarts.

- No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Magic Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. MG-65, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.



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"PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES"

which brings you pictures and stories of all your favorite programs and many of your favorite players. In the July issue of RADIO MIRROR, out May 24, you will find the most fascinating set of pictures that we have yet been privileged to publish.

PREVENT BLACKHEADS



Sensational Beautifier Refines the Skin

Thousands of women who used to be miserable over a skin blemished by blackheads, whiteheads and large pores, now rave about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, Dioxogen Cream, contains live oxygen that penetrates into the mouths of the pores, loosens the fatty blackheads, and prevents their further formation.

When the oxygen frees the pores from disfiguring dirt and grease, they return to normal size and the skin resumes its natural, clean appearance. It is soft and smooth to the touch.

Dioxogen Cream is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen. Approved by Good Housekeeping and sold from Coast to Coast by leading department stores and druggists. Generous jar 50c; extra-large jar \$1. Or send coupon below and 10c for trial jar.



This coupon and 10c good for a generous jar of Dioxogen Cream (not a sample). Address: Dioxogen Cream, 61B Fourth Ave., New York City.

Name.....
 Street.....
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GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-COLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York



Amazed By Value in CLOPAY 15¢ SHADES!

"I WAS dumfounded to learn Clopay Window Shades were only 15c apiece. So many lovely patterns and plain colors—all in that distinctive, patented, creped texture! Besides, Clopays can't crack, ravel or pinch; and are so easily attached to old rollers without tacks or tools." See Clopays at any favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c stamp for color samples to

CLOPAY CORP., 1412 York St., Cincinnati, O.
 AND Save Money On All Oilcloth Needs. With FABRAY—Looks—Feels—Wears Like Oilcloth—Costs 1/2 to 1/3 Less. At Your Favorite 5-and-10c Store.

Third. *I believe in a fifty-fifty recreation plan.*

The bits of recreation and 'time out' that busy married couples get these days are far between and important. Important, asserts Gladys, because not only should each do what he or she finds most restful but they should increase their capacity for enjoyment by doing it together if possible.

Simple, for the Chapmans. If Mrs. has her heart set on salt water bathing and Mr. yearns for fresh water fishing they split their vacation weeks, go both places, and love doing it. If Gladys wants to don her new Schiaparelli mousseline and go dancing under the stars at the St. Regis while Frank would rather stay home and stay cool—they just take turns. The one that gave in last time has the say-so this time.

Fourth. *I believe in spending one week-end a month apart.*

For all her ideas about the value of 'togetherness' Gladys knows that variety is an essential spicer-upper of any companionship. So twelve times a year she and her husband pack their overnight bags and hie off in different directions. Maybe he joins Lawrence Tibbett's stag fishing party on Long Island Sound while she and her sister run up to Chateau Frontenac for a day or so. For them both it's a necessary refreshment.

It is for any married couple. And week-ends apart don't have to be costly affairs. Let your husband feel free to take off now and then with the boys and he'll cook up an amazing number of hunt-

ing trips and inexpensive jaunts to baseball games in nearby cities. As for you, it's a cinch. Think of the friends you have who live within twenty-five miles of you; your best friends, many of them, whom you really love to see often but somehow you don't get around to it. Just do get around to it, that's all. Pack your nightie and toothbrush, hop on a bus, and go visiting now and then. You'll not only find your marriage happier as a result of brief vacations but you'll find your world twice enlarged. When you get home again there'll be new things to talk about, new interests for you and your husband. New romance.

For Gladys and Frank tell me that when they're home again it seemed like a million years instead of a mere week-end. And they're suddenly gladder than ever for a certain summer morning years ago in Italy.

Some day when they are very old and still very happy together they're going back. To a villa they've bought in Florence—an ancient monastery built in the eleventh century. The Mediterranean will be just as blue, the wind just as laden with the fragrance of wild flowers.

"Then" they agree, "we'll sit down in perfect peace and remember for the rest of our lives."

I think they'll do just that—in a perfect peace of their own making.

So more power to you, Gladys, for being the intelligent, inventive person that you are. You've found more than a prescription for paradise—you've found one that actually works!

The Hidden Sacrifices of Will Rogers

(Continued from page 23)

There was one offer, though, he didn't turn down. C. B. Cochrane, veteran stage producer, had sunk a lot of money in a revue, which was running at the Pavillion. Not running, really, but crawling, for it was a dismal flop.

He begged Rogers to appear in it, hoping that the homespun philosopher's racy, keen wit would save the day. Will could have any salary he considered fair.

Rogers agreed. The first day he went on, the house was sold out. For four weeks he appeared, and England raved. By the time he left the show \$60,000 had been recouped for Cochrane, and the revue was on its feet. As per their agreement, the producer presented him with a blank signed check, expecting Will to fill it out for at least \$16,000.

Rogers tore the check up! Refused to accept any payment! "You've been such a swell sport," he told the astonished Cochrane, "and this show's cost you enough money. I've enjoyed the engagement so much you don't owe me a cent. The enormous publicity you've got me is payment enough."

THEN there was the time, early in January, eight years ago, when Florida was swept by a dreadful hurricane. Will was coming home on the Leviathan from his tour of Europe. Of course, it really didn't concern him any more than the other people aboard, who said, "How horrible—please pass me another piece of toast." And dismissed it from their minds.

Rogers just can't sit still while someone needs aid. Perhaps he remembers the days when he was hungry and starving, a cattle valet bumming rides on trains, struggling to make a place in vaudeville.

Anyway, he appointed himself a committee of one to raise funds on board boat for the victims of the tornado. It sounds like a Houdini feat, doesn't it, but he ac-

tually raised \$40,000 from the passengers aboard that one boat. How did he do it? By working night and day. He prepared a concert; he told jokes galore at any time anyone'd listen to them, anyone who'd chip in a little more for our "Florida friends." He begged, he pleaded, he cajoled. He sold auction pools, he gave daily talks. He even performed his rope act for the kiddies in the third-class cabins. And gave \$1,000 from his own pocket to encourage giving.

When you corner him and mention this, he smiles his foolish smile, rubs his nose with his left hand, and says, "Pshaw, all I did was to lay in an extra supply of chewing gum and go to it."

It isn't only big causes that receive his sympathy and aid. Plenty of private woes have been lightened by him. In fact, sometimes he's ferreted 'em out. Ask Clarabelle Barrett, who unsuccessfully attempted to swim the English Channel awhile ago. Discouraged, whipped, she was coming back to the United States with a \$2,000 debt amassed in attempting her courageous feat, hanging over her.

In some way Rogers heard about it. "It's a shame," he said to his wife. "Such a plucky girl shouldn't have debts hanging over her. Something should be done about it."

Something was done. And promptly. Will did it. He wired Captain Hartley, on whose ship Miss Barrett was coming home, and offered to give \$500 if the Captain raised \$1500 from the passengers on board. The girl came home, free of all debts.

PERHAPS you feel that Rogers goes too far in his broadcasts. Perhaps you side with the cowboys, who raised a furor because he said the only thing that sings worse than a cowboy is a coyote. Perhaps you still feel he should hold his

tongue and think twice before speaking. Well, this is how Will feels.

"You know," he told me, his blue eyes serious, "I've no news for the radio audience, really. All I want to do is to please them. Sometimes it's pretty hard, for on the stage or in the movies they never take you seriously. They can look at you and tell you're kidding. But the radio bunch . . . there's just a few of them, not many, but they take you seriously."

"They get perked up over what you say. They don't realize us comedians are just up here trying to fill in fifteen minutes. We have no mission or message for the world whatsoever. What we say is to be taken no more seriously than a speech delivered in the halls of Congress. We're just killing time up here, just like a preacher stallin' while the deacon passes the hat."

"Say," Rogers added, "do something for me, will you girlie? Ask the radio folk how they like my little extemporaneous acts. Maybe they'd like 'em better if I wrote them down first. But it ain't me unless I say things as they come into my head."

Whether you think he is right or wrong, I think you'll admit he's a regular guy. And let me tell you he never forgets a friend and that he repays every good turn with interest.

You remember how he volunteered to step in and take Fred Stone's part in *Three Cheers*, back in 1928, when Stone was injured in a plane accident and it was feared the show wouldn't go on?

But I'm quite sure you never heard the inside story of the Stone-Rogers friendship, which dates back over twenty years.

And you never knew that Rogers didn't even discuss salary with Dillingham, its producer. That he had no contract for the entire run of the show, and that Will left much more lucrative moving picture contracts to sub for his friend, did you?

Why did he do it? Because his buddy, Fred Stone, had done him a good turn. It was at the time Rogers, a shy, awkward cowpuncher, was trying to make his way on the stage. Stone had already achieved fame on Broadway.

It happened the first time Rogers appeared in a Shubert show. J. J. Shubert says they took him on because they couldn't get anyone else. But already Will

had shown the tendency to talk and talk without regard for time. His famous alarm clock holds him in check on the air now.

But in those days he had no alarm clock. "We took him on," Shubert said, "with the understanding he had a definite number of minutes for his act."

One night Rogers went on. And the audience enjoyed his wise-cracks and lassc tricks so much he kept right on talking and looping. Time meant nothing to him.

Backstage, Mr. Shubert waited impatiently for Will to bow himself off. The other acts had to go on. Finally, he concluded there was only one thing to do. To black Will out. He expected the next act to proceed immediately.

But imagine his astonishment when instead he heard Fred Stone, one of the leads of the show, addressing the audience,

"I think it's a shame," Fred protested. "To stop this man in the middle of his act. We're all enjoying it. It's not fair." And on and on he talked, till the house broke into vociferous applause for the abashed cowboy.

And Will Rogers landed in the public eye, where he has been ever since.

THE FINEST PROGRAM GUIDE IN ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

is found every month in RADIO MIRROR magazine. This handy program guide is found exclusively in this publication.

Turn to page 52 if you want to find your favorite program.

Once you have learned to use this guide you'll never want to be without it again.

I'LL PUT 5 FLATTERING POUNDS ON SKINNY FOLKS IN 1 WEEK OR NO COST!



EVEN IF YOU ARE NATURALLY SKINNY!

How Kelpamalt, the New Mineral Concentrate From the Sea, Rich in Newer Form of Natural Iodine, Puts on Pounds of Solid Flesh This New "2-in-1" Way!

Men and Women Everywhere Amazed at Results

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

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight, through a "2 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals stimulate the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches—the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelpamalt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm, solid flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more NATURAL IODINE



than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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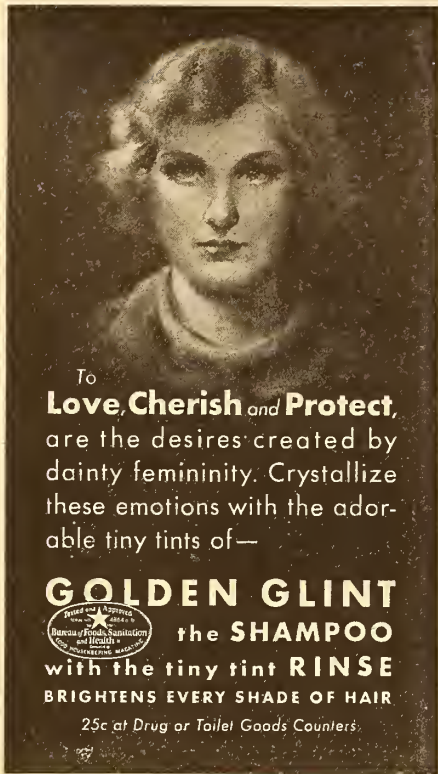
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 455, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

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- 3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:
1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
 2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
 3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
 4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
 5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
 6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
 7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

\$10,000 in Ten Days

(Continued from page 13)



To **Love, Cherish and Protect**, are the desires created by dainty femininity. Crystallize these emotions with the adorable tiny tints of—

GOLDEN GLINT
the SHAMPOO
with the tiny tint RINSE
BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

25c at Drug or Toilet Goods Counters.

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Murine cleanses and refreshes tired, irritated eyes.

For eye comfort use it daily.

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Valuable booklet, "A World of Comfort for Your Eyes." Murine Co., Dept. 10, Chicago.

LET US SEND YOU THIS GIFT PACKAGE of our New WHITE LILAC PERFUME

Over 150,000 women have already sent for this generous gift offer. For a limited time we repeat it—solely to acquaint you with the elegance and extra value of Bernard's fine perfumes. Our new "White Lilac" is the finest true flower odor we have produced in our 30 years of creating fine fragrances. We have succeeded in capturing that subtle and alluring breath of spring exclusive to the white lilac. Now we offer to send you a full dram of this newest creation in an attractive crystal bottle. Just send your name and address and include 25c to cover package charges. If you don't think it is worth at least 75c you may return the package and get your quarter back. To those who send their requests immediately, we will also send sample vials of two other very popular perfumes—"Garden Blossoms" and "Queen of the Orient." Only one gift package to a person. Address—

BERNARD—Perfumer, Dept. 501F, St. Louis, Mo.



Little Freddy Large was directing that orchestra. Freddy who weighs just 104 pounds recognized Jan and bashfully came over to greet him. Abrupt and to the point as he always is Jan didn't even acknowledge the greeting. He looked so hard at Freddy that the kid was frightened.

"How would you like to work for me?" Jan yelled.

Freddy was astounded. The great and famous Jan Garber saying such a thing. It didn't sound possible.

"Work for you?" he echoed.

"Yes, yes, yes! Work for me," Jan stammered.

"Why . . . Oh, but, Mr. Garber. I can't leave these kids. Why we all came down here from Canada together and, well, I just couldn't. . ."

Jan interrupted: "Don't be a sap. I don't mean you. I mean your orchestra."

FREDDY almost fainted. He called the boys from the bandstand and told them. They were stunned.

Freddy admitted how badly they needed work. With tears in his eyes he admitted that the boys had actually sunk so low they were stealing bottles of milk off back porches on the way home mornings. Freddy cried a little.

"Mr. Garber, if you don't take us over I don't know what's going to happen. We're starving. The boys are loyal to me and to one another. But things have been so desperate that they may crack any time. And besides we are in disgrace with the music union and can't get hardly any work at all."

That was bad. Getting in disgrace with the music union is just professional suicide for a band. But Jan knew all the big shots. It took time but he finally accomplished it. He got the boys reinstated. It was the spring of the next year, 1933, when Freddy Large and his band finally cleared away the obstacles through Jan Garber's contacts and persistence. They met him in Buffalo and became the official Jan Garber orchestra.

So was the present day Jan Garber band started. So was the come-back

of Jan Garber started. So was the success of Freddy Large's little orchestra launched. Heartbreak and near starvation had gone before. But that was in the past. The future was rosy and shining to all of them from little Janice all the way up to Jan himself. But that was just the beginning. Hard hours of rehearsal followed.

Jan first had to convince Freddy and his boys that they were good. They got the jitters when Jan talked of working in the country's most famous hotels and theaters. They were frightened. Only Jan's spirit and courage carried them on. Up to that time Garber's band had always been a fast snappy peppy outfit. Here he was starting out all over again with a slow dreamy waltzy outfit almost exactly like Guy Lombardo's. They signed for their first job together. It was in the Netherlands Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati that they started.

They made their debut, poor little Freddy and his boys actually shaking in their boots, in the swank hotel.

Almost at once success started coming to them. Hotels around the country cried for them. Fan mail began piling in. Then the phone rang one day. It was Jules Stein, president of the Music Corporation of America, and Jan's staunch friend and boss for many years. Jules said the band must rush into New York at once for a radio audition.

COMMERCIAL RADIO!

That was the thing they needed. But the boys were completely worn out. The hard work of rehearsing and the let down from the excitement of such an auspicious and important opening had them hanging on the ropes. But not Jan. Jan goaded them awake, forced them to pack their instruments and almost by the physical strength of his small body got them into New York the next morning.

Out in Chicago Jules Stein had the prospective sponsor sitting with him in a private audition room of NBC. Jules telephoned New York and talked to Jan.

"Play as much like Lombardo as you possibly can!" Abruptly he hung up. It wasn't until some time later that Jan found out what happened that morning.

TO THE CODE AUTHORITY FOR PERIODICAL PUBLISHING AND PRINTING INDUSTRY (A-3)

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
(Signed) Wesley F. Pope, Secretary.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 4th day of February, 1935.

LAURENCE A. HAGAN,
Notary Public, Queens County.
Queens Co. Clk's No. 581, Reg. No. 1332.
N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 260, Reg. No. 6H192.
Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

Jules turned to the president of the Northwestern Yeast Company, the outfit which wanted to audition Garber for commercial radio work.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but Mr. Garber couldn't get to New York in time for this audition," said Mr. Stein. "So you're going to hear Guy Lombardo's famous orchestra instead."

The music started. It did sound a whole lot like Lombardo. The executives of the yeast company began to enthuse.

"Beautiful."
"Just what we want."
"Grand music."

And that sort of talk began. Mr. Stein wasn't ready yet to show his ace card. Finally one financially minded executive objected.

"But we can't afford to pay Lombardo's price. The music is just what we want. But we can't afford it."

Reluctantly others agreed with him. Then Mr. Stein got up and started talking.

"You like that music? Yes. You think it's going to cost you too much. You agree to the price I asked for Jan Garber's orchestra? Yes? All right. That music will cost you just exactly what I told you Garber would cost. Gentlemen, that is Jan Garber and his orchestra!"

THAT contract was signed before the audition ended. You may remember that Garber brought the orchestra to Chicago and did a Sunday afternoon series for that sponsor.

Yes, too look at Jan Garber you'd never think he ever had a care in the world. At forty years of age Jan feels life has been full. It has had its moments but then it's all been lots of fun. And now the man who ran himself almost \$40,000 into debt before he finally got his new band working only a short two years ago is saving his money and hoping to retire from the orchestra business in five years. He wants to retire and turn the band back to the little fellow who started it all, Freddy Large.

And Freddy's eyes beam in gratitude and loyalty. And Dottie Garber pats Jan on the shoulder and says: "You know just as well as I do you'll never get out of the band business." And Janice Garber says: "I have the swellest daddy in all the world."



NEW RADIO RECRUIT

Helen Macfadden made her debut on a new air series called "The Pennywinks," over her home town station WMCA. From all reports, it looks like Helen will be heard on the networks soon.

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

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



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I was so lonely and friendless with only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this way of learning was as easy as A-B-C.

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How flabbergasted they all were when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way

—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just one unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 700,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

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Name.....

Address.....

Instrument.....

Will Radio Ruin Maxine's Romance?

(Continued from page 43)



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30 Days FREE! then Make Your Own Terms



My confidence in YOU; my confidence in my standard, dependable watches and beautiful genuine diamonds, and my confidence in business conditions cause me to make this unheard of offer. I am going to place as many watches and diamonds in the hands of men and women throughout the land as possible in 1935 NO MATTER WHAT THE SACRIFICE, because each watch and diamond will act as a salesman to sell another.

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Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky without using any special rinses. Used by millions of blondes.

To get a generous trial package of Blondex just send your name and address with 10¢ to cover cost of mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 146 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store.

into them. Sweethearts apart, they, from the rest of broadcastland's younger set; leisure was too dear to be frittered away with a crowd in some noisy night spot. Theirs were simpler, more companionable hours. Moonlit strolls around the lake in Central Park. A trip to the Aquarium. Two seats in a balcony. Showing the town to first Maxine's folks, then Bill's. Driving out to Coney, sweltering nights, for a hasty hamburger and a whiff of ocean air. Fun eluding, so that they might remain alone, the countless invitations with which newcomers to radio are swamped. Shopping together for vacation clothes, for the first roadster they'd ever owned. Planning their careers, their futures. Inseparable. Working hard. The fun of it! They would both be great, those two. And after they should become so. . . .

Who knows what might have happened after—had not Bill been suddenly released by Columbia after six months?

THE end began then, although they did not realize it right away. The end, inevitably, because Maxine kept soaring while only ill luck befell the one she loved. Which makes its difference between two people in professional life. He went on the road with Enoch Light's Orchestra; and for two endlessly dismal months a frail little brunette sang her hurting heart out because she was lonely, and cared not at all what happened to her career.

And just for that, perhaps, the fates of radio loaded upon her higher honors.

When he returned it was only to leave immediately for a job in Bermuda, a necessary makeshift until the portals of the air should open again to Bill Huggins.

There's the rub. You can see how it would be, can't you? The wife a star; the husband less than a lesser light. The things people would say. Hurt prides. Compromised companionship. And always the memory, like a barrier between them, that once they had begun on an equal footing and one had proved superior to the other. Marriages like that don't stand a chance in the worldly world of radio. The boy Maxine loved knew, that she'd keep going up, that if he stuck around he'd soon become just a hanger-on, an encumbrance in her path. In finally breaking off he doubtless did the hardest thing he had ever had to do. But a thing of honor.

You can see all that of course. But oh, you couldn't if you were Maxine! So young, so much in love. Blind to everything but that. A girl upon whom success had been showered, romance ruthlessly torn away.

And you cannot think how hard it has gone with her.

Listen when she sings. Isn't it verily with her heart in her throat? I think so. I know so, for I know Maxine. I've known her Bill since he used to plink a uke for two dollars a broadcast down in Virginia. And the pity of it all is that they're both such swell, serious kids.

But then that's radio, fickle task-master. You take what it gives and are glad for it; for it might so easily have given nothing at all. Not even a beginning.

I talked a long time with Maxine the other day. She's looking thinner and she smokes too much. Bill is gone. She's busier than ever. Full report.

And how is she taking everything? Probably the bravest and best way of all for you'd never know her heart-break now unless you sensed it in her love songs. Her gay charm these days, her seeming

jois de vivre—they may be only a way of forgetting. Or trying to. You'll see her, beautifully gowned and the belle of the evening, at all the places radio stars gather. The Rainbow Room. Place Piquale. Dancing to Duchin at the Casino. She's become one of the most fêted and dated girls in New York. All the boys around Manhattan are crazy about the ether's latest, liveliest celebrity.

I wonder, watching them rush her off her feet, if any of them stand a chance.

If Bill should make a comeback. . . . Will radio ruin Maxine's romance?

I wonder.

Your Announcer Is:



DELL SHARBUTT

Dell Sharbutt, one of Columbia's newest and youngest announcers, made his professional debut on the stage of a Fort Worth, Texas, Theater, impersonating Rudy Vallee, and later acting as master-of-ceremonies. Sharbutt was born 24 years ago in Fort Worth, and has already realized half of his ambitions by winning a position in New York. But he would really rather sing than talk and still secretly longs for the day when he will be engaged as a vocalist. Pronouncing foreign names never provides any difficulty, because he learned Spanish conversing with natives along the Mexican border and other languages at school and college in Texas.

Dell's father was a Methodist minister, and he is a remote descendant of Benjamin Franklin. His debut on the air was made in 1928 over station WBAP, Ft. Worth.

Sharbutt is a mild-mannered young man, six feet tall, brown hair and green eyes.

Announces: "The Album of Familiar Music," the Jack Pearl program, Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties, and Dick Tracy.

Saving the Situation!

(Continued from page 41)

is really responsible for Ozzie's using a few smart quips now and then to introduce his numbers.

It was, by the way, on one of the Baker's Broadcasts that Joe Penner, star of the program, made a classic "ad lib" that kept one of his best song recitations from being ruined. The recitation in question was the one about the Three Trees. In this number, there is a musical theme for almost every character, or object and a sound effect for practically each action. For instance, Joe starts by saying, "There were once three trees" . . . and three musical notes are struck to indicate the three trees . . . "beside a babbling brook" . . . and a running water theme is played to indicate the babbling brook, etc. A hunter is introduced, then a rabbit, and somewhere in the course of the recitation Joe says, "Then the hunter shot the rabbit." At this particular point, there is supposed to be the sound effect of a shot, as the marksman blazes away.

HOWEVER, in this one Baker's Broadcast, when Joe said, "Then the hunter shot the rabbit," no shot was forthcoming. Joe, finding the man responsible for the sound effect had missed his cue, again said, "Then the hunter shot the rabbit." Still no sound effect. Whereupon Joe saved the situation by "ad-libbing," . . . "Well, you'll never get a rabbit that way!" Which remark brought down the house, and probably the loudspeakers.

Gracie Allen, who is fast on the trigger, brought off a faux pas of George Burns' not so long ago, in such a way as to make it appear a gag. George had a line in which the word "people" occurred. When he came to "people" he stumbled over the second "p" in the word. He tried again, and once more he stumbled over the letter

"p." The men in the studio control room could see George making the most awful grimaces as he strove to pronounce "people." Finally he got it out. Whereupon Gracie said, "My, George, you seem to have a lot of trouble with people!"

Missing the proper spot on the script to read, frequently causes trouble on programs. Many people have commented on the delicious informality of Beatrice Lillie's comedy on the colossal Nash Christmas Day broadcast, that went throughout the country on some 78 stations. But only those on the inside know that the reason Bea was so informal was because she was unable to find the right spot on the script where she would read and so both she and the master of ceremonies, Alexander Woollcott, had to do plenty of "ad libbing" until she found it.

It took some mighty swift mental agility on the part of Cliff Hall (Sharlie) to save Jack Pearl and himself considerable embarrassment on one of their broadcasts. In the middle of their act, Jack placed his elbows on an inclined rack that held the scripts they were reading from. The rack suddenly swung around and their scripts scattered over the studio stage, pages flying in all directions. Jack was petrified and the audience in the studio aghast. But Cliff kept his head and almost immediately gave Pearl the cue line leading into an old comedy act, one they had done in vaudeville together. Jack gave the answers and they continued in this vein until someone gave them another script, whereupon they went back into their radio material. And the listeners never knew.

Yes, when you listen to your favorite radio show, you never know but that something has gone wrong and quick action, fast thinking—or just plain luck has kept you from knowing about it.



Paul Whiteman surrounded by the manuscripts received on the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarship which closed April 15. This scholarship is a two years' tuition with full expenses at any college designated by the winner.

EDMUND LOWE PICKS MOST ALLURING LIPS IN LIPSTICK TEST



HERE'S WHAT EDMUND LOWE SAW



Movie Star tells why he chose Tangee Lips

● "Give me the natural lips . . . rosy but not painted!" Thus, Edmund Lowe sides with the millions of men who don't like that painted look. Tangee can't make any lips look painted, because it isn't paint. Its magic color principle accents the natural rose in your lips.

● In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush-rose shade your lips should naturally have . . . soft, kissable, womanly. And since Tangee isn't a "paint" lipstick it will not coat your lips with a smear of greasy paint. Try Tangee. It's 39c in one size, \$1.10 in the larger. Or send 10c and the coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.



Picture shows Edmund Lowe, making lipstick test between scenes of his latest Columbia release, "The Best Man Wins".

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Arnold Johnson Tells Why Amateurs Belong on the Air

(Continued from page 15)

Before he ended, Johnson argued one more point that Roxy had made. The point was—when an amateur appears on the air he has not had sufficient coaching or rehearsal to be at his best, therefore his performance suffers, and the result is failure.

"When we audition an amateur now," Johnson said in reply to Roxy's contention, "he gets exactly the same kind of attention we would expect if we were in his shoes. If we decide to put him on our broadcast, he is given a second audition. Then we rehearse him with the orchestra. By the time he makes his air appearance, he is letter perfect in his song. He is at his best and his performance does not suffer as a consequence."

Johnson should know whereof he speaks. Since his radio debut, he has been musical director of the old Majestic Hour on Columbia, has conducted for the True Story Hour over the same network, and—until a month ago—was responsible for the orchestrations on the Forum of Liberty program.

BORN in Chicago, he has studied piano and directing under the best instructors Chicago and New York had to offer. Back in 1915, as orchestra leader in a San Francisco cafe, he hired Paul Whiteman for his violin player. Since those early days, he has toured the country many times in vaudeville.

"As a last argument," he said, "I point to Gus Edwards whom I consider the greatest discoverer of talent of our time. Gus has his own amateur program now over WOR and he is using it because he thinks there is no better way to dig out unknown performers."

He had to leave then. At the rehearsal studio Columbia has provided him, over two hundred amateurs were waiting for their audition. He threw on his hat and coat and was on his way.

And so the Amateur Hour has been vigorously condemned and just as vigorously upheld. RADIO MIRROR is still waiting for your written comments. Address them to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

In next month's RADIO MIRROR—"What Becomes of the Amateurs?"—a searching article which reveals the real destiny of the prize-winners on the amateur programs. Are they fated for oblivion or greater success? Don't miss this interesting article.

Eddie Cantor calls him

"THE COMEDY FIND OF THE DECADE."

Nick Parkyakakas, the Greek dialect character now the comedy sensation of Cantor's radio program, has been signed for an important role in Eddie's forthcoming picture for Samuel Goldwyn.

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What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 47)

Only a few weeks ago Frank Parker was reported the object of her affections.)

Billy K. Wells, who concocts comedy for **Jack Pearl**, was recently divorced . . . And his son, George, was married to Ruth Brocker, the Brooklyn school teacher and former 220-yard national amateur swimming champion . . . The stork is hovering over the domiciles of the **Ward Wilsons** and the **Roger Wolfe Kahns**. (Edith Nelson is the present Mrs. Kahn. **Hannah Williams**, the millionaire maestro's first wife, is now **Mrs. Jack Dempsey** and has a baby, too—as you may have read in the papers.)

Who is the tall dark man in the life of **Rosaline Greene**? Sure, he's a denizen of Radio Row, but what's his name? . . . **Patti Chapin**, soloist with Peter Pfeiffer Pearl, is being squired by a Wall Street broker . . . **Buddy Rogers** has been showing attention to **Dorothy Crane**, songbird with **Bernie Cummins** orchestra, but a Hollywood scout insists **Mary Pickford** is still first in his affections.

Romance has come to **Connie Gates**. He is a former Cleveland school mate. . . Have **Grace and Eddie Albert** fallen in love after all these months of caressing on the kilocycles as *The Honeymooners*? . . . **Alice Faye**, who came East to serve as bridesmaid at the marriage of her girl friend, Betty Koenig, to Walter Scharf, **Rudy Vallee's** pianist, spent much of her time in Rudy's company. Also they had a couple of rows, the cause said to have been Grace Poggi, but when Alice returned to Hollywood everything was hunky-dorey.

Gloria Holden, who is always up to some villainy in "The Black Chamber" serial, and her husband, **Harold Winston**, the producer, occupy separate apartments, but manage to dine together every evening. They think living together inimical to their careers and maintain different households a la Fannie Hurst and Jacques Danielson . . . **Jane Pickens** denies she will marry **Paul Draper**, her associate player in "Thumbs Up," and insists they are only good friends.

Dave Rubinoff is—or was, when this was written—courting **Joyce Long**, a lady of much allure who qualifies as a previous flame of his. The lovely Frances Stutz, who was Dave's concern in the interim, is now more interested in machinery than music and probably will annex by marriage some of the Singer Sewing Machine Company's millions.

IF you think "nuts" a slang expression in dubious taste you are due for an argument with Shirley Howard. Shirley, who used to be a newspaper gal once herself, has discovered that Dickens employed the word in "A Christmas Carol," no less. So she is prepared to defend the term against all comers, being an ardent Dickens fan. Here is how the author used it: "To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call NUTS TO SCROOGE." (The caps are Shirley's.)

WALTER WINCHELL, anticipating another "bundle from heaven" soon, says if the baby is a boy he will name it Read Winchell and if a girl, Sue Winchell. The betting on Broadway is it will be a girl and, if so, Sue will be a very appropriate tag, seeing as Winchell is being sued again. An injunction has been issued against the columnist, the G & W. Distilling Company and the Fletcher & Ellis advertising agency, restraining the use of

Winchell's testimonial for a whiskey. And all three have been made defendants in a damage suit asking \$50,000 from each, the contention being that the Jergens Company's radio contract with the paragrapher bars him from endorsing any product but their hand lotion for the life of the agreement. Winchell's defense is that he "overlooked" that clause in his contract and that when it was called to his attention he returned \$5,000 which he received for his endorsement.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Mark Hellinger, the Broadway columnist, and his wife, **Gladys Glad**, retired from the Penthouse Party program, will be back on the kilocycles soon on another program with **Ted Husing**.

The oldest sponsored program passed from the air when **Arthur Bagley**, the physical culture exponent, quit as director of the Tower Health Exercises, an early morning feature on NBC since 1923 . . . Amateurs whose hobby is radio transmitting and experimentation call themselves "hams," a term once applied exclusively to actors. They have a national organization, the American Radio Relay League, and their president is Hiram Percy Maxim, science editor of the New York Evening Journal.

Bing Crosby, tormented by phonograph records being played by small stations all over the country, may decide to make no more recordings . . . **Eddie Cantor** is now a radio consultant—a man who offers advice to sponsors on how to frame programs . . . **Countess Olga Albani** takes no chances that her signature in an autograph album will be used for ulterior purposes, such as, for instance, copied on a check. Her bank signature is entirely different from the one she gives autograph seekers.

"**Martha Deane**," who presents "the women's feature page of the air" on Station WOR, is Mary Margaret McBride, well known newspaper and magazine writer . . .

The first man to render a violin solo on the air was **Eugene Ormandy**, now director of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. That was 'way back in 1922. . . .

Jack Fulton operates a Fifth Avenue haberdashery.

Adelaide Fitz-Allen, for four years the voice of Nancy, the old crone in "The Witch's Tale," a popular feature created on Station WOR, Newark, N. J., is dead of pneumonia. She was 79, the oldest actress in radio. . . .

Raymond Paige probably will have replaced **Ted Fio-Rita** as musical director of the "Hollywood Hotel" program by the time you read this. **Fio-Rita** and **Dick Powell** didn't get along well together.

Al Shayne, the baritone now featured with **Nat Brusiloff's** orchestra in "Sally's Movieland Revue," has an explanation for those recent radio divorces. He says they are usually caused by a little Miss understanding!

JACK SMART, the 300-pound actor who impersonates animals as well as humans, has never been stumped yet when called upon to contribute sounds to a broadcast. The other day Fred Allen required the squawk of an ostrich on his Town Hall Tonight program. Although he had never heard an ostrich give vent to any utterance, Smart didn't hesitate a second. He just made a cry like a hoarse hen and everybody said it was perfect. Ask Jack to simulate an emu, a rhea, an

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apteryn—any crossword puzzle animal—or even a dead dodo, and he instantly obliges.

WILL ROGERS' enthusiasm for airplanes is well known, but what isn't known is that he had been injured more than once in forced landings. The cowboy philosopher takes every precaution to prevent such news getting into print, fearing to prejudice the public against traveling by air which he advocates so stoutly. In one crack-up Will broke a couple of ribs and hurt a leg. He limped into the studio that night to give his broadcast and to inquirers laughingly explained he had been thrown by a polo pony! On the other hand, Amos 'n' Andy after one mishap in an airliner have sworn off that means of transportation forever. Although uninjured they were scared worse than Andy was when Roscoe Brownley, the promoter they had jailed for the theft of Elizabeth Saunders' violin, warned them by letter he has escaped and was coming to Weber City to "get them."

THAT mysterious "peep" WOR listeners hear every hour on the hour isn't static but a time signal. It comes over a leased wire to the studio from a clock in the offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company. It is accurate to one twenty-fifth of a second, so it is quite safe to set your watch by it.

BIGGEST news of the month: Lucky Strikes are back on the air! Formerly the sponsors of one of radio's most popular dance programs, the cigarette company has purchased a full hour every Saturday night over an NBC hookup, beginning at 8:00 E.S.T. For the dance orchestra, they've delegated Lennie Hayton—piano solo specialist on "Town Hall Tonight"—to assemble a special band. That's all the details we can give you now, but mark down this hour as one you should hear if you want jazz at its best.

NBC has been offering, the past month, one of radio's most unusual broadcasts. It is a program paid for—of all things—by a foreign government. Mexico has taken to the air to promote better international relations. The show, according to its sponsors, is the first of its kind on a United States network.

WE thought we were jealous of Amos 'n' Andy vacationing at Palm Springs, California, but listen to this newest fact unearthed about them. They've been broadcasting, it seems, from a studio in the tower of the El Mirador Hotel, and the studio, perched high above the surrounding district, commands a fine view of the hundreds of sun bathers down below. Until now the tower has always been barred to visitors, but Amos 'n' Andy go right on working and viewing. What a life!

DURING May several sports events are scheduled by the networks. Some of them are crew races, baseball, and the running of the Kentucky Derby on May 4th, followed by the Preakness, May 11th, NBC, plans to dig such men as John Tunis, Graham McNamee, Ford Bond, Don Wilson, and George Hicks out of the snow-drifts and send them to the athletic field. CBS announces that in addition to the Preakness, it will cover the Belmont Park opening and other important turf events. May 11th, Husing will come out of his spring daze for the Heptagonal Games at Princeton. Later, if all goes well, will come the Poughkeepsie Regatta on June 15th.

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HAVE you been hearing the new Pent-house Party series over NBC lately? The band is Hal Kemp's and he's the maestro who came to sudden fame by playing a concert for the Prince of Wales on a return trip from England. Peggy Flynn and Sam Hearn have stayed on to blend their comedy with the Kemp music.

WATCH, the sponsors warn us, for some surprises on the Friday evening, CBS Hollywood Hotel broadcasts. Bill Bacher, until very recently program director of Showboat, Palmolive Beauty Box, Lanny Ross' Log Cabin, and The O'Flynn, has been sent flying to Hollywood to rescue the Hotel from whatever doldrums it might be suffering. Ann Jamison, lyric soprano who has made fame and fortune this past year in radio, is another addition to the program.

MILLIONAIRE MAESTROS

"Heigh-ho, everybody" is Rudy Vallee's greeting to the world. But when he sees Abe Lyman, he respectfully salutes him, "Good evening, MISTER Lyman." It is all because the rival bandsman is now Rudy's boss at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York City. Lyman bought controlling interest in the resort where Rudy is the big attraction at an expenditure of \$75,000. The deal focuses attention again on the big earnings of radio maestros. Rudy himself, of course, might have bought in on the Hollywood, one of the most successful of the Broadway cabarets, for he has made his first million. But The Vagabond Lover is crafty about investments and shies away from any proposition of a gambling nature, preferring to put his money out at compound interest. In contrast is Ben Bernie, life-long patron of the ponies. He invests his earnings in racing stables and Broadway shows and gets plenty of action—if nothing else.

Marriage Brought Her Happiness

(Continued from page 72)

possible that in these modern hectic years a woman could naturally be as shy and sweet and unworldly as Virginia? He thought not. You see, they met five years ago at a yachting party Jimmie Melton was giving. And strange to say, they disliked each other.

"I thought Virginia was stuck up, too superior for ordinary human beings; she seemed so darned immaculate and aloof," Edgar told me, "I said to myself, 'Where does she think she is, posing that way?' And I decided to show her up."

WHEN Marjorie Melton served fried chicken, and no knives and forks with it, Edgar grabbed a wing of chicken, sat down next to the hesitant Virginia and said mockingly between succulent mouthfuls, "Well, Miss Prim, you daren't soil your lily-white fingers eating that chicken, I suppose. Are you too ethereal to eat?"

Virginia reluctantly picked up a wing of chicken, but she was annoyed at this stranger who teased her, and drew still further into her shell.

Not an auspicious beginning was it? And yet the fates have their own inscrutable way of taking the jumbled threads of our lives and weaving them into a pattern of their own designing. At first when Virginia and Edgar met at parties, they remained friendly enemies. Yet gradually they began to look forward to these meetings. If the other wasn't there a decidedly empty feeling resulted.

In spite of the fact that both are fine musicians, it was not music that drew them together. As a matter of fact, Ed-

AS this department first told you a few weeks ago the New York Theatre Guild, the high-brow dramatic organization which produces George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill plays, is planning an invasion of radio in the autumn. But that isn't all. The Group Theatre, the Guild's younger rival which has made rapid strides in the last two years, likewise wants to present plays on the air. Ditto the David Belasco estate and Eva Le Gallienne. As these four interests control hundreds of fine dramas and scores of brilliant actors, their coming to the studios would truly be an advent.

THE Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. August Belmont, the Princess Kropotkin, Gloria Vanderbilt, the Princess Hohen-schillenhorst, Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson—these names sound like a list of guests at a Park Avenue tea. Instead, they are just a few social registerites coming into your homes via the loudspeaker now, or they soon will be.

Since Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt established the precedent by turning broadcaster for charity, society matrons have been deserting the drawing rooms for the air castles. Some of them who believe that charity begins at home and inspired, no doubt, by the example set by J. P. Morgan in converting into coin his art treasures and surplus yachts and real estate, are cashing in on their names and talents for their own benefit.

Signally successful among the latter have been Adelaide Moffett, daughter of the Southern newspaper publisher, Eve Symington, daughter of Congressman James Wadsworth, Lila Fiske and Mary Taylor, just to mention a few Blue Book entries who are occupying choice seats on the broadcasting bandwagon.

gar Sittig never heard his wife sing till after they were married. A friend complimented her, saying Virginia had the finest soprano voice on the air waves. "Has she?" Edgar asked in surprise. "You know, I've never heard her sing. I never was interested in her voice; I only thought of her as a woman."

How they finally came to be real friends and sweethearts, Edgar explained to me. It makes an amusing story. "I hadn't seen Virginia around for a while and decided one day, while visiting friends in Jackson Heights, to drop in on her unannounced. The maid let me in but Virginia was out walking. Her home was so cozy, so immaculate, so feminine and cheerful, that I realized immediately that she wasn't posing; that she was really a lovely home girl, the kind most of us dream about but never meet. When she came in from her walk, we talked and talked."

After that, their courtship began in earnest. And one spring day Edgar took her to visit his folks, who live in Stroudsburg, Pa. Very proud was he of the surrounding country, and he could hardly wait to drive Virginia to his own tract of land, fourteen acres of virgin woods in the Pocono Mountains, covered with old gnarled pines and bushes, undisturbed for centuries.

It is here that he and Virginia are building their home, high up in the mountains. It is an early Colonial mansion, with a small porch that faces a lazy, meandering stream. Now the underbrush and trees have been hewn away and the multi-

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'let-down feeling' for me."**



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colored, delicately-shaded native stone gleams like a jewel set in the midst of a great green bowl.

As the lovers approached the plot, the sun was sinking low and the sky was gorgeously rich and bright above. Underneath, the brambles caught at Virginia's sheer stockings, at her silk dress; and the underbrush scratched her arms and legs. Edgar, in his eagerness, went before her, clearing the path. How difficult it was for a girl to walk there, he didn't realize till turning, he saw Virginia had stumbled and was falling. Quickly, he took her into his arms and blurted out that he loved her . . . that there was nothing else in the world he wanted.

VIRGINIA had been thinking the same thing for quite a while. So do I have to tell you what she said? Shortly afterwards they eloped and spent their honeymoon driving through Maine, in between programs.

Since they are rabidly fond of collecting antique furniture, old silver and rare china, you can imagine what a thrilling time they had stopping at every old Ye Antique Shoppe in New England. At one rickety old farm-house, they spied two Chippendale chairs, two Sheraton card tables and an old-fashioned bed-warmer. They just couldn't resist these treasures and very carefully, Edgar and the dealer packed them into the coupe. There was hardly room left for the bride! All the way home the happy honeymooners giggled joyously, afraid if they laughed out loud or moved, that the furniture would land on them.

Virginia's life today isn't anything like you'd picture a radio star's to be. Marriage has somehow released Virginia's social sense; has established her kinship with all other women. I wish you could see her comparing notes with the neighboring farmers' wives, sampling their apple butter and jellies. I wish you could see her and Edgar leading in the old-fashioned square dances they have at the Saturday night socials.

I asked them whether they intended having a family. Virginia blushed and her husband answered mischievously, "We haven't been able to make up our minds. Really, we don't know. Our friend, Madame Louise Homer, who has nine children of her own, says enthusiastically, "I hope you start having a family right away." But Madame Semblich said, "Please tell Virginia not to have any children; to stick to her art."

A large play room, with sunlight streaming in from all sides, ideal for babies to romp in, is one of their show rooms. So you can draw your own conclusions.

A CORRECTION

In an article in last month's RADIO MIRROR entitled "How Much Money Can You Make In Radio?" Walter O'Keefe's salary was listed at \$800 per week. We learn that this is incorrect, that his radio salary is in fact \$3000 a week—which he justly deserves.

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DON'T Kill OUR MUSIC!

by
ALBERT ELLIS

We welcome from our readers, articles on vital subjects pertaining to radio. Space rates are paid for such features. Have you something as stimulating as this story of Mr. Ellis' to tell? If so, send it now to the Readers' Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

DON'T kill our music! And I mean, radio broadcasters, just that. Don't, by constant repetition, slaughter our finest musical selections in an unmerciful manner.

Let us look at the record. Five months ago, feeling that the presentation of standard musical numbers on the air is not what it might be, I began to record all the selections I heard over the radio during the three or four hours a day I ordinarily listen to it. Only pieces which are more than two years old and have not been revived recently were scored, in order to discount the amazing but brief popularity of most current songs. All in all, following my usual habit of listening to two or three programs at a time, I scored over 10,000 musical selections, with the following results.

I found, first of all, that I heard no less than 28 numbers 25 times or more over the air; I heard 43 more selections from 15 to 25 times; and I tuned in on no less than 128 compositions from 10 to 15 times in the course of five months. On the other hand, many lovely selections by the most famous composers did not appear on my list at all, or were heard by me only one or two times.

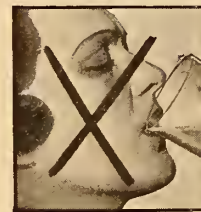
In the field of standard semi-classical songs, I found the most popular numbers to be these:

Title of Song	Number of Repetitions
Serenade (Toselli)	43
L'Amour Toujours L'Amour (Friml)	41
Londonderry Air (Old English) ..	40
Estrellita (Ponce)	36
At Dawning (Cadman)	36
Sylvia (Speaks)	33
The Old Refrain (Old Viennese) ..	32
Pale Moon (Logan)	31
Lullaby (Brahms)	30
Old Folks At Home (Foster)	30
Roses of Picardy (Wood)	30
Dark Eyes (Old Russian)	30
Song of India (Rimsky-Korsakov) ..	29
Serenade (Schubert)	29
None But the Lonely Heart (Tschaikowsky)	28
Barcarolle (Offenbach)	28
Kashmiri Love Song (Woodford-Finden)	27
Poeme (Febisch)	26
Serenade (Drigo)	26
Stardust (Carmichael)	26
Home on the Range (Guion)	26
Because (d'Hardelet)	26
Indian Love Call (Friml)	25
Kiss in the Dark (Herbert)	25
Smiling Thru (Penn)	25

PERSONALLY, as I say, I have nothing against any of these numbers—nothing except the fact that I have heard them too frequently of late. But is that not enough? Should I be forced to hear my favorite pieces over and over again until I can no longer call them favorites? Should I have the music of my best loved composers drummed and pounded into my defenceless ears merely because some fool of a sponsor insists that his program must have only the most popular selections on it and because some dolt of a radio musical director permits him to have his way? God forbid!

Yet, in the case of standard concert selections, which are usually played

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

and not sung, the record is quite as bad, especially considering that these selections are on the whole played over the radio much less than songs are. My score sheet shows these results in regard to instrumental numbers:

Title of Selection	Number of Repetitions
The Blue Danube Waltz (Strauss)	51
Liebstraum (Liszt)	35
Two Guitars (Horlick)	25
Valse Triste (Sibelius)	24
Gold and Silver Waltz (Lehar)	22
Siboney (Lecuona)	20
Caprice Viennois (Kreisler)	19
Valse Bluette (Drigo)	19
Chansonette (Friml)	18
Romance (Rubinstein)	18
Valse des Fleurs (Tschaikowsky)	17
Chanson Bohemian (Poldi)	16
Naila (Delibes)	16
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt)	15
In a Monastery Garden (Ketelby)	15
C Sharp Minor Prelude (Rachmaninoff)	15
Mignonette (Friml)	15

A GAIN we have this senseless repetition, *ad nauseum*, of the most melodious musical numbers. But this, unfortunately, is not all. Over-emphasis of some selections invariably means the under-emphasis of others which may be just as beautiful. Take, for example, the case of Victor Herbert, whose "Kiss in the Dark", "Kiss Me Again", "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life", and other compositions figured high in my list. This same list shows that not once, during the entire five month period it was kept, did I hear Herbert's "Isle of Our Dreams", "Twilight in Barakeesh"; "Never Mind Bo-Peep"; or "Knot of Blue" played or sung as individual numbers on the air. But these songs, altho perhaps unfamiliar to the readers of this article, are quite as good as any of Herbert's most popular ones, and by no means deserve to be ignored by radio.

Similarly, there is the case of Rudolf Friml, who led all other composers by placing eight very popular melodies on my list ("L'Amour Toujours L'Amour", "Only a Rose", "Indian Love Call", "Chansonette", "Mignonette", "Gianina Mia", "Valse Hugette", and "Allah's Holiday") and who is thus far even leading Herbert in my total scoring by 435 to 423 points. In Friml's case the list again shows that not once during the past five months have I heard such fine selections as "Rackety-Coo", "I Love You Dear", "Something Goes Ting-a-Ling", and "Your Eyes" individually played over the air.

It is therefore up to our radio broadcasters to do two things: first, to tone down on the repetitions of popular standard numbers; and second, to build up many other fine selections which contain all the potentialities of our present popular pieces but which thus far have never really been given a chance. Such compositions as Friml's "Gather the Rose", Herbert's "Absinthe Frappe", Kern's "Two Little Bluebirds", de Koven's "Tinker's Song", and Lehar's "Love Goodby", should be given solo spots they deserve.

This program of de-emphasizing favorite songs and re-emphasizing potential favorites should be put into effect immediately by our American radio stations, especially our chain networks, which are the worst offenders today. For God's sake let us have some action on this soon!

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I know what it is to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly skin caused by pimples. I too, know that for years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now know the joy of a clear skin brought about by an easy-to-use home treatment.

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Clarence Tiffingtuffer Is Really a He-Man

(Continued from page 39)

the high side of the mountain and let him fall. You can't save both yourself and a horse on this trail.

"Donna looked at me and I looked at her. At first I was scared all over again remembering how those horses had fought on the way up and knowing we had to go down over the same path again. But it struck Donna as something funny and we both burst out laughing. After all, what was the use of worrying? We had to get down.

"Now, does that give you enough to prove to those radio fans I'm not a Clarence Tiffingtuffer in real life in spite of my part with Myrt and Marge?"

I had to admit that I thought that did very well. But I wasn't quite ready to let him go yet. I wanted to know several things. I wanted to know what he had planned to be when he was younger, what his ambition is, and above all where that name Clarence Tiffingtuffer came from.

"Oh, Myrt found that name even before she wrote the first Myrt and Marge script. Seems to me she knew one by that name . . . no. Oh, now, that couldn't be. Surely no one would have a name like that in real life—Good God! O, I've forgotten now. You know I was supposed to go to dental school. Yes, it was all set. But just three days before time to leave for school I decided not to become a dentist. I expected the family would blow up but they didn't. They said I could do whatever I wanted to do. Luckily there's one sensible child in the family . . . there are only two children. My brother is a banker.

"I wanted to get into dramatics. I even played on Broadway one summer . . . for two weeks. Remember a show called 'Scrap-book'? No? Well, I don't wonder. It lasted two weeks. Vin Hawthorn was in that same show. As you know Vin is now Jack Arnold, the love interest in Myrt and Marge.

"I USED to get mad at the wise cracks people made when they met me. They still make the same wise cracks. But I don't resent them so much any more. After all, it's a living and a good one. But what I'd really like to do some day is play juvenile leads in comedies on the stage part of the time and the same sort of parts on the radio the rest of the time. Can't think of a single big timer now on the air who is doing that. Of course if I must be really honest, I, like every other juvenile, would like very much to play heavy dramatic parts. In fact I did do some pretty heavy drama on the air. Remember the old Corina cigar programs? Well, it's ancient history now anyway. Frankly I'm a little afraid of getting to be a type through this Tiffingtuffer stuff. There are other kinds of parts I'd rather do later on . . . but there's nothing I can do about it."

Ray glanced at his watch. "Gee, I'll have to get down to the studio. It's almost time for our broadcast. By the way, not all the fan mail I get is from the lovely lads. Here's one from a lady who wants me to design a dress for her little girl to do a dance in. The kid will dance to "Okay Toots"—how do you like that—and I'm supposed to design her costume. As Tiffingtuffer I design lots of costumes but frankly I really don't know a darn thing about that stuff. . . . So long, gotta broadcast. But don't forget. TELL THEM I'M NOT A SISSY REALLY!"

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

Feels Like a Different Woman: I received my J.B.L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J.B.L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J.B.L. all the credit. Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J.B.L.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MABLE SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

Worth Ten Times Its Price: I have bought and used many of your Cascades. Have used it for many years and would not think of being without one for ten times the price.

THOS. P. RYAN (Jan. 14, 1934)
520 Market St., Spencer, W. Va.

Cascade Brings Relief from Constipation: I have had my Cascade for nine months and I certainly wouldn't do without it for any price. I was troubled with constipation for five years and didn't get much relief until I got your Cascade. I cannot praise your Cascade too much for what it has done for me.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Route 3, Box 68, Wakefield, Nebr.

37 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my howels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 37. The J.B.L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly, I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J.B.L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J.B.L. Cascade.

F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

Cascade Almost Indispensable: For a number of years I have owned and used two of your J.B.L. Cascades in my home and regard them as well nigh indispensable.

G. M. LEWIS, Manager,
(June 22, 1934),
Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Dothan, Ala.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrralized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

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Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin hemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal hating is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

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THAT may not be as simple a question as it appears at first glance. But if you study it and answer it sincerely your chance to be among the prize winners in this contest when your entry is completed is excellent. Enter the contest right now by filling out the ballot at the base of this page, being particularly careful to state the reason for your vote in the space provided. This is not an ordinary popularity contest. We want to know WHY you enjoy the various programs.

If you missed the ballot in last month's issue, mail a request for it to the address in Rule 3. It will be sent to you gratis.

NOTE!

Through a mechanical error the allowable wordage appeared on Ballot No. 1 as thirty-five instead of twenty-five. The rules limit the wordage of each ballot to twenty-five. Please be governed accordingly.

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will ask a question on some factor of the programs you hear in your home.
2. To compete, use the ballot provided on this page or a tracing thereof and fill in the name you select, and the reason for your choice in not more than twenty-five words.
3. Do not enter separate ballots. Wait until you have all three ballots properly filled in. When your set of three is complete send it by First Class Mail to PROGRAM ANALYSIS, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before July 12, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of the clarity, constructiveness and logic of the reasons on all three ballots. For the best entry on this basis Radio Mirror will pay \$100.00; for the next best, \$50.00 and so through the list of 35 prizes listed on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Anyone may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

.....BALLOT NO. 2.....

RADIO MIRROR'S 1935 PROGRAM ANALYSIS

MY FAVORITE WOMAN ON THE AIR IS.....

REASON FOR CHOICE.....

(Use Twenty-Five Words or Less)

Your name.....Street.....City.....State.....

The Critic on the Hearth

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD—We can now rejoice that there are so many bad programs on the air—so that this pair of zanies can burlesque them. In their new series (unsponsored and thereby uninhibited) they are out to reform radio—and they may actually do it, when certain sponsors get an earful of how their programs sound to others. Mark Warnow's Orchestra, lucky fellows, get to see the performance in person.
CBS Fri. 10:30 P. M. 30 min.

CIRCUS NIGHT—This show is cluttered up with a lot of good talent and bad commercials. If you like Joe Cook, you won't find enough of him in these 45 minutes. When he's funny, they should let him have the whole period. When he isn't funny as sometimes happens, even a meager dose of him is too much. But there are always Lucy Monroe, Peg La Centra, Tim and Irene, the Modern Choir and B. A. Rolfe's stimulating orchestra.
NBC Fri. 10:00 P. M. 45 min.

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES—This is the first commercial on the new ABC network of eight stations. Produced at WNEW, it is not as well staged as other Macfadden programs, but if you like gruesome stories of crime (doesn't pay) you won't mind rusty dialogue or shouting actors. The musical interludes are particularly indigestible. I'll speak to the boss about it.
ABC Mon. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.

AMATEUR NIGHT IN HARLEM—This is a riot in the Harlem Opera House, but you miss most of the fun unless you can see the sepia crooners selling their songs and the comic assassinations of those who don't make the grade. The natives go wild if an entry pleases or displeases them—and every entry does one or the other. Opinions are expressed with whistles, cowbells and even piccolos, but to date, no fruit. WMCA has a duplicate program Wednesday night, same time.
ABC Tues. 11:00 P. M. 60 min.

OPPORTUNITY MATINEE—A permanent program will be built from winners of these weekly auditions. Contestants are 16-20 years old, amateur or professional, and are paid for their performance. Nine-year old "Sugar Cane" sings precociously and spouts commercials. Reggie Child's Orchestra.
NBC Sun. 12:00 Noon, 60 min.

THE FOUR ACES—Jacoby, Burnstine, Gottlieb and Schenken deal you a hand and explain next time how you should have bid. Who would have dreamed kibitzers would get on the air!
CBS Mon., Wed., Fri. 10:00 P. M. 5 min.

CAPTAIN DOBBSIE'S SHIP OF JOY—A musical cocktail with a punch. Features Horace Heidt's Californians, a mixed quintet, Bob McCoy, Lysbeth Hughes, and several other soloists.
CBS Tue. and Thu. 10:30 P. M. 15 min.

LILAC TIME—This program has a new set-up—a romantic tenor who keeps his name a secret because it's Percy, and Baron Sven von Halberg's Orchestra.
CBS Mon. 10:30 P. M. 30 min.

CROSS ROADS MUSIC SHOW—Your old friend (must be yours—it's not mine) The Corn Cob Pipe Club.
MBS Mon. 10:00 P. M., 15 min.

NEWARK CIVIC SYMPHONY—Conducted by Philip Gordon, with guests. Composed of ERA musicians. You'll get your money's worth.
MBS Saturdays, alternately at 2:00 P. M., 30 min. and 10:00 P. M. 60 min.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY—Conducted by Eugene Ormandy. When you get tired of listening to dance music.
CBS Sat. 10:00 P. M. 30 min.

DON CARLOS AND HIS MARIMBA BAND—This would be well worth listening to if the commercial blurb wasn't longer than the program.
MBS Mon.-Fri. 9:45 A. M., 15 min.

OLYANOVA—Analyses your handwriting and tells you whether you're going to meet a man with a harelip, take a long trip on the subway, or have quintuplets. You can get a big laugh out of this feature if you don't take it seriously.
MBS Sat. 10:45 A. M., 15 min.

RED TRAILS—The Comedian Mounities always get their man, do they? Well, here's one they won't get—again. Not when Rudy Vallee's show is on at the same time.
NBC Thu. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.

WORDS TO THE WISE—With these grammar lessons, you should be speaking English in no time. (They laughed at me when I sat down at the radio).
NBC Sun. 11:45 A. M. 15 min.

GARDENS OF THE NATION—String Orchestra and soloists in semi-classical music. Ralph Hancock talks about apple pie in the sky and whatnot. (It seems the Garden is perched on top of the RCA building.)
NBC Sat. 5:30 P. M. 30 min.

MUSIC BOX HOUR—Each program built around some familiar composer. Interpolated dramatic skits lend a dramatic or skittish atmosphere, as the case may be. Mary Elizabeth Wood and Baily Axton featured.
MBS Fri. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.

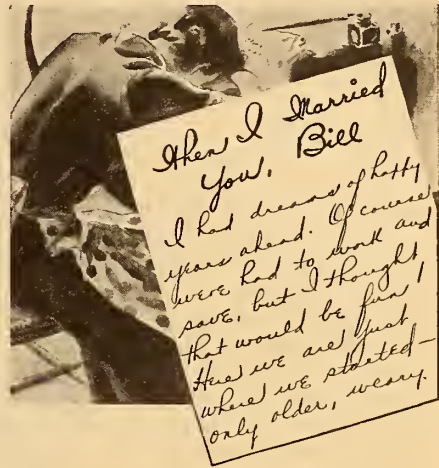
CARL FREED'S HARMONICA HARELEQUINS—You'll like this gang but if you can get WOR (try it—the station has recently upped to 50,000 watts) at 8:00 P. M. on Tuesday, you'll like Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals better.
MBS Sat. 7:45 P. M. 15 min.

Simply Flake Off Your



MUDDY SKIN BLACKHEADS PIMPLES . . .

HAVE dirt and exposure robbed your skin of youthful charm? Here's thrilling news! They mar only the outer skin—a dark mask that can be melted away—safely, gently! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme helps Nature flake off outer skin that makes complexion unattractive! It dissolves coarse, invisible particles of surface skin. In five days the supreme thrill is complete—a clear, satin-soft skin that looks shades whiter! All surface blemishes, freckles vanish! Relied upon by thousands to keep young-looking. 55c at drug stores.



*When I Married
you, Bill
I had dreams of pretty
years ahead. Of course
we had to work and
save, but I thought
that would be fine.
Here we are and what
what we are doing
only older, wiser.*

IF YOUR WIFE should put her heart on paper, is this what she'd say to you? And is it *your* fault? Listen, man; isn't this a fact, the reason you haven't ever gotten anywhere is because you lack *training*? It's not too late, you can get training! Every year thousands of men, all ages, turn to International Correspondence Schools to acquire the knowledge they need. So can you! Mark and mail the coupon today!

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"The Universal University" Box 2277-C, Scranton, Pa.
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and fill particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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 - Building Estimating
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 - Structural Draftsman
 - Structural Engineer
 - Electrical Engineer
 - Electric Lighting
 - Telegraph Engineer
 - Telephone Work
 - How to Invent and Patent
 - Mechanical Engineer
 - Mechanical Draftsman
 - Patternmaker
 - Reading Shop Blueprints
 - Heat Treatment of Metals
 - Sheet Metal Worker
 - Welding, Electric and Gas
 - Civil Engineer
 - Highway Engineer
 - Surveying and Mapping
 - Sanitary Engineer
 - Steam Engineer
 - Marine Engineer
 - Bridge & Building Foreman
 - Gas Engines
 - Diesel Engines
 - Aviation Engines
 - Automobile Work
 - Plumbing
 - Heating
 - Air Conditioning
 - Refrigeration
 - R. R. Locomotives
 - R. R. Section Foreman
 - R. R. Signalmen
 - Air Brakes
 - Chemistry
 - Coal Mining
 - Textile Overseer or Supt.
 - Cotton Manufacturing
 - Woolen Manufacturing
 - Grain Growing
 - Poultry Farming
 - Agriculture

- BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES**
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 - Cost Accountant
 - Accountancy and C.P.A. Coaching
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 - Service Station Salesmanship
 - Advertising
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 - Civil Service
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 - Illustrating
 - Cartooning

Name.....Age.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....
 Present Position.....
 If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

\$25,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of \$25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next few months, i.e., January, February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of \$250 up to the munificent first prize of \$5,000. Imagine receiving \$5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is *always* in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the \$2,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are neces-

sary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	2,500
Third Prize (5 at \$1,000)....	5,000
Fourth Prize (10 at \$500)....	5,000
Fifth Prize (30 at \$250).....	7,500
<hr/>	
47 Cash Prizes Totaling.....	\$25,000

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

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

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

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

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

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

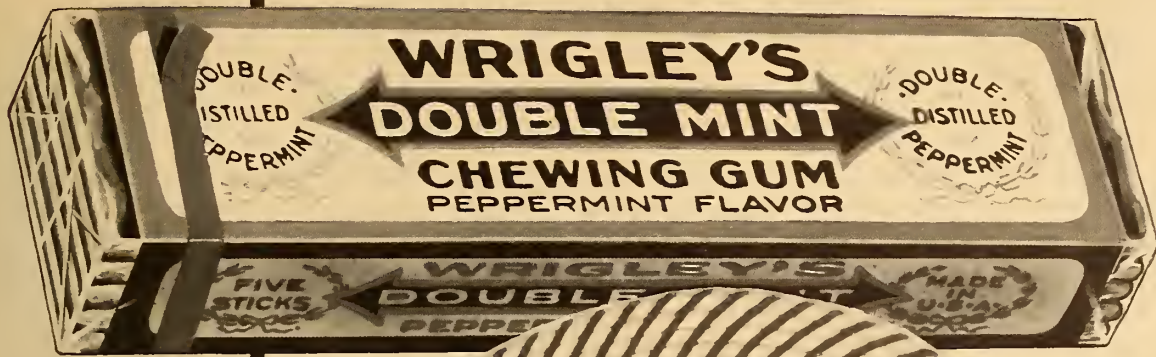
Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.



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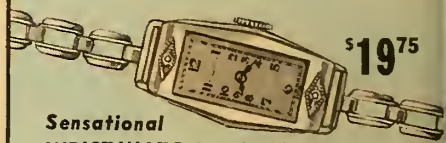


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Sensational WRIST WATCH VALUE! \$1.87 a month
Set with 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS

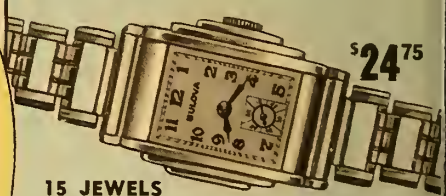
KC-6 . . . One of the greatest wrist watch values of our entire career! Latest style, dainty Baguette effect wrist watch for the "lady of your heart"! Guaranteed accurate and dependable time-keeper. Set with 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS. Complete with matched link bracelet and handsome gift box. Only \$1.87 a month.



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