

★ Radio MIRROR

OCTOBER

10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



JESSICA
DRAGONETTE

CONFESSIONS
of a "GONGSTER"
Major Bowes Tells All

JESSICA
DRAGONETTE
Needs Your Advice!

*Enjoy
Double Mint Gum
daily for beauty
of mouth and lips*



DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT

FIVE STICKS

MADE IN U.S.A.

"OUTRAGEOUS!" Says MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? . . . "How terrible" . . . "How perfectly awful" . . . And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction . . . "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum dis-

orders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and

Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.



Radio MIRROR

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in the November RADIO MIRROR
On Sale September 25



The most unusual and interesting relationship in radio—between Al Jolson and Victor Young, co-starring in the Shell Chateau, told for the first time next month. Don't miss it. Also, Radio's Miracle Man (know who he is?); and: Streamlining Connie Gates; words and music of Fred Waring's theme song, "Sleep"—and many other thrilling features.

Added Attractions

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Cover

—PORTRAIT OF JESSICA DRAGONETTE
BY TCHETCHET

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FIRST PREVIEW OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

A Picture With More Stars Than There

Are in Heaven!

Everything's oakie-dookie as Jack Oakie takes the air in "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"



Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon"



Mama Loves Papa? Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"



"Knits, Gracie!" George Burns and Gracie Allen in a scene from "The Big Broadcast"



Lovely Wendy Barrie and Henry Wadsworth add the necessary romantic touch to "The Big Broadcast"



Amos 'n' Andy, sole proprietors of the great A & A Grocery Chain, Incorporated, seem to be in a pickle



Lyda Roberti has two men—not time—on her hands as she goes into her song "Double Trouble"

Ethel Merman, who has scored such a tremendous hit this year in "Anything Goes" sings "It's the Animal in Me"



The world's biggest chorus... LeRoy Prinz's dancing beauties, ten tons on the hoof



Jessica Dragonetta, top soprano on the air today, sings... "Alice Blue Gown"



Ray Noble, composer of "The Very Thought of You" and "Love Is The Sweetest Thing", leads his orchestra in his latest piece, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"



Bill Robinson, greatest of all top dancers, moves his feet to the hot rhythm of "Miss Brown to You"

A Paramount Picture... Directed by Norman Taurog

RADIO MIRROR'S

DIRECTORY

How to write to your favorites

The last item on each biography tells the city from which the player broadcasts: Here are the addresses:

Columbia Broadcasting System
 New York (abbreviated N. Y.): 485 Madison Avenue.
 Chicago (abbreviated Chic.) Wrigley Bldg.
 Los Angeles (abbreviated L.A.) 7th and Bixel Streets.
 St. Louis (abbreviated ST. L.): Station KMOX.

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

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

ADAMS, William Perry. Actor. March of Time, etc.; born Tiffin, Ohio, May 9, 1887; married to Eleanor Wells, 1926; one daughter; debut as "Uncle Henry" in Collier's Hour, WJZ, 1926, N. Y.
ALLEN, Arthur Bennett. Actor, Soconyland Sketches, etc.; born Gowanda, N. Y., April 18, 1881; widower; debut over WJZ, 1922, N. Y.
ALLEN, Gracie. Comedienne, partner of George Burns; born San Francisco, July 26; married George Burns, 1926; debut over British Broadcasting Company network, London; American debut for CBS, Feb. 22, 1932, L. A.
ALLEN, Ida Bailey. President National Radio Home Makers; born Danielson, Conn.; married; two children, N. Y.
ALLEN, Stuart. Baritone. Richard Himber's Orchestra; born New York City, June 16, 1909; married; debut with Richard Himber's orchestra, 1935, N. Y.
ALLEN, Vera. Actress, True Story Court of Human Relations, etc.; born New York City, Nov. 27; married; one son; debut on Socony program, 1928, N. Y.
ALVAREZ, Don (Hector De Lara). Singer; born Mexico City, Mexico, July 29, 1904; unmarried; debut over WABC, August 24, 1928, N. Y.
ANDELIN, James. Actor, "Og. Son of Fire", etc.; born Provo, Utah, Sept. 27, 1917; debut over WERM, Chicago, 1931, CHIC.

Russia, 1904; married Julia Bruner, 1929, N. Y.
BLAINE, James. Actor, "Romance of Helen Trent"; born Kansas City, Mo., March 28, 1897; debut over WGN, Chicago, 1929, CHIC.
BLAINE, Joan. Actress, plays "Mary Marlin"; born Fort Dodge, Iowa, April 28; unmarried; debut at Medford Hillside, Boston, 1930, CHIC.
BLEYER, Archie. Orchestra leader; born New York City, June 26; unmarried; debut from Commodore Hotel, New York City, June, 1934, N. Y.
BLOCK, Jesse. Comedian, partner of Eve Sully; born New York City, Dec. 16, 1906; married Eve Sully, March 11, 1929; debut with Rudy Vallee, N. Y.
BONELLI, Richard. Baritone; born Feb. 6; married Mona Modini Wood; debut over Atwater-Kent program, 1926, N. Y.
BORI, Lucrezia. Soprano; born Valencia, Spain, Dec. 25; unmarried, N. Y.
BOSWELL Sisters. Vocal trio. Comie, born New Orleans, Dec. 3; Martha, New Orleans, July 9; Vet, New Orleans, May 20; all unmarried; debut together over WSMB, New Orleans, 1925, N. Y.
BOWMAN, Francis D. Narrator and announcer, Carborundum program; born Buffalo, N. Y., May 12, 1883; married Frances Wahle, Feb. 3, 1909; two sons; debut with Carborundum program over CBS, 1927, N. Y.
BRADY, William A. Theatrical producer, commentator; born San Francisco, Calif., June 19, 1863; married Grace George, Jan. 8, 1899; one daughter, one son; debut over CBS, 1934, N. Y.
BRAGGIOTTI, Mario. Pianist, partner of Jacques Fray; born Florence, Italy, Nov. 29, 1905; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1931, N. Y.
BRADLEY, Truman. Announcer; born Sheldon, Mo., Feb. 8, 1905; unmarried; debut over KMTR, Hollywood, 1929, CHIC.
BRENTON, William. Announcer; born Hartford, Conn., Aug. 22, 1906; unmarried; debut over WOR, N. Y.
BRICKERT, Carleton. Actor, "Mary Marlin"; born Indianapolis, Ind., May 14; married Kathryn Paul;

New York, Oct. 2, 1931, N. Y.
CARTER, Boake. News commentator; born Baku, South Russia, Sept. 28, 1899; married Beatrice O. Richter, April 12, 1924; debut over WPEN, Philadelphia, 1930, N. Y.
CAVANAUGH, Eddie. Conductor radio gossip-program; born Nov. 25, 1885; married Fannie Bernold; debut over KYW, Chicago, 1922, CHIC.
CAVANAUGH, Fannie. Co-conductor with Eddie of gossip-program; born April 13, 1890; married Eddie; debut over KYW, Chicago, 1922, CHIC.
CHAPIN, Patti. Singer; born Atlantic City, N. J., May 11, 1909; unmarried; debut over WNEW, New York City, February, 1934, N. Y.
CHARLES, Milton. Organist; born San Jose, Calif., May 8, 1904; married Blanche Morrill; one son, one daughter; debut over KIJ, Los Angeles, 1928, CHIC.
CHASINS, Abram William. Concert pianist, composer; born New York City, August 17, 1903; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1929, N. Y.
CLAIRE, Bernice. Soprano; born Oakland, Calif., Jan. 27, 1909; unmarried; debut in New York City with Rubinoff, 1931, N. Y.
CLARK, Virginia. Actress, plays Helen in "Romance of Helen Trent"; born Peoria, Ill., Oct. 29, 1909; unmarried; debut over WJJD, Chicago, November, 1931, CHIC.
COLEMAN, Vincent. Actor, "Myrt and Marge"; born New York City, June 21, 1897; married Marjory Grant, Nov. 2, 1922; two children; debut over CBS, June, 1931, CHIC.
COLLINS, Ray. Actor, March of Time, "Six-Gun Justice", etc.; born Sacramento, Calif.; married Joan Wron, 1926; one son; debut over NBC, 1930, N. Y.
COLLINS, Ted. Announcer, Kate Smith program; born New York City, Oct. 12, 1899; married Jeannette Collins; one daughter; debut in New York City, 1930, N. Y.
COOPER, Jerry. Baritone; born New Orleans, La., April 3, 1907; unmarried; debut New Orleans, 1930, N. Y.
COURTLAND, Mary. Singer; born Maryville, Tenn., April 25, 1908; unmarried; debut with Russ Columbo's orchestra, Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, 1932, N. Y.
CROSBY, Bing. Baritone; born Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1904; married Dixie Lee, Sept. 28, 1930; three sons; debut over KFL, Los Angeles, 1927, L. A.
CRUMIT, Frank. Singer and comedian, partner Julia Sanderson; born Jackson, Ohio, Sept. 26, 1889; married Julia Sanderson, July 1, 1927; debut over WJZ, 1923, N. Y.
DAILEY, Frank. Orchestra leader; born Bloomfield, N. J., June 3, 1900; married Monica Roach, Oct. 15, 1925; debut over WJZ, 1921, N. Y.
DAMEREL, Donna. Actress, plays Marge in "Myrt and Marge"; born Chicago, July 8, 1910; married and divorced; one son; debut over WBBM, Chicago, Nov. 2, 1931, CHIC.
D'ANNA, Edward. Conductor Carborundum band,



Howard Barlow Rhoda Arnold

ANDERSON, Marjorie. Actress, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", etc.; born Spokane, Wash., Jan. 17; unmarried; debut in Eno Crime Club, 1932, N. Y.
ARDEN, Victor. Orchestra leader; born Wenona, Ill., March 8, 1893; married; two sons; debut in Chicago, 1922, N. Y.
ARNALL, Curtis. Actor, leading role in "Buck Rogers"; born Denver, Colo., Oct. 1, 1907; married; debut in New York City on "Jones Family Goes Abroad" program, N. Y.
ARNHEIM, Gus. Orchestra leader; born Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 11, 1902; married Dorothy Collette, 1934; one daughter; debut from Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, over KFI, 1927, N. Y.
ARNOLD, Rhoda. Soprano; born Oak Park, Ill., May 3; unmarried; debut over WEAF, New York, May 15, 1927, N. Y.
BAILEY, Bill. Organist; born Table Grove, Ill., July 9, 1910; unmarried; debut over WISS, Milwaukee, 1931, N. Y.
BAKER, Gene. Bass-baritone; born Portland, Ore., Jan. 11, 1910; married Mary Etta Wincler; one son, one daughter; debut over KEX, Oregon, 1927, N. Y.
BAKER, Tom. Singer; born Red Wing, Minn., Nov. 14, 1905; married Marguerite Richard, Jan. 16, 1934; one daughter; debut over WCCO, Minneapolis, 1931, N. Y.
BAKER, Virginia. Singer, "Bill and Ginger"; born Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 28, 1911; unmarried; debut over CBS, May, 1932, N. Y.
BARLOW, Howard. Conductor CBS Symphony Orchestra; born Platts City, Ohio, May 1, 1892; married Ann Winston, actress, 1926; debut over CBS, Sept. 18, 1927, N. Y.
BARKER, Bradley. Actor, March of Time, etc.; born Hempstead, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1889; married Helen Mae Ferrish; debut over NBC, 1928, N. Y.
BARRIE, Gracie. Singer; born Brooklyn, N. Y., July 12, 1916; unmarried; debut in Brooklyn, with Abe Lyman's orchestra, 1931, N. Y.
BARTHELL, Betty. Soprano; born Nashville, Tenn., April 16, 1909; unmarried; debut over WLAC, Nashville, May, 1930, N. Y.
BARUCH, Andre. Announcer; born Paris, France, Aug. 20, 1906; unmarried, N. Y.
BEECHER, Keith. Orchestra leader; born Wenona, Ill., May 9, 1898; married Elizabeth Willis, September 15, 1927; one son; debut over WCFL, Chicago, 1928, CHIC.
BELASCO, Leon. Orchestra leader; born Odessa,



Joan Blaine Mario Braggiotti

one daughter; debut over NBC, New York City, 1932, CHIC.
BRIERLY, Jimmie. Singer; born Newark, N. J., May 27, 1911; unmarried; debut over WAAM, Newark, 1931, N. Y.
BROKENSHIRE, Norman. Announcer; born Murchison, Ontario, June 10, 1898; married Eunice Schmidt, 1927; debut over WJZ, 1923, N. Y.
BROWN, Alfred. Actor, "Og. Son of Fire"; born Philadelphia, Pa., June 21, 1916; debut over WBBM, Chicago, 1932, CHIC.
BROWN, Cleo. Singer and pianist; born Meridian, Miss., Dec. 8, 1909; unmarried; debut in Chicago with Texas Guinan, 1931, N. Y.
BROWN, Himan. Director and writer, "The Gumps", "Marie, the Little French Princess", etc.; born Brooklyn, N. Y., July 21, 1907; married Mildred Geller; debut over WJZ, 1928, N. Y.
BALTHY, Ann. Singer, "Mi" in Do-Re-Mi Trio; born Brooklyn, N. Y., June 28, 1909; married; debut March, 1932, N. Y.
BURNS, George. Comedian, partner of Gracie Allen; born New York City, June 20, 1890; married Gracie Allen, 1926; debut over British Broadcasting Company network, London, 1930, L. A.
BUSHMAN, Francis X. Actor, "Mary Marlin"; born Norfolk, Va., Jan. 10; previously married to Beverly Bayne; three sons, three daughters; debut on "Armour" program over NBC, 1931, CHIC.
BUTTERWORTH, Wallace. Comedian and announcer; born Wallingford, Pa., Oct. 25, 1901; married Antoinette Baillargeon, Oct. 31, 1931; one son; debut over NBC, 1928, N. Y.
CANTOR, Eddie. Comedian and singer; born Jan. 30; married Ida Tobias; five daughters; debut in



Mary Courtland Boake Carter

Buffalo; born Malta; married; one son; debut with Carborundum program over CBS, 1927, N. Y.
D'ARTEAGA. Orchestra leader; born Barcelona, Spain, June 5, 1907; unmarried; debut in St. Louis, 1923, ST. L.
DAVENPORT, Anne. Actress, "Mary Marlin"; born New York City, Sept. 11; unmarried; debut as singer in Boston, 1929, as actress in New York City, 1931, CHIC.
DAVIDSON, Gretchen. Actress, "Mickey of the Circus"; born Chicago, Ill., Sept. 13, 1913; unmarried; debut over CBS, September, 1933, N. Y.
DAVIS, Johnny. "Scat" singer, Waring's Pennsylvanians; born Brazil, Ind., May 11, 1910; married; debut over CBS, 1932, N. Y.
DAY, Charles. Singer, member Four Eton Boys quartet; born Steelville, Mo., July 16, 1906; unmarried; debut over CBS, November, 1931, N. Y.

FOR THE FIRST TIME: A COMPLETE DIRECTORY OF RADIO PLAYERS—A VALUABLE GUIDE NO RADIO ENTHUSIAST CAN BE WITHOUT!

- DAY, Elizabeth. Actress. "Five-Star Jones"; born St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 5, 1908; unmarried; debut in Portland, Ore., 1929. N. Y.
- DELLA CHIEA, Vivian. Soprano; born Chicago, Oct. 9, 1915; unmarried; debut over WBBM, Chicago, Feb. 6, 1935. CHIC.
- DEUTSCH, Emery. Orchestra leader; born Budapest, Hungary, Sept. 10, 1904; unmarried; debut over WAHG, now WABC, in early days of radio. N. Y.
- DICKSON, Artella. Singer and actor; born Hope, Ark., Aug. 20, 1900; married Martha Johnson, 1922; one daughter; debut over WEAF, 1923. N. Y.
- DOLAN, Bobby. Orchestra leader; born Hartford, Conn., August 3, 1908; married Vilma Ehsen, June 24, 1933; debut over CFCF, Montreal, 1924. N. Y.
- DOUGLAS, Paul. Announcer; born Philadelphia, Pa., April 11, 1907; unmarried; debut over WCAU, Philadelphia, 1929. N. Y.
- DRAKE, Alfred. Singer and actor; born New York City, Oct. 7, 1914; unmarried; debut over WABC, 1935. N. Y.
- DUMAS, Helene. Actress. True Story Court of Human Relations; born Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4; unmarried; debut on True Story program, 1931. N. Y.
- DUMKE, Ralph. Comedian, Sisters of the Skillet; born South Bend, Ind., July 25, 1899; married Greta Edner; two sons; debut in Houston, Texas, 1924. N. Y.
- DUNLAP, Patricia. Actress. "Oz, Son of Fire", "Today's Children", etc.; born Bloomington, Ill.; unmarried; debut over WMAQ March, 1931. CHIC.
- DUNSTEDTER, Eddie. Organist; born Edwardsville, Ill., Aug. 22, 1897; married Vera Drummond, 1924; two sons, one daughter; debut Minneapolis, Sept., 1921. ST. L.
- EAST, Ed. Comedian, Sisters of the Skillet; born Bloomington, Ind., April 4, 1894; married Pearl Smith; one daughter; debut in Houston, Texas, 1924. N. Y.
- EASTMAN, Mary. Soprano; born Kansas City, Mo., July 21; married to Lee S. Eastman; one child; debut as winner Atwater Kent hour, 1930. N. Y.
- ELSNER, Anne. Actress. "Six-Gun Justice"; born Lake Charles, La., Jan. 22; married John Matthews, Jr.; debut over NBC, 1925. N. Y.
- EVANS, Evan. Baritone; born Birkenhead, England, April 13; married Ruth Haughton, April 27, 1922; one daughter; debut over WFAA, Dallas, Texas, 1921. N. Y.
- FEIBEL, Fred. Organist; born Union City, N. J., July 11, 1906; married Lenore Davis, February, 1933; debut in New York City, 1929. N. Y.
- FENNELLY, Parker. Actor with Arthur Allen; born Northeast Harbor, Maine, Oct. 22, 1891; married Catherine Deane, 1918; one son, two daughters; debut in Washington, D. C., 1929. N. Y.
- FIORITO, Ted. Orchestra leader; born Newark, N. J., Dec. 30, 1901; married; debut over his own station, WIBO, Chicago, 1919. CHIC.
- FISHER, Scott. Orchestra leader; born New York City, June 16, 1910; unmarried; debut over CBS, June, 1934. N. Y.
- FLYNN, Beas. Actress; born Tama, Iowa, Aug. 18, 1889; married Edward Charles Flynn, April 23, 1913; three children; debut over WGN, 1931. CHIC.
- FOOTE, Herbert. Organist; born Albion, Mich., July 1, 1898; married Caroline Smith, May 21, 1933; one daughter; debut over KYW, Chicago, October, 1929. CHIC.
- FRANCIS, Arlene. Actress; born Boston, October 20, 1910; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1933. N. Y.
- FRANKEL, Harry. Singer. "Singin' Sam"; born Danville, Ky., Jan. 27; married Helen S. Davis, 1934; debut over local station in Indiana, 1929. Write him care of station WKRC, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- FRAY, Jacques. Pianist, partner of Mario Braggiotti; born Paris, France, Feb. 18, 1903; unmarried; debut over CBS, July 26, 1931. N. Y.
- FRIEND, Stella. Singer, Warina's Pennsylvanians; unmarried; debut over KHJ, Los Angeles, 1934. N. Y.
- FROST, Alice. Actress. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; born Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 1, 1910; married Robert Foulk; debut in Minneapolis, 1925. N. Y.
- FULTON, Jack. Singer and orchestra leader; born Philadelphia, Pa., June 13, 1903; married Thelma Zeitler; two sons, one daughter; debut in Chicago with Paul Whiteman, 1927. N. Y.
- GARDE, Betty. Actress. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", True Story Court of Human Relations; born Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 19, 1907; unmarried; debut over CBS, May, 1933. N. Y.
- GATES, Connie. Singer; born Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 19, 1917; unmarried; debut in Cleveland, 1931. N. Y.
- GERSON, Betty Lou. Actress. "Mary Marlin"; born Chattanooga, Tenn., April 20, 1914; unmarried; debut over NBC, Chicago, June, 1934. CHIC.
- CLEASON, Helen. Operatic Soprano; born New York City, Sept. 13, 1906; unmarried; debut over WEAF, June, 1934. N. Y.

(Continued on page 59)

Does your hair add ALLURE to a "CLOSE-UP"?



Don't risk OILY, straggly locks, or DRY, dull hair. Use the individual shampoo for YOUR TYPE of hair to bring out its beauty

For OILY HAIR

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is simply grand because it's a treatment as well as a shampoo. Gets your hair clean as silk . . . rinses easily . . . and besides, it is gently astringent. Tends to tighten up those flabby oil glands that flood your hair with oil! Helps each shampoo actually to improve the quality of your hair!

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is made especially for oily hair by the makers of Packer's famous Tar Soap.

For DRY HAIR

Never, never shampoo the dry type of hair with a drying soap or liquid! Use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo—an emollient treatment made especially for dry hair. In addition to rich olive oil, it contains glycerine to soften your hair and make it shine.

Shampoo as frequently as you like with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It is safe . . . made by specialists in the care of the hair and scalp for more than 60 years.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

PINE TAR

for OILY hair



OLIVE OIL

for DRY hair



Bobby Dolan



Connie Gates

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



PAT (UNCLE EZRA) BARRETT



Above, Pat Barrett as himself and in character as Uncle Ezra, NBC's popular comedian . . . son of a theatrical agent father and an actress mother, Pat was born in Holden, Missouri, 48 years ago . . . worked in an architect's office after school days, but quit to join a stock company . . . has toured every state in the union . . . first radio work came in 1931 in Milwaukee . . . is married, stands five feet, nine inches high. Left, Shandor, NBC's midnight master of the muted violin . . . has never spoken over the air, yet draws enormous amount of fan mail, mostly love letters . . . born in a small Hungarian village, he ran away from home to join a gypsy camp . . . brought home, he ran away again at 19 to seek his fortune in America . . . Lucy Monroe (left below) is the girl who replaced Bernice Claire on Frank Munn's NBC Waltz Time series . . . has gained most of her experience on the Broadway stage as prima donna . . . thinks marriage and a career can be combined. Below, Bob Lawrence, singing with Paul Whiteman Thursdays . . . an engineering graduate from Rutgers, he attracted Whiteman's notice while singing on a Philadelphia station.



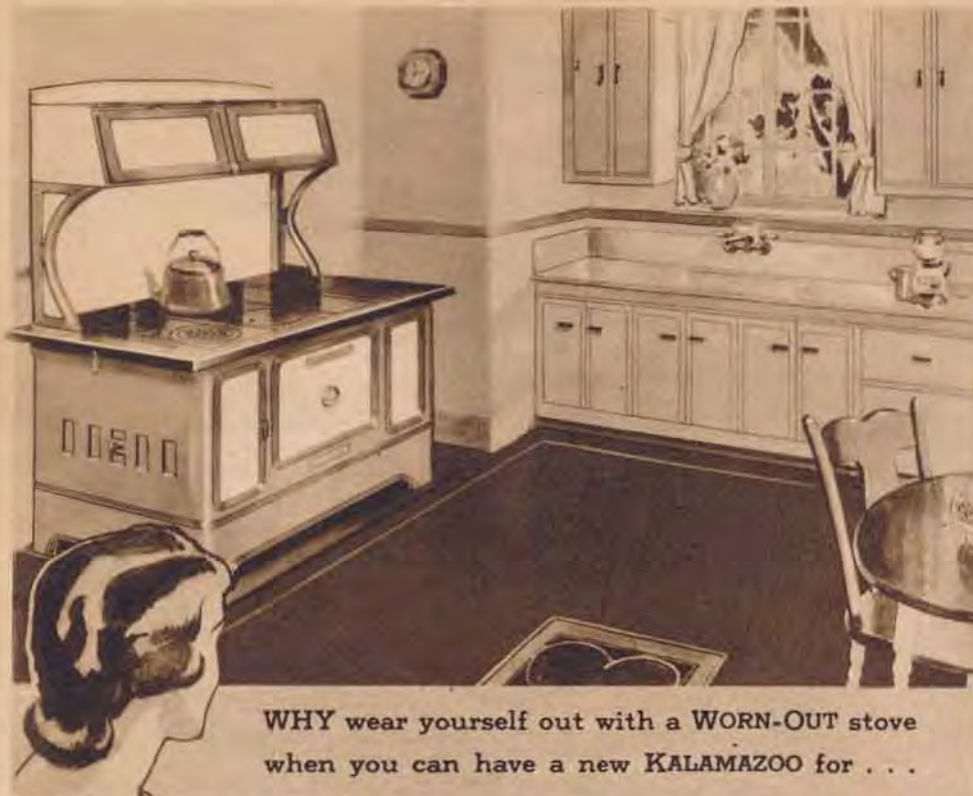
SHANDOR—MYSTERY VIOLINIST



WALTZ TIME'S LUCY MONROE



WHITEMAN'S BOB LAWRENCE



WHY wear yourself out with a WORN-OUT stove when you can have a new KALAMAZOO for . . .



18c a day at the FACTORY PRICE!

Mail Coupon NOW for NEW FREE CATALOG

Your name and address on the coupon brings FREE to you the greatest Kalamazoo Stove, Range and Furnace catalog of all time.

It displays over 200 styles and sizes—many in full color—more bargains than in 20 big stores—new stoves—new ideas—new color combinations—new features. It quotes rock-bottom, direct-to-you FACTORY PRICES.

Now the Stove of Your Dreams for As Little As 18c a Day

Easy credit—Easy terms. Kalamazoo quality—FACTORY PRICES. 200 styles and sizes to choose from. Learn how more than 950,000 satisfied customers have saved money by dealing with "A Kalamazoo Direct to You." Find out why Kalamazoo, established over 35 years, is now doing the biggest business in its history. Learn why Kalamazoo can give you better quality at a lower price. Mail coupon for new FREE Catalog!

"Oven That Floats in Flame"

This new catalog tells you about the great Kalamazoo plants, occupying 26 acres, employing an army of men, making nothing but our own stoves and furnaces that are sold direct to you. It shows the scientific

Testing Laboratory that insures the highest standard of quality for every Kalamazoo. It describes the numerous Kalamazoo features; such as the prize-winning "Oven That Floats in Flame," "Ripple Oven Bottom," Copper Reservoirs, Non-Scorch Lids, Enameled Ovens, etc.

Porcelain Enamel Stoves

In this finely illustrated catalog you will thrill at the new-style Porcelain Enamel Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, and Coal and Wood Ranges, so beautiful and colorful that you won't be content until you have one for your very own—Porcelain Enamel Circulating Heaters, including the famous Franklin and the new, ultra-modern Century, the handsomest, sturdiest ever seen—Furnaces—both pipe and pipeless. (Send rough sketch of your rooms for FREE plans.) Mail coupon today!

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Kalamazoo Improvements and Designs are modern, but Kalamazoo Quality is still the good, old-fashioned kind. We still build into every Kalamazoo the same high grade materials, the same fine workmanship that over 950,000 customers have known for 35

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THE 3 MINUTE WAY

"Then I traded 3 minutes for Relief"

I experimented with all kinds of laxatives. Then I discovered FEEN-A-MINT. I traded three minutes for relief. Whenever I feel constipated, I chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes.* Next day I feel like a different person. Of course if you aren't willing to spend three minutes—jarring "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference FEEN-A-MINT makes—no cramps, nothing to cause a habit. Try the three-minute way yourself . . . 15c and 25c a box.

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

* Longer if you care to



better because you chew it

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Lea Karina (right) is the soprano on NBC's Sunday Continental Varieties . . . born twenty-six years ago in Finland, she has been busy learning languages ever since, knowing nine at present . . . sings well native folk songs.



PAIGE OF HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

Left, Raymond Paige, best known for his California Melodies program over CBS and musical director of Hollywood Hotel . . . born in Wausau, Wisconsin, he left early for California . . . he is responsible for starting the fad of having movie guest stars on radio programs . . . Left, below, Sigurd Nilssen, star of NBC's Sunday night fire-side recitals . . . born in Oregon of Norwegian parentage, he has won medals as an artist.



SIGURD NILSSEN LANDSCAPE ARTIST

Right, Christopher Morley, regularly heard Friday nights over CBS on the new Socony show . . . he is known to every book lover in the country as the author of "Thunder on the Left," "The Haunted House," "Where the Blue Begins," and many others . . . Below, Ted Fio Rito, young orchestra maestro now on sustaining for Columbia networks . . . born and educated in Newark, New Jersey . . . Became popular on Coast.



TED FIO RITO POPULAR COMPOSER



WALDO MAYO

Above, Waldo Mayo, music director of Sunday morning's Capitol Theater Family . . . a native of New York, he has appeared as co-artist with such stage stars as Caruso, Tetrzzini, and Rosa Raisa . . . has given concerts in all the largest cities on the Continent . . . until his appointment last fall to direct his radio program, he was Concertmaster and solo violinist of the Capitol Grand Orchestra . . . Below, Ray Heather-ton, who has been heard recently on Sunday afternoons over NBC . . . Ray got his professional start singing with Father Finn's world famous Paulist Choir . . . later entered radio on the Old Gold program back in 1929 . . . since then, has appeared on Atwater Kent and other shows.

CONTINENTAL VARIETIES SOLOIST



CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
AUTHOR OF NOVELS



SINGING RAY HEATHERTON

JOAN CRAWFORD in M-G-M's "IF YOU LOVE M



"MOST WOMEN CONCEAL THEIR BEAUTY says Joan Crawford

.... DO YOU ?

DO YOU know how to accent the individual beauty of your type the way lovely Joan Crawford and other famous screen stars do? The secret lies in color harmony make-up, the new discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge and lipstick blended in subtle color harmony is the secret that can transform you into a radiant new being. It doesn't matter if you are a blonde or a brunette, or if you are twenty or forty . . . there is a color harmony make-up that will bring you new loveliness.

Beautiful women who can choose from all the world, select Max Factor's make-up because they know they can depend on it to dramatize their beauty. Now you, too, can share the magic of color harmony make-up created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor.

Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis? Would you like a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an interesting illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" All these will be sent to you if you will mail the coupon below to Max Factor, Hollywood...An adventure in loveliness awaits you!



LIPSTICK

"You'll be amazed," says Joan Crawford, "at the alluring color of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It's moisture proof and may be applied to the inner as well as to the outer surface of the lip."

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"and Max Factor's Powder really enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless texture, it creates a soft smooth make-up . . . clings for hours. You will not see the difference instantly."

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"the exquisite color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge impart fascinating, natural, lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, blends delicately and remains perfect for hours."

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Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

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Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar . . . Featured by leading stores.

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SEND Five-Dollar Bill of Powder and Rouge Samples in my color harmony shades; also Lipstick Color Samples, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Sample Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." FREE.

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Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light-Gold
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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light-Gold
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Very Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark-Gold
Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN
Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark-Gold
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PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

*From
Dawn
to
Dusk*



WILLIAM MEEDER—MORNING ORGANIST



TED MALONE'S BETWEEN-THE-BOOKENDS PARTNER

Above, William Meeder, popular NBC morning organist . . . born in South Orange, New Jersey, he got his start playing in churches, local theaters . . . brown-eyed with curly brown hair, he stands over six feet . . . he is married, has two sons, aged 8 and 6 . . . Left, Howard Ely, organist on the CBS show, Between the Bookends (with Ted Malone) from Kansas City . . . he began piano study at the age of three in his home town of Ardmore, Oklahoma . . . unmarried, he dresses like a fashion plate, enjoys such hobbies as swimming, horse-back riding and constant study . . . Mary Eastman (left below) is of He, She, and They fame, now a Sunday afternoon CBS sustaining feature . . . Mary was born in Kansas City, began voice study when she was eleven . . . Below is Cheri McKay who is featured on NBC's day-time Merry Macs program . . . she made her radio debut in 1926 . . . married, she tried to give up career for domestic life, but it failed, so she returned to singing this time for good, in 1931.



MARY EASTMAN—MIDDLE WESTERNER



MERRY MAC'S CHERI MCKAY

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

A personal column which lifts the curtain on some backstage facts

AFTER five years of paying strict attention to the microphone, Amos 'n' Andy are making another picture, or rather taking part in a picture. They're to be featured in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast of 1935." I spent a morning last week out in Astoria, Long Island, watching them work, under the direction of Norman Taurog.

Freeman Gosden—Amos to you—did most of the talking, in between scenes. He told me about their last experience with films and the story that went with it sheds light on their steadfast refusal to have a studio audience at their broadcasts. It seems that they were called to Hollywood just a few months after their radio debut as the team of Amos 'n' Andy. "We were just plain scared to death," Freeman explained. "We asked the director if we could work without visitors. He agreed and we started in free of mind—until we got on the set. I counted the people there and seventy-eight, by actual figures, were gathered around, waiting. But they weren't visitors, just people hired to help make the picture. After that, Charley and I just decided to stick to radio where only the control engineer could see us."

Incidentally, did you know that Amos in reality is bigger than Andy? In costume for this movie, Andy has to wear a padded affair that looked like both front and back of a catcher's chest protector. His feet slid about in shoes that would have been comfortable for Primo Carnera. Amos, on the other hand, slouched about in slippers without any heels.

Their only complaint at the moment was the makeup they had to don every day. It was some mysterious combination of oil and black paint that soaked into the pores. The more it's rubbed, the deeper it goes. Amos said he had to take three showers every night and then he wasn't clean.

WITH much fanfaring of CBS trumpets, the Lux Theater of the Air began its new series on a Monday night not so long ago. For the star they chose Helen Hayes and for the play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings." The point of all this is—I went to the dress rehearsal that afternoon and I'll give you a description of the hour affair.

The cast worked in a small studio on the twenty-first floor. Miss Hayes, as the announcer called her, had on a very summery frock, a big floppy hat, and glasses. It was hard to visualize her as the glamorous Hollywood movie star. About half way through rehearsal, Charlie McArthur slipped inside. And in case you don't know, Charlie is Helen's husband—the tall, good looking, slightly eccentric collaborator with Ben Hecht in producing the film, "The Scoundrel." In the control room, watching, was Parks Johnson, one of the two men who conduct the new Sunday night program, The Voice of the People.

Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS . . .



Case No. 296
Miss O.H.F. Age 29.
Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.

DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.

CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31.
Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and pre-occupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.



Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you . . . protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story . . . and you can look at the napkin and see why it's accident-proof:

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases . . . Modess can't pull loose from the pins.
2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad . . . Modess can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT . . . STAYS SAFE



N-O-V-O...the new douche powder. Cleansing—deodorizing . . . for the fastidious woman.

1725-1798

CASANOVA

Chevalier de Scingall

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
LOVER



Take a tip

from **CASANOVA**

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating. . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he wooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs

that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions

against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

JESSICA
DRAGONETTE
NEEDS YOUR
ADVICE!

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

JESSICA DRAGONETTE is in a spot. She has a problem—and she wants you to help her solve it.

On her decision her whole future depends and she feels that you whose support and approval have made her career possible should have a voice in guiding her in the important decision she is facing.

When I sat with Jessica in her lovely East River apartment last night and saw the troubled frown that our conversation brought to her forehead, I said: "Listen, why not put it up to my gang? In all my experience as an editor I've never read more intelligent or well-thought-out letters than those that come to my RADIO MIRROR desk."

"Fine," she said. "You see, I've always believed that I should never do anything which will spoil or change whatever illusion a fan has about me. I've sung songs in Spanish, German, French, Italian . . . and when natives of those countries have written me lovely letters, insisting that I must be a fellow countryman to—well, to 'sing' the language as I do, I've never answered the implied question. Why? Well, I've not wanted to change one bit any *mental image* the listener may have of me. That's one reason I've avoided interviews about my private life—I couldn't possibly fulfill all the expectations those thousands of mental images of me have built up.

"It's really different with an actress who plays living, human characters on the stage or screen. The fan has a right to ask: Is she like the part she plays? Does she think and talk as the character she portrays thinks and talks? I don't wonder that the movie stars are glad to differentiate their screen selves from their real selves!

"But I don't play a part. I don't think of myself as an actress. I am Jessica Dragonette who happens to have a voice that people like to listen to. If that voice arouses the imaginations of my listeners, so that they conjure up illusions of the person behind that voice, it seems to me that I destroy a large part of the value of that voice from a pleasure-giving standpoint if I say, 'Stop imagining! Here are the facts—'

"Several years ago I was invited by Paramount Pictures to play the leading role opposite Bing Crosby in his first movie. I refused.

"Recently they asked me to sing a song for Bing Crosby's 'The Big Broadcast of 1935.' I finally decided to do it. After all, I was not playing a part; I would not be changing from Jessica Dragonette, radio singer, to Jessica Dragonette, motion picture actress, into whose mouth words are put that may grow out of characteristics and thoughts alien to her own.

"In that picture I sing 'Alice Blue Gown,' the

favorite of my radio fans. It might be said that I am anticipating television by letting my friends see as well as hear me sing.

"Now there are *three* pictures in which I have been invited to act. I like them all, in prospect. Fritz Reiner wants me to play Margherita in his production of 'Faust,' with music by George Antheil. James Fitzpatrick has asked me to interpret the role of the great American composer's wife in 'The Life of Ethelbert Nevin,' a Technicolor production for M-G-M release. Then Henry Souvaine, who has produced radio programs for General Motors, plans to make an all-star picture using posthumous music of Victor Herbert. I've already sung some of this music on the air (remember 'Someone I Love?') and you know the warm spot I have in my heart for that fine composer's work.

"So here's my problem: shall I put aside the principles on which I've based my whole career? Shall I become Jessica Dragonette, movie actress, who like other radio singers who've gone into pictures, continues her radio singing whenever the exigencies of motion picture work enable her to? I feel that I have still so much to learn about singing; I feel that I have every reason in the world to continue simply as Jessica Dragonette, radio singer, improving my voice, conquering new fields of music, giving free rein to my listeners' mental images of me.

"And yet—I like the prospect of making any or every one of those motion pictures I mentioned. I'm rather thrilled at the opportunity of interpreting other human beings on the screen. So I've discussed these three pictures with the people interested—and also a pending contract with Paramount—but even if I make one or more of these movies, I'm still facing a problem that's very important to me:

"Shall I jump into the goldfish bowl which I've managed to escape as a radio singer? Shall I run the risk of letting my radio work suffer or at least *not improve* because of the terrible physical and mental strain which I know movie work entails? And most of all, shall I write *finis* to my appeal to listeners' imaginations?"

Jessica Dragonette, you see, *needs* your advice. Write to me at 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and I promise that your letter will be read by Jessica.

Your friend,

Ernest V. Heyn





The Major may well smile as he thinks of his biggest amateur thrill, Doris Wester (left), whose initial appearance on his hour won her an engagement at the swank Rainbow Room in Manhattan. After the barber (opposite page) won an amateur prize, his bragadocio almost broke up his home, but after friend wife won too, all was serene.

For Major Bowes Amateur Hour, sponsored by Chase and Sanborn (Standard Brands), see page 55—8 o'clock column.

ALL right, it's my turn. This time I'll do all the talking, answer questions instead of ask them. Before I'm through, all those backstage secrets of an Amateur Hour—the laughs, heartbreaks, thrills, tribulations, and embarrassments—will be yours. I want you to feel that you've walked straight behind the scenes and caught a glimpse of the most fascinating job in the world—the job of Master of Ceremonies.

Let's start off with the question most frequently asked—what I consider the toughest part of running this hour show. The answer is easy. It's listening, hour after hour, to prospects as they go through their auditions.

Probably that's something you'd never suspected, that I should hear every audition each week. But it's the truth. Otherwise, I would never get the feeling, the spirit which guides the hour. I want to know something about each of my performers before he goes on the air and to do that I must go through laborious effort, real drudgery.

Now that I think of it, maybe there's an even more difficult aspect of this work. If you were to ask me who made the worst pests of themselves begging for auditions, I'd tell you—my friends. Everyone who can claim a speaking acquaintance with me insists that he has some young amateur who would astound the world, were I only to give



CONFESSIONS OF A "GONGSTER"

as told to John Edwards BY MAJOR BOWES

INTIMATE REVELATIONS BY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES OF RADIO'S NUMBER ONE SHOW

him the chance by putting him on the air.

What none of them realizes is that influence can't mean a thing to me. Because a singer has someone powerful backing him his voice isn't any better.

And if I do give a friend's amateur an audition, he usually flunks out. Then I'm in for reproach and recrimination.

Why? Let me tell you. It's never the amateurs who go on the air and get the gong who become angry and displeased. It's always those who audition and fail to get a spot on the Sunday broadcasts. They're the ones who must think up excuses to explain their failure. Invariably, I get the blame. I'm the goat, because "I didn't listen," or "I cut them off half way through their act," or "the sound effects were bad." Anything so that the blame won't rest on their own shoulders.

As for those amateurs who do broadcast and who don't measure up, you've never seen a better display of sportsmanship. In all the time I've been conducting this type of program, I've never seen one performer really lose his temper and go away mad.

Amateurs do become bothersome at times, though, going to extremes to attract my attention. Lately I haven't had a minute's rest at my country estate. The phone rings continually and always it is someone, often using an assumed name, who thinks he deserves time on the air. Then I'm flooded with wires at my office, and I'm even stopped on the street whenever I start on my way to the studio.

I can never help anyone that way. I tell them all that there are studios at NBC where they can audition. If that doesn't satisfy them, I'm sorry but it's their own business. At my home in Ossining and in my offices at the Capitol Theater I have secretaries who do practically nothing else but explain this to insistent amateurs.

But let's get on to a more cheerful side of this business. Let's talk a moment about the greatest thrill I get from amateur hours. I can best explain it with a simile. I'm like the man who enters politics and gets a tremendous kick out of his work because he can give jobs to so many
(Continued on page 85)



Right, Peg as she is today, the girl whose sheer audacity corralled her first radio job—announcer of shopping news, on a Boston station.

Below, Peg on graduation from the Academy of Notre Dame. Her heart and mind were full of dramatic school plans but, not wanting to "hurt Mamma," she went to secretarial school instead.



By MEL MATISON

FROM A TENEMENT

PROBABLY the most amazing and inspiring success story in airwave annals is that of little Peg La Centra who, through her talents and her will-to-be-big, worked herself up from tenement girl to the top in radio's success-barometer!

For this ninety-three pound Italian blonde, besides having played opposite Max Baer on the Gillette show and having starred on the Sunday Wrigley program, also appeared as soloist on Joe Cook's show. In addition, she recently won the Radio City Party Stars-of-the-Future contest and is in great demand for guest appearances.

How did she do it? How did this girl, with no more head-start than you or I have, overcome the handicaps of her lowly beginnings and climb that slippery pole to stardom?

Come with me to a neighborhood where everybody's fight was not for fame and fortune, but for bare existence.

We're in the poor section of Revere, Massachusetts, the Coney Island of Boston. Here, almost twenty-five years ago, Peg, christened Margherita La Centra, was born. Born, an only child, in a modest, unpainted tenement house! Street cars which clanged and roared by the front of the house, cries of children and the hubbub of the nearby marketing section, these were the early, drab memories of this raggedy little kid.

Fights with the boys of the neighborhood, who teased her and tried to steal her dolls, came often, but Peg's first real battle came with her parents. She had heard her cousin Sylvia recite a piece she learned at elocution school and she wanted to go too. That Sylvia's father could better afford to send his daughter, Peg didn't understand. She set up a loud clamor. After a week of weeping and wailing Peg won out. Pennies were scraped together and Peg at the age of five was enrolled at elocution school. From the start she loved the little plays and recitations.

Peg became the envy of the little girls in her neighborhood. They would gather in her back yard among the rubbish barrels and hear Peg recite with gestures such pieces

as "Oh, Captain, My Captain." Later Peg coached the youngsters in playlets that were given at elocution school. Once Papa La Centra had to resort to a spanking when Margherita ruined one of Mamma's not too many dresses which she wore for one of her plays.

"Mamma," the child said through her tears, "I'm going to be an actress and I'll buy lots of pretty dresses for you."

Through Peg's first few years in grammar school her elocution lessons continued. She was an average pupil but when she became a star in elocution, and took leading parts in recitals, she neglected her school work. Each day found her in the back yard presenting plays with the neighborhood children, and at night, memorizing pieces. Then, one night, Peg, from her room, overheard her parents discussing her.

"Margherita isn't doing so well at school, Frank. She's always giving plays for the children. She memorizes many poems but not her lessons."

"Margherita shall be a good scholar," said Mr. La Centra. "This elocution does her no good. She's growing up now and she likes these recitals too much for her own good."

"That's true, Frank."

"We shall have to stop the lessons."

Peg's next fight had arrived. No, no, she wouldn't stop her elocution. She loved it too much. She promised to do her school work from now on. A compromise was reached. Peg would be given piano lessons instead of elocution. Again the child became an eager pupil. None of the kids around took piano lessons. She was lucky. She'd be a good pupil, she resolved.

Her music lessons progressed. She more than redeemed

the burden of their expense. Once her father took her to an opera. From her second balcony seat the child was enthralled by the music, the singing and the acting. *Aida* inspired her to give a series of back yard performances that had the neighborhood children pleading for a chance to participate. Although not yet in her teens, her dreams of the stage were afire. Whenever she saw a movie she would relive it for weeks.

Shortly after Peg's thirteenth birthday she entered high school and dramatics came to life (Continued on page 65)

THAT'S ONLY AN OUTLINE OF PEG LA CENTRA'S AMAZING LIFE, REVEALED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME

TO THE TOP!



Left, her first "grown-up" picture, at three, before she dreamed of a career in music and on the stage. Below, when singing with Charles Hector and his orchestra over Boston's WNAC. Lower right, Mrs. La Centra's present unassuming home in Boston.

Right, Mrs. La Centra and Peg, then aged seven. Below, only ten and still in grammar school, but she was giving elocution recitals.



EDDIE GUEST

IN the offices of the *Detroit Free Press* there is a cub police reporter named Edgar A. Guest. It's his first job and he hasn't been there very long. But that's because he was just graduated last June from the University of Michigan.

We forgot to say the boy's name is Edgar A. Guest, Jr.—perhaps because we've always called him Bud. Anyway, it only took him five minutes to get his job, when a certain Mr. Edgar A. Guest, Sr., poet, newspaper man and current star of radio's *Household Musical Memories* program, accompanied him to the city desk.

Bud thinks he's starting at the bottom. But his dad once held that same position—and it took him five long years of slaving at other jobs to get there. Eddie Guest had no one to lead him by the hand and make things easy for him. He paved that path himself with grime and struggle, with dauntless courage and with gnarled fingers pecking at a typewriter.

He knows what starting at the bottom really means. He understands the heartache and tragedy of sweating away the best years of a young man's life, because he did it. That's why this homespun poet of the air is willing to give his son—or anybody's son—a break; to place a friendly lamplight on the windowsill of labor so that youth may find its way a little more easily.

But that's getting ahead of the story. Come with me to the big white pillared Colonial home on Hamilton Drive, in Detroit's fashionable Palmer Park section. It's here where Eddie and Bud really get together, after the grinding, greasy presses have shut down.

"Sure, I'm making life easy for my son," he admits willingly. "Why? Because I don't want him to go through the mill I did. I want that kid to grasp life with open arms and live it to its full. I don't want him to miss a thing. I have supported myself since I was nine years old, but that's no reason he should. Even in those nip-and-tuck days I had fun, but there must have been things I missed.

"That's why I'll start my son as near the top as my influence will allow. From then on, it's up to him to make good so he can enjoy it."

This isn't Eddie Guest the poet talking. It's Eddie Guest the father, the man who was born a half century ago, when there was a depression just as there is today. Perhaps it was at its worst in England. Families were having to tear up the roots of a lifetime and start all over, as they're doing now.

Edgar Guest's family was one of these. Today he is a rich man, an influential citizen; he lives in a rambling, fifteen-room mansion. But he began life as a "depression baby."

"The greatest evidence of faith and courage I have ever seen," he says, "was in those days of panic. My father lost everything he had, including our little home and his job as a small-salaried accountant. After years of hard work he had nothing left except his English pride and five children who cried for food. With his last dollar my dad booked cheap passage for America for the seven of us. He left behind contacts and friends it had taken him a lifetime to acquire, and sailed for a new country, to give us a chance."

Of his early struggles Eddie Guest has little to say now. That they found refuge with his mother's sister in a tiny frame house on the outskirts of Detroit, and that he often went barefoot because shoes were too costly, he would like

to forget today. But the obstacles he surmounted while climbing to the top can never be forgotten by those who know this weatherbeaten little man with graying hair. When he writes of "a heap o' livin'," he knows what he's talking about.

He was just twelve years old when he came to Detroit, but he missed none of the talk about hard times which he heard every night over the meager dinner table. Straightway he set about looking for work, more like a grown man than a lad who should have been entering high school. He asked everywhere for any kind of job. And he found one at a soda fountain. For seventy-five cents a week young Eddie worked all day dishing out ice cream and selling cigars. He washed the dishes and polished the silver and kept the store shipshape. Some weeks his boss forgot to pay, and the little English boy would never ask. He was too shy and timid.

"It wasn't so bad," he told me between giant puffs of his cigarette. "On hot nights there was always a little strawberry, chocolate or vanilla left over, which tasted delicious and was darn cooling. Say, I could mix you a chocolate soda right now if I had the glass!"

But he wasn't satisfied to sate his stomach with ice cream and starve his soul behind a soda counter. In those haphazard days he had one friend who came in regularly for lunch; to him Eddie confided all his lonely dreams. The man was only a bookkeeper in the office of the *Detroit Free Press*, but no admiring schoolboy looked at Lindbergh with more envy.

The young soda jerker longed with all of his boyish heart to work on a newspaper. If that bookkeeper hadn't believed in him, the world of print would have been irrevocably cheated of one of its most glamorous characters. Through his friend's efforts, the slim, black-haired English lad went to work on the *Free Press* staff. He started as office boy at a dollar and a half a week.

WHEN he was assigned to mark up the baseball scores on the paper's street bulletin board, his cup of joy ran over. He became instantly an avid baseball fan. That he had never seen a game did not dampen his ardor. He knew he would some day; for the present he was content to chalk up runs, hits and errors with an eagerness that alarmed his boss—that is, until he discovered that Eddie had doped out all the games and was making mental bets against himself which would have staggered Detroit's most reckless gamblers!

From that day on, the kid matched wits with every editor and sports writer on the staff, men who before had given him no quarter because of his tender years. He hung around the news office and rewrite desk, studying, watching, learning—waiting.

When he was fourteen years old, one of the police reporters was taken suddenly ill. Eddie, as usual, was working overtime. In the emergency he covered an important assignment, and so well that for nine years he was chief police reporter on the *Free Press*. He mingled with thugs, degenerates and (Continued on page 83)

Upper right, meet Edgar A. Guest, Sr., poet, newspaper man and current radio star of *Household Musical Memories*. Right, you can see that Eddie and his son Bud get along.

& SON

AS JUNIOR FOLLOWS IN SENIOR'S FOOTSTEPS HE DOESN'T FIND LIFE SUCH "A HEAP O' LIVIN'" FOR THE ROCKY ROAD HAS BEEN SMOOTHED OUT!



Photos made exclusively for Radio Mirror by Wide World



IF I WERE SENDING MY BOY AFAR

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

If I were sending my boy afar
To live and labor where strangers are,
I should hold him close till the time to go,
Telling him things which he ought to know,
I should whisper counsel and caution wise,
Hinting of dangers which might arise,
And tell him the things I have learned from life,
Of its bitter pain and its cruel strife
And the sore temptations which men beset,
And then add this: "Boy don't forget
When your strength gives out and your hope grows dim,
Your father will help if you'll come to him."

If I were sending my boy away,
I should hold him close on the parting day
And give him my trust. Through thick and thin
I should tell him I counted on him to win,
To keep his word at whatever cost,
To play the man though his fight be lost.
But beyond all that I should whisper low:
"If trouble comes, let your father know;
Come to him, son, as you used to do
When you were little—he'll see you through.
I am trusting you in a distant land.
You trust your father to understand."

"Trust me wherever you chance to be,
Know there is nothing to hide from me,
Tell me it all—your tale of woe,
The sting of failure that hurts you so.
Never, whatever your plight may be,
Think it something to hide from me;
Come to me first in your hour of need,
Come though you know that my heart will bleed.
Boy, when the shadows of trouble fall
Come to your father first of all."

Copyright by Edgar A. Guest,
From "The Passing Throng."

Gallery of Beauty

Bert Lawson

You'd smile happily, too, if you were Louie Jean Norman (below), fresh from the Sunny South and a featured singer on Willard Robison's Sunday programs. Deep River and Creole songs are her specialty. Right, Virginia Verrill is the little girl from California who made good in a big way. At fifteen she was a full-fledged artist with a commercial program. She's on "Socony Sketches" Friday nights.

Ray Lee Jackson



WHO SAYS RADIO STARS HAVEN'T THAT

Maurice Seymour

Princess Ohiyo, below, featured singer with Nils T. Granlund (N.T.G.), and his Girls, is a real dyed-in-the-wool Japanese princess. It was in Japan that she learned her distinctive type of singing. Left, pretty Betty Winkler is the telephone operator whose voice opens and closes the "Grand Hotel" dramas over the NBC-WJZ network each Sunday afternoon; also is on Eddie Guest's "Welcome Valley."



Bert Lawson

"CERTAIN SOMETHING?"

Helene Dumas, right, plays the waitress on the "House of Glass" program. Whoever thought a waitress would look and dress like this? She's had extensive stock and radio experience in emotional roles. She's blonde and blue-eyed. Below, Loretta Lee hails from New Orleans where her father is Judge of the Juvenile Court. Her real name's Margaret Viegas and she has her own sustaining program over WABC.



Bert Lawson

Ray Lee Jackson



Joseph Melvin McElliot

Blanche Sweet, left (remember her in silent film days?), is now giving away Hollywood beauty secrets via the Columbia airwaves on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. Below, as Lieutenant Wilma Deering in the Buck Rogers program, Adele Ronson flies about above the clouds but she's anchored firmly to earth in this picture. She's also on the Coty program with Ray Noble on NBC.



Gallery of Beauty

Lum and Abner's new program sponsored by Horlick's Malted Milk, starts Sept. 2. See page 55—7 o'clock col.

Here you're seeing left to right, Lum and Abner (Lauck and Goff) as they really are, at work on a script in their Chicago office. And at the extreme right, Lauck as Justice of the Peace Edwards, and Goff as Constable Peabody aimin' to make a document legal.

By NORTON RUSSELL

THE LOWDOWN ON LUM AND ABNER



Photos posed especially for RADIO MIRROR

TWO young men with drawls as slow as their native mules walked into the executive conference room of the Quaker Oats Company one hot July morning, placed three or four vice presidents face against the wall, stepped back and with a broomstick as a fake microphone gave an impromptu audition. The next week, under the auspices of Quaker Oats, they were on the air. Today—four years later—they have started still another new series of programs over an NBC network five times a week.

That, though—it may sound like it, is not quite all the success story of Lum and Abner, nor was that audition the reason for their rapid rise to the top. The rest of the story and the secret of their success lie deep in the blue hills of Arkansas, back in the general store with its checker board and cracker barrel, back in the little town of Mena where Chester Lauck and Norris Goff grew up and went to work after their college days.

If they hadn't belonged to the Lions Club of Mena and gone on the air to boost the home town, Chet would still be selling finance insurance on autos and Norris would still be the treasurer of his father's wholesale grocery company. And if, when they first became popular radio performers, they hadn't realized that the value of their performance was in its naturalness and utter lack of polish, they would long ago have been back in Mena.

Of all the programs on the air, theirs probably is prepared with less effort and more genuine feeling than any other. When Lum in his nasal twang explains some finer point to Abner, he is only repeating what both of them have heard since birth. For every character these two portray on the air, there is a counterpart in Arkansas as real as their accent.

The biographical facts of this pair I already knew when I sat down with Lum and Abner at breakfast in a Chicago restaurant a few weeks ago. How true their radio charac-

ters are I learned in the conversation we had after a typical Arkansas breakfast of waffles, eggs, bacon, apple pie and coffee.

Lum, who is Chester Lauck at breakfast, is even younger looking than his picture, taller and better looking. Abner, whom Chet calls Norris, is just as youthful and just as short as his partner is long.

"We were born," Chet told me, "a few miles from Mena, Arkansas and moved there at a very tender age. We went to high school together, then to the University of Arkansas. We were both Sigma Chis. After a few more years, we went back to Mena and went to work."

Short and to the point, but without those details that explain why Lum and Abner have fans in every state of the union so loyal that their sponsors have just given them a new contract which runs two years, with options for two more.

They did go to school and college together—even went courting together—but it was the work they did after finishing their education, the amusement they sought at night, and the girls they married that make this story possible. Back from the campus they went on the road. Chet for an auto finance concern, Norris for his father.

Week after week they talked business, government and weather with the farmers of that region, ate dinner with them, played checkers with them. They grew to love them, even while they laughed a little at them. When they were home, they spent their spare time in amateur theatricals, usually as a blackface comedy team using Arkansas jokes. They became members of the Lions Club and they found two girls with whom they fell in love. "I didn't let Chet near my girl," Goff added. "He'd already taken too many away from me."

Partly because Chet is older by three years and partly because he met his girl first, he was married first. After



DRAWLS AS SLOW AS THEIR NATIVE MULES—HUMOR AS INTOXICATING AS THEIR NATIVE BREW—MEET CHESTER LAUCK AND NORRIS GOFF!

that, he took a job in the bank at Mena so he wouldn't be gone from home so much. But he still played in the-atrials with Goff, when Norris wasn't persuading his girl to become engaged, an accomplishment of which he was boasting soon after Chet married.

Then came the chance to broadcast over station KTHS, at Hot Springs. Chet and Norris were allotted thirty minutes of the hour and a half given to the Lion's Club by the station manager. Automatically they knew what their act would be—not their blackface comedy, but an unrehearsed take-off of Arkansas hill people. The names Lum and Abner came naturally. They broadcast without a script, mimicking the sheriffs, the store keepers, and the farmers with whom they had done business. Afterwards the station manager rushed up with a contract for nine weeks or, more literally, wired them the offer a few days later.


With their wives and Chet's daughter they left after those nine weeks for Chicago, bidding farewell to banks and groceries, but taking a rain check on their jobs until they found out how the big city was going to treat them. Having managed an appointment with the Quaker Oats officials, they got their first sponsored series after a single week.

For four years, through changes of sponsors, towns, homes, and incomes, Chet and Norris have stuck together, playing golf and bridge, going to shows and showing off their children. Yet they remain the Mena boys who made good. Chet's daughters—Shirley May, seven, and Nancy, three—have learned all the Arkansas speech their mother will let Chet teach them. Norris' son, Gary, now aged two, already has developed a twang in his shouts for food.

"You know," Norris explained, "some of our listeners think we exaggerate our characters, but the truth is those characters can't be exaggerated. Chet here, who's a Justice of the Peace as Lum Edwards, (Continued on page 69)



The two families at home—top, Mr. and Mrs. Goff with two-year-old Gary who hated to pose for the picture. Bottom, Mr. and Mrs. Lauck, with Shirley, aged seven, and Nancy, just three.



Mrs. Cobina Wright, who has entertained royalty, Social Registerites and stars of the stage, screen and radio in her home, says her success as a hostess is due to her courage to be daringly different! Opposite page, Cobina (left) is making her friends feel at home. They're Mrs. Frances L. Robbins, Jr., and Theodore Zarkavitch. In circle, Mrs. Wright in the wig she wore at one of her famous balls.

RADIO MIRROR

PROUDLY OFFERS THESE

EXCLUSIVE REVELA-

TIONS OF THE WORLD-

FAMOUS HOSTESS

By

Cobina Wright

SECRETS

OF A

Society Hostess

Editor's Note: We present with pride this amazing series of articles by a woman whose life is more exciting and glamorous than any novel you have ever read. You've heard her over the Columbia network in her own charming program. A few years ago Cobina Wright had an income of \$100,000 a year in her own right and was one of New York's most brilliant hostesses, one of the first to have a real salon, to which came society people, artists, diplomats. But she was never content to be simply a social light. While she was being wife, mother and hostess, she was also being a concert singer, with an offer to go into the Metropolitan Opera which she refused. At sixteen, she made her debut in opera in Europe and later she sang with the Boston Symphony and other big orchestras from Coast to Coast. She was chosen by Arthur Honegger to interpret his songs and toured with him all over the United States. Puccini was interested in her voice and personality when she was very young and sang *La Boheme* and *Madame Butterfly*. She has been able all her life to do a wide variety of things and do them well. In the stock market crash she lost her money and she is now earning her own living successfully. But she still gives wonderful parties, invitations to which are eagerly sought. Now she is going to give you the secrets of being a successful hostess—advice which you can use whether your income is \$100,000 a year or \$500 a year. And she will also tell you charming, amusing and intimate stories about the numbers of radio, screen and society celebrities whom she knows well, people who always have a wonderful time at Cobina Wright's.

NO one has less patience with the stupidities of "society" than have I. Last year, I was amused to note that my name had been left out of the *Social Register*, for what reason I do not know. Was it because I must make my own living? Was it because of my divorce? I cannot say. But I can assure you that I have not lost any sleep over it.

I went out in good company. The name of Rosamond Pinchot and President Roosevelt's son and many other prominent people whom I consider well born were dropped, too. All right. I think in these last few years people have used the *Social Register* only for a telephone book, anyhow!

No, it doesn't bother me. I broke the rules of society. At every party I have given, whether the guest list numbered five or five hundred, I have dared to be different. And people have always been kind enough to say that they are amused at my home. That, then, it seems to me, is the first piece of advice I should give you.

Be different! Have a style of your own!

There is, of course, a certain technique in entertaining, a technique which I hope these articles will bring out. But when you have mastered the simple mechanics of being a hostess you can make your parties unusual. Every artist has broken technical rules. And being a good hostess is an art.

For instance, your English teacher undoubtedly taught you that the use of the word "very" weakened a sentence. Then along came Ernest Hemingway and in his excellent



novels used the word "very" over and over again, but instead of weakening they strengthened every sentence and gave him a style all his own. He did not do this out of ignorance. He knew the rules. He wanted an effect and he dared to be different.

One of the greatest actors I ever knew told me that the secret of wonderful acting consisted in learning all the technique, all the tricks of stage craft—and then forgetting them!

So it is with being a hostess. Know the rules (they form a background which supports you) and then have the courage to break them.

For if you are innately a lady, if there is within you the knowledge that you are kind and gracious and would do no other person a deliberate harm, then your instincts will guide you to the right gesture. And whatever you do to be amusing, no matter how different it might be, it will be correct.

INCIDENTALLY, to be a lady one does not necessarily have to have money and social position. Several so-called ladies and gentlemen I know have dreadful manners and behave in a fashion one might expect from uneducated people who have had no chances, and apparently no desire, to better themselves.

However some people with little or no education, people with rough exteriors who make grammatical errors, have the most charming and delightful manners. They are thoughtful, gentle, considerate and honest. If one has these four qualities one is a lady.

I have always believed that if you gather together a group of people who are interesting and have mutual interests, give them good food—which doesn't necessarily mean expensive food—and guide the conversation skillfully, your party will be a success. Although I have often mixed artists and musicians and actors with my social register friends I have been careful to have them all the same *type*—people who understood each other. I have known beforehand whether they would mix or not so that they would not collect in groups and one group be ill at ease



Mrs. Cobina Wright has made many friends since joining radio's ranks. One of her best ones is Rudy Vallee.

because of the other. Only once, I remember, was a mistake made, and I think that should be told here so it will be of help to you if you're in a similar situation.

I HAD planned a party to which, among others, were invited Prince Christopher of Greece, Ralph Barton and his wife, Charlie Chaplin, Feodor Chaliapin, George Gershwin, Paul Kochanski, the violinist; Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, William Rhinelandier Stewart, etc. At that time I had an English secretary who was not as alert as she might have been. I had given her the list of guests to invite.

Most of the gay and exciting people already mentioned were assembled when I was amazed to see being ushered in a dignified elderly woman all done up in purple plush from head to heels—you know that type of dowager, the sort who wears a bird rampant on her hat. She was accompanied by her fat, pudgy, beaming son, a man about thirty.

I searched my memory and at last realized that her name was the same as that of a brilliant younger woman of my acquaintance who, with her husband, I had on the list given to my secretary. Now this lady in purple was all right and socially thoroughly acceptable but she was a woman of the old school and I felt that she would not fit in with the guests assembled. I thought that it would not only be uncomfortable for her but for them, too.

Mrs. Vanderbilt whispered to me, "For heaven's sake, Cobina, where did you get the plush horse?" I explained as hurriedly as I could, but I told no one else except my husband. Only we three knew that she had not been invited intentionally. The rest must think what they liked.

And then I realized my problem at the table. Where could I seat these two misfits? Could I put her next to Charlie Chaplin and have her ask him to tell her about "wicked Hollywood?" And what would happen if she told George Gershwin that she loathed jazz, as she undoubtedly did?

I went into the dining room and quickly changed the

place cards, putting the mother next to my husband and the son next to me. We, in on the secret, would be able to guide the conversation and steer clear of difficult subjects. Any hostess knows that if she can get through dinner in a bad situation the rest of the evening will take care of itself.

The dinner was good, the wine was the best. I was particularly pleasant to the son, my husband unusually gracious to the mother so that they would not feel ill at ease.

But when dinner was over I heaved a sigh of relief. I could now count on the rest of my guests to be so amusing that any embarrassment would be eliminated. And what a wonderful time we had! I shall never forget that evening.

Kochanski went to his home which was nearby and brought back his violin and played, accompanied by Luboschutz. Then Luboschutz began playing *Boris Goudinoff* and Chaliapin began to sing, strutting up and down the room and getting bigger and bigger as he sang. He is enormous anyhow and both his voice and his person seemed to fill the house.

Charlie Chaplin then asked for three buns and began to juggle them in the most amusing manner and while he juggled he sang—in Chinese, Russian, Italian and German. He knows scarcely a word of these languages but his imitation was so amusing and entertaining, that we were all in hysterics.

Then they all insisted that I sing some Debussy and Ravel.

Suddenly then, Prince Christopher jumped to his feet. "Everybody here is doing something," he said. "I'm the only stupid one." He left the room motioning Ralph Barton to follow him and when he returned he had evolved the most amusing stunt of all.

Prince Christopher is baldheaded so he had had Barton paint a face on the back of his head. He turned his coat hind part before and got Kochanski, who is a very small man, to stick his arms through the sleeves and to use his hands like a mechanical doll's.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO—

If two strange and unintentionally invited guests appeared at your party?

If just before a dinner you learned that part of your dinner service had been broken?

If the dinner you had planned for the guests, already arrived, hadn't been prepared at all?

THEY all stayed until nearly four o'clock, including the lady

in purple plush who I knew was having a wonderful time. It was almost touching to see how she enjoyed it and the next day I received a most charming and gracious note from her.

And now I know the doubt that rises in your mind. I can hear you saying, "Ah, yes, but at your party you had interesting and amusing people who could do things, could entertain. But what am I to do when my friends come to dinner and none of them is talented?"

But I've an answer for that. Anyone can be amusing if he is properly encouraged by his hostess. And many, many times there were no artists at all at my parties. I think I was a good wife. I know that I had my husband's interests at heart and since he was a broker it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to entertain in my home men and women of the financial world, the backbone of American business, who could not sing or play a note, who could not tell amusing stories and who certainly would not allow their bald heads to be painted. But even at these parties we had wonderful times and never once did I have to resort to parlor games, the badge of the lazy hostess.

There has never been a game of bridge played in my home, never a charade or a guessing game. We were always much too interested in talent or (Continued on page 68)

NO TIME TO BE

Lazy

By DAN WHEELER

LAZY DAN, the Minstrel Man, when he is before the microphone, lives up to his name. His happy impression is that life is one long song, and that sunshine was made to sleep in.

But the drawling voice and chuckling laugh of the lovable, shiftless radio character belong in reality to a very different sort of personality. Irving Kaufman, in fact, is an outstanding example of a man who has never had the chance to be lazy. Not since he was five years old!

Never, that is, until recently. Now he has a luxurious home in New Rochelle and another in Scarsdale, N. Y., and with them the means and time to be as indolent, between appearances at the microphone, as Lazy Dan would like to be. But somehow he's lost the knack for laziness, if indeed he ever possessed it. He bubbles over with vitality and energy which find their outlet in a score of different ways. He gives Christmas entertainments for orphans, belongs to most of the civic organizations of New Rochelle, including the fire department (an honorary membership, this), drives his own car on hurried jaunts from New Rochelle to New York for rehearsals and broadcasts. Although his life is comfortable and happy you still couldn't call it lazy.

Irving began his career as an entertainer when, a ragged little boy with a cheerful grin, he sang to the passengers on street-cars in Syracuse, N. Y., where he was born. In the first place, there was nothing Irving liked better than to ride on street-cars; in the second, the pennies he brought home helped to support the family. It wasn't begging. Irving had inherited a beautiful voice and a love of music from his father; it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should employ these gifts to add to the family income.

Irving was six years old when a vaudeville booking agent came to Syracuse on business, heard him sing, and simultaneously had an idea. He called that evening at the Kaufman home.

"That boy of yours," he asked Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman, "how would he like to go on the stage?"

"Which boy?" Mr. Kaufman asked.

"The one who sings."

"Irving and Philip both sing," Mr. Kaufman said, "but I guess you mean Irving."


"That's the one," the agent said, "but let me hear Philip too."

The showman ended by engaging *both* Irving and Philip, who was two years older, to sing with Jenny Eddy, a well-known vaudeville star of those days.

"Let's see," he mused, after questions of salary had been settled. "In Russian your names would be Itsky and Philotsky."

"We're not Russian," Philip protested. "We're American."

"You're Russian now," the vaudeville agent retorted. "Itsky and Philotsky, the Russian midgets. Nobody'd be interested in hearing American (Continued on page 60)



There were days when Lazy Dan didn't take eating as a matter of course. But today—

YOU KNOW IRVING KAUFMAN

AS LAZY DAN, BUT HE HASN'T

ANY RIGHT TO THE NAME!



ANNE JAMISON,
DICK POWELL'S
"GIRL" IN HOLLY-
WOOD HOTEL

It was sheer grit and confidence that led Anne Jamison to success and when the breaks came she was "Johnny on the spot." For Hollywood Hotel, turn to page 53—9 o'clock column.

YOU know Anne Jamison as "Virginia" of Hollywood Hotel—just as for years the radio audience has known Muriel Wilson as "Mary Lou" of Show Boat. Now that Hollywood Hotel, under the newly acquired direction of Bill Bacher, has zoomed up to set a new high in entertainment values, Anne "Virginia" has become very much *news!*

Here's the story as it's been given so far, very much a Cinderella story! (In fact Anne was christened the "Singing Cinderella of Radio" on the strength of it.) Anne Jamison came from Canada to New York, last summer. Knowing no one, known to no one, although she had a great reputation in Toronto and Montreal. She had no money, but a lot of confidence and a voice. Two weeks after she landed in the city Anne sang one radio audition, and was immediately engaged for the famous Beauty Box light operas. She made good. Within three weeks she was a star. Cinderella herself could have asked for nothing more.

But back of this success story is another, far more interesting. A story of grit and struggle and determination. A human story. That's what I'm going to tell now.

Anne isn't really Canadian. She's Irish. Her family comes from Belfast where she was born. Her father was an officer in the British Army. When Anne was four he was ordered to India. His family accompanied him, and settled in Secunderabund, Hyderabad.

Cinderella

STORY

By DIANA BOURBON

In India, Anne ran wild, in spite of house boys and amahs. She greatly admired her amah's teeth, incidentally, and adopted the habit of chewing betel nut leaves, hoping to rival them herself! The amah used to bribe her to eat her cereal by proffering the betel nut, always with the proviso, "You no tell Ma'am Sahib." Fortunately Ma'am Sahib found out for herself, before any irreparable harm was done!

It was also the small Anne's practice to snatch off her cork helmet and dash about in the sun catching butterflies—with the thermometer at 120° or 130°. This habit left a memento, for Anne got sunstroke, and to this day cannot venture out in the sun without a shade hat and parasol.

Outbreak of the War brought the family back to Ireland, where, at ten, Anne made her first professional appearance. She sang at a charity concert.

After the War came trouble in Ireland, not a pleasant time to live through. One day Anne was the accidental witness to a political murder. (Continued on page 75)



The Program on which
YOU
 are the star!

IS Mickey Mouse a cat or a dog?

How many legs has an octogenarian?

Where is Singapore?

If you found a purse with five dollars in it on the floor of a department store, would you consider it legally yours or would you turn it in?

Who is the Ambassador to England?

You've heard the song about it, but do you know where Mandalay is?

On which side of the door are the knobs in your house?

That—dear readers—is the newest, maddest radio craze of them all, the fad which is sweeping the country faster than bubonic plague catches up with a Chinese village. And if amateur hours aren't careful, they'll find themselves without any customers before long. That's how catching this thing is getting to be.

It's called "The Voice of the People."

How does it work? All right, you've asked for it. Here goes—

Every Sunday night, at the former Joe Penner hour over NBC's network, two young men from Houston, Texas, sally forth on the streets of New York to some prominent corner. Like Times Square or Columbus Circle, for example. With the microphone carefully set up on a solid table, they're ready for business—questions and answers.

By FRED SAMMIS

"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"—NEWEST AND MOST NOVEL STUNT ON THE AIR



Attracted by the microphone, unwary sightseers group around. The young men go from onlooker to onlooker. "Want to go on the air? All you have to do is answer a few questions I'll ask you. It's all good fun, and it'll only take a minute or two."

Every broadcast of this new Sunday program is a mob scene! The originators of the new craze: Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson (with glasses). For "Voice of the People," page 55—7 o'clock col.

By the time the broadcast is scheduled to begin, the two young men have eight or ten people ready to answer questions into the mike. And that is (Continued on page 79)

Facing the

BROTHERS under each other's skins. No longer should it be called the D'Orsey Brothers Orchestra. Brother Tommy has checked out, leaving Brother Jimmy holding the baton. It is said that since the orchestra was taking in some \$4,000 weekly at the Glen Island Casino and showing a good profit Tommy was dissatisfied with the \$175 a week he was allotted. But, the group being organized as a corporation, that was all he could withdraw until the profits reached a higher point. Hence Tommy now is seeking radio work on his own.

It is true that Angelo and Felix Ferdinando never did get together after their break several years ago. Each has his own orchestra now. And Phil Spitalny has had more than one dispute with brothers Leopold and Maurice, both conductors. But then, Fred and Tom Waring have had their spats as have Guy Lombardo and his brothers, and they're still getting along well enough.

It's surprising how many brothers are working together in the radio music field. Aside from the Warings and Lombardos, there are Ted Stern who plays the saxophone in brother Harold's orchestra and Jerry Schuster who plays the violin in Mitchell Schuster's group. Roi Osborne has

played the cornet in Will Osborne's band and now helps with business and bookings as Herman Bernie does with Ben, Everett Crosby with Bing, and Bill Vallee with Rudy.

VERNA BURKE, feeling that as a free lance singer she might get better spots, requested NBC for a release from her contract. She got it, but it doesn't mean you won't hear her in the future.

Grace Hayes, on the other hand, has just had her NBC contract renewed for another two years. She will continue her programs with Newell Chase.

ABOUT LOVE AND BABIES

To Mr. and Mrs. Jan Peerce, a baby girl. To Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Cash—he's of Hal Kemp's orchestra—a baby boy. Both were born on John D. Rockefeller's birthday. Suggested for lullaby hour, "Love and a Dime."

Dick Gasparre, the orchestra leader, is ferreting out a baby to adopt.

Paul Sabin's love music is now directed at Miss Virginia Paxton. Engagement not confirmed. And Joey Nash is at present fond of Vi Mele, singer with Johnny Johnson's orchestra. Mitchell Schuster is reported engaged to Edythe Rosswyck, daughter of a coffee magnate.

But more definite are Will Osborne and Frank Prince. Will plans to marry Jean Helm, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, society girl. He only regrets that it couldn't have been in June as originally scheduled, instead of September. Frank hopes to marry Grace Bradley, Paramount actress as soon as—well, possible.

The story still persists that Reggie Childs is married to Perquida Portney, former musical comedy star. Reggie insists on being as enigmatic about it as Ozzie Nelson is concerning Harriet Hilliard.

Jimmy D'Orsey now has the orchestra all to himself, brother Tommy having checked out.

Don Bestor's in the new Bing Crosby picture. He's talking it over with Joan Bennett and Bing, who's giving Don advice.

WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous jazz orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing this month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

"Now wait a minute, Flash. Don't fly off the handle." Russell said, alarm succeeding the anger in his voice.

By FREDERICK RUTLEDGE

THE four of them, Lee Sidney, Flash, and the detective, passed from the car. They were standing at the door of the main receiving ward. All around was the intense but muted hum of activity. Sidney caught quick glimpses of starched white coats and white aprons as internes and nurses hurried past, their feet padding quietly on the soft linoleum. The suspense of a never-ending battle filled the gleaming white corridors—the battle against death.

Thomas led them into a private office where a young doctor, his freshness of color startling in the paleness of his surroundings, stood waiting.

"Hello, Dan," the doctor said, shaking hands with Thomas. "You haven't had many calls here lately. Glad to see you again."

Thomas replied, a great deal less graciously. "Have you got that note?" His voice was too loud in the antiseptic quiet of this room into which crept only an occasional faint clashing of gears as an ambulance in the driveway whirled away.

"Here," the doctor answered. He held out the dirty, smeared paper on which Tony had written. "I'll see you later," he told Thomas.

"But Tony! How—how is he? Is he dead?" Sidney cried before the doctor could leave. He shook his head, slid the heavy door open, and went out. The door swung back soundlessly.

"I want you to read this note," Thomas said, after scanning it with cold eyes.

Sidney found Lee's hand and clung to it until her ring

bit into the flesh of her finger. Flash, moving in a calm that could have seen the Island of Manhattan turn upside down and sink without visible alarm.

they could all see its shaky, barely legible script.

"I can never face the world again now that I know my wife, Gail, was a cheat, that she never loved me, that she married me only because I could help her career. I didn't know that Gail already had a husband when she married me until Bobby Sharpe told the police. I have to get away and this is the only way." The signature was that which had witnessed so many theatrical contracts for Gail Richard—"Anthony Letour."

"God," Flash murmured, "think of being married to a bigamist and not knowing it and then finding it out this way! Is he badly hurt?"

"Pretty curious, aren't you?" Thomas said, obviously enjoying the sensation of knowing more than Flash. "Now, he's all right. He missed his heart a mile."

"Thank God for that," Sidney whispered, happy for the man who had been so kind to her at rehearsals.

Thomas had been watching the others intently, his eyes screwed up into slits and darting back and forth. Now he suddenly dropped his master-sleuth manner, becoming brisk and business-like. "That's all," he said abruptly. "You can beat it now."

Flash grinned. "Thanks for the scoop," he said in honeyed tones.

Thomas' jaw shot out. His anger rumbled like an approaching thunderstorm.

"That's all, I told you," he shouted. "Now get back to your lousy paper and print this news. But don't think every other reporter in town doesn't know about it already. You'll be the last one writing the story!"

"Tck, tck," Flash scolded amiably. "Well, so long, boys and girls. I can see that old Hanlon has a hard night's work ahead." He rushed away. (Continued on page 62)

FACE A CRISIS—HAVE YOU GUESSED THE MURDERER?

RADIO'S Autumn Styles

The Lane Sisters
sing on Fred
Waring's Ford
Hour. Turn to
page 53—9
o'clock column.



Rosemary



Priscilla



Frocks furnished by Joseph Brown & Co. of New York, and can be purchased in the leading shops of your city. Posed and photographed especially for RADIO MIRROR by Bert Lawson.

The Lane Sisters are wearing twin frocks (left) of pique velveteen. Rosemary chose dark brown while Priscilla's is red. Extreme left, Priscilla's two-piece dress has blouse of natural French spun corded cashmere and Dubonnet skirt with matching buttons and buckle. Rosemary wears a Dubonnet needle point Angora with yellow scarf. Above, in their one-piece sports frocks: wine-colored velveteen with scarf and belt of gray and the speckled Angora with black ground.

HERE'S ANOTHER CHANCE FOR YOU TO WIN A DRESS—ANY ONE OF THESE LATEST FALL FROCKS MODELED BY THE BEAUTIFUL LANE SISTERS.

WHETHER YOU ENTERED OUR IRENE RICH CONTEST OR NOT, DON'T PASS THIS ONE UP! THE DRESSES ARE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE IN AUTUMN'S STYLE FORECAST.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THESE FROCKS AND CONTEST RULES, TURN TO PAGE 67.

Million Dollar BREAKS

WHAT makes a radio star? You'd be surprised how many are made by some queer quirks of fate, some lucky breaks. We have been told again and again how much talent, personality, pull and hard work it takes to reach the top. Maybe so, but there are plenty of people with seemingly everything who never get by first base. Dig down to the real turning points in the lives of stars and you frequently find tales beyond the fanciest flights of fiction, tales in which fame and fortune hang on the merest flick of chance. I am going to tell you some of these strange tales which rarely come to light and see if you don't agree with me that they were the real breaks—the million dollar ones.

Take the case of Lawrence Tibbett. Did he crash the barrier to fame because of his wonderful voice? Not he. Tibbett was able to grab his first big chance, screwy as it sounds, because he could play the piano.

Seems unbelievable doesn't it? But it's true and few people know about it. It all began years ago back in a little California town where Tibbett was born. You have probably read that when Tibbett was a youngster, his father, a sheriff, was shot and killed while rounding up a bunch of bandits. After that Mother Tibbett had a tough time getting along and supporting her family, but she had promised herself one thing, that young Lawrence should have the chance she missed in youth—piano lessons. So she scrimped and saved, got a piano and a teacher, and stood over Lawrence while he counted 1-2-3-4 to his finger exercises.

Years later Tibbett borrowed \$2000 and came to New York. After a period of study, his teacher, Frank La Forge, got him some auditions at the Metropolitan Opera House. On the first, he got just a curt "Thank you, that's all." On the second he got a contract as a member of the company.

As with all newcomers, he was given only minor roles now and then to sing. He put all he had into these small parts and the management began to take notice. Then, like a shot, his big chance came, the chance to appear in a major role.

One of the regular singers was incapacitated and Tibbett was asked on Tuesday morning at rehearsal if he could sing Valentine in *Faust*. "Sure," he said, with all the bravado of youth and inexperience. He meant he could sing it if he knew it, but the fact is, he did not know one note or word of the part and the opera was scheduled for Friday night—just three days away.

Could he learn a part in three days which required at



One of the strangest tales of all is how Paul Whiteman got his first big break. There were four people present at Paul's opening at the Ambassador, Atlantic City.

least three months' preparation? He staked his whole reputation that he could. Grabbing the score, he rushed home, sat down at the piano and began pounding it out. For three days and nights he sweat and labored. But he learned the part and not only sang it on Friday night but was the sensation of the year.

That was the turning point in Tibbett's career. But don't you see, without those piano lessons his mother scrimped to pay for, this feat would have been impossible?

FRAY and Braggiotti—you've heard them in those captivating duo piano arrangements. Before they got together, they were just two piano players. But when they met and merged, they began to climb out of obscurity. How that came about is another one of those things.

Jacques Fray was in Paris at the time showing a pretty American girl the sights. The girl was homesick and Fray was doing his best to cheer her up.

Passing a music publishing house, they sauntered in. A young man, one Mario Braggiotti, was playing a tinpan alley tune—and how! The girl forgot her homesickness and began to rave about the tune and the good looking devil playing it. This stirred the old green-eyed monster in Fray and he sat down at a near-by piano and joined in with a few embellishments of his own. The girl raved still more. The two pianists introduced themselves and have been doing double duty ever since.

It's the little things like that out of which the stuff of fame is fashioned. Think back over your own life and you can no doubt pick out one or more incidents that shaped or influenced your whole career. Yow-sir, take it from the old Maestro, Ben Bernie in person. Way back in his career the finger of fate singled out two little incidents.

Years ago in a public school in the lower east side of

There were two incidents in Ben Bernie's childhood which helped him on the difficult road to success.



By DORON K. ANTRIM

QUEER TRICKS OF FATE IN THE LIVES OF THE STARS WHICH PAID BIG DIVIDENDS

New York City a noisy group of youngsters, mostly unwashed, were having their history lesson. The teacher had told her charges about that fiery American, Patrick Henry, and to test how much they had absorbed, she asked them to write a short essay. After a period of fussing, fidgeting, and belabored pencil pushing, she asked for volunteers to read their efforts. A small hand went up in the back of the room and a small boy got up and read the following:

"Patrick Henry had very bright eyes but was not very bright in school. He got married and then he said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

That was Ben's first wise crack before a public and it convinced him that humor was a good bet in any business, especially that of entertaining.

The second incident occurred some years later. Having learned to play the fiddle in the meantime, he took a job in a department store demonstrating the superior qualities of a \$5.98 Strad. At first no one paid much attention to him as he sawed away on the Strad. Then he began passing out some of those droll sallies for which he has since become famous. Soon it looked like bargain day in the basement around the old violin counter. Whether he sold many fiddles is not on record, but he did get a crowd. A vaudeville agent chanced in one day and stopped to see what the side show was about. Result, Ben got a try-out booking and you know the rest.

HAVE you a good memory? If so, it may step in some day and sweep you on to fame as it did Arlene Jackson. From the time she was a tot, Arlene committed everything to memory, the piano part and voice, both. Crazy idea, you think? But wait.

Like scads of others, she wrote for an audition addressing her nearest station, KFI of Los Angeles, got it and did her darndest. After it was all over she got the customary, "Thanks, we'll keep your name on file."

Disappointed Arlene was slowly putting on her coat to go out into the cold world again when the studio manager rushed by with the news that the singer scheduled for the next program to go on in five minutes had not shown up. Seeing Arlene, he barged up to her.

"Can you sing?" he said.



Who would ever think an automobile accident could bring good luck? It did, however, to Muriel Wilson!



A car breaks down near the girlhood home of Annette Hanshaw. While the car is being fixed, a star is born!

This may sound funny to you, but Lawrence Tibbett (left) got his first big chance because he played the piano.



CARICATURES BY ADAM BARTH

"Yes."
"Without music or accompanist?"
"Yes, I play my own."

Grabbing her by the arm, he propelled her into a studio and plumped her down on a piano stool. She was on the air before she knew what was happening and thirty minutes later had signed a contract.

You know that old bromide about the ill wind blowing somebody good. It certainly did its stuff for Ed East and Ralph Dumke, Sisters of the Skillet. They had labored and sweat blood over the script with which they hoped to land a commercial. Things had progressed to the audition stage and script and all were in readiness to shoot in one of the NBC studios. Just as they were about to start, someone opened the studio door and a gust of wind sent the script pages to the four corners of the room. There wasn't time to collect them and put them in order so the boys were compelled to ad lib their lines. You guessed it—that stunt got them the contract.

Quite often we wonder, foolishly enough, if we are here on earth for any good reason at all. Nino Martini used to do a lot of wondering like that. Whether you realize it or not, it takes a lot of plain gall to go before the public as a singer or entertainer, to stand the constant rebuffs and criticism. Martini's confidence in himself, in his destiny as a singer, needed bolstering. He wanted assurance that he was meant to be a singer. He got it one day back in the old home town in Italy. During the war a bomb fell near his house detaching some wires. On stepping outside, he was about to pick up one of the wires and shove it out of the way when something told him he had better not, so he stepped over it. Had he touched the wire, he would have been killed instantly, since it was alive. After that Martini figured that Providence, or call it what you will, had saved his life. It must be for some purpose. Was it to sing? Yes, it was. He decided that his destiny was to delight the world with song and he would. (Continued on page 84)

What's new on

WHEN this department was being assembled for the printers an ambitious sponsor had hopes of corraling the Royal Family of the American theater—Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore—for a series of broadcasts. Princess Ethel and Grand Duke Lionel were ready to listen to reason but Prince John was trying to figure out some way in which his protegee, Elaine (nee Jacobs) Barrie might fit into the scheme of things.

John, thoroughly devoted to Elaine, seems determined to make her his leading lady and is giving her the benefit of his expert coaching in daily dramatic lessons. The two appeared in a sketch on Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann Variety program and the radio reviewers were disposed to like Miss Barrie's performance.

Meanwhile, sister Ethel, who has tax delinquencies and other financial problems, doesn't share John's enthusiasm for Elaine. She would be better pleased if John would devote more attention to pressing family matters and concentrate his energies on plans for the betterment of the Barrymores rather than a Barrie.

Regardless of what the combined Barrymores may do, Lionel, eldest of the three, has already set himself for the coming five years in radio. The only trouble is his contract provides for only one performance a year. He is to do "Scrooge" in Dickens' "A Christmas

Carol" every Christmas eve during that period for Campbell Soups.

IT seems incredible but a fact nevertheless that a shortage of amateurs has developed in New York. Where hundreds used to apply for a chance on the national amateur programs now a mere handful of aspirants appear. The producers of the Major Bowes, Ray Perkins and Fred Allen periods actually have had to send scouts afield searching for talent.

Some radiocracles see in this situation the early demise of this type of entertainment. Tremendously popular with listeners for a year and longer, many predict that amateur shows will soon pass into the limbo of forgotten things through inability to produce performers worthy of audience attention. But see what the Major himself has to say about this in his "Confessions" on page 14 of this issue.

THE Vox Populi type of program in which the man in the street is hauled by the nape of the neck to a microphone and made to express his opinion of this and that suddenly grows in favor. This style of broadcast—no newer than amateur shows, both having been done for years all over the country—got a new lease of life when two Texas newspapermen, Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher, introduced the stunt this summer to the national net-

works for Fleischmann's Yeast. (See story on page 13.) It registered so well that imitative programs are now popping up like mushrooms.

These voice of the people periods are popular with sponsors because of their low cost, the outlay for talent being practically nil. The only expense is for the interviewers who corral and cajole passersby into conversation and the engineers who handle the street hook-ups.

CERTAINLY this IS news! Amos 'n' Andy broadcast the other night before an audience! For many years the famous pair projected their act without even the veteran announcer, Bill Hay, observing them in action. Now the long record is broken. President Merlin H. Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company led a group of friends into the studio to see Messrs. Correll and Gosden perform. But just see who you have to be to enjoy this rare privilege!

FOR the love of mike, what next will happen in radio? Network listeners were astounded not so long ago when a voice proclaimed, "This program is NOT a presentation of the So-and-So Company," naming the advertiser long associated with that particular show. It seems a dispute arose over the terms of the renewal of the contract, which argument was still unsettled when the

Radio Row

regular time of the broadcast came around. The station decided to go ahead with the entertainment regardless. Everything proceeded as usual until the very end of the period when the spokesman for the sponsor deemed it vital to the progress of civilization, or something, to get up from his seat in the audience and disavow to the world his connection with it. Hope this idea of announcing who *hasn't* anything to do with programs doesn't spread—it consumes altogether too much time now telling who *has*.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

Two former radio announcers are now on the staff of J. Edgar Hoover's criminal investigators popularly known as "G-Men." Their identity, of course, is kept secret but you'd be surprised if you heard their names . . . When NBC resumes shortly "America's Town Hall" program which proved such an attractive feature in the spring, the debates will be curtailed and more time allotted for questions from the audience. The hecklers are pleased at this prospect.

Lee Bernie, kid sister of the old maestro, is singing on New York independent stations . . . George Shackley, former musical director of WOR, is president of Treasure Chest, Inc., a concern which manufactures novelties for distribution as radio premiums. Shackley has been succeeded at WOR by Alfred Wallenstein, a member of the board of directors and first cellist of the Philharmonic Symphony of New York.

Benay Venuta, the California songbird, is fast going places. Now she is singing Ethel Merman's role in the Gotham musical hit, "Anything Goes," and doing a mighty good job, too. Ethel, as you know, dropped out of the play to go to Hollywood and help Fiddie Cantor with his new flicker . . . Geraldine Farrar, former opera star who won favor with the fans last winter as commentator on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, has inherited \$80,000 by the death of her father, Sydney D. Farrar.

Ruth Etting's professional retirement and trip around the world have been delayed. Her sponsor renewed her radio contract for another thirteen-week period; you Westerners will be hearing her now, too. . . . According to the best statistics available there are

21,194,792 radios in all Europe. There are almost as many in the United States alone—20,750,000 sets being estimated . . . Teddy Bergman, the comic, is contemplating an European tour.

Things are picking up for radio writers, prices for scripts having doubled in the last year . . . Helen Wills Moody, the tennis champ, is expected to headline the airwaves this fall . . . George Givot is now a race horse owner. Two thoroughbreds are running with his colors—but not with his money, says George, unless they show sensational improvement in form.

Bob ("Believe-It-or-Not") Ripley, successor to Joe Penner on that Sunday night bakers' program, starts October 6. Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard continue on the same period . . . Clash of temperament caused the splitting of Fray and Braggiotti, one of radio's best piano teams . . . Leslie Howard, who has made many guest appearances on the air, may be starred in a series of dramatic broadcasts.

RADIO MIRROR's sensational scoop on Max Baer's surprise marriage excited the admiration of Radio Row. Since it occurred early in the summer, Arthur (Continued on page 77)

By JAY PETERS

Ben Bernie turns over the reins to Jan Garber (bottom) who continues waving the baton at Catalina Island where the Old Maestro left off. Below, Leslie Howard enjoys the surf at Bermuda with his children, Leslie Ruth and Ronald. He may be on the air soon.

Wide World



Wide World



Acme Photo



Do you know why Conrad Thibault (left) is smiling? He's just married. With him is his bride, formerly Eleanor Kendall. Below, Phillips H. Lord, of "Seth Parker" fame, is writing and directing the new "G-Men" scripts.



COAST-to-COAST

CHICAGO

By
CHASE
GILES

ANNOUNCER Bob Brown of NBC, and Mary Steele, the singer, are man and wife. They spent their vacation far from the madding mobs, fishing along the Canadian border.

LES ATLASS, the Chicago boss of Columbia, bought one of these new cars with the huge fenders on it. The other day he was two hours late getting to the office from a spot only a few blocks away. He had had a puncture and couldn't get far enough inside the fender to change the wheel.

JUNE SCHIEBLE of the Columbia press department in Chicago was very happy when Norm Sherr, the pianist, told her he was going to give her his English sheep dog—that is, until she saw the dog which looked more to her like a curbstone setter than a sheep dog. She complained to Norm who explained the dog had been given

him by Bob Becker, broadcaster and newspaper writer on outdoor affairs, including dogs. Norm had had the same misgivings and had voiced them to Bob who replied, "Give the pup time to grow up, Norm. Remember you didn't have a mustache when you were a baby."

WHEN Richard Himber, the Studebaker Champion orchestra leader, came to Chicago, the radio station which carries his program here telephoned the local office of his sponsor

suggesting they furnish one of their cars to Mr. Himber while he was in town. "And who is Mr. Himber?" was the stunning reply.

LEONARD KELLER and his Bismarck Hotel orchestra have been doing those Sunday morning Gloom Dodgers programs over WBBM. The other Sunday disaster was averted by Keller's quick wittedness. Part of the theme which opens the show is the honking of an auto horn. The drummer performs this duty. As usual he pressed the button and the horn started—but it didn't stop; the electrical button had stuck. The orchestra boys tried playing as loud as they could to drown it out. No go. Finally the drummer grabbed the wires to the horn and yanked them out. That stopped it but in the excitement the drummer managed to knock over the trumpet player's music stand and spill his music. When the three minutes of confusion ended, Keller went to the microphone and said: "Now that we have finally passed that road hog, folks, we'll continue our tour to colorful Spain."

A NEW feature of the Frankie Masters' orchestra which recently came back to WBBM and the College Inn is the music box which plays the theme song. Frankie had a tough time getting that music box. He discovered that they are all imported. Finally he discovered an organ builder out on the west side of Chicago who thought he could do the job. He got one of the standard music boxes. This he retuned by changing the comb-like prongs and the little metal pins which hit them until he got the thing playing the right tune. Now after all the trouble Frankie is beginning to worry again. What if it should get out of tune?

THE NBC press man sending out the teletype messages to Chicago radio editors was having his troubles one day recently in announcing a show built around the life of Henry VIII. So this is what came over the ticker:

Henry VOOO Henry VOO XXX
Henry III Nuts XXX Henry VIII.

TWO orchestras have been the rage in Chicago radioland this summer. And strange as it may seem both bands have been playing right here in Chicago. Usually you'll find the Windy City fans talking about and listening to orchestras which broadcast from New York. (Continued on page 80)

HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC

By
DR. RALPH
L. POWER

THE tang of autumn weather is bringing out new talents in West Coast radio help. For instance, KNX's Buddy Duncan is taking the part of a Chinaman, hill-billy and circus performer along with sundry other characterizations. And, as if that wasn't enough, he is also directing the "Little Theater of North Hollywood" where some of the film directors scout brand new talent.

MAURICE KOEHLER, concert violinist with KFAC, was born in Belgium . . . red hair and sparkling eyes . . . of Irish and German descent. When three years old the family moved to New Jersey . . . at the age of seven he went to Munich to study . . . on West Coast radio since theater orchestras began to cut down staffs.

SAN FRANCISCO sends some more East. Pat Weaver, graduate of Los Angeles High and Dartmouth, moved out of his KFRC production berth and journeyed to New York. Rita Lane, NBC singer, went through the canal on a freighter. And Elmore Vincent (Senator Fishface), NBC comic, motored cross country. Maybe they'll all stay on the Atlantic seaboard, or maybe they'll trek back to the bay district.

LEONARD COX has come back to Los Angeles. 'Tis a long time since he clerked in a downtown bookstore. Now he is program manager for super-powered KNX after a siege of several years with WOR, WABC and WJZ in New York. I guess his "Main Street Sketches" were about his most popular Eastern creation and he has launched a similar program out on the Coast. Born in England, early life in Canada, he first arrived in Los Angeles back in '02, when it was much of a sleepy pueblo, though the Chamber of Commerce was even then in the throes of formation.

CLARENCE NOLAN is likely to sock you on the conk if you call him Clarence. The twenty-eight-year-old lad prefers to be known as Bob. His father was with Commander Peary's North Pole expedition. But Bob's big thrill came as he toured the country singing with a tent show. The Arizonian once studied commercial art . . . wants to be a song writer. You've heard his "Tumbling Tumbleweeds." Now the husky son of the desert plays bass fiddle in KFWS's Pioneers, a popular instrumental and singing quartet.

bicycles to make the hop between pickup and remote control points. Gary was too far removed from boyhood days to remember how to ride one.

So he bumped into a fire hydrant, slit both trouser legs with astonishing rips, and had to take refuge in the nearby nudist colony while repairs were being made.

MARY LIVINGSTONE visited the May Company department store while in Los Angeles. She used to be a hosiery buyer there, when it was known as Hamburger's, and met Jack Benny when he was doing a fiddle act at the local Orpheum.

CARLETON E. MORSE, who authors the ever-popular "One Man's Family," comes from a fairly large household. When they had a family reunion in Berkeley not so long ago, some forty-two Morses stuck their feet under the festive board.

SPEAKING about San Diego, lots of radio announcers would voluntarily join a nudist colony. But Gary Breckner, chief radio announcer at the Exposition, was forced into one. The announcing staff down there use

ONE day when Columnist Kenneth C. Beaton (K. C. B.) couldn't do his stint on the Coast CBS program, his brother, Welford Beaton, took his place. But nobody remembered that W. B. was (Continued on page 71)



Deon and Little Joe stir up an entertaining show over CBS via Chicago. They're "Little Joe" Rardin, tenor, and Deon Craddock, blues singer.



Annette Hastings, soprano, is heard from San Francisco on the Woman's Magazine of the Air and sings with Meredith Willson's band.



Ramona played the piano in a neighborhood Kansas City movie house when she was still in high school. Now she's a star vocalist and pianist on Paul Whiteman's Kraft Music Hall broadcasts. See page 55—10 o'clock column.

IT'S odd that we all have to learn by experience that the way to make the most of our personality is to be ourselves," said Ramona. "I know I did. At first, I had a regular Spanish atmosphere built up around me, because of my name. It's my real name, you know, but I'm not Spanish; my parents are French and German.

"I didn't have anything to do with that Spanish atmosphere; I was very young and it really just happened around me. Then, one day, I made a movie short and when I saw what that Latin hairdress with its center-part did to my appearance, I decided the time had come to make a change! I have a long, slender face and that long, white part showing from my hairline to the top of my head just made it that much longer. And I looked so old and sophisticated! Thirty's a very nice age, but you shouldn't look it when you're only twenty."

I remember those early pictures quite well. As a matter of fact, I was quite surprised when I met her face to face, because she looks so much younger in real life. She's only twenty-three now, even if she is a radio veteran. She has one of the loveliest complexions I've ever seen. Ramona laughs and says that she was just "one of the boys," when she started out with Don Bestor's orchestra at the age of seventeen; she was the first girl to play as an actual member of a large recording orchestra. She's still "one of the boys" with Paul Whiteman's organization, clowning around playing the piano and celeste when called for, one of the grandest and best-liked scouts in the gang. Quite a different personality from the one which was built up for her by publicity in the early days. Today she is *herself* and she plays up her natural good looks, emphasizing most particularly that beautiful skin of hers. That's an achievement she can be proud of, too, because the constant travelling she does with the Whiteman group is very hard on complexions—windy bus rides, cindery train trips, constant changes of climate and water supply.

"One day we may be in Philadelphia's deepest winter, and the next may be in Memphis in the sunny South," she observed. "So I outfitted a little kit myself, which carries everything I need. And it isn't just a gag, either, that I follow this regime. I never miss a single night or morning, no matter how late I have been up, or how little (Continued on page 82)

BEAUTY A LA

Ramona

By JOYCE ANDERSON

Do you have a normal skin? Try Ramona's formula for skin care. We'll be glad to send you more information about the ingredients she uses. Let RADIO MIRROR's beauty consultant advise you on your skin problems. Address Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.



Billy "Bobby Benson" Halop and his sister Florence tuck into one of Bobby's favorite luncheons—salad with lots of lettuce and tomato, and milk. For Bobby Benson's program see page 53—6 o'clock column.

BOBBY BENSON'S SCHOOL-DAY DISHES

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

KEEPING up with a husky schoolboy appetite, providing energizing food which will see a child through the strenuous demands of the school year, is problem enough for any mother. But have you stopped to think of the added difficulties the mothers of radio children face in this all important matter of food?

There's Billy Halop, for instance. You hear him as "Bobby Benson" over CBS, as Dick on NBC's Home Sweet Home program and you have no doubt listened to him in his occasional appearances with the March of Time and in the Big Ben dramas.

Billy is fourteen years old and is in second year high school, enrolled in the Professional Children's School in New York City. In addition to his school work and his outside interests—he is a keen swimmer and horseback rider—Billy averages five hours' work each day in broadcasts and rehearsals. What diet, I wondered, does Mrs. Halop depend on to keep Billy in condition to meet these demands? So I asked Billy.

Billy, like all boys, has very definite ideas about what he likes to eat, with steak and chicken coming high on the list, but mindful of the importance of good health for his job he sticks closely to the sensible food regime mapped out by his mother.

"I like to start out with a good breakfast," Billy told me, "especially in winter. I always have orange juice and a cereal, a cooked one if the weather is cold, with plenty of rich milk. I never drink coffee, but for breakfast I have milk or cocoa. Pancakes with sausages and maple syrup are fine for cold mornings.

"Although I always have breakfast and dinner at home I usually have lunch in town and since my mother doesn't want me to have meat more than once a day I skip it at noon. Sometimes I have soup—chicken or tomato consommé; I don't like thick soups and I don't want them salty. I like a mixed vegetable salad for lunch, with cocoa, milk or tea, or a vegetable plate.

The first thing Billy asks for in a vegetable plate, believe-

it or not, is spinach, and he doesn't call it broccoli, either.

"I don't see why there is all this talk about kids not liking spinach," he said. "There's nothing I like better for lunch than spinach—fresh, not canned—with a poached egg. And no vegetable plate tastes right unless it has spinach along with the peas, beans, carrots or broccoli—whatever is in season. I like them all. At one place I like to eat lunch they have red cabbage slaw and I always order that."

Red cabbage slaw is such a novelty that you may be able to tempt your own youngster's appetite with it. Shred a small head of red cabbage, sprinkle lightly with salt, stir and let stand for fifteen minutes. Add finely chopped cucumber and minced green pepper, stir thoroughly, then add salad dressing. Billy prefers French dressing made with lemon juice, but a thin mayonnaise or boiled dressing may be used. Surround with slices of hard cooked egg before serving.

Another favorite dish of Billy's is Manhattan Clam Chowder and here is the recipe for making it to Billy's taste!

MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER

1 qt. clams, with juice	1 stalk celery
¼ lb. salt pork	1 sprig parsley
5 onions	1 bayleaf
6 potatoes	1 qt. water
2 carrots	Pinch each of salt,
3 tomatoes	pepper and thyme.

Mince onions, cook in saucepan (Continued on page 81)

Every boy has a favorite dessert and "Bobby Benson" is no exception. If you want to know how to make his favorite apple cake or the potato patties he likes, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson in care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, with your request.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



RKO Radio Pictures

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

There's a rumor that Fred Astaire is to "strut his stuff" before a microphone—on the Lennie Hayton program. Maybe you've heard him by now. However, it may be just one of those rumors, but anyhow, here's hoping!

Horace J., Lockhart, Texas—Why, I'm almost sure Billy Idelson (Rush of "Vic and Sade") will send you one of his photographs if you'll write and ask him in care of the National Broadcasting Co., Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Theo. R. G., West Point, Pa.—You'll find the age, and a few other things about Harry Von Zell on page 58 in the RADIO MIRROR Directory.

Lucille, Rochester, New York—You're right, Lucille. Marge's husband is the same Gene who plays in "Myrt and Marge." His real name's William Jean Kretsinger. If you purchased a copy of the September RADIO MIRROR, I'm sure you found the article entitled "Money for Minors," in which quite a bit was mentioned about Junior O'Day who played the part of Beatrice Lillie's nephew.

J. H., E. Orange, N. J.—Junior O'Day is really not Miss Lillie's nephew.

Walter B. A., Brooklyn, New York—Annette Hanshaw was born October 18, 1910. Well, now I've given away her age! She lives in New York and is married. Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are not married, but everyone says they are that way about each other. To tell you the truth, it's really not awfully easy to see a broadcast.

Evelyn M., Brooklyn, New York—That's Frank Parker's real name. At present he's unmarried, but who knows what will happen since he's gone to Hollywood. Frank's birthday is April 29.

J. F. P., Fort Worth, Texas—I really owe you an apology, John, for keeping you waiting so long. Lee Wiley has been off the air for some time. However, she made a guest appearance a short time ago. Perhaps you heard her. Willard Robison is not colored. Betty Winkler is the telephone operator in the Grand Hotel program. What do you think of that swell picture of her on page 21? Am I forgiven now?

BECAUSE of the great number of biography requests from our readers, RADIO MIRROR has compiled a directory just for you. If you do not find all you want to know about your favorites in this issue, page four, you will in the next two issues. Then if you still don't find what you want, the Oracle is always at your service, so keep hurling your questions. But please, dear friends, before writing make sure we haven't told you what you want to know in the RADIO MIRROR Directory.

Florence and Frances C., Roosevelt, New York and June E. E. S., Allentown, Pa.—We don't know where Bob Crosby is now, but if you address him in care of Larry Crosby (his brother), in care of the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., your letter will be forwarded.

Barbado C., Fallbrook, Calif.—Yes, Olive White is Lanny Ross's manager. The June issue of RADIO MIRROR carried a story of Lanny, entitled "Lanny Ross's Mother Made Him A Star," by George Kent.

Fuzzy M., Tacoma, Wash.—You'll find the biography of Ken Niles in this issue on page 56—third column; Vinton Haworth same page, first column; Paul Douglas, page five; Harry Von Zell, page 58. Nelson Eddy's making a picture for M-G-M at Culver City, Calif. The address of Jack Brooks is station WBBM, Chicago, Ill.

Bobby D., Tacoma, Wash.—You'll find the addresses of your favorite stars in the November issue of RADIO MIRROR. Address Billy Jones and Ernie Hare in care of station WOR, Newark, New Jersey.

Mrs. P. C. A., Mantua, N. J.—Jack Arnold is not the name of a star. He's just a character in "Myrt and Marge," and Vinton Haworth plays the part. Yes, Myrt really is Marge's mother in every day life.

MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER

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**ECONOMY
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1926 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



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

"Ooh, lookie," says Gracie Allen, "they want to know what I want to say! I'll tell you next Wednesday at ten P.M., on the White Owl program. This is *your* page!"

of certain toilet soaps and hand lotions. They seem to think that they can browbeat women into buying their products.

Razzing us about our age and fading beauty, of losing our husbands and friends. Yea! making us feel like thirty cents.

Even husbands don't like to hear their wives' faults publicly enumerated. . . .

MRS. DOROTHY POPE, Oakland, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I do not think that people who live in town can ever fully appreciate what the radio means to those of us who live in the country.

The evenings used to be so long and dull that I almost died of loneliness. Recently I bought a small battery radio and it has brought so much pleasure into my life as to be worth many times the money. The joy of hearing good music again! And I get the news the day it happens, not a week later. Outside the wind may howl mournfully through the trees, but inside there is the warmth of life. The cities of the world are at my fingertips.

The radio is, of course, sometimes a nuisance when used foolishly. But better the loudest of jazz bands and the most ear splitting sopranos than the dead stillness of former evenings.

MARION GOODWIN, Dundee, New York.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The general public today thinks an actor has to be dumb to become a comedian. On the contrary, however, most comedians on radio, stage and screen are more intelligent than they would lead one to believe. It has become an every day event to hear people say what a dumb guy this or that entertainer is.

A really dumb person isn't funny, and it takes a person with a brain to act dumb and make thousands laugh and like it. Eddie Cantor, one of the greatest entertainers of this or any other day, certainly can't be classified as dumb. With all his activities on the radio, stage and in motion pictures, he has to be more than normally intelligent to get away with it all these years. Ed Wynn, Joe Penner, Burns and Allen, and countless others are surely no exceptions. . . .

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

(Continued on page 88)

WITH cool fall weather just around the corner, and a lot of brand new programs in the offing, radio is getting set for its biggest year of broadcasting. Why don't you help the networks and sponsors decide what to put on the air by writing RADIO MIRROR a letter about your tastes in programs? And what is more, win money while you're at it. As heretofore, the prizes are \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and mail it by September 22.

This month's prize winning letters:

\$20.00 PRIZE

Radio programs, though in general well planned and capably executed are monotonous in their fixed forms. What do they lack? The magic quality of sheer inspiration.

When I turn on my radio at nine in the morning, do you think I want to hear required proportions of flour and water for perfect pie-crust, when every cook book in my kitchen gives the same information? Indeed not! What I would like to hear is something to add glamor to my household tasks. . . . And in the early evening when one longs for peace and tranquillity after a trying day, is it any comfort to hear indigo moans of "Why Was I Born?" while one plans desperate ways to pay the milkman on the morrow? Don't misunderstand. I want no platitudinous sweetness to engulf my disgusted soul at such moments, but there is other entertainment that would restore one's hope and make the heart sing. . . .

MRS. ALLEN WHITE, Miami, Florida.

\$10.00 PRIZE

I've waited to see my pet peeve voiced, but alack! The average woman stands for a lot before she squawks.

I know many women feel as I do about sponsors

Table with 7 columns (12 NOON, 1PM, 2PM, 3PM, 4PM, 5PM, 6PM) and 4 rows of radio station programming for the Blue Network.

LIST OF STATIONS

Table listing radio stations under categories: BLUE NETWORK, BASIC, WESTERN, COAST, and RED NETWORK.

The originators of the Stebbins Boys, Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly, have a new five-time-a-week show at 12:00 over the Blue network...

Another new script show is running weekdays now at 1:15 (Eastern Daylight Saving time, of course) called The Kilmer Family...

NATIONAL

Table listing radio stations under categories: WESTERN, SOUTHERN, and COAST.

NATIONAL

Table with 4 columns of radio station programming for the National Network.

RED NETWORK

Table with 4 columns of radio station programming for the Red Network.

Table with 7 columns (6PM, 7PM, 8PM, 9PM, 10PM, 11PM, MIDNIGHT) and 4 rows of radio station programming for the Broadcast Casting Company.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

Table with 4 columns of radio station programming for the Broadcast Casting Company.

Have you played the new parlor game—listening to Sunday evening's Voice of the People program, starting at 7:30? ... After saying that she was tired and wanted to go to Europe, Ruth Effing was prevailed upon to sign up for another thirteen weeks of her College Prom show Friday nights.

See the Ray Noble theme song in this issue of RADIO MIRROR? We've gone and done it—printed the whole chorus, words and music of "The Very Thought of You," which, incidentally, is Ray's own composition...

RADIO MIRROR'S DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 5)

GLENN, Gene (William Jean Kretsinger). Actor, plays Gene in "Myrt and Marge"; born Kansas City, Aug. 15, 1905; married Donna Damerel, Dec. 30, 1933. CHIC.

GLUSKIN, Lud. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Dec. 16, 1899; married Elizabeth Telek; debut over Radio-Paris, 1923; American debut, New York City, June 25, 1934. N. Y.

GOODMAN, Al. Orchestra leader "Rhythm at Eight"; born Nikolai, near Odessa, Russia, Aug. 5, 1890; married Fanny Spidman; one child; debut in New York City, 1930. N. Y.

GRAY, Glen. Orchestra leader "Casa Loma"; born Metamora, Ill., June 7, 1903; married Marion Douglas, July 2, 1931. N. Y.

GREEN, Johnny. Orchestra leader and composer "Soconyland Sketchbook"; born New York City, Oct. 10, 1908; married Carol Falk, April 29, 1929; debut over WEAJ, 1933. N. Y.

GROFE, Ferde. Orchestra leader, composer "Burns and Allen"; born New York City, March 27, 1882; married, one son, one daughter; debut in Chicago, over NBC, 1930. L. A.

GUIZAR, Tito. Singer; born Guadalajara, Mexico, April 8, 1907; married, one daughter; debut in New York City for CBS, 1920. N. Y.

HALL, George. Orchestra leader; born Brooklyn, N. Y., June 14, 1896; married Lydia Waters; debut over WJZ, 1921. N. Y.

HALOP, Florence and Billy. Child actors, "Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim"; both born in New York City; Billy, Feb. 11, 1911; Florence, Jan. 23, 1924; both made radio debut in New York City, Billy in 1927, Florence in 1928. N. Y.



Glen Gray



Annette Hanshaw

HANSHAW, Annette. Singer; born New York City, Oct. 18, 1910. N. Y.

HAWORTH, Vinton. Actor, plays Jack Arnold in "Myrt and Marge"; born Washington, D. C., June 4, 1905; married Jean Owens, Dec. 24, 1931; debut over WOR, 1925. CHIC.

HAYMES, Joe. Orchestra leader; born Marshfield, Mo., Feb. 10, 1907; unmarried; debut over WLW, Cincinnati, 1930. N. Y.

HEDGE, Ray. Actor, plays Clarence Tiffinguffer in "Myrt and Marge"; born Brazil, Ind., Jan. 21, 1909; unmarried; debut over WBBM, Chicago, 1930. CHIC.

HEMUS, Percy. Actor, True Story Court of Human Relations; born Auckland, New Zealand, March 7; married Gladys Craven, pianist; debut, New York City, 1928. N. Y.

HILL, Edwin C. News commentator; born Aurora, Ind., April 23; married Jane Gail, July 29, 1922; debut over WOR, July, 1931. N. Y.

HIMBER, Richard. Orchestra leader; born Newark, N. J., Feb. 20, 1906; unmarried; made debut with Rudy Vallee program. N. Y.

HOPKINS, Claude. Orchestra leader; born Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1901; married Mabel Brown; debut over CBS, 1930. N. Y.

HOPKINSON, Marion. Actress, March of Time, etc.; born New York City, Dec. 25, 1904; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1933. N. Y.

HUGHES, Arthur. Actor, leading role in "Just Plain Bill"; N. Y.

HULICK, Wilbur. Comedian, "Budd" in Colonel Stoopende and Budd; born Asbury Park, N. J., Nov. 14, 1908; married Wanda Harte, Nov. 10, 1930; one daughter; debut over WGPC, Newark, 1927. N. Y.

HUNT, "Pee Wee". Singer Casa Loma Orchestra; born Mt. Healthy, Ohio, May 10, 1907; married Ruth McCarry, June 16, 1931; debut over WCAH, Columbus, Ohio, while still attending school. N. Y.

HUSING, Ted. Announcer and sports commentator; born Deming, N. M., Nov. 27, 1901; married Helen Giffords, June 8, 1924; one daughter; debut over WJZ, September, 1925. N. Y.

IVANS, Elaine. Actress and announcer, "Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's"; born Brooklyn, N. Y.; married, one daughter; debut over CBS, 1929. N. Y.

JACOBSON, Arthur. Actor, "Mary Marlin"; born Railway, N. J., Oct. 9, 1906; married Dorothy Black; one son; debut over NBC, New York City, 1928. CHIC.

JAMISON, Anne. Singer, Hollywood Hotel; born Belfast, Ireland, Jan. 24, 1910; unmarried; debut over PEB, Canada, 1928. L. A.

JARRETT, Arthur. Orchestra leader; born Brooklyn, N. Y.; married Eleanor Holm, swimming champion; debut in Chicago, 1927. N. Y.

JAY, Lester. Child actor, "Dick Tracy"; "The Gumps"; born Yonkers, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1921. N. Y.

JOHNSON, Arnold. Orchestra leader National Amateur Night; born Chicago, March 23, 1893; married Dorothy Harms, November, 1919; debut in Detroit, 1921. N. Y.

JOHNSTONE, William. Actor, "Six-Gun Justice", etc.; born Paisley, Scotland, Feb. 7; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1925. N. Y.

KALTENBORN, H. V. News commentator; born Milwaukee, Wis., July 9, 1878; married Baroness Olga Von Nordenflycht; two children; debut over WJZ, 1923. N. Y.

KANE, John. Actor, "Five-Star Jones", etc.; born Davenport, Iowa, August 25; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1933. N. Y.

KAREN, Edith. Soprano; born Copenhagen, Denmark, Aug. 23, 1911; unmarried; debut over KMOX, St. Louis, April, 1934. ST. L.

KASSEL, Art. Orchestra leader; born Chicago, Jan. 18, 1897; married Ione Holdridge, 1930; one daughter, one son; debut in Chicago, 1927. CHIC.

KAUFMAN, Irving. Singer and actor, "Lazy Dan the Minstrel Man"; born Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1899; married Belle Brooks; two daughters, one son; debut in New York City, 1920. N. Y.

KAVELIN, Albert. Orchestra leader; born Samara, Russia, April 14, 1904; unmarried. N. Y.

KAYE, Evelyn. Violinist, Phil Spitalny orchestra; born New York City, Oct. 19, 1914; unmarried; debut over WJZ, 1933. N. Y.

KEANE, Rose. Actress, "Dick Tracy"; born St. Louis, Mo.; debut on Collier's Hour, 1931. N. Y.

KEAST, Paul. Baritone; born Germantown, Pa., Aug. 31, 1905; married Marguerite Kovall, 1927; one daughter; debut over WFL Philadelphia, 1925. N. Y.

KEMPNER, Nicholas. Concert pianist; born Vienna, Austria, July 31, 1894; unmarried; debut in Boston, 1923. N. Y.

KENNEDY, Pat. Tenor; born New York City, June 12, 1904; married Connie Calahan, Thanksgiving Day, 1934; debut New York City, 1923. CHIC.

KING, Wayne. Orchestra leader; born Savannah, Ill., Feb. 18, 1901; married Dorothy Janis, 1932; one daughter; debut in Chicago, 1926. CHIC.

KINGSLEY, Herbert. Singer, and pianist; born Sauertrees, N. Y., May 8, 1903; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1928. N. Y.

KINSELLA, Walter. Actor, "Dick Tracy", etc.; born New York City, Aug. 16, 1900; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1929. N. Y.

KNORR, Reginald. Actor, "Myrt and Marge"; born Motville, Mich., Sept. 5, 1887; married Eleanor Rella, 1914; debut over CBS, 1929. CHIC.

KOLAR, Victor. Conductor Detroit Symphony Orchestra; born Budapest, Hungary, Feb. 12, 1888; married Lillian Holdren; one daughter; debut on Ford program, 1934. N. Y.

KOSTELANETZ, Andre. Orchestra and chorus leader; born St. Petersburg, Russia, Dec. 21, 1901; unmarried; debut over Atwater Kent hour, 1924. N. Y.

LA MARR, Frank. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Jan. 24, 1907; unmarried; debut over WFBH, 1926. N. Y.

LANE, Priscilla. Singer, Waring's Pennsylvanians; born Indiana, Ind., June 12, 1912; unmarried; debut on Old Gold program, Feb. 4, 1933. N. Y.

LANE, Rosemary. Singer, Waring's Pennsylvanians; born Indianola, Ind., April 4, 1916; unmarried; debut on Old Gold program, Feb. 4, 1933. N. Y.

LANGFORD, Frances. Singer Hollywood Hotel; born Lakeland, Fla., 1913; unmarried; debut in Tampa, Fla., 1929. N. Y.

LATHAM, Joseph. Actor, "Just Plain Bill"; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", etc.; born Bolivar, N. Y., July 12; married Margaret Ten Brock; three sons, one daughter; debut in 1927. N. Y.

LEAF, Ann. Organist; born Omaha, Neb., June 28, 1906; married; debut in Los Angeles, 1930. N. Y.

LEE, Rosette. Singer, born New Orleans, June 14, 1914; unmarried; debut in New York City, January, 1933. N. Y.

LENNOX, Elizabeth. Singer "Broadway Varieties"; born Grand Rapids, Mich., March 16; married George Hughes; two sons; debut over WJZ, 1926. N. Y.

LEVY, Estelle. Child actress, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", etc.; born New York City, June 19, 1923; debut over NBC, 1927. N. Y.

LITTLE, Little Jack (John Leonard). Orchestra leader, singer, and pianist; born London, England, 1900; married. N. Y.



Ann Leaf



Nick Lucas

LOMBARDO, Guy. Orchestra leader; born London, Ontario, June 19; married. N. Y.

LUCAS, Nick. Singer and guitarist; born Newark, N. J., Aug. 22, 1897; married Catherine Cifrodella, April 22, 1917; one daughter; debut over WEDH, Chicago, 1922. N. Y.

MACK, Tommy. Comedian; born New York City, Feb. 26, 1898; married Dorothy Dijier; debut with Eddie Cantor, Jan. 1, 1934. N. Y.

MARCELLINO, Muzzy. Singer-comedian, Ted Fio Rito's orchestra; born San Francisco, Nov. 27, 1913; unmarried; debut over KYA, San Francisco, 1928. CHIC.

MARR, Eddie. Actor, "Five-Star Jones", etc.; born Jersey City, Feb. 14, 1900; married Maybelle Austen; debut in New York City, 1925. N. Y.

MARSHALL, Everett. Tenor "Broadway Varieties"; born Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 31, 1902; unmarried; debut over Atwater Kent hour, 1928. N. Y.

MARTIN, Freddy. Orchestra leader; born Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 9, 1906; married Lillian Rearden, Dec. 10, 1930; one son; debut in Brooklyn over WABC, October, 1932. N. Y.

MARTINI, Nino. Operatic tenor; born Verona, Italy, Aug. 8, 1904; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1929. N. Y.

MAURICE, the Voice of Romance (Maurice Abrams), Singer; born Philadelphia, Jan. 10, 1912; unmarried; debut over WNAT, Philadelphia, 1927. N. Y.

MAXINE. (Maxine Marlowe), Singer Phil Spitalny Orchestra; born Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 31, 1915; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1934. N. Y.

McALLISTER, Aec. Actress, "The O'Neills"; born Dallas, Tex., Sept. 19, 1910; unmarried; debut over WMCA, New York City, 1929. N. Y.

McCLINTOCK, Poley. Comedian, Waring's Pennsylvanians; born Tyrone, Pa., Sept. 22, 1900; married Vevette Mitchell; debut over CBS, Feb. 8, 1933. N. Y.

McCOMB, Kate. Actress, "The O'Neills"; born Sacramento, Calif., Nov. 25, 1881; widw.; one son; debut over NBC, February, 1930. N. Y.

McCONNELL, "Smilin' Ed". Singer; born Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 12, 1892; married Ruth Burroughs, 1929; one daughter; debut over WSB, Atlanta, 1922. Write him care of station WKRC, Cincinnati, Ohio.

McGILLAN, Eugene. Actor, "Romance of Helen Trent"; born Appleton, Wis., married Lucille Garon; debut 1929. CHIC.

MEIGHAN, James. Actor, "Marie, the Little French Princess"; born New York City, Aug. 22, 1906; debut over WBGS, 1927. N. Y.

MELCHIOR, Elaine. Actress, plays Ardala in "Buck Rogers"; born New York City, Dec. 8, 1909; debut over WABC, N. Y.

MERMAN, Ethel. Singer "Rhythm at Eight"; born Astoria, N. Y., Jan. 16; unmarried; debut over WJLN, New York City, 1930. N. Y.

MESSNER, Dick. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Dec. 18, 1908; married Flora MacGregor, Aug. 14, 1930; one child; debut in Cincinnati, 1930. N. Y.

MILLER, Jack. Orchestra leader; singer; born Dorchester, Mass., Sept. 4, 1913; unmarried; debut in Boston, 1927. N. Y.

MILLS Brothers. Vocal quartet; all born in Eiqua, Ohio; John in 1910; Herbert, 1912; Harry, 1913; Donald, 1914; John and Herbert are married, and John has one daughter. Debut in Cincinnati, 1930. N. Y.

MOOREHEAD, Aegnes. "Mim" in "The Gumps"; born Boston, Mass., Dec. 6, 1906; debut over KMOX, St. Louis, 1928. N. Y.

MORLEY, Christopher. Commentator and narrator "Soconyland Sketchbook"; born Haverford, Pa., May 5, 1890; married Helen Booth Fairchild; one son, three daughters; debut over CBS, June, 1935.

MUNN, Frank. Tenor, "Cavender and Old Lacer"; born New York City, Feb. 27, 1895; unmarried; debut in Newark, over WOR, December, 1923. N. Y.

MURRAY, Arthur. Dance instructor; born New York City, April 4, 1895; married Kathryn Kohnfelder, 1925; twin daughters; debut from Georgia Tech, 1917; the first person to broadcast dance music. N. Y.

MURRAY, Lynn. Singer, "Bill and Ginger"; born London, England, Dec. 6, 1909; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1933. N. Y.

NASH, Joey. Singer; born Brooklyn, N. Y., June 3, 1908; unmarried; debut over WABC, 1931. N. Y.

NAVARA, Leon. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Feb. 16, 1906; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1932. N. Y.

NELL, Edward. Singer; born Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 6; married Mildred Elizabeth Taylor; debut over NBC, New York City, 1932. N. Y.

NELSON, Marie. Actress, "Romance of Helen Trent"; born Detroit, Mich., May 14, 1885; married Rudner Kanous; one daughter; debut over WGN, Chicago, 1929. CHIC.

NELSON, Ozzie. Orchestra leader; born Jersey City, N. J., March 20, 1906; unmarried; debut over WMCA, Feb. 22, 1930. N. Y.

NIESEN, Gertrude. Singer; born Brooklyn, N. Y., July 8; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1932. N. Y.

NIGHT SINGER. Singer; born Arlington, Mass., May 4, 1900; married Irene Wakeling, 1927; two children; debut over WOR, Newark, N. Y.

NILES, Kenneth L. Announcer Hollywood Hotel; born Livingston, Mont., Dec. 9, 1906; married Nadia Vladovska, 1930; debut over KJR, Seattle, 1927. L. A.

NORTON, Richard. Baritone; born Sykesville, Md., March 23, 1909; unmarried; debut over WBAL, Baltimore. N. Y.

NOVIS, Donald. Tenor; born Hastings, England, Mar. 3, 1906; married Julietta Burnett; debut as winner Atwater Kent audition, 1929. N. Y.

O'KEEFE, Walter. Comedian and Master of ceremonies; born Hartford, Conn., Aug. 18, 1900; married Roberta Robinson, June 24, 1932; one son; debut over WJZ, 1926. N. Y.

ORMANDY, Eugene. Conductor Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; born Budapest, Hungary, 1899; married Steffy Goldner; debut from Capitol Theatre, New York City, 1922. Write him care of station WCCO, Minneapolis, Minn.

OSBORNE, Will. Orchestra leader, singer; born Toronto, Canada, Nov. 25, 1905; unmarried. CHIC.

PAIGE, Raymond. Orchestra leader Hollywood Hotel; born Wausau, Wisconsin, May 18, 1900; married Mary York, 1932; debut over KHL, Los Angeles, 1929. L. A.

PALMER, Effie. Actress, "Just Plain Bill"; born near Albany, N. Y., June 20; married Ross Alden Coram; debut in New York City, 1922. N. Y.

PANCHO (Adolfo Rosquellas). Orchestra leader; born Buenos Aires, Argentina, Jan. 14, 1900; married Mary Coyle, 1930; debut over CBS, 1928. N. Y.

PANICO, Louis. Orchestra leader; born Naples, Italy, June 21, 1900; married Anna De Carl, 1921; two sons, two daughters; debut over WGES, Chicago, 1927. N. Y.

PEARL, Jack. Comedian; born New York City, October 29; married Winifred Desborough; debut in New York City, April, 1932. N. Y.

PERKINS, Ray. Master of ceremonies, National Amateur Night; born Boston, Aug. 23, 1899; married Dorothy Porter; one son, one daughter; debut over WJZ, 1925. N. Y.



Gertrude Niesen



Bill Randol

PICKENS, Pearl. Contralto; born Lebo, Kan., Feb. 5, 1906; married William M. Mitchell 1930; debut in Topeka, Kan., 1929. N. Y.

PONS, Lily. Operatic soprano; born Cannes, France; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1931. N. Y.

(Continued on page 58)

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were "ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun—

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood.* With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

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

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

(Continued from page 56)



The first step in ROMANCE

It's your EYES that invite men
—How to frame your EYES
with long, seductive lashes.

HE'LL remember your eyes—did they charm or repel? There is no need to suffer from skimpy lashes—they can look long and alluring in 40 seconds by merely darkening them with either my Emollient Cake or Creamy Liquid Winx Mascara.

One application works wonders, I promise—a complete change, giving your face a mysterious charm. You'll be admired as "the girl with beautiful eyes."

Give yourself
long, lovely lashes

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply WIX perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer today. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note its superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara
—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

AT
10¢
STORES

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.



PONSELLE, Rosa. Operatic soprano; born Meriden Conn., Jan. 23, 1897; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1927. N. Y.

POWELL, Dick. Tenor, Hollywood Hotel; born Mount View, Ark., Nov. 4, 1904; unmarried; debut over CBS, October, 1934. L. A.

PRENTISS, Ed. Actor, "Romance of Helen Trent"; born Chicago, Ill., Sept. 9, 1908; unmarried; debut on "Helen Trent" program, January, 1934. CHIC.

RANDOL, Bill. Announcer, Fred Waring show, born Colorado Springs, Col., July 7, 1908; unmarried; debut over NBC, September, 1932. N. Y.

RANDOLPH, Isabel. Actress, "Mary Marlin"; born December 4; widow; two daughters; debut in "Roses and Drums" program, Chicago, September, 1931. CHIC.

READICK, Frank. Actor, leading role in "The Shadow"; born Seattle, Wash., Nov. 6, 1896. N. Y.

REINHART, Alice. Actress, True Story Court of Human Relations; born San Francisco, Calif., May 6, 1913; unmarried; debut over KYA, San Francisco, 1928. N. Y.

RELLA, Eleanor. Actress, Billy in "Myrt and Marge"; born Chicago, Oct. 7, 1897; married Reginald Knorr, 1914; debut, November, 1929. CHIC.

RENARD, Jacques. Orchestra leader; born Kiev, Russia, June 15, 1897; married Jean Cohen, 1913; three daughters; one son; debut in Boston, over WEEL, 1925. N. Y.

RICH, Freddie. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Jan. 3, 1898; unmarried; debut over WJZ, 1922. N. Y.

RICH, Louis. Director "Land O' Dreams"; born Cleveland, March 16, 1887; married; one son, two daughters; debut over WHK, 1921. Write him care of station WHK, Cleveland, Ohio.

ROBERTS, Kenneth. Announcer; born New York City, Feb. 22, 1906; debut over WFCH, February, 1930. N. Y.

ROBISON, Carson. Actor, "Bunkhose Serenade"; born Chetopa, Kan., Aug. 4; married Catherine A. Parrett, 1927; one son; one daughter; debut over WDAF, Kansas City, 1923. N. Y.

ROGERS, Will. Comedian and Commentator; born Oolagah, Indian Territory, Nov. 4, 1879; married Betty Blake, Nov. 5, 1908; two sons, one daughter. L. A.

ROUSON, Adele. Actress, "Buck Rogers"; etc.; born New York City, July 18; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1933. N. Y.

ROOSEVELT, Mrs. Franklin D. (Anna Eleanor Roosevelt). Commentator; born New York City, Oct. 11, 1884; married Franklin D. Roosevelt March 17, 1905; four sons, one daughter. N. Y.

ROSS, Evelyn Genevieve. Singer, "Do" of Do-Re-Mi Trio; born New York City, Aug. 26, 1907; unmarried; debut in Baltimore, Md., September, 1925. N. Y.

ROSS, Maybelle. Singer, "Re" of Do-Re-Mi Trio; born New York City, May 23, 1909; unmarried; debut in Baltimore, 1925. N. Y.

ROTH, Al. Orchestra leader; born St. Louis, Jan. 11, 1904; married Henrietta Freund, Oct. 1, 1926; two daughters, one son; debut over KMOX, St. Louis, October, 1931. St. L.

ROXY (S. L. Rothafel). Master of Ceremonies; born Stillwater, Minn., 1885; married; one daughter; debut from Capitol Theatre, New York City, 1921. N. Y.

RUBIN, Jack. Comedian and actor, "The O'Neills"; born Warsaw, Poland, Dec. 19, 1898; married Aranka Kraus; two sons, one daughter; debut over WRAK, Newark, June, 1934. N. Y.

RUBINOFF, Dave. Violinist; born Gradno, Russia; unmarried; debut with Rudy Vallee program, 1930. N. Y.

RUSH, Ford. Announcer; born Columbia, Miss., April 7, 1894; married Louise Bostelman, 1912; one son; debut in San Francisco, 1918. N. Y.

RYAN, Pat. Child actor, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; born London, England, Feb. 25, 1923; debut over CBS, 1929. N. Y.

SANDERSON, Julia. Singer and comedienne, partner of Frank Crumit; born Springfield, Mass., Aug. 22, 1887; married Frank Crumit, July 1, 1927; debut over NBC, 1929. N. Y.

SARGENT, Kenneth. Singer Casa Loma Orchestra; born Centralia, Ill., March 3, 1906; married Dorothy Morelock, Feb. 23, 1928; debut in New York City, 1933. N. Y.

SAVITT, Jan. Orchestra leader; born Russia, Sept. 4, 1909; unmarried; debut in early days of radio over WOO, Philadelphia, N. Y.

SCHERBAN, George. Orchestra leader; born Petrograd, Russia, Oct. 26, 1897; married, 1919; debut over WOR, 1929. N. Y.

SCHUMANN, Henrietta. Pianist; born Schaulen, Russia, June 28, 1909; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1929. N. Y.

SCHUSTER, Mitchell. Orchestra leader; born Warsaw, Poland, Oct. 4, 1906; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1932. N. Y.

SEDELL, Amy. Actress, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; born New York City, June 16; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1927. N. Y.

SEGAL, Vivienne. Soprano "Melodiana"; born Philadelphia, Pa., April 19; unmarried. N. Y.

SHARBUTT, Dell. Announcer; born Fort Worth, Texas, Feb. 16, 1910; unmarried; debut over WBAP, Fort Worth, 1928. N. Y.

SHELLEY, William. Actor, "Buck Rogers"; born Syracuse, N. Y., July 17; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1933. N. Y.

SHERR, Norm. Singer; born Waupaca, Wis., Oct. 5, 1905; married Winifred Smith, May 25, 1927; debut over WBBM, Chicago, 1926. CHIC.

SHILKRET, Jack. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Oct. 13; married Rose Isaacs, June 4, 1922; one daughter, one son; debut over WJH, 1923. N. Y.

SHILKRET, Nat. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Jan. 1, 1895; married Anne Fruston, March 24, 1914; one son; debut over WEAJ in early days of radio. N. Y.

SMART, Jack. Actor, March of Time, etc.; born Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1902; married Alice Coy, July 23, 1931; debut over WPDQ, Buffalo, 1924. N. Y.

SMITH, Earl. Singer, member Four Eton Boys quartet; born Marinette, Wis., June 29, 1898; married Viola Blakely, March 17, 1929; debut, 1930. N. Y.

SMITH, Kate. Singer; born Greenville, Va., May 1, 1908; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1931. N. Y.

SMITH, Oliver. Tenor "Melodiana"; born Slocum, Mo., April 9; married Juanita Watt, 1926; one child; debut in Chicago, 1923. N. Y.

SORIN, Louis. Comedian with Walter O'Keefe; born New York City, Sept. 21, 1893; married Lenora Wein; debut with Fanny Brice, 1933. N. Y.

SOSNIK, Harry. Orchestra leader; born Chicago, July 13, 1906; unmarried; debut in Chicago, 1934. CHIC.

SPENCER, Edith. Actress, "The Gumps"; born Omaha, Neb., May 14; married Frank J. Hetterick; debut over WTAM, Cleveland, 1929. N. Y.

SPITALNY, Phil. Orchestra and chorus leader; born Warsaw, Poland, Nov. 7, 1895; married; debut over WTAM, Cleveland, 1920. N. Y.

STAFFORD, Hanley. Actor, True Story Court of Human Relations, etc.; born England, Sept. 22, 1900; married Bernice Bennett, actress; debut over KFL Los Angeles, 1931. N. Y.

STELLIG, Edgar. Actor, "Buck Rogers"; born Lyons, France, July 13, 1884; married Emile Charlotte Greenough, 1923; one son, one daughter; debut over CBS, 1929. N. Y.

STEVENS, Carlyle. Announcer; born Parkhill, Ontario, May 23, 1907; unmarried. N. Y.

STEVENS, Leith. Orchestra leader; born Mt. Moriah, Mo., Sept. 13, 1909; married; debut over WLIB, Kansas City, 1923. N. Y.

STOLL, George. Orchestra leader for Bing Crosby; born Minneapolis, Minn., May 7, 1905; married; debut over NBC from Hollywood, 1933. L. A.

STRATTON, Chester. Actor, "Mickey of the Circus"; born Paterson, N. J., July 31, 1912; unmarried; debut over WMCA, 1932. N. Y.

STRAUS, Robert. Actor, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; born Chattanooga, Tenn., March 28, 1885; unmarried; debut over NBC, February, 1931. N. Y.

STYLES, Hallie. Singer; born Stockton, Calif., March 25, 1904; unmarried; debut over an international hook-up originating in Paris, France, 1929. N. Y.

SULLIVAN, Eve. Comedienne, partner of Jesse Block; born New York City, Jan. 5, 1910; married Jesse Block, March 11, 1929; debut on Vallee program, 1932. N. Y.

TANSEY, Jimmy. Actor, "The O'Neills"; born Omaha, Neb., July 20, 1910; unmarried; debut over WLS, Chicago, 1929. N. Y.

TAYLOR, Davidson. Announcer; born Shelbyville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1907; unmarried; debut over WHAS, Louisville, Ky., September, 1929. N. Y.

TAYLOR, F. Chase. Comedian, "Colonel Stoopnagle" in Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd; born Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1897; married Lois De Ridder, 1919; one son; debut over WMAK, Buffalo, 1925. N. Y.

THORNTON, Gladys. Actress; True Story Court of Human Relations, etc.; born Madison, Fla., March 8; unmarried; debut over WOR, Newark, 1929. N. Y.

TOURS, Frank. Orchestra leader; Gulf Headliners; born England; married Helen Clark; three daughters, two sons. N. Y.

TRAVERS, Vincent. Orchestra leader; born Feb. 14, 1920; unmarried; debut over WJL, 1925. N. Y.

TROUT, Robert. Announcer; born Wake County, N. C., Oct. 15, 1908; married Margaret J. Burt, Sept. 19, 1933; debut over WJSV, Washington, September, 1931. N. Y.

UTTAL, Fred. Announcer, actor; born New York City, July 28, 1906; unmarried. N. Y.

VAIL, Myrtle. Actress, Myrt in "Myrt and Marge"; born Joliet, Ill., Jan. 7, 1894; previously married to George Damerel; one son, one daughter (Donna Damerel); debut in Chicago, Nov. 1, 1931. CHIC.

VAN, Vera. Singer; born Marion, Ohio, Feb. 20, 1915; unmarried; debut over KJH, Los Angeles, 1922. N. Y.

VAN ZANTE, Phil. Actor, "Five-Star Jones"; born Amsterdam, Holland, Oct. 3, 1905; married Kathleen Hough; debut in Pittsburgh, 1927. N. Y.

VELAS, Esther. Orchestra leader; born Milan, Italy, Jan. 28, 1903; married Frank Nongo; debut in Switzerland, 1922; U. S. debut, for CBS, 1932. N. Y.

VELAZCO, Emil. Orchestra leader; born Mexico City, Mexico, Oct. 20, 1898; married Lucy Carman, 1930; one son; debut from Duluth, 1921. N. Y.

VENUTA, Benay. Singer; born San Francisco, Jan. 27, 1913; unmarried; debut over KPO, San Francisco, 1930. N. Y.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (Marion Sayle Taylor). Born near Louisville, Ky., August 16, 1889; debut in early days of radio over local station; for CBS in 1933. N. Y.

VON ZELL, Harry. Announcer; born Indianapolis, Ind., July 11, 1906; married Minerva McGarvey; one son; debut New York City, 1926. N. Y.

WALL, Lucille. Actress, True Story Court of Human Relations, etc.; born Chicago, Jan. 18; unmarried; debut over WJZ, 1927. N. Y.

WALLER, Fats. Pianist, singer; born New York City, May 21, 1904; married; three children; debut over CBS, 1933. N. Y.

WALTER, Waver. Actor, "The Gumps"; True Story Court of Human Relations, etc.; born Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 9; widower; debut on third True Story program over WOR, 1927. N. Y.

WARING, Fred. Orchestra leader, Waring's Pennsylvanians; born Tyrone, Pa., June 24, 1900; married Evelyn Nair, 1933; one daughter; debut over CBS, 1932. N. Y.

WARING, Tom. Singer and pianist, Waring's Pennsylvanians; born Tyrone, Pa., Feb. 12, 1902; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1932. N. Y.

WARNOW, Mark. Orchestra leader; born Monasthisht, Odessa, Russia, April 10, 1901; married Sylvia Rappaport, 1924; one son, two daughters; debut over CBS, 1929. N. Y.

WATSON, Milton. Baritone; born Salinas, Calif., Sept. 8, 1903; married Peggy Bernier, July 20, 1927; one daughter. N. Y.

WAY, Karl. Actor, "Myrt and Marge"; born MacGregor, Iowa, June 2, 1885; married, 1908; one son; debut over K. W., 1929. CHIC.

WEBS, Barbara. Actress, "Six-Gun Justice"; born Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1906; unmarried; debut in Portland, Maine, 1929. N. Y.

WEST, Jane. Actress, "The O'Neills"; born Humboldt, Tenn., Feb. 4, 1891; married Harold Ebbing; twin daughters; debut over WMCA, December, 1930. N. Y.

WEVER, Ned. Actor, leading role in "Dick Tracy"; born New York City, April 27, 1902; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1929. N. Y.

WILE, Frederic William. News Commentator; born La Porte, Ind., Nov. 30, 1873; married Ada Shalkan, May 14, 1901; two daughters, one son; debut, 1923. N. Y.

WOOLERY, Pete. Singer; born Wilmington, Del., April 24, 1901; unmarried; debut over WHN, 1926. N. Y.

WOOLCOTT, Alexander. Commentator; born Phalanx, N. J., Jan. 19, 1887; unmarried; debut over CBS, 1930. N. Y.

WORTH, Betty. Actress, True Story Court of Human Relations, etc.; born New York City, July 6, 1911; unmarried; debut on March of Time, 1932. N. Y.

WRAGGE, Eddie. Actor, "Docby Benson and Sunny Jim"; born New York City, Dec. 17, 1919; unmarried; debut over WJZ, 1927. N. Y.

WRIGHT, Emma. Soprano, "Your Hostess"; born Lakeview, Ore., Sept. 20; previously married; one daughter; debut over WINS, 1932. N. Y.

YORKE, Ruth. Actress, "Marie, the Little French Princess"; etc.; born New York City, Sept. 10, 1907; married David L. Midwinter, Sept. 18, 1832; debut over WACB, 1929. N. Y.

"Now I go to the Movies with them"



"After my day's work I felt too tired to move"

"I WANT you to know about my experience because I hope you can tell others about it in your advertisements.

"I used to wonder how so many women managed to do a day's housework and then go out in the evening. After my work I felt too tired to move. If our little girl wanted to go to the movies my husband had to take her alone.

Growing Apart

"I could see where I was losing out on the fun and companionship of my husband and daughter, but I felt too miserable and irritable to do anything about it.

"One day I read in your advertisement about drinking two glasses of orange juice a day and how you couldn't feel your best without the vitamins and so on that orange juice contains. I knew my diet wasn't as good as it might be. Anyway I started.

Tired Feeling Goes

"A few days later I noticed I was less tired than usual, but I thought it might be a light day. But it wasn't long until I seldom had

A
TRUE
STORY

"Just that one change in my diet has changed everything for me!"

... Mrs. H. J. J. writes



"I'm really having fun with my family again"

that draggy feeling in the evening.

"Now none of us would miss our breakfast and supper glasses

of orange juice for anything. I'm really having fun with my family again. Just that simple change in my diet has changed everything for me."

FREE—Health and Recipe Booklets

The reasons for the health benefits received by Mrs. J. are explained in the free booklet, "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous." Tells the part of oranges and lemons in normal and safe reducing diets. The value of the four now known protective food essentials (vitamins A, B and C, and calcium) in maintaining youthful vigor. How citrus fruits help teeth and gums, aid digestion and build the alkaline reserve.

Also free, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" gives more than 200 delightful ways to serve oranges and lemons. Mail coupon.

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Send FREE, "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."
 Send FREE, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

No Time To Be Lazy

(Continued from page 29)

CHEAMY April Showers TALC



There's glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite...but
not Expensive

midgets sing, but Russian midgets—that's different."

So for a season it was Jenny Eddy and her Russian midgets. Dressed in baggy Russian blouses and trousers, and supplied with flowing black beards, Itsky and Philotsky would break in upon Miss Eddy's act from their posts in the rear of the gallery. Singing with her, they would come down to the front of the gallery.

Then, when the song was over, they would rush downstairs, out of the theater, back to the stage entrance, and appear on the stage for the rest of the act. Audiences liked them (although there was, perhaps, some doubt as to whether or not they really were midgets), and that season took the troupe as far west as Chicago.

By the time Jenny Eddy brought them back to Syracuse, to play in the local theater, Itsky should have been a hardened trouper. But he wasn't.

He was only seven years old, remember, and the life of a vaudeville performer in those days was a matter of long rides in stuffy coaches, meals snatched hurriedly in some second-rate café or not at all, engagements in antiquated, barn-like theaters where in order to wash your face you had to break the ice on the horse-trough in the alley outside the stage-door. Trouping had already lost its glamor for Irving Kaufman.

THE week in Syracuse was like a tantalizing glimpse of a heaven which he had thrown away. The familiar streets, the Kaufman house with its lawn and shade-trees, his own room, the comfortable atmosphere of home—the life of a Russian midget didn't amount to much compared to all these.

The Syracuse engagement came to an end. Jenny Eddy and her Russian midgets were on their way to Troy, or would have been if Itsky hadn't been missing. The train was in the station, puffing impatiently. Philotsky was there, standing beside Miss Eddy. The Kaufman family was there, ready to say goodbye. But Itsky had suddenly disappeared.

"All aboard!" the conductor shouted. Miss Eddy and one midget boarded the train.

"We'll try to find him and get him to Troy in time for the performance!" Mr. Kaufman promised; and the train pulled out.

They found Itsky at home, hiding behind the kitchen stove and looking apprehensive. He was just beginning to realize what a frightful thing he had done; deliberately missed the train and spoiled the act. Of course he would be punished. He supposed he deserved it.

But Mr. Kaufman didn't punish him. He didn't even scold him. He just asked, "Was it as bad as all that, Irving? Why didn't you tell us? We wouldn't force you to do something you hated."

That accomplished what no amount of scolding would have done. No, it wasn't as bad as that, and Irving knew it. He'd been a baby, a silly spoiled baby. He wouldn't be surprised, Irving thought, if he had ruined his whole life. Nobody would ever rely on him again. He hung his head, wishing miserably that he hadn't missed that train.

"You can catch the next train and be in Troy in time for the performance," his father said, "but you don't have to, Irving, if you don't want to."

Irving, Itsky once more, grabbed his hat. His suitcases were still at the station, where he had left them when he ran home. "I want to! You bet I want to!"

Two more years of trouping with Jenny Eddy followed; then, when he was nine, Irving joined the Forepaugh-Sells circus, as boy soloist with a fifty-piece band. They let him ride a white horse in the parade, too, carrying a spear, and as every nine-year-old boy will understand at once, the parade, not the singing, was the important part of that job.

Two years with Forepaugh-Sells; then a contract for a similar act with the great Ringling circus. Irving felt that he had really arrived, at the age of eleven. But he hadn't reckoned with the tragedy which befalls every boy singer. He appeared just once in Ringling's circus. He stood up to sing his solo, opened his mouth—and nothing came out except a ludicrous squeak. His voice was changing.

The next two or three years, although they constitute the single break in Irving's career as an entertainer, were nevertheless busy ones.

While his voice was making up its mind whether to be bass, baritone, or tenor, he remained in Syracuse, working at various temporary jobs—running elevators, grinding type in a typewriter factory, operating a machine in a knitting factory. He finally turned out to be a baritone, and once more he was ready for the stage.

Irving Kaufman's history from then on is also a history of the changes which have taken place in the entertainment world since the day when the first moving picture was shown. Irving's first job upon his re-entry into show business was to sing in nickelodeons—"oleo singer" was the professional name. While he sang, colored slides were thrown upon the screen. Irving had several nickelodeons on his list where he sang every evening, carrying his slides with him from one theater to another.

Then came the palmy days of the phonograph industry, when a phonograph was as much a part of every home as a radio is today; and Irving began to be really busy. Soon he was recording for nearly every company in New York, under ten different names—ten, more or less; he doesn't remember now exactly how many he had. He was the anonymous soloist on many a dance record, as well.

RADIO came along. At first Irving didn't think much of it. He was still busy making records. One day he heard his own voice coming over a receiving set, a record being played in a studio.

"Well," he thought, "if they're going to broadcast my voice anyway, it will be better if I do the broadcasting in person."

That was in 1920. Since then Irving has sung and acted over the air in the interests of twenty sponsors. He has been with his present sponsor for four years. And even on the Lazy Dan program he is a little bit busier than you'd expect.

The astonishing mobility of his voice and his talent for mimicry make it possible for him, by himself, to sustain the illusion that there are two or three people before the microphone, and not only does he play the title role but those of Mr. Jim and all the other incidental characters of the script as well!

Lazy? Not Lazy Dan!

The PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE

changes its broadcast hour to
FRIDAY NIGHTS
NBC BLUE NETWORK

NOW you can listen to this delightful radio program at a more convenient time. Palmolive's famous series of one-hour musical dramas is now on the air every FRIDAY night. Over a coast-to-coast NBC Network. (Please see Friday listings in this issue for your local time and station.)

Look forward to the same wonderful performances you

have enjoyed on Tuesday nights. The same clever adaptations from favorite stage productions. The same brilliant all-star cast of radio, concert and opera headliners . . . Francia White, James Melton, Theodore Webb, Jan Peerce, Florence Vickland, etc. . . . together with the Palmolive 30 piece orchestra and the glorious Palmolive Chorus of 20 voices.

The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre is brought to you by PALMOLIVE — the Beauty Soap made with gentle Olive and Palm Oils to keep skin lovely.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

COUNTESS MARITZA
 STUDENT PRINCE
 MISS SPRINGTIME
 BLOSSOM TIME
 THE RED MILL
 NEW MOON
 DU BARRY
 NATOMA

Thrilling new
**PALMOLIVE
 CONTEST!**
 "FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE"
 EVERY WEEK \$1000 ^{IN CASH}
 1000 other prizes!

A contest so simple, so easy, and such fun to do! In addition to the first prize of \$1000 in cash, there are 1000 other prizes. Don't fail to listen in for complete details.



The Great Radio Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 37)

leaving Lee and Sidney to follow him more slowly, content to linger a little in the comparative coolness of the hospital corridors.

"Take me home, Lee," Sidney said wearily, and they began to walk toward the subway.

Thomas waited a moment, rang for a nurse, bit off the end of a fat cigar and stuffed it between stained teeth. When the nurse came, he asked her to take him to see Tony Letour.

Tony was lying on a cot in the general ward, a long wide room down which stretched numberless rows of patients whose nerves, frayed by endless days of September heat, kept them tossing and groaning.

Thomas shook Tony until he opened his bloodshot eyes. As they focused on the detective they grew wide in momentary fright.

"Smart guy, aren't you!" Thomas growled without wasting preliminaries.

The detective shook a stubby forefinger at Tony. "I'll be back in the morning, and don't try to get away because I'm going to station a man to watch you. No more of your suicide tricks." He backed away, turned and walked down the center aisle without a glance at the drawn, tortured faces on either side of him.

FLASH'S descent on the offices of the *Dispatch* was made significant by the fact that the publisher was waiting for it with a fury that had long since reached the boiling point.

He met the reporter with a laugh that held all the venom of a thwarted employer.

"Come in, Mr. Hanlon," he ordered. "Sit down while I tell you how much I enjoyed your radio program tonight."

Flash sat in the green leather club chair usually reserved for special clients. His eyes brooded on the publisher.

"Okay, Russell, get it off your mind,"

"No, you don't want to lose me, do you? Well, I meant what I said. I'm leaving. Russell, your ace reporter is walking out on you for good. And when radio has put newspapers out of business, you'll know you did your bit to help it." He turned, his thin nostrils dilating in determination, and walked from the office. He did not stop until he was in his own rooms in a midtown brownstone building.

Throwing his hat on a chair, he turned on the light, opened the liquor cabinet, and filled a tumbler with Scotch and soda.

"To the Flash Hanlon radio program," he drank.

It was nearly three before he went to bed, but he was up again and dressed before ten in the morning, his head throbbing from the whiskey.

AT ten thirty, he was seated in the waiting room of Doctor Germain's office. At eleven the cold hard stetho-

What Has Gone Before

BACKSTAGE at the opening broadcast of *Night Club Revue*, radio's new program, Gail Richard, star of the show was shot and killed. Members of the cast were under suspicion. Sidney Abbott, in love with Lee Banks, announcer, had quarreled with Gail Richard that afternoon. Bobby Sharpe, Gail's ex-vaudeville partner openly admitted his dislike of the dead woman. Tony Letour, production manager, was jealously in love with Gail. One immediate clue for the police, represented by Detective Dan Thomas, was a white-haired stranger who had visited Gail in her dressing room while Sidney was there. Gail had given him money before driving him out at the point of a gun. This same stranger was chased down the alley right after the murder by Lee Banks and Flash Hanlon, ace reporter for the *Dispatch* and a radio star with his own program. Later, another clue developed when Lee and Detective Thomas caught Bobby Sharpe in Gail's apartment, stuffing into his pocket I. O. U.s he had given to Gail for loans. "She gave me the money because I knew she was married to Professor Halsey," Bobby explained. "Professor Halsey is the white-haired stranger you're trying to find." Because Sidney, who was out of work since the program had gone off the air, wouldn't marry him until she was cleared of suspicion in the murder, Lee set out to find Halsey, with the help of Flash Hanlon. They found him, but he was dead. "Murdered!" Flash exclaimed, hurrying back to the studio to put the sensational news on the air. Lee, heartsick, showed Sidney the handkerchief he had found by the Professor's body and recognized as hers. Sidney admitted ownership, but explained why she had gone to see the Professor, and convinced Lee that she hadn't killed him. The troubles weren't over, however, for the real murderer was still at large. After his broadcast, Flash met Detective Thomas who was fuming at being scooped on the mur-

der of Professor Halsey. Flash's publisher was angry too, because the radio audience had heard the news before the paper had come out with the story. But Flash slept well that night. The next morning he went to see a doctor about his heart which had been bothering him. "Take a rest," the doctor advised. "Maybe I will," Flash conceded. Tony Letour found himself out of a job after Gail's death. Reading that Bobby Sharpe had borrowed money from Gail, he went to see Bobby, whom Thomas was holding in prison. Tony felt that he had a perfect right to ask Bobby for money since Gail had secretly been Mrs. Tony Letour for some time. "You're crazy to ask me to give that money back to you," Bobby snarled. "And don't argue or I'll tell the whole world you were married to Gail, married to a bigamist." Stunned by Bobby's knowledge of the secret marriage, Tony went to a bar and shot himself after writing a farewell note. While Tony had a last drink, Flash led Sidney, whom he had hired to sing on his program, and the cab driver who had been parked in front of the studio the night of the murder, into the studio. Quickly, Flash learned from the cab driver that he had seen Bobby Sharpe on the sidewalk near the cab at the time Gail Richard was killed, giving Bobby a perfect alibi, which meant that the police could no longer hold him for Gail's murder. Just as Flash finished his broadcast of this sensational development, Thomas came into the studio with Lee Banks. "Come on," the detective grumbled, "we're going to the hospital, to see Tony Letour. Tony shot himself a few minutes ago!" "Is he dead?" Sidney asked. "No, he's still alive," Thomas replied. They went out to a waiting car. On the way, Sidney stared out the window at the flow of traffic. Would the two murders ever be solved, clearing her of suspicion and leaving her free to marry Lee? Then the cab jolted to a stop. They were at the hospital.

"Thought you could fool me with that note of yours!"

"Go away. Leave me alone." Tony groaned, burying his head in the pillow. "I don't care what you think."

"Oh, you don't!" the detective snapped. "You killed Gail Richard when you found she was already married. And you killed the Professor too. Then you thought up this smart way to throw me off the track. Pretending to kill yourself. You didn't come within six inches of your heart!"

Tony's protests were muffled in the pillow.

"Not only that," Thomas went on, "but I know that the Professor left a call for you at your club the day he was murdered."

Tony rolled over.

"Sure he did. What of it? That's no crime. I didn't get that call until I came home late that night, and the Professor was already dead. Now get the hell out of here. I'm tired of your croaking."

he said.

"Just way did you have to interview that cab driver Riley on the air? I don't suppose you could have got that alibi he gave Bobby Sharpe any other way?" Russell shouted.

"Not that I know of," Flash snapped, his temper rising.

"And now look," Russell said, "you let every other paper in town beat you on Tony Letour's shooting himself!"

"Sure, but I got his confession note."

"And so has everybody else. Flash, I think you're losing your grip."

Hapton sprang from his chair, his hands grasping the smooth edges of the publisher's desk.

"You think so? All right, then. I'm through here. See? I quit. Tonight. Right now. And when I bring my scoops to the radio, just remember whose fault it is."

"Now wait a minute, Flash. Don't fly off the handle," Russell said, alarm succeeding the anger in his voice.

scope was listening to his heart beat.

"I guess you were more right than I thought," Flash said as Germain removed his instrument.

The doctor nodded. "And now it's worse. What have you been doing with yourself? Chasing fire trucks? That heart sounds like a model T Ford."

"Well, anyway, I quit the *Dispatch* last night," Flash said wistfully.

"But you still have your radio program. What could be more exciting than that?"

"I know, but it won't be long now until this murder is cleared up, the way things are going."

"I hope not, for your sake," Germain said. "Remember what I told you. Any undue strain, any overwork might do it. The only thing I can promise you is that you've got to get away."

"In the meantime, how about something to ease this pain a little? And doc, I think you're right. I think I'll pack up and get out before long. All I want is a few more days."

"That's the stuff," the doctor said. "Here, I'll write you out a prescription. It'll help you when you have those attacks."

"Thanks, doc," Flash said, shaking hands with Germain. "And listen in tonight. Always something new—something big—something not before known." He stopped to laugh at Germain's exasperated smile. "I'll see you when I get my bill," he said just before he walked from the office.

His next stop was the marble lobby of the ATS building. There might be some question about having Hernandez's orchestra again. He was feeling better now. If they wanted to argue about it, he was ready for them. He stopped off at the twenty-first floor to empty his mail box of its load of letters from listeners. Today, mixed with the bundle of mail, was a plain envelope. He saw that it was from the studio. Curiously he tore it open, unfolding the white notice.

"Due to public pressure from which we have no recourse," the notice read, "we wish to inform you that beginning tomorrow your program will be taken off the air." That was all. It was signed by the program director.

His lifeless fingers dropped the paper, which fluttered slowly to the floor.

"One more broadcast," he whispered to himself, fumbling in his pocket for a cigarette. Dazedly he walked through the hall to a phone. He thought a moment, then shaking off his lethargy, briskly dialed a number.

The insistent ringing of the phone brought Sidney out from the bedroom. It must be Lee. Her hands trembled when she lifted the receiver.

"Hello, Sidney, Flash speaking. Are you going to be in the studio tonight? Good. Say, I—I have sort of bad news. Tonight's my last broadcast. But don't worry. You'll get something else right away. Yeah, Thomas and the D.A.'s office must have put some pressure on ATS. Guess I was getting too hot for them. Well, see you tonight then."

Sidney heard the click as Flash hung up. Out of work again! Two nights on the air and then off! No telling how long it would be now before she found another job in radio.

"WHAT'S the use?" she sighed, going to the couch and picking up the morning papers once more.

There, on every front page, her picture, and the story below it of how she sang on Flash's program. Just because she was a suspect in the Richard case. Letting the papers fall from listless hands, Sidney gazed around the tiny living room. What was she doing here anyway? In this box-like cramped apartment with no freedom, in this town with its hates and jealousies and murders and cheap sensationalism?

Suddenly she felt stifled, as if hard walls of concrete and steel were pressing in upon her from all sides. She ran into the bedroom. Dragging out her battered suitcases from the closet, she threw them on the bed, dusted them, opened them. She didn't take time to pack. Clothes, hats, shoes went sailing into the bags, falling in wrinkled heaps. Then she was through.

Grasping the suitcases, she walked into the living room. Many things she must leave. Time later for them. If she ever came back. It didn't matter, really. Nothing mattered except getting away. She stopped for one last farewell glimpse of the apartment that had been her home for the past month. For a moment she was tempted to take down the gay chintz curtains. But that would be silly. When would she ever use them?

As she bent down to take up her bags,



Dear Mom
I got to granny's on Monday and after supper granpop took this picture. granny is smiling but she was really kinda cross cause my clothes have tattletale gray she sed.

She sed can't you see how gray your pyjamas are? they tell everybody they aren't really clean she sed.

Wich made me say my mother works like anything on washday but she sed the trubble is your soap doesn't get out ALL the dirt.

So granny sed to tell you you ought to use fels-naptha soap like she does on account of its got heaps of naptha right in the golden soap and it gets clothes white as mopsies new baby rabbits.

I'm bringing a rabbit home to show you how awful white that is. Billy

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P. S.—Billy's mother did get rid of tattletale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you!

Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha

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Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of "I am Have It," a Reliance Pictures production.

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Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

the doorbell buzzed. Lee! She mustn't stop now. She must get past him, get down to a cab. The bell rang again, impatiently. Yes, she was coming. She opened the door.

"Sidney!" Lee's voice rang in surprise and dismay. He stood in the doorway, blocking her escape.

"Don't, Lee. Don't stop me. Please let me go. I have to get away."

"Away? Where? Sidney, are you losing your mind?"

"Oh, Lee, I can't stand it any longer—all this cheapness and horrible publicity," Sidney cried, brushing away tears of longing for life that was clean, that was good.

"But Sidney, you can't leave—not this way! It would be just like telling Thomas you'd committed the murders. He'd be right after you," Lee protested in anguish.

"I don't care! I'm through. Through with New York. Through with singing." Dimly she realized the truth of his words, but she clung hysterically to her determination to leave.

"Through with me too?" Lee asked quietly.

There was a long silence. Slowly Sidney's body dropped, lost its tenseness. Her voice came from far away.

"You know I love you, Lee, but if I married you, I would just be taking the easiest way out. I can't do that. Just look at those papers—and all because I sang on Flash's program. Think how your name would be splashed over them if we got married."

"My God, as if I cared about that!" Lee said through clenched teeth. He walked to her, seized her wrists. "You listen to me, Sidney. You're not going away. You're going to stay and see this through with me. When it's all over, you're going to marry me." His arms went around her, holding her, pressing her to him.

SIDNEY felt all her resolution drain away. Nothing mattered now. She was in Lee's arms. She began to cry, softly, and her tears washed the agony and bitterness from her thoughts. She looked up at Lee's face, so close to hers.

"All right, Lee," she said. "I'll stay. I'll see this through, as long as you're with me. I'll—I'll marry you when it's over, if you'll have me."

"Darling, of course I'll have you," Lee murmured.

Together they unpacked Sidney's bags, hung up her dresses, put away her hats. And for the first time since she had begun rehearsals for Night Club Revue, Sidney knew the meaning of peace.

The ATS* studios were buzzing with seven o'clock activity when Flash entered the lounge on the floor above his studio. He sat in the big davenport near the windows overlooking Madison Avenue's rush of traffic. For the moment he had nothing else to do.

Lee and Sidney found him there, a huge, untidy figure, his head sunk on his unbuttoned vest. Sidney shook him softly. His eyelids fluttered feebly, his feet dug into the rug. Then he was awake, bewildered, not remembering where he was.

"Oh—Sidney," he said, shaking his head vigorously. "Hi, Lee, glad you could come." He sat up straighter, running his hands through his thinning hair.

"Guess I fell asleep. What time is it?"

"Quarter after eight," Lee said, checking his watch against the big electric clock in the lounge.

"Sidney, I'm sorry as the devil about your losing your job. Damn that Thomas! There wasn't much I could do as long as I had a sustaining program. If I had

been sponsored, it would have been different."

"That's all right, Flash. I'm glad it happened, in a way, because I've decided to quit radio," Sidney answered.

"What? With that voice of yours? What's got into you anyway?" Flash asked in protest.

"You know how it is," Lee explained for Sidney. "She's just tired and disgusted."

"Is radio always this way, I wonder?" Sidney mused.

"Hey, you know it isn't," Lee told her. "This has just been one of those tough breaks for all of us. Why, radio is about the most glamorous thing in the world. You felt that way yourself not so long ago."

"That's right," Flash added. "You're sticking to it, aren't you, Lee?"

"Of course," Lee answered. "This will blow over some time. I'll get another commercial before long. I wouldn't quit radio for anything in the world."

FLASH saw the love written on Sidney's face.

"Well, so you two finally got together! I was worried for a while. Thought you might do some fool thing." He got to his feet. "I'm going down into the studio now. Coming with me, Sidney?"

"All right, but I'm not going to sing," Sidney answered. "Not that it's your fault, Flash, but I decided this afternoon."

"Okay, it's up to you. Why don't you stay with Lee, then?"

"Do you mind?"

"Why should I?" Flash laughed. "But don't go away. I have some big news to broadcast tonight. Thomas is coming by special invitation. This is really his party anyway. I want him to hear what a real scoop is when Hanlon gets going!"

"What do you suppose he's found out?" Sidney asked Lee. They sat down to wait. Their thoughts, so recently on themselves, turned back to more unpleasant realities. The arrival of Thomas ended their unhappy speculations.

"Hello," the detective grunted. "What's Hanlon up to now?"

"You know as much about it as we do," Lee replied, a feeling of uncertainty coming over him. He wondered if Sidney noticed it. He looked at her. She was sitting forward, her eyes fastened on the studio in which Flash was pacing back and forth, gesturing nervously with his hands.

Thomas coughed and lit his cigar, which had gone out. The blue smoke rose and settled near the ceiling. Lee watched it with fascination as the clock neared nine.

No one else had remained in the lounge, Lee noticed suddenly. They might be in a world of their own, up here in the oppressive silence.

The announcer's voice, booming through the loudspeaker overhead, made all three of them jump as though a pistol shot had been fired behind them. But it was only the usual introduction for Flash's broadcast.

"Listeners," Flash began, "for some time now you've heard me bring you the latest facts on the Gail Richard murder case. Each night on the air I've had a new sensation for you. But tonight, ladies and gentlemen, in my last broadcast, I have the biggest, the most sensational scoop of all. Tonight I am prepared to tell you who murdered Gail Richard!"

Is Flash right—can he really name the fiend who murdered Gail Richard and the Professor? Who it is and how the murders were committed will be answered for you in the thrilling ending of this great mystery story. Watch for it in the November issue, out September 25.

From a Tenement to the Top!

(Continued from page 17)

with a bang. High school plays became her entire existence. With a freshman's timidity she tried out for small parts. Soon she tried out for larger ones but the dramatic coach discouraged her. "Your voice is too small. It doesn't carry far enough," she said.

It served the purpose. She won larger roles in the school plays. But her happiness was soon marred by her father's illness. One day Peg came home from school bubbling over with the news that she had been selected for the lead in her class play. She entered the house to find the parlor filled with sober faced relatives and friends. Thoughts of the class play were gone. She rushed to her mother. "Why are you crying, Mamma?"

"Papa has gone to Heaven."

School plays, dreams of the stage, movies, all were put aside now in the sadness of her father's death. Mamma had to work now and she must be an obedient daughter. After school she would hurry home to take care of the house. There was a heavy sort of feeling in the heart that didn't let her think of the old things.

It was a year before the solemnity of the La Centra household lifted, but Peg's interest in dramatics had never flagged. Although she abstained from participating in the school plays, she spent much of her time now reading aloud plays in bed until the wee small hours. Occasionally some of her school friends would visit her and the parlor would be turned into a stage. The plays were more grown up now, for Peg was fourteen. Evidently the plays were too grown up, for one day a group of girls were in Peg's parlor presenting "Rain."

The play must have gone overtime. Mrs. La Centra came home from work to find her daughter heavily rouged, puffing a cigarette and giving her interpretation of Sadie Thompson, the tough woman of the streets. A severe reprimand was followed by combined weeping by mother and daughter. Mrs. La Centra's tears were shed for Margherita's future. Her little girl's stage nonsense couldn't seem to be stopped.

When Peg's second year of high school began as the first, with her dramatics overshadowing all other interests, Mrs. La Centra resolved something had to be done to stop her daughter's dreams of becoming an actress.

"Margherita, your uncles and I think you'd have a better education in a convent school."

"Is it because of my dramatics, Mamma?"

"Yes, Margherita. I don't want you to think of being an actress. They say terrible things about the stage. That wouldn't do for my little girl."

"All right, Mamma. If you want me to go to a convent school, I won't care." She bravely held back her tears. No more dramatics but she must not make Mamma feel bad.

But even while at the strict convent school Peg's dreams of the stage could not be stilled. She would sing around the house, and would accompany herself at the piano, although she had never taken voice lessons. She saved her pennies to go to movies. On rare occasions she would attend a show in Boston. Her uncles as well as her fearful mother could not discourage her talk of "going on the stage someday." When she graduated from con-



Learn about bargains from her

SHE GOT THIS FREE — When she buys her favorite gum she receives free — a pretty mouth . . . a clean, healthy, refreshed mouth. For the special firm consistency of Dentyne exercises the mouth in a healthy, natural way. This helps keep the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents the cheek and chin muscles from going flabby. Many doctors and dentists recommend this health habit.

WHEN SHE BOUGHT THIS — All of this mouth aid she received with Dentyne — the gum she likes best. She adores its flavor — it is so full-bodied and spicy, and she loves its chewiness. All of her friends say the same thing — Dentyne is certainly their favorite chewing gum. Why not adopt Dentyne for your favorite gum? Identify it by the handy, flat purse shape — an exclusive feature with Dentyne for many years.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

Much more is expected from women today



These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that Zonite is the ideal combination of strength and safety needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

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Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, \$1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

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vent school she wanted to go to dramatic school but the family wouldn't hear of it. No amount of arguing or tears could alter the decision. Peg lost her first big battle. She was sent to a Boston secretarial school in preparation for a job.

"If I were of age I'd go on the stage right now," she thought as she walked down the corridor of the secretarial school after she had registered. "What a gloomy place." She looked around and her gaze fell on the bulletin board. In large black letters a notice read: "Call for Dramatics." The school was no longer gloomy. Rebellious thoughts had fled. She couldn't report to the dramatic coach quickly enough.

Before long she was taking a leading part in the school plays. She made many friends at school, and was not at all ashamed to invite them to her modest Revere house. At her home, at the homes of her friends, the girls exchanged dreams, discussed their futures. They spoke with envy of the glamor of the stage, radio, the movies. They all hoped for careers but already frustration tinged their hopes.

MY folks wouldn't hear of my going on the stage," said one.

"I have a job in a law office," said another. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Peg saw their self defeat. "Some of these girls may have more ability than I," she thought, "but they're not giving themselves a chance. Nothing will stop me. I'm going to try for a career."

Two months before summer vacation in her second year at secretarial school, Peg and her mother discussed her future. "Uncle Gerard has a nice job for you in his coffee business," said her mother.

"Mamma, we must have an understanding," Peg said. "I know you mean it for my best but if I can't get a job for myself then I won't be your daughter Margherita. I don't want the coffee business. I'm going to be an actress."

From that day on Mrs. La Centra never opposed her daughter's hopes for a career. She realized Peg had fought for and dreamed of the stage since childhood.

A few weeks later Peg applied for a job at a Boston radio station. After several fruitless efforts to see the station manager, she was finally ushered into his office. "What can you do?" he asked in answer to her plea for work.

"I'm an actress and a singer," she said. "But what this station needs is a woman announcer for your morning programs," she continued boldly. "You have men announcing shopping news and talking about household products. That's a woman's work. Let me do it."

The executive eyed the tiny schoolgirl who dared to criticize his programs. The situation must have amused him for suddenly he laughed. "You're a nifty kid," he said. "I'll give you a chance."

She was given an audition and hired as an announcer. Her career was launched. She did not return to school. In a few months her persistence again won an audition for her. This time it was as a singer. "I don't know how I managed it," she says. "I had no professional singing experience but a lucky star must have been over me. I was selected for a commercial program. My relatives thought I was a fallen woman but Mother stood by me beautifully."

In her singing career she worked with new energy, never diverting her interest. She was fired from the station three times for refusing to do office work which she felt would interfere with her ambitions. Always she was rehired. One night a network broadcast emanated from Boston and she sang one song. That night she wrote in her diary: "Tonight I made my

real debut. I know now I shall never stop trying for a big professional career."

The taste of that network broadcast was sweet. Her impatience to further her career made her feel that Boston was too limited. But without money or influence, where could she go and what could she do? She didn't ponder long. Early in 1931, armed with twenty-five dollars and a bus ticket, Peg La Centra, wide-eyed but courageous, came on to conquer New York. She entered on her biggest battle that would make a champion of her or blast all her hopes.

She registered at a girls' club and immediately started the procession to the casting offices to secure dramatic work. But unknown, inexperienced, Peg was rejected by all the casting offices. After two weeks her funds were depleted. She would not return home defeated. But where could she turn? Desperately she applied for work at the radio stations.

"I'll sing for nothing," she told a WOR official. At least she would be on the radio once before she returned home.

"If we hire you we'll pay you but who are you?" asked the official.

Peg heaped before him a pile of Boston newspaper writeups about herself. He gave her an audition and she was successful! She was given an unsponsored series, singing, which enabled her to pay for her room and board.

With hope renewed she resumed the rounds of the casting offices. "Nothing today" was always the answer she got. Many were the times when she was tempted to return home but she resisted the impulse. Her worried mother urged her to come back, writing that it was too big a struggle for such a little girl. But Peg wrote that "success is just around the corner." Trudging daily to the casting offices wearied her feet but not her courage. She recognized no disappointment. Finally one office succumbed to her determination and gave her a job in the chorus of "Music in the Air." She was the smallest girl in "the front line." That was in 1932.

"My big break came on the True Story Hour," said Peg. "I was given a leading rôle, and after that dramatic offers poured in. I'm slowly getting away from singing and am doing more dramatic work which I prefer."

I DON'T feel that I've done anything unusual except that I've stuck it out," she said modestly and sincerely. "I'm really just an average girl who profited by observing and a desire to learn. I was stage struck like thousands of girls but I tried to do something about it."

That's the way this little champion sums up her years of fighting to get what she wanted. It should encourage girls with similar ambitions.

She and I sat in her beautifully and tastefully decorated modernistic apartment in the West Fifties. Jolly and effervescent, her eyes sparkled like the lit end of a firecracker when she spoke. Even a quick glance revealed that she gets a "big kick" out of living. She's still the unspoiled girl I knew in Boston five years ago.

"What are you doing with your money, Peg?" I asked.

"Oh, I send some home to mother and spend the rest on dodads and nicknacks," she said. "This spending splurge is the first real one I've ever had. When it wears off, I'll start saving."

"How about romance?" I asked. "In love perhaps?"

"You bet," she answered with a smile. "In fact I'm married."

I started. "Yes," she laughed. "I've been in love with acting all my life and I'm married to my career."

WIN A DRESS!

HERE'S how to win one of the new fall dresses pictured on pages 38 and 39 which the Lane Sisters have selected for their new wardrobe. All you have to do is select the dress which you think is the most attractive and practical costume for the fall and write a letter stating your reason to the Fashion Contest Editor, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Following are the sizes and colors the frocks come in:

One-piece velveteen—sizes 12 to 20. Colors, dubonnet with gray, black with dubonnet, brown with green, green with dubonnet and gray with dubonnet.

One-piece speckled Angora—sizes 12 to 38. Colors, brown, green, rust and dubonnet.

Two-piece corded cashmere—sizes 12 to 18 and 11 to 19. Colors, skirt of dubonnet, brown green or black, with natural blouse.

Two-piece needlepoint Angora—sizes 12 to 18 and 11 to 17. Colors, dubonnet with maize, green with dubonnet, polo blue with red and brown with maize.

Two-piece pique velveteen (worn by Priscilla)—sizes 12 to 20 and 11 to 17. Colors, black, green, dubonnet, brown and rust.

Two-piece pique velveteen (worn by Rosemary)—same sizes and colors as Priscilla's frock.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. To compete, study carefully all the illustrations of the Lane Sisters' wardrobe on pages 38 and 39. Select the one that in your opinion is the most attractive and practical. Write a letter naming your choice and giving your reason therefor.
3. Write on one side of paper only. Letters must not exceed 150 words. Print or write clearly your full name and address on the first sheet of your letter.
4. Letters will be judged on the basis of clarity, interest and logic. Neatness and spelling will count. For the TWO best letters will be awarded the dress selected by the contestant, winner to supply size and color desired on the official entry coupon attached to the letter. No entry will be considered unless accompanied by a properly filled out coupon.
5. Judges will be the fashion board of RADIO MIRROR, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.
6. Mail all entries to FASHION CONTEST EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

Size

Color desired

Name

Address

Your nails deserve **GLAZO**
Lovelier, longer-wearing



It's futile to look for satisfaction from hastily-made, little-known nail polishes. And why try? For the famous Glazo—world-praised and unchanged in quality—now costs only 20 cents for 75% more polish! (Now without carton.)

RICHER SHEEN, COLOR-PERFECT SHADES—Day or night, Glazo's lustre is starrier . . .

in six distinguished colors, approved by beauty and fashion authorities.

2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER WEAR—Glazo's finer lacquer lasts and lasts . . . never chipping, peeling, or fading.

IMPROVED METAL-SHAFT BRUSH—makes Glazo easier to apply. Assures smoother flow of polish and no loose bristles.

OILY POLISH REMOVER—Now, four times as much as before—and only 20 cents. Actually beneficial to nails and cuticle. The special oil won't dim polish or cause peeling.



GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GT-105
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 6c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and oily Polish Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred.)

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

Secrets of a Society Hostess

(Continued from page 28)

The Magic of
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids



will instantly transform
your eyes into glowing
pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in your eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



conversation for game playing to be a necessity. And now I hear you asking, "But how do you get the conversation started?" I'll tell you.

The low point of any party comes when only a few guests have arrived, the guest of honor is not as yet on hand and the cocktails have just been brought in. It is a difficult moment. And it is then that the clever hostess introduces into the conversation the most essential topic she knows, a topic which will cause controversy at once. She may speak of a play or a movie which has some outstanding controversial situation and say, "What do you think of that? I think it was dreadful." She probably doesn't think it dreadful at all but knows that her remark will make her guests leap to a defense and then she may sit back and watch them enjoy themselves.

THERE certainly were no awkward social moments while the Hauptmann trial was going on, since everyone had an opinion to express. It is up to you to pick something that is going on in the world which will involve your guests in discussion. And before you know it the honoree has arrived, dinner is announced and your worries are over.

I was always tremendously careful about the food I ordered, careful to have what I knew my guests liked. My dinners for financiers were more elaborate and conservative than my dinners for professional artists and musicians.

One evening I had Walter Chrysler, Bernard Baruch, Alfred Sloan, Willis Booth and Jules Bache, with their wives. The dinner began with caviar and then went to green turtle soup and a fish course, etc. The main course consisted of a roast with fresh vegetables and a sherbet.

The salad I always made at the table (the secret of successful salad making is to have the lettuce, dandelion or watercress completely crisp and dry—how I loathe those salads with water hanging to the green stuff!) In an old silver spoon as big as my two cupped hands I mixed the dressing of special Italian oil, French mustard and fresh lemon juice or the champagne vinegar which my friend the Count de Polignac was kind enough to send me from France. To this I added a touch of garlic, mixed it well with a small spoon and poured it over the lettuce.

For dessert I had crepe suzette. (Another dessert which I frequently served is omelette surprise which is vanilla ice cream hidden inside a ball of beaten egg whites. In season I had strawberries and whipped sour cream.)

After dinner these giants of the business world sat around the fire and then it was my job to start them talking about the market, about the situation of the country. What interesting talks we had! How thrilling it was to hear these men discuss such vital topics! Different, much different, from parties with Bea Lillie and Fannie Brice and Lawrence Tibbett—but equally fine.

Now I hear you asking me another question, "But that sort of dinner takes money."

Yes, that sort of dinner takes money. I had it then, plenty of it, but I have money no longer and yet my parties are just as much fun as they ever were. You don't need money if you dare to be different. You can set a style, start a rage to save expense, if you will.

There is really something wonderful about being off-hand with a party. It is much more charming so. Plan your guest

list, being careful to select congenial people; plan your menu, set the date and forget about it until the hour arrives. You'll have a great deal more fun, and what you lack in money you can make up for in being different.

Speaking of guest lists reminds me of a tip I can pass on to you. I kept three separate lists of people—single men, single women and married couples. Then when planning a party I could fill in from these lists and if I found myself short a couple of eligible men I consulted my list which reminded me who was available.

Many of you have heard of this stunt that I pulled. Not so long ago I planned a dinner party. At the eleventh hour I was told that there were no bread and butter plates to match my dinner service. All had been broken. There was no time for me to get the proper bread and butter plates, so I used large salad plates from another set and when my guests walked into the dining room I said, "Look, this is a new fashion—large bread and butter plates which do not match the service. It's very smart." And do you know that many people agreed with me? Out of necessity I had set a new mode.

I used to think that I could not entertain without having my house a profusion of flowers. Now I know that a few carefully chosen and inexpensive buds are just as effective. I always had the best liquor and wines. Now my applejack cocktails are famous. They are made of applejack, lemon juice, honey and gingerale and by serving simple sandwiches—watercress, hot melted cheese, mayonnaise and lettuce or jam—I can have a party.

In contrast to the elaborate affairs I have given (and later I'm going to describe my circus balls) let me tell you of a recent and very successful party I had.

Mario Braggiotti, of the famous piano team, had told me he was expert at making spaghetti. "That's splendid," I said, "We'll have a party." Among others I asked Fannie Brice and Beatrice Lillie, George Metaxa, Roger Davis, Paul Whitman and his wife Margaret Livingston, Jacques Fray, Gloria Braggiotti and Bob Taplinger.

I CAN no longer afford butlers, footmen and maids. I have one man, my man Friday, who cleans the floors, waits on the table, mixes the cocktails, acts as my secretary sometimes and drives the car that a friend of mine is good enough to lend me.

On the night of this party I had gone to a tea, staying longer than I intended. I was rushing home in the borrowed car when a tire blew out. My man Friday did not know where the key to the spare was. I got out and tried to get a taxi. There was none and I had to walk home.

I got home at seven, minus my man Friday, to discover that Braggiotti had not arrived (he was supposed to be there by six to make the spaghetti). My daughter, Cobina, was calmly playing the piano and actually nothing was done. At seven-fifteen Mario showed up, fortunately, with the sauce which he had made at home.

The guests arrived, all my friends, and then Bob Taplinger appeared with two charming people I had never met before. Now all of this, you might think, was a situation for any hostess.

What a situation for a hostess to find herself in! How would you meet it? How did Mrs. Wright meet it? Learn how she changed an embarrassing moment into a charming evening's entertainment in the November RADIO MIRROR, out September 25.

**The Lowdown on
Lum and Abner**

(Continued from page 25)

can swear to that."

Chet nodded his head. "Right," he agreed. "There's one old judge I'm thinking of in particular. In all the years he's been presiding, he's never been known to let a man off free. His way of saying he's not guilty is giving him a minimum fine. One day, when a motorist was convicted of reckless and drunken driving, his attorney jumped up and said he was appealing the verdict. 'Guilty of contempt of court!' the judge snapped back, fining the attorney twenty-five dollars."

Goff grinned and continued the story. "Another day in court, the same judge rapped for order and asked the date. Chet and I both yelled 'June 22nd' and then asked him, 'Why are you holding court on Washington's birthday?' 'That's right,' the judge exclaimed, snapping his fingers. 'Court's adjourned.'"

"But don't think," Goff hastened to add, "that those people are fools. They're ignorant about history and what's happening currently in the world, but they are smart enough about the things they know. Ever try to beat one of them at a game of checkers? And you should see them get out of working on their farms. They'll stand on the doorstep in the morning, staring at the sky. Pretty soon a cloud'll roll up, a small white one. 'Sorta looks like rain,' they'll decide, 'no use to plough today.'"

THEN maybe just as they're starting out, the party line phone will ring. Everybody knows by the ring who's being called. If it's the doctor, everyone listens to see who's sick. That happened one afternoon while I was talking with an old-timer. 'Excuse me,' he said, taking the receiver off the hook. After listening a few minutes, he yelled into the phone: 'Hey, doc, anything I can do?' Then he hung up, grabbed his hat, and beat it.

"They're always hoping someone isn't feeling good. Then they can congregate at the sick man's house and have a party."

"For that matter," Lauck chimed in, "I've never seen one of those people yet who thought he was well. Ask him how he is and his face gets longer than usual. 'Sort of ailing today,' he complains. 'Touch of rheumatism, I guess.'"

Now you can understand, after hearing Lum and Abner's Pine Ridge Community at the microphone, how the program retains all its original flavor and sincerity, its humor and homely philosophy. There's no ordinary radio script act; they have too much feeling for the Squire, for Sam Harrison, for Eli Whitten and the other honorable citizens of Pine Ridge.

Hearing them talk, listening to them as they slipped into the dialogue and dialect they use on the air every night, I realized that not even the white sport shoes, the tan slacks and checkered jackets they were wearing could cover up their essential simplicity and love for the country in which Lum and Abner were born.

"You know," Chet said wistfully, "what I'd like to be doing right now? I'd like to be fishing with the boys in Mena. Or playing another game of checkers." He turned to Norris. "Hey, Goff! How about flying down there next weekend?"

And if they did go, I'm positive that they came back with more than a fine string of catches. They also came back with enough topics to insure the listeners of radio's Pine Ridge a full year of honest amusement.

"Life has suddenly
become very pleasant,
Toby"



For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Fletcher's Castoria — the children's laxative. And did he love it!



That delicious taste is important. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes—that all too often upset a child's nerves, his digestion, his whole delicate little system.

That's why even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children!



It is also prepared just as carefully for a child's needs.

It contains only ingredients that are suitable for a child—no harsh, purging drugs that so many "grown-up" laxatives contain. Fletcher's Castoria will never cause griping pains. It is not habit-

forming. It is completely, perfectly safe. It is very gentle—yet very thorough.



Rely on Fletcher's Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years. Get a bottle today—look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Save money—get the Family-Size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

**"I COULDN'T
TAKE A STEP
IN PEACE!"**



**Every Move,
Every Position,
Cost Me Pain"**

ANY person with Piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

A Scientific Formula

Effective treatment today for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treatment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It Free!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms described. But a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the free tube. Write for it today and prove the needlessness of your suffering.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 37-MC, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

G-MEN—Taking its cue from the tremendous public reception of motion pictures based on exploits of Department of Justice agents, NBC has launched a series of dramatized actual cases solved by Government men. Phillips H. Lord wrote the continuity and miraculously refrained from overdoing the melodramatic. I don't know how they managed it, but the voice of J. Edgar Hoover in this program would deceive that G-chief's closest friend. The program is full of activity and sustained interest.
NBC Saturdays 9:00 P. M. 30 min.

N. T. G. SHOW GIRL REVUE—The initials might as well spell "not too good" as Nils Thor Granlund. The superficial night club patter for ultra-sophisticates grates on the fireside ear. The chorus girls, however, step out of rôle admirably in individual appearances as singers, instrumentalists and impersonators. Harry Salter's orchestra sets a brisk tempo for this song and dance program.
NBC Tuesdays 9:00 P. M. 30 min.

AMERICA'S HOUR—An epic of the shifting scene of American life, depicting progress of the nation in various fields of civilization, including transportation, government, agriculture and industry. A symphony orchestra under Howard Barlow is synchronized with the fast-moving dramatization throughout the entire 60 minutes of the program.
CBS Sundays 9:00 P. M. 60 min.

SETH PARKER—The quaint humor and pathos of the characters created by Phillips Lord are back on radio after a two-year absence while their creator was roaming uninhabited islands. Although dripping with artfully pulled tears, these programs have regained thousands of the old followers and will probably continue to make good with that portion of the listening public who crave maudlin sentimentality. This program is a fireside extreme; at the other end of the spectrum is N. T. G. and his girls, mentioned above.
NBC Sundays 10:00 P. M. 30 min.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE—If you enjoy inviting interesting, cultured visitors into your home via radio, by all means extend an invitation to this Thursday evening guest. His suavity, gentility and vast storehouse of anecdote surrounding the lives of the great and obscure in the world of *belles-lettres*, will more than repay you for your hospitality.
CBS Thursdays 9:15 P. M. 15 min.

MARTY MAY—A good comedy program with Marty May and Carol Deis matching wits. Jerry Cooper singing baritone and Loretta Lee vocalizing popular melodies. Johnny Augustine's orchestra forms the musical background. I predict that "Marty and Carol" will soon divide equal honors with "Jack and Mary" and "Fred and Portland."
CBS Thursdays 9:30 P. M. 30 min.

THE SIMPSON BOYS OF SPRUCE-HEAD BAY—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly, formerly the Stebbins Boys, are now the Simpson Boys, country storekeepers way daoun East. Their characters are real and the story is a faithful picture of rural New England.
NBC Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.
12:00 Noon 15 min.

RAINBOW HOUSE—A program designed for children and presented by juvenile entertainers, Rainbow House nevertheless is more interesting to adults than to children. This program sugar-coats the moral that citizens and police ought to co-operate in preventing traffic accidents, the pill proper being in the form of a brief, concentrated speech by a leading police or traffic authority.
MBS Sundays 6:00 P. M. 60 min.

LUCILLE MANNERS AND RAY HEATHERTON—If you are one of the thousands of articulate radio fans whose requests were responsible for the bringing together of these two vocal favorites on the same program, you will enjoy not having to switch from one station to another in order to hear both of these talented singers.
NBC Sunday, 5:45 P. M. 15 min.

HEYWOOD BROWN—The New York columnist whose rambling writings have endeared him to the hearts of millions has come to radio with no loss of effectiveness and with infinitely more warmth and personal charm than could ever be squeezed between the column rules of a newspaper. Brown's broadcasting style is calm, unhurried and soothingly amusing, with just a touch of whimsy.
MBS Mon., Tues., Wed. 9:15 P. M. 15 min.

LOMBARDO ROAD—Programs and sponsors may come and go; Guy Lombardo goes on forever in popular favor, no matter on what station or for whom. After a year's absence he is now back on Columbia.
CBS Mondays 8:00 P. M. 30 min.

STATE FAIR CONCERT—Lannie Ross of Show Boat fame headlines this program, dedicated to housewives who make many quarts of jelly and who therefore may be expected to use many drops of Certo. Every program features a guest artist of some importance. Howard Barlow, a CBS favorite, steps over into Radio City for a half-hour weekly to direct the orchestra on this program. Lannie Ross, a superb tenor, directs a well-balanced program consisting chiefly of concert music, with a touch of drama and a bit of popular melody.
NBC Sundays 7:00 P. M. 30 min.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE—Two newspaper reporters from Texas originated and conduct this novel feature in which a microphone is set at a busy intersection and the man in the street called upon without warning to broadcast his views on things in general. The weakness in the program thus far has been the collection of stock questions used to draw comment from the impromptu speakers. Listeners have been invited to furnish future questions, however, which promises vast improvement. The idea may prove to be a sensation. In any event, it's something new and lots of fun. Don't miss it.
NBC Sundays 7:30 P. M. 30 min.

THE KILMER FAMILY—This continued daily true-story of a typical wage-earning family combines comedy, pathos, adventure, and—perhaps, tragedy. You will recognize types you know in this stirring drama of the American home.
NBC Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.
1:15 P. M. 15 min.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 45)

one of the first announcers in Los Angeles . . . though he lasted only a couple of months . . . only one hereabouts to wear spats and a cane among the announcing fraternity. Now he's a magazine publisher.

MARGARET BARRY, eighteen-year-old "screamer" of KOMO, entered radio when her uncle, Abe Brashen, violinist at the station, secured her an audition. She is doing radio drama bits and outside noises for props and atmosphere.

CLAUDE SWEETEN, bay district radio ork leader, was born in Mendon, Utah . . . has a ten-year-old daughter named Shirley and collects architectural drawings of unusual and distinctive homes.

RITA LESTER, new NBC songster, is a sister of Vernon Rickard. Rickard is now a Chicago nite club m. c. . . . once toured with the Duncan Sisters . . . was on a Hollywood radio station, teamed up with Bud Collyer, brother of Cinemactress June Collyer.

BELLWOOD, Nebraska, is represented on the KFRC orchestra in the person of Harry Townley French who toots a swell sax. For hobbies he is an amateur photographer and long distance swimmer. In the line of ambitions he wants to own a huge country estate and a string of saddle horses.

RUDY Seiger, who holds a record for continuous broadcast out on the Coast, is back from the Hawaiian vacation and is again playing the violin from the Fairmont Hotel to NBC lines. While in the mid-Pacific, he composed a companion piece to his famed "California Lullaby."

CLARENCE TOLMAN seems to be the chorister for the KEX "Everybody Sing" program nowadays. He was born on the desert in the southwest, with a Shubert show in New York and entered radio several years ago through the good offices of Dobbie.

NBC's "Carefree Carnival" seems to be on the air today and off tomorrow. But, somehow or other, it generally gets back into the running and, with it, John Nedric Tollinger. Before he discovered his singing voice, he sold art posters and cartoons in and around Council Bluffs. Married . . . a two-year-old son . . . amateur photographer . . . fair golfer.

JACK BENNY not only throws the bull . . . but he's also a prime favorite with those who do. While round about these parts he was besieged by matadors, toreadors and what have you, who clamored for autographs when he crossed the border into Agua Caliente in old Mexico.

DON AUSTIN is one of the newest microphonics up in the northwest where he is spieling for both KOMO and KJR. Though he was born in Pasco, Wash., and went to school in Seattle and Portland, he has been with WOL in Washington, D. C., for six years as an announcer. In between times he acted in summer stock and touring the legitimate stage cross country.



Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

.

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since thousands of women find perspiration odor so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 33)

**NOW-QUICKER RELIEF FROM
CONSTIPATION**



Science finds DRY yeast far more effective source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

Now science finds that this tonic food is far richer in Vitamin B content if eaten dry!

Tests by impartial scientists reveal that from dry yeast the body receives almost twice as much of the precious element that tones and strengthens the intestinal tract!

Experiments indicate that the digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B.

No wonder thousands have found Yeast Foam Tablets so helpful in correcting constipation. These tablets bring you the kind of yeast science has found so effective.

At a leading clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported improvement within two weeks! Before starting to eat this dry yeast, some of the patients had used laxatives almost continuously!

Let Yeast Foam Tablets restore your eliminative system to healthy function. Then you will no longer need to take harsh laxatives. You will have more energy. Headaches should no longer trouble you. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG. 10-35

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

ample guitars to their bosoms to fondling the ordinary kind. They get sweeter tones from the oversize instruments they've designed, they assert. But Lennie Hayton is all for the trend toward less bulky instruments as, for example, the streamlined, one-string cello developed by the acoustical authority, Dr. Herman Fischer. Its resonator isn't much larger than a cigar box. Perhaps by the time you read this, he will be using it in his "Hit Parade" shows. Rather like trying to decide between Mae West and Dietrich.

SHORT SHORT SHORT STORIES

Surprisingly enough, the CBS contract of the young bass-baritone about whom Columbia in general and Howard Barlow in particular, were so enthusiastic, has not been renewed. So Gene Baker is now under the wing of Maria Gay, discoverer of Nino Martini and coach of Lily Pons. She is said to have advised against further public appearances until he acquires that final polish, and it's also said that at that time, he will go back on CBS . . . Radio City hostesses will miss Lawrence Tibbett's cherubic countenance, since his fall program, which begins September 17, will come from a CBS studio.

Kay Thompson and her girls left the Waring show because expenses just had to be cut to meet the extra cost of Stoopnagle and Budd . . . But quite undaunted is Kay, for despite the fact that she is still on the Hayton program, she is casting about for more work for her troupe . . . Jessica Dragonette's honey-blonde hair used to be so long she could sit on it . . . Now it's been cut to a charming, feminine long bob . . . Norman Turog, Paramount director, was so entranced by the change it wrought, that he insisted on retaking her scenes in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," all of which were made before the new coiffure.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

Flutes, trombones and saxophones. That's what broadcast bands are made of. Well, partly, anyhow. Here's what we've found in taking three of your favorite bands apart in the studio clinic:

Bert Block's Orchestra: Three trumpets; three saxophones; one trombone; one piano; drums; guitar, and bass (fiddle, or doghouse, as the boys call it). The drummer's responsible for those vibraphones. Individual singers, Leila Lane, Jack Leonard and Joe Bauer, trumpeter, Trio, "Three Chips," is made up of "Odds" Stordahl, trumpeter; Joe Bauer and Jack Leonard. (Recorded especially for Bill Hoover, 217 S. Allegheny Street, Cumberland, Md.)

Will Osborne's Orchestra: Three trumpets (two of them slide trumpets, Will's own creation); three trombones; three saxophones; two pianos; drums; guitar and banjo (one man alternating), and bass (fiddle). (Recorded especially for Loyal Boles, 1126 Sixth Street North, Minneapolis, Minn.)

Hal Kemp's Orchestra: Four saxophones (one of which Hal plays); two trumpets; two trombones; piano; guitar, and bass (fiddle). They achieve those organ-like tones with megamutes, sort of little megaphones which go on clarinets played by the saxophonists. Singers: Skinny Ennis, drummer, rhythm singer; Saxy Dowell, saxophonist, novelty singer; Maxine Gray, and Bob Allen. Quartet consists of Saxy, Bob, Gus Mayhew, trom-

bonist, and Hal Kemp himself. (Recorded especially for Elizabeth Malmberg, 446 South Garfield Avenue, Janesville, Wisconsin.)

THEME SONG SECTION

Just so you'll have the whip hand in arguments about theme songs on two of NBC's newer programs, we set down these facts:

Program: "The Hit Parade," Saturday nights, 8:00 o'clock EDST. NBC—red network. Themes: (1) "Happy Days," composed by Ager, published by Ager, Yellen and Bornstein, 745 Seventh Avenue, New York City. (2) "Lucky Day," composed by Ray Henderson, published by Harms, Inc., 62 West 45th Street, New York City.

Program: "The Shell Chateau," starring Al Jolson, Saturday nights at 9:30 o'clock EDST. NBC—red network. Themes: (1) "Good Evening Friends," composed by Caesar and Katcher, published by Harms, Inc. (2) "Good Night, Lovely Little Lady," composed by Max Gordon and Harry Revel, published by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, 745 Seventh Avenue, New York City. (3) "Thank You, Father," composed by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, and published by the composers.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

We picked the worst time in the year to tell you where you can go to see, hear, and dance to the tunes of your favorite radio orchestras. As we write this, few have their fall plans completed, so you'll have to be content with this list and be so forbearing that you won't mind even if a few of these undergo changes.

Berger, Jack, Hotel Astor, New York City.

Block, Bert, Trommer's, East New York, L. I.

Cummins, Bernie, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City.

Crosby, Bob—On tour in the South.

Cugat, Xavier, Waldorf-Astoria, New York City.

Dorsey Brothers, Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Duchin, Eddie, Casino, Central Park, New York City.

Ferdinando, Angelo, Great Northern Hotel, New York City.

Gasparre, Dick, Biltmore Hotel, New York City.

Grant, Bob, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York City.

Hall, George, Hotel Taft, New York City.

Heidt, Horace, Drake Hotel, Chicago.

Hoff, Carl, French Casino, New York City.

Hopkins, Claude, Cotton Club, Harlem, New York City.

Johnson, Johnny, Commodore Hotel, New York City.

Leafer, Allen, Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park, New York City.

Kemp, Hal, Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City.

King, Henry, Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco Cal.

Madriguera, Enric, Arrowhead Inn, Saratoga, N. Y.

Moss, Joe, Hotel Pierre, New York City.

Nichols, Red—On tour in the East.

Noble, Ray, Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Osborne, Will, Lexington Hotel, New York City.

Reichmann, Joe, Statler Hotel, Boston, Mass. (Opening around September 25th.)
Schuster, Mitchell, Park Lane, New York City.

* * *

LET'S GET ORGANIZED

Have you thought about it, or have you already organized a musical group? We ask because we feel you'll probably be much more popular with the neighbors on rehearsal day for having had the benefit of the expert advice of outstanding radio musicians. Write in, then, what your particular problem is, and we'll present it to those who should know. If it's a matter of getting money or instruments, then it's purely a matter for you, your conscience and Destiny. That's out of our line. But if it's a problem of your musical group—well, just try us and see.

* * *

IN REPLY WE STATE

To Toni Fukami, 1492 West Washington Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.—NBC says that the real name of Tony Romano, guitarist with Al Pearce and His Gang, is Antonio Romano. What could be simpler?

To Ruth Proctor, R.F.D. 552, Richmond, Cal.—"How," you demand not unreasonably, "can a listener do the most good toward getting their favorite artist on a larger station? Haven't we a say?"

Certainly you have, and if it's a network artist, we'll do our share. If you feel that any of those who produce music on any of the chains is not being spread over a wide enough area, write to us with much feeling and we'll see that your letter gets in the hands of the network executive who can do the most good.

To all other gracious readers who have written us, please remember that your turn will come. There are such things as limitations of time and space. Patience is a virtue which we hope you have. We haven't.

* * *

YOU'RE TELLING US

You might like to write in that this reporter is sixteen kinds of a soandso for not giving you some particular bit of information on music in the air for which you've been longing. However, to save his feelings, why not check the coupon below in accordance with your desires?

John Skinner,
RADIO MIRROR,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy

Theme Song Section

Following the Leaders

Let's Get Organized

Name

Address

MILLIONS NOW USE FAMOUS NOXZEMA *for Skin Troubles*

Which troubles you?

- LARGE PORES**
- BURNS**
- BLACKHEADS**
- CHAPPED SKIN**
- BABY RASH**
- SHAVING IRRITATION**
- PIMPLES**
(from external causes)



Greaseless Medicated Cream brings instant relief promotes rapid healing — refines skin texture

JUST THINK! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexions. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bringing soothing comfort and aiding in healing ugly skin flaws.

Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for

powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema before burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation

Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 1010, Baltimore, Md.

RIDING THE SHORTWAVES

By

The Tuner-Inner

Be a RADIO EXPERT



Learn to Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a WEEK

I'll train you at home in spare time



\$40 to \$100 Month
In Spare Time
"I am servicing head-est, auto Radios and electrical appliances in spare time. I have run from \$40 as high as \$100 a month. My Radio work equals and often exceeds my regular salary." —JOHN J. REIDER, 630 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.



\$3200 in 1933
"My books show that for the year 1933 I can \$3200. Radio service doesn't come too tough for me now. You know who taught me Radio?" —R. L. J. P. WILSON, Box 43, Westville, Okla.



Gets Job While Training
"Before finishing your Course I was Radio Expert for the largest sporting goods store in North Carolina. Since enrolling I have made about \$8,500. I want to thank N. R. I.—J. F. HUFF, 601 W. 15th St., Austin, Texas.

Get my FREE book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this new, fast-growing industry. N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing short and long wave Radio sets, to have your own business; to build, service and install loud-speaker systems; to operate Radio apparatus on board ships, in a broadcasting or commercial land station; for Television, which promises hundreds of good jobs soon, automobile Radio, aviation, police Radio, and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information and tells how to learn quickly at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. Hundreds of men now in Radio owe their success to N.R.I. training.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. George W. Honert, 248 Water Street, Ligonier, Pa., made over \$500 from the start of the Course to its completion.

Get My Book—FREE—Now

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making; about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail coupon NOW.

**J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio Institute
Dept. 5KT
Washington, D. C.**

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 5KT
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:
Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please print plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....



HAVE you a bit of the vagabond in you? If so, dust off the dials of your short wave set and roam the seven seas with the "TUNER-INNER" in search of adventure, novelty and, let us hope, good reception.

Take, for instance, the Chinese twins in far off Hongkong, ZEK on 8.75 and ZCK on 5.14 megacycles. You may be aroused almost any morning, now, by the high-pitched chatter of the Nipponese announcers, and the quaint sound of the zauras, from 1 A.M. until the first crack of dawn.

A twirl of the dial in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning and you will be startled by the screaming siren of a motor gong, this time from distant Saigon, in Indo China, home of FZS on 25.02 meters, which will stay with you until about 7 A.M.

At the unearthly hour of 3 A.M., a Japanese station on 16.50 meters, PMC, in the heart of the jungle at Bangkok, will call you only to disappear again when the milkman arrives at five.

If you wish to go back to sleep again, set your trusty alarm clock to awaken you at seven and when you awake, Macao, China, will greet you with the news of far flung empires, spoken in pure pidgin English, through CQN on 49.96 meters.

Leaving the Orient, now, we call at England to set our watches by the melodious chimes of Big Ben, reaching us through GSG on 16.8 and GSH on 13.9. The jolly accents of the English announcers make us feel right at home and the bright, swiny music of Henry Hall's Dance Band, almost persuade us to "roll back the carpet" and dance, even though it is early morning.

Next, by the low guttural tones of the Germans and the monotonous notes of an old German folk song played over and over again on an electrical piano in the studios at Zeesen, we are welcomed to the land of the Black Forest. Carols sung by sweet-faced boys and girls from Munich, a discussion by Herr So-and-so, and we leave there, to be transported to Paris, city of magic dreams come true. There the Eiffel Tower transmitter excitedly calls "Ici Paris." With music from the sidewalk cafes and long wearisome talks intended primarily for their colonists in the far off jungles of Africa and Indo China, they vie for our attention on two wavelengths, 32 meters and 75 meters, during the entire day. The better known Pontoise Transmitter operates on the 25.6, 25.4, 19.6, meter wavelengths at present and is consistently heard as early as 7 A.M., and as late as midnight, thus destroying the old superstition that no foreign signals could be heard well after darkness sets in on either side of the ocean.

Now let's leave our sets and take a little siesta until six o'clock. Estacion EAQ, Trans-Radio, Madrid, Spain, land of dark eyed senoritas and flashing castanets, beckons us with its appealing rumbas and native fox trots played by a real Spanish orchestra. Operating on 30 meters this station's transmissions begin

a little after five and end at seven o'clock.

We now leave Europe and fly rapidly to our sister continent, South America, where every republic has at least one shortwave station and it is not unusual to find eight or nine competing for national honors. Here we may listen to our heart's



Oliver Amlie, pioneer radio figure, seated at the world's fastest receiver, which he designed.

content to twanging guitars played by smiling gauchos under a sky of dark blue with the deep yellow moon shining down upon a tropical heaven.

HJ1ABB at Barranquilla, Colombia, on 46.5 meters and her cousin, HJ4ABB, at Manizales on 42.1 meters, come through from about eight until ten o'clock and sometimes, HJ4ABB continues long after midnight, acknowledging letters of praise, comment, etc., upon the stations transmissions, from all parts of the civilized world.

YV3RC, 48.7, YV2RC 49.3, YV6RV, 46.1 (Valencia) and YV5RMO, 49.7, form a Venezuelan chain nightly from 5:30 until 11 P.M., playing native tangos, with now and then a slight interruption while a native Venezuelean extols the merit of Venezuelean made cigars, dresses, and even automobiles, to anyone who will listen.

ESTACION HC2RL, D'Republic D'Ecuador, the "Friendly Station" with Dr. Hugo Levi at the helm, is known far and wide for its band concerts from the plaza in the city square in Guayaquil, where from 5:45 until 8 P.M. on Sundays and on Tuesdays from 9 to 11 P.M. it operates upon 45 meters.

Well we have traveled all over the world and as yet have seen barely a small part of the world's shortwave broadcasters. You'll soon visit icy Iceland, smoky La Paz in Bolivia, and sunny Italy and perhaps even tropical Malta, with the "TUNER-INNER." Let me know where you want to go, fellow shortwave fans, and I'll take you there as fast as I possibly can. Good luck and "73."

Cinderella Story

(Continued from page 30)

A living witness was not safe to have around. Threats were made against her life. Her father didn't hesitate a second. He picked up his family and moved to Canada, in search of peace and safety. They settled at the little town of Guelph, Ontario. There began the slow grounding that was to fit the little Jamison for her meteoric rise later on.

All this time, all her life, in fact, there was the closest sympathy, the utmost devotion between her father and herself. "Always," says Anne, "he was my inspiration." But he was more than that. A pal, the pivot of her whole life. They looked alike, thought alike, dreamed alike.

Anne had begun to sing a little around the house, snatches of popular airs. Her father begged her to study. An ardent lover of music, although himself no musician, he could not tolerate a slovenly performance. "Take lessons, dear," he urged. "Even if you have no voice in the professional sense, even if you are just going to sing for your own pleasure all your life, you might as well do it properly. Take lessons to please me."

There was no resisting that plea. Anne, already enrolled in a business college in Toronto, earnestly studying to be a secretary—added to her activities singing lessons at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Even then, even in spite of her father's encouragement and criticisms, it never occurred to her to consider singing as a possible profession.

It was not until she was graduated from the conservatory with first class honors that the president took up that question—and spent an hour convincing her that she had a voice! She owed it to herself, he urged, to complete her studies. With the right training there was no telling how far she might not go.

It was a novel, and rather shattering point of view to young Anne. Certainly the family couldn't afford to let her continue studying for years. Still, if she really had possibilities as a singer...

It was her father who decided. Sacrifices must be made. Anne must continue studying.

Anne had a will of her own. She'd go on studying, but she would not be a burden on her family while she did it! Besides graduating from the conservatory, she had also graduated from the business college. She would get a job.

Then began an intensive period of work and study, study and work, living all alone in Toronto, not always eating properly. The inevitable breakdown occurred. Anne went to England to convalesce. It was arranged that while there she would study with "the outstanding voice teacher of his day, William Shakespeare, descendant of England's greatest poet."

He was eighty-two then and Anne was his last pupil. She made great strides during the two years she worked with him, meeting his musical friends, including Edward German, Sir Henry Wood, Sir Arthur Summerville, attending concerts and the opera; partially paying for her tuition by helping Mr. Shakespeare correct the proofs of his book, "The Speaker's Art."

As a singing teacher, this 20th century Shakespeare was as much a genius as his illustrious ancestor, according to this enthusiastic last pupil. "He would always tease me a little," she laughs, "saying that if I had just one percent Scottish blood in me, I would be a great singer, but that the Irish were always brilliant but inaccurate! How hard I worked not to deserve that epithet!"

NEW FIGURES FOR OLD QUICK, SAY THOUSANDS



Posed by professional model

GAINS OF 10 TO 25 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS REPORTED BY USERS

SKINNY people who never could gain an ounce—many who for years had seen themselves held back by a bony, gawky figure—cannot say enough in praise of this remarkable new discovery that has given them normal curves and natural attractiveness they so long had wished for—in just a few weeks!

Doctors know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to

build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap imitations usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on tablets.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.

WEAK, RUNDOWN NERVOUS, SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN!

How
**"Jimmy"
Braddock**
NEW WORLD'S HEAVY-
WEIGHT CHAMPION
Made Startling
Discovery that Added
26 lbs. in 6 Weeks and
Built His Shattering
New Strength!

"It's glands starving for iodine that keep folks run down and skinny," says Jimmy—Build Up Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy This New, Easy Way. 5 Added Lbs. the First Week or No Cost!

Take the advice of the new World's Champion—"Jimmy" Braddock—if you are weak, rundown, underweight and ailing. After searching for years he at last found the quick, scientific way to build up rugged new strength, good solid pounds of hard flesh and dazzling energy. In 6 weeks before the fight he gained 26 lbs.

He says: "Tests convinced me that rundown conditions, poor blood and skinniness come frequently from iodine-starved glands. When those glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight building—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE (don't confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine), even diets rich in fats and starches fail to add weight and produce energy. That's why skinny folks often have huge appetites, yet stay skinny."

With the discovery of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90-foot sea plant harvested off the Pacific coast, you can now be sure of your needed ration of plant iodine in concentrated, easy to take form. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt helps your food to do you good, build rugged strength, add weight and banish fatigue. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1,386 lbs. of lettuce, more calcium than 6 eggs.

Start Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny", you must add 5 lbs. the first week or the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

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. 352, 27-33 West 24th St., New York City.

NAME.....
ST.....CITY.....

Kelpamalt Tablets

As a matter of fact, Anne looks far more Scottish than Irish, with her glorious, creamy complexion, her red gold hair, piquant face with pointed chin, and eyes set at an unusual angle. No picture does her justice, because her two charms do not photograph at all; they are her coloring and her animation.

On her return to Canada, Anne went to see the manager of a local broadcasting station. She sang for him and was engaged immediately for a twenty-six-week commercial program. It had ten more weeks to go and the sponsors paid off her predecessor and put Anne in to finish the contract. This, mind, on the strength of an audition in a room. Anne had never sung over a microphone in her life.

FOR her initial appearance on the air, she had only five hours' notice and one rehearsal with the orchestra. The rehearsal was not in the broadcasting studio. She still had never sung over a microphone when time came for the performance. Narrowly she watched other performers, where they stood, how they talked or sang into the strange new apparatus. The announcer moved up to it, to announce her. Anne stepped forward, the announcer stepped back. They collided violently, and Anne was thrown to the floor! The orchestra had to play her introduction twice. Trembling, terrified and with the breath almost knocked out of her body, Anne made her debut over the air!

In the summer of 1934 Anne suddenly got a hunch that she should go to New York.

She had heard of the auditions then in progress for Hollywood Hotel. The sponsors were looking for a girl to play opposite the star of the program, Dick Powell. Anne had an idea she would try out for the part, but she kept that to herself. She had very little money, just about enough for a ticket to New York and to keep from starving for a couple of weeks.

In New York it wasn't Hollywood Hotel for which she tried out. Instead she presented the one letter of introduction she had brought with her to somebody at NBC. They happened to be giving auditions that afternoon. So Anne, in her turn, was stood up in front of a microphone and told to sing. It wasn't much of an occasion. So she sang naturally, without nervousness. The song they had chosen for her was from Victor Herbert's *The Fortune Teller*.

Why that particular song, no one will ever know. But it chanced that that

particular moment there was in the building a man suffering pangs of mental anguish! He was the director of the Beauty Box Theater, Bill Bacher.

That afternoon, with his program ready to go into rehearsal, he had received word that Gladys Swarthout would be unable to appear in the lead. Where on earth would it be possible to find a substitute voice capable of meeting the demands of the score of Victor Herbert's *The Fortune Teller*?

Anne was half through her test song when Bacher heard her. Six nights later, after she had spent twenty-five solid hours of the intervening period in rehearsals, she stood before the microphone in Radio City, and sang herself into stardom!

In March, 1935, this same Bill Bacher moved out to Hollywood Hotel, which is broadcast direct from Hollywood, California. His first official act on taking over direction was to sign up Anne Jamison and write her into the script as Virginia, the love interest for Dick Powell.

Anne was to leave for the Coast. For months her adored father had been ill. Death had become a hoped-for release in his case, nor could it be long delayed. Anne quailed at the thought of such a separation at such a time. Hollywood was three thousand miles further from Ontario than New York. Again her father made her decision for her. For years he had lived and hoped for this one thing, to see his daughter an established star on a regular program. And this was such a big program! Such a big chance! He would never forgive himself if he, of all people, were to stand in her way.

During the week of rehearsals, Anne wrote and telegraphed her father constantly. What they did not tell her, did not write her from home, was that he was failing fast. The doctors say that by right he should have died two days before he did, that is, two days before his daughter made her initial bow as Virginia of Hollywood Hotel. Sheer will power kept him alive to hear that broadcast, but the old soldier had made up his mind to this last fight and nothing could keep him from winning it. The rest of the family sat grouped around his bed, with the radio on, in an unbearable state of suspense as the time approached. Hollywood Hotel theme swept onto the air. Smoothly, the performance ran its course. Anne sang flawlessly.

As the first notes of the closing theme sounded, Anne Jamison's father died. But he died happy. She had done as he wished.



The "True Story Court of Human Relations" cast enjoy the breezes on the roof of Columbia's New York studios while rehearsing.

**What's New on
Radio Row**

(Continued from page 43)

Murray, the dancing master well known to radio audiences, explains it wasn't the heat but the Cupid-ity! So now you know why Max married a girl that few knew or suspected of being his heart interest.

Speaking of Maxie, this column disclosed nearly a year ago that Max Baer was paying ardent court to a young lady in Washington who was working for her daily bread, instead of sipping tea on Park Avenue. Incidentally, Max Baer's post-nuptial escapades within the week following his marriage cost him his radio contract, which paid \$6000 a week. His sponsor declined to renew the contract, claiming that the unfavorable publicity accrued from his meeting and having supper with Mary Kirk Brown, his former sweetheart, and his unguarded statements to the press that his recent marriage had been a mistake, lessened his value on the air.

EVEN old King Sol in the hottest summer in fifty years, couldn't frighten Dan Cupid, and he picked off one of radio's most eligible young men. Conrad Thibault's sudden marriage to Eleanor Kendall of New York's snootiest society circles, caused the "I Know It Alls" to haul out and brush off their alibis and explanations, because Conrad was supposedly engaged to one of radio's most popular sopranos—and she was more surprised than any one else at Conrad's marriage. Conrad, however, was not a bachelor, but a widower. His wife having died four years ago when Conrad was struggling for recognition.

Other eligible bachelors who are successfully evading cupid are: Lanny Ross, Robert Simmons, Frank Parker, Frank Munn, John Fogarty, Ralph Kirberry, Richard Maxwell, Alden Edkins, John Herrick and also Fred Hufsmith. Although Fred's engagement to Muriel Wilson was announced last fall, no announcement of their marriage has so far been received.

PERSONALITIES well known to the loudspeaker addicts have no difficulty these days landing stage, screen and opera engagements. Because of their definite box-office value, demand for their services is increasing daily in the allied fields of entertainment. Another evidence of this truth is furnished by the new Shubert show, "At Home Abroad." Raymond Knight, the cuckoo comedian, wrote the book and Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, collaborators on "The Gibson Family," of ethereal eminence, composed the lyrics and music. The star is Beatrice Lillie, whose sophisticated comedy won a large following on the airwaves. And the musical director is Al Goodman, one of radio's favorite maestros.

TO this day the aged mother of Russ Columbo is unaware of her son's tragic death. The family takes every precaution to prevent her learning how a ricocheting bullet suddenly fired from an ancient weapon by his best friend ended his brilliant career. Russ is supposed to be in England making pictures and regularly they read to her letters purporting to come from her boy. In this way Russ's long absence from home has been explained to his mother's satisfaction.

In the meantime tragedy has also overtaken Lansing Brown, the friend who discharged the gun. He was run down by a



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther* Those pesky Black-heads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

A Face Cream that Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a penetrating face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (17) **FREE**

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

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

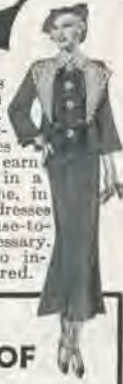
Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

**New, Pleasant Work
for
WOMEN
up to \$23 in a
WEEK**

Represent the leading dress house—**FASHION FROCKS** and show this adorable line of lovely new fall dresses to friends, relatives and neighbors. Styles are stunning. Fabrics are exquisite. Colors are the smartest. Values are amazing. You can earn up to \$23 and more in a week, full or spare time, in addition get your own dresses free. No regular house-to-house canvassing necessary. No experience and no investment ever required.



**Now Ready!
GORGEOUS LINE OF
120 Lovely Fall Dresses**
Many as low as **3 for \$3.98**



Women everywhere love to look at, admire and order these smart new Paris, London and Hollywood styles at less than store prices. Taking their orders is easy, pleasant, fascinating work. You offer them the very latest dresses at distinct savings because we are the makers and sell direct from the largest dress-making plant in the world. Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores but only through authorized representatives.

**Complete Portfolio of
Stunning Styles FREE!**

Send your name and address at once for this marvelous opportunity. Get this elaborate portfolio of dress styles in actual colors with samples of the beautiful fabrics. Just showing it—pays you up to \$23 and more in a week, besides get your own dresses free. Write fully giving dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
DEPT. L-200 CINCINNATI, OHIO

WOMEN WANTED

TO DISPLAY FALL DRESS STYLES
Single or married women. No experience needed. Big pay full or part time—up to \$23.75 in a week. Even housewives get cash first day—latest styles in wool and crepe at special bargain prices. Your own dresses furnished without cost. Write quick for free facts. Send no money—just name on agency card.
L. V. SEDLER CO., INC.
Dept. 20-10 Cincinnati, Ohio



**MAKE
BLOND HAIR
—even in DARK shades
GLEAM with GOLD
in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING**

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dulled and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

motor car and so seriously injured that at one time his life was despaired of. A long siege of hospitalization now faces Brown, the only support of a family, and his situation is made more desperate by financial losses which have reduced him to living on the bounty of friends.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Will an association begun in New York studios end at the altar for Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz? That's a prospect discussed on Radio Row. La Pons went to Hollywood to be perpetuated in celluloid and soon developed a yearning to have her radio musical director make the recordings. She long-distanced Andre at 4 A.M. one night and put the proposition up to him. A few hours later the maestro was coast-bound by airliner. The gossips insist Andre's ready response was inspired by his romantic interest in the diminutive Metropolitan soprano.

A Chicago scout reports Nelson Eddy is much interested in Marguerita Case, heiress to a fortune founded on America's fondness for pie. . . . Has a romance developed between Lucille Manners and Ray Heatherton, singers on the same program? . . . Lucy Monroe, soprano of the "Melodiana" and "Lavender and Old Lace" periods, is the daughter of Ann Laughlin, musical comedy star a generation ago.

If you can keep up with the heart interests of Alice Faye you have more endurance than this department. Anyway, the latest bulletin identifies Dick Stabile, a horn player with Ben Bernie's band, as No. 1 man with Alice now. And probably by the time you read this another Bernie bandsman, Frank Prince, and Grace Bradley, Paramount's titian-haired beauty, will have become Mr. and Mrs. John Tucker Battle, who writes, directs and acts in "Bobby Benson," was recently married to Rosemary Franklin von Brandenburg, the artist. . . . Conductor Harold Barlow is the husband of Ann Winston, the actress.

PHILLIPS LORD was the first to land a sponsor for a series of dramatic sketches based on the exploits of the "G-Men" but there will be others, Courtney Ryley Cooper, the popular author, was about to sign a contract for another series when this was written. And one enterprising advertiser was even trying to persuade the master mind of the Department of Justice detectives, J. Edgar Hoover himself, to go on the air weekly for an extended period.

SIGNBOARDS on the outskirts of the city announce Mena, Arkansas, as the birthplace of Lum and Abner. That's how proud the community is of its most illustrious sons, thus disproving the oft-quoted theory to the effect that a celebrity is without honor in his home town. The Ozark philosophers, by the way, have just signed a contract which will keep them on the air for the same sponsor, Horlick's Malted Milk, for two more years. (See story on page 24.)

THOSE mike veterans, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, can remember when their fan mail averaged 10,000 letters a week. And Burns and Allen achieved the all-time high when they were deluged with 360,000 letters in four days. That was at the peak of Gracie's "missing brother" stunt. Today, listeners rarely take their pens in hand, unless there is a special inducement like a contest, to move them to literary labors.

H. V. Kaltenborn, the globe-girdling news commentator, once toured Europe

on a bicycle. . . . H. A. Ripley writes those "Minute Mystery" thrillers starring Richard Gordon, in the solitude of the Wisconsin woods. The author finds it impossible to do creative work in the city. . . . Ralph Robertson, former West Coast announcer and the voice of "The Hollywood Movie Parade" for Paramount, is now an announcer in the New York studios of WOR.

When President Roosevelt goes on the air with one of his "Fireside Chats" the potential audience is 70,000,000 people. But, of course, there is no accurate way of determining how many millions do hear him. . . . Dick Powell, ambitious for an operatic career, takes daily singing lessons. . . . Ann Balthay, the Mi of the "Do-Re-Mi Girls" trio, claims to be the world's worst speller.

Frances Langford, in Hollywood now nearly a year, appears definitely lost to Radio Row. She has bought land in Holmby Hills where she plans to build her permanent home. She will be a neighbor of Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert. . . . Joan Blaine has a collection of 150 cats. But they are not the kind of felines you think. They are made of china, gingham, porcelain, wood, wool, soap, chocolate or what have you.

Adele Ronson, the Wilma Deering in "Buck Rogers," was once a clothes model for a New York department store. . . . Jim Harkins, veteran showman who pinch-hit for Fred Allen during the latter's vacation and who assists the Town Hall Tonight comedian in the amateur portion of the entertainment, graduated from Davenport College, Iowa, a chiropractor. . . . Connie Gates has a goldfish named "Mildred"—of all things!

You gotta watch your step when you visit Joe Cook's well-named "Sleepless Hollow" estate at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. A trick microphone is Joe's latest invention. Regardless of what you speak into it weird noises and blood-curdling screams come out of the loudspeaker. It is done with recordings.

WOULD you like to be a radio announcer? If so, here are some tips on what kind of words to avoid on the air. They are direct from headquarters, the authority being none other than Vida R. Sutton, NBC's "Magic of Speech" director. Says Miss Sutton:

"Be wary of combinations of esses and res. For instance, the phrase 'The seething sea ceased' is a tongue twister. H-o-r-r-o-r and m-i-r-r-o-r, if the final syllable is given as 'or,' are so difficult that even Jimmy Wallington, a medal winner, avoids them.

"And beware of combinations of sl—slant, slide, slick, slang, etc., they're so often lisped. A word like 'distress' is treacherous—it sounds like 'this dress.' Any sentence in which one word ending in 'st' is followed by one beginning with the letter 's' is dangerous, like the phrase 'analyst's statistics.'"

The word-wise Miss Sutton can even explain such famous boners as Graham McNamee's "gasaloon" for gasoline, Andre Baruch's greeting "Good ladies, evening and gentlemen" and Bill Brenton's advice to drink "A call, tool glass of milk." These lingual lapses, says Miss Sutton, are liable to happen to any announcer, diction honor man or not, for certain words and combinations of words present individual difficulties to individual speakers. The cautious announcer studies the continuity immediately before delivery and when he is confronted with sentences difficult for him schools himself against a slip of the tongue.

**The Program on Which
YOU Are the Star**

(Continued from page 31)

where the fun begins. Sitting back in your easy chair, you hear a young girl asked: "Who is Judge Landis?" And, because you know the right answer, you chuckle and laugh and grin when the girl says he's a football player.

Then the next person is stuck by this problem: "If you put a monkey on a table and walk around the table but the monkey keeps turning so that he is facing you all that time, have you really walked around the monkey or not?"

This time you don't laugh. You sit and ponder. Maybe your wife or your best friend ventures an opinion. You disagree with her or him. And if you get into an argument, the program's been a success as far as the two young men are concerned. That's what they're after—getting you so interested in what is happening that you discuss questions pro and con.

YOU can see, can't you, why this half hour is fun? You may call it nonsensical but, if you tune in, you'll find it creeping into your blood, eating away at your gloom and your grouch. And there's nothing fake about it, either. Those people who get questions hurled at them on the air didn't know five minutes before that they would ever face a microphone. If they did, the program would have been a flop the first time it went on the air.

And if you want proof that this program doesn't get monotonous or boring, consider its record. For three years, these same two young men have been broadcasting every week in Houston, Texas, and when they left to come East and fill the Joe Penner spot, there were loud wails and gnashing of teeth. They had many more listeners their last local program than they had when they started in 1932.

These two young men with the bright idea are Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson, both Texas boys, both advertising men, and both connected with radio in official capacities before they undertook to become performers. Although—

"We aren't stars. All we do is put the show on. It's the people on the street who do the performing. We're just there to see that everything runs smoothly."

It was Jerry Belcher, then a radio station executive in Houston, who really had the idea for this parlor game. He would have started it a long while before, but the question of what bad breaks people might make, what smutty remarks the mike might pick up, held him back. It wasn't until he happened to tune in Ted Husing one noon when Ted was on the street with a pocket microphone asking people whom they were going to vote for for president that Jerry decided to take the chance.

"That same night," Jerry told me, "I was on a business corner of Houston, getting people to speak into the mike. Where our stunt differed from Husing's was that we asked any number of questions, not all of them serious, while Husing asked just one."

Anyway, the whole idea grew by leaps and bounds. After the first month or so, the program blossomed into a full half hour and Jerry called Parks Johnson to his assistance. None of the troubles they had anticipated in fear and trembling developed.

"What people find so hard to believe is that no one ever tries to make a dirty crack while he's on the air. But in three

*"Where have you been
all my life?"*



{Intimate conversation of a lady with herself}

I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before... friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle... you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker... you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else... my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now..."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions... and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more

people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
 EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 P-106 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
 Name _____
 Address _____
*(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
 735 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)*

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

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



**You'll have sound,
strong teeth, young man**
—thanks to your mother

• Yes, sir! You have a good start in life. You were born under normal conditions and while you were nursing, your mother's diet was carefully planned. In addition to her regular diet, your mother always mixed Cocomalt with the milk she drank regularly. That helped a lot—because Cocomalt has a rich content of food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D—the food essentials everyone needs for bones and teeth. Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Produced by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt
The delicious Vitamin D food-drink



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Miss Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart Dept. 183, Chicago.

Roll Your FAT Away

NO DIET • NO MEDICINES • NO EXERCISES •

AN AMAZING invention called Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

**A FEW MINUTES A DAY
ROLLS FAT AWAY**

Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for **FREE** Trial Offer—Today!
Rollette Co., 3826 N. Ashland Av., Dept. 301, Chicago, Illinois



ALICE WHITE
Film Star
LOSES 23 Lbs.
"By using Rollette I have lost 23 lbs. the first month."
Anne Reilly, Milwaukee, Wisc.

years of it, we've only had one man even use the word 'damn' and then he didn't realize he'd done it. They're always so busy trying to answer our questions correctly, they haven't time to think up anything smart or smutty."

Most of the questions have been suggested by letters that fans write in to them. For example, the tongue twister they used on their first national broadcast. Try saying "rubber buggy bumper" fast, really fast, two or three times. That was written in by a man in the middle west. It was so successful, they're hoping more like it will be sent soon.

Lots of the questions are perfect specimens of those tricks used in intelligence tests. Remember this one: which is more, twelve and a half times two or two and a half times twelve? You'd be surprised at the variation of answers you can get with that question.

Often Jerry and Parks have been accused of faking their programs, because they never announce where it is taking place the next week. But they have a sound, sane reason for this. If they so much as mentioned the location of the actual broadcast, swarms of the curious would rush down on them, ruining the program with their shouts and shoving.

"Another thing is the frankness with which people we interview answer questions. That first Sunday night we were in New York, we asked a girl whether or not she liked men to wear mustaches. She said no, emphatically. We asked her why not, expecting the stock answer because it tickles. Instead, she replied, 'Because it's not natural. Just why, I've never figured out.'

"They'll all talk freely, for that matter, if we can just find out what their favorite subject is. Usually we can do that. It's easy from then on. Sometimes, though, we get stuck."

Which brought up the exact point I wanted to make. In three years of interviewing the man on the street, these two must have had some embarrassing moments. Not what you might think, but embarrassing, nevertheless.

There was the afternoon down in Houston, a few months ago, when Jerry found a pretty young newspaperwoman who was willing to go on the air. "I asked her a whole string of questions and she answered them all right off. Then I thought up one she couldn't handle. But instead of getting flustered, she just looked sweetly at me and said into the mike, 'Jerry, you have the loveliest brown eyes.' How could I go on? If Parks hadn't been nearby to come to the rescue, I think the whole show would have ended right there."

PARKS had an embarrassing moment himself the day he attempted to interview a young German naval officer from a German training vessel which had stopped in Houston on a good-will junket.

"The officer spoke very good English, you understand. Although he had an accent, it was not hard to understand him. In fact, I was getting a little jealous of him by the time we were finishing. So, to show I had a knowledge of his language, I tried to say 'thank you' in German. He looked bewildered and shook his head. I tried again, but he still didn't understand. 'Maybe you'd better stick to English,' he advised. I'm still getting letters about that from my friends."

And now that you understand how the parlor game works and why it works, it's time for a description of the game's authors. First, Jerry Belcher, who is tall, lean, good looking, with curly red hair. Another of the reasons he has been so successful in his interviews is his wealth

of experience in meeting people.

Born in Austin, Texas, Jerry went to college at the University of Texas, where he worked on a humorous publication. After two years of war experience, he returned to work on a farm magazine. Since then he's had four years newspaper reporting for the biggest Houston papers. For the past five and a half years he's been commercial manager for a Houston radio station.

Parks Johnson has stuck pretty much to advertising, since he graduated from Emory University and finished three years of war work as a Captain of Infantry. He's been in radio chiefly for station KTRH and has dabbled in newspaper work for the *Houston Post*.

Born in Sheffield, Alabama, he was brought up strictly by a Methodist minister father. He's married now and has two children, a girl, Betty, and a boy, Parks, Jr. His love for the great outdoors traces back to the boyhood years he spent on his grandfather's farm in Georgia.

"It would be my bet, at odds, knowing these two men, that they are destined for quick and brilliant success on the national networks. I'd also venture a wager that this type of program will immediately be copied. Its success formula is too good to be ignored.

Question: What is the newest, screwiest, most enjoyable radio fad that is sweeping the country?

Answer: The Voice of the People, a parlor game for all those who are willing to tune in Sundays nights to Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson.

Your Announcer Is:



BOB TROUT

A southerner, Bob gained his first radio job in a small Virginian station, long before it was part of the CBS unit of stations. Until then, he had been a writer, selling to what the trade calls wood-pulps, or the magazines with not so much class. After distinguishing himself in Virginia, Bob moved to Washington where he made political acquaintances and soon found himself the Presidential announcer, the man who introduced the country's leader to the listening nation. Lately he has been transferred to New York, being made a part of the Public Events and Special Features Department. He is 26, six feet tall, and weighs 150 pounds. The moustache you see was grown when he moved to Washington, because his fellow workers complained he looked too young.

Bobby Benson's School-

Day Dishes

(Continued from page 47)

over low fire with diced salt pork. When onions turn golden cover with water and add diced carrot, chopped, peeled tomatoes, celery, parsley, bayleaf and other seasonings. Cover pan and simmer for an hour. Add potatoes, simmer until potatoes are cooked through. While mixture is cooking, strain juice from clams, then run clams through meat chopper. Add clams and juice to mixture and cook for a half hour. Before serving, add more salt if necessary and parsley stalks.

Billy's main meal is dinner at night and that's the time when he really gets enthusiastic about food.

"We always have dinner about seven," he explained, "in fact, all my meals are at regular hours. My program time gives me a break that lots of radio people don't get, and so far I've been lucky enough to keep a regular schedule. I leave the studio a little after six—my father always drives me home and he's a regular cowboy on the road—and by a few minutes after seven we're at the table.

"We have steak or breaded pork chops quite a lot—I don't know which I like better—and chicken, roasts or sea food. All sea food is good, I think, but my favorite is halibut steak. We nearly always have potatoes for dinner, mashed, baked, or French fried, but the best way of all I think is to make potato patties. We have lots of vegetables, of course, and there's always a salad."

LIKE many other and older radio stars, Billy prefers a simple salad of mixed vegetables—lettuce or other greens, cucumbers, and any other salad ingredients which are in season. But to win Billy's unqualified approval a salad must have plenty of lettuce, tomatoes and green peppers, and be decorated with strips of pimiento.

"There's one dish that we all go for, though," Billy explained, "almost a family celebration dish. That's a Russian dish, called shaslik. We like it best made of lamb, but other meats can be used."

And here is Mrs. Halop's recipe for shaslik. Try it some time, then sit back and wait for applause from your family.

SHASLIK

Shaslik may be made with beef, veal or lamb. Select lean meat and cut it into one-inch cubes. Thread sufficient cubes on a long skewer for a serving, broil until cooked to taste, usually well done in the case of veal and lamb, fairly rare for beef. The traditional method of cooking is over a charcoal fire or a bed of coals, but the family broiler will produce just as delicious results. If desired, the diced meat may be marinated for an hour before cooking in vinegar to which salt, pepper and a little olive oil have been added. For variation, alternate the meat cubes with slices of tomato, green pepper or mushrooms. Another method of cooking is to cut the meat in strips about an inch wide and wind them around the skewers.

With the shaslik a mixed salad such as the one described above is served, but to maintain the Russian flavor caviar is added—a ring of black caviar around the salad, and a little mound of red caviar to top it.

Then we got to the all important item of dessert and like all boys Billy displayed great enthusiasm.

"My favorites are apple cake, straw-



Sounds crazy,

BUT IT WORKS!

EAGLE BRAND CARAMEL PUDDING

1 can (or more cans) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

Place one or more unopened cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed in boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours. (CAUTION—keep can well covered with water.) Chill. Keep in can till needed. To serve, dip can in hot water. Punch hole in bottom. Remove entire top of can. Loosen contents with knife dipped in hot water. Turn on plate and slice. May be served on pineapple slices.

Actually! This puddig makes itself right in the can!

- Try it. It's the best caramel puddig you ever put in your mouth. Keep several cans of caramelized Eagle Brand on hand. • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MG-105, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)
 This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.



Soothe
THOSE TIRED EYES!

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE
 FOR YOUR EYES

Now Ready

The BUYING GUIDE of a Million Women

Larkin CATALOG!

SAVE real dollars. See the lovely new Edna May Dresses priced as low as \$1. See the widely celebrated line of Larkin Products and the hundreds of valuable Premiums. Read about the Larkin Cozy-Home Club with its 50¢ payments that fit the housekeeping budget. Invest one cent wisely. A postcard brings you your free copy of the new Larkin Catalog. 666 Seneca St. Larkin Co. Inc. BUFFALO, N. Y.

OLSON RUGS



"MY OLD RUGS AND CLOTHING SAVED ME ABOUT \$ 20"

CHOICE OF 60 EARLY AMERICAN & ORIENTAL MASTERPIECES, SOLID COLORS—regardless of colors in your material.

NEVER before have rugs with so much Character, deep-textured Luxury, distinction of Weave, Color and Design, been offered at Prices So Low. Before you buy a rug anywhere, at any price, learn why two million women prefer these finer Olson Reversible Rugs to one-sided Velvets, Axminsters or Wiltons, Double Wear and Luxury at 1/2 the cost.

SPECIAL SIZES YOU CAN'T GET IN STORES
FACTORY-TO-YOU. Ship your old materials Express or Freight from any state at our expense. You risk nothing by trial. 61st year.

Write **OLSON RUG CO., Dept. W-19**
 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Beware of Agents



SENT FREE
 This Big Book in COLORS

Mail 1c postal or name & address in margin.

the **CHORE GIRL** PURE KNITTED COPPER
 INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
 Half-times kitchen work
 Patented parallel outer layers provide—
 "Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price



Now Only **10¢ a Day**
 AFTER 10 Day **FREE Trial**
No Money Down Fully GUARANTEED

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized \$100 office model Underwood No. 5 for only \$39.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 3-row keyboard, backspace, automatic ribbon reverse, shiftlock key 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Lowest Terms—10¢ a Day
Money-Back Guarantee
 Send coupon for 10-day Trial—
 if you decide to keep it pay only \$3.00 a month until \$44.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
 231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 1003

Send Underwood No. 5 (E. G. B. Chicago) at once for 10-day trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$44.90 (term price) in full.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....
 State.....

berry shortcake and banana layer cake with whipped cream. In summer I eat lots of banana splits for dessert too—they put on weight and I usually lose in the summer. My mother doesn't think too many rich desserts are good, though, so several nights a week we have fruit—fresh berries or peaches, stewed peaches or pears. They're all good, but give me apple cake!"

"What about this business of eating between meals?"

"I don't eat between meals very often," Billy replied. "With the 'three squares' a day I don't usually want to. But if I do get hungry and have time for it I like a frosted float. It's really a frosted chocolate, made with chocolate ice cream, with

an extra scoop of chocolate ice cream added after it's mixed. Of course it has lots of milk in it and that's good for you."

So the next time you have difficulties with the young appetite, tune in "Bobby Benson" and remind your young hopeful that the boy he enjoys listening to has a definite diet regime to which he must conform, then tempt his appetite with some of the Bobby Benson recipes.

If you would like to have the recipes for potato patties à la Bobby Benson and for his favorite apple cake, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, c/o RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, with your request.

Beauty à la Ramona

(Continued from page 46)

time I have at the moment for beauty care."

This kit contains a jar of her favorite cold cream, a box of the face powder which she mixes for herself, a bottle of witch hazel, a jar of white vaseline, a bottle of prepared eye-wash and plenty of cleansing tissues. Here's how she uses them:

"The very first thing I do is to squeeze off all the mascara on my lashes with a wash-cloth dampened in warm water. This must be done very gently, so as not to injure the eyes or wrinkle the skin around them. I really wipe the color off, using a gentle outward motion from root to tip. Then I wash my whole face thoroughly with a good antiseptic soap. I'm partial to the one I use because it lathers in any water, hard or soft, hot or cold, an important thing for travelers. Finally, I rinse my face well in lots of lukewarm water.

"Now I'm ready to use my cold cream, a very good but inexpensive brand of cleansing cream. I think that's one of the great advantages of my beauty care. It's so simple and there aren't any expensive ingredients. I remove the excess cream with tissues, but I don't rub it in or scrape it off; I want to leave a thin protective film on my face. I finish off with several cold rinses (if the water isn't cold enough, I put ice in it), and I'm ready for bed.

"If my eyes are very tired, or I've been out in wind and dust, I use an eye-wash of which I'm very fond. Sometimes, as a special treat, I soak cotton pads in this same liquid and leave them on my eyelids while I relax for about fifteen minutes. If my skin is wind-burned or unusually dry, I put on a thin coating of white vaseline (and it *doesn't* grow hair); after a few minutes, I use a tissue to remove any extra oiliness. On the other hand, if my skin has become exceptionally oily, I use witch hazel as an astringent."

For individual use, it's a good idea to experiment a bit and find the special oily or dry treatment which is best adapted for your skin. There are an unusual number of very good astringents on the market today which are economical and espe-

cially designed to close large pores or remedy other defects. Then, too, there are fine creams created for dry skins to bring out the natural oil under the surface. "I experiment a lot," Ramona confesses, "but I have one standing rule: If a preparation hurts, I don't use it."

"I follow the same treatment in the morning that I do at night, and I don't have to use any powder base; there's just enough cream left on my skin after the cold rinses to hold the powder. I use two lipsticks, a suntan orange for daylight and a standard light tint for artificial illumination.

"The only eye make-up I wear is mascara. There's a very good personal reason for this. Eye-shadow deepens the shadows in my face and makes it look thinner; I don't use cheek rouge, either, because that adds hollows to my face and lengthens it. On the other hand, Durelle Alexander, that cute kid who has been singing with us since last April, looks much better with eye-shadow and rouge."

SHE has a very charming "baby face," as different in type as possible from Ramona's. A round face needs skillful make-up, and the more shadows the better, because they break up the flat planes and give the features more contour. However, some long faces can be shortened by the use of rouge, depending entirely on the individual bony structure. Both girls wear mascara, Ramona because it gives expression to her eyes, and expression is very important when she's putting over a song before a visible audience. When I asked them, they agreed in chorus that expressive eyes were the most important adjunct to beauty—and popularity. So, girls, play up your eyes. Give them a good setting, and then use them!

If you'll just drop me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I'll be only too happy to send you the names of the cold cream, the lathery soap, the reliable eye-wash, or any of Ramona's cosmetics—or advise you on your own special problems. Address Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

STREAMLINING CONNIE GATES

The thrilling true story of a girl who became conscious of her own deficiencies—and did something about it—something that has made her one of the loveliest and most promising stars on the air today. You've heard Connie Gates on her radio program but have you ever suspected the revolution she experienced not many months ago? An inspiring feature, in next month's RADIO MIRROR, on sale, SEPTEMBER 25.

Eddie Guest & Son

(Continued from page 18)

murderers, listening to wild tales from the pampas grass and the Wyoming hills, and wrote them all in his emotional, convincing style. He made many friends among those men whom Fate had pitched into the underworld's trackless sea of crime. He numbered just as many friends on the other side of the fence, among the policemen who tracked these mongrels of society.

Now and then a bit of verse would creep into his articles. Readers loved it. So many letters poured in that the wise editor gave Eddie a column called "Blue Monday" in which he could wax poetic once a week. His verse was always filled with homely philosophy and flavored with timely truths. And because he never got long-haired or hid himself away to a desert rendezvous to woo the muse, Edgar Guest through that "Blue Monday" column became the idol of every household his paper reached. Almost overnight, Eddie Guest found himself an universally acknowledged poet.

But he wasn't interested in that. His hands itched to type out a good story for the night edition. He missed the familiar yell of "Eddie, scram uptown and get that story—there's a fire near the Cass Theater."

Agonizing months rolled by, and every day took him farther from the rewrite desk. He couldn't quit and chuck it all to go out and look for another job. He had a wife and family of his own to support, now. So he worked hard, pushed himself relentlessly at writing verse. Then a syndicate saw possibilities in his work. It called him "The Poet of the Home." The thing he had feared brought both fame and fortune to his door.

But his heart was still in newspaper work. So he was more than pleased, naturally, when his son Bud decided on a journalistic career. They spent memorable evenings together, those two, planning for the day when Edgar A. Guest, Jr., would have an office next to his dad's.

"I'm not really a poet," Eddie said, today. "I wouldn't be caught dead with any other name than Eddie Guest, the newspaper man. You know, I couldn't quit newspaper work."

If you can't find Reporter Eddie Guest, Sr., at the office, look for him at his home. He'll most likely be out grubbing the garden or pruning trees under the careful supervision of John, the gardener. But take my advice and never go snooping around there looking for Edgar A. Guest the poet. He'd probably sic the dog on you!

If you're fortunate enough to drop in some night about dinner time when Bud and Eddie are home from work, you'll understand just what we mean. Their conversation is full of headlines, scoops and news yarns.

"The same policemen are still around town," Eddie says, with a twinkle in his bright blue eyes. "My son tells about them. Only now they're captains and sergeants."

"Sure, I helped Bud get his job. Because it's what he wanted to do, just as I wanted to. It's a job that offers a good future to any man who won't soldier or make excuses because the work is hard."

"What's that you say? Life hasn't always been a bed of roses for me? I know it. So why should Bud have to start where I did? I missed a great part of youth. He won't, if I can help it. But pshaw! We're both newspaper men at heart. That's why I helped him."

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Million Dollar Breaks

(Continued from page 41)

do it come what may. And he really did. Examples multiply. Ten years ago Muriel Wilson fractured her skull in an auto accident. During the long, dreary days in the hospital, she took up voice study and you'll agree that she made good. A car broke down near the girlhood home of Annette Hanshaw and to amuse the strangers while the car was being fixed, Annette sang for them. A week later Annette was headed for New York to make some records and later to go on radio. Shirley Howard, working on a Philadelphia daily, went backstage once to interview Rudy Vallee and while waiting, sang a few bars with the band which was rehearsing. Rudy heard her, gave her an audition and spotted her in his big show.

BUT here's one of the strangest tales of all. You've read reams of stuff about Paul Whiteman but ten to one you don't know how Paul got his first big break, since it is one of those things that seldom leaks out. Paul came from the Coast to the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City in 1921. No one in the East knew him from Adam. There were four people present when Whiteman opened and a few more the next night. But here's how Lady Luck enters.

The Victor Talking Machine Company was holding a convention in Atlantic City that week and you know how they cut loose at conventions and have a good time. Some of the boys happened in on Paul one night and reported to one of the chiefs that Paul had a swell band, an absolute sensation, a world beater. Just to kid the "exec" along, they said several companies were hot on Paul's trail and ready to sign him up exclusively. Almost in no time flat, a contract was shoved at Paul at a perfectly wild figure.

The morning after the night before in the Victor camp there was trouble aplenty. Who put over this cockeyed deal, anyway, signing up an unknown at such a figure? It was preposterous. But a contract was a contract. The only fair way was to make good and build Whiteman up. The Victor Company began to ballyhoo Paul Whiteman in one of the biggest campaigns in history. But don't forget, Paul had something on the ball. He grabbed his chance and lived up to his billing. One of the first records he made was "Whispering," which sold over two million platters. The company realized on this one record alone and Paul went over in a big way!

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Confessions of a "Gongster"

(Continued from page 15)

people. There's no greater excitement on earth than lifting a man out of a drab, humdrum existence and placing him in the spotlight. To see the sparkle come in a girl's eyes when she learns that she's won a first prize is worth the whole week's work.

Of course some amateurs are more successful than others. Some really make the professional grade on high. For instance, the garbage man you may have heard with me this spring. Did you know that right now he is singing every night at Marden's Riviera, a swank night club on the Hudson River? But even a greater thrill was mine early in July. Doris Wester, ten days after her first professional appearance on my show, opened in the Rainbow Room. And I assume you know that the Rainbow Room is about the highest of all high-hat places in Manhattan to go to. That's what makes it seem so worthwhile—people like that going ahead to much great glory, after a three-minute appearance before the microphone.

SOMETHING else people insist on trying to find out is, of course, a thing I don't usually tell them. But since I'm revealing all in this article, I'll let you in on my most embarrassing moment, which really wasn't so embarrassing after all, the way it turned out.

It was a night almost a year ago in Madison Square Garden, where I was broadcasting my original Amateur Hour. When his turn came, a young man slouched to the mike, a surly look on his face. I asked him, as I almost invariably do, what his work was in private life.

"What's that to you?" he snapped. "It's none of your business. I came here to sing, not to tell you anything about myself." I think even the microphone got red at that. I know I did. But I also knew that there was some reason for his reply. Something was troubling him. So I answered:

"Maybe you're right. Maybe it's none of my business. But I think it is. After all, you're an amateur and part of the game is answering my questions." I went on talking to him and after a while he told me his story. He was a college graduate, out of work, and he thought he was a failure. Before he was through we were friends and everything was serene. He had a good voice, too.

ANOTHER time, when a young man didn't do very well and got the gong, he snapped "Oh nertz!" and walked away from the microphone. I hurriedly called him back. "Tell me more," I urged. "Did you mean day nurse or night nurse?" He smiled and made some reply which covered his first remark up. But if he hadn't suddenly regained his sense of humor, I'd have been in a real spot.

I've found that just a minute or so of talking usually clears up any trouble or misunderstanding an amateur and I might have. There's also the young performer (usually a girl, it seems) who becomes frightened before the mike. I can see her knees buckle and the color leave her face. In that moment she hasn't any idea where she is. So I talk, ask her about her family, her job, anything she can answer automatically. After a few seconds or so, she's recovered and goes on. That's why, some nights, you hear me keep an amateur in conversation much longer than usual.

Another question that so many want answered makes me realize that I must be

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Organ Ukulele
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Hawaiian Guitar
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You, too, can quickly teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right at home. To prove that you can, let us send you our Booklet and valuable Demonstration Lesson FREE.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play,

and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And the cost averages only a few pennies a day! Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of

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... to ANY Shade you Desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, sulfurous women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a rinse, it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair, grows dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

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Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 44)

But not so now that we've had Horace Heidt at the Drake Hotel and Ted Fio Rito at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

In the early days of radio Ted and Dan Russo rose to early broadcasting fame at that same hotel where their band, called the Orioles, broadcast from what was then the crystal studio. That was back in the days when Correll and Gosden broadcast from that same studio as a song and patter team—long before they took up blackface characters.

Russo and Fio Rito drifted apart. Dan is still an orchestra leader playing around the country but without the fame and fortune that have come to Ted. Ted used to spell his last name Fiorito but came the day when he took the song "Rio-Rita" for his theme and then the name became Fio Rito. He married Madeline La Salle Hammond who was Miss Cook County of 1931 and just a few weeks ago their infant child, Theodore A. Fio Rito, was baptized at Our Lady of Sorrows church in Chicago.

Horace Heidt came to Chicago from the West Coast where his band played theaters for many years. In Chicago's Drake Hotel he has suddenly become locally famous and probably will rise to national fame as a result.

Women! Earn up to \$22 in a Week!

SNAG-PROOFED HOSE
WEARS TWICE AS LONG!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Easy! Call on Friends

Yest RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery bills cut in half. Every woman wants SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual sample—how we'll send you TWO ACTUAL, FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but send your hose size. Do it now.

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New service! Hosiery to fit extremely tall and short women! No extra charge. Write for details.

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE
Make big money in spare time—easy. Cash name at once for complete equipment containing TWO ACTUAL, FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but send your hose size. Do it now.

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. R-11, Indianapolis, Ind.

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REVOLUTIONARY invention banishes old-style clothes brushes forever! Never anything like it! Amazing 3-way cleaning—by vacuum—brushing—chemical action. Keeps clothing spot and stain. Also cleans hats, drapes, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc.! Saves cleaning bills. Low priced. Lasts for years.

SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Retire—send in your name TODAY!

KRISTE MFG. CO.
440 Bar St. Akron, Ohio

AGENTS! Big Money!
New, easy plan. Simply show and take orders. No experience needed. No risk. **FREE OUTFIT**. Write today for all details.

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Big FREE book in colors tells new easy way. You don't need experience. We show you how to decorate beautiful Art Novelties right in your own home by simple "3-step" method. No tedious study. Everything furnished, including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homecrafters Outfit. Big profit per piece for decorating. Just sit at home, and make up to \$25 to \$50 a week—full time or spare time.

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Please send big Free Book and FREE LESSON. This does not obligate me in any way.

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ERIC SAGERQUIST, director of the First Nighter orchestra, thought he was doing two Porto Rican lads a good turn when in reply to their request for some discarded instruments he sent them two old saxophones. Then Eric read in the papers that Lanny Ross had sent the same two boys some instruments. Wondering if it was a racket Sagerquist got in touch with the United States Attorney in San Juan. The attorney reported that the

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 \$1 Treatment
 for only 25¢

Here is a Special Offer to stomach sufferers who have never used V.M. sensational new DRUGLESS treatment for acid stomach, inflammations, stomach and duodenal ulcers and ulcerative colitis. V.M. contains no soda, no blamuth, no magnesium or other alkalies—NO DRUGS OF ANY KIND. Sworn-to reports from prominent doctors and leading hospitals tell of remarkable results secured in thousands of cases. **MANY OF WHICH HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN GIVEN UP AS HOPELESS.** We want every stomach sufferer to try V.M. at OUR EXPENSE and so offer to send a regular \$1.00 Treatment for only 25¢ to pay the packing and shipping charges. **THIS IS A SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW USERS ONLY.** Along with this treatment we will send sensational booklet, giving SWORN-TO reports from doctors and hospitals. Write at once and send 25¢ only in stamps or all over to Dept. 158, V.M. PRODUCTS, 500-510 North Dearborn, Chicago.

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 ... IN ONE MINUTE ...

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PERSICERON. Quickly relieves the itching torture of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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SEND NO MONEY Pay postman 97¢ delivery charge. 20 yard bundle \$1.25 postage paid, money with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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 Dept. 5-40, Greenfield, Mass.

NEW Deodorizer for Bathrooms

AGENTS...UP TO \$5 & \$8 IN A DAY

HERE'S an invention that housewives everywhere eagerly welcome. At last a way to banish unpleasant odors in bathrooms. The new improved patented Bowl-Titer inside the toilet bowl, actually seems to absorb odors and replace them with a delicate perfume that everybody likes. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Every home a prospect! One of 10 Red HOT SELLERS. Agents clean up \$5 to \$8 in a day. (Special distributor's proposition also on request.) Write at once for details and full size Free Sample.

THE PURO CO., Dept. P-2164 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

boys, musically inclined but too poor to finish their eighth-grade schooling, had hit upon the idea of getting instruments this way and financing their education by forming a local band. They had written in amusingly broken English to two hundred Americans, musicians and music firms!

BUNNY BERIGAN, trumpet player who is known among New York's musicians as the "hottest man in town," hails from Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

DON McNEILL, popular NBC announcer on the Climalene Carnival, thought his six feet two of height and 187 pounds of weight made him a BIG man—until he recently met Primo Carnera at Hot Springs, Ark!

SOME one at WLS became statistically minded and figured out these:
 Fan mail amounts to almost two million letters a year.
 The barn dance has played 170 consecutive weeks at the Eighth Street Theatre, two shows a week. Total paid attendance 355,726.
 The barn dance has been on the air more than eleven years.

MORGAN EASTMAN, conductor of the Edison Symphony as well as the Carnation Contented orchestra, has had some very embarrassing moments. There was the time during a symphony concert when a sparrow got in the hall and flew into the mouth of the tuba. And the time when during a parade in Cleveland the drum major of the brass band signalled "Column Left" and marched into a saloon for a beer while the band marked time outside. Once at the conclusion of a concert, a woman marched solemnly down the aisle and presented Morgan with a black wreath. But worst of all was the time when, while conducting, he let the baton slip from his fingers. It flew straight up in the air and came down on Morgan's music rack. The musicians still think he did it on purpose.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, once a famous film star and now WGN's broadcaster of Hollywood gossip, reports the story of a quickie producer in filmdom's earlier days. "A 'quickie' is a film thrown together hurriedly. In those days, Bushman reports, they often didn't even read their scripts until it was time to shoot the film. Nothing like that ever happens to his broadcasts for now he demands lots of time for complete and full rehearsal and timing of each program. But to illustrate how things were done sometimes in Hollywood's early days Bushman passes this one on.

The producer wired his New York agent to buy a certain magazine story for filming. The next day he wired again, demanding action and the third day he resorted to the long distance telephone. Such an unprecedented (in those days) expenditure impressed the New York man. He said:

"You must want that story pretty badly. When do you want to start it?"
 "Start it?" yelled the producer. "It's finished and I want clearance to the title!"

BASIL LOUGHRANE may be an expert in Chicago's radio dramas but his little niece doesn't think much of it. When her folks wanted to tune in one of his shows she protested: "When Uncle Basil talks on the radio I can't dance."

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Free Sample Demonstrates Amazing Doubly Effective Method!

MUST every woman live constantly in fear of suffering? "Not at all!" say many thousands who have found new happiness and confidence by using Boro-Pheno-Form in marriage hygiene. Originated by a well-known physician for his own practice, its remarkable effectiveness alone soon won coast to coast popularity. Hundreds have written of continued satisfaction 5 to 20 years or more! That record should banish doubt and fear from any mind!

So why imperil health with harsh drugs, some of which are actually poisonous? Their effect at best is perilously brief. Boro-Pheno-Form Suppositories give **DOUBLE** effectiveness—**IMMEDIATE** effectiveness on application and **CONTINUED** effectiveness afterward. Amazingly powerful, yet gently soothing, even beneficial, to inflamed or irritated tissues.

So convenient too! Ready to use, no clumsy apparatus—no mixing—no danger of overdose or burns, and no telltale antiseptic odor. Instead, they are actually deodorizing and are used by many fastidious women for that purpose alone. One trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal marriage hygiene method—and trial will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon below for a liberal **FREE SAMPLE** and informative booklet.

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Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just 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.

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

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



What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 51)

\$1.00 PRIZE

"Contests! Contests! Contests!" exclaims a robust looking housewife. "This country is contest crazy. And most of the craziness comes from radio programs. Why, every time you turn the dial the announcer is telling of some new contest." Then she adds in a harder voice: "Everyone knows you can't win one of the prizes unless a miracle happens."

This is the attitude of quite a few people in the country but certainly they are the minority. The persons who talk like that never enter a contest, so they base their opinion on what seems to them a foolish waste of time both on the part of the sponsor as well as the contestant. They have not found the splendid hobby it makes, a perfect one, in fact, for a housewife with a few idle hours on her hands every day. Not only is there a chance to win a substantial amount of spending money but it actually is fun. That's a fact. Try it some time.

MRS. MARGARET D. MILLAR,
St. Paul, Minn.

RE: CHARLES WINNINGER
\$1.00 PRIZE

Dear Editor:

Replying to your letter in your August issue to Uncle Charlie:

True, the Show Boat is not the same now as formerly, because Charlie Winninger is a master showman and a real artist. However, the present Show Boat is so excellent, the difference is not great. It is still a great Show Boat. One star dropping from a constellation makes little difference, even though it be one of the first magnitude.

Trying to be another anybody else is just silly. Let Cap'n Henry be just himself, and everyone is better off.

The Tent Show, moulded over the same pattern exactly as the Show Boat, is a very fine show also. Both are about equal.

Charles Winninger is back on the air in the Tent Show, so why lament, and where's the loss to anyone?

WILL R. STERLING, Cantor, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Dear Editor:

Re your letter to Uncle Charlie, I would like to say a few words. If Maxwell House Coffee could only know what they did when they let Charles Winninger go, they would indeed call him back at any cost. Regardless how many Captain Henrys they get there is only one and that one is Charles himself. The Show Boat has become just a mechanical machine since he left, and it's indeed a shame, for they have some wonderful talent. Take Muriel Wilson—she has one of the finest voices ever heard on the air, and how much do you ever hear her? Perhaps one little song and hardly that. Then there are Lanny, Conrad, Helen and all the rest. Whatever program Charles Winninger is on, everyone in the cast gives him their very best. So that is why I say Charles will always carry his audience wherever he goes.

MISS LUCILLE HAWTHORNE,
Columbus, Ohio.

Honorable Mention

"If there's truth in the report that Ed Wynn's vacation from the Texaco pro-

WOMEN-EARN MONEY
Demonstrating **KELLOGG FIGURE-CONTROL**
New fascinating career requires no experience—pays five income, full or spare time. Women wanted to demonstrate and make customers for wonderfully improved **KELLOGG Figure-Control Garments**, Nationally known. Many exclusive features. Amazing low prices. Write today for details and sample garment offer.
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Tired? Run-down? Subject to constipation and indigestion or if your complexion is cloudy and without color it's time you return to the "natural way to health". Are you proud of your figure? Is your appetite good? Or have you been doctoring without results? Then by all means send today for our marvelous little book "STRETCHING FOR HEALTH". It takes only 10 minutes a day and we guarantee results in 10 days! Send 50¢ for your copy today and learn of our **FREE health question service**.
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The Akron Lamp & Mfg. Co.,
AGENTS: \$8, \$12, \$16 a day—remarkable sales records.
370 Iron Bldg., Akron, Ohio

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AGENTS: **50¢ \$24 in a WEEK**
New kind of Silk Hose, Chiffons and Service Weights—have "tight-twist" threads—ends snag. 2 pairs guaranteed to wear 3 mos., 4 pairs 6 mos. Agents Big money full or part time demonstrating, in addition get your own hose free. Grace Wilbur, Iowa, reports \$37.10 profit in 9 hours. Westberg earned over \$100 one week. Demonstrating equipment supplied. Write, giving hose size.
WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
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What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has thick, wavy hair now, although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp.

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Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe trouble and get FREE BOOK. Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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gram is to be a permanent one, then it is Texaco and not Wynn that deserves the label 'perfect fool.'"... C. C. McMILLAN, Oakland, Calif.

"There are orchestras and singers to give dance and popular tunes, so why do organists 'horn in' on that type of music?"—MRS. RUTH MAYO, Corsicana, Texas.

"Why, if a program has turned out to be exceptionally entertaining, can it not be repeated?"—MARION KLAVONS, Detroit, Michigan.

"Every sick person should have a radio even if they have to wear the same pajamas every day for a week!"—DIXIE STANBERRY, El Paso, Texas.

"Why not have the amateurs divided into different groups such as comedians, opera singers, blues singers, etc., and give all contestants a chance?"
MRS. C. E. KLABBATZ, Trenton, N. J.

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"Speeches, lectures and plays are not for me for the reason that most speakers talk too fast and RUNTHEIRWORDSTOGETHERLIKETHIS."—M. A. PETERSON, Waterloo, Iowa.

Your Announcer Is:



DAVID ROSS

The oldest CBS announcer from the standpoint of service, David Ross is also practically the smallest, standing only five feet two inches. Born and brought up in New York, he studied the classics at City College, specialized in scientific agriculture at Rutgers, then learned journalism at New York University. Later, he became the secretary to a Russian baroness who come from Russia, a superintendent of an orphan asylum, and a literary critic. In 1925 he was taken to a radio studio, went on the air without rehearsal and was hired as staff announcer two weeks later. In 1927 he became a staff announcer for CBS. Besides announcing face lotions and gasoline, Ross is especially known for his pioneer work in reading poetry over the air. He's married and has two children.

It Gets in My Hair!



Dullness—That Drab, Lifeless Appearance

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the SHAMPOO
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BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR
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LEARN DANCE 50¢ TO
Why be a lonely, unpopular wall-flower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to the old favorites—at home, in private without teacher, music or partner? Complete course of old favorites, including Tango, Waltz, etc., only 50c; so simple even a child can learn quickly. Send stamps, cash or M. O. Large course 60 lessons, includes Tap Dancing, Tango, etc. \$1.95. (C. O. D. orders 25c extra and postage.)
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 with New
 GIANT
 THEATRE-
 SONIC
 (LESS TUBES) **SPEAKER**

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN



PUSH-BUTTON TUNING
 (Noises Suppressed)

Now, Push Button Silent Tuning is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations... suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design
 (Patent Pending)

Establishes new radio style overnight! The V-Front Dispersing Vanes were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of a study of directional effect of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Vanes spread the beautiful lacework of the "highs" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles... and chassis... in four colors.

FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY

Brilliant

Concert Tone

Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles, being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations—W1XBS, W9XBY, W2XR and W6XAL. Glorious new Acousti-tone is achieved... assuring life-like, crystal-clear "concert" realism.

V-FRONT



EVERYWHERE radio enthusiasts are saying: "Have you seen the new 18-tube, 6 tuning ranges, Acousti-Tone V-Spread Midwest?" It's an improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. This amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube radio... is not obtainable in retail stores... but is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant!) Out-performs \$250.00 sets. Approved by over 120,000 customers. Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with: One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee.

80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES

Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive, explain Midwest super performance and world-wide reception... enable Midwest to bring in weak distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to locals. They prove why many orchestra leaders use Midwest radios to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and foreign orchestras. Only Midwest tunes as low as 4½ meters... only Midwest offers push button tuning and Acousti-Tone V-spread design. See pages 12 to 20 in FREE catalog. Read about advantages of 6 tuning ranges—offered for first time—E, A, L, M, H and U... that make this super deluxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios... offer tuning ranges not obtainable in other radios at any price.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy at wholesale price direct from laboratories... saving 30% to 50%. Increasing costs

SAVE UP TO 50%



are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance... NOW... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. You can order your 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to come yourself to our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50%... you get 30 days FREE trial... as little as \$5.00 puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write today, for FREE catalog.

Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

Two Strikes on Other Radios!

Chicago, Ill.—It's as big a thrill as smacking one over the fence to bring in distant foreign stations like locals. Midwest radios are the best obtainable and have two strikes on any other make.

Larry Whitsett "Gabby" Hartnett
 (Chicago Cubs)



England, Spain, Italy, Most Every Night

Washington, D. C.—We are more pleased with our Midwest every day. We tune in GSB, London—EAQ, Spain—DJC, Germany—12RO, Rome, etc., most every evening with local volume. Robert H. Gerhardt.



METAL TUBES

This Midwest is furnished with the new glass-metal counterpart tubes. Set sockets are designed to accept glass-metal or METAL tubes, without change. Write for FREE facts.

MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP., Dept. 51-D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog, complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer, and FREE Miniature Rotating 18-tube Dial. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents
 Make Easy
 Extra Money
 Check Here
 for
 Details

Name.....
 Address.....
 Town..... State.....
 Check here, if interested in a Midwest Auto Radio.

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

DEPT. 51-D CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.

Established 1920 Cable Address MIRACO All Codes

WEARING THIS *Unique* NEW RING BRINGS YOU FLOOD OF DOLLAR BILLS

HAS STRANGE INFLUENCE THAT CHARMS PROSPECTS INTO BUYING . . .

World's greatest dollar bill magnet. Draws cash dollars into your pockets as surely as it attracts attention on your finger. Nothing else like it. Actually charms people into buying. Do but little more than wear this fascinating ring—and a flood of dollars is let loose on you. Simply show it—and the money is yours for the taking. Unbelievable? Just try it and see. This sensational new ring is already bringing thousands of dollars in cash to others. It can do the same

for you. Women will find this an ideal profit maker. Nothing to carry. No money to invest. Just wear ring and handle the cash. Full or spare time. Splendid way to get money for smart new clothes or furniture for the home, cash to pay bills or to live on. Read the facts about this wonderful ring. Then use this gripping money maker to put cash in your hands.



SECRET PROCESS CREATES RING FROM ANY SIZE PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT

No wonder this unique ring can pile up such amazing profits for you. It is, without a doubt, the most sensational ring development of the 20th century. After years of patient research, countless experiments, I have uncovered a marvelous secret that has been unknown to man for ages—a revolutionary process that enables me to take any size snapshot or photo and permanently reproduce it on an onyx-like black ring. Reproduction clear and sharp. Becomes permanent part of ring. Lasts a lifetime. Cannot chip or fade. Mother's, daughter's, wife's, husband's or sweetheart's photo reproduced on ring—a lifetime remembrance that will be cherished even more highly as the years go by. Photo returned unharmed with ring.



PHOTO
RETURNED
UNHARMED
WITH
RING

MERELY SHOW SAMPLE RING and Grab the Dollar Bills

When anyone speaks of a ring you think of an expensive piece of jewelry costing anywhere from \$10.00 to \$500.00. But this Portrait Ring sells for the LOW price of ONLY \$2.00. Think of it! How can this ring help selling like wildfire at this almost unbelievably low price? And here is the best news of all. Out of the \$2 you get \$1 profit. One dollar on every sale. Can't you see yourself stuffing dollar bills into your pockets—right and left? Is there a man or woman alive who doesn't thrill at these enormous profit possibilities?

You Get Paid in Advance

No waiting for profits. You simply show ring and write up order. Collect dollar deposit on order. Keep the dollar as your profit. I'll make up the ring and ship it direct to the customer C.O.D. for the balance due. No delivery work for you to do. All your time is spent in profitable order writing, gathering the golden harvest that is waiting for you. With the millions of rolls of snapshots that have been taken this summer, you couldn't pick a better time to start than right now. Prospects everywhere will eagerly welcome your suggestions to have these snapshots reproduced on Portrait Rings.

I'll Make Up Sample Ring for You at My Risk

To get started cashing in on the Portrait Ring, send me photo and ring size. I'll make up ring for you at once and send it to you for \$1—only half the regular price. Pay postman the \$1 plus few cents postage when he delivers ring. Keep it for 5 days. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return ring and I'll refund your dollar. You take no risk. You can't lose. I take all the chances. To find your ring size, wrap strip of paper around middle joint of finger so ends meet. Measure paper from top of arrow down chart at right. Number at end is your ring size.

Send No Money—Mail Coupon

Rush coupon and photo today. Send no money. Act at once. Wear this sensational ring and begin pocketing the dollars. Order blanks and complete instructions for cashing in on this money-making sensation sent FREE. Write NOW. Even if you think you are not interested in wearing this ring for the purpose of taking orders, send for it anyhow. Once you begin wearing it and your relatives, friends and acquaintances start complimenting you on it and asking where they can buy one, you won't be able to resist pocketing the cash profits it offers you.

NO RISK RING COUPON

The Portrait Ring Co.
Dept. 7-K, 12th & Jackson St.
Cincinnati, Ohio

- Attached is photo. Please send ring and complete equipment for taking orders. Will pay \$1.00 C.O.D. plus few cents postage on delivery of ring and other material. If not satisfied, I will return ring within five days and you will refund my money.
- Send full details only.

Ring Size.....

Name.....

Address.....

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



THE PORTRAIT RING COMPANY

Dept. 7-K, 12th and Jackson Sts.

Cincinnati, Ohio

*They tell about
an Englishman—*

Who closely scrutinized
His income tax blank
And then sent it back
With the following notation:
"I have given the matter careful thought
And have decided not to join
The Income Tax."

Now getting around to cigarettes
There are no ifs ands or buts
About Chesterfield
Two words make everything clear . . .

They Satisfy



Chesterfield ... the cigarette that's Milder
Chesterfield ... the cigarette that Tastes Better

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