

Radio MIRROR

MARCH

10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



MAJOR
EDWARD BOWES

Beginning "MICROPHONE MASQUERADE"—a thrilling novel
HOW THE PICKENS SISTERS GET THEIR MEN

COLDS are dangerous infections - give them Antiseptic Treatment!

• **Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.**

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean



cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Listerine

- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



A Moment of Magic

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

TWO PEOPLE meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration... Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS

Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive... and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put

a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub

it into your gums. Massage them well. Back comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an un failing part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.



Radio MIRROR

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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EDITOR

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On Sale February 26



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—PORTRAIT OF MAJOR BOWES
BY TCHETCHET

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WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT —

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds *safely* lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—even in *hardest water*. No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

HERE'S MY TRUE CONFESSION ABOUT "B.O."

I am a nurse. But I almost had to give up... Uncle

SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS

THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBOUY FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE

I OPENED IT AND FOUND— A CAKE OF LIFEBOUY! MY FACE FLAMED. IN A FLASH I REALIZED MY TROUBLE — "B.O."

OF COURSE I BEGAN USING LIFEBOUY AT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN HAVE I BEEN DISMISSED FROM A CASE. NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE — THANKS TO LIFEBOUY!

MISS X, I NEVER CEASE TO MARVEL AT THE FRESH CLEARNESS OF YOUR COMPLEXION!

I CAN THANK LIFEBOUY FOR THAT!

PROTECT your complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!
This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a real warning to everybody. Use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B.O." (body odor).
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

WANT TO KNOW HOW,
WHEN, AND WHERE
AMATEURS TRY OUT
FOR THEIR PROGRAMS?

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

Come backstage at a MAJOR BOWES audition

NO program ever roused more intense curiosity about it in the millions of listeners who tune it in and yet revealed as little of its inside workings than Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Perhaps you have thought that you knew pretty much all about how an amateur auditions, who listens to him, how he's notified whether he is one of the chosen few or just one of the called.

I did, until a short time ago when I made many phone calls and got my first real glimpse behind the scene, saw for myself the studio in which the amateur tries out, the control room where the Major sits and listens, the hallway for the amateurs who haven't yet been heard.

Not even the publicity men who work for Major Bowes have ever actually witnessed an audition. And no amateur, before, during or after his tryout, either sees, speaks to, or hears from the Major. And that's why neither you, nor I, nor the amateur, has ever known exactly what role Major Bowes has chosen to play in this game of hide and seek.

Let's start from the beginning as I did or as any of the six hundred amateurs a week do.

So onto the Radio City elevator, up to the second floor, into a huge reception room with lofty ceilings, natural paneled walls, luxurious rust colored carpets, and guides in glove fitting uniforms. Then straight into an indirectly lighted hall, down past closed, black enameled doors, and to the left, walking until you wish you had unwound a ball of string with which to find your way back out.

Finally, into a hallway (for all its carpets and stuccoed walls, no wider than four feet) where the amateurs of the day wait, sitting nervously on folding chairs. Most of them crowd around another of those black, sound proofed doors. Every few minutes a young man hurries out, signals another amateur, and hurries back in, leading the way. The amateur, past the door at last, finds himself in a square of blackness, ahead of him the door to the studio, to the right, still another door marked 2E—Private. The studio itself is bright with light and empty save for one microphone, a piano and the accompanist, a heavy, black haired young man wearing glasses.

It is that door, 2E, which opens on the sanctum sanctorum, past which no amateur has ever passed. It opens on the throne room where majestic Major Bowes sits and listens. It is this room about which there are so many whispers, so few known facts.

I got inside that room the afternoon I paid my visit long enough to see in the half dark, to remember the furnishings, and to get out. It's so shadowy in there that the amateur in the bright studio can't see through the heavy panel of glass which separates him from the Major. This room isn't more than ten feet long and not more than five feet wide. Just past the door is a wide, low slung red leather chair. It juts out far enough to let the messenger in and out, if he squeezes. The Major, by leaning forward



Wide World

—something he seldom does—can barely see the microphone and the amateurs. Overhead, not more than six inches from the Major, nailed against the wall, hangs a small fire extinguisher of the hand pump variety. To his left, leaning on a low shelf, sits the engineer, his lean hands twiddling the volume control dials. Straight ahead of the Major is a large, unbelievably large, loudspeaker out of which booms the contestant's voice.

Bowes signals the engineer with a grunt or wave of hand when he's heard enough of the amateur to make up his mind. He usually decides quickly, thinking of the long line outside still to be heard. The engineer has a table mike at his left hand. He presses a pearl button at the base which throws his voice into the studio. "That's enough, thank you." He has a formula speech which never varies and with which he cuts amateurs short. It's the kind of speech that doesn't let them know whether they have succeeded or failed. And they still don't know when they walk out into the hall, pick up their hats, coats, and music and leave. They only know when a telegram or special delivery letter reaches them the next morning, telling them to appear Sunday afternoon for rehearsal.

The longer you stay in the control room, the stronger the contrast becomes between these cramped quarters and the lavish reception room outside. Stranger still, the thought that Radio City's biggest, most popular program should have its auditions in the smallest, least favored studio in the huge building; (Continued on page 76)

Fred R Sammis



**I'M SURE
JIM LIKES ME—**
yet he never takes
me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—



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

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
keep YOUR boy friend away**

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

BY JAY PETERS

LAST MINUTE TIPS: Marriage has caught up to radio. **Arlene Francis**, appearing with **Helen Hayes** in The New Penny serial, was led to the altar by Neil F. Agnew, of Paramount Pictures. Her real name, Kazanjian, appeared on the license.

Phil Baker's bungling butler **Bottle**, **Harry McNaughton**, married Jeanne Farries, a Westchester county lass.

Babs Ryan, divorced from her trio partner, Charlie Ryan, became Mrs. Bobbie Merritt. He's the jockey she's been in love with for a year.

Practically by the time you read this, a little stranger will have been welcomed in the California home of the **Fred Astaires**. Fred's sister and former dancing partner, Adele, now Lady Cavendish, came from England to be present at the event. Fred was scheduled to broadcast during January, but postponed it to stay in Hollywood.

If you don't think society is radiominded, take a look at some of the representatives of the 400 who have been taking Tea at the Ritz with **Margaret Santry** while a Columbia audience listens to every sip: Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, Prince and Princess Obolensky, Lady Wilkins, and Princess da Braganza.

Jessica Dragonette is all in a dither. A New York columnist spread the rumor that she is secretly married to a New Jersey physician. Jessica's denials are most vehement.

Marjorie Oelrichs has lost her standing in the New York Social Register. You remember she married **Eddie Duchin** last summer. Marjorie isn't worried, since she knows that names may be omitted from the society blue book for a variety of reasons: one, for instance, is neglect in filling out the information sheet for the compilers; another is failing to subscribe to the publication.

Frank Parker, the oh-so-eligible bachelor, has been singing refrains to Dorothy Love, Philadelphia radio editor. But Frank, I fear, is fickle. He's been squiring, among others, **Peggy Hopkins Joyce**. And all the while he sings.

* * *

BURGESS MEREDITH, once Red Davis of the air serial of that title, now the juvenile lead in the stage play, "Winterset," was Renovated several weeks ago from Helen Berrien, a Montclair, N. J. dancing instructress. . . . Frank Luther, estranged from Zora Layman, is finding Doris Day, the leading lady, a great comfort these days. . . . And they do say Dick Powell and Jean Muir are very congenial. . . . And also Ray Heatherton and Iris Hennis, of the Gae Foster outfit.

* * *

Hoodlums in the employ of usury sharks have invaded Radio City. They entered an NBC studio and beat up a control-room engineer for failure to come across with exorbitant interest on a small loan. Almost preventing, too, the launching on the air of one of those \$10,000 coast-to-coast broadcasts. Detectives on the staff of Thomas E. Dewey, the demon prosecutor of New York racketeers, nabbed the gangsters and swift punishment resulted. But Radio City will be a long time recovering from the shock of learn-

ing that its magnificent premises are no longer sacred.

* * *

DIDJA know that 13 years ago in his native Italy an opera manager kicked Nino Martini out of his theater with these words: "You can't sing—you're no good. Don't ever come around here again?" Of course, the kicking was figurative but the rebuke had its effect on the sensitive lad, 16 years old at the time. He was afraid after that to make his operatic aspirations public but he did continue to study music seriously, if secretly. And in the last five years he has been making great strides musically—and publicly. Triumphs on the radio led to the Metropolitan opera and to stardom in the movies—and his career is only beginning. While back in Verona a manager is still kicking—himself this time—for having failed to recognize talent and genius dropped upon his doorstep.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

HENRY Ford, who not so many years ago refused to even consider radio advertising, is the biggest individual buyer of broadcast time on the networks today. He spends more than \$60,000 weekly. Here is how his budget goes: Fred Waring's Orchestra, \$13,500; Detroit Symphony Orchestra, \$5,000; Manzanara South American Orchestra, \$2,500. Add another \$40,000 weekly for what it costs for network facilities for these concerts and the total is \$61,000—a tidy sum in any currency, inflated or otherwise.

HONORS go to **Margaret Speaks** as the champion air-traveler of the studios. She has been covering 12,000 miles a month by plane to make her engagements as soprano of The Voice of Firestone concerts. It was all because **Nelson Eddy** and **Richard Crooks**, with whom she sings on alternate Mondays, were located by circumstances on the opposite coasts—Eddy in Hollywood working in pictures and Crooks in New York for concert and opera engagements.

THE Radio City studio from which Major Edward Bowes projects his amateurs every Sunday night seats 1,373 persons. If its capacity were ten times

YOURS FOR THE READING—
ALL THE LATEST DOINGS
OF RADIO'S LUMINARIES

Wide World



as, big it still couldn't begin to accommodate the demands for admittance. That tells the story of the popularity of amateur shows more convincingly than a whole page of words. The network gets 40 percent of the pasteboards and the sponsor 60 per cent. The latter's tickets are distributed by the coffee salesman mostly to grocers, restaurant men and other customers. They in turn pass them on to their customers, so the best way to get ducats for a Major Bowes soiree is to talk turkey to your store keeper.

EIGHT years ago Kate Smith was supplementing her salary as a member of the cast of "Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling's musical comedy, by bobbing and trimming the hair of the show's chorus girls. Kate had a sign on her dressing room door at the old Knickerbocker Theater, "Hair Cut, 50 Cents." As that was two bits cheaper than most barber shops and beauty parlors, Kate got all the company's business. Today Kate Smith is one of the six millionaires made by radio.

CRAIG McDONNELL is Gadget, Rube Goldberg's mechanical stooge. Or at least McDonnell is the voice of "Gadget," which amounts to the same thing. He is also Harka on the Bobby Benson program . . . Incidentally, did you know that Rube Goldberg recently lost a sizable sum backing an invention which didn't work? The irony of it is that Goldberg has made oodles of dough drawing goofy inventions and devices in cartoons.

NEARLY 4,500 persons witness the Jumbo-Firechief broadcast every Tuesday night in the New York Hippodrome and the same number go away with those Firechief helmets as souvenirs. It costs the Texaco Company \$175 a week for the advertising but they deem it well worth while. Indeed, the gas concern is so thoroughly sold on the gaudy headgear that they have distributed to date over 4,000,000 of them through their stations throughout the country.

SOMEBODY has a grudge against Dolly Dawn, soloist with George Hall's orchestra, and is sending scurrilous letters about her (Continued on page 67)

Al Jolson, above left, with Sybil Jason, six-year-old film star, is back on Shell Chateau. Left, Kate Smith with the champion Celtic Basketball team which she has bought. Below, Margaret Santry interviewing Mrs. August Belmont on Columbia's swank Tea at the Ritz show.



"Let Camay open your eyes to

Your Own Loveliness"



MC From the very first time I tried it, I knew it was the beauty aid I needed. Camay can really open your eyes to your own loveliness.

Sincerely,

Boise, Idaho
September 3, 1935

Margaret Santry
(Mrs. August Belmont)

THE "picture" of what every little girl hopes to look like when she grows up—describes Mrs. Courtney perfectly. Blue eyes, golden hair and a complexion as smooth and as fresh as a flower—a complexion Mrs. Courtney generously credits "to Camay!"

There's never any doubt about "Camay's beauty aid." You can feel those energetic little bubbles clean

your skin in a way you know must be good for it. You can see the effect of its luxurious, creamy lather. You can fairly watch your skin grow smoother, clearer, and more attractive. Begin with Camay—today! Buy at least a half-dozen cakes from your dealer. The price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



HERE'S WHAT YOU READERS LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT YOUR FAV- ORITE STARS AND PROGRAMS

Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll—Amos 'n' Andy to you—are really aviators even if this picture doesn't prove it. Correll (Andy) is a licensed pilot of over 100 flying hours. Gosden is still a student.

I think my greatest disappointment comes on Thursday nights when I hear The Westerners, new additions to Show Boat. I knew and loved them before they joined this show, but must confess that I would almost rather not hear them in their new spot. I'm sure that I'm not alone when I say that instead of the popular, up-to-the-minute ditties which have been their choice so far I would so much rather they live up to their name and give us those songs for which they stand, melodies from the "wide open spaces." Somehow I can't get used to hearing them do the same things that we hear every day at least a dozen times.

Me for The Westerners in their old loved tunes.

MRS. RUTH SOURS, Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Stirred to the Depths

There is no program on the radio I enjoy so much as Edward McHugh's—the gospel singer. His voice is wonderfully adapted to the hymns which he sings. He has power to reach his listeners—to stir them to their very depths. His hymns are a sermon in themselves and they help and heal.

I have told my friends and neighbors of this program which is such an uplift to those hearing it, and now they all listen in to Edward McHugh, even friends of mine out on the Pacific Coast.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation for this my favorite program.

MRS. F. W. BAUMANN, Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Incapable Screen Stars

There have been too many screen stars appearing on radio programs who are not capable. Many movie stars get the idea that just because they can act on the screen they can also perform over the air. Some of them seem to forget that it requires a different talent and technique over the airwaves.

In a way, I can't blame the screen stars for wanting to capitalize on their names. The sponsors are really at fault and should not allow them to appear if the audition is not satisfactory. A big name may mean publicity to them, but if the screen stars haven't radio talent they are just a pain in the neck to the radio listener.

ARTHUR C. BEAM, Colorado Springs, Col.

(Continued on page 69)

FROM every state in the Union, from farmlands and isolated coast hamlets, thousands of letters have been coming in. Some like what they get on the air and some don't, but they all have ideas and suggestions. We want yours too. Write your opinions, your suggestions and criticism to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42 Street, New York, in letters of about 150 words, and receive prizes of \$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and one dollar each for the next five letters chosen. All letters must reach the Editor not later than February 24.

Here are this month's letters:

\$20.00 PRIZE

Radio for Depression!

We all know what a miraculous gift to civilization the radio is, and that it brought joy to hospital shut-ins and the world to isolated explorers, but I wonder if we realize what it has meant to the well people, those sound of mind and body, who are isolated in the very hearts of our cities, too poor to have any part of the amusements which are an integral part of our social life and well being. As a relief investigator, visitor to hundreds of families, all victims of depression, I have come to recognize the radio as almost the entire of these peoples' social lives, the only real source of pleasure they have, and so completely satisfying that they do not miss another. It has a therapeutic, healing value in their daily existence for which there is no substitute. . . . Even though they are short on schoolin', their education by ear will be a telling factor in the next election. They cannot afford to go to the theater yet the greatest of all symphonies and operas are now available to the poorest pockets.

MARJORIE BURNS, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$10.00 PRIZE

What a Disappointment!

With the new fall and winter programs all under way, one hardly knows where and when to turn the dials. But I suppose that's all as it should be.

"Change for Five..."

LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"



Photograph, World Copyright, NEA Service Inc



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES
On May 28th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of

quintuple birth had been recorded. In *no* other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from Infection.

GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage *hospital-clean* with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of EMELIE, ANNETTE, MARIE, CECILE, and YVONNE. Since the

day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the *only* disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give *your* baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep *your* baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in *your* home.

"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to

directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much *cleaner*—and may save you the heart-aches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RM3
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

EVEN though his main love was athletics while in college Horace Heidt sang on the University of California glee club and then studied under Frank La Forge to improve his voice.

SEVERAL years ago Kate Smith was a featured member of the cast of "Flying High," the Broadway show which starred Bert Lahr. When the troupe came to Chicago, Kate made fast friends with one of the young stage hands at the theater. Each admired the other's abilities and each predicted great mutual success. Recently, Kate returned here for personal appearances. She sang in a newly completed civic auditorium and then was taken to meet its designer, the same chap, who, a few years ago, directed back-stage mechanics at the theater where the famous singer was performing in a minor part. Kate, by the way, amazed everyone in the Chicago CBS studios recently by taking over the main floor reception desk, typing her own script, and answering questions of casual passers-by.

ART THORSEN, publicity director, novelty singer and bull fiddle player of Horace Heidt's band, spent ten months in research before starting to build a model of H. M. S. Bounty, British exploration ship of 1787, which was immortalized in the book "Mutiny on the Bounty." His model is the second perfect one ever to be built.

DICK HUDDLESTON, the real-life Arkansas storekeeper who is a character by proxy on the Lum and Abner show, once spent a two-month period making a nightly drive of forty-five miles with his family to hear Lum and Abner over the radio set at a Mount Ida, Arkansas, drug store while the Huddleston radio underwent repairs.

JACK MAJOR, the whistling, singing, yodeling boy from down Kentucky way broadcasts over the Columbia net-

On Friday nights you hear the threesome below on the First Nighter program. They're Betty Lou Gerson, Francis X. Bushman and Don Ameche.

works Friday afternoons at 5:45 and over NBC networks Sunday at 2:45. Which of course, doesn't make a story. But the way he "got religion" first and into the entertainment business second is rather amusing.

It all goes back to the days when Jack was a caddy at a Kentucky golf club and a canny young caddy he was. For some reason Irvin S. Cobb took a liking to the boy, and the boy "took" Cobb whenever possible. Major had figured out a neat little racket.

Cobb wasn't much on accuracy but he could make a golf ball sail a goodly distance. Result was the caddy always reached the ball well ahead of the player. And as often as not Cobb's lunges left the ball in the rough. So Caddy Major would discover said ball and grind it well into the turf before Cobb was in hailing distance. They'd (Continued on page 61)

overseas with the Canadian forces. Though best known for his speaking voice, he is also a baritone, pianist and organist.

ARNOLD GEORGE MAGUIRE, of KFRC, was born in San Francisco in 1900 and has been in radio the past twelve years. His first broadcast was as a singer, but that was the only time he did any air vocalizing. Now he is a producer for fun programs, does m. c. work and lots of writing.

(Continued on page 64)

Isabel Vecki should be one of television's first recruits. She's heard in many of the dramatic productions over the NBC San Francisco airwaves.

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

ALONG comes March and thoughts of approaching springtime seep into the minds of radio people. For instance, Bill Sharples, of KNX, is going to buy some more horses for his rancho. They give him inspiration for his early morning radio program daily. Then there is KFI's detective story teller, Nick Harris (Nicholas Boilvin Harris), who is just about due to publish another story. His first one was dedicated to his wife who has a birthday next month. And KFWB's "Sons of the Pioneers," male quartet and hill billies, now on their third year, go outdoors in a big way and ride the range for recreation. They wrote music and did parts in the new Columbia picture called "Outlaw Brands."

VICTOR LINFOOT, now a WLW announcer in Cincinnati, used to be with KFWB, Hollywood, and with NBC in San Francisco. His middle name is Stuart and he was born in London, went to school in Canada and was five years

Below right is Sally Foster, pretty nineteen-year-old hill-billy ballad singer who gained recognition on the National Barn Dance Saturday nights.



Behind Closed Doors

I FOUND out all over again what a frank and unassuming person Eddie Cantor is, the other day when he returned to New York to broadcast for the rest of the season. With Jimmy Wallington and Harry Einstein (Eddie, by the way, always calls Harry by his radio name of Parkyakarkas whenever he speaks to or of him), Eddie was guest of honor at a dinner given in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and after the dinner he had a few words to say which would have opened the eyes of people who think radio stars are conceited.

BUT first let me tell you about the dinner. It was a stag affair, held in the Waldorf-Astoria's "Crane Room," right across the corridor from the office of the Waldorf's famous *maitre d'hotel*, Oscar. The gentlemen of the press were there to meet Eddie—magazine and newspaper editors and radio columnists—and the others were Eddie's publicity representatives and men from the agency which handles the Pebeco broadcast.

EDDIE sat at the head of the table, of course—a quiet, soft-spoken little man with greying hair and eyes just as banjo-like in real life as they are in his pictures. On his right was Parkyakarkas, on his left Jimmy Wallington. Cocktails were served before dinner, but Eddie took only a small glass of wine.

AFTERWARDS, he stood up and invited disaster by telling everybody present to ask him any question they wanted answered. The first question, as you'd expect, coming from at least three directions, was "Why are you changing your air time from eight o'clock to seven on Sunday evenings?"

"Because Major Bowes is the hottest thing in radio right now," Eddie answered without any hesitation. "There isn't another performer who can compete with him. It won't be any cinch bucking Jack Benny at seven o'clock, either, but it'll be better than bucking Major Bowes. I haven't any pride. I'd rather be put up against a number two man than a number one man any time."

THEN Eddie told us about the contest he was just about to start on the air, and which will be in progress when you read this—his offer of a college education to the person who writes the best letter on how America can keep out of the war. This was the first anyone present, except those closest to Eddie, had heard of it, and immediately he was bombarded with questions. How much would it cost—who was paying for it—and why?

I'M paying for it, myself," Eddie explained. "Millions of dollars are being spent every year to combat disease. It seems to me I can afford something to help fight the worst disease of all—because that's what I think war is. If anything constructive comes out of this contest, it'll be more than worth it. And I didn't have any education myself, so I wanted to make that the prize. Whoever wins the prize can't use the money—about \$5,000—for anything else, either. It will be put in a trust fund, and can only be used to send someone to college."

Reduce
your WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips **9 INCHES!**

with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE** or it won't cost you one cent!

"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder."

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . ."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy."

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away!"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE
FOR 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing! **THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY**

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh.

at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense! Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

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Address

City.....State

Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Post Card.



IT'S RADIO'S ZERO HOUR

Snow and ice has lured radio's boys and girls. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Thomas and son, all set to go whizzing down the slope on their Pawling estate. Left above, Rudy Vallee, skiing at his camp in Maine. Left, George Burns and Gracie Allen, nutty enough to eat ice cream cones on a snow bank. Left below, Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson—Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering on the air—skating in Central Park. Below, a real family party is Ray Perkins, Cobina Wright, driver and Mary Eastman.





The stars have to find an indoor slide for their ski practice when winter brings rain instead of snow. Above, left to right, are singers Loretta Clemens and Connie Gates, their instructor and Mary McCoy, blonde NBC dramatic actress. Above right, Patti Chapin, Columbia's popular blue-eyed singer, proves she can take it with a smile even when her skis betray her and toss her into a deep drift. Newlyweds Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, right, seem to be in training for a trip to Alaska with that dog sled of theirs. This picture was taken in the north woods early this winter, before Harriet left for Hollywood. Below right, Pappy Walter O'Keefe and Maestro Glen Gray of the Camel Caravan take stooge Alice Frost for a sleigh ride past Manhattan's brightest lights. Below, Phil Duey, Mrs. Duey, and James Phillip, their son, go on a midwinter hike through the woods, clearing their way with a broom—and that shows a good pioneer spirit. You hear Phil's baritone voice on two shows these days—with Leo Reisman on the Philip Morris program and Rendezvous.



Facing the Music



YOU may as well know right now what's been going on behind the business of song broadcasting, for by the time you scan this, the disagreement among publishers may have affected materially the variety of popular music to which you listen.

Five music publishers, under the control of Warner Brothers, are defying the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, the organization of song writers and producers which has an agreement to provide networks with American music which they control in return for substantial royalties.

The Warner Brothers companies want a separate agreement with the broadcasters. At this moment, it looks as though the broadcasters want to stick with ASCAP. If they do, it means that Warner controlled music will not be broadcast until things are ironed out. It means that you will hear a much more limited variety of tunes.

Unless some agreement can be reached, it also means that many artists who have identified themselves with theme songs for years, may be deprived of the use of such signatures. Among those stars who stand to be thus affected, are Rudy Vallee and his theme, "Your Time Is My Time," and Paul Whiteman, with the famous "Rhapsody In Blue."

ANOTHER storm in the business of song broadcasting is brewing, this time between the New York local of the Musicians Union and motion picture producers. They have resolved not to continue permitting the announcement on sustaining broadcasts from hotels and night clubs, of a selection from a motion picture or stage musical show, as being taken from that presentation. The union feels that it gives the producers free advertising. So the union is working to put into effect the plan which is already in force in Chicago. As a consequence, it's highly possible that listeners to New York stations will no longer hear such announcements as "The selection 'Cheek to Cheek' played on this program, was from the motion picture production 'Top Hat.'"

Not, that is, unless the producers feel like paying for the advertising.

WITH JOHN SKINNER

WHILE on this business of internal strife, we might recall the efforts of Fred Waring to make local stations cease the practice of playing recordings of his music without recompense to him. It is his

contention, and the feeling of other stars, that constant repetition of one artist's music tends to make the listeners tire of his creations, and that when his regular programs go on the air, their brilliance is somewhat dimmed.

With such stars as Ben Bernie and Guy Lombardo testifying in his behalf, Waring is now engaged in a suit against WDAS, in Philadelphia, in an effort to enjoin it from broadcasting his recordings. If this is successful as a test case, it is probable that a flood of others will follow.

HERE'S one inside situation which has finally been squared away. You may recall that Don Bestor, on completion of his series as orchestra leader for Jack Benny's programs, was suspended from the New York local of the Musicians Union. It was asserted that he had paid his men under the union scale. As a result, he was fined \$1,000 and \$450 for claims.

Don appealed the case and the decision was reversed. So now Don has been reinstated, and is signed to broadcast from the Mt. Royal Hotel in Montreal, over NBC and Canadian Radio Commission networks.

IF you didn't know why it was that Leith Stevens replaced Peter Van Steeden as orchestra leader for a time on the Fred Allen series, may we tell you that it was because Peter was seized with appendicitis and taken to the hospital for operation.

Another illness is reported in the person of Gogo DeLys, who is confined to a sanitarium, and is permitted only to do her broadcasts over CBS, nothing else. And perhaps you recall Tommy McLaughlin, who sang on the air as the "Romantic Bachelor." He too is confined to a sanitarium, and may have to seek another climate before he can recover.

THERE has been some curiosity about the cost of putting on a broadcast, part of which originates in one city and part in another. Usually the wire line charges are

STRIKE UP THE BAND FOR A SWELL DEPARTMENT THAT HAS ALL THOSE MUSICAL FACTS YOU'VE ASKED FOR



Extreme left, Lud Gluskin demonstrates a rumba percussion instrument—the jawbone of a horse. Next is Leith Stevens, whom you heard on Town Hall Tonight during Peter Van Steeden's illness, and his arranger, Don Bestor, above, is broadcasting now from Montreal.

a standard rate, but in special broadcasts they may constitute an expensive item. In the opening program of Bing Crosby's new series, when the audience was taken from New York to California and back again without the loss of a second, it cost \$1,200 extra. This was because there was a special two-way set up, in order that not a moment be lost in switching over.

It is interesting to observe that, because of the number of amplifiers which are necessary along the way from one coast to another, the bass section of orchestras must be toned down. The amplifiers tend to emphasize the lower registers, and allowances must be made for this.

THERE are two radio singers who insistently deny reports of any secret marriage . . . One is Jessica Dragonette, the other Deane Janis . . . And it is also said that Lebert Lombardo's current romance is no longer in bloom . . . The new accompanist for the Revelers Quartet is Jerry Sears, who also is arranger for the group . . . Used to be Frank Black, who now has too many big things to watch over . . . Leo Reisman has eight bands out on tour under his name right now.

Not that it sounds any differently, but the accordion Phil Baker plays is left handed . . . Rudy Vallee, during the 1936 season, will make a tour of state fairs to play at open air grandstands . . . This is the first outdoor tour he has ever made . . . To help stifle (Continued on page 81)

Right above, Kay Weber and Jimmy Dorsey, in whose band she's the featured soloist. Center, Maxine Grey, Hal Kemp's lovely brunette singer. Right, Louise Massey, of the Westerners, on the Maxwell House Show Boat. It's whispered that Louise is being groomed for air stardom.





HARRIET
HILLIARD

R-K-O

You'll soon be seeing Ozzie Nelson's singing star and bride in the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, "Follow the Fleet," her first Hollywood chore. She hasn't deserted radio, though, and will be back with Ozzie and Bob Ripley on The Bakers Broadcast.

CUTIE



ANYTHING TO AVOID A SCENE



Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the New Bright Cutex Nails



• If you want excitement, try the new CUTEX MAUVE, CORAL, RUST or RUBY NAILS. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 8 lovely Cutex shades are created by the World's Manicure Authority. They're absolutely FASHION-RIGHT. • Cutex flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms—Crème or Clear. Rust is the newest shade—perfect with brown and green, and just right for sun-tanned fingers. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store, 35¢! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



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I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked below, sample of Lipstick and Polish Remover. Coral Cardinal Rust Ruby

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Miss Mary de Mumm

"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."



Miss Vivian Dixon

"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."



Miss Mimi Richardson

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."



Mrs. Langdon Post

"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it's only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don't like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we're sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you'll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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C O S T L I E R T O B A C C O S !

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Introducing Bob Burns

— ARKANSAS
TRAVELER

I'M going nuts," Bob Burns said. "I don't know who I am, or why, or when I was born, or anything much. I can't answer your questions!"

Did you ever try to get a man to talk to you while he was getting ready to go to Washington, Philadelphia, and Hollywood—all, as far as I could make out, at practically the same time? Right after he'd signed a contract to appear on Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall radio program? With the telephone ringing every two minutes by the clock? When, with the best will in the world, he couldn't think long enough, or consecutively enough, to put half-a-dozen words together?

If you did, I guess you know why Bob Burns said he was going nuts—and why I thought I might go with him.

He looked wildly around the room. And suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Hey!" he said. He dashed over to a pile of papers and dug out a battered black book. "Look—here's my scrap book. I've kept it ever since the war. There's things in it I've forgotten. You can find out all about me from it."

So that's what I did, with Bob yelling answers to my questions about things I didn't quite understand from



Until you've heard his bazooka, you've never lived. The middle picture was taken back in the days of the war and shows the first one he invented. For Bob and his instrument of torture, with Bing Crosby on the Kraft Phenix Music Hall, turn to page 56, ten o'clock column.

By DAN
WHEELER



HE'S THE COMIC
FOR BING CROSBY
AND HE'S RADIO'S
NEWEST BEST BET

across the room, the next room, and the bottoms of trunks. That's how I learned the story of the man you first heard last summer on Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour and whose homely, casual humor is now the comedy highlight of Bing Crosby's Music Hall.

The first thing you find wandering through that scrap book is something called a bazooka. It turns up under a variety of different names, but it's really always the same thing—just a bazooka. Right in front, pasted on the back of a picture of Bob in a clown suit (with bazooka), is a clipping from the New York Sun of October 10, 1920, headed "When Bazooka Struck Nevers."

Bazooka seems to have struck Nevers pretty hard. Nevers, you know, is a town in (Continued on page 77)

The Pickens Sisters are on the Evening in Paris program, sponsored by Bourjois. See page 56—8 o'clock column.

HOW THE PICKENS SISTERS GET THEIR MEN

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

I SAT in the Rainbow Room one night and watched the three Pickens Sisters come in with eight, no less, top hats and tails in tow. Three gorgeously gowned, glamorous Georgia girls with two and two-thirds handsome males each, getting rushed right off their custom-made sandals, while all over the place sat a lot of other luscious young feminine stars with a date apiece which probably represented Achievement.

"Those gals," I murmured into my consommé, "those Pickens are the outdatingest gals around these parts. How come they always have had more suitors and cuter suitors than most of the other radio stars put together? It's a way they have. It's a secret, and I'm going to find it out."

And I found out, too, when I spent a weekend at the Pickens apartment.

You have to see the Pickens three at home to learn what they're really like. Home is a mammoth twelve-room layout on Park Avenue whose rent bill would bowl you over, and whose interior is good old cozy colonial. There are three drawing rooms, a suite for the girls, and the rest of the place houses the other members of the Pickens menage who, when they all get in one room, make it look like a Macy elevator during rush hour.

There's Mrs. Pickens—lovely, gracious and as young as any of her youngsters. Grace—thirty, the best-looking one of the bunch, and business manager of the trio. Billy, Grace's chubby little seven-year-old son. Elenora, black mammy to the brood since Jane was an infant twenty-four years ago. Spanky, Welsh terrier pup Bob Simmons gave Patti, and Patti's tropical fish. And twin grand pianos. With a mob like that nobody ever has to sort of wait around and see if Welcome's on the doormat before buzzing the bell.

Which, to get back to the date angle, is one reason the girls have so many beaux. He's a rare young man who rates an out-and-out date with Jane or Patti Pickens. "Usually," they explained to me, "we just say we'll be glad to have him drop in during the evening, that a mob will probably be around and we'll all do something together. That's why you usually see such a gang of us when we go out at night. It's lots more fun than a two-some and we've met lots of attractive men that way too. You know, friends drop in to see us and bring along a chum or a cousin or fraternity brother or something and pretty soon we have a crowd."

So Secret Number One of the Pickens' popularity seems to be: *Make your living room a gay, hospitable place and don't tie yourself down all the time to definite dates.*

You have to see the Pickens three at home to find out what they're really un-like too. The thing they're most un-like is each other—and that's the surprising, attractive quality about them. They're the most different girls even to be kin to each other that I know; and if you ever want to make a hit with them tell them you think so too. They hate having to dress alike for radio, picture and stage appearances. They hate the way people are always harping on the bit of family resemblance they have. And it absolutely kills them to be painted as the lazy-daisy, puff-sleeved fragile Southern belles they aren't and never have been. They're three modern-girl individuals, they will have you know, even if Publicity has always dressed them up in pokebonnets and Georgia drawls.

HELEN is the exotic member of the family. Helen goes for Russian blouses and gold cloth gowns and long cigarettes. She's been married a year, you know, to the son of an Italian Count—Salvatore Curione, and the whole Pickens family just adores Tore. He's a railway engineer and he can build bridges or dance the Piccolino or carve, as he was doing the last time I saw him, a woodcut for the trio's Christmas cards. He and Helen have a duplex in swank Sutton Place. Helen is soft-spoken, interested in dress designing and new coiffures and novels, and her drawing-room poise is something you wish you had. That's Helen.

THEY ARE SOUTHERN,
GORGEOUS AND THEY
WOW THE OTHER SEX!
WHY NOT LEARN THEIR
SECRET OF POPULARITY?

Jane is the career woman of the family. Jane goes for tweeds and sweaters and straight hair and horseback-riding. Hers are the brains—and most of the dither and energy—behind the trio. Every morning at nine, no matter what, she's down in her cubby-hole studio in the basement of the apartment building, with a coat on over her pajamas and a cup of coffee on the piano, making the trick song arrangements you hear the Pickens do on the air. She orchestrates their numbers for every single instrument in the bands that accompany them. She takes voice, diction and counterpoint lessons. She's eternally getting herself tickets for speeding in her Packard roadster, complimentary scholarships at the Juilliard School, or worn out. She's crazy over composing and dramatics. And her best beau is a handsome young Manhattan lawyer. That's Jane.

Patti is the fluff of the family. Patti, dreamy and irresponsible, goes for new-moon eyebrows, and taffeta slips that rustle, and flowers in her hair. She's the baby of the Pickens brood and has a perfectly swell time being accordingly spoiled. She's interested in movies, dances, and sleeping late every day, and loathes cold showers and washing her own stockings. A beau-by-beau description of her three New York years would read something like the telephone directory. But this time, right now anyway, it's Love, and he's good-looking Bob Simmons of the Revelers Quartet. Patti can't think or talk about very much else but Bob these days. So that's the youngest Pickens.

Here are three girls who believe in being themselves, their own individual types. Consequently each of them is fresh and interesting, each appeals to a different type of man, and the Pickens enjoy the flattering reputation of being personalities instead of carbon copies of each other.

So Secret Number Two behind the Pickens popularity is: *Be your own individual type.* (Continued on page 90)

Learn to play the games he likes—that's one way to get your man, say Helen, Patti, and Jane. All of them are experts at sports.



MICROPHONE MASQUERADE

ABOUT a block from the newest skyscraper in New York, the finest in the world, two young people were eating. They both worked in the skyscraper, they were two tiny cogs in the tremendous machinery that ran the world's largest broadcasting system. They were not aware that they were cogs, though. They were young, and the world revolved around them.

Madge Summers said: "Don't eat so fast, Jimmy. You'll get indigestion."

Jimmy White said: "Aw, I thought maybe we could go for a walk before we went back."

Madge nodded, and worked harder on her lettuce and tomato sandwich. "Hey, Jim, old Danny asked me this morning what I thought of you."

Jimmy turned his head so she couldn't see him blush. "What did you tell him?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

He did know. Danny had told him while he shined Jimmy's half-soled shoes in the music library where Jimmy worked. It was old Danielo, the bootblack, who had brought them together, who had said to Jimmy: "Hey, there's a fine girl in the steno' room what's readin' thatta book," touching the book from the circulating library on Jim's desk. Intrigued, Jimmy had made up an errand to take himself into the stenographer's room; Danny had played Cupid once more.

As though she guessed his thoughts, Madge said: "I haven't read much lately."

"Gee," Jimmy said fiercely, softly, "It's been swell, hasn't it? Seeing New York with you. Remember the Staten Island ferry—"

"And the Syrian church—"

"And the boats in Central Park—"

"Hold on," Madge laughed. "We're not going away

yet. There's lots we haven't seen—" She broke off. "Here, give me the check. No, Jimmy, no. I will not have you buying my lunch. Please, Jimmy."

He handed her back her lunch check, sighing, "Gosh, I don't feel right, always going Dutch. It makes me feel like a cheap skate."

She touched his cheek quietly. "Don't be a sil'. I make almost as much as you, so why should you pay for everything? Come on, let's take that walk you were talking

about. We've got to be back in fifteen minutes."

"O. K." But he was saddened, suppressed. There was no sense in being poor when you're young and rich when you're old. Dumb, that's what it was. Because young people were the ones who needed money. When you were old there was nothing to spend it on.

They walked around to Fifth Avenue. A tourist nudged his daughter, and said: "There's Hal McCabe." They stared after Jimmy.

Madge said: "They meant you."

Jimmy said: "That's just a gag, my looking like Hal McCabe. Did you ever see him?"

"No," Madge said. "Just his fan pictures."

"He's twenty years older than I am," Jimmy said. "And he rolls his eyes like a cow when he sings." Jimmy threw up his eyes and warbled: "I'm comin', though mah head is—"

Madge nudged him. "People are staring at you."

"Here we are," Jimmy said. "This is what I wanted you to see." He stopped her in front of a jeweler's window. "Look," he said. "One of the swellest jeweler's in the world, and they sell wedding rings. It's only fifteen dollars, too. I asked."

Madge's voice trembled, and her fingers tightened on his arm. "S-so what?"

Jimmy's voice cracked when he answered. "So we could afford fifteen dollars."

Madge said, hurriedly: "You're sweet, Jimmy. And—and thanks. But—but I guess when I get married I want to have babies and a home and—you know."

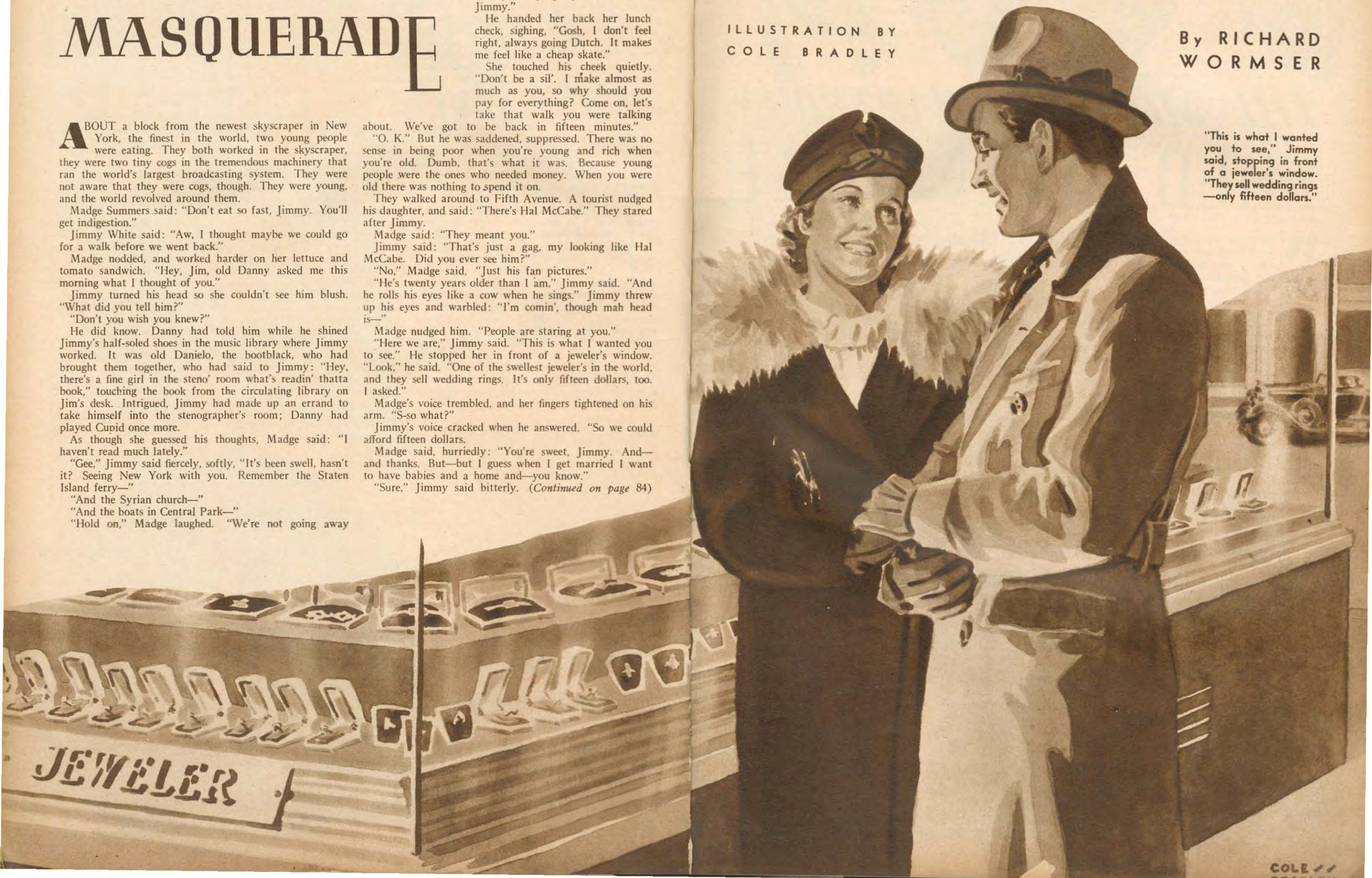
"Sure," Jimmy said bitterly. (Continued on page 84)

A FAMOUS AUTHOR BRINGS YOU BREATH-TAKING ROMANCE IN THIS
SERIAL OF A BOY WHO FOUND HIMSELF LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE

ILLUSTRATION BY
COLE BRADLEY

By RICHARD
WORMSER

"This is what I wanted
you to see," Jimmy
said, stopping in front
of a jeweler's window.
"They sell wedding rings
—only fifteen dollars."





THE MISSING CHAPTER IN FRED ALLEN'S LIFE

WHEN you finally meet Fred Allen, you have to keep reminding yourself that you're talking to a famous comedian. No one ever looked less like one. What he really looks like is a serious, sensible New Englander in a good conservative business suit.

BY NORTON
RUSSELL

when John was four and his brother Robert two," she said. "His father was busy all day in the Boston Library, where he was a book-binder, so of course he didn't have time to raise the boys. I decided it was up to me to take care of them, and their father too."

Fred was born, you know, in a house which stood on the boundary line between Somerville and Cambridge, Massachusetts. His first job, when he was fourteen, was in the Boston Public Library. Nobody in his family ever showed any inclination to go on the stage. His people were, and are, the sort to whom the world of spotlights and backdrops seems completely alien, inhabited by foreigners.

Yet today Fred Allen is a successful comedian, in radio, moving pictures, and the stage. How did it happen? How did he make the transition from public library to Town Hall?

The answer lies in the woman who molded Fred Allen's life—the one person who always thinks of him, and still speaks of him, by his real name of John Sullivan. Few of Fred's friends and business associates have ever seen her. Most of them, I imagine, don't even know of her existence. Yet she has had a profound effect on Fred's character and career, and even now, in everything he does, he is motivated by the wish to please her, to help her.

She lives in a Boston suburb, her name is Mrs. Elizabeth Lovely, and she is Fred Allen's aunt. You'd do better to call her his mother, though, because she's the only one he's known since he was four years old.

I visited her in her second-story flat just out of Boston—five sunny rooms, not very large, filled with comfortable, elderly furniture. "I've lived here for eighteen years," she told me. "John wants me to move into an apartment closer in to town, but you'll never catch me living in one of those little boxes."

I believed her, because I couldn't imagine Elizabeth Lovely doing anything she was convinced wasn't right and sensible. She is seventy-eight now, an alert, strong seventy-eight. Her near-sighted eyes indicate her humor and kindness, but the lines of her face, the firm chin, indicate her will-power.

And again, looking at her, I wondered how in the world Fred had gone on the stage when he was scarcely more than a boy. Surely his Aunt Elizabeth must have opposed it, not on any narrow-minded or intolerant grounds, but simply because of its hazards and insecurity!

As she told me her story, though, I began to understand. It's her story, and a part of Fred Allen's story that's never been told before, as well.

"John's mother—she was my sister—died of pneumonia

boys. I decided it was up to me to take care of them, and their father too."

It was not a new sort of job for her. Her own mother had died when she herself was only fifteen, the oldest of a family of six. Already she knew how to rear a family, how to make a home run smoothly. She'd mothered her father, her brothers and sisters, since before she was old enough to put up her hair. In addition, a few years before, her husband, Michael Lovely, had been stricken with paralysis, and she had been caring for him. Childless herself, she still has had more cares, more responsibilities, than the average mother.

"I took in home dressmaking after my husband fell ill, but when the two boys and their father came to live with me, I didn't have time to do that any more. I looked around until I found a comfortable house in Allston, a suburb of Boston, and we all moved into it. One of my brothers and two of my sisters agreed to live with me and pay board, and all together, by managing, I was able to make both ends meet."

It was in Allston that Fred Allen spent his boyhood and went to school. It was the ordinary boyhood of an ordinary American boy, unshadowed, thanks to Aunt Elizabeth, by the lack of a mother. An ordinary boyhood, concerned with such matters as baseball, swimming, and school. Nobody, certainly not Aunt Elizabeth, attached any significance to the fact that a good deal of Fred's time was unaccounted for. Off playing somewhere, no doubt. She didn't know, then, how many hours he spent practicing juggling.

Then, when Fred was fifteen, and working after school in the library, a neighbor tossed a bombshell into the Sullivan-Lovely household.

"Saw John acting on the stage last night," he told Aunt Elizabeth.

"Acting—on the stage?" she asked, amazed. "How? Where?"

"Amateur night over at the Bijou," she was told. "They announced him as Fred Allen, but it was John all right."

Now right here is where you would have expected Aunt Elizabeth to call her nephew and register some serious objections. He had been performing in amateur night shows for some time, she learned, while she thought he was safely at work in the library.

"The idea at first did seem utterly fantastic to me," she said. "Why, John had been studying for a business career! But as I thought it over, I began to see his viewpoint. I

knew him so well that I could understand why he'd kept it all a secret. If he hadn't been afraid I'd forbid him to enter the amateur competitions, he'd have confided in me—and that he hadn't done so proved that entering them meant a good deal to him.

"Without saying anything to him, I found out the next time one of the theaters was going to present amateur acts, and went, sitting in the back of the auditorium where he

couldn't possibly see me. I admit I was a bit excited.

"I guess I was a lot more nervous than he was when he came on the stage. He started his act with some juggling, and everything went along all right until somebody in the audience cried, 'Give him the hook! Give him the hook!' If it had been me, I'd have run right off the stage, but John just stopped and answered the fellow, 'No! Give me a show instead!' He answered up so quickly and so spunkily that I had to laugh myself, and the audience roared and clapped and told the heckler to be quiet. Then John finished, and everybody applauded.

"I went home and made up my mind that if John wanted to go on the stage—well, he'd just have to do it. I don't believe in trying to keep people from doing things they want to do, to make a living, as long as it's an honest living. Besides, John seemed to have a natural talent. Not many boys his age could have answered up to that man in the audience.

I found out he'd been afraid of two things—that his father and I would object, and that he'd fail. Those were the two reasons he'd used the name Fred Allen.

"Of course, I didn't know then that he'd be as big a success as he has, but after watching him that one time I thought he could probably make a go of it. Anyway, I decided I wouldn't stop him from trying."

That's how it happened that Fred Allen entered vaudeville as soon as he'd finished high school. Fred's early days in the show business were about as precarious as those of others who are stars today, but no matter how difficult it was to get money, nor where he was, he

For Fred Allen, sponsored by Sal Hepatica and Ipana, see page 56—9 p.m.

Wide World



FROM BOSTON LIBRARY TO
RADIO CITY—WHO HELPED
PUT THIS UNTHEATRICAL
COMIC IN THE SPOTLIGHT?



Above, in a Boston suburb lives an old lady of seventy-eight who has had an amazing influence on Fred's life. Right, Fred with Portland Hoffa, his wife and his aggravating heckler before the mike in Town Hall Tonight.

DO WOMEN RULE RADIO?

BECAUSE of women listeners—Max Baer lost his contract. Your Lover never became a national program. Gertrude Niesen found herself out of a job, when the Big Show went off the air. Lanny Ross became a star. The glorification of criminals, gangsters and racketeers was forbidden in all the children's programs on the CBS network.

You might think offhand that men rule the airwaves, but do they? Maybe—maybe women do. Let's see.

Nearly all the programs on the air try first of all to appeal to women listeners, since advertisers know that 85 per cent of the buying is done by women. Women, too, have expressed their ideas about programs much more frequently and firmly than men. Seven out of ten letters received by the big broadcasting stations are from women!

There is very little doubt that women decided the ultimate fate of Max Baer on the air, in spite of the fact that he was advertising an article which was presumably meant chiefly for use by men. Unwittingly he antagonized a whole nation of women and embarrassed the broadcasters the night he lost the championship. Just after Jim Braddock had paid a touching tribute to his wife and children, Max Baer was called to the mike to deliver an impromptu message. His first remark, made in the bitter mood of a defeated man was—to many listeners—decidedly objectionable.

It was, they felt, a remark that should never have been made over the air, and it resulted in a storm of criticism. In vain Max Baer protested that he had had no time to prepare a message, that he had spoken without thinking. When on top of all this,

READ WHAT FEMININE AUDIENCES DID TO A ROMANTIC TENOR, A RING CHAMP, A MOVIE STAR! SPONSORS LISTEN TO WOMEN ON THE WARPATH!



DECORATION BY CARL PFEUFER

By **DORA ALBERT**

there was a misunderstanding between Max and his wife, and the newspapers printed a deluge of sob stories about his heart-broken bride, women condemned Max Baer more loudly than ever. Consequently, when his contract came up for renewal, his sponsor decided not to renew it, because he had received so much adverse criticism.

On the other hand, women made Lanny Ross a star! When the Show Boat program first went on the air, Captain Henry was its star. Lanny was just another singer. Then Charles Winninger left the show to go on the stage, and Lanny became more and more popular. The sponsors of Show Boat learned about this in an amazing way. When surveys were made by telephone to determine the popularity of the program, a great many housewives said, when asked what they'd listened to on Thursday night, "I listened to Lanny Ross."

Not Show Boat, mind you, but Lanny Ross! Again and again this happened, till the agency behind Lanny Ross realized they had a star on their hands. And that's why you now listen to Lanny Ross presenting the Maxwell House Show Boat!

When Roses and Drums first went on the air, the broadcasters planned to have it cover the whole pageantry of American history, starting with the Revolutionary War. When they came to the Civil War, they decided to feature De Wolf Hopper as Stonewall Jackson. To string together the episodes in which he was to appear, they created the fictitious character of a beautiful Southern girl with two admirers, a Northerner and a Southerner. They planned to drop that romance in a few weeks. The wedding date was fixed for the broadcast of June 18, 1933.

But the romance which had been invented simply as a prop caught on! Women became far more interested in the fate of Betty and her two beaux than in the historical story behind the series.

To this day Betty is single, and the program deals chiefly

with her love affairs. Because women wanted it that way!

Do you remember when Beatrice Lillie was on the air with her Auntie Bea-sop's fables and her brilliant, sophisticated humor? And did you know that her program changed completely because of what women listeners said? Groups of average women were asked how they liked her program. They said that they liked some of her sketches, but that they were bored stiff by the ones which dealt with British life or that satirized things very remote from their own daily lives—for instance, like the comedy sketch in which a group of bar-maids, instead of waiting on their customers, who were opera directors, sang to them in the hope of getting into opera.

The agency behind Beatrice Lillie asked her to change her style of humor. If she really wanted to make a hit with women, she must stop being so very, very British, they suggested. Let her deal with simple, everyday subjects, like women going shopping or the behavior of women in the beauty parlors.

Instead of being offended, Beatrice Lillie listened to the voice of her fans, and created just the kind of sketches that women wanted to hear. As a consequence, her program became much more popular than it had been in the beginning.

There are laughs and tears behind the scenes when the hand that rocks the cradle starts ruling radio. Stars are built up; other stars are torn down. Hopes are built up; hopes are smashed.

Some women listeners cannot bear to see anyone hurt by a facetious master of ceremonies. Remember when NTG first went on the air? That night he introduced over the air a chorus girl named Fay Carroll. Jestingly he said, "Here is the most beautiful and the (Continued on page 57)

Above, an artist's idea of programs women changed. Your Lover was bad taste; kids' shows too thrilling, Max Baer too outspoken, Miriam Hopkins too fiery.

BESS JOHNSON'S dramatic marriage story



Bess, with her husband, Dr. Paul Perry, and daughter Jane. Bess plays the part of Frances Moran in *Today's Children*. For the program sponsored by Pillsbury, tune in NBC blue network, 10:30 a.m.

BY MERYL FRIEDEL

WHEN THIS STAR FACED A
CRISIS THREATENING HER
HAPPINESS, SHE SCORNE
TRADITION AND LEARNED—

Rush Medical School and Bess worked to gain a foothold as an actress on the New York stage. She had made a place for herself on Broadway; managers were casting her for small parts; but the separation from Paul was too bitter. She returned to Chicago while he

was still a hospital interne, determined to find some sort of work while making a new start in the Chicago theaters.

Internes eat, sleep and live in the hospitals they serve, and they are paid almost nothing. The young couple could have only a few hours together each day, often not that. Bess worked at everything, selling in department stores, modeling clothes, posing for artists and commercial photographers—anything she could get. Sometimes there was no work, and no money. Then Paul, at the hospital, would go into the kitchen when no one but a friendly cook was watching and borrow some food to take to Bess' shabby little furnished room.

But every interne eventually becomes a full-fledged doctor. At last Paul's studies were finished, and he hung out his physician and surgeon shingle. Meanwhile, Bess had gradually built herself up into one of Chicago's leading actresses. Financially, the future looked bright; and the seal was set upon the happiness of Dr. and Mrs. Paul Perry on Christmas Eve, 1928, when their little daughter, Jane Orr, was born.

More than a year of contentment followed until, one day in the spring of 1930, young Dr. Perry added up the accounts receivable on his books. What he learned brought him the shocked realization that he was allowing his wife to support him and his child. Worse, out of her earnings on the stage, she was paying for the upkeep of the two offices he maintained for his large but, he saw now, not profitable practice. Too many of his patients (Continued on page 96)

WHAT would you do, if just when you thought long years of hard work and frugal living were bearing fruit, all that meant most to you in life began to crumble and dissolve into ruin?

Would you sit down amid the wreckage and say, "I've fought—I've done the best I knew how—and then this happens! I can't fight any more!" or would you be like Bess Johnson?

Thousands know Bess only as the Frances Moran of *Today's Children*. The advertising world knows her as one of the country's most efficient radio advertising agency executives. But only a few—her intimate friends—know her best of all as the devoted and courageous wife and mother whose clear vision saved her happiness, and the happiness of her husband and child, from destruction.

It took bravery, too, to follow the course Bess set for herself. It meant giving up all she had worked for, starting in all over again from scratch. But she knew it was the only way for her to solve the problem of keeping a man's pride and self-respect intact while his wife was the breadwinner for the family. That, you see, was the danger which threatened Bess' happiness, the same rock upon which so many modern marriages have split.

Eleven years ago Bess and her husband, Paul Perry, attacked the problem of making a living in Chicago. Behind them were a high school romance, a hurried wedding during the Christmas holidays, followed by a year of separation while Paul continued his studies at Chicago's



Ben Pinchot

A new and beautiful portrait of a radio star whose popularity never dims. Her recital at the White House on January 28 marks the first occasion upon which a singer identified exclusively with radio has been invited to appear at the President's home.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE



Ray Lee Jackson

LANNY
ROSS

While other members of the Show Boat cast come and go, its romantic tenor star stays on, growing more popular month by month. Lanny and his bride, who used to be Olive White, spend most of their time now on the lovely old farm they bought recently in upper New York State, coming in to the city only for broadcasts.

After an illness resulting from over-work, Eleanor Powell has returned to the Flying Red Horse Tavern show on Friday evenings. Her spectacular success in one movie, "Broadway Melody of 1936," brought her instant fame in radio and on the stage as well. At present she's featured in the Broadway revue, "At Home Abroad."

M-G-M

ELEANOR
POWELL



STUART
CHURCHILL

You've thrilled to his tenor voice on Fred Waring's show—but did you know that he also makes his own arrangements for those choral numbers in which he is the featured soloist? In spite of his frantic protests, he took on another duty not long ago, when Fred appointed him official photographer for the organization.



HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THEIR LIVES



For Lawrence Tibbett, sponsored by Packard, see page 53—8 p.m. col.

LAURENCE TIBBETT was about to commit suicide. For Inez had turned him down, forgotten him completely. Now there was nothing to live for, nothing. No one would miss him when he was gone. Nobody cared if he lived or died.

He was alone in the world, friendless. An outcast. An inferior being.

It had always been that way, thought eighteen-year-old, gawky Lawrence Tibbett. Always, he had felt unsure of himself, abashed before girls. Everyone else seemed so much happier and more confident than he, who was afraid of almost everything. In his heart of hearts he knew he was a coward.

Why, his very first childhood recollection still burned him like a hot flame. When he was five, he had run home from school, crying at the top of his lungs. To his kind, brave father, he had confessed that some little boy had hit him. Lawrence was dreadfully scared, and had run away.

To this day he remembers his father's surprised, "Why, son, only cowards run away when they're struck. Go right back to school and stand your ground. Don't come home ever without putting up a game fight."

Trembling and sobbing, because he didn't dare disobey, Lawrence had dragged his creeping feet back to the school yard. Still afraid.

Always, that dreadful feeling of fright, that gripping feeling of inferiority, had dominated his every act. "When I was a little older," this tall, distinguished, slightly graying man told me, his blue eyes growing stern at the memory of that whimpering kid of twelve, "the boys threw stones at me, and called me sissy, scaredy cat. I was a skinny string bean then, almost six feet tall. And terribly weak physically."

Children are unconsciously cruel, and they never realized the reason that Lawrence couldn't jump as high as they, run as fast, or keep up in games of baseball, was because he just didn't have the physical stamina. How were they to know that the doctor, alarmed by his rapid growth and loss of strength, had advised his mother to take the boy from school, and give him a complete rest in the attempt to ward off incipient tuberculosis.

More and more young, wistful Lawrence, misunderstood by youngsters who idolize brawn, retired into his shell, became introspective, moody. Every waking hour he'd sit in his room, reading; till his mother, in despair, hid his books and chased him outdoors. For books were the only pastime he had that made his life bearable.

Had his brothers and sister not been a dozen years older than he, he might have found some understanding and help at home. But they were busy with their own affairs. And his widowed mother had her hands full running a boarding house and doing practical nursing on the side. Certainly she had no time for Lawrence's psychological problems.

When his health failed to improve, Lawrence's mother sent him to her brother Jean's ranch in the Tejon Mountains. Perhaps there he would gain some strength, eliminate

EVERY STAR HAS SOME UNTOLD
SECRET—A LAWRENCE TIBBETT
STORY STARTS THIS FASCINATING
SERIES OF UNKNOWN EXPERIENCES

By MARY JACOBS

the danger of the dread White Peril.

For three years Lawrence stayed at his uncle's ranch, three years that only served to accentuate his feeling of unhappiness, of unworthiness. For Uncle Jean, impatient with his nephew's timid ways, decided to knock them out of the boy, and to make a man of him. To young sniveling, quaking Lawrence, Uncle Jean seemed hard hearted indeed.

Without warning he would be upon Lawrence with some new torture. And there was no way out with Uncle Jean; Lawrence couldn't make excuses, as he could to his mother. There was the time, for example, when he decided on the spur of the moment that young Lawrence should overcome his fear of being alone in the open at night.

At three o'clock in the morning, one cold September day, he awakened the boy, stuck a gun in his hands, and told him to get dressed.

"The dogs have treed a coon," he said shortly. "You're to go out and kill it."

Lawrence, by this time, knew better than to complain or beg off. His teeth chattering, he pushed himself toward the barking of the dogs. He did the job; but the few hundred yards seemed miles. And I think he was as afraid of the wild-eyed, trapped little coon as of a Frankenstein!

"Poor Jean, what a man-sized job he had, trying to put some guts into me," Tibbett told me. "I was such a timid soul. I hated fights, hated shooting. My uncle insisted I learn how to shoot. 'You a Tibbett,' he'd say sneeringly. 'Your father was shot down while pursuing a bandit. Certainly we have no cowards on (Continued on page 89)

The LOWDOWN ON MY BROTHER PHIL



BY ELLA
BAKER
(HIS SISTER)

For Phil Baker's program,
sponsored by Gulf Oil, see
page 53—7 o'clock col.

THE first time Phil ran away from home he was twelve years old. After that it became a habit, and he averaged six disappearances a year until he was fifteen. We always knew when Phil was going to leave us, because in those days boys wore high, starched, detachable collars, and Phil never left without first demanding his collars.

He'd come into the house, grim and determined, and say to me or Mother, "Give me my collars!" Argument was useless. The only thing to do was give them to him. Then he'd leave.

When he was younger, he never stayed away very long, or traveled any great distance. He would go as far as his money would take him, and then start working his way back home. His jaunts generally lasted three or four days.

We were living on the east side, in New York City, so most of Phil's journeying was done in New Jersey. Once, though, he managed to get all the way to Boston. He landed there broke, and got a job in a restaurant washing dishes. It lasted two weeks, and he earned enough money to carry him half way home. At the half way mark he took a job in another restaurant. More dishes were washed, and Phil returned to the fold. Mother certainly hit upon a novel way of punishing him for that trip. She appointed him family dishwasher for one week!

Sometimes Phil's wanderings forced him to accept some very difficult jobs. He went broke in a small Vermont town, and had to work in a stone quarry. When he came home his hands were covered with blisters. He proudly displayed

them to the family, and Rose, Ethel, and I broke into tears. He was such a little fellow.

The first two or three times that Phil ran away we all worried about him, but gradually we became accustomed to it. Mother just waited for the postman, and the postcard Phil always sent read: "Dear Mother, don't worry, I'm all right." We could tell what town he was in by the postmark on the card.

But once the card didn't come. Instead, there was a large envelope. Inside it was Phil's message, written on a piece of brown wrapping paper. It was the usual message, all right, but I knew something must be wrong.

"Mother," I said, "Phil's in trouble. I'm sure of it. He's never sent us a letter before."

It was instinct, I guess. Somehow, from this slight change in Phil's routine, I knew that he needed our help.

A police officer, a friend of the family, lived on the floor below us, and Mother and I hurried down to him for advice. He looked at the letter, and the envelope,

which was marked Freehold, New Jersey. Then he put through a telephone call to the Freehold jail.

"Have you got a boy there named Phil Baker?" He listened a moment, nodding his head, then said, "I'll come right away."

Phil was in the Freehold jail, charged with breaking into a cottage.

The officer and I took the next train for Freehold, to find Phil and another small boy sitting in one of the cells playing checkers.

Phil and his friend had got themselves into trouble by taking too much for granted. The cottage belonged to a sea captain who, the other boy claimed, was his uncle. Phil and he had gone up to see the old fellow several times, but on this particular occasion, he was away at sea, and the two young imps had decided to impose upon his generosity by taking over the place. They had been living there three days when the neighbors reported them. The sheriff investigated, and then did his duty.

The officer and I argued with the constable for an hour before we finally persuaded him to release the boys.

I didn't lecture Phil. He appreciated that, and I was adopted as his pal. From that day on, he never caused the family another bit of serious trouble.

But what an untidy boy! His clothes looked as if he had slept in them. His face and hands were invariably filthy. He would be perched on the steps, a harmonica at his mouth, blowing away merrily, looking more like a street urchin playing for pennies than the street urchins themselves.

It was about this time that I was being squired by boy friends. Very often I would hurry my puzzled escort out of the neighborhood before he could catch sight of Phil. Coming home at night, if he were on the steps, I would circle the block with my beau until my brother disappeared. If I had been forced to claim him, I believe I'd have died of mortification!

Of course, these were minor things. We were really always very proud of Phil. The other children in the neighborhood idolized him. He was their official musician, providing all the music for their May parties. It was tough entertainment, because the celebration lasted three or four hours. Phil kept things whirling by playing the drums. When his hands became tired, he would introduce the har-

monica. Ten cents admission was charged, and he received fifty per cent of the profits.

His first job was with the old Biograph studios; as a messenger boy. The whole neighborhood was regularly informed that he, Phil Baker, was the person who handed Mary Pickford her check every Saturday.

Phil liked the position, but it didn't give him any chance to display his musical talent. I had my hands full keeping him on the job. He threatened to quit as regularly as

he paid Mary Pickford her salary. In his spare time, he could be found at the neighborhood's only second-hand music store. The proprietor liked Phil, and would let him practice on any instrument he chose. Phil tried them all. He would bring a different one home every week, and beg Father to buy it. We couldn't afford it, but Phil owned as many as five instruments at one time. Three of them were purchased on the instalment plan. Father spoiled him. In fact, I'm afraid we all did. (Continued on page 92)

Phil Baker at home with his wife and two children. Radio work keeps him in New York all winter, so he sends the family to Florida while Ella watches over him.



GIRL WHO LOVED HIM WHEN HE WAS THE NEIGHBORHOOD BAD BOY

HERE'S A BRAND NEW SLANT ON THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN FROM A

Life begins again for

SEE that?" said Jimmy. "That's the old church we visited on the way to Guatemala City. And here's another picture—those are the funny little donkey carts they use in Colombia."

Suddenly he looked up. "But you aren't interested in all this. You're just being polite." When I shook my head emphatically, he laughed and picked up another scrapbook.

"Here are the snapshots I took in Central America. And those are the ones in Mexico." And so he went on, telling me all the colorful, amusing details of the roundabout trip that took him from New York last summer to Hollywood and the Eddie Cantor show.

I marveled at the fund of information he had gained in such a hurried, eventful trip. "How'd you ever learn so much about so many places in such a short time?"

For just a moment Jimmy was silent. In that fleeting second I saw all the enthusiasm and enjoyment vanish from his face. Another minute and it was back. He shrugged and laughed. "I had to. I was a sick man when I left New York. Not physically, though I'd lost eighteen pounds, but mentally."

Though the tone was light, I knew how true his words were. Eight months ago, Jimmy Wallington sat in a hospital room in which his wife was fighting for her life. That night, Anita Fuhrmann, Jimmy's bride since August, died. Today, Jimmy is back on the air, back with Cantor, playing his old role of straight man to a comedian. Life has begun again for Jimmy Wallington.

There's a story of courage, determination, and the discovery of a new philosophy behind Jimmy's return to the Cantor program, a story he couldn't tell until now because only in the past few weeks has he been sure of the ending.

Now when you hear his voice every Sunday night it is filled with all the richness and timbre of the voice you heard a year ago. It has lift and vitality. And when you talk with Jimmy in his home in Hollywood, the vitality is still there. And there's a sparkle in his eyes, a smile on his lips.

The day I went to have lunch with him, he took me straight into the library of his house and it was while we were going over all the mementoes of his trip that I learned the story.

"That trip was more important to me than you can imagine," he said. "I was scheduled to go on the air with

Eddie in the fall and I couldn't let him down. But I couldn't laugh myself in those days, so how was I going to help Cantor make others laugh?

"You see, I'd been through a pretty bad strain." Again there was that unconscious pause. Then a quick straightening of the shoulders. "But, thank goodness, I lived through it and now I'm beginning to live again. I'm learning to play all over again."

It had always been Jimmy's philosophy that work was the cure-all for every trouble. You already know what a shock his wife's death was to him, how he tried vainly after the funeral to find solace in working twelve, even fourteen hours a day. He took every program NBC offered him. Surely, he reasoned, if he kept at it hard enough, he wouldn't have time to think of his tragedy.

What you don't know, what Jimmy has never disclosed before, is what took place in his doctor's office one day. Discouraged, suddenly aware that overwork was only pointing to a breakdown, not towards the reconstruction of his life, Jimmy asked the doctor for help.

"You need a vacation, a long trip," he was told.

A smile twisted Jimmy's lips. He'd heard those same words so often before. It sounded so much like a stock remedy. He thought of long days with nothing to do but think, and he shook his head.

"I'm afraid that won't do."

The doctor shrugged. "It's the only thing I can offer. It's up to you. But I know that the trip will be a success,



Left, Jimmy with Anita Fuhrmann who died ten months after they were married. Above, Eddie Cantor and Harry Einstein (Parkyakarkas) help Jimmy to regain his land legs after his tour of Central and South America—a journey which, he knows now, helped him to fight tragedy and become once again the Jimmy you used to listen to.

Jimmy Wallington

READ THIS INSPIRING STORY OF HOW HE HAS FOUND HIS WAY BACK TO HAPPINESS AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HIS BRIDE

By KATHERINE HARTLEY



if you make up your mind to it."

As Jimmy left the office, he thought of what the doctor had said. Suddenly he realized the truth of the advice. It was up to him. And what better alternative could he think of, anyway?

"Right then," Jimmy told me, "I knew it was sink or swim. That night when I got home, I began packing. Just the thrill of knowing that I was going some place new cheered me up. NBC released me from the shows I was announcing and before I really was aware what was happening to me, I was on a boat, on my way."

Hearing him tell it, I could easily imagine his first few days away from New York. All the old, familiar sights—Radio City, his apartment, Fifth Avenue, Broadway—that called up such painful memories were behind. And when he landed at his first port of call in South America the first thing he did was to hire an auto and buy a camera.

"It was then that the trip started in earnest," Jimmy explained. "Every little town I visited, I'd get out my camera. Before we left, I had pictures of every building and street that caught my fancy. I knew the history of each monument and square. Here, for instance," he went on, picking up another picture, "is a live volcano. We flew right over it in a plane. The picture was taken right through the windows. That?" he said, pointing to a snapshot I was holding, "that's the shrine of San Pedro. There's his coffin I was telling you about. There's a glass over it—you can look right down into it."

Before we had finished looking at all his souvenirs, I'd practically taken a journey myself through South and Central America, Mexico, and Lower California.

"You can see, can't you," Jimmy asked, "what was happening to me all that while? Gradually, I was finding new interests, found myself looking forward to Hollywood, thinking about working with Eddie once more. Each night, I'd paste up the pictures I'd had developed during the day and pack away in a suitcase all the funny little odd pieces I'd bought."

I wasn't at the airport the day Jimmy landed, but I heard about it later. Eddie and Harry Einstein (Parkyakarkas) were out waiting for the plane to land. The minute

Jimmy was off the plane, the two men were at his side, shaking his hand, making him pose with them in absurd pictures for the cameraman they'd brought along. Jimmy didn't have time to feel lonely or out of place in a new town. After the pic-

ture taking had finished, he was rushed straight to Eddie's home.

Soon the three of them were closeted in a study, going over plans for the program that was going to start later in the fall.

There, in Hollywood, the cure that the foreign countries had begun, was finished. Movie studios, going out to location and watching Eddie make his new picture, "Strike me Pink," meeting other film celebrities, going with the program's cast to parties—everything combined to keep Jimmy so busy he actually had no time to think.

"Even at night I was so tired, I couldn't stay awake five minutes. And in the morning, the phone would be ringing before I was awake."

Jimmy's only real moment of doubt from then on was the opening broadcast. Would his voice have all its old fire and resonance? Or would the mike betray some lingering feeling of grief, some brief hesitancy? The answer to his fears was the flood of telegrams and phone calls from all over the country, congratulating Jimmy and Eddie on being together again and producing such a swell show.

A spirit of never say die had put this first program across. The same spirit, really, that made Jimmy a radio announcer in the first place, when he applied for a job making sets and was offered an announcer's post instead. You probably already know how he worked day and night, studying, practicing, until he had perfected a mike technique.

That's the kind of spirit that has kept Jimmy going on the path to recovery ever since the opening night. As he built his career step by step, so he is building his new life. The first step was his trip—filling his mind with new interests, so many that when you listen to him you get the travel fever, too. The second was getting through the ordeal of the first broadcast. The last step was forcing himself to become an active part of Hollywood's social life.

You can see him now, in Hollywood, going with his friends to restaurants, night clubs, and sight seeing in out of the way places. A short time ago, he wired for his father and mother. He's planning now to make his home in California, even though he may have to travel some.

Life, which less than a year ago threatened to engulf him in its tragedy, is showing him a kindlier side and Jimmy once more has his feet on the ground.

Listen next Sunday to the Cantor show—hear for yourself. You'll know then what I mean when I say radio's favorite announcer is again himself



VERA VAN'S

LOST ROMANCE

By HILDA COLE



touching as any I have ever heard, spoiled with the clash between love and ambition. The memory of it probably has something to do with that poignantly wistful quality in her singing.

Unexpectedly, one day, I stumbled upon her secret. We were having lunch together. Vera had just signed a nice contract to sing on the Schulte Smoker and already she was receiving good notices on her part in the Broadway musical, "May Wine."

I noticed she was more solemn than one would expect on such an occasion for jubilation. I pressed her, perhaps more than I should have, out of journalistic curiosity, to find out the reason for her strange mood.

"It's what I've struggled for a long time to achieve," Vera sighed, toying with her fork. "It seems perverse of me that on the day of signing this grand contract I should be thinking, instead, about Bill."

Then the story began to come out. It began, way back when Vera was a child in long curls. Her family had moved to California from Akron, Ohio, for the sake of her health. She had been desperately ill since babyhood, and doctors decided that a change in climate was imperative and that dancing lessons would be beneficial in restoring strength.

She was sent to the Carl Curtis School in Los Angeles, where professional children learned their ABC's. And there this shy and frail little Alice-In-Wonderland met Bill Wells.

Bill Wells is not his real name, but he has a likeable American tag of the same sort, and under the circumstances it might make him uncomfortable if his complete identity were

to be divulged here.

Bill took it upon his sturdy ten-year-old shoulders to play champion for shy little "Vee." He seemed very much of a man-of-the-world to her, for he had already appeared in "Our Gang" comedies and other pictures.

The first songs "Vee" sang were impromptu duets with Bill, applauded by their doting parents. It was through his encouragement that she made her first bow in the lime-light. They were such a perfect pair that they were chosen for the leading roles in the Hollywood Children's Community Players production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *H. M. S. Pinafore*. Vera, as Buttercup, was such a success that she began to take her singing seriously.

Bill's devoted companionship (Continued on page 73)

FOUND: STARDOM ON
THE AIR AND BROAD-
WAY STAGE. LOST: THE
ONLY MAN SHE HAS
EVER REALLY LOVED

ILLUSTRATED
BY A. R. CARTER

Vera left her dog,
Boy, with Bill. He
promised to send
him on when she
was settled in
New York City.



YOU who have heard Vera Van on the air know her as the girl with a voice which is indefinably sad, wistful, and sweet.

To her fellow-workers at the Columbia studios, Vera is hail-fellow-well-met. Everybody likes her. She is even-tempered, anxious to please, and possesses a nice sense of humor. Her life has always seemed remarkably uncomplicated by her emotional entanglements. When questioned about romance, she usually retorts, laughingly, "Oh, I haven't time for boy friends. I'm working too hard."

And with lovely Vera looking you straight in the eye, you couldn't say, "Oh, yeah?"

It was quite by accident that I learned of Vera's romance—a romance which is over now—a story as tender and



Ray Lee Jackson

DOROTHY LAMOUR

If only radio had a thousand ships for this "Dreamer of Songs" to launch! Dorothy came to New York from the middle west late last summer, after singing with some of the country's most popular dance bands, and now has her own sustaining program on NBC

pageant of the airwaves



JACK BENNY'S
KENNY BAKER

Kenny Baker, above, is the lad who divides his time on the Jello program, Sundays at 7 over NBC, between singing and being stooge for Jack Benny. Born 23 years ago in Monrovia, Calif., he paid for his musical education by working on Boulder Dam, won Eddy Duchin's amateur contest last summer. He's tall, slender, married . . . Right, Fanny Rose Shore, brunette songstress heard in RADIO MIRROR's own Revue over WSM, Nashville, Monday nights at 6:45. She's 21, a former co-ed of Vanderbilt University . . . Below, Kathryn Cravens, news commentator over KMOX, St. Louis. Born on a Texas ranch, she has worked in movies and on the stage, is married, and now is one of the few women news reporters in radio . . . Below right, Lawrence Tibbett's maestro Don Voorhees, CBS's first studio orchestra leader, is tall and dark, has few interests outside of music.



WSM'S SINGER
FANNYE SHORE



COMMENTATOR CRAVENS



TIBBETT'S DON VORHEES



BETTY GARDE



ALICE FROST

Left, some of the "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" cast—Joe Latham (Mr. Stebbins), Alice Frost (Miss Hazy), Betty Garde (Mrs. Wiggs) and Andy Donnelly (Billy Wiggs)—and, next, Betty and Alice as they really look. Betty's radio debut was in 1933, she's been in more than 20 dramatic shows on the air, is unmarried, owns a cocker spaniel named "Mr. Wiggs." Alice is blonde, married, likes backgammon and clay modeling. She is the girl stooge on Camel Caravan, too. Joe Latham, a radio veteran, is married, the father of four children. Andy is 14, has been in radio seven years . . . Below, Billy Halop, Cecil Secret and Harriet MacGibbon, the Kent family in "Home Sweet Home." Billy, who is also Bobby Benson, is receiving critical acclaim in a Broadway play . . . Left below, Arthur Jacobson, recently "Scoop" in "Girl Alone." When he isn't broadcasting or rehearsing, you'll probably find him sailing his own boat on the waters of Lake Michigan.

MRS. WIGGS AND FRIENDS



ARTHUR JACOBSON



THE KENTS OF "HOME SWEET HOME"



VIRGINIA PAYNE



MARJORIE HANNAN

DAYTIME
DRAMATICS

WALTER AND
IREENE WICKER



pageant of the airwaves



LUCY GILLMAN OF
"TODAY'S CHILDREN"



PATRICIA DUNLAP

Top, Walter and Irene Wicker, of NBC's Chicago studio. They play Bob Crane and Eileen Moran in "Today's Children," daily at 10:30 over the blue network. They were married while they were still in college, now have two children. Irene—she's the Singing Lady, too—added the extra "e" to her name on a numerologist's advice . . . Above right, Lucy Gillman, who plays Lucy Moran on the same program. Nine years old, she commutes ten miles alone every day to the studio . . . Above, Patricia Dunlap—otherwise Nada in "Og, Son of Fire," on CBS at 5:45. Used to produce plays in the backyard of her Bloomington, Illinois, home, is dark, lovely, unmarried . . . Right, Betty Winkler and Joan Winters, of "Girl Alone," with Phil Lord, veteran actor. Betty's 21, made a stage debut when she was four. Joan started to be a dress designer, but turned to acting . . . Left, Virginia Payne and Marjorie Hannan, or Ma Perkins and her daughter Fay in the popular drama series. Virginia's a college graduate, writes poetry, and plays the piano. Marjorie failed on the stage, but found success in radio.



STARS OF "GIRL ALONE"

Success Secrets

OF THE STARS

HOW did they get there? What are the principles behind their amazing success stories? What did they have that thousands of others do not possess? Was it luck? Courage in the face of obstacles? Or a simple formula?

Let the stars themselves tell you.

From eight of radio's brightest personalities come answers to these questions. Each has had his own formula—from long shots to loyalty—and each formula reveals the star in a new light, by showing us how and when his tide of fortune turned from the low ebb of adversity to the full flood of success.

Guy Lombardo told me about the days before his Royal Canadians had become a household word among modern music lovers. It was a simple story he related but it gave the clue to the band's rapid rise.

"If it hadn't been for the boys' loyalty to one another, we'd never have been given the break which led us to popularity," Guy said.

"We had come from Ontario, Canada, to Cleveland, Ohio, on the strength of a short term contract, determined to make a name for ourselves in the States.

"The brief engagement over, we found ourselves without a job. After about a week of searching we became very discouraged. Our only alternative, it seemed, was to pack up our bags and go back home. At least we could find some sort of work there.

"We were sitting in the hotel room discussing the best way to get there, when our first saxophonist walked in looking very disconsolate. We kept on with our discussion. Finally he interrupted.

"Boys," he said dolefully, 'I've discovered one of the most wonderful girls in the world. I want to marry her. I

have a feeling that if we go back to Ontario, I'll never see her again. You know, Cleveland isn't such a bad place, and I believe that if we could give it just one more week's try, we might get something.' With that he arose, and left.

"That decided us. We all knew the girl, and what she meant to him. A poll was taken, and every fellow in the room voted to have another fling at it! Two days later we signed with one of the largest hotels in town! After that it was comparatively easy sledding."

Up in the National Broadcasting Company studios, a man with fine brown eyes and long sensitive fingers sat behind a desk fingering a sheet of music. His name? Frank Black. His formula for success? Hard work.

"I never thought much of recognition or success," he told me. "My thinking was all done in terms of my love for music. I couldn't have stopped working if I'd wanted to, because without work I wouldn't have enjoyed life.

"Before coming to NBC I did scoring for Broadway shows. It was necessary to accomplish things in a short space of time, and I found that the only way to do this was to draw on what I had already built up. It is important to have a reservoir of pent up knowledge and emotion that can be released at any time. The only way to obtain this is to study, and remember what you have learned.

"Every day, in my capacity as musical director, some new problem presents itself. I simply turn to the past and think of a similar incident that involved the same principle.

"My deepest sympathy goes to the men and women who are working at something they do not like. I work four-

By JACK SHER

PRAYER



RELATIVES



LONG SHOTS



WHAT ARE THE HIDDEN FORMULAS THAT HAVE PUT YOUR FAVORITE PERFORMERS ON TOP IN THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE?



WORK

teen hours a day, and I love and enjoy every minute!"

Helen Hayes, star of radio, stage, and screen, has been using a method that will surprise those who have never seen her at work.

"My system has worked for me beautifully," Miss Hayes smiled, "not only in radio, but on the stage, and in pictures as well. You see, I have Irish blood in me, and whenever anything goes wrong I simply get angry. Yes, downright mad! After I blow up, and get everything said that is bothering me, I generally get the results I want.

"I realized that angry determination was a powerful incentive towards success during the making of my first picture, 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet.' I had studied the script for weeks in preparation for the role, and my tests had been satisfactory. Yet, the minute I walked on the set I became frightfully nervous.

"We tried several takes on one of the scenes. Mr. Selwyn, my director, was encouraging and patient, but suddenly a sarcastic remark just slipped out of the side of his mouth. It made me boil. I flared up, and before I could control myself, I had spoken my mind. He called for the take again, and I glared across at him, determined that this was going to be the best scene he had ever witnessed. It probably wasn't," Miss Hayes laughed, "but it was one of the best I have ever done. After that, the work went very smoothly, and Mr. Selwyn and I became fine friends.

"For about a week before my first radio broadcast, my husband, Charles MacArthur, and his colleague, Ben Hecht, kidded me unmercifully. An hour before I was to go on the air they succeeded in making me angry. If my part in the program held any interest at all, that was probably the reason!"

Frank Parker, the tenor star of the Atlantic Family, claims that the best way to get ahead is to play long shots.

"It's worked for me," he declared.



TEMPER

"When dancing in 'The Greenwich Village Follies' I gambled my job as a hooper to get a chance to step into a leading part as a singer. I had practically no singing experience, and at the time it looked as if the odds were all against me. It turned out to be the greatest break of my life. Give me a handful of preparation, and a long shot. That is all I've ever asked!"

Phil Baker, who often wonders if he is still a comedian, swears by gymnasiums. "Physical condition," says Phil, "has more to do with getting ahead than any other factor. If I am feeling badly it tells on my broadcasts.

"When I was on the stage in 'A Night In Spain,' I noticed I was slipping. I worried night and day. I finally decided that it was my body, and not my mind that caused the trouble. I found an excellent physical instructor, and took myself to a gym for a workout. I kept it up for three months, averaging about five trips a week. And then—"

"And then?" I asked as Phil paused.

"And then," Phil replied, "I had a nervous breakdown!" He grinned. "Of course, I let myself go too far before I started taking the cure. Never again! It almost finished my career. If a fellow is in good condition he can lick the world."

"I've never cared what happened to me!" Lawrence Tibbett exclaimed. "As long as I was happy, that was all that mattered. When I started out on my career as a singer, I said to myself, 'You have until you're thirty to see what you can do. If you don't meet with some success by then, very well, there are other things in life that will give you just as much happiness and contentment as singing.' I've repeated this many times at crucial moments.

"My first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House didn't bother me any more than if I had been singing at a restaurant around the corner. I just went out and sang. I figured that if it didn't take, it didn't matter.

"I like that line of Stevenson's—'Life is too serious to take seriously.' That's the way I have always felt, and my advice to would-be singers is, 'Laugh and get what you can out of life.' You'll get there!" (Continued on page 60)

BY
JOYCE ANDERSON



BEAUTY FOR BLONDES

Here's a blonde who gladly gives her secret beauty hints to you here. She's Benay Venuta, sustaining vocalist over the Columbia Broadcasting System and star in the musical, "Anything Goes."

I HAD the most interesting talk with Benay Venuta this month, and I'm just bubbling over with all the beauty tips she had to pass on to you and you and you. Primarily, of course, she was talking about beauty for blondes, but the things she knows about cosmetics and beauty care are so helpful that any woman could benefit by them. And economical! This young singer, though her weekly salary has reached the four-figure mark, has hints on how to save money while being beautified which should help those of us whose monthly wages are—well, something less than that. As she says, "Because of their constant use of cosmetics, show girls have always known what is best, cheapest and purest in make-up."

Only two or three months ago, I gave you Jessica Dragonette's advice to the small blonde; this time, we're out to help the tall girl with light hair. Benay is five feet, seven and one-half inches tall, and glad of it! Her eyes are light gray-green, and she has lovely long lashes, but her hair, of course, is the thing you notice most—a lovely, silvery platinum which really looks so natural you're surprised when she tells you that she achieves the shade with a rinse!

"Color and style of clothes," she observed, "depend much more upon one's size and figure than on the shade of hair or skin. A tall girl like myself, for instance, looks better in dark shades and sports clothes, or very simply-designed dinner dresses. If you have a full-bosomed, broad-hipped figure, you should avoid both mannishly tailored suits and vividly colored costumes. On the other hand, if you're very slender, you should avoid plain clothes which give you angular lines and very dark colors which make you look thin."

"A good carriage is perhaps more essential to the tall girl than to any other type, though it adds immeasurably to anyone's charm. I'm a firm believer in the theory that all girls above average height should take dancing lessons if they possibly can, either ballet or interpretive, because it gives one so much more poise, assurance and grace. I feel much more at ease walking on the stage today (Benay, you know, is one of the stars of the smash stage show, "Anything Goes," in addition to her radio work) because I've had thorough dance training."

"Simplicity is very (Continued on page 80)

If you would like the names of the products Benay Venuta recommends, the inexpensive hair tonic and cream which would be valuable to brunettes too, write Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., N. Y., enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.



RADIO'S AIRMAIL PROGRAM

BY LOUIS UNDERWOOD

whisk the records away to the studios, where they are put on turntables and transformed into living entertainment.

Five years ago this show would never have been possible—five years ago airmail was not dependable and the time it took for a package to travel from Hollywood to New York could not be determined to the exact hours and minutes radio demands.

Even this summer, the sponsors of *Strange As It Seems*—those same sponsors who last winter brought you the *Big Show*—were doubtful of the possibility of supplying fifty individual stations with records made the same week in California. It took air express to sell them, just as it takes air express to broadcast the show.

Not until an actual demonstration was made, when a sample show was recorded in Hollywood and airtailed that same afternoon, reaching the New York audition rooms the next noon—not until all this was done successfully did the sponsors agree that the plan was feasible.

And yet, even with the sponsors' troubles over, the real headache for the program's producers was just beginning.

Against all possible hazards and changes in weather, the same split-second schedule of delivery had to be maintained week after week.

Time, unrelenting in its demands, once nearly caused the death of one of the program's most important men, Julian Field, who writes the commercial announcements.

During the first week of the show, while the organization was still in a chaotic state, Field had to fly from New York to Hollywood to lend a supervising hand, returning the next day. A wire to the New York office confirmed his safe arrival in California. A second one announced his departure for the East, by plane.

The next morning, those in New York woke up to find newspaper headlines screaming about an airplane crash in the midwest. It was the plane Field had telegraphed he was taking.

Strange as it may seem, Field's secretary refused to believe he had been killed. While she was still telephoning, a wire arrived, blandly announcing, "Missed plane took next one following arriving this afternoon."

And thus radio's first airmail show was born, sold, and delivered, while Death stalked it from the air.



Above, members of the *Strange as It Seems* cast, snapped in Hollywood. Right, John Hix, author of the famous newspaper feature and recorded show.

LADIES and gentlemen, *Strange As It Seems*. . . " Twice every week those words introduce a radio program that is unique in broadcasting annals, a program that depends on the country's fastest mail planes for its very existence, that must every seven days conquer fog and sleet and snow to reach your ears. It's a program that keeps everyone connected with it in a state of perpetual nervous tension, since it must necessarily court death, and at least once even felt its breath.

Stranger even than the facts it features, stranger even than most of the stories told by its author, John Hix, this program has a production story that sheds the first clear light on the most unpublicized phase of present-day radio—the transcription, or recorded show.

Fifty independent stations, linked only by the planes which deliver the *Strange As It Seems* records each week, carry this show which is produced in California and flown to every corner of the country.

A few hours before air time, special-delivery trucks wait at landing-fields, ready to pick up the arriving planes' precious cargoes—large, very breakable records on which have been transcribed the week's two programs. The trucks

LEARN WHY THIS SHOW HAS BECOME UNIQUE IN BROADCASTING

MEET POPEYE



By permission of the King Features Syndicate

By TOM CARSKADON

BLOW me down, mates, but look who is on the radio now. Yes sir, just flip on that old loudspeaker at 7:15 of a Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday evening over the NBC network (right after Amos 'N' Andy) and what do you hear? Wait a minute. Here it is, "I'm Popeye, the Sailor Man . . . I yam what I yam. . ."

It's Popeye, all right, with his song, his frog voice, his seagoing language and all his gear intact. How did they ever get a salty old bloke like Popeye on the air? What goes into the makings of a Popeye radio program, anyway? Well, mates, that makes a good yarn in itself, and if you'll roll into the fo'c'sle here I'll spin it for you.

They couldn't shove off and start the program until they found someone with that Popeye voice—you know, something like a bullfrog with a touch of sore throat. The radio producers are pretty smart guys. They went over to Coney Island and rounded up two bus-loads of carnival barkers, the boys who can charm the dimes right out of your pocket. They found some magnificent samples of that grand old American voice, the "whisky baritone," but there wasn't a real actor in the lot.

They tried radio actors, movie actors, stage actors; some sixty candidates in all before they found the right man. He is a large-framed, jovial member of that actors' paradise in New York, the Lambs Club; he has played in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and such stage hits as "Revenge With Music;" and his name is Detmar Poppen. A good dopester would have picked him on form. Poppen to play Popeye!

Popeye the Sailor started out as a newspaper cartoon strip in 1926—then, as now, distributed by King Features Syndicate—later enlarged his audience by going into the cartoon movies, and now brings his stubby pipe, his rolling walk and his muscle to the radio.

You might wonder how they can put a "rolling walk" on the radio, but they do that and a lot of other things on this program. It's done with the orchestra. The men practically never lay down their instruments. No matter what is going on, you hear appropriate music. When Popeye walks, the music is heavy and rolling; it is light and mincing for Popeye's girl friend, Olive Oyl; and slow

and dragging for Popeye's pal and stooge, Wimpy. When Popeye draws up his arm and raises his mighty mus-kle (it packs the kick of four mules, two steam locomotives and twelve Jack Dempseys) you hear shivery little whistles in the orchestra. All this comes from Victor Irwin's Cartoon Land Band. Vic and his boys have played for both radio and movies and know the tricks. Vic's band, in fact, supplies the music for Popeye's movie cartoon antics as well.

Creating appropriate sound effects for the husky sailor-man is a good full-time job for each of the fourteen men in the band. Long before the program goes on the air, Saxophonist Ernie Watson studies the script and makes special arrangements of the music. These special arrangements, naturally, require more rehearsing than ordinary arrangements would. In addition, each member of the band must read the script and thoroughly familiarize himself with it.

The character of Popeye the sailor was created by E. C. Segar, who hails from Chester, Illinois. He started out in life as a paperhanger, and was kept pretty busy, although he had two arms and has never yet had the hives. He thought it would be a smart trick to make his living with one hand instead of two, and so he took a mail-order course in cartooning. His work attracted the attention of a friend of the family, R. F. Outcault, who created one of the very first of the colored funnies, "Buster Brown," back in the days when Dad was a-sparkin' Mother with a horse and buggy. Outcault helped him to get a job on a Chicago newspaper, and later he moved to New York. Segar now lives with his family in Santa Monica, where he smokes a stubby pipe, wears a sailor cap and sums up his own opinion of Popeye by saying, "There's only one thing he likes better than peace and quiet, and that's a good fight."

Popeye used to train on spinach to develop his tremendous mus-kle, but now, in deference to his new radio sponsor, he gets up strength by eating a few bowls of Wheatena. Kelvin Keech is the announcer who introduces the program. The part of Olive Oyl is played by the blonde and pretty Olive Lamoy; Charles Lawrence plays Wimpy; and the part of Matey, the newsboy adopted by Popeye, is played by one of the best known child actors on the radio, Jimmy Donnelly.

For Popeye, the Sailor, sponsored by Wheatena, see pg. 56—7 p.m. col.

RADIO HAS COLLARED HIM AND PUT HIM ON THE AIR—THAT FROG-VOICED, SALTY, FIGHT-LOVING CHARACTER OF THE COMIC STRIPS



COOKING FOR BABIES

THERE has been a lot of talk in this department lately about varied menus, budget cooking and such, but somehow babies always seem to be left out of it. So we decided to interview a newcomer to radio, Mr. Michael O'Keefe, on this important subject.

Michael, as you know, is the eight-months-old son of Walter O'Keefe, whom you hear twice a week on the Camel Caravan. Interviewing Michael was somewhat difficult at first, since Walter's tie and the family Scotty both required his attention, but finally our little subject got down to business.

"The old Grade A and malt sugar formula was all right when I was a baby," said Michael (at least Walter said that's what Michael's gurgle meant), "but when a man gets to be eight months old and has four teeth he wants something he can chew on.

"Breakfast is important because I have it at six-thirty in the morning after a twelve-hour sleep, so I start off with orange juice—and none of this nonsense about a spoon, either; I drink it out of a glass. Then comes a coddled egg and a cooked cereal with milk. It's a good thing I like cereal," he added, "because the cook is Scotch and you know how the Scotch are about porridge.

"I like a little bit of meat with my lunch—usually by lunch time I've been out in the park and the fresh air certainly gives me an appetite. I really prefer a drumstick—I had one Christmas Day, but Walt says Christmas comes just once a year so I suppose I'll have to wait until next year to get another one—but for every day meals there's nothing better than shredded chicken, lamb or sirloin of beef. I top off my lunch with half a bottle of the formula the doctor worked out for me.

Above, Mr. & Mrs. O'Keefe. (She was formerly Roberta Robinson of the musical comedy stage.) Right, Pappy with baby Michael. For the Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, see page 53—9 p.m. column.



NEW TIPS ON WHAT TO SERVE AN EIGHT-MONTH-OLD IN THE WORDS OF MICHAEL O'KEEFE

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

"Supper is the time when I go for vegetables in a big way, for although I have three meals a day just like the rest of the family I don't want to overeat just before going to sleep. I like all kinds of vegetables—spinach, carrots, peas—everything.

"The vegetables have to be prepared just so, though, to win my vote. They must be cooked until tender in a small quantity of water, then run through a strainer; that way there are no lumps in them and they are easily digested. I also like fruit which has been prepared and served in the same way as the vegetables; apples and prunes are my favorites."

While on this subject of strained fruits and vegetables, do you know you can buy them in cans, specially prepared just the way Michael likes them? They are every bit as delicious as the fresh ones and just as good for babies. Also they save a lot of time for mothers since they are ready to serve from the

can, and really I don't see how the people who live long distances from vegetable markets can get along without them.

These same manufacturers also put up meat broth and vegetable soups, and they are fine for either lunch or supper, not only for children but for convalescents who need light but nourishing food.

I DON'T go in for desserts," Michael continued. "My mother—she's Roberta Robinson, the actress, you know—and the doctor agree that fruit and milk are the best desserts for me. I guess they're right, too—with the diet I've told you about I've reached thirty-two inches and I weigh twenty-one pounds, and that's tops for my age."

By this time Michael's nurse was waiting to take him to the park so we had to cut our talk short, but if you wish more information about preparing food to Michael's taste, or would like the names of the canned strained baby foods, referred to in the article just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Cooking Department, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, with your request.



Amateurs at Life

By FRED SAMMIS



JUST a minute," she called in a voice that shook more than her knees, and ran to open the door. Tad wasn't alone. At his side, smiling, her hand outstretched, was Marion.

They all began talking at once, Tad and Marion crowding into the room. Marion found the suitcase.

"You were leaving!"

Mickey nodded.

"Then we caught you just in time!" She turned to Tad. "Aren't you ashamed, not wanting to come at first?"

Tad tried to look chagrined, but he smiled instead.

"Gee, it's good to see you," he exclaimed.

"But why did you come? To see me off on the train?" Mickey asked.

"No, to rehearse for the broadcast. Isn't first rehearsal Thursday afternoon?"

Mickey just nodded, unable to speak.

"You know," Marion said, "I wanted him to accept when he got the letter from Uncle Jim. He did, too, but he wouldn't because he hadn't heard from you. I never knew he could be such a little boy about anything."

"Aw, now, listen," Tad protested. "I didn't have any idea Mickey was in on it. After the way I talked to her last week, I thought she'd never want to see me again."

"See? It's a good thing you wrote," Marion added.

"I almost didn't," Mickey confessed. "But, Tad you shouldn't have thought that. You know I'll always want to see you."

"Which, of course, goes for me, too."

For a minute, if she had closed her eyes, Mickey could have believed that Tad and she were back on their old basis of friendship. The sound of his voice, the comfort of his presence somehow made everything right.

Tad started toward the door. "You can pack later. Let's get going."

Riding in Marion's car to Radio City, he said to Mickey, "Still mad at me?"

When Mickey shook her head, he added, "What a temper!

I thought you were going to shoot me that night."

Mickey made herself laugh. "I would have if there'd been a gun handy."

"What's all this, a secret?" Marion asked.

"You remember," Tad told her, "the night we went to the Rainbow Room and I went chasing after Mickey." Mickey found herself saying "Didn't he have a lot of nerve, sitting up for me, and then lecturing me about being alone in New York?"

"Well," Tad broke in, "I still think you deserved it. But that isn't the only reason I came."

"Then why did you?" Mickey asked, determined to know.

"I wanted to see how you were. I'd missed you. When I saw you that night, I wanted to talk to you."

She couldn't help saying, "You chose a funny way of doing it."

"Listen," Tad said, "I've had about enough of that. Can't a guy even tell a girl he's missed her without getting stepped on?"

"I've got what you'd call a ringside seat," Marion said. "Fight on, boys and girls."

Mickey looked up, startled. So intent had she been, she'd nearly forgotten where she was.

"Sorry," she said, "you'd think I was the one Tad was engaged to."

"Don't stop," Marion replied. "It's fun. Maybe you'll take some of that smartness out of him."

While they parked, and walked into the main lobby, and rode up in the elevator to the eighth floor, no one said very much. It didn't get Mickey until they were inside the studio. But the second they walked through the doors, she began to tremble.

"The old place hasn't changed a bit," Tad said, unconsciously holding Mickey's hand and looking at the other amateurs scattered about the studio.

Mickey had thought, when Tad and Marion had come and said they were going to rehearsal, "I must go. I can't let Tad down." And she was here, but if she'd known it was going to be this hard, she never would have come.

She was conscious of sitting down and talking, much as a person in the dentist's chair is conscious of taking gas and never going completely under. (Continued on page 71)

**TAD AND MICKEY LEARN NEW
WISDOM AS THIS BRILLIANT
SERIAL REACHES ITS CLOSE**

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



WHATEVER IT IS, AS LONG AS
IT'S RADIO, THE ORACLE CAN
ALWAYS GIVE YOU THE ANSWER

It looks like Christmas, but it's only the Philip Morris maestro, Leo Reisman's gifts to his young son, Charles, on his birthday. See page 56—8 o'clock column.

MANY of you promised the Oracle that you would not request personal replies to your questions, starting with the new year—and then what happens? The demand for personal replies increases in number; so much so that I must ask you one more time not to send The Oracle a self-addressed stamped envelope. Just ask your question and watch the future issues of RADIO MIRROR for the answer. Also, I want to tell you not to send money to RADIO MIRROR with a request for photos of the radio stars. We do not supply these pictures. You must write to the stars themselves.

Miss C. A., Camden, N. J.—Write and ask Glen Gray for a picture of his orchestra in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

Angelo I., Buffalo, New York—Sorry 'bout that personal reply. You can now reach Dave Rubinoff at the National Broadcasting studios, Rockefeller Plaza, New York and Guy Lombardo's address is in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

"Millie," Philadelphia, Pa.—Pinkie Mitchell and Jackie Heller are two different people. Nick Lucas is not on the air at present. The last we heard of him, he was making some movie shorts.

Betty of Narberth, Pa.—The incidental parts in the Bill and Ginger program are played by Arthur Q. Bryan who also writes and directs the show.

Miss Pauline S., Phila., Pa.—The 45 Minutes in Hollywood program has been discontinued for some time. Stella and her fellas are Stella Friend, Paul Gibbon, Charles Leitch and Roy Ringwald.

Anna B., Jeunesville, Pa.—Don Ameche is not on the Betty and Bob show anymore. However, he's still on Grand Hotel and First Nighter. Betty is played by Elizabeth Reller.

Mrs. R. J., Bartlett, Texas—The part of Eileen Moran in Today's Children is played by Irene Wicker and you can address her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Jean D., Omaha, Nebr.—Joey Nash is now singing with the Major Bowes' Capitol Family Sunday mornings. He's

also on a new NBC program called Music in the Morgan Manner.

A Radio Bug, Brainerd, Minn.—Red Nichols plays for the Kellogg College Prom broadcasts over the National networks on Friday nights and of course he's sponsored.

Mary Boots H., Baltimore, Md.—Although I have already answered a query on Jerry Cooper a short while back, I couldn't say no to your plea. Jerry is in his middle twenties. His hair is brown, eyes blue and he's definitely good-looking. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Mrs. S. O., Waco, Texas—Ted Malone of Between the Book Ends is twenty-seven years old, weight 175 pounds, height five-foot-nine. Ted was born in Colorado Springs, Col., went to high school and college in Missouri; has light hair and blue eyes, and is married to his first date.

Leon M., Jr., Florence, S. C.—Phil Ohman and Victor Arden have split. Yes, Victor Arden now has his own orchestra and plays and directs for Columbia's Broadway Varieties. We heard that Phil Ohman is in California. One of the team of Arden & Arden on the American Album of Familiar Music program is Victor.

Mrs. R. Q., Miss Grace and Anna C., Bethlehem, Pa.—Anna B., of Jeunesville, Pa. asked first. Read her answer and find what you want to know.

K. McB., Mansfield, O.—The amateurs who go on the Sunday night Major Bowes Hour, are rehearsed Sunday afternoon. Did you read the Editor's Reflections in the Radio Mirror on page 4?

Mrs. Blanche J., Tempe, Arizona—As far as the Oracle can find out, Muriel Wilson is not married. The last news heard was that she was engaged to Fred Hufsmith, radio tenor.

Virginia D., Union City, N. J.—Write to James Meighan in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. I'm sure he'll send you his photograph.

Miss Tiny N., New Haven, Conn.—Ben Bernie and all the lads broadcast from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza. A letter addressed to Mr. Bernie there will reach him.

Unsigned, New York, N. Y.—I'd suggest that you write to Mr. Carlton E. Morse who authors the scripts of One Man's Family. He might help you in getting the preceding chapters of the story.

Miss Sue L., New Rochelle, New York—You were right about Peggy Allenby. Address her in care of the NBC Studios, Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. (Continued on page 98)

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC		SUPPLEMENTARY	
WAAB	WACO	WIBW	WREC
WABC	WALA	WIBX	WSBT
WADC	WBG	WIC	WSFA
WBBM	WBNS	WISN	WSJS
WCAO	WBRC	WKBN	WSMK
WCAU	WBT	WLAC	WTOC
WDRN	WCCO	WLBZ	WWL*
WEAN	WCOA	WMAS	WVVA
WFBM	WDAE	WMBD	KFH
WGR	WDBJ	WMBG	KGKO
WHAS	WDBO	WMBR	KLRA
WHK	WDNC	WNAX	KOMA
WJAS	WDOD	WNOX	KRLD
WJR	WJSA	WOC	KSCJ
WJSV	WJSP	WORC	KTRH
WKBW	WJTV	WFEA	WOWO
WKRC	WJWB	WPG	KTUL
WNAC	WJWB	WQAM	KVOR
WOKO	WJWB	WHP	KWKH
WSPD			
KFAB			
KMBC			
KMOX			
KRNT			
CKLW			

CANADIAN	
KDB	KGB
KERN	KHJ
KFBK	KMJ
KFPY	KOIN
KFRC	KOL

COAST	
KVI	
KWG	
KLZ	
KOH	
KSL	

CFRB		CKAC	

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
 2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
 3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.
- HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK
1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following pages—into Red and Blue Basic, and six supplementary groups—Southeast, Southwest, South Central, Northwest, Coast and Canadian.)
 2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
 3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
 4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page.

12 NOON 1P.M. 2P.M.

12:00 Salt Lake City Tabernacle: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WHEC WWOV WVA KIZ KSL minus WKBW WOKO KFAB KRNT

12:15 Jack Shannon: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Eddie Dunstedter: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

12:30 "Mary Marlin": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast. WCCO minus WBBM WGR WOKO

12:45 Transatlantic Broadcast: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
"Five Star Jones": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WBBM WFBW WHK WJAS WKRC WNAC KMBC KMOX WJR WBT WGST KRLD coast minus KFPY KGB KOIN KOL KVI

1:00 Church of the Air: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Hostess Counsel: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. KMBC plus coast. (Rebroadcasting to West): Eastern broadcast at 10:00 a. m.
George Hall's Orchestra: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Jack Shannon: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

1:15 Matinee Memories: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network
Savitt Serenade: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

1:30 Musical Footnotes: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WCAU WBBM WGR WHAS WJAS WJR WJSV WKRC WNAC KMBC KMOX KRNT WREC WNOX WOC
Milton Charles: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Pete Woolery Orchestra: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network

1:45 Between the Bookends: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WCCO WGR WJAS WJR WNAC KMOX
Alexander Semmler: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Academy of Medicine: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

2:00 Leslie Howard: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHEC WLAC WOV WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTUL minus WAAB WKBW
Between the Bookends: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

2:15 Happy Hollow: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

2:30 Jose Manzanares and His South Americans: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WDAE WISN WMBR WQAM WREC WVL KOMA KRLD KTRH
American School of the Air: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Tito Guizar: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

3:00 Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y.: Sun. 2 hr. Entire network minus WGR WJSV KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCOA WDSU WGL WHP WNAX WOWO WPG WSFA WVVA KTUL
Manhattan Matinee: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Lois Long: Tues. Hour WABC and network
Al Roth: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
The Oleanders: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Bolek Musicale: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Down by Herman's: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

3:30 Hoosier Hop: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Do You Remember: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network
Mark Warnow's Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

The first of the year brought a crazy jumble of program changes — shows opening and closing, switching time, networks, talent, and even sponsors. Things hadn't calmed down much when this issue of RADIO MIRROR was tucked away on the press, but here are the results of the upheavals so far.

3P.M. 4P.M. 5P.M. 6P.M.

4:00 Commercial Comment: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Cleveland String Quartet: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Salvation Army Band: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Curtis Institute of Music: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Vivian della Chiesa: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:15 Tito Guizar: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:30 Chicago Varieties: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Science Service: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
U. S. Army Band: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:45 Tea at the Ritz: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WBBM WCAU WGR WHAS WHK WJAS WJR WJSV WNAC KMBC KMOX WCCO WGST WISN KRLD plus coast
Three Little Words Trio: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

The Goldbergs are back again — Monday through Friday at 5:45, sponsored by Colgate Palmolive Peet. Mrs. Gertrude Berg brings you her famous characters over a CBS network this time . . . Another new show is "News of Youth," produced by, for, and about children, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 6:15.

5:00 Melodiana: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WCCO WHEC CFRB minus WGR
Terry and Ted: Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WBNS WCAU WEAN WHK WJR WMAS WORC WVVA

5:15 Jimmy Farrell: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Clyde Barrie: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network

5:30 Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WDSU WHEC WIBX WICC WMAS WORC WVVA KOMA KTUL minus WHAS W K B W W K R C WNAC KFAB KRNT
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WGR WHK WJAS WJR WJSV WOKO WSPD WHEC WMAS
Jose Manzanares: Sun. ¼ hr. Rebroadcasting to coast

5:45 The Goldbergs: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit started their sixth year for the same sponsor on January 5 . . . Buck Rogers, under the sponsorship of the cereal company which once brought you Alexander Woollcott, is now on a Monday, Wednesday, Friday schedule at 6. The cast is unchanged, with Curtis Arnall, Adele Ronson, Elaine Melchior and others carrying their old roles right ahead from the point where their last sponsor left off.

6P.M.

6:00 Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus coast. WBNS WBT WCCO WLAC WREC KRLD minus WADC WEAN WGR WNAC WSPD KRNT CKLW
Buck Rogers: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Bonay Venuta: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Patti Chapin: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:15 Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WGR WHEC WOKO
News of Youth: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WBBM WCAO WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WHK WOKO KMOX WICC WLBZ WORC

6:30 Smilin' Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast. WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WHEC WLAC KFH KRLD minus WADC WFBM WGR WNAC WOKO WSPD KMBC KFPY KWG
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WABC and network

6:35 Vanished Voices: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WCAO WCAU WFBL WHEC WJSV W K B W W O K O WORC
Understanding Opera: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:45 Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WHEC WVVA minus WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO WFAB KMBC KRNT CKLW
Kaltenborn Edits the News: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

7P.M.

7:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDOD WDSU WGST WHEC WICC WLAC WOWO WREC KFH KLRA KIZ KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL KWKH minus WAAB WKBW
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic plus WBT WDAE WDBO WQAM WTOC WVVA minus WAAB WFBM WHAS WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT
The Atlantic Family: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WGR WHK WJAS WNAC WOKO WBIT WBNS WBRC WBT WCOA WDAE WDBJ WDBO WHEC WHP WIBX WICC WMAS W M B G W M B R WORC WQAM WSJS WTOC WVVA

7:15 Ted Husing: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Kreuger's Musical Toast: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO KMBC WBIT WBT WDAE WDBJ WDBO WDNC WDOD WQAM WTOC WFEA WGST WLBZ WMAS W M B G W M B R WNOX WORC
Imperial Hawaiian Band: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WAAB WFBM W H A S WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT

7:30 Phil Baker: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WBBM WKBW WSPD KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCCO WESG WIBW WISN WMBD WMBG WNAX WOG WOWO WPG KFH KGKO KOMA KSCJ KTUL KVOR
Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCCO minus WAAB WKBW KMBC
Kate Smith: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDSU WGST WISN WKBW WLBZ W M A S W M B G WMBR WVVA KRLD KTRH minus WAAB WKBW WSPD
Carborundum Band: Sat. ¼ hr. Basic plus WAAB WADC WDRN WFBM WJSV WKBW WOKO WSPD KRNT plus WBT WCCO

7:45 Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus KOMA KRLD WBT WCCO minus WAAB W A D C W F B M WKBW WOKO WSPD KFAB KRNT

8P.M.

8:00 Guy Lombardo: Mon. WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WGR WJAS WJSV WNAC WOKO WBIT WBT WDBJ WDNC WDOD WDSU WHEC WHP WIBX WICC WLAC WLBZ W M A S W M B G WNOX WORC WPG WREC WSJS WVVA K L R A K W K H
Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WAAB WKBW CKLW
Cavalade of America: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast. WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WMBG KRLD minus WAAB WKBW
Harvester Cigars: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WMAS WSMK minus WAAB WKBW
Red Horse Tavern: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WHEC WIBW WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBD WOC WORC KFH minus WAAB WKBW
Palmolive Beauty Box: Sat. 1 hr. WABC and network

7:55 Ted Husing: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Kreuger's Musical Toast: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WCAU WDRN WEAN WFBL WGR WJSV WNAC WOKO KMBC WBIT WBT WDAE WDBJ WDBO WDNC WDOD WQAM WTOC WFEA WGST WLBZ WMAS W M B G W M B R WNOX WORC
Imperial Hawaiian Band: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WAAB WFBM W H A S WKBW KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT

8:30 Pick and Pat: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBT WCCO WGST WHEC WHP WICC WLBZ WMAS WMBG KSCJ
Packard Presents Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ¼ hr. Entire network minus WESG W F E A W M B D WOWO WPG WSBT WSMK WVVA
Burns and Allen: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic plus supplementary minus WAAB WKBW
Broadway Varieties: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast. WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDSU WGST WMAS WMBG KOMA

The Palmolive Beauty Box and its hour-length versions of light opera classics turn up with a flourish on a nation-wide Columbia network, Saturdays at 8. Al Goodman continues as director, and plans don't seem to call for any changes in personnel . . . Listen to Kreuger's Musical Toast Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:15 instead of Saturdays at 8:30. Jerry Cooper, Sally Singer, and Ray Block's music are still featured.

9P.M.

9:00 Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun. 1 hr. Entire network
Lux Radio Theater: Mon. one hr. Basic plus coast. CFRB CKAC WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDAE WDBJ WDSU WGST WHEC WICC WISN WLAC WNAX WORC WQAM WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL minus WAAB WGR
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Entire network minus coast. WAAB WGR WCOA WESG WISN WOC WSMK WVVA KVOR
Chesterfield Presents: Wed. Sat. ¼ hr. Entire network minus Canadian. WAAB WGR WESG WSBT WSMK WVVA
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WACO WALA WBG WCOA WDNC WDOD WESG WISN WKBW WOC WOWO WSBT WSFA WSJS WSMK WTOC WVVA KGKO

9:30 Fred Waring: Tues. ¼ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WESG WSMK WVVA WMBG
Ray Noble: Wed. ¼ hr. Entire network minus WAAB WGR WOKO WDNC WISN WMAS WIBX WSJS WNAX WKBH KVOR

10:45 Poet's Gold, David Ross: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Gogo Dalys: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Fred Waring's show became two shows around the middle of January, half an hour of it remaining on the CBS network at its old time of 9:30 on Tuesdays, while the other half hour moved to an NBC Blue chain. Making two programs grow where but one grew before, as it were . . . Phillips Lord brings his crime stories back to the airwaves every Wednesday at 10 o'clock. The exciting drama series will be similar to those he wrote and produced last spring, except that it will deal with the exploits of local and state police forces, rather than with those of the Federal Department of Justice . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, veteran radio commentator, "Edits the News" on Fridays at 6:45 instead of 6.

10P.M.

10:00 Wayne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WBNS WCCO WDSU WBW KRLD coast minus WBBM WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
Phillips Lord: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Alemite Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast. WBNS WBRC WBT WCCO WDBO WDSU WGST WISN WLAC WNAX WORC WQAM WREC KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH KTSA KTUL minus WAAB WADC WEAN WGR WSPD
Richard Humber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WBNS WBT WCCO WGST WSBT KFH minus WEAN WGR WNAC KRNT
California Melodies: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

10:30 Freddie Rich's Penthouse Party: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Jack Hyton: Sun. 1 hr. WBBM WFBM WJR KFAB KMBC KMOX KRNT WCCO WIBW WISN WKBW WMBD WOC WOWO WSBT KFH KSCJ KVOR KLZ
World Peaceways, Morton Downey: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
March of Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus coast. WCCO WDSU WGST KRLD minus WAAB WGR

10:45 Poet's Gold, David Ross: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Gogo Dalys: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Everybody's pretty much confused about "The March of Time." By the time this issue of RADIO MIRROR is on the stands, it may have returned to its old schedule of half an hour once a week. On the other hand, maybe it won't change until February—but change it will, according to those who ought to know. In the meanwhile, the World Peaceways Program, having dropped a sponsor and acquired a star in the person of Morton Downey, is hovering around waiting to take over the 10:30 spot on Friday nights permanently, when and if "The March of Time" vacates it. Until then, you'll probably hear Peaceways at 10.

11P.M. MIDNIGHT

Jack Denny's Orchestra: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Press Radio News: Sun. WABC and network
Isham Jones Orchestra: Sun. Thurs. WABC and network
Vincent Lopez's Orchestra: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

11:00 Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. Coast
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WFBM WHAS KFAB KMBC KMOX WALA WBRN WCCO WDSU WGST WLAC WREC WSFA KLRA KOMA KRLD KTRH and coast
Palmolive Beauty Box: Sat. 1 hr. Coast

11:15 Singin' Sam: Mon. ¼ hr. Coast
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. Coast

11:30 Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast
Pick and Pat: Mon. ¼ hr. Coast
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. Coast plus KVOR
Burns and Allen: Wed. ¼ hr. Coast plus KVOR

Ted Husing, whose book, "Ten Years Before the Mike" has attracted wide attention, is starred on his own sponsored quarter-hour, Mondays at 7:15. Ted isn't sticking to sports in this program—instead, all the vivid and exciting events of a long radio career are his material — anecdotes, obstacles encountered in reporting public events, intimate glimpses of the great and near-great. Incidentally, watch for a great story about Ted in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

BLUE NETWORK	12 NOON	1 PM	2 PM	3 PM	4 PM	5 PM	6 PM
	<p>12:00 American Pageant of Youth: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WCKY WMAL WSYR KDKA Simpson Boys: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network 12:15 Merry Macs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Genia Fonarivova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network 12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—network National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. one hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>1:30 National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. network Gale Page: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Castles of Romance: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Dandies of Yesterday: Wed. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Clark Dennis: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Old Skipper: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network 1:45 Dot and Will: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.</p>	<p>2:00 The Magic Key of RCA: Sun. 1 hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary plus CFCF Words and Music: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network Metropolitan Opera: Sat. 3 hrs. WJZ and network 2:30 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network Golden Melodies: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network National Congress of Parents and Teachers Association: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network Jackie Heller: Fri. ¼ hr. Network 2:45 General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>3:00 Your English: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus WLW, coast, south central, southeast, KPRC KTHS KVOO WFAA WKY WOAI KSTP WDAY WEBC WTMJ Roy Campbell's Royalists: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Nellie Revell: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. 1 hr. WJZ and network U. S. Marine Band: Fri. ¾ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>3:15 Pine Mountain Merrymakers: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue plus northwest minus WCKY WLS The Wise Man: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Meetin' House: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra: Thurs. ¾ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>4:00 Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus northwest, coast, KVOO WOAI WFAA WKY minus WCKY WFIL WLS WMT WREN KSO 4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. network Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network 4:30 Design For Listening: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network Let's Talk It Over: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and network Library of Congress Music: Tues. 1 hr. WJZ and network U. S. Navy Band: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network NBC Radio Guild: Thurs. one hr. WJZ and network 4:45 Strolling Songsters: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>	<p>5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic blue minus WCKY WLS Junior Radio Journal: Mon. ¼ hr. WJZ and network</p>

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC BLUE		BASIC RED	
WJZ	WMAL	WEAF	WMAQ
WBAL	WMT	WBEN	WOW
WBZ	WREN	WCAE	WRC
WBZA	WSYR	WCSH	WSAI
WCKY	WXYZ	WDAF	WTAG
WENR	KDKA	WEEI	WTAM
WFIL	KOIL	WFBR	WTIC
WGAR	KSO	WGY	WWJ
WHAM	KWK	WHIO	KSD
WLS		WHO	KYW
		WJAR	

SUPPLEMENTARY

(Used by both Red and Blue networks)

SOUTHEAST		SOUTHWEST	
WFLA	WRVA	KPRC	WBAP
WIOD	WSOC	KTBS	WFAA
WIS	WTAR	KTHS	WKY
WJAX	WWNC	KVOO	WOAI
WPTF			
SOUTH CENTRAL		NORTHWEST	
WAPI	WSB	KFYR	WEBC
WAVE	WSM	KSTP	WIBA
WJDX	WSMB	WDAY	WTMJ
WMC			
COAST		CANADIAN	
KDYL	KHQ	CFCF	CRCT
KFI	KOA		
KGO	KOMO		
KGW	KPO		

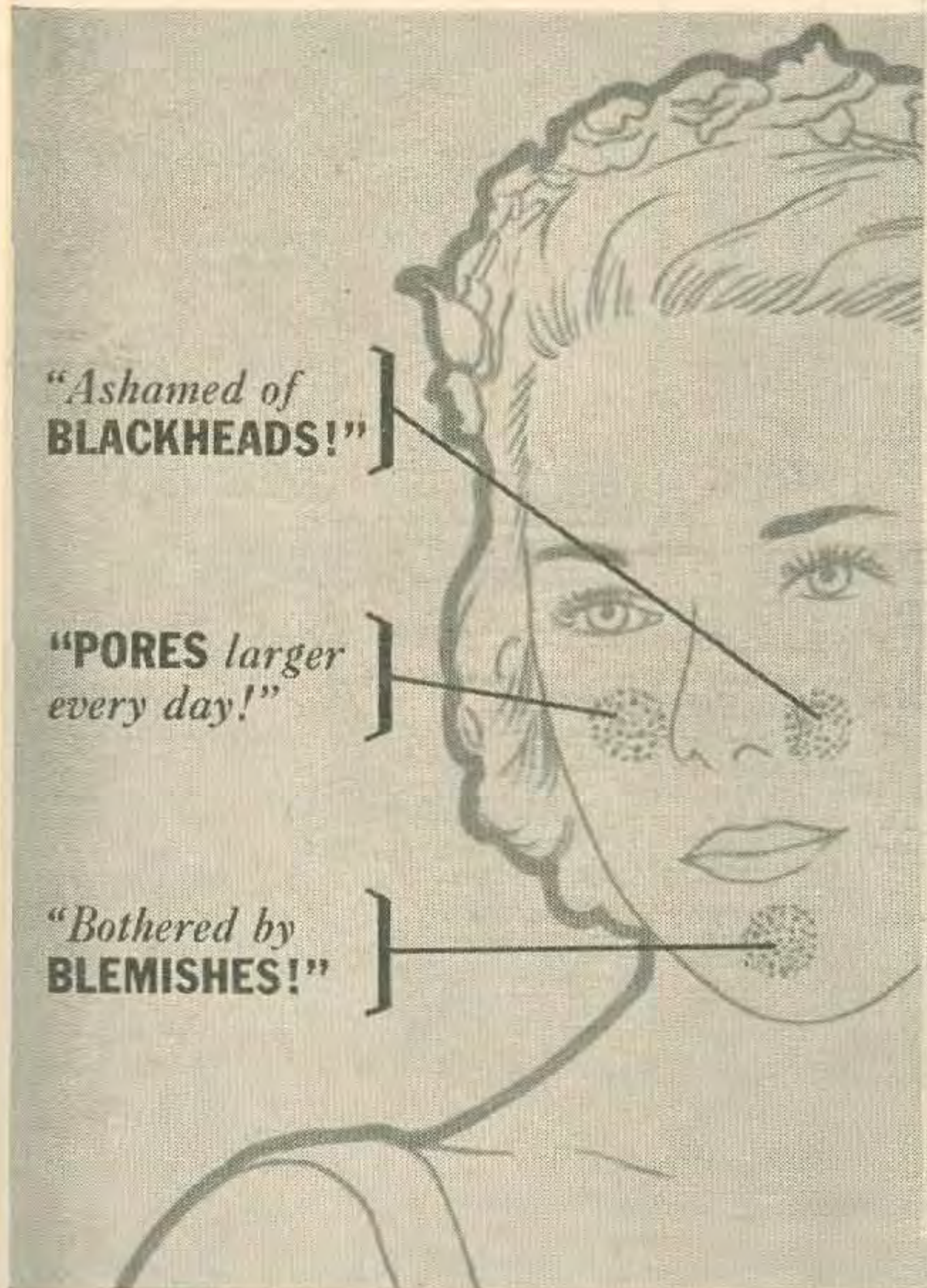
RED NETWORK	<p>11:30 Major Bowes' Capitol Family: Sun. one hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>1:00 Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network 1:15 Lucille Manners: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network 1:30 Words and Music: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network 1:45 Breen and DeRose: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAF WFBR KYW NBC Music Guild: Tues. ¾ hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>2:00 Russ Morgan's Music: Sun. ½ hr. Matinee Musicale: Thurs. ½ hr. WFAF and network The Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Metropolitan Opera: Sat. 3 hrs. WFAF and network 2:30 The South Sea Islanders: Mon. ½ hr. network Rhythm Octette: Tues. ½ hr. NBC Music Guild: Wed. ½ hr. WFAF and network Three Scamps: Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Airbreaks: Fri. ½ hr. network</p>
	<p>12:15 Honeyboy and Sassafrass Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>		
	<p>12:30 University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network</p>		

Al Pearce and his gang have dropped their Wednesday show and moved Friday's to 9 o'clock on WJZ . . . Fred Waring's on a WJZ network Fridays at 9:30 . . . John Charles Thomas moves to 10 o'clock Wednesday.

5:45
Gabriel Heatter: Sat. Sun. ¼ hr. Basic blue plus south central
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WCKY WENR WLS WMT WREN KOIL KSO KWK

NATIONAL

<p>3:00 Clicquot Eskimos: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network Pat Kennedy: Mon. Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Betty Marlowe and her Californians: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WBEN WCAE WDAF WHIO WMAQ WOW WTAM WWJ KSD CFCF CRCT KPRC KVOO WFAA WKY WOAI plus coast</p>	<p>4:00 The Widow's Sons: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WFAF and network ½ hr. 4:30 Dorothy Dreslin: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Girl Alone: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network 4:45 Grandpa Burton: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Federation of Women's Clubs: Tues. ¼ hr. WFAF and network</p>	<p>5:00 Penthouse Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list, minus WHO KSD CRCT Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast American Medical Association Program: Tues. ½ hr. WFAF and network 5:30 Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WOW WHIO KSD Tom Mix Program: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSD WDAF WHO WOW WMAQ WTIC James Wilkinson: Tues. ¼ hr. WFAF and network Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten: Sat. ½ hr. WFAF and network 5:45 Music by Richard Himber: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WIRE</p>
<p>3:15 Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast northwest WLW WLS KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR minus WHIO WJAR WMAQ WSAI KSD WIBA</p>	<p>3:30 Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WCKY, southeast, southwest, south central, coast Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus coast WLW KPRC KVOO WBAP WKY WOAI KFYR KSTP WEBC minus WHIO WSAI</p>	<p>Big news of the month: the return of Mary Pickford to the air early in February for an association of ice manufacturers. You'll hear her at 10 Wednesdays over an NBC red network . . . And Al Jolson is back in his old job as master of ceremonies of Shell Chateau, Saturdays at 9:30, presenting guest stars and Victor Young's music.</p>



Miss Phyllis Konta, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes!"

3 Common Skin Faults

with the same Starting Place — Your Under Skin



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. Her skin is fine textured, delicate. "Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "freshens and tones my skin. For years it has kept my pores fine as can be."

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most—A surprise, if it isn't one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

All three have the same secret beginnings—in the *under layers* of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, *where they start*—and you have the key to getting rid of them.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are overworked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

But it's simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty underskin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use

of Pond's Cold Cream. For, Pond's specially processed oils sink deep—loosen that clogging matter. As you pat it in smartly, you reach your underskin—stimulate it deep down!

Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Pat it in—hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. Your whole face takes on new winning charm!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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

POND'S, Dept. C131, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



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

6:00
Velvetone Music: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ½ hr. network
Animal News Club: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:15
Animal Close-Ups: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Mary Small: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus KSTP WEBC and coast
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WJZ network

6:35
Muriel Wilson: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Morin Sisters: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WLW WMAL WSYR WXYZ KDKA WFLA WIOD WJAX WOOD WRVA WTAM CRCT
Jamboree: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

7:00
Jack Benny with Johnny Green's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary list minus coast WCKY WLS WAPI WBAP KTHS
Richard Leibert, Carol Deis: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Easy Aces: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus coast minus WLS WREN

7:15
Captain Tim's Adventure Stories: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue minus WLS WREN
Nine to Five: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus WSAI
Master Builder Program: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

7:30
Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus entire supplementary list minus WENR WFIL WIS WSOC WAPI WAVE KTBS KTHS WBAP
Lum 'n' Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR WGAR WLW
Message of Israel: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

7:45
Niela Goodelle: Mon. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

8:00
Leo Spitalny's Orchestra: Sun. ¾ hr. WJZ and network
Fibber McGee and Molly: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus south central, southwest, northwest, and coast.
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WENR KWK
Rendezvous: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus CRCT
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus WAVE WMC WSB WSM WIRE KTAR and coast
8:15
NBC String Symphony: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Bob Crosby: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic blue network
Boston Symphony: Sat. 1 hr. WJZ and network
8:30
Evening in Paris: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue network
Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Armco Ironmaster: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW minus WCKY WLS
Pittsburgh Symphony: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Blue
Kellogg College Prom, Red Nichols: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus KTAR KFSD and coast
8:45
Hendrik Willem Van Loon: Sun. ¼ hr. Network

9:00
Life is a Song: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WJDX WMC WSB WSM WSMB KOA KDYL WLW, southeast, southwest, and northwest
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW southeast, southwest
NBC Cinema Theater: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WLW
Al Pearce and Gang: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus Coast

9:30
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Helen Hayes: Tues. ½ hr. Basic
Warden Lawes: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus coast
America's Town Meeting: Thurs. 1 hr. WJZ and network
Fred Waring: Fri. ½ hr. Basic blue plus network
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour Basic Blue plus WIRE WOOD, south central, southwest.

9:45
Paul Whiteman: Sun. ¾ hr. Basic Blue plus supplementary

10:00
Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Ray Knight's Cuckoo Hour: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and network
John Charles Thomas: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Blue plus WIRE and coast
Nickelodeon: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network

10:15
Ray Heatherton: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

10:30
Continental Varieties: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Meredita Willson's Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Jimmy Fidler: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic Blue plus southwest, coast, minus WLS KVOO WBAP
Roy Shield's Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network
The Other Americas: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network

10-45
Ella Logan: Wed. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

11:05
Dorothy Lamour: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.

11:15
Shandor: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Ink Spots: Mon. Wed. Fri. WJZ and network

11:30
Orchestra: Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

12:00
Carefree Carnival: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Rebroadcasts for Western listeners:

11:00
National Barn Dance: Sat. 1 hr. northwest, coast, WLW KGU

11:15
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. south central, southwest, coast, KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Lum 'n' Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Coast

11:30
Jack Benny: Sun. ½ hr. Coast, KGU KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Rendezvous: Wed. ½ hr. Coast

12:00
Life is a Song: Sun. ½ hr. coast
Helen Hayes: Mon. ½ hr. coast

12:30
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. coast

1:15
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Coast

RED ↓ NATIONAL ↑ BLUE

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Flying Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network

6:15
Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. network

6:20
Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network
Connie Gates: Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network

6:30
Echoes of New York Town: Sun. 1 hr. WEAJ only
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:35
Alma Ketchell: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network

6:45
Billy and Betty: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAJ only
Religion in the News: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network

7:00
K-7: Sun. ½ hr. network only
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBEW WCAE WCHS WEEI WFBR WGY WJAR WLW WRC WTAG WTIC KSD CRCT.

7:15
Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Red minus WHO WTIC WWJ KSD.
Popeye, The Sailor: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE and northwest, minus WEEI WHO WTIC WTMJ

7:30
Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE minus WEEI WHO.
Education in the News: Mon. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network
Edwin C. Hill: Tues. Thursday Sat. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network
Connie Gates: Wed. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network

7:45
Sunset Dreams: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE CRCT CFCF minus WEEI WSAI.
You and Your Government: Tues. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network
City Voices: Wed. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network
Hampton Singers: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

8:00
Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour Basic Red plus entire supplementary list plus WBZ WBZA WLW KTAR, minus WEEI WHIO WSAI WSOC WAPI KTBS KTHS WBAP WIBA
Hammerstein's Music Hall: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red.
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus entire supplementary list minus coast
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE KTAR plus entire supplementary list
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour Basic Red plus WLW KTAR CRCT CFCF, coast, northwest
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic Red plus CRCT KOA WIOD WRVA KPRC KTBS KTHS WFAA WKY WOAI KSTP WEBC WTMJ
Your Hit Parade: Sat. 1 hr. Basic Red plus supplementary WLW WIRE KGIR KGHL KFSD KTAR KGU

8:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE CRCT CFCF, southeast, south central, southwest, northwest
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WTAR, south central, southwest, northwest

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus northwest, coast, CFCF
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WIRE
Vox Pop, Voice of the People: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red
Town Hall Tonight: Wed. Hour—Basic Red plus WLW, southeast, south central, southwest, northwest.
Show Boat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Basic Red plus supplementary plus WIRE KGHL KGIR KFSD KTAR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red
Rubinoff and His Violin: Sat. ½ hr. Basic red plus all supplementary plus WLW WIRE KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

9:30
American Musical Revue: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Red plus all supplementary
Grace Moore: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW WIRE KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL plus all supplementary
Jumbo: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW KFSD KTAR KGIR KGHL plus all supplementary
True Story: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast KFSD KTAR
Shell Chateau: Sat. 1 hr. Basic Red plus coast, northwest KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

10:00
General Motors Concerts: Sun. Hour Basic Red plus WIRE KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR KGU and all supplementary minus KSD KVOO WFAA
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast, southeast, CRCT CFCF WMC WSB WSM KPRC WFAA WKY WOAI
Swift Hour with Sigmond Romberg and Deems Taylor: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WLW CRCT, coast, northwest, southwest.
Mary Pickford: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Red plus supplementary
Bing Crosby: Thurs. Hour Basic Red plus all supplementary plus WLW KTAR minus WHIO WSAI WAPI
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Red plus coast WLW KTAR KFSD WFLA WIOD WJAX WRVA WVMC WMC WSB WSM WSMB KPRC KVOO WFAA WCKY WOAI KSTP WEBC WTMJ minus WHIO WSAI

10:30
National Radio Forum: Mon. ½ hr. WEAJ and network
Cleveland Symphony: Tues. 1 hr. WEAJ and network
NBC Music Guild: Wed. ½ hr. WEAJ and network
Corn Cob Pipe Club: Sat. ½ hr. Basic Red plus WIRE WCKY coast.

11:00
Melody Master: Sun. ½ hr. WEAJ WBEW WEEI WFBR WGY WJAR WMAQ WRC WTAG WTAM WTIC WWJ KYW
Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr.
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr. WEAJ and network

11:15
Orchestra: Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.

11:30
Minneapolis Symphony: Thurs. 1 hr. WEAJ and network

11:45
Jesse Crawford: Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAJ and Network
Rebroadcasts for Western listeners:

11:00
Sunset Dreams: Sun. ¼ hr. Coast, southwest, KFSD KTAR minus KVOO WFAA WOAI
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Coast, south central, southwest, WMAQ WOW WDAF KSD WHO minus WAPI WAVE WJDX KTHS KVOO WFAA

11:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Coast. KGU KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Coast, KFSD KTAR KGHL KGIR

12:00
Town Hall Tonight: Wed. 1 hr. Coast

Do Women Rule Radio?

(Continued from page 27)

dumbest chorine ever introduced over the air. She can do anything but sing, and now she is going to sing."

And then Fay Carroll sang and sang well. She wasn't unhappy over what NTG had said, for she knew he didn't mean a word of it. But the women listeners that night were stunned and furious. Letters poured in condemning NTG for speaking so cruelly to the little singer. Was he trying to break the hearts of the girls on his program?

Of course he wasn't. Instead he was doing everything he could to set them on the road to stardom. But he realized, from those letters, that the audience would not tolerate the sort of satirical humor which had clicked when he played in night clubs. And from that day on the whole tone of the program changed. NTG never "rode" the girls again, but was very gentle with them.

Women will not stand for any suggestive remarks on the air or even for the subtlest innuendoes. Broadcasters bend every effort toward keeping the air 100 per cent pure. At NBC, for instance, there's a special department under the supervision of Janet MacRorie, which is entrusted with the delicate task of seeing that all scripts are free of offense before they go on the air.

IN spite of the greatest care, things occasionally go awry. For instance, once Miriam Hopkins broadcast a soliloquy by Dorothy Parker about a girl waiting for her lover to 'phone her. Remembering that several years ago another actress had read the same script over the air and no one had objected, the script acceptance department approved it. But this time, differently interpreted, the soliloquy of the heart-broken girl brought down a storm of denunciation. No sooner had Miriam Hopkins' last impassioned appeal gone over the air, than the studio was flooded with protests. Telegrams and telephone calls poured in from irate women.

Why? No one can account for it. The general feeling, however, was that Miriam had given the story too serious and passionate an interpretation.

Yet in a few hours she must re-broadcast the program for the West Coast! And here were all these women protesting! There was only one thing to do. Change the script! And in those few brief hours, it was carefully blue-pencilled, so that when Miriam went on the air again, her script was completely inoffensive.

In one small town a local station put on a program advertising liquor. One woman, feeling that a program of this nature did not belong on the air, went to the owners of the station and said that if they continued to run the liquor program, she would organize all the women in town and persuade them to boycott every product advertised over that station. Her threat worked! The owner of the station went to the sponsor and begged him to take his program off the air.

Over at WMCA, a local station in New York, the executives talked excitedly about the program the Minsky Brothers had suggested, which was to introduce new talent from the burlesque houses. Risque songs, of course, would be barred.

As soon as the idea was made public, women rose up in arms. They bombarded the executives of WMCA with objections. Was radio, they demanded, willing to be associated with burlesque? Discouraged by the avalanche of protests, the WMCA executives gave up the plan. The show



I WON'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE—COMPLAINING THAT HIS SHIRTS ARE FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**.. AFTER I'VE SIMPLY SLAVED OVER THEM.



WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED IN TWO SHORT WEEKS! LOOK AT HIM TODAY... ALL KISSES AND SMILES BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP** FOR GETTING RID OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**... THAT SHOWS CLOTHES AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds *two* marvelous dirt-looseners—*richer, golden soap with lots of naphtha* added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out.

Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it's easier on hands—because there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer's. © 1936, FELS & CO.

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

HEART-BROKEN

... until she took her dentist's advice



I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.

NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!



THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...

SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?

I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!

RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!



IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...



LATER

BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ... I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.

I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!

THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!

AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.



Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢



might have been clean; it might have been flawless and it might even have been good, but it would have given a bad impression of WMCA—so it was never broadcast.

Then there is the power of the women behind the sponsor. Ask any artist and if he is honest, he will tell you that it isn't merely his sponsor he has to please but also his sponsor's wife, or his aunt, sister or sweetheart.

Not so long ago a story of the adventures of a prize fighter was a tremendous hit on the air. The public liked it, and the critics were enthusiastic. The sponsor told the actors that they were doing an excellent job. Naturally enough, they thought that their contracts would be renewed. But when the time for renewal came, the sponsor decided to discontinue the entire series.

Astonished, they asked him why he had changed his mind. He hemmed and he hawed, seeking some plausible explanation, but when he couldn't find any, he confessed that it was because of his wife's attitude. His wife, who was socially ambitious, hated the idea that her husband was backing a program of such a low-brow type. She begged him to give up the program, and he listened to her, as men have listened to women since time began.

There was one famous case, though, where women were fascinated by a program, yet it could never get on the air on a national network. Does that sound like a contradiction to everything I've said about women ruling radio? It isn't, nevertheless.

YOU see, it was this way. Introduced over a local station in New York, the program known as *Your Lover* stirred up a great deal of criticism. It seemed to many people that this program, with its imaginary love-making by an imaginary lover, was the ultimate in bad taste. It had such lines as this, "Hello—mine. You are mine—at least I think so. Care? Oh, it's grand to be here with you—you don't know how I've missed you. You know, this is just like calling you on the 'phone, only lots nicer. I'll say 'Hello darling' to you—and you say—well, what I hope you'll say—will you? 'Hello darling' . . . you say it?"

The program sold many bottles of a liquid cleanser for its sponsor and brought in an avalanche of mail. A new sponsor now began to dicker for the program, with the idea of introducing it over a national network.

"Do you know what this program's star did?" an executive at NBC told me. "He brought in the fan letters he'd received and triumphantly laid them on the desks of the program executives. The letters were so hot they scorched the desks!"

The executives, putting their heads together, decided: "This program must never go out on our network as a national program! Of course there are women who will write in response to such a program as this. But think of all the women who won't even tune it in."

Consequently, *Your Lover* never became a national program.

But perhaps the greatest radio upheaval caused by women was in the field of children's programs. Two years ago a group of women in Scarsdale, New York, organized against the blood-and-thunder children's shows.

Killer Kane was running rampant, shrieking, "Now I've got you, Buck Rogers, I will disintegrate you!" Little Orphan Annie was kidnapped by villains and imprisoned in a lonely hut in the woods. Jack Armstrong, "a typical American boy," encountered gangsters, counter-

feiters, smugglers and knaves and thieves of all kinds.

It was against this tendency that the mothers of Scarsdale protested. At first the broadcasting officials were inclined to disregard the handful of Scarsdale women who tried to tell them how to run their business. Secretly they believed that these women were a little hysterical, and that the children who could be harmed were few and far between. How were they to know that the complaint of the Scarsdale women wasn't just a local idea? They learned soon enough!

Out in Michigan the Child Study Association met and decided that these shows were harming their children, too. And they sat down and told the officials about it in no uncertain terms. But wisely, they also wrote to the sponsors of the programs of which they approved, telling them how grateful they were for constructive children's programs like the Singing Lady.

FINALLY the Women's National Radio Committee was organized, with fifteen million women from women's organizations all over the country. They, too, protested.

And so CBS began to clean up the children's programs, under the direction of an advisory board and a noted psychologist, Dr. Arthur T. Jersild, assistant professor of education at Columbia University. NBC too, took action and added five new series of model programs for children.

And it's you, women listeners, who have accomplished this!

Do you boss the air waves? Because you're the paying customer, you usually are in a position to advise what shall and what shall not go out over the airwaves. You can use your power to build or weaken programs. Use it wisely.

WHY LIFE IS EASY FOR THOSE EASY ACES

In next month's RADIO MIRROR — an intimate story about the couple who began their radio career as a gag. Did you know that they don't care whether anybody listens or not? That they "throw away" their best lines? You'll find a new slant on how comedians get that way when you read

"The Take-It-Easy Aces"—in the April RADIO MIRROR

They also were lovely to look at... but



She was so Dainty... so Alluringly Fragrant

She knew this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . fragrant baths with Cashmere Bouquet!

HOW wise to guard your personal daintiness this lovelier, more feminine way! Bathe with this exquisite scented soap that keeps you always *fragrantly dainty!*

Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather frees you completely from any danger of body odor . . . Makes you so *immaculately* sweet and clean.

Then—long after your bath—the delicate, flower-like perfume of this creamy-white soap still lingers . . . Clings about you glamorously, giving you new, appealing charm.

You will want to use this fine, pure soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit

of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order three cakes today? Sold at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING





A beauty bath like unbelievable magic!

✿ The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are *immediate*, and it is amazingly economical.

✿ Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

✿ Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, *feel your skin*. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the *immediate result* obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the *same thing* for the entire body.

✿ And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration *without* clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Linit

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS



*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*

Success Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

Paul Whiteman believes in action, and a childhood prayer!

"It all started at Tate's cafe in San Francisco. I was thrown out because I refused to play jazz. It sounded more like just plain noise to me. I soon realized, however, that if I couldn't make a go of it, I would never get anywhere. So I began to arrange jazz in my own way.

"My big chance came when I was given an opportunity to appear at Town Hall. The elite of the East had gathered to hear what this fellow Whiteman had in mind when he spoke about the symphonic arrangement of jazz. In the half hour that preceded my appearance, I must have lost weight at the rate of a pound a minute. While walking about nervously, I suddenly remembered that as a kid, I had relieved myself in time of stress by saying a prayer. So I repeated one of my childhood prayers. It did the trick! Funny, but I believe that little prayer was one of the reasons our program was received so enthusiastically that evening. It surely quieted me. If I get in another spot I'll use it again."

BE sure you have plenty of friends and relatives who will see to it that you don't stop working, is Francia White's favorite recipe for success.

"When I first started singing," Francia told me, "I was fortunate in having plenty of people who kept at my heels every minute. They were all twenty times more determined that I would amount to something than I was. They made me study; they screeched at me if I neglected my practising; they fought with everyone who told them I could never become a singer. There I was on a pedestal. I had to make good, or break a few dozen hearts.

"If you have any friends or relatives who think you have talent, believe them—and then go home and practise. You'll succeed!"

So take your choice. Choose any of these formulas you may fancy, and be assured something's bound to happen.

NEXT MONTH:

WHAT AL PEARCE HAS
DONE FOR HIS GANG

It's a story you've never read—it's heart-warming and eye-opening—the truth about radio's only "family."

WATCH FOR IT!

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 10)

fail to find the ball and Major would later recover it and sell it back to Cobb.

It was a really lucrative racket until Cobb discovered it and decided to clean up the boy's ethics. He pounded honesty into the kid, made him join the Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A. and the church. A young minister caught the lad's fancy—he played ball and rough-housed with the kids—and, boylike, Major made the clergyman his idol. Came the day when the minister took over an executive position in a southern church college. Major decided he wanted to follow. But being poor he had to raise the money. Cobb and his friends provided funds and Major entered the college. There he rapidly developed his flair for entertaining. Local theater men offered him a job on the stage and he jumped at the chance, discarding both religious training and college education for the opportunity.

Cobb is very proud of the lad and still takes a personal interest in his career.

* * *

WENDELL HALL is the only radio headliner who consistently directs his orchestra with his feet. The feet were pressed into service when Hall found that the contract for his new show called for him to direct his orchestra, sing and play the uke—all at once. Playing the uke eliminated the use of his hands, and the microphone technique of singing, his head. So there was nothing else to do but use his number twelves. They work fine, the lank, red-headed music maker says. But vigorously swinging his feet, while seated on a hard studio chair is the reason for ordering an extra pair of trousers with his suits.

* * *

GALE PAGE, NBC contralto, recently was made Honorary Captain of the 122nd Field Artillery Lancers at exercises staged at the Armory, Chicago Avenue and the lake.

* * *

ONE taxicab, in good running condition, is waiting in Chicago for Abe Lyman, the celebrated maestro of radio and night clubs, and will be forwarded to him in New York upon receipt of shipping instructions . . . and his check to cover transportation costs. Eighteen years ago Abe, a Chicago boy, tooled a hack about the streets of Chicago for the Shaw Taxi Company, forerunner of the present Yellow Cab Company. He was a good cabbie, too, according to the man who hired him because he was "honest looking and polite."

* * *

MAJOR Edward J. Kelly of Chicago and Barney Ross, welterweight champion of the world, were among the distinguished guests recently at the broadcast of the Greater Sinclair Minstrels. The occasion was the debut of Gus Van, formerly of the team of Van and Schenck, as interlocutor.

* * *

ONE of Irma Glen's listeners has written a book about Irma. It is called "Ashes of Roses," and the writer got her material from what she has read about Irma in newspapers and magazines.

DON'T you often find yourself being called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too . . .

Her hair still has some of its baby bloneness. Her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It made her over! Her skin brightened with a delicate flush, a luminous look. She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural lights up my skin so much that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes—one of the other Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible. With an optical machine (see small picture above) Pond's color-analyzed over 200 girls' skin—all types. They saw what Nature uses to bring beauty. Actual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A hidden tint of *bright blue* gives it that dazzling transparency. While a creamy skin gets its glowing enchantment from a hidden note of *brilliant green!*

Now Pond's has invisibly blended these beauty tints into new, different shades of powder. Thus, you can powder



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find hidden beauty tints—now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades!

"life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs from one of these . . .

- NATURAL** brings a fine transparency
- ROSE CREAM** brings a brighter radiance
- BRUNETTE** brings soft, creamy clarity
- ROSE BRUNETTE** brings a warm glow
- LIGHT CREAM** brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings. Glass jars show shades, keep the perfume. Prices reduced—35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades**
Mail coupon today
 (This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

To spank
or not to spank?



Would you punish a child for this?

SHOULD A CHILD be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working *with* the child—not *against* him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—*Fletcher's Castoria!*



Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. *And that's mighty important.* For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.



But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is... Fletcher's Castoria is **SAFE**, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives,

Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will *never* cause griping pains.



Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

ETHEL BARRYMORE, noted stage and film star, stopped in Chicago recently to witness the broadcast of "Grand Hotel." She was the guest of Anne Seymour, leading lady of the series. Many friends and autograph seekers greeted the famous actress as she emerged with Miss Seymour from the studio. "Miss Seymour's family and mine are related by theatrical tradition," explained Miss Barrymore in connection with her visit. Both Miss Seymour and her mother, also a noted actress, played with Miss Barrymore at one time.

* * *

WHEN former Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson was a colonel commanding the 31st Field Artillery at Camp Meade, Maryland, during the World War, he was very proud of that outfit's band. Its bandmaster was a youth named William R. Mills. Recently when the former cabinet member spoke over the Columbia network the "stand by" music came from Chicago. Director of that orchestra was the same William R. (Billy) Mills, who now is orchestral director in Columbia's WBBM studios, Chicago.

* * *

MISS MARY MARLIN:

My mother is a faithful listener of your program which is now on at eleven-thirty, just the time I come home for lunch and starve. How about changing your program to an earlier or later hour, so my lunch will be ready when I come and I can get back to school and get a little exercise?

Thanking you kindly,

BOB SIVERS,
2815 Whittier St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

IT was the success of Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers at the Drake Hotel which decided that hotel's bosses to open up the Blackstone Hotel as a dine-dance spot. During his first few months in Chicago, Heidt broke all the records established at the Drake by predecessors and then he went right on to break his own records. Only two leading bands feature the harp—Horace Heidt in Chicago and Richard Himber in New York.

* * *

ICAN remember not so long ago when Niela Goodelle used to sing with Buddy Rogers' orchestra at Chicago's College Inn and over NBC stations from that spot. Nobody thought very much of her work there and then. Yet, later, the Broadway shows adopted her and shortly she had her own commercial network radio series—just goes to show you how much the experts know about the future of any entertainer.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Murray Forbes has been a bookkeeper, vodvil stock company actor, salesman in a store and finally a very successful stock broker until the crash of 1929 wiped out his paper profits, the thing that he has enjoyed doing above all else in his life has been playing the part of Al Hoofingham in "The Hoofinghams," Chicago NBC comedy show which became very popular with midwest radio audiences.

* * *

KATHERINE AVERY, who has been imitating Greta Garbo's voice with such startling realism in her Sentimental Selma series over WBBM, received per-

mission from the famous Swedish screen star to do so.

* * *

VINTON HAWORTH, who is Jack Arnold to Myrt and Marge fans, is the proud father of a baby boy, Vinton, Jr., born at the Woodlawn hospital. Weight 7 pounds, 14 ounces.

* * *

TIME was when Ethel Shutta and Jack Benny worked on the same commercial network radio series. In fact Ethel, who has been singing over WBBM and the Columbia network with her husband, George Olsen, and the Olsen band from College Inn in Chicago, was Jack's first lady stooge long before Mary Livingston became famous.

It was during that radio series a few years ago that Jack asked Ethel if she minded if he brought his wife on the show for just a few lines. Of course Ethel didn't mind. So Sadye Benny was introduced as a goofy girl who was simply crazy over Jack Benny. She did only a few lines.

The next week the same thing happened again. Sadye was introduced under the stage name of Mary Livingston. Ethel left the series soon afterwards to fulfill other contracts. By that time Mary Livingston had suddenly become so popular that she had a radio fan following of her own!

* * *

DEANE JANIS, who recently became vocal star of Walter O'Keefe's Tuesday and Thursday CBS program was selected as the most popular air songstress by three Mid-Western Universities—Oklahoma State, Chicago and Ohio.

* * *

JACK BROOKS, Chicago CBS tenor, and Helen Keppler of the Chicago CBS music library staff, were married recently in Chicago with Howard Neumiller, noted Chicago CBS pianist, as best man. All plans to keep the wedding secret were disrupted the next afternoon when Milton Charles, organist, liberally sprinkled strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March" throughout his accompaniments of Jack Brooks' songs during the Old Setting Room Frolics broadcast over WBBM.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The amazing story of the man who was the favorite of millions thirty years ago, when he was one of the first people to become a Hollywood legend through his lavish spending and vital personality. Why hasn't he made a picture for years, even though fans everywhere will never forget him? Learn the answer in **THE TRUE STORY OF RADIO'S FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN**, in April Radio Mirror.



WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN YOU TASTE IT!

"A MILLIONAIRE'S DISH" is exactly right. If you had a high-priced chef in your kitchen, he *couldn't* prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato purée is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

Costs less than home-cooked

Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved.

No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes *better* than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

Delicious "economy" meals

Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king. And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 10)

CHARLES BULOTTI, JR., KHJ announcer, has been recuperating from a long siege following a relapse after the flu . . . no relation to Charles Bulotti, San Francisco radio singer.

* * *

WRITER, truck driver, drummer, college boy, bond salesman and now a radio warbler. That, in a nutshell, is the career of Frank Prince, now on KHJ's staff.

He was born in Oak Park, Ill., twenty-six summers ago, and is a University of Wisconsin grad. Four years as vocalist with Ben Bernie ended last summer in Hollywood, and he tossed his hat into the filmland ring but is in radio for coffee 'n' cakes until the big chance rolls around. Always preferred blondes until he met a redhead, so maybe he's no gentleman after all. As to nationality—his mother's mother was Irish; her father was English; his father's mother was Swedish and his father German. You figure it out for yourself.

* * *

PAULINE GALE has deserted the ranks of scenario scribes in favor of radio writing, and is writing and producing playlets at KMTR. The young lady gives a new slant to radio drama in creating a situation so strong that the dialogue grows from it, rather than building a story from the dialogue as most radio scribes do.

* * *

YOUNG Barbara Whitson, singer on the Don Lee network, is known as "Babs" to her friends. The snappy brunette lists crocheting as a hobby. She is twenty-two and was born in Sedalia, Mo.

* * *

HERB MARSHALL KYA comedian, usually laughs at his own jokes. But he didn't think it was so funny the other day when he soaked some beans overnight to make chili and beans. In the morning they had swelled out of the pot and were all over the floor.

* * *

WELL, you've heard Susie at the Switchboard on NBC's Carnival and other programs from San Francisco. Now you can take a gander at the dizzy comedienne as she transfers her characterization of Susie to a Fox picture.

* * *

MILDRED STONE, songstress at Hollywood's KMTR, in reality is the wife of Salvatore (Solly) Santaella, music director of the station.

* * *

AH, hah. Hal Horton is back at the old stand once more doing the emcee work for the KHJ Rise and Shine hour every day. Hal took a year off and escorted a troupe of lady hillbillies all over Europe.

YOU remember last month reading about Charlotte Woodruff, who got her marriage annulled because the divorce from husband number one hadn't become final before she got hitched again? Well, she up and trekked to Reno and remarried husband number one, Emerson G. Chewning, and now they are "living happily ever after" at Beverly Hills. But what a honeymoon! All the hostelrys at Reno and Boulder City were full and the honeymoon pair had to spend the night draped on chairs in a hotel lobby.

* * *

NBC'S Pair of Pianos on the West Coast are Gertrude Lyne and Otto Clare. Miss Lyne, who does the arrangements, was born in Leadville, Colorado, but studied music in Boston and was a theater circuit organist. Mr. Clare comes from Seattle and was with the Tom Gerun (Gerunovitch) Orchestra for three years.

* * *

BILL RAY (William Vernon Ray), with Hollywood's KFVB for nearly ten years as chief announcer, special events director and associate manager, has really gone Hollywood. He has left radio to open his own cocktail den under the caption of the House of Lords with swanky English waiters and such. But he will be heard as guest MC often from the cinema capital.

* * *

OLIVE Cromwell is one of the new KHJ songstresses. She is really Olive Jones, once a Warner Brothers singer.

* * *

BERTON TIBBETT, tenor and a cousin of Lawrence, has been doing some studio sustainers over KMTR lately.

* * *

ROYAL WISEMAN, announcer at KLX, Oakland, is another proud father in the bay region. Bill, the newcomer, will be a first-class radio trumpet player if his dad gets his way.

* * *

DID I ever tell you that Alan Hale, on WBBM, Chicago, is really Al Schuss who was with KJR, Seattle, for years as a sports announcer? He picked the new name for the sake of phonetics.

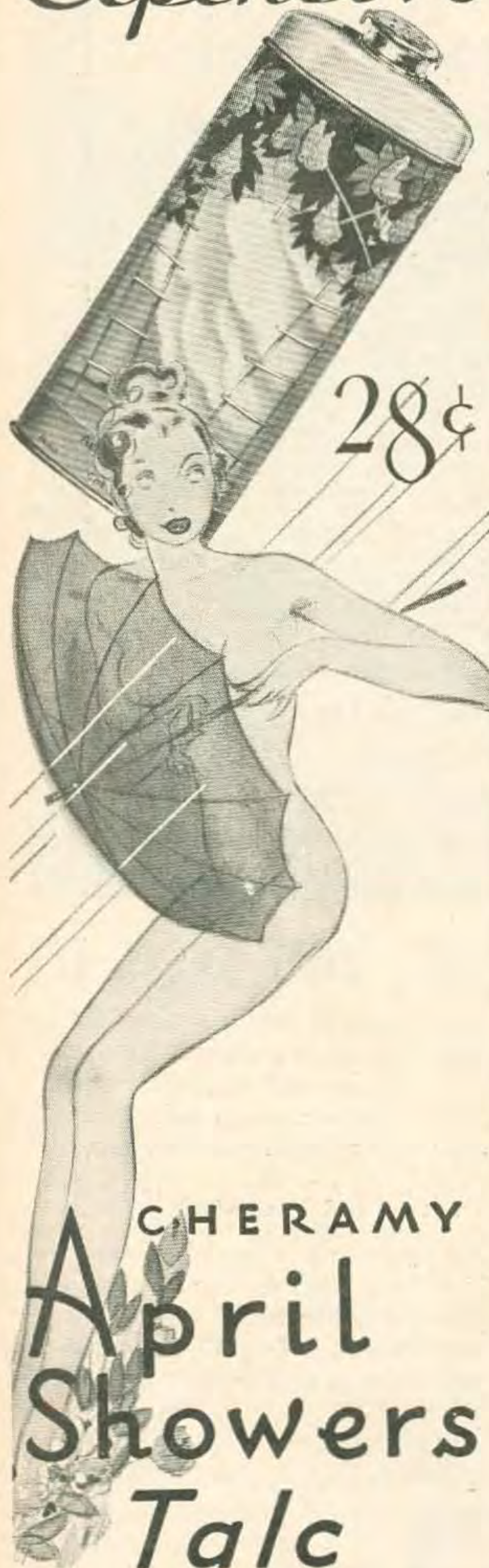
* * *

UP from the Antipodes comes young John Henry Pickard to join NBC in 'Friscotown . . . as Jerry Tremaine in the new Hawthorne House serial and as D'Artagnan in the radio adaptation of the Three Musketeers.

* * *

J. ANTHONY SMYTHE, better known as Henry Barbour in One Man's Family, was born in this country of Slavonian parents who changed their name from Svainaz to Smythe when they landed on these shores.

Exquisite
but not
Expensive



CHERAMY
April
Showers
Talc

IT'S thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc . . . It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth" . . . And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

KNX is once more the address of diminutive Loyal Underwood who has been there for many seasons with cowboy groups as M. C. Now he is in the office but will be heard over the air once in awhile, though the cowboy raiment and ten gallon hat repose in the closet.

* * *

DAVE DUNN, slender, dark-haired KHJ singer of twenty-five years, was born in this country but went to school in Canada with Moose Jaw's Central Collegiate as his alma mater. Five years ago he began to sing in a Chicago nite spot and journeyed to the West Coast a few months ago.

* * *

HAROLD DANA has staged a glorious comeback. A delicate throat operation took him from the microphone a couple of years ago, but now he is with NBC again on the Coast, and spends a good deal of time in the garden of his Woodside home. He was born in Redlands, Cal., where he was a boy soprano in the church choir. He was a radio operator during the war and then became a baritone singer for a career.

* * *

MARJORIE BEATTY, pretty vocalist with Paul Pendarvis' Orchestra in San Francisco, is on the air again. When she suffered a relapse from an appendicitis operation all the lads in the orchestra volunteered for blood transfusion. But none of them fitted the blood

classification of Miss Beatty. So up stepped Griff Williams' Orchestra from another hostelry and Buddy Moreno, singer, guitar player, was picked for the transfusion process.

* * *

TWO NBC drama ladies are coming back into the limelight of broadcast in the new Hawthorne House serial, which some folks think is going to rival the same network's One Man's Family some of these days.

Mrs. Sherwood, who presides over the destinies of Hawthorne House, is Pearl King Tanner, who has been on the air since the early days of KGO. She was reared in an atmosphere of colorful romance. Her father owned the famous San Lorenzo Rancho, the center of which is now King City, Cal. Sarah Bernhardt often visited the hacienda on her trips to the Coast.

Olive West portrays Grandma Listen of Hawthorne House, the little old lady whose pungent philosophy has won a place for her in the hearts of the audience. Miss West is a direct descendant of Miles Standish and Priscilla Alden. She made her stage debut in 1879 at the old Grand Opera House in San Francisco at the age of thirteen. In 1926 she entered radio . . . earliest air hit as Jerusha Scroggings in Memory Lane.

* * *

JUST discovered the name of Barney Gordon who has been helping out E. Cantor, Esq., on his CBS stint as the crazy Russian. He is Bert Gordon, known to vaudeville goers for a couple of generations.

SOMEWHAT to the chagrin of Eddie (Five Daughters) Cantor, with whom his duties as Coast rep. of CBS bring him in almost daily contact, Paul Rickenbacker has been passing 'round the cigars on the birth of a son. Mrs. Rickenbacker is the former Winnie Parker, known over the air as Mona Lowe, blithe and cheerful songstress.

* * *

HOWARD McNEAR is being heard in nearly all the NBC coast drama offerings. He was born in Los Angeles nearly thirty years ago and started out to be an architect. But a San Diego theatrical producer started him on the road to footlight fame and he spent ten years on the stage before his first network program little more than a year ago in the Bible Stories series. Now you hear him in a dozen chain drama creations.

* * *

AND was his face red? Up at Seattle's KJR, Phil Heverly, staff announcer, introduced Bob Ackerley, Totem News Reporter, as the "tootem nose reporter."

* * *

MARION THORNTON, continuity scribe for KOMO, is now the wife of Carl Olson, who conducts the morning reveries program on that station.

* * *

THE three Joys didn't have to pick a stage name. Their own was good enough. They are Lew, Mary and Doug-



ROUGH "POWDER CATCHERS" *Melt Away* AT A TOUCH!

SKIN FEELS BABY-SOFT... SMOOTH

You know those flaky little bits that rough up your skin?—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers!

They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off on the top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin's way of throwing off old dead cells.

"Then how can skin come smooth?"

You can melt away those powder catchers! A leading dermatologist says:

"Although cells on surface skin are constantly drying out, becoming horny—they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the young cells beneath come into view and the skin has the smoothness of a child's."

Do this yourself with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has that keratolytic property

which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths skin so quickly!

Touch it to your face. There and then you feel every roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Powder can't "catch" on a skin like this!

For a smooth make-up—Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catching roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly and clings.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings



Cross-section of outer skin (the epidermis) showing how dried-out cells on top skin flake loose, thus "catch" powder.



Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away roughness... keeps my skin smooth for powder."

your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. G135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



las Joy, though Lew's name is really Llewellyn. They were born in Chehalis, Wash., and later moved to Seattle. Nine years ago, just as the youngsters were entering their 'teens, their father was killed in a railroad accident.

They worked their way through school by singing and then toured the north-west in theater work. They are new additions to the NBC staff with songs and a guitar. Though schooled in the classics, they don't hesitate to say they like popular tunes the best.

* * *

BOB BURNS took his post with the new Crosby program the first of the year. Bob was one of the Los Angeles radio people who had to go East to be appreciated out on the Coast. Without copious notes, he has a homely philosophy and mellow humor.

Your Announcer Is:



TED HUSING

Born in New Mexico thirty-five years ago and christened Edward Britt Husing, Ted was educated mostly in New York City's Stuyvesant High School. After the Armistice was signed, Husing decided to see the world. He got as far west as the Kansas wheat fields, turned back and landed in Florida, flatter broke than usual. To get three meals a day and a pair of shiny boots, he joined the army aviation school. After an arduous practice period Ted returned to New York. For a while he took a hand at soap-box orating, then became a pilot again until he cracked up his first ship. He then decided to quit. At this time Husing got his first job at WJZ because he could talk longer than other applicants. In later years he distinguished himself as the best known sports announcer in the country, especially in football. He now announces Columbia's Burns & Allen program, the Camel Caravan and his own show, called Ted Husing and the Charioteers. Next month, incidentally, RADIO MIRROR will carry a new feature story on Ted which will answer all the questions you have been asking.



HERE I AM SITTING HOME THE NIGHT OF JOE'S FRATERNITY DANCE. WONDER WHY I DON'T HAVE DATES ANY MORE?

SUE, I'VE GOT THE DOPE ON WHAT'S SPOILING YOUR COMPLEXION— YOU'RE NOT REMOVING STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY

AM I GLAD I FOUND OUT HOW TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN! LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER DOES THE TRICK

SUE'S POPULAR NOW! SHE'S LEARNED HOW TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN...

Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—against the coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes caused by *choked pores*. Its **ACTIVE** lather removes stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. To keep skin lovely, use this pure soap before you renew make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed!

MERLE OBERON
STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS



I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** FAITHFULLY

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 7)

to radio columnists and editors. Why anybody should cherish evil thoughts against so lovely a young person as Dolly is beyond the ken of your correspondent. Nevertheless, we are ready to do our duty as a good citizen in this matter and volunteer our aid in helping to run down the culprit. Especially as Maestro Hall, justly indignant at the attacks upon his fair star, offers \$1,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the vile wretch. You'd be surprised to learn what good use we could make of a grand right now.

* * *

Postscripts

Billie Burke, widow of the famous Flo Ziegfeld, in an aerial show using the name of Ziegfeld Follies, was in prospect when this edition of RADIO MIRROR went to press. . . . Another new Metropolitan Opera Company quartette was also a possibility. Josephine Antone, soprano, Rose Bampton, contralto, Frederick Jagel, tenor, and Richard Bonelli, baritone, are the personnel.

Inmates of the Illinois State Prison at Joliet, Ill., have organized a broadcasting unit and go on the air regularly with a 35-piece band. Like all radio performers they have a theme song. It is "The Prisoner's Song"—and that's no gag, either. . . . Phil Baker, a south-paw, plays a specially constructed left-handed accordion, which is impossible for right-handed accordionists to manipulate. . . . Walter Winchell and Graham McNamee are left-handers, too, but it is about the only thing they have in common. They have been feuding for years.

Fritzi Scheff, once "The Little Devil of Grand Opera," is staging a magnificent come-back, thanks to the magic radio. But she still retains her old eccentricity—she absolutely refuses to pose for photographs unless she is wearing a hat. . . . The jinx still pursues True Story's Court of Human Relations cast. The eleventh victim, Bill Sweets, the producer of the series, sustained a fractured shin in a motor accident.

Lucille Singleton, who has charge of auditions for CBS, is authority for the statement that only one out of every 500 air aspirants who do their stuff for her ever get anywhere in radio. . . . Alfred C. McCosker, chairman of the Mutual Broadcasting Company and President of WOR, once was office boy to Arthur Brisbane, the editor, and Bruno Lessing, the popular author.

Fred Allen types letters to intimates in lower case like this: mr. m.h.aylesworth, president nbc, radio city, nyc. The reason: he doesn't want to be classified as a Capitalist! . . . Don Bestor, back in the good graces of the musicians' union, is now broadcasting from Montreal. . . .

Arthur Pryor, Jr., advertising agency executive who produces The March of Time, used to play cornet in his father's famous band.

IS Jack Benny on his way to the radio Valhalla, there to meet Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl and Joe Penner among other departed heroes of the comic kilocycles? Anxiety over Jack's future was occasioned (when this was written) by three bad broadcasts in a row—and three is just two too many.

It is trite—and not quite true—to say the public is fickle, its fancy soon turns and it delights in toppling over idols. Benny's own record in winning all kinds of polls over so many years disproves such

Your Beauty Shop gives you added

charm. Go there every week. And, to help beautify the natural

shape of your mouth and lips, enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum daily.



Women ask me why Kotex can't chafe — can't fail — can't show

Mary Pauline Callender
 Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"



Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton — all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

REGULAR For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.
JUNIOR Somewhat narrower—for some women and when less protection is needed.
SUPER Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

IN BLUE BOX
IN GREEN BOX
IN BROWN BOX

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
 made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

contentions. Something, then, must have happened to make me feel the change in public sentiment. And to this observer one doesn't have to look further than the scripts to find the cause.

However, that is only one person's opinion and there may be other, and better, explanations. One commentator suggests Benny is trying to do too much, making movies, personal appearances in theaters and broadcasting all at the same time. Another advances the theory that the wit and humor have faded from Harry Conn's continuity because he is now writing picture scenarios and hasn't the time to concentrate as he once did on the Benny broadcasts.

* * *

A PROPOS of Benny's plight, I am reminded of a crack made by Ray Knight, the cuckoo comedian. Ray saw Gracie Allen being escorted into a restaurant by hubby George Burns, his brother, Will, John P. Medbury, Eugene Conrad and Harvey Helm, all five of whom write the comedy that goes into a single Burns-Allen broadcast. "Gracie may be the nit-wit of the network," exclaimed Knight, "but I notice she likes to keep her wits about her!"

* * *

B AND leaders often get a mad on when they think a rival is infringing on their orchestral style. But the first feud ever to come to your correspondent's attention because one bandmaster didn't imitate another is that raging between Fred Waring and Hal Kemp. It seems some time ago Waring, with considerable fanfare about it, conducted a concert in the Kemp manner. Then the Colonel (by grace of Phil Baker and the Governor of Kentucky) announced he would imitate Waring. That was weeks and weeks ago and still Kemp hasn't imitated the Pennsylvanian on the air. The result is Messrs. Kemp and Waring now pass each other in the corridors of the Columbia building without so much as a nod of recognition.

* * *

NAT ABRAMSON, head of WOR's artist bureau, is in violent disagreement with the once much advertised notion that it is fun to be fooled. It is all because of a little trick played on him the other day by studio associates. Abramson was listening in his office to air aspirants being auditioned in another room beyond his sight. A tenor went on the air and at the conclusion of the number Nat rendered his verdict over the office loudspeaker. "Lousy," he bellowed. "We got better voices on our own staff." And was his face red when he learned he had heard a phonograph record of the glorious voice of the one and only Caruso!

BEHIND the split-second precision with which the networks project their programs often lurks drama no listener suspects. Such was the case the other day when Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch went out on the ether amid circumstances far more dramatic than the episode itself. Due on the air at 11:30 a.m., the script didn't reach the actors until 11:28. Without benefit of even a chance to read over their parts, let alone rehearse them, the players got under way. To make the tension more so, only the first few pages of the sequence had been received and the cast continued with messengers dashing into the studio, actually fetching a page at a time. Still the broadcast ended right on the nose, as the argot of the air castles has it, and the great listening public remained unaware of the near-tragedy behind the scenes.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 8)

\$1.00 PRIZE

The Children Have Their Say

There are eleven children living on our street, including our little boy. Their ages are from three to ten, and they are radio fans, or rather were radio fans.

Each evening one of the mothers makes it her duty to notify the youngsters when a certain children's program comes on the air. Always before, they would come home just as fast as they could, to listen, but the past month, we have noticed that they go right on with their play.

One evening, when I called them and they did not heed the call, I went out to where they were playing and asked them if they knew it was radio time. Their answer was this: "Aw, we don't like to listen any more. They're all the same. We're tired of hearing bedtime stories. I wish they'd have a real play and have some kids be the actors. That would be swell." Then there was a chorus of "Yeah, I do too." One little girl said she would like to have the programs come on the air earlier in the evening before she had to go to bed. The rest agreed to this too.

Children are real critics and their little ideas are worth consideration. Don't you think?

MRS. RUBY CHANEY, Wichita, Kansas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A Vote of Thanks

A rising vote of thanks to Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Rudy Vallee and quite too few others who are bringing the legitimate stage to radio.

The music lovers have almost a complete monopoly.

Radio's forgotten men seem to be those of us, not so vastly in the minority after all, who, although we have tried to love music, are without the necessary sensitiveness to harmony and tone, but are devotees of the other arts.

There is, I believe, a demand for cultural drama on the same high plane with the plentifully produced operatic and symphonic programs. Something certainly should be done to relieve its scarcity on the air waves.

MRS. J. R. PRESTON, Jackson, Miss.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Lord's Simple Country Philosophy

I do not know of any program on the air that does more real good and reaches a larger cross-section of radio listeners than Seth Parker and His Jonesport Neighbors.

Protestants, Catholics and Jews listen to this delightful program presented by the National Broadcasting Company. And people of no denominational faith listen in, folks who have "soured" on church-going and pleadings from the pulpit. Phillips Lord reaches this latter class, a group which churches find very difficult to contact.

I'm sure Lord's simple country philosophy rings in the ears of his listeners long after the skit is over. More power to Seth Parker and His Neighbors.

ELMER CARROLL, Detroit, Mich.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Why do some of the orchestra leaders insist on butchering the music written by our beloved composers?"—JANET CARLETON, Kenosha, Wis.

In your pursuit of Beauty give your skin

THIS GERM-FREE CARE!

**Woodbury's Beauty Creams
stay lastingly germ-free...
help protect against blemish**

Out for a jaunt in the crisp, cold air... home again to dress for a dance. Day after day a full program. But never can you neglect your skin... never permit the lines of fatigue to creep in, nor a blemish to destroy your charm!

That's where Woodbury's Cold Cream can help so much! It cleanses deeply... softens the tissues. Helps protect your skin, too, against dryness and blemish.

Gives your skin two-fold care

Woodbury's Cold Cream is *germ-free!* It contains a special element that destroys germ-growth. And this is important, for many blemishes are caused by germs.

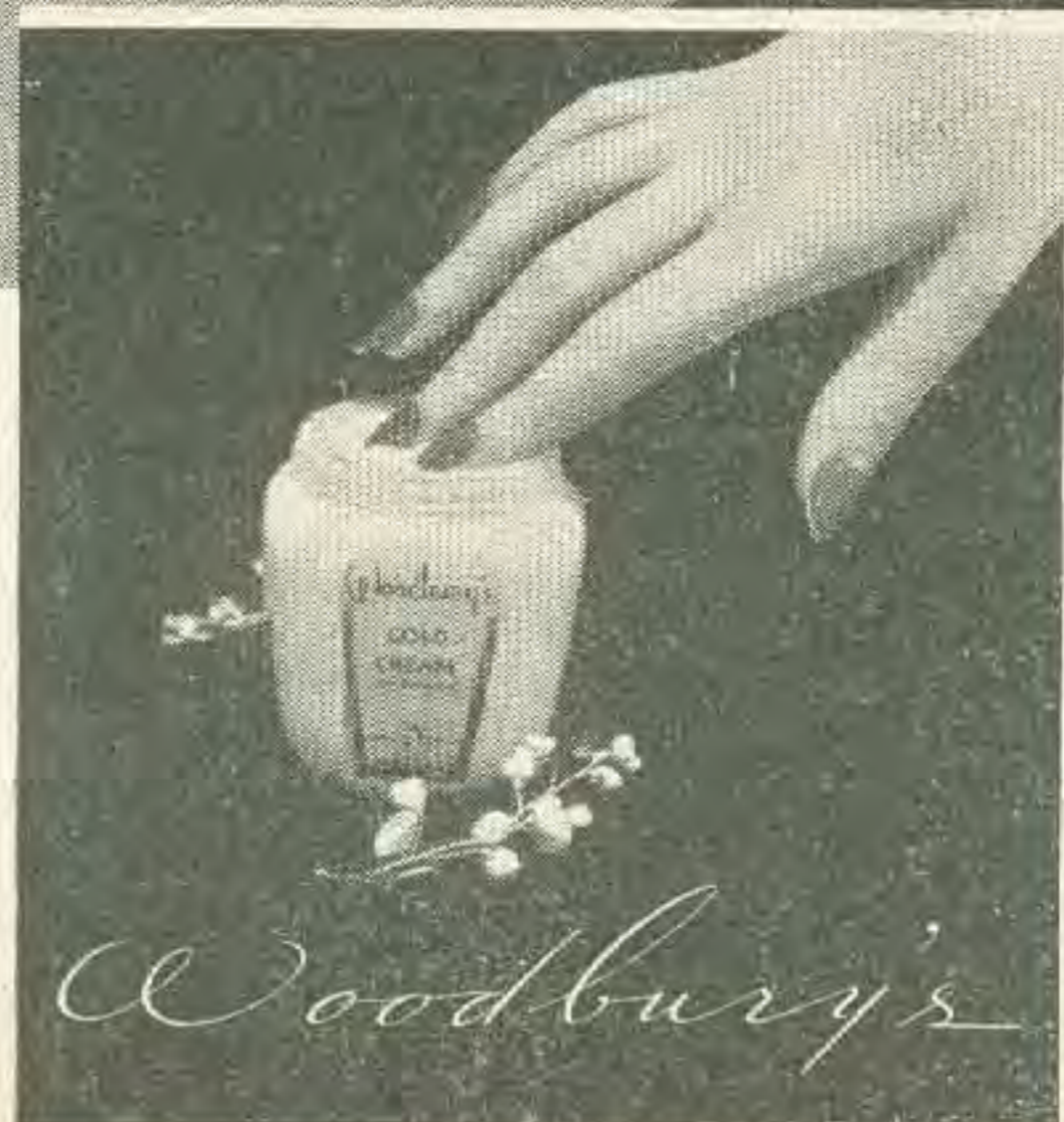
Element 576, a second exclusive ingredient of this famous cold cream, aids in combating skin dryness.

For a finishing cream, a base for your powder and rouge, none is more flattering in results than Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream.

50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.



© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.



FREE! TWO GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7463 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Please send me, free, sample tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, enough in each for several applications. Also important booklet on how to use these creams in the famous Woodbury treatment. (Paste coupon on penny postcard or mail in envelope — NOW!)

Name _____

Address _____

AVOID IMITATIONS. Look for head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products

CHAPPED HANDS ARE COLD COMPANY



© 1936, LEHN & FINK, INC.

FREE dispenser cap with each 50c size.
It fits on the bottle—not on the wall.

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting

"Can't there be a limit or restriction on how many times a certain popular song may be played?"—MRS. MERLE MORCKOETERS, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"What has become of those highly interesting crime programs Lucky Strike used to present? Nothing holds one with such spell-bound interest as an exciting rendition of a murder or kidnapping story."—MRS. ELWOOD H. PARKER, Richmond, Va.

"Heads or tails! By this method I decide as to which of my two favorite programs coming on at the same hour I shall listen to."—H. BILL WILLIAMSON, Lafayette, La.

"Why do the sponsors of such a charming little sketch as Vic and Sade insist upon spoiling it by so much advertising?"—RUTH WING, Cranford, N. J.

"The people who are always complaining (loudly) about the quality of radio entertainment, are the same people who always turn on the radio first thing in the morning (loudly) and let 'er go all day long on one station regardless of the type of program presented."—MRS. JOHN R. MARRYOTT, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Here's to the Lux Radio Theater! It brings my favorite actors in enthralling plays to me without the bother of my going to them."—MRS. LELA FREESE, Upland, Ind.

"If it wasn't for the amateurs of today, where would our talent for tomorrow come from?"—FAIRY H. TUppo, Mansfield, Ohio.

"There ought to be a law against imitators of Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante and Maurice Chevalier."—ANNE ROBINSON, Baltimore, Md.

"If radio programs are getting somewhat tiresome, blame it on the continuous stuff."—DONALD J. LEFEVRE, Chicago, Ill.

COMING—

A first story on one of Chicago's greatest radio personalities—Uncle Bob. Read the fascinating life of a man who has devoted himself to his listeners, who has formed boys' clubs whose membership has reached the amazing total of 800,000, who has turned down offers of a sponsored program over a national network because he knew he could do more for his listeners as a sustaining feature on a small independent station.

Amateurs at Life

(Continued from page 50)

She could hear what Tad and Marion said and she could answer. Yet everything that was happening was cloaked in a fuzzy unreality.

Uncle Jim noticed them and came over. "I thought you'd decided against this," he told Tad. "I'd be in a fine fix if I'd gone ahead and found another amateur act."

"What you mean is," Tad replied, "that you were so sure I'd come you left a place open for Mickey and me."

Uncle Jim smiled. "There'd always have been time later to get someone else."

Then Tad introduced Marion to him. "If it hadn't been for you," she said, "Tad wouldn't have come to New York and I wouldn't have met him. I owe you a vote of thanks."

Uncle Jim left after that and walked back up on the stage.

"I guess you all know what to do by this time," he said to the amateur acts. "You may know your numbers by heart, but I want you to rehearse once more. I'll call your names off now."

Again Tad unconsciously found Mickey's hand and held it. Mickey allowed herself to close her eyes. It was the first Thursday they'd come to New York. She was scared and Tad was telling her it was not half as bad as the day Colgate was ahead, 6 to 0.

Tad sat quietly. Once he stole a side-wise glance at Mickey. He couldn't get over how natural it seemed to be sitting next to her. Slowly his memory turned back to those first days he and Mickey had been here. It seemed months rather than weeks. It irritated him to think that he couldn't remember any good reason why he and Mickey had parted.

"Next—Byron and Crail!"

TAD and Mickey jumped up. "Let's show them, kid, just this once more," Tad whispered.

"Good luck," Marion called, staring curiously at the pair as they made their way down the aisle. That difference in height that should have been ridiculous and never was. Tad's fairness, Mickey's Celtic darkness. And when they began their theme song, the perfect contrast of their voices.

The minute Mickey's fingers found the first chord, she knew something was happening to the team of Byron and Crail. Never had they sung so well together. They finished the first chorus and began the second—the usual signal for Tad to whistle. Instead, he continued singing. The perfect duet went on.

Mickey was not the only one to sense that something unusual was occurring on that stage of Radio City. Everyone in the studio suddenly was watching the singers, their eyes drawn by some force they didn't understand.

The number ended quite as simply, yet quite as perfectly, as it had begun. Solemnly, Tad turned to Mickey and shook her hand. If it was meant to be funny, neither of them laughed. They looked at each other without merriment. Mickey was the first to move. She slid off the bench and hurried down the stage steps. Tad followed slowly.

Marion waited until they had reached their seats, her blue eyes clouded with the first tears they had ever known. When Tad came up, she said,

"May I see you two outside in the hall?" They followed her up the aisle and outside. As the doors swung back, she said,

"Congratulations," and hesitated a mo-

Doctor's Report proves
Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

**KEEP FROM
CATCHING
COLD!**

Remarkable results obtained in two
winters' test on 774 Illinois people

*They lived together, worked together, ate the same
kind of food*

Half gargled twice a day; the other
half did not



*To keep from catching cold
here's the help you may expect from*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

A DOCTOR made this famous Illinois test —he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.

The doctor's report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had

60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Thus you see that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold. But those who did, got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember that ordinary kinds kill germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.



ment. Neither Tad nor Mickey spoke. "I—I guess I knew all along without admitting it that this would never work out. There's something between you I could never break up, if I were married to Tad a hundred years."

Mickey knew now what had been happening, while they sang. She and Tad had been finding each other, groping blindly for some connecting link that would bind them to each other. And it was Marion who was providing the link.

"I guess," Marion went on, "that was why I wanted Tad to come to this rehearsal. I had to find out once and for all."

Impulsively Mickey's arm went around her shoulder. Marion wiped away a tear that had escaped and was running down her cheek. She reached out and took Tad's hand.

"It's a good thing you had me. It would have taken you twenty years by yourself to find out whom you loved."

Tad started to speak then thought better of it.

"Goodbye and good luck," Marion said and slipped the diamond from her finger—the diamond that was to have seen her married in the fall—taking Mickey's left hand.

"This belongs to you." Looking up at Tad, she finished, "That engineering job Dad got for you and me I'm giving to you two as my wedding present."

THEN she was gone, half running down the corridor to the elevator.

Tad seized Mickey roughly. "Darling," he said, "what fools we've been not to have known."

"I've known for weeks," Mickey said. Before he kissed her, he replied:

"I must have known that night at the boarding house and I was too dumb to realize."

Escaping from his grasp, her cheeks flaming with happiness, she asked him:

"But how do you know you'll make good as an engineer?"

"Have I failed you yet?" he grinned.

What Mickey would have said, if Tad hadn't kissed her again, was:

"You're impossible. You'll never change. And that must be why I love you."

The End

FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy



Nothing could be easier!

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "*The New Way*." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

for modern feminine hygiene

© N. P. CO. 1936

ANNOUNCEMENT!

We are happy to announce the names of the two winners in RADIO MIRROR'S October Autumn Style Contest, in which Fred Waring's lovely Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, modeled the latest fall frocks.

We therefore extend our congratulations to

Mrs. A. F. Corey
Van Buren, Ind.
Adaline Lippincott
Sea Bright, N. J.

Vera Van's Lost Romance

(Continued from page 38)

did more to restore Vee's health and happiness than even the famous California climate. The children's parents were so delighted with their tap-dancing and singing performances together that they decided to book them in vaudeville. So Wells and Webster, blue-eyed and blonde, looking like brother-and-sister, worked as partners behind the footlights. Their parents chaperoned them up and down the Pacific Coast from San Diego to Vancouver. They drove to engagements in the Wells automobile.

"Bill's parents drove and mother and Bill and I sat in the back," Vera recalled, "very often holding hands, too! He was so thoughtful and sweet, not like most boys that age. For instance, he knew I liked to collect toy animals and he found one for me in almost every town we played. You can imagine what a collection I had by the end of three years!"

Then, after trouping around and learning the ropes Vera began to have dreams independent of Bill. She wanted to become an actress like Ann Harding, or a musical comedy star like Marilyn Miller. Also, growing older, Vera felt an added responsibility to amount to something, for she realized that her mother had given up a great deal to bring her to California. In 1925 came an opportunity to forge ahead by herself. Fanchon and Marco offered to sign her as a single in their West Coast theaters. Vera was sad leaving Bill, but it meant advancement, increased pay and an independent career.

BILL reluctantly changed to a double act with another boy, because he could not bear to work with another girl partner. Though Vera and Bill began to travel in opposite directions, now, they wrote each other long, detailed letters about their experiences. Vera remembers one message that was fifteen pages long which she mailed him when she played the Princess Theater in Honolulu from June to August in 1928.

CINCINNATI TRIO



One of America's largest radio stations, WLW, just across the state line from Kentucky, has three young girls of whom it's pretty proud these days. Billy, Ruth, and Marjorie DeVore have their own sustaining program late at night, and fan mail for them has come all the way from distant Australia.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It replenishes it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

(21)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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SHOWS FRIEND HER NEW "BARGAIN" SWEEPER WHICH SALESMAN SAID WAS THE NEWEST THING ON WHEELS

2.



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3.



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6.



ASKS FRIEND HOW HER NEW BISSELL WORKS . . .

"My new Bissell cleans beautifully! You see—it's the only sweeper with real Hi-Lo brush control that automatically adjusts the brush to high or low rug-nap. That's why it cleans so much better! No catch-penny gadgets—but a real sweeper! A better-built sweeper—and better looking! Take a look at some of the new models!"

Models from \$3.95 to \$7.50.



BISSELL
The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Mich.

They were planning a gala reunion in Los Angeles upon her return. But Vera discovered that she had to rush straight to Chicago with her mother to close an important contract with the Balaban and Katz theaters. Bill, hurt and disappointed, put her on the train for Chicago. Neither of them had any idea it would be more than a year before they would see each other again.

When her absence grew prolonged, Vera began to receive very serious letters from Bill—letters she read over many times backstage in theaters in Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit.

"He told me he was tired of the theater and its lack of home life," Vera reminisced. "He planned to leave it and get established in business so that when I returned he would be in a position to ask me to marry him."

It was December, 1930, before she saw Bill again. Good offers interrupted her plans to return to the Coast. Though she was homesick for Bill, cried over his letters sometimes, she felt that good contracts simply could not be passed up. So there was a Paramount Publix Tour, then many weeks as featured singer with the Yale Collegians, closing triumphantly at the Palace Theater in New York.

There, offers from night clubs cluttered her dressing room, but at last she firmly turned them down. She longed to go home and join Bill at Christmas.

SHE found Bill happily working around Los Angeles as a press agent. She opened, during the holidays, at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood. For the first time, Bill sat in the audience and she sang "Alice Blue Gown," their old number, for his benefit. Afterwards he met her at the stage entrance with a fox terrier pup on a leash. His Christmas gift—a mascot for "Vee." They named him Boy.

On her closing day at the Pantages Theater, Bill came bursting backstage and executed an excited tap-dance in her dressing room. Something was up.

"What's it all about?" demanded Vera, laughing.

"I've just been offered a job to manage the Paramount Theater—and, Vee, that means—"

"A coincidence," smiled Vera. "I have just signed up to play there!"

So, once again, Wells and Webster were working in the same theater. Only "Webster" had become Vera Van, a promising new star, and Wells was ensconced in the manager's office. That is, when he wasn't hanging around Vera's dressing room waiting for a chance to persuade her to marry him.

At first, they discussed it without strain. Vera said, "Wait awhile. We're both young, so let me get this ambition out of my system, first."

Then Bill grew sombre. "I can't spend my life waiting for you to come off-stage." Vera could see that he meant it.

Soon, they were quarreling bitterly. Vera was inclined to give in, but she thought it foolish to be married in such an upset and over-wrought state of mind, so she deliberately left town and opened at the Olsen Club in Culver City. It would give her time to think it over, weigh it carefully.

Vera returned to Los Angeles in June, for a return engagement at the Paramount, still undetermined. She admitted to no one how frantically she had missed Bill.

He had left the theater to work in an advertising agency, and was beginning to taste success.

They had a rapturous reunion in Los Angeles, but "Vee" refused to say yes immediately. Her own goal as a star was



SKIN Beauty.

WITH

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

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

CONSTIPATED



SINCE HER MARRIAGE FINDS RELIEF AT LAST IN SAFE



ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD!

It dated from her marriage—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, nervousness, headaches. Nothing gave her more than partial relief until she tried a natural plant and vegetable laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She felt so much better immediately—more like living. Try NR's yourself. Note how refreshed you feel. NR's are so kind to your system. So effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. Non-habit-forming. Only 25c, at all drug stores.



FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 50C-10, St. Louis, Mo.

almost in view, for she received an offer from Ted Fio Rito to broadcast with his orchestra from San Francisco.

But Bill did not give up hope. He drove all the way from Los Angeles each weekend to visit her. They were very happy during their hours together, happy until Bill caused arguments by insisting that she marry him immediately.

Then came Vera's final triumph in her career, an offer from CBS which would take her to New York. It was her obvious excitement over the offer which caused Bill to put his foot down with a stern finality which broke her heart.

"If you go, it must be good-bye," he said, "I can't tag around after you forever, and you don't show any signs of being satisfied with your success."

She cried on his shoulder the night the train pulled out of Los Angeles for the East. She almost climbed off. She cried intermittently during the journey. Vera had left her dog, Boy, with Bill. He promised to send him on when she was settled in New York.

It has been nearly three years since Vera left California and arrived, a lonely and frightened girl, in New York. If she failed to hit the mark as a star there would be nothing left to make life seem important, for she had turned down Bill for that chance.

And now Vera has reached stardom. She has signed two important contracts. This Christmas, both radio and musical comedy are hers. She signed even though she was also offered the chance for a big program from California.

There is no pull in California for Vera now, for Bill is engaged to be married to someone else, a nice girl who fits into his scheme of life. And if Vera could step in now, she wouldn't, for she is not that kind of girl.

She sticks to a bargain.

A BENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



Standing, Jello's favorite son, Jack Benny, of the Sunday-night Bennys. Jack is looking a bit distressed over the script which his high-salaried gag man, Harry Conn, is polishing off. This picture was taken in Hollywood just before Jack's recent return to New York. Incidentally, Jack gave San Francisco network and agency officials a large-sized headache when he broadcast from there. It seemed as if everybody on both sides of the Golden Gate wanted to attend the broadcast and—there just wasn't room!

Unprintable ...but **TRUE!**

{ They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description }

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance...that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused.

But . . . we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine . . . not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is

best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

A joy to take!

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again . . . it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative. At all drug stores.



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F38

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

Posed by professional models

**DOCTORS NOW KNOW
THOUSANDS NEEDN'T BE
SKINNY**

**THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.
QUICK — WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT**

AMAZING gains in weight are reported all over the country with this sensational new 3-way discovery. Even if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way — in just a few weeks!

And not only has this new triple-acting treatment brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indiges-

tion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes — you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits 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 counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast 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. 223, Atlanta, Ga.

**Reflections in the Radio
Mirror**

(Continued from page 4)

that Major Bowes, commercial radio's most outstanding personality, should sit in a darkened room by ten control room five hours every afternoon.

Think too, after reading this, of your chances of succeeding in one of these auditions. Six hundred hopefuls pass in review in that studio every six days, between the afternoon hours of one and six. That's a hundred a day the Major hears and likes or discards. Out of those six hundred, sixteen draw the lucky number, sixteen find themselves in the vast eighth floor studio Sunday night for the broadcast. There's one first prize. Perhaps two—not likely—are selected for one of the amateur units that go on the road for as long as ten weeks.

While the Major sits in the corner of that control room, listening, noting names on a small piece of paper, waving to the engineer, the amateurs outside, lined up and down the hall, packed against the walls so that stray ushers can get by, wonder if Major Bowes is really inside, is really hearing them, or whether it isn't more likely that he's left this tedious task to an assistant.

FOR your information and that of any prospective amateurs, the Major has missed just two afternoons since his program went on the network. Both times it was because he had left town for openings. Once, the opening of a new hospital the other for the opening in Boston of his first amateur movie short.

At sixty-one Major Bowes is radio's hardest working star.



Westbrook Van Voorhees, the Voice of Fate (the deep, booming voice) on the March of Time programs, in Lebus' Cafe. Watch for the fascinating story on Van Voorhees' colorful life, coming in an early issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Introducing Bob Burns

(Continued from page 19)

northern France, and when the bazooka descended upon it, it had already had about all it could stand in the way of shocks, what with invading German armies, air raids, and Big Berthas. It must have been the last straw when, one dismal rainy night, the good people of Nevers first heard a noise best described as a cross between the whine of an approaching squadron of airplanes and the moan of an outraged banshee suffering from a bad cold in the head.

Hurried investigations were made, and the source of the racket turned out to be Gunnery Sergeant Robert Burns, U. S. Marines, sitting on the back of his neck in a small building next to the *Theatre Republique*, happily operating a contraption made of two pieces of gas pipe, some wire, and a tin funnel. One piece of pipe fitted into the other, sliding back and forth like a trombone. The funnel, as Bob explained later, was to give the bazooka tone—or timbre, as musicians say.

Relieved, the Neversites went back to bed, shaking their heads and muttering that they'd known all along one of those crazy Americans was at the bottom of the disturbance. But that night was a great one for Sergeant Burns. He'd been trying to build an instrument which would have more jazz in it than a trombone, and out-sax any saxophone, since he'd worked in a plumbing shop in Little Rock, Arkansas—and never, until that night in Nevers, had he had any luck. The bazooka, as he finally put it together, was just what he wanted—and if Nevers didn't like it, that just showed Nevers' lack of artistic appreciation.

BOB was born, as you can't help knowing if you've heard him on the air, in Van Buren, Arkansas. The comedian in him came out early, in 1905, when he was head man of his high school entertainments, and in 1909, when he and his brother Farrar organized a two-man vaudeville act with which they toured the southern states.

After that, though, he decided there might be other professions in the world he'd like better. He returned to Arkansas and became a pilot on a river boat. For a while he worked in that Little Rock plumbing shop. Then, remembering that Horace Greeley had once said something pretty much to the point, Bob went out to Utah and worked on a ranch, riding herd on the cows. At this point the comedian in him broke out again, and we find him on the stage with a Salt Lake City stock company.

The next thing I knew, thumbing through the scrap book, he was in Chicago, working for the advertising department of a newspaper. "Hey!" I yelled, "what did you leave the Salt Lake stock company for?"

"They wanted me to play Uncle Tom." Bob had been moving around the country fairly fast, but while he was in Chicago the war caught up to him. It was a made-to-order event for anyone who liked excitement as much as he did, and he was at the recruiting office before you could take your hat off your head and get ready to drop it. He rather expected to take the next boat for France. Instead, they sent him to a training camp at Paris Island, which is in South Carolina, and put him to work teaching recruits how to fire their rifles.

A man can't spend all his time teaching other men how to shoot. After a while, that gets very tiresome. So Bob

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Mail coupon today! Orders are pouring in. Two huge factories working at top speed—1800 busy employees—are filling these orders for 24 hour shipment to all parts of U. S. A. Everybody is insisting upon Kalamazoo Quality.

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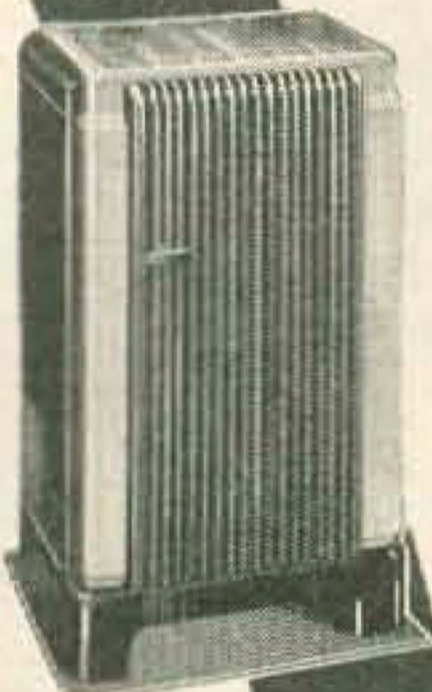
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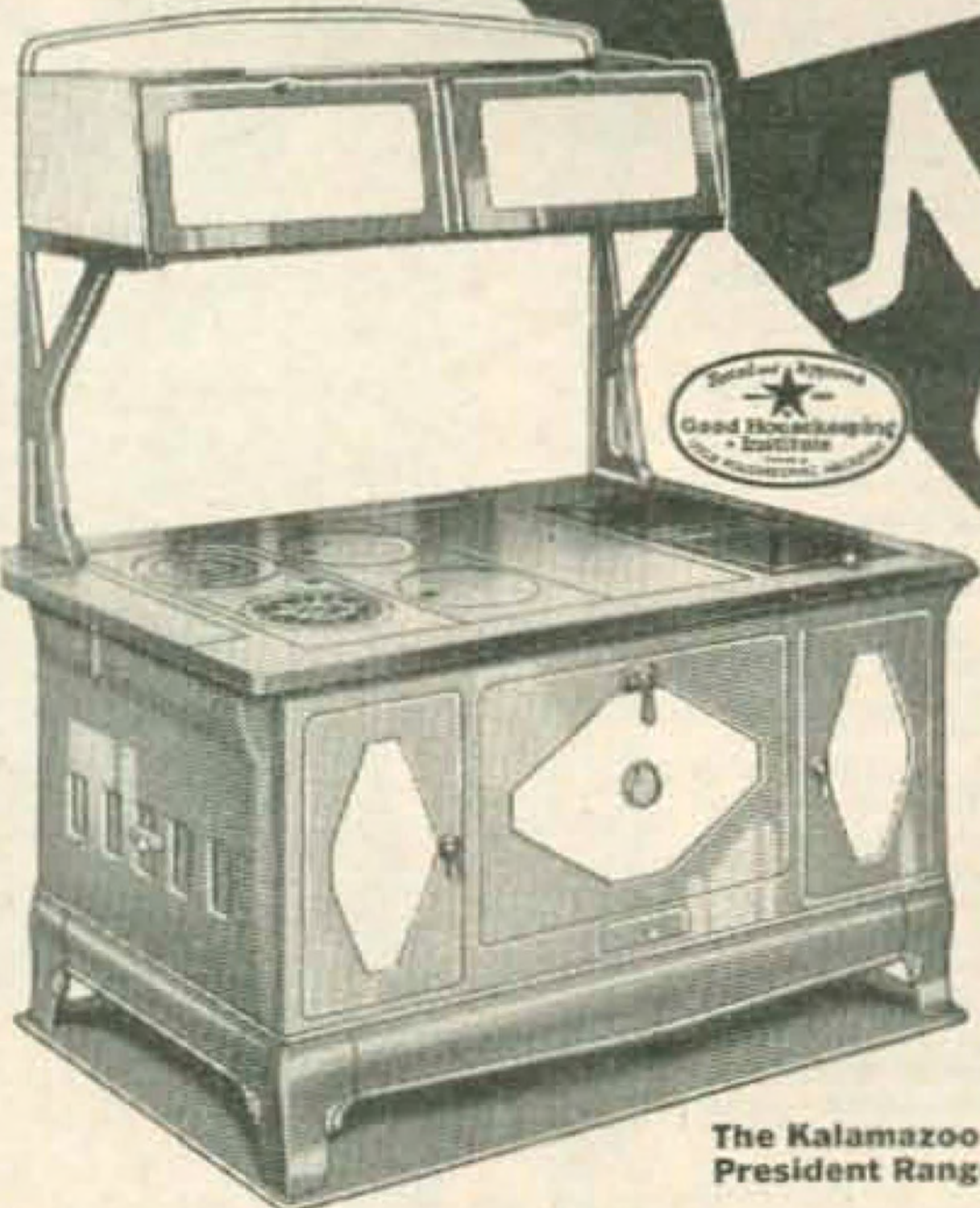
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organized the U. S. Marine Jazz Band, and that explains how he finally got to France. If it hadn't been for the band, he'd probably have stayed in Paris Island until the Armistice. The scrap book doesn't say whether the authorities thought they ought to get that band out of the United States or that it might make the boys in France so mad when they heard it, they'd go right out and lick every German in sight. At any rate, Bob and his fellow Marines-musicians sailed in the summer of 1918. In rest camps behind the lines, they put on shows and entertainments for the dough-boys.

"But didn't you ever get to the front?" I called to Bob.

NOPE," was his cheerful answer. "There must have been a front somewhere, but darned if I ever saw it."

It was in the winter following the Armistice that the bazooka was born, and after that Bob was an international incident to be reckoned with. Bazooka's first public appearance, if the scrap book is to be trusted, was at a concert given at the *Grand Cafe de la Tranchee* in Tours by the 205th M. P. It was the bazooka, all right, even if the program does call it a "buzuke."

Then he took the thing touring with his jazz band, over most of Europe. The scrap book announces that he played it for the royalty of the "friendly nations"—and if they were still friendly when they had finished listening to the bazooka, they must have been amiable indeed.

Bazooka invaded the United States in the fall of 1920, when Bob brought it back and installed it and himself at the *Bal Tabarin*, a Broadway cabaret. A con-

temporary account assures us that when its first strains fell upon the ears of the *Bal Tabarin's* patrons, ten waiters became conscience-stricken and returned to the patrons approximately \$100 which they had short-changed them. Personally, I think that's exaggerated. It was probably only \$75.

After that there were several years in which Bob and his bazooka moved aimlessly around the country. Bazooka appears under a number of different names—"gazooka" in Los Angeles, "pazooka" in Chicago, and even "mazooka-boom" in South Carolina. It seems they'll stand for anything in South Carolina.

In 1921, while he was playing in a jazz band in Atlantic City, Bob married Miss Elizabeth Fisher, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. That's what the scrap book said, and all it said.

"How about when you got married?" I called.

BOB paused in his frenzied rushes from telephone to trunks. "She ran an amusement stand on Young's Pier," he said, "and I fell in love with her the first time I saw her. But I couldn't talk to her. I hadn't ever been in love before, and I'd get all bottled up inside. One night, though, she came into the restaurant where I was playing, with a party of friends, and I played the old bazooka as sweet as I could. People told me afterwards they hadn't realized a bazooka could make music like that. Well sir, it did the trick. She could tell from the way the bazooka sounded just how I felt about her, and by September she'd said she'd marry me. It was the bazooka that did it."

Maybe. Myself, I think it's more likely

that she took the only way she knew to stop him playing it at her.

From 1925 to 1928, Bob toured the country in vaudeville, as half of the black-face team of Burns and West. In 1930, he was in the vanguard of vaudeville performers who went to Hollywood when talking pictures were young. When you hear him now, you probably don't realize you used to see him in the movies—among others, in "Young as You Feel," with the late Will Rogers.

In Hollywood, he did radio work too. You West Coast listeners heard him as Soda Pop on the Gilmore Circus. But it may as well be admitted right now that neither in the movies nor radio was he the smash success he has since become. Bob's gifts as a comedian can't fight their way through prepared scripts. He's at his best when he works spontaneously, without preparation, without a script, telling his stories about his home town and state as he thinks of them.

He returned to New York last year, discouraged after a long period during which work had been scanty and unsatisfactory. Then came a guest appearance for Rudy Vallee, followed, so immediate was his success, by another engagement for the same program—a contract with Paul Whiteman on the Music Hall—and finally his present contract with the same sponsor, now that Bing Crosby has taken the show over.

R—no, that's wrong. Not finally. Because if there's one thing sure about this particular Arkansas traveler, it's that he'll keep on traveling, somewhere—and this time he's going to be traveling to some pretty big places.

Skinny, Weak, Nervous Rundown..!

How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate From the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Rich Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-long Energy in First Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women even naturally skinny, whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. But the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now

recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. Six tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See fluttering extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week 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.

Manufacturer's Note: Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedorf Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedorf Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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The Critic on the Hearth

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

RAY NOBLE has come down to earth a bit. His arrangements are less Noble but more informal than in his first svelte broadcasts in this country. Al Bowlly, Babs and her Brothers and Connie without her Sisters (the only flaw in the program—it needs more Boswells) provide a pause that refreshes your ears.

CBS Wed., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

EDDIE CANTOR. Still featuring his fantastic plans, wackey machines, Parkyakarkas and J. Wallington. And quite frequently running out of good gags.

CBS Sun., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN. Rubinoff now has his own program. There's not a hint of comedy in it, it follows the commonest pattern of musicales, but the talent, which includes Virginia Rea and Jan Peerce, rates above par.

NBC Sat., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

IRVING REIS DRAMAS. The young studio engineer who created a sensation last year by writing a *good* radio play is now doing a whole series. I've got a hunch they'll be worth staying home for.

CBS Thurs., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

MANHATTAN MATINEE. Georgia Backus should take the bows for scripting this smart bit of fluff. If you like a dash of sauce with your musical fare, this is your dish. The criss-cross banter doesn't make sense, a quality—or lack of quality—which doesn't distinguish it from most of the other afternoon programs and too many evening ones. But this one doesn't pretend to make sense, and therein lies its charm. A perfect setting for the sparkling twitters of Frances Comstock and Jimmy Brierly and Leith Stevens' melody moods. Larry Harding emsees anything in sight, including a respectable trumpeter's inner urge to croon, and a music arranger's whim to caper oratorically as Prof. Phineas McSmudge.

CBS Mon., 3:00 P. M., 30 min.

BING CROSBY. The Kraft hour gives Bing all the latitude he could wish for, and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra backs him to the hilt. This should be the crooner's biggest year yet. What with being tops in both radio and pictures, I don't know what there is left for him to do. Except maybe have triplets.

NBC Thurs., 10:00 P. M., 60 min.

MINNIE AND MAUD. The serial of the month. The Pennsylvania Dutch sisters, with their queer talk and queer ideas, have something to give radio, and I for one hope they keep on giving it. Some of these sustaining script shows have a freshness of comedy situations and human appeal that have worn off the more successful commercial skits.

NBC Wed., Thurs., Sat., 10:05 A. M., 10 min.

MATINEE MEMORIES. Good tunes that have died and gone to Heaven are reverently resurrected in musical reminiscences of the theater by Helen Wyant at the organ. Jimmy Ague and Betty Schirmer, on alternating days, refrain from too many refrains. An ideal afternoon program. I could use another gross of the same quality.

CBS Mon., and Thurs., 1:15 P. M.

JOSE MANZANARES holds to a peppy tempo for his Latin ear-treats. The orchestra has none of that languid uncertainty about whether to take a siesta or keep on playing. I like Jose's South American jazz and his tinkling accent.

CBS Sun., 2:30 P. M., 30 min.

LISTEN TO THIS. A script-musical in which the singing team of Johnny and Dotty use part of their network air time to "discover" radio talent hitherto buried under a bushel of local stations. I wouldn't say that this combines the best features of Bowes' and Vallee's hours, but it can stay. Lew Diamond's orchestra.

MBS Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 15 min.

THE WIDOW'S SONS. Lulu Vollmer, author of "Moonshine and Honeysuckle," and the stage play "Sun-Up," has another pleasant offering about the hill folk. Comedy, pathos, romance, by a capable cast headed by Lucille LaVerne.

NBC Sun., 4:00 P. M., 30 min.

HERE'S THE ANSWER. For those of you who grew up and forgot to stop wondering why we do this and that. A delightful treatment of the origins of customs and other hidden dramas which we unsuspectingly brush in our daily lives. The whole family will like these colorful tidbits of information.

NBC Tues., 6:35 P. M., 10 min.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM. Still one of the most amusing script shows.

NBC Mon. through Fri., 5:45 P. M., 15 min.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY. Two hours of high-class music without turning your dial—and you won't want to. Dr. Frederick Stock is the conductor.

MBS alternate Saturdays, 9:15 P. M., 120 min.

PEROLE STRING QUARTET will delight you if you like chamber music on a Sunday afternoon.

MBS Sun., 1:45 P. M., 45 min.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT now comments on his own numbers and achieves a more intimate effect than in previous years. Don Voorhees' orchestra.

CBS Tues., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

LOG-CABIN REVUE. Conrad Thibault in a smooth offering with Harry Salter's orchestra and several other singers. Tuneful and sweet, but commercials too windy.

NBC Wed., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

GRETTA PALMER SAYS interesting things, but takes too many words and too much time saying them.

MBS Mon. through Thurs., 4:30 P. M., 15 min., Sat., 10:00 P. M.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE narrates dog stories, with interpolated dramatized portions.

MBS Sun., 5:30 P. M., 15 min.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE and mush. But really not enough to spoil the outstanding music.

CBS Tues., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.



Now! two forms of Winx Mascara which gives you

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

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

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.★



WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish Creamy Cake Black Brown Blue.

Name

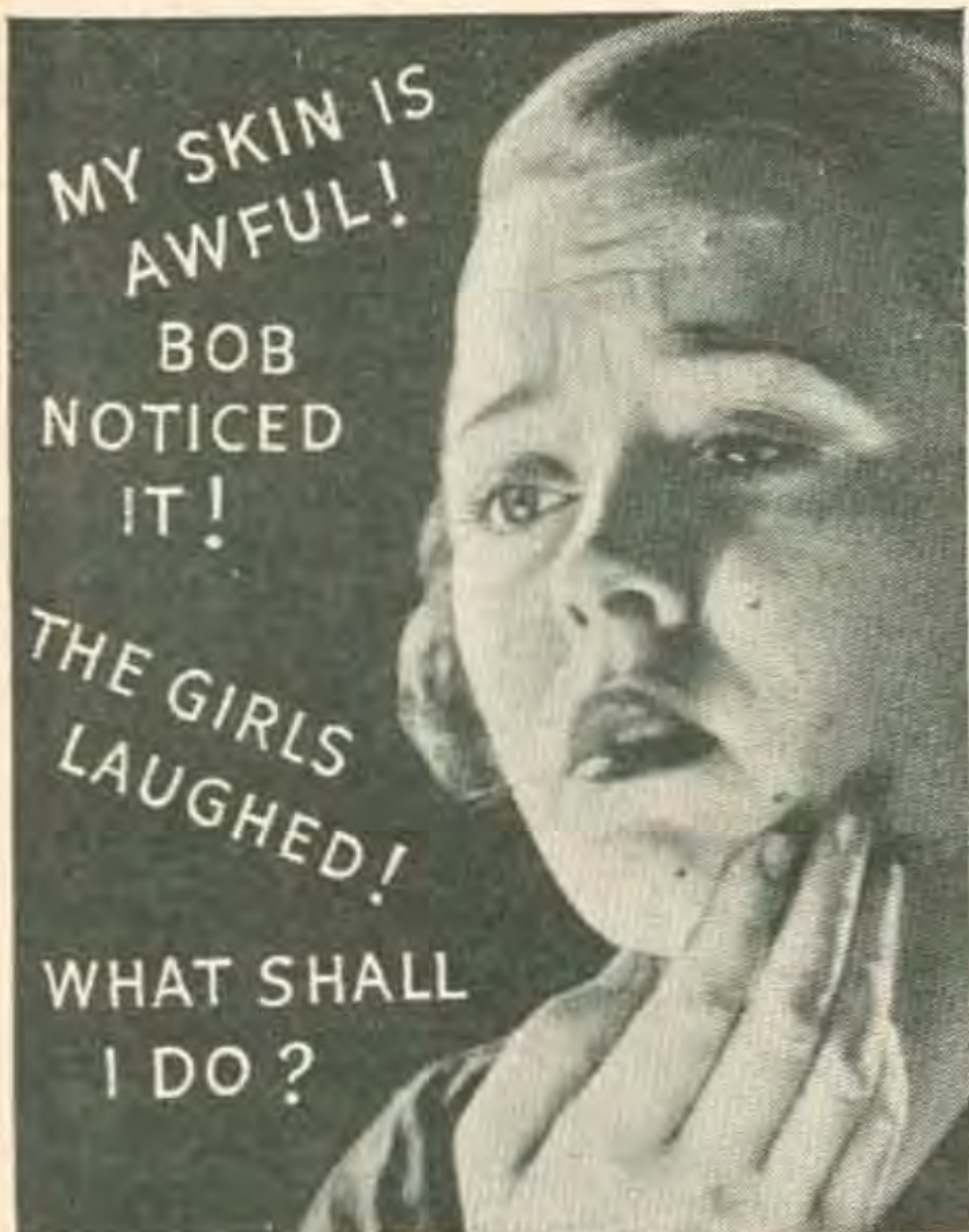
Street

City State

M.G.-3.36

Beauty for Blondes

(Continued from page 46)



MY SKIN IS
AWFUL!

BOB
NOTICED
IT!

THE GIRLS
LAUGHED!

WHAT SHALL
I DO?

HER PIMPLY* SKIN
SCARED MEN AWAY

until she learned about a
famous "Wonder Cream"

FINE FEATURES—beautiful clothes—an appealing personality—and still a poor complexion destroys a woman's charm.

That's why thousands of women today are successfully turning to a famous medicated skin cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin. First prescribed by doctors for the relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles, now over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream are used yearly.

How to use

If your skin is marred by Large Pores or Blackheads—by Pimples* or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, then by all means make this simple test and see if your skin doesn't show a big improvement in ten days.

Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days, note the difference—feel how much softer, finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and helps Nature heal these disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for a generous 25¢ jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 103, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful for
CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a medicated cream that brings quicker relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

Noxzema

important to any blonde, large or small. Blonde hair attracts so much attention in the first place that the rest of one's appearance should be played down as much as possible. Being one's most striking feature, no matter what beautiful eyes or lips a girl may possess, blonde hair should be the highlight of your appearance. That's another reason I believe in dark clothes, because the contrast makes hair appear even lighter. Black has always been the very best color for blondes; in addition, I'm very fond of luscious browns. But I seldom wear much navy blue."

At the time of our conversation, Benay was looking very handsome in a woolen dress of bright hunter's green, though it's a shade she considers more brilliant than she should wear. But you'll remember that little Jessica Dragonette is very fond of color, including combinations of red and yellow, as well as greens and blues and lavenders. So, if you're small, or your hair is in the richer golden tones, like Jessica's, you can wear all the color your heart desires.

THE same principle applies to make-up," Benay continued. "A warm, dark make-up furnishes that same contrast which makes the hair even blonder." Like Jessica, she uses golden shades, rather than pink-and-white ones, which she abhors. "I use suntan tones myself," she said, "with a suntan powder base for evenings and a simple vanishing cream foundation for daytime wear, under my suntan powder." Incidentally, she uses the same excellent powder base which Ethel Merman recommended to us a few months ago; if you didn't hear about it then, I'll be glad to tell you all about it, as well as the names of the other products Miss Venuta uses and recommends, when you send me that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"As for the rest of my cosmetics," she went on, "I use a very brilliant powder rouge for my cheeks and two different shades of lipstick, light for daytime and crimson for artificial lights. Never use a dry lipstick. I'm very fond of the brand I use, and the containers are so attractive, too. We girls in show business have trouble because the constant use of heavy cosmetics causes our lips to dry and crack; if any girl has a similar complaint, I'd advise her to do the same thing we do, leaving cream on them overnight—the same cream that I recommend for all general purposes."

The cream which she uses is very economical (a really immense jar costs only fifty cents or thereabouts) and she says she can't recommend it too highly. Chorus girls have used it for years, and it's as pure as can be, because it's the original base of all cold cream without the extra things added. Benay pats it on before taking a hot bath and lets it steam into her skin, removing all the moisture and cream with a turkish towel afterwards.

"Powder should always be patted on, never rubbed in," she advises, "and do avoid the white or bluish shades. I think far too many blondes use blue eyeshadow, too; the cloudy gray tones are so much better, and my own favorite is lavender. It should be used very delicately, since all coloring shows up so strongly in contrast to blonde hair. We all know that blondes shouldn't use brown eyeshadow, but the same thing could be said about

brown mascara, which always looks to me as though the poor girl has left powder on her lashes. Black mascara is far the best, though it isn't wise to use a black pencil on the brows. A blending of black and brown pencils usually achieves the best effect, and you should use as little as possible. Keep as much of your natural eyebrows as you can, to avoid that painted line, and keep them well-brushed. You should have one clean little eyebrow brush just for this purpose—first, to brush the eyebrows up on the forehead until the hairs are as smooth as possible, then to run lightly along the top line of the brows to even them off. This should be done after you have used the pencils, since it does away with that caked, harsh effect.

"One final tip on eye make-up: I once handled a cosmetic program of my own on the radio and I had a warning for my listeners which I'd also like to pass on to your readers. Of course, most of us never like to lend our cosmetics to others, but we are sometimes asked under circumstances in which we can hardly refuse. But please, please never lend your mascara and brush to anyone, since this is the easiest way in the world to get granulated eyelids."

Benay uses garnet nail polish for the flamboyant character she plays in "Anything Goes," but in real life she wears natural tints, again avoiding that over-emphasis on color which makes a blonde too conspicuous.

As for the hair itself, Benay has grand advice for blondes, whether bleached or natural. "Blondes should be very careful how they wear their hair," she warns. "For instance, it's a great temptation to wear it very fluffy, a style which is only becoming to the girl who has a very small face or features. Particularly if the hair is bleached, it should be dressed simply and given constant care and attention so that it never gets dry-looking or has an unattractive part showing. If you are just considering bleaching your hair, be sure to choose a tint that will harmonize with your natural skin rather than the very rich or very pale color you have your heart set on.

"I use a white henna compound myself and advise that you avoid the use of ammonia as much as possible. Be very careful about permanent waving on bleached hair and never use a hot curling iron; if you take good care of your hair and really try to train it, you'll be able to keep enough curl in it through finger waves and comb waves. Frequent hot oil shampoos are necessary to keep bleached hair healthy, though oils have a tendency to darken naturally blonde hair and should be used only by the natural blonde whose hair is very dry. Personally, I use a very inexpensive but very fine hair tonic which is quite oily, about three times a week, as a brilliantine."

WOULD you like the names of the products Benay Venuta recommends? The cosmetics she uses and the inexpensive hair tonic and cream, which would be valuable to anyone, blonde or brunette? If you're small and blonde and didn't get the names of the cosmetics which Jessica Dragonette recommended in December, I'll be glad to send you that list, too. But please enclose a large, self-addressed stamped envelope for answers to more than one query. And please mention just what you want to know. Address Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 15)

rumors that Stoopnagle and Budd had split, let us say that the story concerning their temporary separation as published here was correct . . . Bud was just amusing himself with the band he organized while the Colonel was away on vacation . . . The two go back on the air as a comedy team about February first, having signed a new contract with CBS which runs into 1937.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

YOU'RE going to have a unique departure in the instrumental makeup of an orchestra this month because we've unearthed a remarkable band. It is the orchestra of Frank Novak, Jr., heard every Sunday morning on NBC on the Give Us the Funnies programs, dramatizations of comic strips. If you have listened to the shows you have doubtless been as tickled as have we at the delightful color and movement achieved by the unusual instrumental arrangement of the orchestra.

Novak, who is master of twenty-three legitimate instruments himself, has built up an eight piece orchestra in which there are five men, themselves quite versatile. Thus he manages to get a wide range of effects. We list here, then, the anatomy of the orchestra which furnishes atmosphere and action for the radio-dramatized funnies:

Tenor saxophone—also plays bass clarinet, oboe, English horn, flute and piccolo. Also (1st) saxophone—also plays bassoon, clarinet, alto clarinet, flute, piccolo. Bass viol—also plays tuba and bass saxophone. Drums—also plays xylophone, vibraphone, traps, bells, chimes, and, of course, tympani. In addition to these, there are two brass players and a pianist who plucks music from the organ and the celeste when necessary.

Whenever an additional man is needed, Novak steps in with one of his twenty-three legitimate instruments. He also plays many of what he calls "non-legitimate" instruments: jews harp, ocarina—that sort of thing. We haven't tried to count those.

* * *

THE CURIOSITY SATISFIER

HALP! They're after us. Those stout supporters of KTMR's Stuart Humber and his Covered Wagon Jubilee are firing letters at us, one right after another in an effort to convince us that this West Coast outfit is of network calibre. We ourselves can't say. We've never heard them. But to such members of Humber's fan club who have written to us, let us say that we will inquire into the network's interest in them (networks constantly scout single station offerings) and if there's anything encouraging to report, we'll let you know. So there you are, Ivah Meryl Todd, Peggy Holmes, Claire Newby, Helena Mason, and all others whose mail we have not yet gotten to.

* * *

OH GRACIOUS US!

WE reported that Conrad Thibault was married on September 17th and that he was thirty-one (earlier in the year). Lena Johnpool (that's the way your name looked, Lena) writes in to take us to task for the double error. Lena, you're quite right. Conrad was married July 17, 1935. He was born November 13, 1905. We're going to write a memorandum to our fifth assistant looker-

WARNING!

to the girl
who's in *Love*



YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusion a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

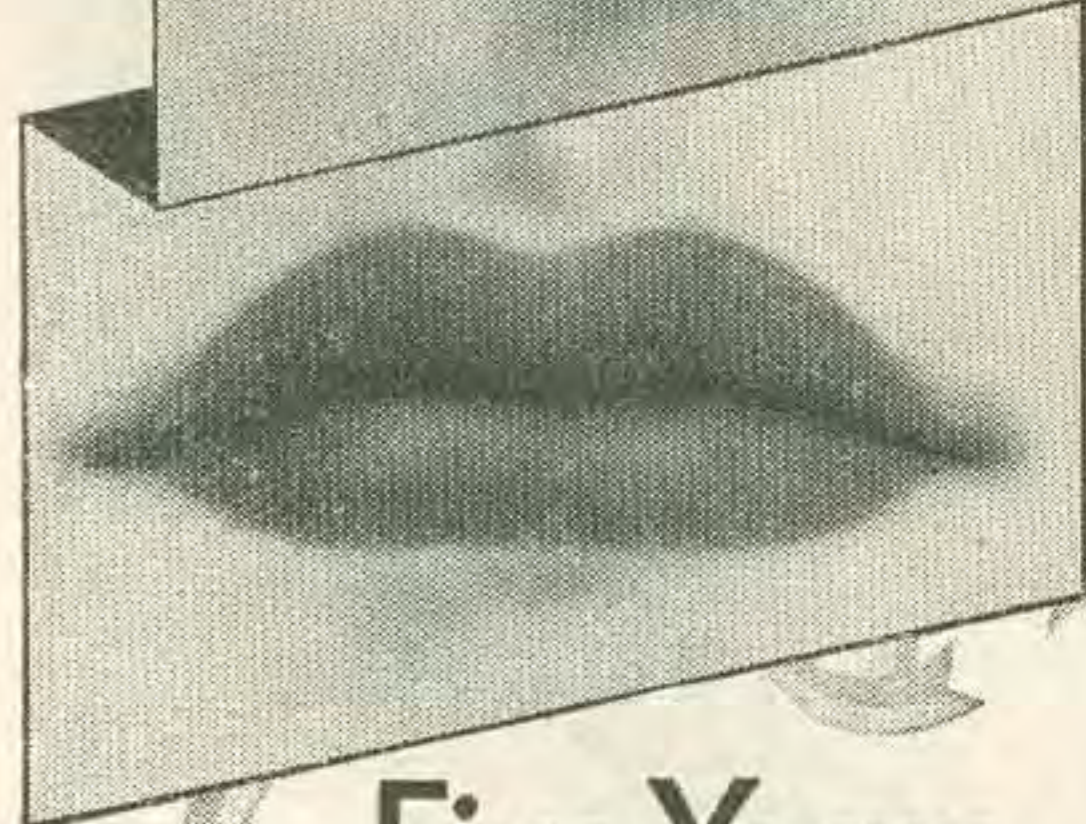
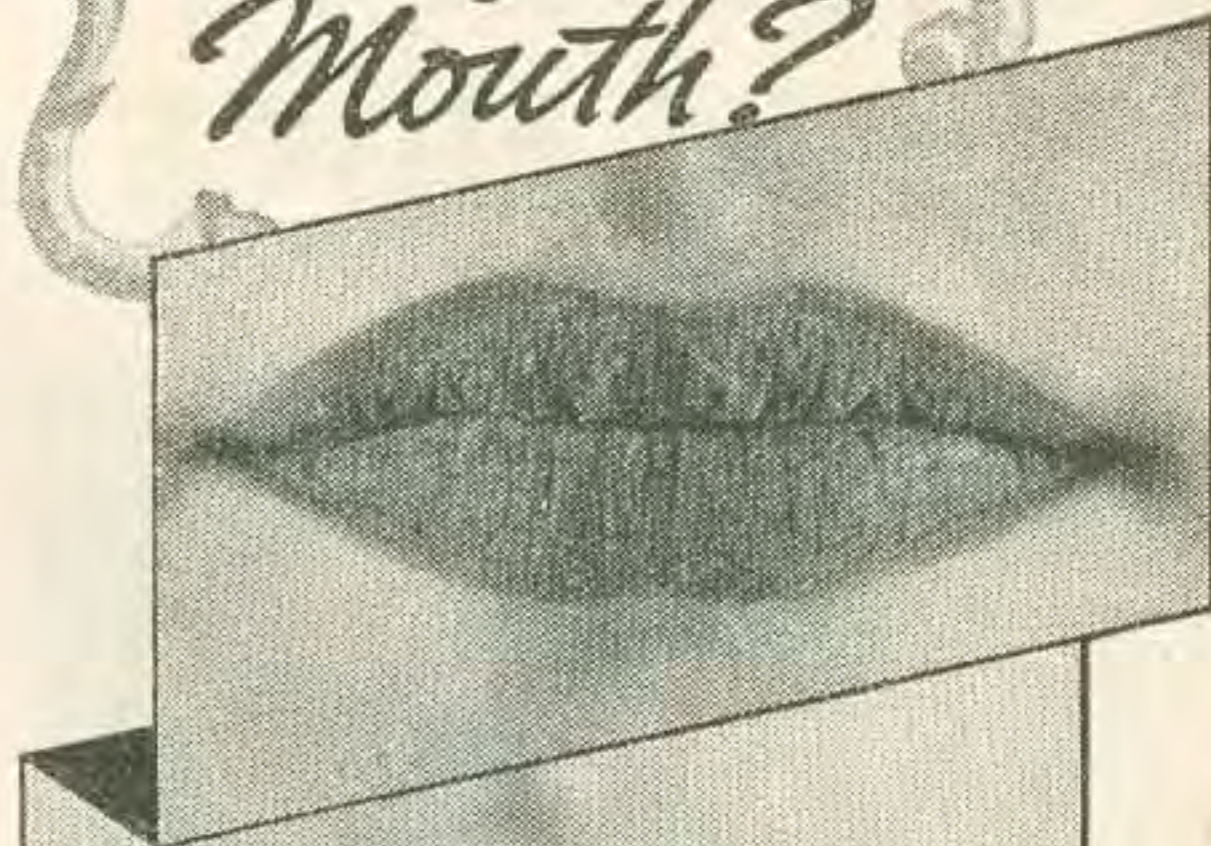
Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

How Old
is your
Mouth?



Five Years
Younger

• Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing

IF YOUR LIPS are ever dry and rough looking . . . marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange . . . try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
Lipstick

How to combat CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE

LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES



6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

● Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Un-sightly skin shine! Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 6,000,000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the *moisture-proof* powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin-moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. Thus causing shine, clogged pores, floury blotches.

So change at once to Luxor. It won't even mix with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories to flatter blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 drams of \$3 perfume

A sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse. Sells regularly at department stores for \$3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.



55c
Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!



Luxor Hand Cream Softens Like Magic

A marvelous cream guaranteed *non-sticky!* Amazing new skin-softener for hands. Keeps them soft, white, smooth. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois K-2

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel Rachel
Flesh
ROUGE: Radiant Medium
Sunglow Pastel
Vivid Roseblush

Name

Address

City

upper and give him the darndest word lashing he ever got.

* * *

THEME SONG SECTION

THERE have been many requests for the names of the signature songs of popular music orchestras who are heard on the late evening sustaining programs from hotels and night clubs. We might say to Dorothy Rey of Bismarck, N. D., that we can't give all she asked for at once, but that we will give several of those more frequently demanded.

Enric Madriguera—Two of his own compositions, "Melody," and "Adios."

Ozzie Nelson—"Loyal Sons of Rutgers."

Ben Bernie—Opening: "It's a Lonesome Old Town." Closing: "Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams."

Eddie Duchin—Chopin's Nocturne in E Flat.

More next month.

* * *

FLASH!—OR SOMETHING

HAL KEMP has shaved off his mustache. Seems his fans liked him better without it, and he reports that his fans' desires are law with him.

* * *

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

EVEN if you can't always get to see your favorite popular music orchestras in action, it's comforting to know where they are playing just in case they're nearby enough and somebody invites you out for the evening, you lucky things. Here's where some of them are expected to be during the month of February. If your pet band isn't here, don't get mad

at us. Those booking agents may even change their minds about one or two listed below:

Coleman, Emil—St. Regis Hotel, N. Y. C.

Fio Rito, Ted—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y. C.

Garber, Jan—Trianon Ballroom, Chicago.

Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y. C.

Harris, Phil—Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans, La.

Heidt, Horace—Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

Holst, Ernie—Colony Club, Palm Beach, Fla.

Kassel, Art—Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago.

Kay, Herbie—Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y. C.

King, Henry—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N. Y. C.

Lombardo, Guy—Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y. C.

Lyman, Abe—Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y. C.

Madriguera, Enric—Morrison Hotel, Chicago.

Messner, Dick—Essex House, Newark, N. J.

Newman, Ruby—Rainbow Grill, Radio City, N. Y. C.

Noble, Ray—Rainbow Grill, Radio City, N. Y. C.

Osborne, Will—Blackhawk Cafe, Chicago, Ill. (Joe Sanders will return after his tour).

Rogers, Buddy—Roney Plaza Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla.

Travers, Vince—French Casino, N. Y. C.



Radio's "Singing Neighbor"—in real life, Chauncey Parsons. His homely philosophy and songs are heard over WLW, Cincinnati, five days a week.

Weeks, Anson—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago, Ill.
 Weems, Ted—Palmer House, Chicago, Ill.
 Wilson, Sammy—Edison Hotel, N. Y. C.

* * *

YOU'RE ASKING US

IN fact, you're asking us so many things, that we can't possibly answer them all. On many occasions, those questions have been answered but an issue or two before. Often they're automatically answered in our current news items. We hope you realize how utterly impossible it is to answer your questions personally. And in fairness to everyone, we must, in general, confine our answers to questions asked most frequently about artists and programs. But don't let all that discourage your curiosity. Just use the coupon below:

John Skinner,
 Facing the Music,
 RADIO MIRROR,
 122 East 42 Street,
 New York City.

I want to know more about:
 Orchestral Anatomy.....

 Theme Song Section.....

 Following the Leaders.....

 Or.....

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

KINDERGARTEN CAPERS



Scoop! An intimate glimpse of how not to act in a kindergarten, especially posed for RADIO MIRROR by the noted educator, Professor Kaltenmeyer, and one of his prize pupils, Marion Jordan. The Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten is sponsored now, Saturdays at 5:30 over the NBC Red network, Quaker Oats doing the pay-rolling.

**If you feel tired,
 nervous and out of sorts**

**—there is usually a
 definite reason for this**



Now let's reason sensibly

Don't try to get well in a day...this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down...a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

© S.S.S. Co.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.



**Makes you
 feel like
 yourself
 again**



Lovely hands

**DEMAND A POLISH
 THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL**



**GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
 WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER**

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.



GLAZO
... The Smart Manicure

Microphone Masquerade

(Continued from page 22)

Eye make-up

DONE IN GOOD TASTE



MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids have been the choice of fastidious women the world over for more than 18 years. From chic Paris to smart Newport, these pure and harmless cosmetics may be found on the dressing tables of the most exquisitely groomed women. The name MAYBELLINE is synonymous with highest quality and absolute purity. To insist on MAYBELLINE is to be definitely assured of eye beauty at its best. All MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids are obtainable at leading ten cent stores.



Maybelline Mascara is prepared in Black Brown Blue



All Maybelline preparations have this approval.

Maybelline

MASCARA . . EYE SHADOW . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . EYEBROW BRUSH

"Sure. And on my twenty-two fifty a week you couldn't—"

Madge said hurriedly: "It's only for a little while, Jim. Gosh, you're working in the Building. Someone'll give you a chance to sing soon. And then—oh, Jimmy the world'll be our oyster!"

He looked down at her. "Boy," he said, "when your eyes shine like that, and you look up at me, I can't stay mad. But, Madge, I've been working in the radio business two years now. And I'll never get a chance. What'll I do, sing 'em the songs they ask me to get out of the files?"

"We're young. Jimmy. Let's get back to work."

Together they walked through the famous gardens that connect the Building with the rest of its mammoth group. Never had the carefully tended grass been greener; but it was gray to Jimmy and the plants were all dead and the water in the fountain was muddy. Just before they went inside, he said: "It's not going to happen, Madge. It won't. You'll meet somebody who's got money, who can give you a home and babies and everything you want, and why should you wait for me?"

MADGE said he was silly, but then they had to run for the elevator so as not to be late back to work. And it was in that bitter mood that Jimmy began his afternoon.

Jimmy hung up his hat in the library, and reported for work. One of the junior arrangers called out: "Hey, White, see what you can dig up on Bermuda. I gotta get three minutes that'll make a setting for the whole island."

Jimmy said: "Comedy, tragedy or travelogue?"

The arranger, Donfahey, grunted: "Honeymoon," and went on transposing a second violin part into a saxophone score. He swore gently as he worked.

Jimmy went to the files and messed around. Someday he'd be an arranger too. A junior arranger first, like Donfahey, who would take the three or four songs that Jimmy brought him, and arrange them into a medley representing Bermuda. Their work was exactly like that of a scenery designer on the stage; they made an audible setting for the programs. Men like Donfahey were employees and worked only on sustaining programs; but the arrangers for the commercials used the library, too, and Jimmy waited on them as well. There were stories in the music library about boys like Jim who made a hit with some big shot arranger and jumped to glory overnight; they were more stories than fact.

HE brought Donfahey a half dozen sets of music. The Irishman looked up. "How d'ye set the scene for a honeymoon, Jim? Right hand playing sweet harmony, left hand impending storm? Tell me, White. I been married seven years and it's a kick in the pants." He clipped the finished transposition together, and handed it to Jim. "Get this sent over to the Bond Building. It's a wonder some of these tramp leaders wouldn't hire a second violin for once."

Jim took the score and went down the room with it, singing: "You and I, we work and strain, bodies' all achin' and wracked with pain, Load that barge and—" He passed a dozen desks where men were working over music, many of them humming the tune they were writing down. His singing didn't interrupt

them. They would work in a room with ten pianos and never hear them.

He laid the clipped together sheets on the reception girl's desk, and told her to send them over to the Bond Building. "And heave that bale," he sang, "and get a little drunk and you'll land—"

"Singing the blues, McCabe?" the reception girl asked.

"Don't call me McCabe!" Jimmy said.

The girl was very pretty. She wouldn't have minded a date with Jimmy even if he was a fife boy. "What d'you sing like him for, then?" she asked. "Isn't looking like that big pain in the neck enough?"

"I can't help singing like him," Jim complained. "Maybe it's because our heads and necks are shaped the same way." You gonna get a boy to take those over to the Bond Building or not?"

"On the way, McCabe," the girl said smartly.

Jimmy snarled and turned back to the door. "Let me get way from the Mississippi, let me get way from the white man boss," he sang, going back into the library. Singing the blues was right. No money and no chance of getting any fast, and your girl talking about homes and babies and electric refrigerators. "Show me the way to the River—"

Old Golstein, who'd be a junior arranger all his life, called: "White, hey Jim!" Jimmy broke off his blues and turned. He bumped into old Danny Calmaria, carrying his shoe-blackening outfit over his shoulder, grinning his amiable, all-wise grin.

"Hi, young fella," Danny said. "You aska da girl?"

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "No soap."

DANNY said: "Shu, they always say dat de firsta time. You aska her again, huh?"

"No use," Jimmy mumbled. "I haven't enough money to marry on." He pushed past Danny, and went on to Golstein's desk.

Danny looked after him, his emotional Italian eyes filling up. Shu, it was too bad about young people, specially these Americans. He and his Lucia, they had gotten married in the old country when he was getting ten lira a week. Shu, and been happy, too, and had lotsa de bambini. But if Jimmy's girl wanted de mon' Jimmy'd have to get it. Shu, ol Danny could fix it. Jimmy and de girl, they would getta married, and have the bambini, and maybe they would name one li'l Danny. Not Danielo, but Daniel, that was a gooda American name, Shu.

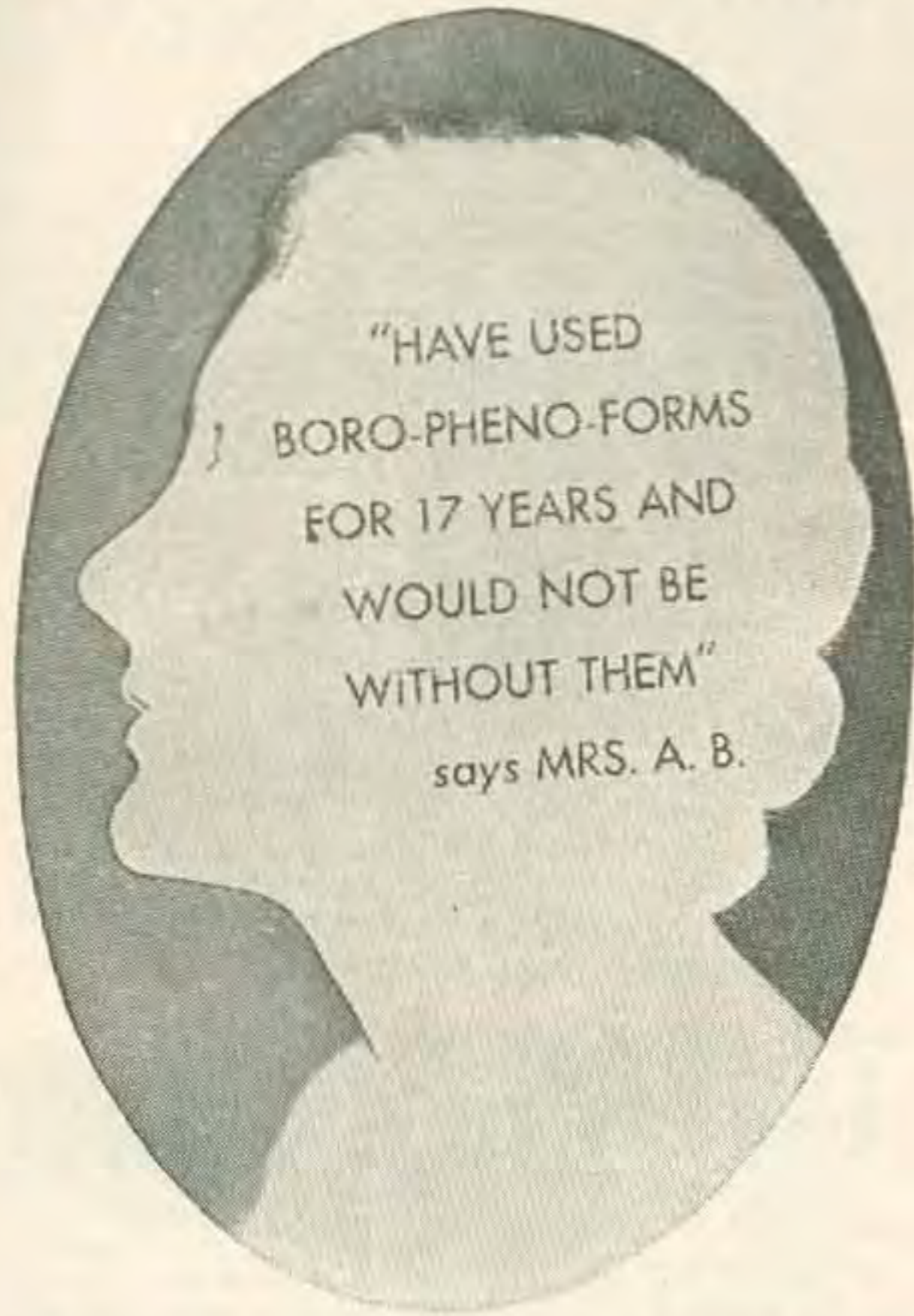
He went about his shoeshining in a happy daze. There was nothing old Danny liked better than playing fate.

Meanwhile, Jimmy filed and unfiled. Lovesongs and opera jazz and concertos he pulled out of the cases and put back. He got a chance to do an easy transposition for one of the men, and usually that would have made him happy, but there was no breaking the cloud of his depression.

Outside, too, clouds were gathering over the river. Jimmy got a moment to look out the window, and stood there. Big black storm warnings were pouring in from the East, covering the city. Down below, the people were like toys, crawling about their business. Now they were moving faster, urged on by the black clouds to seek cover, as though the clouds were the omen of the end of time, and they had to hurry, hurry before it was all over.

"You're going nuts, Jim," he told

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himself. Someday he'd write a rhapsody or a concerto about life seen from a window in the Building. High up here, the people down below were no more important than insects. But they were alive, had troubles, their girls didn't—

"Hey, White!" Somebody wanted a little job of filing done.

He finished the errand, and there, was Danny again. "Hey, Danny, you live in the library now? Better look out, or I'll file you under 'Harmony, Italian.'"

Jimmy had never seen the old man so excited before. He was fairly shaking with some inner emotion. "Jim, you go into da room downa the hall. You knowa the one, where de big fella, he hangs out? You maka some excuse to go dere, see, and you sing, damn you, you sing."

"Huh, Danny, the storm driven you crazy? What is all this?"

"Mon'," Danny said, "Plenty da mon'. You go now."

Jimmy stared at him. You could lose your job for barging into a big shot's office without permission. And singing when you got there.

Danny gave him a shove. "Go on, now. You do lika ol' Danny tell you. Go on now. You singa dat: 'I'm a comin', head bendin' lo', song. Go on now, young Jimmy."

Maybe it was the storm, maybe it was the fire in the old man's usually gentle eyes. Jimmy nodded, breathless, and turned to the files. He grabbed up the first piece of music he touched. As the door into the hall closed, somebody shouted: "Hey, White!" But he went on. If the big shot was going to fire him, any complaints from one of the arrangers wouldn't do any harm.

He swung down the corridor, his face white, his throat clogged. He stopped outside the big shot's door. Danny said to sing. He cleared his throat with an effort, went in, past the stenographer at the desk, who, recognizing him as a clerk from the library, let him go.

HE pushed open the door of the big shot's office. A group of men sat at the long conference table. They had pulled on the table light, and the top light because of the black clouds outside. They didn't even notice the door close. Doors in the building don't slam.

Danny cleared his throat. "One of you gentlemen send for this score?"

The men at the table turned. Besides the big shot there were two minor shots, and Hal McCabe, and another man.

The man at the big shot's right reached out and took the score. "What the hell would he want with 'Il Trovatore'?" he asked. "Some mistake. Get out."

But the man who was sitting next to the famous Hal McCabe grabbed McCabe's arm. "Hey," he began.

Now was the time. Jimmy cleared his throat again. He did the imitation of Hal McCabe that had knocked 'em dead at parties. "I'm comin', I'm comin' though mah haid is bendin' low. I hear those angel voices singin', ol' Black Joe."

McCabe rose, his face livid. "Who sent you in here, punk?" he asked harshly. "What is this?"

The man next to him pushed him back. "Take it easy, Hal. Kid, I'm Jake Loeb, Mr. McCabe's manager. Who sent you in here?"

"I work in the music library," Jimmy said.

The big shot looked at him, briefly. "You did. Tulin, get his name. He's fired."

Loeb said: "Yeah. Oh, yeah? Thirteen weeks at twenty grand the week in the soup, and you fire the kid who could pull it out for us? Mister, there's an-



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other network if you feel like that. Kid, how would you like—"

McCabe broke in: "He won't do. He don't look any more like me than—"

"No," Loeb said. "He looks like you ought to look, if you didn't have those bags under your eyes and that gray in your hair. A little make-up, and he'll do O.K. O.K., I tell you."

"It's out," McCabe said. "My public wouldn't stand for it. They'd know him the minute—"

"I'll work it," Loeb said. "Or you can get a new manager. I thought not. Kid, how would you like—"

The man the big shot had called Tulin said: "Chief, this is dynamite. It's suicide, I tell you. This boy can blackmail—"

Jimmy found his voice. He said. "If it isn't too much, I'd like to know what it is I'm supposed to do. What's this all about?"

Jake Loeb came forward slowly. "Just this, kid. Just this one thing ought to interest you. How would you like to make a grand a week for two weeks?"

MADGE SUMMERS finished powdering her nose and turned away from the mirror in the rest room. There were two girls waiting for the mirror, dancing from toe to toe, in a hurry to get out of the building now that the day's work was over, but not willing to go till they looked their best. The girl who didn't get the mirror smiled impatiently at Madge. "Gee, you look swell, Summers. Your steady waiting for you?"

Madge smiled back. "Yes. We were going to the Stadium tonight, but I guess the rain fixed that."

The other girl's lumpy features broke into an envious grin. "Wish I had a steady."

Madge patted her arm and hurried out, Jimmy would be waiting downstairs under the porte-cochere. She didn't want to keep him waiting. Waiting, waiting. Jimmy was afraid that she'd get tired of waiting to be married, that she'd find somebody else. He didn't know how she loved him, loved him till she almost ached. Oh, if they only had money, money to get married on, money for a flat or a little house out in Queens. Jimmy got mad when they said he looked like the famous Hal McCabe, but he wouldn't look like the singer after she'd cooked for him awhile, he'd lose those hollows in his cheeks.

She got out of the elevator downstairs, pushed through a crowd of tourists waiting to be conducted through the Building. Rain was lashing the street outside. They could take the L, and only have to walk a few feet, but she'd get wet anyway. She looked around for Jimmy.

He wasn't there. Madge sighed. But it was dry under the porte-cochere, and sort of fun to stand there and watch the crowd scurrying down the street, the men with their coat-collars turned up, the girls' thin frocks whipping against their legs. So many people, each so intent on getting home.

Someone touched her elbow and she turned, a bright smile spreading across her face. But it wasn't Jimmy. It was old Danny. "Waitin' for de boy fren?" he asked.

She nodded. She would have been more alarmed if it hadn't been for the bright smile on Danny's face.

"Maybe he be late," Danny said. "O! Danny, he sen' Jimmy to see de big shot. Shu, maybe Jimmy maka da mon now, you see."



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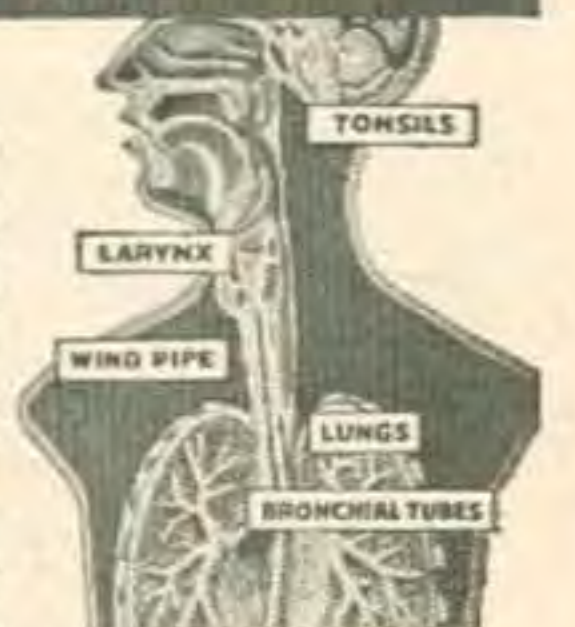


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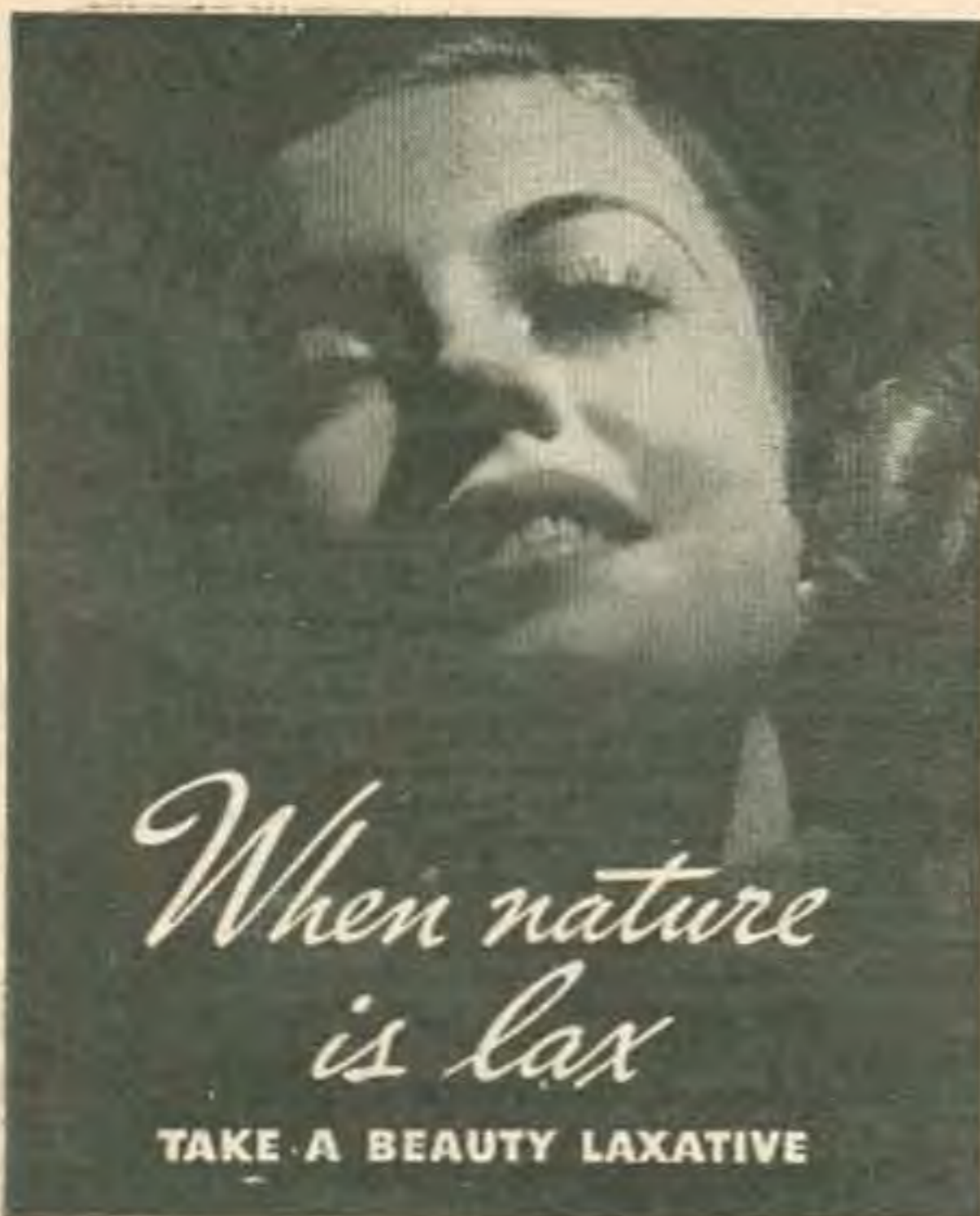
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"What do you mean, Danny?"
Danny bent over her with an air of great secrecy. The light of true conspiracy shone in his eyes. "I was shinin' da shoes in there," he said. "They say if they could finda da guy what double for Hal McCabe dey pay planata da mon'. I go tell Jimmy."

"You mean they wanted someone to double for McCabe?"

Danny nodded.

"It sounds crazy," Madge said. "What would a radio star need a double for? Jimmy's just been held up in the library."

"You see," Danny said. "Me, I wait too."

So they stood there, the young girl and the old man. And fifteen minutes passed, twenty, half an hour. Madge said, abruptly: "I'm going to call the library." She went into the drug store, Danny on her heels, dropped a nickel into the phone, got the library. "Is Jimmy White there?"

"Naw," one of the night clerks said. "We been worrying about him. He went out about fifteen minutes before closing time without his hat, and he hasn't come back yet."

"Where did he go?" Madge asked.

"I dunno," the other clerk told her. "There were a couple of the arrangers yelling for him when he went out. The girl on the desk said he looked funny, too."

MADGE rang off. She was scared suddenly. Some place, somewhere, she had read things about McCabe. He had a pretty bad reputation, was supposed to be owned by a couple of gangsters who had had him under contract in a speak-easy years before. There were so many things that—

She came out of the booth, her hand unconsciously at her throat. Then, frowning, she spun and hurried through the wide corridor toward the elevators. Crowds of workers coming out jostled her; she turned her head this way and that, looking for a sight of Jimmy. She didn't get it.

The elevator let her out at the floor she worked on. She went past the music library, without stopping; then turned and went back. The girl there, just putting on her hat, said Jimmy hadn't come back.

She went past the stenographer's room where she worked. But at the door of the Vice President's office she hesitated. Gosh, to go barging into an official's office without an invitation could get you fired! But Jimmy, Jimmy might need her.

She opened the door. The secretary's desk was empty; there was no one in the outer room at all. But there were voices in the inside office.

Oh, she was a silly fool. If they had Jimmy in there at all, it was something good, an audition, maybe, or a promotion. She might ruin his chances by going in.

But she had to know. Ah, she had it. She whipped off her hat, put it and her handbag on the secretary's chair, where they couldn't be seen when the inner door opened. She'd knock, and ask Mr. Tulin, the V. P.'s assistant, whether he wanted a girl kept in the stenographic department late. The head stenographer often did that.

She tapped. She had to knock twice before she got an answer. Then the door opened, just wide enough to let a man come out. She couldn't see in at all. The man said: "Yeah, baby?" No radio official had ever addressed her that way before.

"I want to see Mr. Tulin."

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"He's gone home. The boss said we could use his office." The man's little, black eyes played over her. He grinned. "Won't I do, baby?"

"Is—is Jimmy White in there? The library asked me to find out." How had she ever gotten the courage to ask that?

"Naw. Who is he?"

"He works in the music library."

"What does he look like, baby?"

"He—he looks like Hal McCabe."

She shouldn't have said that. The man's face changed for a moment, and she was scared. But all the man said, was: "He ain't here. I never heard of him." He turned to go back into the office, and then he saw the hat and bag. He turned back, his eyes glowing. "You don't work here, twist. Who ya lookin' for? Whattaya want?"

"Yes I do. I do work here. Here, here's my pass—" She ran over to her bag, and showed him.

"O.K. Well, there's no one here but me and some friends. I'm a sponsor, baby. You run along now."

Under the compulsion of his voice she went to the door. He said, after her: "Wanta leave your phone number?" He reached playfully into his inside pocket for a pencil.

When he did so, his coat slid back. And he was wearing a gun! Madge gasped: "No," and fled. Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, what's happened to you?

Who are the men in the executive's office, and what does Jimmy have to do to get the fantastic sum of \$1,000 a week? Who is the man who told Madge he was a sponsor—just before she saw he was wearing a gun? Don't fail to read the next breath-taking installment of "Microphone Masquerade" in the April Issue.

On the Way To Press

IN February 1 the New York World-Telegram will announce the result of its yearly poll of radio editors for the most popular air personalities of 1935. We've already cast our vote, and here we're putting down what we guess are the best bets to win the poll.

Favorite dance orchestra: Guy Lombardo again, or—possibly Ray Noble.

Favorite comedian: Jack Benny.

Most entertaining radio commentator: Lowell Thomas.

Favorite sports announcer: Ted Husing.

Outstanding star of 1935: Major Bowes.

MARY PICKFORD'S first guests on her new radio program, which starts February 6, will be Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and they'll be followed in ensuing weeks by an impressive list of the Hollywood great. Mary's broadcast, you know, is to be called "Pickfair Party," and will originate in that famous home where she has so often been hostess.

BY the time you read this, Lawrence Tibbett will probably be presenting half-hour miniature operas, a decided departure from his up-to-now method of program presentation. Also, Phil Baker, by this time, will have introduced his wife on his Sunday-night show as a regular member of the cast, and Jack Benny will be broadcasting from New York instead of Hollywood.

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Hidden Moments in Their Lives

(Continued from page 33)

our side of the family. How did a weakling like you ever get into the family?"

Finally, he succeeded in teaching the boy to handle a .22 caliber rifle, a practice rifle of the type used in shooting galleries. Then, one day, he pulled a fast one on Lawrence. He put a 12-gauge shotgun, a dangerous weapon, in the boy's hands, and told him to aim at the tin can Lawrence used as his target.

"I pulled the trigger," Tibbett told me. "The next moment, stiff with terror, and sobbing, I was lying on the ground. I was sure I had shot myself. The terrific recoil of the gun had thrown me over."

Uncle Jean merely lifted him up, and made him aim again!

Today, Lawrence Tibbett is an expert shot, and a fine horseman. How did he learn to ride? "My Uncle Jean, yelling at me to hang on, just picked me up and put me on a bucking calf," he confessed. "I was so scared I fell off the animal immediately. Uncle Jean yanked me back, insisting I stay on. When I could hang on for a while, he made me change to a bucking horse."

Young Tibbett could milk cows, chop wood, rustle cattle like a regular cowboy before he was sent back home, tanned and healthy.

But once in the city, his old sense of inferiority asserted itself. The other boys in school wore better clothes. The other boys in school made friends easily. And hardest of all to bear, the other boys were admired by the girls, the other boys even took them out. Invariably, girls ignored shy, retiring Lawrence.

GROWN people underestimate the power of female friendship for adolescent boys," the singer told me soberly. "It's of tremendous importance in making a youngster happy and proud of himself. At least, it was to me."

A little of the fight Uncle Jean had instilled in him was still left. He tried out for the football team, and flopped. He tried out for the glee club, and flopped. He flunked Latin, he flunked Algebra; things no other Tibbett had done before. Everything that transpired in his early high school career covered him with shame, and not glory.

But soon he found a consolation, the one bright spot that made his life livable. He was cast in minor roles in the school plays, and met sweet, sympathetic Inez. All the boys adored Inez; she was the only girl who seemed to find Lawrence interesting or worthwhile. It was she who drew him out of his shell. It was she who made him try again for the glee club, and make it. It was at her instigation he tried out for the track team, and kept at it till he made the grade. It was because of her he took up wrestling.

And it was through her cooperation that he became the school's leading dramatic and musical light.

"I went after glory in music and acting like a demon," he told me, "just to please Inez, to make myself seem more desirable in her eyes. Everything I did was with the hope she'd love me. Had she been willing to marry me at any time I would have jumped at the chance."

It was through Inez that Lawrence Tibbett found the one thing that proved his salvation: his gift of song. And strangely enough, it was because of Inez that he came nearer to taking his life than he has been at any other time.

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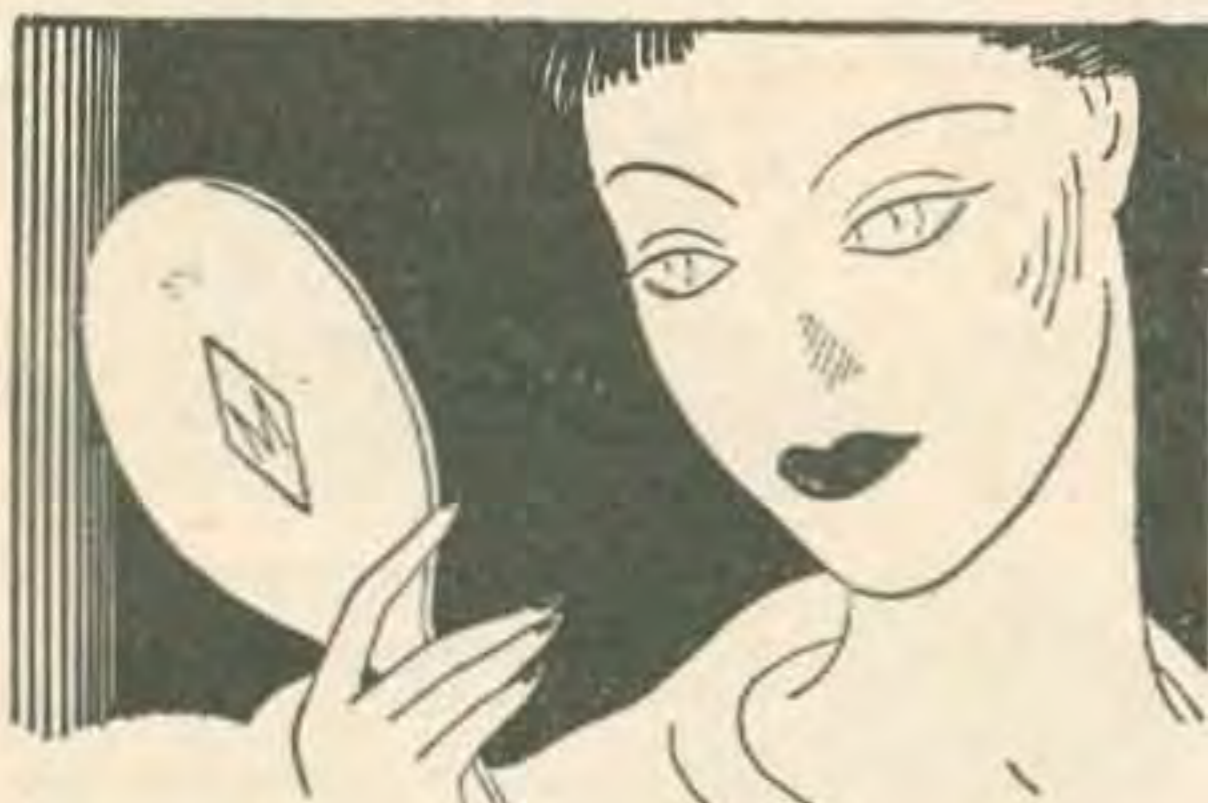
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FREE . . . a generous sample of Mello-glo—also how to get a \$1 bottle of exquisite perfume absolutely free. Just mail your name and address to Mello-glo Co., Dept. 110, Statler Building, Boston.

"It happened when we had graduated from high school," Lawrence Tibbett explained. "I was discouraged, anyway, for I had no job, and no prospects. Inez was my one ray of hope—and she failed me. Whenever I called her up, she was busy. I finally realized that now the common bond of school had been removed, she was no longer concerned with me. There were other boys who wanted to take her out, boys with money, boys with looks, with cars and prospects.

"Though I had no right to feel that way, I felt she had deserted me, betrayed me. I had loved her so. And I had kidded myself into believing my feeling was in some measure reciprocated. Now I felt desolate, alone. My only reason for living had been whisked from under me. There was just one way out—to cease from being. I made up my mind to commit suicide."

Had not a job in the singing world popped up about this time, I think Lawrence Tibbett would have gone through with it, as he had planned. And we would never have had the pleasure of hearing him lift his glorious baritone voice in song.

How the Pickens Sisters Get Their Men

(Continued from page 21)

That was a sort of off-weekend for the Pickens—sentimentally, that is. Jane's Big Moment was in Schenectady on a case, and Patti's Bob was merely in London with the rest of the Revelers, and Helen's Tore had been out of town three weeks on business so she'd come to stay with the family to keep from pining away. We sat around and hashed over all the things girls will talk about when they get together, and exchanged all the choice tidbits of gossip we knew and about one in the morning the 'phone rang. Schenectady was calling. Jane bubbled into the butler's pantry and slammed the door and wouldn't let anybody in on a word.

Helen picked up a newspaper and turned to the radio column, while Patti suddenly got very quiet and started staring off into space with those wide eyes of hers. "Hmm," said Helen, reading aloud, "'Patti Pickens is blue because Robert (Revelers) Simmons has sailed from these shores for theatrical engagements abroad.'"

"I don't have to read it in the paper," said Patti wistfully, "to know I'm blue. I'm so blue I could scream or yell or something. Why doesn't he call me now—like Paul's talking to Jane? Here I just sit, with only Spanky to remember him by."

"Don't be a baby, Pat," Helen told her, "you've had one cable today."

"Helen, for heaven's sake," she answered, "that was this morning! I want him to call now I—" She got up and got herself a pear out of the icebox and ate it in silent rebellion against the fates that always keep him from calling when you think you'll die if he doesn't.

The next morning I woke up to the pouring down rain and the tune of the three Pickens in the living-room rehearsing a new arrangement of "Dinah." They'd been zaz-zoo-zazzing for hours, they said, and I'd slept through it like a deadhead, for which I was sorry because let me tell you there's nothing quite as luxurious as Pickens breakfast music and



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FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. F-106, Marshall, Michigan.

Elenora's Southern batter bread. We frittered the morning away, until the first thing I knew it was after one and the girls had to be at Radio City at four and I hadn't found out how the Pickens sisters get their men.

So I confessed the plot for this yarn and told the Pickens I simply had to know how they manage to commit such wholesale sentimental manslaughter all over New York, Hollywood, Miami and the other places they frequent. They hedged at first and said phooey, they were old sticks-in-the-mud compared to the really popular girls in radio. But after a while they were answering my questions right and left and I was getting more choice information than I could write in twenty stories. So, all boiled down and added to the two secrets I've already told you, I give you the Pickens' private prescription for popularity:

They have Southern "lines" and admit that they use them, for they have discovered that most men (Northerners, particularly, Jane put in) are attracted to a subtle flatterer quicker than they are to a brilliant conversationalist.

They show all their beaux an equal degree of enthusiasm and hospitality—outwardly, at least. (You were on the inside when I told you about their Big Moments). They're never snooty to any man who proves himself worthy of their friendship, whether he's star or unknown, professional or non-professional, Yale graduate or just a plain hardworking youth. Consequently they have a reputation for being democratic and impartial that keeps each of their male acquaintances feeling that he rates as high with the Pickens as do the rest of his rivals. And that, the girls have found, is a good way to keep a lot of men interested in them at the same time.

THEY'VE taught themselves all the sports, entertainments and interests that can give them something in common with practically every male acquaintance they make. They've learned (and it took time, trouble and money) to be good riders, swimmers, golfers, dancers. They hate bridge and ping-pong but they can play a swell game if the occasion demands it and never let on that they're not having the time of their lives. They read, they have hobbies. And consequent to all that they feel that they can be good feminine companions for all kinds of occasions, and that men like them for it.

They think entertaining is a good idea because it widens any girl's circle of friends. So they give lots of parties, many of which are simple Sunday night suppers or at-homes.

They believe in making themselves as physically attractive as possible. They spend all they can afford on pretty clothes and good beauty treatments and consider the spending a sound investment. They wear lots of black and lots of white, for the simple and very good reason that they happen to think those two colors give them the greatest appeal.

And lastly, they're as feminine as they can make themselves. By day they may be independent, successful, I-can-take-care-of-myself-thank-you young moderns, but when they're dating they're smart enough to be a little old-fashioned and allow their escorts to feel strong and protective and male.

So that then is not only their secret, but a picture of the Pickens—regular girls who like a rush the same as you and I and have their own individual way of getting it!

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The Lowdown on My Brother Phil

(Continued from page 35)

He always played everything by ear. We girls would sing the songs we had heard at the current musical comedies, "Spring Maid," "Gay Hussars," "Merry Widow," and Phil would play them. Often we would come home late at night from some show, and find Phil waiting up for us. Regardless of the hour the songs had to be sung. The neighbors weren't always so pleased with this carrying on of the Baker family.

Phil's next acquisition was a piano. It was another case of pestering Father until he bought it, again on the instalment plan. Our home was beginning to resemble a musician's warehouse.

He never stayed at one instrument very long. At ten in the morning he might be playing the piano; at eleven, the clarinet; eleven-thirty would find him back pumping his old standby, the concertina. When he knocked off for lunch, a trumpet would be substituted for the napkin.

The house was forever filled with a mad, chaotic din. We bore it as best we could. It was a question of having Phil and his music, or not having Phil.

None of us ever suspected that Phil would eventually become a celebrated performer. We humored his musical desires because they helped keep him out of trouble. Phil never said much about the future. We know now, that the long summer nights he spent on the steps practicing were not time wasted. While he played, he must have had some sort of plans and dreams. I think he knew that some day a larger audience than a group of children around a Maypole would appreciate his music. To us, he was just another East Side boy, sitting on the steps playing a concertina. With the exception, naturally, that we loved him.

ONE night, shortly after school opened, the family was preparing for bed, when my sister Ethel remarked that Phil hadn't been around the neighborhood all evening. The collars were still in mother's drawer, so we knew that he hadn't left town. At twelve o'clock Phil came rushing into the house very excited. He had landed a job in a nickelodeon playing the piano. Phil could play two tunes. He called them his "sad tune" and his "happy tune." Almost a month slipped by before the theater manager discovered his human sound effect could only play two pieces, and both of these by ear! Phil was fired.

A year later Phil left home to go on the stage. Every week he sent home half of his check. It was during this sojourn that he learned to play the accordion. His billing read: "A Bad Boy From a Good Family." When he left, Phil told Mother he was going to be gone only two weeks, but it was ten months before we saw him again.

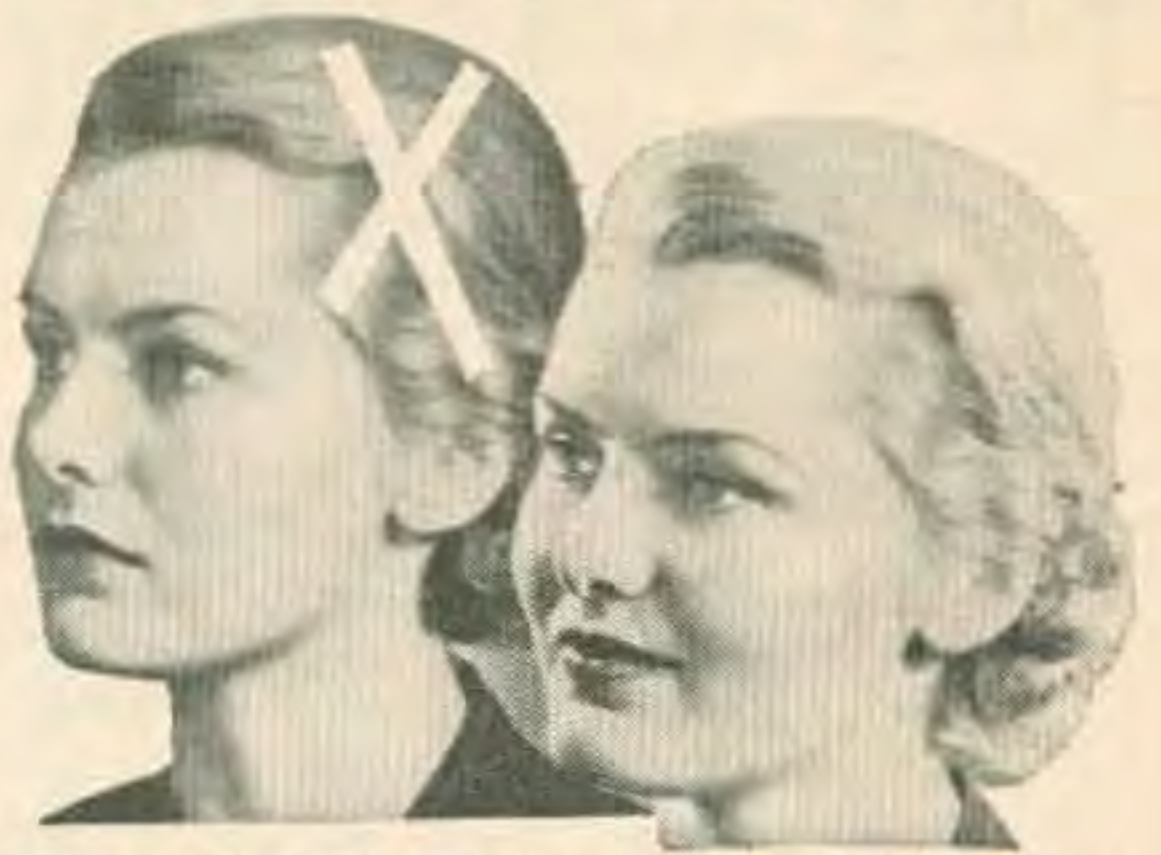
An hour after his return home I heard Father say to Mother, "Phil may have left a bad boy, but he has returned a nice man."

He didn't stay home long. Show business was in his blood. It still is, after twenty-five years, and we haven't had a single occasion to regret it.

Phil feels that he will never be able to repay his family for the worry he caused us during his boyhood. He has spent a sizable fortune on every one of us. Recently he retired my father and mother, and he has always given me more than I've needed.

Phil's radio work necessitates his staying in New York, but he has sent his wife and

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children to Florida for the winter. This leaves him all alone in a big house up in Mamaroneck.

The other night he called me on the phone, and begged me to come out and have dinner with him. Mamaroneck is quite a distance from town, and I was late arriving. When I walked into the dining room I found Phil eating with the servants.

"I didn't think you were ever going to get here, Ella," he explained, "and it's awfully depressing eating alone!"

He ended up by persuading me to come and live with him during his family's absence. It wasn't the first time I'd played nursemaid.

SEVERAL years ago Phil had an engagement in Chicago. He had been gone three days when I got a wire from him telling me to take the next train, and come quickly. Ben Bernie was with him at the time. Worried, I telephoned his hotel. He wasn't there. Then I phoned Ben. He had been with Phil almost constantly, and said that nothing was wrong. Nevertheless, I took the next train to Chicago. I arrived there late the following night, and hurried to Phil's hotel. I entered the room, and found Phil sitting on the bed, his head in his hands.

Phil, what has happened?" I asked anxiously.

"Nothing, Sis, I was just lonesome, and wanted to talk to you!"

Yes, he was a bad boy. If he ever asks his wife for his collars, and then disappears for a few days, I'll warn her not to worry. He'll just be in his second childhood.



They felt sorry for my little girl

—until she started to play

My little Barbara was attending her first party in Newton. The affair was a great success, each little girl was doing her bit to entertain . . . except Barbara who seemed sadly "out of things".

Suddenly one mother whispered, "What's the matter with that new little girl? Can't she do anything?" In spite of myself I flushed. But

Barbara had heard, too—and without saying a word she sat down at the piano and played song after song, while the children crowded around her singing at the top of their lungs.

Barbara was the hit of the party. The other mothers deluged me with questions. I explained that Barbara never had a

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HER LULLABIES ARE REAL

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK



THE LULLABY LADY HAS A SPECIAL AUDIENCE OF HER OWN TO WHOM SHE SINGS

in her mind Andy will never really grow up. Because then she would have to *act*. But now, when you hear the Lullaby Lady, you hear an actual mother's song to a very real little lad, her own son.

Margaret Gent has no glittering theatrical career behind her; neither is she a newcomer to radio or to the concert stage. Born in Worthington, Minnesota, she attended grade and high school there. Her life was serene, uneventful—a typical happy Middle Western childhood. She can't even remember learning to sing. We think she must always have known how.

Her father and mother realized she had a fine and unusual voice. Whenever there was a musical treat available, Margaret got there somehow. She was only eight when she heard her first grand opera—Mary Garden singing "Carmen." She still remembers the thrill of it. But she had no idea then that she herself was to be a concert singer one day.

The first indication that anyone else liked her voice came when she was invited to sing on her own high school commencement program, with her name printed in Old English letters. She sang "My Ain Folk."

Fortunately, Margaret's "ain folk" were able to give her the necessary background for a musical career. She entered the Northwestern Conservatory of Music in Minneapolis when she was sixteen.

Always a shy child, she had to learn self confidence as well as technique. At first she was embarrassed; it seemed like reaching for the moon to try for such a distant goal as the concert stage. But she soon acquired a quiet determination to justify her dear ones' faith in her talent. Today she has the poise and charm of one who has achieved success after years of careful study, diligent practice and wise direction.

She graduated from the Conservatory, and in less than a year was married to Dennis Gent in Sioux City, Iowa. People thought it strange, unwise for a girl with so much before her to sacrifice her career for marriage. But the fulfillment of love meant no sacrifice of Margaret's ambition; her young husband understood that she would continue singing.

The Gents moved to Chicago, and it was with Dennis' approval that his lovely bride entered Northwestern's School of Music in Evanston. She has studied ever since, with the best voice teachers in the Middle West. Then Andy arrived, to be crooned to sleep by his own private Lullaby Lady.

NOBODY has ever known much about the Lullaby Lady. She has always been a mystic symbolical figure, like Wynken, Blinken and Nod. A song, a few spoken words, a soft cadenza from muted strings and she is gone . . . leaving only the memory of the lullaby she sang. And a small sore spot in the region of your heart, if it happened that you hadn't seen your own mother recently.

It is always difficult for studio audiences at the Contented Hour to believe that Margaret Gent—that's the Lullaby Lady's real name—is old enough to be the mother of her favorite listener. But she is. He is a young husky with red hair who returned from summer camp at Culver Military Academy to enter sixth grade last fall.

His name is Andrew "Andy" Gent. He is ten and a half, or practically 'leven according to him. He is very proud of his pretty mother and never misses her broadcast. If he did he couldn't let her know. Here's why:

The Lullaby Lady creates the illusion that she is singing to you—and you. And me too. But actually, she's singing to Andy. She closes her eyes when she is on the air and pictures him as a baby; she remembers how important it was to get him to sleep, how worried she was when he seemed ill.

And so, though he is a big guy now and practically 'leven, Mrs. Gent hopes that

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Came the depression, which hit everywhere, even in the coal business, which is Dennis Gent's.

"I didn't have to sing for financial reasons, exactly," Margaret says now, "but I'm so glad I thought I did. I accepted some church engagements, just to help out, and clubs followed. Everything seemed to lead to radio. So, I've kept on singing for money, ever since I discovered that one can sing just as well for money's sake as for art's sake!"

Her lovely contralto has been heard in solo with the Chicago Civic and Symphony Orchestras and in chorus with the Swedish Choral Society and the Apollo Club. Her ether debut took place four years ago, in NBC's Vocal Varieties. Since, she has appeared often with the Northerners Quartette and with the Musical Keys, and is frequently guest star of Morgan Eastman's magnificent Edison Symphony concerts.

A direct contradiction of the theory that careers and marriages won't mix, she is an amazingly capable young woman. Take golf, for instance. Friends often urge Margaret to enter major golfing events, but she prefers to keep the game under the heading of diversion.

"If I took up tournament golf in a big way, either my singing or my home would suffer," she says wisely. "So I'll leave the cups to some one else."

STRANGELY enough, most of her public appearances date several years after her marriage, and the majority of them A. A.—"after Andy," she smiles. Her home has never suffered. The eight room house in Evanston, a symphony in blue, is always spick and span and ready for guests, and the Lullaby Lady is always ready for some new game with her "baby."

Andy doesn't often appear in the studio when his mother is broadcasting. Sometimes he stays home to listen. But more often he's no farther away than the parking space in front of the big Merchandise Mart, where NBC's studios are located on the fringe of Chicago's noisy Loop.

The Gents live in a North Shore suburb, and Daddy Dennis and Andy often drive the Lullaby Lady to work. She goes in, they park, settle back in the car and tune the dial of the automobile radio to the Contented Hour. When Mother finishes, she joins them downstairs again. They always have an ice cream soda before starting the drive home.

On one of these nights last summer the lullaby worked too well. (Andy might not like our telling this, but we can't resist.) Of course he was very, very tired, or it never would have happened. But that evening his mother's song had the same soothing effect it used to have on him when he was a little tyke. For when Mrs. Gent joined her two men downstairs after the broadcast, the small red-headed one was fast asleep! He had snoozed off during the first few bars of her song.

Young Andy does some fine publicity work for his mother. He is in a position to, for he owns his own newspaper and runs it himself on his own small typewriter. The paper has a sizable circulation among family and friends, and the Lullaby Lady gets quite a good deal of mention.

In spite of the fact that he seems to grow taller and more grown-up with every day that passes, Andy is still his mother's baby. That's the reason the Lullaby Lady is able to woo the Sandman so persuasively. Think of this next time you listen to her, all you grown-up babies. Look, isn't that sand in your eye—or is it, perhaps, a tear?

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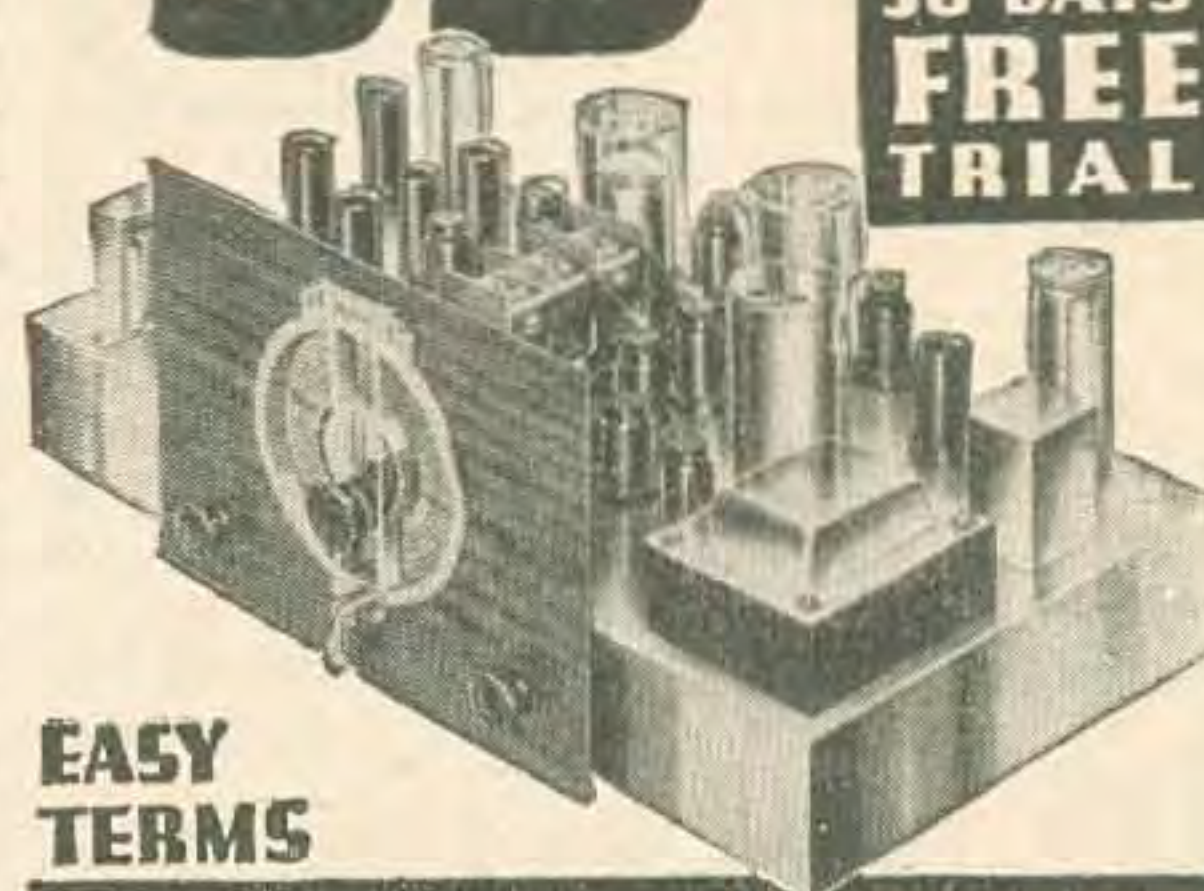
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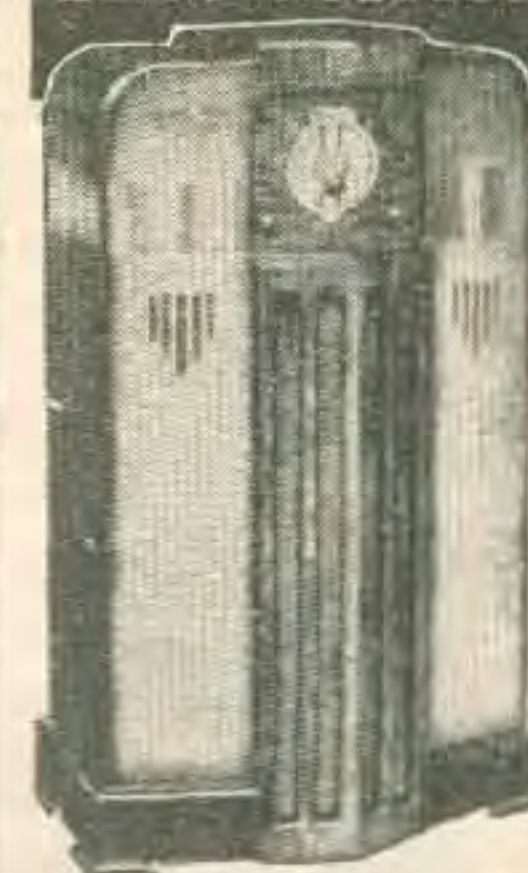
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Bess Johnson's Dramatic Marriage Story

(Continued from page 28)

just did not pay their bills. Do you see what this knowledge must inevitably do to a proud and sensitive nature? Paul began to know a galling sense of inferiority, of dependence upon his wife. Before, he had thought of Bess' stage work as something to keep her happy and alert, a hobby which happened to be profitable; and of himself as the mainstay of the family. Now the situation was reversed. He was the one who was being allowed to continue his hobby while she made things easy.

Probably, in his mind, he magnified the situation. Misunderstandings began to replace the former harmony and sympathetic understanding between him and Bess. At first puzzled, Bess became frightened. Eventually, like the straightforward person she is, she insisted upon talking things out. When she learned what the trouble was, she gasped with relief.

"But, Paul," she exclaimed, "don't you understand how happy it makes me to be able to help you? I hadn't even thought of criticizing you. Your work is so much more important than mine, anyway! You cure people, I only amuse them!"

But that, Paul insisted, was beside the point, which was that she was supporting him.

IN the many discussions which followed, Bess offered many arguments, reminding Paul of their plans for his career, pointing out that it takes years of struggle for a physician to achieve any spectacular success; that money cannot measure the good a physician does. To everything he gave but one answer, the same answer. It was not a problem which could be solved by logic. It was too closely bound up with Paul's sensitive pride.

"These are days of specialization," Bess offered. "You've always been particularly interested in X-ray therapy. Why don't you go back to the university for a special course? We'll give up our home, close your offices, and move into a small apartment. We'll live as carefully as we did when you were an interne."

Paul refused. It would take another five years and a great deal of money. There was little Jane to think of. Besides, if he couldn't make a living for his family now, what good would more study do? He might as well give up his profession and get a job.

It was this last remark which showed Bess how serious the situation was. And once she had seen that, her intuition guided her to the right solution.

"This is strictly a business deal," she told Paul. "You said it would take five years for you to get established as a specialist. All right. Let's move, as I suggested. You go back to school. We'll live simply, and we'll keep regular books. At the end of five years you will pay back everything I've spent, with regular interest."

Seeing protest shaping in his face, she went on quickly. "Of course, if you'd rather make the loan from someone else, all right. But since I'm earning enough, it seems to me there's no reason to tell other people about our private lives."

At first the young doctor refused. The last few months had sapped his belief in his own ability. Suppose he didn't make good at this, either. And calling the money a loan didn't alter the situation any; certainly no one but Bess would be

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willing to lend him money with only his character as collateral. No, Bess would still be supporting him and paying the expensive tuition and laboratory fees as well.

But Bess' faith in him, so much stronger than his faith in himself, would not let him refuse. She knew he would make good. Finally, her persistence, loyalty, and devotion won him over.

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DR. PERRY has more than paid back Bess' loan to him. They've put the money into a trust fund for Jane, to be used for her education.

Their friends say that a new sympathy, even sweeter and finer than the old, has grown up between Paul and Bess as a result of the near catastrophe which Bess averted. It's based on mutual pride in each other's achievements, a mutual feeling that the other can be relied upon as a partner, not a competitor, in the knowledge, it may be, that no matter what comes their way in the future, they can face it together, and win.

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Gus Van, famous from the days when he toured the country in vaudeville, is the new interlocutor for the Sinclair Minstrel Show on Monday nights over NBC. His end men on the veteran variety show are Clifford Soubier, Bill Childs and Fritz Clark.

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What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 51)

Miss Elaine P., Fitchburg, Mass.—I really do think that Ozzie Nelson answers all his fan mail. You're right about addressing him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Paul M., Schenectady, New York.—Have you tried writing to the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System for tickets to the particular shows you want to see? I'm sure you won't have to wait as long as you said. Weren't you exaggerating a bit? Address your letter to the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York for both the shows you mentioned.

June L., Colma, Calif.—A photograph of Lee Bennett who sings with Jan Garber's orchestra might be available upon request. I'd suggest that you write her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Eugene C., Cedar Rapids, Mich.—The Sisters of the Skillet are not broadcasting at the present time. However, a letter addressed to them in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York, would reach them.

Miss L. G., Vancouver, Canada.—Ben Bernie recently married a second time. The bride was Dorothy Wesley, champion swimmer of Florida. For pictures of Ben Bernie, Jack Benny and Ted Fio Rito, write to the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. For Guy Lombardo, write to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Miss Virginia R., Louisville, Miss.—You'll find Jack Benny's address under Miss L. G.'s question. Kenny Baker was born in Monrovia, California. You'll find a swell picture of Kenny in the Pageant of the Airwaves on page 41 in this issue. Yes, we furnish back numbers of RADIO MIRROR. If you want any of the last three numbers each will cost you ten cents. The issues further back than that will cost you twenty cents. Just send your money and request addressed to the Back Issue Department, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

Frank B., St. Joseph, Mo.—That was the right address all right for Red Nichols and Frank McIntyre. I can't understand why they were returned. Did you have New York City on the envelope? Please try again and then let me know what happens.

J. W., Tacoma, Washington.—The Little Miss Bab-O program is no longer on the air, but Mary Small who used to be Little Miss Bab-O is singing on the National blue network on Wednesdays at 6:15 P. M.

Miss J. H. R., Springfield, Mass.—Art Jacobson very often takes the name of Robert Stone in playing the lead in the Princess Pat programs.

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LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES!

THAT "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" number has been agitating your eardrums and loudspeakers pretty steadily lately, but its composers, Eddie Farley and Mike Riley, haven't made a penny out of the numerous times it has been played over the air. Radio royalties, you see, go only to members of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, and Farley and Riley don't belong to that society. One of the rules of the organization is that members must have had five songs published, and "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" is this team's first. They're doing all right with the song, though, through sheet music and phonograph record sales, as well as personal appearances in vaudeville and night clubs.

WAS it a slip of Ozzie Nelson's tongue? Everybody who heard him come on the air at 12:15 New Year's morning is wondering. Ozzie wished the radio audience a Happy New Year and then remarked that he considered it a great honor to be the first band to play for the radio listeners in 1936. What caused raised eyebrows was that Isham Jones' orchestra had already been playing, over the same network, for the last fifteen minutes.

A HUNDRED dollars a month for the rest of your life—that's the first prize being offered in a contest conducted by the Eno Crime Clues program. The contest started January 7 and is to run for twenty-six weeks, with fourteen cash prizes being awarded each week in addition to the grand prize. Listeners are asked to write brief letters telling of some incident in their lives where the sponsor's product played a beneficial part.

JIMMY DURANTE has just notified the press that he is resigning from the "Jumbo" air program after January 21, although he is to continue in the stage production. Jimmy's reason was that the necessity of appearing for program rehearsals at 11 o'clock in the morning, three times a week, was getting to be too much for his nerves. Incidentally, Jimmy was receiving \$2,500 a week for his part in the broadcast.

WE didn't mean to, but when we wrote the caption on the "Lights Out!" pictures in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR, we gave the impression that the program was directed by Art Jacobson. The "Lights Out!" director is really Ted Sherdeman, and it's his work which has been responsible for building the program into the colorful and entertaining feature it is.

THE Atlantic Family on Tour program has added a feminine singer to its cast, and—sshh!—said singer is one of radio's favorites, even if she doesn't receive any mention on this particular program. She's Patti Chapin, and her part in the Atlantic Family is to double in the musical portions of the role played by Rosemary De Camp.

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\$25,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES



Bernarr Macfadden presenting Anthony F. Gallagher of Bellerose, New York, with \$5,000 first prize awarded to him in a recent contest conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc. A similar contest is now in progress. Enter today. You may be as fortunate as Mr. Gallagher.

PRIZE SCHEDULE	
First Prize	\$ 2,500
Second Prize, 5 at \$1000	5,000
Third Prize, 10 at \$500	5,000
Fourth Prize, 50 at \$250	12,500
<hr/>	
66 Cash Prizes totalling \$25,000	

How would you like to trade a few hours of your time for a check for \$2,500 or \$1,000 just as did Anthony F. Gallagher whose picture you see above at the left, published with his consent?

It can happen to you just as it happened to Mr. Gallagher. His attention was attracted by a Macfadden Publication Manuscript Contest announcement just as yours is being attracted now. He studied the rules carefully, wrote a true story, sent it in and is \$5,000 richer in consequence.

Far from being a professional writer Mr. Gallagher is engaged in the contracting business. He is only one of many hundreds of people, most of whom had never written a word for publication, to whom Macfadden Publications, Inc., have awarded rich cash prizes totalling well over a quarter of a million dollars for true stories submitted in their manuscript contests.

If you could use more money there is no reason why you should not take part in these contests and, with reasonable success, add materially to your income. Certainly it is worth the trial. A great new contest is now in progress in which \$25,000.00 will be paid for 66 true stories. Enter today.

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to win one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$2,500 first prize, the persons submitting the five next best will be awarded the five \$1,000 second prizes, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last-minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

HERE ARE THE RULES—READ THEM CAREFULLY

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

- Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
- Do not send us printed material or poetry.
- Do not write in pencil.
- Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.
- Do not send us unfinished stories.
- Stories must be written in English.
- Write on one side of paper only.
- Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL**, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.
- Send material flat. Do not roll.
- Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

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

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

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

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

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

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

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

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

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

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, March 31, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 25C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Macfadden Publications, Inc. R. M.
P. O. Box 490
Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....
 (Print name of state in full.)

The Missing Chapter in Fred Allen's Life

(Continued from page 25)

contributed regularly to the expenses of the family. It was no longer necessary, financially, for the family to live together, and gradually they drifted apart, until, when the war broke out, Aunt Elizabeth had with her only her invalid husband and one sister. Fred's father had died a few years before.

During the first years of the war, Fred was touring in Australia, but when the United States entered the conflict he returned home, intending to enlist. His brother Robert had already done so, and was in a training camp, preparing to go overseas.

But he found his aunt facing a crisis. Her sister had fallen ill with an incurable disease, and it was taking every penny she had saved throughout long years of economical housekeeping to pay for medicine and doctors for the two invalids.

For the first time in her life, she asked another person to make a sacrifice for her sake. She knew that Fred had already had two years of living in war-time Australia, met on every side by the question, implied or open, of those hysterical days, "Why aren't you in the trenches?" She knew how the suggestion that he was a slacker had galled him. Yet, because she could see no other way out of her trouble, she explained the situation to him and asked him not to enlist.

FRED proved, then, that he hadn't forgotten his aunt's love and tolerance, that he knew of the years of her life she had given to him.

"Don't worry," he said, "of course I won't enlist. I'll go on working, and we'll get along fine."

But there was still the draft. Fred wouldn't have anything to say about it if his name was drawn. Aunt Elizabeth determined to forestall any such event. She went to the draft board herself, without saying anything to Fred (he doesn't know to this day that she did this), and

explained her situation to the officials. If Fred went to war, she concluded, there'd be nobody to take care of his family. I don't know how much effect this indomitable old lady's plea had—but the fact remains that Fred wasn't drafted. Perhaps the officials were impressed, as I was, by her courage, her refusal to let life control her, and her determination to control it instead.

When I spoke of my admiration for these qualities in her, however, I discovered that I was talking of something beyond her comprehension. She simply didn't realize that in rearing Fred so wisely, keeping the family going against continual odds, she had done anything out of the ordinary.

"But I've never been in want," she said. "I've had to economize, yes, but lots of people have to do that. You just do the best you can with what you have, and everything usually turns out all right."

WELL, it has turned out all right for Aunt Elizabeth, and I'm glad. In her seventy-eighth year she is strong, healthy, full of interest in life and what it has to offer—and very proud of Fred. With her sister she lives in Boston, doing all her own housework and on holidays gathering her family around her once more for a feast she cooks herself. Once a year, lately, Fred has treated her to a trip. Two years ago it was to Ireland, to see her parents' birthplace. Last year it was to South America, with her sister. On their way home they met another grand old lady named May Robson. This year it may be Florida, or Hollywood. She says she'd like to take another sea voyage, but her sister (who is several years younger) had about enough of the sea when they went to South America. They may take one yet, though. I've a suspicion that Aunt Elizabeth thinks it will be time enough to sit around home when she's old.



The candid cameraman sneaked up on Betty Lou Gerson while she snatched a bite to eat between rehearsals of the First-Nighter program, on which she is starred every Friday night at 10 o'clock over an NBC red web. Looks as if Betty Lou's taste runs to toasted sandwiches of the chewier variety.

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*Greenwich Village
"Honeymooners"*

Grace and Eddie Albert, NBC's "Honeymooners," know the setting of their Greenwich Village scripts, because they actually live there. Above, at the window of Grace's apartment in Minetta Lane. Above right, in the studio of John Sloan who is the original of the painter in the air series.



Photos by Wide World



Above, Grace and Eddie drop in at Emma Jane's Kitchen, a popular Village restaurant, for more atmosphere and a chat with its proprietress, Emma Jane herself. Left, Florence Darnault, noted sculptress, shows the honeymooners how to put finishing touches on a portrait in clay. Grace's "sculpting" career, in the radio series, gained additional technical details from the many hours during which she watched the sculptress at her work.

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are usually there*



*...they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy*

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