

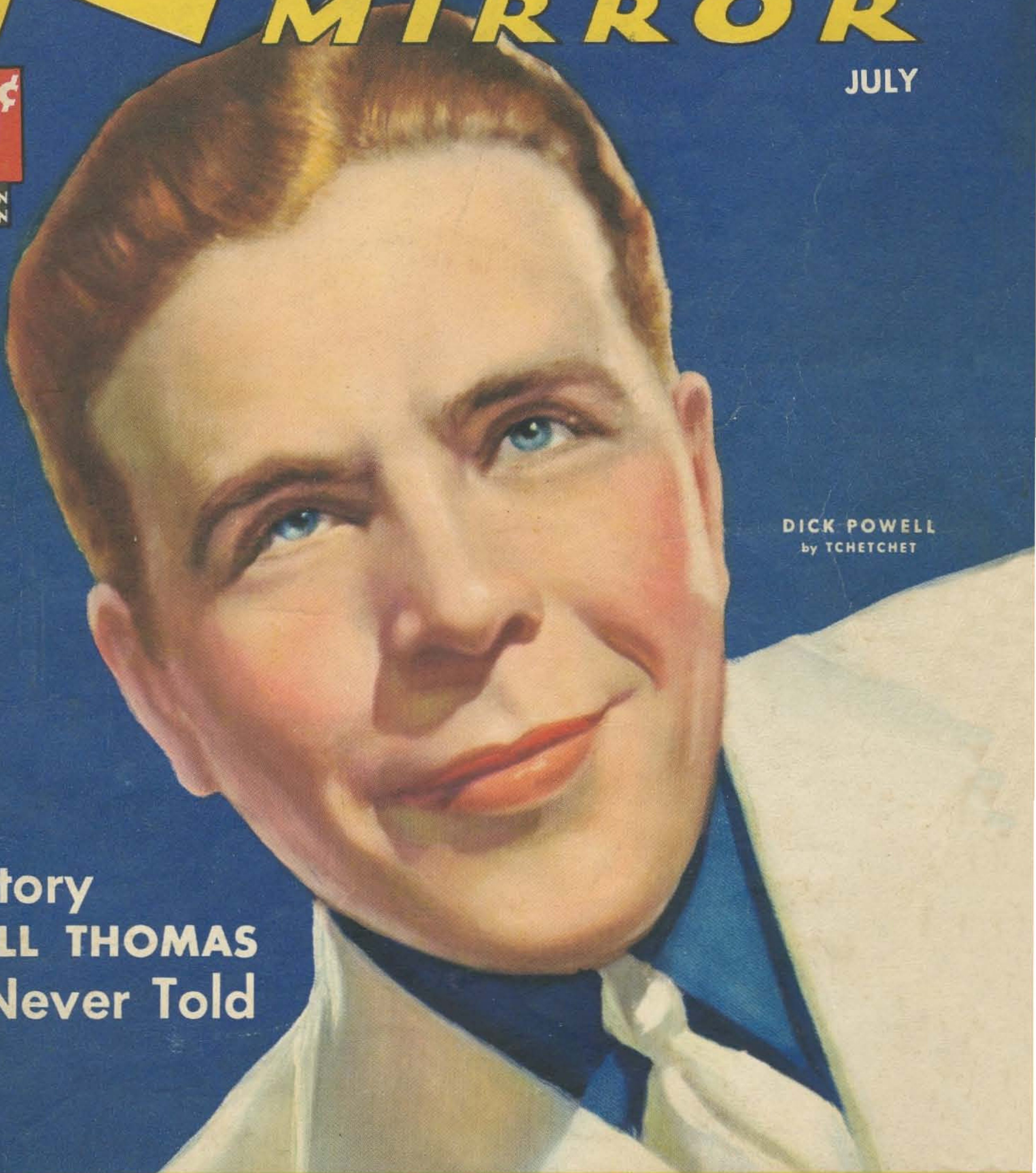
Are LIES BLASTING AMOS 'N' ANDY'S Career?

Radio MIRROR

JULY

10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



DICK POWELL
by TCHETCHET

The Story
LOWELL THOMAS
Has Never Told

CAN SAMUEL INSULL
MAKE HIS COMEBACK BY RADIO

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

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I enclose \$..... for which kindly send me the book or books checked below. I understand my money will be refunded, provided any book does not prove satisfactory.

The Student's Handbook \$1.89 A B C Shorthand \$1.00
 Breaking Into Advertising \$1.75 So You Want To Write A Song \$1.00

Name.....

Street.....

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

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You,

yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



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COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE_____

On Sale June 24_____



Time is the friend of Death! Watch for the amazing story in next month's RADIO MIRROR of deaths which the Voice of Experience could have averted—if people had only waited . . . Also a grand feature on Rudy Vallee in which for the first time he answers the questions that puzzle you.

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BY TCHETCHET

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
 LONG AS I LIVE

HER
 PIMPLY
 SKIN
 MADE ANN
 FEEL
 LIKE A
 TOTAL
 LOSS



Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



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

reflections in the radio mirror

by

Fred R. Samms

RADIO is going to elect our next President!

Slowly through the winter months this conviction has stolen over both the Republican and Democratic parties, until now, with summer skies darkening as the thunder clouds of the Presidential conventions loom large on the horizon, you can't find a political big gun who will deny that the microphone dictates party campaign tactics.

On pages 12 and 13 of this issue, the most important of the Republican and Democratic speakers are discussed in terms of their microphone mannerisms, but the story leading up to their ever-increasing use of radio, the whys and wherefores of their concentration on radio audiences, has been left to be told here.

The truth of the matter is that the best public pulse feelers are convinced that unless the Parties conquer radio, their cause is a lost one. For most politicians this conviction is a large sized headache. It means a reorganization of their old set-up that once could be counted on to deliver votes. It means discarding trusted speakers because they haven't learned proper radio technique and it means the additional trouble of going on a still hunt for new personalities that radio audiences will find pleasing.

From the starting gun of the Republican Convention, radio is going to be in the front row of prize exhibits in the lineup of vote getters. It is going to be stated and repeated until every delegate in the hall knows it by heart that radio is the invisible prodding fork that can get people to the ballot boxes.

Paul Sabin, bearing the official title of Director of Radio of the Republican National Committee, discussed with me a short time ago this new bugaboo of politicians.

We agreed that a political speaker of today has a task many times multiplied in convincing his audience of the truth of what he is saying, since almost always part of his listeners are hearing him by radio. It is not like the Roman days when Cicero could harangue a crowd and make them believe his every word by eloquent gestures of hand, eyebrow, or shoulder. Nor is it like the days of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. No fierceness of expression or pounding of a table impresses the inanimate loudspeaker.

As Mr. Sabin said, "Voters are usually more able to distinguish false notes in the statements of an orator when hearing him through the loudspeaker than when in his presence. Words which do not ring true can be much more quickly spotted by the listener who is not distracted by gestures of the orator and movements and emotions of the audience."

Another difficulty radio has thrust in the laps of political orators who hire auditoriums for large local gatherings is the choice of topics on which to launch a speech.

The day is past when a candidate could select a subject *(Continued on page 80)*

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

FRANK FAY may turn out to be this year's big radio argument, with listeners arming themselves for the defense or attack of Fay. Personally, I think Frank has much to give radio, but hardly enough to justify his attitude that people are going to rush into stores to buy Fay, getting a few packages of gelatine thrown in for good will. However, Francis Anthony makes fun of himself, and much can be forgiven him for that. There's a good orchestra on the program—Eddie Kay's—but I sneezed and missed its contribution. It would be a good idea for Fay to leave the music to the orchestra; his incompetent singing voice is great for comedy purposes, and no one can top his kidding dissections of popular hits, but when he goes to work on a sweet or serious song, the results aren't a bit satisfactory.

NBC, Sat., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

DREAMS OF LONG AGO. One of the finer things radio has to offer, lovely interpretations of old-fashioned songs by the Vass Trio, woven into tender, sentimental stories by Ethel Park Richardson. The program has been shifted so many times, it escaped me for weeks, but I finally sneaked up on the exquisite radiode to Little Boy Blue, played by Warren Mills, a clever tot with a bright future in radio.

NBC, Sun., 10:30 P. M., 30 min.

MARION TALLEY. Few voices, even famous ones, come through the microphone as crystal clear and perfectly molded as Miss Talley's. She sings old favorites and selections from operas and operettas in a packed quarter hour with the capable accompaniment of Josef Koestner's orchestra.

NBC, Fri., 10:30 P. M., 15 min.

JACK HYLTON'S CONTINENTAL REVUE goes out of its way to be different from the run-of-the-mill musical and variety programs. And I think plenty of listeners will go out of their way to hear "The Band That Jack Built" dish up novelty numbers and surprising arrangements. The whole thing has as strong an English flavor as meat pie. Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, does musical impressions that are something to rave about, and Pat O'Malley's dialect song recitations, Magda Neal's vocal reflections on such subjects as "What Can You Give a Nudist when His Birthday Comes Along?" and the Merry Macs, all help make the half hour seem like the shortest fifteen minutes on the air.

NBC, Sun., 9:00 P. M., 30 min.

KEN MURRAY joins the comedians, and he isn't at the foot of the class. Some of his gags are, but he kicks them around so gingerly that you don't have time to notice their pedigrees, and he keeps kicking till he uncovers some new ones. Oswald (alias Sassafra) is at the head of the class for stooges, his laconic "Ohyeaah" being a masterpiece of inflection which the kids should take to as they did to "You nasty man." Music in the Morgan Manner has now become music in the Russ Morgan Manner (Wonder who objected—Helen or J. P.? Anyway, it's an elegant manner). Tonsil-tosser Phil Regan shows off like a cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. Eve Arden is another stooge to Ken, as who on the program isn't?

CBS, Tues., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

ANSWER ME THIS. If you like to check up on the old brain cells occasionally, and find out whether they are hitting on all eight or have gotten carbon-clogged with misinformation, listen to this federal radio project put on by the U. S. Office of Education in Washington. Which is the most gold used for—money or all other purposes? Name two raw materials our automotive industry has to import. What European country always pays its war debts? A dozen questions along such lines, ten answered at the end of the program and two left for you to worry yourself into looking up or writing for. Wonder if that mail magnet works!

NBC, Mon., 6:30 P. M., 15 min.

EDDIE DOWLING'S REVUE. A disappointment, considering the company of top-flight names. They all work hard to make something happen, but they're still in the rough. Eddie brings a back-of-the-footlights manner with him that spills on the carpet when you strain it through a loudspeaker. Benny Goodman's orchestra and trio sound tinny, but that's the latest thing in swing, so we'll let that pass. Helen Ward's songs are—Helen Ward's songs. Ray Dooley alone gives the show a spark of life.

NBC, Tues., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

FOLIES DE PARIS. The humor of Willie and Eugene Howard is very uneven; if you can be patient through nine rounds of clinching and stalling, there will probably be a knockout in the tenth round. As for Fifi D'Orsay, you don't realize what a high percentage of her personality is visual until you hear her voice alone. This is not discrediting her voice, but about the best it does is remind you what you're missing. Vic Arden's ork comes through nicely, but, all in all, the reproduction of a tradition built around a spicy leg show is something that might better have been saved for television. On radio, it's simply a pull-your-leg show.

NBC, Wed., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

BENNY RUBIN'S WHIRLIGIG. This script needs an author. If it already has an author, the author needs a script. The show probably also needs an audience, since it is playing opposite Burns and Allen. The whole cast seems to be wondering what they're doing. And well they may. For their own information, they're giving imitations of Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten. And if they have to give imitations, they might pick a funnier model. A sample of the humor—"First I'm a stow-away, now I'm a castaway." The Showman's quartet is the best part of the program, which is not as it should be—Benny is a panic on the stage. But it's a different Benny that's a panic on the air.

NBC, Wed., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

BACKSTAGE WIFE. Several scripts are being aired these days with a story theme based on the assumption that the most heartbreaking experience any woman can suffer is to have everything that money can buy. Mary Noble is the tragic heroine of this one, bravely bearing up under her burden of orchids and ermine with a diamond-shaped tear in her eye and a solid platinum chip on her shoulder.

NBC, Mon. through Fri., 4:15 P. M., 15 min.

... **REDUCE** ...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... or no cost!

"REDUCED
9 INCHES"
writes
Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS



Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing... and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE...at our expense!

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 287, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
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!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

what do you want to say?

IN spring listeners' fancies must turn to writing letters about radio. Out of the groaning mail bags we've picked the following opinions from readers as those most worthy of winning the coveted prizes. If you didn't come through with a winner this month, try again right now. As usual, the first prize is \$20.00, the second prize is \$10.00, and the next five best letters will receive \$1.00 each. Send your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, not later than June 22nd.

\$20.00 PRIZE

WANTED! STUDIO AUDIENCES

Would such programs as Eddie Cantor, Major Bowes, Phil Baker and Fred Allen be as popular as they are if studio audiences were not allowed to be as free with their laughter and applause as they are now?

I have found that studio audiences help a lot in putting over a program. Not so long ago I was listening to one of my favorite comedians and his stooge in a special broadcast without their usual audience and they seemed terrible. It sounded as if they were lost.

It would also seem rather queer to tune in on Sunday evening to hear Major Bowes and one of his ambitious amateurs having a little chat and the only outburst would be a chuckle from the Major after receiving an amusing answer to one of his questions.

Let's not do away with the studio audience. They're not so bad after all.

C. HERMAN BENSON,
Jamestown, New York.

\$10.00 PRIZE

HAVE YOU BAD RADIO MANNERS?

I wish RADIO MIRROR would start a campaign for ordinary good manners among radio listeners—or if that is hopeless, that I could have a sound-proof listening booth.

Why is it that people who would never dream of talking out loud at a theater or concert, will talk, laugh and even sing while others in the room are trying to listen to a fine radio program?



Clarence Straight, NBC's one-man zoo, imitates any animal you need on a radio program. He's on the Animal News Club.

The loss of even a few words from a radio play may take away the meaning of the whole thing. Nor is a concert by a symphony orchestra improved by an amateur rendering of "The Music Goes Round and Round" on the other side of the room.

Why can't we be as polite at home as we would at a public place of entertainment?

ALBERTA ORMSBY,
Himrod, New York.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SPONSORS, USE DISCRETION!

Tell me what radio is coming to!

Last week I got a chance to escape the general office routine for an afternoon and listen to the radio. After struggling through the early afternoon live stock market quotations and a woman's revue or two, I settled myself for a pleasant afternoon of entertainment. Let me say right here and now, I was really disappointed. Practically every program was the "True life story of the neighbor next door," or the "Adventures of Uncle Tim"—all through the courtesy of your favorite "sudsy soap" or "never-fail" biscuit flour.

Why the chains allow so many programs of such a similar nature to follow each other is more than I can understand. Why can't they alternate with a musical variety show and that would make these "all talking" programs a bit easier to take. At any rate, sponsors, use discretion!

DEVERE DEWEY,
Independence, Kansas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A CURE FOR "MONDAY BLUES"

For those who have that awful affliction, "Monday Blues," let me say right here: Listen every Monday night to Fibber McGee and Molly, and if you don't forget your blues and everything else, then your case is hopeless. So many have spoken about tiresome advertising, well here is one program where the advertising is one of the funniest parts of the program. It is blended in so well that Harpo Wilcox is about as funny as Fibber and Molly. They are putting over the advertising on you and you are liking it.

Whether it is the Johnson Wax Company or Fibber that creates the sketches, they are surely well done. We get plenty of tragedy in real life so let's make the most of the good comedy we get.

NELLIE A. FAIRBANKS, Boston, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A MIDWESTERNER BALKS

One thing I don't quite understand about radio is why you can't hear programs in the Midwest and West, that you can hear in the East. It gets pretty discouraging at times when you know your favorite is being listened to by thousands of Easterners.

Perhaps the sponsors of these programs think that we people west of the Appalachian mountains don't use their products.

Midwesterners, as a rule, are known to take to a product once they learn its merits.

So why don't the sponsors get this point: To give their programs an outlet in all the big cities in the West and Midwest and watch the pick-up in their listeners—AND SALES.

HELEN SOCHOR, Chicago, Ill.
(Continued on page 71)

COME ON, YOU CRITICAL READERS—WRITE YOUR LIKES AND DISLIKES IN RADIO AND WIN A PRIZE WITH YOUR LETTERS!

Behind Closed Doors

ONCE again television has been relegated to the laboratory. Experts, hurriedly approaching the corner around which practical sight sending by wireless was supposed to be lurking, found a still impractical invention that has a long road to travel before its commercialization.

This would hardly be worth reporting if a vast majority of people realized that experimentation was still the order of the day. The fact is, however, that over the winter and spring months a belief has sprung up—evidenced in part by many letters on the subject sent to this magazine—that commercial television would be ready for fall consumption. Until now nothing has been said or done to discourage this belief.

As reported by the New York daily papers, a field test was held one Friday afternoon late in April in Camden, New Jersey, which proved that television isn't yet a practicality. It also proved something more encouraging.

It proved that a television sending set can be set up at the actual site of an event and transmit satisfactory pictures of what is happening to receiving screens a mile away. In this particular case, as you may have read, the arrival of fire trucks on the scene of a blaze, the hoisting of ladders, and the rescue of people were all recorded faithfully with the accompanying synchronized sound of shouts, sirens, and bells. Although it was not a real fire, the movements and sounds were genuine.

The significant aspect of this is for the eventual good of television and that is—engineers will now be able to work more in private. The curious public gaze, since it has been shown that another eighteen months of laboratory work are needed, will be averted from tests held in the future.

NBC, it would seem, was caught partly by surprise at the results of this test. All winter it worked on a television studio in Radio City, guarding the fact of its existence until news leaked out in March. What it will do with the studio for another year is something the network would prefer not to say.

SPEAKING off the record, it is half admitted by the agency which handles the lavish Saturday night hour called the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air that the show is a disappointment. It is catching on in popularity, but quite gradually, and radio sponsors are an impatient lot. With Fanny Brice and Benny Fields, it stands to become a very big program, given time. It may take a vacation for eight weeks this summer, then start again with a rush in the fall. It all goes to show that success on the air is not an over night affair.

An all-star lineup of announcers and commentators will bring you the two great national political conventions this summer. NBC will have Walter Lippman, Graham McNamee, William Hard, Dorothy Thompson, Ben Grauer, and George Hicks on the job throughout both conventions, while Edwin C. Hill and Lowell Thomas will broadcast their regular quarter-hours from Cleveland while the Republicans are convening there. It will be a return to an old job for Graham McNamee—he was the announcer for the first convention ever broadcast, in Cleveland, in 1924. The complete Columbia list of commentators hasn't been selected when we went to press, but Boake Carter will be head man on it.



That panicky doubt—that fear of embarrassment—what woman hasn't known it?

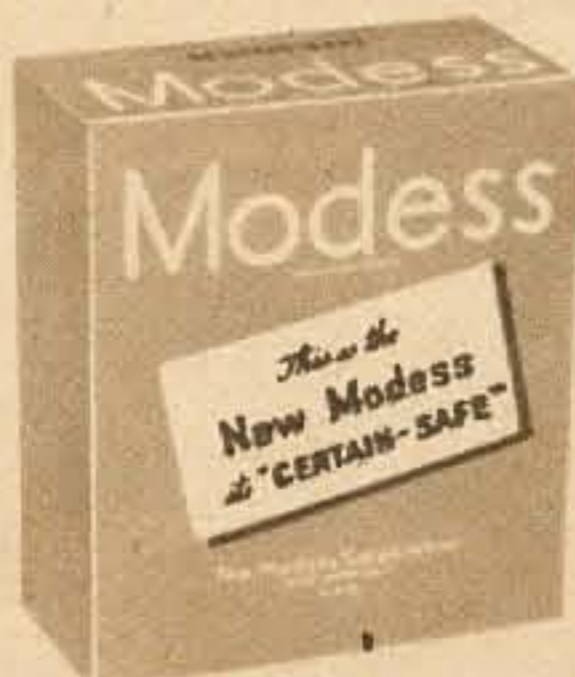
Would you like to banish it forever? Then try Modess—the new and different sanitary pad. *It's certain-safe! Invisible!*



You can always be confident—with certain-safe Modess.

It stays safe—no striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice specially treated material on sides and back.

It stays soft—no chafing—the edges remain dry. Wear *blue* line on moisture proof side *away* from body for complete protection.



End "accident panic"—
ask for *Certain-Safe*
Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try *N-O-V-O*—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

what's new on radio row

THERE'S more than one way of getting a sponsor's name before the radio audience. One of the most unusual we've heard of in a long time is used on an amateur hour over one of the radio hours below the Mason-Dixon line. Aimed at the colored portion of the listening audience, all talent is colored, and the sponsor is a colored undertaker! We'll call him "Black" for the purposes of this story. Well, it seems that when an amateur is not quite up to par, instead of ringing the gong on him, a pistol shot rings out—followed by the announcer's voice saying "There goes another customer to Black's." We haven't gotten so far as to find out whether the poor tyro lives through the experience or actually does die—of fright!

NEW PROGRAMS, NEW STARS, NEW PLANS—HERE'S UP-TO-DATE DOPE ON THEM ALL!

DON BESTOR and his nine-year-old daughter, **Mary Ann**, love to do the family shopping. The reason is they've got a "yen" on watching the automatic meat cutter in action. Sometimes they forget what Mrs. Bestor has sent them for, but they've had a grand time, and that, says Mary Ann, is the "best-or" of that!

IT'S getting so the boys are going to fight pretty soon for the privilege of being arrested. Connie Gates is an honest-to-goodness member of the New Jersey State Secret Police—has a gold badge and a paper to prove it. And Fifi D'Orsay is a Sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police! No wonder she always gets her man. In addition, Fifi is a Texas Ranger, a Kentucky Colonel, and an honorary member of the American Legion. Which is covering a lot of territory in any country. Incidentally, last March she also became an American citizen!

INTRODUCING a few "chips off the old block": **Rennie McEvoy**, of the Bob and Rennie song and comedy team, is a son of J. P. McEvoy, the well known humorist. Pere McEvoy is in China and doesn't even know that young Rennie has been making good via the air waves. . . .

Little **Peter Swenson** stole the show recently from his dad, **Carl Swenson**, who plays the part of reporter O'Farrell in Rich Man's Darling series. In front of an admiring audience, young Peter, who had been taken to the Little Church Around the Corner for baptism, set up a wail that centered everyone's attention on his vocal and dramatic abilities. And speaking of "chips," **Fred Allen** says: "The man who used to sneak behind the barn as a lad and smoke cornsilk while reading 'Tom Sawyer,' has a son who sneaks behind the radio and smokes cigars while listening to 'Popeye the Sailor'."

FRITZI SCHEFF has decided she'd better keep singing all the time, since "somezing" always bothers her when she doesn't! Curiously enough, this Viennese songbird pronounces her English words perfectly when she sings, but when she speaks she always says "somezing" instead of "something."

YOU can usually find **Frank Munn**, himself a busy radio singer, up at the studio when the Fox Fur Trappers do their stuff. Bert Hirsch, who directs the orchestra on this program, is violinist for Munn on all of the latter's programs. And as we mentioned a while ago, **Benny Krieger**, who also has his own band on the air now, still plays the sax on the Fleischmann hour in Rudy's band. So much for that much talked of "professional jealousy."

THE **Boby Benson** programs are literally full of "monkey shines." When **John Battle**, who writes the scripts for these comedy broadcasts for children, runs out of ideas for laughs, he releases his pet monkey and lets it roam around the apartment. Watching its crazy antics gives him plenty of material for comedy situations.

One of radio's most novel programs shifts in June from the Mutual network to NBC and the **Ozzie Nelson-Bob Ripley Hour**. It's called **Husbands and Wives**, and real married couples step to the mike to air grievances.



NBC's **Honeymooners**, **Grace and Eddie Albert**, have stage ambitions, and may go off the air to appear in summer stock.



By **JAY PETERS**

THOSE of you who classify all singers of Western songs as "hill billies" had better not do so in the presence of the Westerners. This group of five exponents of Western folk songs are from the Western plains, which is, they say, different entirely from the hills where the hill billies come from. The Westerners are **Allen and Dott Massey** and their sister **Louise Massey Mabie** from the K-Bar Ranch, New Mexico, where they got their taste for the entertainment business in a family of seven children, each one of whom sings, and plays one or more musical instruments. The two other members of the quintet are **Louise's husband, Milt Mabie**, who was their neighbor back in ranch days, and **Larry Wellington**, who calls himself an "associate Massey." Allen is the tenor. Dott plays the violin, trumpet, and piano. Louise is the voice soloist and is also a fine pianist. Milt has been playing the bass horn since he was eight years old, and singing in public almost that long. Larry says he's the utility man of the outfit, playing the accordion, piano, or guitar as it is needed for a number.

MAURINE WARD and **Florence Muzzey**, pretty big so far as accomplishment as a piano team goes, are the smallest team on the air. Both five footers, they dress alike, have the same hobbies, have lived together since they met, and their combined weight is only 190 pounds. They take an evening off every week to tell each other what's the matter with themselves. Which is one way to avoid swelled head.

YOU'VE all heard of "carrying the torch" but **House Jameson**, who plays the title role in **Renfrew** of the Mounted got his first job carrying a spear. This was in the Broadway production of "St. Joan," and incidentally he replaced another newcomer who left to devote his time to stage designing instead of acting. His (Continued on page 63)

The **General Motors Symphony** will continue into midsummer, with **Erno Rapee** (below) as its conductor.



RADIO MIRROR
New! "GLARE-PROOF" powder shades
Flatter you in glaring light!

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

GONE are the old dark "sun-tan" powders! Pond's has brought out "Sunlight" shades—totally new in color—new in effect on your skin when you are out in the hard, blazing light of summer! "Sunlight" shades catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Give you the flattering light of early spring sunshine itself! Soften your face. Lovely with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all!



MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices. Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Freeman Gosden (left above) is Amos in the famed partnership of Amos 'n' Andy. And don't believe the stories you hear about hatred between the two. They've been good friends for eleven years and expect to go on that way forever—because they never interfere in each other's affairs.



By

MERYL FRIEDEL

ARE LIES BLASTING

WHY do people lie about us?"

Like two hurt, bewildered children, Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll asked me that question.

And I couldn't answer, except by telling them they were being made victims of a popular national game. It's a game we Americans seem to love. We set up heroes ourselves, and we admire them passionately for a while, we keep them in the spotlight twenty-four hours of the day, we—in a word, we idolize them. And then, something happens. We begin to criticize; from being able to do no wrong our erstwhile idols are able to do no good; and we end up by believing the most fantastic and malicious tales about them.

That is what may happen to the creators of Amos 'n' Andy. I don't want to see it happen, and that is why I'm glad to have this chance of bringing these lying rumors into the open and telling you the truth about them.

Freeman, who plays Amos, and Charlie, who is Andy, are in all the more danger from such slanders because both are natural, simple people. You must know that is true. No two men could consistently, for seven years, simulate the naturalness and sincerity which have made Amos 'n' Andy so beloved. Somewhere, in their nightly programs, the illusion would have cracked. And it hasn't, not once.

But if this quality of simplicity has aided the popularity of their radio characters, it also unfits them for combatting false whispers about themselves and their work. To fight gossip, you have to be as wily as gossip itself.

"They say we're high-hat, hard to get along with, so commercial and mercenary we won't even take a bow in public unless we're paid for it," Freeman told me. "We've even read printed stories about how we're so conceited we refuse to go to banquets and receptions given for prominent people!"

"But put yourself in our place. Naturally we're pleased when people recognize us in public, and want to talk to us. We're pleased that people want us to come to their parties. But radio, plus frequent vaudeville tours, takes up so much of our time that we simply have to maintain a regular schedule of working hours, live as quietly as possible, and go out very little. If we didn't put our work first, it would soon suffer and then nobody'd care whether they ever saw us or not."

Then Freeman went on to tell me of a few incidents, small enough incidents, seemingly, but probably the origin of many of the falsehoods told about him and his partner.

One day, in an eastern city, they stopped in a small, obscure oyster house for a bite to eat between vaudeville

For Amos 'n' Andy, sponsored by Pepsi-Cola, see program guide—page 52.



Andy (Charles J. Correll) isn't so tough in the script as he is when someone accuses him of asking for pay when playing for a benefit. Below, left to right, the families (Gosden and wife, Andy and wife) proudly displaying a large catch. Both excel in fishing and very soon again will be vacationing.



AMOS 'N' ANDY'S

Career?

shows. They thought that here, at least, they wouldn't be recognized.

They had been seated only about ten minutes when a man came to their table and with a jovial, "Hello, there, boys," sat down, uninvited. Neither Charlie nor Freeman recognized him, but they politely returned his greeting and went on eating.

The stranger began to abuse Charlie. "Think you're a big shot now, don't you?" he sneered. "Can't recognize me! I grew up with you down in Virginia, but you're too important to remember that now, aren't you?"

And so on, for several minutes, in the same vein.

The two radio stars stood it as long as their patience would let them, and then Freeman interrupted to point out that in the first place it was he who had been born in Virginia, and that Charlie had never been in the state in his life except to play theatrical engagements.

"And even if I did play with you when we were kids," he finished, "you evidently didn't recognize me, so how could I recognize you?"

Instead of admitting his mistake, the man grumbled that he might have known they were the kind of people who thought they were too good for their old friends; and he flung angrily out of the restaurant.

A crank? Yes, but one whose tongue could, and probably did, do a great deal of harm as he told his own version of the meeting.

Another time, as they were waiting backstage to go on with their act at a theater, a man approached them and without a word, but with a look of expectancy, began to sing. The boys were puzzled, but they tried to be polite, and waited to be told what it was all about. Instead of explaining, the man turned on his heel with an angry, "Humph! You guys think you're the only ones on the air! Why don't you get wise to yourselves? There are other people just as popular as you!"

Later, during the show, they found that he was a singer who had been very popular on the air for a time. They'd heard of him, but had never met him; and they didn't know his theme song, which he had expected them to identify immediately. His outraged vanity sent him straight to a newspaper man with a long story (Continued on page 88)

AMOS 'N' ANDY HAVE ASKED US TO PRINT THE TRUTH ABOUT ALL

THOSE RUMORS SO THAT YOU CAN READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

THE MICROPHONE TAKES

ABOUT the time you are reading this, the preliminaries on the great political card will begin to simmer down to make way for the main event.

"Gene" Talmadge and his Grass Rooters, Dr. Townsend and his old-age pensioners, the followers of the late Huey Long, all will be shouldered into the background as the spotlight focusses on the approaching stellar bout between the Republicans and the Democrats.

And right there in the front row, looming large at the ringside, will be the radio listener, occupying the best seat at the verbal fracas that he has ever had, because this year, as all the politicians know, the listener will be a vital and decisive factor in electing a president.

For his benefit, old-line orators are studying elocution all over again with a new emphasis—an emphasis on microphone technique; and for his benefit the element of microphone personality is being frankly appraised when candidate-makers meet in off-the-record sessions.

It promises to be a listener's show all the way, from the moment the Republicans shatter a long-standing precedent by opening the Cleveland convention on June 9 with the keynote speech set for eight o'clock in the evening to snare more tuner-inners, rather than earlier in the day as has always been the custom.

Now is the time to take stock of the personalities that will come to you most frequently over your loudspeakers during the next five months. Who are the men both political parties will rely on to coax the votes of the radio audience at the polls November 3? What are their mannerisms at the mike, their radio habits? Let me paint some studio sketches of the most important radio spellbinders so that, listening to them, you can form in your mind a clear picture of how they look and how they act.

It is obvious, of course, that the Democrats will make all possible use of President Roosevelt on the radio, knowing well enough that they have in him a radio personality without a peer, one who, in fact, has pointed the way to the wide-spread use of radio in the present campaign.

After the conventions, all political time will be sold, which means that candidates will be viewed with absolute impartiality by the networks. The President is the only speaker who cannot be cut off the air. When he is at the mike as a candidate, the party will be charged for any extra time, but when he speaks as the Chief Executive, addressing the nation on important matters of state, there is no charge.

Recently President Roosevelt announced plans for an extended campaign swing around the country. Two stands, both designed by Clyde Hunt, CBS Washington engineer and presented to the President by Columbia, will be used when he speaks away from Washington.

When he addresses a crowd, he will speak from a stand with microphone holders built in so that the equipment will not hide his face from the crowd. This stand has spaces for seven microphones for the three national networks, one or two independent stations and the newsreel companies. Sometimes even these are not enough and it is necessary to place extra microphones at the side. The stand also contains automatic clamps to hold

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE BEFORE THE MIKE? READ THE RADIO HABITS OF ALL THE POLITICAL ORATORS YOU'VE BEEN HEARING SO OFTEN

the script in place and concealed lighting for night speeches.

When the President speaks from the Presidential Special en route, it is a lightning fast job to get him on the air and off again.

He usually speaks from the rear platform. As soon as the train stops, the radio crew which travels on the train with him, rushes to the rear platform and sets up the special stand, which can be clamped instantly to the rail of the platform.

The President likes to do a fast job on these platform speeches, starting to talk as soon as he has been announced over the air, and having the train get under way just as he finishes the last sentence. The radio crews must snatch the microphones out of the stand literally as the train moves away.

When the President broadcasts (Continued on page 89)

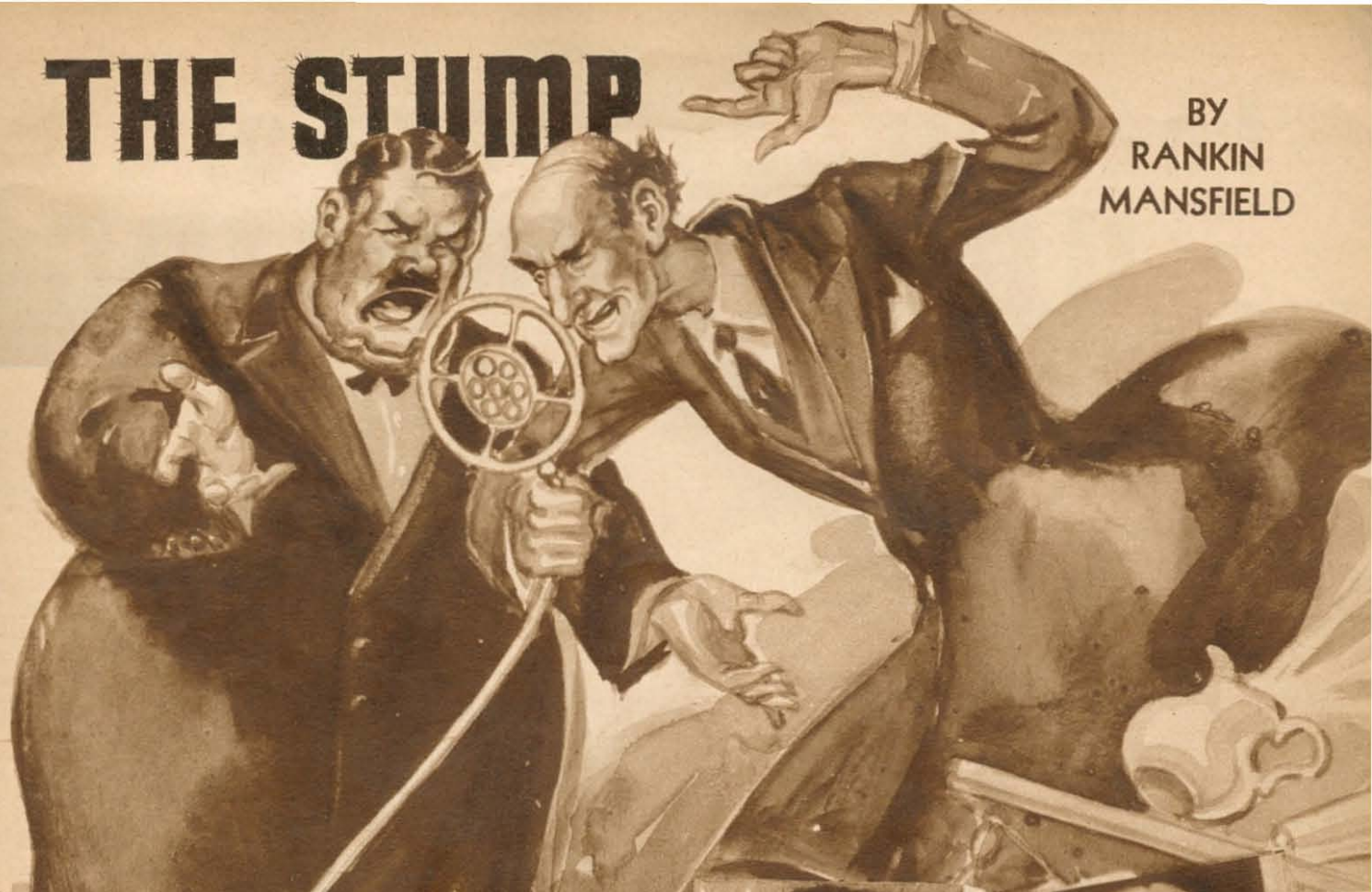
ILLUSTRATOR: H. R. McBRIDE

An artist's conception of a listener's reaction to political debates on the air. At the right are pictured some of the best known of the speech makers.



THE STUMP

BY RANKIN MANSFIELD



The Success Saga of an UGLY DUCKLING

BY ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER

ONCE she was desperately unhappy because she found herself so unattractive. But today smart young things in London and in New York and in a dozen other cities pattern after her.

Once she felt hopeless about her inability to adjust herself to life, professionally or socially, and now her name on a contract follows a fabulous figure. And you meet the most amusing and popular and successful people at her apartment which hangs over the swift blue of the East River.

Once she was shy, an obscure little Canadian girl. And then, at a party given by the Prince of Wales, the handsome Lord Robert Peel met her and fell in love with her.

For this is the story of Beatrice Lillie, who now on the radio, on the Flying Red Horse Tavern program, repeats the success she has known on the stage, both here and in England.

It is over twenty years ago now that she stood in the parlor of the Lillies' modest Toronto house, her



FROM GANGLING, HOMELY BEA
LILLIE SHE BECAME GORGEOUS
LADY PEEL—THE BRIGHT COM-
EDY TOAST OF TWO NATIONS



face pressed against the window pane. Watching her father and her uncle going down the porch steps, marking the way their bodies tilted to the weight of their heavy bags. They were off for Ireland. And her mother didn't like it. Lucia Shaw Lillie had no time for men who went gallivanting. She was the practical, ambitious member of her family. She counted it important to get somewhere in the world. And her two daughters, Beatrice and Muriel, she was having trained toward this end. No sacrifice that facilitated Muriel's piano lessons or Bea's lessons in singing and dramatic expression could be too great.

Continuing to stand at the window that day, making a little dab on the steamy pane with her upturned nose, Bea watched a pretty girl who lived down the street flounce past. Whereupon the old aching started up in her again. She wished that her hair grew soft and fair and her nose lovely and straight, so that she, too, sure of her charms, might walk with just such a confident swish.

In the parlor mirror once again she took inventory. As if she hoped to find some change in her appearance, some new charm developed overnight. But there she stood, the same as always. Little. And so thin. With straight brown hair that escaped the pins which held it in buns on her ears. And a nose that seemed to take malicious pleasure in the way it tilted at the end.

A rare portrait of Beatrice Lillie and her son, young Lord Peel.

Bearing down upon her unhappiness as if it was a sore tooth Bea began thinking about the lessons in dramatic expression upon which her mother insisted. She (Continued on page 67)

Bea's starred on Socony's Flying Red Horse Tavern program—see page 53



BESS

Maurice Seymour

Visualize the blonde beauty of Bess Johnson in the part of Frances Moran the next time you listen to NBC's serial, Today's Children. In Chicago, where she lives with her husband and daughter, she's one of the network's top dramatic actresses.



KENNY

Ray Lee Jackson

There's a good reason for the broad smile of happiness on Kenny Baker's face. A year ago he was singing in church choirs—sometimes. This spring he's been the Jack Benny tenor both in radio and on the stage.



FRANCES

Here's beautiful, lucky Frances Langford of Hollywood Hotel on Friday nights. Placed on the road to stardom by the Rudy Vallee hour, she's scored in the movies. Her newest opus is Paramount's "Palm Springs."

For Folies de Paris, with the Howards, sponsored by Sterling Products, Inc., see page fifty-two, in Wednesday's column.

The maniacal looking gent with the trick moustaches is Willie Howard; the other is his brother Eugene—though how he can look so placid with a brother like Willie, nobody will ever know. Together they're lending their humorous talents to NBC's Folies de Paris program.



those
HOWARDS
hit the **AIR!**



Photos by Wide World



Broadway audiences have laughed for years over the Howard capers—the most famous was a parody of the quartet from "Rigoletto." Recently you saw Willie as the fellow who wanted to commit suicide in "Rose of the Rancho," Gladys Swarthout's first starring film. Their Wednesday night NBC program started in April and co-stars Fifi D'Orsay of stage and screen.



For the Gospel Singer's program, see pages 52 and 53.

The new Mrs. MacHugh has helped the Gospel Singer answer his fan mail since he went on NBC's network.

BY
JOHN
EDWARDS

What love has brought THE GOSPEL SINGER

WHEN, early in March, Edward MacHugh and Jean Harmon were married, the Boston newspapers announced, "NBC Gospel Singer Weds Wealthy Widow." But if the copy-reader who wrote that headline could have sat with me in a New York hotel room, and talked to the new Mrs. MacHugh a few days later, I think he might have written it differently.

Jean MacHugh was a widow, but even if she had been a wealthy one, money would have been but a small part of the gifts she brought to her husband. Sympathy, understanding, a belief in himself when everything else in the world was conspiring to destroy that belief—these are what Jean gave him even before their marriage. Nor is it too much to say that she is responsible for his success today.

The story goes back several years, to Jean's home in Newton, Massachusetts. Now, you are not to call Newton a suburb of Boston. Although it is within easy commuting distance of the Massachusetts metropolis and many of its citizens work in the city, Newton remains proudly self-sufficient, a town in its own right, with city hall, mayor, and officials of its own. A serene bit of New England, its quiet streets bordered with gracious homes, it is a haven, a place set apart from competition and haste.

That's what it was to Edward MacHugh. Newton, and more particularly Jean's tree-shaded house, was the refuge to which he brought his discouragement and depression.

As the Gospel Singer, he is heard today on an NBC network. All by himself, he is one of those network attractions which are so popular their broadcast times are

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT
EDWARD MACHUGH SHOULD
MARRY THE WOMAN WHOSE
HELP SAVED HIS CAREER

changed, if at all, with full expectation that mail-bags full of protests will come from the fans. Un-sponsored, he receives more mail from his listeners than many a star brought to you by elaborate and expensive commercial programs.

Things were very different a few years ago. He was deeply in debt, with no prospect for the future beyond a continuation of his sustaining

program on a local Boston station, a program which paid him but sixteen dollars a week. His landlady, after weeks of patient waiting, had just pointed out, more in sorrow than in anger, that she couldn't wait much longer—and he really couldn't blame her.

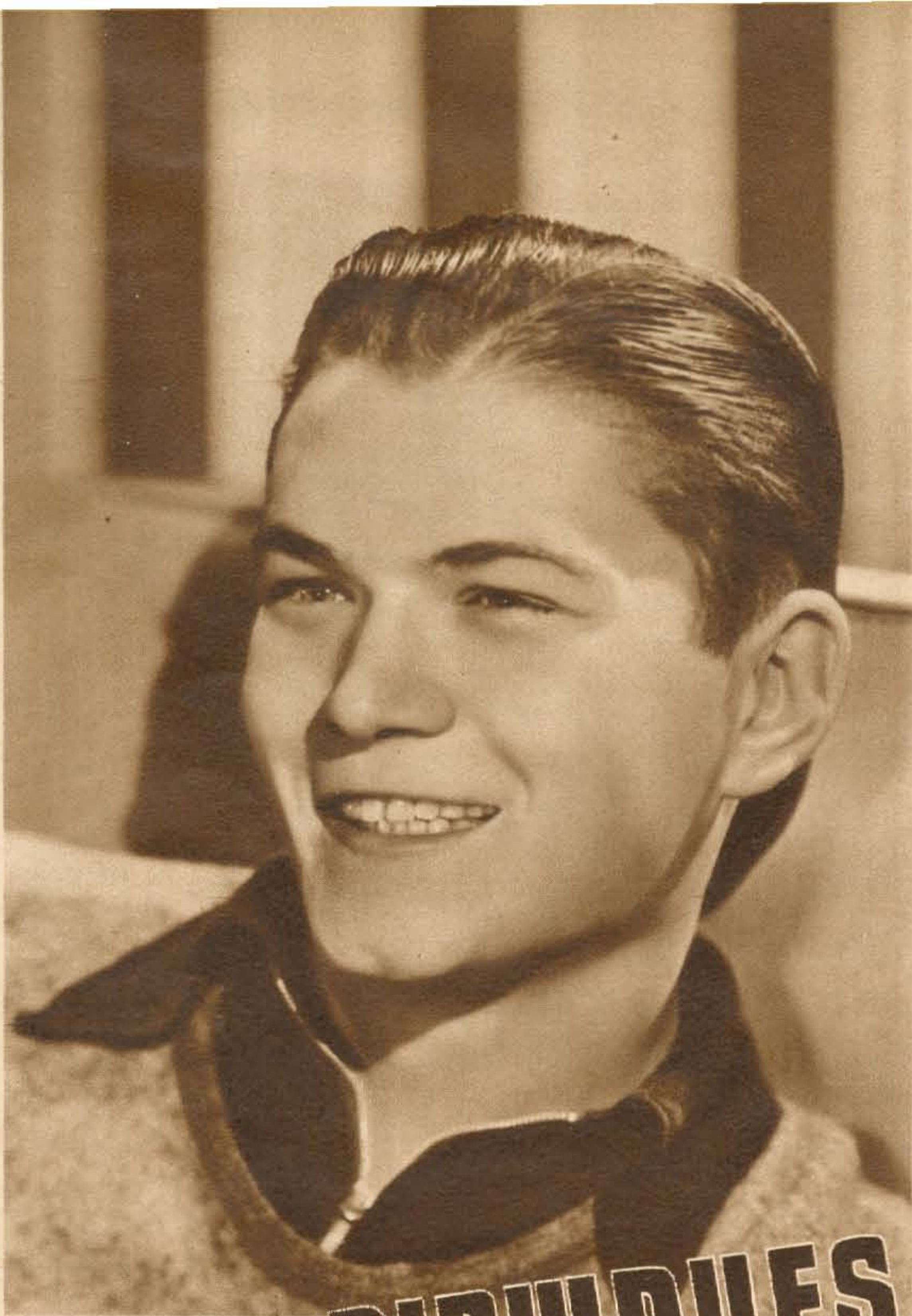
So, as he had done so often before when he was lonely and discouraged, he went to Jean's home in Newton, sure of the comfort he would always receive there. Jean . . . He hadn't realized, when they met at the home of a mutual friend, how much she was going to mean to him.

She answered his ring at the door, as she always did, and together they went into her living room, bright and charming and neat with a New England sort of neatness. She picked up a bit of sewing, and for a while they talked quietly; but not for long.

"Something's worrying you, Ed," Jean said, dropping her sewing into her lap and looking directly at him with those wise blue eyes of hers.

"I've decided to give up trying to get anywhere with my singing, and look for a job," Ed said. He hurried on, against her gesture of protest. "Oh, I know a lot of people like my program, but I can't live (Continued on page 72)

HERO OF THREE MIL-
LION KIDS, RADIO'S
FLYING JIMMIE AL-
LEN IS YOUNG, HAND-
SOME AND STARRING
IN THE MOVIES NOW



PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Paramount

IT'S hard to keep track of this kid Jimmie Allen. First he's in Chicago, making electrical transcriptions for his radio show—then he's in Hollywood working in his first movie—then he's back in Chicago, making more transcriptions.

At any rate, Jimmie is nineteen years old, the radio show is *The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen*, and the movie, which you should be seeing around the time you read this, is Paramount's "The Sky Parade."

Jimmie was born in Chicago on May 23, 1917. His mother is a former actress, Betty McLean. But Jimmie was too busy going to school to have anything to do with acting until he stumbled into it by accident.

He went to the Dakota School for Boys in Dakota, Illinois, for a while, and spent his fifth, sixth, and seventh grade years in New York, living in the home of Dr. David M. Mitchell, the noted child psychologist. Dr. Mitchell is still one of his idols, and in between radio and movie engagements he studies philosophy and psychology in Chicago's Northwestern University.

Eight years ago Jimmie went to station WBBM, in Chicago, with his mother, who was appearing in radio. As he

was sitting in the reception room, a program director rushed in, grabbed him, and hustled him into one of the studios. One of his programs needed a child to play a small role, and Jimmie was the only child around. There was enough of the trouper in him to make him take to acting like any other kid to a bag of candy, and he has been on the air ever since.

He won the leading role in the Jimmie Allen serial in competition with twenty-five other young actors. The sponsors, the Richfield Oil Company, liked him so well for the part they even rechristened the character he was to play, and named the program after him.

The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen went on the air in 1933, and since then more than three million boys and girls have joined the Jimmie Allen Flying Clubs.

Paramount Pictures decided that anybody with that many fans would be a good star for the movies, and particularly for a movie about aviation like "The Sky Parade." When tests were made, and Jimmie turned out to be not only a good radio actor but a handsome and promising screen juvenile as well, he was bundled straight off to Hollywood.

Jimmie flies in real life as well as in radio and picture stories. He had his first flying lesson in 1927, and now he's an accomplished pilot.

The Story LOWELL THOMAS has never told

For Lowell Thomas' news, sponsored by Sun Oil, see page 52.

BY
CAROLINE
SOMERS
HOYT

BECAUSE OF THE JEERS OF HIS
TOUGHER PLAYMATES, A "SISSY"
HAS BECOME ONE OF THE AIR-
WAVES' GREATEST ADVENTURERS



Lowell Thomas (right) with famed Col. T. E. Lawrence, before the latter's desert tent.



Mrs. Thomas gossips with a pygmy woman in the tropics.



With Lowell, Jr., nicknamed Sonny, on the Thomas estate.



Talking to one of his best friends, the Sultan of Burma's Shan States.



Riding in a howdah atop an elephant while hunting in Malaysia.

LIT-TUL sissy! Teacher's pet! Lit-tul sissy! Teacher's pet!"

The group of schoolboys howled their derisive, sing-song monotone gleefully as the small, white faced lad, shaking with impotent anger, blue eyes blazing, dark curls tousled, backed helplessly into the fence.

"I am not a sissy! I am not!" the trapped boy screamed helplessly.

"Aw, let 'im alone," commanded a large, freckled leader contemptuously. "He's gotta go home an' study his poems."

In the laughter that followed, the small boy was, for a moment, forgotten. He turned and started down the street. But his retreat, unobtrusive as it had been, called the attention of his harriers once more to his slight figure. Again they surrounded him. This time there was but one course left, and the little boy took it.

He waded in manfully and willingly, but the big freckled boy simply lashed out and knocked him over. He got up and went back for more, and the same thing happened. The fight was heading toward an inevitable end when a low cry of alarm signalled the approach of a teacher. The crowd dispersed as if by magic. The little boy picked himself up, brushed his clothes, and went home.

He was much more frightened than he would be, years after, when braving momentary death as one of the handful of Occidentals to go through India's sinister Khyber Pass into the forbidden land of Afganistan.

But that childhood brawl was little Lowell Thomas' in-

roduction to school in Cripple Creek, Colorado. It was the first of a long series of similar incidents. He became the butt for innumerable heart-breaking jokes and cruel taunts before he finally taught his schoolmates to call him "Tommy" and accept him as an equal. Something of the boy clings to the man today, because he still winces visibly if anyone calls him "Lowell." He is still "Tommy."

As he told his story to me, I realized it was the real-life story of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in golden curls and velvet suit who became, because he had to, the toughest boy in the schoolyard. (Continued on page 56)



LAST CHANCE TO ENTER THIS BIG CASH PRIZE CONTEST

DID you miss the beginning of this exciting Jessica Dragonette Contest last month? It's not too late to enter, even now. The closing date is July 10, so put on your thinking caps and plan to share in \$250.00 in prizes. The idea is simple. Sit down and think up the words for the song you see on the next page. This is the music, written by Conductor Rosario Bourdon, which is used to introduce Jessica Dragonette every Friday night on the Cities Service Hour over NBC. No lyrics for this song have ever been written. It's up to you to supply them.

And that's not all! At some future date, Jessica will sing the lyrics which win first prize over an NBC network of stations. You can see how worthwhile this contest is and what fun you're going to get out of entering it.

But don't delay. Make good on your last chance. Mail your entries to Theme Song Contest Editor, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Don't forget the closing date is July 10, 1936.

THE RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Cities Service, The National Broadcasting Company and Radio Mirror.
2. To compete, write a set of lyrics—not over four verses in all—to fit the music of Miss Dragonette's Theme Song reproduced herewith.
3. DO NOT CLIP the music from the magazine. Write your words under the printed melody if you wish to be sure that the syllables fit the score, but copy them on a plain sheet of paper to submit to the contest judges. If you wish to copy the music also you may do so, but it is not required and will not increase the rating of your entry.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of literary merit, singability and suitability for Miss Dragonette's use over the air.
5. On this basis and in the order of their excellence, entries will be given the following awards: First Prize, \$100.00; Second Prize, \$50.00; Two Prizes, Each \$10.00; Six Prizes, Each \$5.00, and Twenty-five Prizes, Each \$2.00. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No entries will be returned.
6. The judges will be Miss Dragonette, Composer Rosario Bourdon and the Editor of Radio Mirror. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, July 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
8. Submit all entries by First Class Mail, addressing THEME SONG CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Jessica Dragonette is the star of the Cities Service Concert, with Rosario Bourdon conducting the orchestra—see page 53, Friday col.

First Prize	\$100.00
Second Prize	50.00
Two Prizes, Each \$10.00	20.00
Six Prizes, Each \$5.00	30.00
Twenty-Five Prizes, Each \$2.00	50.00
TOTAL, 35 PRIZES	\$250.00

WRITE LYRICS FOR JESSICA DRAGONETTE'S THEME SONG AND WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE \$250.00 IN PRIZES FOR THE BEST ENTRIES

Jessica Dragonette's Theme Song

Rosario Bourdon

CAN SAMUEL INSULL MAKE

HIS COMEBACK BY RADIO

ON April 2, 1934, a dramatic message was flashed from Istanbul, Turkey, to Chicago, United States of America.

BY JOHN SKINNER

"Regret to inform you that Sam is finished."

That Sam was Samuel Insull, the Englishman who started his career as a fourteen-year-old office boy at five shillings a week, built up a personal fortune of over \$100,000,000, became czar of a collection of public utilities companies capitalized at about \$4,000,000,000, and at seventy-four was an exile from his adopted country, accused of fleeing from charges of grand larceny, embezzlement, using the mails to defraud, and fraudulent bankruptcy.

Today he sits in an office in the Chicago Civic Opera Building, an edifice his money helped erect, the active head of the new middle-western radio network, the Affiliated Broadcasting Company.

It is evident that the man about whom the message was sent to his Chicago representatives on that April day two years ago, refuses to agree that he is finished.

Hundreds of bitter investors in his fallen utilities empire cheered when they learned that the former business manager of Thomas Alva Edison, after months of sanctuary in Greece, had finally been taken from the tramp freighter *Maiotis* by Turkish authorities and was being held at the disposal of the American Ambassador.

He was a broken man, with only shattered dreams to feed upon as the American Export freighter, *Exilona*, brought him back to the United States, to be held in jail for trial on the charges for which the Federal government had been trying so desperately to extradite him from Greece.

Fair weather friends deserted him right and left. The man who had dealt in such vast sums of money, who had sunk million after million of his own fortune in despairing efforts to save his tottering empire, was unable for some time to raise the initial bail of \$200,000 which had been set for him.

Yet all through the trials for the criminal acts of which he'd been accused, a few of his friends believed in him, had faith in the unquenchable fire of ambition which burned in him, were certain that his every effort had been honest and inspired.

These are the people, it is reported, who have raised the sum at which his new venture is capitalized, an amount just half of the bail originally set for him—\$100,000.

To a man who had been accustomed to dealing in millions of dollars, that seems a pathetically small amount with which to attempt to build a radio chain against the competition of such vast organizations as the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Despite that fact, he asserts that eighteen stations of the middle-west, the section of the country chiefly affected when his utilities domain crashed, have agreed to take his programs, stations in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana.

Can he make a go of it? Can he regain some of the money which brought him first so much respect and later such shame and bitterness?

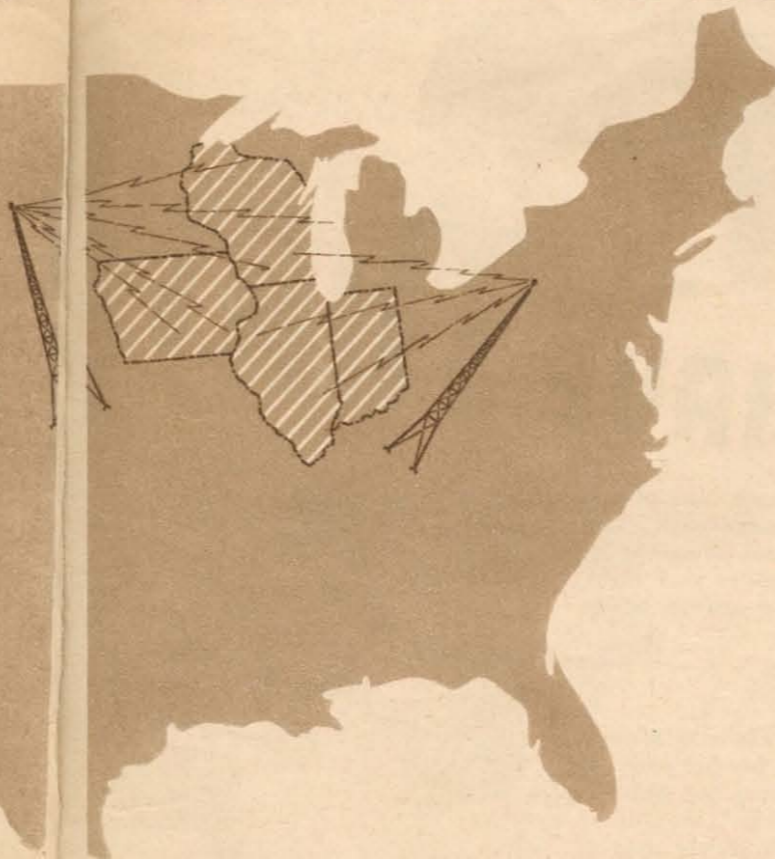
Ill though he was during his self-imposed exile and his trials, he is reported to be vigorous and intensely active in his new venture. His chances for success in the span of life which yet remains to him, can best be measured by knowing the stirring years he lived in making himself one of the country's most powerful men.

Regardless of anyone's personal opinion of Insull, his rise from the ranks of the poor to emperor of one of the greatest industrial systems of these times, stands out as one of the country's most remarkable success stories.



Wide World

Above, a map of the United States showing the four states in which the new Insull chain has purchased stations. Known as the Affiliated Broadcasting Company, it has opened offices in New York and Chicago, with Insull as the head.



IS THIS FORMER CZAR OF PUBLIC UTILITIES FINDING ANOTHER POT OF GOLD IN THE PRESIDENCY OF A NEW BROADCASTING NETWORK?

London, where he was born November 11, 1859, Insull studied bookkeeping and stenography at night. His studies gained him a part time position with E. H. Johnson, London representative of Edison. In 1880, Johnson was called to America, and to young Insull was delegated the task of sending reports to the inventor.

So impressed was Edison by the manner in which these reports were presented, that he sent for Insull. On February 28, 1881, the future magnate arrived in New York City. That night he had dinner with Edison and started working for him that evening. He stayed with him eleven years, during which time he put to use many of the inventor's creations.

At the end of that period, he began unifying the Chicago public utilities companies in a series of consolidations which resulted in such amazing achievements as the laying, in 1931, of a 1,000 mile natural gas pipe line from Texas.

Though friends evidently have enough faith in Samuel Insull to provide \$100,000 for his new organization, it is admitted that his financial genius is not so great that it cannot be bested. Some attribute the beginning of his downfall to the activities of Cyrus Stephen Eaton.

In the spring of 1930, Eaton walked into Insull's office, and after an exchange of courtesies, suddenly revealed that by a long campaign of buying, he had gained virtual control of the stock of one of the most important organizations in the Insull chain, the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company. The market price was around \$200 a share. It cost Insull around \$350 a share to get it back, a price which is said to have made the total cost some \$4,500,000.

Stock issue after stock issue was brought out to keep his empire under control. As the market for his securities dropped, he put in the family's personal fortunes. There came the day when he needed between ten and twenty million dollars to meet his notes.

In April, 1932, the Middle West Utilities, with stock of \$3,000,000,000 went into bankruptcy. The Insull Utilities Investment Inc. and the Corporation Securities Company, capitalized at an additional \$500,000,000 soon followed.

By June, matters were beyond control. Martin Insull went to Canada and Samuel, with his wife, sailed for Europe. A great protest arose from investors who had lost money, and immediate demands for his return from Europe to stand trial began to be heard.

Four months later, the Cook County Grand Jury indicted the brothers on charges of embezzlement and larceny, alleging diversion of \$514,942.74 from two financing companies of their system to support a margin account operated by Martin.

Then began the long flight which lasted nearly two years. Certain that his enemies would not (Continued on page 85)

THE monuments to his power—huge lighting systems, structures such as the Chicago Civic Opera Building—stand as testimony to the wizardry of the man who went down to financial defeat under a succession of unprecedented, staggering financial blows.

Few people realize that for eleven years Samuel Insull was the trusted secretary and financial adviser of Thomas Edison. It was through the development of Edison's inventions that he began his operations in the utilities fields.

At fourteen, the son of an obscure prohibitionist agitator of the lower middle class in London, he worked as an office boy at five shillings a week.

At the peak of his power, he was a director in eighty-five companies, chairman of sixty-five, and president of eleven corporations operating in the fields of power, gas, traction, investment trust and finance. In 1930, he was sufficiently influential to be able to challenge the right of the American Ambassador in Berlin to make a speech critical of the conduct of utilities business.

He lived in magnificent homes, one of which was the amazing 4,600 acre model farm at Hawthorn, Ill.

In 1932 he lost control of the three largest of his companies when they went into bankruptcy. All the wealth of himself, his wife, his brother, Martin, and his son, Samuel Insull, Jr. was taken from him.

He was indicted on charges of embezzlement and grand larceny and became a fugitive in Europe, reputedly supported by three \$6,000 pensions accorded him by directors of three of his former operating companies.

Early in 1934, the doors of the Cook County, Illinois, jail clanged shut on what the world thought was a man who was completely and undeniably through. Yet today that same man is working sturdily in an effort to build the Affiliated Broadcasting Company into a profitable organization. His enthusiasm is evidence that the driving power he knew ever since youth, has come back to him.

While he was engaged in the five shilling a week job in



Chinning yourself, says Alice Frost (left), is grand for developing the arms and chest. Alice is the girl stooge on Columbia's Camel Caravan.

RADIO LASSES FIND BEAUTY IN EXERCISE—TRY IT FOR THOSE EXTRA CHINS AND SAGGING WAISTS

How TO HAVE THAT PERFECT FIGURE

Deane Janis' way of licking a double chin: clasp hands back of your head; drop chin on your chest; pull head upward slowly.



Bernice Claire of Melodi-ana has two pet exercises for keeping her waistline slim. Below, she lies on the floor, slowly rises to a sitting posture without bending her knees, touches her toes. Left, bend from the hips, force arms back.

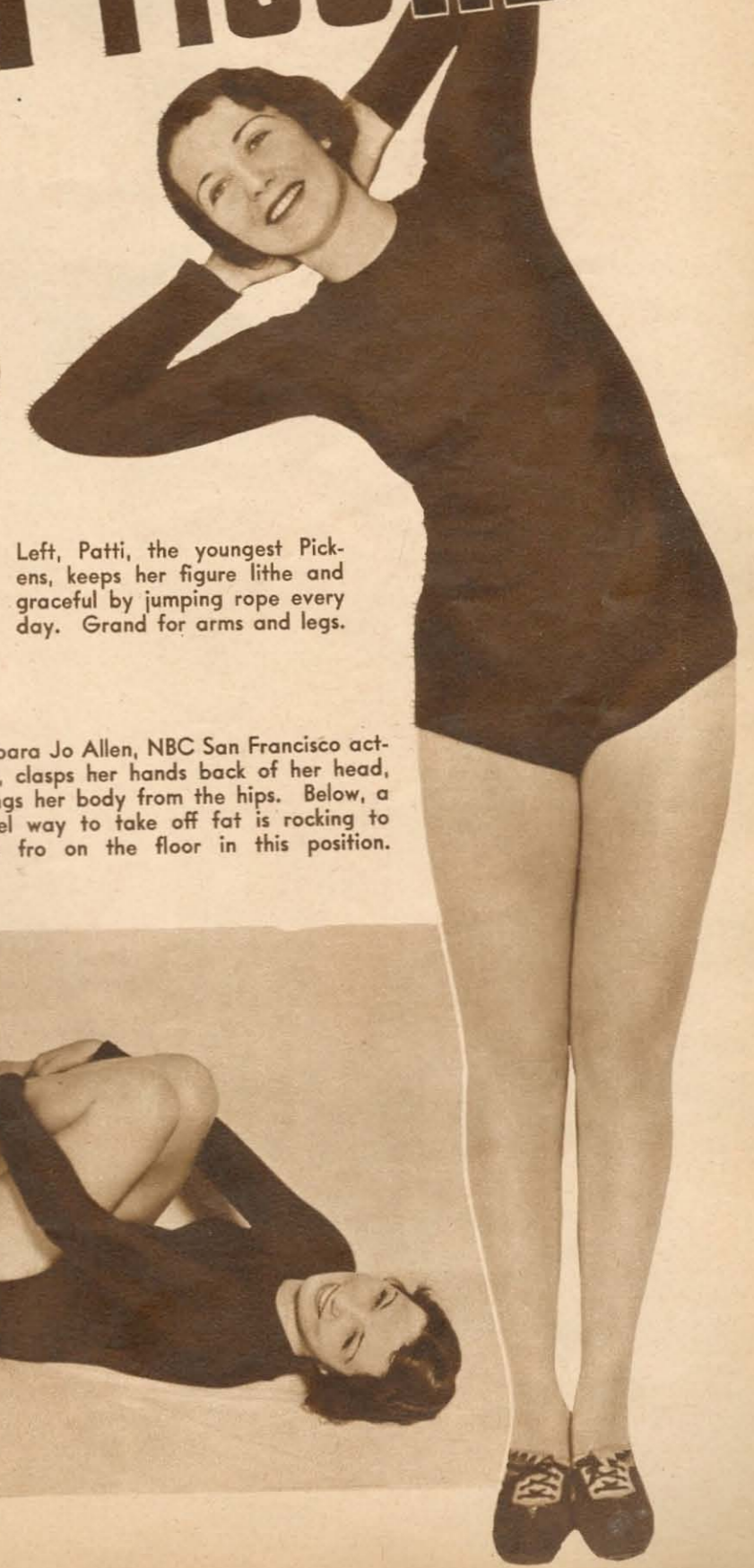


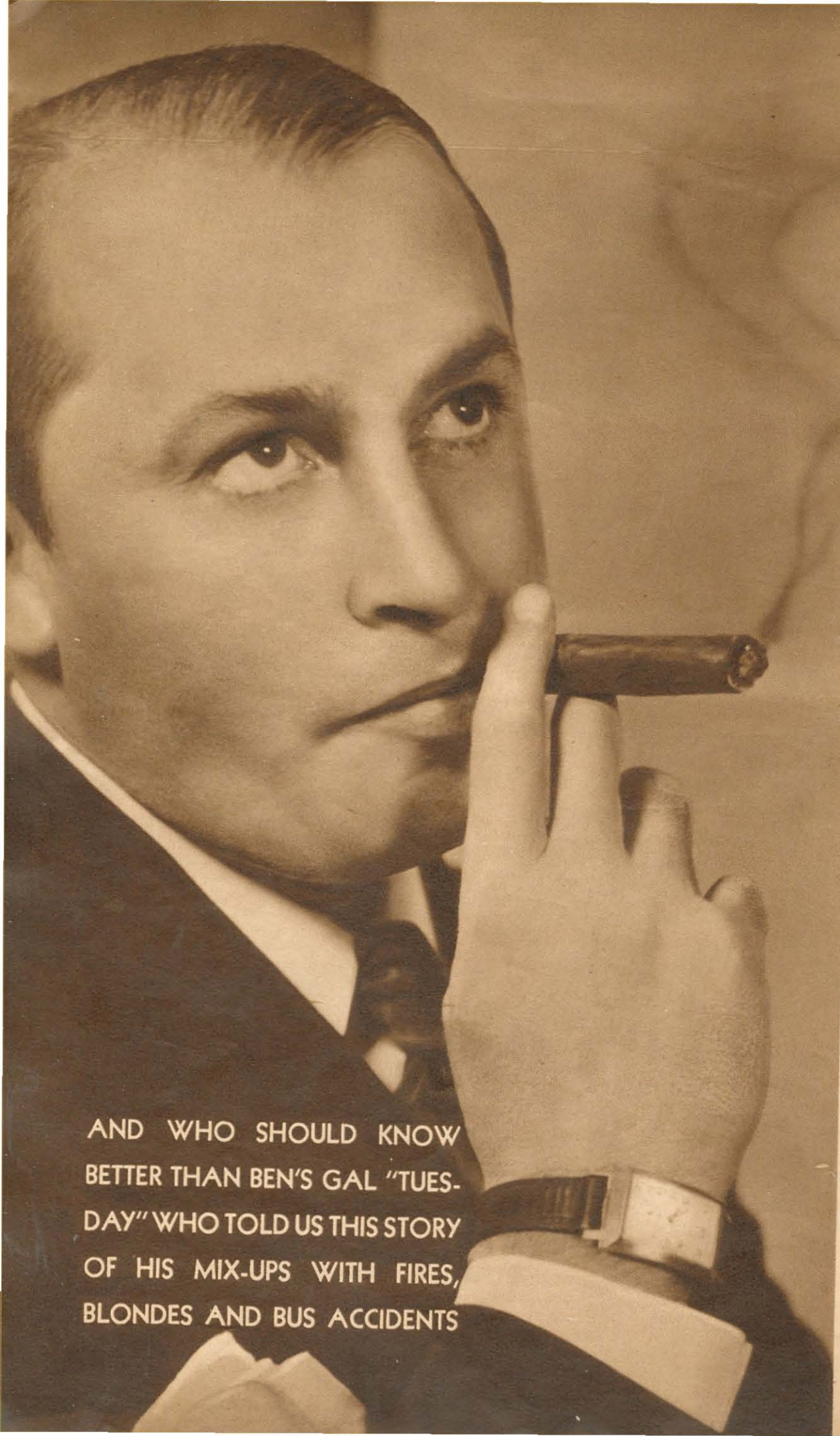
PERFECT FIGURE

Left, Patti, the youngest Pickens, keeps her figure lithe and graceful by jumping rope every day. Grand for arms and legs.



Barbara Jo Allen, NBC San Francisco actress, clasps her hands back of her head, swings her body from the hips. Below, a novel way to take off fat is rocking to and fro on the floor in this position.





AND WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN BEN'S GAL "TUESDAY" WHO TOLD US THIS STORY OF HIS MIX-UPS WITH FIRES, BLONDES AND BUS ACCIDENTS

BEN BERNIE'S Always In A JAM!

BY JACK SHER

THE Old Maestro was in a bad way. Yowsah! Ben Bernie sat on the edge of the bed, a dead cigar in his mouth, and stared ruefully at the flowered rug on the floor. He was in another mess. His secretary had just left him to have a fling at matrimony, and everything was going to pot. Sheet music was strewn about the floor everywhere; unfinished business contracts and an income tax report were in a heap on the bed behind him; his dresser drawers had been converted into a filing cabinet. Ben had been having a try at managing his own affairs and he was in a hopeless spot.

Into this scene walked Eleanore Smith. For three years she had been quietly and efficiently holding down a job as secretary to Judge Kavanaugh, of the Chicago Superior Court. The judge had decided to retire, and Eleanore was looking for a job. She took a quick glance around the room, and then started for the door.

"Wait a minute!" cried Ben, jumping to his feet. "Are you the gal that Judge Kavanaugh sent to see me?"

"Yes," Eleanore had to admit, "I'm the gal."

Now Ben was, and still is, a fast talker. His years on the air have done him no harm along this line. He knew Eleanore's reputation for efficiency, and realized she was just what he needed. He looked so dejected, and talked so convincingly, that Eleanore decided to give the job a try for one week. That was three years ago.

Today Eleanore Smith is a changed girl. She is a dyed in the wool trooper. Her past three years have been spent "living out of a suitcase" and she has traveled over eighty-five thousand miles with Ben and the lads. Eleanore is not only the Old Maestro's secretary, but also his business manager and publicity agent! Bernie calls her "His Gal Tuesday" and she knows more about the Yowsah man than he does about himself! She has, in the last three years, helped him out of more jams than the ordinary man would get into in a lifetime!

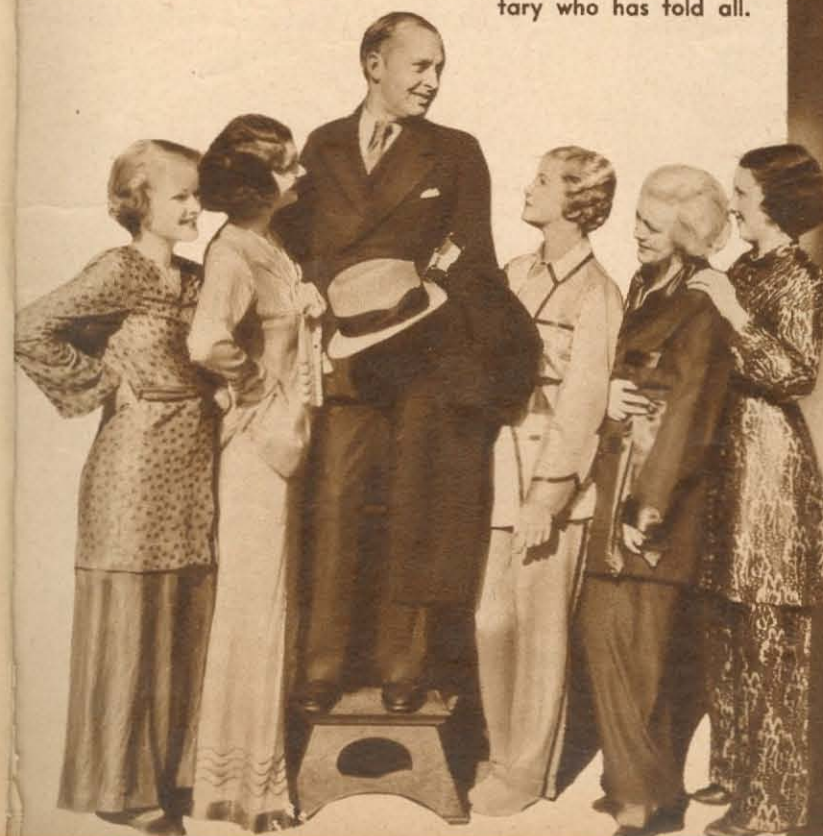
Even before talking to Eleanore, I had, like most people, heard or read about Ben Bernie's numerous idiosyncrasies, such as carrying a pair of scissors with which to clip the ends of his cigars; buying cast-off race horses; eating raw hamburger sandwiches; and heckling Winchell.

Conversing with Eleanore threw a new light on the Old Maestro. Not only did I learn about the situations Ben gets into, but I also learned *why* Ben gets into so much trouble. And he does. Believe me. But Eleanore continues to get along with Ben. She knows his background and understands these peculiarities of his.

I found her in the cocktail room of the Hotel St. Moritz. She had just returned from an engagement with the band in Miami, and was preparing to leave that night for Detroit. She should have been six other places doing a number of important things, but Eleanore (Continued on page 74)

For Ben Bernie, sponsored by the American Can Co., see page 52.

Ben arrived in Hollywood not knowing what fate had in store. At the right, the secretary who has told all.



If you were constantly ill, and felt that life held nothing for you. . . .

If you were idle, and the loneliest person alive. . . .

If you felt that you would go mad unless something pulled you out of the morass of self-pity into which you had sunk. . . .

And your husband completely changed his mode of living, his friends, his work, even, to help you fight your way back and be happy, how would you feel?

You'd be crazy about him forever, wouldn't you? Well, that's how Margaret Livingston Whiteman feels about Paul. For Paul did all that for her.

You've never heard the inside story of the first year of Whiteman's marriage to charming, titian haired, lovely Margaret Livingston. It has never been told before. We'll let Mrs. Whiteman tell it, just as she told it to me.

You see her today. Tall, slim, willowy, the picture of health and life, interested in everyone and everything. If you had seen her four years ago, shortly after her marriage to Paul, you would have been shocked. She was pale, nervous, usually drowsy.

"When I married Paul," Margaret Whiteman said, "I was accustomed to being on the go eighteen hours a day."

For Margaret

Livingston was a personality in her own right. She had a glittering, successful career on the Coast as a motion picture actress. She earned an excellent salary; she was accustomed to plenty of attention from men; and she had a tremendous circle of friends on the Coast.

Now all this was gone. Instead, all she had was bleak idleness, for she had given up her career to accompany Paul on a vaudeville tour he was making.

"I rarely saw Paul," she told me. "He had five shows a day. He'd get through at the theater at 11:30 P. M. By the time he took off his make-up and chatted with the boys it was one o'clock. He slept until eight or nine in the morning. There was always the mayor of the town to meet; ar-

rangements to be made with the local union for relief musicians; interviews; photographs to be taken. Every morning Paul held auditions for the youth of America, to pick out the young person with the most talent in each city we visited. In between times, he had rehearsals for his weekly radio program for Pontiac.

"I would sit and wait all day long for him to come back to the hotel, so we could have dinner together. Sometimes he could make it, more often he couldn't."

Each week Paul's band played another city. (Continued on page 66)

Hidden Moments in their lives

BY

MARY JACOBS

PAUL WHITEMAN THREW HIS CAREER INTO THE BALANCE FOR THE SAKE OF HIS BRIDE'S LIFE

Margaret Livingston Whiteman is happy and well now—but she might not be alive today if Paul hadn't turned down profitable tours to give her the kind of home life she needed. See page 52 for Paul's Woodbury Varieties program.



SHELL CHATEAU'S SMITH BALLEW

Meet Smith Ballew (left), radio's newest master of ceremonies. Since Al Jolson left, he's head man on Shell Chateau Saturday nights. He was born in Texas, and is six feet six inches tall. During broadcasts he wears a silk hat, making him an even seven feet. You'll see him with Frances Langford in the picture, "Palm Springs." . . . Phil Regan (below) also broke into movies via radio. His current picture's called "Laughing Irish Eyes;" current radio show is Ken Murray's Rinso program. He isn't superstitious and signed his present contract on Friday the thirteenth; he's single but admits he'd like to be married; has black hair and hazel eyes. . . . Left, below, is Benny Fields, co-star of Fanny Brice on CBS' Ziegfeld Follies. With his wife, Blossom Seeley, Benny was for years a vaudeville headliner, but after vaudeville began to decline hard times hit them and it was several years before Benny got a new start, alone, in a night club. He always carries the cane.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



BENNY FIELDS OF THE FOLLIES



SINGER-ACTOR PHIL REGAN

PRESENTING THIS MONTH'S RISING STARS—THREE RADIO ROMEO'S

Jean Dickenson (below) is the newest recruit to Hollywood Hotel, Fridays at nine on CBS. Her coloratura soprano voice is the result of long training, though she's only 22 now. She was born in Canada, lived in India as a child, went to school in Denver, and came to radio through the interest of Lily Pons . . . Another Hollywood Hotel resident is Kenneth Niles (right), its announcer and pinch-hitter for Dick Powell during the latter's illness. He's a graduate of the University of Washington, got his start over KHJ in Los Angeles, is married and the proud dad of a few-months-old son.



ANNOUNCER
KEN NILES

PAGEANT OF

Eve Arden, Ken Murray's feminine stooge on his Tuesday night program, is both decorative and funny. She's from California where she began her stage work, and has acted in Broadway shows.



KEN MURRAY
AND STOGE

NEW HOLLYWOOD
HOTEL MISS



AUTHOR—
HOME-
MAKER
DEANE

Left, Martha Deane, which is the radio name of Mary Margaret McBride, well known writer. As a homemaking expert, she's a feature of WOR and the Mutual network, has been lauded by the Women's National Radio Committee for her air work. Unmarried, she lives in an apartment on Park Avenue . . . Below, Cliff Arquette in makeup for Sheriff Luke Ferguson, his Welcome Valley character on NBC. He has been in radio ten years and played every kind of character part . . . Right, below, Santos Ortega, who plays Jim in NBC's Magic Voice serial. He is of Spanish descent, and for a long time played nothing but dialect roles in radio, since nobody knew he spoke good English.



CLIFF ARQUETTE

SANTOS ORTEGA

THE AIRWAVES

Rudy Vallee heard the Stewart Sisters when he was on the west coast last summer, and brought them to New York to sing on his variety program. Left to right, they're Judy (blonde), Jean (brunette), and Julie (auburn haired). They're not really all sisters, though—Julie and Judy are, but Jean's last name is Dugart. They're all unmarried.



RUDY'S TRIO
OF SIRENS

Frances Starr (right) is the newest member of the Roy Campbell Royalists, and is also featured on Major Bowes' Capitol Family Sunday shows on NBC. She's the only member of the Royalists not from Kansas—Alabama is her state. She is auburn haired, unmarried, spent two years training her voice abroad, where she appeared in theaters in both Italy and England.



ROYALISTS' SINGER

He's "UNCLE" to THOUSANDS

BY CHARLES GILCHREST



TWENTY-FIVE years ago Walter Wilson sang and played piano at the old Ellis Theater at Forty-third Street and Ellis Avenue in Chicago. The house seated two hundred and fifty patrons who paid one nickel each to see the show. Few would remember Walter Wilson, the song and piano man.

But literally thousands in the Midwest know and love Walter Wilson in his present role as radio's Uncle Bob. When the portly and genial Mr. Wilson walks along Chicago streets, urchins and matrons alike hail him with a cheery, "Hello, Uncle Bob." He replies to each, stops and visits with all who will tarry.

Educators have commended him and governors have come to him for advice regarding proposed safety campaigns in the schools of their states.

For all know that Uncle Bob is really more than a genial friend of young and old alike. He is a life saver, actually. For his "Curb is the Limit" radio club to which 804,000 boys and girls now belong has really saved the lives of some of those exuberant children.

Here is only one example of the many cases in which Uncle Bob has saved the lives of children. But first you must understand something of Walter Wilson's character and the work to which he has devoted the last twelve years.

Well along into middle age Walter is not all the actor type. Uncle is a perfect description of him. He beams and

Above is Walter Wilson with the mail that pours in from his The Curb's The Limit Club. Right, on one of the picnics he gives to kids of Chicago.

grins his way through life. His portly frame is never garbed in the latest of fashion. Clothes serve to keep him warm and assuage his modesty, not flatter his vanity. Money? There were times when Walter worked for money. But that was many years ago. He has saved carefully, lives frugally and doesn't need any more money. Now the lure of money can't swerve him from his purpose to save the lives of children and to help them grow up into sturdy and staunch citizens. No doubt he could make more money by allowing the promiscuous sponsoring by business of his broadcasts. He has such a huge audience that big business has often tried to buy his services for its own ends. The tantalizing lure of national network broadcasting has been held before his eyes. A national network would give him many times the number of listeners he now has.

But, like the sponsorship for money, the network for widespread fame would rob him of something vital to him. In the first place he and Mrs. Wilson read and answer all his fan mail personally.

**Uncle Bob's
Curb is the
Limit Club
is on station
WIND daily
at 5:30 P. M.**

"Oh, sure, I could hire someone to do it," explains Uncle Bob. "I could hire a staff and then I wouldn't have to read any (Continued on page 78)



**MEET RADIO'S ONLY UNCLE
BOB, WHO'D RATHER SAVE
A LIFE THAN GET A SPON-
SORED NETWORK SHOW**

NIGHT CLUB Child

JUST turned eighteen and already a star on Paul Whiteman's radio show—played in the movies when she was seven—danced in a night club when she was twelve—so pretty that after she visited West Point not long ago all the plebes began smuggling radios into their rooms so they could listen to her. . . . I was afraid before I ever set eyes on Durelle Alexander that I knew exactly what she'd be like.

She'd be cute, I told myself—so terribly, painfully cute. And she'd be either wide-eyed and innocent or embarrassingly sophisticated. Whichever it turned out to be, innocence or sophistication, it was bound to be phoney. I was just enough of a pessimist to know beforehand that too much movie work and too many night clubs and too much admiration had killed the naturalness of that child before she ever started to become a young lady.

That's what I thought. Well, I'm glad to be able to tell you how very wrong I was.

The story Durelle and her mother told me, between them, proves once more that you can't lay down rules about life. A given cause doesn't always have the same effect. Durelle, curled up in a big chair in one of the Radio City reception rooms, in her background all those influences most of us would object to for our own children, was as sweet, as utterly unspoiled, as any high school girl; and in addition she had a poise the average girl her age hasn't yet attained.

There is so much back of the bare fact that she danced in a night club floor show before she was in her 'teens—a father whose eyesight was in danger, the need for the money she earned, most of all a mother who was wise enough to trust her daughter's good judgment of the things

she saw and the people she met.

Other mothers in Dallas, where the little family was living at the time, shook their heads and clicked their tongues in alarm, and Durelle's school mates reflected the attitude of their elders by giving her sidelong glances and showing plainly that they considered her not quite one of them, but Durelle and her parents were wiser than them all. It's not easy to ignore public opinion, but they did it.

Perhaps Mrs. Alexander might not have been so sure she was doing the right thing in allowing Durelle to work in the night club if the child hadn't already proved her ability to spot pitfalls and neatly avoid them.

When Durelle was seven, the family was living in Los Angeles, and one day a scout from a motion picture company saw Durelle on the street with her mother. He asked them to register at his studio, and that is how Durelle's career began. She worked in a few pictures, showing so much talent that both Mr. and Mrs. Alexander lost their first instinctive objections and decided to let her follow her natural bent.

Sitting in casting offices, watching other children and their mothers, it didn't take Durelle long, even then, to see what was good and what was bad. She steadfastly refrained from picking up any of the precocious airs with which other children often showed off before casting directors. Gravely she watched a few displays of temperament. And one day she said to her mother, who is as tiny as Durelle, and sweeter than she is impressive:

"Mother, I hope you never act like those other mothers—trying to push me ahead of other kids. I'd rather I didn't get jobs than have you get like that."

That seven-year-old utterance sums up, very concisely, the philosophy which Durelle still has today. She'd still rather keep her self respect than be a big success.

For the five years the Alexanders remained in California, Durelle went on working occasionally in pictures or in some of the children's revues which crop up every now and then in Los Angeles theaters. With the money she earned, her parents paid for her dancing and singing lessons. Then misfortune sent them back to their home state of Texas. Mr. Alexander's eyesight became mysteriously affected, doctor bills ate up most of their savings, and in the sudden move they lost their Los Angeles home. They settled in Dallas, hoping that doctors there might be able to cure the father.

It isn't too much to say that Durelle's earnings in the night club and later in vaudeville tours were the family's mainstay in those days. She was going to school all the time, too.

You mustn't suppose that Durelle didn't like working in the night club, because as a matter of fact she loved it. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Threatt, were good friends of the Alexanders, and Durelle and her mother had a dressing room to themselves. As night clubs go, it was a thoroughly well behaved and well run place. Even so, I imagine, Durelle saw and heard enough things to make her decide she didn't want to drink or smoke—a decision she hasn't altered yet.

Not once has either Durelle or her mother lost sight of the fundamental principles upon which a happy life must be built. That, really, is the reason she is so unspoiled today. They told me of a vaudeville tour through the southwest Durelle went on when she was thirteen. The manager of the tour wanted Durelle in his troupe, but he saw no reason why Mrs. Alexander should go along. Durelle quietly gave up the idea of going at all, and eventually the manager agreed to take her mother, too—not very graciously, because he was afraid of stage mothers. They were always fussing about something, he complained, wanted their kids' acts changed or didn't want them changed, didn't like their hotel rooms, objected to the billing— (Continued on page 57)



Ben Pinchot



Starting below—the evolution of a star. Durelle at one; two and a half, and eleven years. Opposite, a recent portrait.



AT TWELVE PAUL WHITEMAN'S DURELLE
DANCED FOR PAY, YET SHE NEVER LOST
HER SWEETNESS. THERE'S A REASON—

For Durelle, tune in Paul Whiteman's Variety hour, sponsored by Woodbury's—page 52.

By
DAN WHEELER

Of course you've heard the story of the woman (if you happen to be a man, maybe you married her!) who bought a handkerchief so pretty she had to go out and buy a dress, and a hat, and shoes, and stockings, and gloves, and a bag, and a coat to go with it. Not that it wasn't a good idea. I'm sure that by the time she finished, she had achieved the chic she sought.

LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

BY RUTH GERI

Right, the Havrillas' rock garden was landscaped with earth excavated when their house was built. Careful balancing of plants and rotation of flowers keep the garden looking bright even in late November. Below, Alois on stairs leading up from the Colonial hall. Below right, that piece of furniture beside Alois is a cleverly disguised radio set—a Sheraton rosewood cabinet, topped with a Sevres vase, and with an Arabian rug behind it. The rest of the furniture in the room is modern, though.

But what I started out to say is that her example might be followed by the ambitious home-maker with very telling results.

Alois Havrilla and the charming Mrs. Havrilla followed somewhat closely the shopping lady's course, and a more lovely and comfortable home than they've finally created you'd never find.

Instead of a handkerchief, Mrs. Havrilla inherited some priceless furnishings from her New England ancestors. She, her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother were born in New Haven, Connecticut, and from the great-grandmother (who had inherited them from her ancestors) a few pieces of almost indescribable loveliness came down until finally they were Mrs. Havrilla's.

So five years ago, when Alois and his wife cast about for a home near New York, they were faced with the problem of finding a place suitable as a setting for Mrs. Havrilla's heirlooms. Not an easy task by any means. Indeed, so difficult did it prove that they built their present home in Englewood, N. J. specifically for the purpose. It is nearly a replica of Mrs. Hav-

rilla's ancestral Connecticut home, a typical nineteenth century house adapted to twentieth century occupancy.

In Englewood the Havrilla rose and rock gardens are matters of considerable community pride, and they've won more than their share of prizes. A nice balance has been achieved between greens and flowering perennials and annuals so that even in bleak late November the rock garden never looks barren. The flowers are rotated so that the color scheme varies through the seasons—first pink, then yellow and blue, and finally blue.

"At first, we had a lot of trouble with our rock garden," Mrs. Havrilla said, "because the soil is so acid.

"We found, though (and here is a tip for amateur gardeners) that if it is well covered in the winter with salt grass and peat moss, the trouble will correct itself."

If you are near the seashore you can gather any quantity of salt grass from the dunes, or it may be obtained from a nursery, for they nearly all carry it in stock now.

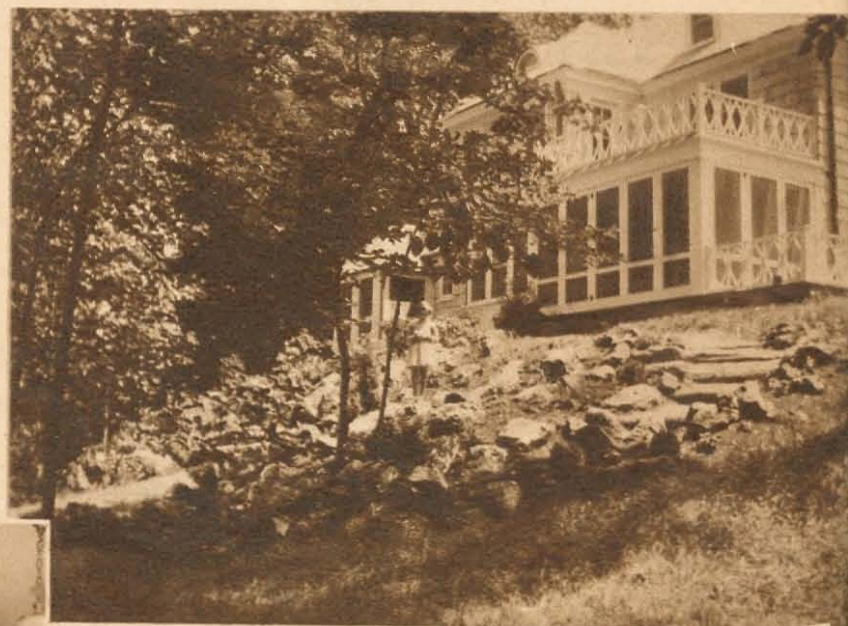
A quantity of tree stumps, left when the land was cleared for the Havrilla home, are

beautifully decorative, covered with masses of crimson rambler roses and honeysuckle vines. Indeed, when you visit the Havrilla house, you find it sort of difficult to get inside. Not that the Havrillas aren't hospitable, but it's so lovely outside you're prone to linger.

The interior just "grew" to accommodate the furniture. The north wall of the living room, (Continued on page 77)

WHAT TO DO WITH THOSE ANTIQUES IN
NEED OF REFINISHING—OR UGLY BACK
YARDS—OR MISFIT RADIO SETS! LET
ALOIS HAVRILLA SUGGEST SOME TIPS

Photos of the interior made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World



Alois Havrilla announces some of the big shows of the air, such as the Ford Waring hour and Whiteman's Varieties—page 52

Left, the only spots of dark color in the light and cheerful living room are the drapes, of a blue to match the picture Mrs. Havrilla just couldn't give up. Left, below, "Grandma's room" was built around the old cheval glass and the chest of drawers Alois refinished himself by a process described in the story. Below, those chairs in the library are 350-year-old kitchen chairs, refinished after all the layers of ancient paint had been scraped off. The panelling in the room is ordinary pine.



WHY COMEDIANS ALWAYS MARRY

EACH OF THEM HAS A REASON YOU NEVER SUSPECTED THAT

WE'VE figured the percentages. We've studied the statistics. And comedians rate the all-time-low for single blessedness. You can't find a business or profession where there are so few bachelors or bachelorettes.

Why? Just what is there about the life of a comic that makes him so susceptible to marriage? What qualities draw the funny men and women so irresistibly to love? Can there really be something about this occupation that differentiates its followers from other people?

We decided the only way to find out was to ask the comedians themselves. We questioned Fred Allen, critical satirist; Fanny Brice, shower-upper of human types; Walter O'Keefe, maker of witty nonsense; Eddie Dowling, smart Alec of domestic difficulties; and Jack Benny, a friendly funster. We asked each of them how he fell in love, how he was married, what marriage meant to him, and the relation of all these things to his being a comic.

Let's go through all this evidence together. Let's examine the romance of Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa—of Fanny Brice and Billy Rose—of Walter O'Keefe and Roberta Robinson—of Eddie Dowling and Ray Dooley—of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone and see if we can discover why comedians always marry.

That reserved, lonely poker-face, Fred Allen, the master of Town Hall, writes all his own

sketches. What you hear over the radio is a direct expression of Allen himself. His creation is satire, the sharp, sometimes biting wit of a man who stands apart, analyzes, dissects.

In real life Fred Allen is an ascetic and a student. He's the only actor we've ever met who isn't an exhibitionist. Audience-contact means nothing to him. He would rather talk to a metal mike than a theater full of enthusiastic

BY
GLADYS
OAKS

Jack Benny (left below) married when he realized his need for the companionship of Mary Livingstone. At the right below, Walter O'Keefe was after escape from realities when he was married.



REVEALS THEIR TRUE CHARACTERS AS NOTHING ELSE COULD

listeners, no matter how loudly they might laugh and applaud.

He avoids interviews and social functions. His only extravagance is his huge collection of books. Though he has plenty of money these days, he lives in the simplest sort of apartment and writes in a bare room whose only furnishings are the tools of his trade—a chair, a table, a typewriter. And his wife!

He was thirty-four when he met Portland Hoffa. An in-

hibited man, solitary and satirical. He was playing in "Vogues of 1927," an uproarious star thousands of effete New Yorkers clamored to see. Yet all this brought him only the cool satisfaction of work well done. He didn't seem to be able to want the compensations other men value.

His parents had died when he was small, and he'd been brought up by an aunt. He'd been unable to manage the college education that was his ambition. The sweetheart he'd counted on marrying had jilted him for a Harvard man when Fred was on tour in Australia.

He didn't trust experience any too much, and he got both satisfaction and revenge for his deprivations by poking fun at anything and everything. And he was screamingly funny! Unsmiling, bland, he convulsed his audiences with laughter.

During an afternoon rehearsal he noticed a dark-haired, big-blue-eyed girl standing in the wings. She watched him all the time he rehearsed. Usually he was irritated by this sort of attention. But there was something about her that made him like feeling her eyes on him.

It wasn't her young prettiness—he'd seen plenty of that—nor even her vitality. She seemed to have so much serenity and quiet. She made him feel something he'd missed since he was a child. He wanted to come nearer to the stillness in her and the (Continued on page 58)

Left, Portland Hoffa furnished Fred Allen with the buffer from the world he disliked so they were married.



Left below, comedians Eddie Dowling and Ray Dooley were meant for each other because of their same nutty outlook on life. Below, right, are Fanny Brice and Billy Rose who's managed to boss her.



JANE PICKENS REVEALS HER SECRET FOR EASY

CLOTHES-DESIGNING

READ HOW ONE OF

AMERICA'S EIGHT BEST DRESSED WOMEN DESIGNS HER OWN CLOTHES!

By
MARY WATKINS REEVES

Photos made exclusively for

RADIO MIRROR by Ray Lee Jackson

TO pretty Jane Pickens, tallest and blondest of the three singing Pickens Sisters, has recently happened the most flattering thing that can happen to any girl who pays a lot of attention to her feminine frills and furbelows. The leading American designers who compose the famous Fashion Academy voted Jane one of the eight best-dressed women in these whole United States. They tacked two further distinctions to her honor, too—she's the youngest one of the eight and the only one who actually designs all her own clothes.

To pretty Sally Jones (or her mama) who reads this, there can happen the *very* swellest something I've ever found for the girl who has to limit the

uniqueness of her outfits to whatever individuality she can pick off the rack in a Budget Misses' shop or find in a cut-and-dried pattern:

You can design your clothes the same way Jane Pickens designs hers without being able either to sketch or sew. And what's more—you don't even have to have original ideas!

I always knew that one of these days Jane's wardrobe would attract the fame it deserved. I knew it from the snowy afternoon a long time ago when she suddenly decided at 1 P. M. to sail at 4 P. M. for a week-end cruise to Bermuda. She hadn't a hot-weather hat to her name, she hadn't time to shop for one, and she wasn't a bit perturbed about it. I watched in amazement while she dug out a four-year-old blue bako, dampened and pressed its floppy brim into shape and set it on the radiator to dry while she packed, took the navy cord off Patti's bathrobe and basted it around the crown of the hat in a soft bow—and sailed with as perky and smart a straw in her luggage as Bermuda saw that season!

Dumfounded, I asked her, "Where'd you get the idea for that hat?"

"I cribbed it," she told me simply and laughed. "I saw one almost exactly like it last Sunday in the *Times*."

That—rare secret—is how one of the best-dressed women in America got that way!

Now Jane, by her own admission, can hardly sew the strap on a slip and get it to look right. She doesn't like to sew, she doesn't try. She can't draw a simple Peter Pan collar and make it recognizable for what it's supposed to be. She doesn't have sufficient leisure to pay the attention to clothes and (Continued on page 87)

Here are only a few of Jane's original costumes. The evening cape is black with vertical strips of plain and quilted taffeta. The Grecian evening gown is emerald green with sash and cape of two-toned chiffon, red and green. Jane's suit is dark gray tweed with plaid shirt and accessories of dark green. Just how Jane went about creating the street dress on the right, is described in the story.





Left, the Eight Lovely Girls, who join Lennie Hayton's orchestra and The King's Men in supplying the music for Ed Wynn's program, Tuesday nights at 9:30 over NBC.

Below, Jack Hylton, who came over from his native England last fall and remained to direct his band in NBC's Real Silk show Sunday nights.



Walter Siegal

HELP YOURSELF TO NEWS ABOUT THE MAESTROS, INSTRUMENTALISTS, AND SOLOISTS OF FOOT-TAPPING RHYTHM

facing the music

HERE'S a chance to see how your judgment of jazz bands compares with that of the jazz band musicians themselves. Not long ago a musicians' magazine polled its readers, asking them to vote for what they considered the best sweet band, the best swing band, and the favorite band of any type. Results showed that in swing

bands Benny Goodman was way up in the lead, far ahead of his closest competitor, Casa Loma. Jimmy Dorsey, Bing Crosby's leader, was in third place among the swingsters. In the sweet bands, Ray Noble got first place, followed closely by Guy Lombardo and Hal Kemp. The favorite bands were Benny Goodman again, Casa Loma, Ray Noble,

Paul Whiteman, Hal Kemp, Jimmy Lunceford and Duke Ellington. How do you feel about the result? The probabilities are that if you like swing music Benny Goodman will also be your favorite.

THE way Benny Goodman has pushed up into the top rating is one of those almost overnight affairs. Two years ago Benny was unknown to the general public, playing clarinet on radio dates. Then he formed his own band and got a commercial. Do you recall the "Let's Dance" program which ran for three hours Saturday nights? Benny's band was one of the three on that spot. We next hear of Benny out at the Congress Hotel in Chicago where he was no less than a sensation, giving swing recitals every Sunday afternoon. And followed his Elgin Watch commercial. If you want to hear the musicians' favorite band, listen in on Benny and note his remarkable clarinet figures. Every man in his group is an artist, especially that swell swing drummer, Gene Krupa.

THERE are certainly a lot of eligible bachelors among the maestros and since this is Leap Year something ought to be done. Just to name a few, we find Bob Crosby,

Jack Denny's one of New York's healthiest bandsmen—and looks it. You hear his orchestra from the French Casino over CBS.



season and buying the drinks. Most of the boys are enthusiastic golf hounds and play together at every opportunity. George Olsen and Ben Bernie will ride for miles just to play a few rounds. They both shoot in the low eighties and are a good match. Jack Little, Abe Lyman, Paul Whiteman, and Nick Lucas all shoot in the eighties. Bing Crosby is one of the best golfers on the Coast, shooting in the seventies. Walter Donaldson, the song writer, gets all of his ideas for songs out on the course. It's a great life.

ONE of the recent Paul Whiteman broadcasts almost came to grief. While one of the boys was standing up so as to be closer to the mike, the player back of him slipped a low pan of water in his seat. When the tooter sat down he cut loose with an exclamation which almost caused a riot—and all this mind you, while the band was on the air. The "old man," (Paul's nick name) was very, very mad. But boys will be boys. On another occasion, someone slipped a lighted firecracker in the bell of a trombone while its owner was playing a solo. It wasn't April first, either. What was said on that occasion is not fit to print.

Showing how two more orchestra leaders keep themselves fit. Florence Richardson and Vincent Lopez treat themselves to a stiff workout under Trainer Artie McGovern's watchful eye.



Wide World

Ruby Newman, Henry King, Orville Knapp, Vincent Lopez, Abe Lyman, Vincent Travers, Carl Hoff, Richard Himber, Benny Goodman. Step up girls, and look them over. The handsomest of the lot are Henry King, Bob Crosby and Ruby Newman. The richest is Abe Lyman but he's probably the most gun shy of all. Come to think of it, Abe was married once, when he was just beginning in the band business out in California. The marriage lasted three days and Abe vowed never again. But you never can tell.

THIS summer the orchestra leaders will conduct another golf tournament, comparing scores at the end of the

NBC and CBS finally set their jaws and banned the use of "Gloomy Sunday," but you can still hear it, if you really want to, on Hal Kemp's Mutual network programs. Until it was banned by the other two networks, we had a suspicion that all this talk about "Gloomy Sunday's" suicide-provoking powers was nothing but a clever publicity build-up, but now we're not so sure. Maybe there is something in it, after all. The tune seems harmless enough, and the words not so terrible either, but it's said to have caused eighteen suicides in Vienna before it crossed the water to the United States, and there's a suspicion that it has been responsible for two (Continued on page 69)

Parisian Beauty

ALA

RACHEL CARLAY

Rachel Carlay sings in both French and English on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, with Dr. Lyons' Toothpowder sponsoring—see page 52, Sunday col.



LET MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND'S STAR
TELL YOU HOW SHE BRINGS THE CHARM OF
PARIS' FAMOUS BOULEVARDS INTO RADIO

BY JOYCE ANDERSON

HOW do French women maintain their world-wide reputation for loveliness? Why are so many of our descriptive phrases of feminine charm and fashion borrowed in their entirety from the French language? Ah, there's a reason, and I found out a lot about it this month when Rachel Carlay, star of Sunday night's Manhattan Merry-Go-Round (very lovely and very, very French!) and I got together one day to decide just what it is that American girls lack—and just what advantages they have, too, over European women.

"Really," says Rachel, "your American girls are much more beautiful. But they are all alike. The Frenchwoman does not worry so much about being more beautiful than the next person, but she does try to be different, to be original and distinctive. Even in such little matters as

having an inexpensive, ready-to-wear dress altered slightly so that it is becoming just to her and not to fifty other girls who may be wearing the same style."

And, when we got right down to it and started analyzing, we decided that the main difference was psychological. Actually, we Americans often spend more money on our cosmetics and costumes than any Frenchwoman, but we forget to think and feel beauty while we are doing it. We paint a lovely picture on our faces—and forget to keep that picture alive, alert and interesting.

"Charm and personality have always been so much more important than physical beauty," Rachel observed, with one of her indescribably French and fascinating little gestures. "There is your marvelous Helen Hayes, for instance. Tiny, with no really classical features at all, yet she can give the illusion of great loveliness. She can be anybody, adapt herself to any mood or period on the stage—and she's divine! It is, of course, the illusion that counts, and she could be surrounded by dozens of professional beauties whom no one would notice while they were watching Miss Hayes."

The French singer smiled reminiscently. "One of my earliest beauty secrets was psychological, and I got it from my Parisian mother, who died when I was just fourteen. 'Smile when you go to sleep,' she used to whisper tenderly. To this very day, I never go to sleep without smiling, without thinking to myself that life is good. I even say to myself, before I go to sleep, 'I am beautiful, I am beautiful,' until I almost believe it! But, think beauty and you will be more beautiful. Smile when you go to sleep and you will be smiling when you wake up—the day will be brighter and all things will go well with you. Think of the one you love, whether it is sweetheart or mother or friend, and you will smile and be happy—and more beautiful!"

"But not even an exceptionally beautiful girl should think only of her beauty. There are many lovely showgirls, but I have seen a number of them ruin promising careers because they walked on the stage with a posture, an expression, that cried: 'Look at me—am I not exquisite?'"

"There is so much difference between self-confidence and self-consciousness. Self-confidence you must have to be interesting. You yourself must (Continued on page 65)

Introducing Miss Priscilla Lane of the Fred Waring radio hour, who discovered while on tour this spring that it was as easy to dance as it was to sing. So follow her intricate steps of "Truck-in." And remember, "The High-hats are doing it, Park Avenuin' it, all over town, you'll see them scuffle-in . . ."

Bert Lawson



everybody's
truckin'

coast-to-coast highlights

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

TWENTY-TWO years ago Abe Lyman and Gus Arnheim were Chicago musicians. They took on a third chap, Jimmy Wilton, saxophonist, and became a three piece unit. Wilton has been with Lyman ever since . . . Bruce Kamman, who is Prof. Kaltenmeyer of Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, is also a member of the NBC production staff in Chicago . . . Irene Wicker telephoned Mary Pickford to get an interview for her Singing Lady Broadcasts. She apologized for having called Mary when they didn't know each other but Miss Pickford broke in: "Of course I know who you are. Why, I recognized your voice immediately." . . . There was quite a mixup in 1931 because there are two Eddie Dowlings and because the names Betty Compton and Betty Compson are so similar. One Eddie Dowling is the comedian, friend of President Roosevelt and has been broadcasting from Chicago of late. The other Eddie Dowling is a New York manager. The New York manager married Betty Compton, who later became Mrs. Jimmy Walker of New York. Out in Hollywood the comedian Eddie Dowling was working in a film with Betty Compson. So you can easily see why the newspapers got the marriage all bawled up . . . During the recent blizzards and floods Ray Jones, who plays the part of the hard-boiled electrician in Molly of the Movies went down into Kentucky for his favorite sport, hunting. Instead he spent his time helping conservation men and farmers feed the quail and other game which was starving . . . If you want to know anything about the Chicago Cubs just ask Isabel Randolph. She knows their past, present and future.

BOB GRIFFIN keeps fit during the winter months by spending at least three days a week at a Chicago gym taking exercises, sun lamp and massage. . . . Freeman (Amos) Gosden has been taking tennis lessons from George O'Connell, former Chicago amateur net star . . . All this spring Katherine Avery and her Sentimental Selma cast have spent three days broadcasting in Chicago and three other days broadcasting in Milwaukee each week . . . In 1935 Al Pearce and his gang spent New Year's Day in Hollywood, Easter in Butte, Montana, Fourth of July in New York and Christmas in Chicago.

A QUIET middle aged couple living on the west side of Chicago was surprised on a recent night to have the police and fire companies rush madly to their home, sirens screaming. Seems the telephone girl in Oak Park had called them. It took some time to straighten out the mess but they finally did figure out what had happened. The telephone had rung. The man had answered it. It was for his wife. He called to her and returned to his radio. She apparently didn't hear him and the receiver of the telephone was picking up the radio mellerdrammer the man was listening to. When the telephone operator heard a woman's voice call, "I'm in serious trouble," she sent out a hurry-up call for the police. . . .

GUSTAVE HAENSCHEN is a St. Louis boy. And Glen Gray, whose name is really Glen Gray Knoblauch, was born in Metamora, Ill., June 7, 1903. . . .

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC THERE'S NEWS OF RADIO'S BRIGHTEST STARS AND TOP SHOWS



Top, Pat O'Malley's conception of how one of the characters he portrays in his monologues must look. Pat is featured with Jack Hylton's orchestra on the Real Silk show—NBC Sunday nights. Above, Barbara Jean Wong, nine-year-old dramatic actress in NBC's Hollywood studios.

Wayne King was born in Savannah, Ill., thirty-five years ago. He has three brothers. His father was a boomer switchman, an itinerant sort who worked here and there—and sometimes. . . . Bess Johnson, who is Frances Moran in Today's Children, is also the voice of Lady Esther on the Wayne King broadcasts. She lives in the same building overlooking Chicago's Jackson Park as does Jan Garber and his family. She is the wife of Dr. Paul Perry, X-ray specialist at the University of Chicago. . . . Some oil well drillings came in recently, thus increasing the Garber fortune plenty. . . .

IT took a Red Cross appeal for flood relief funds to bring Art Linick from his broadcasting retirement. For the last few years he has been a radio station executive. But before that he was Mr. Schlagenhauer of the gurgling voice. He raised \$1,000 in a short time one night over WJJD . . . Dick Teala and Gwyneth Neil, who used to broadcast from Chicago, are now on the air out in Des Moines, Iowa. She was one third of the Neil Sisters, local harmony team, before she married Dick . . . Although Chicago's NBC is adding new and larger studios to accommodate audiences at radio shows and WGN has a similar layout, the Columbia network and WBBM still try to avoid all studio audiences whenever possible. WBBM-CBS quarters in the Wrigley building aren't built for studio audiences and the only way (Continued on page 80)

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

JULY and mid-summer, browsing 'round and not doing much. But it's a swell time to think and dream. Wonder why some smart sponsor doesn't create a pioneer program like Winning the West and Death Valley Days but with a different locale? Might be a good idea to create something out of the '98 Gold Rush days to the Klondike. The sponsor wouldn't have to be a reinder meat canner. It would be a natural for many products. Where do you suppose I got the idea? One of my ten-mile-away neighbors up on the Mojave Desert is the Three Fingered Jack that Robert Service wrote about in his verses. A little crippled with rheumatism and growing old, he has for years farmed a pear orchard, but still has vivid memories of Alaskan days.

VERNA FELTON just took a part in the Castle Cragmont Tales. First time anybody else took part other than Rod Henderson who does all the roles . . . not that it sounds any better when one person depicts all the characters, but it's supposed to be the height of something or other.

HERE'S one for the book. Seems as though the Tommy Lee artists' bureau (KHJ) got a call for a W. C. Fields impersonator. But the gal (Ruth Johnson) thought it sounded like "seals." My, it was terrific how the boys practiced those flipper calls for the job.

SIGMUND ROMBERG'S program, moved out to the Hollywood studios, uses such a large orchestra that there is no place for the conducting. So the technicians use a block (Continued on page 81)

... AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne*, perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise*, followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut à la Russe. Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin*. Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.



MISS LUCY SAUNDERS,
OF NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

SHE LIKES:

Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach... the young crowd at the Virginia hunts ...badminton...the new dances, including the *son*...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on *Filet Mignon, Bouquetière*, at Pierre's ...Camels...dashing off to late parties... Lobster *Thermidor*...and always... Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

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

- MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
- MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
- MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
- MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
- MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
- MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
- MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
- MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
- MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
- MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
- MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*
- MISS ROSE WINSLOW, *New York*

Costlier Tobaccos

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

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS



PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE

Dept. WG-7

NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready next fall to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.



VACATION COOKING A LA RUDY VALLEE

BY MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

IT was a chance sentence in a story about Rudy Vallee, written by his brother, Bill Vallee, that gave me a new slant on the head man of the Connecticut Yankees and made me hurry to interview him for our cooking department this month.

"Secretly, I believe," Bill Vallee wrote, "Rudy feels sure he missed his calling in not being a world-famous chef."

Whether or not Bill is correct in this belief I still don't know, but one thing is certain—Rudy has some of the soundest and most fascinating ideas about food I've encountered for some time.

"Not that I have much chance to put them into practice in New York," he said, "but at the camp (Rudy's camp on Lake Kezar in Maine) it's a different story.

"In New York, under the terrific pressure of work, eating and rational thinking about what we eat, rate only about tenth place in importance—very bad because it means that our food, instead of counteracting our nervous tension, actually intensifies it."

It is no wonder, then, that Rudy turns to the solitude and pine woods of Camp Vallee to even the balance and to rest over-active nerves, and this relaxing process is aided by meals carefully planned by Rudy himself.

Nor does his planning stop with the writing out of menus, as you might expect. Rudy does his own marketing, to be sure that only the best and freshest of foods appear on his table.

The camp kitchen is enormous. Enough food could be prepared in it for the traditional regiment, which is nearer

At his summer camp on Lake Kezar, Maine, Rudy Vallee's often head chef as well as host. For his Fleischmann Variety Hour, see page 53.

truth than fancy, for Rudy's guest list may range from ten to fifty during summer week-ends. Great quantities of supplies are kept on hand, and I was particularly impressed to learn that fruit juice is ordered by the case.

The reason for this was apparent, though, when I realized that fruit juices, the so-called "protective foods" of modern dietitians, rate tops on Rudy's list of vacation foods. There's scarcely ever a meal at Camp Vallee at which they don't appear. If you have orange juice for breakfast, the chances are you'll have pineapple juice as your first course at luncheon, and dinner will probably start off with a tomato juice cocktail—not to mention the long, cooling drinks which are always on tap for anyone who wants them. (I have a number of these fruit juice drink recipes of Rudy's which I'll be glad to send you if you will write me for them.)

It isn't only in drinks, however, that you will find them, as Rudy himself will tell you.

"Since fruit flavors are so good in themselves," he explained, "there seemed to be no reason why they couldn't be used to give new flavors to run-of-the-mill recipes, and they do. Many of our entrées and salads and most of our desserts are based on them.

"One of the favorite camp dishes is lamb chops with pineapple rice. Then there's broiled ham with orange sauce, chicken smothered in tomato juice, lentils in tomato juice," his voice grew more enthusiastic, "pineapple ice cream, orange sherbet and orange toast, just to mention a few."

(Continued on page 76)

RUDY'S A PAST MASTER AT PREPARING TEMPTING SUMMER DISHES

what do you want to know?

HAVE you a birthday in July? It may be the same day as one of your favorite radio stars. Quite a few were born in this month. Among them are Gracie Allen, born on July 26; announcer Harry Von Zell, the 11th; Adele Ronson of Buck Rogers fame, July 18; NBC's announcer, Graham McNamee, the 10th; Gale Page, the 23rd; Helen Pickens of the famous Pickens Sisters, the 10th; Donna Damarel who plays the part of Marge in Myrt and Marge, the 8th; David Ross, CBS's poet-announcer, the 7th; and Rudy Vallee made his grand entrance on the 28th day of July.

I'd better get down to your questions, now, for that's what you're really waiting for. Here are this month's questions.

Mrs. Isabel, D. Springhouse, Pa.—I'm sorry, but I couldn't find out anything about John Bruce. He's not on any of the big networks.

Mary P., Brooklyn, New York—Yes, Joe Fitzpatrick did play football for Manual High in Brooklyn. If you want to get in touch with him, write him in care of Hap Lewis, station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, New York.

Joseph C., Hartford, Conn.—I tried awfully hard, Joe, to get that script for you, but was not successful. I'd suggest you get in touch with Congressman Maverick's office in Washington.

Marie K., Urbana, Ohio—You haven't been hearing Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch because it has gone off the networks. It's now on New York's local station WHN.

B. M. V., Philadelphia, Pa.—This is just to let you know that I forwarded your letter to Nelson Eddy.

Dick Powell, Lanny Ross and Jack Fulton fans—If you want to become fan club members of these stars' clubs, get in touch with Chaw Mank, 226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Ill.

E. E. Cook, Butler, Ind—You thought you had me that time, didn't you? Well, here's your answer. Irene Wicker was born in Quincy, Illinois, on November 24, 1906.

Muzzy Marcellino fans attention!—If you want to join this club, write to Miss Dorothy Anders, 1387 Bergenwood Avenue, North Bergen, New Jersey.

Mrs. C. E. B., Fresno, Calif.—Michael Rafetto plays the part of Paul in One Man's Family. He was born in Placerville, California, December 30, 1900. He's married and has two daughters. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Russell Ward, Okemah, Okla.—Please forgive the delay, Russ. Your letter had to wait its turn. You can now



Red Nichols, director of CBS' Atlantic Family band, gets the help of his bull pup, Dime, in cleaning his lawn.

address Ray Perkins in care of station WOR, 1440 Broadway, New York. You tell him just what you have in mind and I'm sure you'll get a reply.

Bernard T., New Brunswick, N. J.—For pictures of the bands you want, write to Glen Gray, Hal Kemp and Guy Lombardo in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York. For Ray Noble, the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Thelma R., Spring City, Pa.—Irna Phillips and Walter Wicker write the scripts for Today's Children. Walter Wicker also plays the part of Bob and is the real husband of Irene Wicker (The Singing Lady) who also plays in Today's Children, as Eileen Moran. Miss Phillips plays Mother Moran.

Mrs. E. A. P., Cresline, Ohio—Tony Wons has left the airwaves. He's in Wisconsin and is running a business of his own.

A. M., Cincinnati, Ohio—Write to Frances Langford in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th and Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, California. Now, what do you think of Frances' picture on page 16—just as you ordered?

Mildred B., Olympia, Washington—Here's a line-up of the Myrt & Marge cast: Myrt, played by Myrtle Vail; Marge, Donna Damarel; Jack Arnold, Vinton Haworth; Leota Lawrence, Sunda Love; Darrell Moore, Ken Griffin; Clarence, Ray Hedge; Hayfield, Karl Way; Maggie, Marie Nelson; Thaddeus Cornfelder, Cliff Arquette; Helmi, Edith Evanson; Dr. Burr, Henry Saxe. For the Mary Marlin cast, watch for a future issue.

Mary R., Akron, Ohio—Jerry Cooper and Jack Randolph are two different people. If you thought they were the same person because they sing so much alike, what do you think of Jerry Cooper and Bing Crosby then?

Ann D. Gish, Baltimore, Md.—Rudy Vallee is divorced and Fay Webb is not an actress. Why don't you write and ask Mr. Vallee about that invitation and see what happens? Address him at his office, 111 West 57th Street, New York. He lives in New York City most of the year.

Eleanor R., Quoque, New York—Ozzie Nelson was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, March 20th, 1906. Write him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Jeanne D., Kingman, Arizona—Lanny Ross is six feet tall, has gray eyes and light brown hair and weighs 160 pounds. Lanny's parents are English—his father, Douglas Ross, was a Shakespearean actor and his mother was Pavlowa's accompanist. He took his first stage bow in vaudeville at the age of two.

WHAT STARS WERE BORN IN JULY? THE ORACLE TELLS YOU THEIR BIRTHDAYS AND ANSWERS YOUR OTHER QUESTIONS TOO

SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*



Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer— even blackheads disappear!— after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres to win back Smooth Line-free skin ... End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart . . . If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel . . . "They hardly had any youth at all!"

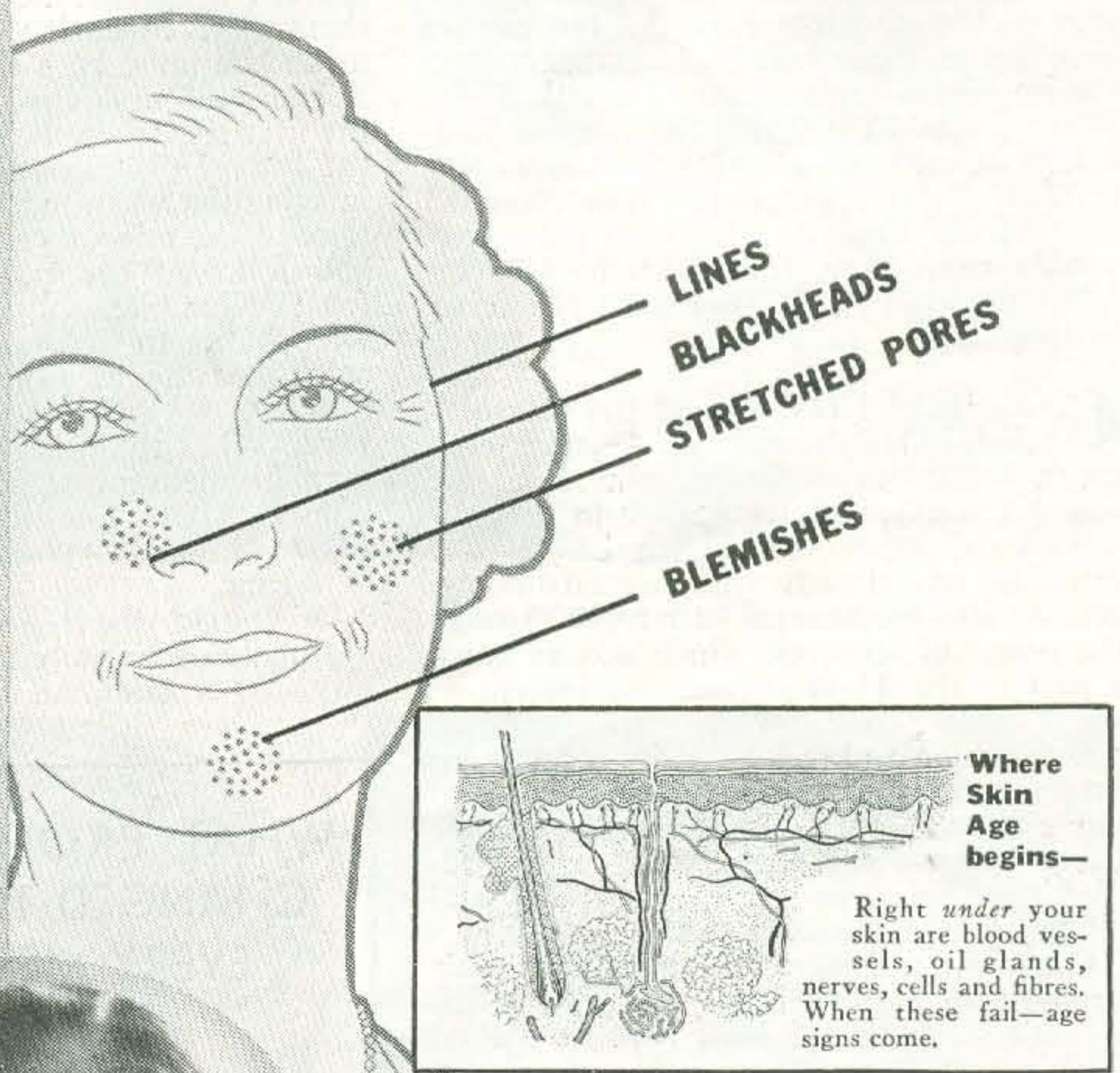
But these tragic age signs can be warded off—Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your *underskin*.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed

"Then why does skin age?" . . . Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up . . . give

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"



Lady Daphne Straight

granddaughter of the late ANTHONY J. DREXEL and of the late WILLIAM WHITNEY, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faith-

fully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty . . .

Fight Skin Age this way

Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

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

POND'S, Dept. G131, 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 _____

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The Story Lowell Thomas Has Never Told

(Continued from page 21)

Not that Lowell Thomas ever became the toughest boy anywhere, but to those persecuted days can be traced the urge that led him into the adventurous paths he was to follow in later years.

The modern child psychologist could explain the developments of the shy little boy into the man who followed Lawrence through Arabia on camel back. It all started back there in Cripple Creek. Schoolboys in Cripple Creek are as unconsciously cruel as schoolboys the world over. The sin of being "different" is always the unforgivable one. That is why they picked on little Tommy. His clothes were better than theirs; his manners bore the imprint of refinement. He talked like a sissy. (At least, the clear concise English that has held radio audiences enthralled for five years was thus classified in Cripple Creek.) He was more advanced than they, for which he had his father, Colonel H. R. Thomas, a physician, to thank.

COLONEL THOMAS had the soul of a scholar. He should have been an educator, but the fates decreed otherwise. He found a convenient laboratory in the person of his small son. When Lowell was three, he was already studying astronomy, peering into the heavens each night through the powerful telescope which was as much a part of the Thomas home equipment as the kitchen stove. While other children played hide-and-seek, Lowell and his father clambered up the steep incline of the extinct volcano upon which Cripple Creek perches to study geology; or huddled together over smelly test tubes and retorts in the basement laboratory.

Other children were struggling with their primers when Lowell was standing in his father's study by the hour reciting poetry, learning pure vowel sounds, clear diction, cultivating resonance of voice. Colonel Thomas was an advocate of better speech, and he determined that the restlessness that had brought him to Cripple Creek from Ohio should not reflect itself in a mining camp accent for his son.

Thus the boy found himself torn between two conflicting environments. At home, there was refinement, the arts, literature, and science. At school and in the town itself, life was raw and the lust for gold reduced existence to violent struggle. Refinement was scorned as a sign of weakness. After one is grown, the struggles of childhood seem of little import; but at the time they are bitter indeed, and thus was the mold of Lowell Thomas' later life irrevocably cast.

Of course, in books the hero would have beaten up the bully, and thenceforth everything would have been serene, but that is not how things happen in real life. Usually, as in this case, the bully is too big to be beaten up, especially when the hero is small for his age anyhow. Schooling in Cripple Creek was pretty much a hit or miss proposition, and the bullies were likely to be sprouting beards. The only other solution was to do as they did—get tough too.

A boy became a man in Cripple Creek when he went to work, so Lowell went to work before he was eleven. He didn't need to, but work was a haven. He was a printers' devil; he sold newspapers. He did odd jobs around the combination hotel, dance hall and gambling palace.

In that hotel, Lowell Thomas learned lessons that were to stand him in good stead in later years, when he found himself in tight places in far off savage lands. Shooting, rioting, robbing—in short, every-

thing that goes to make up a conventional Western thriller—were pretty much commonplace in Cripple Creek's principal *caravansary*, and one valuable lesson the boy learned was never to be surprised.

Today as an ace commentator of radio he maintains that attitude. Nothing can shock him to the point of criticism. He remains today as he was then—a spectator, never a judge.

At eleven, Lowell deserted the "white collar" hotel job to go to work in the gold mines. Other boys gravitated there, spurred by greed; he went there to show them that education did not necessarily mean one must be a sissy.

The gold mines of Cripple Creek were the first steps Lowell Thomas took toward the far off places of the earth. There his imagination was fired as he listened to the tales of the miners, cosmopolites all. They had followed the trail of gleaming gold from Klondike to Johannesburg; from Kamchatka to Colorado. The ends of the earth became as familiar to Lowell—by hearsay, at any rate—as his own backyard. What could have been more natural than his determination to go and see for himself? And too, sissies didn't travel—not to the places young Tommy dreamed of seeing.

Of course, the route was indirect. He did many other more prosaic things on the way. As a salesman, janitor, cook in an

WHAT PROGRAM HAS CHANGED THE LIFE OF EVERY MEMBER OF ITS CAST?

Read the backstage story of a drama within a drama in the August issue of

RADIO MIRROR Magazine

all-night restaurant, he worked his way through Valparaiso University. He didn't work his way because he had to, but because the idea appealed to his adventurous spirit. The habits of Cripple Creek were less easily shaken off than its dust.

In Denver, Thomas edited a daily newspaper while getting his master's degree. He found time to slip away on an exploration trip to Alaska, where he lived among the Indians of the far north long enough to gather material for a book about them. He found time to pursue a courtship on the university campus that culminated in marriage.

Another leg of the journey took him into Chicago, where he sat beside Ben Hecht on a newspaper copy desk while studying law. Then on to New York. He completed his education at Princeton, studying international law and serving as an instructor.

Colonel Thomas had joined the army as a surgeon during the war, and his son was drawn irresistibly overseas. Before he landed in France, America had joined the Allies, and Lowell took up the career of a war correspondent that led him straight to his biggest story and transformed him later from newspaper man to lecturer. He discovered the fabled Colonel Lawrence in Arabia, a figure stranger than the wildest

figment of fiction, and beside Lawrence he rode over burning sands to fame.

An account of Thomas' subsequent roving and hair raising adventures all over the globe would fill volumes. Indeed, they have already filled twenty odd. Six years ago he returned to America after having lectured to tens of thousands all over the world. He found himself, at length, exhausted mentally, physically, and spiritually—burned out, they call it.

He bought a lovely old farm in the Berkshires. The vast Colonial mansion was roomy and rambling. He had plenty of room to breathe and work. Years in the open spaces had fostered an incipient claustrophobia; and Thomas cannot abide a closed in place. He established a fur farm, and bought a stable of riding horses. He had determined to forego wandering; to settle down to the life of a country gentleman and write.

One day the telephone rang. It was William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. "Come down to New York right away. I need you," his friend Paley begged.

The next morning Lowell Thomas entered Paley's office. He did not know he was entering another phase of a glamorous career; a phase which, in many ways, was to appeal to him more than any that had gone before.

The Columbia head led him to a little black box.

"Talk for fifteen minutes, about anything," he directed.

Thomas complied, and for the first time his voice went out over the air. Those long hours of recitation in his father's study in Cripple Creek started paying rich dividends. That was five years ago, and Thomas's eyes laugh as he recalls it.

"I was virtually tricked into going on the air," he told me. Now I love it. It's simple and friendly and intimate. Every time I speak into the microphone I hark back to the days when Dad made me recite, and the boys beat me up because I *had* to speak correctly. I can almost hear Dad say, 'I told you so.'"

Some day he will wander once more in the bazaars of Tafileh, through the narrow, dirty streets of Abu Lissal. Perhaps his friend, Sheik Tallal el Hareidhin of Tafas, will greet him once more. For Lowell Thomas plans to follow the example of Colonel Thomas, his father. He wants to educate his son.

AND to other members of his family he has already transmitted this lust for adventure, this restlessness of spirit. His wife, Frances, caught the travel germ, even to the extent of hobnobbing with perfect coolness with Australian bushmen and terrifying African chieftains. Even Pherbia, Lowell Thomas's sister, has twice circled the globe, spurred on by an enthusiastic brother. Following in his adventuring footsteps she recently braved flying shells and witnessed the subjugation of Manchukuo from a Japanese airplane.

So he will take Lowell, Jr.—Sonny, he calls him—to Yenbo and El Wejh, to Mudawara, and perhaps to the ghostly stone city of Petra. That visit will bring joy to the heart of the sturdy old warrior Auda Abu Tayi, with whom Thomas rode many water holes during the troublous days of 1917-18. Ald Auda will be glad to see Sonny.

"Allah's blessings," he will exclaim, and Sonny's eyes will shine just as Tommy's did those far-away nights when he stood with *his* father on the edge of Cripple Creek's extinct volcano.

Night Club Child

(Continued from page 37)

there was always something!

Mrs. Alexander proved to be a different sort of stage mother. She was still the mother she'd been when seven-year-old Durelle begged her not to change, never interfering with the business of the show, never complaining. The manager came to her after the troupe had been on the road a few days, and apologized, saying how glad he was she'd come along.

Before coming to New York when she was sixteen, Durelle had sung with orchestras in Louisiana, Oklahoma, Chicago, and Cincinnati, and though her mother was always with her, she has naturally seen more of life than many of us are apt to see in a lifetime. Yet I've known few people less cynical.

"Mother always told me," she said seriously, "that most people were pretty decent, and if I was nice to them they'd be nice to me. It's always worked out that way, too. There've been times when Mother and I could have fought for things—salaries, or advertising, or better jobs—but it hasn't ever really been necessary. We've sat back, and waited, and finally what we wanted has come to us. Even Daddy's trouble with his eyes—we've finally found a way of clearing that up, and he's much better now."

THOSE years of trouping with dance bands and vaudeville companies taught Durelle another thing, I learned when she left the room for a few minutes and I talked to her mother alone. I asked about Durelle's masculine friends. I knew she had them; nobody as pretty as Durelle could help having them.

"Of course she knows lots of boys," Mrs. Alexander said, "but she's too interested in her career to be very serious over any of them. I'm glad she isn't. Maybe in five or six years . . . but right now I'd feel terrible if she wanted to get married."

"Whenever she has seemed interested in some boy I didn't approve of, I've never said anything. I've liked most of the boys she's liked, but there were one or two I didn't. Instead of telling her I didn't like them, I've kept quiet, and she has always finally made up her mind she didn't like them either. And when she tells me, I've always seemed to think awhile, and then I've said, 'You know, I think you're right. There really was something about him. . . .' And Durelle has made up her own mind about him, without any interference from me. She has learned enough, in her stage career, to see through people and tell when they aren't all they seem to be."

Then she gave me a clue to Durelle's modesty. "Whenever people have admired her, I've always said, 'Remember, beauty is what's inside you, not outside.' The result is, she's pretty hard to flatter."

Durelle may be on her way to Hollywood by the time you read this—negotiations were in the air when I saw her last—but although Hollywood does strange things to the egos of some people, there isn't much danger that it will touch her. Night clubs and vaudeville when she was a child couldn't spoil her—and Hollywood hasn't a chance, now that she's grown up!

After the honeymoon...



Over the threshold, he carried her. The honeymoon was over—the bride was home—and then the trouble started.



She wanted to be the world's best housekeeper—to make him proud of her. *But!!!* He soon grumbled about his shirts. Said his mother used to wash 'em nicer.



The bride fretted and worked, but her washes got worse. Why? Her soap was lazy. It left dirt behind. Her clothes had "tattle-tale gray." Then she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap. Its richer, golden soap and lots of naphtha got rid of ALL the dirt!



Now her clothes are so clean, so gorgeously white—he says she's the grandest housekeeper! And if you want to hear some compliments, too, try Fels-Naptha Soap. It's fine for the big wash. Safe for your daintiest things. And easier on hands because every golden bar holds soothing glycerine!

© FELS & CO., 1938

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

Lucy Monroe's In Love and Doesn't Know What to Do—Read The Problem She's Facing—
In the August RADIO MIRROR

Why Comedians Always

Marry

(Continued from page 41)

peace it made him feel. He ferreted out the facts about her before managing a gingerly introduction. She was a chorus girl named Portland Hoffa and just seventeen.

Fred Allen has never been a particularly handsome man. His face is dour and lean. His voice has the same nasal twang you hear over the air. He wears uncompromising black rubbers whenever it looks rainy. He appears, on the whole, like a prosperous small town business man.

Yet at seventeen Portland Hoffa found him, somehow, glamorous. At twenty-six she finds enormous contentment in her marriage to him.

She knows she has completely broken through Fred Allen's loneliness. He must derive from one beloved woman all the warm, quick contacts that make existence real and happy, that other men draw from a thousand sources.

No matter what Fred Allen is doing or how silent he is, Portland Hoffa knows he wants her with him. She likes staying up with him till four in the morning, reading or sewing while he works on a script. When he's nery from digging for gags, her complete good humor quiets his irritation. She is the faithful stooge of his act. A gentle girl, she has even become interested in prize fights to keep him company.

It isn't easy to meet such demands; to have money and fame with so little pleasure and ease. But Portland Hoffa doesn't feel a bit sacrificial. It's what, above all things, she wants to be and do. Perhaps that's what Fred Allen sensed about her that day nine years ago when she stood so quietly in the wings and watched him. Perhaps that's why he married her.

To further our investigations we consulted Fanny Brice. "Why," we asked her, "do you funny gals always marry?" "We always need an audience!" Fanny retorted.

Fanny Brice has been married twice. In telling you this she doesn't beat about the bush. She doesn't say, "Soft pedal it, please, for publication." That's why you believe her when she says that it's only since she's become Mrs. Billy Rose that she's been really, consistently happy.

Their relationship is based on understanding so fundamental that it allows her, for the first time in her life, to feel peace in a marriage and submission to belonging to a man. She is as comfortable with him as with the imaginary companions that inhabit her world of comedy, "Baby Schnooks" or her wistful-foolish, highfalutin shopgirl, "Myrtil Upinshaw."

Fanny Brice had been a glamor girl. What she found most important was her work. Now that she was getting older, her daughter and son growing up, she began to want something different. "Security?" she asked herself derisively, yet with all the wistfulness of Myrtil. "Surely that old hat doesn't fit me!"

When she first met Billy Rose he certainly didn't seem the answer to this grown-up Fanny's dreams. One night, sitting with some friends over sandwiches and beer in the comfortable dimness of the Backstage Club, she heard a song of his.

She was going on a vaudeville tour in a few weeks, and she needed a new act. Rose's song touched her; it was original, a ballad whose sentimentality was convincing. Perhaps he was the man to write

EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...

...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!

HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...

MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST

BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?

EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER AND CLEANER ALREADY!

FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER

I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!

SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!

HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel... makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.



her act. He was at the club and she asked to meet him.

He reminded her, at once, of a belligerent little goose. "How," she wondered, "could he have composed that nice ballad?"

Fanny is used to being treated with lots of consideration, though there is nothing of the celebrity in the easy, friendly way she meets people.

Billy Rose met her friendliness with attack. He criticized her act. He lashed his wit and logic out at her. She felt as if she were being peppered with buckshot.

So she asked her friend, Ballard MacDonald, to write her new act. MacDonald was frightfully busy. "But I'll do it," he said, "if you'll let me have Billy Rose as collaborator. He's the cleverest man in the game!"

"He's too horrible!" said Fanny. "Anyone but Rose!"

But a few days later Billy Rose was in her oyster-white study, talking over her act. He'd brought along a couple of songs he'd written for her, and some suggestions. And they were good! In his talent and creative vitality, Fanny forgot his brashness, forgot her dislike.

Every day they worked together on the act, Fanny explaining her notions of characters, Billy Rose's words and songs animating them.

She found herself reacting to him in ways that were novel to a glamor girl. Before this when she'd liked a man, even as just a friend, she'd wanted to look her best for him. She didn't care how she looked for Billy Rose. She'd come out in shapeless old bunny slippers and her most ancient, comfortable sweater and skirt.

Fanny became so helpless with him, she began to let him make her decisions. And one of them was that this had to go on. That they must marry!

"We never quarrel," says Mrs. Rose. "It's opinion against opinion. We started out kind of cool, the way people are when they've been married ten years. Now we're more romantic, but it's a funny kind of romance. You wake up in the morning and smile together. When he's away, and maybe playing with chorus girls, you still feel you're smiling together. I'm eight years older than he is. It doesn't make any difference! I always took charge of my men before. I was the stronger, the boss! It's so swell to have someone take charge of me!"

WALTER O'KEEFE is a dealer in burlesque, telling nonsense, illuminating lunacies. His account of these activities is very rational and businesslike. "Young people smoke lots of cigarettes," he says. "I'm a salesman and my program's directed, largely, at youth."

But Walter O'Keefe, who's been newspaper man, real estate salesman, scenario writer and master-of-ceremonies extraordinary, could wangle a dozen ways to please young people. He chooses to write and act burlesque because it satisfies a need in himself.

This dark, alert, rather sad-eyed young man is socially minded. It's sincere! Breadlines and world crises really keep him awake nights. Yet he feels powerless to change things in so overwhelmingly large a world. Buffoonery is a way of escape.

His marriage is a way of escape, too. He talks about it with restraint, even witty sophistication, but he really regards his marriage with Roberta Robinson as high romance. His home is a shelter where, with his wife and child, he can always find individual happiness.

When he met Miss Robinson, she was starring in "The Bandwagon." After a seesaw career, O'Keefe was also well established at this time. In "The Little

Now Pursued... instead of Shunned!



She found the lovelier way TO AVOID OFFENDING

Daintily fragrant, so alluring ... since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

IT keeps you dainty in two ways ... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

First, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. And then, with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

She has what it takes



*except
one thing*

She's pretty

She's lively

She's a snappy dresser

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long*. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum—it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration—the odor.

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Show" the year before he had made himself a name for idiosyncratic comedy. The sponsors of a radio series, The Magic Carpet, had closed a fat contract persuading him to transfer his talents to the air.

Commercially, he was sitting very pretty. Emotionally, he was at a loose end. He sat lingering over his coffee at the Atlantic Beach Club, listening to the sea just outside and evaluating his future.

Hard work. Some luxury. If he wanted it, a dizzy round of nightclubs and girls. Pretty tasteless, he decided.

All of a sudden he saw Bobby Dolan, conductor of the club's orchestra, bearing down on him. "Here's a sure cure for your blues," Bobby said, grinning.

The girl he left at the table couldn't possibly be called anything like a knock-out or peach. She was much too beautiful, a tall, blonde queen in a fairy tale. Then in a voice which matched her face she said, "I've wanted so much to meet you!"

As Walter O'Keefe and Roberta Robinson talked they were separate from their surroundings, alone with each other in the universe.

Pretty soon they were out on the beach, still talking. They told each other the histories of their lives. Their secret ambitions. The intimate hopes they'd always kept carefully concealed. The practical possibilities of Walter's future in radio. How, if she ever got the chance to study, Roberta wanted to quit the musical comedy stage and become a concert singer. The play he was going to write.

He took her home at five. At nine they met for breakfast. In two weeks they were married.

Her contract with "The Bandwagon" completed, Mrs. O'Keefe left the stage. She realized that to be fundamentally happy the brilliant, mercurial Walter needed a wife and child at home.

She has never taken part in his act. A practical realist in love, she realizes that he doesn't want her as companion of the rush and noise of his commercial life. Not until their small son is in school will she return to the stage. And then not to a career that demands a divided wifehood but as a concert performer with the leisure to remain her husband's grand passion.

Walter O'Keefe has a suite in a New York office building where every day he writes his scripts, makes appointments, completes all the routine of his business as a comedian. He takes pride in his work. He is determined that his scripts and his acting are the best of which he is capable. And his capacities are great.

But it is not this work around which his highest hopes center. They lie at the feet of his wife and child, and . . . maybe . . . in the far future when he is going to be the author of a great play.

FROM romantic Walter O'Keefe, we sought down-to-earth Eddie Dowling. Unlike any other comedian on our record, Eddie Dowling was attracted to a woman a good deal like himself. Their interests were precisely the same; both are troupers who have been on the stage since childhood. He has been "straight" actor, comedian, producer, playwright.

He first saw Miss Dooley in a vaudeville skit. As another might have admired her pert little face and wide, mischievous eyes, he was entranced with her baby imitations. When he found it was a Scotch girl who was doing those Irish imitations better than he could himself, he knew he was in love.

Eddie admits he is a bit quick tempered, and there are even times when he

heckles his wife. Yet, though she is the mother of a twenty-one-year-old son, she has never seemed to get agitated or alarmed. Neither has ever been able to take a quarrel seriously, because it ends in a laugh and is later converted into a gag for their act.

When a national network hears Eddie Dowling play the henpecked husband, Ray Dooley is getting her revenge. Not only has she turned the tables on the heckler; he had to help write the script that lets her do it.

So the Dowlings have kept a marriage smooth for nearly a quarter of a century by utilizing their sense of humor in domestic affairs. Just as they do to make a living. Good team work!

JACK BENNY is a genial buoyant man, scarcely ever seen without a companion. His good-natured comedy is taken directly from his wide experience with other people. As his banter is based on comradeship, so must be any love that would hold or satisfy him.

Ten years ago he was touring the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. He was always glad when his route took him to Los Angeles because the Livingstone family lived there. Papa and Mama Livingstone and their older daughter, Florence, were pretty much under his spell.

But there was one Livingstone who couldn't see Jack for dust. It was the younger daughter, Mary, a scamp with long, black pigtails. She was an intense little thing, who liked to read good books, and took life pretty seriously. Benny's easy banter made her mad as hops, and her fury led him on to spend more and more time teasing her.

It went so far that Mary's rage just had to find an outlet. She opened her big toy bank, repository of years of dimes and quarters, with a can opener. The savings of a whole childhood went to buy the entire first row orchestra for the Orpheum's Saturday matinee.

She gave tickets to her best girl friends in return for a solemn promise. That Saturday afternoon Benny was confronted with a solid row of upturned girlish faces. He was touched. Little Mary did like him after all.

During his act not a laugh came from that cold, blank row. Not a smile broke the line of grim earnestness. Jack began to sweat, to labor, to get flustered.

He didn't tease Mary much after that. He respected her. As time went on, he found himself less glib with her than other people.

When she was twenty there wasn't anyone he liked to talk with so well as Mary Livingstone. For this man who loved comradeship, she was the best comrade in the world. But when Jack Benny asked Mary Livingstone to marry him, her no was pretty emphatic.

"I like business people," she told him. "Secure people! After I'm married I want friendships with people like that. Intimacies that continue and grow."

She despised the theatrical business. She loved the actor, Jack Benny. But that, she told him, was just a misfortune she'd have to get over.

He wouldn't let her get over it. He saw ahead a life of trains, hotel rooms. Married love that had to plunder its sweets from quick, snatched moments. He knew he could be at home with Mary on a speeding Pullman or in a garish dressing room.

His emotion swept her into its tide, and she said she'd marry him. Next day she said she wouldn't. For months she vacillated by mail, telegraph, telephone and in person.

Mary happened to be visiting Chicago when Jack was playing there. One des-

"CAN'T CHAFE"

means more than ever on active Summer days!



KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

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.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.



3 TYPES OF KOTEX—ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole



THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not

only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7B6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

perate afternoon he bundled her into a cab, rushed her to the city hall, and married her by sheer force of personality. After the ceremony she fainted.

Gradually he has made her a partner in every phase of his activity. He longed to be able to talk theater with her, not as a rather hostile outsider but as a fellow comedian. By ardent and subtle propaganda, he made her try out in his act. Because her temperament is better suited to radio than the stage, he has shifted his energies largely to this field.

He discusses every contract with her before he signs, often defers to her judgment because he considers her business acumen superior to his own. They plan gags, talk over new scripts; she often edits his work. Because they have no children, and they didn't want to miss out on sharing this experience, too, they have adopted a little girl, Jane Naomi. It's an act, a friendship, a firm, a marriage, a mutual life. Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny.

And now that all the evidence is in why do comedians always marry? A lonely critical comedian for peace. A brilliant woman to have a man take charge of her and her career. An escapist for high romance. A realist for a sense of humor in the home. A gregarious comedian for grade A comradeship. Well, that lineup's not so different from other people.

But because they are so busy, so harried for gags, because so much of their lives must be noisy and sensational, their need for domestic peace—for an understanding mate—is accentuated and heightened. They have no time for dissipation, for the flirtations and light affairs that make talented bachelors. Comedians' temperaments differ, but if they are successful they are alike in having to make the most of their leisure. And according to their testimony, the way to do this is to find the right woman and charm or drag her to the altar.



Well known on the stage as an Italian-American comedian for the past thirty-five years, Cavalier Ernest Magliacane is one of the stars of **WHOM**, New York.

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 9)

name was Jo Mielziner, now one of the most famous scenic designers in New York.

* * *

KATE SMITH will soon round out her sixth year on the air. Kate keeps regular hours—to bed at 11 o'clock and up at 8:30; and exercises strenuously every morning, topping it off with a rub-down and a shower—not for reducing purposes but because she likes it.

* * *

LIFE may begin at forty," says Tom Broadhurst, "but it's still pretty exciting at seventy-eight." Tom should know, for at that age he's making a hit on the radio, broadcasting a series of sea stories. He has had a very varied life, having been in his time a sailor, a member of the Board of Trade, a theater manager, a playwright, a farmer, an arbitrator, and a novelist. He is the brother of George Broadhurst, former theatrical impresario.

* * *

AND, speaking of age, Jane West launched "The O'Neills" on the air at 40, and now at 44 has one of the most popular script shows in radio. . . . Ray Sinatra's six-year-old son, Ray, Jr., can identify any orchestra after hearing it play a few bars of song. . . . Mary Small, the youthful songstress, was just voted the country's third most popular youngster in a kiddie poll, being topped only by Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew. . . . and Thyra Samter Winslow of the Woman's Place series, sold her first manuscript at the age of seven to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. She received a dollar for this early effort—all of which proves there's no such thing as age restrictions so far as success goes.

* * *

HERE's one wife's testimony to the effect that having a husband in the public eye—or ear—is perfectly compatible with a happy home life. Mrs. Red Nichols says that Red, who has trouped from Coast to Coast playing hotel dates, bar-room engagements, and college proms, and who was the originator of many of the vogues in popular dance music, is a typical home man. She says she'd cast her vote for being married to a bandleader any old time, and that she probably sees more of her husband than do the wives of many business men. Mrs. Nichols is the former Willa Inez Stutzman, and was one of the real "Vanities" beauties.

* * *

ISABEL BEACH of the Amateur Cooks program, was one of radio's top cooking advisers under the name of Frances Lee Barton. . . . The Academy of Fashion recently awarded Jane Pickens of the Pickens Sisters the title of Best Dressed Woman in Radio. Read the story about this on page 42. . . . On the eve of her broadcasting debut the Grand Duchess Marie received a Hawaiian lei of crown flowers transported across the Pacific on the first mail-carrying trip of the China Clipper.

* * *

ICAN'T sing," said Curley Cockerill, "Anybody can sing," retorted Fred Waring—so Curley sings, with a British accent, with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Curley is Charles Elton Cockerill. He hails from Toronto, Canada, is sandy-haired, blue-eyed, and wears tweeds. His real love is the saxophone,

PLAY MY GAME OF "POWDER SHADES"

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

By *Lady Esther*

Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade.

FREE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*



—too bad her laxative wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

which he learned to play by ear after buying a second-hand instrument from a friend. He also mastered the bass clarinet the same way. He's married to a girl from the cast of "Hello Yourself," the first Broadway musical in which the Waring gang ever appeared.

* * *

FRANK FAY is one broadcaster who refuses to be held down by the restrictions of the microphone . . . He always starts to edge away from the live side of the mike and has to be given a gentle but firm push back into range again. Fay carries a script to the microphone with him but doesn't pay much attention to it.

* * *

THIS question of the scarcity of funny men among our younger radio folks, by the way, is assuming the proportions of a real problem, according to Bob Hope, himself a comedy star. Bob has to say of this: "There isn't a very great outlet for a young comedian's talent except on radio, and, as he isn't acceptable to radio unless he has a certain amount of polish, the situation is a difficult one. I believe there is only one way outside of actual stage experience for a youngster to get anywhere, and that is by closely observing the manner and method of present day radio funsters. If these stars would undertake to spend a certain amount of their time in developing the talent of those whom they consider worthy, the problem would be assisted considerably, if not solved entirely."

* * *

WHILE we're on the subject of being funny, "Bottle," Phil Baker's nitwit butler, says there are occasions when he can't even laugh at Phil. As a case in point, Bottle tells of the time he found himself locked in his dressing room just as the broadcast was about to start. He had left the key in the lock while changing to his butler's uniform and some playful fellow had turned it. Baker answered his frantic calls for help. "Who could have done such a thing," growled Bottle through the door. "I dunno," answered Phil. "Maybe it was the sponsor."

* * *

THE problems attendant upon having child actors outgrow their parts, as so often happens in motion pictures and radio, is being met with intelligence on The O'Neills series, where every member grows with the show. So Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly get more adolescent as the show keeps being renewed. The youngsters have birthdays on the air when they have them in real life, and if they get a cold, or croup, or sniffles, it is written into the script by Jane West, who doubles in the role of the lovable Mrs. Bailey. Everything sounds perfectly natural that way, they explain, and they all feel that they are living, not playing, their roles.

* * *

JACK BERGER has just played for his 100th wedding—and says he gets a kick out of every one, being a romantic person at heart. Perhaps this fact is accounted for by his own happily married existence, for he claims that his wife, who is also his business manager, is more than partly responsible for his musical success. Incidentally, seven years ago Jack got a six-weeks' contract to play at the Hotel Astor in New York. P. S. . . . he's still got the job!

* * *

IGOR GORIN, the youthful Viennese baritone, sang "Old Man River" on the Hollywood Hotel program recently,

and sang it in perfect Southern dialect. In view of the fact that Gorin has been in this country less than two years, this feat called forth gasps of astonishment from the audience and the control room. Gorin disclosed later that he got two black-face movie comedians to coach him for days, so that his "tote dat bale, lift dat barge" might sound authentic.

* * *

ISN'T it funny no one will take me seriously," moans Agnes Moorehead, a common enough feminine complaint, but in her case with some reason. Just because Agnes was so funny as a feminine stooge for Phil Baker, she claims that every producer thinks of her as a comedienne and that she really has ability as a "straight" actress. Agnes got her opportunity to prove this on Helen Hayes' New Penny sketch and made good, too. She wants to continue that type of role. A real flair for comedy, however, is so outstanding in a girl, that she has a job on her hands to make people stop thinking of her as a funster as well.

* * *

WINIFRED CECIL of Show Boat frankly admits that she is superstitious about colors and that green is her favorite hue. . . . Three of the King Features syndicated comic strips have been released for radio. They are "Tim Tyler's Luck," "Little Orphan Annie" and "Mandrake the Magician."

* * *

IT is a curious fact that the best-known portrayer of Abraham Lincoln on the radio is an Englishman, Charles Webster, who has enacted "Honest Abe" more than 300 times in the last ten years on stage and radio. It was he who was the Emancipator on the Roses and Drums program that ran four years, and very recently he essayed the part five times in a single week for five different sponsors. He also played Lincoln on the stage in John Drinkwater's famous play. Webster says that people are still deeply interested in the Civil War, though they have dropped the rancor that once accompanied that interest.

* * *

CAMEL CARAVAN has left the air for the summer as usual. The sponsor is worried about a fresh cigarette tax. If the tax goes through they will probably not return to the air . . . Kellogg left the air for the summer also, but contracts are all set for its return in the early fall. Meanwhile Red Nichols gets billing for his Atlantic Refining-Frank Parker program, where he was hitherto anonymous. His Kellogg contract called for his exclusive services but he was permitted to take the other show provided he didn't use his own name.

* * *

BOB RIPLEY, "Believe It or Not," is himself a series of believe-it-or-not combinations. In the first place he doesn't know how many of those cartoons he has drawn. Next, he came mighty near being a champion handball player and has written a book on the game. He might have been a professional fighter, too, but didn't because he objected to the use of sweaters during the early morning hours. As it was he became a pretty fair amateur. He pitched for the New York Giants but a broken arm ended his career as far as the major leagues were concerned. He can do his work in the midst of a crowd of friends, laughing and joking right along with them while he's doing it. And he gets along with practically no sleep at all. His day's work may be done at daybreak or curfew, it's all the same to him!

Parisian Beauty A La Rachel Carlay

(Continued from page 46)

believe that you are interesting. Most important of all, you must believe that the other person is interesting, too, and let him know that you do. That is why you must not be self-conscious. The most beautiful girl in the world who thinks only of herself will have no friends and alas! even few admirers. Conceit is not beautiful or interesting. So . . . never think of yourself as the most beautiful woman, or the best-dressed, but say only to yourself: 'I am interesting!'

She laughed. "But, of course, to be self-confident, you must be well-groomed, well-dressed, properly made up. And it is wise, when dressing or making up to suit your personality, to choose the very best feature you have and make that so striking that no one notices that your eyes are small, or your nose is crooked, or that your other features are really quite ordinary. One might go so far as to say that even the plainest woman can make her hair, for instance, so breath-takingly lovely that she creates the illusion of beauty.

EVERYWHERE in America there is much youth, so much freshness, so much color. Often I think to myself—that attractive young lady has allowed the brilliant colors she is wearing to engulf her personality completely. In France, of course, black is our ideal of chic. But black can be dramatic, or it can be drab. Possibly, one reason you Americans do not wear much black is because it takes a romantically inclined personality to do so successfully. The wearing of black could never depress a Frenchwoman. Ah, no—she uses it as a background against which

she can display her personality so much more effectively. Personally, I have never worn colors in the evening; all my evening gowns are either black or white. But then, I must confess, I am incurably romantic!

"Perhaps you Americans are afraid to dramatize yourselves, yes? Not, so, we Frenchwomen! I do not see why I should not dramatize myself, project myself as effectively as possible, just as I dramatize the little songs I sing to—how do you say it?—to put them over!

"But there is one thing you cannot dramatize if you do not have it—a really nice complexion. That is something, too, which every girl should have and can have. It is something which we should all think about now, with summertime so near. Certainly, it is something I think about a great deal, for my skin is so tender, so delicate, and yet I adore to swim and play in the sunshine!

"Every night, in the summertime, I am careful to coat my skin with oils or creams to prevent the dryness that comes with the sun and wind. I have one favorite cream for this purpose, though I do not follow any one treatment for too long, no matter how satisfactory I find it. Vary your treatments every few weeks, and you will find that your skin responds much more satisfactorily to the care you give it."

Would you, too, like to know how to care for your skin during the summer months? I have an entire leaflet made up this month which will help you choose the proper treatment for any summer skin problem. Freckles, for instance! And don't forget that bathing suits and the re-

vealing lines of summer dresses will expose blemishes that you may have neglected or forgotten about since last summer. Don't let pimples or scaly skin (those ugly things we hate to talk about—and hate still more to see!) rob you of your enjoyment of summer sports and gaiety. Remember, too, that dry skin—and most skins become dry in summertime—ages more rapidly and begins to show tiny lines where no lines should be, lines that may become wrinkles by-and-by. There are even suggestions for poison ivy and mosquito bite treatments in this very practical leaflet.

THERE'S that suntan problem, too. Girls with tender skins like Rachel's should follow her example and wear a large hat whenever possible. At other times, they should be sure to keep themselves covered with fine lotions and oils which will save them from painful burns and disfiguring redness. We all need that simple care, of course, and you'll find helpful hints in the July leaflets about this, if you'll send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. And, finally, Rachel wants me to remind you that now is the time to change to a lighter foundation that will not melt or streak under the hot sun and to wear a less vivid make-up, since the sunlight itself is so brilliant and picks up all the color in the face. I'll be glad to send you more information about her personal make-up with the leaflet on summer beauty care. Just address your request—and your stamped, self-addressed envelope (a big one, please!)—to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.



Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr.
 • "I smooth away any little skin roughnesses with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then powder goes on evenly."

Melt it Smooth
IN A SECOND

IF your powder flakes off . . . won't even "stick" . . . you look worse than if you hadn't powdered at all!

It's your *skin* causing the trouble. Far from smooth—it's all roughed up with flaky bits. Actually, these flaky pieces are dried-out skin cells!

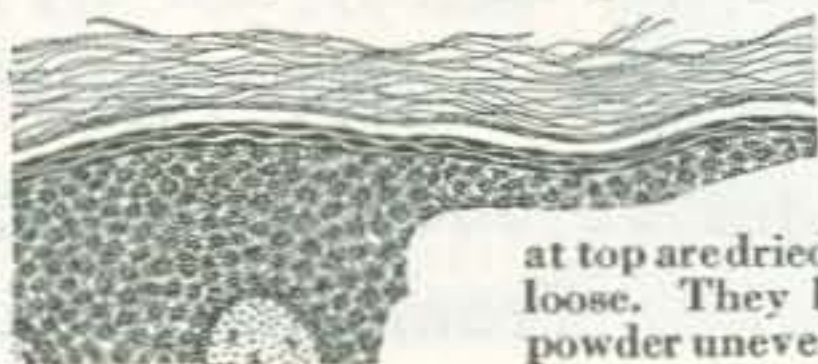
Your skin is *always* drying out. Sun baths, swimming dry it out even worse. Soon the outside cells get stiff and harsh—scuff loose in tiny flakes. But they don't come off . . . until you *melt them away!*

You can do this yourself—smooth out

rough places instantly—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream).

A distinguished dermatologist says: "Dried-out cells on surface skin can be melted off promptly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the underlying cells come into view. Young and supple, they give the skin a childlike smoothness."

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a powder base that does all this! It actually has that special keratolytic property—melts away the rough flakes—brings out new texture! Make it your beauty habit to use Pond's Vanishing Cream, night and morning . . .



Outer Skin
 (epidermis magnified)
 Jagged lines at top are dried-out cells scuffing loose. They look flaky, catch powder unevenly. *Melt them off!*

For a smooth make-up—Before powdering, spread Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Watch your skin take on new smoothness. Make-up goes on with a "beauty-salon" finish—clings longer!

Overnight for lasting softness—After your regular cleansing, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your skin soft, not a bit greasy. Won't smear the pillowcase. Yet it softens your skin all night long.

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. G 135, 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

Hidden Moments in Their Lives

(Continued from page 30)

You've never
worn a polish
like new GLAZO



Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

*It's new
it's perfect*

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)



Cleveland. Detroit. Milwaukee. Cincinnati. All cities were the same to lonely Margaret Livingston Whiteman. A hotel suite. Walls. Three meals a day. No one to talk to.

"I didn't know a soul," she told me. "If I had known anyone I could have played golf, gone to teas. As it was, I just sat and moped.

"In those thirteen weeks we toured I read until I almost went blind. I spent money shopping, shopping for things I never used, just to pass the time. I have enough five-and-ten articles still in their original wrappings to start a store.

"I can't sew. I don't paint. I hate card games. Oh yes, some kind lady in the rocking chair brigade at a hotel in Milwaukee gave me a book on bridge. But I didn't have the patience to learn by myself.

"Instead, I used to read my fortune from cards several times a day. And it looked mighty black."

"Didn't you tell Paul how lonely you were?" I asked.

OF course not," she said. "I didn't dare. He had so much to worry about as it was."

It didn't take many weeks of solitude before Margaret Whiteman began to feel listless, drowsy, exhausted. She choked on her food and lost weight. When the Whitmans were en route to Buffalo, where Paul was to appear at an RKO theater, she became so ill that she had to be carried off the train and taken to New York.

I don't have to tell you that Paul Whiteman was worried, in a state of panic. He sent his wife to the best specialist he knew. The doctor took blood tests of her, he took heart tests, he took every kind of test known to medical science. He questioned her minutely on her previous life, her work, her background.

Then he said to Margaret and Paul. "Mrs. Whiteman is the healthiest physical specimen I have ever examined. But her mental unrest is undermining her health. She can either live or die; be well or a chronic invalid. But to be healthy she must have some purpose for living, something to keep her busy. What happens to her is up to both of you."

"What he said that day," Margaret Whiteman told me gravely, "changed our lives completely. Paul seemed to feel it was up to him.

"He had received several offers for concert and vaudeville tours, which he loves. Paul is a born trouper. Even today, when he gets a holiday, he hops onto a train. It doesn't matter where he goes, as long as he goes to some new place.

"He had planned to accept a combination concert and vaudeville tour. Without a word to me, he cancelled the contracts, and signed the Kraft Music Hall contract for radio programs emanating from New York. They netted him half of what he would have realized from a tour.

"This was done, I know, so that he could establish a home for me in New York. 'Regardless of what happens,' he told me, 'we are going to have a camping place.' And he began apartment hunting."

The Whitmans were staying at the Hotel Biltmore at the time. No cooking is allowed there. Yet the very next day

Paul arrived with a de luxe electric stove. "I thought you might like to fix a meal," he explained. "You've often said you love to cook."

"But no cooking is allowed here, Paul," Margaret said. "We'll be thrown out."

"Don't you worry, darling," Paul said. "I'll fix that."

He did. He tipped the hotel clerks not to divulge where the savory odors of roast lamb were coming from. He tipped the maids to keep quiet. He bribed the head waiter to send up linens and cutlery and dishes and waiters for serving dinner. And he told Margaret that the roast lamb, carrots, cauliflower and peas she had prepared tasted better than any meal he had eaten in months!

Before long they had leased a three room apartment at the Essex House, and set about furnishing it together. Today, their apartment has spread to ten rooms.

Paul took time off to go shopping with Margaret, and he let her purchase anything she wanted for the house.

"He did everything he could to make me happy," Margaret told me. "I had always gone horseback riding in California. Paul had never ridden horseback, and disliked the idea of getting up early in the morning just to sit on a horse. Since I liked to ride, he took up riding. Today he enjoys it immensely.

"I like to skate and ski—Paul goes skating and skiing with me. He was accustomed to spending his hours of recreation playing poker with the boys in the band. Now he comes home nights, and brings the boys with him.

"Why, he even tries to come home for lunch every day, so he can be with me for an hour."

Nor is that all Paul did, in his effort to make Margaret well and happy. He knew that his work would sometimes keep him out far into the night. He knew how fond Margaret was of her family. So as soon as they were settled, without a word to her, he sent for her sister, Ivy. Ivy stayed as long as she could. When she had to return to Hollywood, Paul sent for Margaret's niece, Dorothy. Dorothy, in due time, had to go back to school, so the next Livingston to be summoned was his mother-in-law. Even Margaret's seventeen-year-old kid cousin enjoyed Paul's hospitality for several weeks.

PAUL calls them all his family and treats them as his own flesh and blood. When Dorothy was to be married, the wedding was performed at the Whiteman home in New York, though her fiance and she both came from the Coast.

But most important of all to Margaret, I think, is the fact that Paul let her adopt four-year-old, blonde, cuddly Margo, the young queen of the Whiteman household.

With so many things to do—a huge home to run, a baby to love, a husband to care for and pal around with—Margaret has plenty to keep her occupied. No wonder she is happy and healthy today.

"Paul's biggest sacrifice," Margaret Whiteman said mischievously, "I've saved for the last. You know how men love to play golf with experts, how proud they are of their scores? Paul makes the course in less than 80. I'm such a dub I don't dare count—yet Paul acts as though I am doing him a favor when I play with him!"

KEEP UP WITH YOUR SUMMER PROGRAMS

Turn to Pages 52 and 53 for Complete Listing of Network Shows
From Ten A.M. to Eleven P.M.

The Success Saga of an Ugly Duckling

(Continued from page 14)

hated them. She was miserable going through the gestures in which her teacher coached her. She granted it might be another story if she was very pretty. She could see how a beautiful girl might be effective flinging up her arms, throwing back her head, arching her neck. But doing these things she felt a fool.

"I used to turn ill," she says, "when I reached that teacher's house and had to ring the bell."

Fourteen is such a vulnerable age. At fourteen, lacking any individual philosophy and your feelings dangerously close to the surface, you have little protection against the things life does to you.

I'LL always remember the day my mother took Muriel and me to an exhibition," she says. "At that exhibition the free samples were distributed by pretty girls who wore crisp lace edged aprons with the trays on which they carried their samples slung about their necks on bright ribbons.

"I watched those girls admiringly. And after that I went to every exhibition that came to Toronto. Solely for the purpose of studying the sample girls. To me they were glamorous creatures. And I doubted that anyone could do better than work in an exhibition distributing samples."

She found the courage, finally, to tell her mother something of what she had been thinking and to protest against continuing with her dramatic lessons. But because she was too shy to begin to express all she felt her mother naturally assumed it was simply one of those times when a firm hand was required.

"You'll thank me for insisting that you keep on with your lessons one day," she said. She was right, of course. Even if she didn't suspect it would be to amuse people and not to impress them that Bea would use all those elegant airs and graces she mastered in youthful travail.

Eventually the family hopes centered upon Muriel. Muriel progressed with her music. Muriel promised to fulfill the dreams Lucie Shaw Lillie once had held for both of her girls. And it was to further Muriel's career by a year or two of study in a German conservatory that the Lillies sailed for Europe. Then the World War stranded them in London. And it was up to Bea to earn some money even if she came off with no bright honors.

"My repertoire included only artistic numbers and romantic ballads," she explained. "Singing those things during different auditions I always hoped I looked young and tragic and misunderstood even while I knew that I didn't.

"Thank you so much," at least fifty managers told me. 'We'll keep you in mind!' Whereupon most of them proceeded to put me out of mind as quickly as possible."

She had some engagements. But they were in no instance brilliant. And the next thing she knew she was making the rounds of agents and managers again, obliged to give more of those increasingly humiliating auditions. Until at last she came to her breaking-point.

It was the day she had an engagement with Andre Charlot who was about to stage another revue. Perhaps the fact that

she had a girl friend with her had something to do with it. Perhaps her pride wouldn't permit her to appear as ridiculous as she felt she appeared under such circumstances in this friend's eyes. In any event she couldn't, now she knew it, go through another audition like the rest. She couldn't accompany one more romantic ballad with dramatic gestures.

The stage was furnished for the try-outs with the usual piano and table and kitchen chairs. Bea came out with the most elegant of mincing steps. She carried her head just high enough to be a little supercilious. She tripped and caught herself with just a shade of foolish indignation. And singing, as she reached a high note, she permitted her voice to tremble just a shade off key.

Her friend stuffed a handkerchief against her mouth but still her giggles escaped. Bea had promised her a laugh. But she really had not believed she would do anything like this. Especially with the great Charlot watching. That friend, you see, didn't know how Bea had felt about the things she had been doing seriously for years.

WHAT if she didn't get the engagement? This rebellion made up for everything that had gone before, seemed to ease the hurt pride Bea Lillie had suffered ever since she could remember.

Andre Charlot watched her in amazement. And when she had finished he called her into his office and offered her a three-year contract at a figure which reminded her only of the currently discussed war

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF

New
SHINOLA
WHITE SHOE CLEANER
cleans and whitens instantly



READ THIS DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Apply New Shinola White Shoe Cleaner according to simple directions on the carton. Allow shoes to dry thoroughly . . . then finish with a clean, dry cloth, not a brush. If New Shinola rubs off, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.



BOTTLES and TUBES (Two Sizes) 25c and 10c

This story
will interest
many Men and Women



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

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 to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—



**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**

© S.S.S. Co.



debt. A shrewd showman, he was taking no chances on other managers outbidding him.

For, staging her rebellion that day, Bea Lillie minted a brand of comedy that was new and distinctly her own. In her own way she caricatured as deftly and vividly as any artist. But there wasn't then and there never has been anything unkind or malicious in her mockery of all the little pretensions and elegant affectations which people employ. For always, her gray eyes brimming with amusement, it is as if she was saying "This is the way we are, we human beings. Terribly amusing. You know it!"

That was a lucky day for Beatrice Lillie. All because, once an ugly duckling and obscure and something of a misfit, in a rebellious moment she suddenly found the courage to be herself.

London took her up, that small select group in London to which so many aspire. The profile she had scorned was described in newspapers and over smart supper tables as piquant. There was enthusiasm for the shape of the charming Lillie head. And for everything else about her.

AMONG her greatest admirers was the Prince of Wales. And it was at one of his parties that she met the handsome young Robert Peel, heir to a baronetcy, a great fortune, and vast estates in Staffordshire.

It wasn't long before they had a standing engagement to have supper every night after the final curtain had rung down upon Charlot's Revue. Soon he called her Bea. Bea, dear. And she called him Bobby. Bobby, darling. And predatory Mayfair mothers and their ambitious daughters stood aside, aware they were overshadowed by the little girl from Canada.

In 1920 when they were married no one was surprised. It had been evident that Robert Peel had been in love with Bea, her lovely gaiety and her utterly delightful sense of nonsense, from the very first night they met. And anyone not entirely blind had seen her eyes warm when she looked at him. And marked the excitement in her voice to prove she found life better than it ever had been before.

It might have gone to Bea Lillie's head. Easily enough. After all, only a few brief years before, an obscure, middle-class girl in Toronto, she had known the people who now sought her through their pictures in magazines and rotogravures. But not for a second did she turn high hat or stuffy. Long since she had discovered what pretensions were good for, to make people laugh. And with her sure instinct she knew they couldn't be put to better use.

"I'd worked too long, though," she says, "to adjust to an idle life. Shortly after our first anniversary and soon after my son was born I returned to the theater. For a minute my husband didn't like the idea but then he realized I must lead my own life just as he must lead his own life if we were both to be happy."

Her success in England was supplemented by an equal success in New York. She became a trans-Atlantic commuter

dashing from a London revue just closing, to rehearsals for a revue scheduled for early opening in New York.

IT was in the studios that I talked with her. Working she sat on a high stool before the mike, all business. Her sleek bob marked the lines of her fine head. She wore a casual brown tweed suit casually, caching her cigarettes in one of the pockets. Now and then she would be unable to resist some aside which occurred to her. Not that this upset the director. It didn't in the least. On the contrary, aware of the humor of many of her asides he was quick to include them in the act.

"Are you a member here?" she ad libbed when someone, following the script, interrupted her. And her voice took on just enough of a cold storage edge to remind you of all the overly important club women you have ever known.

It was during one of her rest periods that we talked of fatalism.

"I'm a fatalist," she announced. "My experience in 1934 when they wanted me to come to America for 'As Thousands Cheer' convinced me beyond any remaining doubts. Even at the time I didn't understand why I didn't pack and sail. There was every tangible reason why I should. And no tangible reason why I shouldn't. But there in the country I stayed. Fortunately enough."

Fortunately enough... Within the month her father died in Ireland. And a month or two later her brother-in-law, her sister Muriel's husband, died also.

"Watching Bobby take charge of everything that second time," she said quietly, "I suddenly knew a fear. I didn't admit it to myself, quite. But there it was, nevertheless. It was while I was down in London for a few days that they called me to tell me Bobby had been rushed to the hospital with appendicitis. He never regained consciousness."

It is the young Lord Peel, fourteen now, about whom her life revolves these days. "He's at Harrow," she said, her face brightening. "But this summer he'll be here with me. We'll live out on Long Island, on the shore. We'll have fun."

SHE brought her story up to date, through her husband's death, without dramatics, with no suggestion of self pity. She made nothing of the fact that she had carried on, opened in a new show, amused audiences, not permitted her closest friends to guess the depth of her new loneliness. And when I mentioned these things she said only, "I can get myself out of moods. It's my business."

To amuse people with deft caricatures of their weaknesses you must, of course, understand people well. Beatrice Lillie understands them this well. And she knows, therefore, that it isn't human to be patient with anyone's griefs or troubles for very long. So she would see to it that she had her bad times in private. Even as she used to twenty odd years ago in Toronto, Canada. When she was obscure and a misfit and something of the proverbial ugly duckling, a far hail certainly from anyone whom you would expect to have such a brilliant success story.

MEET THE NEW FIFI D'ORSAY!

The singing foil of those mad Howard Brothers on radio's newest Follies show, Wednesday nights, has changed from what she used to be when she first found fame in the movies. Read the warmly human story of what has happened to her since the giddy, good old days—

In the August RADIO MIRROR

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 45)

more deaths over here. John Granville Williams, a chemistry student at Michigan University, was found hanged shortly after a broadcast of the piece, and Floyd Hamilton of Sturgis, Michigan, committed suicide with a copy of it beside him. At any rate, "Gloomy Sunday's" Hungarian composer says he wishes he'd never written it.

* * *

DON Bestor came home from Canada the end of April and succeeded Guy Lombardo at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York. His late-at-night broadcasts are being carried by CBS. Those swell vocalists of his are Neil Buckley, baritone; Patsy Kane, blues singer; and Ducky Yontz, comedian.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

THERE'S a new electric organ that has been causing quite a flurry among the dance-band fraternity the last few months. It hasn't any pipes, it's much smaller and cheaper than the regulation organ, and it does things to music whenever it's used. Another funny thing about it is that it is manufactured by a company which also makes electric clocks.

Columbia bought one recently and installed it in one of its studios; you can hear it, sometimes, on Kate Smith's A. & P. Coffee Time shows. Ted Fio Rito has been using one for several months, playing it himself; Harry Warnow, Mark's brother, has one in his home, and Hal Kemp has two—one in his home and one in his orchestra.

The organ can do a fair job of imitating almost any instrument you care to mention, in addition to having a peculiar, sweet tone of its own. Fio Rito uses it against a rhythmic background of strings and with a brass choir with unusual effect.

Hal Kemp has several other tricky musical instruments, too, which you can keep your eye out for if you should happen to dance to his music this summer. He puts a clarinet inside a megaphone—or rather, he puts three clarinets inside three megaphones, since the device isn't any good for solo clarinet work. The clarinet goes clear inside the megaphone, so that it is covered completely, and holes have to be cut in the megaphone to allow for playing the instrument. Gives an organ-like tone. Hal also has an electric guitar, smaller than an ordinary one, and equipped with an amplifier. The tone's sweeter, louder, and clearer than that of a regulation instrument, it's said.

* * *

NOW that Jane Pickens, of the Pickens Sisters, has been launched on a solo career, Sister Patti is being groomed by NBC for the same purpose. But regardless of their solo activities, the sisters will continue to function as a trio, too.

* * *

THE most expensive program on the air, as far as arrangement costs go, is Mark Warnow's Chrysler show on CBS Thursday nights. Mark hands out at least \$500 a week just for arrangements. That's a record for a half-hour program.

**"Dentyne's a Double-Header
—Good for Your Mouth—
A Treat to Your Taste!"**

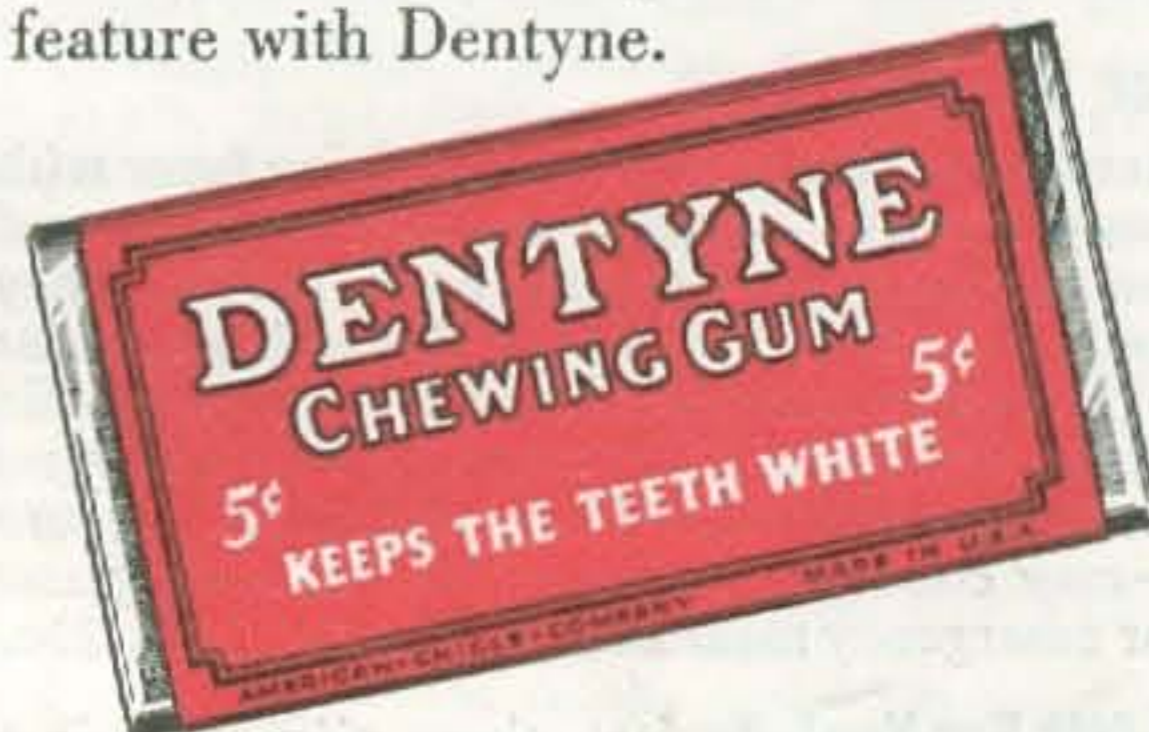


DENTISTS SAY, "CHEW DENTYNE"! We moderns kill our teeth with kindness — we eat soft foods — give teeth and gums too little healthful exercise. Dentyne is a big aid to mouth health because its special, *firmer* consistency encourages more vigorous chewing — stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It keeps teeth white and those telltale little chin muscles young and firm.

YOU ENJOY THE FLAVOR FROM THE FIRST TASTE.

The moment you open the Dentyne package, you get that delicious, spicy aroma. It's a superior chewing gum in *every* way! You'll appreciate too, its smart flat shape that fits so neatly into pocket or handbag — an exclusive feature with Dentyne.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

THEME SONG SECTION

As one Woman to another

A frank personal chat

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

authority on feminine hygiene



I am sure that every woman wants to know just which personal hygiene accessories warrant complete confidence. Because our intimate comfort and protection is at stake! So let me tell you what I've discovered.

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.



For Personal Daintiness

If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the positive deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can lasts, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invisible sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1460, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

SOME theme songs just sort of happen, some are chosen from the lists of songs already published, some are specially composed for a particular program or dance-band maestro. You'd probably guess that Glen Gray's "Smoke Rings" had been composed for the Camel Caravan program, but the fact is it was written and titled several months before Glen and his men signed with the cigarette sponsor. Eugene Gifford wrote it in 1933, when he was Glen's arranger. He's in business for himself now, but Glen is still using "Smoke Rings"—and Gifford still collects royalties on its use, too.

Here are the names of a few signature tunes some of you have written in to ask for: George Olsen, "Sanbali" (unpublished); Don Redman, "Chant of the Weed," by himself; Benny Goodman, "Let's Dance" and "Goodby;" Ruby Newman, "Nothing Seems to Matter Any More," written by himself and unpublished; Jack Hylton, "She Shall Have Music," by himself.

* * *

JACK Denny, whose French Casino band you hear over CBS and MBS, is one of the healthiest maestros around town. He is brown as a berry from hours on the golf course and afternoons spent in the rock garden at his home in Westchester or on the beach of the Westchester Country Club. Lots of time in the open air counteracts the feverish pace of radio and night club life.

* * *

ED Smalle used to be accompanist for Al Jolson during those famous Winter Garden Sunday nights years ago. Smalle's piano runs and improvisations impressed Al greatly and it was his suggestion that Smalle specialize on making vocal arrangements. "With your talent for bringing everything out of a voice I think you'd have a new thing to offer," Jolson told him. Smalle took the advice and proved he could click when he organized and artistically promoted the Revellers.

* * *

ALTHOUGH born in Canada, Ernest A. Watson is Scottish clear through—so much so, in fact, that he named his first child Jock and the other Douglas (though it turned out to be a girl). What's more, the chances of his getting to Scotland soon are pretty slim since he's much too busy carrying on the reputation he has made as a clever musician and arranger with Whiteman, Rubinoff, Lopez and others of the orchestra world here in the United States. Ernie's father is now mayor of Burlington, Ontario, and his father-in-law is mayor of Hamilton, Ontario, though they too are as Scotch as bagpipes and heather.

* * *

OUR tip to the networks is to sign up Stuart Hamblen right away quick. He's a Pacific Coast star, and is heard on KNX, Hollywood, and other stations under his own name and also under the name of King Cowboy. Judging from the letters that have poured in from his fans out there ever since we first mentioned him in this column a few months ago, the networks would be making a lot

of people happy by broadcasting him and his act coast-to-coast.

* * *

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

The bands are jockeying around for summer spots at this time. Some of them have located, others have hopes and still others are touring. Here's the list and it's as accurate as we can make it.

- Armstrong, Louis—One nighters.
- Barnet, Charles—Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Bernie, Ben—Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles.
- Bestor, Don—Hotel Roosevelt, New York.
- Casa Loma—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
- Crosby, Bob—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y.
- Cugat, Xavier—Stevens Hotel, Chicago.
- Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
- Dorsey, Jimmy—On tour.
- Duchin, Eddy—Plaza Hotel, N. Y.
- Fio Rito—Theaters.
- Garber, Jan—Theaters.
- Goodman, Benny—On tour.
- Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y.
- Harris, Phil—Theaters.
- Heidt, Horace—Drake Hotel, Chicago.
- Henderson, Fletcher—Grand Terrace Cafe, Chicago.
- Johnson, Johnny—Commodore Hotel, N. Y.
- Jones, Isham—On tour.
- Kavelin, Al—On tour.
- Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y.
- King, Henry—Hotel Lexington, N. Y.
- King, Wayne—Waldorf Hotel, N. Y.
- Kyser, Kay—Trianon, Chicago.
- Lombardo, Guy—Palmer House, Chicago.
- Lyman, Abe—College Inn, Chicago.
- Lucas, Nick—Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y.
- Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
- Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
- Nelson, Ozzie—On tour.
- Newman, Ruby—Rainbow Grill, Radio City, N. Y.
- Noble, Ray—On tour.
- Weems, Ted—On tour.
- Whiteman, Paul—On tour.

* * *

What do you want to know about your dance-band favorites? Write to us, using the coupon below, and we'll do our best to answer your questions.

Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy.....

.....

Theme Song Section.....

.....

Following the Leaders.....

.....

Or.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 6)

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT ABOUT JUNIOR'S SPINACH?

I've long wanted to lecture the so-called "Uncles" on the children's programs who mention little Mary's fifth birthday party and then chide her for biting her nails or teasing the pet poodle.

Isn't this a pretty mean conspiracy between a commercialized program and thoughtless parents who either can't discipline their own kids or who think their Junior's antics are just too cute?

Obviously Uncle So-and-So couldn't tell the world that little Henry refuses to eat his spinach unless Henry's mamma sent in the information. And mammas nowadays seem to vie with one another to report a more novel or vicious weakness in order to hear their child's name read over the air.

Shouldn't some society for the Prevention of Something or Other make air-struck parents abstain from making capital of the failing of their helpless young? I certainly think so!

MRS. ANDREW RABNERR,
Doylestown, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

HAVE YOU THE MEASLES?

I want to tell you what the radio meant to me when I had the measles last month and had to be in a dark room for more than a week. Mother put a clock on the radio, and I learned to tell time while I was waiting for my favorite programs. I learned lots of new big words, and some riddles, too, and I can carry a tune lots better than before I was sick. When I got better, I told Mother what to say and she wrote some letters to my favorites, thanking them.

The ones I like best are Jack Armstrong, Orphan Annie, Home Folks, Ma Perkins, Fibber and Molly McGee, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Let's Pretend, Gracie Allen, The School of the Air and Major Bowes. Hearing all those, and many others, kept me pretty busy, and although I am glad to be going back to school tomorrow, I hate to miss the ones that come in the daytime. I sure feel sorry for kids that had the measles before there was any radio!

BEE BUCHAN (8 years old),
New Orleans, La.

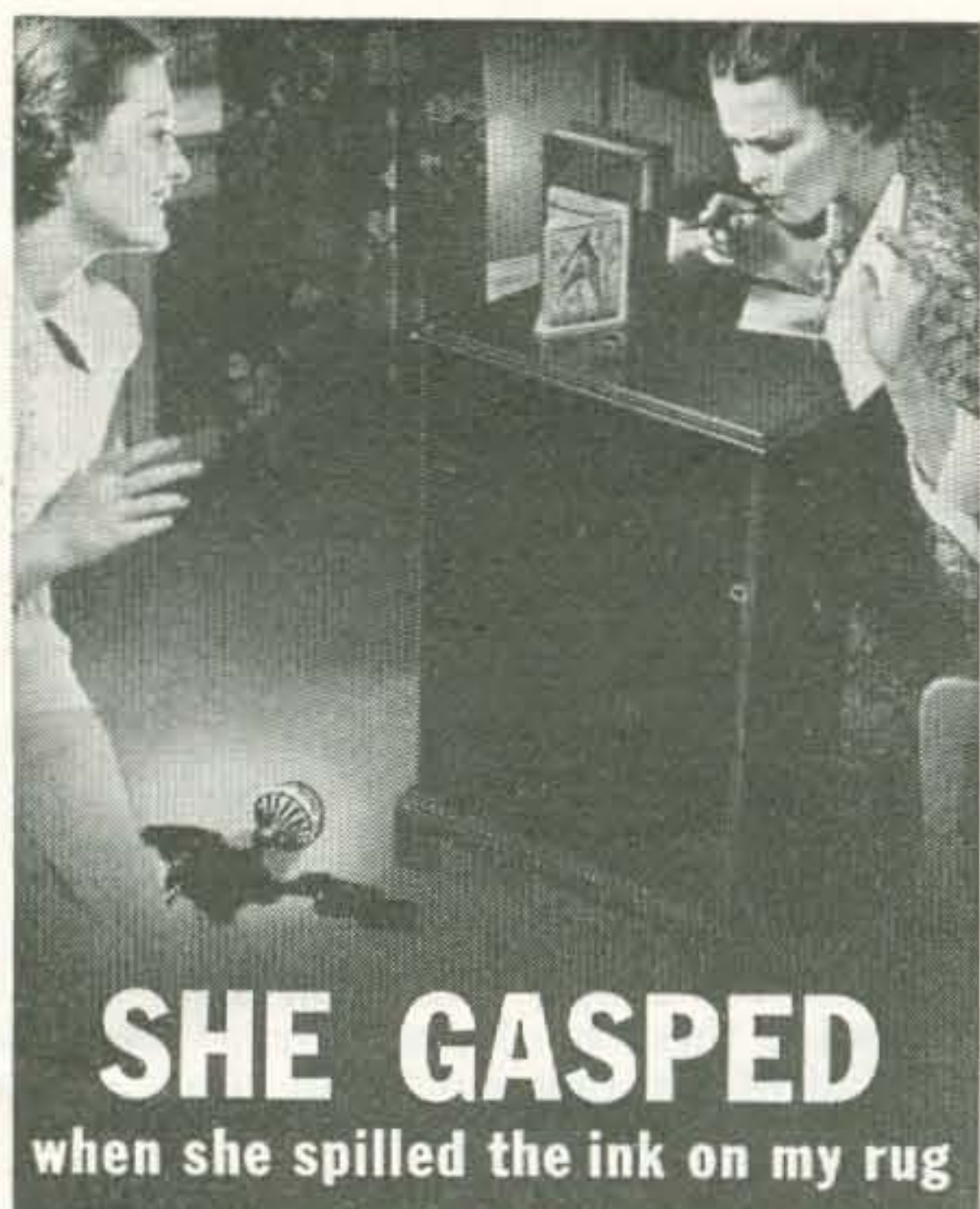
HONORABLE MENTION

"I want to know—is there a radio announcer not guilty of: Assuring us 'this is positively free, send ten cents for mailing together with box tops, bottoms, sides, etc.'"—LILLIAN LA SAGE, New Hope, Pa.

"It seems to me it's time for listeners to come to the aid of the broadcasting stations in regard to Warner Brothers' music ban. The little game could be played to another tune that the public could hold the copyright on. If we can't hear your songs, we won't see your pictures!"—MRS. DEMPSEY DENNIE, Nashville, Tenn.

"From morning to late afternoon, and during the time programs from WLW come in better than over any other large station, soap, soap chips, and shampoo bring us their dialogues, skits, plays, etc., with never a variation from similar programs sandwiched between! By the time Camay leaves the air, I feel all 'washed up.' Can't some of the sponsors vary these never-ending, never-changing programs?"—MRS. C. V. HARRISON, Huntington, W. Va.

"Why not 'clap hands' by mail when you like what the loud-speaker brings you? I keep a pack of government post-



SHE GASPED

when she spilled the ink on my rug

—but I'd taken one precaution and it didn't leave a trace!

Every day such accidents happen where ordinary inks are used. That's why the Parker Pen Company created this WASHABLE Quink—an ink for home and school that can be spilled with SAFETY! Soap and water, promptly applied, remove it from hands, clothes, wood-work, and rugs—without trace!

And Quink dries so fast on paper that people write us, "I've thrown my blotters away!"

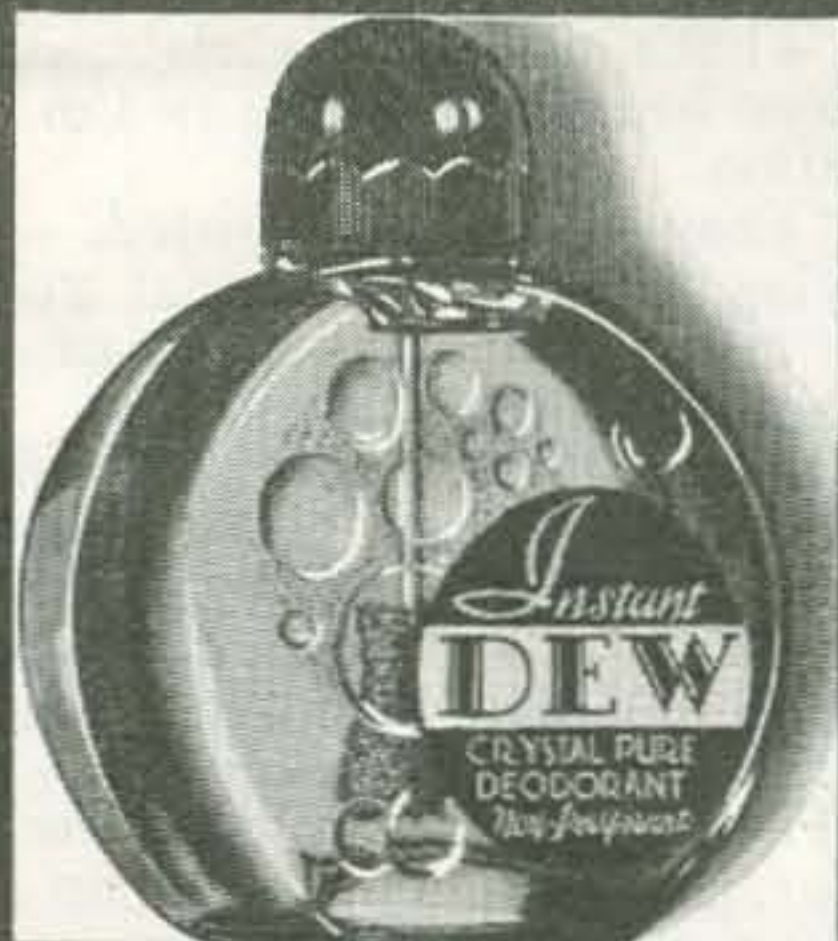
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● Carelessness about perspiration creates unpleasant talk—and with just cause. Only proper precautions will stop this whispering. But be sure your precautions are complete—use Dew. This effective deodorant and non-perspirant gives thorough protection against underarm odors and stains. Dew stops perspiration—*instantly*. You can apply Dew any time—just follow the simple directions. Dew costs little; a small bottle lasts for months. Sold at department, drug or chain stores.



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Gerber's offer more vitamins and minerals, greater digestibility, than most home-prepared vegetables. Cooking is in closed systems under controlled temperatures for greater protection of vitamins. Excess moisture is removed by evaporation to conserve minerals. Because they are packed so fresh, these foods can be left unseasoned by us, so any salting or sweetening may accord with your doctor's instructions.

And Gerber's exclusive Shaker-Cooking shakes each can to obtain quick, even cooking. See if you do not think these foods appear and taste fresher!

Note: Gerber's Cereal is of selected grains, wheat embryo added, cooked in whole milk and strained. Gerber's Strained Prunes are from the famous Santa Clara Valley.

Gerber's



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STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.



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ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
AGE OF BABY..... BOY..... GIRL.....
"Mealtime Psychology," a booklet on infant feeding, sent free on request. "Baby Book," on general infant care, 10c additional.



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When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight*? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

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cards handy for the purpose."—ANDREW C. RABNERR, Doylestown, Pa.

"I should like to recommend to those who haven't yet discovered it, the skit, *Girl Alone*. This is one of the most amusing and entertaining radio offerings I've heard in a long time."—LOIS RICHEY, Webster City, Iowa.

"Why will sponsors try to put on kindergarten stunts to induce people to use their products. 'Oh dear me, I can't think of going to the dance with these hands.' 'Why my dear, just rub a little of this lotion on, see how smooth, etc., etc.'"—MRS. MAY COOK, Twin Falls, Idaho.

"The depression hasn't killed all the joys of life for this radio fan, although broke and jobless, deprived at times of going to a movie or seeing plays for lack of money. I simply chase the blues away and solve these hard times by a twist of the dial of my precious radio. I go some place every night in the week, more satisfactory than going to the shows in reality." LORRAINE MASON, Vineland, New Jersey.

What Love Brought the Gospel Singer

(Continued from page 19)

on that, and a man's first duty is to make enough money to live on. If I could get on a network . . . but I've been on WBZ more than two years now, and no network has even thought of hiring me."

"What sort of job did you think you might get?" Jean asked quietly.

"Anything. Working in a store, or an office, perhaps. I've worked in a store before, you know."

"Yes, I know—and I know how you hated it, too."

Ed MacHugh shrugged, and in that shrug Jean saw the full depths of his weariness.

"I heard you sing the first time I met you," she said, as if she were reminiscing, "and I remember thinking then that you had the best voice I'd ever heard. Not the best for a music critic, maybe. But the best for me. I don't know anything about music, but most singers bother me. They sound as if they were working too hard, and they make my throat tighten up. There must be a lot of people like me, who'd love your voice if they could hear it."

"That's it!" Ed exclaimed. "They'll never hear it as long as I'm on a local station."

"They will," she insisted. "What I'm trying to show you is that you're foolish to talk about making your living any other way than by singing. Your voice is the one thing about you different from other people, your greatest asset. If you can't make a living singing, how do you expect to make one doing something you don't like and aren't particularly fitted for?"

For more than an hour she talked, encouraging him, bolstering up his lagging self confidence in the way a woman has when she loves a man and knows that only she can help him. She reminded him of how his early youth had led him inevitably to a singing career; of how his voice had so impressed Canada's Duchess of Devonshire that she had helped him train it; of how, later, he'd been working in a department store and had been "discovered" all over again when he sang on the store's radio program.

"You can't get away from it," she said. "You are a singer, and you can't give it up even if you want to."

When he went away, back to Boston, once more Jean had accomplished her job; she'd given him new hope and ambition, just as she'd done on several occasions before. Nor was it just talk. In her heart, unshakeably, Jean Harmon did believe that eventually Ed MacHugh would get the break he needed, and bring his songs to the ears of everyone.

TIME was to prove her right. Ed kept doggedly on with his WBZ programs. They were in all important respects the same as the Gospel Singer programs today. Accompanied by an organ, he sang the mellow old hymns so seldom heard nowadays, almost never heard outside of churches. Now and then he was lucky enough to get an engagement in some church, and this helped out his income slightly, but not much, because churches can't afford to pay a great deal. Some couldn't afford to pay at all.

He had gone to Springfield, one night, for one of these church appearances, when an urgent wire came for him from WBZ, telling him he was wanted for a special broadcast the next morning. A special broadcast—when never before had the studio seemed to care a great deal whether he gave his regular ones or not! He took a late train back to Boston, and was at the studio an hour before the scheduled time.

"You're to dedicate this program to Katie," they told him in the studio. "She's an old lady, dying, and she has always loved your songs. This may be the last program she'll ever hear. These—" and they handed him a list—"these are her favorite hymns."

Those were his orders, and they didn't include any explanation of who "Katie" was. Ed wondered about her, but he carried out the directions, and even exceeded them. Between each hymn he added a few words of cheerful encouragement to that unknown, listening old lady: "I hope you liked that, Katie. Now here's another of your favorites."

Not until days after the broadcast did he learn who Katie was, or that she had gone to her last rest happy with the sound of his voice singing the songs she loved, in her ears.

She was the mother of an important New York NBC official. You must forgive me if I don't tell you his name; Ed MacHugh has asked me not to, and it isn't necessary. Dying, after a long illness, she had summoned her son from his office in New York, and one of her last wishes was that she might listen to Edward MacHugh once more.

"Edward MacHugh?" asked her son. "Who's he?"

"You ought to know," she replied. "He works for your company. And his songs have kept me alive for two years."

The NBC official immediately asked WBZ, an NBC station, to put the Gospel Singer on the air as soon as possible. There wasn't time to wait for his regular program, a day or so later.

Watching his mother's face as she listened to that program, the NBC man

knew he must bring the Gospel Singer to mothers and invalids and quiet folk all over the nation. He looked upon it, I am sure, as a duty he owed to the memory of the mother he'd loved.

That's how the Gospel Singer finally became a network star, and how Jean's faith that he would eventually get his break was justified.

For several years Jean and Ed have planned to be married, but not until last March did they do so. There was nothing headlong about their romance. Instead, it is founded upon the deep, sincere regard for each other of two mature people. Ever since his mail from all over the country reached mammoth proportions, Jean has taken care of the task of answering it, a job she gave up only when they were married.

"I decided I couldn't answer it any longer," she told me while they were in New York on a hurried trip a few days after the wedding. "Sometimes the letters would make me cry. For instance, someone would ask, so pitifully, for a certain hymn to be sung on a certain day. Ed couldn't possibly grant the request, because his programs have to be made up days ahead of time, and all the music cleared through the NBC copyright division. And the knowledge that there was nothing we could do to help some of the people who wrote in, not even give them the little pleasure of singing their songs, used to depress me terribly."

"I've always tried to help Ed, as long as I've known him, but in a way that would keep me in the background, and now that I'm his wife, I don't intend to change."

And true to her decision, she sat quietly by while Ed told me about the wedding.

"We meant to wait until June," he said, in his voice which has just enough Scottish burr to lend it an agreeable softness, "and then go to Europe for our honeymoon. Early in the winter I came to New York, intending to do my broadcasting from here until then. But I was always having to run back to Massachusetts for a church engagement, and besides—well, I don't like New York, and I was awfully lonely. So I decided to go back to Boston, and then it seemed foolish to wait any longer."

"What really decided us was a call, just the other day, from a phonograph company for me to come to New York and make some records. I guess it was the Scotch in me that made me think, 'Why not get married right away and make the trip a honeymoon?' If nothing happens to change our plans, though, we will go to Europe this summer. I want to see Dundee, Scotland, where I was born; and Jean never has been abroad."

Ed and Jean will spend most of their time, however, in that house in Newton to which Ed used to come visiting so often. They both love it, and were looking forward to returning there even in the midst of their New York trip. Because, after all, even when he didn't live there, that house meant "home" to Ed MacHugh.

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The American Home of an American Poet—

that's the subject of next month's "Learn Homemaking From the Stars" article. The pictures and story of Edgar A. Guest's beautiful house in Detroit will show you ways to make your own home a finer place to live in.

Ben Bernie's Always in a Jam!

(Continued from page 29)



Thought she was safe but her mouth wash failed!

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always takes time out to talk about Ben. "One of the reasons Ben gets into so much trouble," Eleanore began, "is because he loves to wisecrack. Ben confessed to me one day that these smart answers of his prevented him from completing his college education. He was kicked unceremoniously out of Cooper College for wisecracking in geometry class. He then became a student at City College of New York, but an English instructor resented his smart verbal intrusions and Ben was given the gate again.

"He has never overcome this habit," Eleanore laughed. "Most of Ben's victims take his wisecracking good naturedly, as it is meant, but now and then he picks on the wrong person. On many occasions, had it not been for the staunch support of the lads, Ben would have boasted a beautiful shiner."

One of the lads told me not long ago about an incident that happened in St. Paul which backs up Eleanore's statement. Ben, unwittingly, picked on a large, florid, Minnesota politician. Every time the gentleman danced by the band platform Ben said a few things in an undertone. The fellow stood it for awhile, but Ben got a little too gay and the tormented dancer started to mount the platform muttering something about cramming Ben's cigar down his throat. The lads stopped playing, laid their instruments to one side, and rose to help defend their leader. The politician changed his mind, but for a moment it was touch and go.

ANOTHER reason Ben gets into trouble," Eleanore continued, "is that he is always in a hurry. This morning we have been dashing all over town trying to get three days' work done in four hours' time.

"His rushing around puts me in some embarrassing spots. We were crossing Broadway, the busiest street in the world, when Ben got a swell idea for a radio script. I produced my notebook, and Ben began dictating as we walked, steering me as best he could out of the way of people and automobiles. When Ben gets excited he sometimes forgets to watch where I'm going. A big burly gentleman bumped smack into me! My purse, and the contents—a compact, handkerchiefs, lipstick small change and five cigars—spilled to the sidewalk!

"Ben, and the fellow who had bumped into me, picked up my belongings. Trying to be funny, they handed the cigars back to me one by one. The people passing seemed very amused, while I tried to appear composed, knowing that it would be quite useless to stop all of them to explain that carrying cigars for Ben is one of my most important duties!

"Next week we open in Detroit." Eleanore shook her head. "I hate to think of it. Something always happens to Ben in that town. Last time we played there he almost got himself involved in a breach of promise suit. It wasn't Ben's fault. It really wasn't. That's the strange thing about all Ben's jams, he is rarely to blame for them." She smiled. "Even Winchell admits that.

"This Detroit fix," Eleanore confided, "was very amusing. That is to everyone but Ben and myself. Some girl in Oklahoma decided she was going to marry him! She took his phrase, 'keep the Old Maestro always in your heart,' seriously and, knowing he was single, she packed up her belongings and hitch hiked all the way to Detroit! Her goal, upon arriving, was Bernie and matrimony—or else. She

wouldn't go back home, and she wouldn't listen to reason. Everywhere Ben went the girl followed him. He bought her a railroad ticket. She tore it up! He tried, like a good fellow, to wish her on some of the lads in the band. That didn't work. He did everything he could to get rid of her. Finally, he turned her over to me with a fervent plea that I figure out some method of getting her back home!

"She almost drove me crazy talking about Ben. What she really needed," Eleanore said seriously, "was a good spanking. I tried Ben's tactics. First I reasoned, then I pleaded, and finished off with threats. My tongue lashing made not the slightest impression on the girl. But I got rid of her," Eleanore laughed. "I resorted to plot. I bought two railroad tickets, and told her Ben was leaving for the south and that we were to meet him in Miami. The tickets read Tulsa, Oklahoma, but she was too excited to notice that. I got her on the train, and rode a hundred miles with her before I was able to slip off. I left her some money and an explanation. She never returned, and Ben was able to play out the remainder of his engagement in comparative peace. Since then," Eleanore sighed, "he has married Dorothy Wesley, the Olympic swimmer. So I'm in some way assured that nightmares like that celebrity struck kid won't happen again. If they do his wife can handle them," she smiled.

"Ben's cigars are another one of my problems. Not only do I have to carry them for him, but I also have to be constantly on the lookout to keep them (the cigars) from getting him into trouble!

"He is always leaving lighted ones around. His cigars have burned holes in dresses, expensive coats, table cloths and upholstery. Ben smokes twenty-nine cigars a day! When I am with him nothing happens, because I watch that cigar like a hawk until it is extinguished! But when I'm not around," she paused, "well, let me tell you about an incident that might have cost him his life!

"It was while we were in Los Angeles. Ben was making a picture called 'Stolen Harmony' for Paramount. He came back to the hotel one afternoon dead tired from overwork, and told two of the lads and me, who were sitting in the lobby, that he was going to his room for a little nap. The perennial cigar was hanging dejectedly from the corner of his mouth as he went into the elevator.

"A half hour later I went over to the desk for the key to my room. As it was handed to me the switchboard operator turned to one of the bellboys and said, 'A lady in 429 says she smells smoke. Better go up and see what it is.'

BEN was in suite 427! I quickly hurried into the elevator with the bellboy, and as soon as it stopped we rushed down the hall. Ben was standing in the doorway, a towel in his hand and a sheepish look on his face. 'You'd better see the manager, Eleanore,' he grinned. 'I guess I owe him a couch!'

"He had gone to sleep on the couch, leaving his lighted cigar on the table. It had rolled off onto some newspapers, set fire to them, and the flames had ignited the fringe around the bottom of the couch! Luckily enough, Ben awoke before the fire got a start. He dumped a pitcher of ice water on it, and then batted with a towel. This did the trick. If it hadn't—" Eleanore shuddered.

"The manager was given a couch, and Ben was kidded unmercifully by the lads

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IT'S GREAT TO BE A DELEGATE! AND I'LL ENJOY THE TRIP.

WELL, JUST IN CASE YOU CELEBRATE, YOU'LL FIND THIS IN YOUR GRIP.

MORNING MISERY

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

for several months following. Incidentally, I did the explaining to the manager. I detected just a slight sigh of relief when we checked out to go back to New York.

"Most of the trouble Ben gets into occurs on the road, but even in New York little jams come up that would bother most people. Ben is hard to keep a finger on, someone is always looking for him. When he is in New York, he spends a great deal of time with Winchell, and Walter, as you know, is in all places at once. Consequently, Ben is late to rehearsals, late to dinner engagements, late getting to bed, and hard to get up in the morning. I do the explaining. My favorite lines are 'Don't worry, the Old Maestro will be here any moment' and 'I don't know what's keeping Ben, he's usually so punctual.'

"On the road, Ben usually has his affairs pretty well organized, but when we get to New York he relaxes and is invariably showing up at rehearsals and broadcasts without something. Often it is only the script, and he borrows a duplicate. But sometimes it is a special arrangement, or copies of a new orchestration. He has an amazing faculty for remembering where he left something. 'Quick, Eleanor,' he will say, 'run over to the hotel and get my brown brief case. I left it on the floor by the radio. Hurry, we'll need it in twelve minutes!' Away I go. I have made as many as three trips in one evening for the Old Maestro!

"I've only let Ben down once," Eleanor confided. "This was in Hollywood, I got my signals mixed and somebody pulled a fast one on me.

BEN was at the race track in Caliente. He's a great racing fan, and when he's not working he generally has his nose in a racing form, and his hand in his pocket. I was at the hotel in Hollywood cleaning up some business, when a call came through for Ben. It was from Paramount. 'This is Tate, the assistant director,' the voice said. 'Tell Ben and the boys they're due at the studio at eight-thirty sharp.' Then he hung up.

"I called the track, had Ben paged, and delivered the bad news. Ben had understood he wasn't to work until ten-thirty the next morning, but taking my advice, he gathered the lads together and headed back for Hollywood. He got in around seven-forty, gulped down his dinner and hurried over to the studio.

"When he and the lads got on the sound stage, nobody was there but a few carpenters pounding on scenery. They hung around for a half hour, and then Ben went over to have a look at the call board.

"It read: 'Bernie and Orch—10:30 A. M.' Ben shuffled back to the sound stage to get the lads, and found them surrounding none other than his best pal and worst enemy—Walter Winchell! The Manhattan reporter had pulled a fast one on him! Of course, the night was a gay one and the next morning Ben arrived at the studio an hour late. He had a producer and two supervisors waiting for him. It took me forty-five minutes of fast talking, aided by Ben, to straighten matters out. Walter stayed three days. Which was more than long enough for me!

"One of the worst jams the Old Maestro ever got the troupe into happened on the road between Milwaukee and Chicago. We had just finished a one night stand in Milwaukee and were headed for the Windy City. We left Milwaukee, by bus, at noon, and were to open in Chicago that night. It's about a three-hour run.

"We were traveling along smoothly, when Ben's hamburger craze attacked him. Some days he eats practically nothing but hamburgers, three or four every hour. He kept stopping the driver at every stand

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along the way for hamburgers. At four o'clock we were still an hour out of Chicago.

"And then it started to rain. A slow drizzle which made the roads very slippery. The driver, anxious to get us in on time, traveled right along at the same fast pace. We came to a country cross road. Our wheels struck some loose, muddy wagon tracks, and we went into a dizzy skid. Before we could catch our breath, we were in a ditch! Nobody was hurt, and we all piled out to have a look at our position. Ben remarked, 'Everything's under control.'

"One of the lads stopped a passing car, and he and Ben got a lift into the next town. They came back with two tow trucks which hauled us out of the ditch. By this time we were all sopping wet, Ben looked as if he had been standing under a shower.

"We arrived in Chicago an hour before we were scheduled to play. Ben and the boys made a quick change, and just got

under the wire. Much to my consternation, the entire band, including Ben, spent most of the evening sneezing.

"That night, after the show, I made the rounds with hot lemonade and liniment. In spite of my precaution, the next day Ben and five of the lads were down with colds. Every time Ben opened his mouth he sounded like a fog horn. When show time came he wasn't able to speak above a whisper! But he went down stairs and hung around the orchestra smiling for the cash customers. Our pianist explained the situation, and did the announcing, although he wasn't in much better shape than Ben.

"It took three days of chest rubbing and cough medicine to get the Old Maestro back into condition!

"For three years now," Eleanore laughed, "I have been doing my best to keep Ben hale, hearty, and out of trouble. He tells me I do a good job," she smiled much as mother would in talking about her small son. "Sometimes I wonder?"

Vacation Cooking A La Rudy Vallee

(Continued from page 51)

Pineapple rice sounded so unusual that I started off with it, and you will want to start your dinner preparations with it, too, for of course it takes longer to cook than do the lamb chops that accompany it.

PINEAPPLE RICE

- 1 cup rice
- 3½ cups (1 can) pineapple juice.
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Pinch salt

Wash the rice thoroughly, through several waters. Bring the pineapple juice, salt and butter to a boil, add rice and simmer until rice is tender and pineapple juice thoroughly absorbed.

When the rice is nearly ready, trim the fat from loin lamb chops and put them under the broiler flame. When the chops are ready to turn, place slices of pineapple on the broiler and continue cooking until the chops are done and the pineapple slices are brown, basting with pineapple juice to which a little butter, salt and pepper have been added. Make a mound of the rice in the center of a large platter and surround with the chops alternated with the pineapple slices. Serve green peas or string beans with this combination.

The ham and orange recipe is prepared in the same way, that is, the ham is broiled alone in the usual way, the orange slices—they should be peeled and about a quarter of an inch in thickness—requiring only a short time under the broiler. The sauce is prepared as follows:

- 2 tablespoons ham fat
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups (one can) orange juice

Brown the flour in the fat, reduce the heat and add the orange juice a little at a time, stirring to avoid lumping. Pour the sauce over the ham and arrange the orange slices as a garnish around it. As accompaniment, serve sweet potatoes, either baked or mashed, and string beans or spinach.

Chicken in tomato juice is a Camp Vallee version of smothered chicken and one, I'm sure, that will be as popular with your guests as it is with Rudy's.

CHICKEN A LA VALLEE

- 1 frying chicken, disjointed
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour

- 1 quart can tomato juice
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 tablespoon minced green pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Dredge the chicken in the flour and brown slowly, turning frequently, in the butter. When the chicken is evenly browned, add the onion and green pepper. As soon as the onion has browned, pour in the tomato juice and add the parsley with salt and pepper to taste. Simmer, covered, until the chicken is tender. Rudy recommends hot biscuits and corn on the cob or summer squash with this dish.

You've noticed that canned fruit juices are specified in these recipes and perhaps you've decided that this is only to save time and trouble, but while these are important reasons they are not the only ones. The elements in fruit juices which make them so valuable are found in greater quantities in tree- and vine-ripened fruits, and they deteriorate rapidly when exposed to the air, two conditions which the canner is able to overcome more readily than the housewife, who frequently has to depend upon fruit which has been picked before it is ripe and has spent many days, even weeks, in shipment.

"What about the orange toast you mentioned?" I asked Rudy.

"It's the Sunday breakfast favorite, with scrambled eggs and sausages," he answered. The recipe he gave me is sufficient for six slices of toast, but once you have tried it you will probably double the recipe for future use.

ORANGE TOAST

- ¼ cup orange juice
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- ½ cup sugar
- 6 slices buttered toast

Mix sugar, orange juice and rind, spread on toast and place under the broiler flame until brown.

As usual, we've got clear down to here and there are still some grand new recipes there isn't space for—lentils in tomato juice, pineapple ice cream and orange sherbet—but I'll be glad to send them and the recipes for fruit drinks to you if you will just send a stamped addressed envelope to me with your request. Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Learn Homemaking from the Stars

(Continued from page 39)

for example, was measured exactly to fit the perfectly priceless Chippendale love seat, and the windows were placed accordingly. Fireplaces in both living room and library were built to fit lovely old brass fenders.

The dining room was placed rather unconventionally at the back of the living room so the entire routine of the house would not be upset by the irregular meals a radio announcer must snatch when he is able. Mrs. Havrilla, an ardent club woman, told me ruefully that it is no uncommon thing for her to be holding her second or third committee meeting of the day while Alois is breakfasting.

Not every one, of course, is fortunate enough to be able to build the home of her dreams—but certainly anyone, with a little thought, may achieve coherence in decoration that will more than atone for the things the builder did which he shouldn't have done. We all have some things we feel we just couldn't ever part with. That is true whether you're a bride or celebrating a silver anniversary.

Mrs. Havrilla was more fortunate than most. She started out with many really fine antique pieces, but her sofa, her stuffed chairs, and some of her tables—though you'd never believe it if she didn't tell you!—came right out of a department store stock room. However, by dint of a little elbow grease and thought, the new pieces were re-upholstered in soft, faded looking cretonnes, brocades and damasks so that they blend perfectly with the old.

I PICKED up this old rose stuff as a remnant, and Alois and I re-covered the love seat ourselves," she pointed out with very just pride. "It was just the thing for the goose-neck chair over there by the radio, too."

And when she mentioned radio I was reminded of another problem the homemaker with an eye to beauty often encounters. Quite often a radio cabinet's beauty is sacrificed to utility. What could be more hideous than, say, an incongruous radio cabinet in a period room? The Havrilla's method of overcoming that hurdle is worth passing along.

They picked up an old second hand Sheraton rosewood cabinet, obviously from some discarded dining room set, put a Sevres vase inherited from a collector-uncle on top of it, a priceless Arabian prayer rug behind it—and a radio set inside it. And while far be it from me to tell radio manufacturers how to run their business—they could do a lot worse than call on the Havrillas some night!

Then there was a picture—the picture. It is a night marine, in murky blue-black and dark greens.

"I just loved it," Mrs. Havrilla said, "but it was so dark against those cream walls and there wasn't a single dark thing in the room, either. I didn't know what to do. Then I hit on an idea. I ordered my draperies in that exact dark blue-green. I brought home samples and compared them until I had matched them perfectly. They did the trick, don't you think?"

By way of saving the *pièce de resistance* for dessert, so to speak, the library, with its pine panelling, is really the room of the house—and small wonder! The chair at the desk and another in a corner are more than three hundred and fifty years old! Elihu Yale, a remote ancestor of

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"Dear Sirs:

"I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

"Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."

—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

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J. F. "Suffered for nine years. Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You could not see the places where the scales were". H. S. "I have suffered from psoriasis for eleven years. My condition now since using Dermoil seems almost impossible to believe. Prior to that time a cup to a cup and a half full of scales formed every day". M. N. K. "I am rolling up my sleeves for the first time in fifteen years as my arms are entirely cleared up".

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Mrs. Havrilla, used them for kitchen chairs but they've graduated into the library, now that twenty-odd layers of paint that had accumulated during generations had been scraped off by Mrs. Havrilla's own hands, so that the lovely mellow old pine now has its natural gleam. Their companion pieces are good department store copies of American antiques.

"I don't believe in collecting antiques unless they really belong in the family," Mrs. Havrilla insists. "Modern copies are cheaper and more satisfactory."

The bedroom in the accompanying illustration is "grandma's room." The cheval glass is a coveted collector's item. Some of you who read this might be impelled to rummage through dusty attics if you could see it! If you could uncover a forgotten one—well, they're priceless. It is the chest, though, that is Alois' pride and joy, for he experienced the thrill of picking it up for \$16. A Czecho Slovakian cabinet maker taught him the secret process he used in refinishing it—and I'm passing it along to you. If you have any

refinishing work at hand, you'll thank Alois. Here it is:

Put a lump of bees-wax about the size of an egg in a double boiler, with two quarts of turpentine and simmer until the bees-wax is all dissolved. Be very careful, for turpentine is highly inflammable. Rub the preparation into the scraped surface of the article, and don't spare elbow grease. Only time itself can duplicate the mellow rich finish you will achieve.

The iron handles of the chest in question, incidentally, were picked up at an antique shop, as was a mirror. The whole thing cost about \$20 and you couldn't duplicate it for perhaps ten times the sum!

Let Mrs. Havrilla sum it all up. She does it better than I can.

"My grandmother used to say 'Beauty is as beauty does.' That's how I feel about my home. Everything in it answers some purpose. It's comfortable—and we love it."

And there, if I ever heard it, is the true homemaker's creed.

He's "Uncle" to Thousands

(Continued from page 35)

of the letters. But you couldn't expect hired people to give it the personal attention we do. Why, just think of all the birthdays I announce over the air. Think of the poor, sick and crippled children. Do you really think I could hire someone to visit them and make them happy as I do myself?"

I had to admit that I doubted it very much. Just the other day Walter got a letter from a boy in Henrotin Hospital, Chicago. The lad had suffered an accident but was not in a dangerous condition. Some people might have written him a little note. Most would have ignored him or told a secretary to send him Form Letter No. X123. But not Uncle Bob. He got on the telephone and spent thirty minutes visiting with the boy. Then he dedicated his broadcast that same afternoon to this one child. The result was the lonely boy in the hospital was literally swamped with well wishing letters from other members of Uncle Bob's "Curb is the Limit Club."

He couldn't accomplish that if he had paid secretaries to handle the mail. He couldn't accomplish that if he were on a nationwide network. Too often he would be in New York and the sick child in San Francisco. He couldn't even do that with big business paying him big money and sponsoring his program.

That's the reason why Uncle Bob broadcasts every afternoon except Sunday over WIND in Chicago from 5:30 to 6 o'clock.

I think that in itself gives you a better picture of the man and his character than any number of adjectives could. So let's move on to the club he has made so famous that educators and governors copy it for safety work in far distant states where they can't hear Uncle Bob. To do this we must delve into history a bit.

Walter Wilson, the singing piano player of small time nickelodeons, became radio's Uncle Bob on January 5, 1923. That was in the very early days of Chicago's pioneer radio station, KYW, which has since moved to Philadelphia. On September of that year a listener in Milwaukee wrote in a suggestion for Walter's broadcasts.

"Since you are doing all this campaigning to keep kids safe why don't you form a radio club? You might call it 'The Curb is the Life Line'."

Walter read that letter and liked the idea immediately. For on every broadcast even then he warned children not to run into the streets. Stop at the curb. The suggested name didn't appeal to Walter but it did give him an idea.

The Curb is the Limit
 That was the name for his new club. So he started out to get members. His goal was 100,000 members. Now he has between 803,000 and 804,000 registered members! More than 11,000 of those who have joined in the last twelve years have since grown up, married and now their children are members, too.

Uncle Bob has developed a definite formula to keep the children out of danger on the crowded city streets. He makes each member pledge to stop at the curb before crossing, look to the right and count 1-2-3-4-5. Then they must look to the left and count 6-7-8-9-10. If nothing is coming in either direction then they can cross safely. But they must *walk* not *run* across the street!

SIMPLE? Certainly it's simple. It's so simple it catches the fancy of a child. And now for that example I promised you of how this plan works out.

Came a telegram from Ottumwa, Iowa!
 THANK GOD AND UNCLE BOB OUR LITTLE BOY WAS SAVED LETTER FOLLOWS.

Walter waited for the letter. It came from the boy's grandmother, the mother being prostrated at how close Death's icy fingers had come to her son.

This little Iowa boy had received a radio set just two weeks before the school term began. Within a week the six-year-old lad had joined Uncle Bob's Curb is the Limit Club.

Just two weeks after school opened he and two companions were coming home from school. They stepped into a street just in time to get hit by a truck . . . that is the other two boys did. They were both killed. When the excitement died down they asked this lad who survived how it happened he didn't get hit.

"Oh, I belong to Uncle Bob's 'Curb is the Limit Club.' I stopped at the curb and counted just as he said I should. Then I looked both ways. By that time that awful truck had hit Bobbie and Tom."

From Uncle Bob's scrapbook I could

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No Need Now to Let
Gray Hair
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Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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quote you many such items . . . items in which little lives actually were saved by his club and its pledge. But that one is example enough to drive home his point.

No wonder the governor of Wisconsin wrote him for complete details of his work with the idea of duplicating it in the Wisconsin schools.

And there's another reason why Uncle Bob is so well loved by so many people. Just read this letter:

"I am a city mail carrier of Princeton, Illinois, and I carry Margaret Heden-schong's mail. If you will remember, she is the little crippled girl who wrote you and wanted to hear from some of your little friends of the radio. Well, she is hearing from them all right. She has more business right now than twenty healthy girls should have. Oh, boy, you certainly got results for her! I have taken her about 100 letters in the last four days. I wish you could come with me when I take the mail and see the change you have made in that little girl. And I think you would be rewarded for all the good things you have done and never heard a word about."

YOU see, Uncle Bob urges members to correspond. When any one is sick he asks others to write them. And he always adds, no matter what the ailment may be, "Oh, I had that once when I was a little boy. But I just did what mother told me to and soon I was all right again."

Naturally that helps mother get that nasty but necessary medicine down a young throat.

Now that you've met Uncle Bob and know of him, his character and his excellent radio work let's close with just one more example of how his club functions. Christmas time is not too happy for poor children. So he always asks them for letters. He even asks neighbors of poor families to tell him where they live and what their names are. Then instead of embarrassing the poor people by announcing their names and addresses he broadcasts, "I have a letter from some poor kiddies in the 00000 block on Blank Avenue. Who can play Santa Claus to them?"

Invariably he gets letters from people living nearby. To them he sends the name and the address and through them he has become Chicago's own Santa Claus.

And, as Uncle Bob would say: "Good night, sleep tight. Keep under the covers tonight. Brrrrr! it's cold!"



Hollywood Hotel's Frances Langford is lending her dark beauty to the movies now. Did you see her in "Palm Springs"?

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IF you've come to rely on cathartics—habit-forming, and giving only temporary relief at best—science offers you wonderful news. For repeated clinical tests have proved this fact: *The real cause of countless stubborn cases of constipation is shortage of Vitamin B Complex!* And in such cases, constipation goes—headaches end—energy returns—when this precious natural factor is added to the diet!

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Start now to restore health this easy, natural way—with Yeast Foam Tablets. They have helped thousands. For you, too, they should strengthen digestion—restore regular, natural elimination. Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

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Is there a man or woman who has not admired sleek, slender fingers? You, too, can slenderize your fingertips by using "MANICARE"—the sensational new nail beautifier which softens the cuticle so you can push it back and get the biggest half-moons you ever had. A minute a day with Manicare keeps the skin around the nails soft and smooth... a perfect frame for the nails.

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Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

of interest only to those sitting before him, within sight of him. Now when he begins to talk, he finds that broadcasters have spotted a microphone in the hall and are sending his words out to millions scattered across the continent.

As Mr. Sabin explained, "These speakers can no longer employ different issues for separate sections of the country. With radio spreading their words to every town and hamlet, they must speak about matters of national significance."

Also, Mr. Sabin pointed out, there was the time not many years ago when a politician depended on compact local organizations, held together by patronage, to return him to office. As long as he could keep the independents from realizing their power, he was safe. Radio has turned that picture upside down. Coming to the rescue of the independents, it has given them the opportunity to become a closely knit unit and to take advantage of their new power.

"Politics," Mr. Sabin continued, "are vital to American people and their lives. Before the heat of a campaign warps the unbiased viewpoints of speakers, the issues at stake should be discussed calmly and dispassionately over the air."

By whom these issues should be discussed Mr. Sabin did not say. Certainly not by speakers to whom the winning of the campaign is important. But the point he made remains the same.

Radio can and should be a force for clearing away the fog that surrounds campaign platforms and campaign issues. It should reveal them to the country as they really are. In this respect radio's value is inestimable. And as long as it remains free and untrammelled, it is a force for wonderful good. Once it becomes the possession of the party in power, it can bring only evil.

It is up to us, the radio audience, to see that the gloomy dawn of such a day never breaks.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 48)

they can arrange for one, if a sponsor demands it, is by going outside and hiring a hall or a theater strictly for that show. . . . Cliff Arquette, Thaddius Cornfelder of Myrt and Marge and Luke Ferguson of Welcome Valley, is author of the new show, Elmer Goes Hollywood, which premiered on West Coast stations recently. . . . Katherine Krug, who is co-starred with Francis X. Bushman on Chicago airlines in the Movie Personalities show, is the wife of Ashton Stevens, famous Chicago theatrical critic. . . . John McCormick, WGN early morning announcer and not the famous singer, is a licensed pilot. So is C. L. Menser of NBC in Chicago. Also Wayne King, Charles (Andy) Correll and Noble Cain, headman of the Chicago A Cappella choir.

* * *

PAT BARRETT, who is better known as Uncle Ezra, holds the last Kentucky colonelcy issued by that great colonel creator, Gov. Ruby Laffoon. . . . Announcer Tom Shirley of Columbia in Chicago was once a juvenile star in the Old Essanay film studios on Chicago's north side, the same studios that brought to light Wallace Beery, Gloria Swanson and other stars. . . . Dave Owen, who directs the Jack Armstrong series, is going to keep his future vacation plans a secret. Not long ago he vacationed by taking a Panama cruise. The first night he was gone burglars raided his Evanston home and cleaned it out. . . . Eddie House, the WBBM organist, has spent four years building himself a forty-five foot power cruiser in a Chicago boat yard. With luck he'll get it in the water sometime this summer. Other boat owners include Quin Ryan and Blaire Walliser of WGN, Morgan L. Eastman and Lum and Abner of NBC, and Hal Stokes of WGN. . . . Chester Lauck, who is Lum of Lum and Abner, has two daughters, Shirley May, seven, and Nancy, three years old. . . . It seems strange but it's true that Alec Templeton, Jack Hylton's pianist, does enjoy talking movies despite the fact that he's blind. . . . The finalists of the recent WBBM auditions included a life insurance underwriter, an envelope sales-

man, an X-ray technician in a soldier's hospital, a CCC employee, a member of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta company, a choir director, a Lyceum quartet member, a theater soloist and a former star of University of Chicago dramatics. . . . Joan Blaine, whose most famous radio part is that of Mary Marlin, and Cyril Pitts, NBC singer, are very much that way about each other as spring turns into summer. Joan went out and bought a new car the other day. Not to be outdone Cy did the same, although he already had a perfectly good auto. And from the way they always go around together I would say they really only need one auto between them instead of three. . . . There's one Chicago radio station on which you couldn't buy time at any price. It is WMBI, run by the Moody Bible Institute for religious purposes. . . . I'm afraid Chicago's Bill Cooper and the success of his ghost stories, Lights Out, on NBC stations, was responsible for a sudden demand for that type of radio entertainment this late winter. . . . Cooper turned out one show so horrifying that Mrs. Ted Weems, riding along the boulevards in a car, refused to leave the machine after the show ended. She was afraid of the midnight shadows. . . .

* * *

WHEN robbers held up Jan Garber near Jackson Park the gun at his head so bothered him that he stalled his car directly in front of that belonging to the thieves. He had to back up and get out of the way before they could drive away. . . . Uncle Ezra is sorry his new airplane doesn't have a buggy whip holder. For years he bought Elcar autos just for that one reason. . . . Magda Neeld, Jack Hylton's singer, decided on one Saturday to leave Australia the next Wednesday for England. In London only three weeks she joined Hylton and found herself in America four months later. . . .

* * *

WENDELL HALL was surprised to have a Detroit, native of Scotland, write that years ago he'd been traveling on a train when a fellow passenger

STAY Young and Beautiful



Increase your appeal! Give yourself beauty that is exciting, that stirs the emotions of others.

Putting this or that on the outside will not bring glowing cheeks, lustrous hair, smooth firm throat, lovely back.

"Brushing does it!" say famous beauty editors.



Brushing urges the tiny blood vessels to deliver more blood to the scalp and skin. Cleanses pores completely. Strengthens sagging tissues.

But it is important to use the right brushes. Brushes with elastic, penetrating bristles which really work and last. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name is your guarantee of bristle excellence. Look for it on hair brushes, complexion brushes, bath brushes, hand and nail brushes.

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Look 10 Years Younger

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Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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"Athlete's Foot"—rashes—eczema—common skin disorders stop itching and burning in minutes if you treat skin with HYDROSAL! Not like any old-fashioned salve or lotion. "Colloidal" discovery helps nature ideal way to soothe and relieve. Astringent; refines skin. Used by doctors for years; accepted by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At drug stores, liquid or ointment—30c, 60c.

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IN YOUR TOE!**



**THERE'S ONE SURE WAY
TO REMOVE ROOT AND ALL**

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it *all* out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful *double-action* corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today; 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that— Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. **Artificial Ear Drum**
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TRUE STORY is coming to the screen. Columbia Pictures have arranged to distribute a series of pictures based on the thrillingly dramatic true stories in TRUE STORY Magazine. By all means ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theater when he expects to run

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Based on true stories from

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Address.....

MEN
WOMEN
Age Range 18 to 50

left a package. He turned it in but got it back when it was unclaimed. In the package were Wendell Hall records including "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." While Leonard Keller was doing a Sunday morning radio series this letter came in from Bailer, Colo: "Closed our churches up here because everyone stays home to hear your broadcasts." Joan Blaine, Mary Marlin and other shows, was a pupil of Poet Lew Sarett at Northwestern University some years ago. Recently she wrote him for permission to do one of his poems on the air. He gave her blanket permission to do all of them any time but asked that she please inform him as he'd like to listen in. . . . Full name of Actor Doug Hope is: Douglas Daniel Aloysius Kelly Hope.

* * *

WLS bosses were surprised one day to find, upon answering the telephone, a voice singing "Wagon Wheels" and "About a Quarter to Nine." The first WLS-er to get the call became exasperated. He hung up. The second, more curious, hung on. Said the voice: "Now you know what I can do. I haven't time to take an audition at your place. If anything comes up that you could fit me into just give me a ring" . . . A Chicago exec of the advertising agencies was asked by the radio department how he liked their production, *Roses and Drums*, those dramas of the Civil War. Forgetting he was an advertising man he answered honestly: "It's so noisy I can't read when it's on!"

**Coast-to-Coast Highlights
Pacific**

(Continued from page 48)

of seats in the audience room and put planks and a table on them for a podium (rostrum to you). Lionel Barrymore has taken off his film beard. Now they can tell whether he is too near or two far from the mike. Before, it was anybody's guess.

* * *

EDDIE LA MONTAGNE has moved his chain Opportunity Parade program from Frisco to Hollywood . . . Fridays at 6:30 p. m. (PST) on NBC lines. Thirty-three years old . . . married to a non professional, Evelyn Natress . . . he was born in Sault Sainte Marie, Mich., of French Canadian parentage. He owns a ranch in Hillsborough, in northern California, where the youngsters can have plenty of room to romp around.

* * *

PICTURE scouts tell me that Don Ameche, NBC First Nighter, will be one of 1936's outstanding picture finds.

* * *

GUESS CBS will have taken over KNX by the time this reaches print. That will be swell. No longer will Hollywood Hotel and other chain creations be given from downtown Los Angeles. You knew, didn't you, most people have been thinking all these months that the Hollywood Hotel was performed right in the heart of Hollywood? But it wasn't. Or don't you care?

* * *

IRVIN S. COBB ought to get a medal for somethin'. He was billed for an interview on the Elza Schallert program. But it couldn't get on the network because of flood reports from the East. Did

**TATTOO
YOUR LIPS**

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible



Now... for lips... **TATTOO** instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Softening to lips instead of drying. TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays. TATTOO your lips! Never be satisfied with less than the perfection of TATTOO. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the TATTOO Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. TATTOO, \$1 everywhere.
CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

\$400



Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn \$25 a week while learning "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned \$400!

Think of the things you could do with \$400!

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can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of thousands of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

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MOTHER, prickly heat and diaper rash both yield quickly to the soothing, cooling comfort of Z.B.T. Baby Powder. That's because Z.B.T. is the only baby powder containing olive oil, which makes it longer-clinging, moisture-resistant, and superior in smoothness (what the doctors call "slip"). Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. Baby Powder is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby. Large 25c and 50c sizes.



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Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade with SHAMPO-KOLOR. Can't fade; colors roots, leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Monsieur Valligny, Dpt. 18A, 254 W. 31st St., N.Y.

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10¢, 30¢, 40¢ and 65¢ a bottle

SAFE because it is easier to clean



HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!



SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

he stomp and rave 'round the studio? Nope. Not a bit of it. He just chewed on his cigar and said, "Well, I can come back next week." I don't guess (what atrocious grammar) he will ever be a real movie star. He isn't temperamental enough.

* * *

DOROTHY PAGE, formerly with NBC in Chicago, has been in Hollywood for several months doing pictures . . . also on the chain weekly . . . as well as guest artist on those Laff Parade transcriptions. Press boys aver she is radio's most beautiful singer. For once the praise agents seem to be about right. No superlatives needed to describe the gal.

* * *

GET ready for a laugh. A couple of laughs if you like. After all these years, it seems as though Jack Joy, KFWB's music head, has a middle initial. It is "E." What's more, it stands for Ethelbert.

* * *

RADIO people are bobbing up in Los Angeles courts a lot these days. Georgie Fifield filed a plea for bankruptcy. Bill Sharples got sued on a bank note. And Charles Winninger was besieged by four claimants to his picture salary with resultant legal action.

* * *

PICTURES take the time of many Coast radio folks. Ed Porter, who is Uncle Jimmy in the KNX House in the Sun series, is the voice of the dwarf in the new Walt Disney Snow Drop and the Seven Dwarfs. Minerva Urecal, KFWB's Mrs. Pasquali, does a bit in the M-G-M Mob Rule. George Fischer, KFWB press agent, does the role of the announcer in Warners' "Voice of Life."

* * *

BEN ALEXANDER, screen juve, now has his own program, Hollywood Talent Parade, on a Coast NBC network every week. He had previously been heard as the Hollywood Boulevardier. Christened as Nicholas Benton Alexander in '11 over at Goldfield, Nevada, his first film work was in 1914 . . . attached to a wire and shoved before the camera as Cupid in that heart-rending drama "Each Pearl a Tear." Now twenty-four, his main ambition is to tear up all those baby pictures showing him in diapers.

* * *

PAUL RICKENBACKER, CBS production executive, sends word across the street for a neighbor to muzzle his dog. Seems as though the pup disturbs the young Rickenbacker offspring at 11 a. m. But Paul leaves the house early in the morning and honks a farewell salute to the wife from the auto and thus disturbs the whole neighborhood.

* * *

FRANK HODEK, who directs music for Death Rides the Highway, Coast chain program, has set to music a poem written by Francis Lederer, Czecho-Slovakian film star. Although both are Bohemians, born but a few miles from each other, they met for the first time this spring out in Hollywood.

* * *

MUCHLY married Rush Hughes is doing a swell job on the new Slices of Life, NBC program for the red network, same sponsor as the spring Crosby shows. Once upon a time he hitch hiked

SHE WON HIM WITH Golden Hair

THAT WAS ONCE BROWNISH



Shampoo-Rinse Lightens Hair 2 to 4 SHADES

EVERY Blonde whose hair has faded, become brownish, yearns for the gleaming golden lights, the fascinating glints of true blonde beauty. If you are a "used-to-be" blonde—don't yearn for ravishingly lovely hair—have it! Use Blondex. One shampoo with this unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one does wonders for the dullest, most streaked hair. Use Blondex tonight. See how quickly, easily your brownish hair is washed 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely, too, for Blondex is a harmless rinse, not a harsh chemical or dye. Used by a million blondes. Don't delay. Bring back glorious golden beauty to your hair today. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

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CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to risky razors and clumsy corn-pads. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up the peskiest corn or callus. Contains pure castor oil, iodine and corn-aspirin. Absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Easy directions on label. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggists returns money if NOXACORN fails to remove any corn or callus. Liggett, Walgreen, Owl, Peoples, Crown and most other druggists.

WILL YOU WEAR THIS SUIT and Make up to \$12 in a Day!

Let me send you this fine all-wool tailored suit FREE OF COST. Just follow my easy plan and show the suit to your friends. Make up to \$12 in a day easily. No canvassing—no canvassing necessary. Send for Samples—FREE OF COST Write today for FREE details, ACTUAL SAMPLES and "sure-fire" money getting plans. Send no money. H. J. Collin, Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. G-349, 500 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

ITCHING TORTURE STOPPED in one minute!

For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches, eczema, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for—

D.D.D. Prescription



REMOVE FRECKLES While You Sleep

Here's a new way to fade out freckles quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream at bedtime. You see wonderful results usually in 5 to 10 days. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 143, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

from Seattle to San Francisco and talked himself into a night clerk's job at the Mark Hopkins. But that was before he entered the ranks of radio.

* * *

MARION TALLEY, who startled the musical world ten years ago when she stepped out of the Metropolitan after becoming a singing star at nineteen, enters radio on the Ry-Krisp program from Hollywood. She was born in 1906 in Nevada, Missouri.

* * *

THE Ike and Mike of Western radio are Ken and Wen . . . Niles. Ken Niles is CBS announcer at KHJ, while his older brother, Wen, is with KFVB.

* * *

PAUL FRANKLIN, who edits the musical magazine on the Don Lee chain every week, was born in New York in '90. First job as high school correspondent for the New York Mail. Writing ever since, with a side trip into the mortgage business.

* * *

NBC baritone, Harold Dana, is a descendant of a family that settled in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640 . . . includes such famous names as Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, and Richard Henry Dana, Jr., of "Two Years Before the Mast" fame.

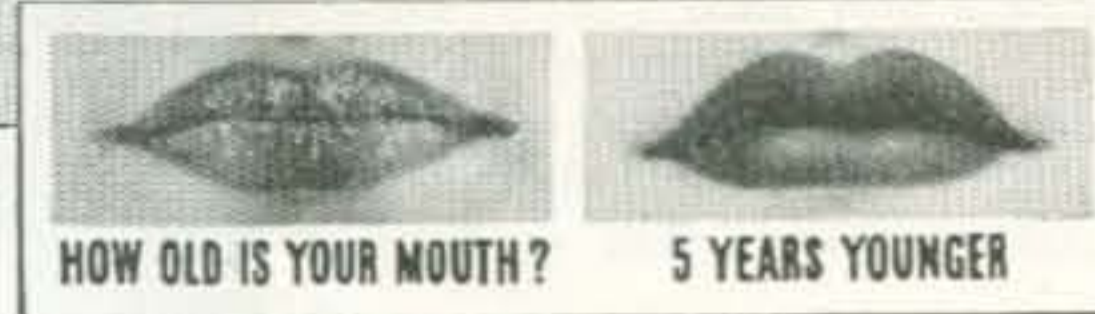
PREMIERE PATRON



Here's a sample of radio fare western listeners get and easterners don't—the broadcast of a gala Hollywood premiere. Irene Dunne, starring in Universal's "Show Boat," is at the mike which was set up in the court of the Carthay Circle theater at the opening of MGM's musical, "The Great Ziegfeld."



YOUNGER LIPS WIN KISSES



It's a beauty crime to dry and age your mouth with the wrong kind of lipstick.

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a nourishing oil that helps to make lips alluringly smooth, moist and velvety. Your mouth looks 5 years younger!

In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try it today—have younger, more fascinating lips!



CUTEX Lipstick ONLY 50¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc., Dept. 6LB7, 191 Hudson St., New York (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.) I enclose 10¢ for trial-size Cutex Lipstick as checked. Natural Coral Cardinal Rust Ruby Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

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GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME New easy way. Art novelties in big demand. Get free lesson and quickly learn to decorate Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Toys, etc. No experience necessary. Anyone can succeed with simple "3-step" method and you earn as you learn. Everything furnished including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homecrafters Outfit.

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SHELTERED WOMAN

*SHE WAS SEEKING A PROTECTOR
BUT SHE DISCOVERED—*

AFTER we went to our room that night—the second night of our honeymoon—Jerry kissed me passionately. He told me he did not know any one could be as happy as I had made him. Then he went out for a short walk and a smoke.

I waited and waited. I heard a clock strike. I counted. It was three o'clock. What could have happened? What should I do? The clock struck again—four, then five. It began to get light, a cold, hard light.

Terror seized me. Had something terrible happened? Finally that evening, just as I was about to go to the police, Jerry returned. Staggering in, he brushed me aside and threw himself on the bed. In a moment he was asleep—a sodden figure, disheveled and dirty.

Anger stirred in me, a fierce anger. I caught his arm and shook him violently. "Get up! I want to talk to you."

He swung his feet to the floor and glared at me. Then, raising his hand, he struck me a violent blow.

"Take that, will you, and let me alone?" he grunted as he sank back into his drunken sleep. I reeled across the room and fell to the floor.

I lay there and wished I could die.

* * *

Jerry had been the one great passion of her life. In him she thought she found that great mutual love which every woman craves. And now on their honeymoon—

The story of how this sheltered woman met the problems of love and her marriage to a man who was weaker than herself, is an amazing human document revealed in full in the new June TRUE STORY. Don't miss a word of it. Get your copy today!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

CONNIE BOSWELL'S OWN STORY • AND A STRANGER LED ME • YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT MEN • HEARTBREAK IN SING SING • THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD • SHE SWORE REVENGE • TEN KINDS OF DEVIL • MY ORIENTAL LOVER • SO MY HUSBAND WOULDN'T KNOW • HOME PROBLEMS FORUM • QUINTS' NURSE REVEALS THE REAL STORY OF DR. DAFOE • STRANGER THAN FICTION • FAVORITE SCREEN STARS • ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY • I'LL NEVER FORGET • TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER WITH SEVEN INTERESTING, HELPFUL ARTICLES.

ON THE SCREEN

If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see TRUE STORY brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops. True Story movies are on the way!

TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, COAST TO COAST NBC RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. PRIZES!

True Story

JUNE ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Can Samuel Insull Make His Comeback by Radio

(Continued from page 25)

permit him a fair trial, Samuel Insull fled from Paris to Italy, to Greece, which at first harbored him, but finally forced him to leave, soon after which he was arrested at Istanbul.

All during this flight, his wife remained loyally by his side. When Insull married Margaret Anna Bird, who acted under the name of Gladys Wallis, she was known as the "vest pocket Venus." In 1926 and 1927, the magnate sank over a million dollars in trying to make a success of a repertory theater in which she was interested.

Her faith in him even after he'd lost all the money with which she'd been able to live so lavishly, was characteristic of the loyalty which the unnamed friends have shown in supporting him in his new venture.

Less than a year from the day on which the court directed a final acquittal on the third prosecution, Samuel Insull made a formal announcement of his new organization.

EXPERIENCED broadcasting executives are already at work whipping the organization into shape. Directly under him is Ota Gygi, formerly an executive of the ill-fated Amalgamated Broadcasting Company, the venture into which Ed Wynn is said to have sunk about a quarter of a million dollars of his own money.

Mr. Insull asserts that he wants no fanfare, that all the stations are in Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, that they are local independent outlets with local support, and that he will continue with the calibre of entertainment which made them originally popular with their followings.

Though he is reported as now receiving \$21,000 in pensions from companies which he formerly controlled, he is said to have no money in the Affiliated Broadcasting Company.

The disposition of the stock, 2,000 shares of no-par value preferred and 25,000 shares of no-par value common stock, has been kept secret.

"Mr. Insull is a hired president," asserts Floyd E. Thompson, the firm's counsel, who represented the former magnate at the Federal and state trials growing out of the collapse of his utilities system. "He hasn't a dollar in the company and didn't have it to put in."

Perhaps by the time you read this you will be listening to programs through one of the eighteen stations now under contract to the new organization. Perhaps the time will all have been bought by profitable commercial accounts, with Samuel Insull on his way to another fortune.

Perhaps his representatives will be able to amend that dramatic message to:

"Glad to inform you that Samuel Insull has made his comeback in radio at seventy-six-years of age."

Who is the obscure, far-away man to whom Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, owes his life, his career, his happiness? You'll find the answer in another "Hidden Moments in Their Lives" story—in the **August Radio Mirror**

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If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

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The chances are that, as you read this, a true story has recalled itself to you that might easily merit the big \$1500 first prize or, failing that, one of the substantial lesser prizes—a romance rooted deep in the magic, the mystery, the romantic lure of love, a story that thrilled you while you were living it, or when you saw it working out in the life of some friend.

Do Not Fear That You Lack Skill

If you know such a story, by all means set it down and send it in. If it thrilled you, there is small doubt but that it will thrill others. Consider the gorgeous additional thrill you would receive if you were to open an envelope and find a check for \$1500 in return for from ten to fifteen typed or hand-written pages. Do not hesitate for fear you do not have the requisite skill. That feeling has prevented thousands from realizing handsomely on episodes in their lives.

It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$1500 first prize, the person submitting the next best will be awarded the \$1000 second prize, etc.

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. You may

submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual. There is no limit to the number we may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

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.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize.....	\$1500
Second Prize.....	1000
Third Prize, 2 at \$500..	1000
Fourth Prize, 4 at \$250.	1000
Fifth Prize, 10 at \$200..	2000
Sixth Prize, 35 at \$100.	3500
Total, 53 Prizes.....	\$10,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 nor more than 4500 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.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

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.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, June 30, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications **SHORT ROMANCE** Contest, Dept. 26C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

Jane Pickens Reveals Her Secret for Easy Clothes-Designing

(Continued from page 43)

fashions that she'd like to.

So she plays with paper dolls. *Scads* of paper dolls. That's her hobby. The bottom drawer of the bureau in her bedroom is jammed with fashion magazines, newspaper pictures and department store advertisements. When she needs a new ensemble she takes a few hours off, spreads the paper dolls she likes most on the floor, gets scissors, paste and paper and goes to work. By the time she's finished she has actually designed a complete original outfit from her hat all the way down to her shoes, decided on the colors, materials and even the cost.

IT'S unbelievably simple, the way she showed it to me the other day when she concocted before my very eyes—in an hour and a half flat—a street costume that was absolutely unbeatable for chic! She cut out first a gray dress whose general lines would be well suited to her tall figure, laid it on a wide sheet of paper.

"I'll start with that," she explained, "because I want a gray street dress and I want it along that general cut. But the collar on this is too low for my neck. I look better in close-fitting necklines."

She thumbed through a stack of magazines, selected a collar on a tea-time gown. It was a fold of white piqué petals that hugged the throat and dripped a way down the front. Jane cut the collar out, and pasted it over the one on the original gray dress.

"I don't want these long sleeves, either—I want cute three-quarter ones so I can wear eight-button-length gloves." We looked at sleeves on two or three hundred models, finally found some cunning ones that puckered with smocking on top of the elbow. So she cut both arms off that paper doll.

"This gray dress is smart with a belt but I'm sash-crazy," Jane went on. "I saw the most luscious-looking cherry sash on a color reproduction of Rosa Ponselle costumed for *Carmen*—wait a minute, I'll find it." Miss Rosa Ponselle's sash was irreverently snipped from her waist.

Suddenly there it was—finished and darling. All the parts of the dress didn't fit in perfect symmetry, of course, because they came off different-sized models—the collar swallowed the neck and the sash was too narrow—but you could easily vision the way the made-up product would look.

Black pumps and bag, just the right black pumps and bag, we found in some newspaper ads of New York stores; plain black gloves to accent the white collar. We tore out the purse and shoe ads and a sample of the stocking shade and clipped them on the side of the design for Jane's shopping memos.

Then we got to the hat. The hat was something because Jane was determined to have an off-the-face brim and most of those we found were plain and she wanted hers trimmed. She finally ran across a shallow little tricorne, cut the veil away from it and instead pasted on its very front a boutonniere from an evening dress. The flowers were two shades of cherry red with slender green leaves. The boutonniere was almost as big as the hat, but Jane explained that didn't matter because her favorite hat-maker could get the right idea from it anyway and that

was the important thing.

In place of the usual elastic to slip under her bobbed hair to hold the hat in place she borrowed an idea from a photograph of a Paris original—a ribbon strap to be worn on top of the hair, half cherry ribbon, half green ribbon to match the leaves. As soon as she stuck that on her model a very smart chapeau was—*presto*—designed.

The dress design, I learned, she'd take to her dressmaker and tell her exactly how she wanted it made. A pattern could be bought for the general cut of the dress. "The rest she can do just from the picture or an idea," Jane explained. "She has a knack for that sort of thing—that's why she's my favorite dressmaker. And she isn't expensive at all."

There are plenty of dressmakers in your own home town who can sew from a drawing or a pasted picture. It's like playing the piano by ear instead of using notes, that's all; some seamstresses just have that gift. Maybe the one who's made your things from rompers through last year's suit can't do it, but you can always find one who can.

Of course there are other things besides her designing alone that have made Jane the well-dressed woman that she is. She doesn't stick strictly to the colors that are currently in vogue but has a penchant for wearing odd shades and bizarre combinations of them. Only recently, as a preparation for her late summer clothes, she bought a bolt of white flat crepe, had an artist friend mix for her some startling colors in indestructible dyes, and had a cleaner dye the material in four-yard lots.

Look at your wardrobe. Is it composed solely of the shades that are being sold now across every department store goods counter? You can do the same thing Jane did with several packages of fine quality tint and a little inventiveness.

Jane knows the art of analyzing and dressing her defects, too. The weak points of her figure happen to be too-tallness and a slightly flat chest. Every costume she owns is planned to rectify those two items. The first one is helped by waistlines broken with belts, sashes or tucks; the second by fullness across the shoulders. You can analyze and "dress over" your defects, too.

It doesn't take a lot of money to be a best-dressed woman. Jane keeps herself on a moderate allowance and practices scores of little economies besides. Her underthings are plain, hand-tailored, a good quality silk so they'll wear and wear, and are completely devoid of lace, monograms and frills. She pays seventy-nine cents for her stockings so she can throw them away without a guilty conscience when the first run appears. Her evening shoes that must be tinted to match gowns, that show so little and never give you a chance to wear them out, she pays exactly \$3.95 for. Her street shoes may cost as high as twenty dollars but they last two and three seasons. She's always wanted a white raincoat but won't buy one as she thinks they're impractical.

But furs, imported gloves, conservative bags, good perfumes, good cosmetics, the services of an outstanding *coiffeuse*—"Those are the things I'm extravagant about because I've found they last long enough to be wise investments."

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5.50-17	3.35 1.15	TRUCK BALLOON TIRES	
29x5.50-18	3.35 1.15	Size Tires Tubes	Size Tires Tubes
29x5.50-19	3.35 1.15	6.00-20	\$3.75 \$1.65
6.00-17	3.40 1.15	6.50-20	4.45 1.95
20x6.00-18	3.40 1.15	7.00-20	5.95 2.95
31x6.00-19	3.40 1.15	8.25-20	8.95 4.95
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I enclose 50c for Tube Jar Roberta Mosquito Cream.

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Are Lies Blasting Amos 'n'

Andy's Career?

(Continued from page 11)

about how Amos 'n' Andy thought they were so superior to anyone else that they wouldn't even speak to a singer who appeared on the same bill with them.

Many people believe that Charlie and Freeman refuse to perform at banquets and similar functions because they insist upon being paid. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Times without number they have offered their services, free, for charity affairs. But—and here is the important point—they refuse to do more than take a bow unless there is a proper stage and other facilities to help them keep up the illusion they have created over the air.

Charlie and Freeman haven't any conceit, and they know their own limitations. Without a stage background and without blackface make-up, they are just two well-dressed men. They know their drawling dialect sounds wrong, silly, without its accompanying illusion.

And that's why, when they are called upon at a dinner or gathering of celebrities, they merely take a bow. There simply isn't anything else they can do. It's like expecting a magician to perform tricks without any of his equipment.

ANOTHER story which has come back to them is that they don't plan and write their own material, but buy ideas from other writers and make the latter promise not to tell.

Now, many a radio script is written by someone other than those who do the actual broadcasting. There's nothing wrong in the practice. It just happens that Charlie and Freeman *do* write their own stuff, and the implication of secrecy and underhand methods hurt them.

The very nature of their program makes outside help in writing it unnecessary. They have a gift for making the simple incidents of everyday life interesting and entertaining. They needn't rack their brains for gags. All they have to do is keep alert to the joys and sorrows of the people about them, and they have more than enough material for their shows.

They can make good sketches out of the most unlikely subjects. For instance, the recent passage of the bonus bill in congress. Knowing the confusion in the public mind, Charlie and Freeman familiarized themselves with all the aspects of the situation. Then, in the simple language of Amos 'n' Andy, they explained the entire matter so clearly that the next day they received a telegram of thanks from the Secretary of the Veteran's Bureau in Washington.

Several times they've discussed, over the air, some governmental problem currently in the news. They never take sides. Theirs is merely the job of explaining the matter so everyone can understand it—and so capable are they that their office safe contains many precious letters and telegrams of thanks from Washington.

Still another class of rumors concerns the relations between themselves and their families, and their private lives. Charlie and Freeman have been friends for years; and before their marriages they double-dated, like any two young men, with the girls who were later to become their wives. Through this association, the two girls also became fast friends, and the two couples have always lived either in the same building or very close to each other. And they all still enjoy going places and

Hat by Lilly Daché



Eye Make-up by Maybelline



Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordion brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye makeup as well as hat design."

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO Chic AS THE SMARTEST Hat

CHIC!—elusive, magnetic quality—sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!



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doing things together.

Yet they've read in gossip columns that the two families dislike each other heartily, and never speak except when it's necessary!

Like the other false stories, this one probably was started by a slight, misunderstood incident. The two families were registering at a hotel one evening, and when the clerk asked whether they wished a suite for the four of them, or separate rooms, Freeman—who likes his joke—said, "Separate rooms, by all means. We don't speak to each other outside of our shows, you know."

The clerk knew Freeman and his jokes, and he grinned; but a bystander overheard and was sure he'd picked up the scoop of the century. He relayed the story, with embellishments, to a newspaper friend and one of the papers in that city carried the story of how Amos 'n' Andy really hated each other. The story was picked up by other papers all over the country.

"There's no mystery about our friendship," Charlie assured me. "Everybody

seems to think that in the eleven years of our partnership there must have been quarrels and misunderstandings and they wonder how we've been able to keep them secret.

"The answer is that there's been no secret to keep. We've never quarreled. We both know that no human being is perfect, and each of us must sometimes do something the other doesn't like. When that happens, we ignore it, instead of making an issue of it. Each lives his life without interference from the other. In our work, our ideas are so similar that whenever we have a difference of opinion, it's easily settled by a discussion of all sides of the matter."

There you have the truth about the most malicious and annoying of the Amos 'n' Andy myths. Do you see how mountains of gossip can grow out of molehills of fact—or even no fact at all? And the next time you hear one of these bits of gossip, why don't you examine it in the light of what I've just told you—and then decide for yourself whether or not it's true?

The Microphone Takes the Stump

(Continued from page 12)

from Washington he usually speaks from the Oval Room—really the diplomatic reception room, since there are a number of rooms oval in shape in the White House.

This is a cheery room on the ground floor at the rear of the White House looking down the slope to the Washington monument and the Potomac.

It is something of an informal social event when the President broadcasts. He doesn't mind having people around him. Mrs. Roosevelt, other members of the family and any guests that happen to be present are usually in the room.

The President broadcasts seated at his desk, his eye on his watch on the desk. He usually lights a cigarette before he begins and holds it suspended over a tray, burning to a long ash as he talks.

He speaks easily, informally, wagging his head from side to side, pausing for emphasis, looking up frequently from his typescript.

WHEN President Hoover was in office, he usually liked to be alone when he broadcast. He'd march in, sit right down, and talk straight through, evidently taking it as a serious business.

In his recent radio talks a marked change has been noticed in Mr. Hoover's radio manner. He is chatty, even humorous at times, and when speaking before an audience frequently pauses for laughs or applause. He drops each page of script on the floor as he finishes. This change in Mr. Hoover's manner has been attributed to Ben S. Allen who has recently rejoined him as his publicity counselor. In fact it has aroused such comment that Mr. Hoover recently took occasion publicly to affirm that he wrote all his own speeches.

Mr. Hoover has the habit, more than anyone else, of running over his allotted time on the air. This may be a habit formed during his days in the Presidency when he could not be cut off. However, sometimes it works to his advantage, for he has on occasion not only gotten some extra time, but additional publicity. A speaker is always given ample warning when his allotted time is expiring, but Mr. Hoover seems to make a stubborn point of finishing out his speech regardless.

To return to the Democrats for a moment, although President Roosevelt will loom so large on the radio horizon that

others need only be mentioned briefly—

Next to the President the party will probably make most extensive use of Postmaster-General James Farley.

Farley, a dependable political orator, has just recently made great strides as a radio speaker. He uses a script, but talks even in a studio as though he were making a public address, looking up at the microphone or those around him.

Another effective speaker who may be used is Senator Joseph Robinson who was selected to make the reply to Al Smith's Liberty League speech. Robinson's manner is quiet and scholarly but has the intimate touch so necessary to success on the air.

ONE of the most effective of the air speakers is of course Al Smith, whose picturesqueness of idiom and colorful delivery makes him one of the most entertaining of political showmen.

Although a Democrat, Smith may be used either directly or indirectly by New Deal opponents for blasts at the President, depending upon what transpires in the conventions.

Al only has one idiosyncrasy as far as his broadcasting mannerisms are concerned. He is always forgetting his watch, which makes him nervous until he has found another. He always times his speech carefully as he goes.

Up until the final selection of the candidate and perhaps even afterwards an imposing array of Republican names will be presented on the airwaves.

It may well be a matter of concern to the Republicans that there is no one in the ranks of their most frequently-mentioned candidate possibilities who is a match for the President on the air.

Among the most colorful of their figures is of course Senator William E. Borah. An orator of the old school, with a spectacular platform manner, a mane of flying hair, and plenty of gestures, Borah is at his best before an audience and at his super-best when he is being heckled, since he is a fast thinker on his feet.

During recent weeks, however, Borah has given strict attention to his microphone manner and has shown marked improvement, so that whether he is speaking from the convention floor or from a radio studio, he will be easy to listen to.

Borah's activity in the campaign will probably depend on whether or not a can-



According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

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As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

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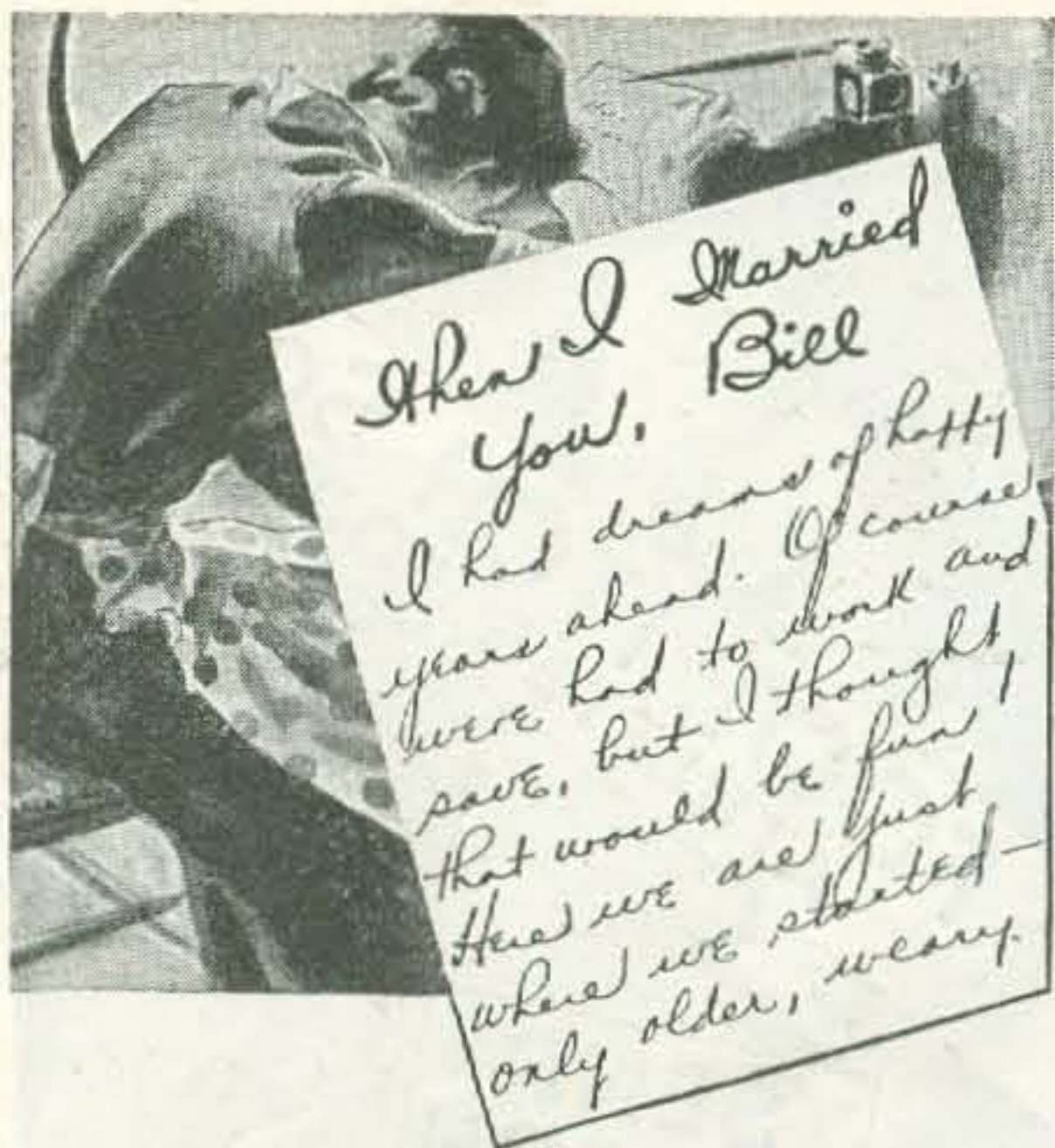


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didate of his endorsement is selected.

Governor Alf M. Landon's Kansas twang is already familiar to the air audiences. He is being presented as the hard-headed, sound business, common sense type of candidate so dear to the heart of the American voters, a quality which his radio voice, although neither colorful nor particularly dramatic, bears out.

He is perfectly at ease before the microphone—even more at ease than the professional radio men who put him on the air. He usually arrives in the studio about three minutes before air time, perfectly unperturbed. One hot day he strolled in, with everybody else immaculately attired for the occasion, bare-headed, his collar open at the neck, wearing an unpressed seersucker suit.

At first listeners noticed that his voice was inclined to fade during his broadcasts. This was because he was inclined to sway from side to side as he talked, taking himself out of range of the microphone. To overcome this a special stand was recently built for him which enables him to keep a steady position in relation to the mike.

He takes his broadcasting so seriously that he has his speeches recorded in rehearsal before he gives them over the air, then played back to him so that he can check them carefully for any imperfections.

Col. Frank Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*, is another candidate who will probably be heard frequently.

Col. Knox is one of the very few political figures who speak more slowly on the air than in rehearsal. The usual tendency is to become nervous and hurry up the speech on the air, but Col. Knox does exactly the reverse.

The reason is that he is often nervous both in rehearsal and just before he goes on the air, looking at his watch and the microphone, and asking about starting time.

Last Minute News

SOME of you far Western listeners are going to have to get used to new tuning-in habits next year, but at the moment it's hard to say just what they'll be. A grand re-shuffling of network affiliations is going on out on the West Coast. Although as we go to press everything is still in the unofficial stage, with everyone being very noncommittal and cagey, here's our construction of the picture:

CBS has acquired the powerful and important KNX, Hollywood, and will spend about \$400,000 in remodeling the premises. Negotiations for other new California CBS stations are under way, too. Four California stations and one in Nevada, however, will be transferring their allegiance from CBS to NBC in January, 1937. They are KFBK, Sacramento, KMJ, Fresno, KWG, Stockton, KERN, Bakersfield, and KOH, Reno—Nevada's only radio station. As for another group of present CBS affiliates, the Don Lee chain, which includes KHJ in Los Angeles and KFRC in San Francisco—well, nobody right now seems to know exactly what will happen to them.

THE awards of the Women's National Radio Committee stirred up a bit of excitement along radio row. Only four awards were given, you know—to Rudy Vallee (best non-musical program); Cities Service (best light musical); America's Town Meeting (best educational presentation); and Wilderness Road (best children's program). A fifth award, in the field of serious music, wasn't made at all, the

But once he is on the air, he becomes assured and forceful in his delivery and pounds his points home with conviction.

PERHAPS the closest match to the President's power before the microphone is Glenn Frank. A seasoned public speaker, he is a master of straight thinking and the sort of simple English that people can understand. His voice, though not as colorful as the President's, has something of the same intimate appeal.

This factor may weigh heavily should Frank push to the front as a compromise dark horse candidate in the last hours of the convention.

A career that the radio audience may watch with interest is that of Representative Claire Fennerty of Pennsylvania. Mr. Fennerty possesses that elusive quality known as microphone personality in the highest degree.

Perhaps the most colorful figure in all radio history is General Hugh Johnson. He is also the engineer's nightmare. Ranging as he does from a bellow one minute to a whisper the next, it is almost impossible to keep pace with him on the volume control. It is difficult to say now just where he might fit in, if at all, in the coming political lineup, but whenever he does take to the airwaves, an interesting period is assured for the listeners.

Since the Republicans and Democrats have the largest budget for air time, they will be heard most frequently during campaign time. However, even during that period there will be one or two sideshows worth mention. Socialist Norman Thomas will undoubtedly be nominated and will very likely raise the funds to buy some air time to use in sending his scholarly voice to your homes. The Communists too are understood to be raising funds to purchase some air time. Just who their candidate will be it is difficult to say, although Earl Browder will probably be heard from again.

judges deciding there was no program which deserved it. Most of the radio boys and girls felt that there should have been more than five classifications, to include comedy programs, special events, and miscellaneous novelties like Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. As to the worth of the four winners, though, everybody seemed satisfied that each deserved the honor.

LILY PONS and Andre Kostelanetz of the CBS Chesterfield program will leave New York late in June and take themselves to Hollywood. Lily will start work on a new picture for RKO, with Andre providing the musical score for the film. The change of scene won't interrupt the twice-weekly series of radio shows, though. Lily will continue to sing once a week, while Andre will conduct her program and his new dance-music half-hour, featuring Kay Thompson and Ray Heatherton.

AALEXANDER GRAY has retired to his summer camp on Long Island, commuting to New York once a week for his appearances on the Chrysler Airshow . . . Morton Downey, with his wife and family, is in Ireland, undertaking a three-month vaudeville tour of his own country . . . The Poley McClintocks are the parents of an eight-pound baby boy, James Roland McClintock, Jr. Nobody knows yet whether or not he'll grow up to be the possessor of a frog-voice like his dad . . . Phil Spitalny's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra just returned from a week's engagement in a Philadelphia theater.

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